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AND THE

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Niagara International Park Commissioners have succeeded in removing all the disfiguring advertising signs save one, a legend setting forth the advantages of a certain railway. This is painted on a board which, one winter when the ice was just right, was placed in its present position, where no one can reach it to remove it. The commissioners are reported to have offered a liberal reward for the removal of the offending sign. This ought not to be a task beyond the compassing by Niagara riflemen. An explosive ball properly aimed would put the reward in the pocket of the man holding the gun. If the park regulations forbid the use of firearms, an exception might be made for this occasion at a suitable hour of the day. The shot would make the rifleman famous and he would be gratefully remembered by Niagara visitors. He might go further and organize a corps of sharpshooters, to go about the country, and with explosive bullets annihilate advertising sign atrocities in other localities.

The intolerably hot and humid weather of the past fortnight has interfered with many a projected fishing excursion, anglers whom no ordinary weather can daunt being content to sit around hotel verandahs and try to keep comfortably cool. The heroic devotees of mid-summer woodcock shooting have had a hard time of it in the swamps this year. Moreover, the heavy rains have effectually scattered the birds, so that poor returns repay the hardships of the pursuit; and even if the fortitude of the gunner holds out, to run a dog in such weather is nothing less than cruelty to animals. When thermometer and barometer combine they can do more effective game preserving in a month than the strongest sportsmen's society in the country can accomplish in a year.

The perils of angling have recently been illustrated in two ways so diverse that they may well be contrasted. In one case, which is reported in the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission by Mr. James G. Swan, of Port Townsend, Washington Territory, a Port Discovery fisherman found a flabby starfish entangled on his hook, and while taking it off, one of the sharp little spines or prickles pierced the skin of his left hand between the fingers. He paid no attention to it, but soon it festered, his arm began to swell, blood poisoning ensued, and the man died.

In the other instance no such insignificant thing as a starfish was the agency of destruction. Two residents of New York city were fishing in a rowboat in Prince's Bay, last Friday, when both were killed by a stroke of lightning. This phenomenon of lightning striking a small boat is one of very rare occurrence.

Agents of the Forest Commission are inspecting the State lands of the Adirondack region, and appear to be making an honest effort to stop the depredations of lumbermen. In a number of cases evidence has been secured to prove the guilt of timber thieves, and prosecutions are to follow. It is high time for such measures. The harm already done and destruction wrought cannot at once be remedied, but it certainly ought to be practicable to put an end to the work of forest cutting.

The first edition of the April number of the *Audubon Magazine* having been exhausted and constant demands made for copies, a new edition has been printed. The March number will also be rep inted to meet the demand for it. The new periodical is taking hold; and in its own special field is doing the work it was intended to accomplish. A rich store of bird lore is put into a volume of the *Audubon.*

The "merchandise shoots" at gun club tournaments present some interesting collections of prizes. We recorded one not long ago where a fortunate winner took a fish basket and a bottle of cologne. In the programme of the Johnstown Gun Club, now before us, the prizes run from repeating rifle and fly-rod to a pail of chewing tobacco, a counterpane and a $2,000 accident insurance policy.

Anglers who may have information respecting desirable points for fishing are invited to give through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM particulars likely to be of use to other anglers.

"Uncle Lisha's Shop" is to be published in book form.

DRUGS AND FIELD SPORTS.

THE English are noted the world over for their sporting proclivities; and in popular conception the typical country gentleman of Great Britain is in one way or another a sportsman. From recently published statistics it appears that the Englishman's penchant for consuming patent medicines is about as strong as his taste for sport. The annual expenditure for game licenses amounts to £178,403, while the sum paid for licenses by manufacturers and venders of nostrums is £179,071, the slight difference being in favor of the latter. Now if the Government statisticians would undertake to determine the relation between the shoot ng license purchasers and the nostrum consumers, some profitable deductions might be drawn concerning the hygienic value of field sports. It is certainly not to be presumed that the classes which participate in shooting and hunting in any degree make up the army of those who support the pharmacists. There is a well recognized antipathy between drugs and field sports. Scores and hundreds and thousands of men have learned the curative properties of the wilderness, and the magic healing of the waters. The ruddy glow which comes of tramp with gun and dog, and the tan and bronze which come of days afloat, are tokens of health nature-given and not to be bought in a drug store.

We have no game licenses in this county, nor is there any way of estimating the numbers of the army which tents in summer camps and tramps in autumn fields and winter woods; so the proportion of field sportsmen to medicine consumers cannot be computed. One thing, however, is certain, with every succeeding year Americans are coming to a better understanding of the healthfulness of woods life; particip tion in it is increasing at an astonishing rate, and its beneficial effects are more widely distributed than ever before.

BITS OF TALK.

I.—DOG TALK.

THE talk came around again to dog stories—it had a way of swinging in that direction when the Major was present—and in reply to the question "Can dogs talk?" the AUDUBON Secretary gave his view in about these words:

"To this it may be replied that neither dogs nor other creatures, excepting man, are competent to intelligent discussion of metaphysics or palæontology, but not only are they capable of communicating their own simple ideas to each other, by speech and otherwise, but a dog is capable of so modulating his voice as to convey information on quite a small range of subjects to an observant master. I spent the greater part of my life in India, and a good half of that time in camp, and when the dogs barked at night their voices warned me whether this disturbance was caused by a man, a dog, by cattle trespassing, or by wild beasts lurking around the camp, as unmistakably as language could do; the voice was modulated to depict the emotion to which the intruder gave rise, and long experience enabled me to interpret it with confidence."

"It appears to me to be a foolish question," said the Major. "Everybody who ever owned dogs knows that they can talk, just as all other animals talk, in their own way."

"For instance?" suggested the Man from Long Island.

"Well, to give you one of a thousand, there was my dog Trim—"

"'My Old Dog Trim,' the one that you tell about in your book?" inquired the Fourth Talker.

"No, a little red Irish setter, the first one that ever I saw. I owned him long before I owned the other Trim. I think the first one knew the most. One day I'd been out hunting patridges; we had been at it a long time, and I was tired and hungry. I missed Trim after a while, and couldn't seem to make him hear me at all: so I went over to a farmhouse to get a bite, went into the kitchen, and there was Trim, just clearing away the remnants of what must have been a square meal. 'Been feeding my dog?' said I to the woman of the house. 'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'he came here and told me he was hungry, and I gave him something.' Now, maybe that dog didn't talk; I don't say he did, but he knew enough to make that woman understand what he wanted; and it is not every dog, not even a field trial winner, that will quit work and go to a strange house to ask for lunch. It takes pretty good sense—dog sense or man sense—to make yourself welcome between meals at a farmhouse kitchen."

"Did she give Trim's master anything to eat?" asked the Man from Long Island.

"Trust him for that," put in the Fourth Talker, "the Major would get it if there was anything in the cupboard. But to my mind in this case the dog's telling the woman he was hungry was not so creditable to him as her understanding the dog was to her. Among themselves other animals talk just as intelligibly as mankind. I was watching a robin out in Orange county—"

"I presume Trim was a remarkable animal in his way," said the Man from Long Island, choking off the Fourth Talker's robin story, which he had heard before.

"Remarkable! Why, there wasn't anything that dog didn't know or wouldn't do. He understood everything that was said to him. 'Trim, you're dirty,' would send him straight out of the house to the brook for a bath. That dog could count; he always knew how many birds were killed in a day's hunt. When we would get home after the day's shooting and I would take the birds out, he would manifest the greatest impatience until the last one was out; and you could not fool him about it, either; he knew how many there were in there, and though I often left in the last one and pretended the bag was empty, he knew better. When they were all laid out and the family were called in to see them, Trim would gloat over the display just as much as I did, and he took particular pains to let them all know that he had helped do it, too. When the game was hung up, if any of the neighbors came in of an evening, Trim would wag his tail and start for the game, and if he had used the best English in the world he couldn't have told us any plainer that he wanted to take the caller to see the birds."

"Dogs can count; there is no question of that," was the opinion of the Man from Long Island. "My father ran a farm and a country store at the same time, and it was the business of a big dog, Watch, to guard the store and

churn the milk. Well, sir, that dog knew every time when churning day was due, and the night before he would skip out and be gone all day. Finally, it grew so bad they substituted a sheep on the treadmill; Watch found it out, and he'd stay away until the poor sheep got fairly to work, then he'd come back again, stand there looking at the industrious old ram, and wag his tail and actually wink. You may not call it talking, but we all knew just what the dog thought about it, and if he had spoken he couldn't have said any more."

"A sheep in a treadmill is the right thing in the right place," said the Fourth Talker. "I have thought so ever since I saw the combination up on the farm of Capt. Sayres in Cairo. Capt. Sayres was an old ship captain. He commanded a vessel in those times when there *were* ships and ship captains. After a long life at sea he took to farming, and he did it well, too, even when he became blind. Well, he had a sheep to do the churning, whereby the Sayres farm dog always 'took the wall' of the churn dogs of that region. Of course Watch got away. No churn dog loves the drudgery of the mill, and the average animal of my acquaintance can keep account of the days perfectly, and when his count tells him that the morrow is butter day, he just naturally clears for the woods until the butter has been brought by some other agency than a dog-power churn. Out in Orange county there was a big brindle—"

"Count!" put in the Major, "why of course dogs can count. But for proficiency to the higher mathematics commend me to the crow. I was out shooting once with Dr. W. We were after regular good-to-eat game, but all we had to show for our pains so far was one crow. We were sitting down and the crow was lying beside us just as still as a dead crow ought to lie, when all of a sudden a hawk came sailing over. I up and let him have it, first with one barrel and then after a second with the other, when, sir, just as I shot the second barrel, that crow ups and gets away as lively as any crow ever you saw."

"Very good, said the Fourth Talker, "but that was because your shots woke him up."

"No it wasn't," responded the Major, "for Dr. W. said he saw the old bird open his eye on the sly when the first barrel went off, and get all ready and wait for the second one before he started. That bird knew how many barrels there were to that gun. He was no fool. No crow is a fool. Why, I was out crow shooting once—you know how I do it, put a stuffed owl on a stake or in a tree, and every crow and hawk within five hundred miles will come for it—I had grazed an old crow, and instead of flying off, she just rose up in the air—out of gunshot calculated to an inch—and circled around there, and every time another crow would start for that owl this old scarecrow up there in the air would sing out 'Man with a gun!' and you'd see the new comer turn and scoot. I didn't get another crow that afternoon, but I had just as much fun watching that old lady up there; and she staid just as long as I did, too."

"They say 'wise as an owl;' I never understood why you should not put it rather 'wise as a crow,'" said the Secretary, and then he related the crow and paper collar story he had written for the *Audubon Magazine*. "I've seen them the world over," he added, "and take them all in all, they are as wise as they are black, every time, and I believe a foolish crow is a good deal more of a *rara avis* than even a white one. The very way they've hung on in spite of your stuffed owls and thousand and one other devices to destroy them proves their circumspection. By the way, can any of you tell me why the New York Legislature one year makes a law to protect crows, and the next year rescinds it? Now as a fertilizer of the farmer's lands the crow—"

"I thought you were talking of dogs," said the Man from Long Island," and I was going to tell you about a smooth-haired yellow dog we had in the family once that was great on going to the store for meat and vegetables. We would give him the money, and he would go down to the village all alone and bring back the order all right. Once another dog pitched on to him, and he put down his package and walloped his assailant.

"Oh, that's been in all the papers; you find it in the school books," said the Fourth Talker, who did not like the way his robin story had been ignored.

"Well, but this actually happened. That dog did smarter things than that. He pulled my little sister out of the cistern once, when but for him she would have been drowned. We taught him to bring in the coal. One day he held the scuttle too low, it struck the doorsill and spilled the coal out, and we made him pick it up, every piece of it, and put it back into the scuttle."

"That reminds me," said the Major, "of a brown and white cur dog I knew when I was ten years old. Stuttering Charley Smith and I were out huckleberrying one day and had this cur dog along. He watched us a spell, then he went to a bush, stripped off a lot of berries in his mouth and took them and put them in the pail. Mrs. Smith used to say of this dog that he was the 'most knowledgeable' dog she ever knew."

"Speaking of picking berries," said the Fourth Talker, "reminds me of an intelligent hen I know out in Orange county—"

But here the meeting broke up.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE ALL-FRIENDS OF THE BLACKFEET

IN previous numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM I have described something of the life and customs of the Blackfeet. To those papers I now add one or two more, hoping they will interest the general reader and be of use to the ethnologist. The recent act of Congress, providing for the taking of land in severalty by the Indians, is sure to break up all tribal relations. In a short time the ancient traditions and customs will have been forgotten. Before it be too late, then, let those of us who can save from oblivion such accounts of the religion, social life and language of the different tribes as we may be able to obtain.

Each tribe of the Blackfoot confederacy once had a society called the E-kûn-ûh' kăh-tse, *i. e.*, All-friends. This society was divided into groups, named respectively:

Stûm'-ĭk-ĭks—Bulls (buffalo).
**I-in-ăh-kĭks*—Seizers.
Sin-o-păks—Kit-foxes.
Kĭ'-o-ĭks—Bears.
Mâs-tŏ'-pă-tă-kĭks—Raven-Carriers.
Mât'-sĭks—Rashly-Brave.
Mé'-sĭns-kiks—Badgers.
**E-kûn-ûts'-o-me-tăks*—All-crazy-dogs.
**Sŭ-ŭs-ksĭsks*'—Flies.

Traditions say that this society is very ancient. In fact, the legends of its origin take us back to the time "when animals could take the shape of men, and speak their language, at will." For the following account of the origin and objects of this society I am indebted to Almost-a-Dog, the oldest member of the Piegan tribe.

The people had built a great pĭs-kăn, very strong they made it and very high, so that none might escape; but somehow the buffalo would not jump over the cliff; swerving to the right or left they would go down the sloping hills and cross the valley in safety. And because of this the people hungered. Now, one morning early a young woman went to get water, and she saw a herd of buffalo right on the edge of the cliff above the pĭs-kăn. "Oh!" said she, "if you will only jump off into the pĭs-kăn I'll marry one of you." This she said for nothing, not meaning what she spoke, and great her wonder then, for no sooner had she said than the buffalo came jumping, tumbling, falling over the cliffs.

"Ah!" said the old man, pausing in his story, "that was a sight; yes, those were times when every one's heart was glad. Many a time, even in my day have I seen it. Then great herds covered the prairie, and when one came grazing toward the cliff a young man went out and he called softly, 'Whoo hoo hoo!' and 'Wah hoo ah!' and he kept calling and appearing and disappearing, and the buffalo wondered and moved toward him, and those behind crowded and then they ran, and when they had come close to the cliff those who had been concealed on the prairie rose behind and shouted, and the leaders could not stop and they were pushed over the wall and the rest followed and the pĭs-kăn was filled. O, what a glad heart sight! Far up over the edge of the cliff came tumbling the great bull and the fat cow, the yearling and calf, and those whose horns had grown two, three and more winters. And some by the fall were killed, and some were leg-broken, and some dragged their hind parts, and others were not hurt at all. The people then sung, and they shot those which were living, and then all helped skin and cut up the meat. Oh, what a sight, there all along the pĭs-kăn walls and on the grass, and hanging on the bushes, and in all the camp, red and white, red and white, sheets of red meat drying, and strips of the white back fat, and the robes and those skins tanned white for the lodgers." Here the old man resumed his story.

Now much was this young woman afraid, for a mighty bull with one bound cleared the pĭs-kăns walls and approached her, changing into the shape of a young man. "Come," he said, taking hold of her arm. "No, no," she replied, jerking back. "But you said if the buffalo would jump over you would marry one; see, the pĭs-kăn is filled," and without more talk he led her up over the bluffs and out on to the prairie.

Now when the people had finished cutting up the meat many wondered where the young woman was, and her relations were sad at heart because of her absence. Then quickly grasped her father his bow and quiver saying, "Go I now her to find," and he too went up over the bluff and out on to the prairie.

After he had traveled some distance he came to a wallow, and a short distance off saw a herd of buffalo. While sitting by the wallow—for he was tired—and thinking, a magpie came and lit near him. "Ha! mă-mĕ-ăt' sĭ-kĭm-ĭ,†" he said, "help me, help me, go now on your beautiful wings, spread that shining tail, go to yonder herd, and if you find my daughter, tell her 'Your father waits by the wallow.'"

Then flew he to the herd, and seeing his daughter he lit near her, and picked here and there, turning his head this way, that way, and coming close, said: "Your father waits by the wallow."

"Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h!" said the woman in a low voice, and looking around scared, for her bull was sleeping close by. "don't speak so loud. Go back and tell him wait!"

"She says wait!" said the magpie, flying back to the old man.

After a while that bull waked up and he said to his wife: "Go get me some water." Then was the woman glad, and taking a horn from his head she went to the wallow. "Oh, why came you," she said to her father, "you cannot survive."

"I came to take my daughter home; come, let us hurry." "No, no," she said, "not now, they would chase and kill us; wait till he sleeps again and I will try to get away," and filling the horn with water she went back.

Then drank the bull one swallow. "Ha!" said he, "some person is close here."

"No one," replied the woman, but her heart rose up.

A little more drank the bull, and then rising up he bellowed *B-û-û-û! m-m-ûh-h-o-o-o!* Oh! fearful sound! up rose the bulls, raised their short tails and shook them, tossed their great heads and bellowed back. Then rushed they here, there, shaking their angry tails, and coming to the wallow, found they that poor man. There they tramped him with their great hoofs, and hooked him and tramped him, and soon not even a small piece of his body could be seen.

Then cried the daughter: Oh! Ah! Nĕ'-nă-ah. Oh! Ah! Nĕ'-nă-ah! (My father! My father!).

"Ah!" said her bull husband, "true, 'tis sad to have a father die. Yet now you see how it is with us. We, too, have seen our fathers die. Yes, we have seen our mothers, fathers, many of our relations, hurled over the rocky walls to become the food of people. Yet now one chance will I give you. If you can bring your father to life, you and he can go back. We will not harm you."

Then said she to the magpie: "Oh, bright eyes! Oh, shining feathers, go now and seek in the trampled ground, find even a little piece of him who was trampled out and bring it to me."

Quick flew the magpie to the place; with his sharp bill he tore the mud, and his eyes looked in every hole. Once he found something white; pick, pick, and then pulling he got out a joint of backbone, and with this he flew back to the woman.

Then placed she the bone on the ground and covered it with her robe, and then she sung. Removing the robe, there lay her father, but as if dead. Once more she covered with the robe and sung and then her father breathed and arose. Much surprised were the buffalo, and the magpie called and flew round and round. Then said he who was her husband, "Now, to-day have we seen strange things. He whom we caused not to live, who was tramped into many pieces, is in our sight. Very strong is the people's medicine. Now, before you go, we will teach you our dance, and your ears shall not forget our song, and you shall teach it to the people, and they will have our medicine for all the days beyond." [I would that I could put on paper a description of this song and dance. As is fitting to the dance of such monster beasts, the air is slow and solemn, and the step ponderous and deliberate.]

When the dance was over, the bull said, "Go now to your home, and forget not what you have seen. Teach it to the people, and when you dance you shall wear a bull's head, and a robe; all who are of the bulls shall wear them, and thus the buffalo medicine will be with the people for all the days beyond."

Great joy then, when the father and his daughter returned, and the people heard his story with wonder. In the-middle-talk-house the chiefs and old men counsel and they chose some young men who were of good heart and brave, and he who had been tramped to pieces and lived again taught them the buffalo song and dance, and named them Stûm'-ĭk-ĭks (Bulls), and when one died they chose another good person in his place.

After a smoke, the old man resumed:

For a long time the buffalo had not been seen. Useless were the pĭs-kăns, and the hunters found nothing for the living of the people. Then a man who had two wives, a daughter and two sons, said, "I shall not stop here to die; to-morrow we will move toward the mountains, there we will find perhaps deer and elk, sheep and antelope, or, if not, at least we will find the beaver, and those who fly [meaning grouse, etc.]. Thus will we survive."

When morning came they packed the travois and lashed them on the dogs and then moved out. It was yet winter and they traveled slowly. The second night came and they sat in the lodge; but no one spoke; those who are hungry care not for words. Then those who watch the night barked loudly, and soon, pushing aside the door curtain, a strange young man entered. "Welcome!" said the old man, and he motioned the stranger to a sitting place. Now looked they with surprise and fear at him who had entered, for there was a black wind [the "chinook"] and the snow had melted and water was all over the prairie, yet his moccasins and leggings were dry. They sat in silence a long time. Then said he, "Why this? Why set no food before the stranger guest?"

"Ah!" replied the old man, "you behold those who are truly poor. No food have we. Many days the buffalo came not in sight, and the hunters shot the deer and others which people eat, and when all these had been killed the people starved. Then said I, not here will I starve to death; and we started for the mountains. Now you behold us two nights on our journey."

"Ah!" said the young man, "then is your journey ended. Near by are we camped by our pĭs-kăn. Many buffalo have been run in, and the parfleches are filled with dried meat. The pĭs-kăn is red with that freshly cut. Let me go now, and ere the night is far gone, I will return with some for you." True his words. Soon he returned and brought the meat and pĭs-tsĭ-kō'-ăn* three. Then said he, "To-morrow move you to our lodges. What you see there fear not. All will be your friends. Now, one thing I tell you, be careful, touch not an arrow, those you may find in the pĭs-kăn, or on the ground outside, touch not, neither you, nor your wives nor children." And having spoken he departed.

Then took the old man his pipe, and having smoked he prayed, saying, "Hear now Sun! Listen Above People. Hear Ground and Under-Water People! Now you have taken pity. Now you have given us food. Now we go to those strange ones who walk through water with dry moccasins. Protect us among those to-be-feared people. Let us survive. Man, woman, child, give us long life; give us long life."

Once more the smell of roasting meat, and glad the children played. Talked and laughed those who had been so silent. Not far above the sun when they arrived at the strange lodge. Much then their wonder. There by the pĭs-kan, and far up and down the valley, and in the timber, were the lodges of those who eat meat. There was the Bear gens, there the Fox gens, there the Badgers, all the gens were there. The young man who had given them meat, his father was chief of the Wolf gens, and by that band they pitched their lodge. Ah! That was a happy place; food there was, plenty. All day and far in the night, shouted they the feast invitation. And everywhere the sound of drum and song and dancing.

Then went the newcomers to the pĭs-kăn for meat; and one of the children found an arrow lying on the ground. It was a beautiful arrow, long and sharp the stone point, round and straight the shaft. All around the people were busy: no one was watching; quickly the boy snatched the arrow and hid it under his robe. Then rushed the wolves at him and the coyotes, and they would

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*An account of these groups, owing to vulgarity, cannot be published.

†The meaning of this word is "fish black," a queer name for a bird. Why so named no one can tell.

*An unborn buffalo calf. Considered a great delicacy.

surely have bitten him, but the chief Wolf said, "Hold! We will let him go this time, for he is young and not yet of good sense." So they let him go.

When night had come, they heard one who shouted for a feast, saying "Wo'-kā-hi-i-i! Wō'-kā-hi-i-i! Mäh'kwē-ĭ Kē'tûm-ok-ăh-wah-hī Kē'-tûk-kă pŭk-sĭ-pĭm." (Listen! Listen! Wolf you are to feast, enter with your friend). "We are asked," said the chief Wolf to his new friend, and they went to the lodge where the feast was given. It belonged to the chief of the Ravens. [Here the narrator is a little obscure, but from questioning him and others I learn that these ravens, wolves, foxes and others were supposed to take the shape of men at will.]

Within the fire burned brightly, and in the seats of honor sat the aged and wise of the Raven gens. Hanging behind the seats were the writing of many deeds, [meaning the painting on cowskin of the various battles and adventures in which the owner of the lodge had participated]. Then was food placed before them, pemmican of berries, and the thick white fat. And when they had eaten, the pipe was smoked around the circle. Then spoke the Raven chief: "Now Wolf, I am going to give our new friend a present. What say you?"

"'Tis as you say," replied the Wolf. "Our new friend will be glad."

Then the Raven chief took from a long parfleche sack a wand beautifully dressed with many colored feathers, and on the far end of it was fastened the skin of a raven-head, wings, feet and all. "We," he said, "are the Raven-packers [those who carry the Raven]. Of all the above animals, of all the flyers, where one so smart? None! Sharp the Raven's eyes, strong his wings. Hungry he is never. A great hunter he, far, far off on the prairie he sees his food, and deep hidden in the pines it escapes not his eye. Now the song. [Here the Raven carriers' song is given.] Then he handed him the medicine [the decorated wand] and said, "Take it with you, and when you have returned to the lodge of your people you will say: "Now there is the Bull's, and he who is the Raven chief thus says: 'There shall be more; there shall be the E-kûn-ûh'-kah-tse, that the people may survive, and of them shall be the Raven carriers.'" In-the-middle-talk house you shall call the chiefs and the old wise men, and they shall select the persons and teach them the song, and the medicine shall be theirs forever. Now again the song. [Here the song is repeated].

Then soon again they heard him who shouted for the feast, and going, they entered the lodge of the Sĭn-o-păh chief. Here, too, were the old men assembled. Now, after they had eaten of that set before them, the chief said, "Those among whom you are new arrived are generous. They look not at their possessions, but give to the stranger, and they take pity on the poor. A little animal the Kit-fox. What smarter than he? None! His hair is like the dead prairie grass. Sharp his eyes, noiseless his feet, cunning his brain; his ears receive the far-off sound. Here now our medicine. Take it." And he gave the wand. It was a long stick, crooked at one end. It was wound the entire length with fox skins and decorated at intervals with eagle tail feathers. Now again he said, "Hear the song. Hear and forget not. And the dance, too, you shall remember, and you shall teach it to the people; and the E-kûn-ûh'-kăh-tse shall have the Kit-foxes too."

Again they heard the feast shout, and he who called was the Bear chief. Now when they had eaten, the chief said, "What say you, friend Wolf? Shall we give our new friend something?"

"As you say," replied the Wolf. "It is yours to give."

Then said the chief Bear, "There are many animals; those who fly, and those who walk, and those who live under the water. They are of no force. The bear is the strongest one. Strong his teeth, long and sharp his claws, and his heart is brave. He fears nothing. That which he seizes he lets not go." Then he put on a necklace of bear claws, a belt of bear fur, and around his head a band of bear fur. "This," he said, "is the medicine. Now the song and the dance." When he had finished he gave the medicine to the new come one, and said, "Lose them not, nor forget the song and dance, for the Bears too shall be of the E-kûn-ûh'-kăh-tse."

It was now far into the night, yet again, from the far end of the camp they heard the feast shout. In this lodge the men were painted with streaks of red, and their scalp locks were long and carefully braided. After the feast the chief said, "We are no animal gens. We are the Mût-sĭ" [this word means as nearly as it can be expressed in English, rashly brave.] "We are death. If our enemies are like the grass [in number] we turn not away. Bows are good, spears better, but our weapon is the knife." Then the chief sung and danced and when he was through he gave the Wolf's friend the medicine. It was a long stone knife and scalps were tied on the handle. "For the E-kûn-ûh'-kăh-tse," he said, "is this."

Once more they were called to the feast and entered the lodge of the chief of Badgers. He, also, taught the Badger song and dance, and gave the medicine. It was a rattle, ornamented with beaver claws and bright feathers; and after they had smoked two pipes the Wolf and his new friend went to their lodges and slept.

Not yet had risen the sun, but the food was cooked; and when light they took down their lodge and prepared to return to the people. Then came many women and they brought meat and pemmican, and berries dried, for presents, and they were given so much that they could not pack it all away. The people, too, had moved away in search of buffalo, and many days were passed before they met. Then he who had been to the animals' homes told what he had seen; and, as they said, he taught those who were chosen the songs and dances. Thus was the beginning of the E-kûn-ûh'-kăh-tse. It was long ago.

The main object of this society, so far as I can learn, was to protect the village or camps from enemies and from internal strifes and quarrels. Without permission, no lodge of people could leave the main camp. If they did members of this society quickly overtook them, and not only destroyed the lodge, but also all the personal property of the owners. A like punishment was inflicted on those who stole out to hunt by themselves, thereby scaring the game away. Certain days were set for hunting, so all would have an opportunity to secure food. Another and by far the most important duty of this society was to protect the camp from surprise by enemies. Whether traveling or not, scouts were always out in all directions watching for war parties, and so ceaseless was their vigilance that, so far as tradition goes, it is said that a Blackfoot camp was never surprised. Of the fighting qualities of these people more will be said in another chapter.

At intervals the different bands of this society held a dance, when they appeared in full costume. At the medicine lodge they all took part. J. W. SCHULTZ.

Natural History.

THE WHIP-TAILED SCORPION.

DOWN along the Rio Grande, there is a great deal to interest the lover of nature, the naturalist, even if the true sportsman does not find the country a paradise in his own eyes. Through the region where this grand old stream finds its way in Texas, occurs an interesting representative of the armadillos (*Tatusia novem-cinctus*), numerous forms of indigenous squirrels, and others of the Rodentia, rare types of bats, and several of the rarer Mustelidæ, all among the mammals; while as we know it is the land of the coppery-tailed trogon (*T. ambiguus*), the lovely Texan kingfisher, the curious parauque (*N. albicollis*), some of the most beautiful of the hummingbirds, and the famous chachalaca (*Ortalis vetula maccalli*), among the birds. And when we come to the reptiles, fish, and insects, there is no end to the novelties and intensely interesting forms for study.

Among the last-named occurs the much-dreaded whip-tailed scorpion, as the writer pleases to call it, the "vinegaroon," as most of the people thereabouts designate the insect, which is the *Thelyphonus giganteus* of science. A few days ago I received a very fine adult specimen of this creature, from Steward Henry Bunger of the Hospital Corps of the Army, who collected it at his station, Fort Seldon, New Mexico, and forwarded it to me.

Upon receiving it, I immediately made a life-size drawing of the insect, the figure which illustrates the present article. Many reports have come to me about this scorpion, and those who have seen it in its native haunts are curious to know how it is regarded and classified by naturalists. Personally, I have never known of a case that proved fatal from its bite, though Professor Packard, the eminent entomologist, tells us that its bite is poisonous, yet seldom causes the death of the person who sustains it.



Upper view of a specimen of the Whip-tailed Scorpion (The "Vinegaroon") *Thelyphonus giganteus;* life size, from nature, by the author.

Scorpions, it will be remembered, are somewhat closely allied to the true spiders (*Arachnida*) and are characterized in possessing a liver, which organ is absent in the winged insects. They are likewise without antennæ, and have but one pair of jaws, and four pairs of legs. Usually the abdomen is of considerable size, while the head and thorax are more intimately united together than we find these two divisions in the bodies of most other insects to be.

We are all more or less familiar with the form of the true scorpion, with its pair of claws something like those of a crab, its segmented body, its elongated tail-like appendage which is also segmented, and is terminated by its sting, though the poison gland which supplies the latter is located at the base of the tail, the venom when called into use passing through a pair of ducts to it. Other investigators tell us, however, that the poison is contained in the bulbous enlargement at its extremity. At the present writing, it has never been my fortune to have carefully dissected one of these interesting insects, so I cannot personally decide this matter for you here.

Young scorpions are brought forth alive, and are known to travel about riding on the back of their mother. They possess, in common with their parents, the power of running backwards and sideways, as we have seen some species of crabs do.

Now our whip-tailed scorpion is structurally nearer the spiders than are the true scorpions, and the lash which gives it its name is but a feeble, segmented appendage to the abdomen, which does not harbor the sting at its extremity. It also has, as will be seen by the figure, four pairs of legs, but the anterior pair are considerably modified, being far longer and more slender than the others.

They each consist of four principal joints, and then distally are terminated by another section which is made up of eight more diminutive joints. The other legs also possess four principal joints but terminate by sort of a hand which has three minor segments and is finished off by a delicate claw. Anteriorly, the clawed-arms remind us very much, being exceedingly hard and firm, of the limbs of certain of the smaller species of crabs. Head and thorax have really coalesced in this insect, and no doubt exists as to the segmentation of its large abdomen, there being nine divisions in it, while a small protruding part behind, also segmented, supports from its extremity the lash.

This is one of the largest representatives of our insect fauna in the United States, and I trust the brief account of it which is presented here will prove of interest to those who desire to be informed in regard to the curious animals they may chance to met with in their rambles, and who can admire nature all the more for being in possession of such information. R. W. SHUFELDT.

FORT WINGATE, N. M., June 26.

AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS.

THE sixth annual meeting of the American Forestry Congress will be held in Springfield, Ill., Sept. 14 to 16, in response to an invitation tendered by the Legislature of that State. A similar resolution was passed also by the Legislature of the State of Nebraska, but inasmuch as the last meeting of the Congress was held in the far West, the Executive Committee have preferred to locate this year's meeting more centrally, and to accept the cordial invitation of the State of Illinois.

A full attendance of members is urged to justify, and appropriately respond to the courtesy of the State of Illinois. Papers upon topics of interest are solicited from members and friends.

Those expecting to participate in the sessions are requested to announce their intention to the secretary before Sept. 1, and to transmit the titles of papers they wish to read.

Among others, the following topics are suggested as specially fitted for discussion at this meeting: *a.* Necessity of a change of policy on the part of the General Government in regard to its timber domain. *b.* Effects and results of forest legislation in the different States. *c.* Suggestions in regard to desirable forest legislation. *d.* Status of artificial forest planting in the Prairie States and suggestions in regard to the same. *e.* Methods of enlarging the effectiveness of the work of the Forestry Congress.

It is a gratifying sign of progress, that the Legislatures of two great States have recognized the value and given expression to their appreciation of the work of the Forestry Congress, by desiring it to hold its next meeting in their capitals.

Such recognition may inspire to renewed effort those who are laboring unselfishly in this work of reform, and fill them with the hope that at last their object will be attained; that progress, though slow, is assured.

It may be fitting on this occasion once more to state the reason of the existence and the object of the Forestry Congress, for in spite of the active propagandism which it has maintained or instigated in papers and periodicals, and by the publication of discussions and proceedings, the full scope of the work in hand seems not yet generally understood.

Although there are still large districts of our country densely wooded; although most of our forest areas possess such vigorous power of recuperation as to lend countenance to the belief that nature's efforts alone might suffice to repair the inroads made by man upon the forest growth; although substitutes for wood are possible in many cases and are already employed in some; yet we claim: That the present reported forest area of the country (less than 500,000,000 acres) cannot, in its present condition, and under present methods of utilization, furnish a continuous supply of wood of all kinds even to our present population of 60,000,000, the annual consumption being over 20 billion cubic feet; that the supply of building material, if slaughtered in the same manner as heretofore, without regard to recuperation, will be practically exhausted before any new crop now started can be ready for use; that our supplies will be inferior in quality and inferior in amount per acre, if left to nature's methods of re-forestation after the forcible interference by man, while an increased population will make larger demands on those resources; that in spite of the employment of substitutes, the consumption of wood is increasing with the increase of population all over the world. (In Germany the consumption of coal has increased 265 per cent. within 24 years, and yet the wood production has increased in a similar ratio).

We claim, that considered merely as regards material supply, the question of forest preservation has reached a stage where the earnest attention of the economist is called for.

We claim, that the equilibrium of the forces regulating water supply and soil conditions is beginning to be disturbed, to the detriment of agriculture, by a needlessly wasteful and improvident management of our forest areas.

We claim that every patriotic citizen, every thinking man or woman is concerned in the maintenance of a properly managed forest cover, sufficient both for material supplies and for the comforts of civilized life.

Our objects, then, are to eradicate the existing feeling of unconcern in regard to one of the most important factors of economic progress; to demonstrate the direct and indirect value of our forest cover in relation to the agricultural conditions and the civilization of our country; to convince our people that forestry is as much needed by a civilized and rapidly developing nation as agriculture; to show that immediate activity is called for in view of the present status of our forests and still more in view of the indifferent manner with which they have been and still are regarded and used; to prove that economy in the use of wood, careful protection and careful working of the natural forests, planting of new forests on waste places and in the prairie regions, have become a national necessity.

This is not a question that concerns only to-day or to-morrow; the consequences of to-day's action or inaction are visible only after the lapse of many years; they are not easily foreseen nor their time and extent foretold. The fool and squanderer marches along, heedless of the coming disaster; the wise man acts in time to prevent it. We appeal, therefore, to every good citizen to give thought to these warnings and to aid us in the endeavor to impress upon our people the need of caution, economy and a conservative management of our forest resources, the need of a timely beginning for future emergencies, the need of systematic planting for immediate effects in the treeless plains, the need of forest preservation on our hills and mountains.

Our work is the work of advocating and establishing principles. We meet once a year and by our discussions incite or enlarge local interest in the question of forestry; we encourage and assist in the formation of local forestry associations which will translate our teachings into practical results; we try to create a sentiment favorable to our objects by publishing our proceedings and appeals; we try to induce and support legislation looking toward forest preservation and the encouragement of forest planting; and incidentally we endeavor to give information for practical application. We are few in number, poor in funds, without a personal object, without paid officers, but we work faithfully, with the conviction that we forward the interests of our country. As there is no personal advantage in becoming a member of this congress we must rely for support upon the best impulses of an elevated citizenship, which prompts self-imposed duties and taxes for the advancement and welfare of the country.

We appeal to those who can raise themselves above the level of selfish motives in solving this national problem, to aid our work by joining us, lending their moral support and financial aid to a worthy object.

Applications for membership are received by the undersigned or any of the officers. B. E. FERNOW, Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1887.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN. Purchased—Three American badgers (*Taxidea americana*), one Malbrouck monkey (*Cercopithecus cynosurus*), one green monkey (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*), two Illiger's macaws (*Ara maracana*), one purple gallinule (*Porphyrio martinica*), one mealy Amazon (*Chrysotis farinosa*), two blue-bonnet parrakeets (*Psephotus hæmatogaster*), two white-eared conures (*Conurus leucotis*), two pine snakes (*Pityophis melanoleucus*) and two horned lizards (*Phrynosoma cornutum*). Presented—Two jumping mice (*Jaculus hudsonius*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), two flying squirrels (*Pteromys volucella*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), three screech owls (*Scops asio*), two pigeon hawks (*Accipiter fuscus*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), six water snakes (*Tropidonotus fasciatus*) and three box tortoises (*Cistudo clausa*). Born—One fallow deer (*Cervus dama*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—VI.

ON returning to camp in the evening after killing the buck, I found that the boys had not been idle. They had killed another wildcat, a perfect monster, and the largest I ever saw. He looked huge as he lay on the porch, and very beautiful, even in the grimness of death. He was lying very naturally, with his broad spotted legs stretched out and his bearded face looking sleepy with its half shut eyes.

I have a great passion for furs, and in my various wanderings have picked up a collection which is by no means a bad one; indeed, the boys have been disrespectful enough to call me the "Great American skin hunter," because I consider it wrong to let even a rattlesnake skin go to waste. By virtue of my title, therefore, I sat down by the cat and began to measure him, and admire his lovely coat, the finest I ever saw, and equal to a majority of the lynx fur sold by the furriers. From nose to tip of tail he measured a trifle over four feet, and the skin when taken off was forty-two inches wide from one fore paw to the other. We had no means of weighing him, but he must have scaled forty or fifty pounds.

The dogs came trotting up as I sat by the cat, and I noticed they looked as if they had been struck by a combination buzz-saw. The blue pup had an ear pretty near off; old Mike was deeply cut in the face, and Terry's nose was a sad spectacle. Evidently there had been war. Then I noticed that the cat had been shot twice; and knowing this to be a very unusual thing on a hunt with three hounds, I went in and learned about the battle.

It seems that Mr. Allison had got lonesome after dinner, and so he and Red took the foxhounds and a few of the best greyhounds and started down to the swamps which line the little creek known as the Wildcat. A trail was struck within a mile from camp, and only a short run made until the cat was bayed in the reeds. He was sullen and evidently "on his muscle," and did not seem to care for a run. He paid no attention to the horsemen and not very much to the dogs. When the latter closed in on him he made a short, sharp fight, then broke away and sprang up a leaning tree. One of the shepherd dogs —who always managed to be along when there was a hunt—crawled up the trunk of the tree after him for twenty or thirty feet, then fell off and nearly killed himself in the fall. Seeing the size of the cat, and not wanting his dogs to be torn up just at the time they were wanted for deer hunting, Mr. Allison determined to shoot it, and fired at it with a Winchester carbine. The ball passed through the base of the cat's ear and scored the top of his shoulder a trifle. Out he bounced among the dogs, and the yells of the latter at once announced that he was using them pretty roughly. The dogs managed to keep him strung out, so he could not rip with his hind legs—a thing which these greyhounds understand perfectly from having fought together so often—but the cat kept his teeth and forepaws going, and was gathering dog meat at every wipe. Mr. Allison—always an excitable man in a fight—rushed in and placed the carbine over the cat's head, firing down without any particular aim and at the risk of killing a dog. The ball carried off the tip end of the cat's chin, but he only smiled sarcastic like and went on with the previous question. Before the third shot could be fired he had left his record on three veteran fighters. The last shot struck him in the brain, and this being too much odds against him he gave up. It was almost impossible to get the body away from the hounds, so infuriated were they over their own hurts.

The utility of the foxhounds now began to be very apparent; indeed, we were dependent upon them for much of the sport we had upon the trip. Personally, I like foxhounds. Greyhounds are good, but you have to help them, and watch over them, and take care of them. Nothing is ever the matter with a foxhound. You put him on the ground, and he finds his own trail, and needs no looking after when he has found it. The brilliant, showy burst of the greyhound is talent; the continuous, tireless, invincible patience of the foxhound is absolute genius. The father of Buck, one of our foxhounds, chased a deer for forty-eight hours, and bayed him forty miles from where he started. A farmer heard the dog baying for the greater part of the night, and in the morning shot the deer, and brought the dog home to Mr. Allison, at Hutchinson.

A fine foxhound came down from the north on the 21 range last fall, following a chase which began no one knows where. He stopped by a dead carcass to get something to eat, and was so weak he could go no further, but lay by the carcass six days, allowing no one to come near him. At last Jack beguiled him into following him toward the camp, and succeeded in getting a rope about his neck; but on the way home a deer sprang up not far ahead, and the dog broke away and went after it, rope and all, and when last heard of was away down on the T5 range, and as Jack says, "a be lerin' like all ——, an' headin' straight for New Orleans."

In the dense reedy swamps of that rough country any number of the smaller furred animals find a home, and we could always strike a trail of some sort any time we chose to go out. We did not especially care to kill raccoons, but they were so numerous as to be almost a nuisance, for when we just got comfortably settled on an otter or wildcat trail, in would come some fresh coon trail or other, and Drum would switch off on to that, and Buck would follow Drum. I remember one dark night we started a wildcat out of the lower swamp, and ran it for a long time among the dry sandhills. We were on foot, but we had a grand chase, the dogs sometimes so far away we could barely hear them, and then again sweeping back on a double so close to us that we could see them. The dogs finally led down to the thick grass along the edge of the river, and there went at fault. We concluded that they had gotten upon an otter trail, and that the otter had taken to the river. The old dog Buck seemed to think so, for he swam across and began to hunt on the opposite bank; and sure enough he soon opened, and in less than a minute began to bay!

Alas! A certain unmistakable odor informed us what the quarry was. In a few moments we could see it coming out upon the thin crust of ice, plainly visible by the light of the moon, then just beginning to rise. To Ricker was given the honor of slaying the skunk; and taking a good hold on his much-prized three-barrel, he lay in wait in the grass, and when the creature got within forty yards or so, laid it low with a double charge of duck shot. But he didn't lay the perfume low. Oh, no!

Just as Ricker immortalized himself by killing the skunk, there arose right at our feet the noise of a mighty battle among the greyhounds, and a big splash announced that the fight was transferred to the water. That indefatigable little Drum had been running one stretch of the trail, about 100yds. long, for nearly half an hour. He would go back to the start, spit on his hands, open his mouth and then come booming up the path right by us, head and tail both up, a yellow, yelling demon in the night, with mouth open wide enough to take in a cheese box. When he got to the end of the trail he would turn around, go back and do it over again. As this seemed to amuse him we didn't disturb him, but attended to the skunk hunt. It now transpired that Drum had had some purpose as well as some method in his madness. It was a coon which he had been trailing, and this coon had taken to the water, unfortunately for himself, crawling out just at that spot on the bank where the greyhounds were standing. When they sprang upon him the whole mass rolled over into the water together, and a more animated scene than that moonlight fight in the Cimarron River I never beheld. Part of the time the dogs were swimming and part of the time wading, and the racket they made, blended with the squalling of the coon, added a wild excitement to the occasion. A coon fights well, especially in the water. He is more tenacious of life than the wildcat, and his teeth are no wise to be despised. Against six fighting greyhounds, however, a coon has little chance, and the fight was soon over. Thus ended a hunt which was rather a medley. We had started a wildcat, switched off on an otter, as we thought, and ended by killing a skunk and a coon.

The days passed very swiftly and very pleasantly at the camp; the boys treated us most royally. We found that visitors were not unknown at the ranch. At one time ten men sat down to dinner. Two of these were horse thieves, who were passing on through bound for Arkansas. They claimed to be railroaders, but appearances were mightily against them. They got their dinner all the same. One day a freight train pulled in with goods for one of the lower camps, and shortly after that Jack came back with the wagon from a trip to the Southwest Camp, over in the broken black-jack country, bringing with him a doe, a very large buck and one wild turkey, besides some fresh beef—the latter being more appreciated by the ranchmen than any kind of game. Jack reported considerable numbers of turkeys, but said they were wild and scattered, the extensive fires having broken up their old feeding grounds. As the chance for getting any turkeys seemed to be poor, and as the cold weather had beyond doubt made the bears all hole up, we concluded not to take the thirty-mile drive over into the cañons south of the river. Before the fires this was really the best game country in that region, though difficult to hunt in. Last year, over near the Southwest Camp, Mr. Allison saw a great plenty of bear sign, and his greyhounds killed one bear—stringing him out in great shape. Even had the bears been running we should not have dared to take the foxhounds over in that country, as the "beef cattle" were all held on that part of the range, and the unknown demoniac notes of the foxhounds might have filled the tender bosom of the Texas steer with alarm. In a stampede a wire fence is no good, and once through the wire fence on the south side of the range, the cattle would have been among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who know not aught of cattle leases, but do know how to skin and eat an ox.

Ricker and I shot ducks, along the spring branches, and increased our stores of sketches and photographs, and once in a while went out after deer still-hunting, thoroughly exploring the country for ten miles about, and nearly always seeing deer, but not getting another shot at them. Mr. Allison and Red went out one morning on the flats with the greyhounds, and had a course, but caught no deer. Mike lamed himself so much worse that he was laid up from further deer chasing, and Jim did not improve his sore ankle, and besides tore a toe nail loose. Jerry's nose had assumed wonderful proportions, from the effects of the wildcat's claws. Still, we did not really need any more game than we got. There was not, indeed, a single "blank day" on the whole trip. If the greyhounds failed, we could always take the foxhounds and kill a coon; and what with greyhounds, foxhounds and rifles, we added meat of some sort to the game rack every day.

One morning, Mr. Allison, Ricker and I started down the river to the lower swamp to kill a wildcat. We crossed the fresh trail of four big gray wolves. The stride (walking) of the largest was nearly three feet, and his footprint as large as that of a horse. We never allowed the foxhounds to follow the trail of a gray wolf, fearing that the chase might lead clear out of the country. Mr. Allison said that he should not like his greyhounds to attack one, for fear of their being badly cut up. I fear if I had had the management of the hounds that morning we would have followed that wolf trail if they went clear to British America. It's a long lane that has no turn.

Well, we were afraid to start after the wolves; but we soon had a fine large wildcat trail, and ran it to into a vast sea of rushes and grass known as the "dry swamp." We sat our horses about the edge for over an hour, and still the foxhounds could not come up with their game, though from their angry roaring we knew they were often close upon it. At last the chase confined itself to a little neck of swamp, not more than a hundred yards or so wide. We pushed our horses out into a little open place, and passed the word to shoot on sight, determined not to let the animal get back into the main swamp. It was a query of some interest in my mind how far my horse would run before we could lasso him, if I ever did shoot from his back. He was slightly "bronco," and afraid of the sight of a gun. Still, I resolved to try the experiment.

As we sat on our horses, the dogs were running almost under us; but though they often came within five yards of us they were entirely hid by the heavy growth of flags. The greyhounds, it should be understood, kept with the horses, but they evinced the liveliest interest in the chase and stood with ears straight up waiting till the proper note in the foxhounds' increasing challenge should tell them it was time to be in. The staghound pushed in among the reeds and nosed about a good deal, but whenever he got too close to the chase he broke cover and came bouncing out. He was a horrible coward, not a very good one of his sort, I take it.

Half a dozen times the foxhounds stopped their game, and at their changed note the greyhounds half a dozen times sprang in; but always the creature got away. At last, however, the enraged roar of the foxhounds right at our feet told us that they had "got a stand." In went the greyhounds, old Mike jumping clear over the tops of the flags. And then great double handsful of noise began to come up through the reeds. Old Mike's voice was recognized in loud complaint. The valiant staghound ran off about 40yds. and lay down. He hadn't lost any Bengal tiger. And judging from the size of the noise it couldn't be anything less than a royal Bengal tiger that had the dogs in there.

Mr. Allison went plum crazy, and shouting out to me to "hold his horse," he jumped off and tried to force his way in to save a few pieces of his dogs. Ricker also dismounted, and came running up with gore in his eye. The two horses both ran off as fast as they could. I tried to crowd my horse into the rushes where I could see the sausage factory at work, but the horse had no curiosity in that line, and forthwith treated me to a pyrotechnic display of "bucking" just at the wrong time, and then ran away for a hundred yards or so before I could stop him and make him face the music. The scene, altogether, was not without animation.

The dogs knew perfectly well that they could not fight in that dense tangle, so they began pushing and carrying their prey out toward the open. At last they burst out into plain view, and we could see something black and savage down among them, which they were not killing worth a cent.

It is not my fault that the animal was not a Bengal tiger. Personally I wish it had been. It might have been a wildcat, for the dogs certainly chased one into that swamp. But the fact is—and I hope I will not be blamed for it—the animal they had caught was nothing but a coon; a great big black coon, nearly as big as a small bear, and a fighter from away, way back. We were disgusted—just as disgusted as you are, gentle reader; so you can't complain.

Mr. Allison knocked the coon on the head with the butt of his whip, and ended the fight. I skinned the coon, and a very fine black pelt I got. When nicely fleshed down, the inner surface of this skin showed innumerable red spots, as if it had been shot with bird shot at 30yds.; but hardly a tooth had penetrated through the tough hide and the inch-thick rolling layer of fatty membrane which armored the back of this old timer. It was easy to see why it is a coon is so hard to kill.

Our forces were now part cavalry and part infantry, and I suggested that it would be appropriate for me to assume command and lead the march toward home. I even offered to go to camp and tell Buck to get supper ready for the infantry. But the boys couldn't see anything funny about that, and insisted that I should go and catch their horses, which were feeding about half a mile off. Although this is not always easy in a "pasture" which holds some twenty or thirty square miles, it proved not very difficult in this case, and we were soon all in the saddle again. If Ricker's horse and mine had not been stable mates accustomed to going together, the capture of the horses might have been a much more serious matter.

As we rode on down the river, we struck a fresh deer trail. The foxhounds diligently ran it just the wrong way. Sandy Jim began to trail it the right way. The staghound pulled out along it at full speed. Terry joined in. In a moment we were riding hard through the sandhills, down into the river bottom, following the racing greyhounds with not a deer in sight. We ran half a mile or so at full speed, when the deer jumped about 40yds. ahead of the dogs in the tall grass. We could see it plainly, but the dogs could not, and though we tried our best to lay them on, the deer dodged in and out among the grass and eluded them, finally escaping into the scrub and going clear off. Every once in a while a hound would bounce up over the top of the grass, get a sight and run a line for it, but by that time the deer would have turned again and thrown him off.

After some difficulty we got the greyhounds together, whipped the foxhounds off the trail—though Drum got away again and was gone for over on hour—and rode on down the river for four or five miles further. We did not start any more game, however, and after Ricker had made a few sketches of the bluffs across the river, which afforded us some fine views from the tops of the higher sandhills, we turned back toward camp, which we reached safely, the skin of the royal Bengal tiger dangling from my saddle. I have since been offered sixty-five cents for that skin, but I have stubbornly refused to take less than six bits.

E. HOUGH.

PORCUPINES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. C. F. Richardson asks in your issue of June 7 if any of us have ever seen "white hedgehogs."

I might have seen two, I suppose, in the year 1872 or thereabouts, as I very well remember that some of the sons of Mr. John Volk, of Oconto county, Wisconsin, (where I was living at the time) reported to me that they had killed a couple. I did not doubt the statement, and remember telling them that they would have done better to capture the creatures, and place them on exhibition. There is no sense in killing porcupines, unless near a farm, where they may do some injury, or snakes either, for that matter, as a rule.

According to Thoreau, the porcupine is an appropriate "small fruit" of the wilderness. I agree with him, and never hurt them if they will not molest my salt provisions or gnaw the handle of my hunting axe. Sometimes I have slain them for food, but not habitually; and I remember that a child who tasted one and wished to use accurate English pronounced it "rather muscular" in flavor.

The disposition inherent in the human family to take the life of every creature within reach, when unprotected by statute, is discouraging to many of us, and I often think that not the least among the good works of the FOREST AND STREAM is its persistent discouragement of profitless waste of life.

I have often wondered that I could never see a bittern upon the shores of the Intermediate, and lately I was

told by a friend in whom I have confidence that he saw one not far from here this spring. It was of the common sort. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., July 13.

DEER HUNTING IN PIKE.

NOT a great many years ago Pike county in Pennsylvania was *terra incognita* to even New York sportsmen. The writer had often heard of the abundance of game, both feathered and furred, but nevertheless felt that he was rather rash, when on a certain day he invited a stock brokering friend to go deer hunting.

After much dubitation and assertion of the impossibility of finding a wild deer so near New York, the invitation was accepted and we left by the Erie 4:30 train for Port Jervis. There, however, we were at fault. The person to whom the writer bore an introduction was not to be found, and not until after ten o'clock could a man and team be procured to take us, first in search of Archie Brink in Milford, and then to Shohola Falls. Found he was, and under a bright November moon we crossed the Delaware and bowled along over a wonderful road on our first expedition. This road, by the way, made from the crumbled stone of the bordering ridges, was as smooth as those in Central Park, and did not much favor our ideas of deer hunting, despite the glowing tales of the driver. Fortunately there was a light in one of Milford's taverns, and we were directed to Archie's cottage near the spring. Although Archie has long since joined the majority, the spring remains and doubtless continues to wash the roots of the large beds of watercress as it did then. This particularly struck us when, leaving the team in the road, I went cross-lots to Archie's cottage. My knock was answered by such a chorus of barks and growls that for a while nothing else could be heard. Soon, however, a voice inquired my name and errand. The first I replied was of no consequence, but the second was to get him to go with me to Shohola deer hunting in the morning. This being agreed to, I urged the unseen owner of the voice to ride out with me, but this proposition was declined with the assurance, however, that he would be at McCarthy's before I was up in the morning. Trusting to this promise, I returned to the team, and in due time waked up McCarthy, ordered breakfast before daybreak, and turned in.

Just as I got fairly asleep a tread on the porch under my window and the whine of a dog woke me, and there, sure enough, was Archie, with his friend Rosencrantz and two hounds. It did not take long to rouse McCarthy and start the breakfast, nor to take something with Archie & Co. to keep out the chill. To rouse my broker friend and get him into his clothes and prevent his audibly damning the split-pea coffee, was something more difficult; but when the daylight began to streak the ridges, we were off.

Of course you expect to hear that we plunged into some ravine, climbed over broken rock and dead trees and trod the moss with the noiseless step of the panther. That was something like what I expected to do; but I didn't. On the contrary, we four and the two dogs walked along a fair smooth road for half a mile, until Archie suggested making a drive on the right hand side.

The tract selected was nearly oblong and not unlike an avenue block in size, with a dip at the lower end and a ridge beyond. Stationing my friend and self on runways, Archie & Co. went round to and through the dip, and returned to us at our stations without having struck a scent. Again we promenaded, passing crossroads practicable for a buggy (the country round had been laid out for a city), until the turnpike, bearing off to the right from the top of a low ridge, allowed us to look down into the hollow, with a fine farmhouse and buildings at the upper end. On our side a crossroad ran along the top of the ridge; and on this my friend and I were stationed, while Archie & Co. went to begin the drive up by the farmhouse.

Luckily my friend was away from me, and so could not detect in my face my utter want of faith in the whole proceeding. Left to my own thoughts, I cudgeled my brain to invent an excuse for bringing him to hunt deer where he would be much more likely to find calves. It was utterly useless to try to get up a thrill, even of suspense. It was absurd to think of such a thing as firing a snap-shot from my rifle with the smoke from the farm house! Hallo! what was that? *Wow-wow* (very long, if you please), one of the hounds and then the other gave tongue, and the blood flushed up and my rifle came to a slope at the sound. Still I could not quite enthuse. Some dogs will run a sheep, but then again sheep don't get over ground as quickly as that baying indicated; and I began again to get quite excited and kept close in my cover —hoping—doubting—almost certain—when two quick reports and a shout told me that one act of the drama was played.

After waiting a due time and calling in my friend, I found my way through the bush to the seat of action; and there to my great relief found a splendid buck. Archie had shot him and had already removed the paunch. "Did I see the doe and yearling fawn?" "No, I had not seen either doe or yearling fawn." Then they had gone over the ridge to the pond; and I began to believe that either my friend or I should yet do a deer to death in this well laid out hunting ground. Alas! simple causes produce unchangeable disappointments. Archie and Rosencrantz had both carried soda bottles of turpentine gin in their pockets; and while we laboriously bore that buck from the hollow to the crossroad, the hounds had their way with the paunch. When at last we reached the road the bottles were empty and Archie and Rosie were full. When, too, after much hallooing and calling, only one hound staggered up to us, we learned the intoxicating effect of a deer's paunch full of laurel croppings in November.

This ended our deer hunt, and our team having been brought up, we loaded in the deer, dined (?) cheerfully at McCarthy's, and at half past six the next morning, deer and all, were back in the city of New York, after thirty-eight hours absence.

The tale is not exciting, but only absolutely true, and the reader will pardon me if I do not attempt to reproduce Archie's account of the desperate struggle he had with the buck. As he began by saying that he "let loose" his buckshot barrel first, and as the deer's heart had two holes in it made by buckshot, and as my day's experience disposed me to incredulity I fear that I would not in turn claim much faith from my reader. I know that I left him satisfied with me, and that for several successive years I passed pleasant days in the fall at Shohola, up the Rattlesnake and thereabouts. Of "Jerry Greening" and his tribe I may have something to tell, for Jerry has become in more senses than one a public character; but space is wanting now, and much space is required to do justice to such subjects. H. B.

NEW YORK.

CHAT OF GUN AND GAME.

EVEN now as I write I hear the peculiar note of Bob White, as he sits upon the top of a fence or upon a stump, and indicates to his mate that he has not forgotten her, and is ready to do his part in providing for the young which they have begun to rear. On the sides of all the roads which I travel, in the fields and woods, everywhere almost, there is evidence of the abundance of young coveys, to whom hatching the past season has been most propitious. All persons whom I have met concur in the statement that the bird prospect was never better. Unless some disaster befals them before the season opens, both sportsmen and dogs will have a joyous time during November, December and January in ranging over hill and valley, sedge and stubble, as well as along the ditch banks, in the vicinity of which the field pea was planted. If my health permits, I indulge the "pleasing hope, the fond desire" of taking many a tramp in this and other counties of the State, with my little gun and my little dog, albeit the short-tailed Argo is, like his master, "well stricken in years." What a wiry little fellow he is! With what untiring zest he courses over the ground, and how grandly he stops when near the game which he is seeking! What joy he exhibits when he sees me, with my "court costume" on, and my gun in hand. As I walk to the buggy, on my way he knows not exactly where, but feels sure it is to some field which is the home of the bird, whose odors are far sweeter to him than would be those of the famed "gardens of Eve in their bloom!" he does not sneak lazily forward as if he was under mortal dread of the lash, "like a galley slave," but bounds freely on ahead of me, watching closely every foot of the road to see which one I take. He does not get lost. If, perchance, as I travel along he searches some field and finds a covey of birds, he does not stay or point all day, to my great annoyance, breaking up the hunt, but after remaining a few minutes he flushes the birds and comes on. Does not this style of movement tire him? Perhaps it does, but he can circle around me while I travel twenty miles, and then make an afternoon's hunt without flagging. But then he has no known pedigree. None of his ancestors, as far as I know, ever had their names recorded in the books which are remembrancers of the royal family. And yet, old as he is, I do not hesitate to say that he can run the life out of four-fifths of the field trial gentry. Oh, he is a gamy little fellow, and hunts, not because I want him to do it, but because he loves the recreation. My friend G. T. L., who who can be found during the business season at No. 90 Hudson street, New York, knows Argo, and will say that I have not overdrawn the picture. But enough of the diminutive plebeian at present.

Now, a few words about my gun. Some of my friends say that I am a little cranky, or monomaniacal on that subject. Possibly they are right. I can't help it. But the gun is a gem, in its line. It was made according to my own directions, and the manufacturer thought I was a crank, because I had such extraordinary notions. But he was told that the man who gave the order thought he knew what he was doing: and, as the gun was for his own use, it would be wise to follow the directions with faithful exactness. It was done. The description is this: Weight 6¼ to 6⅝lbs., bore 14, cylinder, length of barrels 28in., length of stock 13⅜, 13⅝, 14⅜ drop, 3¼ at heel, 2 at comb. It will be seen that the stock is unusually short. In the summer, when the shooter at the trap is encumbered with but few clothes, he can use a gun with longer stock. But in the field, when the thermometer is below the freezing point, and the sportsman, consulting his personal comfort, covers himself with a quantity of woolen garments, the distance is much less from his shoulder to his finger, and he needs a corresponding reduction of the length of stock. Not being much of a trap-shooter, I had the gun made for the field. To enable me to do fairly at long range, I had an extra pair of barrels made, which are closely choked. With them, I can get a squirrel, out of a very high tree, and have contested successfully with ten and twelve bores at the trap.

The little gun is a so-called hammerless, and the firing arrangements are not of the Anson & Deeley patent. The gun has locks and firing-pins separate from the tumblers. I like them better. I have a gun where the tumbler is elongated and acts on the striker; but I have had five misfires with it with the Winchester and Lowell shells to when I have had one with the other. It may be that the mainsprings are not sufficiently strong. The shells were of the highest grade, and good caps (are not the Union primers No. 2 good ones?) do not require a heavy stroke to explode them. Most of the mainsprings, as I think, are needlessly strong.

While on this subject, I may as well say that I have tried Eley's, Lowell, Winchester and U. M. C. shells; and although some of these makers represent that their products are "sure fire," I do not hesitate to assert that some of them will not fire at all with any stroke which may be made. I recall the fact that in one day's hunt I had three misfires with shells reputed to be of the highest grade, and my companion who was using the same size tried them in his gun, the springs of which were uncommonly powerful, with failure as the result. Misled by the boastful pretensions of another maker, and liking the color of the shells, I was induced to get a thousand. With them I have had frequent snaps. Then "I came back to my first love," and shall continue to use the products of this maker or these makers until they debase the character of their work. It is but just that I say it is idle for any one to expect that all caps will explode and all shells will fire. We may be well contented if ninety-nine in a hundred meet our expectations.

In this vicinity there were, within the last twenty years, a large number of deer. Well do I recollect that about 1870, an uncle of the writer and my old friend Kinchen C., as well as quite a number of others, were on a hunt on the headwaters of a stream called Rocky Fork, with our headquarters in an old deserted dwelling, used at the time as a fodder house. From this point we had easy access to the drives on the Rocky Fork of Naked Creek (the other being the Rocky Fork of Hitchcock) on Paradise, on Job's Creek, and other places. By the kindness of the owner of the property we had the use of the fodder for our horses and for our bedding. One night Tom S. of the party, who was supposed to have a weakness for a black-eyed damsel in his neighborhood, whom he afterward married, was afflicted with what Shakespeare calls, "the child of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy." His groans aroused all the sleepers, and so soon as they fully awoke, Tom was heard to cry out, "Take care, Sally, that big snake will bite you." And then with a stertorous snort he was relieved from the dangers which an imagination, rendered acute by a gorge upon strong coffee and venison steaks, had conjured up to blanch his soul with fear. How we did laugh at him because of his dreamy confession of the tender thoughts which warmed up his bosom, but whose existence he always denied when he was not in his "secure mood."

The two persons first named were as ardent sportsmen as ever lived. They loved the forest and stream and neither was selfish in his sports. Many a fine buck fell before their guns, and baskets of fish were caught by their hooks. They knew nothing of split bamboo rods and reels, but they did know something of bobbing. Alas, both have fallen, "like leaves in wintry weather," and been wafted away to "the undiscovered country, from whose bosom no traveler returns." Both were just men and generous men, the delight of the social circle. They "served their day and generation," for both were men of excellent sense and superior business capacity, often holding positions of trust, the duties of which were always faithfully performed.

It was during that hunt—unless my memory is at fault—that I killed the largest buck which ever fell at the discharge of my gun. The weapon was a 12-bore muzzle-loader, made by Wm. Moore—or rather it had such a name upon it. The right barrel had in it twelve No. 1 buckshot, and the left twenty-five of No. 3. The two gentlemen last named by me were on one side of the Rocky Fork of Naked Creek and had with them two excellent hounds, which bore the names of Bob and Rock. On my side I had as a companion and friend the Rev. Bum Gostick, a reputable Baptist clergyman and a keen sportsman. We had not taken down the creek more than one hundred yards before the melody of canine voices was heard, "which thickened as the charge drew nigh." Fearing that the deer would cross too far below me, I quickened my pace into as active a run as I could make, with the view of intercepting it. Having done my "speedy utmost," as the "gray mare Meg," in "Tam O'Shanter" was advised to when out of Kirk Alloway "the hellish legion sallied," and gone over a space of 70 to 80yds., I saw the old "monarch of the waste" emerge from the swamp on the bank of the creek, at a distance which many hunters would have called 60yds. It was from 35 to 40yds. on a "bee line." He gave me a broadside and the right barrel was discharged. I saw a shrug of the body, which plainly indicated that my aim was right and my gun had done its duty. He got nearer to me, and when I was again ready, he was on the side of the hill above me and not further than 30yds. My finger pressed the trigger, the crack of the left barrel was clear and sharp, and the buck dropped dead in his tracks. When I got to him I saw that he had hundreds of large ticks upon him, some of which were killed by my shot. From the abundance of them I feared that the animal was thin in flesh, and would make not very palatable food. This apprehension was groundless, for he was unusually fat for a male deer at that season of the year. I hit him with four shot with the first barrel and fifteen with the second. He netted, after being dressed, freed from head, hide, hoofs and entrails, 150lbs. He was a fine buck.

How hot it is! Thermometer up to 97 degrees. But for a nice breeze from the west there would be no comfortable place in this vicinity, except a pool in the spring house. As it is we manage to stand it. But the temperature is not very suggestive, except by contrast, of flannel blouses, woolen undershirts and the usual apparel of a sportsman during the season. But I have managed, since I began this rambling communication, to read the FOREST AND STREAM and some few other sporting papers which have fallen into my hands. These always interest me though they sometimes contain matters which do not command the approval of my judgment. Now and then I see an original anecdote which I heard more than twenty years ago. For instance: In one of these papers I read a very attractive piece descriptive of a bear, wild-cat and sow hunt in Texas. To a suggestion made to a metropolitan gentleman, who was one of the party, in regard to the music of the hounds in full cry, that representative of the famous ten miles square over on both sides of the Potomac said, "I can't hear any music, those blamed dogs make such a racket." Now that is old, and the city gentleman must have been nearly bankrupt in ideas to have been forced to gather up such garbage.

The same communication contains the following: "This reminds one of the story that Joaquin Miller got off on the Senator from this district to the National Congress." This was evidently written carelessly, for the writer of the article is a man of no mean intelligence. The State of Texas has two Senators in Congress, but there are no Senatorial Districts in that or any other State. The writer in question has, no doubt, read the Constitution of the United States, and knows that what I say is correct. If he had said a Representative, I should not criticise, for I am aware that there was once in Congress, from the South-western District of Texas, a gentleman of large brain as well as large person, a big man in many respects. He lived at Cuero and died in the city of Washington during his term as a Member of the House of Representatives. So much for that. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., July, 1887.

A GLASS FOR HUNTING.—Messrs. Queen & Co., No. 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, make a spy glass which is adapted to the needs of sportsmen tourists. It is substantial, compact and can be carried with comfort and safety. The lenses are powerful, bringing distant objects into close view in a manner positively startling. Such a glass would be of great service in Western large game hunting, where a wide territory can be examined and the game detected.

LARGE ELK HORNS.—F. R. Kaldenberg, of 371 Broadway, New York, received from L. K. G. Smith, of Portland, Oregon, a pair of mounted elk horns. Each horn measures 6ft. from the crown of the head to the tip. There are 13 prongs.

HARD LINES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

FRED MANNING and myself had been classmates. The schoolboy friendship then formed had been strengthened by many a hunting and exploring trip subsequently made together. Though having paddled down some of the roughest rivers of the better settled parts of the country, despite the boisterous rapids, dangerous falls and numerous hair-breadth escapes, we instinctively longed for wilder scenes, and toward the Adirondacks we turned for the gratification of our desires. Here was plenty of game and fish, here, too, were numerous remote lakes and rivers, accessible only to the lightest craft and navigated best by a canoe.

Our ideas concerning this much talked of wilderness and the requirements of a journey through it were sadly upset and altered by experience. We had abundant confidence in our ability to go anywhere that water would float our craft. In this respect we made no mistake, for the waters of this region are as easily and pleasantly navigated as those elsewhere. Where we did err, however, was in supposing the connections marked on the map as existing between the different lakes to be practicable. Instead of having an easy communication between the innumerable bodies of water which are the beauty of this country, we found but dried up, shrunken brooks, along which it is customary to carry one's effects until the next lake is reached. The "carries," as they are called, are the great feature of the woods. The forests themselves are so dense as to make it utterly impossible to get a boat through them. To remedy this difficulty paths of all degrees of badness, according to the frequency of their use, have been cut. When a man reaches a portage he pulls up his boat, empties its contents, fastens in the neck yoke, and inverting the boat over his head, marches off along the trail. Now the fun begins. The seventy or eighty-pound boat, which to the novice did not seem light, even at the beginning, soon becomes an intolerable burden, which at the same time, unless assisted, it is extremely difficult for him to put down without breaking. Added to his difficulties is the character of the alleged path. It twists and turns with the most alarming frequency. Often in the sharp bends he knocks both bow and stern against encroaching trees, while under foot is a mazy entanglement of roots and loose stones, interspersed with an occasional boulder, all made slippery by their coating of pine needles, the monotony being enlivened by a tree trunk breast high lying directly across the path, or a quagmire of unknown depth, into which he must boldly wade. The frequency of these carries and the immense amount of labor they entailed soon made the canoeing part of the trip dwindle into insignificance. We discovered that the chief requisite of Adirondack travel was to possess as much as possible the qualities of a pack horse.

Persevering in spite of these difficulties, we found ourselves on the day of the occurrence which I am about to relate at Forked Lake, 30 miles from our entering point, Blue Mountain Lake, and in a spot as entirely given over to nature as any in the region. Between Forked Lake and Long Lake flows a small mountain torrent, dignified with the name of Racket River. At various points on this stream occur three portages, the first and longest beginning at the foot of Forked Lake and extending three miles. After traveling all day without having met with any sign of human proximity, at about an hour and a half before sundown we arrived at the first carry. It was late; we were tired; we were heavily laden; and, as this connecting creek seemed to be somewhat larger than those we had so far encountered, ignoring the dull smothered rumbling of the distant rapids and the impenetrable character of the evergreen jungle that lined the banks, it did not take us long to decide to float down, a feat looked upon by the natives as impossible. Though hoping to ride, we had not proceeded many feet among the breakers before we saw we would be obliged to adopt different tactics. Our river, which on a level was deep enough when care was exercised to be navigated, here became a torrent, a mountain trout stream filled with rocks of all conceivable shapes and sizes, occupying its bed so thoroughly that without pulling and pushing it was impossible to make progress.

Here the water would be a foot deep. Another step forward off the submerged ledge and the bottom could not be reached. It soon became apparent that there was but one mode of procedure, and we stripped to our work, retaining only our vests, which held our valuables. And now let me pay an humble and altogether inadequate tribute to the Adirondack mosquito, deer fly, gnat and the rest of them. The insect plague of these woods is utterly beyond the comprehension of those who have not been there. Multiply the mosquitoes of New Jersey by a hundred, add five times that number of gnats, and liberally sprinkle the swarm with half a dozen other kinds of sanguinary insects, and the winged blood-sucking population is but faintly outlined. To this vagabond horde we had to submit our tender cuticle. It felt as if one was flayed and red pepper rubbed in all over. How we longed for external paralysis!

I had better draw a veil over that journey. One of us took a paddle and guided his weary steps in the shallower water near the shore; the other, grasping the painter and letting the canoe float ahead, alternately climbed, slipped and swam along after, now shoving the boat over the rocks, now bracing himself in a roaring current to let it over a cascade.

In the midst of our troubles the sun set, and darkness began to confuse our already perplexed course, while we seemed to be as far from the end of the rapid as ever. Our journey for that day was soon terminated in spite of ourselves. Out of the gathering gloom, stretching from shore to shore, arose an immense indistinct mass. This, on a closer approach, proved to be a very large fallen tree, the branches of which were clogged and heaped with brush wood, the trunk being supported in the middle by a rock at just such a height as to prevent the canoe from passing under. The density of the forest precluded the possibility of landing. We could not go on without first unloading and drawing over our boat. Besides it was now dark.

"I've got the idea, Ralph," said Manning, "the rock in the middle is, at any rate, large enough to give us sitting room, while that splendid brush-heap will dry us and afford us light for hours. Let's pull up here."

Accordingly, after securing the canoe by wedging it in between two projecting stones near shore, we got our food and blankets, and by careful balancing on the log, crossed the flood that tore madly along. The rock proved on inspection to be just large enough to afford us both room to lie at full length. However, it admitted of no change of position. Had either of us attempted to turn over the probable result would have been that instead of continuing his dreams in warm blankets, he would have found himself, after a fall of five or six feet, swimming for his life in the deep water that swirled, eddied and roared on all sides.

To the rock from our boat, a distance of seventy-five feet, the tree trunk was straight, without branches, and free from drift-wood; at the other side of the rock, for an equal distance and partly on it, was a prodigious brush pile. Under the influence of the grateful heat and by the aid of the weird light, illuminating the angry torrent and the wild overhanging pines and hemlocks, we had an altogether romantic meal. Soon the fire began to encroach on our quarters, and after driving us into the far corner of our insular camping spot, we were obliged to get our pails and make a fight. While putting the tins back into the canoe I was startled by a snapping and crackling of the underbrush close at hand. Having left my revolver on the rock, I did some tall scrambling to get back. It could plainly be heard out there, even above the noise of the river. Now we both realized the utter impossibility of human presence, we also knew it could not be a deer, as our shouting would have frightened it away. From these circumstances as well as from the heaviness of the tread we were not slow in concluding that the noise was caused by a bear.

"Fred," I remarked, "if we are not in a dangerous situation it is at least very uncomfortable. Evidently this natural bridge has for many years been a thoroughfare for bears and other animals."

The noise had now subsided and my companion responded, "That may be, but I am too deucedly tired to keep awake. I shall sleep with my rifle across my knees and I don't think anything will get far on that log without our hearing it."

I felt about as he did and we were soon sleeping soundly In the midst of a dream of being in a menagerie, in which the animals were escaping on all sides, and just as the boss lion, to the music of horrible roaring, bit me in the side I awoke, very much relieved to find the roaring to be the sound of the water, and the bite, a dig in the ribs from my chum.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"Rain," was the laconic reply.

We fixed things in the canoe as well as possible, and each of us crawling under his rubber blanket, giving up all thought of sleep, simply doing his best to keep dry, lay still too full for utterance.

"Hist! What's that?"

"Keep quiet," I responded; "perhaps it's game. Are you ready?"

The animal which we had thought a bear and which was probably routed out by the rain that awoke us now crashed clear of the trees, and slowly picking its way among the wet rocks in the shallow water near shore, made straight toward our log. The last embers of our fire had been extinguished by the rain, and as there was no moon and the sky densely clouded, it was difficult to see an object many feet away.

"Now Fred," I whispered, "keep cool. We want to make sure work of this fellow. Wait until he gets well on the white log, so that we can plainly see him, then we'll fire together."

The animal now smelt our food. Digging its claws firmly into the bark, it advanced with deliberation, sniffing at every step. Waiting until it had covered a third of the distance that we might make out its form, we raised ourselves to take aim. With the movement the brute, evidently not having been aware of our presence, stood still, showing his teeth and growling angrily. It was where it could not turn around, and evidently had no desire to retreat. Whatever his intentions were, their execution was cut short by my command of "Fire." With the flash and report a heavy, shaggy body slipped partly into the river; and then there was clawing, scratching and flying of bark to regain the lost position. As the now infuriated animal, snarling frightfully, was about to reinstate himself, we rose to our feet and gave it another volley. This time a dull splash was the only reply, and a dead carcass drifted down the tide. We broke into a wild shout, which, had our foe been alive to hear, would certainly have made it beat a retreat.

"Well," said Manning, "a few minutes ago we were grumbling about the rain. For my part, I am very glad we had it. Were it not for the rain, I doubt not but we would have been awakened by having that fellow's black muzzle thrust right into our faces. Even with the chance we had, he was rather an ugly customer."

We now looked at our watches and found it to be only one o'clock. A month seemed to have passed since we had landed here. How the dull cold dark hours dragged wearily along, as we lay crouching beneath our rubber blankets trying to escape the steady pelting of the rain. Still we had our exciting experience to discuss, that was something to allay our suffering. At last came the gloomy, misty, dreamy dawn of a rainy morning. When we arose and stretched our stiff limbs prepartory to a start, there, only a few rods away among the rocks, lay the half submerged form of the bear we had shot during the night.

Our clothes were pretty wet, and we made "no bones" of plunging in just as we were. When we came up to our victim we hauled it upon a rock; and, as the carcass was too heavy to carry, merely stripped off the skin and removed some of the choicest meat. A mile more of the rough traveling of the day before found us once more on navigable water. This continued another mile to Buttermilk Falls, where there is a very short carry and we had been informed we would find an uninhabited "camp" or log shanty. We were soon ensconced in this, sitting on a floor of fragrant balsam boughs and trying desperately to make a fire out of wet wood. Here we camped all day and night, drying our effects, roasting bear's meat, and recuperating generally.

The next day we comfortably reached Long Lake. Here there is an hotel and a feeble attempt at a settlement. At this place we were the heroes of the hour. Here, while comfortably enjoying our laurels, we will leave you, merely remarking that though we staid a month longer in the woods and had many adventures, there was none of our experiences where the disagreeable entered so largely as in this one, in which we outdid and nearly undid ourselves.

RALPH K. WING.

MISSOURI BEEF MATCHES.

CAPE GIRARDEAU COUNTY, Missouri.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have any of your readers followed the sport of shooting matches, or shooting for beef, watches, guns, etc? It is our custom in this part of the world to meet generally on Saturdays during the latter part of summer and fall to shoot for cattle. As we gather, the owner of the beef asks the price he wants for his beef, and if agreed on the price, we fork over the money. Each one can go in as much as he wants; some go $1, some $2, some even more, according to the value of the beef and the number of the shooters. If more is made up than the value of the beef, the surplus will be a money prize. We divide the beef into five choices—two hindquarters, two forequarters, and the hide and tallow. We generally shoot six shoots for $1; one who puts in $1.50 will be allowed nine shots, and the rest in proportion. We shoot at 60yds. with a rest and 4yds. off-hand. Each of the shooters fixes his own target. We take boards, burn them black, and tack a white paper on the board. The center is cut in the board with a knife, a cross cut X. From the cross we measure to the center of the bullet. Whenever there are too many centers knocked out or the measurement very close, we cut a bullet in two and make a center on the bullet also. When all is ready for shooting some big, long-legged fellow steps the ground. Then we roll up an old log or drive a short piece of a plank in the ground to rest on, and go to shooting till all are out. Some five or six or sometimes a dozen or two watch the boards, set the boards against a tree, and a fence rail or a pole against the lower edge of the board to hold it there until the owner of the board has shot; then we take that board off and put up another man's, whoever hollows first. We shoot as much in rotation as possible, excepting that when some one has got three or four times as many shots as others, he has to hurry up or he will be in the night before he is done. When all are done shooting the boards are taken, and the nearest shots are measured either with a sharp compass or a fine stick on the point of a pocket-knife or Barlow. The best shot takes the first choice of beef or money prize, the second best shot takes the next best choice, and so on, until all the prizes are taken up. Then the next best shot takes the lead that has been shot into the tree during the match. The rest get none. If two or three are precisely alike we call it a tie, and they have to shoot over.

The main shooters here are W. Flügge, J. Young, Claus Kerstner, Henry Borgfeld, F. Kuehle, H. Wagner, Charley Ulrich, Jacob Fisher, Jim Ervin, Isau Strong, Morris Young, Hy. Gartung, Ernst Wagner, F. Kemnskey, J. Koesler, Charley Miers, Henry Lincecum, Henry Warner, Henry Müller, F. Hargens, and what little is left of me. In one match lately I had one old gun which I bought from H. Wagner for $4. The gun was called Old Meat in the Pot. The stock was all broken. It is in fact a bad-looking thing to go to a shooting match with; but still, one day I heard of a match for a big fat cow, not far off, at the farm of John Herstner. So I took Old Meat in the Pot and went too and put in a dollar. There were some fine guns, and good shooters, too; several from Gordonsville and surrounding country.

They were tickled at my old gun, but still all of them knew who was behind her, and had not much to say to me. The money was soon made up, the ground was chosen and stepped all right, in an old dusty road, and some of us went to the straw pile and brought on some straw to lie down on behind the rest. That just suited me. Among the shooters were Flügge, Lincecum, Kerstner, Allers, Wagoner, Ulrich, and several more of the boys. When we got through shooting and measuring, three choices came to me, among them the first. I had no conveyance to take my beef home that day, as I had come on foot, so I locked it up in the man's smoke house that night and got a team next day and took it home. Every one on the ground was astonished that my old gun knocked out so many centers; she shot a large ball.

In one match for beef I went to near Cape Girardeau, a man by the name of Spalding had the beef. It was a large stall-fed beef, put up at $40. The shooters gathered in, and the money was made up directly. I had a fine rifle then, which I sold directly after the match to one Jim Jones for $50 in cash. There were many good shooters and good guns from Cape Girardeau and vicinity, of whom the brag shooters were George Hopper, Ben McClerry, B. Bahn, the gunsmith from the Cape; L. Steamback Mease, W. Garrett, Hy. Vosterling, the two Joneses, W. Penney, and several others. It seemed that I had the best luck of any. I won the first three choices, so I took hide and tallow for the first choice and the two hindlegs (as we call them) for second and third choice. This match paid me well.

At another match at August Borman's for a good beef, I had just swapped off my target gun for a squirrel gun which carried a No. 1 buckshot; it had a good barrel, but an awkward home-made maple stock, too short in the breech for me and too crooked. As I had a week's time before the match was to come off, I took my gun to old Orrel, in Jackson, a splendid gunsmith; he cannot be beat for making an old-fashioned rifle shoot close. Orrel is a splendid marksman, wears "specs," and will shoot against any of them. He at once rebreeched my gun, cut it out and put new sight and bead on her, but left the old stock and lock, as I preferred it. I tried the gun the day before the match and she did well. At the match I could get no one to go in on me, so I shot out my dollar by myself, and won first, second, third and fifth choice. For the next Saturday a match was given out at Ulrich for a $17 cow. The boys began to look at my gun, and several asked me to shoot out a dollar for them, but I refused them. Some shooters told me that I would not carry away so much beef as I had the last Saturday. I answered that I did not know; but finally I took in one Henry Ulrich; he put in a dollar and I one; so I had twelve shots, and won first, second, third and fourth choice, all but hide and tallow. After this they would not let me shoot this gun at a mark any more; so I had to swap it off for the one I have now, and I got $5 to boot and a nice squirrel gun which carries a No. 3 buckshot and is worth more money than the one I gave for it. There was one match since in this neighborhood, when I shot this little gun and got one hindleg. C. W. M.

WRITE UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind., for new catalogue of sportsmen's and civil engineers' wear.—*Adv.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND WRINKLES.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose a few hints which I hope may be of some benefit to the reader, First and foremost is a simple method of circumventing that most diabolical invention of his satanic majesty, the barbed wire fence, which is a terror to most sportsmen. Procure a pair of strong cut pliers (Hall's Pat. No. 2 are good, as they are strong and light), and clip off a few of the points down close to the main or twisted part of the wire. This does not injure the fence in the least, and you may then pass between the strands with impunity and not tear either flesh or clothing.

How shall I keep my gun from rust spots? is a question which has been asked and answered in FOREST AND STREAM for several years. The best preparation that I have ever seen is simply this: Put a pint of benzine in a bottle and add 1oz. of pure beeswax; let it dissolve; then, after thoroughly cleaning, rub a little of the mixture over the surface with a clean rag, either inside or out, and that is all. The benzine soon evaporates and leaves a coating of wax, which most every good mechanic knows is absolutely waterproof. I have used this preparation on breech pins and nipples, on muzzleloaders, and after years of abuse, when they were one solid lump of rust, the pins and nipples would start as easily as when first put in. This is also useful for cutlery or any polished iron or steel surfaces.

The most simple and efficient pocket cleaner for a rifle that I ever used or saw is a piece of stout cord with a loop in one end and a piece of lead for a weight on the other. Pass a piece of flannel say 1ft. long, and for a .40-cal. 18in. wide, through the loop; insert the weight at the breech end of the barrel; let it drop through to the muzzle, then draw the flannel through. When it is dirty, wash it out in the first brook you come to. It does not pay to shoot a dirty gun.

How shall I make my wads stay in place and not start from the recoil of the other barrel? For a 10-gauge brass shell use No. 8 pink-edge wads. Take an old table knife and grind the end so that it will be sharp, with a long taper or bevel. Grind alike on both sides, and have the edge very thin. The end of the cutter for a 10-gauge should be $\frac{7}{8}$in. wide; for a 12-bore $\frac{1}{8}$in. narrower. Cut the wad through the center, and again at right angles to the first cut, leaving it intact at the edges. Load the shells in the ordinary way, with a funnel, of course. When the wad leaves the muzzle the four quarters fly as many different ways, and may be picked up close to the muzzle. This allows the shot to fly through the wad, virtually offering no resistance to impede its flight, and is claimed by some to give a better pattern, but as to that matter I cannot say. However, it holds the wad in the shell and gives a lubricated wad ahead of the shot, and that is a great improvement over cardboard wads in brass shells.

How shall I make my gun shoot close for long range? I have tried wire cartridges, thread wound cartridges, concentrators, regulators, and lots of bone dust, wax, and all sorts of villainous compounds that were said to improve the pattern and range, and after spending a good deal of time and money and experimenting a good deal besides, I find that a good chokebore gun with shells loaded as follows will produce the best results: Powder as usual, two pink-edge wads; then moisten the charge of shot thoroughly, but not too much, with good castor oil. Almost every one knows the superior heavy lubricating qualities of castor oil. This lessens the friction along the barrel, giving greater velocity and therefore greater penetration. The sticky qualities of the oil help to hold the charge of shot together and make a very close pattern, and therefore increase the range. I have tried it on the different sizes of shot ranging from No. 1 to No. 7, inclusive, and it works splendidly; have not tried it on larger shot, but my impression is favorable of it. To finish loading the shell, cut the wads as I have described (for brass shells) and seat them level. This will increase the range for from 20 to 40yds., and is very useful in duck shooting, etc. In another letter I may have something to say regarding a new rifle, where the shell is grooved to coincide with the groove in the barrel, and where the problem of the breechloader convenience with muzzleloader accuracy is solved. IRON RAMROD.

QUAIL IN KENTUCKY.—Newport, Ky., July 17.—In this part of the State the quail seem to be more numerous than for a long time. Indeed for several years we have had but few of these birds. Under a fairly stringent law which is generally respected, they are on the increase, and with moderate protection cannot fail to become very numerous. In driving over the hills south of here I hear the cheerfull call of the male bird on all sides and sometimes see the broods feeding in the fields. This is the natural home of the quail. Food is abundant and the storms of winter are rarely severe enough to do much harm to the bevies. This season having been warm and dry has been an exceptionally favorable one for the birds. A good many ruffed grouse are coming to be killed about here, something that we have not been used to in this vicinity.—THIRTY-SEVEN.

"THE FOREST WATERS THE FARM."—By M. Antonin Rousset. Translated by the Rev. S. W. Powell (New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company). With a wise understanding of the necessity of appealing directly to the land workers the French Academy of Arts and Sciences at Aix offered, some years ago, a prize for an essay on the general subject of forestry, which should be suited to popular instruction. "The Studies of Master Peter," of which the volume before us is a translation, was the successful work. It is a series of familiar talks between Master Peter, a practical farmer, and the village schoolmaster. The former at the outset has the "practical man's" distrust of a theorist, and carries on his side of the debate with much spirit, but, like all men of straw, is at last beaten in argument by his opponent's Socratic methods, and is converted and instructed. The evils of deforestation are strikingly shown, and the French Government's plan of replanting the hillsides is proved to be of ultimate and substantial benefit to the peasant. The translator's introduction tells with point and force the story of the fight with the lawless torrents of the Rhone, stating among other things, that the great Garonne Flood of 1875, by which 1,000 lives were lost, and damage to the extent of 300,000,000 francs was done, could have been rendered almost harmless by this work if it had been begun earlier and carried out more speedily. The headwaters of the Hudson and Mississippi need protection as well as those of the Rhone and the Garonne, and no better treatise on the subject of forest preservation and restoration could be put into the hands of those who should be forced to recognize the importance of these measures.—*Christian Union.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

WHERE BOSTON ANGLERS FISH.

FRESHETS in the Maine and New Hampshire lakes and rivers are the rule this year. The daily papers are again full of accounts of a great rise in the waters of New Hampshire, and the last reports tell of higher waters in western Maine. All this means catching trout to the sportsman who is fortunate enough to be there just as the water has cleared and begun to fall. The freshet sets the trout in motion, and they bite vigorously as soon as the roil has settled and the waters are calm. The record of freshets in the trout waters of New England is a most remarkable one this year. There is likely to be a little fishing for the vacationist, provided he knows enough to catch the wily trout.

Some of the long-time sportsmen of Boston are seeking new spots—not willingly all of them; business compels them to take what they can get. Mr. Daniel Gunn, a veteran sportsman, and a warm friend of the FOREST AND STREAM, has been so closely tied to his printing business for the past three or four years as to be deprived of his annual trip to the Maine lakes. But every year his rods have been looked over as fondly as the veteran sportsman only can look them over, but circumstances have kept him at home. Last year he was a member of the Legislature, and the late session on Beacon Hill kept Mr. Gunn in Boston till the best of the trout season was over. But this year circumstances have begun to favor. Business called our friend to Pictou, Nova Scotia, and he took those fish rods with him. At Pictou he hired a team, and driving across a most pleasing country to the lover of nature, he reached Country Harbor, famous for its sea trout. Here he found them—the trout, of course—waiting for the tide to permit them to pass over the bar and up the river. He put on a red fly, according to instructions, and in his own words, "I didn't need any other." The sport was rare to the lover of the fly-rod. The trout were brought to the net after a deal of such fighting as the sea trout only is capable of. They ranged in weight all the way from ½ pound to 3 pounds. Mr. Gunn is greatly pleased with his excursion. I met him on the street a day or two ago, looking better for his outing. He grabbed me by the hand, with the exclamation, "I've gone and done it!"

"Done what? Been a-fishing, I suppose?"

"Y've hit it the first time! I knew you would."

And then he stopped me—most willingly on my part—till he had given me the above account.

A couple of Boston sportsmen—I am going to call them sportsmen, though they are still novices, but they have the love of nature and the right ideas—have just returned from an enjoyable excursion, and altogether somewhat of a new one. They left Boston by steamer for St. John. At St. John they took the train for a beautiful ride to Andover or Tobique, at the junction of the Tobique River with the St. John. At Andover they hired Indian guides at $1.50 per day including canoe, for a long trip up the Tobique to Tobique Lake. The distance in some 70 or 80 miles and it took seven days, on the water all the daylight, to reach the lake, but the run down the river was made in only about two and a half days. They describe the river as a grand stream at the start, but before the lake is reached it narrows down so as to be spanned by a fallen tree, which had to be walked around, and the canoes lifted over. The scenery they describe as grand in the extreme. The country is rough and mountainous. The borders of the rivers are all red sandstone, and in some places the cliffs are more than a hundred feet high above the water. But at the same time the river is wonderfully free from falls or rapids that have to be carried around. Only on one or two occasions were they obliged to leave the canoes by reason of rapid water, though it often took the full strength of the stalwart Tobique or rather Mirimachi Indian to force the frail craft up against the current.

As soon as they had passed the mouth of the Wapskehegan (I have spelled this name according to one atlas, but another has it differently) they begun to catch all the trout they desired. They rose freely to the fly; rather smallish fish for the backwoods, ranging from half a pound to a pound and a half. The river is wonderfully crooked. At first it runs a little to the east of north, and in this way generally for forty or fifty miles, when it turns abruptly and runs to the east for some twenty miles. Then it breaks abruptly to the right again and runs almost due south for some twenty miles more into the lake. At the lake they found rare fishing, but no very large trout. They were told that the larger trout could be taken in the spring by trolling or with a sunken bait; but they went as fly-fishermen, and did not try the bait. The lake is also called "Trousers Lake," from the fancied resemblance to a pair of pants. The legs of the trousers are some six miles long, while the body makes up a good-sized body of water. At the lake the young sportsmen—I will give their names right here—Mr. Henry Savage and Mr. W. P. Tenney, both well known in the coffee trade of Boston—found the trout to rise very freely to the fly, but they also found some difficulty in hooking them. All this is explained to the older fly-fisherman when it is remarked that the boys had never till on this trip had the pleasure of catching trout with the fly. On the downward journey to civilization—at the lake there is not a house within fifty miles—at the mouth of the Wapskehegan, they met Bishop Neally, of Portland, Me., and a Mr. Johnson, of Lewiston, both for salmon bent. But up to that time they had the luck that has usually come to the salmon fisherman in New Brunswick waters this year. The boys themselves caught a few small salmon.

In September the young men are determined to try the same river again. The trip they pronounce a cheap one, and the woods are full of game, moose, deer and caribou. They saw moose tracks and deer tracks, while the caribou are pronounced very plenty by the Indian guides. They assured the boys that they could get three a day in the winter, but the boys don't care for that kind of hunting. The Indians are noted crusters of moose and deer. It is the idea of these young men that it is about all the meat they get. It is also certain that these same Indians have caused the Maine Commissioners trouble enough by coming over the border and crusting moose and deer. But the government of the Province is after them. The Indians are good with paddle, but they are poor still-hunters, and as for moose calling, why, the best of them that the boys saw declared that such a thing was almost impossible; that only one had been killed in that way for a long time. When the snow is deep they follow up moose and kill them with a shotgun or revolver. Partridge and ducks the young men found to be very plenty, the former tame enough to be knocked over with sticks. In attempting to make a portage alone the young men were lost in the woods for a time, and they had nothing in the shape of food with them. They had begun to make up their minds to "take a beeline" for the river, which they were sure that they could reach by following a certain course for forty or fifty miles, but the question of food came up. After they had found the trail and got to camp they told the Indian guides of their resolution, with nothing but the want of food hindering them. The Indians coolly suggested that they might have knocked over partridges enough with stones to have kept them from starving. But the boys have hardly seen the possibility of obtaining food in such a precarious manner yet. Perhaps the trip this fall will show how it is done. It may be remarked that the Tobique Lake may be reached by a much shorter way by taking the Wapskehegan to its source, and then over a carry for 12 or 15 miles to the lake. SPECIAL.

MEMORIES THAT DO NOT FADE.—II.

WHEN I began writing these reflections of my early experiences in sporting life, I had promised myself to relate how I had succeeded with the various kinds of fish that abounded in the waters of the beautiful Connecticut, on whose banks I spent my early life. I thought of the yellow perch, pickerel, roach and striped bass (we had no black bass then in that vicinity), the bullheads (or horned pout, as they were sometimes called), ugly-looking things when caught, yet divested of their jacket and fried crisp and brown in pork fat, they are sweet and delicious fish. Then there were the suckers I used to spear (they seldom drew a hook into their round mouths) in a pool near the apron of the old gristmill wheel. Sacred old mill—it is silent now, moss-covered and crumbling, but would bring me many sweet memories could I visit it again, though the pleasant and good old man who guided its motions has long since passed beyond the veil. The shiner was there, combining the beauties of the silver and gold fish of the present day; and the eel which used to get my line into a fearful snarl, when I was so unfortunate as to hook one, for I could not get the hook from his mouth until I had killed him, a task not easily performed, as they are as tenacious of life as a turtle or cat; but the way to catch them is with a "bob." Did you ever go bobbing eels? if not you have lost lots of fun. Do you know how to do it? Fasten a broom splinter about six inches long to a strong linen thread; dig a panful of the largest and toughest angle-worms you can find and string them from end to end until you have two or three yards of the string filled, or rather until you have two or three yards of worms filled with string; then loop them together until you have a ball about the size of a goose egg, through which you fasten your line and sinker. Select a moonless evening, anchor your boat in about six feet of water, where the bottom is soft and oozy, and you can haul them up and drop them into the boat until you get tired of the fun, which is heightened considerably by having three or four girls in the boat, for the eels will not keep still and the girls cannot. This may not be artistic sport, but as I remember it, it was honest, homelike fun.

These and many more things, as I have before said, I had promised myself to rehearse, but my brother Yankee and piscatorial friend "C. L.," in his admirable article in your issue of the 14th inst., entitled "Pioneer Fishing," has taken the wind all out of my sails by going over much the same course I had marked out, and that too in a more interesting manner than I could have done. In referring to his article he will allow me to say that the dace he caught on the Potomac or its tributary must have been a better fish than the dace I caught in the Connecticut, for those were a soft and inferior fish, making good pickerel bait, but only fair eating when cooked soon after coming out of the water. My trout fishing was confined to small streams and usually small trout; there were no lakes containing trout, and as the streams were small and generally shut in by thickets of brush and trees, I never succeeded well with the fly, but often used it, putting a lively worm on the hook, making a sort of double attraction. Perhaps this was not the strictly scientific way of doing it, but it usually won.

Some of my amateur readers may wish to know when fish will bite best, or perhaps strike is the proper word, but we used to call it bite when the fish meant business and nibble when he was prospecting and fooling around the hook. In tidewater both salt and fresh, from half ebb to half flood is the best time to wet a line; but as a general rule (without wishing to seem witty) fish in small and large streams will bite best when they are hungry; this will occur when the streams are not swollen by floods, which stir up the beds and wash the banks, thus releasing worms, grubs and other food which the fish readily get in abundance, thus satisfying their hunger and making your fly or bait less attractive. I heard an old saw in my youth something like this, "Go fishing when it rains so hard you cannot work out door," but I never found any advantage in fishing for any kind of fish when it rained very hard; a cloudy or misty day has the advantage of preventing your being so readily seen by the fish, and it is more comfortable fishing in open water, than on a clear bright day. Probably most old sportsmen have noticed, as I have, that fish will not strike or bite so well during a full moon, which verifies my saying, that they bite best when hungry, and having been aided by the light of the moon to feed at night, are enabled to spend their time as best suits them during the day, without hunting for a hook which they have not lost. For reasons before stated I will not encroach further upon your space, with this subject, except to say that like "a thing of beauty," the memories of my early haunts by river, brook and lake, are still a joy to me, and fade not.

A.

[As no two persons see the same thing in precisely the same way, so too, no two will review it alike; and "A." need not give over relating his reminiscences.]

CAMP FLOTSAM.—The old camp has driven new stakes, and we are on Muskoka waters. Reports of the fishing would send some of our friends to an asylum for the dazed could they but listen to them.—WAWAYANDA.

THE GHOST OF STANDING STONE—I.

MARCUS DARRONLAY stretched out lazily on the grass, looking dreamily down on the river and the hills and pasture lands that sloped gently to the opposite shore. The vivid green of the foliage sparkled like emerald, and darkened as the afternoon sun alternately glared down upon it and passing on left dark shadows behind. A sober, sedate breeze rustled among the leaves and quivered for a passing second on the smooth surface of the river.

Marc was thinking intently, and even the perfect beauty of the May afternoon was wholly lost to him. From time to time he glanced at a letter that lay beside him. The year before a sportsman from New York had spent a week at the village, and under Marc's guidance had landed many a nice bass and salmon, and had filled his basket over and over again with trout from the deep brown pools that lay far back in the mountains. When the train whirled him away swiftly toward the busy metropolis he promised Marc that he would not forget him. And he kept his word, for now here comes a letter inclosing an advertisement clipped from a New York paper. A Broadway firm wanted a large black bass to put on exhibition in their window. No ordinary fish would do. It must be a monster, a veritable king among bass, with a mouth so large that you could thrust both fists clear in. For such a fish they would give ten dollars. "Now," wrote Marc's friend, "here is a chance for you. There are some big fish in the deep water around your neighborhood, so try to get one uninjured and let me know and I will send you a tank, and tell you how to ship it alive to New York. There is plenty of time yet, so hunt out a good place."

Marc had gone up on the hill to his favorite resting place to think it over. Money was scarce with him, and the prospect of earning ten dollars was very dazzling. It was just what he needed, too, for then he could try canvas and paint, and build one of those dainty little canoes that every summer passed down the river and went on into the unknown and mysterious world beyond. He had examined them carefully and knew just how to make them if he only had the material. But how to get the bass—that was the question. The more he thought over it the harder it seemed, and finally his wearied brain, and the drowsy hum of the bees on the locust blossoms overpowered him and he fell asleep. He woke with a start as the afternoon train dashed into the little station just below him. Two or three persons got off, and one solitary passenger climbed up with a consequential air on the platform of the last car. Heads were thrust out of the window for a moment and then drawn wearily back. Two men in silk smoking caps came out on the platform and looked eagerly out on the river. One pointed out on the water and then jerked both arms up with an expressive gesture. "He's tellin' the other fellow about the fishing," thought Marc. "All aboard!" cried the conductor. Dong! dong! went the bell as the train moved slowly ahead and then with increased speed rumbled over the rails and in a moment disappeared round the curve. Marc waited until the shrill whistle echoed among the mountains as the train approached Wysauking, and then made his way slowly down the hill. He walked along the street until he came to the post office. The usual crowd of village idlers occupied the steps and empty boxes that stood in front. They imagined, perhaps, that they were waiting for mail, though within the memory of man not one of them had ever received a letter, with one exception perhaps, old Bill Jenkins, the veriest loafer in the village, who several years before, while sitting on his accustomed soap box, had actually been handed a long yellow envelope. Strange to say he disappeared that day, and the next week stepped off the train one afternoon radiant in a new suit, and a pocketful of loose cash. A relative up in Elmira had died and left him a little money. So every afternoon from that day each and every individual that gathered to see the mail come in, had a vague hope that some day he would be handed a long yellow envelope from the executors of some distant unknown relative.

Marc sat down on the corner of the long porch. Everybody was listening too intently to pay any attention to him. "Yes," Dick Fagan was saying, "it's a blamed outrage. These ere swells wot can't go fishing till summer make these laws so us poor devils let the fish alone for them. Ketch me a doin' that. I'll fish all I want to an' I'd like to see the Warden a stoppin' me."

"Yes," broke in Mose Peters, "an' Dick's senterments are just mine too. We've been a ketchin fish fur years, an' now this ere Warden comes along an' says, 'Stop! You cant ketch no more fish till the first of June.' How is he going to prevent it, I'd like to know."

"Well, see here," interrupted a quiet looking man, "jest stop and think fur a minit. In a few years, ef everybody fishes all the time, why there won't be any more fish at all. They'll all be caught. That ere is the reason them laws is made."

"That's so," said three or four voices.

"Oh, shut up! Don't give us any of your chaff, Parsons," said Fagan, "we all know—

"Hussss-h!" said some one, "here comes the Warden now."

A tall muscular man with a very determined face came up the street and with a nod passed through the crowd, and entered the post office. Fagan and Peters slunk off round the corner, and in a moment the rest, each impelled by a sort of guilty feeling, had scattered and gone home. Marc remained alone. Through the open door he heard the Warden talking to the Postmaster. "Yes, Mr. Watson," he was saying, "I know these laws are not understood at all. Some day the people will come to their sense, and see how valuable they are. I know they bear me an ill feeling, but I am only an agent of the law bound to enforce my duties; and let me tell you I'm going to do it too, if I have to drag these fellows off in irons to jail!"

"Yes! yes!" assented the Postmaster gravely, though only a few moments before he had indorsed with an approving nod the rather questionable opinions expresssd out on the porch. Then the Warden came out and with a sharp glance at Marc, turned up the street.

Marc sauntered off again. He had hardly formed any opinion on the fish laws, and at any other time would not have troubled his mind about it. But now it conflicted with his plans, and he must give up catching any bass for a week yet, when it would become legal. For although it would be easy enough to take fish home undiscovered, yet to capture a large bass, and keep it alive and finally ship it to New York on the train, was simply impossible. Within the last few weeks the Warden had been very vigilant tearing out fish dams, and keeping a strict eye on the river. "Well, at any rate," thought Marc, "I'll have a whole week yet to hunt out a good place." As he reached the station the evening train came thundering in, and in the excitement and turmoil he forgot all about the bass.

The next day he wandered far up the river keeping along the steep mountain side, where he could look down into the deep holes below. But the water was a little too cloudy, and he only saw one fish—a ten-inch bass that rose up on top and with a twinkle in his eye, gulped down a white-headed bumble bee that had preferred swimming to flying. Then a sort of mistrustful feeling seemed to seize him, for he rapidly opened and shut his jaws, and then with a frantic splash and a splurge of his tail shot down into the shadows.

Marc was thirsty so he went on a little further till he reached a spring that bubbled spasmodically from under a big stone and flowing a few feet ran over a rocky ledge sheer down into the river fifteen feet below. He leaned down and drank his fill of the ice cold water. As he rose he heard a familiar sound near him. Creeping to the edge on hands and knees he peered eagerly over. Just below with his boat tied to a projection on the rocky wall was Dick Fagan intently fishing. A string of bass hung in the water from the side of the boat and the fish tugged together at the restraining line. Suddenly Dick got a bite, and with a quick jerk hooked and soon landed another fish. As he put it on the stringer he picked up a small brown jug from the end seat, and pulling out the cork stopper put it to his lips and threw his head back. Then Mark heard a gurgling. Finally he put it down reluctantly, and wiping his lips resumed his seat in the front of the boat. He had his back turned to Marc and the jug was just at the foot of the ledge standing on the end seat. Marc pulled a fishing line from his pocket, and making a running noose, let it down. Twice he missed, but the third time it slipped over the neck and caught firmly. Gently and with a trembling hand he lifted the jug up until it reached the top, and then grasping it eagerly he hurried back from the edge and hid it behind a tree near the spring, and noiselessly crept out of sight. All the way home he laughed to himself at the thought of Fagan's consternation when he found the jug missing. In the evening he went down to the post office and found the victim of his joke surrounded by an attentive audience.

"Why!" he was saying, "That ere were the strangest thing as ever happened to me. I took a drink an' set it down mor'n half full on the seat. Then I started in a-fishing, an' when I pulled one out, an' got up to put it on the stringer, the jug were gone. So I run the boat down a piece an' clum up on the rocks, an' arter looking round a while I found the jug a-settin' up behind a tree. It jest beats me how in tarnation it ever got up thar."

"Only half full, were it, Dick?" asked old Mose suggestively. This struck a responsive chord and everybody smiled. "Waal now, Dick," he continued slowly, "are you sure as you wasn't dreamin'?"

"Dreamin'," said Dick, savagely, "Dreamin'! Do you suppose I could dream that ere jug up into the bushes? Here, Marc Darron, what ere you a-snickerin' at?" and Dick relapsed into a sullen silence broken only by moody puffs at his corncob pipe.

That romance was a little too much for even such hardened cases as his cronies, and Dick's persistent story was set down to an hallucination produced by the first half of the contents of the jug. The next time Dick and the jug went fishing, the jug was manacled by a stout cord and fastened securely to the seat. He was ignorant enough to be superstitious, and took extra precautions against the jug's being spirited away again.

One morning when the sun was still below the horizon, and river and forest had a ghostly unnatural look in the faint gray light, he slipped down by a short cut through the fields to the river, plunged into the fringe of bushes that skirted the shore, and soon emerged dragging a nondescript looking craft behind him. It appeared to be half-boat, half-canoe, but it rested gracefully on the water, and when Marc stepping in sat in the stern and plied his paddles vigorously, it shot out with a steady, rapid movement toward the opposite shore. It appeared to slide over the water leaving not a ripple behind, and so noiselessly that the bass leaping and plunging in the cool of the morning, actually disregarded it and splashed vigorously on all sides. Mark headed obliquely across and soon neared shore far below his starting point. Just skirting the upper end of a course of rapids that roared and foamed below him, he ran into a calm eddy and paddled up the mouth of a small stream coming down through a mountain valley, and by reason of the back water navigable for some distance up stream. But he only went a few yards and running in under a mass of overhanging bushes, leaped out and leaving the boat hidden there; then he started rapidly down the river, crossing the level space of meadow land at the opening of the valley, and entering a rugged winding path along the steep mountain side and in places running sheer down to the river. Walking rapidly for some time he suddenly stopped and plunging into the rocks and tangled mountain growth made his way down to the river and in a few minutes stood by the water at the foot of Standing Stone. The great rock towered far above him, gaunt and gray in the early light; and then while he stood looking up the first herald sunbeam announcing the day struck the broad side and peaked top, and scattering the shadows, illumined with its effulgence the scraggy irregular dent that tradition says was inflicted by a cannon ball, fired by Sullivan when he marched up the river after the massacre of Wyoming. On clear calm days when the sun reaches a certain point, a smooth black object is visible to the eye far down in the shuddering depths that lie out from the Stone, and the country lads row over the spot, and peering down with a sort of mysterious fascination, tell each other that there lies the identical cannon ball. The spirit of the past hovers round this old monument. Surrounded by river and mountain looking proudly across to the opposite hills and forests, it stands to-day as it has stood for centuries. The Revolutionary shadows that cluster round and with various historical epochs mark it for their own, are but an atom to that antiquity which has seen the sun rise and set upon its gray old head. Marc pulled himself up with the branches of a large pine tree that stood back on the slope of the mountain. Climbing twenty feet he found himself just opposite the top of the Stone and only a few feet distant from it. Reaching in among the thick branches he pulled out a stout plank about two yards long, and placing one end in a niche cut in the tree, he dropped the other end into a little hollow on top of the Stone, with a couple of quick rapid steps crossed the chasm and stood on top of Standing Stone. This was a secret device of Marc's. He had invented this plan of reaching the Stone for the purpose of excelling his companions in their efforts to carve their names on the highest part of the rock. His name was above all, but unfortunately it was upside down, and every time he saw it Marc laughed at his stupidity in spending a whole morning with mallet and chisel carving his name where no one could read it but himself. Many a fish, too, he had hauled up on the Stone, reaching down with a long line, and watching the bass and sunfish seize the bait and dash off exultantly to a sudden untimely end.

This morning the water was a little cloudy and not a fish was in sight. A turtle came up for air, but at sight of Marc bobbed down like a flash, and scurried away to his hole. An ugly brown snake passed down the river with his head erect and his long lithe body undulating in graceful curves behind him. Marc went back over the shaky bridge and down the tree. Among the stones on shore he found three small toads, and stowing them in his pocket climbed up again. He dropped the first one within a yard of the Stone; before it had gone a foot a plump bass gobbled it up and looked expectantly for more. The second one went down easier still. Marc threw the last one five or six yards out. The same greedy fish darted straight for it, but suddenly turned and slunk back into the shadows as a monster bass rose up near the surface and stood motionless under the struggling toad, gently waving its broad fins. Marc trembled with excitement. Never had he dreamed that such fish existed in the river. And then the fan-like tail moved quickly, the gleaming striped side turned for an instant to the warm sunlight, the spacious jaws opened with a snap and like a spring they closed on the shivering little toad. With a disappointed air the monster swam round several times and then sullenly glided off into the depths, waving his piratical black flag of a tail with a savage merciless sweep. Marc waited in vain for him to appear again. The toads were all gone too, so he reluctantly climbed down and started up the river. If he could get that fish the ten dollars would be his. And in a few days more the law would allow him to catch it if he could. But he had a very feasible plan in his head, and all the way up the river and across in the noonday glare he revolved it in his mind. That evening at sunset he was down at the Stone again and six more toads were consigned to an early grave. The first three were gobbled up by a couple of frisky young bass, but the rest fell to the lot of the monster himself who regarded it quite as a matter of course and snapped them up without so much as winking and then opened his jaws expectantly for more. The following day Marc fed him three times, and had now begun to regard him as his sure and certain prey. What would be easier than to slip down there in his boat early in the morning, anchor above the rock and drop his line baited with a lively toad a few yards below? There would be a splash and a jerk, but what if he should swallow the hook? That would end all hope of the ten dollars. But Marc was naturally hopeful and dismissed such gloomy forebodings from his mind.

That afternoon he had a scare. He was coming along the mountain path whistling merrily, and conjuring up in his mind pictures of the dainty canoe he hoped soon to own. The sharp click of rowlocks fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw a boat out on the river coming slowly down stream. The sluggish current barely moved at this point, and the occupants were fishing as they floated down. Marc recognized them at once. It was Fagan and Mose Peters. What if they should stop at Standing Stone? Marc turned back, keeping even with the boat which was still moving down yard by yard and seemed to his anxious eyes as it drew near the Stone to be fairly flying through the water. He was entirely concealed from view, and running ahead reached the Stone and waited. He was determined that no one should catch that bass. The boat came slowly on and gradually worked in shore until it was within a few yards of Marc, who, crouching down in the bushes, could hear every word.

"Here!" said Fagan, "pull in thar in the shade an' we'll rest awhile. The sun is mighty hot to-day." Mose ran the boat in shore close to the rock; and a large string of bass dangled from the side. Fagan picked up the brown jug which was fastened to the seat, and took a long drink.

"Here Mose," he said, passing it on; "take a swig; it'll do yer good."

Mose, nothing loth, applied his lips, and never stopped till the last drop had gone down his throat. Fagan stepped shaking out of the boat and threw himself on the ground. "Mose, you fasten that ere jug agen. If you don't we'll wake up an' find it a-settin' up thar on yonder stone. I don' trust nothin' nowadays."

Mose intended to tie the cord, but a drunken stupor came over him, and he sank down in a heap in the bottom of the boat.

In a moment both were asleep, and creeping down cautiously, Mose removed all their bait. "That fish is safe for to-day," he thought. Then his eyes fell on the jug. "I guess I'll make Dick's prediction come true," he said softly. All the way up to the village he laughed to himself. The consternation of Dick and his worthy friend can be better imagined than described when they woke up with the setting sun and saw the jug looking benignly down upon them from its lofty perch.

"This 'ere place is ha'nted for sure," said Mose, trembling in every limb. "Cum on an' git out o' here."

They hurried home, and that night related the story with such effect that a deputation of villagers went down the next morning to see the wonder. But to the indignation of all the jug was not on top of the stone, but far down in the water at the base.

Dick incoherently tried to explain, but they turned on him scornfully. "Shut up, you blamed fool. You was lookin' down the water all the time an' thought you was lookin' up in the air." Dick's stories had gone too far, and after that he suffered a sort of social ostracism for a while.

The next day the loungers at the postoffice had an exciting topic to discuss. Marc strolled down at dusk and found them all trying to talk at once. He touched a

long, lanky youth on the shoulder and pulled him aside. "Say, Jim, what's the matter?"

"Why, didn't you hear, Marc? The Warden, he laid for old Mose and Fagan this arternoon, an' while they was fishin' down near the Stone he put arter them in a boat an' run 'em so close they dropped a hull string of fish."

"Say, Jim," said Marc excitedly, "did—did they have any big ones on the string?"

"Any big ones? Waal, no; leastways none wuth talkin' about. There was one weighted mebbe two pound. I seen the Warden a-bringin' them up."

Marc heaved a sigh of relief and breathed easier. They moved up and sat down on the end of the porch. Old Abe Martin, the quoted authority of the village, had the chair, or rather the sugar barrel, and was discoursing to an attentive audience. "I tell you what," he was saying, "this 'ere's a goin' too fur. Two of our rep'table citizens a-ketchin' fish ter satisfy their hunger bein' set on and raced like a pair of thieves an' made to drop their fish. Ef that had been me, I'd a gone down thar an'—" Just then, as if to emphasize his words, the speaker went down, down into the barrel, in his rapid transit crushing flat against the sides five or six outstanding nails and landing plump on top of one at the bottom. He was dragged out by the heels amid a roar of laughter. He had lost the thread of his discourse, and at once began a tirade against weak and insecure barrels.

The night train thundered past, the light from its belching furnaces gleaming like a stray volcano in the black darkness, as Marc turned out the long street that led to his home. A couple of faint lights shone behind him, but in front the darkness was intense, and only by his knowledge of the path could he proceed at all. A light step in front fell on his ear, and instinctively he turned aside and crouched down by the fence. Two men were coming slowly along, and Marc recognized their voices. It was Fagan and Mose Peters. Said Fagan, as they drew near, "Bill Jones, down at the hotel, wants a lot of bass day arter to-morrow. We'll get 'em to-morrow night. We'll run down to the Stone just afore dark. Thar's some big ones round there."

Marc rose as they passed out of sight, and shook his fist at their vanished forms. "You'll fish down at the Stone, will you? Not if I can help it, you won't."

W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life.

X.

THE death of the man-eating tiger described in the last stray leaves from my diary* relieved my mind from a great strain. Shooting generally, whether with rifle or shotgun, constitutes the principal recreation of a forester and can be indulged in to any desired extent without interfering with official duty. If the camp were moving daily game could be found on the way; if the camp was pitched for a few weeks there was work in progress within three or four miles which might be inspected daily, and this afforded sufficient excuse for getting out the elephant; but the man-eater was always in the east when one wanted to go west, and the pursuit of him had been too engrossing to admit of proper attention to other matters. My work had been, to a certain extent, neglected, and was now taken up with renewed energy.

On my way back from the Ganges to the Ramgunga, I went south of the line to the settled districts, and coming unexpectedly on the timber yards of the merchants who had contracts in the forests, got ample evidence to show that the Government was being defrauded of four or five thousand dollars annually, which was divided rateably among the native officials. I worked the case up carefully, took the confessions of the merchants one by one and made them sign them, and got up so clear a case against my sheristidar and the superintendent that they attempted no denial; but after all, what was the good of making scapegoats of my men while the system was universal in every department of the Empire? My chief was rather annoyed to find the evidences so conclusive, and the outcome of it all was the sheristidar got six months leave of absence to enable him to get an appointment in another department.

At length after about a week's march we reached the bungalow on the Ramgunga, where matters looked a little like business. There was my unopened English correspondence, the accumulation of a week, and a still heavier budget of vernacular correspondence; and in anticipation of my arrival there was such a crowd of workmen around the bungalow that I concluded a general strike was in progress. Sawyers, bamboo cutters, river clearers were all there to the number of several hundred men, wanting my decision on many points. It was no fault of Charley's that they would not do just what he instructed them. The natives of India always go to the final court of appeal.

We gave audience to the Khansaman first, and breakfast disposed of, the contractors were admitted, and after a free discussion, which lasted until four in the afternoon, they all went away satisfied.

This business settled, Charley and I took our rods and strolled some three miles down river. The channel had been cleared to within a mile of the outlet from the hills, but the road passing a hundred yards or so above the stream, I had been unable in the morning to see what sort of a job had been made of it. It showed better than I expected. There were so many large holes requiring no clearance, and in many of the intervening necks the removal of a score or so of big boulders and a few hundred smaller ones created such a good passage that I saw there would be no difficulty in getting out our timber. Charley reported that he had been down stream to the workmen only a few days before, and that there was no impediment in the channel anywhere. So, before the sun had fairly disappeared we got out our rods, and while Charley cast a fly I went ahead with a gold spoon bent on. Charley soon had a big fish on, as I judged from the way his line ran out and the curve of his rod, and I was about to lift my spoon when I struck a fish of 5 or 6lbs., which came to grass in as many minutes.

I then started leisurely for Charley, whose fish was taking him down stream, but I very soon had my own business to attend to. I struck a fish which went away for about fifty yards, when he paused, and taking a leap in the air, let me see that I should have enough to do to land him before dusk. This time he came at me, and kept me actively winding, until he was about ten yards of me when away he went down stream again, out of the hole and down the rapids. As soon as he slackened I put on the strain, he got away again after a little, but I had strong tackle and let him strain all it would bear, walking down stream after him. As he glided into the next hole, he gave up tugging, and winding in as I walked toward him, I soon had him in hand, and might easily have hauled him up a gentle slope, but the bank was a foot above water, and I had to summon my chuprassee with his landing hook. He made a miss, and away the fish went again, showing more fight than I thought he had left in him, but the next time he was very tractable, and taking the landing hook, I inserted it deftly in his gills, and drew him out, a good twenty-pounder.

It was now getting dark, and there was still no sign of Charley, who had disappeared round a bend in the stream just as I struck my last fish. I cooied, and to my dismay the reply came from nearly half a mile down stream. Our only attendant was with me, and putting up my rod and taking the rifle from him, I bade him take the fish and follow. In about a quarter of a mile I got a glimpse of Charley coming toward us, but with no fish. "It was the biggest fish I ever saw in the river," said Charley as he came near, "fifty pounds if he was an ounce. I had the landing-net under him, but he was too big to get into it. At last I got it over his head, got hold of the handle with both hands, and was just lifting him when you cooied, and the same instant away went the fish, smashing the rod first and then snapping the line." I showed him my big fish, which he said would have made good bait for the one he had on.

We climbed up to the road. There was a good starlight sky, and in little odds of half an hour we had reached the bungalow without adventure.

The next morning I had a letter from an old friend, Colonel W., telling me that he could get ten days leave and the loan of a couple of elephants, and asking when it would best suit me for him to bring a friend, a Capt. S., along with him, and what they should bring. I responded promptly that I wanted four clear days to work up arrears of office and monthly reports and accounts, that I had good bread and beer and venison, and the flesh of the "unclean," but as to mutton and turnips and such like delicacies of civilized life, I had none, and that if he and the Captain could not put up with jungle fare they would have to import their own luxuries.

SHIKAREE.

*See FOREST AND STREAM Oct, 7, 1886.—ED.

WORM AND FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I get home from my office this afternoon I expect to find the FOREST AND STREAM for this week awaiting me, and, unless the warm weather has affected the recent cord, pinhook and bait boom, another article upon the inefficiency of fly-fishing and the delights of "yanking 'em out." Of course there will be one or more about the best sort of cannon to use in hunting, and on that subject, or rather as to the use of a rifle in hunting, I have a half finished letter somewhere about my table now, which I will send you when I look it up and complete it. What I write for now is to say that I wish to be put down fairly and squarely as an advocate of the fly and a disbeliever in the boy with a pole and cord. I have been fishing for trout for over thirty years, first with bait, used always on snooded hooks, but sometimes with a cut pole, oftener with a rod; afterward, from 1857 on, for ten years or so, with fly or bait, as I happened to fancy, since that, with fly only, and the result of my observations may be put thus: Where the traditional or actual native and I fish together with bait I can beat him all to pieces, because I have better tackle and know twice as much about the business as he does. When he uses bait and I flies—I mean, of course, when it is possible to fish with a fly, not when the water is too high or the brook so small and buried in laurel or other underbrush so as to prevent the use of a rod—I can always catch as many, and in a majority of cases many more than he. I consider the boy with a pole and cord, who can catch fabulous numbers of trout while the poor fly-fisher gets none, an unmitigated humbug. There is no such boy. If there is he must dwell in the mysterious region where lies that "other creek," where the fishing is always "a great deal better than it is here;" but who ever gets to that stream?

CECIL CLAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FARMER BROWN'S TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is not my intention at this time to express an opinion as to the most likely place to find bristles, whether on the back of farmer Brown or the sportsmen who captured his fish, but to call the attention of your readers to the doings of a member of the Worcester Sportsman's Club that savors strongly of pork. There are several good fishing ponds within an hour's ride of our city that would afford ample opportunity for enjoyment to the lovers of the rod, whose business will not admit of their going far from home, were it not for the much-to-be-regretted fact that a gentleman whose name appears on the membership roll of the Worcester Sportsman's Club has for a few dollars or by some other means obtained permission to post nearly all of these ponds, or at least those most easy of access where the fishing is good for anything.

A club whose aim and object is to create a love for a pastime that is innocent and health-giving, whereby men are led to steal a few hours occasionally from the vortex of life's never ceasing round of toil and worry ought to be the last to countenance such selfishness.

Farmers as a rule are neither parsimonious nor discourteous. I have respect for the man who posts his land in self-protection against the wanton carelessness of the thoughtless hunter who, if he sees a rabbit go into a wall, will pull it down, or who will leave the bars down, when the cattle enter and destroy the cabbage, but none whatever for the city gentleman who is so devoid of those principles that go to make up a true sportsman, that in order to gratify his own selfish nature he will debar others the privileges he would have accorded to him, and then take a morbid satisfaction in telling the "boys" how many pounds of pickerel he has taken of a morning before breakfast.

Every man has his pleasures. To some it is in tossing a penny to a beggar; to others it is in erecting high fences around their gardens lest the winds of heaven should waft a breath of sweet perfume to the nostrils of a passer-by.

Let me tell your readers why a Worcester county farmer has posted his brook this summer. The story may seem incredible, but we have it from the farmer himself, and will give it in his own words: "Two men came out here from Worcester to fish. They put up their team in my barn, fed my hay and grain, and when they came up to the house to go home, called for some mik and a pie. We happened to have a pie on hand, and carried it out to them. After returning the empty dishes, they got into their buggy and drove off without even a 'thank you.' If that is a specimen of your city sportsmen, I will be hanged if they shall fish any more on my place." One of these parties is a thorough gentleman, and could not be hired to do such a thing, and his mortification can be more easily imagined than expressed, when he subsequently by mere accident learned that the two-dollar bill that he put on the empty pie plate for his companion to carry into the house found its way into that individual's pocket instead of into that of their host.

FRED.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 22.

BASS IN BAY OF QUINTE.—Bellville, Ont., July 23.—There are plenty of big black bass in the Bay of Quinte this year, and they are just beginning to bite freely. A week ago Mr. M. D. Ward caught one that weighed 4¾lbs., and yesterday Mr. Wm. Ormond took, among others, four which weighed 3½, 4, 4½ and 5¼lbs. respectively. There is no guess-work about these weights, as the fish were weighed on a correct scale in the presence of witnesses.—R. S. B.

Fishculture.

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THE NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.

WE have the second report of Eugene G. Blackford, Commissioner of Fisheries, in charge of the oyster investigation and of surveys of oyster territory for the years 1885 and 1886, dated Jan. 20, 1887. It is full of interesting material, and is fully illustrated with artotype plates of oysters in different stages of growth, and of their food, together with a map of the shellfish territories of the State of New York, showing the natural growth beds and the triangulation and surveys on planted beds as far as the work has gone.

The investigation has been conducted with a view to ascertain, first, the facts as to the decrease in the number of beds of oysters of natural growth in the waters of the State; secondly, as to the cause of such decrease; thirdly, as to the methods to be used to increase the supply; and lastly, as to how the planting of artificial beds can best be encouraged.

The delay for presenting the report of 1885 was occasioned by the death of Prof. Henry J. Rice, who was in immediate charge of the work, and whose sudden death left a great deal of unfinished manuscript. It is noteworthy that the result of the investigation has shown that there is a decrease in the supply of oysters in State waters, which has resulted from the depletion of the natural growth beds by excessive fishing, and by the pollution of the waters of the bays and sounds near the city of New York, and also by the lack of scientific culture of the planted beds. The damage done by such natural enemies as the starfish, the drill and the winkle, has been small compared with the above causes.

The experiments in oyster hatching at Cold Spring Harbor by Mr. Fred Mather have been conducted with entire satisfaction and success. The fact that oysters can be successfully propagated artificially has been clearly demonstrated, and the report of these experiments is given in full and have appeared in our columns.

The report of Mr. W. G. Ford, Jr., engineer appointed to make a survey of the oyster territory, will be found of great value to oystermen. It was necessary before any sale of lands under water could be made, that there should be a careful survey of the beds of natural growth, in order that they might be set apart and preserved as the law requires. Mr. Ford has done his work thoroughly as far as he has gone. The methods of surveying lots was as follows:

Suppose a given lot is bounded by four sides. The boat was placed over each of the four corners, in turn, and held in position while I took a number of sextant angles between the triangulation points I had already determined on shore. In this way each corner was determined independently of the others, and it made no difference how many corners there were. Just before leaving a station we bent a tag to the stake, of which the following is an example:

NEW YORK OYSTER SURVEY,
80 Fulton Market, N. Y.

Cor. No. 39A.
Owners:
ELMER DECKER, N. E. Cor.
TOTTEN & HOPPING, S. E. Cor.
E. P. MANEE, S. W. Cor.
SHERMAN DECKER, N. W. Cor.
Date, *August 23, 1886.*

And on the back, "Owners will please send word to the office whether this is correct or not." This saved an immense amount of time, for it was impossible to arrange it so that neighbors would always be present, when their lots were surveyed, as one man might own half a dozen lots in different parts of the Bay. For instance, if Black and White were neighbors, and I surveyed Black's property first, when I took White out it was only necessary for him to verify the tagged stake and pass on to those not common with Black. In some cases a man's property was surveyed by his neighbors having designated theirs on all sides, in which case it was only necessary for him to write to headquarters that the designations were correct.

There is some magnificent land available for oyster culture in different sections of the waters of the State, and comparatively little of it is in use. There are many places in Long Island Sound where it is only necessary to throw in shells in order to get a fine set, and the beds thus sown will produce in a few years large quantities of marketable oysters. In talking with oystermen Mr. Ford found that many would avail themselves of this territory had they the assurance that their interest would receive the proper protection and the lands made valuable by their labor would not be taken away from them. In marking out the limits of the natural beds I have followed your instructions, to give benefits of doubt to the masses of poorer classes of oystermen.

The area of the natural beds is fifteen thousand five hundred and eighty-six (15,586) acres. Area of lands available for shellfish cultivation, three hundred and ninety-three thousand six hundred (393,600) acres.

The report of the food of the oyster and of the fresh and salt-water diatoms found in them, by Mr. Bashford Dean, instructor in biology in the College of the City of New York, is a very important paper and will repay careful perusal. Mr. Dean made analyses of quantitive rather than chemical qualities of waters from different portions of Long Island,

and discusses the influence of weather, temperature and locality on the fattening of oysters in fresh water, and other interesting questions.

The report of Mr. Joseph Mersereau, oyster protector for the six months ending Nov. 30, 1886, is given. He treats of the dumping of garbage in Long Island Sound and of his arresting some of the captains of tugs for this offense, and also of the dumping of sludge acids and other refuse from oil refineries, which has become not only a source of great injury to the shellfish and other fishes of New York Harbor, but is also a source of great annoyance to yachtsmen. Samples of water containing refuse matter from the oil works were obtained, which, together with a sworn complaint in each case where it could be traced to its source, caused the Grand Jury of Richmond county to indict several parties charged with these offenses. Three of these cases have been called for trial, the parties pleading not guilty, with the proviso that they might amend their plea and plead guilty, if so disposed, at the next term of court in February.

Newtown and Gowanus creeks, North and East River water fronts of New York city and Brooklyn have been visited and the pollution of the water at different points noted. There are now on hand forty samples of refuse, and on each it is expected to make complaints in the near future.

The following is an extract from certain affidavits made by Garret P. Wright, Jacob I. Housman and William H. Van Name, who are among the largest oyster planters and wholesale dealers doing business at the foot of West Tenth street, New York city, viz.: "Whenever the oysters pass through this film or scum, in being put into or taken from the floats, the shells get covered with the scum and smell of kerosene, and in the process of opening the oysters are spoiled by getting a kerosene taste. I have taken oysters to market and had them complained of or refused on account of this smell and taste, and the oysters from Port Richmond may have gotten a bad name for this reason. If the soiling and covering of the Kill Von Kull with this scum or film continues, I believe that my trade will be broken up or that I shall be obliged to go elsewhere to practice it."

Concluding this report Mr. Mersereau says: "In respect to the emission of sludge acid or other refuse matter from the oil refineries located on the Kill Von Kull and Staten Island Sound (Arthur Kill), I have to say, that the offense proceeds from establishments located on the New Jersey side of said streams. I would therefore respectfully suggest that an effort be made to bring about a conference between a committee to be appointed by the Legislature of the State of New York, and a committee to be appointed by the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, to the end that each State enact a law of the same tenor and purport, to effectually eradicate the aforesaid evil."

Taken as a whole this report of Mr. Blackford's forms a most valuable addition to the literature of the oyster, and deals with questions to which little attention has so far been paid, but which will surely claim the attention of enterprising oystermen in the future.

MASSACHUSETTS LOBSTER LAW.—There has been much dispute about the proper way to measure lobsters to determine whether they come in the 10½in. length. By an amendment of the law, passed at the last session of the Legislature, the mode of measuring is made definite. Section 84 of Chapter 91 of the Public Statutes is amended so as to read as follows: "Whoever sells or offers for sale or has in his possession a lobster less than 10½in. in length, measuring from the extremity of the bone projecting from the head, to the end of the bone of the middle flipper of the tail of the lobster, extended on its back its natural length, shall forfeit $5 for every such lobster; and in all prosecutions under this section, the possession of any lobster not of the required length shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict."—F. R. SHATTUCK, Dep. Fish Com'r State of Mass.

ADULT CARP FOR STOCKING.—We often have inquiries for adult carp for persons who do not wish to wait for the growth of the small fish distributed by the U. S. Fish Commission. Once in a while we hear of a few being offered for sale, but they are usually bought at once and that is the last of it. It would pay those who have them in quantities and can furnish them from one to two pounds' weight, to advertise them.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 27. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. R. D. Whitehead, Manager.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If there is a trifling error, as claimed by Mr. Elliot Smith, in my letter in your paper of June 30, there certainly is a flagrant one in Mr. Smith's communication in reply thereto. Mr. Smith claims that it was none of "Wacouta's" business what he (Mr. Smith) ruled or did not rule at a meeting of the A. K. C. In other words, because I am neither a delegate nor even a member of a club belonging to that august body, the A. K. C., whatever it does or leaves undone is none of my business.

In this respect Mr. Smith is in error; and if there be many of the delegates who hold the same opinion as the president, it is small wonder that they act as they so often have done when sitting as a court of inquiry or of appeal. As a breeder and an exhibitor it necessarily is a matter of concern to me what the A. K. C. does or does not do. Mr. Smith seems to think that whatever a majority decides to do is right, and the result concerns no one else but the parties directly interested. On the contrary, every exhibitor in the country is interested, and every exhibitor has a perfect right to question any decision that appears so flagrantly wrong as the Beaufort-Patti M. case.

In the letter that Mr. Smith objects to I stated that I was informed that Mr. Smith ruled there would be no objection to the change of proxy. I am sorry that I was misinformed on the subject, but at the same time surprised to learn from Mr. Smith that he considers it no concern of his at all what was done with the proxy or who held it. I said that Mr. Smith's approval was not the only necessary thing. Mr. Smith says his approval was of no consequence at all—that it did not matter to the A. K. C. who held the proxy. If so, then the A. K. C. and its president hold queer notions as to what is customary in such bodies. Such a statement must have been made by Mr. Smith in a moment of irritation at being criticised, for he must certainly know that it was the duty of the meeting to see that every vote cast was a qualified one, which includes the duty of seeing that the delegation of the proxy was authorized, for if not authorized such a vote cast would invalidate the entire proceedings of the meeting. Mr. Smith's presentation of the case would imply that he considers himself, as president of the A. K. C., merely a figure head, for he says it was none of his business how the proxy was transferred or who held it. Furthermore, I did not claim that Mr. Vredenburgh was not entitled to vote at the December meeting. I said he was not entitled to vote at the last meeting. In December Mr. Vredenburgh held a proxy, in May he did not, and the fact that he was qualified at the December meeting gave him no power to move a reconsideration at a meeting where his functions were purely of a clerical, not a representative nature.

It would appear strange to any one not posted on the methods of A. K. C., that the president, when he made a ruling, notwithstanding that it was correct in its effect, or any other of the delegates, never caught on to the nonsense propounded by Mr. Munhall when he gave as a reason for his motion the point that officers were not allowed to vote upon proxies, he giving Article IV. of the constitution as authority. Of course it is highly improbable that such a thing as a copy of the constitution would be found at a meeting of the A. K. C., but had there been a loose copy lying around, any of the delegates having curiosity to look at Article IV. would have found that it said nothing about proxies. What it does say is that officers shall not vote upon business before the executive committee unless regularly elected delegates from their club. It necessarily follows that any one entitled to become a delegate is fit to hold a proxy.

But what is the use of going more fully into the details of this folly any more. This final reconsideration will, no doubt, settle it in a proper manner, notwithstanding Mr. Richard's ridicule of Mr. Drake's manly way of moving for a reconsideration as soon as he saw the true state of the case, for as Mr. Wade justly remarks, "there is good material in the A. K. C., and I think there is enough of it to leaven the whole body in the future." It is to be hoped so, at any rate, for if the A. K. C. fails what indeed is to take its place? If there be no central body with jurisdiction over show matters, or that can sit down upon the knaves and the fools, dog showing will be at the mercy of little cliques, and showing dogs will become a farce if there be no authority to prevent fraud, misrepresentation and trickery. WACOUTA.

ST. PAUL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Watson's digs at me in yours, 14th and 21st, call for short replies. The Sans Souci opinion is "famous" because "Porcupine" has constantly referred to it in inverted commas. As to the opinion itself I refer the case to your readers, as it was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 30, 1886, and ask them to read it dispassionately, and find fault with it if they can. Don't go off at half cock with the impression that it means this, that or t'other, but take it for just what it says. I never said aught in extenuation of "incorrect" descriptions; I maintain that "incomplete" descriptions should not disqualify; the difference is so broad and palpable that it does not need pointing out. On the proxy transfer I have nothing to say, as that belongs to "Wacouta," and that noble savage has a scalping knife of his own and knows how to use it. I am sorry that Mr. Smith got so far off the track on this point. I am not and never have been Mr. Smith's apologist, but I can say, and prove that he publicly expressed his opinion that Mr. Mason was entitled to the Waverly special. Put that in your pipe and smoke it! I do not propose to undertake any such job as Mr. Watson gives me, but can say that the correctness of the Pittsburgh catalogue was entirely due to Mr. Whitman. Does Mr. Watson suppose that it was evolved from "100 cents on the dollar?" I know that Mr. Whitman changed the entries from the way the exhibitor made them, in one case, wrongly as I think. But the idea that Mr. Whitman's accuracy proves that the rule is comprehended by the public generally! And this in an article showing up the blunders of the A. K. C.! Well, well, well!

Now just take this identification rule: It prescribes that the dog must be identified by name, and if known, date of birth, name of breeder, name of sire and dam, and that if any of these are not known, it must be entered as "pedigree unknown." Mr. Watson's point is that the most trivial failure to comply with every minutia of the rule must work disqualification; that a rule that requires inference as to its meaning must be administered with the most Draconian severity; I dispute; I maintain that where the obligations and directions of the rule are not clearly and unmistakably pointed out, the spirit of the rule must govern in the application of penalties. On this point I appeal to such dog-showing lawyers as Messrs. Peshall, Dudley, T. B. Dorsey, McKennan, etc. (I do not include Mr. Smith, as Mr. Watson might deny the authority.) Now what is the spirit of the rule? Does it not plainly point to the securing of plain and sufficient identification of the dog, so that there can be no evasion or deceit as to its identity? And do not the name, date of birth and names of sire and dam, clearly establish this without name of breeder? Or are we justified in haggling over every letter of the law, and casting its spirit to the winds? Remember that a majority of exhibitors know but little of dog show rules, and characterize, if you can, the justice of punishing them for the most trifling omission.

My dear Mr. Haldeman, "Let us proceed to business." You are the prosecuting attorney, please state your case and name the instances wherein the A. K. C. has deliberately and purposely gone wrong since the days of "construction," "hole in the wall" meeting and "setter standard." I maintain that the following clubs can always be relied on to go right (right in intent, if they do make mistakes), viz., New England, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, W. K. C., Hornellsville, New Jersey, Philadelphia and St. Paul. Detroit has not yet fully shown its hand. For the wrong may always be counted Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Cleveland. Nine to three, with one not proven, although the expectations of those who know Mr. Newberry are all in favor of his right course. Cannot such a roster be trusted to mean right and do right on the average? I may say that the very worst episode of the Beaufort-Patti M. case is the last, in Mr. Munhall's motion to have the reconsideration laid on the table. This out-Herods Herod. The only honorable course to effect this end is a voting down of Mr. Drake's motion, but to smother it under the table! Great snakes! I have complete confidence that it will be rejected by an overwhelming adverse vote, for its adoption would sound the knell of the A. K. C. It will be instructive to note the votes in favor of this burking dodge. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., July 23.

WAVERLY SHOW.—New York, July 21.—The New Jersey Kennel Club claims the dates Sept. 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1887, for holding their fourth bench show. This show is to be held in conjunction with the New Jersey State Agriculture Society's fair at Waverly, N. J.—PERCY C. OHL, Sec'y Bench Show Com.

MASTIFFS AT THE KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW.

BELOW will be found the comments of the judge, Mr. M. B. Wynn, upon the mastiffs at the recent show of the Kennel Club, which we copy from the *Kennel Gazette:*

"Thinking of Ranelagh as I sit down to write, I may say with Virgil,

Sævitque canum latratus in auras:

The challenge class for mastiff dogs contained collectively the highest merit. Of Beaufort, the winner, we shall have to mention further on. He was not only a long way the best all-round specimen in the show, but is perhaps the best mastiff at present in existence. Montgomery begins to show signs of having had his day, but just won the second place by his typical head. He is a better mastiff, but not so good a dog as the well-grown Victor Hugo, who shows too much of the boarhound, and is too long in head to be typical; nevertheless is a grand specimen, possessing what many have not, namely, great size and symmetry combined. The challenge class for bitches contained only the superb Cambrian Princess, too well known to need further comment on. In the open class for dogs Wodan, shown in bad condition, just managed to score first, owing to the really good points he possesses. We gave him the benefit of the doubt for possessing soundness and robustness of constitution, of which his condition caused us to have grave doubts, and we hardly know if we were justified in placing him so forward under the circumstances. He is not sufficiently massive for his size, and still shows the cone, being very deficient in the temporal muscles. Alfgar made a good second. He is not a large dog, but possesses fair size, and except for a slight want of length is very symmetrical. His worst faults are his over large ears and full eyes, but his hindquarters are a credit to either Hotspur or his brother—whichever is his sire. The dark brindle Lionel came well up for third. He is a dog we have always admired. His light eye is against him, and he might be a trifle larger, but is not spoilt like so many by faults suggesting the hound or boarhound crosses. Admiral (Beaufort excepted) the heaviest and best bodied dog in the show, seems a trifle weak in one of his hocks, and is spoilt by his pointed (but not long) muzzle, in line of profile looking wedge-shaped rather than square, and possessing no pendulosity of lip to cover it. In fact, what with his capital skull, he possesses a type of head far too common in low bred pug dogs, a type of head that cannot be too well guarded against in a mastiff dog. Hotspur, by far the best headed mastiff in the class, is so dwarfed in his hindquarters that it is a pity so valuable a dog for stud purposes should be entered for competition, otherwise had we felt justified in so doing, we should have liked to have placed him first for head and shoulders alone. Ormonde, who promises to grow into a fair specimen, is rather full in eye, is too large in ear, and is at present somewhat hollow in back.

"After these there was nothing worth mentioning, the quality being below the average, and we missed such specimens as Minting, Orion and Boatswain, and mastiff fanciers need not be afraid to breed, for evidently the quality in the open class for mastiffs is weak. The open class for mastiff bitches was a very good one. The winner, Princess Ida, we have always liked, and, though other judges may differ with us, we consider she has those qualities which should be looked for in a brood bitch, and is superb in coat and color. Gerda, the second prize, except for want of blackness about the ears, is a little model, well grown, thoroughly symmetrical, and reminded us greatly of Mr. Lukey's once famous Beauty. Gerda is every inch a mastiff, but is small; still, while breeders should ever cultivate size, remembering a good big one should always beat a good little one, a judge can only go by merit, however disappointing to owners of larger specimens when those specimens betray faults, and those faults of mongrelism rather than bad rearing. Frigga, the third prize, and full sister to Gerda, is a trifle larger, but is not so good in muzzle, color or bone; still, she is thoroughly symmetrical. The brindle Zillah III. is spoilt by her bushy stern, pointed muzzle, general coarseness, and similarity to the St. Bernard in type; still, she is strong in some points calculated to make her a useful brood bitch. Holda, again, is thoroughly good in body, but is spoilt by her long, narrow head and houndy ears. In mastiff dog puppies Constable made an easy win, taking also the prize for the best brindle in the show (which, by the way, were the most respectable collection of brindles that we have seen got together). Constable is a big puppy, good in color and bone; his head, although a little long at present, should fill out, and he looks like making a worthy successor to old Cardinal. In bitch puppies Queen of Scots was the only one, but looked to be considerably over age—was, in fact, the oldest looking puppy we have ever seen, suggesting some mistake as to her age. Young Gipsy showed plenty of size. The brace class was a very close thing, and difficult to decide either way. In stud dogs Orlando had it all to himself. He was looking more active and better than when we last saw him, and his head simply smothered everything in the show except that of his nephew, Beaufort; and Gerda, Frigga and Holda satisfactorily prove that he can beget good-bodied, symmetrical offspring. Gytha II., alone in brood bitches, is light, but is otherwise a good stamp, possessing no mongrel points. In the novice class Alfgar had an easy win with Ormonde (second), an improving dog.

"The prize offered from America by Mr. W. Wade for the best mover, while it afforded great amusement to many, was to myself of considerable interest and of some little surprise, and as we know a report of the result will be looked forward to with considerable interest by many mastiff fanciers in America, we feel sure the space it will occupy to detail it will not be grudged; and I may here take the opportunity to say, thanks to the untiring assistance of the ring stewards and useful suggestion of Mr. Gambier Bolton, I was enabled to carry out what at first appeared a very difficult task. As, with the sun blazing overhead, I sat (the autocrat of the hour) under the shade of the tent erected for our use with men and dogs panting around, the words of Augustus recalled themselves, 'Ego sum inter suspiria et lacrymais;' and the lines of Ovid, 'Et hic *prædam* pedibus petit, ille salutem; Alter inhæsuro similis,' might have been written to describe the scene. From among the prize winners I selected among the best movers Gerda, Alfgar, Beaufort, Admiral and Constable. After considerable walking and running about (in which the owners showed signs of distress far more than the dogs) I thought Constable, although limber enough, showed somewhat the weakness of puppyhood, and I was glad to be able to reduce them to four. Alfgar next went the least regularly, leaving only three in it. Beaufort, in spite of the immense amount of flesh he carried, went in splendid form, trotting really well, showing the best stifle action of the three, and I could not detect his hocks or legs failed him in the least; and I must own I was considerably and agreeably surprised to see him move so nimbly, considering his great weight, and should have felt bound to have awarded the prize to him only for the straddling of his hind legs, so generally seen in specimens born with dew claws. In a bulldog this formation would be approved by some judges, and it recalled Mr. F. Adcock's excellent description in 'Webb,' p. 275: 'Stifles turning out so as to bring the hocks near together, and turn the feet out.' However, the trial convinced me there is no decrepitude or want of activity about Beaufort. Admiral walked in good form, but I noticed while in the ring he showed a slight weakness in one hock, and when galloping slung one hind leg out; still, it was but very slightly. Gerda's grand hindquarters and muscular thighs pulled her through, for she walked and trotted as square as possible, and it was very evident, both in her and her owner, a lack of wind was all that was needed. I have before now carefully watched race

horses as they galloped past, and greyhounds at play, as well as owned some very active mastiffs and fast fighters, and the trial the five were subjected to I trust will set the matter of ability to move at rest. What with the amount of flesh they carried, and want of sharper regular exercise, not one would have been fast enough to have stood any chance with a bear. Still, 'Caius' mentions the slowness of the mastiff owing to their cumbersome bodies, and I could detect no amount of leg weakness among the prize winners (Hotspur losing place through this fault partly), and altogether they were superior in hocks to many of the larger deerhounds. In conclusion, a certain lack of size among the winners was the chief defect, but I felt good little ones should ever beat indifferent larger ones, and seeing the disproportionate, untypical, ill-gaited animals the rage for size some time since produced, breeders cannot do wiser than bear in mind the warning of the late J. W. Thompson, recorded in page 188 of 'The History of the Mastiff,' for judges are sure to insist on character and symmetry combined, if they are judges, having bred good ones themselves.—M. B. WYNN."

A FAITHFUL DOG.

THE high-blooded dog is not the only one that shows at times intelligence and excites our admiration. Some years ago, when employed as express messenger, I was on the run through Wilton, in Maine. One evening in passing the packages from the train a package fell between the rail and the station. I called the attention of the agent to the fact, and he intended to pick it up but forgot to do so.

One of the section men owned a black cur dog which passed over the track with him when on duty, which was only in the day time. This animal belonged to no breed in particular. He was homely and rough. His coat was black, with occasionally a white hair, and it stood up straight all over him as if each hair was repelled from its neighbor by a battery. He was long-legged, long-bodied, and his ears and tail were set on high. His eyes shone dimly through the hair. If placed upon the bench he would be a drawing card for his many faults.

In moving about that evening this dog discovered the package beside the track. He knew it did not belong there and comprehended the situation. He took charge of it, lay down beside it and remained there until morning. A man came along and tried to pick it up, but he forbade with a low growl, and refused to give it up until the agent came, to whom he "checked out his run" and gave up the goods with a knowing wag of his tail. In the night it had snowed and his back was covered with snow, but the ground beneath him was dry, showing his faithful vigil. I praised and patted the dog when the train passed in the morning, and thereafter he met me at the train with a wag of recognition as much as to say, "I will look out for your goods."

This was a common parcel of dry goods. How did this dog know it was more valuable than a bunch of paper? Does this not go to show that animals know much that we do not give them credit for, and that they reason?

EBENECOOK.

BEAGLES FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am gratified to observe that my short item upon "Beagles for Work and Show," published in your issue of 14th inst., has drawn out a most interesting note from another admirer of the beagle. Now that there has opened up a discussion upon this subject—interesting as it must be to every owner, breeder and lover of the beagle—I sincerely hope, with Mr. Clark, that we may hear from some of our well-known breeders of beagles as to their experience in this direction.

It is true that the columns of our kennel department have contained less matter pertaining to our little gamesters than their rightful position in the class of sporting dogs seems to warrant. I firmly believe they are more susceptible to training, and better results can be obtained in the direction of field work than from any other class of game dogs. It is surprising how easily they can be taught to retrieve, answer when called, give warning where rabbit has gone to burrow, and many other as interesting acts.

I am half convinced that from Mr. Clark's explanation of the working of his beagles, taken in connection with the closing portion of his interesting letter, viz., "that I like the little dog best, only I want him to be able to last all day," he entertains the same doubt as the writer, whether we possess the beagle—restricted under the present rules—as near perfection as is possible. I would prefer the smaller size if I could obtain equally as satisfactory results, but my experience with a kennel of thirteen beagles directly contradicts the theory. I find in hunting the largest species of rabbit the smaller beagle in a day's work finds it too "fast a pace," and after two or three hours of work comes to heel. I cannot blame the little fellows. In the spirit willing but in the flesh weak—they do all that is in their power; they drive their little machinery at as high a rate of speed as is possible, but they are handicapped in not being able to generate as much steam as their larger companions. With unequal motive power it is impossible to perform equal amount of labor.

Mr. Clark's statement that show winners have been petted too much and not given a chance to do as well as they might do, strikes one nail squarly on the head, and confirms the statement in my letter that beagles were being bred soley for the bench without regard to their field requirements. The fact that field work in no wise enters into their requirements for bench winning has been responsible in a great measure for the present ignorance as to what size and proportion we can obtain best results with the beagle. If the bench winners of '87 were compelled to go to the field and defend their laurels how many of them would come to fully realize that it is a somewhat different task winning glory on bench and in the field. If there are qualities in a beagle that can only be perfected by careful as well as constant work and discipline, and those qualities allowed to remain dormant, will the defect not show itself in their progeny? If a beagle has even a fair nose his scent can be encouraged to a sharp, keen one; he may have a good voice, and yet it can be trained into a grand and very deep one. Constant work will bring him out a hunter, sure and as faithful as untiring. Now let us give him the form and marks as required under present bench ruling and leave out the qualities in their improved and superior condition, and we have still a beagle eligible to the highest honors on the bench without a single consideration in its favor toward making it a great breeding hound for the field

If more of our breeders would just give a small share of their time to the field work of their beagles with a view of improving in every possible way their qualities of endurance and activity, they would be surprised at some of the results obtained and be in position to give us the information we have a right to expect from them. My experience with beagles under 14½in. is a failure. I have now two in my kennel whose blood, as traced by pedigree, is as good as flows in the beagle breed, and upon which as much time has been consumed as upon my larger hounds, with but one result—they cannot stand the work.

My best results have been obtained with four beagles in my kennel whose sizes and proportions are very nearly the same. They stand 17¾in. in height, with chests measuring about 26¾in., length of bodies and heads 24 to 25in.

These beagles are wonderful stayers and by far the fastest in kennel, which I believe is due to their great depth of chest and ribs well sprung out, while their loins and hindquarters are well developed. These dogs are very hardy and possessed of great amount of bone and muscle. They seem apparently never to tire and I have yet to see them shirk or desire to come to heel even on the fifth consecutive day of hard solid work. It is for the one reason that my pleasure in possessing beagles is for their work in the field, that I have never given any attention to obtaining bench exhibitors and I cannot, I find, combine under present laws both qualities and obtain a beagle that will do the work.

H. H.

A RABBIT HUNT BY MOONLIGHT.

IT was one evening in the month of December; the air was bitter cold and the moon shone bright. Jack S. and Harry C., both of whom owned beagles, asked me to join them in a moonlight rabbit hunt. A young Irishman, fresh from the Emerald Isle, accompanied us. Presently the ringing music of the beagles announced that a rabbit had been started. Placing ourselves along the edge of a thicket, in which the dogs could be distinctly heard, we breathlessly awaited the rabbit's approach. "Hark!" exclaimed Harry, "I hear it coming; there, it has stopped to listen; now it is approaching again. Be ready. Pat, get down off that fence, and quit making such an infernal noise." The last injunction was given to the Irishman, who had clambered upon the topmast rail of a worm fence, the better, I suppose, to see the fun, or it might have been to avoid the contents of our guns. The rabbit no sooner appeared in an open space than a stream of fire belched forth from three guns. The noise that accompanied the shooting was simply terrific. I really think the country people for miles around must have thought that a powder mill had burst. To the best of my knowledge, that rabbit still roams at his own sweet will. We saw nothing of him after the smoke had cleared away.

"Confound the luck," says Jack, after he had recovered somewhat from his astonishment; "that comes from not chalking the ends of our guns. When I took aim, I could not tell whether I was pointing at the rabbit or at that tree-top yonder. Harry, just go through your clothes and see if you can't find a piece of chalk."

H. soon brought forth the desired article. We in turn chalked the ends of our gun barrels and then proceeded to hunt up another cotton tail. In going across a field Pat surprised one in a squat and as it bounded away it was neatly stopped by Jack. The dogs soon gave tongue in a neighboring corn field, so we hurried thither at once. Such a scampering to cover the intervening space that separated us from our quarry. I was the first to get in a shot and scored a miss. Harry took him on the jump and laid him on his back. We started four rabbits in the cornfield and killed three. I should say that they did the killing, because I missed every time. With all my chalking I could not see ahead of my gun when pointing it. It requires a great deal of practice and this occasion was my first experience. My companion chaffed me considerably; I felt somewhat annoyed, but appeared to take it coolly. "Why, Dave, I don't believe you could hit a flock of barn doors flying with the moon shining on them; let's see you hit my hat." With these words he shied his beaver into the air, and I, in a spirit of revenge, brought the gun to my shoulder and fired. The hat was picked up and the closest scrutiny failed to find a single shot hole in it. I came to the conclusion right there that as a moonlight gunner I was a complete failure and resolved never to go on any such fool's errand again. Couldn't hit a hat twenty paces away. Why Pat, who never had a gun in his hands during the whole course of his existence, could have done no worse. How consoling it was to hear Jack remark, "Dave, I don't believe you have any shot in your cartridges." "No shot! I am willing to swear that I put an ounce of No. 6 in each one of them," exasperatedly returned I. "Let's move on, it's getting too cold to stand here."

During the evening ten rabbits were found, seven of which were killed. About 10 o'clock we took up our homeward march. Pat was directed to go ahead and tell the folks at home to have a blazing fire and lunch ready for us. He hurried forward and disappeared over a hill. Before we had reached the top we could hear him returning in great haste, hallooing lustily. Pushing on we beheld him coming toward us holding something in his hand. "Begorra, and phat's this I've caught?" exclaimed he. "Phew! how the dirty baste smells. I seen it squattin' anent the stone wall and picked it up. Won't some of yees take it away from me? Devil a bit do I want the nasty crature." There stood Pat, as pitiable looking an object as I ever saw, still clinging to his "catch."

He had seen a skunk, and not being acquainted with its chief characteristic, captured it. We gave him as wide a berth as possible. "Drop that cussed thing and strike a bee line for home," shouted Jack, "you'll know a polecat when you see one, I'll bet."

Throwing the skunk down he obeyed his employer's command with alacrity. We laughed until our sides fairly ached. Verily it must have been a very green Irishman who could mistake a polecat for a rabbit, even in the moonlight. When we reached Jack's house we found Pat in the stable. Other clothes were brought him, and his perfumed ones laid aside for burial. "Indade, I thought it was a rabbit, but the blessed minit I caught hold of it, sees I to meself, Pat, sure, yees made a mistake," explained he, when questioned on the subject the next day.

J. H. T.

STERILITY IN BITCHES.

THE facts that are being brought forward in connection with the above subject are so serious as to make it quite a question of the day among breeders; and if scientific investigations can do anything, such means cannot be applied too quickly. About seven years ago there were general complaints that an unusual number of bitches missed; one huntsman asserting that they had done so in the ratio of six out of nine among those under his charge. The very same season it was found difficult to get mares in foal, and an unusual number were barren. The following season, and for some years, there was nothing particularly notable in these sort of statistics; but last year they were worse than ever. The Duke of Beaufort, it was said, had fifteen or sixteen couples of bitches that missed, the Fitzwilliam nine couples, and the Atherstone, Oakley, Rufford, and other kennels suffered more or less. It is now ascertained that the spring of 1886 was just as disastrous among horses, and that some of the stud farms devoted to blood stock had the worst season ever known. One very large stud, perhaps the largest in England, sent out thirty-two mares to various stallions at a distance from home, at a cost of over 2,000 sovs. in fees, and the crop of foals from these has been only fourteen. This year it has reached us both from studs and kennels that the results will be still more deplorable, as it is rumored that the Oakley have not a bitch in pup; and an owner of a stud has told us within the last few hours that he has never experienced such a season for mares giving the most unwelcome signs that they have yet to be in foal.

The same features being apparent among two sets of animals of totally different natures must set people thinking for a cause touching these disasters. The season some years back that we have alluded to was put down by the stud owners at the time to the quantity of rain that had fallen during the previous year; but this could have been no reason, to judge by what has been done in more recent times, as there have been very dry seasons, hay and all provender has been particularly well saved, and stock of all kinds has been generally healthier. There must be some more direct atmospheric influence, and the currents of excessive cold that have disturbed our climate late in winter and early spring seems the most probable cause of anything to be suggested. Will the weather specialists think so, and can they define the currents of cold in a way to give some reasons for the effects we are ascribing?

To accept that our suggestion is correct, the object in the future will be to find a remedy for one of nature's freaks; and the two elements of air and water must be regarded as the main points of attack. It requires no arguments to prove that the changes in the condition of water are due to atmospheric causes, and animal life especially will drink and breathe the same factor of health simultaneously. It will be necessary as a precaution for the future to regulate temperature, both in stabling and kennels set apart to accommodate breeding stock, and at the same time water must be under the same sort of control. We feel convinced that this will be the right track to follow, as from close inquiry we find that the above epidemic, if we may call it so, has not been noticeable among house pets, such as toy dogs, etc., but among all other sorts kept in outside kennels or allowed to run about loose. Among foxhounds it has been specially prevalent, and we have heard of it in cases of collies, setters and fox-terriers. A six-year old collie bitch that had never missed before was the victim of an accident in getting loose, when she should have been closely guarded, and in that case fruitful impregnation was almost a certainty, but it did not prove so, and ten out of thirteen fox-terrier bitches have proved barren since January the first. These were mostly kept in outside kennels with the usual kind of yards for running about in. As a sign, too, that it is an ailment attributable to the weather, there have been no complaints from greyhound owners, and this may be accounted for by the fact that greyhounds are invariably kept in warm kennels, and they are clothed at exercise in cold weather.

It cannot be difficult to keep a kennel at one temperature, or to have covered-in exercising grounds for pregnant bitches under the same conditions. Whether full or partial precautions of this kind may be necessary remains to be proved, as it may be simply the temperature of the sleeping houses that has anything to do with it. For the correct temperature of water there is the easiest of remedies, as various contrivances are in existence to chill water to any temperature, and at the South Coast Stud Farm (Lord de Rothshild's) one has been so fixed that all the troughs from which the mares can drink are filled with running water just tepid, and so influenced by pipes in connection with a very small fire. For foxhound kennels it would be the easiest thing possible to have such a contrivance from the boiling house, or it would be equally applicable to every sort of kennel by the aid of the smallest saddle room fire. That some consideration will have to be paid to this subject is clear enough, as from all indications the same kind of late severe winters will visit these shores for many years to come.—*Kennel Gazette.*

WAS THE DOG MAD?

HERE are two reports of the same occurrence. The *Sun* and the *Times* are both on Park Row, the scene of the excitement, and each presumably got its information at first hand:

From the Evening Sun, July 22.

SOMEBODY'S PET DOG KILLED.

A poor little dog created a terrible amount of excitement on Park Row, in front of the Post Office, this morning. He was a brown-eyed, amiable animal of the fox-terrier breed, and the only thing that troubled him was to find his owner, for he had evidently got lost. The dog ran up and down looking at every one it met, apparently in the hope of finding its master. Pretty soon the young lads began to notice it, and before long the cry of "mad dog" was raised. A stalwart policeman from the corner of Beekman street ran after the dog with his revolver in one hand and his club in the other. He saw that there was no sign of madness in the dog and put up his revolver, but made an effort to capture it. The crowd, seeing the officer in full chase, became excited and so did the dog. The dog ran up and down, stumbling between the feet of the pedestrians, until it seemed almost crazed with terror. The man who switches the tracks for the horse cars happened to be standing near where the dog ran. He raised the iron bar with which he operates the switch, and with one blow stretched poor doggie dead in the street. For the next few hours the switchman was the hero of the hour, and hundreds gazed on the poor little animal and told each other how fortunate it was that no one had been bitten by it.

From the New York Times, July 23.

MAD DOG IN THE STREET.

There was a mad dog in Park Row yesterday. It came running up Broadway at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, with a short, sharp, terrified yelp, so peculiar as to attract attention. A number of pedestrians on the crosswalk below the Post Office heard the peculiar yelp and looked around to discover a gray and black mongrel, a cross between a terrier and a spitz, snapping at their heels. They jumped out of his path with white faces, and the alarm being given the brute was allowed a wide berth. It ran up Park Row snapping at men here and there, and pursued by a crowd of yelling boys throwing at it everything movable they could lay hands upon. One little boy, an Italian match peddler, who was directly in its path, put out his hand as the dog ran toward him, and the cur snapped at it, sinking its sharp teeth deeply in the flesh and causing a profuse hemorrhage. Doors were slammed as the beast ran by, and whenever it tried to run into a store or down a flight of basement stairs it was blocked by somebody. Half way up the square it turned and ran back toward the Post Office corner. As it approached there Michael Bennett, the switchman of the Fourth avenue line, stood in readiness and struck it a blow on the head with an iron rod that crushed in its skull and laid it limp and still on the pavement. Its body was pushed into the gutter and remained there throughout the day.

ST. PAUL DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club for their first dog show, to be held at St. Paul, Sept. 13 to 16. Champion prizes of $10, both for dogs and bitches, are offered in the important classes, with $10 and $5 in the open and $5 and $3 in the puppy classes. Six kennel prizes of $20 each, and eight of $15 each are offered by the club. There are also nearly one hundred special prizes. Entries close Sept. 1. For premium lists and entry blanks, address W. G. Whitehead, 174 East Fourth street, St. Paul, Minn.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Clifton's Burt, Clifton's Choice, Clifton's Dettie, Clifton's Eva, Clifton's Fancy and Clifton's Girleen. By Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointers, two dogs and four bitches, whelped July 14, 1887, by Graphic out of Clover (King Bow—Dot).

Clifton's Al. By Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 14, 1887, by Graphic out of Clover (King Bow—Dot).

Jeune Obo. By W. L. Dearborn, Dorchester, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 28, 1887, by Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Judy Obo (Obo II.—Daisy Zulu). Wrongly printed Junio last week.

Naso of Bergen, Luck of Naso, Royal Naso, Gem of Naso, Beaufort Naso, Lady Naso, Belle of Naso and Beauty Naso. By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointers, five dogs and three bitches, whelped July 25, 1887, by Naso of Devonshire (Nick of Naso—Devonshire Queen, A.K.R. 3127) out of Lady Isabella (Beaufort—Fanny Turner).

Prince Roy. By Nelson McIntosh, Providence, R. I., for red Irish setter dog, whelped April 18, 1887, by Jim (Elcho—Mag) out of Nell II. (A.K.R. 2684).

NAMES CHANGED.

Keystone Kennels to Myrtlewood Kennels. By R. E. Westlake, Waverly, Pa.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lakme—Otho. Frederic Kimball's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme (A.K.R. 5077) to The Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483), July 8.

Kader—Eiger. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Kader (Wotan—Reka) to their Eiger (Bello—Gemma), July 6.

Madge—Dublin Scot. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Madge (Highlander—Hasty) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), May 31.

Lucy—Racer. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) beagle bitch Lucy (Drive II.—Fanny) to Geo. H. Hill's Racer (Rally—Lill), July 14.

Belle Randolph—Naso of Kippen. H. L. Rice's (Quincy, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle Randolph (Duke of Westminster's Sam—Juno III.) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie), May 25.

Friza—Otho. Wm. Montgomery, Jr.'s (Waverly, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Friza (A.K.R. 4069) to The Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483), July 6.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Isabella. Floyd Vail's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Isabella (Beaufort—Fanny Turner), July 25, eight (five dogs), by his Naso of Devonshire (Nick of Naso, A.K.R. 4391—Devonshire Queen, A.K.R. 3127).

Little Bess. A. S. Hoffman's (Morrisville, Pa.) English setter bitch Little Bess (Antic—Bartlett's Dream), July 13, nine (six dogs), by Wm. A. Poland's Rex Gladstone (A.K.R. 2167); three dogs and one bitch since dead.

Queen of Sheba. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Queen of Sheba (A.K.R. 4429), July 18, three (two dogs), by their Hector (A.K.R. 4425).

Beau Beaufort. Myrtlewood Kennels' (Waverly, Pa.) pointer bitch Beau Beaufort (Beaufort—Grace), June 11, seven (five dogs), by Highland Kennels' Robert le Diable; all liver and white.

Rosa. J. P. Cartwright's (Augusta, Ga.) pointer bitch Rosa (Boon—Rena), July 19, twelve (seven dogs), by Field Trial Kennels' Mainspring (Mike—Romp).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ajax II. Brindle, black points, mastiff dog, whelped April 23, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Sylvia, by Richland Kennels, Wahpeton, Dak., to A. E. Sunderhauf, same place.

Atlas. Dark fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped April 23, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Sylvia, by Richland Kennels, Wahpeton, Dak., to W. H. Willardet, same place.

Abel. Brindle mastiff dog, whelped April 23, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Sylvia, by Richland Kennels, Wahpeton, Dak., to Chas. E. Wolfe, same place.

Garryowen. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped April, 1880 (A.K.R. 3991), by Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to W. E. Morris, Lexington, Mass.

Mary Dell. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped 1883, by Dash III. out of Dashing Jessie, by Chas. A. Neal, Trenton, N. J., to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Cameron's Racket—Marjory whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 25, 1887, by Geo. H. Hill, Madeira, O., to F. C. Rochester, Logan, O.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

L. A. L., Saylesville, R. I.—Your bitch needs depletion. You must give an active purge, compound cathartic pills one night and morning, or 15grs. of compound jalap powder night and morning. Feed milk, oatmeal and Indian meal mush, with a bit of lean meat boiled in. Give but one meal daily. Exercise regularly. The principal treatment must be directed to keeping the bowels free. You may commence treatment by giving a calomel purge, 10grs.

H. O. B., Conn.—My setter dog's throat is swollen very much, caused by a false growth under the tongue. The dog will not eat. Eyes look strange; drools at the mouth. None of the sportsmen in this vicinity have ever seen anything like this. Please advise. Ans. Your dog probably has an epulis or cystic tumor, due to the blocking of the ducts leading from one of the salivary glands to the mouth, or possibly a solid growth. Consult a veterinary surgeon.

T. B. G., Dover.—I have an English setter puppy about 5mos. old, which seems to be afflicted with constant shaking or twitching of his right foreleg, and sometimes he is lame in this leg. Otherwise he is healthy, good appetite, playful, and no signs of worms. Some weeks ago I found in your paper a prescription for chorea, for a dog just in the condition of mine, and I have give mine twenty pills as prepared by an apothecary, but I do not see as they have had any effect upon the dog, and I write to inquire if there is anything else I can do for him? Ans. Watch the passages and satisfy yourself that your puppy does not suffer from worms. Give a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every other day. Get the following:

℞. Syr. ferri quin. et strychnin. phosph.. .. .. .. ʒiv.
Sig. One teaspoonful night and morning.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5206.**

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., July 22.—Three members of the Leominster Rifle Club entered into competition for the gold badge offered by the Bullard Arms Co. for the best individual score of 50 shots. Match open to all riflemen in the United States and Canada:

E M Rockwell	8	7	6	9	7	5	6	8	7	7—70
	8	7	9	6	8	4	10	4	6	8—70
	8	7	5	8	9	5	9	8	7	8—74
	10	5	9	8	8	7	7	10	7	8—79
	9	8	9	8	7	8	7	9	7	9—81—374
G F Prevear	4	5	7	9	8	8	6	7	9	9—72
	8	6	3	6	6	5	8	9	7	7—65
	7	7	6	7	10	8	10	5	7	9—76
	9	7	7	8	9	6	9	7	6	9—79
	9	6	9	9	4	5	5	5	10	6 10—69—361
C A Joslin	8	9	3	6	9	7	8	7	10	9—76
	3	7	7	5	6	8	5	7	6	6—60
	4	4	10	8	6	6	5	4	2	7—56
	10	5	6	5	5	9	8	9	9	7—73
	10	8	8	9	10	7	9	7	7	4—79—344

MILFORD, Mass., July 21.—At the recent meet of members of Co. M, 6th Regiment, M. V. M., at their range, T. J. Donohoe was added to the list of qualified marksmen. At the practice each man had five shots with a possible 25. The totals of each man were as follows: F. W. Wilcox 22, T. P. Kane 22, G. A. Moore 20, G. McLaughlin 19, J. F. Barrett 18, P. J. Donohoe 17, W. P. Clark 17, N. E. Tongas 15, W. Aunette 15, W. L. Tongas 14, G. Kelley 14, R. C. Hussey 14, A. B. Montague 14, J. E. Andrew 12, S. Bradford 12, J. T. Berrill 10.

STILLWATER, Minn.—The militia in camp here are giving much attention to rifle shooting, and the range is in use throughout each camp day. There is a great deal of enthusiasm over the work in hand, and the guardsmen are very well pleased with the range.

BOSTON, July 23.—The rain and high wind occasioned a smaller attendance than usual to-day at Walnut Hill, but several fine scores were made by those present. The best scores made are given below:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

J A Frye	10	9	6	6	7	6	5	9	6	10—74
	10	6	7	6	10	6	6	7	6	9—73
W H Oler	7	8	8	6	6	6	6	7	8	7—69
	5	5	8	5	7	4	8	10	6	6—64

Rest Match.

S Wilder	11	12	9	11	12	12	12	9	11	11—110
	10	10	11	10	9	12	10	12	10	12—106
D L Chase	12	9	9	12	10	11	12	11	12	10—108
A Law	12	11	11	8	9	12	11	8	12	11—105
	12	8	8	9	11	9	9	10	12	12—100
R Dadman	9	12	11	10	12	12	11	8	10	9—104
	12	11	12	9	11	10	10	12	9	9—105
R I Fell	10	12	10	9	12	11	12	10	9	8—103
	10	9	10	11	9	12	9	11	11	11—103

Revolver Match.

F Bennett	10	9	9	9	9	10	10	8	9	10—93
	8	9	9	10	10	9	10	7	6	10—88
	10	10	8	8	6	8	10	10	10	7—87
	9	8	9	9	10	7	10	9	7	9—87
A C Gordon	8	9	8	10	10	8	8	8	10	10—89
	7	9	10	10	10	10	7	10	9	6—88
	9	10	9	7	8	6	8	8	9	10—84
J R Missane	6	10	10	9	7	9	8	9	7	9—81
	6	8	10	7	10	10	8	6	9	7—81
J B Fellows	6	10	10	7	7	7	6	10	6	8—77
	8	7	7	7	6	8	9	6	7	8—73

F. Bennett shot a 100-shot revolver match to-day for record at the Walnut Hill range. The match was under the direction of the editor of *The Rifle*, and Mr. Bennett conformed to all the conditions under which Captain Paine shot his record score, using the same arm and ammunition, a .44-cal. Smith and Wesson, government ammunition, at the distance of 50yds., on the standard American target. Mr. Bennett's score is better than the one Captain Paine made in his first attempt to average better than 80. Mr. Bennett is a brother of the W. Bennett who, several weeks ago, made so fine a showing with the same kind of arm. Following is the detailed score:

Bennett	9	8	10	8	7	7	7	9	7	8—80
	8	10	9	5	7	9	8	10	7	8—81
	10	7	10	5	8	6	9	10	10	8—83
	7	7	10	8	8	9	9	7	7	10—82
	6	10	5	10	6	10	5	9	8	7—76
	7	10	10	5	9	8	9	7	10	5—80
	6	6	8	6	6	10	10	6	7	7—72
	6	9	10	7	6	10	6	9	10	10—83
	9	8	9	9	10	7	10	9	7	9—87
	10	10	8	8	6	8	10	10	10	7—87—811

WALTHAM, Mass., July 15.—Lieut. Robert B. Edes, inspector of rifle practice, 5th Infantry, and W. C. Johnson, Jr., of the 1st Corps of Cadets, shot a match to-day at the Waltham range for the gold medal of the Bullard Arms Co. in individual match No. 4, which is to be won three times before it can become the property of the holder. There are contestants in several different States. The conditions are: Off-hand shooting at 200yds., standard American target, 50 shots without cleaning rifle, allowance 5 points on each string of 10 shots for use of military rifle. Gen. B. F. Peach, Jr., 2d Brigade, M. V. M., was referee and R. B. Dawson, secretary of the Lynn Rifle Association, recorder. The score:

Lieut R B Edes	5	9	4	8	5	5	8	6	7	5—62
	9	4	5	5	6	9	7	5	3	4—55
	8	7	7	7	5	7	8	9	3	8—68
	7	6	8	5	6	7	7	9	8	7—70
	9	8	5	8	6	5	10	10	6	4—71—326
Allow military rifle, 5 points, 10 shots										25
										351
W C Johnson, Jr	6	2	7	9	4	4	4	6	6	4—53
	7	6	8	4	5	4	5	5	9	9—62
	2	3	7	9	4	10	4	6	5	6—56
	7	7	5	5	8	6	5	6	9	7—65
	6	4	6	9	10	4	6	6	5	6—62—298
Allow military rifle, 5 points, 10 shots										25
										323

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 12.—Two of the riflemen, who are competitors in the Bullard Arms Co.'s individual match, each contestant being allowed 50 shots, put in their strings this afternoon with the result as appended:

W M Boothby	3	6	5	6	4	4	3	3	3	10—47
	6	5	6	7	6	4	8	8	8	5—63
	5	4	5	9	5	6	6	6	7	4—56
	5	8	6	10	6	5	5	8	10	6—69
	9	5	6	8	6	5	3	7	7	8—64—300
C W Temple	6	7	5	5	7	9	7	7	6	8—67
	5	4	5	8	9	4	8	5	5	5—58
	7	4	3	5	3	4	3	8	9	4—50
	5	7	7	7	4	7	2	9	6	6—60
	9	5	6	8	6	5	3	7	7	8—64—299

Mr. Boothby made an average of 6 per shot and Mr. Temple an average of 5.98 per shot. Other shooting consisted of the making of a 67 card in the prize match by R. Dillingham.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—The 28th annual gathering at the Wimbledon Common opened on July 11 and ran for two weeks. The magnitude of the meeting is something hardly realized by those who have not visited the common. The following statement of the number of entries for the principal matches this year and last may give some idea of this. It will be observed that there is this year a considerable increase. The figures given are up to the first closing dates, but there are always post entries:

	1886.	1887.		1886.	1887.
Queen's	2,380	2,419	Windmill	1,523	1,567
St. George's	2,283	2,315	Daily Telegraph	1,606	1,616
Alexandra	1,596	1,655	All Comers' Aggreg'e	1,071	1,139
Alfred	1,341	1,389	Volunteer Aggregate	1,241	1,319
Martins	1,483	1,567	Grand Aggregate	1,018	1,083

Besides the Canadians, colonial teams from India and from Cape Colony were entered for the Kolapore cup competition, to shoot against the mother country team. Lieut. Warren, of the First Middlesex Regt. won the Queen's prize.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CLUB BY-LAWS AND RULES.

IN response to numerous inquiries for a set of gun club rules the following, adopted by the Gotham Gun Club, are printed:

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.—Name.—The name of the organization shall be the Gotham Gun Club.

ARTICLE 2.—Object.—The object of this organization is to improve the members in the art of shooting and for mutual enjoyment.

ARTICLE 3.—Officers.—The officers shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary and treasurer, a captain, and a lieutenant, who shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, to be held the second Saturday in May, and hold office for one year.

ARTICLE 4.—Duties of Officers.—1. The duties of the president shall be to preside at all business meetings, decide all points of order, and when necessary cast the deciding vote. 2. The duty of the vice-president shall be to preside at meetings in the absence of the president. 3. The duties of the secretary and treasurer shall be to keep a correct record of the proceedings of all business meetings, to obtain and file a copy of the scores made at each tournament, to receive money, collect dues and assessments, and pay bills when certified to by the president. 4. The duty of the captain shall be to take charge of all tournaments. 5. The duties of the lieutenant shall be to assist the captain and take charge in his absence.

ARTICLE 5.—Membership.—1. Applications or propositions for membership may be made at any regular business meeting. 2. The membership fee shall be $3, payable upon notification of election. 3. Election of members shall be by ballot. Three black balls rejecting a candidate.

ARTICLE 7.—Amendments.—These by-laws may be amended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members of the club.

RULES FOR TRAP SHOOTING.

RULE 1.—Judge.—A judge shall be chosen whose decision shall be final. If the judge does not see the shot, or from any cause is in doubt as to what his decisions should be, he shall allow the contestant another bird. If agreeable, the judge will also act as scorer.

RULE 2.—Scoring.—The scorer shall announce a broken bird as "dead bird;" he shall announce a miss or unbroken bird as "lost bird," and a bird broken by the trap as "no bird."

RULE 3.—Rise.—The rise shall be 18yds. for 10-gauge guns. Guns of 12-gauge, weighing 8lbs. or under shall be allowed 2yds.

RULE 4.—Position.—The gun shall be held below the armpit until the shooter calls "pull," otherwise, if challenged, it shall be declared a "lost bird," whether hit or missed.

RULE 5.—Loading.—Charge of powder, unlimited; charge of shot not to exceed 1¼oz., Dixon's standard measure.

RULE 6.—Pulling.—When shooter calls "pull," the trap shall be instantly sprung or the bird may be refused. The trap puller shall stand 4 to 6ft. behind the shooter.

RULE 7.—Misfire.—In case of misfire, through no fault of the shooter, another bird shall be allowed.

RULE 8.—Broken Birds.—Birds shall be scored "lost," unless broken distinctly in the air.

RULE 9.—Imperfect Birds.—If a bird be broken by the trap, it shall be optional with the shooter to accept the same; if accepted, the result shall be scored. If the bird is sprung before, or at any noticeable interval after the shooter calls "pull," and he does not fire at it, he shall be allowed another bird, but if he fires the bird shall be scored.

RULE 10.—Danger.—If a bird is thrown so that to shoot in proper time would endanger life or property, the judge shall allow another bird. Contestants shall not stand closer than 5yds. behind the man at the score, except the shooter next in turn who, upon having his name called, shall step to a position beside the trap-puller while awaiting his turn.

GENERAL RULES.—It shall be incumbent upon each member to avoid any of the following acts:

a. Pointing a gun at any one, under any circumstances.

b. Firing off a gun, except when the shooter has been called to shoot and is at the score.

c. Closing a gun with a cartridge in before arriving at the score, or when in the act of closing it, pointing it toward the shooter or the spectators.

d. Quitting the score without extracting a loaded cartridge.

e. Having a loaded gun anywhere on the ground except when at the score.

FINAL DECISIONS.—For any interpretation of the rules or for decision on points of dispute which may arise, not included in or decided by these rules, the judge shall consult and be guided by the rules of the National Gun Association.

THE PHILADELPHIA TOURNAMENT.

THE gun club men are making extensive preparations for the big clay pigeon shooting tournament, which is to be held in this city on Aug. 4, 5 and 6. Philadelphia has long been noted for the number of its gun clubs, and its "cracks" with the shotgun have not only local but national fame. The marshes in the "neck," the pine woods and the sandy coast of New Jersey and the wildest parts of Delaware, Maryland and the Virginias resound with the reports of the shells exploded by the Quaker City gunners during the game season. Out of season these sportsmen are not idle. Nearly all of them belong to the gun clubs, and when not shooting at live game they are practicing at glass balls or clay pigeons. The gun clubs in and within fifteen miles of this city are said to have a membership of over two thousand.

The proposed tournament to be held next month is in charge of a committee of the Philadelphia gun clubs, and Charles A. Bragg, of 18 North Sixth street, has been selected as the manager. It promises to be the most important and interesting tournament of the kind that has taken place in Pennsylvania. It will be held at Olympic Park, Eighteenth and Cumberland streets. At least fifteen teams of ten men each are expected to enter, and it is proposed to have three sets of traps, five traps in each set, for the team shooting contests, so that visiting clubs need not be unnecessarily detained. All the contests will be at Ligowsky clay-pigeons, under the rules of the National Gun Association. The first and second days of the tournament will be devoted to team shooting and the third day to the individual championship and double bird championship contests. All the events are open to residents of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Maryland and Delaware.

Among the clubs which have signified their intention of entering teams are the following:

Middlesex Gun Club, Dunnellen, N. J.
Wawasett Club, Wilmington, Del.
Woodbury Club, Woodbury, N. J.
Jersey City Club, Jersey City, N. J.
Matsunk Club, Conshohocken, Pa.
Wingohocking Club, Germantown.
Penn Club, Norristown, Pa.
Eureka Club, Norristown, Pa.
Baltimore Gun Club, Baltimore, Md.
Luther Gun Club, Syracuse, N. Y.
L. C. Smith Gun Club, Syracuse, N. Y.
North End Gun Club, Philadelphia.
South End Gun Club, Philadelphia.
Quaker City Gun Club, Philadelphia.
The Item Gun Club, Philadelphia.
Thos. L. Briggs Club, Chester, Pa.
Passyunk Club, Philadelphia.

There are a large number of other clubs yet to hear from. The Riverton and Philadelphia gun clubs will not enter the tournament, as they do not use the inanimate target, but shoot only at live birds.

The managers have decided that the team entrance fee shall be $15 and that guaranteed cash prizes shall be given to first, second and third. The team match will be at fifteen single birds and five pairs doubles per man. The individual championship entrance fee will be $2 and the prize a handsome trophy, with cash added. The shoot will be at ten singles and five pairs doubles.

A long list of special prizes will be scattered through the team and individual contests. There will also be a consolation prize for visiting clubs. The full list of prizes has not yet been decided upon by the committee and will not be until the entries have closed. No time has been set for the closing of the entry list, but all the teams and individuals who expect to compete in the tournament will probably be heard from before Saturday, July 30, when the full list will be published.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 23.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club the principal event was the ninth of the series of prize shoots. In the classification score each man had a possible 10 blackbirds, B.; 10 blue rocks, B. R., and 10 clay-pigeons, C., and in the prize score a possible 7. The work of each man was as follows:

	Classification score.			Prize Score.	
Class A.	B.	B.R.	C.		
M D Gilman	8	9	7—24	1111111—7	11111—5
W S Perry	7	7	7—21	1111111—7	11001—3
C B Holden	7	6	8—21	1111111—7	10w
F Stone	9	4	7—20	1111111—7	10001—2
A R Bowdish	10	10	8—28	1111110—6	
E T Smith	6	8	8—22	1111110—6	
G W Russell	6	7	7—20	1011111—6	
H W Webber	6	7	6—19	1110101—5	11111—5
W L Davis	9	8	7—24	1001111—5	01000—1
C A Parker	7	4	7—18	0101111—5	00110—2
E F Snow	6	8	7—21	000w	
C Doren	8	10	8—26	1011000w	
Class B.					
A L Gilman	7	6	3—16	1111101—6	
L S Kilburn	2	8	1—11	1010101—4	01110—3
L R Hudson	1	6	6—13	0010111—4	10100—2
C R B Claflin	6	5	4—15	0101110—4	11000—2
A B Franklin	8	6	3—17	0110101—4	10000—1
H Colvin	5	3	5—13	1011001—4	10000—1
Dr Frank	2	3	2— 7	0010001—2	
C S Day	7	5	2—14	1010111—2	

In Class A, M. D. Gilman received first prize of $5; Bowdish, Smith and Russell divided second prize of $4.50, and Webber received third prize of $3. In Class B, A. L. Gilman received first prize of $5; Kilburn second prize of $3, and Day and Dr. Frank divided the third prize of $2.

The sweepstakes included 9 events. In the first, 5 bats, there were 25 entries; second, 5 blue rocks, 24 entries; third, 5 clay-pigeons, 24 entries; fourth, 5 bats, there were 24 entries; fifth, 5 blue rocks; sixth, 5 clay-pigeons, 24 entries; seventh, 12 blue rocks, 20 entries; eighth, 20 clays, 13 entries, and ninth, 4 pairs double.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.—Capital City Gun Club, match at American clays. No. 1, 5 traps, shot under N. G. A. rules, record for club prizes. As a thunderstorm was coming up light was very bad:

Wilson	0101110111100101— 9	Green	1110011010000110— 8
Meyers	1100101111011000— 8	Cunningham	0101101111111111—12
Mills	1110010111111011—11	Whitman	0001101010101100— 7

July 19:

Wagener	0101111111—8	Collison	0111111110—8
McLeod	1001001101—5	Cunningham	1111111110—9

Second match:

Wagener	0111111101111111—13	Cunningham	1101111111101111—13

SECRETARY.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.—The third annual tournament given by the Johnstown Gun Club began Tuesday and is concluded to-day.

WAYNE VS. WINGOHOCKING.—Germantown, July 23.—The Wingohocking Club had the pleasure of meeting the Wayne Gun Club this afternoon in a friendly contest (15 clay pigeons per man; 3 traps, 18yds. rise), on the grounds of the former at Germantown. It rained most of the afternoon and sometimes so hard as to almost obscure the flights and make it very hard shooting; some of the shooters had umbrellas held over them while shooting. The Wayne boys made a very good score considering the bad birds and that it was the first time most of them had faced 5 traps; most of the birds flew very low:

Wingonocking Club.		Wayne Club.	
Wm Garvin	110011101111111—12	H P Kane	110001100101111— 9
Ben Royds	101111111101111—13	A Clifford	000010000100000— 2
Wm Jay	011113101100000— 8	Thos Scargle	000110101011000— 6
G Lawrence	111111111111115—15	E Handsberry	011000101011111— 9
E M Gordon	010101110101111—10	G Harris	111111000001111—10
A Engard	011111000000011— 8	J W Sidle	110001010001111— 8
N McGowan	003100111111100— 8	C Briney	111010010100001— 8
W Brokaw	111001001111110—10	H Graham	110001110111111—11
Jos Thurmann	101000010110111— 8	J Jackson	001000000100001— 3
T Greenwood	101001100000101— 6	G Moore	100010000101101— 6
Theo Mitcher	101100001000010— 5	G Scargle	110010110111010— 9
F W Henson	001000100100011— 5	Wm Allery	000010100000111— 5
Frank Kuhn	101100100011011— 8	F Hessler	111001100100110— 8
W Greenwood	100111101011001—10	S Davis	000000000000000— 0
H Thurman	111111011111111—14	Gus Hessler	111001111111113—13
	140		106

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 17.—Lincoln Gun Club. Cold, foggy weather, wind blowing very hard, was reason for poor shooting. Match at clay pigeons, five traps, 18yds. rise. (Burns, Elder and Parks 21yds.) Shot under National rules. Gold medal prizes. First class:

Dunshee	101001110101101— 9	Elder	010000100010000— 3
Schlendel	000010000000100— 2	C H Cate	111111100010000—10
Burns	010011111001100— 9	Lee	101010010011001— 7
Ford	110100000000010— 4	Richter	111000010000111— 7
Potter	010101110100100— 7	Parks	010110111110101—10
			68

Ties three pair, double, birds:

C. H. Cate	10 11 11—5	Parks	10 11 01—4

C. H. Cate takes medal for one month only. Second class, same conditions:

Wenzel	000101101000111— 7	Bovee	010010000111110— 7
Holmes	110110110010101— 9	Brown	000111000000110— 6
Karney	111010001010011— 8	Horber	110000000000010— 3
F L Cate	001010000000110— 4	Quinton	010010010010000— 4
			48

Holmes takes medal for one month only (the second time).

WINCHENDON, Mass., July 22.—The Winchendon Gun Club entertained the Fitchburg Gun Club this week. Each man possible 15 clay pigeons:

Fitchburg.		Winchendon.	
Putnam	111111001111111—13	Dr H G Henry	100111111111113—13
Weymouth	111111101010111—13	J Sutherland	110111000110111—10
Burbank	111111101111101—13	A H Felch	111011010010101— 9
Cummings	011011011111111—12	H M Eaton	011110101101100— 9
Dodge	110101111101111—12	H J Lawrence	011100110000111— 7
Colony	111111000011111—11	F F Hapgood	100010011010101— 7
Mackay	110111001111101—11	P S Davis	101010101010000— 7
Baker	111010111010101—10	F M Whitney	011001100001[illegible]— 5
Harris	111111011010100— 9	A O Lawrence	010001001101001— 6
Spencer	000101010101011— 7	F E Mann	011010000100100— 5
	111		79

MILFORD, Mass., July 21.—At the last meet of the Milford Sportsmen Club they had present sportsmen from West Medway. They had six events, the first, fourth and fifth were at 5 clay-pigeons, the others were at 5 blackbirds. The totals were as follows:

Warren	4 5 5 5 2 4	G Whitney	3 4 3 5 2 2
Smith	4 4 2 4 2 3	Desmond	3 4 4 2 3
Fletcher	3 4 5 2 2 4	C Whitney	2 3 4 3 4 4

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17.—The traps at Birds Point were faced to-day by John Kerrigan and Pete Walsh. The match, arranged for 50 birds at 30yds. rise, $150 a side, was not remarkable for fine shooting by either men. Kerrigan from the start had the best birds and did not hesitate to drop them almost as quickly as trapped. His second barrel did not figure as prominently as usual. For Walsh "tailers" were trapped in abundance, and he got but very few easy birds. Following is the score:

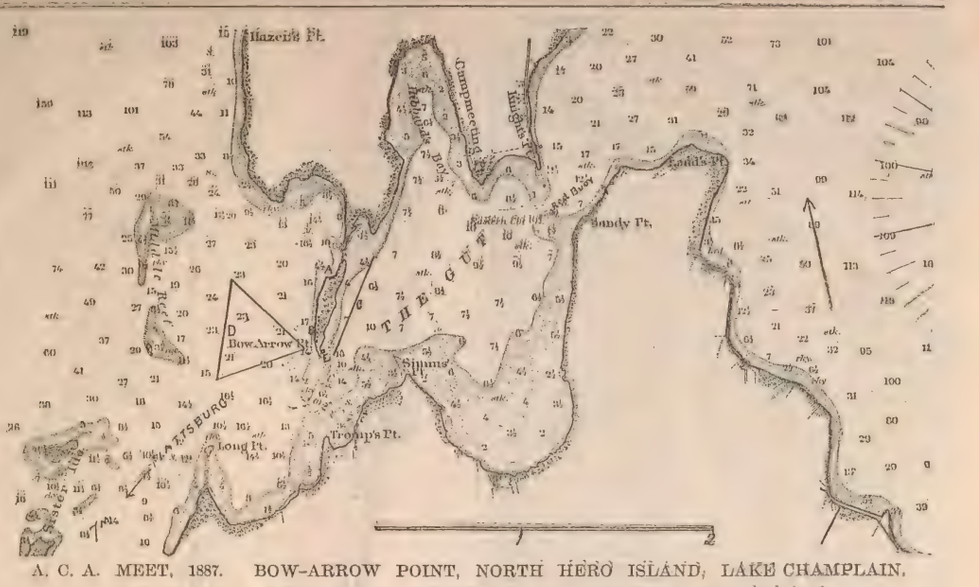
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Both men have agreed to shoot another match in the near future.

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A—Squaw Point. *B*—Main Camp. *C*—Paddling Course. *D*—Sailing Course. *E*—Wharf.

Canoeing.

TRANSPORTATION TO BOW-ARROW POINT.

THE Committee on Transportation have made the following report:

Commodore R. J. Wilkin, A. C. A.:

Your committee having in charge the matter of transportation have to report that owing to the non-receipt of any response to our request for special rates from many routes, our work is not so complete as we desired. However, the following arrangements have been made:

The steamer Maquam, Capt. Hawley, plying between Plattsburg and Maquam, will touch at the camp each trip, fare, 25c., baggage and canoe free.

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Trusting that the above arrangements may be of benefit to our members, and be the means of a large attendance at Bow-Arrow,

We are yours fraternally,

J. B. McMURRICH,
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OSWEGO, N. Y., July 25, 1887.

W. C. A. MEET, BALLAST ISLAND.

IT had been a very hot week in New York. Sunday, July 17, was a scorcher, tempered partly by two rain squalls, and Monday was not much better. As the 6 P. M. Western express rounded the curve at Spuyten Duyvil and rolled along the shore of the Hudson, a very cool and delightful north wind was felt—a good wholesail breeze, as the downward-bound schooners and sloops testified by the "bones in their teeth." With the cool breeze, "Rider Haggard" and "Allan Quatermain," the lucky canoeist who was off for a vacation, spent a delightful evening, and was quite ready to turn into his "lower" when the train reached Albany. He found himself in Buffalo when he awoke. Breakfast in the dining-room car, from a window of which the green waters of Lake Erie could be seen for miles east, west and north, was a mentally and bodily-filling meal. It was nearly 1 o'clock when the train stopped at Sandusky and dropped the canoeist—a veritable hot cake and a Jabberwock. He expected to meet at the station the Jabber (Geo. A. Warder, the first member and the founder of the Jabberwock C. C.), but he didn't, the Alaska from Ballast Island not having arrived. When she did get in, at 2:30, the Jabber appeared, "the observed of all observers" and the girls, in a creamy flannel suit and white Tam. The two canoeists looked about Sandusky for an hour and then embarked on the Alaska for Ballast Island, where they arrived at 7 o'clock, having dropped from the gangway of the steamer into a rowboat pulled out to meet them as the Alaska went by the canoe camp. The Jabberwock's steward called all to supper just as the rowboat touched the island, so the tired traveler made up his mind to attend to business first and pleasure afterward.

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The first and second meets of the W. C. A. were held at Ballast Island had proved so successful (from the location point of view especially) that it was decided to meet at the same place this year. The island is the property of the Ballast Island Club, of Cleveland, Ohio—Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, Gen. James Barnett, John B. Smith, W. H. Corning and C. A. Brayton, and these gentlemen are all honorary members of the W. C. A., and the only ones. The club gives the use of the island to the association for the two weeks meet rent free. The island contains about fifty acres of land. The steamboat wharf is on the sheltered side toward Put-in-Bay—the western side—and near it is Commodore Gardner's cottage. There are several cottages along the northern and eastern shores of the island. The occupants of the cottages all take their meals at Ward's, a large dining hall on the east side of the island. The hall is owned by the club but run by Mr. Ward, who pays no rent and furnishes board for a nominal price. Many of the canoeists took their meals at Ward's, a few did their own cooking, and the rest had club stewards who attended to the cooking and providing department. A large ice house on the western side of the island, one compartment of which was empty, made an excellent shelter for canoes, sails, cushions, etc., the landing stages being directly in front of it and on the most sheltered side of the island. Surf continually breaks against the bold rocks on the northern and eastern shores of Ballast, but the western shore is low and the water usually quiet, making canoe landing easy.

Among the cottagers are Mrs. Gardner and her party, three young ladies of which are active members of the W. C. A., Miss Gardner, Miss Huntington and Miss Holland. With Commodore Ellard are Mrs. and Miss Ellard. Ex-Gov. J. D. Cox occupies a cottage with his party, including his son Kenyon Cox, the artist. Mr. Cox, Sr. was much interested in the races and acted as timekeeper for many of them. Cleveland, Cincinnati and Sandusky people were coming and going daily, and the little boat running between the island and Put-in-Bay brought many day visitors.

The prize flags were presented by the lady friends of members of the association. Many of them were quite original in design, and all were pretty. Sixty members of the association were present and about forty canoes. The clubs represented were: Cincinnati, Tippy and Kenwood (of Chicago), Sandusky, Cleveland, Toronto (Can.), Bay City (Mich.), Fremont, Stillwater, Ruckawa (Dayton), Jabberwock, Oakland (Cal.), New York and Knickerbocker. The tents of the canoe camp were pitched on the southern slope of the island among the trees, and but a few rods from the ice house and landing stages, but quite a distance from the cottages, so the canoeists were not expected to be on their very best behavior all the time. The cottages made a very excellent substitute for Squaw Point, as established at the A. C. A. meet.

G. Harry Gardner, of the regatta committee, arrived at Ballast early in the week previous to that of the meet, and buoyed the courses, which had previously been laid out. Lane Lockwood, Wm. Ford (Sandusky), C. J. Bousfield (Bay City), and G. Harry Gardner, the regatta committee, were all present at the meet. C. F. Pennewell, of Cleveland, was superintendent of camp and an early arrival. Geo. Warder was the forerunner of the Jabberwocks and pitched their tents the Thursday before the formal opening. The members from Cleveland put in an appearance Friday; Cincinnati and Chicago came in a body Sunday. The meet was fairly opened on Monday with Com. Geo. B. Ellard as the presiding officer and his subordinate officers all present. The event of the day was a cruise to Put-in-Bay and a dinner at the Toledo Club House. The fleet included eighteen canoes. By Tuesday the campers had pretty well shaken themselves down and felt at home with everything shipshape. T. J. Kirkpatrick, a Jabberwock from Springfield, O., and the president of the League of American Wheelmen, together with his wife and little daughter Hazel—the favorite of the camp—occupied a tent under the flag of the Jabberwocks—a large silk banner with the Jabberwock himself beautifully worked upon it in red and black worsted. The tents of the other club members were grouped around the flag pole. Geo. Warder occupied a large A tent, and with him as his guests were W. W. Blow, of Oakland, Cal., and C. B. Vaux, of New York, both minus their canoes, of course. Mr. Blow had taken a journey of eight days to reach camp, coming by way of Puget Sound, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, through Winnipeg and thus to Chicago. He arrived Wednesday morning, the 20th, just as the first race was being started. California had never before been represented at a canoe meet, but Mr. Blow thinks it will be again, and soon. Messrs. Leys and Jaques came from Toronto and brought their canoes with them to enter the races.

Commodore Ellard reviewed the fleet on Tuesday, thirty canoes sailing in the squadron, and a pretty sight it was, at least all the visitors and cottagers thought so, for they were very demonstrative in their expression of delight and appreciation.

Early on Monday afternoon, when there was more than half a gale of wind blowing and a big sea running out in the "open," the campers made out two canoe sails in the direction of Kelly's Island, evidently coming toward Ballast. No little astonishment was expressed that any one could have the pluck to sail on the open lake in such weather, and great was the desire to make out who the canoeists were. Glasses were levelled at the white specks, and finally the sharpest pair of eyes picked up the numbers on the sails, 125 and 127. No one knew to whom these numbers belonged, so a grand rush was made for the association books with members' lists. 125 was J. R. Bartlett and 127 was Andrew Moos, both of Fremont, Ohio. This did not greatly help matters, as no one present knew either of the gentlemen. Every canoeist in camp made a break for the landing as the canoeists came nearer, and just as they rounded the point and ran under the lee of the island some one shouted out, "What's the matter with Bartlett?" The entire party joined in the answer, as is usual in such cases, and chorused at the top of their voices, "Oh! he's all right," and then the same thing was repeated for 127, and the hardy canoeists came alongside the staging—and true canoeists they were. Captain Bartlett is an elderly man weighing considerably over 200lbs., but having a splendid figure and physique, and gray hair; Mr. Moos is younger and of lighter build.

"Where did you cruise from?"

"Left Fremont yesterday, took in twenty miles of river and twenty more of bay and brought up at Sandusky about 2 o'clock. Sailed from there this morning and reeled off another twenty on the lake; and here we are, come down to see what a canoe meet is like and if you are going to give the old fellows a chance. Wet? Well, a little; you see we got into a good bit of a sea coming across. Do anything for us? Yes; show us where to pitch a tent; we've got everything aboard, pretty sizy canoes, you see, and they help a pile." And they did, twelve wheelbarrow loads. In less than an hour after landing the jolly captain and his mate were set up in A-tent up, mosquito netting under the flaps, cots in position under it, carpet on the floor of the tent, small stove as a final beds made, fly spread out as a porch roof with a table and chairs under a tree in front with cooking utensils near it, so it could be touch of civilization a cuspidor was placed and 127 were "at home" to everybody.

That makes an old canoeist from the start did not hesitate to drop them almost as quickly as trapped. His second barrel did not figure as prominently as usual. For Walsh "tailers" were trapped in abundance, and he got but very few easy birds. Following is the score:

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The first and second meets of the W. C. A. were held at Ballast Island had proved so successful (from the location point of view especially) that it was decided to meet at the same place this year. The island is the property of the Ballast Island Club, of Cleveland, Ohio—Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, Gen. James Barnett, John B. Smith, W. H. Corning and C. A. Brayton, and these gentlemen are all honorary members of the W. C. A., and the only ones. The club gives the use of the island to the association for the two weeks meet rent free. The island contains about fifty acres of land. The steamboat wharf is on the sheltered side toward Put-in-Bay—the western side—and near it is Commodore Gardner's cottage. There are several cottages along the northern and eastern shores of the island. The occupants of the cottages all take their meals at Ward's, a large dining hall on the east side of the island. The hall is owned by the club but run by Mr. Ward, who pays no rent and furnishes board for a nominal price. Many of the canoeists took their meals at Ward's, a few did their own cooking, and the rest had club stewards who attended to the cooking and providing department. A large ice house on the western side of the island, one compartment of which was empty, made an excellent shelter for canoes, sails, cushions, etc., the landing stages being directly in front of it and on the most sheltered side of the island. Surf continually breaks against the bold rocks on the northern and eastern shores of Ballast, but the western shore is low and the water usually quiet, making canoe landing easy.

Among the cottagers are Mrs. Gardner and her party, three young ladies of which are active members of the W. C. A., Miss Gardner, Miss Huntington and Miss Holland. With Commodore Ellard are Mrs. and Miss Ellard. Ex-Gov. J. D. Cox occupies a cottage with his party, including his son Kenyon Cox, the artist. Mr. Cox, Sr. was much interested in the races and acted as timekeeper for many of them. Cleveland, Cincinnati and Sandusky people were coming and going daily, and the little boat running between the island and Put-in-Bay brought many day visitors.

The prize flags were presented by the lady friends of members of the association. Many of them were quite original in design, and all were pretty. Sixty members of the association were present and about forty canoes. The clubs represented were: Cincinnati, Tippy and Kenwood (of Chicago), Sandusky, Cleveland, Toronto (Can.), Bay City (Mich.), Fremont, Stillwater, Ruckawa (Dayton), Jabberwock, Oakland (Cal.), New York and Knickerbocker. The tents of the canoe camp were pitched on the southern slope of the island among the trees, and but a few rods from the ice house and landing stages, but quite a distance from the cottages, so the canoeists were not expected to be on their very best behavior all the time. The cottages made a very excellent substitute for Squaw Point, as established at the A. C. A. meet.

G. Harry Gardner, of the regatta committee, arrived at Ballast early in the week previous to that of the meet, and buoyed the courses, which had previously been laid out. Lane Lockwood, Wm. Ford (Sandusky), C. J. Bousfield (Bay City), and G. Harry Gardner, the regatta committee, were all present at the meet. C. F. Pennewell, of Cleveland, was superintendent of camp and an early arrival. Geo. Warder was the forerunner of the Jabberwocks and pitched their tents the Thursday before the formal opening. The members from Cleveland put in an appearance Friday; Cincinnati and Chicago came in a body Sunday. The meet was fairly opened on Monday with Com. Geo. B. Ellard as the presiding officer and his subordinate officers all present. The event of the day was a cruise to Put-in-Bay and a dinner at the Toledo Club House. The fleet included eighteen canoes. By Tuesday the campers had pretty well shaken themselves down and felt at home with everything shipshape. T. J. Kirkpatrick, a Jabberwock from Springfield, O., and the president of the League of American Wheelmen, together with his wife and little daughter Hazel—the favorite of the camp—occupied a tent under the flag of the Jabberwocks—a large silk banner with the Jabberwock himself beautifully worked upon it in red and black worsted. The tents of the other club members were grouped around the flag pole. Geo. Warder occupied a large A tent, and with him as his guests were W. W. Blow, of Oakland, Cal., and C. B. Vaux, of New York, both minus their canoes, of course. Mr. Blow had taken a journey of eight days to reach camp, coming by way of Puget Sound, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, through Winnipeg and thus to Chicago. He arrived Wednesday morning, the 20th, just as the first race was being started. California had never before been represented at a canoe meet, but Mr. Blow thinks it will be again, and soon. Messrs. Leys and Jaques came from Toronto and brought their canoes with them to enter the races.

Commodore Ellard reviewed the fleet on Tuesday, thirty canoes sailing in the squadron, and a pretty sight it was, at least all the visitors and cottagers thought so, for they were very demonstrative in their expression of delight and appreciation.

Early on Monday afternoon, when there was more than half a gale of wind blowing and a big sea running out in the "open," the campers made out two canoe sails in the direction of Kelly's Island, evidently coming toward Ballast. No little astonishment was expressed that any one could have the pluck to sail on the open lake in such weather, and great was the desire to make out who the canoeists were. Glasses were levelled at the white specks, and finally the sharpest pair of eyes picked up the numbers on the sails, 125 and 127. No one knew to whom these numbers belonged, so a grand rush was made for the association books with members' lists. 125 was J. R. Bartlett and 127 was Andrew Moos, both of Fremont, Ohio. This did not greatly help matters, as no one present knew either of the gentlemen. Every canoeist in camp made a break for the landing as the canoeists came nearer, and just as they rounded the point and ran under the lee of the island some one shouted out, "What's the matter with Bartlett?" The entire party joined in the answer, as is usual in such cases, and chorused at the top of their voices, "Oh! he's all right," and then the same thing was repeated for 127, and the hardy canoeists came alongside the staging—and true canoeists they were. Captain Bartlett is an elderly man weighing considerably over 200lbs., but having a splendid figure and physique, and gray hair; Mr. Moos is younger and of lighter build.

"Where did you cruise from?"

"Left Fremont yesterday, took in twenty miles of river and twenty more of bay and brought up at Sandusky about 2 o'clock. Sailed from there this morning and reeled off another twenty on the lake; and here we are, come down to see what a canoe meet is like and if you are going to give the old fellows a chance. Wet? Well, a little; you see we got into a good bit of a sea coming across. Do anything for us? Yes; show us where to pitch a tent; we've got everything aboard, pretty sizy canoes, you see, and they help a pile." And they did, twelve wheelbarrow loads. In less than an hour after landing the jolly captain and his mate were set up in A-tent up, mosquito netting under the flaps, cots in position under it, carpet on the floor of the tent, small stove as a final beds made, fly spread out as a porch roof with a table and chairs under a tree in front with cooking utensils near it, so it could be touch of civilization a cuspidor was placed and 127 were "at home" to everybody.

That makes an old canoeist from the start did not hesitate to drop them almost as quickly as trapped. His second barrel did not figure as pr

The ice house was a scene of bustle early Wednesday morning, as nearly every one desired to enter for the first event. Grand opening, sailing, 3 miles, twice around the half mile side triangle, open to all canoes, no limit to ballast, hull or rig. The day was clear and warm with a light breeze blowing, not strong enough to kick up any sea. Twenty-seven canoes entered and started, thirteen finished. The Nethla, a canoe quite similar to Lassie, was loaned to Mr. Vaux to sail in and he was allowed to sail in the race as a test of speed, his position at the finish not being officially counted as he was not in his own canoe.

The races are given in the order in which they were called, and not as they appeared on the programme. The first race was started at 9:50 A. M.:

	Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time. M. S.
1.	N. B. Cook	138	Kenwood	45 30
	C. B. Vaux	Nethla	N. Y. C. C.	50 15
2.	W. A. Leys	Dawn	Toronto	52 00
3.	B. W. Wood	Vitum	Tippy	52 30
4.	J. O. Shiras	Albatross	Cincinnati	53 00
5.	D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	Toronto	54 30
6.	A. W. Kitchen	53	Tippy	55 00
7.	R. P. McCune	Kabeyum	Tippy	55 08
8.	C. J. Bousfield	Peggy	Bay City	57 15
9.	Geo. B. Ellard	Kelpie	Cincinnati	61 00
10.	C. W. Lee	Dolphin	Tippy	62 00
11.	J. R. Bartlett	Emma	Fremont	62 45
12.	H. Theabalt	120	Stillwater	64 45
13.	D. W. Ruff	Zerubbabel	Sandusky	65 00
	C. F. Latham	Lorna Doone	Tippy	Did not finish.
	W. D. Bruce	Kid	Cincinnati	Did not finish.
	H. D. Crane	Laura	Cincinnati	Did not finish.
	G. C. Messer	Kathryn	Tippy	Did not finish.
	A. Moos	127	Fremont	Did not finish.
	T. P. Gaddis	Siren	Ruckawa	Did not finish.
	C. F. Pennewell	Algonquin	Cleveland	Did not finish.
	G. M. Clark	Ada L.	Cincinnati	Did not finish.
	C. W. Schaeffer	123	Stillwater	Did not finish.
	C. J. Stedman	Janet	Cincinnati	Did not finish.
	G. Hessert	Undine	Tippy	Did not finish.
	O. A. Woodruff	Jauty	Ruckawa	Did not finish.
	E. M. Johnson	Cora	Sandusky	Did not finish.

The starting line for the sailing races was too short to allow so large a fleet to get an even start, yet the canoes got off well together, the windward boats having the advantage, as they were able to make the first flag on one tack, while the others were obliged to make three to clear it. Cook got a good start and sailed the entire race making a side of the triangle in one leg every time. On the first round Nethla was blanketed badly at the start and had to make three tacks to clear the flag, giving Cook a good lead. The wind held steady all through, though light.

Race No. 6 was called as soon as all the canoes in Event 1 returned. Paddling, Class I., one mile—half mile and turn.

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	Toronto	10 52
John Dover	121	Stillwater	11 03
G. C. Schaeffer	123	Stillwater	11 30

Directly after this race Event No. 5 was called. Paddling, Class III., half a mile. It was started at 12:05:25.

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
A. M. Kitchen	53	Tippy	5 03
R. P. McCune	Idler	Tippy	5 08
G. Hessert	Undine	Tippy	5 20
C. J. Bousfield	Peggy	Bay City	

By this time the breeze had almost died away and the heat was too great to make paddling agreeable, so the races were postponed till evening, and everybody rushed for shade and dinner.

The annual business meeting was announced for 3 P. M., to gather under the Jabberwock flag. Commodore Geo. B. Ellard called the meeting to order, and Secretary Shiras read the minutes of previous meeting and also a treasury report. The association is free from debt and has a substantial balance in the treasury. The letter from the A. C. A. asking the W. C. A. to join it as a division was discussed, and the question "Shall the W. C. A. join the A. C. A. and become the Western Division?" was put to vote—35 no to 11 yes was announced by the tellers as the result. The W. C. A. therefore remains independent of the A. C. A. The secretary was instructed to formally notified the secretary of the A. C. A. of the result of the ballot. The officers for 1888 were then elected, as follows:

Commodore—C. F. Latham, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—J. R. Bartlettt. Fremont, O.
Rear Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Secretary—George A. Warder, Springfield, O.
Executive Committee—Harry Hodge, C. F. Pennewell and C. J. Bousfield.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Ballast Island Club for courtesies shown the Association, and to the lady friends of members who had made the prize flags. The meeting then adjourned.

After supper, in the cool of the evening, before dark, two paddling races were called.

Event 11—Paddling, Class IV., half-mile straightaway. Started at 7:16:15:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
W. A. Leys	Dream	Toronto	4 55
R. P. McCune	Kabeyum	Tippy	4 59
G. Hessert	Undine	Tippy	

Event 4—Paddling, Class II., one mile with turn. Started at 7:49:30:

C. L. Rest	No name	Stillwater	9 55
H. G. Hodge	124	Stillwater	10 15
L. H. Vinson	122	Stillwater	
R. Dewese	No name	Stillwater	
F. W. Keith	Psyche	Cleveland	

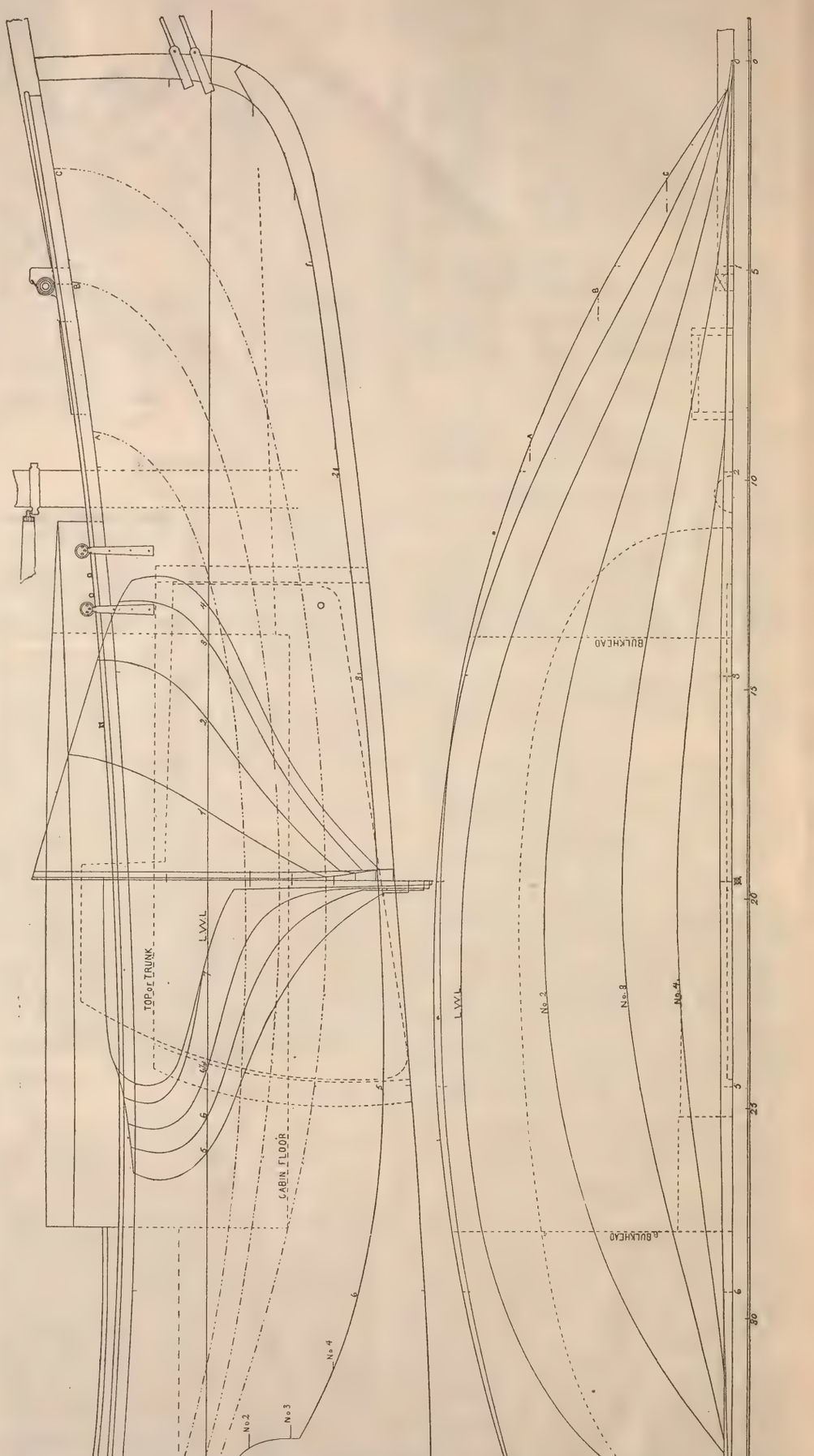
This wound up the racing for the first day.

SAGAMORE C. C., LYNN, MASS.—The Sagamore C. C. have held the following races this month: The Fourth of July races were for prizes given by the city, and were as follows: Sailing—First prize, silver water pitcher; second prize, silver cup. Paddling—First prize, pair silver vases; second prize, silver medal. Tandem paddling—First prizes, two pairs silver goblets; second prizes, two silver medals. The winners are as follows: Sailing—J. E. Raymond in the Loyola took first prize, with F. E. Passmore in the Ibis second. Paddling—Triton, F. I. Pettingell, first; Curfew, E. Bellatty, second. Tandem paddling—J. Campbell and F. I. Pettingell in the Triton took first; E. Bellatty and F. E. Passmore in a Peterborough second. A gale of wind was blowing during the races, which made fast time out of the question. In the sailing race, each man being afraid of the others, no discretion was used in reg rd to sail, and as a result five out of nine starters capsized before the finish. The Triton is a light canvas canoe, 16ft.×26in., with a light deck and centerboard, and that alone accounts for her winning the two paddling races, all of the others being heavy canoes, built for sailing. The Curfew was the first to finish in the sailing race, but was ruled out for crossing the line outside of the judges' boat at the start. A canoe capsized under her lee, and her captain, not having room to clear her without going about, took the only chance he thought of, and as a result lost the race. A race for the club pennant, held by the Curfew, was sailed over the club course of three miles on July 10, with the following results: Curfew first, Chrystal second, Wenuchus third. The first of a series of six sailing races was held by the club on July 16. The wind was very light and no time was taken. The winners were: Curfew first, Ibis second, Loyola third. These races are for three prizes, the one winning the most to take first, the next the second, and the next third. This race also included the club pennant, which is a perpetual challenge trophy, and has been held by the Curfew since October, 1886. Most of the members are taking more interest than ever in canoeing, and are busy making new sails and rigs. The only difficulty that we labor under is the lack of wealth to experiment as much as we would like; yet for home talent we can display as good a fleet as any club in the country. Every effort will be made to secure a good representation at the A. C. A. meet at Bow Arrow Point in August.—WHITE WINGS.

A. C. A. CENTRAL DIVISION, Albany, July 23.—The general business meeting of the Central Division will be held at the A. C. A. camp on Thursday, August 25, at 10 A. M., (or at such other time as the officers in charge may announce). The nominating committee for officers for the ensuing year will meet on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, and will report to the Division meeting as above. It is desirable that the officers be elected before the A. C. A. meet is called on Friday following.—R. W. GIBSON, Vice-Com. Central Division.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP, Trenton, N. J., July 25.—A. C. A. applications to date: Joseph E. Hill, Boston, Mass.; Webster Spencer, Springfield; Joseph E. Hill, Boston, Mass.; Webster T. Bell, Hudson, N. Mass.; J. B. Shea, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Philip ——. WM. M. CARTER, Sec'y.

SINCE ladies have been accustomed to use Glenn's Sulphur Soap in their toilet their personal attractions have been multiplied, and it is seldom they are seen disfigured with blotches and pimples, or rough or coarse skin. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, black or brown, 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.—*Adv.*



AMERICAN CENTERBOARD SLOOP "SHADOW."



SAIL PLAN OF "SHADOW."

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

AUGUST.

1. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
1. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Charlotte, N. Y.
2. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
3. New York Cruise.
4. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Oswego.
6. Beverly, Cham.,Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
6. Monatiquot, 2d cham., Weymouth.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
8. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Kingston, Ont.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
10. Pleon, Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
11. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Belleville.
12. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
14-29. Quaker City, Cruise,Chesapeake Bay.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
16-17. Halifax Jubilee Regatta.
17. Monatiquot, Cham., Weymouth.
18. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
24. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
25. Bar Harbor Open, Bar Harbor.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
27. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. LarchmontFall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
3. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
7. Pleon, Sail Off, Marblehead.
8. Quincy, 3d Championship.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblenead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
10. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
11. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
17. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
21. Pleon, Sweepstakes, Marblehead.
24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

SHADOW.

OF late years the name of Herreshoff has been so closely associated with steam that the earlier successes of the firm are little thought of, but none of the latter efforts of the famous brothers have brought more fame, nor more deservedly, than the yacht Shadow, whose lines, never before published, we give herewith. Built in 1871, she is still in the racing after seventeen years, during which time she has fully proved her superiority to all the centerboard boats of her class, while to-day, when the American centerboard sloop has disappeared from racing, Shadow alone remains to represent the type. Why she has held the first place for so long, and why she still is in the racing, when the rest have withdrawn in favor of more modern craft, are questions of the greatest interest, but the answer to both is evident on an inspection of the lines. Speaking broadly to-day, when all minor distinctions have disappeared in the great issue of sloop vs. cutter, Shadow may be taken as a typical American sloop; but if we look into her characteristics more closely and compare her with the best boats of her day, the sloop of fifteen years since, the great difference between them is apparent. The draft for a yacht of Shadow's length at that time was about 3ft. or 3ft. 6in., while the leading characteristics were shoal body, moderate deadrise and a hard bilge. In marked opposition to these are the distinctive features of Shadow, an extreme draft of 5ft. 4in., a great proportionate depth of body, a large angle of deadrise and a light bilge, while her lead ballast stowed close to the skin was very much lower than in the flatter boats. With this strong combination of inital elements selected the builders added their skill and knowledge in arranging all minor details of the design, so that the boat was not only of a far more advanced type, but she realized more fully the inherent advantages of her type. Her large area of load water plane, great depth of body and the consequent low position of her ballast and high center of buoyancy insured a maximum of stability, while the form itself is easy with fair waterlines and a clean run on the buttock lines.

DIMENSIONS AND ELEMENTS OF SHADOW.

Length over all	37ft. 1in.
Length l.w.l.	34ft. 2in.
Beam, extreme	14ft. 4in.
Beam l.w.l.	13ft. 1in.
Draft, extreme	5ft. 4in.
Draft with board	12ft.
Displacement tons, short	15.6 tons.
Ballast inside, tons, short	5.5 tons.
Load water plane, area	301 sq. ft.
Midship section, area	24.53sq. ft.
C.B. from stem	19.42ft.
C.E. from stem	19ft.
Mast from stem	10ft. 3½in.
Mast, deck to hounds	34ft. 6in.
Mast, diameter at deck	10½in.
Mast head	4ft. 6in.
Topmast, fid to sheave	18ft.
Boom	40ft.
Gaff	22ft. 6in.
Bowsprit, outboard	18ft.
Topsail yards	27 and 20ft.
Area of mainsail	984sq. ft.
Area of jib	358sq. ft.
Area of working topsail	162sq. ft.
Area of club topsail	342sq. ft.
Area of jib topsail	370sq. ft.
Area of lower sails	1342sq. ft.

While her record entitles her to be called a racing boat, Shadow has been used by all her owners as a cruising craft, and she has good accommodations for a boat of her type. The cabin is large, with double berths on the two lockers and about 5ft. 6in. headroom. The centerboard rises through the trunk as shown, the opening being closed by a hinged lid when the board is lowered. The galley is fairly roomy, though of course lacking in the matter of height. There is a large cockpit aft, the steering being done with a wheel. The rig is that of a sloop with single jib, a storm jib being set on a shifting stay, set up at will to the eye on the band of the preventer bobstay. The jib sheets lead from an eyebolt between the shrouds, through block on jib, then through fairleader on rail, as shown, and to cleat aft. The present topmast houses and is rather long for the old sloop rig, but in other respects there is little departure from it. It would be interesting to know all the influences that worked on the builders to produce a boat so different from the majority at that time, but the accounts all vary. At any rate they produced a boat that was not only better than any of her contemporaries, but that has held her racing life after the others have ended theirs and withdrawn from the contest. Shadow was built at Bristol, R. I., in 1871, for Dr. E. R. Sisson, of New Bedford. He sold her to Mr. C. S. Randall of the same city, who in turn disposed of her to Mr. Tucker Daland. For the past dozen years she has been owned by Dr. John Bryant, of Boston, a member of the E. Y. C. who, with other amateurs, has sailed her in most of the races open to her during that time. Her skipper for some years has been Capt. Aubrey Crocker, of Puritan fame, and to his skill and care a part of her success is certainly due. Shadow enjoys the distinction of winning the only match lost by the cutter Madge, beating the latter in one race off Newport in 1881, and losing one race to her.

MONATIQUOT Y. C. FOURTH CLUB REGATTA, JULY 23.—A club race was sailed in place of the open race set for July 23. The courses were first and second classes 9 miles, third class 7 miles. Weather squally, rain and clear. Wind S.W., heavy. Tide quarter ebb at start.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 50 40	3 29 13	1 38 33	1 06 40
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.07	1 51 56	3 29 55	1 38 59	1 11 36
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	1 52 50	Did not finish.		

SECOND CLASS.

Diadem, L. Hayward	18.06	1 55 14	3 48 12	1 52 58	1 15 48
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.06	1 55 30	3 48 00	1 52 30	1 17 15
Snarleyow,GMaybury	18.00	1 58 27	4 01 32	2 03 05	1 25 40
Maud, G. M. Lincoln	19.02	1 57 52	4 00 32	2 02 40	1 26 54
Hester, P. Blackmar	19.07	1 55 34	4 00 50	2 04 56	1 28 47
Spray, C. F. White	19.03	1 56 33	4 07 20	2 50 47	2 15 05
Spider, A. E. Pratt	19.02	1 56 22	4 07 24	2 51 02	2 15 55

No third class started. First prize, class one, Posy; class two, Diadem. Second prize, class one, Folly; class two, Tartar. Third prize, class two, Snarleyow. Secret broke her gaff on third leg of course, Spray carried away bowsprit. Regatta committee: T. D. Bagley, A. W. Blanchard, G. W. Bicknell, C. F. Colby, R. G. Hunt, C. G. Sheppard. Judges: T. D. Bagley, Henry Gardner.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—A regatta will be sailed on July 30 and another on Aug. 27, open to club yachts only.

HALIFAX JUBILEE REGATTA.

THE following invitation has been sent out by the R. N. S. Y. S.:

Halifax, N. S.—I have the pleasure to send you herewith the official programme of the yacht races to be sailed here on Aug. 16, 17 and 18, together with form of entry. The above dates have been fixed upon with the view of enabling yacht owners to be back in New York waters in ample time for the trial races. The fixtures immediately preceding the Jubilee regatta here are: The N. Y. Y. C. cruise, Aug. 3, the Goelet Cup races at Newport, Aug. 6 or 8, and the E. Y. C. regatta at Marblehead follow immediately after the Goelet cup races. Yachts may then sail directly for Halifax, take part in the regatta and other festivities here, and, if desired, touch at Bar Harbor on the return trip and race there on Aug. 25. A number of yacht owners in New York and Boston have already intimated their intention of cruising to Halifax, either to race for the prizes offered or to simply visit the port, and the officers and members of this squadron trust you will also decide to proceed to this port and join in what promises to be a notable reunion of American and British yachtsmen. The committee of this squadron have made arrangements to have letters and papers, addressed to yacht owners or their friends, delivered at the club rooms, and on the arrival of each yacht the squadron steam launch will meet her and put the mail on board. Letters, telegrams and papers should be directed to the care of the secretary R. N. S. Y. S. Competent pilots will be secured by the committee, and owners wishing to have their services will be able to obtain them by applying at the club rooms. Owners are requested on arrival to enter their names, and those of their friends on board, in the visitors' book in the club rooms, Halifax Hotel. The rooms are open to all visiting yacht owners and their friends. The club house of the Lorne Amateur Aquatic Club at Richmond, will, through the courtesy of the president and members of the club, be open to owners and their friends. Yachts' boats may land at H. M. Dockyard, at the Queen's Wharf, at the Royal Engineer's (lumber yard) Wharf. The latter is the rendezvous of the R. N. S. Y. S. The appended extract from an interview with Mr. H. Marquand, schooner yacht Ruth, N. Y. Y. C., will no doubt prove of interest to you. "I think," he said, "it will be a good thing for our boats to come down here, as they will see what a pleasant cruise it is, and it will also be a good thing for Halifax. I might say that it is a very easy run down here in good weather. We came from Newport to our anchorage in 62 hours and had not a particle of fog, at least nothing to stop us. There is no trouble about getting here." I have to express the hope, on behalf of our citizens and yachtsmen, that you will do us the pleasure of visiting our port during the coming regatta week, and to tender you the courtesies of the squadron during your stay here. I am, yours sincerely, H. M. WYLDE, Sec'y R. N. S. Y. S.

Notice of your intention to come would be considered a favor by the committee.

The programme is as follows:

First Day, Tuesday, Aug. 16.—No. 1, race open to all yachts. First prize, Jubilee Cup, presented by the citizens of Halifax, value $1,000. To be won by first yacht in saving her time. Second prize, $250, presented by residents of New York and Boston. To be won by first yacht of different rig from winner of Jubilee Cup, saving her time. Course—Starting from a line below George's Island, between flag buoy on western shore of the harbor and a steamer anchored three-quarters of a mile due east magnetic, thence to Inner Automatic Buoy (red) leaving buoy on port side, thence E.S.E. 9 miles to mark boat, leaving it on starboard hand, thence S.W. 9 miles to mark boat, leaving it on starboard hand, thence to Inner Automatic Buoy N. by W. 10 miles, leaving it on starboard hand, and finish off H. M. lumber yard. Total length, 41 miles, 7 cables. Flying start, 10:30 A. M. Rule of measurement, time allowance and sailing regulations of the New York Y. C.

Second Day, Wednesday, Aug. 17.—No. 1, race open to all yachts over 70ft. load waterline. First prize, cup presented by the Roya Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. To be won by first yacht in saving her time. Second prize, $100, presented by residents of New York and Boston, to be won by first yacht of different rig from winner of first prize, saving her time.

No. 2.—Race open to all yachts not exceeding 70ft. load water line. First prize—Cup, presented by A. B. Sheraton, Esq., of the Queen Hotel. To be won by first yacht in saving her time. Second prize—Cup, presented by the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. To be won by first yacht of different rig from winner of first prize, saving her time. Course, as on first day. Start, as on first day. Rulo of measurement, time allowance and sailing regulations of the New York Yacht Club.

Third Day.—Thursday, Aug. 18. No. 1.—Race open to yachts belonging to the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron only. First prize—Cup, presented by residents of New York and Boston. Value $600. Second prize—$60, presented by residents of New York and Boston. Course—Starting from H. M. lumber yard to flag buoy in Dartmouth Cove, thence to Mars Rock buoy, thence to flag buoy in Dartmouth Cove, thence to Mars Rock buoy and finish off H. M. lumber yard. Leaving all marks on starboard hand; 21 knots, 6 cables. Flying start, 10.30 A. M. The race will be sailed under the rules of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

The prizes, presented by residents of New York and Boston, were to have been raced for at Passamaquoddy Bay as a return compliment to the citizens of Halifax. The regatta at Passamaquoddy has been abandoned and the prizes offered for competition at Halifax. Sailing directions, charts of the course and distinguishing numbers will be handed to the owner of each yacht on her arrival at Halifax. Entries to be made on the inclosed form, addressed to the secretary of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, up to noon of Monday, Aug. 15. Entries by telegraph will be received up to that time.

VOLUNTEER.

THE trial trip of the Volunteer took place on Thursday last the yacht towing away from Lawley's in the afternoon and casting off from the tug when well out in Boston Harbor. Some trouble was met with in shipping the centreboard pin, but all was finally adjusted and she set her new canvas with a good southeast wind when once clear of the harbor. She sailed to Marblehead passing Bedouin on the way. On Friday there was a heavy rain in the morning, but at 2 P. M., Captain Haff had her again under way, running out under jib and setting her mainsail outside the harbor. She sailed all the afternoon, dropping Gen. Paine at Nahant and returning to Marblehead. On Saturday there was more rain and the yacht lay at anchor while her compasses were adjusted. On Sunday it was expected that she would try tacks with Priscilla, but the latter was under way quite early and was half a dozen miles distant before Gen. Paine was on board and the anchor up. Volunteer was sailed all day, returning to Marblehead at night. She will be sailed as much as possible this week, hauling out at Lockwood's to prepare for the Goelet Cup race, in which she will enter in spite of her new canvas. The trials thus far have given rise to much sage comment and have grown into victories over Priscilla and Bedouin; but the simple facts are that the new yacht has shown only good qualities, being evidently fast, quick in stays, and quite stiff. This in itself is a great deal, but there is much to be done in the way of trim, stretching sails and minor jobs, before she is in racing condition, and then she must sail beside one of her class before an accurate gauge of her position can be had. To compare her with Bedouin, a much smaller boat, or with Priscilla when the two have barely sailed in company, is absurd. The trials, however, seem to be perfectly satisfactory, and Mr. Burgess and Gen. Paine are to be congratulated on the success of their latest effort. On July 22 a slight mishap occurred, which was at once magnified into a serious disaster, the turnbuckle on the bobstay unscrewed, but it was noticed in time and no damage was done.

CAPSIZED CENTERBOARDS.—Sunday's list so far is not up to the average. One catboat upset off Fort Hamilton, the crew of two being picked up by a rowboat; an open boat capsized in the Narrows and the boy who was sailing picked up by two men in a rowboat, who barely reached him in time; and another catboat capsized in the same locality, the crew being picked up by a tug. The catboat Romana came to grief off Whitestone, and the two men on board were taken off by a tug.

THE PREVENTION OF COLLISIONS.—Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N., who will be in New York shortly on business connected with the Nicaragua Canal, has written to Com. Gerry expressing a desire to confer with yachtsmen over the best means of preventing collisions and also of saving life when collisions occur.

YORKVILLE Y. C.—The second pennant regatta of the Yorkville Y. C. was sailed from Oak Point to Fort Schuyler Buoy and return on July 24, in a good S.E. breeze. Six yachts started, but only Happy Thought covered the course, her time being 2h. 35m.

WORKING SLOOPS IN RARITAN BAY.—On July 23, the second annual regatta of the working sloops about Keyport, N. J., was sailed. Gracie won in 6h. 29m. 36s. elapsed time, with James Tuckwell second and Ida Virginia third.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—The second of a series of matches was sailed on July 22, Mystic winning by 8m. 37s., her competitor, Daisy, having won the first race of the series.

THE SHADOW TYPE OF SLOOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is certainly through no desire of mine that I am led into bothering your readers further with either the drubbing of cutters by sloops in so-called "cutter weather" or mere personal controversy with the editor as to whether I have or have not during seven years past believed in and consistently supported sloops of the Shadow type as opposed to the deep, narrow, lead-loaded cutter; but your somewhat unfair method of treating and commenting on my letter published by you last week compels a reply, otherwise, at some future date, you would probably be charging that "Mr. Clapham made no reply."

The fact is, that in my letter published in your paper of Oct. 14, 1886, I clearly proved my claim that, so far as type of model, depth and displacement were concerned, Puritan and Mayflower were only enlarged specimens of a type of sloop represented years before by such boats as Shadow, Sadie, Julia, Nepenthe, and, I might have added, Mr. J. R. Maxwell's original Daphne, also Vixen and others; but, as I remarked at the time, only one good example of an old-time sloop of great displacement compared to the "skimming dish" kind would be needed to prove my claim as made. Your remarks on my letter were not replied to, because I felt that enough had been said, and that those of your yachting readers who possessed common sense did not need to be treated like children. You now challenge the constancy of myself and others to the Shadow type of sloop during the past seven years. In reply, allow me to state that, on referring to my scrap book, I find that in *Brentano's Monthly Magazine*, dated, I believe, November, 1880, appeared an article by myself in which occur the following remarks: "Rig as you please, so that your canvas is properly balanced. Deepen the midship section a little if you like, without overdoing it. Even substitute a keel, approaching a centerboard in principle, if your water is deep enough, and you will never fail to vanquish the English type of cutter yacht so long as you retain the honest American bilge close to the top of the water."

Speaking of this reminds me to add that I have no desire to step on your pet keel, Mr. Editor. In fact, I advise you to use more keel, so that your very large and narrow cutters like Genesta and Galatea will do their sailing endways instead of sideways.

ROSLYN, L. I., July 22. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

THE SAILING OF THISTLE.

ON July 25 at 10 A. M. Thistle sailed from Gourock, Scotland, for New York, in command of Captain John Barr, with Captain Kerr, an old Atlantic sailor, as navigator. She will steer a northerly course, her night signals being a rocket and two blue lights, one at stem and one aft. She is under jury rig, short mast, topmast and bowsprit, gafftrysail with a boom, staysail, jib and gafftopsail. Her crew numbers 21. Her racing spars and sails will be shipped to New York by the Anchor Line. She may be expected about Aug. 15. Mr. and Mrs. James Bell, with Mr. Watson, will sail on Aug. 31 in the City of Rome, for New York. The members of the syndicate which built the yacht are John Clark, of Paisley, owner of the Mohican and Bessie; his brother, William Clark, of Paisley and Newark, N. J., part owner of Mohican; Andrew Coats, cutter Pansy; William Coats, lugger Hebe; James Coats, cutter Cruiser; Geo. Coats, cutter Nancy Lee; Robert Wylie; James Bell, schooner Amadine, and his brother William Bell.

The New York *Herald* this week repeats the absurd yarn which we have before denied about Mr. Watson spending three months in America studying the racing yachts, together with other fabulous information as to him giving his services freely, and also being aided by the syndicate as an advisory board. During Mr. Watson's stay of two weeks in America he did not see one of the four large yachts, and his aim thus far has been not to study the yachts that Thistle will meet, in order to beat them, but rather to so master the conditions, natural and artificial, under which the matches will be sailed, as to produce a fastest possible boat. He is paid for his design and superintendence of Thistle as every naval architect is for similar work, and as for the advice and experience of the syndicate, the members knew enough not to interfere, but gave Mr. Watson carte blanche as to design and details; an example which some syndicates on the other side of the water would have done well to follow. The general design was worked out by Mr. Watson and his aids before his visit to America and was shown to one or two reliable men at the time, but no design or model was ever submitted to the syndicate.

LAKE ONTARIO.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., July 23.—The Bay of Quinte Y. C. met on July 21 and arranged their prize list for the coming regatta as follows: Class A, $100 and champion flag, now held by Norah, to first, $50 to second. First class, $100 to first, $50 to second. Second class, $80 and champion flag, now held by Minnie A., to first, $40 to second. There will be no entrance fee, but 10 per cent. will be deducted from winners. Two to start or no race; three to start or no second prize. Open boats and yachts without fixed cabins barred. This is a good programme and ought to attract a large list of entries, but it is found that as ours is the last race of the circuit the number of competitors will be small. This was the case two years ago, when the B. Q. Y. C. races were at the foot of the list, but I hope for better things this year.

The club have decided to contribute $50 toward the purchase of trophies to be awarded by the association to the yachts which score the greatest number of points in their respective classes during the L. Y. R. A. circuit. It is probable that a local race for third class craft, including open boats, will be held later in the season. The Norah, which returned from her two weeks' cruise around Lake Ontario on Tuesday evening last, has realized the expectations of improvement which were founded on her recent alterations. She proved abler and stiffer than before, and as to her speed I need only state that she lugged 12 knots under lower canvas in a breeze in which she would have carried some of her kites if she had been racing.

Our club will be represented in the races at Toronto on Tuesday and Wednesday next by the Atalanta, in Class A, and the White Wings in the first class. I venture to predict that, bar accident, both will be winners if there is a breeze of fair sailing strength.

PORT TACK.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

A GOOD part of the fleet failed to get into harbor at New London on Tuesday night and anchored outside, but in the morning all were ready for the race to Shelter Island. The start was ordered for 12 M., but it was nearly half an hour later before the fleet was under way. The start was from off the Fort Griswold Hotel and the finish off Prospect House, Shelter Island. The wind was S.E. during the race, a good working breeze. The fleet was timed at the finish as follows:

Atlantic	12 34 55	3 09 33	2 34 58
Magic	12 21 05	3 09 18	2 48 13

CLASS B—SCHOONERS UNDER 75FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Southern Cross	12 24 00	4 10 33	3 45 33	3 45 33
Haze	12 24 35	3 31 05	3 06 30	3 05 28
Azalea	12 21 55	3 53 07	3 31 12	3 29 27
Gevalia	12 25 00	3 35 55	3 10 55	3 09 05
Leona	12 25 00	3 36 35	3 11 35	3 01 05

CLASSES D AND E—SLOOPS 56 TO 65FT.

Fanny	12 22 30	3 08 18	2 45 48	2 45 48
Hildegarde	12 23 40	3 17 18	2 53 38	2 52 18
Mischief	12 22 40	3 18 18	2 50 38	2 48 55
Thistle	12 21 55	3 17 19	2 55 24	2 53 08

CLASSES F AND G—SLOOPS 48 AND UNDER 56FT.

Anaconda	12 30 00	3 31 30	3 01 40	3 01 40
Onward	12 30 00	3 45 26	3 15 26	3 14 52
Athlon	12 30 00	3 43 15	3 13 15	3 14 32½
Roamer	12 28 18	3 41 25	3 13 07	3 10 02

CLASS G—SLOOPS 41 AND UNDER 48FT.

Concord	12 29 25	4 09 14	3 39 49	3 39 49
Christine	12 29 25	4 12 07	3 42 42	3 42 28½
Vixen	12 26 35	4 08 47	3 42 12	3 41 37½
Adelaide	12 27 05	3 43 55	3 16 50	3 16 15½
Rover	12 29 00	3 50 50	3 21 50	3 16 15½
Fanita	12 26 24	3 39 15	3 12 49	3 12 03½
Enterprise	12 29 12	3 54 56	3 25 44	3 24 27
Stella	12 29 00	4 12 09	3 43 09	3 40 57
Ariadne	12 29 10	4 06 25	3 40 15	3 36 43
Nirvana	12 29 40	4 02 00	3 32 15	3 28 32

CLASSES H AND I—SLOOPS 30 TO 35FT.

Rival	12 34 20	4 07 40	3 32 50	3 32 50
Nomad	12 34 50	4 19 10	3 44 20	3 48 40
Daisy	12 35 00	4 15 53	3 40 53	3 35 07½

CLASS J—SLOOPS 26 AND UNDER 30FT.

Arab	12 33 45	4 22 02	3 48 17	3 48 17
Nyssa	12 35 00	Did not finish.		
Kangaroo	12 32 11	4 28 00	3 55 49	3 55 02

Leona wins in Class B, beating Haze 4m. 23s.; Fanny in Classes D and E, beating Mischief 3m. 7s.; Anaconda in Class F, beating Roamer 8m. 22s.; Fanita in Class G, beating Adelaide 4m. 12s.; Rival in Classes H and I, beating Daisy 2m. 16⅝s., and Arab in Class J, beating Kangaroo 6m. 45s.

There was a hop and the usual fireworks in the evening.

Thursday's run was across to Stonington, nearly all the fleet taking part. Magic left the fleet, as her owner was dissatisfied with the ruling of the regatta committee. The boat is in first class and had no competitor, so no prize was given. Atlantic, Azalea and Mischief also left the fleet. As Magic sailed away she fired a gun, which was mistaken for the starting signal, some of the yachts going over the line, while some did not follow the proper course, so the times are of little value. The S.E. wind was strong and squally at times. Adelaide grounded in Fisher's Island Sound, but came off safely. The yachts indicated by a * did not go the correct course. The times were:

CLASS B—SCHOONERS UNDER 75FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Gevalia	11 10 00	2 59 00	3 49 00
Haze	11 10 00	3 06 00	3 56 00
Southern Cross	11 10 00	3 27 40	4 17 40
Leona	11 10 00	3 33 50	4 23 50
Wivern	11 10 00	3 52 50	4 42 50
Signal	11 10 00	4 18 50	5 08 30

CLASSES D AND E—SLOOPS 56 TO 65FT.

Thistle	11 10 00	3 02 50	3 52 30
Fanny	11 25 00	3 05 00	3 40 00
Hildegarde	11 25 00	3 06 30	3 41 30

CLASS F—SLOOPS 48 TO 56FT.

Athlon	11 10 00	3 07 50	3 57 50
Anaconda	11 25 00	3 23 45	3 58 45
Onward	11 25 00	3 27 00	4 02 00

CLASS G—SLOOPS 41 TO 48FT.

Fanita	11 10 00	3 16 00	4 06 00
Adelaide	11 25 00	3 30 45	4 05 45
Ariadne	11 10 00	3 28 40	4 18 40
*Stella	11 25 00	3 17 00	3 52 00
Nirvana	11 10 00	3 27 15	4 17 15
Vixen	11 10 00	3 29 30	4 19 30
Enterprise	11 25 00	3 34 00	4 09 00
Rover	11 25 00	3 46 15	4 21 15
Christine	11 10 00	3 45 00	4 35 00
Concord	11 10 00	3 50 10	4 20 00

CLASSES H AND I—SLOOPS 30 TO 41FT.

*Rival	11 25 00	3 28 40	4 03 40
Daisy	11 10 00	3 56 00	4 46 00

CLASS J—SLOOPS 26 TO 30FT.

Arab	11 05 00	3 16 00	4 11 00
Kangaroo	11 05 00	3 25 30	4 20 30

In Class B Gevalia wins, beating Southern Cross 28m. 40s. In Classes D and E Fanny beats Hildegard 1m. 30s. In Class F Athlon beats Anaconda 55s. In Class G Adelaide beats Fanita 15s. In Classes H and I Rival beats Daisy 2m. 20s., and in Class J Arab beats the Kangaroo 9m. 30s.

It was the intention to continue the cruise to Newport, but the weather was bad on Thursday night and Friday and there was some dissatisfaction among the owners over protests, so on Friday noon a meeting was held on the flagship and it was decided to disband at once. A part of the fleet sailed for New York, while the others continued to Newport and other eastern ports.

Fanita has challenged Adelaide for a match over the New York Y. C. course, for a $200 prize.

CEDAR POINT Y. C.

THE first pennant regatta of the Cedar Point Y. C., was sailed on July 23 at Cedar Point, off Westport Harbor.

The wind was S.S.W. and quite fresh, with numerous rain squalls during the race. The course was from a stakeboat off Cedar Point to and around Buoy 20 (Cankeen Island Reef), thence to and around Sunken Island Buoy, thence to home stakeboat, leaving everything on port hand. Distance, about 13 miles. Judges, Messrs. P. G. Sanford and Eli Bradley. Preparatory gun was fired at 1:10 P. M., and Class B was started at 1:15. Gia Softly was handicapped 10 seconds at start. Puritan carried away peak halliard block; she was leading at the time, having passed Daisy on the wind:

CLASS B—SLOOPS 45FT. AND UNDER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imperia, H. C. Eno	1 16 00	3 01 30	1 45 30

CLASS C—SLOOPS 35FT. AND UNDER.

Teal, Com. Francis Burritt	1 22 10	3 08 00	1 45 50
Marda, Sidney Watts	1 21 00	3 28 05	2 07 05
Delphine, J. B. Nash	1 22 30	3 15 30	1 53 00
Helene, W. E. Bond	1 23 25	3 34 00	2 10 35

CLASS D—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL, 25FT. AND UNDER.

Alice, Ed Smith	1 25 10	3 20 00	1 54 50
Number Four, W. Smith	1 25 30	3 27 15	2 01 45

CLASS E—CAT-RIGGED, 21FT. AND UNDER.

Go Softly, E. S. Wheeler	1 35 00	3 47 30	2 12 30
Peggy, A. D. Sanford	1 30 45	3 45 10	2 14 25
Anna, Vice-Com. J. H. Jennings	1 31 05	4 03 01	2 31 56
P. K., Sec. Edwin Thorne, Jr	1 31 00	4 21 30	2 50 30

CLASS F—CAT-RIGGED, 18FT. AND UNDER.

Daisy, W. R. McCready	1 38 40	4 14 00	2 35 20
Puritan, S. S. Dayton	1 39 00	Did not finish.	

The pennants must be won three times by one boat to be held, so we anticipate a number of very interesting races. Class B will have three or four starters in the next race, and Mr. Meeker, of Southport, is expected to enter his crack yacht Ada in Class C. She is a Kirby boat, and is very fast. The Delphine is a McGiehan boat, supposed to be a duplicate of the celebrated Susie S. She is to be fitted with a new racing rig. With these boats in, Commodore Burritt must hurry the Teal all he can to win. Go Softly will sail in Class D (open jib and mainsail boats under 25ft.) in the future, and if she comes up to her owner's expectations will accept the challenge of the Americus, of Bridgeport. Daisy and Puritan are likely to sail a match race in the near future. The club will hold an open regatta later in the season, and all boats eligible to the regular classes belonging to any recognized yacht club will be invited to enter.

PHOENIX Y. C. JULY 16.—The annual regatta of the Phoenix Y. C. of Chicago was sailed July 16, the course being from the opening off Van Buren street, thence S.S.E. to stake boat off Forty-second street, thence northerly around the Crib and from there home, making about a 17-mile race. The judges were H. C. Bradley, John McConnell and Ike Canney. Time keeper, J. J. Wilson. Eight yachts were to go but for some unaccountable reason only the Minnie M., owned by Miller Bros., and the Ina, owned by T. M. Bradley, put in an appearance at the start, the race was for a fine ship barometer, and was won by the Ina, beating the Minnie M. 4m. 22s. The starting signal was to have been given at 1 o'clock, but as usual it failed to go off on time, being nearly half an hour late. The water was in good condition for fast time, the wind southwest, veering at times to nearly due west and blowing quite fresh. Minnie M. is 46ft. long, painted black; Ina 39ft. long and painted white, they were both in good trim; and Miller Bros. were bound to beat the Ina if possible, having imported Capt. Bussey from Detroit for the occasion. Tim Bradley sailed his own boat as he always does, never yet loosing a race with Ina. They remained at their moorings until the signal to start was given when Minnie M. set her jib and jibtopsail and crossed the line at 1:28, Ina following over with mainsail, gafftopsail, jib and jibtopsail set at 1:29:20. Both yachts soon had all the wind they cared for, at times the main boom of Minnie M. dragging in the water. The gafftopsail of Ina was setting very badly and it was soon apparent that Minnie M. was out-footing her. There was no use in trying to get Ina's topsail to do anything so it was soon taken in, and then she began to lessen the gap, but she was unable to catch Minnie M. before reaching the stake boat, she rounding at 1:55:04 Ina following at 1:57:18. It was here that Ina partly made up in gibing what she had lost by hanging on to a worthless topsail. She dropped her peak and made as close and pretty a turn as was ever seen, clearing the stake boat by only a few feet. She must have gained fully 30s. by the operation. Both yachts now had the wind on their quarter and went for the Crib at a lively pace, giving the judges' boat all she could do to keep alongside. Minnie M. soon set her gaff and jibtopsail. Ina set her clubtopsail but it fouled on going up and Monkey Ed went out on end of gaff to clear it, and it was soon drawing in big style. In the run to the Crib Ina made a gain of 20s., Minnie M turning at 2:35:10, Ina 2:37:08. Soon after leaving the Crib Ina's centerboard came up, and she had to luff up twice before getting it down to place, thereby losing nearly 2m. time. Ina soon began to show that she could out-foot Minnie M. if her crew would only keep her board down. And keep it down they did for the rest of the race, and she was fast picking up her rival and bid fair to cross the line a winner without using her time allowance, but there's many a slip, etc. Minnie M. crossed at 3:09, Ina being about 30s. behind her. The wind at this time being quite tricky Ina got a puff from about northwest, causing her to pay off so much that she was obliged to make another tack before crossing the line at 3:11:13, thus ending as close and hotly contested a race as is usually seen.

	Length.	Start.	1st Buoy.	Crib.	Finish.
Minnie M.	46.00	1 28 00	1 55 04	2 35 10	3 09 00
Ina	39.00	1 29 20	1 57 18	2 37 08	3 11 13

E.

FORTUNA IN SCOTLAND.—The *Glasgow Evening Times*, o July 4, speaks of Fortuna as follows: "The Fortuna, Yankee schooner, straight from New York, was at the Tail of the Bank this morning, and a right smart craft she looks. It was supposed she had come across for a pleasure cruise, but there are cruising waters on the other side of the Atlantic, and there was just a doubt if the Fortuna had come across on downright pleasure. The surmise that some other purpose was intended promises to be correct, it having leaked out that the racing mainboom of the Fortuna had been shipped on board an Allan liner on the other side, and, since the spar is a good bit over 70ft. in length, the schooner is bound to do a bit of reaching. What is wanted with such a racing boom for a cruiser has led to further inquiry, and it is believed the Irex will be called upon to sail for the Brenton Reef cup the Genesta won so gallantly in America, and delivered up so chivalrously to the Irex. The Fortuna has a standing bowsprit with long jibboom, and very stout headgear, with a high spring and a hansome look forward. Her quarters are heavy, and her stern not quite so light as our fashion is, but she looks a 'likely' vessel, and, with her masts well stuck together, is more Scotch than English in her style. A match between the Irex and Fortuna for the cup would be a famous wind-up for the Clyde tournament. Apart altogether from racing, it is to be hoped the warmest welcome will be given to the Fortuna by Clyde yachtsmen, and some return be made for the more than brotherly kindness shown to the Genesta and Galatea on the other side of the Atlantic." The *Bailie*, a Scotch *Puck*, welcomes her in the following strain:

A yacht arrived in Gourock Bay.
And but few people knew, na!
In time for Independence day,
Her name is the Fortuna.

Let's give a hearty welcome all,
To owner, skipper, crew, na!
And let us hope, whate'er befall
She'll have a good fortune, ah!

For yachting is a liberal art,
And generous and true, na!
Therefore we wish at least some part
Of good luck for Fortuna.

TAGG'S PATENT CAULKING.—The evil of leaky decks, as well as the imperfections of the old system of caulking the seam with oakum or cotton driven in with an iron and then paying the seam with pitch or marine glue are only too well known to all yachtsmen; but few on this side are familiar with the new method of laying decks invented by Thos. Tagg, to remedy these evils. The caulking is prepared by soaking long strips of felt or canvas in a mixture similar to varnish. The planking is prepared by a special tool that works a groove for the core of the caulking, and also the bead on lower side of plank, and at the same time bevels the edge to suit the round of the deck beam. The prepared strip is laid against the side of the plank already in place, this side being flat, without a groove. The next plank has a groove on one side, and in this groove is laid another strip of felt, doubled, with a cotton thread as a core. The felt is held in place by a few tacks until the two planks are forced together, when the felt adheres strongly, a force of 4 to 6lbs. per inch being necessary to separate them. By this means the injurious action of the caulking iron, especially in careless hands, is entirely avoided, there are no hollow places in the seam, and the core and felt expand and contract with the planks, keeping a perfect joint. The planks are easily and quickly laid, the prepared caulking, in long strips, being tacked to each plank as it is put in place, the subsequent dirty and troublesome operation of paying the seams, as well as the time lost in caulking them being entirely avoided. The patent caulking has been tested for several years in yachts and larger vessels in England, as well as in cisterns, tanks and other structures where the caulking iron has been hitherto used, and the results have been entirely successful. Those interested can see a sample of the caulking at this office.

COMING RACES.—The rendezvous for the New York Y. C. cruise is at New London on Aug. 3, so that the Goelet cups will probably be sailed on Saturday, Aug. 6. The citizens of Newport, aided by Providence, are raising money for cups to be sailed for immediately after the Goelet cup race, but nothing is definitely settled. The cruise will continue to Marblehead in order that the fleet may take part in the E. Y. C. regatta, the date of which depends on the arrival of the united New York and Eastern fleet. It will probably be on Aug. 11 or 12, after which the fleet will disband, a part sailing for Halifax for the races of Aug. 16-18.

NEW YORK Y. C.—At a meeting on July 21 Rear-Com. Lawrence offered his resignation and Mr. E. D. Morgan was elected in his place. Thirty new members were also elected and the following resolution was passed: *Resolved*, that the New York Y. C., in accepting the cups offered by Ogden Goelet, Esq., for the August (1887) race at Newport, thank him most heartily for his repeated princely liberality in affording the yachts of the squadron not only an opportunity for a day's glorious sport, but also for such splendid trophies of victory.

LARCHMONT Y. C., OYSTER BOAT RACE.—The annual oyster boat race of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 20, starting at 10:30 A. M. The prizes are: Class I., cabin sloops, $75 and $35; Class II., open sloops $50 and $30; Class III., catboats, $40 and $25. The entry is free. Full particulars may be had or the regatta committee, H. B. Willard, F. C. Griffiths and George L. Forman. The judges are Com. W. S. Alley, Augustus Monroe and E. J. Greacen.

LAKE GEORGE Y. C.—A club under this name has just been organized at Lake George with the following officers: Com., J. Buchanan Henry; Vice-Com., H. B. Moore; Sec., R. H. Warren; Treas., Louis S. Chanler. Among the members are G. H. Cramer, Gen. Robert Lennox Banks, A. E. Claflin, J. B. Henry, H. Le Grand Cramer, R. H. Warren, J. A. Hayden, Louis Stuyvesant Chanler, Robert Glendenning and J. B. Simpson.

HULL Y. C., LADIES' DAY, JULY 20.—The fleet of the Hull Y. C. turned out on July 20 for a review and a ladies' day sail, each yacht having a party of ladies on board. During the afternoon a tub race took place and in the evening there was a reception with dinner and dancing.

RAMBLER.—This schooner, one of the largest of the New York fleet, being 128ft. 6in. l.w.l. and 25ft. beam, was sold on July 19 at auction, by order of the executors of her late owner, Mr. W. H. Thomas, realizing only $4,800. The purchaser was Mr. P. G. Sandford, for account of other parties.

BEVERLY Y. C.—A race was sailed on July 23, Beetle winning in first class, Sprite in second, Coyote in third and Dolphin in fourth. Psyche capsized.

MORE BRITISH YACHTS.—It is reported that Sir Roderick Cameron and Mr. Amos Van Wart have both purchased steam yachts in England.

JEFFRIES Y. C.—A race was sailed on July 23, the winners being Judith, Good Luck, Vesper, Zoe and Victor.

LYNN Y. C., ANNUAL REGATTA, JULY 23.—Winners, Eyvor, Ruth, Tom Cat.

WEST LYNN Y. C., JULY 23.—Winners, Lark and Wild Cat.

FOR SALE.—The cutter Bayadere, designed by Geo. L. Watson, designer of the Thistle, will be at Newport from Aug. 1 to 7 for inspection by persons desirous of buying. The Bayadere was built in Glasgow in 1885; she is 45ft. waterline, 54ft. over all, 10ft. wide and draws 8ft. Everything belonging to her is practically new, as her owner having the Puritan has been unable to sail her.—*Adv.*

A curious fact in natural history is noted in the fisheries report for England and Wales. A pike was captured last year on the "run" at Christchurch which had audaciously attempted to stuff itself with a salmon weighing 10½lbs. There must have been a severe struggle to overpower the victim, and the pike had succeeded to a certain extent, but had choked itself in the effort.

QUAIL OUT OF SEASON.—While asleep on a bench in Battery Park, New York, the other night, Richard Quail was robbed of $12 by John Mulvey, age 17. Officer Cosgrove saw the theft. Arraigned before Justice O'Reilly in the Tombs Police Court to-day, Mulvey was held in $500 bail for trial.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

R. B. K., Newark.—We cannot refer you to location of a heronry.

E. B., New York.—The freeboard of a vessel is the side out of water, from waterline to deck, rail not included.

W. N. W., Baltimore.—Pilgrim's dimensions are: Length on deck 24ft. 6in., l. w. l. 20ft. 10in., beam 7ft. 2in., draft 4ft. 9in.

D. M., Scranton, Pa.—1. What kind of a rifle does Dr. Carver use in his glass ball shooting? 2. Is the Lyman sight a good one? Ans. 1. A Winchester repeating rifle. 2. Yes.

N. W. D., Mansfield.—An express bullet is one which is light in proportion to charge of powder and so flies with great velocity and a low curve. An explosive bullet is one in which an explosive is contained, to be exploded when the bullet strikes.

E. E. V., ALBANY.—Where can I obtain carp for stocking a pond without applying to the U. S. Fish Commissioner? Ans. No person is advertising adult carp now. Sometimes they are offered to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, and he may know of a few, but the supply is intermittent.

CROOKED TAIL.—I have a red Irish setter puppy now nine weeks old. When I bought him he was but one week old, and I then saw the parents. They are both well-bred dogs, fine looking, and said to be extra good hunters; but this puppy's tail curls over his back and at times touches, forming almost a true circle. Now, I am a kind of crank on the straight-tail question and would not care for a dog that did not have one. Perhaps that this tail may come out all right, and, not having had any experience with such young dogs, would like your opinion. Do you think that the tail will straighten out as he grows older and at maturity develop into a straight tail? Ans. The malformation may be inherent or due to accident. Possibly it may improve somewhat as the dog matures, but it is not probable that it will ever come right.

W. Y. P., Tuscarora, N. Y.—1. Is it illegal to fish with set lines in Silver Lake, Wyoming county, N. Y.? 2. Is it illegal to draw seines in the creeks of this State to catch pickerel, bass and bullheads? 3. Is a silk line for trolling better than linen? 4. Will the silk outwear the linen? 5. Are owls, hawks and crows protected now by law in New York? 6. When does the law allow squirrel shooting? 7. Who is State Game Protector for Livingston county? Ans. 1. Not unless inhabited by brook trout. 2. Yes. 3. Yes, if used on a reel in fresh water; for hand trolling a larger line, of cotton, is best, as it does not cut the fingers. 4. Yes, if properly cared for and is waterproofed. 5. Chap. 641, laws of 1887, declares that English sparrows, crows, hen-hawks, owls and blackbirds are not protected. 6. Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. 7. Geo. M. Schwartz, Rochester.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

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—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

POT-LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Mr. James Bailey relates the following to a reporter of the *News:* On June 2, while passing through my field, I witnessed a singular sight. Under an old fence rail that had fallen partly to the ground, a quail had made its nest. On the eggs a large snake had coiled, and resting on the top of the snake was the mother quail. The snake did not seem disturbed in the least and the quail was apparently equally composed. When the bird saw Mr. Bailey it flew away and the snake crawled off of the eggs and was killed by Mr. Bailey. The next day Mr. Bailey passed the same spot and the quail was on the nest. The eggs hatched in the latter part of June.—*Denison (Tex.) News.*

Col. H., of Virginia, had some negroes quarrying rock, with old Uncle Ned as foreman. One morning the Colonel rode over to the quarry, and after the usual good morning, said: "Well, Ned, how are we getting along?" "Dar 'tis ag'n. We!—how's we gittin' erlong? Marse Chawles, I's er quarryin' dis here rock. You 'minds me uv er passel er coons ez wenter huntin' deer in de swamp. Long Sam—you 'members him—Marse Torm's Sam?—well, he wuz boss er de batch, an' arfter dey done set up deir pine-knot torches, an' wuz er waitin' in de brush, Sam he spied sumpin' ermovin', an' he up wid's gun, an' bimb! sumpin' drapped, an' one er de boys sez, 'Ump! ain't we lucky? dar's one a'ready; we's got one, shuah.' An' Sam he tu'ned round, he did, an' sez, sez he, 'Not so much we, ef yer please—I kilt dat ar deer.' An' dey all went to holp skin it, an' lo an' behold! it war Marse Torm's pet colt, out er der gray mar' what he fotch from Richmun, an' Sam he looked kinder skeert, he did, an' sez, sez he, 'Boys, ain't we jes played h—ll' An' ebry one uv 'em answered, 'Not so much we, ef yer please; you done kill dat colt.' An', Marse Chawles, I's er-quarryin' dis here rock, an' we's gittin' er long only middlin'."—*Harper's.*

CHICAGO, Ill., June 23.—Giles Busby, a Toledo fishmonger, was cleaning whitefish last Monday, and in the larger intestines found a diamond ring. It was engraved upon the inner surface "J. A. B.," Chicago, '69." Busby forwarded the ring to the chief of police of this city. Yesterday Mrs. Julia A. Lennox identified and recovered the ring. In 1869, she, then Miss Bennett, became engaged to marry Mr. Lennox. He gave her the ring, for which he had paid $450, upon their bridal trip in 1871. Mrs. Lennox lost the ring while washing her hands in the toilet room of a Pullman car. The ring slipped from her finger and dropped through the waste pipe as the train happened to be crossing a bridge over the St. Lawrence River near Montreal. There are no whitefish in the St. Lawrence. The theory is that a small fish seized upon the ring, and that at some later time this small fish, while cruising about in the lakes, fell a prey to the whitefish in which the long-lost ring was discovered. The Toledo fishmonger received from Mr. Lennox a check for $100 as a reward for his honesty. [The theory that the whitefish swallowed a small fish that had the ring in it is too beautiful to be spoiled by any skeptical fisherman who may know that the whitefish feeds on crustaceans and does not eat fish.]

A man was seized by a tiger. The victim's son took his bow and pursued. "Hit him in the leg," cried the father, "else you'll spoil the market value of the skin."—*Chinese Story.*

"I say, Gawge, what do you think of Mrs. Gustwilliam's style?" "Hawwid style, Oscah. 'Pon me honnaw, the woman awctually appeawed in society yestawday dwessed in a purple dwess and a blue dawg."—*Whitehall Times.*

THIEVES AND FIGHTERS.—A red-breasted robin flew down to the soft ground near one of the miniature lakes in Lake View Park shortly after the rain storm, Tuesday. Selecting a satisfactory spot, red-breast thrust his long bill into the earth, and, after somewhat of a struggle and a display of engineering ability, succeeded in pulling from its lair a long, fat angle worm. Red-breast posed a moment and then threw back his head as if to swallow the worm. He closed his eyes in ecstacy as a preliminary to his luscious meal. As he did so a little English sparrow flew rapidly from a neighboring branch and wrenched the worm from red-breast's mouth. The latter opened his eyes and looked surprised and disgusted. The sparrow swallowed the fish-bait and chattered at its enjoyment. Red-breast recovered his self-possession, burrowed for another worm, got it, and prepared to swallow it. Again the sparrow flew rapidly down, secured the worm, and soon placed it where it would do the most good. Again red-breast tried to obtain a meal, and again was he robbed by this sparrow. Several times was this repeated, and finally red-breast flew away in disgust and the sparrow waited for other victims. At noon Wednesday a flock of sparrows escorted a young fledgling from its nest on Church street and attempted to teach it to fly. The fledgling made poor work of it, and alighted exhausted on the porch of a neigboring house. In the house was a hungry cat. The cat saw the fledgling and determined to eat it. The little bird saw the tabby approaching stealthily, and so did the fathers, mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts of the fledgling who were perched in a tree. Immediately there was great chattering and considerable excitement on Church street. Tabby was cool and walked deliberately toward her prey. The fledgling attempted to fly, but failed and dropped down between the lower blinds and the window, which reached to the floor of the porch. Tabby congratulated herself on having the fledgling sure. She approached the blinds, pushed open the slats, and put her right paw inside in an effort to reach the frightened fledgling. The sparrows in the trees chattered louder. Suddenly they flew rapidly from the tree, in solid company front, and directly at the head of tabby. Then the fur flew, and tabby pulled her paw from the blind in order to defend herself from the vicious onslaught. The birds flew back to the tree, and chattered again, while tabby tried to smooth her ruffled fur. Again she reached for the fledgling and again did the sparrows descend in a body. The commotion attracted the attention of the lady of the house, and she opened the window. The fledgling flew in and tabby ran away to hide her diminished and almost hairless head. The sparrows are the Blinky Morgans of the bird kingdom. They can fight or steal, as the occasion seems to require.—*Cleveland Telegram.*

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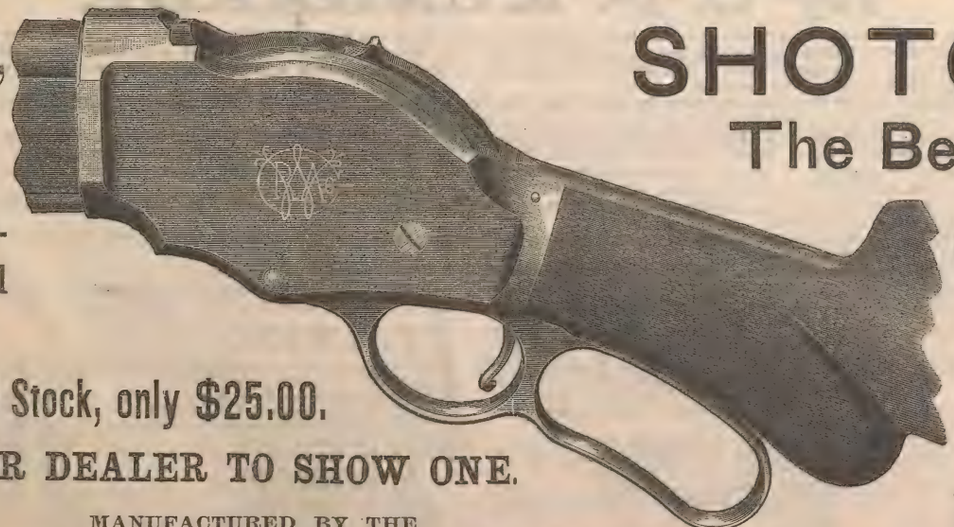
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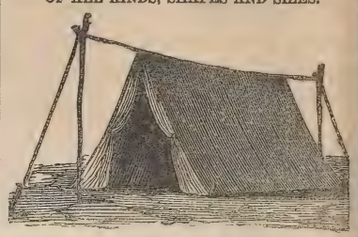
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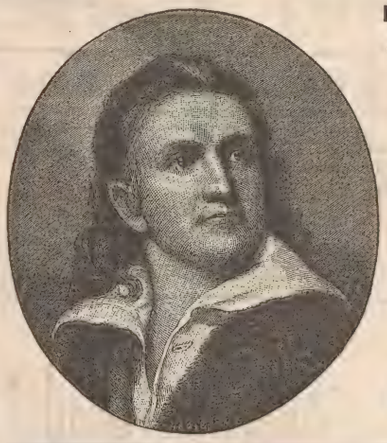
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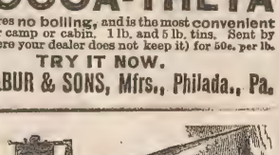
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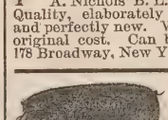
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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IN A CIVILIZED LAND.

THERE was nothing startling in the recent cable report that Stanley had been killed by the natives on the Upper Congo. The explorer who turns his back on civilization and penetrates the wilds of a barbarous country, deliberately takes his life in his hands; when tidings come of the final catastrophe the world says, "We told you so," and goes on about its business. But though death by violence is a contingency perfectly well understood and always seriously to be taken into consideration when one ventures among savage tribes, it is not a possibility that at present receives much thought when one is setting out on a hunting or fishing expedition in a highly civilized land like our own. There soon must be a change in this regard, however, if Mr. Bill Star and other border ruffians, together with New Jersey menhaden fishermen and other coast pirates, are to have their way about it.

Four Arkansas hunters were camped on one of the streams of the Choctaw Nation, in the Indian Territory last week when, on Friday night, Mr. Bill Star and fellow desperadoes swooped down upon them, opened fire at short range and fatally wounded two of the four. The press dispatches intimate that Mr. Star and his friends may have mistaken the game hunters for some other persons against whom they had a grudge, or whom they suspected of having designs upon them. This suggestion, even if well founded, is not particularly comforting, nor does it alter the case for the better. If a sportsman in camp is to be liable at any moment to be called upon instantly to prove his identity or be shot on the spot by a frontier bandit, it is perfectly clear that the zest of oing hunting will be materially diminished. Under such circumstances the timid camper, who is not an expert in getting the drop on an assailant, or who does not enjoy these adventitious excitements of the chase, will do well to curb his passion for field sports and stay at home; or if he must go, he may provide as a part of his camp equipage a large and legible sign, setting forth his name and the peaceable nature of his mission, the same to be displayed in a conspicuous place in camp, where it will be likely to catch the eye of any attacking party of bandits in time to avert bloodshed—provided the bandits can read.

The New Jersey incident was less tragic only by reason of the defective marksmanship of the attacking party. Messrs. J. F. Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, and Wm. Millwood were in a rowboat sea fishing at Grassy Bay, when a menhaden schooner rounding a point inclosed their small boat in the sweep of the net. As the purse-strings tightened, the boat tilted and threatened to capsize. The two anglers shouted to the schooner's crew to be released in vain, and saw before them only the alternative of cutting their way out of the net or being drowned and hauled in as a constituent ingredient of the schooner's fare to be converted into "cod liver oil." They cut a buoy line of the net, which released them and several bushels of fish at the same time, whereupon the enraged fishermen trained their guns on Messrs. Zimmerman and Millbrook, who escaped with their lives in their bullet-splintered boat. This adds to the list of angling perils incurred in sea fishing the novel danger of being scooped up as a legitimate "catch" by the menhaden men, or resenting this of being bored by bullets. The incident is not without its moral as illustrating on the part of powerful moneyed interests a growing disregard for the rights of individuals. Menhaden fishermen, or for the matter of that any fishermen who conduct their calling after the manner of pirates, are afloat on the wrong waters when they sail within the three-league limit of jurisdiction on this coast. The mooted question of the destruction of food fishes by the menhaden crews is insignificant in comparison with the graver question of whether a peacably-disposed angler shall be allowed to follow his recreation without being subjected to wanton outrages of personal rights perpetrated by lawless ruffians in the public waters of a civilized country.

LIFE-LONG SPORTSMEN.

A GLANCE over a Wimbledon report of 1887 notes the old time names of Fenton, Rigby, Halford, Milner, and many others who may be found mentioned as leading marksmen far back one or two decades ago. These long-range experts find a perennial source of enjoyment in the rivalry and keen competition of the rifle field. They do not think they have exhausted all the pleasure a good rifle can bring when a single season's shooting is over. Each opening year brings a new zest for the sport and each closing season only brings a determination to be ready prompt and early for the following year of pleasurable duty. Again and again they meet, and undismayed by defeat they press on convinced that victory must come to the one who works long and faithfully.

How different here. Where is long-range shooting? Where are the team men who, but a few short years ago, were fêted and petted by the public? Where are Gildersleeve and Bruce, Blydenburgh and Jewell, and all the others who did so well and promised so much? They seemed to be content with a sky rocket career, and after the sudden dash into notoriety have flung aside the implements of their sport and lost their character as sportsmen in the more prosaic one of fortune hunters.

The difference between the long-range men of Creedmoor and Wimbledon is clear, sharp and nationally characteristic. The American marksmen shoot through their meteoric career and drop from sight. The British marksmen shoot on, and are finding always something new and fresh in the game, and when finally they drop out of the active front line it is to become advisers and coaches to the rising company of young men who have learned to respect the "old uns" for the long and honorable record they have earned for themselves. In the one country fine marksmanship of this type languishes and dies. In the other a challenge shield flung open for competition over twenty years ago is still fought for with the true, vigorous sportsman's spirit. Creedmoor exists, Wimbledon flourishes, and solely because of the different sort of support given them.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE long continued period of extreme heat and humidity has been favorable to the development of mosquitoes and other insect pests, and campers out this season are finding more than usual vexation from them. Could the statistics be collected the list of outings converted by this cause into sojourns of protracted misery under canvas would be a long one. Old woodcock shooters who penetrated the swamps in July in those States where summer shooting obtains report that they never knew anything equal to it before; the attacks of the insects were irresistible, and combined with the sultry atmosphere effectually disposed of what pleasure there might have been in midsummer pursuit of woodcock. Canoeists who repaired to the Dundee Lake, New Jersey, meet, and camped on the shore, found that sleep was quite out of the question, and spent their nights in a battle where the victory was not to the strong.

It is an extremely low grade of thrift that recognizes in a stream of water only an agency for carrying off sewerage and waste; but just this grade of thrift obtains in the average community of this country to-day. Towns and villages empty their poisonous drainage into the nearest stream, and mills and factories are erected on sites chosen with special reference to a watercourse to carry away the refuse. That the stream contains valuable food fishes which will inevitably be exterminated by the introduction of this poisonous material is not for a moment deemed worthy of consideration. Tons upon tons of food fish have been sacrificed by this improvident penny-wise system. We referred recently to the fish mortality in the Loyalhanna River, Pennsylvania, which ensued from poisoning by sewer and factory drainage; and in the last report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, extracts from which are printed in another column, this subject of the pollution of streams is discussed in terms which prove that the fish commissioners in one State at least recognize the folly of attempting to stock waters with food fishes, only to see the fry destroyed by poisonous drainage from mills and mines. There are perfectly practicable modes of disposing of these waste products without permitting them to pollute the streams and destroy the fish, and State Legislatures will do well to make this a subject of legislation.

One day last week three men were in a boat on Croton Lake, the source of New York city's water supply, when, after some boisterous scuffling, they managed to upset the boat and one of them was drowned. An evening newspaper heads its report of the occurrence "Drowned While Fishing," and incidentally mentions that the trio had a bottle along. Would it not be more correct to head such an account "Drowned While on a Drunk?" and sink the fishing part of it to the subordinate place it really holds? There is all the difference in the world between an angling excursion and a drinking spree, though some folks appear not to know it. The silliest of the silly jokes of the modern newspaper humorist hinges on the notion that fishing and drunkenness are intimately connected.

The insect plague has not been confined to outdoor tourists. Summer hotels on the Atlantic coast and elsewhere have suffered, and the receipts of the proprietors have been diminished in consequence. The miseries of a nocturnal combat with mosquitoes are cumulative. The guest who is subjected to it once will not endure it for a second night if he can get away. The landlord then finds himself in the cheerful financial situation enjoyed by the shoe dealer who moved into a New Jersey town and laid in a large supply of low cut summer shoes, only to discover that his customers in that mosquito-plagued region would have none of them.

Bears are migrating in a degree, their movements being governed by the mast supply. In certain Adirondack localities where bears have been plenty in recent years none are to be found this season. In the Androscoggin region of Maine the bears are reported to be very numerous; more pelts have been brought in to the furriers than in any previous year for a long time.

Do not give a boy a kitten for a playmate; give him a puppy. Boy and kitten will grow up into a molly-coddle and a cat. Boy and puppy will grow up into a young man and a dog.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GRAND LAC MACKINAC.

THE Laurentian Club of Montreal has recently been organized for the purpose of preserving numerous lakes in the Province of Quebec for the benefit of its 200 members. Both game and fish are carefully protected and about 100 square miles of territory has been leased from the Provincial Government for an unlimited period. Mr. Chas. E. Levey, a member of the club, who takes a great interest in its welfare, while visiting the club house at Lake à la Pêche with his friend and camping companion, Mr. Norman Whitehouse, upon having a conversation with the very able organizer of the club, Mr. Wm. Parker, decided to push as far as the new region, brought under Laurentian rule by Mr. Parker's efforts, the Great Lake Mackinac, which had never been visited by any member of the club before, or, as far as could be learned, by any sportsman. The reports as to its size, the variety of fish that it contained, and as to the best and easiest way of reaching it from the village of Grands Piles, were most conflicting. It was at last decided to attempt it by way of the rivers St. Maurice and Mackinac, which latter stream empties from the Mackinac Lake into the St. Maurice River, and the following account of the trip is given by those gentlemen:

We hired a guide from the Laurentian Club at Lac à la Pêche and were most generously provided with two more by Mr. Wm. Parker, and, having packed our traps and been wished *bonne chance* by him, started off for the Grands Piles, from which place we were to make our start. We found an excellent man who had been to the Lake Mackinac some years before in the capacity of a lumberman, Pierre Barry by name, and a godsend he afterward proved to us. The start on Monday morning was not very favorable, owing to a high wind blowing down stream, which, when combined with the swift current, made progress extremely slow. After much hard work, however, we arrived at the mouth of the Mackinac River, fifteen miles from Grands Piles, and found the ascent quite easy for four miles in our barge and canoe; but there the rapids began and soon became unpleasantly frequent. In places they were very long and shallow, and it was only with considerable difficulty that the boats could be forced up. We remained for the night at George Forqué's, at the top of the Rapide Blanc, which is nine miles from the mouth of the river. Up the Rapide Blanc a boat cannot be drawn, as it is full of huge rocks and a mile and a half long, and we consequently had to make a portage of the distance of our boats and baggage. The road is good, and a horse and sled can be hired from Forqué. By these people we were led to suppose that the water was fairly high and that there were not many severe rapids to be encountered from that point to the mouth of the lake, which they considered to be between six to nine miles distant.

We started at 8 o clock in the morning, full of life and spirits, thinking that we had an easy day before us. Had we known what awaited us we should have turned back and not thought of attempting such an arduous undertaking. After a mile of still water some small rapids were encountered, and then rapid succeeded rapid, until after five hours terrible toil, up to the shoulders in water at times and to the waist most of the time, we came to a tremendous shallow, which seemed to extend for a long distance. We had managed to advance at the rate of about a mile an hour, and judged, from the information that we had received, that we were not more than a mile or two from the mouth of the lake at this point, and that this was the last rapid before reaching it, which they had warned us was extremely bad. After partaking of food and stimulants to prevent cold and encourage the men, we attacked the shallow. Hour after hour we toiled on, at times nearly exhausted with fatigue and literally hardly making any progress at all. The shallow resolved itself into one of the nastiest rapids to be encountered anywhere; and, with only slight breaks, we calculated that it must be very nearly five miles long. At times we began to doubt whether any lake existed at all, and almost despaired of being able to reach it if it did exist. None of us, nor anybody else, as far as we could find out, had ever been up before by the river to the lake, people usually going round by St. Thècle and Lac Long, which way presents no particular difficulties.

Night began to descend upon us and a hopeless feeling crept into our hearts. We could not turn back, as it would have been impossible to descend the rapids which we had only ascended with such infinite labor. Roads, or even the slightest paths could not be found in the woods, and the banks of the river were at times very steep and always thickly overgrown. At last our spirits rose, as Pierre Barry stated in rather an uncertain sort of way, it is true, but still did state that he thought that the lake was behind a hill covered with dead timber about a mile distant. He remembered that just such a "brulé" stood at the end of the lake and thought this the same one. The drooping heads lifted themselves with hope and we bravely struggled along once more for this hill. A shout of joy arose as we saw the first opening pond, and we began to forget our fatigue and soaking clothes. We had been twelve hours hard at work with only three resting spells of half an hour each, when at last we reached the first point at the mouth of the lake. We judge the distance from Forqué's to this point to be between eleven and twelve miles and consider this way of approach to the lake, by means of the Mackinac River, to be utterly out of the question. By the time we had set foot on the welcome shore rain began to fall; and everything being saturated in the boats we were unable to obtain any dry clothing and spent a most wretched night, naming the place Point Misère.

In the morning the weather cleared and we started upon our voyage of discovery. The lake ran due north and south and seemed very large. We found it afterward to be thirteen miles long and in places between two to three miles broad and hedged in by precipitous rocks and cliffs, which rise to a very great height, and at the foot of which the water is extremely deep, a rope with a weight attached to it, when let down 900ft., failing to find bottom. The mountains and rocks are grand in the extreme, and the lake superb. Most unfortunately winter fishing through the ice and the nets of one or two enterprising individuals from St. Thècle, have done much to ruin the fishing, which must, a few years ago, have been magnificent. The only two fish which seem now to inhabit its waters are the doré (wall-eyed pike) and the brochat doré (golden pickerel). They all ran about of a size, from 3 to 5lbs., and we caught without trouble a fair quantity. In one day's fishing we landed 30 fish, 12 of which were dorés and 18 brochats, weighing together 91lbs.

About seven miles from the head of the lake a long bay runs in on both sides, forming a cross, and is called by that name, Baie de la Croix, and upon the west side of it Mr. Ritchie, the lumberman, has built a shanty, which now is inhabited by a curious man-hater, whom we afterward found to be at heart a most excellent fellow, George Billet by name. He has lived in this place for eight years and often does not see a human face for months together. At times he goes down to St. Thècle to fetch provisions, and seems quite contented with his lot. We let our men sleep in the shanty and we spread our tent near by and made ourselves entirely comfortable with beds made of balsam boughs. We made our exploring excursions from the bay and found George an excellent guide and a mine of information in regard to distances and everything connected with the lake and its surroundings. He accompanied us on some of our trips and fishing excursions, and it would have been impossible for us to have procured much satisfactory knowledge without his help.

The small lakes round Lake Mackinac are very difficult to reach, being all four to five miles distant, with no portages cut through the woods. In one of them, Lac la Truite, the speckled trout are very numerous and take the fly well, and the lakers run very large; but these latter can only be caught with a spoon. Caribou tracks are to be seen in every direction, and we heard a moose call while at Pointe Misère. Bear also seem to be plentiful, but keep themselves hidden from the eye, although their "ravages" are constantly being met with. We consider it the grandest lake that we remember having seen in this vicinity, and if properly preserved it would abound with fish. On the east side, M. Baptiste has erected a large depot, which was used for storing goods in lumbering days. It is placed on the bank of the river Brochat, which feeds the lake, and which in winter is an excellent fishing ground. The west side of the lake opposite this depot is now undoubtedly the best spot for the noble sport. We trolled round the whole lake and found very indifferent sport elsewhere.

We spent four days upon the lake, two in fishing and two in explorations' and explored as thoroughly as two amateur surveyors well could, sparing no pains. The flies were very thick and dreadfully ferocious and our experience with them was most unpleasant. We started upon our return journey on Sunday morning, July 17, at 5 A. M., and were at St. Thècle village at 5 o'clock in the evening. To leave the lake we returned to Pointe Misère, opposite which the creek is situated, running into Lac Long. We ourselves preferred to walk over by the portage; but sent our men with the boats round by the creek. It has but a few rapids and presents no difficulties, being not over a mile in length. Embarking once more we pushed through a succession of narrows and small rapids for about another mile and then found ourselves at the dam at the head of Lac Long proper. This lake is divided into two parts; the total length of both being nine miles. At the end of the lake there is a portage of 1¼ miles to Lac Encoeur, which is but a small pond in comparison with the large lakes that we had left behind us. A horse can here be procured and the three miles portage to the village of St. Thècle accomplished without any difficulty. From the village a train runs once a day at 6 P. M. to St. Tite, on the Grands Piles Railroad, and consequently there can be no choice as to routes in seeking access to Grand Lac Mackinac, which we both once more vote to well deserve the title of Grand.

CHAS. E. LEVEY,
NORMAN WHITEHOUSE.

THE FLYING CLAM.

ONCE and only once I went into the boat building business, but I had such lots of fun out of the venture that I transcribe the results as an inducement to others to go and do likewise. There was the Housatonic River close by me and Hatch's Pond not a great way off, and pickerel and black bass were fattening up on minnows and calling out to me to come and have a shy at them. I took two 12ft. boards, a chestnut stem into which they fitted; then covered these boards with ¾in. pine on the bottom; cut down a good slot through the center; fitted it up with casings and trunk for a centerboard; added seats, thwarts, rowlocks, paddles, a basswood pole for a mast, a lug sail with a jack yard to slide up and down the mast, a 14ft. mainboom, with sail made of unbleached American domestic, run through a sewing machine; and here was a home-made article costing almost nothing, "a rum thing to look at but a good one to go." I impressed my old chum Charley into the service as an able-bodied seaman; half a dozen village boys helped us lift her up on an old wagon, and with a "g'lang Bill" we started up the road, bound north by east, I at the helm, Charley on the lookout, and a grand chorus of whoops and cheers ringing out after us from every one in the village. The send off was good as a circus. An hour's ride brought us to our destination. Driving down close to the pond we backed old Bill down to the water's edge, and knocking away the chucks "the beautiful yacht glided into her native element." I believe that expression is considered "the correct thing."

"Looks just like an old flatiron, Captain." Well, there was no denying the fact; still, with her glistening black sides, and two shining clam shells on each side of her bow (from which she was named) like a Chinese junk, she had a long, low, raking look, and she seemed able to carry us.

Hatch's Pond, some three miles from Kent, in Litchfield county, Conn., is a lovely sheet of water, fringed on its western side with pines and beech and maples. There are fish in its waters, which are clear and sparkling, that I know. There are quail and ruffed grouse not many along the borders. It was a pleasant sunny, breezy day in July, so hauling on my main halliard so that I could hoist the sail or let it go in an instant, I made sail on her, and stood out boldly to sea. Everything had been prepared for the trip beforehand. I was sailing master and Charley was to attend to the fish. Paying out on the two lines with their glittering spoons, the breeze just fresh enough to take us along as fast as we could paddle, the fun began. How the pickerel did go for us, and we for them. Tacking across the pond and up to the head, I would let out on the mainsheet and run down past the lily pads, keeping my companion hard at work pulling in the fish and throwing out the lines. I am free to confess that I have strong likes and dislikes. Cats and pickerel I hate cordially. I have eaten both of them, and rather prefer cat, though I do not "hanker" after him. Both are beasts of prey, both treacherous, revengeful and cruel, always ready to kill and feed on better animals than themselves, always hungry. The black bass can whip the pickerel any day in a fight, and that is not the least of his good qualities. So it was with great satisfaction that I saw how we were getting the best of these pond sharks.

My boat, as far as I knew, was the first sailboat ever put on the pond, and as the down express from Pittsfield flew by the engineer gave me a rousing toot on his whistle and the fluttering handkerchiefs waved in welcome to my craft. We had sailed four or five miles in an easy way, and now, by mutual consent, we headed the boat for shore, and getting our lunch basket, "fell too" with such an appetite as only hunters and fishermen can appreciate. Nineteen nice large pickerel all present and accounted for and more to come in the afternoon. Down on the grass under a wide-spreading maple near a lovely bubbling spring we threw ourselves full length, lit our pipes and gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the scene. Then later on we again hoisted sail, stood out to sea, and cruised round for pickerel.

Some few men there were in two old leaky boats anchored near what they fondly deemed good fishing grounds, but in fishing they were nowhere. Charley was a handy Yankee and I soon showed him how to steer the boat and promoted him to be skipper, while I set to work fishing. We would swoop by the men in the tub, a bite, a yank, haul him in, and a wild yell of triumph as the pickerel found himself pulled in; and so away we would set sail in pursuit of fresh victims, until we both cried "Hold, enough." What was the use of further fishing—40 odd fish—as many as we could eat and give away. The Flying Clam, luckier craft than many others, had more than paid for herself on her first voyage. So mooring her with stout padlock and chain we drove home in the cool of the evening delighted with our first cruise.

When I moved away from the Housatonic to the dear old Hudson I took my old boat with me. Go back on such a tried and trusty friend? Not much. Baggagemen and brakemen on the Housatonic Railroad came to know the craft as far off as they could see her, she was worth a dozen Saratoga trunks. They had to "lift her up tenderly, handle with care." She was practically "non-smashable." So, too, over the Poughkeepsie railroad, he fame had preceded her. Long will the captain of the Poughkeepsie ferryboat remember her, for when the man drove on board with an immense van loaded with my impedimenta, and the dear old lady perched up on the top of all, her rowlocks got caught in the roof, and there was a time when it seemed as if the roof or the boat would have to come apart; it was a tight squeeze, but the horse pulled her through in safety. And so up and down the river from Rondout to New Hamburgh, the dear old Flying Clam was almost as well known as the Mary Powell. In all times and all weathers, blow high, blow low, with my favorite setter Duke—of whom I shall write more fully one of these days—and my Parker gun, I have chased ducks up and down from "morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," a whole fall day, and with what pertinacity and endurance North River men will chase all day up and down that river such unhappy ducks as per chance come that way, will always remain a mystery of mysteries.

Brother boatmen of the North River who go sailing in small craft, let me give you a wrinkle. If you want to make friends with the tows, carry along a lot of newspapers with you. I have sculled that famous river for many a year, in the Undine in the olden time, the famous Gypsey, the bewitching Louisa, the saucy Doris and the peerless Bedouin; yet have I had more fun in my little boat. I always had a supply of papers and if I wanted a tow I would run up alongside, throw them a rope, get safely hitched on and then go on board and have a talk with the skipper and leave them something to read. If there's a tow on the river that does not know me or my boat all I have to say is they must have come on very lately; and I recall while now hard at work writing up my log how one fall day I had hardly hooked on to one of my friends, when a weather-beaten old boatman roared out to me, "Say, Cap, has Lousyanna gone for Hayes?"

One feat I performed with my boat that may prove interesting. I had skated over one morning in December to Poughkeepsie, when in the afternoon there came a break and crack in the ice, leaving clear water all the way across—at that time I was living on the opposite shore and the Flying Clam was stowed away in the boat house close by. Calling out to two or three fishermen to bear hand, we launched her into the water, made sail on her, sailed across and back and put her up in her winter quarters. Not many boats have done this.

On another memorable occasion I crossed over in her, tied her up at the dock, and while uptown some urchin went off in her on a sail and left her so carelessly tied that away she presently floated down the river all by herself. My old friend the captain of the Hudson Taylor was coming up from New Hamburg that morning and keeping a bright lookout, and well he had to, for they were building the West Shore road then, and not long before had let off a blast and sent a rock weighing half a ton just over his pilot house; had that struck the boat she would have gone down in ten seconds with all on board. Well, Captain Bill saw my sailboat and saw her suddenly transferred to the deck of a three-masted schooner, and made up his mind something had to be done, and quickly, too; so he steamed up alongside. "Hello! hello! I want that boat." "Does she belong to you?" "Never mind, I want her." "Who is going to pay me for my trouble?" "Nobody." "Well, take your boat." And the inhuman monster launched my boat over the taffrail, sails, oars, mast, etc., slap dash into the river, and sailed away, cursing all creation. So the Captain towed her up to the dock for me. But when did Captain Bill ever hesitate to do an act of kindness?

Once while looking at the old boat I heard a splash in the water, and the next moment a cry, "My brother is drowning." There was a boy 9 years old struggling in the water; one of 12 on the dock crying out lustily with fright, and I with a gorgeous new gray suit on fresh from the tailor's. Rough on me. No time for howling. In I went. Down went the boy, and down I went after him.

I clutched him and swam to the dock, but while I held him up with one hand, I vainly strove to clasp the oozy, slimy dock logs with the other. Help soon came, they flung me a rope; in a twinkling I had it over him and myself with a bowline. "Haul carefully, boys;" and up we went on dry land. I never from that day to this, and it was several years ago, heard one word from that lad, good, bad or indifferent. Whether his big brother went back on him, and his mother spanked him to death, or whether he still lives, I know not; I only hope he will never regret I pulled him out of the water. I never have.

I may say I am a little inclined to be superstitious, how else can I explain how ill luck always pursued me after that memorable ducking whenever I donned the gray. Let the sky be cloudless when I sallied out, I was sure to get a soaking. If I were out sailing, overboard I would go. There seemed no escape from a drenching. I turned it into a hunting suit with no better luck; still the rain marked me for its own, until despairingly I gave the clothes away, and that seemed to break the charm—as far as I was concerned.

But all things come to an end, and the Flying Clam and myself were soon to part company. I had sought fresh hunting and fishing grounds, and my dear old craft still followed my fortunes. I had taught my youngest boy how to row and fish, and had had many a joyous frolic in the old boat with him, when it pleased God in his wise providence to take him from me. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a fatal accident left me childless. I gave the boat to an old farmer who had been very kind to my boy. But "the tuck" was all out of me and I never put foot in her again; nor have I ever seen her since.

Some of the happiest days of my life were passed on board the boat. She was inseparably connected with the tenderest associations, but the cruise was for ever ended of the Flying Clam. CAPT. CLAYTON.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life.

XI.

ABOUT a week after I had written to the Colonel, I sent my tent and bed down river to the plains; and having got as many bamboos and as much sawn timber together as was necessary for a trial raft, I seated myself on it and dropped down stream, taking Charley along with me. We dropped down the eight miles without difficulty, in less than three hours, much to the amusement and delight of the raftsmen and natives at the depot. It was still early in the afternoon, and finding the superintendent there with his elephant, and my own elephant ready, Charley and I were soon mounted and away in quest of small game. We secured five brace of black partridge, a brace of jungle fowl and a peafowl, and returned to a cold collation, the cooks having been left behind to provide breakfast for our expected guests. The next morning we were out again at daylight, bagged a brace of hare, another four brace of partridge, three jungle fowl, three peafowl and a hog deer. The last shot was at a peafowl, and was at once followed by the report of a rifle above the road, warning us of the approach of our visitors. We immediately struck a beeline for the camp, but before reaching it we sighted and joined our guests, who were in high glee, having bagged a stag and, *horribile dictu*, two fat hinds. I gave them a hearty welcome, a few words sufficed to make us all known to each other, and in ten minutes we were at the tent, where we just stopped for a glass of beer and then pushed on to Boksar, passing their camels *en route*.

Liberal encomiums were passed on the viands, but for myself I was beginning to detest the sight and smell of both venison and peafowl. A few recent scratches on my hands had resulted in nasty sores, which I had no hesitation in characterizing as scurvy spots, and I was not sorry to learn from the Colonel that they had brought half a sheep along with them, for my last mutton had long since gone the way of all flesh. I had realized the desirability of a change of diet only a week earlier, and had sent in a camel for a couple of cases of bottled fruit, and green peas, asparagus, and other canned luxuries, which I expected daily, and meantime I confined myself mainly to fish and birds.

The afternoon was given up to fishing. Charley and S. commenced operations near the bungalow, fishing up stream. The Colonel strolled with me a mile or so up river, where I dropped him to fish down stream, and I went on another half mile before I took my rod apart. Bending on an artificial minnow, I succeded after half an hour in hooking my first fish in some rapids, where he fought very gamely for a small fish—he was a six or seven pounder—but my 18ft. rod with a trolling top was too much for him, and he was soon landed. The next cast at the entrance to a hole, hooked a whopper, which set my wheel spinning at top speed, until some forty yards had run out. There was a pause, for the fish had reached a sand bank on the opposite side of the hole, I wound in carefully, there was a drag but no living elasticity about it. I increased the strain; the bait came slowly for a minute and then broke free—not from the fish, but from the sand, into which I suppose he had dived to rub off the hooks, which must have struck his lips only. I did not see him, but I guess he was the biggest fish I had ever had on. Dropping down stream I hooked four more fish from six to ten pounds, after which I put my rod together, and set off to see what the others were doing.

I found the Colonel busy with a fish, now winding in now running along the bank, and shortly after my arrival he had him safely stranded—a 15-pounder or thereabout—making a good brace with one he had previously caught. He too was satisfied with his achievement, so we strolled on together to S., who had seven fish running from 6 to 12lbs. Charley was in sight nearly half a mile lower, and as we approached we saw that he had a fish on and that his chuprassee was stirring him up with stones. S. told us that he believed Charley had been playing the same fish the whole afternoon, an opinion which Charley confirmed. The "beast" as he called him stuck to the bottom, and when stoned out took only a short run before he would be down again. Just then he started, and Charley keeping a tight rein on him soon turned his head in shore, and suggested that some one put a charge of shot in him as soon as he came near the surface. The Colonel took the gun, the fish came in quietly to within ten yards, when he put his head up; the Colonel fired; there was a flounder; the next moment all was still and Charley landed the fish of the season, which he had no means of weighing but which certainly was not less than 40lbs., and some estimates placed him as high as 60. Returning to camp there was a general distribution of fish among the servants, who, with the exception of the new arrivals, were tired of venison.

The next morning we were seated at our coffee at pale dawn, but as I had not yet found time to inspect the more distant sawing and fire line operations since my return to Boksar, I had arranged over night that Charley should get my elephant for the first day out after "shipes," while I took Govind Ram, the superintendent, along with me on a day's inspection. Charley took his faithful shikaree, and providing the others with a good man each and a sketch map of the country they were to beat up, and advising them to return at 3 in the afternoon as there was no fodder within easy distance of camp, I saw them set out with stern resolve to account for anything they might run across. I went straight up the valley seven miles to the limit of sawing operations, and, taking a sawyer along with me, struck into the forest and spent the rest of the morning wandering round from pile to pile of timber, swept round to the top of the range, getting back by one of the fire lines to the sawyer's camp about noon. I put up a dozen or more hinds and fawns, and saw one big troop of probably a hundred and fifty deer, the latter out of range. I rested and had a little chat with the sawyers, who were doing good work with the hollow trunks, and then started for camp. We had gone two or three hundred yards when a brace of pheasant rose to my left, and, passing behind me, were out of range before I could get my fowling piece to bear. I saw them drop in a little solitary patch of tree jungle not more than seventy or eighty yards off. The clump was only about a quarter of an acre, with a dozen or so of small trees, interlaced with giant creepers, with a dense prickly undergrowth. All around was the bare plain, with the young green grass shooting vigorously and almost concealing the charred stumps of the previous season's crop. The road was fifteen or twenty feet above the plain; so calling a halt, I dropped a couple of No. 5 cartridges into my pocket, loaded my gun with another two, and jumped off.

Raising the hammers I made straight for the clump, and taking up my position close to a tree, began to peer round for a few moments. I saw nothing, and then as my eye took in more details, I was suddenly aware of another pair eyes fixed on mine. I suppose it could not have been more than a few moments, but it appeared to me quite a measureable time that the tiger and I—for tiger it was—looked quietly in each other's eyes, whether it was because he looked so gentle I cannot say, but although I rapidly revolved chances in my mind, I was scarcely conscious of any excitement while I brought my piece up and took a steady aim between the eyes. I pulled, sprang on one side, and with a roar of rage that sent my blood beating wildly enough in my veins, the beast charged, dashed against the tree by which I had stood, fell over, and then in impotent rage sat and commenced rubbing his eyes with his forearms. I was not three yards from him, and no sooner had he reached a sitting posture than aiming at his ear I gave him the second barrel. He fell instantly, and by this time, the elephant being close at hand, I went for it and got into the howdah, not knowing whether the shot had done more than stun the beast. We were alongside immediately, and conscious of being excited, I handed my rifle to the superintendent and told him to take a steady shot at the middle of the forehead. He did so, and as the ball crashed into the brain the extension of the hind limbs, followed by a wag of the tail and a slight shudder of the whole frame, proved my surmise correct. I had aimed my first barrel between the eyes; the whole charge nearly was in his right eye. One shot only had penetrated the left.

A shout soon brought a score of sawyers to our assistance, and after numerous Wah-wahs of admiration from them and some demur on the part of the elephant we got the beast loaded and made the best of our way to camp, which we reached at 4 o'clock.

The others were ahead of us, and long before we had alighted the tiger was sighted and the news passed from mouth to mouth. Amid numerous exclamations I heard the Colonel charging me with having sent them out of the way while I stole off and killed the tiger.

"I have only got this one," I replied, "how many did you get?" They had nothing to show, but a great Gerao stag and a small bear, but they had put up three tigers—probably a tigress and a pair of full grown cubs—over one kill*, and got much excitement out of it, but they brought home no skins. I gave orders to have the tiger skinned, but the Colonel insisted on having him first measured; so we laid him out, extended tail and nose and driving in a tent peg at either extremity, the Colonel next proposed a fifty-cent pool on the measurement; by arrangement each of us wrote his estimate on a scrap of paper. When we had done Charley called 8ft. 6in., the Colonel 9ft. 6in., S. 9ft. 3in., and I 9ft. 4in. The tape gave 9ft. 4¼in., and the Colonel declared laughingly that I measured him before I brought him home.

My arrival had disturbed the party at luncheon, at which I soon joined them; there were beer and claret on the table, both contributed by our guests, who insisted on providing the liquids as a fair set-off against the solids, an arrangement on which I proposed to contract for the rest of the season. As the claret circulated and tongues wagged freely over the adventures of the day, I thought of a witty suggestion of Cardinal Richelieu's, and thought it probable that we were a party whose beards would all grow gray before the hair on our heads.

The man eater had been well discussed at table, and her identification by the human hair in the fæces, and S. said he should have thought it would have been too much digested for identification. A reference to the carcass outside was proposed, and lunch being over and our pipes lighted, we adjourned to Ram Buksh's camp, where the tiger was being skinned. We waited for the completion of the task, and then opening up the long gut, imagine my surprise at finding a ball of what I recognized in a moment as human hair. I picked it out, and bidding the party adjourn with me to the bath-room I washed it out, uncoiled it, and afforded them all unmistakable evidence that it was a long thin tress of human hair, probably a woman's. This then was a cub of the man-eating tigress, and was probably chargeable with a fair half of the depredations laid to her charge, unless indeed there were another cub of the same litter still alive. When I came on the beast he was unquestionably lying in wait for the sawyers, watching for a stray man to get far enough away from the party. There was no clue to his last victim, no kill having been reported, but if is a common saying among the villagers on the outskirts of the forest that when a farmer gets tired of his wife he sends her alone to the forest to cut grass for the cows.

The Colonel suggested that it might be hair from a horse's tail, and although I knew it was too fine for that, I sent it to headquarters for microscopic examination. I requested that it might not be talked of to the natives, but they had recognized it already for what it was, and when we went out again they had another half dozen hairs straightened out. SHIKAREE.

CAMP BOKSAR, Sewalik Ranges, Upper India.

*Kill, *i. e.*, the carcass of an animal killed by them; it is usual here to speak of a tiger's kill.

Natural History.

HUMMINGBIRD AND SPARROW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the hundreds of accounts of battles between the English sparrow and other birds received at the Department of Agriculture during the past year, the following is one of the most remarkable, and at first sight seems almost incredible: "BROOKLYN, Conn., Oct. 20, 1886.—The following facts have been furnished me by Mr. Geo. Harris, of this town, on whose land they occurred. He noticed a hummingbird, near its nest, darting repeatedly at an English sparrow and apparently plunging its bill into its antagonist. Although he did not see the sparrow killed, he afterward found the sparrow and one or two other birds (one of which was a kingbird) dead on the ground beneath the hummer's nest. He did not examine the dead birds particularly and so cannot describe the nature of the wounds they may have received, but has no doubt the hummer caused their death. There were no telegraph or telephone wires near the spot, and no other assignable cause for the death of the birds than the attack of the enraged hummer when its nest was threatened. The nest eventually came into my possession.—RICHARD KING."

The reckless courage of the hummingbird during the breeding season is well known, but I confess to much doubt as to the dead birds having been killed by the bill of the hummer, and it is difficult to imagine how the bird could in any way have killed such well-known pugilists as the kingbird and English sparrow.

It is possible that the kingbird and sparrow killed each other, and that the place of death, close to the hummingbird's nest, was merely an accident. Yet this explanation is not entirely satisfactory.

The account was sent to the Department in all good faith, and is published not only on account of the interesting facts, but in the hope that it may elicit others, more or less similar, which will help to simplify the matter. WALTER B. BARROWS, Ass't Ornithologist.

U. S. DEP'T OF AGRICULTURE, Washington, D. C., July 29.

MALE QUAIL ON THE NEST.—Nottoway County, Va., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have witnessed a strange phenomenon in bird life this summer and these are the facts. On the lawn or front yard and distant from the front door not over two hundred paces, one afternoon in June, in company with two of my sons, I discovered a partridge's nest containing apparently eighteen or twenty eggs with neither hen nor cock bird upon it at the time, but upon visiting the nest several days afterward I saw a cock bird sitting upon it. I have visited that nest from two to three times a week ever since, always finding the cock bird sitting upon it, save once, and then no bird was upon it. I was there again this afternoon in company with one of my sons, and not only did we see the cock bird upon the nest, but we saw little birds peeping out from under the old one. So I am as well convinced as of my own existence that the cock partridge (or as often called, the cock quail) and he alone has in this particular case done all of the incubating and is at the time of this writing hatching out the young brood. I have known for many years that in Virginia the cock partridge sometimes sat upon the eggs, but thought he only did that while the hen was off feeding. But in this instance I am perfectly certain no hen bird has ever sat upon the nest since she finished laying the eggs.—T. E. EPES.

THE BLACKSNAKE.—Milford, Del.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This cutting I take from the Philadelphia *Record*. The story came from New Jersey: "Miss Alwelda Cresse resides with her parents a short distance on the mainland from Cape May. Returning from church last Sunday night she went to her room, where to her horror she discovered a huge blacksnake coiled on the mantel. It sprang at her, and coiling about her person paralyzed her with fear. Her screams brought her father to the rescue, and after a five-minutes' fight with the loathsome reptile it was killed and found to measure six feet." I do not believe the above statement at all. I have frequently irritated blacksnakes and have never been able to make them spring at me; I doubt if they could spring clear of the ground if they wanted to do so. I caught a blacksnake a few weeks ago which was probably 5ft. long; it did not even attempt to bite me, as I picked it up in my hand, I wished to see if it would coil about my arm, but the reptile could not be persuaded to do so. In fact the snake was only anxious to get away, but as it was a fine specimen I kept it for its skeleton. The blacksnake is a harmless and useful creature to the farmer. I will not allow them killed, but encourage the belief, prevalent here, that by killing snakes you bring much rainy weather.—VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

RAIL IN CAPTIVITY.—Trenton, N. J., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw this morning in Ribsam & Son's (florists) window a female Virginia rail bird and four young about as large as one-day old chickens. The young were caught in the marshes of the Delaware opposite this city, where they were drowned out almost by the heavy rains and consequent high water. The young were then put into a trap and the mother sought them out and was captured. They are all very fine, lively and healthy, and the young follow the mother as chickens do a hen. I think it very rare to see rail and young.—C. J. RUTGERS.

THE "GILA MONSTER."

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, C. M. Z. S., ETC.

FOR a number of years past the writer has been collecting together anatomical material and alcoholic specimens illustrating several groups of our United States reptilian fauna, with the view of describing and publishing accounts of their morphology. It was not until quite lately, however, that I came into possession of two fine living specimens of the far-famed "Gila monster" (*Heloderma suspectum*), the largest by all odds of our North American lizards.

A soldier, Private Charles Ruby, of the 9th U. S. Infantry, whose company is serving at San Carlos, Arizona, forwarded me my first live *Heloderma*; and the second, a considerably larger one, I purchased from an old hunter of Phœnix, Arizona, who captured it for me at the kind request of Lieut. Edgar A. Mearns, of the Medical Corps of the Army. Both of these reptiles are at the present writing before me, and this article will be devoted to a few remarks about them.

Zoölogists, as a rule, have awarded a separate family, the *Helodermidæ*, to contain this species of lizard, of which it is the only representative genus and species in our fauna; the *Helodermidæ* falling in the group DIPLOGLOSSA, which has in it two other families of lizards, besides.

I have been much surprised at the amount of interest that people of all sorts evince in regard to this reptile, not only those living in the Southwest, where its home is, but people passing to and fro through the country. Yet, no less surprising is the wide circulation of erroneous notions in regard to it, both as to its size, and general appearance; while salamanders, and even "horned toads" (*Phrynosoma*), and other reptiles all have at various times been pointed out to me, as Gila monsters.

Now there are but a few good illustrations of this very important form extant, and this, no doubt, has something to do with the fact that so many are unfamiliar with the appearance of a *Heloderma*.

There is a plate of one in the old U. S. Boundary Survey (Pl. XXVI.), and *Nature*, of London, published a small but excellent woodcut of this lizard, two or three years ago; neither of these figures, however, are easily accessible to the vast majority of the good readers of FOREST AND STREAM, so, with the view of presenting to them a faithful representation of the "Gila monster," I made the accompanying pen and ink sketch of the smaller of the two specimens in my possession, or rather from my colored plate of it, which I trust to have figured in another connection, some time in the future.

The smaller of my specimens is eleven inches long, while the larger one measures rather more than sixteen inches; I have heard that they attain a length of twenty-six inches, but have never seen one anything like as big as that. No two of them are exactly alike in their markings, and the one in the figure is an exceptionally handsome specimen. From tip to tip they are covered by raised and bead-like scales, disposed in rows around the body and tail, being closer together on the latter, while on the head, where they are the largest, they are arranged for the most part upon a definite plan, as in other lizards. In color these scales are of a deep, jetty black, or a bright salmon orange, or, as in some specimens, a pale orange or even a dirty yellow: but both of these of mine are brilliantly colored, especially the one I have figured for you. It, as you will see, has all four of its legs, black, as is the fore part of the head or its face; this contrast with its other markings lends to the reptile an exceedingly elegant appearance. Some of them, as my larger one, have the legs and feet mottled like the body, but not upon any special figure plan. The tail is round, really conical, as it tapers gradually to a pointed tip; and in some specimens the tail is very large and thick, almost a cumbersome appendage.

If we take the orange color as the ground color of the animal, as it seems (being the lighter) to be so, then we find the black on the body to be arranged in some four or five circular rows around it, of the most bizarre pattern imaginable; these variegated bands are sometimes continued clear along the entire length of the tail, but in the figure it will be observed that they are there reduced to simple black ones. *Helodermas* have a broad and deeply-forked, black tongue, which they are constantly thrusting out, and whipping back into their mouths as they move along.

This, however, is not the dangerous part of the animal, as *Helodermas* are very venomous, they having grooved teeth in their jaws and a well-developed poison gland, something like a rattlesnake's. Several years ago, the writer, who was at that time on duty in the Herpetological Department of the Smithsonian Institution, was severely bitten by one there, which had been sent alive from Arizona, and suffered extremely in consequence; while one that they had not long ago in the Zoölogical Gardens in London, bit a guinea pig, which latter animal died in five minutes. Doctor Mitchell of Philadelphia has analyzed this poison and finds it nearly as venomous as the fluid taken from the poison glands of a *Crotalus*. Professor Cope seems to think that this lizard has slowly developed its venomous apparatus from being sluggish in its movements, and consequently ill-adapted to get out of the way of larger animals and not be trodden upon; this constant source of irritation and danger has in long ages gradually rendered its saliva poisonous, and eventually given rise to the development of a special gland and apparatus for the purpose. This is my belief also, in the premises, and I am inclined to think that the same feature in venomous snakes came about pretty much in the same way.

My *Helodermas* will eat hard-boiled hens' eggs, or even raw ones, but it is difficult to get them to take anything; the one they had in London was, upon one occasion, at least, induced to swallow a small rat. No doubt in nature they feed upon the eggs of ground-nesting birds, and very likely upon the nestlings of the same species. These reptiles can walk quite rapidly, using as they do so, the fore and hind feet of the alternate sides, and keeping the head low down near the ground. When suddenly interrupted one will quickly raise its head, and to some degree its body by its legs, and wheeling rather sharply round, gives vent to a threatening, blowing sound, jerking in and out by rapid movements its broad black tongue, and withal presenting quite a defiant aspect.

Not as yet having had the opportunity to examine into their mode of reproduction, I can add nothing here to this part of my subject, for I am not informed as to whether they lay eggs or bring forth their young alive.



THE GILA MONSTER (*Heloderma suspectum*).—From a drawing by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

Among the various species of "horned toads" (*Phrynosoma*) of this region, both ways exist, for these latter lizards lay eggs as well as bring forth their young alive.

Gila monsters do not occur in the country about Fort Wingate, and one to find them in their native haunts must resort to the low river bottoms of southwestern Arizona, more especially the low, sultry banks of the Gila River, which I am told is the most famous locality for them.

FORT WINGATE, New Mex., June 30.

THE WHIP-TAILED SCORPION.—I notice with interest and pleasure the article in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 28 on the whip-tailed scorpion (*Thelyphonus giganteus*). The insect is very common in Florida, where it is called "grampus" and "mule killer," and credited in some sections with deadly powers, though I never knew of a fatal case. I have known of very severe poisoning of a friend from the bite or sting of this scorpion, but he was unable to tell just how the poison was injected, and I notice that Dr. Shufeldt fails to inform on this point, though presumably it is done by the anterior clawed arms. The insect emits a very fetid odor when disturbed, elevating its body and going off stiff-legged or armed in an amusing manner, spreading its anterior claws menacingly. I think I have written before in this paper of this scorpion, but now for the first time am I made acquainted with the proper name and other interesting information which Dr. Shufeldt gives us.—O. O. S.

Game Bag and Gun.

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IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—VII.

WE were much pleased one pleasant evening at the 21 ranch to see a light rig drive into camp, whose two occupants were recognized as Mr. Kirkpatrick, the foreman of the 21, and Mr. D. R. Streeter, owner of the Z brand, with range just below Kiowa, adjoining the Territory line. We had left Mr. Kirkpatrick ill at Kiowa and Mr. Streeter was absent from his range on business when we passed through, but we more than half expected them to come on down to 21 sometime, as both are ardent greyhound men, and as fond of a big hunt as anybody well could be. The appearance of these two gentlemen infused new life into our party, as indeed it would into any party.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is an old cattleman, who has been all over the cattle country, from Texas to Montana. He is perhaps the most popular man on the Southern range, and any boy in that whole country will fight if one but looked so much as cross-eyed at "ole man Kirk." He is the most restless man I ever saw. His first move was to grasp a broom and begin to sweep out our not over-tidy boudoir; that finished, he carried in wood and then went down and amused himself carrying hay to the big black Galloway bulls. He talked very little, but we could see he looked pretty happy, though much to our sorrow he informed us that he was not well enough to ride after the hounds.

Mr. Streeter was looking well enough for two, and the event proved that no hunt was so long that he was not first in it. Cattleman *par excellence*, blessed beyond care for this world's goods, of abundant health and spirits, and a sportsman as useful as ardent, Mr. Streeter is not only a comfort to himself but to others—one of the rare men whom one instinctively indorses. I don't know that I would spill over so much in so personal a matter if I had not noticed one particular thing about this gentleman, he always went in for the greatest amount of sport for the greatest number, and though he had an honest pride in his own dogs—as well he might have—he didn't argue that they were the best dogs on earth, or insist that it was his dog that caught the deer every time. I say a man like that deserves a public monument.

The newcomers brought down two more greyhounds, both grand ones, one the big blue dog of the Eagle Chief Pool, and the other Mr. Streeter's great fawn dog, Prince, the sire of the pups we had already seen do such good work on the 21 range.

I do not know better how to describe Prince than to call him enormous. He is the largest greyhound I ever saw. While the massive build of his huge head indicates rather courage than great speed, he has a good foot (as do all of his progeny), is well-limbed, and has a well set-up back, which clears him of all appearance of awkwardness. Not so fast as perhaps many smaller dogs, he is just tireless, and of such courage and strength that he will seize and hold any animal that runs in that country. For the purposes required in a ranch dog, I should say Prince would be hard to beat. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Prince's record for the month of December, 1886, is twenty-six coyotes, three deer, and one gray wolf. I do not know that he has been beaten, although my great favorite, Mr. Allison's Mike, has caught eleven antelope in one week. We did all we could to induce Mr. Streeter to bring Prince up the coursing meet at Great Bend next fall, and hope to see him there. He may be beaten, but I will wager he will be running when the other dog catches the rabbit; or if that latter does not happen within three miles, it will not happen at all for his competitor.

We now had nineteen dogs in all at the ranch, including what are doubtless the very best game dogs in the whole western country, as well as the champion dogs Sandy, Jim and Terry—themselves not by any means to be excluded from the list of game dogs. I don't go much on champions; but Jim and Terry I have seen afield too often not to like heartily.

Barring us younger men, it was a party of veterans who lounged about the big ranch room that night, and blew big clouds of smoke, and gravely told stories of experiences which would set a novice all afire. Were it good journalism to speak too much of things whereto one can not speak himself, or to fill up columns already overtaxed by me, I could tell for the novices much of interest heard at our symposiums on the Cimarron. Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Streeter and Mr. Allison were each well on to fifty years of age—though none looked it by ten years—and all had been long "on the front." The ranch boys had all lived lives so full of event that nothing seemed other than matter of course. Naturally, there were some experiences in that crowd.

At length Mr. Kirkpatrick quietly arose, took down a long buggy whip from the wall, opened the door, and began gen ly to stir around under the bunk with the whip. Great exodus of greyhound puppies followed, all yelping lustily, thinking it was Red who was after them. The latter was sometimes vigorous in his way of saying good-night to them, but Mr. Kirkpatrick would not hurt anything. The puppies were not allowed in the house. I think they came in through the keyhole. Old Jack, a retired and pensioned shepherd dog, was always permitted to remain, a fact which he thoroughly understood; and an exception was made for the crippled greyhound Boots, whose wounds would not do well out on the cold ground.

At the good-night signal each man gave his roll of blankets a flip, and presto! there were a row of sleepers. Fiend Business, where wert thou then? Sure not by the Cimarron.

In the morning we scattered in various quests. I tried to photograph nineteen dogs and five horses all at once with the little 4x5 camera, and caught a whole horizon full of ears and tails. Mr. Streeter and Mr. Allison took three pairs of hounds and rode off for the flats for a deer hunt. Mr. Kirkpatrick and I made some landscape views. Ricker disappeared, but whether he was sketching or reading up the rules on still-hunting, I never knew. He had a pretty good lot of sketches when we came up out of the Nations, but he was also suspiciously well posted on the rules and duties.

At a little after nightfall the deer hunters got in. They thought they could give account of two deer. The big blue dog had killed one, and just at dusk Mr. Streeter saw Terry throw another twice, and though the chase was lost in the dark after that, Terry was so long gone and came back in such condition that it was considered beyond doubt that he had killed his deer. This deer we never found, though we looked for it afterward. It is almost impossible to locate a spot in that country, among sandhills which are all nearly exactly alike, and with no landmark to distinguish one place from another. Deer were reported plenty. Over twenty-five had been seen, usually standing around in full view on the buffalo grass, like antelope—a rather unusual thing.

I wish I could tell all the excursions we made and all the fun we had; but I can't do that, you know. We certainly did have a pleasant time. The weather came off very fair and warm. Meadowlarks and robins appeared, though it was midwinter; the streams broke open; all the life of the wood seemed to bestir itself; "sign" of all sorts grew plentiful. In crossing one little hollow in the sandhills, Mr. Kirkpatrick and I found the fresh trails of two wilcats, a coyote, three raccoons and a skunk. We didn't care for the latter so much, but determined to try the foxhounds once more along the Wildcat swamps. The country anywhere without a mile from the camp was fairly alive with small "varmints," though the hounds had killed most of the coyotes. Only one coyote was killed by the hounds during our stay on the 21. Red killed that with the puppies, who did the business in great shape.

The coyotes, and worse yet, the gray wolves, make such havoc among the calves that the ranchmen in that country are forced to make persistent war on them. One coyote is good for about ten calves; and one ranchman told us that on his range alone the gray wolves had killed twenty yearlings during the past season, and he did not know how many calves, though probably a hundred. No poisoning was allowed on 21, though some ranches poison systematically (a fact which hunters should bear in mind, if they are in that country with dogs). As to the efficacy of keeping a pack of hounds—a plan quite generally growing in favor on the ranches—it will do to say that we had fresh eggs at the 21, often two or three dozen a day. Kill the hounds and the chickens would last about one week.

Well, we did saddle up and go down along the Wildcat with the foxhounds one fine afternoon, and we had hardly gotten near the creek before Drum began to sing, and as Buck joined him and both tailed out on the full jump down the creek we saw that it meant business and followed on the run. Just as we were engaged in the delicate operation of crossing a wire fence with our horses (a thing often necessary on the range, where gates only happen every forty or fifty miles) we heard the yelp of the little shepherd dog Frank, who never opened unless game was in sight; and a moment later the foxhounds were baying and all the greyhounds racing to their assistance. We hurriedly put up the fence again and got down to the creek where the dogs were swarming in the rushes as thick as bumble bees.

There was a big log lying out in the swamp about half out of the water. Ricker and Streeter sprang out upon this and soon called out that the dogs had treed a coon.

The coon sat in the mouth of the log and calmly chewed the anatomy of any dog which was fool enough to try to make the log carry double in that end. The uproar of the dogs was fearful—we had nearly the entire pack with us. Wanting to get a little nearer I sprang out on the log, slipped and got wet. The log proved to be hollow throughout, and by a good shove with a long pole we managed to shunt the coon out into the water, where the dogs were swimming, floating and wading, and breaking down the tough cover of wild flags. The whole dozen and a half of dogs tried to get hold of him at once—all but the staghound, who discreetly withdrew to the bank and looked on. One valiant puppy caught the coon by the tail and began to drag him out of the swamp. In turn the coon caught the shepherd dog by the nose and pulled him along with the procession. The young foxhound Druin went entirely crazy with lust of battle, and seeing the shepherd and the coon in such close relations suspected there was something wrong, and promptly jumping upon the unfortunate shepherd, was proceeding to do him up, while the coon yet held him by the nose. This mistaken zeal of Druin's set us all off in a peal of laughter, and even Mr. Kirkpatrick roared with merriment. The coon seemed in a fair way to lick the whole pack, until Mr. Streeter stooped over and caught it by the tail, throwing it out on the bank, where it was soon despatched. After it was dead Druin seemed still to have some sort of an idea that that coon belonged to him, and he pitched into one of the big greyhounds to drive him away from it. The latter would probably have bitten him in two if we had not interfered. This funny notion of Druin's was something new to us. It seemed a case of genuine "Berserker madness."

Ricker and I being desirous of obtaining some views among the broken timbered cañons on the south side of the Cimarron, an expedition was organized one lovely morning, Mr. Streeter and Mr. Allison going along as guides for us. We hitched up our Black Maria for this trip, Mr. Allison taking old John along, and Mr. Streeter riding his black hunting horse. This last animal was so well trained that one could shoot from his back with perfect steadiness. As we crossed the Cimarron Ricker shot at some ducks, and one falling crippled in the shallow water he mounted Mr. Streeter's horse and rode out to retrieve it. The duck flew again and Ricker killed it from the saddle, the black seeming rather to enjoy the fun than otherwise. Yet he was by no means a slow or stupid horse, but to the contrary very fast and spirited.

Following up the cañon of "Greever Creek," some four or five miles, and being then about twelve miles from camp, we left the wagon, saddled up, and each shortly taking a separate cañon were soon far away from each other, each man leaving his horse tied at the head of navigation in his cañon and then going on up afoot.

The entire country over in that region appeared to have been burned off in the recent great fires. The fine ashes, caught up by the strong wind, were indescribably trying to the eyes. The game appeared all to have left for the time, though we did see a good many fresh deer trails in the cañons and also some fresh turkey signs.

I had put my "photograph machine" in the pockets of my shooting coat, all but the legs, which I left at the wagon. I passed through a series of lovely and striking views, and at last, coming out on a hillside which gave a grand panorama of the entire system of cañon-heads, I determined to bottle up that landscape for my own private use. As I had no tripod, I set the little camera on my knee, and tried to get the focus on a certain bold bluff in the middle distance; but as fast as I could pull the dark cloth over my head the wind whipped it off again. Then the camera fell off my knee and rolled down the hill just as I got the cloth over my head nicely, and by the time I had got that and pounded the brass things out straight again, or part way straight, old Bugler, my horse, commenced trying to break away, and nearly walked on the woodpecker gun. I administered corporeal punishment to the horse and sat down again.

You know Rachel refused to be comforted, don't you? Well, it was just that way with Bugler. He sighed for his absent one, the little wall-eyed, pigeon-toed, pot-bellied thing that Ricker was riding for a horse, and that we drove on the right hand side of Bugler, going south (I never could remember which was the "near" horse, and which the "off." But I think Bugler was mostly "off").

When Bugler sighed, you could hear him about four miles on a still day. Same way with his mate. By and by I heard an answering neigh, and saw Ricker riding on the opposite side of the creek, about half a mile away. He soon joined me, and between us we took the photograph.

Separating again, Ricker and I left our horses, and pushed on further south yet, he getting over very nearly to the southwest camp of the 21 range, among the blackjacks. Among the rough cañons of that region he got some very interesting sketches. I spent several hours in exploring some of the roughest and most picturesque cañons, and found some very striking views indeed. Great masses of limestone rock often blocked up the cañon, sometimes at a point where the walls were a hundred feet or more in perpendicular height; and these cedar-covered, ragged defiles were unique enough in their peculiar characteristics to catch the eye of any artist. That region is a country of caves. I crawled down into several caves as far as the light permitted, and some of them must have been very extensive. The caves are the natural home of the predatory animals of that country. It is said that panthers occasionally are found about them, and beyond doubt a great many bears winter in them. I did not see any bear sign, but nearly every cave had plenty of wildcat tracks in it. There must be a great many of these animals over in the cañon country. Mr. Streeter struck the trail of a mountain lion, a very large one, but as he had no dogs, he did not attempt to follow it.

In so rough a country I could not put up any game; so, after looking about for a time, I returned to my horse, and stopped in front of a peculiarly picturesque little side cañon, and was trying to get an interior view of it, with old Bugler in the foreground, when Mr. Streeter and Ricker came up. Ricker asked me if I had "got his eagle?" I didn't know what he meant. He said he had killed a big eagle and left it near his horse, but it was gone when he came back. We found the eagle at camp, Mr. Allison having brought it in. He said it was trying to get off when he passed by, and he killed it with his Winchester carbine. Ricker had shot it with a load of buckshot. It was a large golden eagle.

We now started home, it being late. Mr. Streeter rode on ahead. The sun was warm, and we threw off our coats, though there were heavy clouds in the west and north.

As we passed the bluffs which guard the mouth of Greever Creek we asked each other how far they were. We guessed the distance at half a mile. They looked about 500yds. In response to a request to try my .45-90 on the face of the bluff, I held about half way up the bluff and let go. The ball seemed lost for a moment, and then, to our surprise, a faint puff of dust appeared, apparently not much over three-quarters of the way over to the foot of the bluff. I repeated the shot, with the same result. Ricker fired the rifle of his three-barrel, but we failed to see any dirt fly at all. Mr. Allison had a stop-watch with him (he being something of a horseman as well as a greyhound man), and we concluded to time the ball of the .45-90. I slipped up the leaf several notches, and this time held on the top of the bluff. After an unconscionable time the puff of dirt showed just at the bottom of the bluff. The stop-watch showed just six seconds. I tried it again, and again the watch said six seconds. It may be seen how great the distance was.

While we were shooting, Mr. Streeter, who had been off on a little side hunt of his own, came up with us. We told him he couldn't hit the side of the mountain with his sawed-off .45-60 Winchester. Nor could he, apparently, though he fired several times. He thought that he shot over the top of the bluff; but that could not have been.

And now a very strange thing happened, and one whose like I never saw. It got cold! Not gradually, nor in a little while, but all at once. The wind whipped square around from the south to the northwest, and its breath was icy cold. So sudden a change in temperature was never seen, perhaps. The boys at the camp saw the thermometer drop twenty-two degrees in twenty minutes; and the rate of fall must have been much more than that for the first few moments.

We bundled into the wagon and started for home, trying to outrun the furious rainstorm which we could see coming and which soon shut the bluffs out of sight. Ricker wrapped himself up in the saddle blankets. He had on only his canvas shooting coat and canvas shell-vest for overwear. In the morning he had laughed at me for taking two coats. If his nose hadn't been so blue I would have had a laugh at him, th n.

We found the Cimarron rising fast and nearly swimming-deep for our horses. We did not get there a moment too soon. The rain, pitiless, drenching, icy cold, struck us as we were in the middle of the river. Our curtains were of little service and we were wet through in a moment. We drove into camp on a gallop, hustled our team under shelter and broke into the house about as wet and cold as any four fellows ever got in half an hour. To this day I can wake Ricker out of a sound sleep by saying that I believe his darling three-barrel got a spot of rust in it on that trip.

E. HOUGH.

A CHANCE AT THE CHICKENS.—A Michigan man (whose name we will not give, for to give it would be to deluge us with applications) will go prairie chicken shooting with a party and will furnish the dogs up to three brace. The terms are reasonable, and it is a rare opportunity for a number of friends who want to try the grouse.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH DEER.

A WINTER'S TALE FOR SUMMER READING.

OCCASIONALLY I have heard it remarked by some of the self-constituted readers of my copies of FOREST AND STREAM, that "among the multiplicity of hunting reminiscences published, the greater number present such a striking similarity as to make them tame and uninteresting matter for perusal." However much convinced that such indiscriminating purloiners are not to the manor born, it nevertheless has sought to remind me of the incidents connected with an experience in deer hunting which, be it said, furnishes a chapter of happenings somewhat out of the usual line, as we leave the reader to judge.

I was living in a city noted for its wonderful thrift and enterprise, being the undisputed metropolis of the great and growing oil industry. The city is situated near the most northern section of the extensive mountain forests of Western Pennsylvania. During the winter deer, bear and other game had been reported unusually abundant, and many of our local sportsmen had been successful in bringing in—during the few days of the opening season—some fine large specimens.

Yielding to the all-inspiriting influence that had stimulated the ambition of my fellow hunters to seek such rare and attractive fields of sport, I set about making preparations for a day's outing. A chance acquaintance who had attained an enviable reputation as an all-round sportsman, and a then active member of a leading gun club, kindly volunteered to share the events of the day as well as to generously insist (in view of his reputation and long experience as a hunter) upon an equal division of the spoil. Curly was not only an excellent rifle shot, performing many of Carver's difficult feats with dexterity and skill, but was widely known as having but few equals as a wing-shot; and withal was not over-timid in referring, on all opportune occasions, to his skill and adroitness in luring the wary deer within the realm of his keen eyesight and never-failing marksmanship.

A light, flaky snow having fallen to a considerable depth, making it an exceedingly favorable time for still-hunting, we found the day had dawned in all that perfection which is so welcome and gratifying to the heart of the hunter, and our spirits rose. Our route lay up the extreme right branch of the Tuna to the great wilderness of woods that have become so famous as a favorite rendezvous for hunters. On the way Curly told us his coon story. I have often since heard him repeat it, and always with the same degree of earnestness and enthusiasm that never fails to impress one with a sense of its truthfulness, even if it were not known to be vouched for by persons cognizant of the facts.

"Some years ago," he said, "while yet in the somewhat advanced stage of boyhood, I was on one occasion returning from a neighboring farmhouse, and in passing through a neck of woods, some distance from any inhabitation, I was startled by the fierce barking of the neighbor's dog, that had left me but a few minutes before. On reaching the spot I found him partly within the trunk of a hollow tree, growling and snapping furiously as if in close proximity to some animal that had been driven into close quarters, and was endeavoring to resist the attack of the dog. Upon my arrival the dog commenced to force the fighting, and in following up his advantage quickly crowded within the opening and gradually working himself upward, to my great surprise, soon passed out of sight. Up to this time I had been constantly urging him to keep up the attack, but now, fearing in his extreme eagerness to capture his adversary he might force himself into some crevice or tight place above and be unable to extricate himself, I quickly changed my tactics and tried by all manner of coaxing to get him to back down and out, but without avail. The only response I could get would be an occasional 'yip,' which soon began to grow indistinct and finally ceased altogether, leaving no further proof of the existence of either combatants than the falling now and then of a splinter or piece of decayed wood down through the interior.

"After standing some time contemplating the peculiar situation of affairs, at the same time intent upon devising some plan to rescue the dog from his supposed perilous position, I chanced to look up to take a survey of the tree, and observed it had been broken off fifty or sixty feet from the ground, leaving but a single limb on the standing portion, and that just at the point of breakage. A moment later I noticed a movement at the top, and soon after an enormous coon came out and took his position on the extreme end of the limb. Well! here was an unlooked for denouement on the part of one of the principal actors, carrying with it an air of mystery that puzzled me sorely in trying to unravel. What had caused his coonship to leave a comparative place of safety, and perch himself out on the limb as far as possible from the body of the tree—in open daylight? But the solution was nearer at hand than I had anticipated, for soon after the dog's head protruded from the opening the coon had just made his exit from, and drawing himself up until his forelegs projected over the broken top, anchored himself in that position; then glancing wishfully down upon terra firma, was undoubtedly as greatly surprised a canine as I was dumbfounded in beholding his highness so far heavenward.

"He had thus far shown such surprising capabilities in overcoming the law of gravitation that I was in a condition to credit him with sufficient courage and persistence to attempt to navigate the limbs, in case he should chance to focus the bold and attractive outline of Mr. Coon so temptingly near. But without waiting to give Trim time to further distinguish himself, I commenced to scold and threaten and pelt him with missiles, in my endeavor to make him pilot himself down the way he came, but after making a single trial (evidently in fear) he straightened himself up into his former position and couldn't be made to budge.

"I was now constantly on the ragged edge through fear of losing the farmer's valuable dog, the knowledge of that worthy's frequent refusal of fifty dollars for the brute being fresh in mind; besides, I was aware of his being a general favorite, and that his services were indispensable for churning purposes.

"Realizing the need of affording some means of rescue at once, and being in a desperate mood, I quickly decided to cut down the tree and take the chances of his being whipped to death by the fall. Hastily procuring an axe, I planned the cutting so the tree would land on a low, wet, marshy place, where the earth was soft and mucky to a considerable depth. After exercising a liberal amount of muscle for a time when minutes seemed the prolongation of hours, the usual warning came that the critical moment had arrived, and as soon as the tree had got under lively headway in falling, the dog—fortunately for his future existence—shot out from the tree like the circus man in the cannon act, and landed several feet beyond the tree on all fours and up to his sides in the soft soil, where he was obliged to remain until extricated. He was found to be badly stiffened and stove up generally, thus depriving the owner of his usefulness in butter making for a time, but finally he came out all right. The coon was captured and exhibited as a trophy of one of the most remarkable of hunting incidents."

After a brisk drive of several miles we drew up at an old, deserted cabin, and after finding shelter for our horse and putting our Winchesters in order for doing duty, we went on up the valley for another mile. At this point the Tuna dwindles into a very inconsiderable stream, and changes its course at right angles with its former direction; its headwaters reaching in from the west. Between the source of this branch and that of the other more prominent one, situated some distance to the southward, lies a stretch of territory that has become a favorite camping ground for the hunter and angler, and to this locality we decided to shape our course.

We were now compelled to take leave of the well-beaten track of the bark shipper that had hitherto done us such good service, and make our way through the trackless waste of snow that lay spread out before us in all its spotless purity and dazzling brightness.

We proceeded more slowly and with greater caution, being ever on the alert for signs. After a steady and monotonous tramp for a couple of miles, our vigilance was in a measure rewarded by sighting the fresh tracks of a buck and two does that had crossed our route, traveling leisurely to the northward. We were soon in buoyant spirits, the little telltale throbbings of our hearts had at once caught the inspiration, and were hammering out their beatings with unwonted rapidity and vigor; we were on our mettle and no time was lost in setting out on the trail. As if by a common impulse we struck out at a quick, telling pace, feeling that success was only obtainable by getting within range of the fleet-footed game before the waning shades of the closing day betokened the necessity of sounding a retreat, and setting our faces homeward.

Thus far everything looked favorable to the success of our little expedition. The day and the weather were propitious; the air clear and mild, while the trees had shaken off their light feathery garb of new-fallen snow and were motionless; the high, overhanging clouds of gray, with their lining tinged with a brighter hue, reflected down a steady, even, mellow light, that seemed to penetrate every interstice, and light up every crook and cranny of this vast mountain fastness, permitting the eye of the hunter to detect through the breathless stillness that pervaded, the smallest moving object within range of his vision. Beyond all these favorable conditions of game, wind and weather, we still felt our star of luck in the ascendant; upon contemplating the fact that the ever-treacherous stick at our feet was lying too deeply buried beneath its soft, noiseless bed to give the fatal warning at the crucial moment, when, perhaps, the success of our day's weary, toilsome plodding hinged upon a single incautious step.

We kept pushing onward and upward with increasing swiftness at every turn, at times breasting along through the soft, yielding snow, leaving deeply-furrowed and continuous trails in our wake; then, again, putting greater elasticity into our nether limbs and dotting off the "landscape o'er" at a rate that quickly lifted us out of the broad, silent valley, and brought us to the summit of a high, steep-ascending ridge, a mile and a half distant. Here we came to a halt to take observations. We found the deer had made a sharp detour to the right, keeping along the high point of the ridge for a considerable distance until receding abruptly into the deep ravine below: then facing about, as if dissatisfied with their course, had retraced their steps at their usual slow-moving pace, and again turned their heads to the northward.

After taking a hasty survey of the country in advance, as well as noting down signs, appearances, etc. (intelligent only to the wiseacre of the party), a council of war was held with results highly satisfactory—to Curly.

During our deliberations I was made the recipient of certain information (said to be derived from the science of woodcraft) to the extent that our greatly coveted track-makers had left certain traces and indications behind them in their leavetaking at this point that denoted they would in all probability be found lurking in the near vicinity or thereabouts, and in order to guard against causing any unfortunate surprises in continuing the pursuit, it would be the duty of the writer to fall into line, keeping at the minimum distance of 50yds. to the rear, with special instructions (held to be strictly à la "hunters' code" governing the introduction of all untried members of the craft), to wit: "Whenever entering or passing through any thickly wooded section, extensive windfalls, umbrageous laurel patches, or any other locality furnishing more than an ordinary retreat for the fugitives, to keep a constant lookout (?) to the rear to prevent these wily, agile-footed denizens of the forest from bobbing up serenely and unexpectedly on the warpath behind." As a further mark of favor, I was to be signaled to the front to take part in any chance engagement in that direction, for, *e. g.*, "Whenever the lordly buck or his sleek and graceful consorts came into line of vision" (by some mysterious or unexplained method) "they were to be charmed into a lingering condition until the intervening distance of 50yds. was covered, when time would be called. 'hunters' code' again to govern," etc.

The peculiarities of an early training had taught me not to be too overcredulous in things pertaining to human affairs, but feeling that if success perched upon our obscure and humble banner, greater would be the victory. I accepted the situation with a spirit worthy of a more innocent tyro, and fell back into position; meanwhile mentally resolving to be in at the death if possible.

Our stoppage at this point had been short, and again we were in readiness to move on, while a perceptible glow of satisfaction beamed athwart the countenance of the party in advance as the "intervening distance" was scanned and its advantages mentally considered.

After passing down the northern face of the ridge, the trail led us into a low rolling country, heavily timbered and thickly interspersed with evergreen, then interlacing branches in places, forming a dense canopy that gave an inviting look to the hunter. Such hidden localities when viewed from a distance seemed to possess such unusual attractions to my verdant and imaginative mind that I frequently grew wholly unmindful that a quickening pulse and an increasing pace had set at naught the objectionable distance until a mild remonstrance (in tones that precluded the possibility of game being found extremely abundant in the neighborhood for the time being) again reduced me to the ranks. The game gave no further indication of loitering by the way, but kept giving us a stern chase. On and on over hills, ridges, valleys and streams, ever leading us to the northward, always having a due regard for that particular point of the compass.

The sun had long past the meridian, and the afternoon was far advanced, when we had crossed over a high sloping ridge, and reached the banks of one of those numerous mountain streams, that furnish in season such delightful sport for the angler. The deer had stopped midway the stream to force an opening in the ice, to slake their thirst, then crossed to the opposite side, and taken up the steep acclivity to reach the high bank above. Several hundred feet beyond the stream at this point, we strike the western extremity of another high ridge, whose trend extends in a northerly direction, and parallel with the stream, the land lying between gradually sloping toward the water. The deer upon reaching the high bank had turned to the right, slowly wending their way along between ridge and stream, evidently making for a windfall of two or three acres of heavy timber not far distant. Curly first reached the outskirts of the timber, and the top of a high log extending far out into the windfall, while I a moment later found myself similarly located a few yards to the left. My now equally advanced position gave Curly cause and opportunity to discuss the possible chances of my scoring the winning shot. Although not unsparing of his compliments, they gave a somewhat ludicrous turn to my apparently distracted thoughts that made it to me a very enjoyable episode, if slightly exasperating to my quondom companion. However, nothing daunted I kept up an unflagging spirit of hopefulness as well as a "constant lookout" for our brown-coated friends.

It was now apparent from the numerous tracks observable in the snow between the barriers of logs further on that the game was in search of some desirable resting place. During our consultation Curly's keen eye had discovered that the buck had separated from his companions and had passed along to his right, and at once selecting him as his lawful prey started off in hot pursuit. I had been a silent looker on, but nevertheless had been closely scrutinizing the field and had noticed tracks off some 75yds. to my left that extended past the roots of a large fallen tree, lying upon another of equal size that had fallen in the same direction and that in turn upon another at right angles, forming a line of an impenetrable breastwork in front several feet in height. Proceeding with the utmost caution until a view could be obtained through the labyrinth of roots of the uprooted tree that afforded a series of openings, I caught a glimpse of two white banners waving graceful salutation to the breeze, signaling, as I supposed, the final departure of the does in an opposite direction. Not being able to obtain a shot from where I stood or by a forward movement I retraced my steps with all possible speed to a point where I could command a view of them above the timber as soon as they struck the foot of the ridge, but I could see nothing going out. Raising myself high on tiptoe to peer over this high fortress of logs I soon discovered the wide expanded ears of one of the does, with nose well up sniffing the breeze, all the while keeping up an unceasing watchfulness in the opposite direction. She had evidently caught scent of Curly and was closely watching his movements in his eager pursuit of the retreating buck and had not as yet received the telltale warning of my presence.

Finding it impossible to bring my rifle to bear upon any portion of her body, I decided to direct my shot far enough into the several inches of snow lying upon the log to reach her head. Bringing gun to cheek and resting the muzzle against a convenient sapling, and again elongating my anatomy to its highest sticking point, I suddenly began to experience a certain unsteadiness and giving-out sensation in the lower extremeties, that I was generous enough to attribute to my strained and unsupported position. But a moment's reflection was sufficient to recall Curly's parting compliments, and once more bracing myself into line of action I immediately cut loose upon the imaginary target I had pictured to myself upon the snow. Throwing another cartridge to place without changing position, and waiting until the situation had become tiresome, and seeing no signs of life, I had started off to investigate, when I saw a line of moving hair above the facade of timber, and soon after the doe was seen passing along in a crouching position until reaching the open woods, then turning her well-rounded broadside to view she scampered off up the ridge.

As this is intended for an "o'er true tale," I am compelled to add—for the first time—that not as long as a glimpse of hair or hoof could be obtained through the spreading branches of the forest pine far up the mountain side did it occur to me that I was other than an unarmed spectator. Looking around for the fool killer, and finding myself beaten at all points, it then struck me that the other doe was in hiding, and that the sound of my shot would soon attract Curly to the spot.

Starting off with rapid strides, I soon rounded the upturned roots of the fallen tree, and came upon the doe standing looking in the opposite direction, about 40yds. away. Bringing my rifle well up into position, and while in the act of dropping down to bear upon the game, Curly's diminutive form came into line of vision, some 20yds. beyond the doe. Deciding upon the instant that he was at too high an elevation to be in danger, I continued to lower the bead of my Lyman until covering the neck of the coveted prize, and then touched the fatal trigger. At the report of the gun the doe dropped to her knees, and while in the act of rising another well-directed bullet through the head safely gave us the victory.

Glancing up, I saw an expression of blank amazement pictured upon the countenance of Curly, which would have made it a feast day for our special artist. He had unexpectedly become an eye witness to his own defeat, while success was readily within grasp; hence all consolations offered failed to have the desired soothing effect.

It was found the second shot had been unnecessary as the first had severed the jugular as effectually as if the knife had done the work.

Curly grulloched our deer in a skillful manner, and we swung her up out of reach, as we intended spending a couple of hours of the remaining day in pursuit of the buck and doe.

Following up the trail as it led us along the high divide of the ridge in its gradual ascent for a couple of miles, until reaching the summit, and looking over and downward upon the gradual slope beyond, we saw the deer with their sleek and attractive broadsides, fully exposed to view, about 75yds. distant. Curly being in advance let fly two shots in quick succession, but the deer went away lively enough. Deeply chagrined and crestfallen, he shouldered his rifle, and wheeled into homeward line, solemnly vowing that hereafter no tenderfoot would be privileged with an opportunity to mar the untarnished lustre of his fair fame; from this time henceforth he would enjoy the seclusion of the mountain fastnesses to his own satisfaction, and without let or hindrance.

Returning to our quarry we prepared for a long and tiresome carry, and took up our homeward journey. After following our back track for a couple of miles it was suggested that we take our bearings. Darkness had then blotted out the last ray of light from the valley, and striking a light to consult our compass, we decided upon E.S.E., it proving to be the proper direction, as we reached the ranche without deviation, and greatly to our satisfaction, arriving home at 9 P. M. to receive the congratulations of mine host, and to enjoy a well-relished repast in waiting.

Curly's frequent and solitary trips to the woods brought him no returns until near the closing season. An absence of several days in the deep forest in an adjoining county gave him as reward a fair-sized spikehorn. A. A. A.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SHORE BIRDS.

Salem, Mass., July 31.—Shore birds are again appearing. They have been returning since the beginning of the month, and the opening of the season on July 15 is a time which ought to be changed to July 4. The appearance of such species as *T. flavipes*, or "summers;" *M. griseus*, or robin snipe, and the uplands (*T. bartramius*), besides peeps and ringnecks, announce the fact that the autumnal migration has begun. Such being the case, it clearly proves the need for change as suggested. Abolish spring shooting on these birds and then make this change. Give the birds all possible protection in the spring, but make it equally fair for those who are willing to face "greenheads," mosquitoes and midgets for sake of enjoyment, which many, I know, dearly love. Peep pie is not to be despised. Brother shore-shooters want to agitate this matter, and as a friend recently said, "It would be all right, although I don't care for that kind of shooting. I think, though, you can get the change made."

Five uplands were seen at Ipswich July 8. Some others seen since. I heard one was shot last week. Scattering jack curlew (*N. hudsonicus*) have been seen. No robin snipe flight as yet, and I have heard from various places. Ringnecks and peeps have been round some two or three weeks. I have shot two good messes and some "summers." Winter yellow-legs have also been seen by self and others. Birds are not yet as plenty as I have seen them, say in '85 or '83, or even July last year. This next month of August will see increased numbers. I got a sandbird (*C. arenaria*) some two weeks ago. Never got one so early before. It was in vernal plumage, and the only one I remember getting in this dress. Hundreds of young gull, mostly *L. argentatus*, trade along outside of Ipswich night and morning just now. One flock of eight shags (*G. carbo*) recently noticed. My life partner, with a 16 Parker, is proving quite adept as a follower of Nimrod, but I am under orders to stop here, so must do so.

X. Y. Z.

THE GAME OUTLOOK.

Wellsville, O., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game outlook in the Ohio Valley at present is particularly pleasing. Quail and squirrels can now be found in places where they have not been seen for years, and are gaining rapidly in numbers. Woodcock, which at one time were an unknown quantity, are yet scarce, but increasing. Fishing has never been better, and some excellent sport is anticipated this fall in the Ohio and its tributaries.

This decided change in the game interests here is all due to the untiring energy of our game warden, ex-Sheriff Hostetter, in bringing the offenders to justice. His record against netters and dynamiters is unprecedented, and the game-law breakers greatly fear him. Under his protection we still have some hope for the game.

Our local sporting clubs, the Amateur Sporting Club and Wellsville Recreation Club, will go into camp during October; the former on Tuscarawas River and the latter on Beaver Creek, this State. Jo.

The game indications for this immediate locality are unusually favorable. As more farms have been opened up in the timber, prairie chickens have steadily increased in numbers, and this year are far more numerous than ever before. Ruffed grouse wintered well, and one can scarcely travel for half an hour in any favorable locality without finding a young brood now about half grown. As for rabbits, the woods are literally alive with them, and gray and black squirrels are also plenty. I have not taken my usual number of outings this summer and consequently cannot speak from personal observation as to the outlook for deer, but those who have been in the woods report plenty of "sign." One farmer who spent a day in the vicinity of Bass Lake, looking for some lost cattle, reports having seen fifteen deer during the day. I hope to interview them later on. In one afternoon's fishing last week, I secured forty fish, mostly bass and pike of good size. J. Frank Locke.

Pillsbury, Minn.

I have just returned from a trip to my cattle ranch, about thirty miles up in the mountain near Estes Park, and I find that game is doing very well. Grouse have hatched fine broods; are now about like quail. I saw a band of blacktailed deer a short time ago about half a mile from my cabin. There are several bear on my range, cinnamon and black. My son saw a black one a short time ago, but did not have his gun. In Burch Park, a few miles north of my ranch, there is a large range grizzly that has since last spring killed fifteen head of cattle, none of which was less than three years old. He can break the neck of a four-year-old steer as easily as I could a rabbit's. Cattlemen up there have offered $50 to any one that will kill him. His track is 7in. across the narrowest place. Trout fishing has been very fine in our mountain streams this season. A. A. K.

Berthoud, Colorado, July 27.

Colorado Large Game.—In issue of July 21, you have the "Open Seasons for Game," but there is a little mistake in the law for Colorado. Our last session of Legislature passed an amendment to the game laws which prohibits the killing of bison or buffalo for ten years, mountain sheep for eight years, ibex or Rocky Mountain goat for ten years. For deer or antelope the season is from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; for elk, from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. The law prohibits market hunting at all times of the year. This market hunting amendment I have been fighting for a long time, and last fall I urged our representative from Laimer county to try hard and get the bill through, and am happy to say he succeeded in doing it, although he told me he had a hard fight for it.—A. A. K.

RIFLES AND BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issues of the Forest and Stream numerous articles concerning long range hunting rifles have been published from which it appears that there is a tendency on the part of sportsmen to discard the repeater and to go back to the single shot rifle.

In former years I was enthusiastic about the magazine gun. I was the first to introduce (through Mr. Weber in Hamburg) the Bullard repeater in Germany, where it has met with universal favor, but the last time I had occasion to go back to the single shooter as the most serviceable gun for rough work.

Some time ago I investigated the motion of projectiles and read the results of my experiments and the development of the mathmetical theory before the Society of Natural Sciences of Hamburg-Altona (*Naturwissenschaftliche Gesellschaft von Hamburg-Altona*) in 1886, and as I have used nearly every description of firearms in the field, I may be supposed to know something about it.

The first rifle I ever tried in the field was a muzzleloader, .43-cal., weighing about 11lbs. I was then a boy of thirteen or fourteen, and became quite an expert with my columbiad. I afterward used the Winchester .44, .45-75 and .50 express, the Bullard .40-90 (one of the best guns I ever handled) .45-70 and .32-40 (this gun I used in my mathematical experiments on account of its accuracy) the Marlin .45-70, .40-63, and .32-40 (also used in my experiments) the Hotchkiss, Kennedy and Remington, of single-loaders the Sharp-Borchard, Mauser, Winchester, Remington, Bullard, Gras, Martini and many others.

Of these I found the Sharp-Borchard and the Ballard Pacific best adapted for rapid and accurate work. The No. 5 Ballard Pacific cal. 45-100 gun I am using now, and it gives the best results.

I would also recommend the use of patched bullets and of either the ordinary buckhorn or the Lyman rear and ivory front sights. The first deer I killed with a Ballard Pacific and the Lyman sights was shot at 183yds. in full jump.

The ammunition used in the Ballard Pacific .45-100 is very expensive, and I would advise the Marlin Co. to manufacture a gun for a cartridge like this: Cal., .44; powder, 85-90 grains; bullet, 360-400 grains, patched. The barrel of the gun should be about 32in. in length, and the twist one in 15in.

This cartridge would give great satisfaction and would also popularize American firearms in Europe, where the .44-cal. cartridge is extensively used both for hunting and target purposes.

Gustave L. Ravené.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE GHOST OF STANDING STONE.—II.

It was the day before the opening of the season, and everybody seemed to be getting ready. The postmaster had a pail of minnows out under the pump and a lot of crabs stood near in a tin can. The old shoemaker's dog came out of the little shop across the street, and spying the can, gently trotted up and thrust his inquisitive nose down into it. With a howl he jerked up his head and a 5in. crab dropped from his nose. Then the dog, in a spirit of forgetfulness gazed aimlessly up and down the street and very calmly sat down upon the crab. With a howl of anguish he fled and disappeared round the corner while the crab dropped in the dusty road and was soon crushed flat by a wagon wheel.

A couple of fishermen had come in on the down train and were haggling with the village boys about bait for to-morrow's sport. When Marc went to dinner he saw Dick Fagan industriously fishing for minnows with a dip-net down along shore.

That was a long afternoon, but when the sun was nearly down behind the range of mountains which shut off the west, he got his fishing tackle and walked slowly down to the landing place. A reddish-colored toad hopped out across the path. Marc grabbed him at one. "I'll make good use of you to-morrow morning, old fellow."

He took a package from under a stone, where he had concealed it the night before, and put it in the boat, then moving off from shore paddled slowly across, struck the opposite side at the mouth of the little creek again, and paddled up to his landing place. Here he hid the boat and set out, carrying his kit. In addition to the tackle there was the package, and in this were a sheet, some phosphorous and a bit of red fire. This was a combination with which Marc had planned to get up a pyrotechnic display such as had never been seen before on that stream.

The sun was far down now and the darkness was increasing every minute. The crickets were chirping mournfully in every clump of grass and the air was full of lightning bugs that sparkled and glittered with increased brilliancy as the shadows grew deeper. Crossing the little valley Marc started along the mountain path. On account of the wild rapids at that point he seldom went down in his boat. He stumbled over roots and stones in the darkness and once rolled down the bank, but luckily landed against a big pine tree and climbed up again uninjured. When he reached the stone it was entirely dark and the huge mass loomed up faintly before him. It was too early yet, so he sat down on a dead tree and waited. Hour after hour passed on, but no one came. Some animal splashed in the water near him; a snake rustled up among the thickets on the mountain and twice a screech owl startled the night with its echoing shriek. Away off on the lowlands he heard the faint tones of a whippoorwill. Then with a rush and a roar the mail train dashed down the river, leaving a trail of fire behind and arousing the midnight echoes with its shuddering whistle. Marc knew it was 1 o'clock. Could he have been misled! But hark! Away up the river a faint sound breaks the stillness. It comes closer and now the weary watcher can distinguish the steady click of the rowlocks. The metallic sound rings out clear and sharp on the air. Marc hastily drew himself up into the branches of the pine tree. The boat came nearer and seemed to be beating around in the darkness unable to find the shore. Then the oars worked steadily for a moment and the boat came so close to the Stone that Marc could hear every word that was said with startling distinctness.

"Now, Dick," grumbled Mose Peters, "this ere's your fault. I tole you it was too dark to find the place." "Waal," replied Dick savagely, "run right in shore eny place here, an' we'll wait till it gits lighter. It's too dark now to fish eny how, an' it'll be daylight in a couple of hours. We'll land a big lot of fish in here afore sun up." Then the oars began to rattle again and Marc could hear them growling to themselves and moving round in the darkness. Yet they were coming a little closer, so Marc hastily ran the plank across, and daubing a little phosphorus on the top to see where to step, and then holding the sheet ready he stood for a moment peering out on the river from his lofty perch. The rattle of the oars had ceased and not a sound betrayed the whereabouts of the two fishermen. Then with a rattle and a shaking the boat grounded on the shore, and Marc heard them stepping out. Fagan struck a match and proceeded to light his pipe, and the sudden illumination showed the whole situation to Marc. The boat was on shore some distance from the Stone, and both Fagan and Peters were sitting out on the rocks. "Now, ole man," said Dick, "make yerself easy till mornin'."

Marc's time had come, and with a bold step he crossed the plank. With a quick movement he enveloped himself in the sheet, fired the red light and stood on top of Standing Stone, a smoking, flaming pillar of fire, gleaming horribly in the darkness and looking spectre-like and ghostly so far up in the air. One brief second of silence and then a yell that rang over river and mountains, "O, Lawd! Save us! Look thar Dick! Look up thar."

And Dick chimed in with a yell, and together they made a rush for the boat. Mose was first, and shoving it violently as he jumped in, the boat shot out from shore, and Dick leaping frantically at it fell short and plunged into the water.

"O!" he yelled, imploringly, "fur grashus sake come back fur me, Mose. Don't leave me here fur that ghost to get."

"D'ye heer?" he cried, as Mose paid no attention. "If you don't come back, Mose Peter's, I'll break every bone in your cowardly body."

"Swim out! Dick, swim out." I dasent come in thar," cried Mose, in trembling voice.

There was a splashing in the water, a rattle of oars, and Dick seemed to have reached the boat, for the oars suddenly began to move rapidly, and grew fainter and fainter as the boat, driven along by their terror-stricken efforts, receded further and further.

Marc stood erect until the sound had ceased entirely, and then sinking down on the rock, laughed until he was fairly weak. His bass was safe as far as Fagan and Mose Peters were concerned, for they would dread the very sight of Standing Stone hereafter.

But Marc had now the most important part to be done and little time was left, for already the faintest touch of gray appeared dimly in the east. So climbing carefully down from the Stone he took the path and started rapidly up the river, reached the creek and stepping into the boat moved down to the mouth and guided blindly out on the river and down among the foaming rapids. A couple of sharp bumps, a shaking, and quivering, a dash of spray in his face, and he was safely through. The shores were now faintly outlined against the dusky horizon and the day was coming slowly on. Marc paddled quickly and soon the rough outline of Standing Stone stood out from the monotonous slope of the mountain. Without a sound he guided the boat straight on until it grated musically on the pebbly strand, and cut with its sharp keel clear through into the sandy clay beneath. Two yards below was Standing Stone and the stern of the boat extended out several feet beyond. Marc was a little excited now but very calmly he prepared his tackle and arranging all but the bait sat still and waited for another touch of daylight. It came gradually and the sky grew pale red, and bathed the water with a rosy glow, and tinged the puffy clouds with pale orange. Gradually the distance lost its obscurity and through the rolling mist on the water Marc could see the morning train coming round the bend three miles below. He picked out a plump young toad and placing it gently on the hook cast the line cautiously out on the water, and the toad dropped with a little splash on the surface.

Marc was trembling now, but he held a firm grasp on the rod and watched the line intently.

The toad struggled fiercely for a moment and struck out toward the shore. One brief second it rested with outstretched legs and then the water surged up, something black rose for an instant and shot beneath the surface, and nothing was in sight but a circular wave, and this broke in ripples that spread out further and further until they were lost in the deeper, swifter water beyond, and murmured softly against the old gray stone. And a wild joy thrilled Marc's heart as the line ran swiftly out, and a fierce, savage tug nearly dragged the rod from his hands. He stood up and held back firmly, but the fish was started and kept reeling out yard after yard. Marc checked him finally, and after a wearisome struggle dragged him closer, and stepping on shore he drew him cautiously in along the boat and with a quick movement lifted him out on a patch of mountain fern.

Marc had never seen such a large bass, and for a moment he was lost in admiration. Fortunately the hook was only fastened to the tough skin at the side of the mouth, and easily came out, and the big fish was safe in the tank and moored to the gunwale.

Just as he started up the river with the bass floating peacefully by his side, a perfect fleet of boats came down and spread out all around him. "Say, Marc!" called out one fellow as he rowed past, "you'd better keep away from Standing Stone; Dick Fagan's up at the store as white as a sheet, and he says he saw a devil with a fiery sword down on the Stone. Mose Peters says same thing, too. I'll bet they've been drinkin' all night." Marc smiled as he swiftly passed.

He got up through the rapids, and before the sun was clear over the mountains was at his landing place. In

another hour the monster bass was resting calmly in a large tin boiler, while the clear water of a mountain stream poured constantly through it. Marc sent a telegram to New York, and the evening train brought him a tank for the transportation of his fish. Our hero now paddles over the river in every direction to the admiration and envy of the village boys, for he got the ten dollars and made a canoe that he considers unequaled for speed and beauty.

The stratagem that had procured for him his bass was too good to keep, so one dark night he made plain to an eager audience, with the aid of his sheet, the apparition that had proved so effective to the lawless fishermen. As for those worthy individuals, life was made a burden to them, and their friends never allowed them to forget the ghost of Standing Stone.

On crowded Broadway, looking out through a glass tank on the rushing, rumbling teams, and the ever hurrying tide of people that press up and down that busy thoroughfare, is Marc's prize bass. Day after day it idly beats its tail against the crystal sides, and impassively stares at the eager faces that throng around the window. But its thoughts are far, far away, up where the North Branch winds its serpentine course among the towering mountains, and waters the fair historic valleys of Bradford and Wyoming; up where, morning and evening, the sun shines tenderly down and lingers with its soft warm caresses on the rugged, weather-beaten head of Standing Stone. W. Murray Graydon.

MENHADEN FISHING IN NEW JERSEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For several years past our fishermen have objected to the manner in which the menhaden pirates of other States steamed into our bays and scooped up everything in the murdering purse net. The question fairly put is: Shall a few men be allowed to destroy our fisheries in order that they may make money out of oil? The Philadelphia *Times*, of Monday last said: "All along the New Jersey coast these steamers are known as piratical craft. From the head of Barnegat Bay to Cape May is a continuous string of islands inclosing bays and inlets. In these bays and inlets swim the food fish which supply the summer resorts and markets to a considerable extent. So bold have these pirates become that they steam right into the mouths of the inlets. They are destroying sheepshead, weakfish, kingfish, bluefish, mackerel and all the fine food fish with alarming rapidity, and they threaten to ruin, not only the livelihood of the market fishermen, but the sport of the many thousands of seaside visitors who are likely to try the hook and line. There is a deep feeling along the coast against the pirates who care nothing for law, and the coming session of Congress will see another attempt made to keep them in bounds.

"They never pause to consider the character of the fish. A sea captain whose word goes as far as John Jacob Astor's bond would go, says he saw three hundred black drum caught in one haul of the purse net last summer. They were taken to Atlantic City and sold for twenty-five cents apiece, all that were not cast out on the beach, near Atlantic and left to rot; and why? Because there is no oil in a drumfish save in its head, and it doesn't pay to make fertilizer or extract oil from this game fish.

"Recently a menhaden vessel from New London, Conn., caught $500 worth of fresh mackerel at one haul, and a captain with a commercial eye in his head undertook to take four tons of these fish to Atlantic City, and to send 10,000 to a Philadelphia market. The firm wrote back, 'Your fish are a total loss.' The weather was hot, and when they reached market they could only be thrown away like the historic 'rotten mackerel.' Here was a wicked waste of food fish, more in number than all the fishermen will catch this summer between Cape May and Barnegat Light.

"I could multiply instances. The menhaden pirates have practically ruined the fishing along shore. Their murderous purse nets have driven the mackerel from the coast. There are three fish factories at Somer's Point or Great Egg Harbor, and three at the Breakwater; and if the menhaden pirates are allowed to come into the inlets and catch the best fish by millions, the business of fishing with a rod and line and reel, or even with a handline, is like Othello's occupation—gone."

Angling Literature of America.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The list of books on angling and fishes, given by Mr. Hallock, as published in your paper, is, I think, a little misleading. I have just looked over a few of the books mentioned, which I happen to have, which I never suspected were "fishing" books; for instance, Latrobe's "Rambles in North America," 1835; Marvel's "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Arcadia, Northern New York," 1864. I can't find that any one of them contains a word about fish or fishing. "Hudson's Bay; or, Every-Day Life in the Wilds of North America," 1858, is by R. M. Ballantyne, and is a capital book for boys. It does contain about two pages on fishing. Here is how he commences: "Having arrived at the edge of the place where we usually fished, each drew from a cleft in the rock a stout branch of a tree, around the end of which was wound a bit of twine with a large hook attached to it. This we unwound quickly, and, after impaling a live grasshopper upon the barbs of our respective hooks, dropped them into the water and gazed intently at the line," etc. This would hardly commend the book to an "angler." I think there are other errors in the list. The titles are misleading; some, I think, are not books at all, but only articles in sporting papers. I can find no record of them. It would be quite useful if some competent person would make up an exact list of American angling books and print it in the Forest and Stream.—Angler.

Black Bass in West Virginia.—White Sulphur Springs, July 14.—On Monday a friend and I went to Caldwell, on the Greenbriar River, but the stream was high and roily and we had only a pleasant drive for our pains. Yesterday at the unseemly hour of 3:37 A. M., we took a train to Ranceverte, on the C. & O. R. R., where we had telegraphed for boats and bait. Three of us took thirty bass but they were small. Our boatman says he took a small-mouth in the Greenbriar last year that weighed 7½lbs. We will probably try the James River next.—C.

TADOUSAC.

Situated on the St. Lawrence at the junction of that river and the noble Saguenay, about twelve hours' sail by boat from Quebec, Tadousac is yearly becoming better known to both the sporting fraternity and the tourist bent on pleasure, or the relief of both body and mind. Salmon and trout fishing can be indulged in to the fullest extent, the rivers here possessing the "noble king of fish," the goodly salmon, are preserved, being so valuable; but there are still those that afford that pastime to the entire satisfaction of the skilled angler, and passes are not so difficult to obtain if applied for to the proper quarters. As for trout fishing in stream and sea, it is really marvellous; and it is simply necessary to put on a good strong pair of boots and walk down to the sea, only 200ft. in front of you, turn to the left of the beach, and fly-fish till your wants are satisfied, or your arm refuses longer to cast the fly. In proof of this fact it may be well to mention a feat which occurred here at Black Point on the Saguenay, ten minutes' stroll from the hotel.

Mr. S. T. Hatt, who is at present stopping with Mr. Powell, of Philadelphia, in his comfortable cottage at Tadousac, performed the unparalleled feat of attracting to his flies five fish at two casts of the line; it occurred as follows: A good sized trout snapped the tail (or last fly) and came with a rush to the top and flew out of the water; this attracted some of the others below, one of which in his eagerness to get a mouthful took the second fly, and began to pull in the opposite direction to No 1; this had the effect of keeping the bob (or first fly, nearest Mr. Hatt) dipping on the surface, when low and behold, up came another and seized the bob fly. Mr. Hatt's hands were now full with three at once. He managed by his great skill to land all three. His next cast in exactly the same spot secured two more. This occurred on the 27th of June, almost within buckshot range of the hotel. The salmon here have been most plentiful, and a few lines clipped from the Quebec *Chronicle* of the 1st of July will more clearly explain the position than the pen of your humble correspondent:

This manly sport, which has induced the nobles of far distant lands, and the merchant princes of the great neighboring Republic to assemble around the festive bay of Tadousac, has now commenced with promise of great results to the keen sportsmen who yearly indulge in this pastime. The salmon trout take the fly most readily in the bay already, and goodly bags are daily netted with both fly and bait. The salmon of the St. Marguerite River, 14 miles from Tadousac, have begun to try the patience of some Boston fishermen, at the end of 100 to 125yds. of line, requiring skill and rare ability to conquer the noble "king of fish" roused to the pitch of "the death struggle" in his native element, while the Little Bergeron daily sends forth some magnificent specimens, one lot alone, offered for sale in Tadousac, embraced 13 fish in all, the 3 largest weighing 35lbs., and the smallest one, a baby fish, tipped the scales at 10lbs.

As from early dawn till the darkening shadows of evening suggest a return to the comforts of a hotel, the visitors to this enchanted spot, both ladies and gentlemen, know nothing but pleasure. The ladies have a keen relish for the sea bathing, which usually commences about July 10, and as the beach slopes so gradually that a human being would literally require to walk 150ft. from the sand to get out of his depth, if even only 5ft. 6in., the bathing here is absolutely safe, while the shelter for yachts and small boats in the bay is unequalled anywhere. It is time that New Yorkers and others discovered the snug retreat of the lucky Bostonians, who yearly revel in such scenery and sport.

BASS FOR BREAKFAST.

Hot? Yes, it was hot. "Warm" is quite too cool a word to be used while the mercury is worrying the nineties, and it was somewhere in that neighborhood upon that particular Saturday afternoon. I became at length impatient of the heat, and said to myself: "Behold, I will go forth and delude a bass for my Sabbath morning's breakfast."

So with bow-facers shipped, while rod and landing net lay ready to my hand, I pushed the Kelpie from the shores, and with a steady stroke away we went, up river.

Of the five summers past, it is only during the present that I have made any special effort to catch bass in the Intermediate. The fishing has been so indifferent that I felt little encouragement to try it; but of late I have taken some good ones. I had at first some hesitation in starting on a fishing expedition, from the fear, as I said to a friend, that I might catch something—that is, more than I could conveniently make use of, for I remember that when the fishing was good there was often a scandalous waste. The garden at Smith's old hotel is well manured with the finest sorts of fish.

My friend, however, assured me that "it would be all right;" and indeed, there was a greater demand for my fish than I had anticipated, and it came to pass that I fed several grateful families.

I rowed along, watching, meanwhile, the twittering birds, the foliage trembling in the heated air, the sunlight shimmering on the broad green lily pads, among which, ever and anon, there gleamed the white corollas of their flowers, and noting the while a slight haziness in the northwestern sky.

And it grew hotter. The birds seemed almost to gasp as they lazily piped from the dead branches of the cedars along the river's edge; and I remembered a certain misguided girl from Ohio, who hitherward came this summer to see her friends, leaving behind yet others who persuaded her that, going as she was into the far North, among the icebergs, she should take none, save and except the thickest apparel she could muster. This advice she took and sore repenteth.

Landing near the head of the river I diligently sought the elusive frog. Did I say that it was hot? It was so; and that frog knew it and kept close. But at last I got a long shot at him with the paddle and put him into my bucket. Then I secured his brother, after which I approached a little spring, for it was very hot and I fain would drink. Then arose from the border of the spring that which I took to be a woodcock, a bird which as yet I had not seen in these parts.

He alighted within a few feet, and moving cautiously forward, I saw him strutting along the trunk of a fallen cedar, and knew him for a half-grown grouse. One after another six went forth, followed by the mother bird, which flew across the river. I did not seek for more, and think that these birds had not before been disturbed since hatching.

I have scarcely heard a gun this summer and believe that the influence of the Audubon Society and the game warden has been beneficial.

The waters of the spring were good. "Kingfisher," had he been there, would have indorsed this statement; and the thought reminded me that I had promised myself a bass for breakfast.

Entering the boat, I rowed to a spot near the channel, where, at the foot of the lake, the current held an open space among the lilies, and sought to entice into my bucket the lively minnow. But, as I before remarked, it was very hot, and when I caught three I said, "With two frogs and three minnows shall I not catch a bass?" And but for the heat I would have laughed, the while it grew a trifle hazier in the northwest.

And as I fished for minnows came a scow, containing barefoot boys, who, landing not far below, proceeded to disrobe (in their case a very simple process), and entering the river, there screeched and swattered.

Across the field, and upon the side of the stream remotest from the bathers, came while yet they splashed the ominous tramp of a large and heavy female; and she uplifted her voice and cried unto her first born, "M-e-l-v-i-n."

Now she repeated this cry many times, and as I heard it well enough, though some twenty rods further away than Melvin, I admired that he replied not, and was thereby reminded of the days of my childhood. When by dint of much howling, Melvin was at last led to give attention, this female, being by that time both breathless and rubicund (for it was hot), solemnly enunciated these words: "Melvin, you put on your close and git for home."

And Melvin got.

On a warm day bow-facing oars are especially advantageous in giving the rower the benefit of the breeze created by the motion of the boat. This fact I appreciated as the Kelpie glided onward through Cedar Lake into Hanley's, passing the mouths of cool, rippling brooks, where shoals of minnows scurried away before the glancing prow.

Still on, up Sisson's River and into Benway's Lake. And it grew hotter and hazier, while I was not sorry that I had pitched an old Macintosh into the boat before I left my landing.

Now we approach a point of reeds upon the eastern shore, where, through multitudinous cat-tail flags, there softly flows into the lake a cool spring brook. "Kingfisher" knows it well; more by token, one of the family sat upon a cedar tree near by.

My minnows were small and my frogs were large, and as I had taken a perch of about the regulation size for bait, I resolved to experiment with him. This I accordingly did, and straight there was a bite.

It was not a bass, however; and when I raised the bait from the bottom I perceived that it was grasped amidships by the jaws of a small pickerel, perhaps weighing a pound.

Remembering that as yet none of my catches had been wasted, I allowed this fish to "monkey" with my perch; but after a time he gave it up, apparently in despair, and I moved onward. Again I cast the perch; again a bite.

This time it was another pickerel, a little larger than the first, and when I had boated him, I put on a frog and cast again. Before long I had two bites in quick succession, just as I was taking note of the cumulus clouds that now were rolling steadily upward above the western woods. They meant business. So did my two bites. The first of these was from a mosquito, the second a bass.

By thunder, thought I to myself, while the good rod bent and merrily sang the reel, I am of opinion that this time we have upon our line a regular old sockdolager. The bass halted and continued his operations upon the frog. I backed off into the lake.

The jagged and broken edges of the uppermost strata of clouds looked windy, while from beneath rolled steadily upward black and heavy masses of vapor, in the midst of them the thunder growled and streams of lightning played.

And you had better believe that it was hot while I was sitting there in that boat slapping a mosquito from time to time, with never a breath of air stirring, and waiting as patiently as the nature of the circumstances would permit for the blasted bass to masticate my frog.

All things must have an end; and just as I was wondering whether or not I should have time to mop my perspiring features with my pocket handkerchief the bass started, and as he leaped away on his headlong course, the moaning sound in the distant forest deepened into an angry roar.

To this I paid little attention at the moment, for that bass was a tiger, and well he held his own. For the next five minutes I think that I cared little for the weather if it was hot. When I fight a 6lb. bass (estimated, you understand) without an oarsman, I want bow-facing oars to do it with every time. Into the air leaped the frenzied fish, and it was all that I could do to keep him from getting slack line when he darted toward the boat. After two or three leaps he seemed to be inclined to devote his energies toward the reaching of some point to the southward, and, keeping on the line a steady strain, I let him go. By this the sky had grown quite black, which rendered it difficult to see clearly just what was ahead. Alas! that villanous patch of sunken weeds. The bass sounded. I reeled. Yank, whiz. Something had happened. The bass it was, not I, that yanked. Just how he managed it I do not know, but it became painfully evident that there was "summat hup," and when I had reeled in my line I found at least a half bushel of weeds at the end thereof, snake-weeds at that, but nary bass.

The storm came down upon us in its power, and I laid in the rod and headed southward. "But," saith the dude, "why didn't you start befaw?" Because, my son, if there is in nature anything which I dearly love, it is a real, rousing, splendid old storm. Had you been with me I should, of course, have been at home an hour before. But I wouldn't have missed that sight for a dozen dudes, or bass either.

The waters of the little lake were white with angry foam, and the fierce wind vainly strove to wrench the oar-blades from their clasps, while I pulled through the lily-pads into the river's channel and sought the shelter of the bridge until the first burst of the storm should pass.

The waves flashed back the lightning's gleam, the thunder broke a'ong the hills, and on and on through the crashing woods came in its might the stern tramp of the hurricane.

In a quiet pool, well shielded from the blast, the "skaters" were plying their vocation, and I wished that I knew just how it was that they managed so deftly to run upon the surface of the water. I had not supposed that I should be annoyed by mosquitoes after the wind

rose, but I was. They came to me under the bridge, fifteen or twenty of them; being perhaps attracted by an application of "Hind's black fly cream," which in an evil hour I had made to my epidermis. I think that these creatures rather liked that preparation. As a repellent it certainly is the most worthless I ever took into the woods. I sent a while ago for a half dozen boxes, and while they last I will, for a two-cent stamp, send one in the original package to anybody who is willing to try it and report to FOREST AND STREAM.

I think that by age it may have deteriorated in quality; if so, the maker should place upon its labels the date of manufacture, as is done with some sorts of yeast. I addressed a civil note to Mr. Hinds upon this subject, but he has not favored me with a reply. Meanwhile, I am "out" to the extent of a dollar and some odd cents, besides loss of blood and temper from insect bites, yet I charge the aforesaid pharmacist nothing for this notice which, it is hoped, may save my brother sportsmen both anguish and disappointment.

Bridges will leak. While dissecting a flower, I observed that water was streaming through my old straw hat. The truth is that it rained mightily, and even the musk-rats, previously familiar, sought their holes. Ordinarily they seem to care little for dampness.

I pushed off and floated down the stream, while the plash of the rain, the roar of the tempest and the oft-repeated crash of falling trees still sounded through the forest; but when I had reached the mouth of the river, and was swiftly pulling down the lake, the winds had lulled, the air was cool and a streak of brightness lay along the tops of the western hills.

And when my landing hove in sight, I pulled in, made fast the boat, and shortly was at home.

"Are you wet?"

"Not much."

"Where is our bass?"

"Got away."

"What have you caught?"

"One little pickerel."

"Let us return thanks." KELPIE.

JULY 20, 1887.

[Our correspondent's experience with the mosquito lotion may have been exceptional. We have tested the cream in the Adirondacks and found it effective.]

CONVERTS TO ANGLING.

THE desire to go a-fishing is increasing. Boys getting their vacations are asking where they can go to find "good fishing." They want to go where the fare will cost them but little. They expect, in their ignorance of such things, to find such sport as does not exist, by simply going into Maine a few miles and that, too, near some settlement. They are going at the very poorest season—the month of August—and they are doomed to be disappointed. They ask the experienced sportsman where they shall go, and when he is obliged to tell them that such a spot cannot be found, they look disappointed and are very likely to read over the guide book or summer travel advertisement again, which boldly announces, "Plenty of fishing," in the blackest of type. Ten to one they will believe the advertisement rather than the sportsman who has been there, and some fine morning they start for the railroad train. After a few hours' ride they are landed at some cheap little town, but the fishing! Where is it? It is almost painful to note this desire for a sport so wholesome, a recreation so desirable, and yet to be aware that there is no possibility that it can be gratified within the means of the young aspirant with rod and line. In the first place the vacation season is not compatible with the season when trout may be caught, but it is not always boys that are seeking for this August trouting. In fact, several vacationists have started from Boston this week in search of trout in August. In one case they were two gentlemen, evidently of ample means, but without experience in the sport they propose to take up. They interviewed one of the owners of Vive Vale Camp, on Richardson Lake, in regard to the Rangeley waters. They had heard of these lakes and proposed to try them. Mr. Stevens advised them to try some other season; but no, their vacations were set down for Aug. 1, and then they must go. They proposed to buy nice split bamboo rods, and desired advice in regard to the flies that trout would take in August. They did not know an inch of the region they proposed to visit; neither of them had ever handled a fly rod or caught a trout in their lives. They have started off for a vacation of two weeks. How many trout will they catch? Would success follow any other vocation or amusement undertaken under such adverse circumstances?

But not all the August fishermen are as green as the above. There is now and then a tired merchant, obliged to take his vacation in August, who goes into the woods for the love of the outing. He has been there before—has been every year. He goes in August because it is all the time that circumstances will allow him. Such a party of sportsmen started for camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, on Monday, or rather they took the Sunday evening boat from Boston for Portland. It was not a large party, but it was made up of the right material. Mr. Manson, of the iron trade, the firm of Bellows & Manson, and Mr. Binner, also of the iron trade. Now I have not yet named all of the party, for there was Mrs. Binner and Mrs. Charter, her friend. Alas! poor Manson! He is a bachelor! He wanted to take up with that advice published in the FOREST AND STREAM last year, about taking our wives with us on those good times in the wood and on the waters, but how could he do so? Well, he has done the next best thing, he has taken his friend and wife, and in order that that wife should not be alone, he has provided a lady companion. By the way, this same Mrs. Binner went with Manson and his friend, her husband, on their trip to The Diamonds fishing last year. Did she like it? Ask herself; or, better still, watch the enthusiasm with which she starts off on another trip of the same sort this year. It is her husband's vacation and she is going into the woods with him. What could be more to a wife that truly loves her husband. Why, he does her honor when he invites her to share such a vacation with him, and in her very soul she appreciates it. I reminded her that the chances would be poor for trout, by reason of the wrong season. "Well, never mind," she said, "we shall do some tall resting. But then I want my husband to catch just one of those big trout. Do you know that he has never seen one bigger than the brook trout that we got at The Diamond last year. Nor I either, for that matter. But he will get a nice rest, and he needs it." Mr. Manson is an old hand at the business. Will they enjoy the trip? Nothing but some terrible accident can hinder.

The attractions of the Megantic Club are drawing some of the vacationists this year. Mr. E. A. Pardee, of the wool trade, is to start for Megantic waters this week with Mr. Samuel Harrington, Master of the Eliot school, whose guest Mr. Pardee is. This gentleman is a novice at trout fishing, but he says that he is going to buy the tackle, for the reason that he is aware that there must be something to it, since so many genuine, good, sensible fellows follow it. Well, here is another convert, another devotee, and yet the number of trout have not increased an iota. The trouting mania—shall I call it mania? No, a noble, health-giving sport—is increasing rapidly, but the trout to catch are not increasing. Here is a hint for the Commissioners of the trouting States. It is propagation and protection that must never be lost sight of.

SPECIAL.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION.

WE have the report of the Fish Commission of Pennsylvania for the past year. It is a very full report and is well illustrated with views of hatcheries, both interior and exterior, and with plates of fishes from "The Fisheries Industries of the United States." There is much in the report that we will quote but lack of space compels us to defer a portion. At present we give the following extracts:

FISHWAYS.

If your Commissioners had to deal merely with the question of fish propagation, their duties would only be light and pleasant. The serious questions confronting the Board have been (1), the adoption of a practical and satisfactory fishway; (2), the protection of fish during or about the spawning season; (3), the prevention of the pollution of waters.

We may be permitted to state that, in previous reports, the Commissioners could only record failures of experiments for the establishment of fishways. We now confidently believe that a perfectly satisfactory fishway has been constructed in this State.

At Columbia, on the Susquehanna, two fishways have been constructed to permit the passage above the dam of shad and other anadromous fishes; one of which ladders has been built as an experiment, at the expense of its inventor, Mr. W. H. Rogers, inspector of fisheries of the province of Nova Scotia. If it proves satisfactory, he is to be reimbursed the sum expended in its construction. The importance of the fishway, or ladder, should not be underestimated. In a state of nature, fish are left to ascend and descend the rivers according to the instincts of their nature, for the reproduction of their kind. Under such circumstance fish prove, in a region such as that comprehended in the original colony of Pennsylvania, one of the chief and cheapest articles of food for the people.

The streams of this State are believed to be still capable of producing fish enough to feed the nearly five millions of our people, if they were not obstructed by dams, polluted by contributions from factories and cities, and ravaged out of season by rapacious and unreasoning fishermen, who take everything, big or little, in their traps and finely meshed nets, wastefully destroying what they cannot sell. It is for these reasons, which are the result of an artificial state of society, where the "poor grow poorer," and the struggle for existence becomes more intense, that fishways are needed to assist the fish that are instinctively anxious to ascend to safe spawning grounds. The primary purpose to be attained by any system, which has for its object the restocking of depopulated streams in a crowded industrial Commonwealth, is to afford the fish artificial helps to overcome artificial obstacles to their natural propagation.

Without practical fishways, money expended for restocking a stream like the Susquehanna, with shad, which river was once their home, as its banks were the homes of the Indian, who subsisted chiefly upon them at the mere cost of throwing a spear, might as well be poured through a chute from the State treasury direct into the active current of the river.

The fact that fishways are needed, and that the shad still seek to ascend our streams, was ably demonstrated in the spring of 1885, when the high water enabled them to go over the Columbia dam, as appeared from catching one hundred and thirty-nine, at one haul of a seine in the Juniata, as reported in the Newport newspapers. No such catch had been known there in years before, nor has any such catch been recorded since.

POLLUTION OF STREAMS.

The preservation of the purity of our streams is a subject that reaches beyond the question of restocking them with fish, important as that will readily be seen to be. Pure water is as important as pure air to the health of the people. It is of vital importance to every farmer whose cattle drink at the streams, as well as to the denizens of every city and borough who draw their drinking water from rivers and creeks. Water in which trout are found to thrive may be safely accepted as pure, and when the streams once become mere sewers for carrying away the poisonous contributions from mines, factories, and cities, they become uninhabitable, not only for trout but for other species of fish.

To place the fry, which have been produced at great expense for years, and after careful attention for weeks and months, into polluted streams is to send them to a premature death, and to defeat the object sought by the State in constructing and maintaining the several hatcheries.

It has been demonstrated, beyond all question, that streams once rich in fish have been totally depopulated of the more desirable varieties by culm from the anthracite mines, by sulphur-impregnated drainage from the bituminous mines, and by acids from various factories on the several rivers of the Commonwealth. The Delaware, the Youghiogheny, the Conemaugh and the Allegheny, were once the homes of some of the most valuable varieties of fish, nearly all of which have been killed or driven away, as a result of the industrial works upon the banks of those streams. The gas works and oil refineries on the Delaware have driven away or killed off the immense schools of fish in that once healthful and noble river.

Oil refineries and acid works have produced similar effects in the Allegheny; the wire works at Johnstown have done as much for the Conemaugh, and two years ago, during an unusually low stage of the Youghiogheny, a number of mines were drained into that river with the result of driving the fish, panic stricken, to the mouths of the small streams in search of wholesome water. Yet more direct and specific proof of the deleterious quantity of tainted river water was afforded at the exhibit of fish at the State agricultural fair in Philadelphia in September, 1884. It was found impossible to keep trout in the Schuylkill water drawn from the hydrant. It was then discovered that by melting ice, by which pure water was obtained, the fish which had escaped the Schuylkill water were readily preserved. Volumes might be cited to prove the deleterious effects of water which has been contaminated by the out-flow from industrial works and from the sewage of large cities. The fact that such foreign matters in the streams from which drinking water is obtained produce zymotic diseases is too well known to be made the subject of debate in this enlightened day.

It is not necessary that the industrial works of factories and mines should be discontinued or forbidden, for the preservation of fish, and what is far more important, the public health; but it is believed the polluting drainage from mines and factories can be rendered innocuous by wise provision, without in any serious degree crippling those important industries by which so large a portion of the community subsists. Wise legislation, to the end of preserving the purity of the streams of Pennsylvania, would, it is believed, prove a blessing that would reach every class of our population, not even excepting those that live by labor in the factory and the mine.

RESULTS OF STOCKING STREAMS.

In the early years of the commission's existence, its attention was mainly directed to the restocking of trout streams, and out of that fact a considerable amount of prejudice was created in the minds of extremely practical persons, who regarded that work as of a sentimental rather than useful character.

The character of the commission's work has been so changed that during the last three years more attention has been paid to the propagation of food fish that have a value quoted in commercial reports, than to game fish. Yet even had the entire labor of the Commission been given to restocking only of trout streams, the State would have been largely the gainer from its appropriations for the fisheries.

The upper waters of the Delaware have been restocked to such good purpose, that the black bass fishing of that region attracts visitors not only from remote parts of Pennsylvania, but from other States; and if it were not for the deadly fish baskets which are constantly in use on the Delaware and the Susquehanna, those two rivers would furnish, probably, the finest black bass fishing in the United States.

The trout fishing in Monroe, Pike and other border counties is sufficient to attract thousands of amateur fishermen and pleasure-seekers from New York State to the manifest advantage of the citizens of the counties to which reference is had. This fact suggests the advantages that may be ultimately derived by this Commonwealth from the cultivation and preservation of good fishing in our mountain streams, which in time should prove as profitable to our citizens as the lakes of Maine, which are resorted to by pleasure seekers so numerously during the summer months, as to add very materially to the prosperity of that State. Such persons carry money to the region visited by them, and leave it there without taking away anything from the value of the country. Pleasure and health is all they seek in return for their liberal expenditures. There is no State in the Union that could be made more attractive to summer pleasure seekers than Pennsylvania, with its picturesque scenery and wholesome air, if it were only once understood abroad that the mountain streams furnished first-class sport for enthusiasts with the hook and line. To make the mountain region of Pennsylvania famous as a summer resort, it is only necessary to continue the work of transplanting trout to streams where such a method of recruiting is still desirable, and to put a stop to illegal fishing. That the stock of fish can be increased, and has been largely increased in such streams, may be shown by the improved catch per day which, within a few years, generally attends hook and line fishing in streams which have been repopulated with the native species from the hatcheries, but indisputable evidence has been afforded in various localities by the catching of rainbow or California mountain trout plentifully, within two years from the time when the fry was turned into the streams. Since no rainbow trout were ever known to be caught in the State previous to their deposition in the streams by the Fishery Commissioners, evidence of the practical character of the work could not be more conclusive.

Considering the depredations which are almost unceasingly practiced by unlawful methods of taking fish in this State, in and out of season, these facts speak well for the work that has been done even with the game species of fish. But additional proof of the results from restocking streams may be obtained by an examination of the records the work of providing food fishes, whitefish, German carp, etc. The last named offer particularly strong proof, for, like the rainbow trout, they were unknown to any considerable extent in this commonwealth before being brought hither by the Commission, and now ponds may be drained where carp will be found in almost incredible numbers, and of sufficient size and weight to appeal strongly to the most practical and prosaic pan fisherman.

Where we find the results so palpable in ponds, wherein the fish may be seen, counted and weighed, it would not, we respectfully submit, be unreasonable to estimate corresponding results from restocking the streams, provided the streams were properly and reasonably protected.

UNLAWFUL FISHING.

In the report of this Board for the years 1883 and 1884, special emphasis was laid upon the incontrovertible fact that if the Commonwealth was to derive adequate benefit for its investments in hatcheries and in other directions, it could do so only by affording to the stocked waters such protection as would effectually abolish the many illegal devises used for the killing of fish, and at the same time devise some method by which the close seasons for the various kind of food fishes, indigenous to the State or propagated in the hatcheries, shall be respected to the latter.

As far as legislation prohibitory of such unlawful practices is concerned, everything has been done that could be expected, but until it is possible to induce all people to respect the laws by refraining from killing fish by any other than lawful means and in lawful seasons, the labors of the Commissioners, although increased tenfold, will prove abortive, and the general public be robbed of their share in the products of the streams.

It having been clearly demonstrated that the laws, stringent though they be, have not answered the purposes for which they were enacted, the question that naturally confronts us is: How can they be rendered effective? We shall be told that several counties of the State are authorized to have "fish wardens" or "bailiff's appointed, and make provisions for payment for such services as may be rendered by such officers from the funds of the county treasury, but, with a solitary exception—Lancaster county—not a single one has manifested sufficient interest in the propagation and increase of food fishes to avail themselves of the license thus given them. Another statute law requires sheriffs to proceed against violators of the State fishery laws, but as far as this Board has knowledge, no sheriff, except one, has ever manifested a disposition to comply with the demands of that law. How then is the difficulty under consideration to be overcome? By placing in the hands of the Commissioners an amount sufficient to enable them to employ wardens along the principal waters of the State.

Every one is aware of the fact that the *role* of informer is not an agreeable one. It is always unpopular, and for that reason violators of the fishery laws have pursued their dishonest vocation without let or hindrance. Fish wardens would not be hampered by any such considerations. Being sworn officers, and having their duties clearly defined, they could proceed to the discharge of them without fear or favor.

But it will be urged, perhaps, that the amount required for the payment of as many wardens as would be needed for the protection of the stocked streams would be a burdensome tax. A proper understanding of the subject will readily correct this error.

In the first place, wardens should not be wanted in all of the counties, and only in a few would their active service be required for more than a few months of each year. They would hold their positions during the entire twelve months, but would be actively engaged only a part of the time, and hence their pay would not be very large. This fact, however, is rarely considered at its real worth by those county officers who are empowered by law to pay for warden services; therefore, if the State is to derive the benefits to which it is fairly entitled from its investment in fish propagation, county officers must either be instructed to make provision for the payment of such wardens as may be employed within the limits of their respective counties, or the Legislature should authorize it to be drawn from the State treasury. New York pays her wardens from the State's funds, and it is appropriate to state just here that her liberality in that respect has been well rewarded.

As an illustration for the necessity of such wardens, attention is asked to the lack of such guardianship in the lower part of the Delaware River. There, there is not only no guardianship, but absolutely no law which gives to the commissioners or any other public officers the right to interfere with illicit shad fishing. There is a law that defines the close seasons in the Susquehanna River, but none for the Delaware, although in the latter river the necessity for warden protection is many times greater. The only check upon illegal shad fishing in the Delaware is the supervision exercised by the State of New Jersey. Pennsylvania has been remiss in duty to herself in failing to provide means for the payment of wardens, and in the absence of such provision the Board has been helpless, as every dollar of the regular appropriation has either been granted for special purposes, such as the erection of fishways and the new hatchery at Erie, or has been applied to the improvements and maintenance of the other hatcheries. It is the hope of the Board that this long neglected matter will secure the attention of the present Legislature, and that a law defining the season when shad fishing may be pursued in the Delaware River be enacted.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

A MEETING of the Commissioners was held on Monday, July 25, at the office of Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, president of the Board, in the Equitable Building, New York city, a full board being present. A resolution was adopted that the new hatchery should be located at Clear Creek, a tributary of Round Lake, in the Adirondacks, in accordance with the law passed by the Legislature last winter, and the sum of $1,000 was set apart for the purpose of locating and preparing plans.

A discussion followed concerning the law passed last winter in regard to the granting of franchises for the cultivation of shell-fish. President Roosevelt thought that the law was inconsistent, as it provided that no person or corporation should hold more than 250 acres of land for the cultivation of shell-fish, but allowed the absolute sale of such land. Mr. Blackford replied that sales must be recorded at the office of the Commissioners, and none would be recorded which gave an undue amount to one person or corporation.

Mr. Blackford said that maps and surveys of the lands would be completed in three months; he did not think the Commissioners would be ready to act on a purchase inside of four months. He thought it was the duty of the Commissioners to formulate rules for the guidance of themselves and of persons making applications for grants, and read a set of rules which he proposed for adoption. Mr. Blackford said that some of the rules needed immediate attention, such as that providing for an office for the Board and that fixing the time of meetings. Mr. Joline and Mr. Blackford were appointed a committee to select an office, and it was voted that the Commissioners meet on the first Monday in September and on the first Monday of each month thereafter for the purpose of hearing and granting applications for franchises. It was voted that franchises be granted to the highest responsible bidder. The proposed rules were ordered to be published.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at Cold Spring Harthe following day; a full Board was present there, also the Secretary, Mr. H. H. Thompson.

An inspection of the grounds and fish was made, and the growth of they earlings was commented upon. Commissioner Sherman thought it one of the best places in the country to grow trout, on account of the cheapness of food, and remarked that the yearling brook trout were as large as most of the two-year-olds found in the Adirondacks. Besides the yearling brook and brown trout there are in the rearing ponds, from this year's hatching, the following fishes: Brook trout, brown trout, Loch Leven trout, rainbow trout, German saibling and golden ide. Supt. Mather stated that the greatest difficulty he had to contend with was the presence of eels, which came from the neighboring mill ponds across the road and up from the salt water, and that he hoped to fence them out. Turtles also came from the same source, and these, with the kingfishers, being the only enemies he had to contend with, with the exception of mink.

The plans for the new hatchery were examined and approved, and it was decided to have it built by contract; to begin as soon as the lease which the law requires is given and approved by the Commissioners and placed on file. The superintendent was directed to make specifications to accompany the plans and to advertise for bids in the Long Island papers. Mr. Townsend Jones, one of the owners of the land, joined the party at lunch, and discussed affairs with the Commissioners.

It was decided to draft some proposed rules governing the granting of oyster franchises, and to have one hundred copies of them printed for the use of the Commissioners.

It was also decided that a tour of inspection of the Adirondack hatcheries should be made about the middle of August.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Hornell Kennel Club Show, Hornellsville, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 27. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. R. D. Whitehead, Manager.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5206.**

THE DOG FOR BIG GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 7 you had an interesting article under the above heading, by "Leatherhead," in *Kennel Gazette*.

In his communication "Leatherhead," while discussing the merits of the various breeds of large dogs, favored the "old-fashioned staghound from the foxhound source." That the staghound does the work well will be seen by the following from a Montana paper:

"The staghounds recently brought in from Colorado by by the Sun River Range Association, of Montana, are doing good work killing wolves. Six hounds recently brought to bay double their number of wolves and engaged them in battle, doing to the death all but two of the sheep and calf destroyers. Not a few single combats have occurred, resulting in uniform victory for the dog, which has the advantage of fleetness, pluck and strength. A pair of hounds can do up a wolf in pretty short order. One will toss the wolf in the air, and before the astonished animal is again on the ground he is caught at the neck and loin and torn asunder. The hounds are fed no meat, their diet being confined to corn bread and buttermilk in most part. The Range Association are satisfied they have made a good investment in these wolf exterminators."

It has not been long since I saw in a Western paper that Dr. Van Hummell sold a lot of dogs for this purpose, so I have no doubt these hounds were from his kennels.

I bring this cutting to your notice hoping it may catch the eyes of some of your correspondents who have had some experience with these hounds. These experiences given to your readers would prove very entertaining. Here is a new field entirely for a series of enjoyable letters.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

[The papers entitled "In the Cherokee Strip," in our gun columns, bear on this subject and may well be referred to.]

BEAGLES FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years since I wrote an article for the FOREST AND STREAM with the above heading. It brought out a lengthy discussion by the leading beagle men at that time, and the matter was thoroughly ventilated. Evidently a new set of fanciers are now exercising themselves over the same topic and I am glad that it is so, as it keeps the beagle before the sportsmen and gives him the prominence he deserves. Years ago the beagle had a hard struggle to maintain his reputation as a gentleman sportsman's dog. "Only a rabbit hunter" was a sort of stigma, and the little hound was selected to be the fitting companion of small boys and negroes. Setters and pointers were the craze and it was considered *infra dig* to be seen hunting rabbits with a pack of beagles. The steadily growing scarcity of feathered game has driven these over-fastidious sportsmen to look for other sources of sport in field, and the beagle is becoming more generally appreciated as he is being better understood.

For nearly forty years the writer has been an owner and breeder of beagles, and in that time has been at particular pains to study the breed both at home and abroad.

With this premise, which is not intended as trumpet blowing, I propose to discuss "H. H.'s" article in some of its points and trust he will accept my strictures in the proper spirit, as they simply are a difference of opinion.

And now to begin, "H. H." says: "My best results have been obtained with four beagles, whose sizes and proportions are very nearly about the same. They stand 17½in. in height, with chests measuring 26¾in., length of bodies and heads 24 and 25in."

Are they beagles? What is the meaning of the term beagle? It is a modification of the Celtic word *Begele*, the definition of which is small, little; and the breed when it was originated received this descriptive title.

Now "H. H.'s" dogs are neither "small nor little;" in fact they are harrier or dwarf foxhound size, consequently his dogs are sailing under false colors; their sizes show them not purely bred beagles. Therefore any comparison as to relative value fails in argument, the fact that they run well proves nothing; harriers or foxhounds trained to the work will run rabbits as truly as beagles, but we believe in the eternal fitness, to use that for which it was specially created, and therefore we use the little beagle to hunt the little hare. The mistake that "H. H." makes is that he hunts a mixed pack 14in. dogs with 17½in., the regular racing gait of the big dog keeps the little one on the keen jump during the entire run, no wonder the latter plays out at the end of the day.

It would be about as reasonable to expect a Sheltie to run a steeple chase across a stiff country, hunters' weights up, matched against a well bred 16½-hand hunter. If big dogs are preferred, leave beagles out of the pack altogether. A lopsided hunt gives poor results and is altogether unsatisfactory.

It has been said somewhere in this correspondence that bench-winning beagles cut a poor figure in the field. This is very possible in many instances, and readily accounted for. There are many beagle fanciers, city men, who lack the taste, time, knowledge or opportunity to work and educate their dogs. These dogs, when bred, have little hunting instinct to transmit, their produce in the next generation have still less, and as they go down the line of descent the grand law of heredity asserts itself, like will beget like, the worthless parents produce still more worthless offspring, intensifying the bad at each downward step. That dogs thus bred are a pest and a nuisance any sportsman may satisfy himself by trying to break one. All hunting sense is so entirely bred out that it is a lost instinct; such dogs are veritable 'mug hunters' and fit for no other kind of hunting. These are the sort that bring the beagle into bad repute, if the unfortunate owner has had no previous experience with those bred in the right way.

I will now give "H. H." my idea of a beagle. In the first place, he must be rightly and truly bred. By rightly bred I mean that his ancestry on both sides must be performers; by truly bred, that they are pure, unalloyed beagles, and nothing else. Now, this is all-important in the outstart If the start is wrong, it takes a long course of careful breeding to remedy it, if it can be done at all, besides the vexation, trouble and loss of time. And just here the breeder's axiom shows its force, "Like will produce like, or the likeness of some ancestor." How imperative, then, that the progenitors should be right in blood and other transmissable qualities.

Next comes height; 13 to 14in. is about the mark. Such a pack will run evenly and smoothly; no appreciable difference in speed will be noticed, and they should run steadily day in and day out, of course soundness and perfection of form being essentials.

Color, as a fancy point, is sometimes carried to an extreme. Some breeders affect to think that if a beagle is white, black and tan, all else is of secondary importance.

All colors that properly belong to the beagle are good enough. Still, there is a choice. I would regard with a shade of suspicion a black and white, a pure white, or a solid black; yet I have seen some likely looking dogs thus colored.

I will not touch on the subject of form, all that is treated in the beagle standard, and nothing need be added.

But be the dog ever so well bred, bear in mind that to have a satisfactory worker, plenty of opportunity is all essential. I have found dogs to steadily improve up to four years old, therefore the more practice the better the dog. Youngsters working in a pack with old experienced dogs will often fall into a follow-my-leader method, and I have found it a good plan to take out such shirkers solus once in a while. Alone he has to depend on his own resources and the improvement is much more rapid. One thing more and I have done, don't whip. There is no breed of dogs more sensitive than the beagle, none so easily cowed by the whip, and none so utterly worthless when squelched by a severe beating, it is almost impossible to reassure them and overcome their timidity. Kind treatment, plenty of work, and well bred and well watched hounds will give all the requisites of a merry pack of beagles. L. H. T.

JOHNNY AND DRAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For upward of two months I have waited for Mr. Mason to reply to my letter on the above subject, but so far I have waited in vain. I am surprised at this as Mr. Mason has not appeared to me to be a man who would shirk a reply. Is he still bound by the promise which he gave to some unknown person, and which, in my opinion, he had no right to give? Or does his book occupy all his time?

As Mr. Mason was engaged by the FOREST AND STREAM to write the report of the Philadelphia show he should criticise all the dogs "without fear, favor or ulterior motives;" and, as I have said before, he promised to in his Hartford report.

I quote the following from a letter published in one of your contemporaries on the subject under discussion, as it treats of the matter in the fullest manner:

"* * * I would like to * * * settle, once and for all, that 'Newark judging business.' That affair may be wholly summed up as follows: Mr. Marmaduke Richardson took the two dogs, Johnny and Drake, in the ring when the judging took place, and Mr. Hemingway awarded the blue ribbon to Johnny, and as he was doing this, Mr. Richardson noticed the 'blunder' in the numbers, *i. e.*, that they had been reversed, Johnny having on Drake's and Drake having on Johnny's number. He at once called Mr. Hemingway's attention to this, when Mr. Hemingway replied: "I am not judging numbers, I am judging dogs, and that dog (pointing to Johnny) is the best.' His subsequent remarks, made after judging the class and while the dogs were still in the ring, and also after awarding the special, were to the same purpose and went to show his preference for Johnny over Drake. After the judging took place, Mr. William Tallman (who was keeper for the dogs during their stay in this country) properly adjusted the numbers so that the award would appear correctly upon the record. I beg also to say that Mr. Tallman, Mr. Wm. G. Martin and Mr. Richardson can all certify to Mr. Hemingway's choice of Johnny over Drake. All these facts go to show that it is a mistake that (according to Mr. Mason) Mr. Hemingway said: 'It was purely owing to a blunder in taking down the numbers that Johnny got the prize in Newark.' Johnny got the prize simply because Mr. Hemingway considered him entitled to it.

Now as to the points and my reasons for believing Johnny to be the better dog:

Head—Johnny beats Drake in size of nostrils and in length and depth of muzzle. He is flat on the top of the head, while Drake is round, and the line running up the center is more clearly defined in Johnny. It is true that the Clumber spaniel should have a marked stop, but Drake's for the length and size of his head is rather too heavy. Johnny, in the opinion of some, may not be heavy enough, but even admitting for the sake of argument that it is not heavy enough, the superiority of the rest of his head should, in my opinion, outweigh this defect and put him well ahead of Drake. Johnny's occiput is also sharper than Drake's.

Eyes—Johnny's are fuller and the droop of the skin below the eye showing the haw is perfect. His expression if also better than Drake's.

Ears—Johnny's are better shaped, the vine being more clearly defined; the hair is shorter and silkier and the color better. They are set on about the same.

Neck—Johnny's neck is much longer and more powerful, but he may be a little more throaty than Drake.

Shoulders—Johnny is much heavier and more powerful in his shoulders, and the muscle is much more developed.

Body—Johnny beats Drake hands down here in length, and every one having a knowledge of a Clumber knows what an important characteristic of the breed that is. From all I can learn Johnny is as long as the best dogs in England. He measures more around the chest than Drake, and also around the loins. His hindquarters are larger and far better muscled. Height at shoulder Johnny is less than Drake.

Legs and Feet—Johnny is much the heaviest in bone of legs. In size of feet they are about the same, but Johnny's feet are more compact than Drake's.

Coat—In denseness and texture Johnny is away ahead; his coat is perfection. In feathering of forelegs and feet Drake beats Johnny, but in the hindlegs they are equal.

Color and Markings—Drake's head is the best marked. Johnny has a spot in the middle, which is a defect. His legs are heavily ticked, while Drake's are not. Drake has a little white on one ear.

General Appearance—I need hardly say anything about; everybody knows how they compare.

One thing more, if you will pardon me. In regard to Mr. Watson's opinion, I consider him (as well as Mr. Mason) a very good judge of spaniels, but when he gave such a hasty glance, as he did at Philadelphia, and decided in favor of Drake by pointing to him and saying: 'That is my dog,' he was no doubt moved more by impulse than by a judgment based on a careful examination of their various points. I regret that he did not give the dogs a closer examination, for I am sure he would then have decided in favor of Johnny."

A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.

CONFLICTING DATES.—St. Paul, Minn., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this week's *Sporting Life*, I notice that the New Jersey Kennel Club claims the dates Sept. 20 to 23 for their fourth bench show, an action which I feel obliged to publicly condemn and braud it as an infringement upon the rights of one of their sister clubs in the A. K. C., the Wisconsin Kennel Club, of Milwaukee, who have claimed and published these dates for the last four or five weeks. Not alone this, but the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club and the Wisconsin Kennel Club have arranged their dates in such a way as to allow Eastern exhibitors to take in two shows in one trip, and they are trying their utmost to make these shows a success. It is the duty of the Executive Committee of the A. K. C. to step in and protect these two clubs against this uncalled for proceeding on the part of another member of the association, and I trust that every honest-minded man interested in dog matters will sustain me in this justified protest against an action which, in my opinion, is an outrage. Yours respectfully, CHAS. WEIL.

[The New Jersey Kennel Club is under contract with the New Jersey State Agricultural Society to give a bench show annually for a term of years in connection with the State Fair of the Society. The time is selected by the Society and the club has no option in the matter. The conflict of dates is unfortunate, but the New Jersey Kennel Club cannot be held responsible for it.]

GOAT'S MILK FOR PUPPIES.

IT has often appeared to me as something strange that goat's milk is not more frequently used for rearing puppies than it is, considering that whenever it has been tried for this purpose it has always given satisfaction, being regarded as far superior to cow's milk. About four years ago under the heading, "Does Cow's Milk Produce Worms?" a letter signed J. Isaacs appeared in the *Journal* from the invitation of Mr. Vero Shaw, who was desirous of obtaining the opinions of dog breeders on this question. The writer stated that after losing 75 per cent. of the puppies he bred from worms, proved by dissection after death, the cause of which he attributed to the use of cow's milk, he was induced to try goat's milk, which proved so successful that the year in which he wrote he bred more than fifty puppies without one showing a sign of worms. This led him to start a small herd of goats, the milk from which he had drawn twice a day and fed to the puppies hot from the animals up to four months old. A few weeks back I mentioned in a report of the Société d'Acclimatation of Paris, that some goats were kept in France for this purpose, showing that the same opinion is held on the continent.

I recollect also being informed by a gentleman I once met, who had lived some time in South America, that goats were there used to rear puppies, suckling them as they would their own kids; but the object in these cases was to create in the dogs a natural affection for their foster-mothers in order that they might be better available as guards for the herds.

What the actual cause is that renders the milk of the goat more snitable as a food for puppies—as, indeed, also for children—than that which comes from the cow is not altogether clear. For the purpose of comparing the constituents of the three milks, I append a table, showing the results obtained by analysis of each, based on the researches of Vernoise and Becquerel.

	Density.	Water.	Solids.	Caseine and Extractive Matters.	Sugar	Fat.	Salts
Cow....	1,033.38	864.06	135.94	55.19	38.03	39.12	6.64
Goat....	1,033.53	844.90	155.10	35.14	36.91	56.87	6.18
Bitch....	1,041.62	722.08	227.92	116.88	15.29	87.95	7.80

By the above figures it appears that although in general solids the goat's milk approaches nearest to that of the bitch, the caseine and extractive matters, which are very considerable in the latter, as in all carnivorous animals, shows less in the goat's milk than the cow's; while the reverse is the case in regard to the fat, though here again the bitch has far the largest quantity. As we know that caseine is less easily assimilated than fat, we might suppose that herein lay the advantage of the goat's milk were it not that the milk supplied by nature to the puppy contains nearly half as much again of this constituent. Then I should observe that the sample of goat's milk here analyzed was evidently rather below the average in caseine, as two specimens of this milk, examined by Dr. Voelcker in the 1880 Dairy Show, produced caseine in the proportion of 3.94 and 4.67 per cent. It is also well known that the constituents of milk vary according to the period of lactation, the caseine being in far larger proportion, and the sugar much less, immediately after parturition than at a latter period, so that unless the analyses have all been made under the same conditions, they are not very trustworthy as a means of comparison. Practical results are, after all, what is wanted; and perhaps these few remarks of mine may lead those who have tried goat's milk for puppies to give their experience of it, so that if really superior to cow's milk, as shown by the cases that have come to my knowledge, the use of goats for this purpose may become more general.—*Mr. Holmes-Pegler, in Fanciers' Gazette.*

B. M. STEPHENSON REINSTATED.—Cincinnati, O. July 30, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Field Trial Club held in this city this date, Mr. B. M. Stephenson was (on application) reinstated as a member of the Club, and the bar against him removed. It was also further provided that circumstances in mitigation, which were not admissible at the trial, under the rules of the association, be made a part of the records of this meeting. In this connection, it is proper to say, in behalf of the Executive Committee, that the consitution of the National Field Trial Club is very defective, in that it does not provide for any different degrees of punishment, and the Executive Committee is therefore left without any discretion whatever. The rule is mandatory, and does not permit matters in mitigation to be considered. In this case it is safe to say that all the members of the Executive Committee would have considered the matters in mitigation entitled to a great deal of weight, had there been any grades of punishment provided for, which would have allowed Mr. Stephenson's statements, which were verified, to be officially considered.—C. W. PARIS, Sec'y; W. B. SHATTUC, President.

[We are pleased to note that the National Field Trial Club has reinstated Mr. B. M. Stephenson. The cause of his expulsion is well known, all the facts having been published in FOREST AND STREAM at the time. As we then stated, "Mr. Stephenson's motives in the case in question appear to have been generous rather than base. He preferred to have his friend's dog win rather than his own. * * * The offense was committed—it makes not a particle of difference by whom—and it should be punished. That Stephenson should bear this punishment no doubt seems hard to himself and his friends, for his position was a difficult one; but however much we may love the sinner, we must hate the sin still more. We have said before that in a matter of this kind we have to deal with results, not motives." The Club could do no less than punish the offence, which it did by debarring Mr. Stephenson. The ends of justice having been served, it was then right for the Club to consider the motives that actuated Mr. Stepenson, and base their recent action on the mitigating circumstaces.]

SPANIEL SPECIAL AT DETROIT.—Toronto, July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Chas. M. Nelles having relinquished honors that did not belong to him and having written you to that effect, it is surely now in order for him to return the prize to the rightful owner. I am pleased he deemed it best to place the honors where they belong, but should also like to have the prize he still holds.—H. G. CHARLESWORTH.

HORNELL SHOW.—Hornellsville, N.Y., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Hornell Kennel Club claim the dates from Aug. 30 to Sep.2 for our show. No cash this year, except what is subscribed by the citizens; medals and diplomas. John Davidson will judge all classes. We will make two champion, dog, bitch and two puppy classes, for every known breed.—J. OTIS FELLOWS, Supt.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Royal Arthur and Royal Alice. By Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for orange belton English setter dog and bitch, whelped June 9, 1887, by Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty) out of Maida (Tempest—Lilly).

Royal Albert II. By Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 9, 1887, by Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty) out of Maida (Tempest—Lilly).

Princess Royal. By Geo. L. V. Tyler and J. Herbert Baird, West Newton and Auburndale, Mass., for blue belton, tan markings, English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1887, by Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty) out of Maida (Tempest—Lilly).

Easter Bell. By Geo. L. V. Tyler and Fred B. Stafford, West Newton and Faneuil, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped April 10, 1887, by J. E. Eveleth's Frank out of Mona Tempest—Lilly).

Prince Leopold. By A. H. Morrison, Auburndale, Mass., for liver and white, tan markings, English setter dog, whelped April 10, 1887, by J. E. Eveleth's Frank out of Mona (Tempest—Lilly).

Gorda, Becky Sharp and Jubilee Vic. By J. L. Campbell, Simcoe, Ont., for black and tan Gordon setters, one dog and two bitches, whelped May 9, 1887, by Royal Duke (A.K.R. 4678) out of Nora (Sport—Clara).

Princess Sheila. By John W. Gale, Providence, R. I., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 13, 1887, by Jim (Elcho—Mag) out of Nell II. (A.K.R. 2084).

Lady Bess. By F. W. Fonda, Jr., Albany, N. Y., for golden fawn, dark stripes and markings, Great Dane bitch, whelped May 15, 1885, by Fido (Margaux—Diana) out of Wolga (Margaux—Gretchen).

Mohican Great Dane Kennels. By F. W. Fonda, Jr., Albany, N. Y., for his kennels of Great Danes.

NAMES CHANGED.

Obo III. to Starkey's Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 20, 1887, by Obo II. (Obo—imported Chloe II.) out of Phonsie (A.K.R. 1982), owned by E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass.

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Floss B.—Teddie. A. S. Aborn's (Wakefield, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Floss B. (A.K.R. 3449) to J. H. Whicher's Teddie (Phil——), July 20.

Melody—Trailer. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Melody (Trailer—Music) to his Tailer (Racket—Fly), July 27.

Peggy—Speculation. C. Moore's (Van Buren) beagle bitch Peggy to F. M. Shelley's Speculation (Ringwood—Fanny), July 25.

Wacouta Bess—Wacouta Nap. Wacouta Kennels' (St. Paul, Minn.) mastiff bitch Wacouta Bess (A.K.R. 4050) to their Wacouta Nap (Mo gan's Lion—Morgan's Bess), July 29.

Frou Frou—Brant. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Frou Frou to their Brant, May 31.

Bonita—Brant. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Bonita (A.K.R. 2891) to their Brant, May 26.

Bijou—Brant. A. Simms's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Bijou to Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant, June 8.

Mollie Brant—Brant. W. McDougall's (Hamilton, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Mollie Brant (A.K.R. 4589) to Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant, July 6.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Maida. J. E. Eveleth's (Brookline, Mass.) English setter bitch Maida (Tempest—Lilly), June 9, eight (five dogs), by C. F. Crawford's Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty).

Nora. J. L. Campbell's (Simcoe, Ont.) Gordon setter bitch Nora (Sport—Clara), May 9, ten (six dogs), by E. Maher's Royal Duke (A.K.R. 4678).

Lady Bess. F. W. Fonda, Jr.'s (Albany, N. Y.) Great Dane bitch Lady Bess (Fido—Wolga), July 1, eleven (five dogs), by his General Custer (Bolivar—Leah); three dogs since dead.

Jeanne d'Arc. W. R. Watts's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Jeanne d'Arc (A.K.R. 3021), July 7, eleven (five dogs), by his Hector II. (A.K.R. 4663).

Morning Star. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541), July 8, five (three dogs), by his Gun (A.K.R. 1538).

Belle Starlight. H. W. Durgin's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch (Gun, A.K.R. 1538—Morning Star, A.K.R. 1541), July 12, six (five dogs), by his Young Gath (Dan—True Blue).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Garryowen II. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped April 2, 1887, by Garryowen out of Sheila, by Lawrence Timpson, Maizeland, Red Hook, N. Y., to H. S. Hunnewell, Boston, Mass.

Prince Leopold. Liver and white, tan markings, English setter dog, whelped April 10, 1887, by Eveleth's Frank out of Eveleth's Mona, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to A. H. Morrison, Auburndale, Mass.

Jeanne d'Arc. White, brindle markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 29, 1885 (A.K.R. 3021), by K. E. Hopf, Arlington, N. J., to W. R. Watts, New York.

Beau and Mona. Red Irish setter dog and bitch, whelped June 7, 1886, by Chief out of Canadian Belle, by C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to J. Wheeler Bennett, London, Eng.

Royal Albert—Maida whelps. English setters, whelped June 9, 1887, one blue belton dog, one blue belton, tan markings about face, bitch, and one orange belton dog and bitch, by J. E. Eveleth, Brookline, Mass., to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass.

DEATHS.

Hector II. St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 3, 1884 (A.K.R. 4663), owned by W. R. Watts, New York, July 30, from sunstroke.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. E. P., Hartford.—A St. Bernard dog, 1 year old, weight 120lbs., has rheumatism in forward foot; it seems to be below the knee or in the foot. Has had it 3 months. Until then (3 months ago) had always slept in a hen house that was dry, and had a large yard to run in. Ans. Consult a veterinary to decide whether it is a sprain or rheumatism. If the former, a fly blister would be effective. If rheumatism, large doses of Rochelle salts or salycilate of soda.

G. R. P., Smethport.—I have an English setter that is eleven months old and for the last three months his eyes have been very red and discharged a little matter. He has a good appetite and is in a good condition and very lively. Ans. Get the following:

℞. Zinc sulph	grs. iv
Aq.	ʒ ii
M. Sig. Eye wash.	

Sponge the eyes carefully night and morning and drop a few drops of this solution in the outer angle of the eye and let it diffuse itself over the ball.

M. T., Portland.—Will you please let me know through your paper, what to do for my one-year-old King Charles spaniel. He has no appetite, only eats enough to keep him alive, is very thin, and his hair is all broken off, and is very short. I have treated for worms but it does no good, he passes a good deal of matter with his urine; he has been this way for about six months. He seems well, and is as lively as can be. Ans. Give five drops Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in the food. Keep the bowels free with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses. Do not feed meat.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, July 30, record match, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

H Tuck	10	10	10	7	8	10	10	9	10	7—91
S Johnson	7	6	8	6	9	5	8	10	10	10—79
J Busfield	9	6	8	6	7	8	8	8	9	8—77
J F Brown	10	7	6	8	4	7	7	8	10	8—75
E Brown	4	9	8	5	9	4	7	10	7	7—70

In the badge match J. Busfield won gold badge, E. Brown won silver badge.

LINDSAY, July 26.—At the annual meeting of the Victoria County Rifle Association, held in the Council Chamber here this evening, the following officers were elected: President, Col. Deacon; 1st Vice-President, Capt. S. Hughes; 2d Vice-President, Capt. Evans; Secretary and Treasurer, Lieut. Bucknell; Council of Management, Messrs. R. Sylvester, Sergt. Williamson, Capt. Hopekins, J. H. Oliver and Sergt. Robinson. It was decided to hold the annual fall match on September 6, and vigorous preparations are now being made to make the coming match, which will be open to the Dominion, a grand success.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 1.—The sixth marksman's badge match was shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, July 30. The attendance was fair, weather fine but hot, with a fish tail wind from 4 to 7 o'clock, which bothered the shooters somewhat, who, however, made good scores. Following are those who made 42 or over, those marked * being the winners of cash prizes and medals in this match; 200 and 500yds.:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J D Scott,* Co F, 7th Reg	23	23	46
G W Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Reg	23	23	46
G H Frazer,* Co G, 47th Reg	21	24	45
C W Thorn, Co F, 7th Reg	21	24	45
F L Holmes,* Co I, 23d Reg	21	24	45
G F Merchant,* Co H, 7th Reg	20	24	44
H C Brown, staff, 13th Reg	21	23	44
C F Robbins,* staff, S N Y	21	23	44
E F Young,* Co C, 7th Reg	22	22	44
G L Hoffman, Co H, 7th Reg	23	21	44
J N Munson,* Co G, 7th Reg	19	24	43
A G Findley,* Co G, 23d Reg	20	23	43
S C Pirie,* Co I, 23d Reg	21	22	43
R M Dunn,* Co H, 7th Reg	21	22	43
G W Lotz,* Co G, 13th Reg	22	21	43
R M Kalloch, Co H, 7th Reg	17	26	42
H B Thomson,* Co C, 7th Reg	18	24	42
I E Winslow, Co C, 23d Reg	19	23	42
A S Gombers, Co K, 23d Reg	20	22	42
R Findlay, Co G, 23d Reg	20	22	42
W H Greenland, staff, 23d Reg	21	21	42
R McLean, Co K, 7th Reg	21	21	42
O E Dudley, Co F, 7th Reg	22	20	42

The next matches will be on Aug. 6, 13 and 27.

JACOB MANZ, JR., Ass't. Sec'y, N. R. A.

BOSTON, July 30.—There was a good attendance of shooters at the range to-day, but the finished scores were few on account of a fishtail wind, which was hard to contend with. Quite a number of militiamen were present and shot at 200 and 500yds., but with rather poor results. Appended are the best scores made:

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

D L Chase	6	4	10	5	9	7	9	9	7	10—76
J N Frye	7	3	8	6	6	7	6	8	8	10—74
	8	5	7	10	6	7	6	7	10	6—72
J R Dadman	8	5	7	5	6	10	7	5	8	10—71
	6	8	6	8	8	6	5	10	5	7—70
C J Bell	4	8	5	8	4	9	7	9	2	6—62

Rest Match, 200yds.

J N Frye, F	10	12	12	10	11	12	12	10	11	11—111
S Wilder, F	11	12	12	11	11	10	11	9	10	12—109
A	12	9	12	10	11	12	11	11	11	10—109
D L Chase, F	12	11	9	9	10	11	11	12	12	12—109
F	12	11	10	12	10	10	11	9	11	10—106
W H Oler, F	11	10	11	12	11	10	10	9	12	12—108
F	12	12	11	9	9	11	10	12	9	11—106
John Gum	11	11	12	11	10	8	12	10	9	12—106
W O Burnite	11	8	12	11	12	12	10	8	10	12—106

OWEN SOUND, Ont., July 29.—The Port Elgin and Owen Sound Rifle Associations shot a match over the range of the latter, resulting in a victory for the home team by 51 points. The ranges were 200, 400 and 500yds. Following is the score:

Port Elgin.	200.	400.	500.	Owen Sound.	200.	400.	500.
H Smith	24	29	23—76	C C Pearce	27	26	16—69
A Hilker	28	26	16—70	Maj Telford	24	23	21—68
L Smith	22	17	16—55	C K Grigg	21	28	23—72
J Eidt	10	27	15—61	A Campbell	22	19	25—66
A Marriam	19	26	26—71	W Wilson	29	22	20—71
L Schatz	26	25	16—67	C M Lang	25	29	32—86
J W Stafford	26	22	9—57	B Van Wyck	26	28	22—76
			457				508

MASSACHUSETTS' TEAM.—Competitions for places on the team which is to represent Massachusetts at Creedmoor this fall took place at Springfield on Tuesday, July 26, and at Walnut Hill July 28. The competition at Springfield was arranged to suit the convenience of members of the militia in the western part of the State, and that at Walnut Hill for the members of eastern organizations. The distance shot over in both instances was the same (500yds.), each man being allowed 15 shots. Regimental inspectors of rifle practice had been notified to send their best men to the competition. The weather conditions at Springfield were not of the best, the light being variable and the wind strong. At Walnut Hill the conditions were very poor, a strong fish-tail wind blowing throughout the day. The Springfield riflemen led the list, making scores as follows: Priv. F. R. Ball, Co. G, 70; Priv. James Kimball, Co. G, 67; Priv. L. T. Farnsworth, Co. G, 66; Priv. M. W. Farrow, Co. D, of Holyoke, 65; Priv. A. C. White, Co. C, of Worcester, 64; Priv. L. H. Perkins, Co. G, 60; Sergt. Geo. T. Adams, Co. G, 53; Priv. T. B. Wilson, Co. G, 55; Mus. Bickford, Co. G, 54; Sergt. E. T. Stephens, N. C. staff, 53; Priv. Rae, Co. D, of Holyoke, 53; Lieut. C. N. Edgell, Co. F, of Gardner, 50; Sergt. A. D. Jefferson, Co. A, of Worcester, 50. All the above-named competitors were from the 2d Infantry.

The scores made at Walnut Hill were: Corp. W. H. Merritt, B, 2d corps cadets, 64; Priv. W. C. Johnson, Jr., C, 1st corps cadets, 63; Priv. W. L. Skinner, signal corps, 63; Priv. J. W. Blake, H, 5th reg., 63; W. M. Merrill, 2d brigade, N. C. S., 62; Priv. W. J. Mildrum, H, 9th reg., 62; Priv. L. Grant, D, 1st corps cadets, 62; Lieut. R. B. Edes, I. R. P., 5th reg., 62; Priv. C. A. Lawrence, B, 2d corps cadets, 62; Sergt. E. J. Helliker, D, 8th reg., 62; Capt. W. L. Chase, 1st brigade staff, 56; Sergt. J. E. Darmody, G, 5th reg., 59; Lieut. C. C. Foster, 5th reg. staff, 59; Lieut. W. G. Hussey, I. R. P., 8th reg., 57; Capt. Geo. B. Benyon, C, 5th reg., 55; Sergt. E. C. B. Erickson, L, 8th reg., 53; Sergt. O. A. Kirkpatrick, M, 8th reg., 51; Corp. C. F. Cook, L, 8th reg., 50; Capt. A. A. Hall, 2d brigade staff, 49; Lieut. G. E. Worthen, C, 6th reg., 47; Priv. M. J. Mitchell, H, 9th reg., 46; Sergt. W. E. Smith, D, 8th reg., 46; Corp. G. F. Baker, A, 1st corps cadets, 45; Lieut. J. Hogad, 9th reg. staff, 43; Maj. H. G. Kemp, 1st battalion cavalry, 40; Priv. E. W. Bettison, signal corps, 38; Lieut. John Bellamy, I. R. P., 1st cavalry, 38.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 30.—A match shoot at Capt. L. Weber's Myrtle Avenue Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., was a very close contest between Mr. Otto Langsdorf and Adolph Hoffman, both hailing from the "City of Churches." Two hundred yards, off-hand, 25 ring target, 5 rings in black, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 25 shots each:

Otto Langsdorf.

21 20 22 14 16 22 25 24 22 21 20 19 17 21 25 22 19 23 23 10 21 20 21 25 16—518

Adolph Hoffman.

20 25 16 13 20 16 21 22 22 19 23 22 19 19 17 22 23 21 25 21 20 21 21 22—513

The shooting was witnessed by over 100 gentlemen, and a good many "crack shots" were present, Mr. Harney acting as scorer.—R. M. ABESSER.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—The thirtieth annual meeting of the club will be held at Vernon, Vt., Sept. 6, 7 and 8, 1887. A general invitation is extended to all interested in rifle shooting. Any one can become a member and entitled to all the privileges of the club by paying the $5 entrance fee to the match for prizes and club medal. Standard weight of rifles, 20lbs. as fired; all over must give ¼in. per pound; under 20lbs. will receive ¼in. per pound on each string. Match to be 5 strings of 10 shots each. Any style rest allowed that does not confine rifle or add weight to it. Sights any, time rules, string measure, distance 40 rods. Match will be called first day at 2 P. M., other days at 9 A. M.—N. S. BROCKWAY, Sec'y, Bellows Falls, Vt.

LONDON, July 29.—A match took place to-day at the Springbank Rifle Range between the Westminster and Victoria (Canada) rifle clubs, distance 200, 400 and 500yds. Score: Westminster 415, Victoria 398.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS GUN CLUB PICNIC.—New York, July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Washington Heights Gun Club sent a check to swell the fund of the Manhattan Hospital, the same being proceeds from a benefit given by the club last winter for this worthy charity. The annual excursion will be held this year at Valley Grove, twenty miles from New York, on Aug. 23. Members of sister clubs with their families can join us and be guaranteed a pleasant time in good company. The price of tickets is $1 including gentleman and lady. Boats leave Inwood at 8:30 A. M., 152d street, North River, at 9, Manhattanville at 9:30 and 35th street, North River, at 10:30 A. M., returning 7:30 P. M. We have not decided whether to give an exhibition shoot at the grove or not. Our club has adopted a very neat club pin; it is in sterling silver with a miniature live bird in center, of oxidyzed silver, surrounded by proper inscription. The members of the W. H. G. C. have reason to congratulate themselves on belonging to a "live club."—HAMMERLESS.

THE BANDLE TOURNAMENT.

CINCINNATI, O., July 28.—The Bandle Tournament was undoubtedly the most successful one yet held in Cincinnati. Of the artificial targets the Ligowsky was undoubtedly the favorite; on Wednesday theirs were the only traps which worked, the others broke down. The live-bird shooting awakened the keenest interest. The accompanying scores speak for themselves. The attendance was far larger than anticipated. It is the third annual event of the kind under the same management. Tuesday, July 27, the scores were:

Match 1—Seven single Ligowsky clay birds: Stice 5, Goldrick 5, Mudd 5, Heikes 6, Wilson 5, Parker 7, Gay 5, Boyd 4, Sheldon 6, Budd 6, Crowell 5, Courtney 6, Vergis 4, Ray 7, Teipel 6, Bandle 5, D. F. 6, Cole 5, Early 5, Murphy 6, McMurchy 6, G. W. Henry 3, Hill 6, Otto 2, Brown 4, O'Neil 6, J. Johnson 6, McPhee 5, Watts 6, Whitney 3, J. Gay 2, West 6, Miller 6, Baker 3, Shott 5, Girton 4, Jackson 6, Cotton 5, Ruble 4, Comstock 5. Parker and Ray divided first; Murphy, McMurchy, O'Neil and Watts divided third on 9 straight in shoot off; Gay and Cotton divided third on 9 straight in shoot off.

Match 2—10 single American clay-birds: Bandle 10, Hill 9, Meaders 8, Carter 8, Verges 8, Teipel 9, Gastright 8, Parker 6, Cotton 9, Roy 9, Comstock 9, D. F. 4, Watts 8, S. Gay 9, McMurchey 10, Brown 10, Mudd 8, Adams 6, Nose 8, Heikes 9, E. Taylor 9, Early 10, Sheldon 10, O'Neil 9, Mason 4, West 8, Johnson 8, Stice 10, Jones 2, McPhee 9, Budd 10, Cole 8, Courtney 6, Whitney 7, Miller 10, Baker 7, Williams 1, Murphy 9, Girton 6, Jackson 6, Ruble 3. Bandle, McMurchey, Early, Sheldon, Stice, Budd and Miller divided first, Meaders, Ray, Comstock, Gay, Heikes and McPhee, after a shoot-off, divided second, Carter, Verges, Teipel, Watts, Mudd, West and Cole divided third.

Match 3—7 single live birds: Bandle 6, McMurchey 7, Verges 6, Goldrick 5, Meaders 6, Carter 7, Comstock 5, Roy 4, Stice 6, Ruble 7, West 6, Wilson 7, Armacost 6, Croxy 5, Taylor 6, Early 7, Mason 6, Bing 5, Gregory 6, Crowell 5, Murphy 6, D. F. 5, Sheldon 6, Teipel 6, D. Lefever 5, Boyd 6, Cotton 7, Parker 7, Modoc 7, Hill 5, Erb 7, McPhee 5, Skinner 6, Heikes 6, Brown 4, Budd 7, Shott 6, Daly 7, Nose 6, Miller 6, Whitney 7, O'Neil 6, Gastright 6, Johnson 6. Tie shot off next day. First divided, second won by Stice after killing 22 straight, O'Neil being the last to drop out, missing his 21st.

Match 5—3 pair American clay-birds: Teipel 5, West 4, Verges 4, Bandle 5, Sheldon 5, Stice 6, Early 5, Boyd 2, Nose 4, Wilson 4, Comstock 4, Croxie 5, Hill 5, Jackson 5, Goldrick 4, Crowell 4, Courtney 5, Girton 5, Gay 4, Gregory 5, Budd 6, Heikes 6, Carter 4, Murphy 5, Cole 5, Ruble 5, Parker 5, Gastright 6, Hayes 5. Stice, Budd and Heikes, after scoring 5 pair in shoot-off, divided first money: Teipel and Early, after scoring 5 pair straight in shoot-off, divided second money; Comstock, by breaking 2 pair, stood alone for third money.

Extra Morning Match.—Nine single blue rocks: Taylor 9, Boyd 5, Stice 8, Stevens 6, Sheldon 9, O'Neil 8, P. D. Lefever 6, Heikes 9, Whitney 9, Miller 7, Bandle 8, Goldrick 9, Ruble 7, Otto 6, Wilson 6, Crowell 8, Hill 5, Murphy 7, Roy 7, Baker 9, Meaders 8, Gay 9, D. M. Lefever 7, Budd 8, West 8, D. F. 6, Early 8, Gregory 8, McMurchey 9, Courtney 8, Verges 9, Teipel 9, Mudd 9, Erb 7, Shott 8, Johnson 3, Brown 9, McPhee 8, Bing 6, Nose 8, Cotton 8, Carter 7. Taylor, Gay, Heikes, Mudd and Parker, after breaking 9 each in the shoot-off, divided first money. O'Neil, Geegory, Bandle, Shott, McPhee, Nose, Cotton and Meaders, after scoring 6 each, divided. D. M. Lefever, Miller, Ruble and Murphy, after scoring 3 each, divided third.

Extra Side Match, Morning.—Five single Ligowsky clay birds: Mudd 4, Early 4, Heikes 3, Teipel 2, McMurchey 5 Wilson 2, Gay 3, McPhee 4, West 2, Budd 5, Stevens 4, Murphy 4, Verges 2, Crowell 5, Sheldon 5, Otto 3, Gregory 3, Boyd 3, Bandle 5, Hill 4, Gay 4, Watts 3, Lefever 1, Goldrick 3.

Crowell, Sheldon, McMurchey, Bandle and Budd divided first money; Mudd, Hill and Murphy divided second; Teipel took third money alone.

Second Day.—Match at 10 single Ligowsky clay birds: Stice 10, Bandle 9, Teipel 8, Drake 9, McMurchy 8, Thompson 9, Carter 10, Meaders 10, Brown 10, Gay 8, Parker 8, Early 9, West 7, Hill 8, Verges 8, Heikes 6, Cotton 10, Sheldon 7, Watts 8, Ball 7, Johnson 8, Budd 8, Nose 6, McPhee 8, Shott 10, Whitney 9, Courtney 7, Miller 9, Taylor 9, Roy 8, O'Neil 9, Bing 6. Ties on 10 divided; Bandle, Drake, Early, Taylor and O'Neil divided second after scoring 5 straight in shoot-off. Third, McPhee and Johnson, after scoring 10 each in shoot-off, divided.

Eight singles and two pair American clay birds: Stice 10, Cotton 11, Carter 10, S. Gay 11, Whitney 10, Henry 1, Ball 6, Bandle 12, Teipel 12, Brown 9, Early 12, Sheldon 11, Drake 12, McMurchy 12, Baker 11, Adams 6, Meaders 10, Taylor 10, O'Neil 10, Verges 8, Miller 10, Hill 11, Budd 11, Ray 7, West 10, Modoc 10, Heikes 11, Jackson 11, Johnson 9. Bandle, Teipel, Early, Drake and McMurchy divided first, Cotton, Sheldon, Hill, Budd, Heikes, Jackson and Baker divided second; Gay and Taylor, after scoring six singles and two pair in shoot-off, divided third.

Extra match—Six single Ligowsky clay-birds: Stice 6, Teipel 6, S. Gay 6, West 6, West 6, Skinner 6, Early 6, Sheldon 6, Boyd 4, Comstock 6, J. Gay 6, McMurchey 6, Wilson 4, Gregory 6, Small 4, Goldrick 4, Nose 5, McPhee 6, Baker 6, Hill 6, Whitney 6, Henry 3, Echo 6, Bandle 6, Drake 5, Johnson 5, Shott 5, Watts 5, Jackson 5, Budd 5, Carter 6, Thompson 5, Brown 6, Ball 4, Meaders 5, Bing 5, Cotton 6, Girton 5, Waddell 5, Croxie 5, Taylor 6, Ray 5, Bob White 3, Verges 5, Lefever 5, Heikes 5, Courtney 5. Stice, Teipel, Early, McMurchey, Cotton, McPhee, Baker Hill and E. Taylor, scoring 5 straight in shoot-off, divided first. Scott, Jackson, Meaders, Nose, Waddell, Lefever, Heikes and Courtney, scoring 9 straight each, divided second. Boyd, Wilson, Ball, Small, Goldrick and Ray divided third.

Extra match—Five single American clay-birds. Bang 2, Skinner 3, West 4, Erb 3, Comstock 4, Bandle 5, Wilson 5, Meaders 5, Miller 3, Ball 4, Amacost 4, Roy 5, Girton 5, Thompson 2. Lefever 4, Brown 4, Carter 3, Bing 4, Gregory 4, Boyd 5, Stice 5, Jackson 4, Budd 5, Early 5, Harrison 4, Scott 5, Teipel 3, Croxie 4, Crowell 5, Cotton 4, Courtney 3, Gastright 5, Verges 3, O'Neil 4, Heikes 3, Bob White 5, Goldrick 4, Parker 5, Whitney 5, McMurchey 4, McCartney 4, Nose 4, Hill 5, Sheldon 4. Budd, Early, Erb, Teipel, Bandle, Whitney, Stice, Gastright and Ray, scoring 6 straight in shoot-off, divided first. West, McMurchey, Nose, Sheldon and O'Neil, scoring 6 straight in shoot-off, divided third. Erb, Teipel, Miller and Heikes, scoring 6 each in shoot-off, divided third.

Match 8.—Seven single live birds: Ray 6, McMurchey 7, Teipel 7, Miller 6, Drake 6, Sheldon 7, Modoc 5, Bandle 6, Wilson 6, Budd 5, McCartney 6, Carter 7, Brown 7, O'Neil 6, Doc. Lefever 3, Verges 7, S. Gay 7, Taylor 6, Heikes 7, Mason 6, Ball 7, Williams 4, Henry 6, McPhee 6, Hill 6, Ruble 6, Bing 5, Goldrick 4, Whitney 7, Stice 6, Murphy 5, Cotton 6, Early 7, Meaders 7, Gastright 6, Frank 4, Cutter 6.

Extra match, miss and out, Early, of Manchester, O., after breaking 26 straight, won.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23.—Capital City Gun Club; match at American clays No. 1, 5 traps, shot under N. G. A. rules, club prizes:

Wagener	0111111111111—14	Collison	1021101111111110—12
Cunningham	1111111111111—15	Wilson	1111001101111110—11
Whiteman	1110011001101110— 9	Thompson	1111001010011110— 9

July 26, same conditions:

Wagener	1111101111101111—13	Whitman	1110110010011011— 9
Collison	1101000111101101— 9	Carter	1100010011111000— 7
Cunningham	1111001110110110—10	Myers	0010100110110110— 7
Wilson	1111111101111110—13	Thompson	0110001100000110— 6
Green	0001100100110110— 6		

Sweep:

Wagener	11111—5	Wilson	11110—4
Cunningham	11111—5	Carter	01010—2
Collison	00011—2	Meyers	01110—3

Team Shoot.

Wagener	11111—5	Mills	11010—3
Cunningham	11110—4	Wilson	11101—4
Whiteman	01001—2	Green	10010—2
Collison	01110—3	Meyers	11000—2
Carter	01100—2	Thompson	10110—3
	16		14

Second Team Shoot.

Wagener	11100—3	Mills	11111—5
Cunningham	11111—5	Wilson	11111—5
Whitman	01001—2	Collison	11100—3
Shuster	11000—2	Green	00100—1
	12		14

QUIRT.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 26.—The Leavenworth Gun Club met on the government reserve this evening for practice. Peoria blackbirds were used. The score shows that very good shooting was done. The following is the score:

McCarten	1101111101111111011—17	Goff	0110101001111110111—14
Humphreys	1110110011101101001—13	Schroed'r	1111010100011010010101—11
Sexton	1111111101111101101—17	Churchill	1111001101111101001—14

CENTRAL ILLINOIS SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION.—The ninth annual convention and tournament will be held Aug. 23-26, at Sportsman's Park, Jersey, Ill.—CAM, B, HUTCHINSON, Sec'y, Jerseyville, Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—A tolerably large and enthusiastic gathering of sportsmen assembled this forenoon at Adams Point to try their hand and skill on clay pigeons. The shooting was above the average record this year at the Point. Schroeder and Schmidt did some excellent shooting. The following is a summary of the contest: The first on the programme was a $2.50 sweepstake at fifteen singles, 18yds. rise, governed by international rules. First prize, $15; second, $5:

Cole	100111010110110— 9	Muller	001011101101001— 8
Harper	111001001011000— 7	Kendal	110001011110110— 9
Browne	011011001111011—10	Schroeder	011111111011011—12
Schmidt	111111010111011—12	Kasten	111101101110110—11

In a shooting off for first prize, at three pairs of doubles, Schmidt was defeated by one point—the score stood 5 to 4. The next sweepstake—$2.50 entrance, ten singles, first prize $10, second prize $5—was won by Schmidt. Score:

Browne	1101101011—7	Schroeder	1011101111—8
Schmidt	1111111011—9	Muller	1111001001—6
Kasten	0101011111—7	Kendal	1001110111—7

This was followed by a five-dollar sweep, six pairs, the winner to take the pot. Score:

Browne	11 11 10 01 11 11—10	Schmidt	11 01 01 11 01 11— 8
Schroeder	01 10 11 00 11 41— 8		

The day's sport terminated with a private shoot, fifteen singles, $20 a side, between Schmidt and Schroeder. The shooting was very good and the contest close. Schmidt bagged the coin; his score stood 13, with Schroeder one point behind.

BOSTON, July 30.—This afternoon the Brighton Gun Club visited the East Boston Gun Club at the latter's grounds and went home defeated handsomely. Nine men shot on each team at 10 clays and 10 blackbirds. Score:

East Boston.

Hargrave	1011011010110101101—13
Kirkwood	111101111 0011111011—16
Whitecomb	1111100111111011100—15
Fielding	1010010010010000910— 7
Flanigan	0011100110110110011—12
Richardson	1010011001110011110—11
Norton	0011011111111001101—14
Carr	1011001001000000001— 6
Morse	0301011000110111010—10—104

Brighton.

O'Connell	0110110031111110111—14
J Coyle	1111110111110000111—15
Grace	0010010110010110111—11
Horrigan	1000011000100000010— 5
Breivogel	0110000100101110100— 8
Devlin	0100101000000010101— 7
Maguire	0000011000001001101— 7
Rivett	1010111111011010000—12
M Coyle	1010001010111011111—12— 91

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., July 28.—Regular match of Solomon Gun Club, at 25 bluerocks, 25yds. rise:

C F Dewar	1111111111111101212110—23
T J Edworthy	1111112311111112111100011—23
John Kranechi	1211111211002111101021020—19
E E Crooks	1111212112111112000011112—21
Chas Westcott	2011021120121011011210212—19
A Collins	1111111101121110221112000—19

LEONIA, N. Y., July 25.—Leonia Gun Club, shoot between J. R. Beam, of Ridgfield and Dr. John A. Wells, of Englewood, 50 clay-birds, 3 American clay traps. 16yds. rise. N. R. A. rules:

Beam	1100111041111111111101101111111101110111011010—40
Wells	0100100110011011111111111010111001110111111111—37

TAUNTON, Mass., July 30.—T. F. & G. P. A., match at 5 clay-pigeons, Ligowsky trap, N. G. A. rules. First match, 8 entries—Smith first, Plummer second, Dr. Post third. Second match, 13 entries—Smith first, J. T. Hall and C. T. Snow second, Homer and J. Davis third. Third match, 14 entries—Haity and Snow first, Homer second, Hall third. Fourth match, 14 entries—Hall, J. Davis and Snow first, Dr. Post and G. Walker second, Smith third. Match at 5 artificial targets, Ligowsky trap, 18 entries—Homer, Bowen and Snow first, W. Barstow second, J. T. Hall third. Sixth match—Walker and Snow first, Homer second, Hooper third. Seventh match—J. Davis Barstow and G. Davis first, R. Snow second, Plummer third. Team shoot, T. F. & G. P. A. against New Bedford Gun Club, 7 men, 20 bluerocks each man, 3 angles, 3 bluerock traps—Taunton team—G. L. Snow 10, J. T. Hall 15, C. T. Snow 15, E. C. Leonard 19, E. Bowen 12, G. H. Davis 12, J. J. Davis 14; total 99. New Bedford Gun Club team—Plummer 14, Bryant 12, Homer 6, R. Snow 9, Dr. Post 10, Hooper 8, Knowles 7; total 66.

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.—Marlboro, Mass., July 25.—As there has been considerable rivalry of late between some of our best shots, and especially as to the merits of the Scott and L. C. Smith guns, a match was arranced here on the 23d inst. between Eager, Wheeler and Dickey at 100 clay-targets, half to be double birds. Eager and Wheeler shooting an L. C. Smith hammerless and Dickey shooting a Scott. The match drew a large crowd of spectators and was one of the most interesting events of the year, as it was not only considered a test of the skill of the shooters, but of the shooting qualities of the Scott and Smith guns. The score shows that Mr. Dickey with his Scott gun came out victorious, he breaking 92 birds out of the 100 to Eager's 90 and Wheeler's 82. The following is the score: Dickey, 47 singles, 45 doubles, 92; Eager, 48 singles, 42 doubles, 90; Wheeler, 48 singles, 34 doubles, 82.—R.

NEW DURHAM GUN CLUB was organized at New Durham, N. J., July 16, with the following members: James H. Earle, G. W. Eckerson, Dr. E. J. Dunlap, A. D. Woolmington, John Jones, A. E. Frey, W. H. Danielson, Jr., Abram Greenleaf, Jr., David T. Eckerson, Theo. Buttonbaum, C. Merrill.—GEO. W. ECKERSEN, Sec.

THE BULLARD MATCH NO. 4.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Appended are the scores of the competitors in our individual Match No. 4, 50 shots. There were 250 entries, and we have received returns from 113 men. The prize being a valuable gold medal, called the Bullard Champion Off-hand Marksman's Badge, to be won three times by an individual before it becomes his private property. To be competed for in May and October. The highest individual score of 50 shots was made by Priv. A. Johnson, Co. C, 1st Infantry, N. G. C., San Francisco, Cal., who, according to information received, used Sharps military rifle, 6lbs, pull and open sight; and according to our rules this gives him 25 points handicap if the rifle is issued by the State or Government, but in this case we have not as yet been clearly informed as to the rifle used by Mr. Johnson was issued by the State of California Government, and this question remains to be decided as to whether he is allowed the handicap.

On account of the intense heat and different circumstances, a great many of the marksmen were unable to complete the scores. At some place they report 110° in the shade and good shooting impossible. Our next match will take place in October.

BULLARD ARMS COMPANY.

Manchester Rifle Association, Manchester, N. H.

13. A B Dodge	6	9	5	8	7	8	7	9	6	10—75	
	7	5	10	10	10	9	6	7	7	6—77	
	6	6	6	9	8	7	10	7	5	9—73	
	10	8	7	7	7	9	10	10	8	8—84	
	8	10	9	9	10	9	9	6	10	9—89—398	
57. T J Drake	5	6	9	7	7	5	8	6	10	8—71	
	8	6	7	9	6	6	7	2	9	6—66	
	5	8	8	6	8	5	6	6	5	3—67	
	8	7	8	8	7	9	7	10	5	4—73	
	7	7	6	8	10	6	4	7	9	8—72—349	
68. J A Barker	6	9	3	6	7	5	4	7	5	7—58	
	10	8	5	7	5	9	9	5	4	10—72	
	9	5	6	10	7	6	6	8	3	10—67	
	7	3	9	4	8	8	7	9	8	8—69	
	6	5	9	4	6	8	6	8	9	6—65—331	
22. C D Palmer	7	7	4	9	6	7	7	9	6	6—68	
	6	7	8	7	9	9	8	8	9	7—78	
	10	4	7	9	7	9	7	9	5	8—75	
	9	7	9	10	6	10	8	9	5	6—79	
	8	9	9	8	9	9	9	6	7	9—83—383	
80. E J Knowlton	10	7	8	3	5	4	4	5	8	6—60	
	6	6	6	7	6	6	6	9	5	9—66	
	10	7	7	4	7	4	7	4	6	6—62	
	5	8	7	5	9	7	7	6	5	1—60	
	6	9	4	8	5	4	8	7	8	7—66—314	
78. D W Colby	9	9	4	10	8	6	10	9	8	5—78	
	4	4	6	6	2	7	5	8	8	8—55	
	7	8	9	6	6	7	7	5	2	5—64	
	3	5	6	7	8	5	9	9	9	9—70	
	4	4	5	6	10	3	4	4	6	5—51—318	
90. W M Boothby	3	6	5	6	4	4	3	3	3	10—47	
	8	6	5	6	7	6	4	8	5	6—62	
	5	4	5	9	5	6	6	6	7	4—57	
	5	8	6	10	6	5	5	8	10	6—62	
	9	5	6	8	6	5	3	7	7	8—60—300	
91. C W Temple	6	7	5	5	7	9	7	7	6	8—67	
	5	8	5	4	6	4	8	5	5	5—58	
	7	4	8	5	8	4	3	8	9	4—60	
	5	7	7	7	4	7	2	9	6	6—60	
	8	6	7	8	8	6	7	6	8	2—62—297	

Wilmington Rifle Club, Wilmington, Del.

65. S J Newman	6	7	9	6	5	7	4	5	7	7—63	
	6	8	10	7	6	7	5	10	7	5—71	
	6	8	5	8	9	5	7	7	8	9—72	
	4	4	9	6	9	6	9	3	7	8—65	
	9	7	8	5	6	4	7	9	10	5	10—67—338
70. H B Seeds	8	7	8	8	7	4	8	7	9	5—68	
	9	7	8	5	6	4	6	3	4	10—62	
	10	5	5	4	3	6	4	6	8	3—54	
	6	7	7	5	7	5	4	10	6	7—64	
	9	8	7	10	6	10	9	6	6	9—80—328	
71. H A Heinel	7	3	8	4	9	2	6	6	10	7—62	
	7	7	5	7	8	7	8	6	8	5—68	
	8	8	8	9	10	5	7	10	6	9—80	
	6	5	8	10	6	5	7	7	5	5—64	
	8	8	7	4	8	6	4	4	4	5—54—328	

Waverly Short Range Rifle Club, Waverly, N. Y.

67. C W Jones	7	10	6	6	5	5	9	7	10	8—73	
	6	10	6	6	6	9	5	5	6	3	4—60
	6	7	8	10	7	3	5	6	5	5	10—67
	8	10	3	8	5	5	8	6	5	5	8—64
	5	8	9	5	7	8	5	7	6	8	8—68—332
72. C E Pendleton	7	3	4	4	5	8	10	8	7	7	7—63
	7	8	4	8	9	7	10	5	8	6	7—73
	6	8	4	4	6	0	8	7	7	8	7—58
	9	7	7	4	8	6	9	5	5	5	5—65
	6	7	7	6	9	6	7	4	8	3	6—65—324
76. A I Decker	4	7	7	9	9	4	0	8	10	6	6—62
	6	5	8	8	5	5	8	6	6	8	3—63
	6	6	4	6	6	7	6	6	7	8	5—62
	4	4	5	7	10	7	9	4	9	7	7—66
	10	8	6	6	5	5	7	6	7	6	7—67—320
88. J W Adams	8	5	8	8	7	5	6	6	5	5	3—63
	4	8	8	6	10	0	4	6	6	8	6—60
	8	7	8	7	6	6	5	6	8	6	6—68
	5	8	3	7	8	6	8	4	3	6	6—58
	5	6	5	6	3	4	7	4	6	8	5—54—303
98. W L Hilton	6	6	7	5	4	0	8	5	0	6	4—47
	6	3	9	7	3	5	5	6	5	0	5—55
	6	7	4	10	6	5	8	4	4	4	4—58
	6	8	4	3	8	5	8	6	8	6	6—62
	5	8	9	9	4	5	3	5	7	9	6—64—286
100. Wm E Ten	7	3	5	4	0	8	5	0	6	0	0—47
	7	5	4	6	7	6	3	6	5	10	5—59
	9	4	9	7	5	5	6	4	5	0	0—54
	6	3	4	4	4	9	5	6	10	3	4—54
	3	3	8	6	5	5	6	3	9	6	5—54—260

National Guard, Co. C, 1st Inf. Reg., 2d Brig., N. G. C., San Francisco, Cal.

1. Priv A Johnson	7	6	8	9	8	10	10	7	6	6—77	
	8	8	8	10	9	6	8	10	8	9—84	
	8	7	10	7	6	10	9	9	10	10—86	
	7	9	7	9	8	6	10	9	6	10—81	
	10	8	6	8	6	10	8	6	10	7—79—407	
Military allowance										25	
										432	
2. Priv Ed Hovey	9	9	9	10	6	7	8	8	8	6—77	
	9	6	9	9	8	7	10	9	7	9—83	
	9	6	8	7	10	7	10	8	8	9—82	
	8	10	9	7	8	9	6	9	6	10—82	
	9	6	8	10	8	8	6	5	6	9—75—399	
Military allowance										25	
										424	
5. Capt J E Klein	8	6	6	8	9	8	10	7	7	8—77	
	9	6	6	5	10	9	10	9	7	8—79	
	10	9	6	6	6	6	9	8	7	10—77	
	7	10	8	9	10	6	10	8	5	6—79	
	9	8	10	5	10	6	8	7	7	7—77—389	
Military allowance										25	
										414	
24. Priv T E Carson	5	9	6	7	10	7	9	4	7	10—74	
	9	6	5	6	5	7	7	8	5	7—65	
	6	8	6	8	7	7	5	7	8	9—71	
	6	5	10	9	7	8	7	5	10	7—74	
	7	8	6	7	7	5	9	8	7	7—71—355	
Military allowance										25	
										380	
25. C F Waltham	6	7	6	6	9	8	7	5	7	8—69	
	8	10	6	9	10	5	8	6	7	6—76	
	9	6	5	6	5	8	7	6	8	9—68	
	8	8	6	7	7	8	8	10	6	9—79	
	6	6	0	6	6	8	10	7	8	6—63—355	
Military allowance										25	
										380	

Topeka Rifle Club, Topeka, Kan.

33. J L Paine	5	5	10	6	7	7	10	10	8	6—74	
	8	8	8	8	7	8	5	7	5	9—73	
	6	6	7	7	6	5	9	8	7	8—69	
	6	8	6	9	8	8	5	6	7	7—70	
	9	6	7	8	10	9	10	8	9	8—84—370	
40. G E Morrison	6	8	10	7	8	9	6	8	8	7—77	
	8	6	6	9	9	6	7	5	10	7—73	
	7	6	9	6	7	5	9	6	8	9—72	
	8	8	7	8	8	6	5	10	8	5—78	
	10	7	5	8	7	5	7	7	6	7—69—364	
37. C C Trimmer	5	5	7	9	5	8	5	4	6	6—60	
	9	8	6	6	7	7	8	5	4	10—69	
	5	7	6	3	3	8	9	8	6	5—60	
	5	10	9	4	7	9	6	6	5	10—71	
	8	8	4	9	8	8	5	9	9	8—76—366	
53. J H Leonard	9	10	10	6	7	6	7	5	6	9—75	
	5	7	5	6	10	7	6	3	7	9—65	
	7	6	9	10	8	10	7	5	7	6—75	
	10	7	8	6	6	5	6	7	8	6—69	
	7	8	9	7	8	6	6	9	4	6—70—354	
48. Robert Thompson	10	7	10	8	6	9	6	4	6	8—74	
	10	9	7	6	10	7	3	7	7	7—73	
	5	6	4	7	6	9	8	5	9	10—69	
	10	5	6	9	8	9	7	9	8	8—79	
	6	6	10	7	5	7	9	7	4	9—70—360	
43. C R Paine	9	5	7	4	7	7	8	5	10	9—71	
	4	6	10	4	10	9	7	8	6	9—73	
	8	9	10	9	4	7	5	10	6	4—72	
	6	8	8	6	6	8	6	9	8	9—74	
	7	6	4	7	8	7	9	10	7	7—72—362	
61. F G Minkler	9	8	4	7	6	8	6	8	8	7—71	
	6	8	6	8	10	5	6	6	7	9—71	
	7	9	7	6	6	5	5	10	10	6—71	
	4	8	6	4	4	5	8	4	7	8—58	
	4	9	6	9	7	5	6	6	10	9—71—342	

Norwalk Rifle Club, Norwalk, Ohio.

93. Fred Colson	4

Central Turner Shooting Club, Cincinnati, O.

14. John Gabelman ..
9 6 6 10 7 6 9 6 10 8—77
7 9 10 10 7 6 8 9 8 7—81
6 8 9 7 9 8 8 7 7 9—78
5 7 7 4 10 9 8 8 10 9—77
10 9 10 8 9 6 8 7 10 7—84—397

42. Geo C Shneider
5 9 9 5 6 3 8 5 5 5—60
5 8 9 9 8 10 10 10 7 5—81
7 6 6 6 8 8 7 8 8 8—72
6 10 5 9 7 10 8 9 6 9—79
7 7 7 8 8 8 6 6 4 7—71—363

Co. C, 1st Regt., Minn. N. G., St. Paul, Minn.

23. Lieut A E Chantler
7 9 7 10 5 9 10 6 7 8—78
9 9 4 7 5 7 9 8 8 5—72
7 6 6 7 6 5 7 7 7 9—67
7 7 7 8 8 7 7 7 6 6—70
10 10 9 5 5 7 6 7 5 6—70—357

Military allowance
25
382

101. C H Morrill
8 4 5 7 4 5 8 3 5 5—54
5 6 3 9 6 4 6 6 7 7—58
4 3 5 3 3 5 6 6 7 6—49
6 6 4 8 4 5 4 6 5 4—49
7 4 7 5 5 6 5 3 3 3—48—258

Leominster Rifle Club, Leominster, Mass.

30. E M Rockwell
8 7 6 9 7 5 6 8 8 7—70
8 7 9 6 8 4 10 4 9 6—70
8 7 5 8 9 5 9 8 7 8—74
10 5 9 8 8 7 7 10 7 8—79
9 8 9 8 7 8 7 9 7 9—81—374

47. Geo F Prevar
4 5 7 9 8 8 6 7 9 9—72
8 6 3 6 6 5 8 9 7 7—65
7 7 6 7 10 8 10 5 7 9—76
9 7 7 8 9 6 9 7 8 9—79
9 6 9 4 5 5 5 10 6 10—69—361

60. C A Joslin
8 9 3 6 9 7 8 7 10 9—76
3 7 7 5 6 8 5 7 6 6—60
4 4 10 8 6 6 5 4 2 7—56
10 5 6 5 5 9 8 9 7 7—73
10 8 8 9 10 7 9 7 7 4—79—344

Greenville Rifle Club, Greenville, O.

45. D S Hime
9 6 6 9 5 8 5 7 3 5—63
8 9 6 7 6 6 9 7 8 9—75
9 9 9 9 9 7 5 8 7 7—80
8 10 5 6 8 7 10 6 8 7—74
5 6 5 9 10 10 8 6 7 4—70—363

84. A J Marling
7 8 3 5 4 9 5 9 4 6—60
6 8 7 4 5 7 6 4 8 5—60
6 9 3 4 4 9 9 8 10 7—69
4 5 6 6 7 8 8 4 5 6—59
10 6 6 5 8 7 7 4 5 6—63—311

51. J C Hahne
8 4 8 6 6 7 7 9 6 5—66
6 5 10 8 6 7 8 7 4 6—67
7 7 6 7 7 4 5 9 10 9—71
7 10 8 7 7 4 6 9 8 6 6—71
6 9 10 7 7 9 10 10 6 8—82—357

89. J H Schnable
6 3 4 3 6 4 4 5 4 4—44
9 7 7 4 7 9 4 5 3 7—62
7 6 6 4 9 7 8 7 9 6—69
5 3 9 6 5 5 10 6 6 8 5—62
7 6 4 7 9 7 5 8 6 5—64—301

87. A H Wilson
4 7 9 3 3 8 9 7 9 3—62
5 4 9 5 7 7 3 5 4 6—55
6 6 5 4 6 5 7 4 8 6—57
5 6 5 8 3 8 7 6 7 8—63
9 8 7 6 5 9 9 6 5 6—69—306

59. Frank Culbertson
5 6 5 8 6 6 5 10 9 7—67
9 4 9 4 9 6 4 7 6 8—66
10 8 8 7 6 7 8 6 7 7—74
5 8 7 10 6 8 8 7 6 6—71
9 7 7 6 8 7 6 5 5 9—66—344

Massachusetts Rifle Association, Boston, Mass.

19. F J Rabbeth
6 10 9 10 7 7 9 10 6 9—83
9 10 8 7 8 10 8 9 6 7—82
8 9 9 7 6 6 10 8 6 8—77
10 7 8 8 5 9 9 8 5 7—76
9 9 7 7 6 7 7 6 8 8—73—391

20. C W Hinman
8 8 6 10 10 10 9 6 7 9—83
6 8 9 9 8 10 7 8 8 9—81
6 7 9 7 8 9 7 8 8 8—77
9 9 6 7 7 7 7 5 8 6—73
8 4 5 8 9 8 5 10 9 9—72—386

21. G R Russell
9 8 7 10 10 3 7 6 10 7—82
9 9 8 6 9 10 7 6 7 7—81
8 7 6 10 7 10 8 8 8 8—80
8 7 7 8 8 6 7 5 6 7 10—71
7 6 7 7 10 8 6 10 5 4—70—384

62. J A Frye
7 10 6 8 5 8 9 9 6 7—75
5 6 7 5 6 9 10 5 7 6—66
9 4 8 7 8 6 8 6 8 6—66
8 5 6 9 9 8 8 8 8 10—73
6 6 4 5 7 4 5 7 8 8—60—340

Williamsport Rifle Club, Williamsport, Pa.

55. W A Hughes
8 7 5 5 8 8 6 7 6 8—68
5 8 8 9 9 6 9 8 10 9—81
5 10 7 6 4 5 5 6 5 6—59
6 8 7 4 8 9 4 6 6 10—68
8 5 9 8 10 4 7 10 5 9—75—351

77. J E Colkett
7 6 7 3 3 6 7 5 7 9—60
4 5 6 8 8 7 8 8 6 6—66
10 5 5 9 6 5 6 10 5 5—66
6 6 6 9 5 7 6 4 8 8—65
4 8 6 4 6 6 7 6 10 5—62—319

69. H W Whitehead
10 5 8 6 4 7 4 6 6 5—61
10 10 6 6 4 6 5 7 8 7—70
6 8 5 6 9 6 8 5 7 8—68
9 9 6 3 7 6 6 9 9 7—68
8 6 9 7 6 6 5 5 7 5—64—331

83. J H Willipaugh
10 3 4 10 4 6 3 4 9 6—59
7 3 4 6 7 6 5 3 6 7—54
3 3 8 7 6 9 6 8 8 6—64
6 4 8 7 9 6 9 8 5 7—69
4 9 10 6 5 5 4 8 6 9—66—312

Lawrence Rifle Club, Lawrence, Mass.

8. O M Jewell
7 10 9 9 9 7 8 9 10 9—87
6 7 8 10 9 10 7 8 7 6—78
8 9 10 9 9 8 10 9 9 10—91
7 7 10 9 9 10 6 8 7 9—82
6 10 6 8 9 7 9 8 7 7—77—413

9. C M Hill
10 6 9 10 9 5 7 6 10 8—80
7 7 7 8 9 10 6 7 6 7—74
8 6 8 9 6 9 9 8 9 7—80
10 9 8 10 10 9 8 10 7 7—88
7 10 10 9 10 8 6 10 5 10—85—407

63. W Fisher
5 9 5 8 2 9 6 10 7 4—63
10 7 10 7 8 10 5 5 6 8—76
3 8 6 7 8 9 8 10 6 9—74
5 5 5 6 7 10 8 6 4 7—63
5 7 6 6 7 10 7 3 6 6—63—339

Cocheo Rifle Club, Dover, N. H.

11. G H Wentworth
9 8 6 9 10 7 10 10 9 5—83
9 6 8 8 7 10 10 8 8 7—81
7 10 9 10 5 10 9 6 8 9—83
9 8 7 10 10 9 5 9 8 7—82
7 6 7 8 9 7 6 7 8 8—73—402

34. H M Wiggin
6 5 5 7 6 7 8 9 3 6—62
5 6 7 7 8 8 8 8 7 9—74
10 9 10 9 8 7 4 7 10 7—81
9 9 8 7 8 6 5 10 6 9—77
5 6 7 7 8 10 8 9 9 7—76—370

66. H B Horton
7 9 10 6 6 10 8 10 4 8—78
6 3 10 9 5 10 4 5 5 9—66
8 9 9 4 8 6 8 7 4 7—70
8 6 10 10 6 8 8 4 6 2—68
9 6 5 4 7 7 8 4 5 5—57—334

85. J D McIntyre
6 5 8 9 4 5 7 5 6 9—64
5 4 4 6 4 6 8 9 3 8—57
7 9 6 4 4 6 7 8 10 3—64
4 9 5 3 5 6 9 9 8 4—62
6 10 6 8 5 6 4 6 7 4—62—309

94. J B Stevens, Jr.
6 5 4 9 9 7 4 6 8 5—63
7 4 4 5 5 6 6 10 8 10—65
7 7 8 4 4 4 4 4 8 5—55
4 4 5 4 4 8 7 6 6 5—53
3 5 6 5 5 5 4 6 9 5—53—289

Chautauqua Sportsman's Association, Jamestown, N. Y.

52. R N Blanchard
10 5 6 10 8 8 4 9 10 5—75
8 6 10 8 9 9 5 6 5 7—73
7 8 7 9 6 8 5 4 5 6—68
6 10 6 7 6 9 9 6 6 5—70
4 9 7 6 7 6 10 10 10 6—75—356

4. R H Burns
6 8 7 10 8 9 9 8 9 10—84
10 10 10 10 10 8 7 6 9 9—89
10 6 10 10 9 9 8 10 8 8—88
5 7 7 7 10 5 6 10 9 6—72
8 10 7 10 8 8 7 10 6 9—83—416

6. J R Brown
6 6 10 7 10 6 9 8 9 8—79
8 8 8 0 10 0 8 10 8 5—83
6 8 10 10 6 7 9 8 6 6—76
6 8 9 7 9 8 7 10 10 6—80
8 8 0 7 6 7 8 10 7 8—77—395

Washington Rifle Club, Washington, Pa.

10. J W Rothwell
7 9 8 5 7 8 6 10 10 7—77
9 9 7 9 10 8 10 7 10 10—89
9 8 9 7 7 10 10 7 9 7—83
9 7 10 5 7 7 8 9 10 9—81
7 10 6 8 8 8 7 9 8 6—77—407

Central Valley Rifle and Rod Association, Central Valley, N. Y.

81. L Hawes
5 7 6 8 5 7 5 5 9 7—64
9 4 6 5 10 5 8 7 6 7—67
6 5 5 3 5 3 8 5 10 8—56
7 6 6 7 6 4 5 5 9 7—63
8 10 6 4 6 6 6 9 4 5—63—313

73. M E Hawes
8 6 3 5 6 8 10 6 7 6—65
5 9 5 6 4 4 5 8 6 10—62
6 6 6 5 6 8 7 6 7 5—61
7 9 7 4 6 8 8 6 5 5—65
6 5 7 8 8 9 7 6 7 7—70—323

92. Wm Tietjens
5 4 7 7 5 4 7 9 8 7—63
9 5 10 6 4 3 6 4 6 4—57
9 7 6 5 3 3 5 5 4 4—48
7 6 6 6 6 5 6 7 10 7—66
7 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6 6—59—293

18. H W Hawes
8 10 8 9 6 6 9 6 7 10—79
8 6 9 5 8 9 7 7 8 10—77
9 9 10 6 9 9 9 7 9 9—86
7 9 6 7 10 5 6 8 9 8—75
7 8 9 8 6 10 6 7 7 8—76—393

107. E F Payne
7 9 9 10 7 3 5 3 3 6—62
10 6 7 5 5 6 7 5 4 8—63
5 5 5 6 7 7 5 4 5 3—52
4 7 6 7 9 5 5 6 5 7—61
7 5 6 5 9 9 7 8 7 6—68—206

Worcester Rifle Association, Worcester, Mass.

15. A C White
7 10 8 6 8 9 7 10 10 6—81
10 9 6 6 9 7 8 3 6 8—72
8 9 6 8 7 10 9 7 7 9—80
7 8 6 8 9 9 9 6 10 10—86
7 9 8 7 8 9 7 9 10 10—84—397

54. L Thomas
7 6 6 7 6 10 8 5 5 6—66
7 7 7 7 10 7 5 4 10 7—71
6 7 9 6 9 8 8 7 8 8—76
9 9 4 8 7 5 4 7 8 8—69
9 7 9 5 10 9 4 7 6 5—71—353

Canton Rifle Club, Collinsville, Conn.

46. S J Lyon
10 9 9 7 4 7 9 6 6 9—76
7 7 5 7 8 9 5 7 8 7—70
7 10 7 8 9 7 8 10 7 8—81
8 5 5 6 9 7 5 5 10 5—65
8 6 5 7 7 8 10 6 6 7—70—362

32. J D Andrews
7 10 6 9 8 5 10 10 10 5—80
8 6 6 8 6 9 9 7 7 8—74
7 7 10 9 9 7 8 7 5 9—78
7 8 4 7 7 8 9 9 5 8—72
8 7 5 7 6 8 6 9 6 7—69—373

Bridgeport Rifle Club, Bridgeport, Conn.

39. Ed Hohrnagle
6 7 5 8 6 9 7 6 7 6—67
8 8 5 7 8 10 5 6 6 10—73
8 7 9 6 6 5 5 7 7 7—67
9 6 7 8 9 7 8 7 9 10—80
6 9 9 7 9 6 10 7 9 6—78—365

29. W Beardsley
10 7 8 10—5 6 8 7 8 6—75
8 8 6 6 8 7 5 10 8 4—70
8 5 5 5 6 9 9 6 9 10—69
10 10 10 9 8 8 6 5 9 10—85
8 8 8 10 9 9 5 8 6 6 7—75—374

44. Geo Betts
3 7 7 7 8 5 10 8 6 8—69
7 7 6 5 7 5 10 9 4 5—65
9 6 8 6 7 8 8 7 7 7—73
9 10 8 10 5 8 8 5 7 4—74
9 8 7 6 10 7 9 10 9 6—81—362

Springfield Gun Club, Springfield, O.

7. Henry Croft, Jr.
9 8 6 10 9 8 10 7 7 9—83
5 9 9 8 8 10 7 6 10 7—79
8 9 10 9 9 6 8 9 9 10—87
7 10 9 8 9 9 6 7 10 10 10—86
8 6 6 9 9 9 6 10 7 8—78—413

Lynn Rifle Association, 5th Regt., M.V.M., Lynn, Mass.

56. Lieut R B Edes
5 9 4 8 5 5 8 6 7 5—62
9 4 5 5 6 7 7 5 3 4—55
8 7 7 6 5 7 8 9 3 8—68
7 6 8 5 6 7 7 9 8 7—70
9 8 5 8 6 5 10 10 6 4—71—626

Military allowance
25
351

74. W C Johnston, Jr.
6 3 7 9 4 4 4 6 6 4—53
7 6 8 4 5 4 9 5 9 9—62
2 3 7 9 4 10 4 6 5 6—56
7 7 5 5 8 5 5 6 9 7—65
9 4 6 9 10 4 6 6 5 6—62—298

Military allowance
25
323

H G Dohrman, of Steubenville, O., Rifle Club.

38. H G Dohrman
5 6 8 10 8 7 7 8 4 10—73
9 10 6 9 6 8 7 7 6 7—75
6 8 8 5 7 5 7 7 7 8—68
9 8 6 7 3 6 8 7 8 8—70
8 8 9 7 8 7 7 8 9 8—79—365

Carson Guard, Co. F, 1st Reg. N. N. G., Carson City, Nev.

6. G C Thaxter
7 6 5 8 9 8 9 8 7 6—73
7 6 9 10 10 10 8 8 9 6—83
10 10 10 9 10 7 8 6 6 5—81
6 9 5 8 10 8 8 9 7 8—78
7 5 10 7 6 9 9 6 8 7—74—389

Military allowance
25
414

28. Dr S L Lee
9 4 6 8 5 8 6 9 3 9—67
6 6 8 6 6 7 4 10 6 6—65
8 5 9 4 9 5 4 5 7 10—66
6 9 10 10 8 10 7 10 7 9—86
4 7 7 5 7 6 9 5 8 8—66—350

Military allowance
25
375

50. J Soffell
8 7 5 10 7 6 10 7 5 6—72
6 10 7 6 5 5 9 4 5 6—63
8 8 8 5 5 4 7 10 6 4—65
7 7 6 6 5 10 9 5 6 6—66
6 4 7 7 7 5 9 6 7 9—67—333

Military allowance
25
358

17. C H Galusha
7 7 6 9 7 9 8 8 10 7—78
7 10 9 8 5 3 5 8 8 10—74
9 6 7 10 6 8 7 5 7 9—74
9 7 6 7 8 7 7 8 5 6—70
8 9 7 8 10 7 6 6 7 5—73—369

Military allowance
25
394

35. G A Wilcox
8 7 7 6 6 2 8 5 7 5—61
7 7 6 7 9 6 9 9 6 5—71
7 5 6 6 9 9 8 7 10 9—76
5 8 6 7 9 8 6 6 7 6—68
6 4 8 7 5 8 6 5 10 7—66—342

Military allowance
25
367

26. H G Parker
5 5 7 8 6 10 5 10 5 8—69
7 10 8 7 8 10 7 6 7 9—74
9 7 5 6 6 6 9 9 8 8—73
10 9 4 6 9 7 7 6 6 6—70
5 4 6 7 6 9 7 8 6 7—65—351

Military allowance
25
376

Cincinnati Rifle Association, Cincinnati, O.

3. M Gindele
7 6 7 7 10 10 9 9 9 8—82
8 9 7 8 9 10 10 7 8 7—83
10 8 10 8 8 8 7 6 7 9—81
9 8 8 9 9 9 7 10 10 10—89
8 9 8 8 9 10 8 8 8 7 9—84—419

12. H H Hieman
8 9 7 7 10 10 9 6 8 8—82
7 9 8 8 8 8 10 6 9 8—81
6 6 5 7 7 10 10 10 8 4—73
8 1 10 10 8 9 10 9 5 7—33
5 10 8 10 7 10 9 9 5—79—401

Sandy Spring Rifle Club, Sandy Spring, Md.

99. S B Weatherald
6 4 4 5 3 5 3 5 5 7—47
9 4 8 9 6 3 8 4 7 8—66
8 5 5 4 3 4 3 10 3 7—52
6 3 7 9 8 9 7 4 4 4—62
5 7 7 3 7 3 6 5 5 10—58—285

Morrellville Rifle Club, Morrellville, Pa.

103. Dan Hammond
4 4 8 4 4 7 3 4 3 5—46
2 5 4 4 3 8 5 3 4 6—44
6 7 6 9 5 4 6 5 4 4—56
8 7 7 8 3 3 4 2 5 7—54
8 4 3 3 3 4 4 3 6 3 5—43—243

105. Don Donaldson
3 2 8 3 9 9 3 3 9 5—53
3 4 6 4 4 4 3 5 5 3—50
3 6 5 2 6 7 7 3 7 5—51
4 5 3 9 5 5 5 3 3 10—52
5 3 3 3 3 7 9 3 4 6—46—299

96. Alex Stackhouse
7 9 8 6 9 8 4 6 7 2—66
10 8 5 3 6 10 8 3 5 6—64
4 4 4 3 8 5 3 7 7 3—48
5 8 3 6 4 6 5 8 5 6—56
6 7 6 7 7 9 7 5 3 3—53—287

108. Sam'l Shay
3 6 4 8 2 6 6 4 7 2—48
0 2 3 3 2 3 5 3 2 5—28
3 2 3 0 3 3 3 9 2 0 0—25
3 4 0 0 0 3 8 3 5 5—37
3 6 3 6 3 6 3 2 5 6 2—37—175

104. Wm C Wilson
3 7 3 5 4 6 3 6 8 4—48
3 6 3 5 2 4 4 4 3 5—39
9 6 3 5 3 2 3 4 3 4—42
4 5 5 6 7 5 5 7 2 10—56
3 10 4 7 5 3 7 7 5 6—56—242

76. John W Seigh
5 5 7 5 7 5 4 6 4 3—51
10 9 5 5 8 6 9 7 7 5—71
3 6 5 6 7 4 6 7 5 10—59
4 9 5 6 5 3 5 10 6 10—63
9 7 9 8 7 6 9 10 7 8—78—320

Cherryfield Rifle Club, Cherryfield, Me.

95. J A Wilson
7 9 8 3 3 6 6 6 3 5—56
4 5 3 4 6 8 7 3 4 5—61
5 6 7 9 4 5 7 4 5 9—59
6 9 7 8 8 7 3 6 8 8—65
6 5 5 9 9 6 4 8 8 4—60—289

86. Wm M Eaton
8 4 7 6 9 3 7 7 5 7—63
4 10 5 8 6 4 3 6 9 5—60
8 8 8 9 9 4 8 3 5 3—65
8 9 3 7 5 7 7 3 3 3—55
7 9 5 6 5 8 3 7 10 4—64—307

82. H T Willey
7 7 5 5 8 7 9 6 4 5—63
9 9 6 3 8 6 4 5 9 5—64
3 6 7 7 5 8 6 5 5 7—59
3 5 7 8 7 6 6 8 6 10—66
5 7 8 6 7 4 10 8 4 2—61—313

97. E A Greptill
4 4 4 4 4 4 10 7 5 8—54
4 8 7 6 7 5 5 6 7 8 63
6 6 4 6 4 3 8 6 6 8—57
6 4 4 9 6 8 5 4 5 3—54
7 5 10 9 6 7 4 3 5 3—59—287

102. F J Campbell
5 8 8 10 3 5 4 4 7 9—63
5 4 3 3 6 4 6 5 6 4—46
3 0 4 3 7 3 3 7 8 9—47
3 6 6 5 3 2 5 3 3 5—42
8 5 3 3 9 3 5 6 3 3—48—246

106. E K Wilson
4 6 5 4 6 7 3 7 4 9—55
3 3 8 3 3 3 3 2 3 4—35
3 3 10 3 3 8 3 4 3 5 3—40
5 3 7 3 8 6 3 5 4 6—48
5 5 8 3 7 8 3 10 3 3—51—229

Brattleboro Rifle Club, Brattleboro, Vt.

C L Cobb
10 6 10 8 10 9 8 8 7 6—82
8 8 8 10 8 9 6 8 7 7—79
1 7 5 9 10 7 6 7 9 7—68
7 9 10 9 7 8 9 9 9 10—87
9 6 7 8 10 4 8 9 8 9—78—394

A S Nichols
7 8 9 9 5 8 5 7 8 6—72
5 8 8 9 6 10 7 9 6 5—73
8 7 7 9 10 7 6 8 9 10—83
7 7 8 9 8 6 9 6 7 9—76
5 6 6 5 5 10 10 5 5 7—64—368

H C French
6 8 4 6 6 7 6 9 4 5—61
6 9 8 6 9 7 8 5 10 7—75
10 6 8 7 7 8 8 8 7 6—75
6 7 7 7 5 6 10 9 10 9 5—75
6 5 10 9 5 9 8 7 10 4—76—362

E T Stephens
9 8 9 9 6 5 10 10 4 8—78
8 8 7 8 5 9 7 7 7 4—70
10 8 5 9 7 8 3 5 9 6—70
8 4 7 10 8 5 4 7 8 8—69
10 10 5 4 8 7 7 8 6 7—74—361

J T Longueil
9 5 8 8 5 5 4 6 10 5—65
5 6 4 5 8 8 6 7 8 10—67
4 6 5 7 7 6 6 7 8 6—62
7 6 6 5 7 7 10 8 9 6—71
4 9 7 7 6 6 7 9 10 10—75—340

Cannot class these scores in their regular order, as they have just come to hand.

Co. B, 2d Inf., Oakland, Md.

Capt Chisholm
9 9 8 9 7 10 10 10 6 8—86
8 10 6 6 9 9 9 7 8 7—79
9 10 9 6 7 6 8 8 9 9—79
8 7 7 7 10 9 9 9 9 6—81
9 9 6 10 10 5 5 10 5 10—79—404

Military allowance
25
429

Capt. Chisholm ranks second in the match. The score just arrived, they forgetting to send it.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
24. New York, Sailing and Paddling.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3 and recommendation of an active member. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y Northern Div., J. B. Collins, Peterboro. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

TRANSPORTATION A. C. A. CERTIFICATES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will be necessary for canoeists to present their certificates of membership of A. C. A. or a certificate from the purser of their local club that they are members, before they can procure tickets on special transportation rates. Mr. C. E. Lambert, G. P. A. West Shore R. R., writes as follows: If your people will go via our line we can arrange to take care of your canoes in our baggage cars. If there are not too many of them they could be strung up to the roof of the cars in such a way as to be perfectly safe from accident." Should there be a party going notice should be given beforehand, so that proper arrangements for the transportation of the canoes may be made.—TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE.

W. C. A. MEET, BALLAST ISLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

Thursday, July 21.

THE first race was called at 9:30 A. M. Event 3 on programme. Sailing, Class A, three miles, no limits. Light wind and smooth water:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
1. G. J. Bousfield	Peggy	Bay City	53 35
2. G. A. Warder	Nethla	Jabberwock	56 25
3. A. W. Kitchen	53	Tippy	56 35
4. H. A. Theobald	120	Stillwater	
5. F. W. Keith	Psyche	Cleveland	
6. O. A. Woodruff	Janty	Ruckawa	
J. O. Gardner	Cleveland Grays	Cleveland	Did not finish.
C. W. Schaeffer	123	Stillwater	Did not finish.

Event 2—Class B, sailing, three miles, unlimited. Started at 11:20 A. M.:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
1. N. B. Cook	138	Kenwood	45 05
C. B. Vaux	Nethla	N. Y. C. C.	46 25
2. B. W. Wood	Vitum	Tippy	49 20
3. W. A. Leys	Dream	Toronto	50 25
4. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	Toronto	
5. J. O. Shiras	Albatross	Cincinnati	
6. H. D. Crane	Laura	Cincinnati	
7. C. H. Schaeffer		Stillwater	

R. P. McCune, W. W. Blow, W. D. Breed, G. B. Ellard, C. J. Stedman, T. P. Gaddis, C. H. Pennewell, D. W. Ruff, G. W. Clark, C. W. Lee, G. H. Hessert, and B. W. Gardner also started but their times at finish were not taken.

The annual race for the Gardner Cup was the first one called in the afternoon, and was started in a light wind at 2:55. Event 12, no limits to ballast or rig, six miles, four times round the triangular course. Twenty-seven canoes crossed the line at the start, but only eight completed the course. The cup was won last year by C. J. Bousfield:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
1. N. B. Cook	138	Kenwood	1 53 55
2. B. W. Wood	Vitum	Tippy	1 59 10
3. W. A. Leys	Dream	Toronto	2 16 06
4. J. O. Shiras	Albatross	Cincinnati	2 16 50
5. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	Toronto	2 17 15
6. W. W. Blow	'Ello	Oakland	
7. A. W. Kitchen	53	Tippy	
8. C. J. Bousfield	Peggy	Bay City	

Cook, therefore, wins the cup for the year. Just before Bousfield rounded the home flag for the third time Cook caught him (then on his fourth round) and shot across the line a winner, thus beating the former holder of the cup one complete round in four. The very short starting line and large fleet made great trouble and much blanketing till the canoes became separated, some of them by that time wholly out of the race. The unusually large number of canoes that dropped out of the sailing races was due to three causes—the hot sun, the bad start that many made, and the absence of any record or record prizes to work for. The very slim entries in the paddling races can be accounted for also by the absence of a record.

Event 14, hurry-scurry race, was started at 5:25, and won by R. P. McCune, the best swimmer of the three contestants—G. Hessert and F. W. Keith—entered. This race was specially enjoyed by the visitors, who lined the wharf to witness it, and it closed the racing for the day. The very hot weather made it disagreeable to race in the middle of the day, and, therefore, delayed the programme greatly.

During Thursday the camp was caucused to learn how much money could be raised for the purchase of a trophy, and if the members generally were in favor of such a prize and the race it would add to the programme. One hundred dollars was subscribed in very short order, and every one seemed in favor of the scheme. A meeting was called in the evening to discuss the subject formally. A trophy committee was appointed to collect the funds and secure designs, and they were empowered to select from such designs the one in their opinion best suited to the purpose, and have the work executed. Two hundred dollars was decided on as the amount to spend for the trophy. G. M. Clark, 19 East Ninth street, Cincinnati; Geo. B. Ellard, Longworth estate office, 158 East Third street, Cincinnati, and C. B. Vaux, 34 Cortlandt street, New York, were appointed as a committee to take the matter in charge. The conditions governing the cup and the races for it were settled as follows by the committee appointed to draw up the rules, Messrs. Ellard, Gardner (G. H.) and Shiras:

Western Canoe Association Sailing Trophy.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING IT.

1. The cup shall be known as the W. C. A. sailing trophy.

2. It shall be sailed for annually at the meet, on the fourth day of regatta week, weather permitting, or on the first fair day thereafter.

3. The race is open to all Class A and B canoes, no limits set for ballast or rig.

4. Only active members of the W. C. A. in good standing can enter.

5. At least ten canoes must start to make a race.

6. The course to be triangular, distance not less than 7½ miles, and the course must be completed in less than three hours or no race.

7. The cup can be held by the winner, who must give bonds for its safe return, for one year, when it is to be returned to the regatta committee, in good order, to be raced for again.

8. The winner of the Gardner cup will not be allowed to enter for the trophy, nor will the winner of the trophy be allowed to sail for the Gardner cup at any one meet. Note—Both conditions are recorded, as it is impossible to state beforehand which race will be called first.

9. These rules can be changed or amended, if it is thought advisable by the regatta committee, at any annual meet by a vote of two-thirds (⅔) of the members present.

GEO. A. WARDER, Sec'y-Treas.

Friday, July 22.

Trophy race, unlimited, 7½-mile course, five times around; good wind, smooth water, start made at 10:30 A. M.:

1. C. J. Bousfield	Peggy	Bay City	1 31	15
2. B. W. Wood	Vitum	Tippy	1 33	30
3. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	Toronto	1 34	00
4. W. A. Leys	Dream	Toronto	1 43	30
5. O. A. Woodruff	Janty	Ruckawa	1 46	30
6. J. O. Shiras	Albatross	Cincinnati	1 48	00

Messrs. Blow, McCune, Gaddis, Warder, Ellard, Crane, Theobald and Johnson also started, but their times were not taken at the finish.

After dinner Event 15 was called. Sailing, all classes, no ballast, 1½ miles. Light wind, smooth water. The race was started at 2:36 P. M., sixteen canoes crossing the line:

1. B. W. Wood	Vitum	Tippy	34	10
2. W. W. Blow	Corrinne	Oakland	37	20
3. W. A. Leys	Dream	Toronto	40	35
4. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	Toronto	42	30
5. A. W. Kitchen	53	Tippy	43	30
6. J. O. Shiras	Albatross	Cincinnati	44	40

Cook came in ahead, but was ruled out for fouling a buoy.

Event 17. The tournament was called at 5 o'clock. Three crews entered. G. Messer and C. F. Pennewell, in a Mohican canoe, won. H. Theobald and C. W. Schaeffer, and R. P. McCune and G. Hessert were upset.

One of the crews placed some very highly flavored cheese in the wad on the end of the lance, and the ejaculations of disgust from the opposing lanceman when the wad hit him were most comical. Water-soaked bread and a stream of water from a small squirt gun also helped to complicate affairs and add to the enjoyment of the large crowd of spectators on the wharf.

Event 9, an upset race, wound up the proceedings. There were six starters, but only three succeeded in righting their canoes and crossing the finish line. F. W. Cane won the race, closely pressed by H. Theobald. C. E. Pennewell came in third. Canoe gymnastics then followed, and racing week was over. Events 7 (combined race, 8 (tandem paddling), 10 (novice), 13 (sailing upset) and 16 (hand paddling) were not called on account of lack of time and suitable weather.

The W. C. A. annual ball took place at Wehrle's on Friday night, and was a great success both socially and financially, the W. C. A. clearing $85 in cash from it. The committee having the matter in charge consisted of three members, all of Sandusky: Chas. Mellville, John Mellville and C. B. Wilcox. Wehrle's is a big summer shelter (having an excellent floor), situated on Middle Bass Island, opposite Put-in Bay. All the young ladies at the cottages were present, together with a number of their friends invited up from Cleveland for the occasion. The steamer Louise bringing the band, and a bevy of youth and beauty from Sandusky touched at Ballast Island to get the canoeists and their friends, and then landed at Wehrle's wharf and remained there till the party broke up in the small hours of the morning. Friday was a very warm day in camp; but just as the dancing began in the evening a heavy shower came up, the wind jumped around to the north and blew half a gale, cooling the atmosphere most effectually; so much so, in fact, that many of the revelers wished they had brought extra wraps when the return trip on the boat was in progress.

Saturday afternoon a number of the members left camp to return home, not being able to spare the time for the week's cruising that was to follow the week of racing. The majority remained in camp, however, and looked forward to the excursions and picnics to come with pleasure and expressed to those departing keenly-felt regrets that all could not remain and share the fun. How jolly is the getting to camp and meeting old friends and making new ones, and how sad the leaving is, saying good-bye to splendid fellows and boon companions for a year, anyway, and who knows how much longer. There are few ways of meeting friends in this world more satisfactorily than at a canoe meet, and the boys all know it.

Saturday evening the Commodore announced the names of the gentlemen he had appointed on the 1888 regatta committee as follows: H. D. Crane, Cincinnati, O.; T. P. Gaddis, Springfield, O.; G. H. Gardner, Cleveland, O.; A. W. Kitchen, Chicago, Ill.

There were no record prizes given for the races at the meet and no attempt made to keep such a record as has proved itself popular at the A. C. A. meets. To give a concise and complete view of the results of the races such a record has been made up from the official returns by us. As the programme was arranged but one sailing and one paddling race would appear on the record, if made up according to the plan followed by the A.C.A., as the combined sailing and paddling race was not contested. The following tables have therefore been modified and somewhat added to—thus not following the A. C. A. plan exactly—for two reasons: First, because the A and B canoes are practically equal in speed as now built and rigged, and therefore giving points to canoes competing in a race for all will not be doing an injustice to the A canoes; and secondly, as few, if any of the canoes except in Class II., failed to enter the sailing races, the proportion of three sailing races to one paddling race cannot seriously affect the result, and the average earnings in four races are much more likely to give a fair idea of the good points of each boats than the average of two races could show if the A. C. A. plan were followed.

Event.	Name.	Canoe.	Points.
I.	1. N. B. Cook	138	10.00
	2. W. A. Leys	Dream	9.25
	3. B. W. Wood	Vitum	8.50
	4. J. O. Shiras	Albatross	7.75
	5. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	7.00
	6. A. W. Kitchen	53	6.25
	7. R. P. McCune	Kabcyum	5.50
	8. C. J. Bousfield	Peggy	4.75
	9. G. B. Ellard	Kelpie	4.00
	10. C. W. Lee	Dolphin	3.25
	11. J. R. Bartlett	Emma	2.50
	12. H. Theobald	120	1.75
	13. D. W. C. Ruff	Zerubbabel	1.00
II.	1. N. B. Cook	138	10.00
	2. W. W. Wood	Vitum	8.50
	3. W. A. Leys	Dream	7.00
	4. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	5.50
	5. J. O. Shiras	Albatross	4.00
	6. H. D. Crane	Laura	2.50
	7. C. H. Schaeffer	123	1.00
III.	1. C. J. Bousfield	Peggy	10.00
	2. G. A. Warder	Nethla	8.20
	3. A. W. Kitchen	53	6.40
	4. H. A. Theobald	120	4.50
	5. F. W. Keith	Psycho	2.80
	6. O. A. Woodruff	Janty	1.00
IV.	1. C. L. Rest	No name	10.00
	2. H. G. Hodge	124	7.75
	3. L. H. Vinson	125	5.50
	4. R. Dewese	No name	3.25
	5. F. W. Keith	Psyche	1.00
V.	1. A. W. Kitchen	53	10.00
	2. R. P. McCune	Idler	See race XI.
	3. G. Hessert	No name	See race XI.
	4. C. J. Bousfield	Peggy	1.00
VI.	Class I. paddling included because large boats entered it that were not in the other paddling races. It is not put on the A. C. A. record.		
	1. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	10.00
	2. John Dover	121	5.50
	3. G. C. Schaeffer	123	1.00
XI.	1. W. A. Leys	Dream	10.00
	2. R. P. McCune	Idler	5.50
	3. G. Hessert	No name	1.00
XV.	1. B. W. Wood	Vitum	10.00
	2. W. W. Blow	Corrinne	8.20
	3. W. A. Leys	Dream	6.40
	4. D. B. Jaques	Dottrell	4.60
	5. A. W. Kitchen	53	2.80
	6. J. O. Shiras	Albatross	1.00

Place.	Name.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Builder.	Races.	Points.
1.	Leys	Toronto	Dream	16x30	Ruggles	4	32.65
2.	Jaques	Toronto	Dottrell	15x31½	Glendenning	4	27.10
3.	Wood	Tippy	Vitum	15x31½	Douglas	3	26.50
4.	Kitchen	Tippy	53	15x31½	Douglas	4	25.45
5.	Cook	Kenwood	138	15x31½	The owner	3	20.00
6.	Bousfield	Bay City	Peggy	15x28	Edgar	3	15.75
7.	Shiras	Cincinnati	Albatross	16x29	Joyner	3	12.75
8.	McCune	Tippy	Kabcyum	15x31½	Douglas	2	11.00
9.	Rest	Stillwater	No name	14x27	Rushton	1	10.00
10.	Warder	Jabberwock	Nethla	15x28	Everson	1	8.50
11.	Blow	Oakland	Corrinne	15x31½	Douglas	1	8.20
12.	Hodge	Stillwater	124	14x27	Rushton	1	7.75
13.	Theobalt	Stillwater	120	15x27	Douglas	2	6.35
14.	Dover	Stillwater	121	14x27	Rushton	1	5.50
15.	Vinson	Stillwater	125	14x27	Rushton	1	5.50
16.	Keith	Cleveland	Psyche	14x26	Racine Co.	2	3.80
17.	Lee	Tippy	Dolphin			1	3.25
17.	Dewese	Stillwater	No name	14x27	Rushton	1	3.25
19.	Bartlett	Fremont	Emma	15x36	Racine Co.	1	2.50
19.	Crane	Cincinnati	Laura	15x30	Rushton	1	2.50
21.	Schaeffer	Stillwater	123	14x27	Rushton	2	2.00
22.	Ruff	Sandusky	Zerubbabel		Rushton	1	1.00
22.	Hessert	Tippy	Undine		Douglas	1	1.00
22.	Woodruff	Ruckawa	Janty			1	1.00

QUAKER CITY C. C.—Philadelphia, July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The semi-annual meeting of the Q. C. C. C. was held on the 22d inst., and the following officers were elected: Com., J. C. München; Vice-Com., A. A. Jackson; Sec.-Treas., J. A. Barten. The annual report of the secretary was read and approved. The secretary reports the club out of debt and in a flourishing condition. Messrs. Letchworth, Fox and McCormick were elected to membership. The latest acquisition to the club is the Lorelei, one of Rushton's Mohican canoes with latest improvements, also a canoe built on the lines of the Notus. The annual club cruise to Trenton took place on July 3-5. Club cruising is becoming a feature of this club, short cruises are being taken every alternate week, starting Saturday afternoon and returning Sunday evening or Monday morning. Cruising has had quite a boom since the Fourth; two members will start for a ten-days' cruise up the river on Aug. 1, another member is doing Barnegat Bay since July 18 and will return about Aug. 6. Still another one will take in the Breakwater in Delaware Bay about Aug. 29 for a week. All expect to be on hand for the sailing and paddling races which will take place on Aug. 13 and 27. The latter will be open to all canoe clubs in the vicinity; prize to be a cup or pennant.—SECRETARY.

CANOES VS. BOATS AT BUFFALO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will be remembered that some correspondence took place last winter (see FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 16 and 30, Jan. 27 and Feb. 10) between Mr. D. C. Schamp, of Buffalo, N. Y., and "Perch" (Mr. Percy Eaton, Buffalo C. C.), which resulted in Mr. Schamp's challenging any sailing and rowing boat, irrespective of size, to three races, one to be sailed on Lake Erie, one on Niagara River, and the location of the third to be decided later. The challenge was accepted by Mr. Eaton, who entered Mr. T. E. Wood's coasting canoe Wasp, 17ft. × 40in., built by Joyner, Glens Falls. The first race took place July 18, the course being around the Government breakwater, 1 mile, 300yds., making the first half to leeward, the second to windward. Wind northerly and light, increasing to good sailing breeze during windward work. The flying start was very even, the Wasp crossing about 3ft. ahead. In the run to the lee mark the Wasp led her opponent by 4m., to which she added 5½m. on the windward work, winning by 9m. 30s. The date of the second race has not yet been fixed.—F. E. WOOD, Timekeeper.

CANOE RACING AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.—A canoe race, with two silver cups for prizes will be a feature of the regatta of the Plymouth Y. C. on Aug. 6., the race being under A. C. A. rules.

MERRIMAC RIVER.—A correspondent desires information as to the Merrimac River, from Wiers, N. H., to Lowell, Mass.

A CRUISE DOWN RUSSIAN RIVER.

FROM THE LOG OF THE SNOLLIGOSTER.

WHEN three of the most active sailing members of the Oakland C. C. announced their intention of furling their white wings and taking a three days' paddling trip down Russian River, the club was shaken to its foundations. Sailing was and always had been the specialty of the organization, and this was a decided divergence from the usual run. Besides, was not the commodore's unwillingness to paddle except in the most urgent cases such as lunch or petticoats ahead quite proverbial, and although the vice-commodore had been known to paddle upwards of three-quarters of a mile in a broiling sun, it should be remembered that in the execution of that feat he was laboring under the delusion that he was going to secure unto himself the sole companionship of three bottles of pale yellow beer, which, however, had been previously abstracted and accounted for by a more crafty knight of the paddle. The skipper of the Shadow also had never before demonstrated any wish to follow unbeaten paths to glory, but contented himself with exchanging situations with his canoe about once a fortnight and other such amusements.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks the pretty town of Healdsburg, Cal., was invaded one evening by five individuals, three men and two ladies, who speedily commenced laying in a stock of those articles peculiar to campers and at the same time looking intensely happy. Early next morning a procession was formed toward the river, where the canoes had already been sent. First in a wagonette came the above mentioned quintette, fairly covered with impedimenta and recent purchases, followed by a string of vehicles of all descriptions bound to see the start, the rear being brought by a lot of school children who had a holiday for the occasion. Blushing at their own greatness the canoeists arrive at the waterside where the canoes are found all safe from their journey, thanks to the fostering eye of the commodore. The big cruisers had been left at home and the fleet now consisted of Zephyr for the commodore and his little daughter, Columbia for Shadow's skipper and his wife, and the Snolligoster, in Alaskan skin bidarka, for the vice-commodore. Great astonishment was evoked among the natives at the carrying capacity of the canoes, the Snolly excelling in this respect, the method of packing her resembling that of loading a gun, the paddle as a ramrod, leaving the circular hole in the center free for her skipper.

At 10:30 a start was made amid the cheers of the multitude and parting salutes on the brass horns carried in each boat, and soon the party began to realize the pleasures so long anticipated; for what can be more delightful than leaning lazily back watching the clear water rushing along and the wild scenery of the banks changing at each bend of the river.

Russian River is by no means a large one, and in summer is little more than a series of pools connected by riffles, but at this time of year there is plenty of water going down with occasional swift riffles or small rapids, nothing like what Canadian brothers take such delight in running, but quite fast enough to be exciting and necessitate care in navigating. How soon indeed was this to be demonstrated, for presently Snolly, who takes the lead on account of his light draft and handy canoe, yells a warning and is seen to paddle diagonally across a rapid to avoid a big fallen tree and mass of drift at the lower end, under which the water rushes furiously. Columbia, coming next, is not quite in time and in a moment is jammed against the obstruction, the Commodore rushing by in safety a minute later. Hastily landing, Snolly and the Commodore rush back to the scene of suffering and behold Columbia and his crew holding on like grim death and expecting instant annihilation, the water boils against the side and it looks as though the canoe would be drawn under. The rescuers, however, wade in as far as possible, and after several bad shots get a line over them and presently they are hauled bodily out of their embarrassing situation and receive a warm welcome on shore. The excitement subsiding Snolly made the alarming discovery that one of his gum boots was discharging water at the rate of about ten gallons a minute out of a large hole in the toe, and surmised that in his agitation at the Columbia in peril he must have kicked one of the cooking utensils stowed in the bosom of his Goster which resented the familiarity.

Everything being arranged a fresh start is made, and away down the river glides the little procession, drinking in the beauties of the scenery and making the valley ring with their expressions of content through the medium of three brass horns and five good sets of lungs. Presently an Indian encampment appears on the left bank, and about a dozen squaws rush down to see what all this can mean. They are addressed in choice Indian by Columbia, which appears to intimidate them more than the horn prelude; however, Columbia declared they called him a moon-faced angel. He was about to return the compliment when he happened to observe on an island close by the father of the tribe, a very Methusalah, sitting in solitary grandeur, a tacit rebuke to flirtation, and without a word but a lingering glance he passed on. Mrs. Columbia's version of this episode varies slightly from the foregoing, but her evidence cannot be recorded as it was probably warped by jealousy. Lunch was taken about 2 o'clock on a pretty sandy beach. Columbia and Snolly taking a plunge beforehand and eating for four in consequence. Hardly were pipes alight after the meal when it begins to rain, and dire are the forebodings as to the weather; but presently the sun comes out again amid most beautiful cloud effects and a superb rainbow. A fine run was made from here, the rapids being frequent and the pace good, and at 5 P. M. a landing was made for the night.

The Commodore suffers from palpitation of the heart, and enduring a severe one shortly after arrival, it was formally named Camp Palpitation. After the canoes had been got up into a sheltered place the fire was started and dinner served. Bill of fare consisted of giant chicken and tomato stew, scrambled eggs, peaches, preserved ginger, bread and butter, beer and toddy; all good, but oh, that stew! Ever will it linger as one of those sweet memories of the past, not only as a work of art but as one of those kindly friends whom in the hour of need is not found wanting, but nobly exceeds even what is desired, and there are now five individuals to whom it is only necessary to whisper "Stew" to bring grateful tears direct from the heart. Be it recorded, the Commodore was the author of that stew, besides eating about five pounds.

The wind rose considerably later, and it looked so much like rain that it was deemed advisable for the ladies to sleep at an adjoining ranch, Columbia keeping them company. Snolly and the Commodore kept the fire warm till about 9:30, when they also turned in, Snolly privily getting into the Columbia, wherein a comfortable bed had been prepared for Mrs. C. before the change of plans.

Early the next morning arose the Commodore and his trusty aid, and after a hasty and frigid dip in the river, proceeded to get breakfast. Presently the ladies and Columbia appear, and with their assistance the eatables are soon prepared, and, moreover, disposed of.

Breaking camp a start is made about 10 o'clock, the fun beginning in running a rapid within 50yds. of camp. The scenery gets more beautiful every minute, and the canoes are allowed to drift side by side, while the crew idly gaze on the great red woods and mighty canyons as they swiftly glide by and make the hills re-echo to college songs varied by resonant whoops from the Columbia and Snolly. Lunch of hard boiled eggs and hard tack, washed down by beer with preserved ginger as desert, is done good justice to about midday in the shady corner of a pool, after which paddles are dipped to make the ten miles to Guerneville before 4 o'clock, it being found better to camp pretty early so that dinner is over and everything comfortably fixed before dark.

All goes well until about 3 o'clock, when one of the pleasing episodes (to the non-participant), peculiar to canoe cruising, occurs. Snolly, who is about 100yds. ahead, perceives a rapid divided in the middle by an island, and observing that most of the water goes to the left, takes the channel; when about half way down he sees at the lower end a large tree, fallen right across, with limbs sticking up in all direction in the rushing water. Shipwreck is imminent, but behold! a narrow opening through the island to the right, he dashes to it with a yell of warning to those behind and just scrapes through, striking heavily at the stern; but though the Commodore coming next hears the cry it is too late, he is already in the rapid. Inciting his gallant little crew to a desperate effort they climb for the opening and almost make it, the Cook striking the lower island a little forward of midships. "Jump," yells the Commodore, and in a moment his little daughter is safe on the island without wetting so much as a finger, while the canoe and her skipper are sucked under and away down through the tree and rest of the rapid, coming out piecemeal, blankets, tent, cushions, grub, bottles, clothes, dudle and finally the Commodore, gracefully astride of the boat to the expectant and sympathetic Snolly down below. Columbia, coming down the other channel, lends a hand to gather in the derelict, while Commodore gets ashore and wrings himself out. In ten minutes the blankets and clothes are squeezed out and spread in the hot sun to dry. Zephyr's crew is rescued from her island and an examination made to find out what is lost. It is very often only when a thing is wanted that its loss is discovered, but there is no doubt about a large portion of the cooking utensils, box of tools, lamp, hatchet and all the knives and forks. A suggestion to witness Snolly's diving capacities is gracefully negatived, that gentleman finding himself in delicate health at the moment. In

about an hour it is resolved to push on for Guernville at once that the necessities of camp can be replaced and supplies laid in, so paddles are kept moving, and about 4 o'clock the cheers of an expectant crowd announce the arrival.

When the purchase made and the canoes thoroughly examined and commented on, camp is pitched about a mile below the town in a magnificent redwood cañon; the commodore and crew return to sleep at a hotel, all their blankets being wet. After a hearty dinner of scrambled eggs, chops, stew and peaches, Columbia and Snolly proceed to build a campfire worthy of the name, then spreading the cushions and wraps in the warmth, pipes being lighted, they give themselves up to solid enjoyment. Reposing at length they watch the great redwood logs crack and consume in the intense heat, varied by fireworks when a big fellow falls into the red ashes, till finally they get too sleepy to swap yarns and conclude to turn in. Mrs. Columbia is snugly tucked in on a fine bed of redwood shoots in the canoe, and declares the interior of the canoe tent to be the perfection of snugness. Columbia and Snolly make a joint couch between the two boats.

When the Commodore appears the next morning he finds breakfast already disposed of, and it does not take long to get afloat. The river is now getting broader and deeper, with very few rapids, and occasionally in favorable bends the Commodore's little auxiliary sail comes into use, when the other two paddle alongside and hang on. At noon a halt is made at the lovely pool made famous by the annual camp of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, and a bath is proposed and agreed to. The water is somewhat chilly so early in the year, and Mrs. Columbia, going in with a very scientific header, makes a hasty exit and cannot be persuaded to try it again. From here it is hard paddling, the current being slow and a strong wind blowing up stream. Poor Snolly, who is right on the top of the water and gets the full benefit of it, has to put in big licks to keep up. However, at 5:30 Duncan's Mills bridge heaves in sight, and very soon the canoes are run up for the last time, the crews receiving a hearty welcome from friends on shore. The trip is over, and with heavy hearts the canoes are packed and put in a box car, and then Snolly, that nothing should be wasted, proceeds to manufacture out of the remaining eggs and milk a consolatory milk punch. Having some doubts, however, as to the clean bill of health of the ingredients after their journey, he invites Columbia to first mug, and though that bold mariner declared it to be delicious, a certain stricken look in his face awakens suspicions, and developments are awaited. Sad it is that in the hour of victory so fatal a wreck should have overtaken the Columbia. It suffices to say that Snolly and the Commodore did not drink punch. Returning to the city and to the routine of business we treasure up the remembrance of our short holiday, and refreshed in mind and body pitch in with a will that the days may appear short till we can again float away with the rippling of the water and woodland sounds in our ears in happy contrast to the busy hum of city life.

SNOLLY.

ROYAL C. C. SAILING RACE AND REGATTA.

FOR the sailing race on the 8th inst., held in Teddington Reach, the following canoes started: Charm, W. Stewart; Sabrina, Rede Turner; Pearl, 1885, F. G. Knight; Elna, G. F. Holme; Illawarra, A. B. Ingram, and they had a trying time of it in a strong wind, believed to be blowing from S.W., but as it came down through the trees on the Middlesex shore from several points of the compass, varied by an occasional twist up or down stream, it is somewhat difficult to record its precise direction. With such tempting opportunities before them, it is scarcely necessary to say that Sabrina and her skipper took their customary bath at an early period of the race; in fact the swimming entertainments given by this canoeist are becoming such a regular feature of the R. C. C. sailing races that one is naturally led to wondering whether those of the future may all have such happy endings as those of the past.

Pearl 1885, remarkably well handled, crossed the line at gunfire, followed 15s. later by Charm and Elna. This latter, built in great measure by her owner, who also designed her, may be described as an excellent specimen of a second class cruising canoe and would most probably have taken second prize, but for having fouled buoy at end of first round. Illawarra, also a new second class canoe, showed a rare turn of speed in the first run down, but was apparently over-canvassed for the day and for the inboard position of her skipper. Charm speedily assumed the lead, and despite broken reef-gear, she was pluckily kept going by her skipper, who succeeded in keeping her bottom downward and securing the first prize. With Sabrina capsized, Illawarra retired, and Elna disqualified, second prize fell to Pearl 1885.

	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.
Charm (1st prize)..	3 39 40	4 15 10	4 32 40	4 48 40
Pearl 1885 (2d prize)...	4 10 30	4 29 00	4 50 15	5 07 20
Sabrina	Capsized.			
Elna	4 06 15	Disqualified.		
Illawarra	Retired.			

The annual regatta of this club took place on Saturday, July 9, and was very well attended. The proceedings were again enlivened by a camp, and a camping competition, which proved successful last year, was repeated on this occasion. In this competition points were awarded: First, for rapidity of making camp; second, the canoe as a single-handed cruiser; third, the tent and its set up; fourth, the cooking gear and mess traps; fifth, the bed and other tent fittings; sixth, the appliances for camp, carriage of food and clothing, and for fresh water and clothing for rain. The competitors were P. Nisbet, A. C. Hamerton, G. F. Holmes, T. H. Holding and S. Futcher. Nisbet and Holmes both showed canoe tents, but the others preferred shore tents. Hamerton's canoe was an open Canadian, while Holmes and Holding had second class sailing canoes, those of Nisbet and Futcher being more of the ordinary paddling type. Holmes was very smart setting up his deck tent, and was ready some minutes before the rest. Holding's outfit was very neat and well arranged, and, after a careful inspection all round, the judges awarded him the prize, Holmes secured second honors. Another tent which attracted much attention was that of W. Baden-Powell; but this was not entered for competition. With regard to the racing, the entries for some of the events were larger than have been known for some years, notably in the paddling and sailing race, when ten starters put in an appearance. The paddling challenge cup again fell to Porter, and the club four beat a crew from the R. N. A. V. over a half-mile course.

Sailing Race, for Open Canadian Canoes.—G. A. Robinson was ordered to sail over for this race, but carried away one of his lee boards, and was unable to get round the course.

Paddling, Canadian Singles, ½ Mile.—E. B. Edwards, 1; J. Day, 2; A. C. Hamerton, 3. E. Edwards, of Toronto, Canada, soon took the lead, and eventually won easily by four lengths.

Paddling, any Canoe, Canoe (and load if necessary) not under 100lbs., 1 Mile.—G. J. B. Porter, 1; P. Nisbet, 2; E. W. Lewis, 3. This was the closest race of the day, Nisbet pressing Porter very hard for the best part of the course. Porter, however, drew ahead slowly, and won by a clear length.

Paddling, Canadian Tandem, Open Canoes, Single Blade Paddles, ½ Mile.—D. H. Marrable and J. S. Ellis, 1; G. F. Yeo and C. Tower, 0; P. Nisbet and J. Day, 0; A. C. Hamerton and C. F. Mendham, 0. Won by a length.

Challenge Cup, Paddling, 1 Mile.—G. J. B. Porter, 1; E.W. Lewis, 2; P. Nisbet, 0. Porter soon went ahead and kept the lead to the finish. Nisbet retired at the half distance.

Sailing and Paddling Race, Paddle First Round and Sail the Second.—There were ten competitors in this race, who all came to the starting line, and at the completion of the paddling round Ingram had a good lead, with Turner, Powell, B. Quincey, Knight, Holding, Stewart, R. Quincey, Edwards and Tredwen following in the order named. The first class canoes, however, soon worked to the front in the sailing round, and a good match concluded as follows: W. Stewart, Charm, 1:56:45, first, E. B. Tredwen, Pearl, 1:57:12, second; W. Baden-Powell, Nautilus, 1:57:35; F. G. Knight, Pearl 85, 1:57:45. Others not timed. Turner capsized.

Sailing Race, Four Rounds.—First Class: W. Baden-Powell, Nautilus; E. B. Tredwen, Pearl; F. G. Knight, Pearl 85; W. Stewart, Charm. Second Class: Sabrina, Rede Turner; Vanessa, B. de Q. Quincey; Illawarra, A. B. Ingram. At the conclusion of the first round the order was: Nautilus, Pearl, Pearl 85, Charm, Vanessa and Illawarra, Turner having seized a favorable opportunity for another capsize. The wind was very puffy and variable, and afforded no true criterion of the merits of the canoes, which changed positions constantly during the race. Pearl held the lead at conclusion of second round, Nautilus regained it in the third, while the conclusion of the race saw Pearl once more to the fore, with Nautilus second and Charm third. In the second class race, Vanessa had first prize and Illawarra second.

Paddling Tandem—G. J. B. Porter and E. W. Lewis, 1; Percy Nisbet and C. O'Malley, 0. Porter and Lewis led from start to finish.

Sailing (Running)—Pearl '85, F. G. Knight, 1; Pearl, E. B. Tredwen, 2.

Chase over Land and Water—W. Brundrett, 1; B. de Q. Quincey, 0; Percy Nisbet, 0. This, as usual, created great amusement among the spectators. Nisbet was first across the river and back, but Brundrett was round the Middlesex shore post first on the next journey, and, taking things very coolly, won the prize.

Four-Paddle Race—R. N. A. V. vs. R. C. C.—R. C. C. crew: G. J. B. Porter, E. W. Lewis, S. Futcher, A. C. Hamerton, 1; R. N. A. V. crew: S. Roberts, H. Macture, Percy Nisbet, J. Day, 0. A good race, won by little over a length.

Scratch Fours—G. Porter, P. Nisbet, J. Day, D. H. Marrable, 1; E. V. Miles, C. O'Malley, E. W. Lewis, J. Paul, 0. Won easily by Porter's crew.

The races were umpired by Mr. G. Herbert, the senior mate of the club, assisted by Messrs. E. A. Leach, H. Church, S. Futcher and the secretary. Mr. Barnes again kindly placed his launch at the disposal of the committee for the day.—*London Field.*

BROOKLYN C. C.—The eighth race for the B. C. C. challenge cup was sailed on July 30, over the club course of 3¼ miles, with a strong southerly breeze and flood tide. At the signal Evangeline, H. C. Ward, was first to cross the line, closely followed by Minx, M. V. Brokaw; Niente, F. L. Dunnell; Kelpie, R. S. Blake; and Queen Bess, R. J. Wilkin, followed in the order named. On the run up to the first buoy, Minx gained a few feet on Evangeline and rounded ahead; here the steering gear of the latter gave way, and the time lost in making repairs ended her chance of winning, though she gained considerable on the beat home from the second buoy. Kelpie got the best of the Niente and secured third place.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Applications for membership to date are: Miles G. Nixon, Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Wheeler, Litchfield, Conn.; Geo. H. Sergeant, Northampton, Mass.; C. S. Sergeant, Boston, Mass.; Rufus Stevenson, E. A. Retalack, W. F. Kingau and A. Mercer, Peterboro, Can.; B. St. George Baldwin and H. A. Baldwin, Toronto; D'Arcy Strickland, Lakefield; J. R. Spier, Lindsay; W. J. White, Montreal; Lieut. B. Riley, Winchester, Mass.—W. M. CARTER, Sec'y A. C. A.

CRUISING.—C. J. Peckman and Dr. O. F. Coe, canoe Siren, of the Hudson B. C., at Manhattanville, start on Aug. 6 for a cruise to Albany. The H. B. C. has quite a large canoe annex ...On July 27 the Philadelphia C. C. were at Harrisburg, on a cruise, being entertained by the H. C. C.... The Susquehanna C. C. started yesterday on a cruise of 150 miles on the Conodoquinet.

TURKEY RIVER, IOWA.—A correspondent asks for information concerning the Turkey River, Iowa.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

4. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
6. Monatiquot, 2d cham., Weymouth.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
8. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Kingston, Ont.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
10. Pleon, Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
11. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Belleville.
12. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
14-29. Quaker City, Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
16-17. Halifax Jubilee Regatta.
17. Monatiquot, Cham., Weymouth.
18. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
24. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
25. Bar Harbor Open, Bar Harbor.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
27. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. LarchmontFall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
3. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
7. Pleon, Sail Off, Marblehead.
8. Quincy, 3d Championship.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
10. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
11. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
17. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
21. Pleon, Sweepstakes, Marblehead.
24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

ANOTHER CAPSIZED CENTERBOARD.

THIS time it is no sandballasted coaster, nor open skimming dish in the hands of a drunken crew, but a large decked yacht with full ballast, fully rigged and equipped, handled by an experienced captain, familiar with the yacht and the waters he was sailing in. The yacht was a "good honest American centerboard sloop," with plenty of beam to make her stand up, and plenty of "bottom for to sail on" and a nice, roomy cockpit, for comfort. A squall, such as we have had dozens of during the late sultry weather, and such as may be expected any day in summer in these latitudes, struck the yacht while she was under way with her captain at the wheel; she capsized, sank, and two of her crew were drowned. Fortunately the mishap occurred in a crowded river where tugs were close at hand and the others of the party were rescued; but had the capsize occurred a little later, when further on the cruise, the loss would have been much greater.

The Minerva has long been known as the crack yacht of the Delaware River, where she was launched from Albertson Bros.'s shop in 1865, being christened Delaware. She has been altered and rebuilt at times and for 7 or 8 years has belonged to the Minerva Y. C., of Philadelphia. On Saturday, at 2 P. M., she left her moorings off Camden, N. J., for a cruise to New York and Newport, with fifteen members of the club besides the captain and a crew of four. The members of the party were: Deputy Coroner Thomas J. Powers, Common Councilman Charles Hammill, Dr. Sidebotham, Thomas Kennedy, Lawrence Coleman, George Alden, Thomas Casey, Jr., James Farley, William Arnold, Frederick Kusch, A. Lincoln English, William Clark, Clayton M. Hunsicker, Nicholas Lockett, James Wetherill, R. P. Thomson, sailing master; Thomas Miller, Francis Richards, Andrew Richards crew, and William White, steward.

Before going far a violent squall of rain and wind struck the yacht and capsized her, the big cockpit filled, then the cabin, and she quickly sank. The river is crowded with tugs, and two of these, the Minnie and Archambault, came to the rescue, passing a line to the yacht and towing her into shoal water after picking up those who clung to the rigging. Mr. Kennedy unfortunately attempted to swim toward the shore and was drowned in spite of the efforts of those on the Archambault, while White, the steward, sank with the yacht, although on deck with the others.

The boat sank with 4ft. of water over her house, and on Sunday a diver descended and secured the watches, money and other valuables of the party, after which the Minnie towed her into shoaler water, and as the tide fell she was bailed out and towed to Market street, Camden. Beyond the damage by water to furniture and cabinet work, and a small hole in the side, she is uninjured, and will soon be refitted and ready for another disaster. The bodies of the two men were not recovered until Monday. Mr. Kennedy leaves a wife and two children and Steward White leaves a wife and one child.

The capsized boat is a very fair example of the type to which she belongs, fully as safe as two-thirds of her kind. She is 52ft. over all, 48ft. l. w. l., 17ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft, with 10 tons of ballast. She has been deepened and hipped of late years, but is still shoal in body. On deck she has the usual large cockpit, wide companion and low sill, with high trunk cabin. Of course she is a centerboard boat, and with the big rig necessary to obtain any speed from such a hulldel.

It would seem that one such instance would be enough to condemn the entire type, but does any one for a moment suppose that it will have the slightest influence on the great majority of those who go afloat in search of pleasure? The capsize of the Mystery was satisfactorily explained by the friends of the type in the usual way, ignorance, drunkenness; not the fault of the boat, etc.; but no such excuse will avail here. A boat with a big local reputation as the best of her class, handled by a skipper who had just been the recipient of a gold medal as a testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by his employers, with a full crew and ballasted as well as the model would admit. No doubt the squall was violent, but the great danger to which vessels are exposed in American waters comes from just such squalls, which are frequent and heavy and may be expected any day in summer. What Minerva has done is nothing unusual, not unexpected by those who are not wilfully blind, nothing that two-thirds of the American pleasure fleet are not just as likely to do to-morrow, for they are like her in principle and detail.

She is of shoal draft, just the boat for "our waters," could run into any harbor, needed no legs to hold her up when aground—yet she capsized in water deep enough to drown her crew.

She had good beam to hold her up, sailed on a even keel, no hanging on by the eyelids or walking on the side of the cabin, as in the despised cutter—yet her beam could not save her from a fatal calamity.

She has a "bottom for to sail on" and a good American bilge, no "plank on edge" or weighted shingle about her model—but neither bilge nor bottom would have saved the dozen helpless men clinging to her rigging.

She had a nice, roomy cockpit, plenty of space for chairs, room to carry ladies, easy entrance to cabin, wide doors and low sill, no crawling down a ladder as in a cutter—but this cockpit and door proved a death-trap as soon as her limit of stability was passed.

A pleasant prospect certainly for all who sail in such boats, and specially for those who take wives and children with them. A puff of wind harder than common, as in the Mystery and Grayling, an incompetent captain, as in the Mohawk; a summer squall, as in the cases of Sarah J. Craig, Sophia and Minerva; a moment's hesitation, a false move of the wheel, or a line jammed, and you are drowned like a rat in a hole.

The risk of drowning is ever present on the water; no vessel floats that may not be "holed" by some means; collisions occur in spite of all laws and regulations, and boats of all kinds are liable to be cast away through stress of weather; but the one great cause of loss of life is the only one of these mishaps which is absolutely preventable. No thickness of skin will prevent a yacht being "holed," and watertight compartments are not always practicable in this class of vessel; there are mishaps and errors of navigation, and chances of weather which may entail unavoidable risks; but the great evil, capsizing and filling, may be easily and certainly guarded against.

Less beam, greater depth, low ballast, reasonable sail area, small cockpit well drained, small companion and high door sill; with these the evil is avoided and yachting and pleasure sailing is made as safe or safer than any method of water transfer in large vessels.

The opposite of these points has always prevailed in American practice and theory, with the result that the drownings here in a single season exceed by far the total of the yacht fleets of the world. Great beam, shoal draft, bad ballast, over-sparring and open deckwork claim their victims by the score every month in summer, and will continue to do so as long as the old principles and theories hold sway.

LAKE Y. R. A.

THIS year the round begins at the head of Lake Ontario, the events being, July 26, R. C. Y. C., Toronto; 28, Toronto Y. C.; Aug. 1, race at Charlotte (Rochester); 4, race at Oswego; 8, Kingston; 11, Belleville. The fleet gathered at Toronto on July 25 and on the following day the race of the R. C. Y. C. was started, but failed to finish within the time limit. On July 27 the race of the T. Y. C. was sailed in order to leave the 28th for a resail of the R. C. Y. C.

The course for Class A and Class 1 yachts was from line between judges' boat (Vivid) and Buoy No. 1, moored off Exhibition wharf, and S.W. by W. ½ W. 5 miles to Buoy No. 2, then S.E. by E. ½ E. to Buoy No. 3, then due north to Buoy No. 1, then a second time around same triangle. For Class 2 yachts, once around triangle and back into bay, finishing in front of club house.

At the time of starting there was little wind, and the larger boats were handicapped. The time for their start was 10:20, with 5m. to cross, while for the small ones the time was 10:40, with same limit. The actual times of start were:

CLASS A.

Atalanta	10 40 16	Ariadne	10 52 40
Aileen	10 45 00	Oriole	10 59 45

CLASS 1.

Cygnet	10 47 45	White Wings	10 53 00
Verve	10 49 45	Ethel	10 58 30

CLASS 2.

Merle	10 51 20	Laura	10 55 43
Cyprus	10 53 00		

The wind was still light and the run slow, the times at Buoy 2 being:

Atalanta	11 21 30	Ariadne	11 45 20
Aileen	11 34 40	Cyprus	11 45 35
Cygnet	11 39 30	Oriole	11 46 30
White Wings	11 40 00	Laura	11 48 00
Merle	11 44 00	Ethel	11 54 00
Verve	11 45 00		

The next leg was to windward, the times at second mark being:

Atalanta	12 20 20	Ariadne	1 03 30
Aileen	12 40 00	Laura	1 08 45
White Wings	12 46 30	Verve	1 10 25
Cygnet	12 59 10	Cyprus	1 12 15
Oriole	12 59 30	Ethel	1 17 10
Merle	1 00 50		

Spinakers were set for the last leg and the small boats were timed as they finished off the club house:

Merle	2 20 40	Cyprus	2 31 36
Laura	2 24 30		

The large boats finished the round thus:

Atalanta	1 04 00	Cygnet	1 36 0
Aileen	1 17 30	Ariadne	Not timed.
White Wings	1 26 25	Verve	Not timed.
Oriole	1 35 30	Ethel	Not timed.

The intermediate marks were not timed in the second round, but the finish was:

Atalanta	3 04 00	Ariadne	4 03 25
Aileen	3 35 35	Cygnet	4 07 20
Oriole	3 41 10	Ethel	4 32 30
White Wings	3 37 00	Verve	4 35 15

The full times were:

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta	4 29 00	4 25 00
Aileen	5 60 25	4 54 52
Oriole	5 06 25	5 03 27
Ariadne	5 28 25	5 18 56

CLASS 1.

White Wings	4 52 00	4 50 07
Cygnet	5 22 20	5 22 20
Ethel	5 47 30	5 39 55
Verve	5 50 15	5 44 13

CLASS 2.

Merle	3 29 10	3 29 10
Laura	3 29 30	3 28 49
Cyprus	3 38 35	3 34 05

The postponed race of Tuesday was sailed on July 28, over a course of 33½. The wind was light at the start but freshened into a good breeze at one time, afterward dropping a little. The start was called for 10:30, and the yachts were timed:

CLASS A.

Oriole	10 33 25	Verve	10 31 00
Aileen	10 35 00	Cygnet	10 33 40
Atalanta	10 35 00	White Wings	10 33 50
		Ethel	10 35 00

CLASS 1.

The second class did not start. The first leg was ended thus:

Atalanta	1 24 00	White Wings	1 33 30
Oriole	1 32 00	Cygnet	3 01 10
Aileen	1 39 00	Verve	2 15 30

Oriole grounded her board and twisted it near the bell buoy. The next five miles were to windward with some sea, and gaff-topsails were set in place of clubs, the sloops going under lower sail or one reef. The times at East Buoy were:

Atalanta	2 13 50	White Wings	2 24 15
Oriole	2 23 30	Cygnet	3 06 45
Aileen	2 41 30	Verve	3 25 30

Over to South Buoy more sail was carried as the wind fell. The times were:

Atalanta	2 51 10	Cygnet	3 55 00
Oriole	2 57 50	Verve	4 11 20
White Wings	3 05 43		

The final times were:

CLASS A.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta	3 33 45	4 58 35	4 58 35
Oriole	3 38 15	5 04 50	5 01 49
Aileen	4 12 23	5 37 23	5 31 03

CLASS 1.

White Wings	3 57 00	5 03 10	5 01 09
Cygnet	4 46 45	6 13 05	6 13 05
Verve	5 14 12	6 43 12	6 31 42

MONATIQUOT Y. C., LADIES' DAY.—The Monatiquot Y. C., of Weymouth, celebrated the completion of its new club house by a ladies' day and dedication on July 27. The weather was perfect and the affair a complete success. In the afternoon the club fleet, with ladies on board, sailed in review past the flagship Folly, Com. Sheppard, and then over the club's inside course. In the evening chowder was served, followed by a musical entertainment and dancing and a display of fireworks. The club has issued a very neat programme of its races for the season.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., JULY 30.

THE first open race of the young Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, was sailed successfully on July 30, with a good list of entries. In the morning a heavy fog hung over the ocean, but after noon it lifted. At 2:10 the race was started. Shadow was fog bound further east and could not start. Pappoose did some excellent sailing and Williams's new boat, Prince Karl, again led her class. The times were:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Pappoose, G. C. & C. F. Adams	37.07	2 53 22	2 19 48
Ramona, W. C. Bray	33.02	3 56 24	3 18 02
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.01	4 00 20	3 19 37
FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	29.01	1 48 55	1 19 58
Rambler, J. J. Henry	29.07	2 00 51	1 30 26
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	26.00	2 08 28	1 37 28
FIRST CLASS KEELS.			
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29.01	1 55 22	1 27 21
Gem, C. S. Dennison	26.03	2 00 50	1 30 05
Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.03	2 01 30	1 33 45
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	25 10	2 05 04	1 33 54
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	25.00	2 11 53	1 40 53
Levana, E. J. Andrews	29.09	2 09 10	1 41 43
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	22.00	2 01 14	1 25 35
Expert, L. Whitcomb	23.04	2 00 10	1 32 11
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	2 08 30	1 33 04
Black Cloud, A. Brown	23.07	2 06 57	1 33 16
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.08	2 10 00	1 35 12
Viola, H. Babson	23.03	2 11 56	1 37 51
Silver Cloud, J. McLaughlin	21 09	2 17 27	1 40 28
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 16 48	1 41 47
Tyrant, S. Elwell	21 00	2 19 16	1 42 17
Sprite, Sears Bros	22.08	2 18 33	1 43 45
Pilgrim, A. P. Hastings	22.06	2 36 36	2 02 01
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Echo, Bunnell & Isham	24.11	2 05 11	1 33 02
Kitty, Tarbell & Adams	23.05	2 08 42	1 35 49
Halcyon, W. H. Hooper	21.03	2 13 23	1 36 44
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	25.04	2 12 18	1 38 19
Judith, W. T. Rogers	23.04	2 18 44	1 44 35
Wona, Cunningham Bros	24.01	2 21 43	1 48 37
Nydia, D. Moreland	23.02	2 24 27	1 50 16
Carmita, C. S. Eaton	21.02	2 34 50	1 58 05
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	23.07	Withdrew.	
Wanda, G. Griffiths	23.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Coyote, W. Abbott	20.02	1 09 55	0 47 01
Zoe, W. A. McField	18.01	1 16 13	0 51 21
White Wings, F. A. Docherty	20.03	1 13 08	0 52 41
Lark, Bishop & Murphy	18.11	1 18 23	0 54 21
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	1 19 02	0 55 04
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.06	1 18 40	0 55 10
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.00	1 19 55	0 55 38
Viva, C. H. W. Foster	19.06	1 19 24	0 55 54
Nerena, R. Saltonstall	20.11	1 20 21	0 56 05
Banshee, H. P. Benson	17.01	1 24 33	0 59 16
Elt, E. W. M. Bailey	18.08	1 27 25	1 03 08
Josephine, D. H. Follett, Jr	18.08	1 30 02	1 05 45
Greta, S. G. Allen	20.00	1 40 12	1 17 09
FOURTH CLASS KEELS.			
Vera, Paine & Randall	19.11	1 24 33	1 01 26
Wraith, J. B. Payne	19.02	1 25 55	1 02 07
Lochiel, J. W. Cameron	18.06	1 32 27	1 08 00
Rover, L. R. Peabody	18.11	1 43 44	1 19 42
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane	20.09	1 42 37	1 20 18
Io, I. Amory	17.05	1 47 16	1 21 43
Vesper, R. M. Benner	19.02	Ruled out.	
FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Spark, W. Crowley	16.06	1 23 20	0 56 46
Wildfire, W. A. Keith	17.09	1 24 05	0 58 53
Thera, G. W. Bryden	15.09	1 30 00	1 02 53
Dolphin, Royal Robbins	17.02	1 32 50	1 07 01
Arab, H. W. Friend	14.10	Ruled out.	
Reba, W. S. Palmer	12.09	Withdrew.	

THE NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

TO-DAY the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. begins at New London, where the fleet has gathered. The fleet will probably reach Newport to-night, and the race for the Goelet Cups will be sailed on Saturday. No dates have been set for the Citizens' Cups at Newport, for which a considerable sum has been raised, but the fleet will probably hurry on to Marblehead. With the exception of Galatea and Stranger, detained by fog on the Eastern coast, all the racers will be with the fleet, and a large turnout will be seen on Saturday. Volunteer has been on Lockwood's Railway for a coat of potlead, her figurehead has been set in place, and she is in as good a condition as her newness permits for her first race. Dauntless is expected from England in time to join the cruise, and altogether the fleet will probably be the largest that has ever gone round Cape Cod. The courses for the Goelet Cups will be the usual ones, from Brenton's Reef Light around Block Island Buoy and stakeboat off West Island, or around Sow and Pigs Lightship and Hen and Chickens. The former will be signalled by the letters K. V. and the latter by S. M.

THE CRUISE OF THE BRUNHILDE.

ON July 30 the schooner yacht Brunhilde, with her owner, Mr. J. J. Phelps and two friends on board, anchored off Bay Ridge after a cruise around the world. The following summary of the cruise is from an interview with Mr. Phelps in the *Tribune*:

"We did not stay long at New London. Yale was beaten that year, so we cleared out just as soon as the races were over and set sail for Cowes, England, which we reached in twenty-six days. From there we took a little side trip to London, where I had a little trouble with my mates and part of the crew. I had my papers as captain, but the mates thought they could run the yacht to suit themselves and paid little attention to my orders. That sort of thing had to be stopped. We then returned to Cowes, and early in September started for the Mediterranean Sea, having 'done' Boulogne, Cherbourg and Paris. When we struck the Bay of Biscay, we also struck, or were struck, by a rough sea and a violent storm. It was the worst storm we encountered, for our jibboom was carried away and the whole yacht was swept pretty clean. We tried to make Gibraltar, but were driven to Cadiz, where we secured a new jibboom. But as there was cholera there when we went in, we were quarantined at Tangiers and six hours were given us in which to get out of the harbor. We 'got.' Then we were quarantined for four days at Oran, in Africa. We finally landed and saw the queer old places, Algiers, like a small bit of Paris, and Bougie and Bona. When we set sail for Malta we encountered a frightful sirrocco, which is a hot wind in which it is impossible to breathe. It is like standing on a smoke-stack while the hot cinders are coming up and trying to breathe there.

"When we reached Cairo our party scattered, and I took my gun and dog and took a trip up the Nile on my own account. We spent two days at Alexandria, and went up the Nile together in dahabeahs. After seeing Port Said we went through the Suez Canal in early November, and then saw the gardens of Ismailia. It was then that we met another lively storm which tore away our jibboom, bowsprit and foretopmast. We put in at Jebelzukir for repairs and enjoyed good snipe shooting and gazelle hunting. From there we went to Perim Island, where Governor Turner gave us a reception and dinner. From there we went by Aden and started for Bombay on Dec. 12. At Socotra the chief gave us a grand feast and we had great sport trading with the natives. I remember we traded a red parasol and an old spotted vest for three turtles, and a necktie for a boatload of cocoanuts. Our piano was a source of great terror to the natives, who would run every time we touched a note.

"It was here that we were almost captured by pirates. It was a clear night, but a dark cloud came up for fifteen minutes, and when we first discovered the pirates a great black boat was close to windward of us, with one solitary man in sight. The next minute the black deck was covered with a howling crowd of black devils, and we had to run for it. It was a close chase and a narrow escape.

"Our stay at Bombay was a series of parties, balls, receptions and picnics. We had an immense time for a month. We touched at Ceylon, spent three days at Penang and ten days at Singapore. The French 'Pulo Coudore,' a pretty island, was next visited, and then Hong Kong, where we left the yacht and went to Canton by steamer. Everywhere we went we had dinners and receptions given for our benefit, and we had a good time. I have always wanted to see a typhoon, but I have got all over that now. We caught one in going from Hong Kong to Yokohama.

"From Yokohama we raced a tea clipper to San Francisco for a wager of a dinner, and beat her by ten days. We came over in thirty days. At 'Frisco we took the diploma for 'yacht dress' at the Grand Army reception. From there we sailed down the coast, enjoying dinners and receptions at Monterey, Honolulu, Hilo, Hyta and Juan Fernandez, where, by the way, we were very short of provisions and had to get along on a peck of potatoes and a huge goat. We reached Valparaiso on New Year's Day, and after a month we sailed around the Horn. We then visited Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Rio, Saint Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Mont Dominica, St. Kitts, Santa Cruz and St. Thomas, to the Bermudas, which we left on the 24th of July. From there we came straight home."

MINOR CAPSIZES.—On July 31, at Halifax, N. S., a sailboat in which were two men and seven ladies capsized and Miss Bessie Powers, of Boston, and Miss Anna Christian, of Prospect, West Halifax, were drowned... The Gracie, catboat, of Yonkers, capsized on Sunday last, and her two occupants were taken off her side and the boat towed in by a "colored hero."... On Aug. 2 the catboat Fishhawk, with a party of eight on board, capsized off Thirty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, while bound home from a fishing trip to Sandy Hook. Two of the party could not swim, but they were rescued by the others until the tide swept the wreck close to a wharf, where all were helped ashore. The boat was sailed by Captain Elliot, her owner. On the same day the sloop yacht Jennie Lee capsized off Fort Hamilton in New York Bay, throwing four men and a boy into the water. All swam ashore.

In the verdict rendered by the coroner's jury in the case of the twenty-one persons drowned on the centerboard sloop Mystery on July 10, the jury say that the victims "came to their death from asphyxia due to accidental drowning on July 10, 1887, and we, the jury, find that the primary cause of such drowning was the upsetting and sinking of the yacht Mystery opposite Barren Island, while in charge of Capt. David Henrichs, on her way to Canarsie with a pleasure party from Ruffle Bar, and we believe that the accident was caused by Capt. Henrichs carrying too much sail in a squally wind and the fouling of her jibsheets and other portions of her rigging; and from a personal knowledge of the ability of Capt. David Henrichs as a sailor and from his temperate habits we believe that he had not the necessary assistance to extricate his boat from the squall and puffy winds prevailing at the time.

"And we earnestly recommend in the future that sailboats should have a small boat attached, to render any assistance that should be required of them, and that sailboats carrying pleasure parties should always be provided with two men understanding the sailing and handling of such boats.

"And we, the jury, consider it our duty to extend to Arthur Robinson, Henry Rhydes, captain of the tug S. C. Dean; August Lutz, William Fletcher, engineer of the Dean, our sincere thanks and the thanks of the public at large for the bravery and courage shown by them in immediately proceeding to their assistance and rescuing many of them from a watery grave.

"Also, we take great pleasure in recommending August Lutz to the public in general for the bravery shown by him during the disaster in rescuing some of the party in a very small boat at the risk of his life. JOHN H. NOLAN, Foreman."

VOLUNTEER'S PERFORMANCE.—An unusual amount of gush has lately been wasted by the daily papers over the wonderful performance of Volunteer in her first sails; of victories over Priscilla and Bedouin, of running away from fast steam yachts, and of wonderful speed generally. How near the truth these stories are may be judged from the following remarks of Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess to the representative of the Boston *Globe*: "All that we have found out is that the new boat was remarkably near to her best trim as she sailed her trial trip. I have not discovered a single thing to alter as yet. She displaces some six tons less than her designed displacement, and still she seems stiff enough." "Shall you put in the rest of the ballast?" "I can't tell that yet. I certainly shall not put it in unless I think she needs it. A boat should not be too stiff. The less ballast you can carry and still carry your sails in the average racing weather, the faster your boat will go." "Have you logged the Volunteer in any of her trial trips?" "No, we have not, and I don't think we could learn much if we did. The boats that can reach the fastest are not usually the ones that win the prizes. So many other things come into play that help to win prizes, that mere ability to reach fast is a slight consideration. The public have gotten the impression that the Volunteer is very fast, simply because she was nearly in her right trim at the start. The Mayflower was badly trimmed, her sails set badly, and we could not get the centerboard down for the first few days, so she was generally condemned just as the Volunteer is generally praised. When we get alongside of some fast boat we shall find out how the Volunteer is likely to sail." Mr. Burgess is equally modest in his claims for the new boat, though evidently thinking that she is likely to prove a success. He says: "All boats are fast when sailing alone, but the Volunteer does seem to sail very well off the wind. That was one thing which always hampered us in the Mayflower. She never came up fully to my expectations in sailing off the wind. We could beat the others hardly any on that point, and had to do it all by the wind." "How does the Volunteer point?" "She points very well, even as she is, but of course she isn't doing her best windward work yet."

MONTGOMERY SAILING C., TENTH CRUISE, JULY 31.—Norristown to Indian Creek and return. Distance 5 miles. Weather clear and warm. Wind light S.W. Current ¾ of a mile an hour.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Flying Eagle, J. Berndt	15.00	9 00 00	11 22 00	2 22 00	2 22 00
Priscilla, E. Stanley	15.00	9 00 00	11 23 30	2 23 30	2 24 07
Gracie, E. A. Leopold	12.00	9 00 00	11 35 00	2 35 00	2 25 57
E. C. Potts, Parker Bros	15.00	9 00 00	11 29 00	2 29 00	2 27 20
Lulu, James Frith	15.00	9 00 00	11 31 00	2 31 00	
Elsie, E. MacAllister	15.00	9 00 00	Not timed.		
Ino, W. Sullivan	15.00	9.00 00	Not timed.		
Pennsylvania, J. Adams	16.00	9 00 00	Withdrew.		

The two duckers, Elsie and Ino, were about ¾ of a mile behind the little "cockle shell" Gracie when she finished. The Pennsylvania is a hiker and carried 50yds. of sail. She was admitted with the understanding that she would be handicapped 12m. over the 5-mile course. At the end of the first mile of windward work her lead was very slight and she withdrew. With her crew of four men she would probably have capsized if she had continued the race. Judges, Allan W. Corson, L. G. Palmer, A. B. Parker.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. C. RACE.—On July 23, a race for the Lieut.-Governor's Cup was sailed at Halifax with the following starters:

	L.w.l.	Sail tons.
Wenonah, schooner	46.00	19.0
Lenore, sloop	27.00	4.7
Halicia, cutter	37.00	9.0
Hebe, cutter	25.00	4.8
Psyche, cutter	24.00	3.7
Daphne, sloop	23.00	2.5
Phantom, sloop	24.00	2.5
Mentor, cutter	21.00	2.5
Hildred, sloop	23.00	2.5

The course was from Lumber yard to Dartmouth Cove buoy, thence round buoy at Point Pleasant, thence to buoy in Dartmouth Cove, back to Point Pleasant, and finish at Lumber yard. The wind was strong southwest. Near the finish as Lenore was leading, one of her crew, Mr. John Lithgow, in hauling the spinaker up from below, fell overboard. The yachts went to his assistance, Lenore picking him up, but the race will have to be resailed. Daphne won in the smaller class.

INTERLAKE Y. R. A., PUT-IN BAY.—The postponed first and third class races of the I. L. Y. R. A. were sailed on July 23, the starters being: First Class—Wasp and Cora. Third Class—Corsair and Jennie J., Michigan Y. C.; Lulu, Toledo Y. C., and Pearl, of the O. Y. C. The result was:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Wasp	9 23 40	12 31 37	3 07 57	3 07 57
Cora	9 21 20	Did not finish.		
THIRD CLASS.				
Corsair	9 26 09	2 05 15	4 37 06	4 33 54
Lulu	9 24 44	2 01 33	4 36 49	4 36 49
Pearl	9 23 13	Capsized.		
Jennie J	9 27 00	Disabled.		

CLARA.—Owing to the absence of her owner in England, Clara has not been seen in the races this season, but Mr. Sweet has lately returned to New York and has at once put her in commission. She will be sailed by a new skipper and crew, as Capt. Barr is now in command of Tristley while Clara's Corinthian crew are now sailing her rival, Cinderella. As the time is too short to procure a new mainsail from England and her old one is worn out, Mr. Sweet will try a laced cotton sail from Wilson & Griffin's loft. Clara hauled out on the screw dock on Tuesday, but will not be ready for the Goelet Cup race, though she will make the cruise with the fleet. The 55ft. class has made a poor showing this year with Cinderella alone at its head, but with Clara and Anaconda added, there will be some hot battles before the season closes.

EXIT IREX.—The large allowance which Class A (racers) is obliged to give to Class B (ex-racers) has at last driven Irex out of the former class, in which she has always raced. She lately came to Fay's yard at Southampton, where her spars and sails were reduced to fit her for Class B. Thus far she has taken 5 firsts and 5 seconds this year.

SIPPICAN YACHT CLUB, MARION, MASS.—A club under the above name has just been organized. A building has been leased for a club house. Officers have been elected, and already one race has been sailed and at least two more are to be expected in the near future. The officers for the ensuing year are: Com., James E. DeKay; Vice-Com., Jasper Whiting; Fleet Captain, Joseph Clark, Jr.; Sec.-Treas., Frank Luce; Meas., Thomas Robins, Jr. The board of directors is composed of the first four of these officers together with Messrs. Eben Holmes, J. E. DeKay, Jr., and Irvin Chapman. The regatta committee is composed of Charles Hammond, Lindsley Loring and Thomas Robins, Jr. The first regatta of the club was held on July 25, and went off in a most satisfactory manner. In the first class Laura, catboat, E. Holmes, won the first prize. She was handled in the race by Com. DeKay. Verona, sloop, J. Delans, won second cup. In the second class Marjory, L. Loring, one of Hiller's new boats, was first, with Trump, J. Whiting, second. In the third and fourth classes Wide Awake, J. Pegram, and Jennie, I. Chapman, had easy victories, with Lynx, W. Austin, and Elf, L. Bacon, second respectively. The next race, to be held on Aug. 6, will be open with no entrance fee. The prizes will be handsome cups. Entries should be addressed to Frank Luce, Marion, Mass., not less than twenty-four hours before the race. All yachts under 23ft. are invited.—T. R.

CHALLENGE RACE ON SHINNECOCK BAY.—A challenge race was sailed on July 27, between the cats Bonito and Marion; Bonito 19ft. 10½in. keel, Mr. Peter Gilsey, and Marion 20ft. 6in. keel, E. A. Jackson. Course, 10 miles to leeward and back. Bonito crossed line at 3:02:30, Marion 3:02:50; Marion allowed Bonito 35s. and finished at 4:47:30, Bonito 4:49:16; thus Marion won the race by 1m. 31s. The stakes were $25 per side. A large fleet of boats sailed over the course. Shinnecock Bay race, open to all boats on the bay, will be sailed on Aug. 6, when Bonito and Marion will probably have another struggle for the championship.

HALIFAX JUBILEE REGATTA.—The secretary of the R. N. S. Y. C. states positively that the races at Halifax will not be sailed until ample time has been given for the American fleet to reach Halifax after the race at Marblehead.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—In the race of the South Boston Y. C. on July 30, the winners were Violet, Raven, Maid, Fearless, Em Ell Eye, Rambler.

LARCHMONT Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 28 the fleet of the Larchmont Y. C. started on a cruise for five or six days along the Sound.

SHEERWATER.—Mr. John M. Forbes's new steam yacht has made a successful trial trip and is now in commission.

PLEON Y. C., THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP, JULY 28.—The winners in this race were Reba, Snail and Monarch.

BEVERLY Y. C., JULY 30.—First class, Surprise wins; second class, Mist; third class, Marjorie.

RAMBLER.—The new owner of this schooner is Mr. Elsworth Ives Chapman.

SAVIN HILL Y. C., SECOND RACE.—Winners: Alice E., Nora and Volante.

STEAM YACHTING.

DESIGN OF STEAM YACHT HULLS.

[From C. P. Kunhardt's "Steam Yachts and Launches."]

LITTLE that is precise can be laid down for governing the design of steam yacht hulls. The first requisite is that the displacement at a given draft of water shall be equal to weight of hull, motive power and equipment combined, with ballast added where such is to be carried. In the majority of cases ballast is not necessary to a steam yacht, for the weight of the machinery, fuel and stores stand in its stead. But there are occasions where ballast in addition is justifiable. Coal cannot be stowed low, the bunkers reaching up to deck to provide the necessary room, and overhead cylinders contribute to a high general center of gravity, especially if the rig and deck weights be large also. The resulting top-heaviness can be met in the design by giving the boat more beam, in which case she would be stiff enough without ballast. But the architect may not wish to resort to such correction, for he may prefer a narrower and deeper model to attain other ends in view. Knowing that weight or displacement in itself is not a true measure of resistance, but that larger displacement and cross-sectional area can be driven upon correspondingly smaller beam with like power, owing to the lesser "wave-making" tendencies of narrower hull, the architect may elect to retain small beam and correct want of stability by adding to the displacement a certain amount for an allowance of ballast. The result will be a model of greater resistance than the wider boat of more beam and less displacement.* At the same time sufficient stability will be insured by a low center of gravity instead of depending upon the high meta-center due to large beam.

The extra depth, weight and easy form are by some designers preferred for good sea-going qualities and easy behavior. The weight of ballast cannot in such cases be put into greater weight of engines and fuel, because such addition would be in the wrong place for stability and might aggravate the evil of top-heaviness. As a rule, however, steam yachts are planned to do without ballast. The great majority can afford to overlook the highest sea-going qualities, particularly along the American coast, where smooth-water navigation and short runs outside from port to port in reasonably fair weather purposes rate greatly.

No directions for proportions of hull can be quoted. In general, five beams to waterline length with such depth as the displacement calls for, will serve the wants of the cruising steamer. For high speed, the ratio between breadth and length is increased. Experience as well as inference teaches that the longest and narrowest hull is the form of least resistance, and the only restriction is the demand for beam enough to bring about the requisite stability. Thus, the racing shell-boat, propelled by oars, is not built wide and shallow with a saucer section, but, on the contrary, the cross section is almost semi-circular and the width of the boat narrowed down to the utmost practicable, the only limit being the width necessary to seat the man pulling the oars. Similar forms would be followed in the hulls of high speed steamers, but for the fact that such forms will capsize, unless sustained by the application of extraneous support, which in the racing shell-boat is derived from the blades of the oars resting on the surface of the water with their handles passing through rowlocks closed across the top, acting as long supporting levers rigged out on each side of the boat. Such assistance being impossible in a steam yacht, more beam is taken in proportion to length, so that the vessel will be able to float on her own bottom.

There is also one other consideration governing the choice of beam in proportion to length. This is a physical rather than a theoretical restriction. As the length is increased, the "lines" of the hull will of course become finer and more favorable to speed. But the increase in length is also accompanied by an increase of weight of hull and we have to draw more and more upon the displacement to float the weight, which is equivalent to robbing the driving power of an equal amount. While, therefore, form is being refined for speed on the one hand, we are on the other hand diminishing the possibilities for driving power.

Now, up to a certain not well defined point, it is found in practice that more is gained by refining the hull than is lost by the restriction to driving power. Up to that point, it is advantageous to high speed to narrow the hull. But after this point is once passed, a further refinement of hull is no longer beneficial to speed, and the loss in driving power would make itself evident by a loss in speed. The explanation of this limit to narrowing beam is simple enough. When the critical point mentioned has been reached, the lines of the hull will already be extremely sharp. A further diminution of the beam will affect the general angle of entrance and run only very slightly, while the extra length will add very perceptibly to the weight of hull, so that we would be losing in the weight of engine faster than the gain due to the small additional refinement of hull.

Just where the limit to fining of hull really lies, cannot be answered except through experiment. The limit will vary more or less with the form of the hull as a whole and the character of its lines, and to that extent must remain a matter of judgment in each case. Stated broadly, the builders of high speed yachts adhere to seven and eight beams to waterline length, and and sometimes even go beyond. These proportions seem fully justified by the well known tendency of boats to throw off waves, representing a loss in power. As speed is increased, the five beams of the seven to ten-knot cruiser must give way to much narrower bodies in order that they may be driven at fifteen to twenty-knot rates.

The depth will be regulated by the beam and contour of midship section, since the required displacement upon fixed length and breadth depends in the main upon the area of the midships.

The high speed torpedo boats of most recent European construction have from eight to nine and a half beams in length, the latter being the extreme beyond which present experience shows no further profit.

*See "Small Yachts," pages 46 and 55.

The character of cross section varies according to the views and purposes of the designer. Some boats are given a great deal of dead rise to the floor, with flare to the topsides above water. Others are distinguished by flat floor and low bilge, particularly where the draft is to be small. The illustrations throughout these pages supply ample information on this head.

Fore and aft waterlines follow no specific rule. Wide boats need some hollow in the ends to produce sharp entrance. Narrow boats are so fine from their dimensions that the entrance is frequently wedge shape or even parabolic in character. Wide boats need greater length of entrance than narrow craft, as the beam has to be "conciliated." In narrow high speeds the length of run is increased to insure complete closing of the wake and avoid unbalanced "head" at the bow.

Towing competitive models through tanks with adequate instruments for correct notation is the only method upon which the designer can depend for positive forecast of speed performance.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. A. K. Berthoud, Kan.—See kennel columns.

G. R. L.—You might find the Washington Heights Gun Club the right one.

FUTURE CANOEIST, Philadelphia, Pa.—Boiled oil is the best waterproofing for canvas canoes.

C. A. V., St. Paul, Minn.—The "Tile Club" is published in book form. There is no work on houseboats published.

H., Lynn, Mass.—Elcho, Jr. is by champion Elcho (Charlie—Nell), and out of champion Noreen (Garryowen—Belle).

M. A. E., Brooklyn.—Model yachts are sometimes sailed on Bowery Bay, but we know of no club at present which holds regular races.

R. H., Roslyn, N. Y.—D. Eggert's Sons, 74 Wall street, N. Y., sell coast survey charts of Hudson River in three sheets, also Atlantic Coast Pilot.

HIPPIAS, Boston.—The loose-footed mainsail is considered the better for a narrow cutter, but for a single-hander a laced sail is better. The subject has been thoroughly discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM of late years. The numbers are: Mermaid, March 4, 11, 18, 1886; Dabchick, May 5, 1887; 53ft. yacht, Dec. 2, 9, 1886.

E. B. F., Showhegan.—1. Would it be well to plant landlocked salmon in a lake which has bass and pickerel in it? 2. Would wall-eyed pike do well in this lake? 3. Where can I get wild rice? 4. How is the rice planted and at what season? Ans. 1. No, the landlocked salmon has not thrived west or south of the State of New York and the pickerel would devour them. 2. Perhaps they will; it depends upon conditions of temperature, food, and enemies of which we know nothing in your unnamed lake. 3. Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis. 4. In shallow water in early spring or in late fall.

New Publications.

DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE TO THE ADIRONDACKS (Land of the Thousand Lakes); and to Saratoga Springs, Schroon Lake, lakes Luzerne, George and Champlain; the Ausable Chasm; the Thousand Islands; Massena Springs; and Trenton Falls. By E. R. Wallace. Twelfth edition. Revised and corrected by the author. Containing numerous maps and illustrations. Syracuse, N. Y., Bible Publishing House. 1887. Cloth, 420 pp. Price $2.

This admirable guide is a perfect storehouse of information about the North Woods. It gives routes, descriptions of all points of interest and is crammed full of things useful and things entertaining. There are practical directions about everything a tourist needs to know about; and the historical and descriptive pages add not a little to the value of the volume. The correctness of Wallace's Guide is a point on which the author justly claims merit, and we are not at all surprised that each year calls for a new edition. The book is not only accurate, but very comprehensive, and ought to have a place in the duffle of every North Woods visitor, be he hotel tourist or genuine outer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROMANTIC LOVE AND PERSONAL BEAUTY: Their development, causal relations, historical and national peculiarities. By Henry T. Fink. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1887. Cloth, 570 pp. Price $2.

THE HIDDEN WAY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD; or, The Mystery which Hath been Hidden for Ages and from Generations. An explanation of the concealed forces in every man to open the temple of the soul and to learn the guidance of the unseen hand. Illustrated and made plain with as few occult phrases as possible. By J. C. Street, A.B.N., Fellow of the Order S.S.S. and of the Brotherhood Z.Z.R.R.Z.Z. [With more of the same sort.] Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1887. Cloth, 587 pp. Price $3.50.

BRIDGMAN'S NEW INDEXED MAP OF THE ENVIRONS OF NEW YORK CITY.—Compiled from the official data of the New Jersey State Geological Survey, the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, local surveys, and other authentic sources. This map shows, with great particularity, the approaches to and the territory for nearly 4,000 square miles around New York city, the railways, wagon roads, cities, towns, R. R. stations, villages, lakes, ponds, rivers, streams, mountains, valleys, etc., in a style unequaled for distinctness, legibility and correctness. City, township, and other boundaries are delicately but distinctly defined by colors. The index is complete and renders it an easy matter to find any desired locality. Published by E. C. Bridgman, 34 Warren street, New York. Price, $4.

One of the queerest facts in natural history has been discovered by Rev. J. J. Lafferty, of Richmond, who gives it to the world in his religious journal as follows: "When a sparrow hawk pounces on a guinea he lets the guinea fly, but the hawk, sitting on the back of the fowl, uses his own tail to guide the guinea. He always steers his victim to his nest in the forest.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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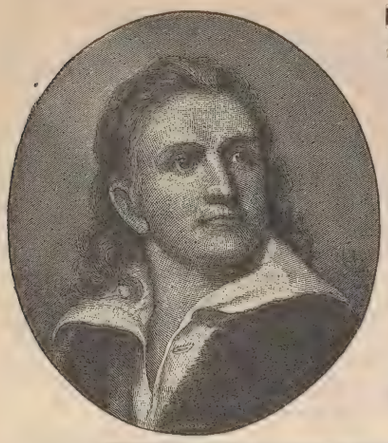
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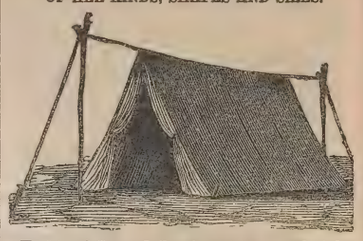
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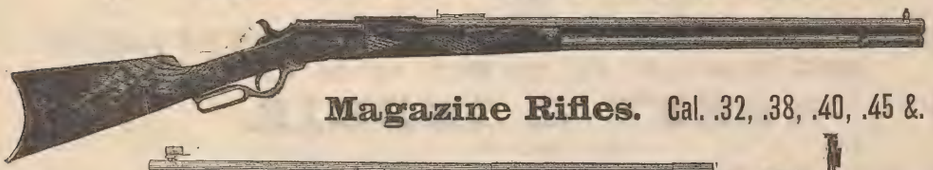
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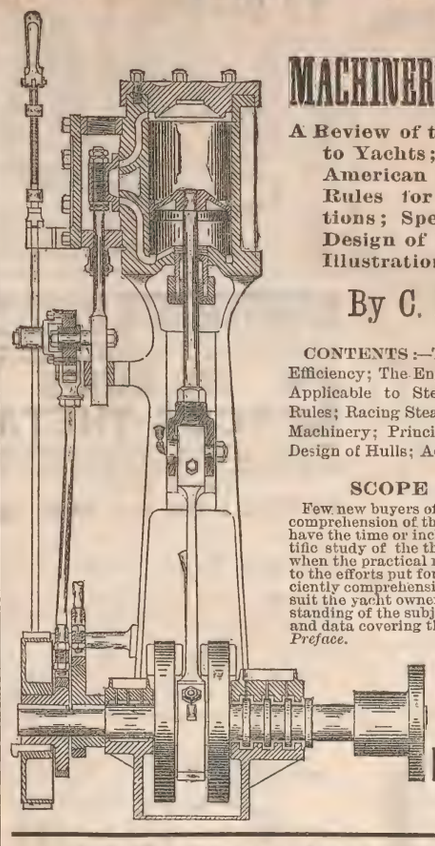
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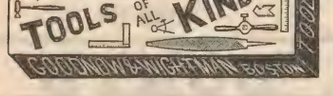
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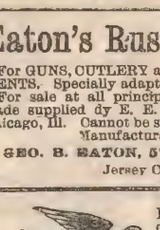
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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DOG SHOW PROFITS.

IT was not so very long ago that a howl went up because a Philadelphia gentleman who was getting up a bench show in that city was suspected of a design to make some money out of the enterprise. The ground then taken by this manager's assailants was that the reaping of profits or a willingness to reap profits from a dog show was shocking evidence of moral depravity. Since that time several shows have made a great deal of money for their projectors, and no unfavorable comment has been made. So far as reaping pecuniary reward is concerned the giving of dog shows is a precarious business. Of the shows of the past year Boston and New York come out ahead. Each put away several thousands of dollars profits. On the other hand the New Jersey show was a dismal failure. In a circular issued with their premium list of the September exhibition the managers state that their three shows given within two years have netted them a loss of $2,800; and the end is not yet, for the club is under contract with the New Jersey Agricultural Society to give more shows in the future. The financial failure or success of a show does not depend upon its management in other respects. The Waverly shows have always been well conducted and the exhibits have been good in every instance. The trouble has been perhaps in counter attractions. These shows are given in connection with the State fair; and besides the dogs there are big pumpkins, prize cattle and horse racing to be seen free of charge, and the visitors at a country fair are not the class of men to leave a free exhibiton of horse trotting to pay a quarter to look at dogs, not even though the dogs be the finest in the land. This year, that the prospective loss may be diminished, the members have decided to make it a diploma show, for which they have as a precedent the successful exhibition given by the Boston club in 1882. Next to a brass and pewter metal show, a diploma show entails a less outlay than any other, and a diploma is likely to be held in higher esteem than one of the medals. It is to be hoped that exhibitors will give the Waverly show liberal support by a full entry, making the diploma there won doubly prized because of the close competition.

UTILIZE THE STREAMS.

A NEBRASKA correspondent makes the sensible suggestion that by a little forethought and wisely-directed enterprise, many streams of the Mississippi Valley which under present conditions are for a short period wildly rushing torrents, and dry for the rest of the season, might be converted into regular supplies of useful water through all the year, yielding a supply of valuable fish food, turning mill wheels, and in various other ways adding to the industries and wealth of the community. This is not a novel suggestion, but on the other hand it is one which cannot be too often reiterated and brought to public attention.

The familiar arguments in support of systematic forestry and the conservation of woodlands lack force because they are for the most part based upon general principles, the strength of which is not appreciated by the individual, or because they have to do with results to come in a future, which, however near it may be, is yet so remote that the average man gives little thought to it. But in support of this utilization of streams the immediate results obtained carry their own argument. Shiftlessness gives place to thrift, when thrift sees its reward, and in the improvement of water courses and putting them to some such practical purpose as is here suggested, the rewards are not long deferred. In many perhaps most cases, stream improvement is beyond the control or means of one land owner; but it is something which can be accomplished by co-operation, or by township or county enterprise. What shall we do to add to the value of our streams? is a question that ought to be discussed in town meeting in every village and town where unimproved water resources are awaiting development. State fish commissioners will co-operate to stock streams now barren, provided the community will do its share toward rendering the waters fit habitations for fish, and maintaining them as such.

PRESIDENT, CZAR, ANGLER.

THE list of illustrious anglers is increasing. Dr. George H. Moore, the accomplished librarian of the Lenox Library, and a student of Revolutionary history, has discovered that Washington went fishing in his vacations, just as certain of our modern Presidents have done. Dr. Moore's little pamphlet embodying the fruits of his research is printed in another column, and very good reading it is too. Its author takes a just pride in having enrolled the Father of his Country among the Brothers of the Angle; "I am content," he says, "to have been the first to claim for George Washington his rightful place as an angler." The documentary evidence produced is very gratifying, but then no such elaborate searching among unpublished manuscripts was needed to convince the world that the great Washington was an angler; with all his other virtues, he must have been one; it is one of those things that go without the saying. As to President Cleveland's suggestion that Washington did not record the results of his fishing because he shrank from telling a fish-story, that is an untenable assumption; very slight fishing experience would have sufficed to overcome in the mature angler with rod or pole or handline any foolish scruples entertained by the youth with the hatchet. Moreover, the distinction between the kind of a lie Washington could not tell and a fish-story was recognized even in those days.

President or Czar, it is all one, angling has its charms for those who guide the affairs of State. Alexander III. has taken to pike fishing. It appears that not long ago the pike and carp increased so rapidly in the royal ponds that it became necessary to thin them out, and the Czar addressed himself to the task with such devotion that he has come to be a passionate angler, spending hours upon hours on the ponds of Gatchina. He is said to exhibit all the well-known characteristics of the professional angler. "He is disappointed and moody when the catch is unsatisfactory, and correspondingly elated when he brings home an unusually heavy fish. He enjoys the sport so much that he intends visiting the seashore next autumn."

The Robins Island Club have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. H. M. Short to take charge of their preserve. Mr. Short is one of our best field trial handlers, and we have no doubt will fill the position with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the club.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE shore fishermen of the New Jersey coast are proposing the formation of an organization to combat the menhaden men, whom they charge with ruining their industry. The new society will be known as "The New Jersey Coast Fishermen's Protective Association." The first thing done will be to memorialize Congress to enact a law, for which a bill has been introduced in a previous session, compelling the menhaden steamers to confine their operations to the deep sea three miles from shore. It is alleged by a well-informed correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* that the menhaden fishermen have a strong lobby at Washington to protect their interests.

One of the stock queries coming into the office about once in a fortnight is usually in this wise: "In a trap match for three prizes, A, B and C tie on 10, E and F on 9, and G and H on 8. How are the prizes divided?" The only answer that can be made to this is that it all depends on whether the match was shot under the rules of class-shooting or not. In class-shooting those who tie on the highest score made either divide or shoot off for first; those who tie on second highest score divide or shoot off for second, and so on to the end. It is one of the simplest things in the world to decide in advance whether these rules shall govern a match; and this once decided everything will go smoothly. But if this condition is not clearly understood beforehand, and a dispute about the division arises after the shooting, it cannot be decided to the full satisfaction of all concerned. Common sense dictates that in such points there should be an express agreement before the match is shot. Class-shooting is the almost universal rule nowadays.

In our gun columns will be found two digests of their State game laws prepared by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association and the Passaic County (New Jersey) Fish and Game Protective Association. We commend these digests as models to other societies of like character in other States. To make the laws known is one of the first and most important things any game protective organization should give attention to. The law will most certainly not be observed if people do not know its provisions, and the degree of ignorance on this subject of open and close seasons which obtains in most communities is discouraging. Without publication of this information in local journals and posting it in public places there is no effective way of dispelling the ignorance. The two societies named publish their digests in pocket form, and these are supplied gratuitously on application. The Massachusetts Association sent out 4,500 of the circulars and posted in railroad depots, post-offices and other public places 1,100 cloth posters 18x24in. Work of this sort tells. The expense is trifling, the result, gratifying.

Hon. John H. Otis, who died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last week, was one of the olden-time sportsmen. He was born in 1810, served in one of the volunteer companies of militia that went from Charleston to Florida to engage in the Seminole War; and in the leisure intervals of a busy and useful career, found time to gratify his sporting tastes in many different sections of the country. Those tastes were not diminished even in his advanced age, nor did Mr. Otis outlive his esteem of the arm of his youth; as for the breechloader, that might do for others, but as for himself he would have none of it; and he clung to the muzzleloader with all the tenacity of its staunchest advocates.

Brussels is to have an international exposition in 1888 and one department will be devoted to the arms and implements of the chase. Guns and ammunition, shooting suits, dog foods and artificial targets are some of the things that American manufacturers might send over in competition for a medal.

Massachusetts school teachers have been on an excursion to the National Park. The result ought to be that Massachusetts will go solid for the Park protection bill when it comes up in the next session of Congress.

The introduction of the German carp into this country has had the direct result of putting to practical use numerous ponds which have been heretofore neglected.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FROM THE FOOT OF MOUNT BROSS.

DOUBTLESS the weather is hot with you, and the denizens amid brick and mortar and brown stone fronts are to be sympathized with. I feel a sympathy and wish that matters could be so adjusted that humanity might follow out the unperverted remnant of nature remaining with it, and take to the woods. We call our ways of living civilized. Ask yourself if it be natural. Men wantonly tangle themselves up and will not cut the tangle, because they think it might be spoiled, and civilization and society go to rack in consequence. This world of ours is more than six thousand years old. We conjecture on the ways of prehistoric people, just, as I presume, people a few million years hence will dream of our barbarism, if there is anything to base a dream upon. Are we advanced? Pray from what? If to be artificial is to be advanced, then we may be. I am not captious—sorry only, but not for myself.

Perched at the foot of Mount Bross it is cool. My chateau is branded "West Point standard 8oz. duck," and faces toward the sunrise, with the flap turned up that I may have an unobstructed view of the snowy range—that is, of a few miles of it. The river sweeps down between the Lava Cliffs, and through the rift, and away beyond, the grand peaks are set in a background of blue—such a delicate blue it cannot be found further this side of heaven than here. Between me and the cliffs is a bit of meadow, and what might be meadow land allowed to run wild with willows; these afford shade for the cows and they are grateful. The green of the bushes and the tints of the meadow grass, slashed here and there with gold color, contrast with the brown of the Lava Cliffs. There is a tender purple haze resting on the lower mountains beyond the gap, deeper at the base, while the lofty peaks of the range stand out through a thinner veil of gray. A few white clouds are drifting about, and this evening, when the valley lies in shadow, these fleecy vagabonds of the air will have gathered together on the summit of the range to be kissed into rainbow hues by the sun, as he says "good night" to the granite lover of his, who reaches her magnificent front fourteen thousand feet to his embrace. If perchance there be a domestic row kicked up of an afternoon by the misty tramps and Terror holds high carnival, it is only for a little while; the sun will caress them into gems to deck the brow of his glorious lady love, and will change her gray veil of the morning into one of gold and rose color. I have watched these lovers a great many summer days and evenings until they have learned to know me and admit me to their innermost sanctuary; they tell me all their beautiful secrets—they have no quarrels.

FOREST AND STREAM is not amiss in such a place; it gathers its inspirations from such an atmosphere, it would be barren else. I may turn to it and without desecration follow the bright paths with others who love out of doors. I strike the "Pioneer" and have a weakness for him. As I follow in his trail he leads me to a familiar place and scenes that will not come back to me except as I reach out for them through a happy memory. The Little Falls hold a tender place in my regard, and I can see them again as I did many years ago; can see them, and feel only as a boy can feel on his first day out and the joy of his first triumph—the white perch. The hills there are still mountains to me; the great rocks with the color of weather-beaten boards are there; the old chain bridge below, which I verily believe was never blessed with a chain, unless to moor it to the bank; it looked like a decayed ark or a wooden tunnel perched upon stilts at each end, and was the only dismal object in sight. Have I coquetted with the Three Sisters in midstream a little way below? Aye, many a day; but I was too young to cause uneasiness, except at home. The middle one, if I remember, was most affected by me, being flat at top and a splendid place whence to dive. And here too, a little later on, I saw for the last time a pale face of one we loved, with a curly black head pillowed in the rocks. I can remember how dark the water looked in contrast to the delicate white skin, and how the tiny waves kissed the black locks as if in sorrow for what they had done.

But let me move on. I stop, of course, on my way to interview the "cheewink," but have no fancy for the prose below. "What a pity" we cannot be contented in finding only beauty in the beautiful! I have heard neither catbird nor whippoorwill for a quarter of a century or more. What use was there in telling me the songster was not "versed in natural history"—the song was sweet. Byron, I think it was, who said that some people pride themselves on being wrong by rules, or words to that effect. Let me say, after the manner of the elder Weller: "I didn't think you'd 'a done it, my dear, I didn't think you'd 'a done it." But perhaps I would better get out of Warsaw, or I may find myself in trouble.

I make my way into Wyoming, back to the Cherokee Strip, over into Germany, on to the Macedony and finally to where I started, to alight upon "Ethics and Experience." Bless his old bones! There he is at this very minute dancing round in the pasture at my feet catching grasshoppers. When he "goes a-fishing, he goes for fish." Seth Green says the same thing—I fear I shall have to 'fess. He threatens that if I do not he will tell you I brought from Denver a fruit can half filled with angleworms. But then he planted them, and I never caught a trout with an angle worm any more than he; and I don't know that our mountain trout will take them. It was only with a view to experiment that I brought them anyway. But he says for that purpose a half dozen would have been as good as a quart. I quite agree with him in the matter of lures, and yet I have very seldom had occasion to use other than the artificial fly. If the trout want grasshoppers or worms and I want the trout, I should not hesitate to cater to their taste; they are interested in the matter and are entitled to have their taste considered. I would do it if I were to be blessed from Dan to Beersheba by all the fly-cranks in Christendom. But I use a fly for convenience, for cleanliness and expedition. I think these considerations must, in a great measure, enter into the whim of the fly-fisher, and I do not wish to set them down as pharasaical as Brother B. intimates. Nor should the skillful sportsman be stigmatized as a pot-hunter. A pot-hunter is only a pot-hunter whether he be skillful or the reverse. The sportsman stops when he has satisfied his needs, the pot-hunter never stops, this is the only difference; if the pot-hunters owned the world, the survivor would angle for the other planets.

When it comes to shooting, I prefer taking the bird on the wing, or not all; it's a matter of taste, or sentiment, if you will. If we have the right to kill God's creatures (and I presume we have, or we would not be endowed with the desire, nor would the creatures have the same propensity among themselves), being above them, as we claim, we should adhere to our loftiness and do it decently and follow the example of the animals below us, by taking what is necessary, no more. It takes but little to satisfy one's stomach; and I cannot understand why a man's sentiment cannot be kept within bounds as well—he is not much of a man if he fails to keep it there. If one kills an unarmed, unresisting brother we call it murder, and cowardly, at that. Birds are not going to bite any one, and if we would keep our self-respect let them have the advantage of their only means of protection—the percentage is in our favor as to who shall win; is it not mean to rob them of their slight advantage? I never yet dropped a bird in its flight that I did not tenderly smooth its feathers with a feeling of regret that I had shut out its life—and still, I would make a double if I could and add to my momentary repentance. But I do not think that anything short of starvation should authorize the shooting of birds except upon the wing. If this be sentiment, say it is one I am proud of—on this subject I'm ready to be set down with the cranks.

But Brother B. is coming up the hill with his grasshoppers, notwithstanding he brought in a fairly full creel from up the river this morning, all of which were caught upon a coachman. On my side of the Grand the governor proved more acceptable. The trout were all of good size, none less than a quarter of a pound, and from that to one of a pound and a quarter.

During my maneuvers on the edge of a boulder bar, sending the flies out into the swift current and allowing them to swing into the eddy, a mad rush in the shallower water at my right commanded my attention. Nothing short of a three-pound trout after a minnow could have made the commotion; I longed for a minnow, but went for him with the governor. The tip of his dorsal twenty feet away was plainly visible. Whether the fly disgusted him or not I am not prepared to say, but between us, it managed to hook into his back just in front of his caudal; he felt like a log as I dragged in my prize to find a sucker—a black one. I was glad I had deprived him of the use of his propellor, as I have no fancy for catching suckers in the back with nothing to guide them except a 7oz. bamboo. In my efforts to get the sucker to land I stirred up a school of them engaged in some business in the shallow water. They seemed to have congregated by the dozen and at times made the water fairly boil. I could not get above them and learn what they were doing; it is too late in the season for spawning, and I concluded they had struck a free lunch counter. To-morrow we go to William's Fork, and with us will be borne the grasshopper with all the reverence due him in his exalted mission.

Perfect days with us are not like angel's visits—they are common. This morning the sky was clear, and on the summit of the Divide below the Springs we were greeted with just breeze enough to insure a ripple on the usually still reaches. Of course we indulged in admiration and comments on the delightful view opened to us; we always do, and seem never to tire of it, because we can always find something new. We found the Fork somewhat full but clear, and unsaddled and tied our horses on the west side about half a mile from the mouth. Brother B. went up stream nearly to the falls, and left me in possession of the ground below. I could find no evidences of recent visitors and congratulated myself. The first likely place, however, proved a failure, as did the second and the third, with the coachman and the governor. Then I tried an unlikely place on the further side, in shallow water under the willows, and was rewarded with a pound trout on the coachman. A little further down, in a similar place, I took another. The coachman was evidently in favor for the day, so I made them swap places, putting the coachman on the end of the leader, and in a little while had my third trout. The fourth one brought to grief made me think I would soon have a dozen and a full creel of beautiful fish, for these would not vary an ounce in weight, and were in splendid condition. I had not missed a rise and felt exalted.

Leaving the stream for a promising pool a few rods below, I came out of the sparse timber to a bank a couple of feet above the water, which was about four feet deep. To my right a willow bush of some size had been crushed down into the stream, and still clinging by the roots, its pliant limbs were playing with the current. If a big trout did not lie somewhere in the shadow, then the pools were empty and I must look to the riffles and shallower water. He was not there. A dozen feet or so below me a young cottonwood sprang out from the bank so close to the edge I could not get between it and the water without holding on and swinging round; below the tree a few feet a broken sod had lodged, and with the line shortened I allowed the flies to drift down by that bit of sod. As I brought them back the chap I was looking for darted out from the shadow. I saw him coming with distended mouth and gill covers, and close his jaws upon the fateful coachman, as he did I raised the tip and he was my trout—two pounds, if he weighed an ounce. The roots of the young cottonwood bothered me, so did the snags about the sod; the willow being up stream, I had no difficulty in keeping him away from that. I must get past the cottonwood, and started to swing round, holding on with my left hand, while I kept the rod well up and out with my right. The water was cold, and it occurred to me that if my hand should slip I'd get wet, so I did the sensible thing and passed the rod round the tree into my left hand. Just below was a break in the bank, and no better place could be desired at which to bring my trophy ashore. As I confidently gripped the rod with my left, his troutship gave a desperate rush toward the shadow of the bank below, I was obliged to give him line; he got an inch too much; the wicked governor on the dropper struck a snag and held fast. With a degree of melancholy not often reached by me I saw my coveted prize slowly break for the current, having barely strength enough to hold his own, but safe from me. When I told Brother B. about it, he said he thought he heard me talking to myself; but he was nearly half a mile away—I think he must have been mistaken.

With this loss my luck with the big trout abandoned me. I had to catch a dozen or more before I made up the weight of the first four. But they were a pretty catch, though my creel was not quite full when I was overtaken by Brother B., who, perhaps, might have carried one more trout with a little squeezing.

It was noon; we had fished an hour and a half, and had 16lbs. between us. It was enough, but I could not put my regrets behind me. I had to tell my misfortune to a stray ranchman whom I encountered at the ford. When I had done measuring the trout to him and looked up, he was smiling. He said it was the same old story; he had heard it lots of times. I never go armed, and the ranchman looked formidable. I appeal, then, for sympathy to the brother who has met with the same misfortune.

BOURGEOISE.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Col., July, 1887.

IN "PORTE CRAYON'S" FOOTSTEPS.

SOME six weeks ago in writing a personal letter to FOREST AND STREAM I mentioned that I might take a trip to West Virginia, there meet my friend, Mr. Cleveland, of Texas, and together we would fish some Alleghany Mountain streams in a section contiguous to the "Land of Canaan," made memorable by "Porte Crayon;" and I added that ever since reading Mr. Strather's sketches of the "land flowing with fish and game," it had possessed for me a halo more radiant than those painted about the heads of saints by the old masters. The editor was kind enough to hope that upon a nearer approach my halo would not dissolve itself into thin air without the semblance of color or light. "Porte Crayon" in the 50's set out for the mountains of Randolph county by carriage and saddle, while I, more prosaic, early in July, came by steamboat and railroad train to Greenbrier county. "Porte Crayon" plunged into a wilderness and found rugged mountains, bears, panthers, deer and trout. I took a room at White Sulphur Springs and found youth, beauty grace and culture. I found a host of fair dancers and gallant men; I found the warmest hospitality, and incidentally I found some black bass. When I first saw the great hotel and its park with rows of cottages filled with rank and fashion I concluded it was the queerest place I had ever gone to for fish. I had a confidential talk with Major Eakle, the superintendent, and he told me that the fishing about here was excellent, but he was not positive about its yielding returns in fish. Since that time I have been able to impart some information to the Major about the fishing and also the fish, and I will tell you all about it later, but now I can only tell of one day's fishing as a sample bit of that halo of which I wrote you.

Much of the pleasure of our fishing during the past three weeks is due to Senator John E. Kenna, a most thorough and sound sportsman, familiar with the woods and waters of his State, who in any other than this republican land (possibly this particular section, and it may be Democratic) would be a prince royal; and when last Sunday evening he proposed that we start early the next morning and fish Greenbrier River lower down than we had yet been, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Watson, also of Texas, and myself had but one answer, and that was that we would be ready at the appointed time, 3 A. M. When the train on the C. & O. R. R. came in, for a wonder on time, we boarded it to go to Alderson, 22 miles. At Ronceverte we were joined by Capt. Chas. White who made the trip with us. At Alderson we got breakfast and, later, boats and men to go to Lowell, 12 miles down the river. Senator Kenna took a camera and photographic outfit to take some views of the river scenery which were to include the Texans. (At present I am a cross between New York and Texas including a stream of West Virginia). There was a fog on the river as "Fleet" pushed out from the shore at Alderson to show the way down stream. For ten years Fleet Porterfield has been the Senator's huntsman, kennelman, camp tender and companion in the woods or on the water, and before the day was done I suggested that his name be changed to "Old Faithful." We were told that the stream was well fished for two miles at least and we had better push along to better fishing below, but within one hundred yards of the landing I got the first bass. The stream was extremely low and very clean and it did not look very promising, but at least one man in the party, Mr. Cleveland, followed Mr. Marston's advise, "Always keep your hook in the water," and he was the next to catch a bass as we were running a rapid. The river at this time is a succession of rapids, pools and shallows, and we had gone but a short distance before we were obliged to take to the water and wade while the men hauled the boats through a shallow place. The sun soon dispelled the fog and the day proved perfect except it was slightly warmer than was absolutely necessary for our comfort. We had no live bait of any sort, and depended upon the artificial fly, artificial (phantom) minnow, and the fluted spoon bait. All the gentlemen but myself began fishing with the phantom minnow, and adhered to it until the close of the day. While awaiting breakfast one of our men, Fisher by name, told us of a party that caught quite a large number of bass (seventeen I think) from one pool in the river only a day or two before. "Fisher, that is a large number of bass to take from a small pool, how large were they?" "Oh, they were yearlings!" If Fisher lives to be the oldest man in America he will never forget the laugh his answer provoked, and that day the bass that were caught were characterized as "yearlings," "two-year-olds," "three-year-olds," etc., and an extra large one for this river was said to have a ring in its nose.

I began to fish by casting a fly, but found it was taking too many "yearlings" and no "short horns," so changed to an artificial minnow; and cast I never so lightly it seemed like throwing stones in the river instead of fishing. I therefore again changed, this time to a small fluted spoon, which did good work and was less of a tax on my rod. Our passage down stream was like unrolling a great panorama of the finest mountain scenery, and when we came to a particularly choice bit the Senator would unlimber his camera, the boats would work up into the foreground, and the fishermen would halt waist deep in the water, or, if in the boats, put on their most smiling expression, and thus be transferred by the camera to serve in after years as souvenirs of a most delightful occasion.

The bass appeared to have no particular abiding place, for they were found in deep and in shallow water; in still water and in the rapids. The Greenbrier is a stocked stream, stocked probably not more than four to six years ago—my informants do not agree as to the exact time—and the bass are not large; 2½lbs. proved with us to be the maximum, although on another trip our boatman told us he had caught a small-mouth black bass, as all the bass in

the river are, of 7¼lbs. About noon we selected a place on the shore for lunch, and there Fleet came to the front as cook and fried some of our catch and served them piping hot. Senator Kenna leveled his camera, and later we will be printed as before and after lunch, or "expectancy" and "satisfaction."

My boat carried the photographic outfit, and after lunch I was a little late in starting, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Watson having gone ahead. I overtook Mr. Watson alone, standing waist deep in the water and casting right and left, and I halted unnoticed to watch how gracefully he cast. I supposed he was practicing a position or pose for the next photograph, but he was simply trying to determine where he had thrown his minnow and a good part of his line. I came to Mr. Cleveland who was also wading, and I got out of the boat and joined him. I had little more than done so when Mr. C. left the perpendicular and assumed the horizontal in the water. The bottom was treacherous and the water swift, and the odds were ten to one that I would be the next man to go in all over, but I was not. I had passed quite a rapid in the boat and looked back to see Senator Kenna come through; he was standing at the stern and Fleet at the bow, each with an oar to use as a setting pole or fender. The Senator turned his head to spear a defunct lager bottle that was floating past with head up and toes in, when the boat hit a rock and he took a header; before his broad hat, with his head in it, had fairly disappeared beneath the water, Fleet had plunged after him. All that I could see of the Senator or his belongings above water was his hip pocket, and I asked him why he made such an effort to save that particular pocket, and he said that was where he carried his matches. If there is anything I do admire in an emergency it is presence of mind; there were plenty of watches in the party and but few matches.

We reached Lowell in time for the 7 o'clock train, having caught 103 black bass. Our boats were brought back to the starting place by train, and we returned to White Sulphur in time for a late supper. Before our supper was finished, we decided to repeat the trip two days later.

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. A. N. Cheney.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life.

XII.

THE tiger has his lair, and a man familiar with the jungles has no difficulty in recognizing his signs, which guide him in the selection of it. In the cold weather, too, after the grass has been burnt over, the cover is narrowed down to a few isolated clumps and strips in low ground, the moisture of which kept the grass geeen and rendered it impervious to the general conflagration. The great difficulty in finding the tiger is that he is not always at home—roaming around all night in search of his prey, if he is successful in making a kill he has a good feed off the haunches until daylight, drags the remains into the nearest piece of cover, goes off for a drink and then sleeps out the day in the coolest, wettest, boggiest piece of cover he can find; but excepting after a feed, or at any rate when stirred by hunger, he wanders round all day with the consequence that the sportsman oftener comes across him in unexpected places than in his regular haunts.

My guests of course had come for tiger, and I had sent them the previous day through the most likely piece of tiger country in the neighborhood. They had gone up through a valley about a quarter of a mile wide where its little stream emptied itself into the Ramgunga, and gradually narrowing down to a hundred yards at four miles up, where it branched into two forks, the one of which ran up into the hills, forming an easy pass to another similar valley, drained by a stream which reached the plains some seven or eight miles from the Ramgunga. The nearest valleys had excellent strips of cover, but in some parts the bog was so heavy that the elephants were unable to struggle through it, and these were just the places for a tiger's lair. That tigers frequented the valley was evident enough, for along the sandy bed of the stream and even in the dust of the path, the sportsmen reported that they had seen fresh tracks everywhere. They saw no other sign of tiger until they had crossed the dividing range and were going through a narrow defile passing to the second valley when the leading mahount saw a tiger right in his path looking at them at a distance of 100yds. or nearly. There was a general fusilade, and then it was seen that there were three tigers, two of which dashed up the hill on their left, crossing right above them, and getting volley after volley as long as they were in sight, while the third was seen to dash back to what appeared to be a cleft in the hill on the right. Advancing on this they found a little cleft about 6ft. wide with the remains of a gerao stag, and the hills being inaccessible to the elephants on that side they rounded the spur on their left, and getting into the valley on the other side of the hill, behind which the two tigers had disappeared, they kept beating up the cover until it was time to return.

I had a supply of rockets in camp which would be useful in the boggy ground above referred to; but I thought it better to take another course the next morning, and as the matter was left entirely to me, I chose the valley of the Ramgunga, in which there were always tigers, although there was so much cover sprinkled over so large an area that coming on them was very uncertain.

So the next morning we went straight away up the road to the sawyers' camp, where I had bagged my tiger the previous day, and dropping Charley there, we went down to the lower valley, and after coming to an understanding that there was to be no shooting at anything but tiger, on our way up stream we commenced beating, with the result that we saw no tiger, but put up dozens of hog deer, which did their very wickedest to tempt us to shoot them.

We had got four miles up stream above the camp by 11 o'clock without firing a shot, and had got into some low grass about 4ft. high, when I saw a ripple ahead of me, and halting my elephant I signaled the others to close in, the beast, whatever it was, was going quietly away from me, and with rifle ready, I moved on again after him until the others had drawn up close. I signaled a halt again and was pointing out the spot, when a bear stood up to reconnoitre. The Colonel and S. both fired, and as the beast struggled away kept up a sharp fusilade, but although several balls struck him he struggled on for about 100yds., when he dropped and kept tumbling about, taking another half dozen shots at close quarters before he gave up the ghost. Preparations were being made for hoisting him in position, when my chuprassee touched me on the shoulder, and pointed to an object in some low grass about 30yds. off, which I immediately set about investigating. It was a dead cheetul stag, and so little eaten, and the blood spots so fresh that there was no doubt we had disturbed the beast at his breakfast.

Reconnoitering the country, I saw there were two strips of good cover, about a quarter of a mile long each, and forking away right and left from us; in one of these there was little doubt our game had sought shelter. The intelligence was promptly communicated, the bear was allowed to lie where he fell, and after a short consultation it was decided that as the strips of cover were neither of them very wide and one quite narrow, we would divide forces. The Colonel took the narrower strip on the right, and posting S. on my right, he and I beat up the broader strip. We had not gone far before I saw that the Colonel was on the track, and signaled to S. to push ahead to be prepared for a chance, if the beast broke across to us. The Colonel's attitude evidenced that he saw the grass waving before him and was prepared to shoot, but it was not until he reached the extremity of his patch that the beast broke cover on our side about two hundred yards off. The Colonel fired both barrels, and the next moment I saw a fine panther coming straight at us, and had but just time to wheel round into line with S. before he was within twenty yards. At that instant he sighted us. There was a moment's pause, and crash went our barrels. He was down on his haunches now, swearing furiously, and the elephants were too much excited to give us a chance for a second shot. I fired and guess I came somewhere within six feet of him, and picking up my smoothbore, fired another couple of shots with similar results. S. was firing away too as if cartridges cost nothing, and the Colonel was pushing on toward us at top speed, when I called to him to stop, and inviting S. to join me, we retreated some seventy yards, pacified the elephants, and poured in another broadside, which tumbled him over. "Spare the skin," I said, in time to stop any more shooting. The first shot had broken his backbone, and rendered him powerless, and now that he had got his quietus we could let him die quietly, or some one might dismount and give him a settler in the ear. "I'll settle him," said the Colonel, and making his elephant kneel he jumped off, and after some dodging round the panther, which appeared to resent the well-meant intention to put him out of his pain, the Colonel got in a shot, which crashed through, stilling him effectually, but making a mess of the head. Lashing him behind the howdah, we went on and picked up the bear, and then started for camp, well supplied with venison for the present.

It was near 3 o'clock again when we reached camp, and this brought luncheon and dinner so close together that we determined to go without luncheon and to hurry on the dinner for to-day, and to take something for a midday meal along with us in future. There is but one bath-room in the little bungalow, and by the time we had all taken a refresher, dinner was ready.

There was still an hour of daylight when we rose, and the Colonel and S. took their rods and went down stream, returning at dusk with a 10-pounder which S. had taken—the Colonel had not succeeded in getting a rise to his fly—fish are so fickle. Shikaree.

A NEW JERSEY SURFMAN.

[A forthcoming book from Mr. Charles Lanman will be entitled "Letters from a Motley Company." It will describe a great variety of phases of American life, and the following chapter, "A Letter from a New Jersey Surfman," may interest those of our readers who are now summering on the shores of New Jersey.]

I CANNOT, in this brief letter, record the particulars of my life, but will try and comply with your request, and give you a few incidents and facts connected with my experiences as a surfman on the coast of New Jersey. I was born on Long Island, had a limited education, went to sea as a sailor while yet a mere boy, had command of a brig for several years, running between New York and New Orleans, and after many troubles found a home on the flat lands near the ocean in New Jersey. As I was fond of hunting I hugged the shores of Barnegat, and for a while did very well by keeping a tavern where the sportsmen of New York and Philadelphia might be cared for when they wanted to shoot geese, ducks and other game peculiar to the country. I made some money, with the help of my good wife, and became the owner of a nice little house and a patch of land. When I was off gunning with my visitors my wife carried on our affairs, devoting much of her time to keeping poultry, and to show you that she was smart in that business, I may tell you that she raised chickens, turkeys and ducks, and sometimes had a brood of 300 of the latter fowls. She had nobody to help her, but was generally attended by some half dozen nice dogs for which she had a special fondness. They served as protectors and companions in her hours of loneliness, and kept off the weasels and other vermin.

As time progressed I had a longing for a particular spot directly on the sea shore; and while ready to pull up stakes at any time, I was induced to change my business and location by this particular incident. A lot of three wild fellows, but greenhorn sportsmen, had come down from York to hunt for ducks, and one morning, as luck would have it, they killed about twenty wild geese. This success greatly excited them, and they spent the next entire night drinking, playing cards and dancing, and as I was disgusted, I resolved to quit tavern keeping, and so went over to the east shore and divided my time between some shooting and fishing and looking after shipwrecks, which were often happening on the New Jersey shore. The methods employed for saving vessels and men in the old times, were very different from what they are now. Formerly the surfmen banded together as friends, oftentimes acted independently, and for everything like compensation we depended upon the liberality of the men or companies whom it was our good luck to serve.

Generally speaking, we surfmen were liberally treated, but perhaps the meanest man who ever sailed upon the sea was the captain of a schooner which once came ashore, when we not only saved the entire crew but also a large part of the property on board the vessel. Not only that, but we lodged and fed those men at our houses for about ten days, and after the captain had secured his property and arranged for carting it off, he presented two straw beds to the party who had saved his life and property but not one dollar in money. At that time the laws of salvage were of no account on the Jersey shores and we had no redress. But the majority of men with whom we came in contact had souls, and one of them I recall with real pleasure. He was the captain and owner of a brigantine that came ashore in a snow storm, and after we had saved the crew and a rich cargo of cotton, the owner presented to each one of the men who had helped him the sum of $500. The mean man just alluded to was a sanctimonious creature of the whining type, while the latter was a jolly old chap whose laugh could be heard half a mile away. As to the salvage question, I may say that according to the American system it is only given to men who have voluntarily saved property from ships in disaster, and not to men under legal obligations to save property, as is the case with the surfmen.

From the foreign sailors driven on this shore I have heard some very queer things about the laws of England on the subject of shipwrecks. For example, I have been told that formerly everything that was washed ashore on the British coasts, including vessels and cargo, was claimed by the Government as its own property and was often granted as a gift to the owner of the adjacent property. When a man escaped with his life, the disaster of coming ashore was not called a wreck, and the same was said to be true even when a cat or dog got ashore alive; all of which, to my mind, looks like heathenism. But these strange laws have been somewhat modified in recent times, the coast officials keeping the property for a certain time, and then, when not claimed by the owners, it is turned over to the crown. In this country when wrecked goods come ashore, if not called for, they are, after a certain time sold for the benefit of charitable institutions.

But we also have some outrageous customs on this side of the Atlantic, and some of the worst of them grow out of the incompetency of the superintendents at our life-saving stations. These officials are generally active politicians, and receive their places as a reward for political services. In nine cases out of ten they are entirely unfit for the important business intrusted to them. They receive good salaries, and while they who now work under their directions are poorly paid and do not obtain as good a living as we did under the old order of things. I know one of these superintendents whose home is not within sight of the ocean, but whose business it is to instruct his men, or see to it that all goes on correctly, and yet who only visits the various stations once in three months. And when he does come down to the shore to manage what we call a drill—with boats in the surf—he knows no more about the necessary operations than a man in the moon, and would no more risk his own life in rough water than he would treat a political opponent with decency. And some of these fellows come to us with arms full of books, out of which they teach us how to act in certain emergencies and how to bring drowned men to life, all of which, where common sense is important, is the merest foolishness.

After all the Life Saving Service as at present organized, with its 201 stations in all the Union has been a blessing to the country. The system was commenced in 1871, and down to the year 1885 the disasters numbered 2,547; value of vessels wrecked $31,665,600; value of cargoes $15,463,714; property saved $40,000,000; property lost $14,230,968; persons saved 28,000; and persons lost 446. The stations along the coast of New Jersey number not less than forty-one, while the whole Atlantic coast counts up one hundred and fifty-six, with thirty-seven on the Great Lakes, and seven on the coast of the Pacific. The time for hardest labor on the New Jersey shore ranges from September to May; the stations are generally managed by one keeper and six surfmen, and supplied with houses of refuge and all the implements that can be used in saving life and property, such as surf boats, wreck guns, beach apparatus, life lines, rockets and restoratives for all emergencies. After every storm the keeper and his men are obliged to go upon inspecting tramps along the coast to discover any evidences of disaster; and the crews patrol the beach about four miles on each side of the station, between every sunset and sunrise and also on foggy days.

Returning now to my own personal experiences, I may tell you that I have now been leading the life of a surfman for about thirty years, and have participated with others in saving the lives of not less than twenty-seven hundred shipwrecked men. I have performed about as much hard work as any other man on this New Jersey coast, and my adventures would make a good-sized book. For one of my bits of service I received a gold medal from the Government, and the leading particulars were as follows: It was after a terrible gale at midwinter, and in the midst of a snow storm, that a big brig came ashore—outside of a tremendous surf. Our crew, in a body, made an effort to reach the vessel but failed, and would not make a second trial. With this conduct I was disgusted and I resolved to make a trial on my own hook. I launched our smallest lifeboat, got it over the foaming ridge of surf and made for the vessel. She lay with only her forward deck out of water, with all her sails torn away, and when I reached her side I saw no signs of life; I shouted to the top of my voice, but no answer came. After a terrible struggle I reached the deck, found five men alive, shut up in the forward cabin, one man dead in the gangway and another frozen to death and hanging by his legs from the rigging, to which he had climbed to avoid being washed overboard. The five men were rescued and it was for this service that I received the medal.

Of course the memories of this catastrophe and of many others of like character are very mournful, but they are in perfect keeping with the every-day life of the surfmen who have the common susceptibilities of humanity. The sunshine is indeed a great blessing, but as we watch the great luminary continually rising out of the sea and setting on the waters of Barnegat Bay, we realize more fully than any other people how rapidly our years are passing away. And then come forth from their hidden chambers the perpetual storms of wind and rain, of snow and hail, oftimes bringing in their wake death and destruction to those who have trusted themselves to the remorseless sea. To perform the part of guardsman over the elements, in the midst of which we live, is a difficult duty, and yet I may mention with pride that for a period of twenty-four months, in making my midnight patrol of four miles, to exchange checks with watchmen from another station, I never once failed to start upon my tramp at the appointed hour. At certain times when I was not well I had the companionship of one of my dogs, and I often fancied that he enjoyed the midnight calms, the brilliant moonlight and the starry heavens, and was as greatly depressed as myself, by the singing sands, the screaming of the winds and the moaning of the sea.

CAMPING ON THE EASTERN COAST.—I.

FOR more than six weeks straight on end the Scribe had camped in a little 8x4 stateroom, where, although not a large man, he could seldom manage to turn around without bumping the crazy bone of his elbows. And all the time he had been waiting and watching for a chance to get out and away to the woods for a little genuine camp life. It had been on the programme that when the yacht reached a point in southern Florida where she could be safely left in charge of her crew, the Skipper and the Scribe should go to the woods, make camp in the pleasantest spot to be found and proceed to possess their souls in peace and comfort. And now that the time had come the Scribe promptly suggested that the Skipper in the dinghy and himself in the canoe should wind themselves through the puzzling and interminable channels, marshes, bayous and lagoons that lay between the ocean and the pine woods for one week at least of dry, wholesome, open air outing. Rather to his surprise the Skipper failed to see it. He was quite comfortable where he was. He had his choice of two fine boats, with a stout sailorman to pull him wherever he chose to go, let alone that the dinghy had a leg o' mutton sail and was fast under canvas. With a good breeze she could beat the canoe under paddle about one mileinthree, by which it happened that the Scribe, attempting to keep company, was constantly getting left and was only too glad to accept a tow, which, to say the least, was humiliating to an enthusiastic canoeist. It was one thing to sit in the stern sheets of the "captain's gig" and handle the tasseled tiller ropes while Pilot Joe pulled a vigorous oar against wind and tide, and another thing quite to bring up the rear in an 18lb. canoe with the double blade. On more than one occasion the Scribe, after following the gig all day, reached the yacht after dark nearly exhausted; and the Skipper was apt to improve the occasion something after the following manner: "Well, old boy, we're home again. Tired, eh? Well, you've nothing to do but turn in and sleep till morning. Joe will take care of your canoe and duffle; and you haven't got to break your back toting nightwood and getting browse for your bed. Al will attend to that." (Al is the steward, and a better one would be hard to find. It is true that he keeps my little room in apple-pie order. And he also brings me a small cup of hot coffee every morning before I turn out. It is very æsthetic, very high-toned, and after the manner of yachting everywhere, I suppose.)

In response to the Skipper's suggestive remarks the Scribe lets himself out to the following effect: "It is as you say, Captain, I may camp in my little stateroom and be waited on to any reasonable extent, without the trouble of making camp and getting night wood. But my soul wearies of damp sea air and dead sea-levels, let alone that an endless landscape of saw-grass, dead brush and muddy water channels is not inspiriting to one who loves the living forest. A wax candle in a small stateroom is a weak substitute for the bright camp-fire that warms your feet and lights the camp through the dark watches of the night. As to chopping and toting night wood, why that is only one of the pleasures of camping out, which, with hunting, fishing and cooking, just rounds out the time. Let us by all means have one week of it."

But the Skipper would not be entreated, and perhaps he was right. He was both owner and captain, and much experience had taught him that any vessel in commission needed the constant presence of a commander. Also, he was under the impression that a roomy stateroom with all the modern conveniences and good attendance was quite as comfortable as an open camp with its inevitable concomitants of sand flies, mosquitoes and red bugs, not to mention the probable contingencies of contrary winds, smoke and violent thunder storms. He volunteered, however, to lead the way up Spruce Creek with Joe for pilot, and as Spruce Creek was the most promising stream for a camping ground in all that region, the Scribe closed with the offer at once.

Spruce Creek is a tributary of Halifax River, which it enters just opposite the neat little hamlet called Ponce Park. Standing on the little wharf at the park and looking to the northwest you have a broad stretch of dead mangrove keys under your eyes, with a distant line of living forest in the background. Through a labyrinth of keys and muddy channels you work your way to the green woods, after a weary paddle of three miles, and you need a pilot to get there.

And so it happened that on the 10th of the last February as ever was, the Nessmuk, Jr., was following the captain's gig up the intricate channels of Spruce Creek to the bay, three miles above. The bay is an expansion of the creek (it would be a river anywhere in Europe), and is about a mile wide in any direction. There is a little settlement on the west side, and on the north, just where the stream enters the bay, the ruins of the "old bridge." The new bridge is a half mile higher up, and above this the creek is a respectable stream with well defined banks, which rise in some places to a height of 50ft. Near the east end of the ruined bridge is a clean, dry shell hammock, and near at hand, under a large live oak, is a spring of very good water—for Florida. On the bank of the creek in the edge of the hammock is a capital camping ground, and here, after a few minutes spent in prospecting, the Scribe commenced putting up a camp, while Pilot Joe started a fire on a pile of shell oysters (about three pecks of them), for roasted oysters are the Skipper's weakness; and when he goes for a day's outing, Al has standing orders to fill a bag with the bivalves and stow it away in the forward locker, with a well filled lunch basket and a bottle of wine.

Roasted oysters are good, but they should be washed clean, spread evenly instead of being piled pyramid fashion, and the fire should be made of dry, hard wood instead of flashy palmetto stems. As it was, the oysters on top were dried up, those on the bottom did not open their shells, and only a portion in the center were well roasted. There were enough, however. And after the empty wine bottle had been turned over to the Scribe for a water bottle and the party had done justice to the Skipper's Lone Jack, the gig went off up stream to try for channel bass, sea trout and big-mouth bass. For just here, where the tide meets and pushes back the stream, there is a long stretch of water where you may catch fresh and salt-water fish in the same reaches. It was nearly sundown when the gig came back, and the Scribe, who had worked like a beaver, had as cosy a camp as one need wish to see; but the Skipper declined to stay the night in camp and let Joe come for him in the morning, incidentally bringing a few supplies for the camp. But they had made a very fair day of it, too. The Skipper had taken half a dozen fine fish, weighing from 1½ to 5lbs., and they had "saved" a bushel of oranges from some man's grove. Joe is an excellent forager.

> "I am heinously unprovided. Oh for a smart young thief of two or three and twenty! Where shall I find me one that can steal well?" —*Fallstaff.*

I think Joe would have filled the bill.

The sun was shining through the pine tops in the west as the party in the gig pulled out for the yacht, leaving a camp supply of fish and oranges, with a promise to come back on the third day with a supply of bread and bacon, of which the camp was short. The Scribe watched the boat until the flash of her oars was lost in rounding the point where the stream leaves the bay, and then turned to the camp with a feeling of relief and freedom easily understood by any old woodsman who has bunked for six weeks at a stretch in the little stateroom of a small yacht.

The night was fine, there was a glorious moon, and no lack of animal life about the bay or in the hammocks on either side of it. Marsh hens, herons, owls and chattering coons, with an occasional guttural bellow from a 'gator kept the camp from seeming lonely, and the fire of seasoned oak was on its good behavior. "It is good to be here," murmured the Scribe, as he stretched himself on the blankets and pulled drowsily at the pipe. "To-morrow I'll see—what's in these—'er—hammocks—if I aint—too tired." And the Scribe was asleep.

It was like coming home after a weary cruise to waken at early dawn, rouse up the fire and brew a cup of clear strong coffee, and then lazily listen to a mockingbird singing insanely but sweetly from the oak by the spring, and a cardinal in his best coat warbling from a hickory right by the corner of the tent, while a pair of chewinks foraged for crumbs within a yard of the back log.

And the old, old story was taken up once more: the story that is acted over and over again but never tires. Loafing silently through the woods, sitting on a log, getting an occasional shot at a squirrel or rabbit, lounging about camp, cutting night-wood and "fixing up." A real woodsman is always "fixing up" the camp when there is nothing else to do, and the camp is always growing more easy and comfortable the longer it is occupied. There was no lack of interest or incident to fill out the time. It was only a mile to the nearest orange grove, and there was good fishing in the stream, the best and gamiest fish being the sea trout or weakfish. There were ducks on the bay and squirrels in the hammock near camp, while on the other side of the stream there was a large hammock with better hunting.

Two miles up stream there is a high ridge known as "Mount Altitude," and following up the ridge for a half mile you strike the "Big Hammock," concerning which you will be told some big stories (mostly lies) of bear, deer, turkeys and panthers. The natives will tell you of a panther that was shot in this hammack, so large that it required four stout men to hang him up, and even then the head did not clear the ground. "I think," said a tall cracker who assisted at the skinning, "he must 'ave weighed more 'n 300lbs." He evidently believed what he said, and another man who helped hang the beast up corroborated his story. Mr. N. Hasty, the founder of Ponce Park, who saw and measured the panther, says, "Yes; I think it was the biggest panther that has been killed in this part of Florida in the thirteen years I have lived here. It measured about 9ft. from tip of nose to end of tail, and weighed, I should say, about 150lbs. I have known much larger ones to be killed in the Adirondacks."

The Scribe made a point of prospecting the Big Hammock from end to end and from side to side. He found two trails crossing it, one from north to south, the other from east to west, and it was not more than a mile and a half in extent the longest way. A fair day's walk was sufficient to do the famous hammock pretty thoroughly. There is a fine brook running through it from northwest to southeast, and in the soft soil along the margin were a few old tracks of deer, with one small bear track. A solitary gobbler opened his call within 50yds. of the trail, whereupon the Scribe got out his call and gently played two or three of his most seductive squawks. There was a faint, rapid patter of receding footsteps in the hammock, and that gobbler was heard no more. The peculiar "yelping" of the Scribe usually has that effect on the turkey tribe; and why and wherefore no one understands except the turkeys. The yelping is admitted by the best judges to be a good imitation, and it deceives the home turkey every time. Perhaps the wild one has a nicer ear.

The Scribe seated himself on a log, filled his pipe, and proceeded to muse and moralize after the following manner: "Well, here I am, in a hammock in southern Florida, trying to call the turkeys, which, like spirits from the vasty deep, the more they are called the more they don't come. On the contrary, quite the reverse, dash 'em. It's just as well. In the last fifty years I have learned a good many shiftless, thriftless accomplishments connected with woods life; but my worst enemy can't accuse me of being a turkey hunter, and I'm glad of it. Who ever knew a successful turkey hunter to own a decent coat, and a whole pair of boots? What can you expect of a crank who will leave the fresh track of a buck to follow a turkey track, knowing that the bird can run like the wind, and when he is tired of running can end the race by flying clear away? Long ago—in the 40's—I hunted in Eaton county, Michigan, with a partner hight Ez Putnam, and Ez was a most inveterate turkey crank. Time and again he came into camp after an all day hunt, covered with ignominy and turkeys that we had no use for; and this when the tracking was just perfect, and deer so plenty that you could seldom follow a single track without getting mixed. For more than two weeks he kept this up, during which time he only killed two deer, though there were still-hunters in the same range who averaged more than a deer per day. Of course we were hunting for sport—but with an eye to market—and turkeys were of little value in Marshall, which was our shipping point.

I remonstrated, mildly at first; then firmly, and finally with sarcasm and even abuse. He took it patiently, even penitently, as though he had been a confirmed inebriate with a strong desire to reform. His excuse was that he couldn't help it. He had been "drawed into it" by old Ned Cooper, the best (or worst) turkey hunter in the State, and somehow he found it a hard thing to break off. "You see," he explained, "I go out at daylight and find a big deer's track; I just swear myself to follow it till I get the deer, and in an hour or two I run afoul of a flock of turkeys and get a fair standin' shot. Of course I cut loose, and then the rest of the flock tree up, some of 'em in plain sight. Would you, would any man, go off and leave 'em without shootin'? I reckon not. And when a man has got two or three turkeys to tote along, it stands to reason he aint goin' to run after deer very fur that day. That's how it is."

Such woodland depravity might be pitied or condoned even; but it would hardly wash in camp, when turkeys were about worthless, while venison saddles were quick sale at ten cents per pound. So Ez and I made an equitable divvy of the plunder and dissolved. And that was more than forty years ago. I wonder on which side of the Dark Divide is he working his turkey call now? For no land devoid of turkeys could be a heaven to him.

This much by way of digression.

As the Scribe finished smoking and stowed away the pipe, his ear caught the soft crash and rustle of a squirrel traveling along the treetops, a sound that every woodsman knows so well. It was a beautiful gray or hammock squirrel, and he was making straight for the trail which he was destined never to cross; for just as he let himself out for an extra hazardous leap, half a dozen chilled shot crashed through his sleek gray pelt, and he fell dead at the edge of the trail. It seemed a brutal thing to do. But when the average sportsman gets loose in the woods, with an empty stomach under his shooting jacket and a scatter gun in his hands, beautiful plumage and sleek fur are poor protection against his savagery.

The Scribe sauntered up the trail to the northward, crossed the creek with its miry bottom, climbed the steep bank where the hammock ends and the scrub begins, and followed out to where the scrub peters out to thin wire grass, dwarf palmetto and flat pine lands. Nothing can be more dreary and monotonous than these "flat lands" as they are called. They have a scattering growth of southern pine, too small for lumber, usually. The soil is absolutely worthless, there is no shade (the pine tops are too thin), and no life save an occasional woodpecker. Even the half wild cattle and wilder hogs avoid the flat lands. Only one thing can be said in their favor. They afford excellent roads—when not under water.

A mile of such traveling was enough, and the Scribe turned back. Just as he was entering the scrub a small bevy of quail darted across the trail, scurrying for shelter, and quick work with the first barrel saved a brace of them. A slow, cautious walk down the trail to the bank where the canoe had been left, gave another squirrel, which was plenty for camp use, and the Scribe descended the high, steep bank, found the canoe safe and paddled leisurely down stream, stopping a while at Mt. Altitude to see an old darkey catch sheepshead, which were of the largest size, and again at the bridge to see a white lad throw a light Spanish cast-net for mullet in deep water, at which he was very successful, and then to camp.

A few minutes suffices to start a lively fire, put on the camp kettle and dress a gray squirrel for supper. Unlike his big brother, the fox squirrel, he lives almost entirely on hickory nuts, by which it happens he is of superior quality as regards flavor, fat and tenderness; and, in fact, there is no better game brought to the camp-fire than the gray or hammock squirrel of Florida. The fox squirrel is twice as large, often weighing 2½lbs.; but he lives mainly on acorns and the seeds of pine cones, and, though very good in a stew, is inferior to his smaller brother, either broiled, stewed or fried. And here, dropping the impersonal, let me say that, dur ng more than fifteen months spent in the woods and wilds of Florida, I never saw a fox squirrel at work on a hickory nut. I doubt if he can get at the inside of one. As to the gray squirrel of the South, he only differs from his congener of the North in having a lighter brush and weighing an ounce or two less.

The Florida quail also weighs less by an ounce than his Northern cousin, and he is a handsomer bird withal. I shot a good many during the two winters I camped on the Gulf coast, and to say the truth I always felt a little ashamed of murdering such cute, beautiful things for a few ounces of meat, knowing in my conscience that hog and hominy was quite as good fare as I deserved.

To conclude with a few lines on camp cookery. Don't go back on the frying-pan; it is the main, and the best cooking utensil in camp. But, to fry well is something of a knack, and requires care. Small game and fish are apt to curl up and warp away from hot iron, which renders it difficult to get the right brown on either. To obviate this fit your fish or game so it will lie flat in the pan, have the fat hot, but not hot enough to scorch, have a tin plate that will just fit easily into the frying-pan, and press it on to the contents of the pan firmly, with a stone on the plate heavy enough to keep it in position. When nicely browned on one side, turn, and brown the other. It is rather an old dodge; but I constantly run across outers who complain that they cannot make trout, squirrels, etc., lie flat enough in the pan to brown properly. Only the hind quarters of squirrels, rabbits and opossums should be fried; and these, as well as birds, should be first parboiled until tender. NESSMUK.

FRAGMENTS FROM A LETTER FILE.

Am glad to know that "Uncle Lisha's Shop" is to appear in book form. I'm good for one. I've been out West and up to the Sault since I wrote you, but did not have any fishing. The warriors who sling the dip-net at the Sault for whitefish demanded $4 per half day to paddle his white brother where perhaps he might catch a fingerling, and my exchequer didn't warrant any such disbursal. I have been out on Lake Erie once or twice after pike and bass, with fair success.

There are two gentlemen here in my room and three more on the verandah just outside the door. All are smoking and talking, and have been for two hours. I have been trying to write, how much of a success you will see if you, by any possibility, can read the inclosed. I cannot write, smoke, laugh at the proper point in a story, and do it all properly at the same time.

The one question with me is, will it pay me to go so far? *i. e.*, shall I find the fishing sufficiently good? I must have fishing from a boat, because I am not able to walk. This has led me to think much of Lake St. Joseph. As to roughing it—in the sense of plain food, sparsely furnished rooms, etc.—I am quite prepared for all that. My physical condition forbids exposure. If the fishing is good, that is the thing for which I chiefly care.

Outing depends upon several things for success. The very first, think, is good fellowship and a desire to enjoy everything conducive to health. And it is all conducive to health if not spoiled by a capricious man.

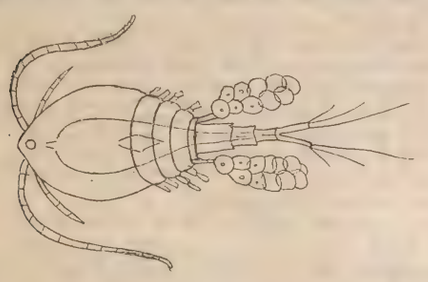
Natural History.

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POND LIFE.

FEW people suspect how rich in life our fresh-water ponds are at mid-summer. Any one who will collect a few quarts of water from a weedy pond and place it in a glass jar in a good light will be surprised at the number of living things that may be seen swimming, leaping and creeping about in it. Small and shallow ponds in which many water plants are growing are best for making collections. By taking the trouble to make a net of some fine woven material—mosquito netting will do for the larger forms—a much larger number and variety may be obtained. They may be kept alive in the jar for a long time if a water plant or two be put in with them and water is added daily to make up for evaporation. In this way an interesting aquarium is made.

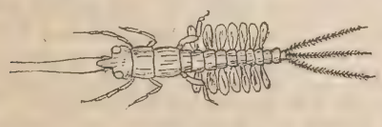
Let us examine some of these lively little creatures and find out where they belong in the great world of living things and, as far as we can, how they live and move and have their being. Suppose we begin with this little fellow, just large enough to be readily seen, which swims along with a jerky motion and which is easily distinguished from all others of its kind by possessing a single eye directly in the middle of the head. Its name is *Cyclops* and it belongs to a group of small crustaceans called *Entomostraca*, or, in common language, waterfleas. One



CYCLOPS.

notices its long antennæ which seem to serve as swimming organs as well as feelers, its short kicking legs, its ringed abdomen or tail which terminates in two long whips which seem to serve as rudders. If it is a female cyclops we are examining our interest will at once be centered in the two large sacks attached at the sides of the abdomen and filled with what one would at once guess to be eggs. Eggs they are, and being carried about by the parent in this way their chances of development are, no doubt, very much better than they would be if they were set free in the water and exposed to the danger of being devoured by some hungry creature. When they have reached a due state of maturity they escape the sack, and it has been found that their subsequent development is through a series of remarkable changes, though not uncommon in the group of animals to which they belong. They pass into what is called the nauplius form, an organism very different in appearance to an adult cyclops. The nauplius goes on developing, passing through a series of moults, and finally the perfect animal is reached. Thus the little cyclops has a truly wonderful life history.

Even more remarkable is that of this other creature, very much larger than the cyclops and belonging, as we see at once, to the order of insects. We observe the wing-like parts, though we know, of course, they are not true wings. What they are, in fact, is gills, and we can see the branching tubes which penetrate them and which

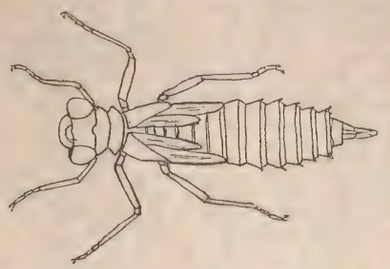


EPHEMERA.

really have just the same use as the tubes (called veins) in the wings of insects. The only difference is that in insects these tubes are filled with air derived from the atmosphere, and in our animal with air derived from the water. But I have already said that our animal is an insect and I must hasten to explain that it is now in its larval state, and that in its perfect condition it possesses true wings and flies in the air. But it enjoys this liberty only for a single day; the insect we are studying is one of the *Ephemera*, the class receiving its name, of course, from the fact just stated. When their one-day existence in the air is terminated they return to the water, where the female deposits her eggs. These hatch into the larval form we have seen swimming about, and in this state persist until the time of flight, when a metamorphosis into the winged form occurs.

It need hardly be said that the larvæ of many other insects will be found in our aquarium. The mosquito spends a part of his career in water, and judging from his restless, jerky movements he may make himself as disagreeable in that medium as he does in the rarer one which he inhabits later. The larva may be recognized by this movement or by the bristled process, an organ of breathing, which terminates its abdomen. The larval stage is succeeded by the pupa stage, also spent in water. In this stage the mosquito has a large head with prominent eyes and a ringed abdomen terminated by two swimming paddles. The body is bent a good deal and the creature swims by a kind of rolling movement.

If in making our collection we dipped pretty closely to the bottom of the pond it is very likely a larva of the dragon fly or devil's darning needle was caught. This is quite a large creature, fully an inch long, of a black color, and rather savage in its disposition, as we should judge from the insect's name. By seizing it just behind the head it cannot bite us, though it is not likely the wound would be a severe one if it did. We notice the wide head and prominent eyes, likewise the wide abdomen with its pair of short rudimentary wings and respiratory process at its end. The body is covered with a hard skin like that of beetles; one may often find these skins, dry and empty, along the shore. They are what is left of the larva after its transformation into the adult dragon fly. Before the transformation the larvæ crawl up out of the water, their skins split along the back, and the perfect insect escapes, leaving the skin behind. The cycle is



DRAGON FLY LARVA.

begun again by the dragon fly depositing its eggs in the water, this it does by flying to the surface and dipping its abdomen a little beneath.

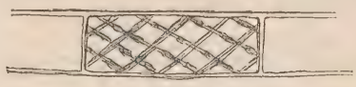
Other insect larvæ likely to be met with are those of water beetles. Some of them are quite large and possess powerful biting jaws.

Crawling along the sides of the jar may be seen many small worm-like animals. Some of them would doubtless prove upon examination to be insect larvæ, but others are true worms. Among the latter, perhaps, is the nais, one of the most interesting objects for examination our collection affords. To the naked eye nais is only a short white hair, but when magnified a creature truly beautifully and wonderfully made comes to our view. The skin is transparent, so that all the internal parts can clearly be seen. The body is made up of a series of segments, like an angle-worm. Indeed, the nais has a very similar structure to the angle-worm, and if the skin of the latter were transparent so that we could see the parts within, it would look much the same as nais does under the microscope. We should see the long intestine running through the segments like a string on which beads are strung, the delicate blood vessels constantly pulsating and so driving along the white blood contained in them, the rows of bristles which form the legs and which fit into pouches in the skin, and finally, if we looked sharply, the very curious breathing organs which are like funnels—a pair in each segment—the large inner end being surrounded by a row of vibrating cilia which keep up a circulation between the fluids in the body and the water without. The way Nais multiplies itself is very curious; it simply divides into two parts by a break in the middle of the body, each part soon becoming a new and perfect animal. As this is the natural way for nais to reproduce, we are the less surprised that its near relative, the angle-worm, is able to undergo cutting in two without loss of life.

Among other worms that may be present, these small dark flat ones attached to a stick or dead leaf, perhaps may deserve a moment's notice. They belong to the interesting group the *Planaria*. One notices the two black eye spots and the dark area in the middle of the body which represents the stomach and which has very many small gastric canals running out from it. These little creatures seem lowly enough, but one finds here as everywhere a perfect adaptation to that place in nature which they occupy. Witness the organs of defense with which they are provided, short, stiff rods concealed in the skin and shot out in great numbers when they are irritated.

Speaking of stinging organs we are reminded of the little green (or brown, it may be) hydras attached to our jar. This is a classic animal. In 1744 Trembley, a Swiss naturalist, did those experiments with it which have secured its fame for all time. He showed that the hydra can be cut into small pieces, either lengthwise or crosswise, and each piece will grow into a new animal. Furthermore he showed that the creature can actually be turned inside out, so that its stomach-lining becomes its skin and *vice versa*, and no apparent inconvenience is suffered by the change; it goes on catching and devouring prey as if quite unaffected by its evagination. Any one who does not know the hydra may easily recognize it by its long slender body, one end of which is attached to some object and the other provided with six or eight long swaying arms or tentacles. It catches its prey—minute plants and animals—either by grasping with the tentacles or by stinging them with thread cells, precisely like those of jelly-fishes. It is very interesting to watch the movements of a hydra. It slowly sways its body to and fro and thrusts its arm about in its search for food. Under a slight irritation it quickly contracts its body into a small rounded mass. Commonly one can see young hydra growing out from the parent-like branches of a tree. The hydra can readily be seen with the naked eye, being a quarter to half an inch long when expanded.

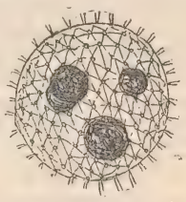
All the forms of life thus thus far described are large enough to be easily seen without the help of a glass. There are many others which can be discerned by the naked eye, appearing as minute floating specks, but which require a microscope for their examination. Then there are very many others which are far too small to be seen at all without artificial help. Provided with a microscope one could spend a very long time in studying the wonderful forms of life contained in our aquarium. It would be too great a task to attempt to give an idea of the number, variety and beauty of the living objects that would be found. A sketch of the life found in fresh-water ponds would be quite incomplete without some reference to the plants that are always found in them. Here again we must limit ourselves to a few of the most common. Let us begin with one that is almost invariably present, and that will be recognized under the name of pond scum. Every one has noticed the green or brown patches that float on the surface or are attached at the bottom and sides of the pond. They are not very attractive forms of plant life to the ordinary observer, but when one has once learned about their life history, they will always afterward be of a good deal of interest. There are many kinds of these plants; let us take one of the most common, the *Spirogyra*. It looks somewhat like a green jelly when viewed in masses under the water. But if a little be taken into the hand it will be seen to consist of many very fine green threads closely interwoven so as to form a kind of felt-work. These threads have a surprisingly beautiful appearance when examined under a magnifying glass. They are seen to consist of rows of oblong cells placed end to end, each consisting of a delicate transparent case wound about on the inside by green bands, like the threads of a screw. For some unexplained reason that portion of the matter contained inside the cell which has been stained green by chlorophyll takes on this spiral form. On a sunshiny day the cells are constantly growing in length and after a time cross-partitions are formed in each cell, each one thus giving rise to new ones. When the strings have reached a certain length they break into pieces and each piece going on growing as before, it is understood how rapidly pond scums extend themselves. In the fall of the year they die away, but in the spring they appear again in full vigor. The manner in which they are preserved during the winter is worth studying as illustrating a process common to many waterplants. Early in the summer the plants form what are called zygospores which fall to the bottom of the water and remain there in an inactive



POND SCUM.

condition until the next spring. Then, under the influence of warmth and light they grow into new plants. In the *Spirogyra* a zygospore is formed by the union of two cells of contiguous filaments, this union being considered a sexual process.

Quite common in midsummer is the very curious little plant called the volvox. To the naked eye they appear like little green balls slowly rolling through the water. They really consist of a mass or colony of cells in the



VOLVOX.

form of a hollow sphere. Each cell is provided with a pair of vibrating cilia which project into the water, giving the ball a hairy appearance, and by their movements propelling it through the water. In the hollow of the sphere other smaller balls may be seen, and examination shows that they are precisely the same as the larger one, forming an instance of life within life. After a time these smaller ones escape and begin a career of their own. A friend of the writer says that he saw many of these plants in one of the Adirondack lakes a few years ago at about midsummer. They were so thick that water could not be dipped up without catching many of them.

Another curious plant common in ponds is *Hydrodictyon*, or the water net. It consists of a tubular net composed of very many elongated cells attached at their ends. Sometimes the net is 10 or 12in. long, and the cells one-third of an inch long. In this plant, too, a miniature plant (in this case a net) is formed inside the parent and finally escapes as a new plant.

Of the larger plants growing in ponds *Chara*, which has a very interesting history, is quite common. It may be recognized by its slender tubular stems to which whorls of needle-like leaves are attached at regular intervals. The portion of stem between two whorls consists of a single large cell surrounded by many small ones arranged spirally about it. Sometimes one can see in the large cell the movement of its thick fluid contents. It streams up on one side and down on the other with a slow, steady progress—a form of motion in plants which has been studied a good deal by botanists. Where the leaves unite with the stem may be seen the reproductive organs. They are of two kinds, one produces free-swimming male cells and the other female cells. The former swimming about in the water meet with and fertilize the latter, which then become surrounded by a hard case and finally fall to the bottom of the water. There they remain until the coming of conditions favorable to their germination, when they give rise to a new plant. This plant, however, is not like the original *Chara*, it is a simple growth consisting of a single row of cells, one of which, after a time, becomes the starting point for the growth of the more complex sexual plant.

Many other plants, not less interesting than these named, are common in our ponds. Here again the microscope would reveal to us an unexpected abundance. The green slime that coats the surfaces of stones at the bottom and the film that gathers around the stems of the large plants are very rich in microscopic plants.

To the plants in ponds is due the preservation of the purity of these waters. The noxious products of the decomposition of dead animal tissues (for where is so much life there must be a corresponding amount of death) are in large part absorbed by the growing plants. Furthermore, the plants give off gases to the water which keep it sweet and capable of sustaining animal life. Thus there is a mutual dependence between the two great families of animate nature. S.

A SPARROW TERRIER.—Washington, D. C.—There is a black and tan terrier of peculiar ability in this city that is distinguishing himself by extinguishing sparrows. He belongs to a street car driver and accompanies an open car to and from the Navy Yard to Georgetown. Sighting a bunch of sparrows the dog goes for them like a flash, seizing one, which he quickly kills and carries a short distance, then he drops it and goes for another bunch. He has been known to kill six on one trip, and at this rate could round up with a record of twenty-five or thirty a day. In spite of the fact that sparrows are so numerous and that there is much prejudice against them the dog is unpopular. Threats of killing him are frequently made, while passengers express their dislike of the dog and sympathy for the birds.—J. C. B.

RANGE OF SCORPION AND TARANTULA.

THE scorpion and tarantula are inhabitants of hot climates, and the average temperature of a locality may be supposed to limit their northern range. Both of these animals are found in some numbers in southern Kansas, but I have supposed that their occurrence much to the north of this was extremely rare. Recently, however, one or two facts have come to my knowledge which lead me to think that both scorpions and tarantulas may occur in the northern country more frequently than I had supposed. In the summer of 1885, while in Billings, Montana, I saw a live scorpion, which had been captured within two or three miles of that city. It was a young one, only about an inch and a half long, but was very vigorous and lively, using its tail viciously when touched with a stick. It was of a pale horn color. I heard on good authority of the capture of another near Miles City, Montana. This would seem to give the scorpion a range on the plains as far north as the Yellowstone River, which is much further to the northward than I supposed it reached. The capture of a supposed tarantula in Shirley Basin, in Carbon county, Wyoming, is reported to me by Mr. A. J. Matthews, a very intelligent gentleman, for some time Principal of the Academy at Adams, Jefferson county, New York. Mr. Matthews is not a naturalist, but has frequently seen tarantulas preserved in collections. He reports this huge hairy spider, which ran out from under a log which he turned over, had a spread of legs of about six inches, and to have corresponded in all respects with the preserved tarantulas which he has seen. Unfortunately the specimen, which he killed, was not preserved. An intelligent and observant ranchman, Mr. W. H. Reed, reports having seen a very few tarantulas in the mountains during a residence among them of ten or twelve years. The Shirley Basin, on whose western border Mr. Matthews killed this spider, is situated in the bend of the North Platte River, and is about twenty miles south and fifteen miles east of that stream. In the Montana and Wyoming localities mentioned the temperature falls very low in winter. In the Shirley Basin the mercury often freezes.

I should be very glad to hear from any of your readers anything that may throw light on the question how far north these two creatures are found in the Western United States. Perhaps Dr. Shufeldt can help us on this point, and there must be many of your Western readers who have observed facts which bear upon it. G. B. G.

SHIRLEY BASIN, Wyo., July 30, 1887.

ARTEMIS.

WHAT happy inspiration prompted the follower of entomological lore to think of the goddess of the woods, the chaste Artemis of the Greeks, in dedicating one of the most beautiful of butterflies, the insect queen of mountainous Pennsylvania, to the memory of Diana? Was it the conformity with the chaste hues of this handsome winged denizen of mountain forests, or was it its ever-restless attitude which distinguishes it from the various members of its tribe, which numbers among them such old-time renowned personages as the Polyphemus, Danais, Atalanta, etc.? As a matter of fact we find Artemis spread over a vast extent of our northeastern continent, from the southwestern highland of the Virginia Alleghanies to the northern shores of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf beyond, where I never saw the sight of this beautiful butterfly in my wanderings for trout. He becomes replaced toward the South gradually by the handsome, but funereally-robed congener which is called *Limenitis* by the entomologists, and forms one of the most common and conspicuous sights along the course of the rhododendron-fringed rivers and brooks of western North Carolina. But the northern butterfly surpasses her southern sister vastly on account of her beautiful colors. The general ground tint of the wings is of the deepest and almost b ack violet, but the upper ones are conspicuously ornamented by two broad curved bands of the purest white, which quickly attracts the eye by the happy combination of coloring, and mark the insect as the winged forest queen of our cold temperate zone. They are by no means over-abundant in Pennsylvania, and a week's collecting, if attended with satisfactory success, will hardly yield more than fifty, while here over two hundred rewarded the expense of only two hours' labor.

I did not intend, however, on this memorable occasion to make any collection of insects nor to devote my time to their study, but a far different purpose had hastened my steps for over 1,200 miles from far off home over sea and land to my first resting place, the gravelly shores of Mann River, a tributary of the famous Nouvelle, in the eastern part of the Province of Quebec, and running into the waters of the Baie des Chaleurs. What else could it possibly be but the magnetism of its finny population, which attains here to enormous sizes, averaging from a minimum of three to seven pounds in weight? They are all of the variety known everywhere as sea trout, which are anadromous by habit and therefore migratory, and thus at times very numerous, while it often happens that again they are entirely absent, as in the Nouvelle, where one on the first view of its magnificent large and deep pools would surmise an immense concourse of trout at any time.

Yet such is frequently the case, as I know best by my own experience of last summer on the Nouvelle, when the results consisted all told in four large four-pound trout, and all this at a distance of thirty miles from the mouth of the river. Probably thirty miles higher up it was black with them, as they appeared to have ascended as far as possible to the ideal terminal big pool for spawning purposes. But it is not in these brief notes my intention to describe what I saw this year in the way of sea trout, but rather to relate my experience with the Artemis, which I noticed along the Mann River in the most wonderful abundance.

Since entomological investigation had formed no part of my present mapped-out programme in ascending the river, the insect net had been left behind, never thinking for a moment that the po derous landing net would have to be called upon to hold within its stout meshes such strange game as gauze-winged Artemis instead of ponderous 5-pounders of sea trout. But such turned out to be the case on the second day of my stay, when I noticed the occurrence of these insects in such wonderful swarms that I set about to secure a big lot, as I never could hope again to obtain elsewhere so satisfactory returns for time and labor invested. It had been the odor of the blood of some of the large trout we had taken, and which freely bled on the gravelly beach, to which I have to ascribe their large congregation in such small limits. Never, even in equatorial America, where months were devoted to collecting of butterflies, did I ever see such an enormous assembly of beautiful insects, all massed in a space of only about 50yds. wide and long. What a desecration to the legitimate mission of the trout net to see now within its meshes in more than one cast no less than twenty-four of the Artemis wildly fluttering about and powerless to break the firm and complex barriers of its web. There were now, outside of those imprisoned within the net, immense numbers flying around still, which could safely be estimated by hundreds and fairly crowding into the spot which had been painted by the blood of our finny victims. I shall never forget the sight which met the delighted eye on this exquisite typical bit of Northern scenery while rocking as in the cradle in the birch canoe, with a river at my feet whose dark emerald hues and waters are, even in the middle of July, as cold as ice, while great mountain walls rise almost vertically and abruptly from the foot of the foaming, roaring stream until their summits, towering up to a height of 1,800ft., are kissed by the fleecy, billowy, cumulus clouds floating high over the landscape, which they embellish by their continuous alternations of bright sunlight into passing shadows. If we add to these atmospheric displays the ornamentation by the vividly green spring foliage of the deciduous trees and shrubs comingled with the oceans of evergreen which cover every foot of the mountain slopes and river shores, and the leaves of their overhanging branches dotted, to crown the effect, with hundreds of the brilliant gems of Artemis pictures, quietly poised on their velvety surface and increasing the happy contrast of color by their black and white wings, we have a picture still engraved on my mind which will never fade from memory. CHAS. LINDEN.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One short-tailed wallaby (*Halmaturus brachyurus*), one Derby's opossum (*Didelphys derbianus*), one yellow-billed strathbill (*Chionis alba*), two white-fronted parrots (*Chrysotis leucocephalus*), one augolan vulture (*Gypohierax angolensis*) and five scarlet ibis (*Ibis rubra*). Presented—One German linnet (*Linaria cannabina*), four box tortoises (*Cistudo clausa*), five land tortoises (*Testudo tabulata*), two water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) and one green snake (*Cyclophis vernalis*). Born—Two American elk (*Cervus canadensis*) and five musk rats (*Fiber zibethicus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—VIII.

TIME passed only too quickly for our short respite. The great American arch-demon, Business, sent down a warning note to the Cimarron that he was about to claim his own. Mr. Streeter declared that he must go; Mr. Kirkpatrick also was wanted at Kiowa. One more day with the hounds, said we, and we will all go north together. It was agreed.

We took every available greyhound on the ranch, and also the two foxhounds, and bright and early trotted off toward the flats for a regular field day with the deer. We had a string of dogs, about two miles long, more or less, and there were good ones in the procession. The puppies frolicked all over the country, while the veterans kept close to the horses. The blue dog trotted for miles with his nose between the hind legs of Mr. Streeter's horse, and Prince kept close alongside. Jim and Terry staid by old John, the former dog limping painfully, and the latter looking as if he had stuck his nose in a hornet's nest. Close-leashed together, Buck and Drum, the two foxhounds, ambled along behind, their long faces filled with a magnificent gravity, as if the safety of the country depended on them. We had an idea that we had found a sort of runway of the deer, and intended to put in the foxhounds and see if they would not bring the deer around to us again. Old Mike was so lame that we had to leave him at camp. All the dogs showed hard usage; the frozen ground had made havoc with their feet.

We rode out on the flats, about five miles beyond the timbered sandhills, and about eight miles from home, before we saw any deer, though the foxhounds would have run on several trails if we had permitted it. All at once Red, who had been a little in advance, bent down in his saddle, wheeled his horse under cover of the hill, and came back to us with a happy sort of smile on his face which unmistakably meant deer. There were, he said, four deer standing not 200yds. from us, just beyond the hill.

We could have easily killed a couple of the deer, at least, with the rifles—Mr. Streeter, Ricker, Red and I all having guns—but the opportunity for a chase seemed too good. The foxhounds were, therefore, hurriedly secured, the greyhounds bunched as well as possible, and we all stooped in the saddle and rode with short breath up to the crown of the hill. Four white fans were going, drifting along, hip-hopping, hitting the ground once in a while, about 250yds. ahead of us. And not a dog saw them!

They say a greyhound has very quick sight. It may be so. But I don't believe it. Of course, a dog has not so extended a range of vision as a man on horseback; but these deer were in full view on a hillside, and the grass was short. I think a greyhound is not quick to change the line of his vision. He is a line-runner. If he happens to have anything in his line of sight, very good; but much depends on the send off. There is but a moment for the send off, and deer always start just the way you don't expect.

There was, perhaps, a little conceded rivalry among our dog owners that morning, and each man tried to get his dogs in closer than the others. I have been told that Mr. Allison has been known to have such pride in the success of his dogs that he has turned them off a course where they didn't have a dead sure thing for the best send off. As that would savor too much of the turf ever to please a lover of the field, and as it is, moreover, unnecessary with such good dogs as Mr. Allison unquestionably has, I surely prefer to think it a mistaken assertion. It would be a justly exposable crime against sportsmanship, as well as against sport, to pull a good hound in a good course, even if he were a mile behind. Let him run. He likes it. It does him good. Mr. Allison's dogs are not going to catch all the deer, any way he can fix it; nor Mr. Streeter's, nor any other man's. There's too much chance in it. Good rivalry is good; but reputation in the field is got by being careless of reputation. I, for one, would not follow a hound a foot in a deer course if I thought there was any of the smell of the turf about him.

Well now! Where was I? And where were the dogs? They were mostly nowhere, apparently. Not one sighted! And the very heart-strings in our bosoms stretched longer and longer as those four white-tailed acrobats went away further and further, in spite of our desperate wishes that they would hold on, just a minute!

Thinking the deer would soon turn into the wind, I pulled off to the right, and was soon quite alone. Slipping the rifle out of the holster as I ran, I determined to cut in behind the point of a big sandhill, and try for a flying shot as they came by, trusting to Providence to be able to get my horse again, which I knew would run off as soon as I dismounted.

The deer did begin to turn. And almost at the same moment I saw something long, and lithe, and yellow—a very tawny thunderbolt of a dog—whizzing by me straight for the deer. Sandy Jim, and sighted, by the Lord Harry! Lame? That's all right. He might have been lame in all four of his legs. He didn't need his legs, very often. He only came down once in a while!

Viva! Jim. Hoo-oy! Jim. And Bugler, thou slab-sided livery-horse, and son of a livery-horse, run now, or I'll get off and run myself! And Bugler could run. And he rose to the occasion. My lariat came down, I lost my saddle blankets, my rifle was out of the holster; but all the same Bugler and I maintained our former social relations, and we saw as pretty a little run as most fellows ever get to.

I didn't mind losing the saddle blankets so much, and I didn't care about the saddle's getting under the horse; but when Bugler got his hind legs through the front cinch, I dismounted. I grabbed the end of the lariat, and ran as far as I could toward the point of the sandhill, near which I now was; still having a good chance for a shot, as the deer were turning fast to the right. Just then Mr. Allison came thundering up behind me, and passed on over the hill. This turned the deer, and I lost my shot. The first thing I knew, Jim was off the course, and the deer all disappearing in the distance. But if I can have that much fun, all by myself, I don't care whether I catch a deer or not. Same with Bugler.

I gathered up my goods and chattels, and was resuming navigation just as Mr. Allison called out and pointed to the left. There, streaming up a little slough, went a second chase, well bunched together, with all the other men and dogs in it. A rush, and the quick closing in of all the dogs, horses and men, told the story. Waving hats and the faint hollo repeated it. Away we both went to our successful brethren.

It seems that this deer—which was a young buck—had jumped up out of the grass about 100yds. ahead of the main body of the dogs, just as they finally had got sighted and were running the first bunch of deer. The clean-built young buck had run nearly a mile and a half at a terrific pace, well in sight and followed hard. The blue dog was first to seize, and Terry was next, and half a second later a whole wagon load of dogs. The blue dog threw the deer, and it never got up at all. It was scared nearly to death, and its despairing bleat, just as the hounds closed in, was its signal of surrender to a foe which gave no quarter.

I say "the blue dog" caught the deer. Ricker said he could see a blue dog close in and throw the deer. Mr. Streeter thought it was his big blue Eagle Chief dog, and Red thought it was the blue puppy of the 21. *Quien sabe?* But we all agreed that we got the deer.

There was a little tree near where we now stood, and in this we hung up the deer, though Ricker afterward came back and slung it behind his saddle when we started for home. This tree, which was the only landmark near, was agreed upon as a sort of rendezvous.

The foxhounds were now loosed upon the trail of the deer Jim had been chasing, and they promptly ran clear out of the country, and were last heard by Red and Mr. Allison away to the south in the timber on the T5 range. Red did not believe—and perhaps some sportsmen would not believe—that these two foxhounds would run away from any horse on a trail, in less than three miles. But that is just what they did and will always do.

Mr. Streeter took his dogs and cast out for part of the scattered bunch. Ricker and I started north for a bed of willows where the deer nearly always ran through when hard crowded by the dogs, and where they often shook off the pursuit in the dense cover.

I did not see much more of my companions till I got into camp. I had no comfort of my day's hunt after I left Ricker, for my idiotic fool of a horse kept neighing for his mate in such a way that still-hunting was impossible; and in spite of all I could do I could not stop him. Once I sighted three deer about a mile distant, in good position for stalking, and having the wind, I made a long detour and came up within four hundred yards of where they were; but just as I had dismounted and was crawling up, with the end of the lariat in my hand, what must that brazen-lunged, asinine imitation of a horse do but let go a yell which would make a steam calliope blush for shame. Away went my deer. They thought Satan was on the range; and this lineal descendant of his never undeceived them, for he kept up his demoniac chorus till I knocked him over the head with the rifle barrel. Usually I am of sweet and angelic disposition, but this was one of the times I wasn't. Seriously, I would have shot that horse then and there if he had been mine; but I knew the liveryman, instead of being content with four dollars and a half, the real value of the horse, would want at least fifty or sixty, and find points of excellence I never would have dreamed of. Talk about still-hunting, though! Why, I'd rather go still-hunting with a brass band than with that creature. A fellow could watch the drum major and tell about when it was going off; but with Bugler you couldn't.

Ricker reported a trouble with his horse similar to mine, and we were two disgusted hunters when we met near camp early in the afternoon.

Shortly after we got into camp, Mr. Allison and Red came in with a few of the greyhounds. They reported the foxhounds lost. No word from Mr. Streeter at all. They also told us that they had hung up two more deer in the little tree, their horses being so done up they could not bring the deer in. They had had hard riding and plenty of it, and had seen a number of deer. The blue

pup and Terry had a yearling buck squarely to their credit. While gralloching this deer, they had heard the bleat of a doe, probably its mother, and presently she came running by, pursued by the blue pup and some of the other dogs. Red fired two or three shots from Ricker's .45-90, and just singed the foreleg behind the knee. Terry ran in from near where they were standing and turned the doe, at which the blue puppy bolted in, and he and Terry killed, close together in the seizing. These two dogs had done grand work all day long.

After a lunch, Mr. Allison and I took the buckboard, with Bugler and his mate, and started out to bring in the deer, half fearing we should not find them, it being late and the distance over ten miles. We drove hard and finally did find the game a little before sundown. The country was beginning to look very dangerously alike all over, when we fell in with Mr. Streeter, and shortly after happily hit the gate in the pasture fence of the 21, whence we easily got into camp.

Mr. Streeter reported plenty of deer, but all very wild. He had one or two good runs, but caught none, unless the blue dog, now absent, had caught one. He complained that Prince had stuffed himself up so on corn bread in the morning that he could not run "a little bit."

Our game rack was now a goodly sight. It was covered with deer, and showed besides abundance of cat and coon skins, to say nothing of the otter, the solitary turkey and the festoons of wild ducks we had hung upon it. It bespoke a successful hunt. We all agreed that the last day was a fitting close.

By dark most of the hounds were in; and to our surprise, Jack reported that the two foxhounds were swimming the river from the south. The dripping coats of these two vagabonds disclosed no signs of conflict, and their faces were solemn and imperturbable as ever; but, as they had started so early in the day, and as they must, from the direction they had when they came in, have gone thirty miles at least, it is altogether probable that they killed their deer. They are fast enough and fierce enough to kill almost any deer within twenty-four hours, even with an indifferent start. These two dogs were inseparable. If you saw one, you saw the other. They hunted excellently together. E. Hough.

GERMAN HARE SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season for partridge shooting opens in Prussia on the 20th day of August, in some parts of Germany on the 1st day of September. Hares can be hunted everywhere after September 15, and one month later all game, deer calves and young roe excepted, follow.

The prospects for partridge and hare hunting are good. The weather has been favorable for both during the hatching and breeding time this year. The Prussian province Silesia is the best field for partridge hunting in Germany. Silesia also contains excellent hare hunting grounds, is in short the Eldorado for a gunner. A good gunner can kill as many as one hundred partridges on one day, and can reach the same number when hares are hunted.

Hares are generally hunted by means of a so-called "Kesseltreiben." From thirty to fifty gunners and double that number of so-called drivers surround a given space of an open field. After the selected space is thus surrounded, drivers and gunners move toward each other in a circle, when the aroused hares as a rule try to find a safe opening to escape on the opposite side. Upon reaching the other side they find the same body of men in motion, and now break to the right or left. Meanwhile the circuit has assumed a smaller size. The gunners are only 150yds. apart and no hare can possibly break through the line without passing a gunner at shooting distance. It affords great pleasure to see from twenty to fifty hares run in every direction within the circle. Frequently after one has broken through the line half a dozen will follow in the same direction, and thus the gunner nearest the point will not have time to reload his gun quick enough. Where hares are in great abundance, as in Silesia, each gunner is equipped with two guns, one being carried and loaded by a servant marching in the rear of the gunner.

Hares generally weigh from 8lbs. to 12lbs.; the market price averages 75 cents. The hares killed are gathered up after each circle and placed on a wagon, the same wagon which, as a rule, carries the lunch, beer and wine for the hunting party. A small fine is collected for every miss. There are, however, gunners who seldom miss a hare in the open field.

For hares No. 3 chilled shot is used in the winter, No. 4 and 5 before the animals have their heavy winter coat. On rainy days a good charge of powder is required to give the pellets sufficient penetrating power, and even then old hares will often get away in spite of all good shooting. Armin Tenner.

Berlin, July 13.

Rochester Woodcock Shooters.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Rochester sportsmen had fair sport on the opening of woodcock shooting, Aug. 1. The best bag reported was seventeen birds, by a party who shot in Irondequoit. Abram Geis and two friends shot ten in the same town. Two men got twelve east of the city. John Nouch, Geo. Zimmer and John Hafner brought in ten and F. H. Krug got twenty-four in two days. One man who shot nine, and whose word is good, states that he saw a woodcock perched in a tree 6ft. from the ground. He flushed the bird and shot it. On the morning of the opening day one favorite piece of cover near the city was beaten by seventeen men with guns. About twenty-five birds were taken out.—E. R.

Shore Birds.—New Castle, N. H., Aug. 6.—Shore birds have not made their appearance here in numbers as yet. I have seen several flocks of ringnecks and peeps, but no large birds. I heard of two curlew being observed off Appledore Island, Isles of Shoals, a week ago. I have no doubt that the next two weeks will bring in some summers and a few yelpers.—J. Wendell, Jr.

Hunting Rifle Alteration.—In your paper of the 21st ult. "Flint Lock" asks me to name the gunsmith that altered my .38-45 over into a .40-60, "and whether the improvement is a success in every particular." Mr. H. V. Perry, of Jamestown, N. Y., did the job to my entire satisfaction.—Cap Lock.

A Recollection of Long Pond.—I was very much interested in the Adirondack story by Ralph K. Wing in the last Forest and Stream, more than usually so because two friends and I met them at Mother Johnson's carry and went with them on the Saranac River to where we turned off to go via Spectacle Ponds to the Hiawatha House, and "that reminds me." We three fellows, Walt, Al and the waiter, when we came back on our route stopped in camp at Long Pond, just opposite Duryea Camp. We had an open camp and slept on the browse in front of an all-night fire. One night about 12 I was waked by Al, who whispered "There's somebody round the camp." Visions of rapine and murder rushed through my head, and calling Walt, I hurriedly told him. We hastily armed ourselves, Walt taking the revolver, Al the little .22-cal. rifle and I the axe and an old birch bark lantern with a candle in it, which I lit. All this time, while we were preparing, the thump, thump of footsteps, now heavy, now light, could be heard at the back of the camp. With blanched faces and overstrung nerves, grasping our weapons fiercely in our hands, we three brave spirits started on our perilous trip of investigation. I know I shook like a leaf. Cautiously peering around the back of the camp we saw nothing, but the scary thump, thump, still came at regular intervals. Soon Al discovered our nocturnal intruder. It was the largest and ugliest "toad" it has ever been my misfortune to see, and his jumping on the sticks and dead leaves at the back of the camp had produced the fearful sounds, magnified by our fears. That was the only trouble we had in all our two weeks outing, but I guess we were all as much scared as we could have been had it been a wildcat. By the by, won't Mr. Wing tell us of the wildcat they saw on the Marion River?—Elk.

A Heterodox Opinion on Chokes.—New York, Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Did it ever occur to any of your readers that more chickens fired at with a chokebore fly away filled with shot than are brought down with a cylinder barrel with half the shot in them; that the choke so hinders penetration as to make it necessary that a greater number of shot hit the bird than when the shot are not retarded by the choke of the barrel? I have a chokebore 32in. long and am considering having the choke taken out. A cylinder that long ought to get the shot so well started in a line, it seems to me, as to render the choke unnecessary, particularly for wing-shooting.—J. H. B.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 3.—Our prospects of good shooting this fall are very good, it having been very favorable during the breeding season of both birds and beast.—E. A. W.

THE GAME LAWS.

Arizona.

It shall not be lawful for any person to take, kill or destroy any elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, mountain goat or ibex, or to buy, sell or have in their possession any of such animals between the first day of February and the first day of October of each year, except such as are tamed or kept for show or curiosity.

It is unlawful for any person to shoot or kill any partridge, wild turkey, goose, brant, swan, curlew, plover, snipe, quail or ducks of any kind between the first day of March and September of each year, except on his own premises.

It is unlawful for any person at any time within five years after the passage of this act to shoot or kill any grouse or prairie chickens.

It shall be unlawful for any person to take or catch any fish with any seine or net.

It is unlawful for any person at any time to kill or destroy any fish with giant powder or any other explosive substance.

Any one violating the provisions of this title, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined in a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars or less than fifteen dollars and the cost of prosecution, and in case such fine is not paid, the person so convicted shall be imprisoned in the county jail until such fine is paid, provided such imprisonment shall not exceed one day for each dollar of such fine. See page 752 Revised Statutes.

Massachusetts.

(As compiled by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. Copies in pocket form may be obtained free of cost by addressing the secretary, Mr. Henry J. Thayer, 246 Washington street, Boston.)

TROUT, LANDLOCKED SALMON AND LAKE TROUT.

"Whoever takes a trout, landlocked salmon or lake trout between the first day of September and the first day of April, or buys such fish taken in this Commonwealth between said dates, or takes a trout, landlocked salmon or lake trout with a net or salmon-pot at any season of the year, shall forfeit not less than five nor more than twenty dollars for each fish so taken." Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 51. Acts of 1884, Chap. 171.

"Whoever sells, or offers or exposes for sale, or has in his possession, a trout, landlocked salmon or lake trout, except alive, between the first day of September and the first day of April, shall forfeit for every such fish taken in this Commonwealth between said dates, ten dollars; and the possession of any such fish between said dates shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict." Chap. 91, Sec. 53. Acts of 1884, Chap. 171.

SALMON.

"Whoever takes a salmon at any time otherwise than with naturally or artificially baited hook and hand line shall be punished by a fine of not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars for each fish so taken; but a person catching a salmon when lawfully fishing, and immediately returning it alive to the waters from which it was taken, shall not be subject to such penalty." Chap. 91, Secs 45 and 46.

"Whoever takes a salmon between the first day of August and the first day of May, and whoever at any time buys, sells, or has in his possession a salmon taken in this Commonwealth between the first day of August and the first day of May, shall forfeit for each offense not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars; and whoever at any time buys, sells, or has in his possession a young salmon less than one foot in length, shall forfeit five dollars for every such salmon." Chap. 91, Sec. 47.

BLACK BASS.

"Whoever takes a black bass between the first day of December and the first day of July, or at any time, except with naturally or artificially baited hook and hand-line, or buys, sells, or has in possession any such fish taken in this commonwealth between said dates, or otherwise than as allowed in this chapter, shall forfeit for each offense not less than two nor more than twenty dollars; *provided, however*, that this limitation of time shall not be applicable to the Connecticut River, or its tributaries." Chap. 91, Sec. 56.

SMELT.

"Whoever sells, or offers or exposes for sale, or has in his possession a smelt between the fifteenth day of March and the first day of June, shall forfeit one dollar for every such smelt taken in this commonwealth between said dates; and the possession of any smelt between said dates shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict." Chap. 91, Sec. 57.

"Whoever takes a smelt in any other manner than by artificially or naturally baited hook and hand-line, shall forfeit one dollar for every such smelt so taken; and in all prosecutions under this section the burden of proof shall be upon the defendant to show that smelt or smelts taken by him, the catching of which is complained of, were legally caught." Chap. 91, Sec. 58.

"The two preceding sections shall not apply to smelts taken in a seine or net, in the counties of Bristol, Barnstable, or Duke's county, during the time, and in the manner, in which fishing is allowed for perch, herring, or alewives." Chap. 91, Sec. 59.

LOBSTERS.

"Whoever, during the month of July in any year, catches or takes from any of the waters of this Commonwealth any female lobster bearing eggs, shall be punished for each offense by a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars or by imprisonment in the house of correction for not less than one nor more than three months; but a person catching or taking any such lobster during said month of July and immediately returning it alive to the waters from which it was taken shall not be subject to such penalty." Acts of 1882, Chap. 98, Sec. 1.

"Whoever, during the month of July in any year, sells or has in his possession with intent to sell any female lobster bearing eggs, taken in this Commonwealth, shall forfeit for each offense a sum not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars. Acts of 1882, Chap. 98, Sec. 2.

"Whosoever sells or offers for sale or has in his possession a lobster less than ten and one-half inches in length, measuring from the extremity of the bone projecting from the head to the end of the bone of the middle flipper of the tail of the lobster, extended on its back its natural length, shall forfeit five dollars for every such lobster; and in all prosecutions under this section the possession of any lobster not of the required length shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict." Acts of 1887, Chap. 314, Sec. 1, amending Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 84.

SCALLOPS.

"Whoever at any time between the first day of April and the first day of October shall take scallops from any of the waters of the State by dredging or by nets of any kind, or shall expose any scallops for sale within the State or shall export the same, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty dollars for each offense." Acts of 1887, Chap. 96, Sec. 1.

"Whoever takes in any one day, between sunrise and sunset, more than twenty-five bushels of scallops, including the shells, for each boat actually employed by him in taking the same, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty dollars for each offense. Acts of 1885, Chap. 220, Sec. 3.

GENERAL PROVISIONS.

"Whoever puts or throws into any waters for the purpose of taking or destroying fish therein any Indian berry or Indian cockle, or other poisonous substance, whether the same is mixed with any other substance or not, shall forfeit ten dollars for every such offense." Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 44.

"Whoever, without the permission of the proprietors, fishes in that portion of a pond, stream, or other water in which fishes are lawfully cultivated or maintained, shall forfeit not less than one dollar nor more than twenty dollars for the first offense, and not less than five nor more than fifty dollars for any subsequent offense." Chap. 91, Sec. 27.

"Whoever draws, sets, stretches, or uses a drag-net, set-net purse-net, or seine in any pond in the Commonwealth, or aids in so doing, shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars, one-half of which shall be paid to the person making the complaint, and the other half to the county within which the offense is committed, and in addition shall forfeit to the Commonwealth all fish taken by the above means, and the seines, boat, and other apparatus used." Acts of 1884, Chap. 318, Sec. 1.

"Fishes artificially propagated or maintained shall be the property of the person propagating or maintaining them; and a person legally engaged in their culture and maintenance may take them in his own waters at pleasure, and may have them in his possession for purposes properly connected with said culture and maintenance, and may at all times sell them for these purposes, but shall not sell them for food at seasons when their capture is prohibited by law." Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 26.

"Whoever takes any fish which at any season frequent fresh water, except eels and pickerel, and except as otherwise allowed in this chapter, in any other manner than by artificially or naturally baited hook and hand-line, hand or dip net, sweep-seine or salmon-pot, shall forfeit not less than five nor more than fifty dollars; *provided, however*, that towns may permit the use of set nets for taking herring and alewives." Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 43.

"Every superintendent, clerk, or other person having charge of a market, provision store, or other place where fish are sold, and have reasonable cause to believe that any fish taken in violation of the law has been offered for sale on such premises, shall immediately give information thereto to a constable or trial justice in the city or town where said premises are situated; and for each neglect so to do shall be punished by fine of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars." Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 62.

GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

"Whoever takes or kills a pinnated grouse at any time, or a woodcock between the first day of January and the first day of August, or a ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, between the first day of January and the first day of October, or a quail between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October, or a wood or summer duck, black duck or teal, or any of the so-called duck species, between the fifteenth day of April and the first day of September, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for every bird so taken or killed." Acts of 1886, Chap. 276, Sec. 1.

"Whoever takes or kills a plover, snipe, sandpiper, rail, or any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of July, or a wild or passenger pigeon, or a gull, or a tern, between the first day of May and the first day of October, shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for every bird so taken or killed." Chap. 276, Sec. 2.

"Whoever buys, sells or has in possession any of the birds or animals named in this act and protected thereby, during the time within which the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, whenever or wherever the aforesaid birds may have been taken or killed, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for the birds protected by section one, and ten dollars for the birds protected by sections two and four; provided, however, that any person, firm or corporation dealing in game may buy, sell or have in possession quail from the fifteenth day of October to the first day of May, and pinnated grouse, wild pigeons and any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, or of the so-called duck species, at any season, if not taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of this act." Chap. 276, Sec. 3.

"Whoever takes or kills any wild or undomesticated bird not named in sections one and two, except English sparrows, crow blackbirds, crows, jays, birds of prey, wild geese and such fresh-water and sea fowl as are not named in sections one and two, or wilfully destroys, disturbs or takes a nest or eggs of any wild or undomesticated birds, except of the birds herein exempt from protection, shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars; provided, that any person above the age of twenty one years, having a certificate from the game commissioners, or from the president of the Boston Society of Natural History, to the effect that such person is engaged in the scientific study of ornithology or collecting in the interest of a scientific institution, may take the nest and eggs of, or at any season take or kill, any undomesticated bird, except woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail; but nothing herein contained shall be construed to authorize any person to enter upon private grounds without the consent of the owner thereof for the purpose of taking nests or eggs or killing birds; and provided, further, that the game commissioners and the president of the Boston Society of Natural History may at any time revoke any certificate they have, respectively, issued." Chap. 276, Sec. 4.

"Whoever takes or kills a gray squirrel, hare or rabbit, between the first day of March and the first day of September, or within said time buys, sells, or offers for sale any of said animals, shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars." Chap. 276, Sec. 5.

"Whoever takes or kills a game bird or water fowl, hare or rabbit, by means of a trap, net or snare, or by the use of a ferret; and whoever, for the purpose of taking or killing a game bird, water fowl, hare or rabbit, constructs or sets any trap, snare or net, or uses a ferret; and whoever shoots at or kills any wildfowl or any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds with or by the use of a swivel, or pivot gun, or by the use of a torch, jack or artificial light, or pursues any wildfowl with or by aid of a sailboat or steam launch, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars." Chap. 276, Sec. 6.

"The commissioners of inland fisheries shall be game commissioners also; and their authority, personally and by deputy, shall extend to the protection and preservation of birds and animals in like manner as to fish." Chap. 276, Sec. 7.

"It shall be the duty of every officer qualified to serve criminal processes, to arrest without warrant any person whom they shall find taking or killing, or who has in his possession birds or animals contrary to the provisions of this act; *provided, however*, that persons engaged in the business of regularly dealing in the buying and selling of game as an article of commerce, shall not be arrested without warrant for having in possession or selling game at their usual places of business. Any officer who neglects or refuses to enforce the provisions herein contained shall be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty dollars." Chap. 276, Sec. 8.

"All fines accruing under this act shall be paid one-half to the complainant and one-half to the city or town in which the offense is committed." Chap. 276, Sec. 9.

"Whoever takes, carries, sends or transports any of the birds or animals protected herein, out of this Commonwealth, the said

birds or animals having been illegally taken or killed within this State, shall be punished by fine of twenty dollars. "Chap. 276, Sec. 10.

"Chapter ninety-two of the Public Statutes, chapter thirty-six of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-three, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed." Chap. 276, Sec. 11.

"Whoever hunts, chases, or kills a deer within the counties of Plymouth or Barnstable, except his own tame deer kept on his own grounds, shall forfeit for every such offense one hundred dollars." Acts of 1883, Chap. 169.

"The provisions of section 6 of chapter 276 of the Acts of the year 1886, shall not apply to the trapping or snaring of ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, hares or rabbits by an owner of land upon his land, or by a member of the family of such owner if authorized by such owner, between the first day of October and the first day of January." Acts of 1887, Chap. 600.

GENERAL PROVISIONS.

"Whenever the owner of any land shall conspicuously post on the same, notices that shooting or trapping is prohibited thereon, it shall be unlawful for any person to enter upon such land for the purpose of shooting or trapping without permission of the owner thereof." Acts of 1884, Chap. 308, Sec. 1.

"Game artificially propagated and maintained upon lands, posted as above, shall be the exclusive property of the person propagating and maintaining the same, but such person shall not sell such game for food at seasons when its capture is prohibited by law." Acts of 1884, Chap. 308, Sec. 2.

"Whoever offends against any of the provisions of this act shall be punished by fine not exceeding twenty dollars." Acts of 1884, Chap. 308, Sec. 3.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.

Buzzard's Bay.—Drag, set, or gill-nets, purse or sweep-seines, not to be used in waters of Buzzard's Bay, except in certain waters of the towns of Mattapoisett and Fairhaven. This does not interfere with rights under Sec. 70, Chap. 91, of Public Statutes, nor shad or alewife fishery in influent streams. Acts of 1886, Chap. 192; and Acts of 1887, Chap. 197.

Barnstable and Marshpee.—No seine or drag-net to be used in Barnstable Harbor, Osterville Harbor, Popponessett Bay, or any waters of the towns of Barnstable or Marshpee. No person, not an inhabitant of the town of Marshpee, is allowed to fish in any of the waters of the town except in Hamblin's Pond, and the trout fishery in Popponessett Bay, without written permit from the Selectmen of the town. Acts of 1885, Chap. 264.

Edgartown and Cottage City.—Seines, mesh or gill-nets (except for mackerel), not to be used within three miles from the shore. Acts of 1886, Chap. 234.

Nantucket, Tuckernuck, and the Gravelly Islands.—Wildfowl, shore, marsh and beach birds, not to be shot from boats. Acts of 1886, Chap. 246.

Plum Island Bay.—No seine or net to be used having a mesh of less than two and one-half inches. Smelts not to be taken, sold, or exposed for sale, (taken in Plum Island Bay), between February 14 and June 1. Acts of 1887, Chap. 105.

Westport.—Purse-nets and seines not to be used, except for the taking of mackerel, in certain waters of the town of Westport. Acts of 1887, Chap. 193.

North River, in the County of Plymouth.—Seines or mesh-nets are not to be used except as provided under Chap. 44, Acts of 1881. Acts of 1883, Chap. 76.

No seine or seines over three hundred and eighty-five feet in length, and no mesh-net over three hundred and fifty feet in length, to be used in North River. Acts of 1884, Chap. 199.

Connecticut River.—No fish to be taken within two hundred yards of any fishway on the Connecticut River or its tributaries. Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 34.

Gill-nets not to be used. Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 35.

Merrimac River.—No fish to be taken within four hundred yards of any fishway. Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 34.

Gill-nets not to be used. Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 35.

New York.

AN ACT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF GAME IN THE COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER.

The people of the county of Westchester, represented in the Board of Supervisors, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall not be lawful to kill any partridge or grouse, quail, robin, snipe, woodcock, lark, rabbit, or gray squirrel in the county except during the month of November in each year.

SEC. 2. It shall not be lawful to sell or offer for sale any partridge or grouse, quail, robin, snipe, woodcock, lark, rabbit or gray squirrel killed in the county of Westchester.

SEC. 3. Any person violating any of the provisions in the two foregoing sections shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars for each and every partridge or grouse, quail, robin, snipe, woodcock, lark, rabbit or gray squirrel killed or offered for sale in violation of the foregoing sections of this act.

SEC. 4. It shall be lawful for any citizen of the county to arrest any individual violating Sections 1 and 2 of this act and take him before the nearest justice of the peace of the county, who, upon complaint being made of such violation of either of Section 1 and 2 of this act, and trial had according to the practice in the courts of justices of the peace, and conviction of such person so found violating the provisions of either of Sections 1 and 2, the justice shall impose the fine mentioned in Section 3, together with the cost of prosecution, upon such person so found guilty, and in default of the payment of such fine and costs the justice shall commit the offender to the county jail for a period of ten days, or until such fine and costs are paid.

New Jersey.

(As compiled by the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association.)

Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, that any member of any society for the protection of game and fish, organized under the laws of this State, shall be empowered to make arrests of any person or persons who may be found violating any of the provisions of this act, or infringing any of the laws of this State made for the protection of game and fish, and bring them before a magistrate for examination.—*Pamphlet Laws of New Jersey, Session of 1878, page 293.*

SYNOPSIS OF LAWS.

The following is a synopsis of the laws in relation to fish and game in this State:

Game.	Open Season.	Penalty.	Law.
Quail	Nov. 1—Jan. 1	$15.00	1883, p. 24.
Partridge	Nov. 1—Jan. 1	15.00	1883, p. 24.
Rabbit	Nov. 1—Jan. 1	15.00	1883, p. 24.
Woodcock	July 1—Aug. 1 / Oct. 31—Dec. 16	15.00	1881, p. 216.
Rail	Sept. 1—Dec. 1	5.00	1881, p. 126.
Reed Bird	Aug. 25—Dec. 1	5.00	1881, p. 126.
Squirrel	Oct. 1—Jan. 1	15.00	1886, p. 312.
Fish.			
Black Bass	May 30—Nov. 1	25.00	1886, p. 26-311.
Trout	March 1—Sept. 1	$20, 10 days, or both.	Rev'n 1,330.
Pike	May 1—March 1	"	Rev'n 1,330.
Pickerel	May 1—March 1	"	Rev'n 1,330.

All insectivorous birds (except the English sparrow) are protected, together with their eggs and nests; penalty, $5. For ornament or apparel, $50. Laws of 1885, p. 271.

Fish wardens, constables and police officers may serve warrants in proceedings to enforce game or fish laws. 1885, p. 98.

Fish Wardens and members of societies are authorized to arrest persons found violating any of said laws, and bring such persons before a magistrate for examination. 1878, p. 203.

Penalties may be enforced before justices of the peace, or before police magistrates or district courts. 1885, p. 98.

Fish Wardens are appointed by the fish commissioners, one in each county, to enforce the fish and game laws. Rev'n, p. 457: 65, and 1885, p. 131.

Associations may be formed by ten or more citizens over the age of 21 years. 1879, p. 169.

Taking game with trap or other device prohibited. Penalty, $15. Except taking alive for scientific purposes or by members of societies to keep over winter. Rev'n, p. 455: 52. Having trapped game in possession, $15. 1886, p. 53.

Fishing with nets above tide water prohibited. Penalty, 10 days imprisonment or $20 fine, or both. Black bass can never be taken with nets. 1881, p. 234.

Set lines prohibited in waters inhabited by bass, pickerel, pike, trout or perch. Rev'n, p. 1,339, and 1881, p. 234.

Sunday shooting prohibited. Rev'n, p. 450: 14.

Sunday fishing prohibited. Rev'n, p. 450: 15.

Trespassing on private grounds to fish, after public notice posted adjacent to pond, stream or spring, $100 and damages to owner, lessee or occupant. Rev'n, p. 452: 36.

Fishing in private pond within three years after the same has been stocked. Damages to owners, three months imprisonment or fine not less than $25 nor more than $100, or both. Rev'n, p. 456: 57.

Person trespassing with gun. Penalty, $5 to owner, on conviction before a justice, action in trespass. Rev'n, p. 448: 1.

Non-residents shall not hunt or fish without complying with the by-laws of game protective societies organized under laws of New Jersey. Penalty, $50. Imprisonment if not paid.

Lists of members of societies to be filed with county clerks and certificates given. 1878, p. 293.

Non-residents trespassing with gun may be apprehended by owner (who has same power as constable for that purpose), and shall forfeit $15 and gun. Rev'n, p. 448: 3 and 9.

No person shall infringe game laws on his own land. Rev'n, p. 455: 53. (See exception above as to fishing.)

Having black bass in possession out of season, ten days imprisonment or $20 fine, or both. Rev'n, p. 1,339.

Having ruffed grouse in possession from Jan. 1 to Nov. 1, $15 fine. Rev'n, p. 455: 51.

Five days after close of season allowed for disposing of quail in possession. Rev'n. p. 453: 22.

Hunting rabbits with ferrets prohibited. Penalty, $15; imprisonment if not paid. Rev'n, p. 450: 19.

European pheasants, partridges and grouse, protected for three years from March 22, 1886. $25.

Allowing any substance that will kill fish to be discharged into water inhabited by fish. Misdemeanor. Two years or $2,000, or both. 1886, 118.

Bass not to be taken under two inches; trout, six inches. Penalty, $25. Second offense, in any case where penalty is $25, penalty, $100. 1886, 252.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SALMON OF THE DUNGARVON.

DURING the present season a stimulus has been given to fishermen to seek out new fields of sport, owing to the completion of a railway from Fredericton, N. B., to Chatham, which for a great part of the distance follows the valley of the Southwest Miramichi, into which the Renous River empties at a distance of about eighty-five miles from Fredericton. The latter river has three large tributaries, the Dungarvon and the North and South Branches. There are probably more than thirty lakes on these streams which head high up among wild and romantic forests, where the settler's axe has never sounded and where from the base and sides of many a hill the water, springing pure and cold, creates such streams and pools as trout and salmon love to revel in.

All of these streams having been leased for ten years to the Renous and Dungarvon Fishing Club, a Fredericton organization, Messrs. Loggie and Tennant, two of the members, were deputed to examine and report upon them. They have just returned to Fredericton from this mission after having spent about a fortnight upon the waters. The chief part of their time was occupied in the investigation of the Dungarvon, which is reached at a distance of fourteen miles from the railway, leaving it near Doaktown. The Dungarvon was explored by them to a distance of forty-seven miles from its mouth. For this purpose they made use of two canoes, each poled by two men. They found it necessary to make but one portage in the whole of this distance, and that but a trifling one. The stream they found well stocked with salmon, grilse and trout. They succeeded in taking twenty-five grilse, two salmon and more trout than they could take care of. Besides this they hooked and lost five salmon and fifteen grilse. They found the dusty-miller and the yellow-bodied flies with mallard wing the best.

The salmon of Dungarvon are very lively, they will run from 10 to 15lbs., although one of the wardens caught one which weighed 20lbs.

During their excursion Messrs. Loggie and Tennant saw very many first-class pools, in one of which they counted ten salmon at a time. EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

WASHINGTON AN ANGLER.

DR. GEORGE H. MOORE, of the Lenox Library—or as he prefers to be known in the present circumstances, plain "George H. Moore, member of the Ammauskeag Fishing Club"—has just written and privately printed an interesting monograph entitled "Washington as an Angler, with Extracts from his Diaries, 1787-89." Heretofore, says the New York *Times*, Dr. Moore has been chiefly known to the public as a scholarly librarian, deeply informed respecting scarce Americana, first editions of famous authors, and curious and rare copies of the Bible, "Paradise Lost," "The Pilgrim's Progress," etc.; but it appears now that his name belongs also on the list of eminent fishermen. In writing this pamphlet he has conferred an honor on his fellow anglers which must have been wholly unexpected by them, for to the list of Presidents who were fishermen he has added the name of Washington. The selections from the first President's diary by which he does this have not heretofore been published. They certainly offer interesting reading. Dr. Moore dedicates the little pamphlet to Washington's latest successor in the following pleasing way:

To Grover Cleveland, President of the United States:

It is known to me that there have been skillful fishermen, more than one, among the Chief Magistrates of the nation. Your immediate predecessor has left an unsurpassed record among them, and it is with no ordinary pleasure that those of us who profess the faith and follow the precepts of "The Complete Angler" have been assured that you are inclined to indulge in similar recreation betimes. No good fisherman was ever a bad man, and history will bear out the assertion that the best Presidents have been the best fishermen. No one of the many biographers of the first President of the United States has done justice to the character of Washington in this important feature, and the present publication of extracts from his diaries is intended to be a timely tribute to his fame as a man among men, a fisherman among fishermen, in which it will be no disparagement to you to share. In the first century of this nation's life he was the first and you have been called the last President. I trust that the beginning of the new era will find as good a fisherman as you are in office, and that the line may continue to stretch out, like that of the blood-boltered Banquo, till the crack of doom. GEORGE H. MOORE.

LENOX LIBRARY, July, 1887.

The article itself is of sufficient public interest to be given here in full. It is as follows:

Mr. Sparks, in his life of Washington, has mentioned the report of tradition that he displayed in his boyhood a passion for active sports and a fondness for athletic amusements which he did not relinquish in mature life. Other writers have repeated this general statement, but no one has pointed out his claim to be recognized as "a Brother of the Angle." Among his manuscripts hitherto unpublished he has left a very interesting record of his recreations at a period of his life when he was engaged in a service hardly less important to his country than that of his military career. Without him there would have been no United States to need a Constitution, and without him no Constitution would have been formed or established. He was the savior of his country in peace as well as in war. As President of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, in the summer of 1787, he was punctually in his place during the arduous deliberations of that renowned assembly. After a very close application to business for more than two months the convention appointed a committee of detail to whom they referred the results of their previous action, with orders to prepare and report them in the form of a constitution. The convention then adjourned on Thursday, the 26th day of July, until Monday, the 6th day of August, 1787.

It was duly reported in the newspapers of the day that on "Monday last [July 30, 1787] his Excellency General Washington set out for Moore Hall, in order to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge."

Moore Hall was the ancient stone mansion of William Moore, who has been characterized as "the most conspicuous and heroic figure in the county of Chester" in his day and generation. The building is still standing, overlooking the Schuylkill and, three miles distant, the Valley Forge. Judge Moore, who was born in 1699, died in 1783, leaving a widow who survived him several years. An advertisement, in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of Feb. 2, 1791, offered—

"Moore Hall. To be rented. Mansion house, farm and mill, in the township of Charlestown, in the county of Chester, situated on the River Schuylkill, distant twenty-three miles from Philadelphia. Two hundred acres. Mill on a never-failing stream called Pickering. Feb. 1, 1791."

This ancient homestead, known in 1787 as "the Widow Moore's," was the objective point of Gen. Washington's outing when he set out to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge. What a flood of recollections must have overwhelmed him as he fullfilled this purpose and reviewed those scenes of past trials, sorrow and distress, in the great light of patriotic hope after the hours of triumph! The contrast must have been more impressive even than that presented in the suggestions of his visit to Lexington—neglected by historians—when, in his first vacation as President of the United States, he "viewed the spot on which the first blood was drawn in the late glorious war" where

"Once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

But historic places and reminiscences were by no means the only thing in view upon this excursion—perhaps not the main thing. What it all was cannot be better told than in Gen. Washington's own brief sententious records of each day:

"*Monday*, 30th July.

"In company with Mr. Governr Morris went into the neighborhood of the Valley Forge to a Widow Moore's a-fishing, at whose house we lodged.

"*Tuesday* 31st [July.]

"Before breakfast I rode to the Valley Forge and over the whole Cantonment & Works of the American Army in the Winter of 1777-8, and on my return to the Widow Moore's found Mr. & Mrs. Rob. Morris. Spent the day there fishing, &c., & lodged at same place.

"*Wednesday*, August 1.

"Returned abt 11 o'clock with the above company to Philadelphia.

"*Friday*, 3d Aug., 1787.

"Went up to Trenton on a Fishing Party with Mr. & Mrs. Robt Morris & Mr. Govr. Morris. Dined and lodged at Colo Sam Ogden's. In the evening fished.

"*Saturday*, 4th [Aug., 1787.]

"In the morning and between breakfast and dinner fished. Dined at Gen. Dickinson's and returned in the evening to Colo Ogden's.

"*Sunday* 5th [Aug., 1787.]

"Dined at Colo Ogden's and about 4 o'clock set out for Philadelphia—halted an hour at Bristol, and reached the city before 9 o'clock."

These were very notable fishing parties. The companions of Washington were old, tried and constant friends, always true and never found wanting.

Gouverneur Morris, of New York, one of the noblest of her sons, a great man and a good citizen, who could truly say that the welfare of his country was his single object during a conspicuous public career. He never sought, refused nor resigned an office, although there was no department of Goverment in which he was not called to act; and it was the unvarying principle of his life that the interests of his country must be preferred to every other interest. Such a man was Gouverneur Morris, the inspired penman of the Federal Constitution.

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, the great financier of the Revolution, whose services to his country have never been justly appreciated, for his biography has never been justly written.

Mrs. Robert Morris, whose charming face, in the most beautiful and well-preserved portrait of a woman ever painted by Gilbert Stuart, smiles on the vain effort of the writer to tell what is the real secret of its winning grace and lasting impression on every visitor to the gallery of the Lenox Library, which is now its permanent home, and of which it is one of the principal ornaments.

The Widow Moore, the loyalty and devotion of whose husband is the best testimony to her merits. He has left the record in his will—"happy woman, a pattern of her sex, and worthy the relationship she bears to the Right Honorable and noble family from whence she sprang."

Gen. Philemon Dickinson, a distinguished officer of the New Jersey line, a brother of that famous writer and patriot who was the author of the "Farmer's Letters," both "Petitions to the King," and the "Declaration of the Continental Congress on taking up Arms in 1775."

Col. Samuel Ogden, the brother-in-law of Gouverneur Morris, and, like Dickinson, a worthy representative of that grand army of the Revolution, whose practical lessons of disinterested patriotism are so full of wisdom and rich in instruction to every true-hearted American.

Truly this was a goodly company for any place or pursuit, with much of profitable entertainment therein for

all concerned. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether anything recorded in the annals of angling anywhere can challenge it for distinction, all things considered. Certainly no American fishing party hitherto described can vie with it, for a moment, in historical interest and importance.

Another fishing excursion is mentioned in a later diary of Washington. When he made his great northern and western tour, already alluded to, in 1789, Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, was the extreme point of his journey. While he was there he was taken out to view the harbor, and to try his skill and luck in salt water. On Monday, Nov. 2, they went down to the outer harbor beyond the fort and the lighthouse, where, as he says himself:

"Having lines, we proceeded to the Fishing Banks a little without the Harbor, and fished for Cod; but it not being a proper time of tide, we only caught two, with w'ch, about 1 o'clock, we returned to town."

His visit to Lexington, to which I have alluded, took place on his return toward New York. He had intended to go to that historic locality while he was yet in Boston, but on the day appointed, Monday, Oct. 26, his record is:

"The day being Rainy and Stormy, myself much disordered by a cold and inflamation in the left eye, I was prevented from visiting Lexington, where the first blood in the dispute with G. Brit'n was drawn."

Returning from Portsmouth, he left that place on Wednesday, the 4th of November, passing through Exeter, Haverhill, and Andover, where on the 5th he was received and escorted by the Hon. Samuel Phillips, Jr., President of the Senate of the town. He made a short visit to Mr. Phillips, who attended him as far as Lexington, where they "dined and viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt in the dispute with G. B. on the 19th of April, 1775." His further route was continued through Watertown, and by what was known as "the middle road" to Hartford, Conn. He arrived in New York on Friday the 13th November.

Future research may or may not reveal particulars of these fishings in the Schuylkill and the Delaware or their tributary streams, the character and weight of the catch, the methods of the sport in those days, and all the incidents which crowd such fleeting hours of charming recreation. I am content to have been the first to claim for George Washington his rightful place as an angler—a genuine disciple of Izaak Walton.

Dr. Moore has received from President Cleveland the following sportsmanlike letter in acknowledgment of the receipt of a copy of the publication:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, July 31, 1887.

Dr. George H. Moore:

MY DEAR SIR—Please accept my thanks for the little book you sent me entitled "Washington as an Angler."

I am much pleased to learn that the only element of greatness heretofore unnoticed in the life of Washington is thus supplied.

I am a little curious to know whether the absence of details as to the result of his fishing is owing to bad luck, a lack of toleration of fish stories at that time among anglers, or to the fact that, even as to the number of fish he caught, the Father of his Country could not tell a lie.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE OXBOW.

SKOWHEGAN, Me., July 30.—Two friends and I last week went to Jackmantown, Somerset county, Me., where the Canada road crosses the Moose River and the Canadian Pacific Railroad now being built. From there in two canoes we went up Moose River, across Wood Pond, into Attean Pond with its sixty-three islands, over a carry of a mile and a quarter into Holeb Pond, into Holeb Stream which flows into Moose River, then down Moose River through Attean and Wood ponds again, to Jackmantown. The whole distance is fifty-three miles; the distance around the Bow alone is twenty-seven miles. One need not walk more than two miles on the whole trip. We were four days on the trip, but would have taken a week could we have done so. Our total catch, with three of us fishing, was between 285 and 300, and we might have caught three times that number could we have used them. They ran all the way from small brook trout up to 2lb. specimens. They were very gamy, lively trout, too. Our guide said it was quite common to take them weighing 3lbs. and 3½lbs., and sometimes 4lbs. We ate the small ones (it is surprising how many small trout a man will eat when he is in the open air all the time) and carried most of the big ones out with us. We had to put salt on them, as we could get no ice nearer than Jackmantown.

Although it rained every day we enjoyed our trip immensely. We got dry at night only to get wet again in the morning. The scenery is fine. For forty-seven miles you do not see a house. Large game is abundant. We came upon abundant sign of moose, deer, caribou and bears. A white-faced bear was seen on Holeb Stream in June. If any one go to Jackmantown or Moose River and get Ed Graft to go as guide, I can assure them plenty of fish and game and a good time at a very moderate cost.

LANCE WOOD.

POORMAN'S SPRING FISHING CLUB.—We have received two views of the Poorman's Spring Fishing Club house, which is on Juniata River, twenty-two miles west of Harrisburg, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The first story is 22×30, built of logs with the bark on. The club was organized June 30, 1887, and has 65 acres of ground—the railroad running through it. The location is most beautiful and access and convenience are not surpassed. The fish are bass and wall-eyed pike (Susquehanna salmon). The club has had 483 visitors this season and the members are always pleased when they entertain their friends. The FOREST AND STREAM acknowledges an invitation to test the club's hospitality.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN BASS AND PICKEREL.—A letter from the veteran Lake Champlain sportsman, Mr. Phelps Smith, states that pickerel are unusually plenty this season. Recently one was caught near Chimney Point weighing over 14lbs. Many bass have also been taken, some of 4lbs. weight. This is good showing in favor of game laws, as in former years no bass were seen in Upper Lake Champlain.—W. H. R.

SAVE THE STREAMS.

CENTRAL CITY, Neb., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your interest in the streams is mainly that of sporting fishermen. Though mine is different, yet thus far we hunt together; we love the streams. In their behalf as things of use and beauty and in yours as nurseries of fish, I wish that more attention were paid to the smaller streams and brooks.

In that part of the Mississippi valley where the annual rainfall is 40in. to the surface foot, the stream that drains 10,000 or 15,000 acres should have a sufficient water supply for between 8 and 12 miles of stream with constant water. If a few substantial catch-ponds were made, and the higher land put under main drains, so that the break in the land did not trace back to the top of the watershed, such would be the case. At present land washes, silt, drift and other abominations fill up the pools and channels of these water courses, and a too great haste upon the part of the water leaves them dry the greater part of the year, or so nearly dry that they are unfit harbors for fish of any size.

If in some way the right to put the entire water shed and water courses under careful supervision, with a view to the fisherman's delight, were enforced, a good many other interests would be advanced—a clean and constant water course, the turning of a water wheel for some useful industry, and fish good for food (for the delight of catching is quite different from that of eating). This supervision might be obtained by lease for water power and for fishing, or by the county authorities for purposes of drainage and water supply for cities and towns. These suggestions are put forth in hope that attention may be called to a subject of great importance. X. Y.

A HINT FOR BOYS OLD AND YOUNG.

ROCKLAND, Me., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading my last number of FOREST AND STREAM I saw, under the heading "Converts to Angling," that the boys are asking where they shall go fishing. As a boy, though a pretty old one, I can tell them, if they are not particular what kind of fish they catch. Trout are played out about here, but you can catch plenty of cunners in the salt water, more than you will want to eat. There are plenty of nice clams to be had for the digging. Miles of coast on which to camp with never a hot night. Plenty of farmers and fishermen to sell, at a fair price, bread, milk, butter, eggs and vegetables. All kinds of canned provisions can be bought at the stores. Pure air, pure water, some mosquitoes, with possibly a chance to go for cod and haddock with the fishermen. Or, go back in the country a few miles and catch white perch and pickerel, all you want to eat. No expensive outfit is necessary. Perch can be caught with a rod and fly, or equally well with a pole and worm. There is lots of fun in it, and cheap, too. Leave Boston at night on the boat; have the porter call you at three o'clock and see how cool the air is. If it is not foggy (it may be in the morning, but likely to burn off) see how pretty the islands and the shore look. Bring plenty of thick clothing and bedding. No matter if the clothing is old. No food, tents if you have, or can get them, or can probably hire some here. If the father and mother and sisters wish to come, all the better. Don't be foolish and shoot each other. Better leave the guns at home. Don't be careless and get drowned. If you do you will wish you had stayed at home and I shall be sorry that I wrote this. I am prompted to write this because I love the boys and want them to have a good time. If any one coming will call on me I will cheerfully give them any information in my power, but have nothing to sell or let. With love to the boys,

JAMES WIGHT.

P. S.—It would be well to bring a few dishes, kettles, etc., for camp.—W.

NOTES ON TROUT.*

BY J. W. WILLIS BUND.

[From the Journal of the English Fishculture Association.]

FOR some time past I have been very anxious to find, if possible, some external difference that could be easily pointed out to water-bailiffs and magistrates, and would at once enable them to say that a particular fish was a trout and another a young salmon. Of course, it can be determined with accuracy if the bones of the two fish are examined; but, perhaps fortunately, anatomy is not a branch of study familiar to justices or water-bailiffs, and the infallible "outward and visible sign" is one of the conservator's great desiderata. Various tests have been given from time to time, but they all have proved unreliable. The celebrated case in the "Eighth Report of the Inspectors of Fisheries," p. 55, should act as a warning to the most careful. It is there stated: "By the fifteenth section of the Act of 1861, there are penalties fixed on the taking the young of salmon. Salmon and young of salmon are defined in the sixth section of the Act of 1861, nevertheless it is often difficult for conservators and water-bailiffs to get convictions, inasmuch as the natural history evidence brought into court is not always such as to be satisfactory to the magistrates. It is difficult by words only to describe the young of migratory salmonidæ, nevertheless I have made bold to give one broad rule. It is: *That any young fish that is found and presents red markings at the end of the 'fatty,' 'dead' or 'adipose' fin is certainly not one of the migratory Salmonidæ, but is the common trout.*" The italics are in the original article as the official rule. An unfortunate man caught and kept a fish with some red on its dead fin. He alleged it was a trout; the water-bailiff denied it. He was summoned for killing the young of salmon. He cited the official Government Blue Book, but the justices decided that they were not bound to follow Government Blue Books when they knew them to be wrong, and convicted the man. The doubtful cases are rare; in ninety-nine out of a hundred there is no doubt, and a water-bailiff or magistrate who knew anything about fish could distinguish between the two at a glance; but occasionally a fish occurs that externally is a puzzle. Last year a case occurred of a miller who had caught a lot of fish in his trap. The water-bailiff, although there was no doubt about it, had not seen either the trap at work or the fish taken out of it, but he found the miller's servant cleaning a number of fish. On looking them over, he found that a number of them were trout, but two, he said, were young salmon, and these he seized and summoned the miller for illegally being in possession of the young of salmon. I had the fish sent me to look at, and I was quite prepared to swear that the fish sent me were young salmon. On the case coming on, the fish were produced, and the bailiff swore that they were young salmon. The defense was two-fold (1), that the fish produced were not the fish seized; (2) that the fish produced were not young salmon. The water-bailiff swore strongly on both points, and did what was more important—stuck to it, and no cross-examination shook him. He was also a wiser man than many water-bailiffs, and to the question "How do you know it was a samlet?" replied, "Because it is;" and declined to be led into definitions. Leaving the solicitor on the other side to ask him: "Has not a samlet such a mark? are those marks on the fish?" The bailiff replied: "They may be; sometimes they are and sometimes they are not." The result was a conviction. But all water-bailiffs do not make such good witnesses as this one, and I was therefore very desirous of trying if an examination of a number of fish might not lead me to discover some external marks that it would be safe to say were present in the trout and absent in the salmon, or *vice versa*. Hitherto I have failed; but the examination of a number of fish has shown me certain things.

At first I thought I had found a mark that distinguished the two. On the first stream I fished, A, I caught a number of small trout and of young salmon. I selected a dozen of each and carefully examined them. In length they were nearly identical; the trout were a little the smallest, the average size of the trout being 5¼in., of the samlet 6¼in. All the trout from this stream had several black spots on the gill cover, the number varying almost indefinitely, while the samlets had usually only one, but never more than three, of such spots. This held good with the first lot of fish I caught, and also with a second lot from the same stream, and I was beginning to think that I had really hit upon something. I then tried another stream, which had no samlets, only trout, in it. It rose in the same bog as stream A, but while stream A flowed to the left, stream B flowed to the right. Stream A passes through a different country to B. There was a very rapid fall at first, and then hardly any as it went through a peaty valley to the main river. Stream B had a gradual fall over slaty rocks; a high cascade at its mouth, where it joined the main river, excluded salmon from it. I selected a dozen trout of those I caught in stream B at random. The only thing that guided me was size; they were a little larger than those from A, averaging 6¼in. Of course the first thing I did was to test my imagined discovery. My disgust was great when I found, out of the dozen, five had less than three black spots on the gill cover, and some had actually none! So ended that distinction.

The next test that I tried was the presence or absence of carmine spots below the lateral line; and here, again, I at first thought I had found "the outward visible sign." The samlets from stream A had no carmine spots below the lateral line. It is also true that the presence of carmine spots below the lateral line is by no means universal in trout; but it was, in the trout from this stream, of frequent occurrence. The lesson that the spots on the gill cover had given me led me to push my experiments further. I tried some samlets from the main river, into which stream A fell. Here, again, there was a universal absence of spots below the line, but the number of trout that had them was very variable, especially if all the trout taken into account were of the same size. If size was not taken into account, then the proportion of the whole number that had these spots was large; but if the size was limited to 5½ to 6¼in. the proportion was much less. I tried another tributary of the river with the same result. No samlet had the carmine spots below the lateral line; trout had them, the percentage of small trout having them being about 68 to 70 per cent. of the whole number, but the fact of any trout being without them was fatal to this as a test.

The next distinguishing feature was the color of the dead fin. The usual rule is the one previously stated, that the trout have red marks and the salmon have none on this fin. At first I thought that this was, after all, going to give a satisfactory result, but in each stream I fished I occasionally got a samlet that had a distinct red mark—I use the term advisedly—on the fin. It was not a deep spot or spots, like that met with in trout; it was not even a red border, but at the edge of the fin red could in places be distinctly seen. There was quite enough red to prevent your being able to answer truthfully the question. Will you swear that salmon have never any red marks on the adipose fin?

With these three failures I was obliged to abandon my task for the time. I had not the opportunity to follow out the matter further, as to the outward distinctions between the two fish. This I, however, hope to do on another occasion, but I greatly fear that a reliable outward mark is not to be found.

But, although I failed to find this mark, yet, as I measured a large number of fish, some of the results may be worth recording. So far as I have gone—and this holds true in every case I measured—if a samlet and a trout of the same size are placed side by side, the head of the samlet is slightly larger than the head of the trout. It is difficult, if not impossible, to say how much larger the head is, or to give any fixed proportion between the total length of the fish and the length of head, either in the trout or the samlet; it varies in different streams, which is only another way of saying it varies with the food. From one stream come lanky, ill-fed fish, with large heads; from another, fish in good condition, with small heads, or heads that do not strike one as disproportionate to their size. But from all the streams from which I got both samlets and trout, if the fish were nearly the same size (that is, within an inch of each other) and of the same sex, the samlet's head is larger than the trout's. There is another result. In the different sexes of trout of this size, there seems (so far as I could find out) to be no perceptible difference in the size of the head; but in the samlet I have found that the heads of the females are slightly larger than those of the males; and therefore the distinction between the length of the head in the young trout and the samlet is much more marked when the samlet is a female. Unfortunately, of the samlets caught by rod and line, the majority are males; so that the number of specimens that are obtained for measurement include a larger proportion of males than females. I am told by Dr. Day that great difference exists in different specimens as to the length of the head,

*The American reader will understand that whenever Mr. Bund mentions trout he means the brown trout (*Salmo fario*).

Trout from burns above Howietown are comparatively much longer in the head than those raised in the fishery where they have been fed from birth. This may serve to show that the size of the head depended on the food, and was not a real difference between the two fish.

Another distinction I found in the measurement of the different fish was, that the pectoral fin of the trout is shorter than that of the samlet; this I also found to be true in all the cases I measured. I could not trace any fixed proportion between the length of the fish in either trout or salmon; but, out of a given number of samlets and a given number of trout, the length of the pectoral fin of the samlet is always larger than that of the trout. I could not detect any perceptible difference between the length of the pectoral fins in the different sexes of trout, but in the samlet there is a difference between the length of the pectoral fin in the different sexes, the female having a longer fin than the male. This held good in all the fish I measured and from whatever stream they came. Fish differing in length, marking, condition, and in some cases, when the fish were the same or almost the same size, the length of the fins varied; but, with all other differences, this rule held true throughout, that the pectoral fin of the female was longest. Here, again, the remark as to the size of the head applies, that far fewer females were measured than males. These two are the only approaches to direct results I was able to arrive at; and it is very likely that when I test them more largely another year I may find them all wrong. But, so far, my measurements show that, out of an equal number of trout and samlets taken at random from different streams, the length of the head and pectoral fin in the samlet is greater than the length of the head and pectoral fin of the trout; that no reliable variation can be noticed between the measurements of head and pectoral fin in the sexes of trout, but in samlets the head and pectoral fin of the female are larger than those of the male.

I should say that all the fish measured were caught in August and September. I have not been able to try any spring measurements, and I am not sure I should get the same results, as both trout and salmon are in different condition in the spring and in the autumn.

Examining these fish for their measurement led me to one or two very interesting questions: (1) At what stage do female trout begin to breed in their natural state? I purposely use the term "natural state," for a careful perusal of Sir James Maitland's book shows clearly that the Howietown fish are not in the same condition as the fish in a mountain stream. Fish that are regularly fed, that have nothing to do but to get fat and grow, are in a very different position from fish who have to get their own living as well as do their duty in their state of life; plenty of food stimulates the reproductive organs of fish, and scarcity of food causes temporary sterility or at least delays the development of the reproductive organs, and this seems to be the case both if the fish are fed artificially or if there is abundance of natural food. Trout from eggs sent from Howietown to Gloucestershire, at a place where the fish are not fed, but where natural food is abundant, breed in the second year. It therefore seems that the answer to the question would depend on the quantity of food in the stream; and if this is so, then overstocking may check breeding or at least put off the period at which the fish begin to breed. It does not, therefore, of necessity follow that a well-stocked stream is in the best condition for keeping up a good head of fish. I am rather inclined to think that the small female trout in the mountain streams do not begin to breed until their third year. It is very difficult to come to any conclusion, for all one has to go by is size, and size depends on food, or perhaps to one fish being stronger than another or on a number of other details; but I am inclined to think that in a stream in which a trout has to get its own living and in which there is a large number of small trout a six-inch trout is a three-year old trout. I do not mean to say that a trout grows two inches a year. The year's growth depends on a host of things, and very often the fish may grow more rapidly in its first year than afterward. What I say is that the majority of trout of six inches are three years old. If this is right, then of the trout under six inches that I caught and examined, what I usually found was this, that in the females the ova were not so far developed as to be ready for spawning that season. A four-inch female trout caught in September, 1886, would not spawn till the autumn of 1887; at least that is so far the result of my observations. I examined from different streams about 100 trout last autumn, and of the females I only found one doubtful case of a fish under six inches that would have spawned last year. The fish were caught from different streams in the watersheds of different rivers; and although it is dangerous to generalize from so few cases, yet this is the result; I found of the fish that would spawn the ova was differently developed, as the fish came from one stream or the other, some would spawn earlier that the others, yet with those over six inches, with but two exceptions, all would have spawned in 1886. To arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, what requires to be done is to artificially breed a number of trout and mark them and then note their growth and development. In most mountain streams there are great difficulties as to this.

The next question is, When do the male trout begin to breed? and I think it is clear they begin at least a year earlier than the female, at least in some streams. It would not do to state this as an invariable rule, for if it were so, and females as have been proved at Howietown breed at two years, the males would breed at one year, which is certainly not correct. For some cause that has to be explained, both in the trout and in the salmon the milt develops earlier than the ova. If a 4in. trout is a two-year old fish (and I believe this to be so), there can be no doubt that male trout begin to breed at two years old. Out of 100 4in. trout taken in September, at least 90 per cent. of the males have the milt so developed that they will spawn the same season; and unless it be that the female trout grow much faster than the male, a point on which I have no evidence, one is led almost irresistibly to the conclusion that in the mountain streams the male breeds a season before the female. It is not the males taken from a particular stream that have the milt thus developed. In September the males of nearly all the small brook trout have the milt so developed that they will spawn in that season. If you get a male fish with the milt developed, it is almost certain to be a large fish, about a pound or so. One sees but few of these fish, but in the few one does see, it is by no means infrequent to find the milt in a rudimentary state. Most of these large trout I have seen are males. This gives rise to a very interesting question, Does the early development of the males exhaust them so, that after a short time they become either wholly or seasonally sterile? On this point, except so far as we have evidence from Howietown, I know none; and, as already stated, the results from the fish in an artificial state by no means of necessity govern the fish in a natural state. The Howietown experiments would seem to point to this, that after a certain age the reproductive powers of fish become exhausted; in other words, the fish become useless for breeding purposes, and it has been found at Howietown, that the males, as a rule, die several seasons before the female. There is one point to be considered that may upset the whole of my observations.

The fish I have dealt with are the fish that are found in the brooks in August and September; these may be either the fish that permanently dwell there or the young of larger fish that remain in the brooks for the first year or so of their lives before they drop back into the main river. That trout ascend the brooks from the main river and spawn, and, having spawned, drop back to the river, is, I think, clear. The point I have no evidence on is this: What are the trout that so ascend? Are they only large fish, or are they small fish as well? If so, the better food that the fish get in the main river may wholly reverse the state of things found in the brooks. A female trout in the river may begin to breed (and the reasoning is all in favor that she should) far earlier in the river than in the brooks. A second-season trout in the river may be over 6in., while it takes three seasons to produce such a fish in a brook. I have been trying, and hitherto without success, to collect some reliable evidence as to this. I have only got as far as what is almost every one's experience: (1) That the river trout are larger than the brook trout; (2) that the river trout ascend the brooks in the autumn to spawn; (3) that a large proportion of these ascending fish, having spawned, descend. The points on which information is wanted are: What is the age of the fish that ascend? Are they over two years old? Of the fish that descend, do the young fish come down to the main river or do they remain for a time in the place where they are bred? I incline to think—but I say this with great reservation, as the evidence is almost *nil*—that the fish that are spawned in the brook remain there till they reach a certain size. What that size is I cannot yet say definitely, but I am led to think that it is until they are about 6 or 8in. in length, and that then they descend to the main river.

If I am right in this, it would be an explanation—there are also others—of how it is brook trout are as a rule so small; but here one is met by this difficulty: There are numerous small streams in which trout breed, but the streams are so small that there is not sufficient food to enable the trout even to reach a size of 6in. What becomes of these trout?

I think the trout only stay in the brooks during the first year or two of their lives; and then, in the winter and spring floods, having spawned, go back to the main river. Some of the fish that have spawned remain; these are the large fish one finds here and there in deep pools. They have found comfortable quarters and they stay, eating all they can and doing no end of mischief in devouring the food that should go to the support of small trout. These fish should be caught and killed. It is easy to say but difficult to do, for they become as crafty as the professional poacher, and know the exact limits in which to trust themselves. I am far from sure if the night line, which modern legislation has excluded from our streams, was altogether hurtful. It captured the old cannibals: now they remain "monarchs of all they survey." It is by no means certain—I say it with fear and trembling—that our modern precautions really do so much good. They probably produce, by preserving the spawning fish, a larger number of small trout. But, and it is a large but, does this multiplication of small fish really beneficially affect our streams? The stock of food is limited, the small mouths must be fed and they require a good deal; is not the result to retard development by short commons, and hence to delay the fish, who used to grow larger a year earlier, another year in the river, making so many more mouths to feed and thus injuring the rest? It seems to me that, in our great desire to develop our trout fisheries, we have lost sight of one most important point—that, so far as we know, the food supply is a constant quantity, or at least it is not a quantity that varies within the stock of fish; and that when we hear of Mr. A and Mr. B having turned such a number of fry into the river it does not follow that they have done good, but, with the best intentions, harm in giving so many more mouths to consume the food of the river. I do not desire for a moment to discourage fishculture, but I am by no means sure that there is not a zeal which is not of knowledge, and that the best thing for a trout stream is not necessarily to fill it with artificially-bred fry. I am by no means clear that food or want of it is not one of the reasons why mountain trout are always small. There are, however, a number of matters to be taken into account before even a guess at this can be hazarded. Of these I propose to treat in a future paper. All that I can now say is that I have found to my cost that excessive preservation of a trout stream, although it may—I do not even say it does—increase the number, does not as a consequence increase the size of the fish.

St. Louis River Fish Pirates.—Much complaint is being made of violations of the game law in the vicinity of Duluth. Last spring the *Sun* published a synopsis of the new game and fish law for the purpose of bringing the matter to the special attention of those who are in the habit of violating it. We are reliably informed that the law for the protection of fish is being daily violated in a most outrageous manner. On the St. Louis River, not far from this city, thousands of fish are being destroyed by nets, fish traps and other unlawful devices for taking them. Men make a business of taking them by any method most convenient and successful, whether the means employed be lawful or not. The St. Paul & Duluth short line, which is being built from Grassy Point to the junction, gives employment to a large number of men. These predatory fishermen take all the chances of punishment in order to furnish these railroad employes with fish. The camps buy them, of course, without knowing that they are unlawfully taken. We are informed that when first captured the fish are put into boxes sunk in the water, and there kept from day to day without food until a sufficient number are collected to justify a trip to the railroad camps or to Duluth, when they are put up for sale. Fish have been kept alive in this way so long that they have been known to bite and snap at poles or sticks or any object placed near them, so crazy are they for food. The fish that are thus wantonly and criminally destroyed in the St. Louis River and other streams and lakes are among the best game and food fish of the Northwest, comprising black bass, pickerel, pike, perch and trout. The game and fish law is a very stringent one, and in addition to the severe penalties it imposes upon the offender, it provides for the severe punishment of certain officers who refuse or neglect to prosecute those who violate it. We would recommend to officers within whose jurisdiction these outrages are said to be of daily occurrence to look sharp to their duties lest they be themselves indicted when the time comes for them to render an account of their stewardship.—*Duluth (Minn.) Sun.*

Princess Bay, lower end of Staten Island, resorted to by New York salt-water fishermen, has afforded good sport this year. Among the captures have been a 20lb. sheepshead, taken with rod and reel after a fifty-minute struggle by J. W. Campbell, Jr.; a drum 13¾lbs., by M. Conners; a 20lb. drum, by A. Lorey, and a 14½lb. drum by J. Feuerbach.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

NORTH CAROLINA ENCOURAGEMENT TO SHELLFISH CULTURE.

BY S. G. WORTH (RECENT STATE COMMISSIONER).

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

Mr. President—The subject to which I desire to direct the attention of the Association is the new oyster law of my native State, North Carolina. When, four years ago, I met Lieut. Francis Winslow urging before this body the adoption of a resolution declaring in favor of private ownership of oyster bottom, I became impressed with his views, and brought about, after months of ceaseless work, the passage of a resolution in the North Carolina Legislature of 1885, instructing the State Board of Agriculture to expend $2,000 on a survey of the oyster area, looking to the adoption of the principle of ownership in fee simple. Accordingly the work was done, and two years later, in the session of January-February, 1887, in consequence of the able report of Lieut. Winslow, an act was passed which puts on sale, at twenty-five cents an acre, nearly a million acres.

Owing to apprehensions of assemblymen, lest too big a step should be taken at once, the bottom within two miles of the shore was exempted from the general provisions of the act and left under jurisdiction of the several counties, but the main body of Pamlico Sound and much additional area was put on sale, except the well established natural beds. These, as public beds, were exempted and still remain the common property of the people. Under laws operative prior to the new act, no person could own more than ten acres in a county, and as a consequence the limited areas precluded the use of dredges and restrained healthy growth. Under the new act a person can own any amount up to a square mile. The new law is regarded by the press of North Carolina as an advanced movement, and as the law found its origin in a meeting of this body, I now gladly lay it before you entire, with all that may be good or bad in it, and invite friendly criticism from members practically experienced in such legislation, looking to modifications which may be suggested to the next General Assembly in the interest of the people at large.

The Board of Shellfish Commissioners is elected outside the membership of the State Board of Agriculture and consists of three—W. J. Griffin, Elizabeth City, Pasquotank county; I. B. Watson, Hyde county, and W. T. Cabo, Bayboro, Pamlico county. Lieut. Francis Winslow, schooner Scoresby, of the U. S. Navy, is conducting all details of a complete survey.

THE ACT.

An act to promote the cultivation of shellfish in the State [of North Carolina].

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That the State shall exercise exclusive jurisdiction and control over all shellfisheries which are or may be located in the boundaries of the State, south of Roanoke and Croatan sounds and north of Core Sound.

Sec. 2. In order to carry out the purposes of this act the southern boundary line of Hyde county shall extend from the middle of Ocracoke Inlet to the Royal Shoal Lighthouse, thence across Pamlico Sound and with the middle line of the Pamlico and Pungo rivers to the dividing line between the counties of Hyde and Beaufort, and the northern boundary line of Carteret county shall extend from the middle of Ocracoke Inlet to the Royal Shoal Lighthouse, thence to the Brant Island Shoal Lighthouse, thence across Pamlico Sound to a point midway between Maw Point and Point of Marsh, and thence with the middle line of the Neuse River to the dividing line between the counties of Carteret, Craven or Pamlico, and that portion of Pamlico Sound and the Neuse and Pamlico rivers not within the boundaries of Dare, Hyde or Carteret counties, and not a part of any other county, shall be in the county of Pamlico, and for the purposes of this act and in the execution of the requirements thereof the shore line as now defined by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey shall be accepted as correct.

Sec. 2. The State Board of Agriculture shall, at the next regular meeting following the passage of this act, elect three commissioners of shellfisheries, whose term of office shall be one year, and the said board of commissioners of shellfisheries shall be maintained so long as may be necessary to carry out the special duties confided to them by the provisions of this act and no longer, and they shall employ such engineers and clerks as may be necessary for the execution of the said duties, and fix their compensation.

Sec. 4. The Board of Shellfish Commissioners shall make or cause to be made a survey and map of the area hereinbefore described, whereon shall be shown the location and area of all the natural beds, and of all the grounds which may have been occupied under authority of previous acts for the growing, planting or cultivation of shellfish, and upon the completion of the said survey in and maps of each or any county the Board of Commissioners of Shellfisheries shall determine the location, area, limits and designation of each and every public ground in the county, and such public grounds are to include the natural beds, together with such additional areas adjacent thereto as may be deemed by the Board of Commissioners as necessary to provide for the natural expansion of the said natural beds; and having decided upon the location, area, limits and designation of the said public grounds, the Board of Commissioners of Shellfisheries shall publish the same for the period of thirty days at the court house door and in four other public places in the county wherein the said public grounds are located, and any person or persons objecting to the decision of the Board of Commissioners of Shellfisheries, as published, may file a written protest, stating the ground for his or their objections, within the said thirty days, with the clerk of the Superior Court of the county wherein the said publication is made, upon payment to the said clerk of the sum of twenty-five cents, and at the expiration of the said thirty days the said clerk of the Superior Court shall forward all such written protests to the Board of Shellfish Commissioners, and in case such protests are so filed and forwarded, the said Commissioners, or a majority of them, shall upon fifteen days' notice, in writing, mailed or personally delivered to all parties in interest, hear and pass upon such protests or objections in the county in which the said public grounds are located; and the said Board of Commissioners of Shellfisheries, having fully informed themselves of the facts in the case, shall make within twenty days from the conclusion of the hearing a decision which shall be final, and shall be so considered until reversed on appeal to the Superior Court. And at all hearings authorized by this act the said Commissioners may, by them-

selves or their clerk, subpœna witnesses and administer oaths, as in courts of law.

SEC. 5. The board of commissioners of shellfisheries shall, upon making the said final decisions as to the location, limits area and designation of the several public grounds in the country, publish the same in the county in which the said public grounds are located, and in two newspapers having a general circulation in the State, and shall announce in the said publication that at the expiration of twenty days from the first day of publication the territory within said county and embraced within the provisions of this act will be open for entry in manner and form as hereinafter provided, and any person or persons desiring to raise, plant or cultivate shellfish upon any ground in the county which has not been designated as public ground by the board of shellfish commissioners, may, at the expiration of the said period of twenty days, make an application in writing, in which shall be stated, as nearly as may be, the area, limits and location of the ground desired, to the entry-taker of the county in which the said area for which application is made is situated, for a franchise for the purpose of raising or cultivating shellfish in said grounds, and the said entry-taker, having received said application, shall proceed as with all other entries, as provided in Section 2765 of the Code, as amended, except that the warrant to survey and locate the ground or grounds shall be delivered to the engineer appointed by the board of commissioners of shellfisheries and not to the county surveyor, and the said engineer shall make such surveys in accordance with the provisions of Section 2,769 of the Code, except that it shall not be necessary to employ chain-bearers, nor to administer oaths to assistants, nor to make surveys according to the priority of the application or warrant.

SEC. 6. The Secretary of State, on receipt of the Auditor's certificate as provided in Section 2,778 of the Code, shall grant to the applicant a written instrument conveying a perpetual franchise for the purpose of raising and cultivating shellfish in and to the grounds for which application is made, and the said written instrument of conveyance shall be authenticated by the Governor, countersigned by the Secretary and recorded in his office. The date of the application for the franchise and a description of the ground for which such franchise was granted shall be inserted in each instrument, and no grant shall issue except in accordance with a certificate from the engineer of the commissioners of shellfisheries, as to the area, limits and location of the grounds in which the said franchise is to be granted, and every person obtaining such grant or franchise shall within three months from the receipt of the same, record the said written instrument in the office of the register of deeds for the county wherein the said grounds may lie, and shall define the boundaries of the said grounds by suitable stakes, buoys, ranges or monuments; but no franchise shall be given in or to any of the public grounds as determined by the commissioners of shellfisheries, and all franchises granted under this or previous acts shall be and remain in the grantee, his heirs and legal representatives, provided that the holder or holders shall make in good faith, within five years from the day of obtaining said franchise, an actual effort to raise and cultivate shellfish on said grounds. And provided further that the area hereinbefore described, lying within two statute miles of the main land or any island, shall be entered or held only by residents of the State of North Carolina, and no grant shall be made to any one person of more than ten acres of said territory, and no person shall hold more than ten acres in any creek unless the same shall be acquired through devise, inheritance or marriage. And all that territory within the provisions of this act and lying more than two miles from the mainland or any island, shall be subject to entry by any person, but no person shall be permitted to enter in any one period of five years, more than six hundred and forty acres.

SEC. 7. Twenty-five cents per acre shall be paid to the State Treasurer for all franchises granted, and all moneys received for the granting of franchises or for taxes laid on the said grounds or on property thereon, shall be set apart and kept separate for the purpose of defraying the expenses entailed by the provisions of this Act, and any moneys remaining after the payment of said expenses shall be paid into and credited to the school fund.

SEC. 8. The Secretary of State is hereby authorized and empowered to hire and take upon leases, not exceeding a term of ten years, in the name and behalf of the State, any such plot or plots of ground within the State as may be deemed necessary for the constructing, erecting, setting, maintaining and protecting of signals, beacons, bound-stones, posts or buoys to be used in designating, locating, surveying or mapping any shellfish grounds, and any person who shall wilfully injure or remove any such beacon, bound-stone, post or buoy, or any part, appurtenance or enclosure thereof, or any buoy, stake, mark or range of any private or public shellfish ground, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 9. All grounds taken up or held under this or previous Acts shall be subject to taxation as real estate and shall be so considered in the settlement of the estates of deceased or insolvent persons.

SEC. 10. The board of County Commissioners shall have entire control and jurisdiction over all public grounds lying within the boundaries of the counties, shall place and maintain such marks, and shall prescribe and publish at the court house door and at four other public places in the country such rules and regulations as may be necessary for the governance and control of the fisheries on such public grounds.

SEC. 11. Any person who shall willfully commit any trespass or injury with any instrument or implement upon any ground designated under this act, upon which shellfish are being raised or cultivated or shall remove, destroy or deface any mark or monument set up by the Board of County Commissioners, by virtue of Section 10 of this act, or who shall violate the rules and regulations prescribed by the said board for the governance and control of the fishery on the public grounds, or who shall work on any oyster ground at night shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. But nothing in the provision of this or any act shall be construed as authorizing interference with the capture of migratory fishes or free navigation or the right to use on any private ground any method or implement for the taking, growing or cultivation of shellfish.

SEC. 12. Entry takers shall make return to the Secretary of State of all franchises granted under this act in the same manner as provided in Section 2,776 of the Code, and the provisions of Sections 2,777 and 2,778 of the Code are hereby extended so as to cover the grants or franchises in grounds for raising or cultivating shellfish as authorized by this act, and all applications, grants, warrants and assignments of franchises in or to oyster grounds, shall be in manner and form as approved by the Attorney General of the State.

SEC. 13. All grants of grounds under previous acts for the purpose of cultivating shellfish in the territory within the provisions of this act are hereby confirmed and made good in the grantees, their heirs and assigns, provided the holders of said grounds shall, within one year, file with the Secretary of State certified copies of their licenses and surveys, and that the said surveys be found correct by the engineer of the commissioners of shellfisheries, and in case such surveys are found to be incorrect, the grounds shall be resurveyed by said engineer as soon as practicable, and in designating lots any person who has made in good faith an actual effort to raise or cultivate shellfish on the area for which application is made, shall have the prior right to a grant or franchise in said grounds; but nothing contained in the act shall be construed to validate any entry heretofore made of a natural bed.

SEC. 14. The commissioners of shellfisheries shall keep books of record, in which shall be recorded a full description of all grounds granted under the provisions of this act, and shall keep a map or maps upon which shall be shown the position and limits of all public and private grounds.

SEC. 15. Any person who shall steal or feloniously take, catch or capture, or carry away any shellfish from the bed or ground of another, shall be guilty of larceny and punished accordingly.

SEC. 16. All acts or parts of acts in conflict with the preceding sections are hereby repealed.

SEC. 17. This act shall take effect on and after the day of its ratification.

Ratified this, the 28th day of February, A. D., 1887.

THE JAPANESE COMMISSIONER.—Our readers will remember our announcement of the arrival of Mr. K. Ito, the Commissioner of Fisheries for northern Japan, on his mission to learn American methods of catching, curing, transporting and breeding fish. Mr. Ito received a good English education in his own country and was familiar with all that has been published on the subject of the fisheries and fish-culture, but wished to see the practical work. To this end he has spent several months in this country examining the models in the National Museum, the fish hatcheries at Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.; Northville, Mich.; Wood's Holl, Mass., and Buckport, Me.; the methods of catching and curing cod at Gloucester, Mass.; the sardine "factories" in Maine and the menhaden oil and guano works on Long Island, Rhode Island and elsewhere. On Monday last he called at our office and ordered the paper sent to his address in Japan for three years and then left for the Pacific coast to inspect the salmon fisheries and canneries, and will then sail for home with more knowledge of the fishing industries of America, in all branches, than is possessed by any American outside of a few who are connected with the U. S. Fish Commission and who can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. We have been surprised at the amount of varied and accurate information gathered by Mr. Ito, from the rig of a Gloucester schooner to the making of fine fishing tackle or the sousing of mackerel. We are promised some notes on the method of angling in Japan which will be of interest. The Japanese have fly-fishers among them and we have seen some artistic flies tied by them.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—In a private letter Herr Max von dem Borne writes that the breeding of black bass in German waters has been very successful, and that the crop of fry this year will be very large. In 1884 he had 1,517 fry; in 1885, 20,400 fry; and last year 31,700. At least 60,000 are expected this summer.

"FOREST RUNES."

From the Nation, Aug. 4.

AMONG the books of the months there are two volumes, both American, which are rich in out-of-door flavor. Readers of the earlier volumes of the *Atlantic Monthly* may recall a poem by a correspondent at the time unknown, the verses being entitled "John o' the Smithy." It was a contribution that thoroughly delighted the editor, Mr. James T. Fields, who was never weary of reciting its vigorous refrain:

"Down in the vale where the mavis sings;
And the brook is turning an old-time wheel,
From morning till night the anvil rings
Where John o' the Smithy is forging steel.
My lord rides out at the castle gate,
My lady is grand in bower and hall,
With men and maidens to cringe and wait,
But John o' the Smithy must pay for all." (P. 61.)

This hearty ring, and the rather foreign *dramatis personæ*, led readers to suppose that this poem was by some transplanted Yorkshireman; but he turned out, on the contrary, to be an American of the Americans and a woodsman among woodsmen. The title of his volume is "Forest Runes," by George W. Sears ("Nessmuk") (Forest and Stream Publishing Co.). He was born, he tells us, in a cabin on the borders of Douglas Woods, in Massachusetts, near Nepmug Pond and Junkamaug Lake, and has "spent a large share of the summer months in the deep forests, and mostly alone, for fifty years." His face—that of a shrewd and weather-beaten man of sixty-four—looks out of the frontispiece; and his poetry is that of a simpler and more genuine Walt Whitman, that of a man who lives in the open air and speaks his mind. He is incomparably more modest withal, and says, in the prelude to one poem, "Inscribed to the memory of Uncle John Mavo, a Puritan freethinker. * * * If my lines were as good as the man I could discount Milton." Never actually accomplishing that audacious feat, the author gives us fresh, strong, wayward pictures of man and nature, including some striking delineations of Brazilian life, such as show him to have penetrated remoter forests than those of North America."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Hornell Kennel Club Show, Hornellsville, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 27. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. R. D. Whitehead, Manager.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nipgen, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 21.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

WAVERLY DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following judges have been selected for the N. J. K. C. show at Waverly, N. J., Sept. 20 to 23 next: Mastiffs, Mr. Chas. C. Marshall. St. Bernards, Mr. K. E. Hopf. Newfoundlands, Great Danes, English setters, black and tan setters, foxhounds, Basset hounds, dachshunde, miscellaneous and selling classes, Mr. Percy C. Ohl. Fox-terriers, Mr. Fred Hoey. Pointers, Mr. Geo. L. Wilms. Irish setters, Mr. Max Wenzel. All sporting spaniel classes, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding. Judges for the remaining classes have not yet been selected.

Several special prizes have been offered since the premium list went to press.

The Adams, U. S. and American Express Co.'s will return all dogs free which have not changed ownership. The D., L. & W. R. R. Co. of N. J. will carry all dogs free if accompanied by owner; the latter road as far as Elizabeth. The Pennsylvania R. R. have not yet been heard from.

Drs. Glover and Arrowsmith will act as veterinarians.

Entries close Sept. 5. GEO. L. WILMS, Sec.

The premium list is ready for inspection. The following card in the premium list explains itself:

"TO OUR FRIENDS, THE EXHIBITORS.

"The New Jersey Kennel Club has given three bench shows within two years and sustained a net loss of $2,800. The club would have gladly rested from its labors, but being under contract with the New Jersey Agricultural Society to give a show this fall, will carry out its agreement; but feels compelled to pursue a very conservative course. There will not be any money prizes offered, but each winner will receive a handsome diploma. We trust exhibitors will not be governed by the desire for the money consideration, but bear in mind that wins scored will count the same with the A. K. C. Honors being equal, we hope for a liberal support from our friends."

ROBINS ISLAND CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take pleasure in informing you that we have secured Mr. H. M. Short to take the general management and care of the Robins Island Club and their dogs. Mr. Short is now on the island. Our club is in a most prosperous condition. We have made several additions to the kennel in the way of blue bloods. Our sixth annual field trials will take place in November, open to members only, Mr. E. W. McClare is the secretary. We expect a much larger supply of birds than usual, on account of having discovered a lot of mink on the island near the pond on the west side, which we have caught and destroyed. This will rid us of one of the quail enemies, and we shall put out more birds than we have formerly. Our members are enjoying the island greatly during the summer and are anticipating the fall opening with much pleasure.

S. FLEET SPEIR.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 8.

THE SENSE OF SMELL IN DOGS.

OF all the phenomena presented by the higher evolution of sense-organs in the animal kingdom, to my mind the most remarkable is the acuteness of olfactory perception which is exhibited by certain orders of mammalia. All the other faculties of special sense are, so to speak, more evenly distributed throughout the vertebrated series; so that when we compare our own sense of sight, of hearing or of taste, with those of vertebrated animals in general, we at once recognize that they are comparable. But such is not the case with the sense of smell, for in many of the carnivora, ruminants, etc., this sense has undergone so enormous a development as to be suggestive of differing from our own, not merely in degree, but in kind. Any one, for example, who is accustomed to deer stalking must often have been freshly astonished at the precautions which it is needful to take in order to prevent the game from getting wind of the sportsman. Indeed to a novice such precautions are apt to be regarded as implying a superstitious exaggeration of the possibilities of olfactory perception; and it is not until he has himself seen the deer scent him at some incredible distance that he lends himself without disguised contempt to the direction of the keeper. Yet among the carnivora the sense of smell is even more extraordinary. Here, for instance, is an observation upon the subject which I published several years ago and which I now quote because it led to the experiments which it is the object of this paper to detail:

"I once tried an experiment with a terrier of my own which shows, better than anything I have ever read, the almost supernatural capabilities of smell in dogs. On a bank holiday, when the broad walk in Regent's Park was swarming with people of all kinds, walking in all directions, I took my terrier (which I knew had a splendid nose, and could track me for miles) along the walk, and, when his attention was diverted by a strange dog, I suddenly made a number of zigzags across the broad walk, then stood on a seat and watched the terrier. Finding I had not continued in the direction I was going when he left me, he went to the place where he had last seen me, and there, picking up my scent, tracked my footsteps over all the zigzags I had made until he found me. Now, in order to do this he had to distinguish my trail from at least a hundred others quite as fresh, and many thousands of others not so fresh, crossing it at all angles."

The object of the experiments about to be described was that of ascertaining whether a dog, when thus distinguishing his master's trail, is guided by some distinctive smell attaching to his master's shoes, to any distinctive smell of his master's feet, or both of these differences combined.

I have a setter bitch over which I have shot for eight years. Having a very good nose, she can track me over immense distances, and her devotion to me being very exclusive, she constituted an admirable subject for my experiments.

These consisted in allowing the bitch to be taken out of the kennel by some one to whom she was indifferent, who then led her to a prearranged spot from which the tracking was to begin. Of course this spot was always to leeward of the kennel, and the person who was to be tracked always walked so as to keep more or less to leeward of the starting point. The district—park lands surrounding a house—was an open one, presenting, however, numerous trees, shrubberies, walls, etc., behind which I could hide at a distance from the starting point, and so observe the animal during the whole course of each experiment. Sundry other precautions, which I need not wait to mention, were taken in order to insure that the bitch should have to depend on her sense of smell alone, and the following are the experiments which were tried:

1. I walked the grass lands for about a mile in my ordinary shooting boots. The instant she came to the starting point the bitch broke away at her full speed, and, faithfully following my track, overtook me in a few minutes.

2. I set a man who was a stranger about the place to walk the park. Although repeatedly put upon his trail by my servant, the bitch showed no disposition to follow it.

3. I had the bitch taken into the gun room, where she saw me ready to start for shooting. I then left the gun room and went to another part of the house, while my gamekeeper left the house by the back door, walked a certain distance to leeward in the direction of some partridge ground, and then concealed himself. The bitch, who was now howling to follow me, was led to the back door by another servant. Quickly finding the trail of the game-keeper, she tracked it for a few yards, but, finding that I had not been with him, she left his trail and hunted about in all directions for mine, which, of course, was nowhere to be found.

4. I collected all the men about the place, and directed them to walk close behind one another in Indian file, each man taking care to place his feet in the footprints of his predecessor. In this procession, numbering twelve in all, I took the lead, while the gamekeeper brought up the rear. When we had walked two hundred yards, I turned to the right, followed by five of the men; and at the point where I had turned to the right, the seventh man turned to the left, followed by all the remainder. The two parties thus formed, after having walked in opposite directions for a considerable distance, concealed themselves, and the bitch was put upon the common track of the whole party before the point of divergence. Following this common track with rapidity, she at first overshot the point of divergence, but, quickly recovering it, without any hesitation chose the track which turned to the right. Yet in this case my footprints in the common track were overlaid by eleven others, and in the track to the right by five others. Moreover, as it was the gamekeeper who brought up the rear, and as in the absence of my trail she would always follow his, the fact of his scent being, so to speak, uppermost in the series, was shown in no way to disconcert the animal when following another familiar scent lowermost in the series.

5. I requested the stranger before-mentioned to wear my shooting-boots, and in them to walk the park to leeward of the kennel. When the bitch was led to this trail she followed it with the eagerness wherewith she always followed mine.

6. I wore this stranger's boots, and walked the park as he had done. On being taken to this trail, the bitch could not be induced to follow it.

7. The stranger walked the park in bare feet; the bitch would not follow the trail.

8. I walked the park in bare feet; the bitch followed my trail, but in quite a different manner from that which she displayed when following the trail of my shooting-boots. She was so much less eager, and therefore so much less rapid, that her manner was suggestive of great uncertainty whether or not she was on my track.

9. I walked the park in new shooting-boots which had never been worn by any one. The bitch wholly refused to take to this trail.

10. I walked the park in my old shooting-boots, but having one layer of brown paper glued to their soles and sides. The bitch was led along my track, but paid no attention to it till she came to a place where, as I had previously observed, a small portion of the brown paper first became worn away at one of my heels. Here she immediately recognized my trail, and speedily followed it up, although the surface of shoe leather which touched the ground was not more than a few square millimeters.

11. I walked in my stocking soles, trying first with new cotton socks. The bitch lazily followed the trail a short distance and then gave it up. I next tried woolen socks which I had worn all day, but the result was the same, and therefore quite different from that yielded by my shooting-

boots, while more resembling that which was yielded by my bare feet.

12. I began to walk in my ordinary shooting boots, and when I had gone about fifty yards I kicked them off and carried them with me, while I continued to walk another three hundred yards in my stocking-soles; then I took off my stockings and walked another three hundred yards on my bare feet. On being taken to the beginning of this trail, or where I had started in my shooting boots, the bitch, as usual, set off upon it at full speed, nor did she abate this speed throughout the whole distance. In other words, having been once started upon the familiar scent of my shooting boots, she seemed to entertain no doubt that the scent of the stocking soles and of the bare feet belonged to me; although she did not clearly recognize them as belonging to me when they were not continuations of a track made by my shooting boots (10 and 11).

13. I requested a gentleman who was calling at the house and whom the bitch had never before seen, to accompany me in a conveyance along one of the carriage drives. At a distance of several hundred yards from the house I alighted in my shooting boots, walked fifty yards beside the carriage, again entered it while my friend alighted and walked two hundred yards still further along the drive. The bitch ran the whole 250 yards at full speed, without making any pause at the place where the scent changed. This experiment was subsequently repeated with other strangers, and with the same result.

14. I walked in my ordinary shooting boots, having previously soaked them in oil of aniseed. Although the odor of the aniseed was so strong that an hour afterward the path which I had followed was correctly traced by a friend, this odor did not appear to disconcert the bitch in following my trail, for she ran me down as quickly as usual. It was noticed, however, by the friend who took her to the trail that she did not set off upon it as instantaneously as usual. She began by examining the first three or four steps with care, and only then started off at full speed.

15. Lastly, I tried some experiments on the power which this bitch might display of recognizing my individual odor as emanating from my whole person. In a large potato field behind the house, a number of laborers had been engaged for eight or ten hours in digging up and carrying away potatoes all the way along half a dozen adjacent "drills." Consequently, there was here a strip of bared land in the field about twenty yards wide and a quarter of a mile long, which had been thoroughly tramped over by many strange feet. Down this strip of land I walked in a zigzag course from end to end. On reaching the bottom I turned out of the field and again walked up a part of the way toward the house, but on the other side of a stone wall which bounded the field. This stone wall was breast high and was situated nearly a hundred yards to windward of my previous course through the potatoes. The bitch, on being led out of the house, was put upon my trail at the top of the field, and at high speed picked out my trail among all the others, following roughly the various zigzags which I had taken. But the moment she gained the "wind's-eye" of the place where I was standing behind the wall, she turned abruptly at a right angle, threw up her head and came as straight as an arrow to the spot where I was watching her. Yet while watching her I had allowed only my eyes to come above the wall, so that she proved herself able to distinguish instantly the odor of the top of my head (without hat) at a distance of two hundred yards, although at the time she was surrounded by a number of over-heated laborers.

16. On another day, when it was perfectly calm, I tried the experiment of standing in a deep, dry ditch, with only the top of my uncovered head above the level of the surrounding fields. When she was led within 200yds. of the place, she instantly perceived my odor, and ran in a straight line to where I had then ducked my head, so that she should receive no assistance from her sense of sight. This experiment shows that, in the absence of wind, the odor of my head (and no doubt, in a lesser degree, that of my body) had diffused itself through the air in all directions, and in an amount sufficient to enable the setter to recognize it as my odor at a distance of 200yds.

From the above experiments I conclude that this bitch distinguishes my trail from that of all others by the peculiar smell of my boots (1 to 6) and not by the peculiar smell of my feet (8 to 11). No doubt the smell which she recognizes as belonging distinctly to my trail is communicated to the boots by these exudations from my feet; but these exudations require to be combined with shoe-leather before they are recognized by her. Probably, however, if I had always been accustomed to shoot without boots or stockings, she would have learnt to associate with me a trail made by my bare feet. The experiments further show that although a few square millimetres of the surface of one boot is amply sufficient to make a trail which the animal can recognize as mine, the scent is not able to penetrate a single layer of brown paper (10). Furthermore, it would appear that in following a trail this bitch is ready at any moment to be guided by inference as well as perception, and that the act of inference is instantaneous (12 and 13 as compared with 2, 8 and 11). Lastly, the experiments show that not only the feet (as these affect the boots), but likewise the whole body of a man exhales a peculiar or individual odor, which a dog can recognize as that of his master amid a crowd of persons (15); that the individual quality of this odor can be recognized at great distances to windward (15), or in calm weather at great distances in any direction (16); and that it does not admit of being overcome by the strong smell of aniseed (14), or by that of many other footprints (4).—*Read by Dr. G. J. Romanes before the Linnean Society in London.*

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE RABBITS.

CLAY CENTER, Kansas.—The day succeeding our last snow I took down my Parker and started for a dry creek or branch about a mile from town, heavily fringed with thickets, underbrush and tall grass, which is a great resort for rabbits. Upon my arrival I found a party of three persons, B., L. and J., already on the ground. Joining the party we were soon industriously scouring the brush. For "rabbit dogs" we had an old pointer and a setter pup, but were soon joined by a little black fice, evidently out for a hunt on his own hook, which as a regular rabbit dog, shut the balance entirely out. The first thicket yielding no game, B. and I crossed the creek and took up a trail leading across the prairie to a snow bank. A close examination revealed the mouth of a snow tunnel with a "breathing hole" on top and an exit on the other side of the bank.

B. went around to the other end of the tunnel, while I proceeded to root along the passage with my feet. Out bounced bunny from between my legs, and was off like a flash to the rear. Wheeling quickly, I gave him my right barrel. He nearly turned a somersault, but recovered, continued his flight and disappeared over the bank of the creek. It ran by our party, one of whom fired with no visible effect. The dogs followed in pursuit to the bank of the creek and then returned. "Never touched him," shouted B., which, considering that I fired through the thickly-standing sunflowers, could not be considered remarkable. B., who was an old rabbit hunter, declared that they sometimes performed the acrobatic feat described when badly frightened. After reloading we followed the trail to the edge of the bank where he had disappeared. The old dog followed the trail across the creek and found the rabbit lying on the other bank dead. It must have run three hundred yards from the point where it was shot. This shows that, contrary to the general belief, some rabbits have considerable vitality.

The party now proceeded up the creek. When we came to a thicket L. would take his dogs and beat up the bushes. The remainder of the party took positions on the banks and watched for the appearance of the little quadrupeds. I have often heard that it was very tame sport shooting rabbits, but we found it quite lively. It is not the easiest matter in the world to tumble over a rabbit at full speed, especially when moving through a thicket of tall grass. You see the bushes move slightly, a flash of something that looks to you exceedingly small, a white tail just disappearing in the bush beyond, and bunny is gone unless you shoot quick and true. At the next thicket, J. and I each scored a clean double miss as one came down a little path directly toward us. At the report of our guns he dodged into the tall grass and the next we saw of him was going into a cornfield with long, exultant leaps.

As we advanced up the creek the brush became thicker and the tracks more numerous. In fact well-beaten paths through the snow crossed and recrossed the thickets. B. made a fine double at two of the little animals as they passed his stand, getting both. A few minutes after the old dog came hurrying down the creek with two cottontails a few yards ahead of him. I bowled over the first as it passed a little open space and the other as it passed abreast through the brush, just as B. had his finger on the trigger.

The head of the creek was reached and we were all tired. J. had gone home, his rheumatism beginning to be troublesome. Our bag aggregated a dozen rabbits, and we started for home well satisfied. Crossing a cornfield we came upon the track of a large "jackass" rabbit, which a dweller near by informed us had lived around there all winter and which he had shot at that morning. Our weariness was forgotten, for jack rabbits are not so plentiful as they were years ago, and we started on the trail with renewed strength.

We started the old fellow out of a corn shock about half a mile from the starting point. He was some distance away and looked as large as a small antelope. We all fired at him, but our No. 10 shot only served to hasten his footsteps. The old dog started in frantic pursuit, but he soon came back looking very much ashamed of himself. I have heard of dogs catching jack rabbits, but I have never seen one catch a full grown one when he was feeling well, and I have seen many very good dogs try the experiment. Another tramp of half a mile brought us to a road. The jack had leaped the hedge fence and had followed the beaten track. Proceeding up the road, keeping a sharp lookout on both sides for tracks, B.'s keen eye espied him in the hedge. "He's dying," said B. Advancing a little distance the jack bounded up, leaped the hedge and was off like the wind. I was close to the hedge and gave him both barrels without any perceptible effect.

Another tramp through the snow and he was again started, this time alongside of a fence, and at close range I bowled him over with a double shot. Even then he was not dead, and his neck was broken before he gave up the ghost. He was an immense fellow and must have weighed fifteen or twenty pounds. He seemed to weigh forty before I got home.

Our tramp ended, the game dressed, gun cleaned and put away, supper over, and sitting by the side of a good fire with feet at angle of forty-five degrees enjoying a good smoke, one can realize just how tired he is, and appreciate his home and fireside after his afternoon's tramp through the snow.

I send you the ears of the jackass, just 12½in. from tip to tip when killed. Ears, black-tipped; upper side of tail black.

TENDERFOOT.

[The specimen is the true southern jack rabbit (*Lepus callotis*).—ED.]

FOX-TERRIER SHOW.—The second annual bench show of the American Fox-Terrier Club will be held at Newport, R. I., Sept. 7 and 8. The premium lists are ready for distribution. The classes are the same as last year. The prizes are also the same with the exception that a second prize of $15 is offered in the champion classes. Several valuable silver cups are offered as special prizes, and other specials are promised. Entries close Aug. 27. The secretary's address is Fred Hoey, Long Branch, N. J.

DAYTON DOG SHOW.—The annual dog show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association will be held at Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 27 to 30.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rightaway. By G. C. Sterling, New York, for black, white and tan English setter dog, age not given, by Sportsman (Gladstane—Sue) out of Rosa (Dashing Monarch—Lelia).

King Naso, Lord Naso, Viscount Naso, Marquis Naso, Premier Naso, Naso of Columbia, Princess Naso, Countess Naso, Lass of Naso, Duchess Naso and Fairy Naso. By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for six liver and white pointer dogs and one liver and white and four lemon and white bitches, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by Mort of Naso (Nick of Naso, A.K.R. 4391—Temptation, A.K.R. 1590) out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 2731).

Gordo. By J. L. Campell, Simcoe, Ont., for Gordon setter dog, whelped May 9, 1887, by Royal Duke (A.K.R. 4678) out of Nora.

Becky Sharp and Jubilee Vic. By J. L. Campbell, Simcoe, Ont., for Gordon setter bitches, whelped May 9, 1887, by Royal Duke (A.K.R. 4678) out of Nora.

Sandy. By L. K. Mason, for sedge Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped April 29, 1887, by Poyneer's Gowrie (Sunday—Nellie) out of Ruby III. (Foam—Ruby II., A.K.R. 143).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Beauty—Royal Diamond. A. A. McRae's (Attleboro, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Beauty to J. W. Newman's Royal Diamond (Hornet II.—Lulu), July 14.

Young Baroness—Young Royal Prince. J. W. Newman's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Young Baroness (Baron—Lurline) to his Young Royal Prince (Young Royal—Scarlet II.), June 19.

Yoube—Tim. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Yoube (Elcho—Rose) to his Tim (Biz—Hazel), June 29.

Laura B.—Tim. I. M. Leckley's (Galena, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Laura B. (Glencho—Hill's Daisy) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), June 29.

Ailsa—Scot's Guard. J. D. McKennan's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) collie bitch Ailsa (Eclipse—Meta) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scot's Guard (Dublin Scot—Spoiled Miss), June, 1887.

Young Meg—Scot's Guard. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Young Meg (Charlatan—Old Meg) to their Scot's Guard (Dublin Scot—Spoiled Miss), July 28.

Lorna Thorpe—Bonnie Duntroon. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Lorna Thorpe (Nullamore—Gem) to their Bonnie Duntroon (Red Gauntlet—Brenda), July 27.

Bonnie Brae—Dublin Scot. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Bonnie Brae (Red Gauntlet—Brenda) to Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), July 25.

Gem—Strephon. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa) collie bitch Gem (Brack—Fairy) to their Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry), June 10.

Atossa—Dr. Rush. Tiot Kennels' (Norwood, Mass.) bulldog bitch Atossa (A.K.R. 3487) to their Dr. Rush (A.K.R. 4616), July 25.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady G. E. W. Clark, Jr.'s English setter bitch Lady G. (Gladstone—Cornelia), June 27, seven (four dogs), by Blackstone Kennels' Foreman.

Devonshire Queen. Floyd Vail's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127), Aug. 4, eleven (six dogs), by F. F. Benson's Mort of Naso (Nick of Naso, A.K.R. 4391—Temptation, A.K.R. 1590).

Cora Lee. Chautauqua Kennels' (Sheridan, N.Y.) English setter bitch Cora Lee (Cambridge—Cassie Lee), Aug. 3, one dog, by their Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599).

Fly. Jas. P. Swain, Jr.'s (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Fly (A.K.R. 4745), July 21, eight (three dogs), by J. T. Perkins's Mainspring.

Nan. Jas. P. Swain, Jr.'s (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Nan (A.K.R. 355), June 15, ten (five dogs), by C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391).

Cadess. Weimer & Lincoln's (Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Cadess (Cadwallader—Myra), July 24, seven (two dogs), by Blakemoor's Bayard III. (Bayard, Jr.—Hero).

Luckystone. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Luckystone (Tory—Moonstone), July 23, five (four dogs), by their Naso of Kippen.

Glauca. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Glauca (Fluke—Glee), July 3, eight (four dogs), by their Naso of Kippen.

Moonstone. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Moonstone (Price's Bang—Davey's Luna), June 25, six (three dogs), by their Naso of Kippen.

Spinaway. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Spinaway (Garnet—Keswick), June 25, seven (four dogs), by their Naso of Kippen.

Fée. F. W. Thomas's (Baltimore, Md.) Irish setter bitch Fée (Elcho—Belle), July 8, fifteen (twelve dogs), by Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Flora. Rev. Th. Taaffe's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Flora (Major General—Rhue), June 12, nine (four dogs), by Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Ready. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Ready (Chief—Yoube), June 7, ten (five dogs), by his Tim (Biz—Hazel).

Nora. J. L. Campbell's (Simcoe, Ont.) Gordon setter bitch Nora, May 9, ten (six dogs), by E. Maher's Royal Duke (A.K.R. 4678).

Midlothian Lassie. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Midlothian Lassie (A.K.R. 2124), July 2, seven (three dogs), by E. J. Hawley's King Macbeth (Laddie—Lassie).

Lady Edgecomb. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Edgecomb, July 10, six (four dogs), by E. J. Hawley's Oscar II. (Oscar—Fannie).

Flurry II. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Flurry II. (Eclipse—Flurry), June 28, ten (seven dogs), by their Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie).

Jersey Lass. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jersey Lass (Rex—Topsey), June 3, seven (four dogs), by their Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry).

Nellie. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Nellie (Blarney—Lady Clare), May 29, eight (four dogs), by their Begorra (Blarney—Lady Clare).

Mollie Bawn. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Mollie Bawn (Elcho—Noreen), June 6, eleven (six dogs), by Dr. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Oscar II. Black and tan collie dog, age not given, by Oscar out of Fannie, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to H. T. Thomas, New York.

Pearl. Sable collie bitch, whelped July 20, 1886, by Strephon out of Jennie Nettles, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Elliott Johnston, Wachapreague, Va.

Bonnie Scotland. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped March 27, 1885, by Chance out of Eira, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Elliott Johnston, Wachapreague, Va.

King Macbeth—Silver Queen whelp. Sable collie dog, age not given, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to A. A. Arthur, Knoxville, Tenn.

Begorra—Nellie whelp. Red, white on chest, Irish setter dog, whelped May 20, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. K. Muzzey, Buffalo, N. Y.

Strephon—Jersey Lass whelp. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped June 3, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. A. Smith, same place.

Strephon—Flossie whelp. Sable and white collie dog, whelped April 21, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Wm. A. Gaston, Boston, Mass.

Montrose—Lady Edgecomb whelps. Collies, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., a sable dog to Clark Jackson, Brookfield, Conn., and a black and tan dog to Chas. Grannis, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dublin Scot—Flurry II. whelps. Black, tan and white collies, whelped June 8, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., a bitch to Geo. A. Smith, same place, and a dog to F. R. Sears, Jr., Boston, Mass.

Beaver. Sedge Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped April 29, 1887, by Gowrie out of Ruby III., by L. K. Mason, Hastings, Ia., to L. M. Howard, Coushatta, La.

Gowrie—Ruby III. whelps. Sedge Chesapeake Bay dog and bitch, whelped April 29, 1887, by L. K. Mason, Hastings, Ia., to Geo. E. Poyneer, Williamsburg, Ia.

Naso of Kippen—Dela whelps. Pointers, whelped May 10, 1887, by Chas. H. Newell, Portland, Me., a liver and white dog to R. M. Shaw and a black and white bitch to Robt. M. Hutchingson, both of Galveston, Tex.

Alberta. Lemon and white English setter bitch, age not given, by Royal Albert out of Mollie Laverack, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Geo. C. Sterling, New York.

Beau Tibbs. Mastiff dog, age and pedigree not given, by C. E. Pratt, Boston, Mass., to Tiot Kennels, Norwood, Mass.

Dr. Rush. White and brindle bulldog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (A.K.R. 4616), by W. M. Pond, Boston, Mass., to Tiot Kennels, Norwood, Mass.

Katie B. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped December, 1886, by Dick B. out of Nellie, by F. S. Stewart, Hoosick Fall, N.Y., to W. G. Whitehead, St. Paul, Minn.

Ione. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 4, 1885 (A.K.R. 3122), by F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., to W. G. Whitehead, St. Paul, Minn.

Duke de Richelieu (A.K.R. 4366)—Ione (A.K.R. 3122) whelps. Fawn mastiffs, whelped May 4, 1887, by F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., a dog each to H. Parsons and J. L. Grosbeck, same place, and S. W. Skinner, Auburndale, O., and two bitches to W. G. Whitehead, St. Paul, Minn.

PRESENTATIONS.

Duke de Richelieu (A.K.R. 4366)—Ione (A.K.R. 3122) whelps. Fawn mastiff bitches, whelped May 4, 1887, by F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., one to C. W. Crandall, Springville, N. Y., and one to Elbridge Gerry, Stoneham, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. L. C., Sincoe, Ont.—My bitch's udder is pendulous and flabby although there is no milk left in it. Her puppies are three months old. Is this an unusually long time for her to be in that condition and what would you advise? Ans. Get the following:

℞. Ung. belladonnæ.
Ung. iodi.....āā ʒi.
Mix. Sig. To be rubbed or kneaded into the udders night and morning.

H. E. M., Melbourne.—I have a spaniel about 11 months old. For about two weeks his ears have been very sensitive to the touch and for 3 or 4 days thick matter has been running from them. Ans. Your dog has canker of the ear. Get the following:

℞. Bromo chloral.....ʒii.
Tr. opii.....ʒii.
Aq. q. s. ad.....ʒii.
Mix. Cleanse the ears carefully once daily and let a few drops fall into the ears.
Consult a veterinary about the other trouble.

D. S. W., Portland, Ind.—My Irish setter eight months old disgorges his food; at times has ravenous appetite, at other times is languid. The conjunctiva more marked at inner canthus of both eyes is inflamed and hyperæmic coat in good condition. What ails him, what shall I do for him? Ans. Symptoms of worms. Examine vomited matters and stools to be sure. If you find worms give areca nut, a half teaspoonful powdered and made into large pill with lard. Purge with castor oil, dessertspoonful before and after giving the vermifuge. The dog may have gastric catarrh from some indigestible food taken, but on account of age and so on, we suspect worms. Feed only milk for a day before and two days after treating.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5206.**

NEW YORK CITY, May 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it,* not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR, New York, Aug. 8.—The seventh of the series of marksman's badge matches of the N. R. A., was shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, Aug. 6. The weather was very hot and sultry during the day with rain, and a mild 3 o'clock wind made it very favorable to the competitors, the scores made were very good. The gold marksman's badge, which becomes the property of the competitor who wins it the greatest number of times during the season, has been won by a different man in each match so far. Major H. C. Brown acted as executive officer. Following are scores of 42 and over, the winners of the match being marked.*

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J McHenry,* Co C, 14th Regt.	23	24	47
H D Hamilton,* Co I, 23d Regt.	21	25	46
W A Robinson,* Co A, 23d Regt.	23	23	46
G L Hoffman,* Co H, 7th Regt.	21	24	45
G P Brower,* Co B, 23d Regt.	21	24	45
H W Kraft,* Co K, 13th Regt.	22	23	45
J B Frothingham,* 2d Brig Staff.	20	24	44
A C Saunders,* Co K, 23d Regt.	21	23	44
R M Kalloch,* Co H, 7th Regt.	22	22	44
H C Brown, Staff, 13th Regt.	22	22	44
J M Tallman,* Co A, 7th Regt.	22	22	44
S W Merritt,* Co B, 7th Regt.	24	20	44
O E Dudley,* Co F, 7th Regt.	20	23	43
W G Elliott, Co G, 47th Regt.	20	23	43
F T Cooke,* Co I, 23d Regt.	20	23	43
H B Thompson,* Co C, 7th Regt.	21	22	43
F Van Lennep, Co K, 7th Regt.	21	22	43
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Regt.	22	21	43
C W Thorn, Co F, 7th Regt.	22	21	43
G A Lane, Co A, 13th Regt.	22	21	43
J Watson, Co F, 13th Regt.	19	23	42
C A Jones, Co G, 7th Regt.	20	22	42
A L Ely, Co G, 7th Regt.	21	22	42
W A Hockemeyer, Co I, 23d Regt.	21	21	42
G W Lotz, Co G, 13th Regt.	24	18	42

J. MANZ, Jr., Ass't Sec'y, N. R. A.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, Aug. 6, record match, 200yds., off hand, standard target. Weather condition cloudy with showers:

J Busfield	7	8	8	10	8	8	8	10	7	9—83
A Edgerly	9	7	6	8	9	8	9	8	9	9—79
S Johnson	8	7	8	10	5	9	7	7	7	7—75
H Tuck	9	8	6	7	6	9	8	9	5	7—74

NEW JERSEY MILITIA.—The present month is a busy one at Sea Girt camp, and the crack of the rifle is constant. The rifle range practice began on Aug. 1, Colonels Vanvalen, Howard, Overa and Capt. Walker, officers in charge of arrangements. The first thirteen days of August will be occupied by troops of the Second Brigade (Gen. Sewell's) in practice, and the rest of the month by the First Brigade (Gen. Steele's). The State promotes this practice in the most generous way, being anxious to afford every facility to the National Guard to perfect itself in the use of the rifle. There are five grades of marksmen. The third class comprises all who have never shot on the range, and all who have shot and failed to reach the required standard. The second class comprises those who in practice at 100 and 300yds have failed to score 25 out of a possible 50. The first class is made up of those who have scored 25 or over in 100 and 300yds. The marksmen coming next are those who have scored 25 or over in 200 and 500yds. The sharpshooters are those who score 42 or over in a possible 50. These latter are given a silver badge by the State. There are only two at present, no others last year reaching the standard. They are Capt. Haddenhorst, of the Second Regiment, of Hoboken, and Col. Howard, of the Division Staff, both crack shots.

BOSTON, Aug. 6.—There were several riflemen present at the range at Walnut Hill to-day. A high wind and frequent showers interfered with the scores. Following are the scores: Rest match —S. Wilder 112, John Gunn 103, W. H. Oler 105, R. S. Simonds 88, J. P. Cutts 83. Revolver match—F. Bennett 81, C. E. Berry 79, B. Crawcow 79, J. B. Fellows 78, W. Bennett 76, W. H. Oler 76. State militia match—F. A. Shaw, 18, 18, 20, 19. Won the bronze medal.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

AUBURN VS. GENEVA.—Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 4.—In the return match between the Auburn Gun Club and the Lake Shore Club, of Geneva, the Auburn Club again won. Ten bats or kingbirds at 18yds., ten at 21yds.:

Auburn Team.	18yds.	21yds.
Howland	1111111111	1100011101—16
Steel	1101111100	1111111111—17
Ferree	0111111111	0111111111—17
Tuttle	1111110111	1111011010—16
Embody	1011111100	1110010111—14
Church	1011111011	0101111111—16
Brigden	1111111101	1111011000—15
Sinclair	0111011110	1011111001—14—125
Geneva Team.		
Stacey	1111111111	1111111100—18
Barnes	1111101000	1110111111—15
Stevens	1100011101	1111111001—14
Crawford	1111111110	1011001101—15
Ten Eyck	1111111100	00111110 0—14
Whitney	1111111111	1110001111—17
Stacey, Jr.	0111010110	1001111111—14
Stapleton	1101111111	1111110110—17—124

The Auburn Club have adopted the kingbird as the target for State shoot.

AVON, N. Y., Aug. 3.—The Avon Springs Gun Club had a sweepstakes shoot on their grounds this afternoon. Warm weather was the cause of so small an attendance. Artificial targets 15yds. rise. First string:

F Fisk	0110100010—4	S T Vary	1110111010—7
R J Nesbit	0110101100—5	E Brayton	1110111110—8
N Dann	0000010011—3	G B Quackenbush	0010111100—5
J W Quackenbush	1011000010—5		

Third was taken by G. B. Quackenbush. Second string, 10 birds:

E Brayton	1110111100—6	N Dann	1011111010—7
S T Vary	1011110101—7	F Fisk	1110011110—6
J W Quackenbush	0101000100—4	G B Quackenbush	0011011100—5
R J Nesbit	0111011110—6		

Firt divided, E. Brayton second. Third string, 7 birds:

S T Vary	1111101—6	F Fisk	1101001—4
E Brayton	1000010—2	R J Nesbit	0101010—3
J W Quackenbush	0000011—2	G B Quackenbush	1011010—4

F. Fisk second, J. W. Quackenburh fourth. Fourth string, 5 birds:

F Fisk	11011—4	E Brayton	10101—3
S T Vary	10011—3	J W Quackenbush	10011—3
R J Nesbit	00000—0	Second, S.T.Vary—SPORTSMAN.	

LEONIA, N. J., Aug. 4.—Match between George W. Gladwin, of Leonia, and Dr. John A. Wells, of Englewood, 50 American clay birds, 3 traps, N. G. A. rules:

Gladwin	0110111001111001100110101111111111011011011010100—31
Wells	0111011111000111111111111111111011111110111111111101—42

THE MARKSMEN.—Capt. Bogardus and the young Bogarduses are giving exhibitions with Forepaugh's show at Staten Island, N. Y. Dr. Carver is traveling on his own hook, beating the world's record. He killed 50 pigeons straight, English rules, at Lynchburg, Va., last week. Chevalier Ira Paine and wife are with Robbin's circus, last heard from at Montreal, Can., where the *Post* of that city reports some of the local shots tried their hand with Paine. At 50yds., Smith & Wesson army revolver, Paine scored 45444—21. Mr. N. P. Leach, with the same arm, 45554—23. Mr. McCane, secretary of the Montreal Gun Club, and Sergt. Marks also did their part to uphold the credit of the town.

ONE-HANDED SHOOTING.—A remarkable score was made by L. Davenport, of the Fountain Gun Club, last week, at Woodlawn, Long Island. He shot at 37 birds, killing 12 out of 13 from the 28yds. mark, 10 straight from the 25yds. mark, and 11 straight from 27yds., using only one hand. He won the club's championship badge and was second in a sweepstakes.

THE YONKERS (N. Y.) GUN CLUB hold a tournament to-day at the Yonkers Driving Park.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—The largest gathering of sportsmen that has assembled before the traps at San Bruno was present to-day to witness the great team match captained by ex-Judge Hale Rix and M. Ault. Although the toss for first choice was won by Captain Ault, he experienced rather hard luck in many of his selections. The hopes and fears of the rival teams were on the ebb and flow for the first three or four rounds, but Captain Rix finally led his men on with renewed vigor, winning the match by a total of 194 birds to 187. The two captains had selected the best pigeon-shooters in this city and Oakland, teams which represented twenty-three men a side. A few of the best men chosen on either side failed to put in an appearance, but their places were satisfactorily filled by good shooters who were present in masses to witness and enjoy the sport. The shooting commenced promptly at 10 o'clock and the popping was kept up without intermission until the gong sounded as a signal to "let up" on the slaughter of the innocents and repair to the lunch compartments.

The spectators and competitors returned to the city on the 5 o'clock train highly satisfied with their day's sport and the general management of the team shoot. The shooting was governed by Hurlingham rules, 5 ground traps, 30yds. rise, 100yds. boundary. The competitors faced the traps five at a time, and according as their names were announced by the referee W. L. Eyre, whose judgment gave entire satisfaction, they blazed away. The birds provided by Murphy were an excellent lot and in the early part of the shooting, when the blue-rocks were very abundant, the contestants were on their mettle to stop them within the boundary. The average shooting was first-class, considering that many of the contestants had not shot in a pigeon match for several months before. The day was all that could be desired for trap shooting. The following is a summary of the team-match shoot, the figure 2 representing when the second barrel was used:

Rix Team.		Ault Team.	
Rix	2110100001 10— 6	Ault	0212002212 20— 8
Pierson	1122020111 21—10	Smith	1021101121 00— 8
Slade	1201000111— 7	Lambert	1112101212 02— 9
Kerrigan	1121000121 11— 9	Laing	0112221010 22— 9
Walsh	1010121122 20—10	Adams	2022101212 11—10
Spencer	1011011121 11—10	Jellett	1112002212 02— 9
Brooks	1021021212 01— 9	Putzman	1112002001 01— 7
Browell	2221111102 21—11	Fox	2011202012 02— 8
Golcher, W	1111302011— 9	Bohan	2020110202 02— 8
Wilson	0211102122 10— 9	De Vaul, Jr.	1122111212 01—11
Dunshee	1210211221 21—11	Edwards	0020001111 11— 7
Bogart	1201012221 20— 9	Kelly	0100121112 21— 9
Liddle	1111201010 02— 8	Osborne	0000110112 11— 7
White	2010111101 01— 8	Ferguson	1110221120 11—10
Heath	1022210000 21— 6	Brown, H R	1101212120 00— 8
Briggs	1020011210 11— 8	Frost	2210020100 02— 6
Wemman	2111112121 21—12	Bohrs	0001200000 02— 3
Meilly	0010022120— 7	Muller	0101201212 02— 9
Feigle	2000200210 02— 5	Shaff	1112011001 10— 8
Gillette	0100102200— 3	Meyer	1202220000 02— 7
Kittle	0100121210— 8	Golcher, H	2220012022 11— 9
Cate	1021220202 22— 9	Peterson	1200210121 12— 9
Shorten	2121111210 10—10	Brown, B	2122121010 02— 9
	194		187

WELLINGTON, Aug. 6.—The range was well attended to-day, and some fine scores were made. The winners: Six bluerocks, Nichols; six pigeons, Schaefer; six bluerocks, Gerry; six pigeons, Nichols; six pigeons, Schaefer and Nichols; six blackbirds, Schaefer; six pigeons, Gerry; six bluerocks, Warren and Nichols; six pigeons, Schaefer; six bluerocks, Gerry; six pigeons, straightaway, Perry; six bluerocks, Schaefer; six pigeons, Gerry and Perry; six pigeons, Gerry; six bluerocks, Nichols.

HOUR OF SHOOTING.—It would be a great convenience to the readers of your paper if you would publish the hour at which the shooting matches published in your paper are held. Some are held in the morning, others in the afternoon. Probably your correspondents omit the hour. If so, a request in your paper for your correspondents to write the hour at which the matches begin would supply the omission hereafter.—R. E. C.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
24. New York, Sailing and Paddling.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3 and recommendation of an active member. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y Northern Div., J. B. Collins, Peterboro. Sec'y W. C. A., Geo. A. Warder, Springfield, O.

NOTES ON THE WESTERN MEET.

RACES 7, 8, 10, 13 and 16 on the programme could not be started the first or race week of the meet for lack of time. They were worked in the early part of cruising week, except Event 13, with the following results:

Race No. 7.—All classes, 3 miles, sail first half mile, paddle second, sail third, paddle fourth, sail fifth and paddle sixth to finish:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
Miles Johnson	Sireu	Sandusky	30 44
R. B. McCune	Kabeyun	Tippy	30 32
W. A. Leys		Toronto	27 52

First stake was passed as follows: Johnson, Leys and McCune. In second half mile Leys and McCune both passed Johnson by superior paddling, and on homestretch Leys left both the other canoes badly. Wind blowing half a gale and big sea running.

Race No. 8.—Double paddling (two men in each canoe), Class IV., half mile:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
C. F. Pennewell, F. W. Keith	Algonquin	Cleveland	5 10
C. L. Rist, C. W. Schaeffer	Grayling	Stillwater	5 05
R. P. McCune, G. Hessert	Kabeyun	Tippy	Did not finish
F. M. Keith	Psyche	Cleveland	Did not finish

Race No. 10.—Sailing, all classes, mile and a half course, open to novices only:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.	Time.
C. W. Lee		Tippy	21 40
H. Theobald	120.	Stillwater	20 40
G. M. Clark		Miami	Did not finish
F. M. Keith	Psyche	Cleveland	Did not finish

Race No. 16.—Hand paddling, 100ft.:

Name.	Club.	
G. S. Schaeffer	Stillwater	Fifth.
H. G. Hodge	Stillwater	Fourth.
John Daven	Stillwater	First.
R. Dewese	Stillwater	Second.
F. W. Keith	Cleveland	Third.

The A. C. A. rules recognize two classes of sailing canoes—B, the larger class, being over 28in. in beam, and A, 28in. and under in width. The class B canoes have been built usually 30in. and over to a length of 15ft., and are always most numerous at a meet. Until the meet of 1885 it was thought that the class B canoes could always sail faster than class A canoes, as they could stand more sail. Little Nirvana, sailed by Nimick, of Pittsburgh, upset this idea by making the course in less time than the majority of the class B canoes. Since then several A canoes, built with a view to speed, have held their own with the B boats on even terms, and why? Speed depends principally on length. The A and B canoes are about the same length. If two canoes are the same in length, and of as good lines, but differ in beam, the smaller one will sail as fast as the larger with less sail, as there is less resistance offered to it. When all sailing was done with skipper in the cockpit, stability could only be got by giving the canoe considerable beam. Now, that all race sailing is done with the skipper on deck, stability is, of course, increased the greater the beam, but partially at the expense of speed. The weight of the skipper is the main factor to be considered. A man of 135lbs. and under can get greater speed out of a good A canoe than he can in a B. If over that weight a B canoe he must have to attain the maximum speed. This is generally stated and there may arise rare exceptions to it. An A canoe is too tender for a heavy man no matter how ballasted, and a light man cannot sail a B canoe on an even keel or anywhere near it, as his weight is out of proportion (too little) to the necessary sail spread. Then why have two classes? The races at Ballast Island plainly illustrated that A and B canoes were about equal. To be sure a class B won the free for all and the Gardner cup, and a man under 135lbs. sailed her. But Cook's canoe and rig, and his sailing abilities were superior to those of any one else—and the winds were light. An A canoe came in second in both B races (sailing in the B class), beating the fleet of B boats. Cook barred, an A canoe won the W. C. A. trophy, beating all the B canoes at the meet except one. Down the wind the A canoes were faster than even Cook's canoe, and on the wind but little slower, and that owing largely to imperfect rig—the A canoes, of course, carried 20 to 30ft. less sail than Cook's boat. The point was raised, "Should A canoes be allowed in the B races?" and several gentlemen argued that they should not, giving as one of the reasons that the A canoes in light winds had an advantage over the B boats. This puts the boot on the other leg and credits an inferior class boat with better sailing qualities than the superior. In yachting the length of a boat classes it. Sailing canoes of same length should be put in the same class. This has been done by the 1887 Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. All the canoes are to sail in every class at Bow-Arrow Point, and the prizes go to the winners irrespective of class.

At Ballast Island there was quite a fleet of very excellent canoes, any one of which practically as fair and good as the winners. The Douglas boats particularly came out strong—well built, good lines, common sense centerboards and every device perfect to make them fast. Two modified Peterwsics were also in the races, and a beautiful specimen of a boat from Ruggles. Why did they not do better in comparison with Cook? They were not sailed as well for one reason. Handling has very much to do with the racing results. The correct trim of sails, when to come about to make a buoy—not fall short of it, nor lose by going too far—correct ballasting, sailing a true course—a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—taking advantage of puffs, never getting under the lee of the shore or another canoe—all these points and many more come into play, and the proper solving of each problem gives its inch of help toward the general result. A crack racing sailor is perhaps born, not made, but the majority of those who sailed at Ballast can very much improve their sailing by practice, and the same thing can be said about those who sail at the A. C. A. meets.

Baden-Powell showed the A. C. A. men last year a well rigged canoe. Taking his for a model there was not even a fairly well rigged canoe at Ballast, except Cook's—and he could not reef his sails. The builder is responsible for the canoe and the owner for the rig. A sail cannot be got to sit perfectly in a day. The yacht sails take weeks of tinkering and adjusting to get them to sit flat and perfectly. Canoeists as a rule don't seem to understand this. The spars are too heavy, too light, heavy in the wrong place; masts are too high; the sails are too baggy, or pulled out at the corners into nigger heels. Halliard blocks are not strongly fastened and reef blocks clumsy. The cordage is poor, and knotted instead of spliced, wound or whipped. And thus it is through the list. Cook could have won every race that he did win in any one of fifteen canoes there on Ballast Island, if he could have rigged the canoe himself, and got a few spins in her for practice on the water. Too much attention has not been paid to good lines, a fair, strong and well built canoe; but too little thought and work have been given to sails, rig, and the proper handling of both. This applies to canoeists generally and not particularly to the Western men, for the same faults are illustrated every year at the A. C. A. meets. It is a question which is most important in a race, boat, rig or man. If the man is—and there can hardly be a question about it—then boat and rig are about equally important, for a good rig can work wonders even on a poor boat, but a poor rig will relegate a good boat into the tail end of the procession.

Cook designed and built his own canoe, and, therefore, does not care to make public her lines for others to copy exactly. No. 138 is a full-limit A Class B canoe, lapstreak, with the outside plank edges fined down very thin, good sheer, slight dead rise, fine entrance carried well back, and with slightly hollow lines. A heavy steel dagger board, dropping exactly 18in. below keel, is used in a low open-top trunk, the board lifting clear out of the trunk when the canoe is running. Sixty pounds of shot ballast is carried in bags on the floor of the canoe, placed in a sort of trough to prevent its shifting when the boat heels. The rudder is a very large wooden one, thin, and perfectly smooth, dropping a little below the keel. The keel is slightly rockered, stem and stern nearly plumb to waterline. The stem rounds quickly into the line of keel just below the l.w.l. For the no-ballast race (an event that should be banished from all regatta programmes) Cook used a wooden dagger centerboard, as his steel one was over the 15-pound limit. The canoe was painted inside, but varnished outside on planking and deck. The surface below the waterline was beautifully smooth, the nail heads and screws being sandpapered and filed down perfectly even with the wood, which was polished to the very top notch. It is safe to say that a smoother canoe never entered a sailing race in this country. The deck was not marred with cleats. Two tiller lines and two sheets were the only ropes used. The sails were fore and aft spreet sails, laced to the masts, having booms to which the sheets were attached in several places by means of blocks, thus making an even strain from end to end and requiring but very light lines to hold the sail. Tiny thimbles were used instead of blocks in places. Long, thin spars were used as spreets, keeping the peaks of the sails in place. Usually the spreet is toggled to the mast; not so in Cook's rig—the lower end of the spreet fits into a socket in the boom about 3in. aft of the mast, and by this arrangement the sail is spread out very flat and the boom kept from jumping up, especially when the canoe is before the wind. The greatest fault the ordinary spreet sail has is thus cleverly overcome. The sail is furled by rolling it up around the mast. The only way of shortening sail when under way is to take out the spreet, drop peak and let it fly, thus making a mutton sail with a flapping leach—a very unshipshape method. Cook has a number of suits of sails, differing in sizes and suitable for every kind of weather; but once started in a race he cannot make any changes, and if the force of the wind changes considerably he must be hopelessly left. The wind held very steady during the narrow cockpits seem to have been a necessary, and as it usually does, this kind of rig will often win. Should a smart thunder squall come upon the fleet during a race, how many canoes would live through it, think you? Not many, and surely not one in which reefing a sail is out of the question. Such a canoe would have to down all sail and anchor or lay to till the squall was over, while the canoes with well-working reef lines would be making headway.

Dream, the Record winner at the meet, handled by Leys, the Canadian, is deserving of a word. The canoe was built by Ruggles in his peculiar method, smooth skin, narrow planks, caulked. The canoe is very light, has no bulkheads and very few fittings to add to her weight. Leys put steadies in canoe and thus got a good racing surface. Narrow cockpits seem to have become a fashion now, leaving as they do a good bit of deck on each side of the well, and thus enabling the canoe to go over till the sail touches the water without shipping any of it. Leys's rig was a combination of the Toronto fan sail and Stoddard's latest rig. The radiating battens and heavy brass work high up on the mast certainly do no good. The good paddling points of the canoe helped greatly to push the Record points up into the big figures. Cook, of course, entered no paddling races. With a light, well-fitted rig, there is no reason why Dream cannot hold her own with the best of them.

Bousfield's canoe Peggy, built by McWhirter and Grant Edgar, from Stephens's lines, has figured on the A. C. A. Record and is generally known. The 35lb. board forward, with the necessary ballast aft to trim the canoe, and the new experimental Pound Boat rig used at the meet, are responsible for the only fairly good record attained. With a light board and clean rig, handled as well as Bousfield always sails a canoe, her record should be very near the top notch, if not the top one. Jaques's canoe Dottrell also houses a heavy board, and it is certainly a very good point in this case, as everything is arranged for taking it into the calculations. B. W. Wood's Douglas canoe Vitum carried the next best rig to Cook's at the meet, a pair of well fitting and fairly well rigged balance lugs, and his good record is largely due to this fact. As a rule, the canoes at Ballast Island spread more sail than is now the custom at the A. C. A. meet. Cook and Wood carried considerably over 100ft. in the two sails, and several other

canoes nearly approached these figures. The very poor rigs on the Pecowsic canoes are alone responsible for the low records made in them.

The W. C. A. will certainly find it a benefit to their regattas to establish the Record now in vogue at A. C. A. meets, for it induces more men to enter the rather unpopular paddling races, prevents canoes dropping out of sailing races before the course is half completed because all hope of winning has gone, and shows in bold figures—which cannot lie—which are the best all around and average canoes. The Record in one year worked wonders for the A. C. A., and it cannot fail to do as much for the W. C. A. Perhaps it can be improved upon. Let it be tried.

In all but one sailing race Cook brought his canoe to the line some time before the start, took up his position at the windward end, and held his canoe in position, not two feet back of the line, by putting his arm on a sailboat moored to the wharf, on which the regatta committee stood. A few seconds before the starting signal was given he trimmed in his sheets, and at horn blow shot across the line on the second, to windward of the fleet and in a position to make the first buoy in one leg. The others had to get a flying start all bunched together in a very narrow space and hopelessly blanketing one another. It is probably impossible to start more than ten canoes fairly in such a race, and the A. C. A. regatta committee have recognized this and propose to start the races in heats at Bow-Arrow Point. Better results than heretofore can therefore be looked for. Too much care cannot be given in racing to getting a good start. Atlantic's four wins in one week in June were largely due to clever work of skipper and crew in getting over the line early. A stern chase is a long race, therefore don't start out, if it can possibly be helped, astern of the fleet. While two canoes are having a luffing match with each other the leaders are leaving them further behind every minute.

The third meet of the W. C. A. brought together a larger fleet than assembled at either of the previous camps, and the canoes were very much superior to those seen there in former years. Better sailing was done, and more business-like methods of management. Gentlemen, look to your rigs and the handling of your canoes—which are as good as the best—and next year show each other that you learned something at the '87 meet; then come East and pocket the A. C. A. Trophy, which is even now within your reach, or that of your crack sailor, probably the cleverest canoeist in the country, Cook.

SAGAMORE C. C.—Lynn, Aug. 2.—The second race of the club series was held on July 30 over the regular club course of three miles. A fine breeze was blowing from the south. Curfew was the last to cross the starting line but gained the lead before turning the first buoy, which position she held during the remainder of the race, though closely pressed by Wenuchus. At the finish Loyola attempted to run down a large catboat, but as usual in such cases, failed. The finish was made in the following order: Curfew first, Wenuchus second, Raven third, Ibis fourth. During the progress of the race two canoes were sighted in the distance which, on near approach, proved to be occupied by Mr. Geo. Riley and W. H. Holt, of the Mystic C. C., of Winchester, Mass., on their way to Marblehead. They had intended to be on hand to start in the race, but owing to light winds did not arrive in season. Starting from Winchester at 9 A. M., they had cruised down the Mystic River through Boston Harbor, Shirley Gut into Lynn Harbor, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles, most of the distance being made under paddle. On Sunday morning the two visitors resumed their cruise, accompanied by four of the Sagamores. The wind was light and slow progress was made, but with the famous shores of Nahant on our port hand, there was plenty to interest one who takes delight in viewing nature in her sea-washed beauty. For a canoe cruise on salt water no finer scenery can be found than that stretching from Nahant to Cape Ann, with bold water close to the shores and plenty of shelter in case of storms. It is a veritable canoeist's paradise. Arriving at Marblehead, a short time was spent in partaking of the hospitalities of our friends and sailing about the harbor. Here the Sagamores left their Winchester friends, and continued their cruise through Salem and Beverly harbors to the home of one of their non-resident members, Mr. Clarence Murphy, known to the members of the A. C. A. camp of '86 as the one who tried to cover Eel Bay with his sails. Not finding him at home we took possession of his club house, and after stowing our canoes took the 9:13 P. M. train for home, thus ending a day of the finest cruising to be had on the coast. A regular meeting of the club was held Monday evening, Aug. 1. Two new members were elected, Chas. F. Pollard and W. H. Palmer. The latter is a new arrival from Terre Haute, Ind., and is enthusiastic enough to send to the Far West for his canoe. Mr. Pollard has bought the Ibis from F. E. Passmore, who intends to build a new one during the coming winter. Frank I. Pettingell, the ex-purser of the club, and Edward Wyman, have withdrawn their names as members. *Lusus naturæ.*—White Wings.

TRANSPORTATION TO THE MEET.—Boston, Aug. 8.—The Boston & Lowell Railroad will give the members of the A. C. A. the free and exclusive use of a baggage car from Boston to Burlington, Vt., provided they will state when they will occupy it. They also have reduced passenger rates.—J. L. Powers.

A. C. A. MEMBERS.—Trenton, N. J., Aug. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A. C. A. applications to date are: Irving A. Quimby, Springfield, Mass.; Hermon Griffin, New York; H. R. Averill, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. S. Averill, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Walsh, Lowell, Mass.; E. L. Stoddard, Buenos Ayres, South America.—Wm. M. Carter, Sec'y.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

August.

11. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Belleville.
12. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
13. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
14-20. Quaker City, Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
16-17. Halifax Jubilee Regatta.
17. Monatiquot, Cham., Weymouth.
18. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
24. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
25. Bar Harbor Open, Bar Harbor.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
27. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

September.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
3. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
7. Pleon, Sail Off, Marblehead.
8. Quincy, 3d Championship.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
10. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
11. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
17. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
21. Pleon, Sweepstakes, Marblehead.
24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

October.

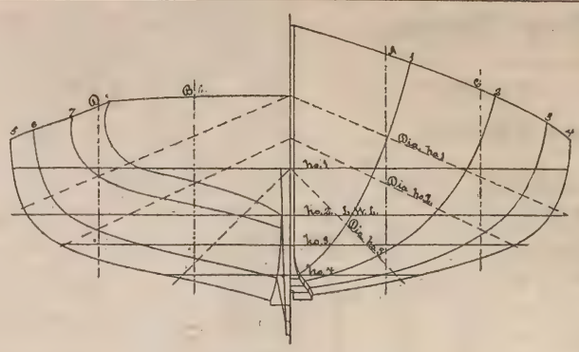
1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

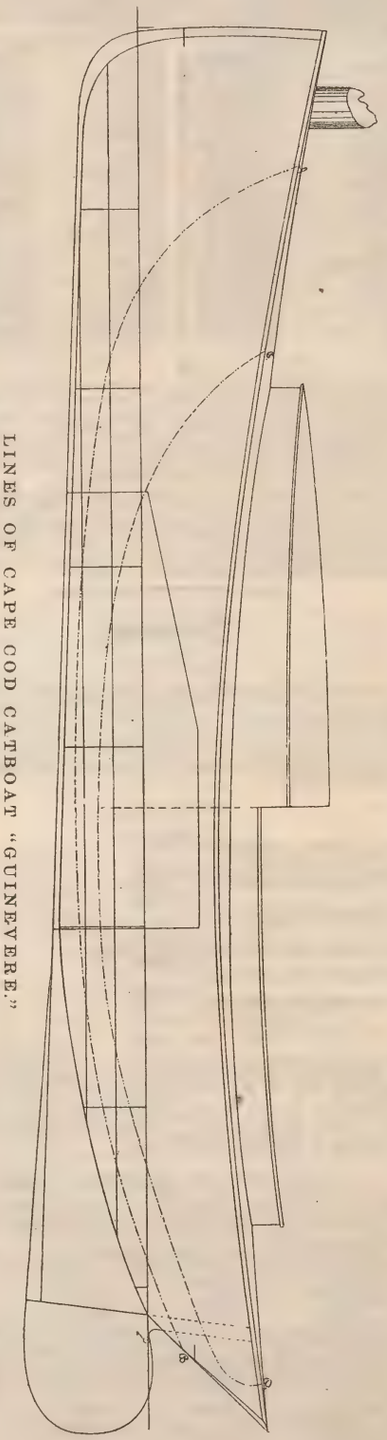
MONTGOMERY SAILING C., ELEVENTH CRUISE, AUG. 7.—Course, Morristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles, weather clear and cool, wind fresh northerly, current half mile per hour.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected
Gracie, skiff, E. A. Leopold	12.00	9 00 00	10 33 56	1 24 53
E. C. Potts, tuckup, Parker Bros	15.00	9 00 00	10 30 00	1 26 20
Flying Eagle, tuckup, J. Berndt	15.00	9 00 00	10 28 47	1 28 47
Priscilla, tuckup, E. Stanley	15.00	9 00 00	10 27 27	1 29 17
Lulu, tuckup, James Frith	15.00	9 00 00	10 28 16	. . . .
Elsie, ducker, E. MacAllister	15.00	9 00 00	10 33 46	1 30 54
H. S. Scott, tuckup, Carnathan	15.00	9 00 00	10 38 06	. . . .
Pennsylvania, hiker, J. Adams	16.00	9 08 00	Capsized.	

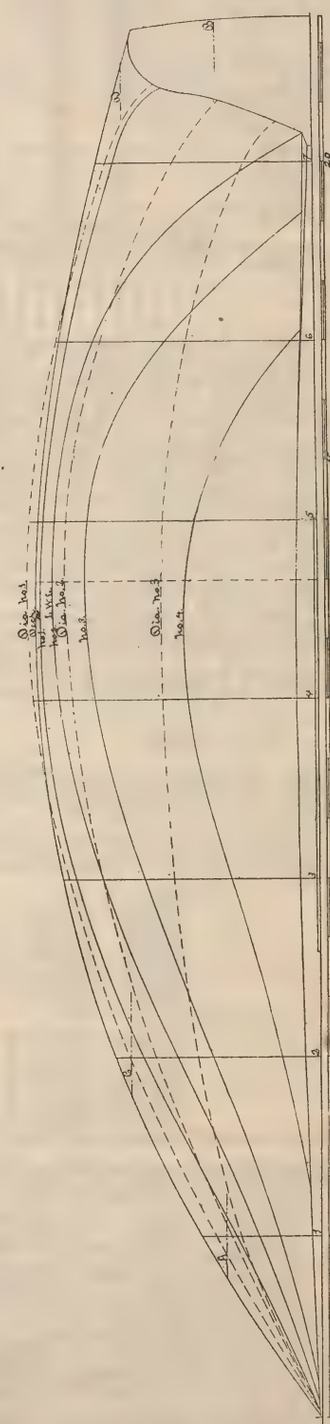
The Lulu has not yet had her sail measured, and it is supposed to be over the limit of 180 sq. ft. The Scott is a new boat from Kensington, not yet measured. The Pennsylvania has a 50yd. sail and carried a crew of five men. Gracie wins championship pennant. It was a reach both ways, with an occasional short tack off shore. The Pennsylvania had a lead of 300yds. at the end of 3½ miles, when she capsized. Judge: Joseph Boucot.

THISTLE'S RIG.—The Anchor steamship Circassia, which arrived Monday from Glasgow, brought the racing spars of the Scotch cutter Thistle. The spars, which are covered with canvas, consist of a mainboom about 86ft. long, a spinnaker of 85ft., a topmast of 60ft., a jibboom of 48ft., a gaff of 48ft. and two yards of 60 and 45ft. The boat is of clear pine, 27ft. long, with five seats.





LINES OF CAPE COD CATBOAT "GUINEVERE."



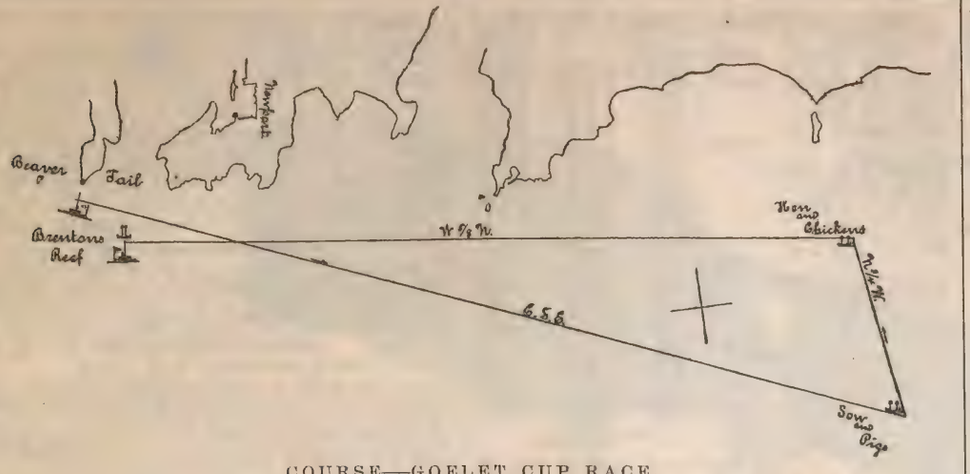
A CAPE COD CATBOAT.

THE American catboat in general has come in for a good deal of severe condemnation at the hands of the Forest and Stream; but as long as there are shoal waters to navigate the type must exist, and, like a motion to adjourn, the lines of a good one are always in order and will commend themselves to many of our readers. The class of boat found about Cape Cod—in fact, from Newport to far up the eastern coast—is far safer and abler than that about New York, where the old Hudson River and Penny Bridge models still prevail, and is much to be preferred for a pleasure boat where large parties are to be carried or for cruising. With a good bottom, heavy fixed ballast and a snug cabin, they have little resemblance to the familiar "skimming dish," and are largely free from the objections that are made to that class. The boat here illustrated was built at Barnstable, Mass., for Mr. V. D. Bacon, Cape Cod Y. C., by Truman D. Eldridge, of that place, last year. She took part in a series of six championship races and won the prize, a spirit compass and binnacle. Her best performance is in breeze and choppy sea, when she can go to windward of the wider boats, especially if reefed.

DIMENSIONS OF CATBOAT GUINEVERE.

Length over all	23ft.	5in.
l.w.l.	21ft.	5in.
Beam, extreme	9ft.	6in.
l.w.l.	9ft.	4in.
Draft	2ft.	
Freeboard, bow	3ft.	2in.
Least	1ft.	3in.
Stern	1ft.	11in.
Midship section from stem	14ft.	
Mast from stem	1ft.	4in.
Step to truck	32ft.	6in.
Diameter at deck		8in.
Sail, hoist	19ft.	6in.
Foot	28ft.	
Leech	36ft.	6in.
Head	17ft.	

The cabin or cuddy has a height of 3ft. 8in. at center, and allows a 7ft. berth on each side, with lockers at after ends, while forward there is a large space for an oil stove and also for the stowage of lines, oilers, spare Chester anchor and other gear, so that the boat is excellently adapted for cruising. She is ballasted with 2,400lbs. of iron dross under the floor. The Haggerty sail hoist is used and gives entire satisfaction. The stations in the plans are placed 3ft. apart. The skag shown was added after the boat was first tried, and has improved her steering.



COURSE—GOELET CUP RACE.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

THE presence of half a dozen racers of the first class, with Volunteer at their head, is of itself a feature that must place the united New York and Eastern fleet of this year ahead of its predecessors, but besides the large racing class there are other indications of the strength and growth of yachting, both from a racing and cruising standpoint. Not only is the fleet very large in point of numbers but it includes some new yachts whose reputation is already worldwide; the older yachts have to a very great extent been modernized and improved in appearance decidedly, and in many cases in performance as well, while this season many that have not been seen for years are again in the racing. The fleet as it left New London included Puritan, Volunteer, Bedouin, Wave Crest, Bertie. Thistle, Dare, Cinderella, Pocanontas, Eclipse, Vision, Magic, Sachem, Regina, Atlantic, Grayling, Gracie, Medusa, Titania, Gitana, Republic, Mayflower, Mystery, Harbinger, Crusader, Iroquois, Troubadour, Phantom, Halcyon, Wanderer, Huron, Athlon, Esperito, Palmer, Maggie, Speranza, Lydia, Nonpareil, Mischief, Princess, Agnes, Norseman, Viking, Resolute, Fleetwing, Whileaway, Madeline, Mohegan, and Æolus. At Newport Priscilla, Stranger, Clara, and Cythera, with some others, joined, making a fleet of 60, besides a large number of steam yachts, from Atalanta down to the odd little Now Then. Pursuant to orders the yachts gathered at New London on Wednesday, and in the evening a meeting was held on board the flagship, at which it was decided to sail to Newport on Thursday, the race for the Goelet Cup to take place on Friday, leaving Newport for Vineyard Haven on Saturday and sailing on Monday for Marblehead, where the race of the E. Y. C. would be sailed as soon as possible. It was also decided to decline the offer of cups from the citizens of Vineyard Haven, and the Newport citizens' cups were postponed until the return from the East. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan offered the club a $1,000 cup for schooners and two $500 cups for sloops, to be sailed for between Vineyard Haven and Marblehead, which offer was accepted.

New London to Newport, Aug. 4.

The glowing reports of Volunteer's trials had served to direct general attention to the new boat that was expected to beat Mayflower as the latter last year beat Puritan. Seen at a little distance under way she is a handsome craft and worthy of a place beside her sisters. The clipper stem looks well, while the sheer and overhang are much the same in a general way as in the others. Near by, however, a great difference is noticeable in the latter particular, due, as Mr. Burgess claims, entirely to the fault of the builders. The stern is drawn in almost to a point, in a very ugly fashion, and in consequence the sheer is quickened aft, and is not as fair as Puritan. The whole form and workmanship of the counter is bad, and the boat suffers much in appearance when seen near at hand from astern or off the quarter. The workmanship generally is rough, the plating not of the best, while the rail and deck work is very rough. The bowsprit runs in through a pair of heavy locust bitts, with an iron fid, being fitted with long shackles in bobstay and bowsprit shrouds which can be taken out when it is desired to house the spar. Of course this can only be done when at anchor in quiet water, but it will probably prove all that is necessary, while bobstay fall and shroud tackles are unnecessary and the spar is more rigidly held. Unlike Mayflower, the jib sets flying, the luffrope being of steel wire. The usual outhaul with a sheave hole in bowsprit end is also dispensed with, the spar being whole. The iron traveler ring is hauled out by a small tackle, two double blocks with 4in. sheaves, on top of the bowsprit. On the lower side of the spar is an iron hook or spur which engages the traveler ring and holds it, reinforcing the tackle. The peak halliard blocks are pear-shaped and of light construction, and the slings on the gaff are so long that the blocks are nearly home when the peak is up. The sails thus far are setting well and doing very good work, though of course not in their best shape. The boom, 82ft. 6in., is too short now, an extra cloth having been put on the leech after the mainsail was finished, but the sail will be kept at its full size and a longer boom shipped. Like the others, Volunteer is painted white, and with good reason, to judge from Mayflower, now potleaded to the rail. To one who has seen her white it is hard to believe that she could be made so ugly, the dull blue-black of the potlead changing her whole appearance for the worse. It is a question whether it pays, and whether the loss in looks is made up by a gain in speed. The white side is always hard and smooth, and probably nearly equal to the potlead, while at low speeds little of it is immersed, and in strong winds the difference would not be appreciable.

The early morning at New London was threatening and unpleasant with a light N.E. wind, but sails were set early, and at 9 A.M. the signal to get under way was given from the Electra. This year no tugboat accompanied the fleet, but the regatta committee, Fleet Captain Gouverneur Kortright and Mr. Stephen Peabody, was on the Electra, with the latter's two Herreshoff launches at their service, and in their hands all the arrangements for timing the runs as well as the races were very well crrried out. The Electra anchored outside the harbor and at 9:30 fired a gun for the start. The little Esperito was first away, followed by Puritan, then Volunteer. The fleet straggeled along, the last boats being two hours astern of Esperito at the line.

The difference at the start between Puritan and Volunteer was but 9s., the latter to windward, but she fell off and took a place to leeward of Puritan, taking the lead as the other luffed for a moment; Puritan set her small jibtopsail and went in chase, both on the wind. The steel boat held her, though the wind grew lighter until there was almost a calm, only the ebb tide helping the yachts. Just before noon a breeze came in from S.E., light at first, but freshening, and as it was now ahead the fleet was soon crosstacking. Volunteer continued to increase her lead until she was able to set her spinaker and run into the finish off the Dumplings. The only times taken were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Volunteer	9 47 08	6 05 48	8 18 40
Puritan	9 46 59	6 13 00	8 26 01
Atlantic	9 56 09	6 24 25	8 28 25
Gracie	9 56 51	6 43 05	8 46 14
Titania	9 59 18	6 49 25	8 50 07
Bedouin	9 48 40	6 42 17	9 03 37
Huron	10 19 21	7 32 45	9 13 24
Mayflower	10 02 56	7 18 19	9 15 23
Sachem	9 53 52	7 14 50	9 20 57
Cinderella	9 52 11	7 29 40	9 27 29
Grayling	9 56 41	7 38 00	9 41 19
Thistle	9 51 24	7 34 00	9 42 36

The fleet anchored in Newport Harbor and all turned in early to be ready for a hard day's work on the morrow. As the times show the day's sail was by no means a fair test of the fleet, as the conditions varied at times and the yachts were miles apart, but Volunteer's performance, the first of the fleet, is another of the many indications that for a new boat she is a very fast one.

Goelet Cups, Newport, Aug. 5.

The cups offered by Mr. Ogden Goelet, of the schooner Norseman, were as usual, one of $1,000 value for schooners and one of $500 for singlestickers, with time allowance; and the two courses were the same as in previous years, that around Sow and Pigs and Hen and Chickens lightships being chosen this year.

There have been some hard races sailed over this course, but this year there was a regular regatta day, smooth water, light breeze, clear, warm weather, but no sharp and exciting work, and the entire race, though important in its way, was devoid of striking incidents. The yachts simply sailed over the course as fast as the wind allowed, but the first long leg, 18 miles, represented all the windward work, and some of the yachts made it on one tack, as last year. The wind was S.E. all day, blowing light but steadily, with no change of force or direction. Signals were shown from the flagship for a start at 10 A. M., and before that time she was in position off Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the first gun was fired on time, the start being given at 10:15. The starters were: Schooners—Sachem, Mr. Metcalf; Iroquois, T. J. Coolidge; Palmer, R. Stuyvesant; Troubadour, Lucien H. Smith; Resolute, C. A. Postley; Magic, T. N. Motley; Phantom, G. G. Hazen; Æolus, S. A. Wood. Sloops—Volunteer, C. J. Paine; Puritan, J. M. Forbes; Atlantic, D. Chauncey; Priscilla, A. C. Canfield; Mayflower, E. D. Morgan; Huron, H. K. Bloodgood; Titania, C. O. Iselin; Mischief, H. and E. S. Auchincloss; Fanny, F. B. Fisk; Pocahontas, J. D. Smith; Concord, H. C. Roome; Bedouin, A. Rogers; Gracie, J. P. Earle, Stranger, G. H. Warren.

Puritan was first over, rounding close under Electra's bow, but Huron cleverly cut in between her and the steamer, crossing only 5s. later and to windward. Mischief came next, then Priscilla and Bedouin, then a group of four schooners, Iroquois, Palmer, Magic and Sachem, the latter crossing abreast of Volunteer. Next came Phantom, and after her Mayflower and Atlantic, the latter to windward. Titania followed, then came Pocahontas and Troubadour, the latter in a new coat of white. Fanny was not in time to save a handicap. Beside here the laggards were Resolute, Concord, Gracie and Stranger. Stranger had just arrived from the East to join the fleet at 8:30 A. M., and the preparations for racing delayed her so that she was handicapped 7m. at the start. She sailed wonderfully fast all day and really was second boat over the course. The times were:

Puritan	10 16 25	Mayflower	10 21 56
Huron	10 16 30	Atlantic	10 21 57
Mischief	10 17 20	Titania	10 22 30
Priscilla	10 18 00	Pocahontas	10 23 07
Bedouin	10 19 01	Troubadour	10 23 27
Iroquois	10 19 11	Fanny	10 24 54
Palmer	10 19 30	Resolute	10 25 30
Magic	10 19 30	Concord	10 26 25
Sachem	10 20 07	Gracie	10 31 13
Volunteer	10 20 07	Stranger	10 31 15
Phantom	10 21 17		

The handicap time was 10h. 24m. 40s.

Nearly all carried clubtopsails at the start and jibtopsails of various sizes, those who had none wishing heartily for that useful piece of handkerchief, a baby jibtopsail.

The flagship waited to time the last and then ran through the fleet to the head. Nearly all the yachts were on port tack for Sow and Pigs; only a few trying a short hitch to windward at the start. Puritan was ahead, with Bedouin, Huron and Priscilla together astern of her. Volunteer was now far astern, and at 11:15 she came on Priscilla's weather and passed her and Bedouin, though the pair hung to her for some time, Priscilla setting a balloon foresail. Mayflower was coming up astern, and at 11:45 she went through Bedouin's weather. The order now was, Puritan, with large balloon jibtopsail, Volunteer, still carrying her "baby," Mayflower third, Bedouin and Priscilla nearly even, the cutter to windward, and Atlantic in sight far astern.

Just before noon a light fog covered the fleet and all were lost for a time, but it lifted before the first mark—Sow and Pigs—was reached. Volunteer was the first to come up, with spinaker boom ready to starboard, on the original tack on which she crossed the starting line. She rounded at 12:57:56, and at once set spinaker. Just as she turned Puritan went on port tack, holding it until 12:02, when she too stood for the lightship. Volunteer also broke out an immense balloon jibtopsail of light linen, the foot hanging in the water, and with headsails down she ran for Hen and Chickens. The others came up, Palmer now leading the schooners, nearly all making several tacks to weather the ship. The times were:

Volunteer	12 57 56	Huron	1 23 45
Puritan	1 03 25	Palmer	1 29 35
Mayflower	1 04 01	Titania	1 30 01
Atlantic	1 10 55	Sachem	1 32 15
Bedouin	1 12 45	Fanny	1 34 10
Priscilla	1 12 45	Pocahontas	1 35 30
Mischief	1 22 00	Iroquois	1 36 01
Gracie	1 22 45		

The 5 miles to Hen and Chickens was run easily in the same order, the times, as far us taken, being:

Volunteer	1 45 50	Atlantic	1 56 05
Puritan	1 53 57	Priscilla	1 58 02
Mayflower	1 54 10	Bedouin	1 58 40

The comparative work done to the first mark is shown as follows:

	Start to Sow and Pigs.	Hen and Chickens to finish.
Volunteer beats		
Mayflower	4 16	2 58
Puritan	9 11	1 19
Atlantic	11 09	3 22
Priscilla	16 56	5 53

Most of the fleet set jibtopsails, but Mayflower tried a balloon sail with poor results. The long leg was covered at good speed considering the wind, and the flagship was compelled to speed up in order to be in at the finish. The steel yacht came in with a long lead and an easy victory in her first race. The times were:

SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer	10 20 07	3 14 09	4 54 02	4 54 02
Mayflower	10 21 56	3 25 27	5 03 31	5 02 44
Atlantic	10 21 57	3 27 46	5 05 49	5 04 35
Puritan	10 16 25	3 23 35	5 07 10	5 04 55
Bedouin	10 19 01	3 37 37	5 18 56	5 05 50
Stranger	10 24 40	3 48 41	5 24 01	5 06 41
Titania	10 22 30	3 41 25	5 18 55	5 07 22
Priscilla	10 18 00	3 32 14	5 14 14	5 12 46
Huron	10 16 30	3 48 06	5 31 36	5 13 20
Gracie	10 24 40	3 52 52	5 28 12	5 14 57
Mischief	10 17 20	3 59 40	5 42 20	5 22 32
Pocahontas	10 23 07	4 01 11	5 38 04	
Fanny	10 24 40	4 12 53	5 48 13	
Concord	10 24 40	Did not finish.		

SCHOONERS.

Sachem	10 20 07	3 45 24	5 25 17	5 25 17
Iroquois	10 19 11	3 55 13	5 36 02	
Palmer	10 19 30	3 43 08	5 23 38	
Magic	10 19 30	4 13 39	5 54 09	5 48 24
Troubadour	10 23 27	4 16 07	5 52 40	5 52 01
Resolute	10 24 40	4 11 33	5 46 53	
Phantom	10 21 17	4 22 18	6 01 01	5 59 21

It will be seen that Bedouin comes in very well with the big boats, having done wonderful work all day, but Stranger's sailing is really still better, as her corrected time, less the 7m. lost at start, would be a few seconds under 5h. or second to Volunteer. Of course this does not go on the record, but it serves to show the speed of the boat under certain conditions and that she is a light and not a heavy weather craft. Sachem won in her class, with Iroquois second and Palmer third. The big schooner, looking handsome in her new rig and long stern, sailed very well, but had not wind enough through the day.

In the evening a reception was given by Mr. Goelet on board the Norseman, at which the schooner cup was presented to Mr. Metcalf, owner of Sachem, and the sloop cup to Gen. Paine, owner of Volunteer. It was decided to start early on Saturday morning for Vineyard Haven, the run being timed, but no prizes given. The following letter was received by Com. Gerry during the evening:

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 5, 1887.

Com. E. T. Gerry, Flagship Electra:

SIR—I have the honor to refer you to the conversation had between yourself and Secretary Bird and Gov. Wetmore and myself Thursday evening in reference to the race for the cups offered by the citizens of Newport and to inform you that the citizens' committee has concluded that inasmuch as you expressed yourself as well satisfied with the conditions of last year it is desired that they be repeated in the present case. That is to say, the committee offer four prizes as follows: One for schooners 71ft. and over, one for sloops 71ft. and over, one for sloops 55ft. and under 71ft., and one for cutters and sloops under 55ft. The value of the prizes is apportioned as follows: Schooners $650, first, second and third class sloops $650, $350 and $250 respectively; the race to be forty miles or more over the Newport course. The committee desires me to say that the race be sailed on or after Sept. 10, and further that the arrangement of the race be left in the hands of such a regatta committee as the New York Y. C. may appoint.

The committee also desire me to say that it would be very agreeable to them for the owner of the winning yacht to select their own prizes if they desire.

Hoping to receive an early reply and with great respect believe me, sir, your obedient servant, FRANK G. HARRIS, Sec'y.

Newport to Vineyard Haven, Aug. 6.

The signal for a start at 10 A. M. for Vineyard Haven was shown from the flagship in the morning and by 9 o'clock the yachts began to work out to Brenton's Reef Lightship. The schooner Avalon and Clara had come in during the night, but the cutter did not start with the fleet as her new sails were in poor shape. Atlantic had strained the luffrope of her mainsail and so did not start. The flagship was early in position and at 10:34:30 fired the starting gun.

The big Norseman was first away on starboard tack, with a moderate wind from the south. Bedouin and Gitana crossed together, then came America, Athlon, Cinderella and so on until over 50 sailing yachts had passed. Steamers too were about in plenty. Electra, Viking, Susquehanna, Shearwater, Ormmoore, Meteor, Fedalma, Corsair and Reva. All the racers carried club and jibtopsails, Priscilla only of the big ones carrying a thimbleheader. The day was clear, the water smooth, and the weather all that one could wish. As the fleet strung out the leaders in each class soon showed their speed and worked to the front, leaving a scattered and straggling pack astern. Mayflower held her place all day, Volunteer overhauling her for a time but unable to hold her. She really sailed her race alone all day, while Puritan and Volunteer fought it out alone. Puritan kept well to windward in the latter part of the race, while Volunteer, leaving her, struck more tide further off the Martha's Vineyard shore, losing thereby.

Norseman came first for the finish, with Mayflower carrying clubtopsail and jibtopsail, then came Sachem, with working topsails, and a balldoner over her headsails. Puritan and Volunteer followed, then Gitana, with spinaker to starboard, America, with maintopmaststaysail set, Resolute and Grayling and Bedouin under spinaker and sprittopsail. The others were a long time in finishing and it was after 4 P. M. before the last time was taken, with a number still out. The official times are:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Norseman	10 34 36	2 19 36	3 45 00
Sachem	10 43 53	2 34 17	3 50 24
Gitana	10 38 20	2 39 32	4 01 12
America	10 39 20	2 42 35	4 03 15
Resolute	10 44 59	2 50 55	4 05 56
Grayling	11 07 50	3 15 46	4 05 56
Troubadour	11 04 57	3 26 46	4 21 49
Magic	10 51 31	3 13 39	4 22 08
Iroquois	11 56 56	2 36 37	4 29 41
Palmer	10 56 08	3 27 37	4 31 29
Phantom	11 04 32	3 36 56	4 32 24
Halcyon	10 57 57	3 30 38	4 32 41
Madeline	11 20 24	3 54 09	4 33 48
Mohican	11 04 27	3 39 05	4 34 38
Republic	11 24 21	4 01 20	4 36 59
Crusader	11 08 21	3 52 50	4 44 09
Wanderer	11 13 43	3 53 28	4 49 45
Wave Crest	11 03 49	3 54 29	4 50 40
Speranza	10 57 14	4 00 23	5 03 11
Sylph	11 20 35	4 24 48	5 04 13
Harbinger	11 14 28	4 21 40	5 07 12
Agnes	10 57 36	4 16 04	5 18 28
Viking	11 12 44	4 36 60	5 23 16
Nokomis	11 16 54	4 44 40	5 27 46
Dreadnaught	11 33 32	Not timed.	

SLOOPS.

Mayflower	10 43 14	2 32 39	3 49 25
Puritan	10 48 20	2 43 01	3 53 43
Volunteer	10 50 03	2 44 15	3 54 12
Fanny	10 53 06	3 18 26	4 18 20
Priscilla	11 01 54	3 29 00	4 27 06
Gracie	10 59 05	3 29 37	4 30 32
Titania	11 05 57	3 36 31	4 30 34
Mischief	10 46 12	3 23 03	4 36 51
Cinderella	10 42 13	3 32 20	4 50 07
Bertie	10 35 29	3 33 28	4 57 59
Mystery	10 49 03	3 47 27	4 58 24
Pocahontas	10 42 28	3 50 42	5 08 14
Dare	11 05 55	4 09 26	5 11 04
Vision	10 55 21	4 06 32	5 11 11
Athlon	10 41 54	4 05 07	5 23 13
Concord	10 56 40	Not timed.	
Eclipse	11 03 30	Not timed.	
Regina	11 05 05	Not timed.	
Annie	11 05 44	Not timed.	
Whileaway	11 07 36	Not timed.	
Iola	11 16 38	Not timed.	

CUTTERS.

Bedouin	10 38 20	2 52 29	4 14 09
Huron	11 02 09	3 55 59	4 54 30
Stranger	10 59 50	3 56 11	4 56 21
Medusa	10 46 17	4 18 50	5 32 33
Ulidia	10 47 12	Not timed.	

YAWLS.

Nonpareil	10 55 22	4 33 53	5 38 31

Sachem easily saved her allowance and is the leader of the schooners. The sailing of Volunteer, Puritan and Mayflower was very even, all things considered, Mayflower doing much better than on the previous day, while the run gives further proof that the new boat is fully as good as the other two in moderate weather, and with further sailing will probably be better. Bedouin heads her class by a very large margin, beating Titania by 16m., and Fanny did well, coming in a good second to the famous cutter. Unfortunately Shamrock is not with the fleet, as she would have had a fine chance in the weather that has thus far prevailed.

In the evening the Commodore entertained the fleet on board the flagship, Sunday being spent quietly in harbor.

Vineyard Haven to Marblehead, Aug. 8-9.

Monday morning, with a fresh breeze, the start was made as follows:

Puritan	7 00 34	Priscilla	7 04 32
Volunteer	7 01 10	Titania	7 05 00
Stranger	7 01 34	Iroquois	7 05 21
Gracie	7 01 44	Sachem	7 05 29
Cinderella	7 02 15	Vision	7 06 03
Bedouin	7 02 30	Magic	7 06 20
Wanderer	7 02 31	Pocahontas	7 06 57
Atlantic	7 02 31	No. 35	7 07 16
Huron	7 03 29	Norseman	7 07 16
Mayflower	7 03 32	Mohican	7 07 40
Resolute	7 03 58	Gitana	7 08 42
Troubadour	7 04 06	Fanny	7 10 44

The times taken at the Pollock Rip Lightship were:

Volunteer	10 41 45	Bedouin	11 10 33
Puritan	10 51 22	Gracie	11 11 02
Mayflower	10 57 30	Sachem	11 23 55
Priscilla	10 59 50	Palmer	11 28 23
Atlantic	11 01 32		

After long waiting by the committee at Marblehead the yachts

came in in the following order, Volunteer having held the lead throughout:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sachem	7 00	10 40 54	27 40 54	27 08 18
Iroquois	7 00	11 34 40	28 54 40	27 49 22
Magic	7 00	12 33 22	29 33 22	28 45 45
Troubadour	7 00	2 26 02	31 26 02	30 51 38
Palmer	7 00	2 19 19	31 19 19	31 11 22
Republic	7 00	2 56 53	31 56 53	31 39 02
Norseman	7 00	3 29 10	32 33 10	32 23 10
Mohican	7 00	4 12 20	33 12 20	33 04 17

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Volunteer	7 00	7 42 13	24 42 13	24 42 13
Mayflower	7 00	10 07 28	27 07 28	27 05 22
Priscilla	7 00	10 22 18	27 22 18	27 14 42
Atlantic	7 00	10 40 45	27 40 45	27 35 35
Puritan	7 00	Not timed.		

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Bedouin	7 00	10 20 26	27 20 26	27 17 04
Gracie	7 00	10 28 10	27 28 10	27 26 29
Clara	7 00	12 15 45	29 15 45	28 19 07
Huron	7 00	11 41 28	28 41 21	28 23 03
Stranger	7 00	11 41 17	28 41 17	28 25 24
Cinderella	7 00	12 33 38	29 33 38	28 41 22
Fanny	7 00	3 41 09	32 41 09	32 31 41
Ulidia	7 00	4 28 03	33 28 03	32 36 38
Pocahontas	7 00	4 08 10	33 08 10	33 01 50

Thus the schooner Sachem beats the Iroquois 41m. 4s. The Volunteer beats the Mayflower 2h. 23m. 9s. The cutter Bedouin beats the Gracie 6m. 25s.

THE GALATEA IN AMERICA.

I SUPPOSE you have seen the accounts of our last race with Mayflower. I am now quite satisfied that Mayflower can beat us in any weather, from a light air to a whole sail breeze. After making all allowance for Galatea not being wound up quite as well as she was last year, owing to having a numerically weaker crew, and her bottom being in a somewhat rough condition, the ice last winter having cut away a good deal of the cement with which it is coated, and also for the time which we lost through striking a calm spot while Mayflower had a strong breeze, I am of opinion that Mayflower is ten minutes faster than Galatea over a forty-mile course in such weather as the last race was sailed in; in light weather, if Galatea was canvassed to the extent she can carry since the lead keel was put right, the difference might not be so much. The ballast being wrong the first year undoubtedly misled us as to her sail-carrying capacities; then she could not carry the original sail plan, and we reduced her all round. The second season the original sail plan was restored, and it might have been augmented considerably, at all events for sailing in these waters. I have been sailing her this year with two tons of ballast less, and she is still as stiff as a church. The New York races were all more or less fluky, and flukes did not come our way. When the breeze was true and had weight she did well enough with Atlantic and Priscilla, both of which are supposed to be improved since last year. During the New York Yacht Club race the fleet encountered a smart squall. Priscilla and Atlantic had to douse topsails and lower foresails to it, and then were rail under. We hung on to our jack-yarder, and were just down to the covering board, no more. The squall only lasted half an hour, but in that time we improved our position from No. 19 to No. 4 in the race, and the sloop advocates had to allow that the narrow cutter stood up better than Atlantic or Priscilla. Both of these vessels are, I think, faster than Mayflower off the wind, but cannot look at her to windward. On a broad reach they can pass us as if we were anchored; on a close reach we are slightly better than they are, and we can stick pretty close to them on a dead run, and to windward, if there is any sea, we can beat them.

I think the Americans are still ahead of us in the matter of sails, and I am not sure if the material they use has not something to do with it. I have had a look at the Volunteer, and as far as I can judge (for she is not yet down to her load line) she ought to be a very powerful and fast vessel. She is narrower on deck than Mayflower, but of the same beam on waterline; her sides tumble home a trifle more, her sternpost rakes more, her keel is cambered and she has about 70 tons of lead run in and loose; spars are much about the same as Mayflower's, boom 2ft. longer (82ft.). She appears to be very lightly built, and the plating is very smooth and fair. She is also deeper than Mayflower and I think will be faster and therefore give the Thistle a good race.

I don't think I shall race Galatea any more. I only wanted to have a good square race with Mayflower for my own satisfaction and I have had it and am satisfied. We will wait out and see Thistle through and then up stick and home again some time in October.

The modern Yankee sloop (?) is to all intents and purposes a beamy cutter with a board; the rig, even to the smallest details, is cutter. Housing bowsprits and longer topmasts are coming into fashion, and heavy lead keels are all the rage. There is a little keel sloop (?) lying close to us called Pappoose, Burgess's latest—38 w.l.×12; 8ft. draft, with 12 tons on the keel. She has only sailed one race as yet. On that occasion she beat the hitherto invincible centerboard sloop Shadow ten minutes. Pappoose is a beamy cutter pure and simple, and a pretty boat too. The days of the old death trap skimming-dish are over in America, and moderate beam and depth have won the day. I hope Thistle will do the trick; she appears to be a marvel in light weather, but do you think she will be as good a sea boat as Trex and Co., carrying such canvas, and the freight of a timber ship aloft?

We are now with the Eastern Y. C. Squadron on its annual cruise up the coast of Maine, and we shall probably look into Halifax (Nova Scotia) before we return to New York to see the trial races. These should prove interesting. Mayflower has been sold. I hope her new owner will do her justice, for she is a grand vessel of her type, and Volunteer will be a good one if she can beat her much.—*William Henn in London Field.*

SINGLEHAND CUTTERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Though opposed to the extreme cutter, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the sailor-like manner Mr. Will Howell handles his thoroughbred alone and in the tricky weather recently experienced on the Delaware. He has never had occasion to reef his little ship, no matter how severe the blow. When the Minerva capsized the little cutter was close aboard on the big one's weather, and went about her business as if nothing unusual was the matter. When it becomes necessary to reef our first-class sloops, then it is the "wee un" puts her big sister to shame. An ex-commodore of the Q. C. Y. C.—cutter all over—with a queer smile puckering the port side of his mouth, said, "All right, Cap, you are the strongest cutter advocate I ever met, but you don't want to believe." Has any one noticed that peculiar left-handed smile of Com. B. when on the cutter rampage? Mr. Howell's cutter is 26ft. over all, 5ft. beam, 4ft. 4in. draft, with two tons of lead on keel. She was built by James Collins from the owner's design.—R. G. WILKINS (Cooper's Point, Camden).

SIPPICAN Y. C.—The first open regatta of the Sippican Y. C. was sailed in a good southwest wind off Marion, Mass., on Aug. 6. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Symigl, C. C. Hanley	25.01	2 36 07	2 28 25
Climax, E. Stetson	26.01	2 35 55	2 19 47
Mabel, S. H. Perry	24.00	2 43 25	2 23 52
Tramp, T. A. Akin	26.06	2 44 06	2 28 36
Mattie, Howard	25.04	2 49 36	2 32 18

SECOND CLASS.

Mollie, J. Hill	23.07	2 37 36	2 18 05
Superior, W. W. Phinney	23.09	2 38 15	2 18 15
Crawl, J. H. Hiller	23.01	2 40 49	2 19 39
Mist, F. W. Sargent	33.00	2 43 00	2 19 40
Wild Cat, S. P. Hill	22.07	2 42 03	2 19 57
Hazel, H. Crosby	23.10	2 49 03	2 29 03
Lestris, W. S. Crane	21.08	2 54 25	2 30 23
Eleanor, J. Parkinson	21.05	Time not taken.	

THIRD CLASS.

Trump, Gasper Whiting	18.09	1 43 14	1 25 05
Marjorie, Lindley Loring	19.00	1 43 12	1 25 25
Zay, Frank L. Luce	17.04	1 57 45	1 37 27
Alice, A. T. Mervel	19.03	1 55 53	1 38 26
Ripple, H. C. Bouer	18.03	2 03 14	1 49 20

FOURTH CLASS.

Wide Awake, Jack Pegram	14.03	1 37 53	1 11 57
Lynx, Walter Austin	14.09	1 40 32	1 15 36
Nymph, James Clark		1 41 51	1 16 45
Juanita, Wm. Davis	14.01	1 45 20	1 19 11
I-tell-ye, T. Hemenway	14.10	1 49 28	1 23 42
Jennie, Irving Chapman	12.10	1 56 20	1 27 14
Skip Jack, V. Knudson		Time not given.	
June Bug, Dr. Foster	11.11	Withdrawn.	

WEST LYNN Y. C.—The second race of the special series was sailed off the club house on Aug. 6. The prize in each class is a silver cup to be won twice. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lark, Sproule and Olin	22.04	2 17 08	2 13 36
Blanche, Martin Nies	23.05	2 22 53	2 13 21

SECOND CLASS.

Flying Yankee, Sawyer and Rich	18.06	1 14 31	1 10 26
Hornet, F. Stoddard	19.02	1 19 32	1 15 34
Alice L., P. Lynch	17.02	1 36 59	1 32 40

THIRD CLASS.

Wildcat, Charles Alley	16.06	0 48 57	0 44 31
Florence, John White	16.10	0 54 10	0 49 47

Lark and Wildcat each had won a leg, so they retain the cup. Hornet and Flying Yankee have each won a leg in second class. A race for keel boats will be sailed on Aug. 13.

MINERVA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Minerva Y. C. have owned the fastest and most reliable yachts in "these waters," from the Slaven (changed to the Minerva) up to the grand 36ft. cabin yacht of the same name. The present Minerva is not of that family and should not be quoted as such. Capt. Thomson is an amateur sailor of the finest type, and has handled the "big" Minerva successfully through many tight nips, and was not unmindful of her bad behavior. While it is patent that the old beamy centerboard boat—death-traps so-called—are no longer safe, useful or ornamental, a modern compromise centerboard is. Please send one along.—R. G. WILKINS (Cooper's Point).

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—In the open regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. the allowance on the yacht White Wings was figured on a basis of 23ft. 3in., instead of 20ft. 3in., her true sailing length. The revised calculation makes her corrected time 50m. 18s., instead of 52m. 41s., and gives her second prize instead of the Zoe, whose corrected time was 51m. 21s. The Zae is thus entitled to third prize.

HULL Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP.—The second championship race of the Hull Y. C. on Aug. 6 was a drift throughout. Posy won in second class centerboards, Banneret in second class keels, and Eni Eli Eye sailed over in third class, fourth class not making a race.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—The 2d championship regatta of the Monatiquot Y. C., of Weymouth, Mass. (postponed from Aug. 6), will be sailed over the Fort Point course Saturday, Aug. 10, at 1 P. M.

ATLANTICVILLE, L. I., Aug. 8.—The Shinnecock Bay race was postponed on account of the wind and rain until Aug. 20.

STEAM YACHTING.

AN AMERICAN STEAM LAUNCH FOR INDIA.—Among the several steam launches Bowdish & Co. of Skaneateles, N. Y., are building, is one for an officer of the British Army in India. This boat will be built in the best manner, of selected white cedar, oak and butternut, copper fastened throughout, and all metal parts of the hull of bronze. She will be 22ft. over all, 19ft. on l.w.l., 4ft. 6in. beam, and will draw 24in. aft. She will be propelled by a 1½ horse power, oil-burning engine. The boat is to have air tanks of sufficient capacity to float her machinery, etc. She will be shipped via Liverpool, Eng., to Calcutta.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. A. L.—The New Hampshire hare season will open Sept. 1.

F. E. C., Simcoe, Ont.—Write to Percy C. Ohl, 44 Broadway, New York.

B. D. N., Baltimore, Md.—The ears will probably come all right with age.

SUBSCRIBER is advised that there are a number of makers of reliable shot.

C. E. M., Springfield, Mass.—The Vermont grouse season will open Sept. 1.

H. C. W., New York.—Write to H. F. Schellhass, 6 Brevoort place, Brooklyn, Y. N.

B., Richmond, Va.—It is impossible to foretell what the litter will be. Write us the result.

F. C., Omaha.—There is no regular standard. We always give the particulars when they are furnished to us.

HERTFORD.—The description of a greyhound, "A grehounde shold be heeded lyke a snake," etc., was originally printed in Dame Juliana Berner's Book of Saint Albans, in 1486.

F. M. L., Lima, O.—Write to Mark Norris, Esq., secretary Michigan Sportsmen's Association, Lansing, Mich.

BREECHLOADER, New York.—Your puppy will probably come out all right with plenty of exercise and nourishing food.

A. J. T., Avon, N. Y.—In your answer to W. Y. P., of Tuscarora, N. Y., in your issue of July 28, you say it is not forbidden to use nets unless the lake is inhabited by brook trout. Now if I understand Section 23, Chapter 543, of the laws of 1879, it is illegal to fish in Silver Lake in any other way than that of angling with hook and line, that lake not being excepted in that act. Ans. The prohibition of nets reads as follows in the section alluded to: "No person shall kill or catch, or attempt to kill or catch any fish, except minnows, bullheads, eels, suckers and catfish, in any of the fresh waters, or in any of the canals of this State or in the American waters of the St. Lawrence River, in any way or manner, or by any device whatever, except that of angling, save only in the following waters, etc."

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HOT WEATHER POT LUCK.

I have always been extremely susceptible to the poison of poison ivy and oak so as to give me great annoyance, unless it is immediately checked on its first appearance. This common washing soda accomplishes for me, if properly applied. I make the application by saturating a slice of loaf bread with water, then cover one surface with soda, and apply to the eruption, the soda next the flesh. When the bread is dried by the animal heat, I drop water on the outer side so as to keep it thoroughly moistened, and dissolve the soda crystals in contact with the skin. This, you will perceive, is merely a bread poultice; the bread being a vehicle through whose moisture the soda reaches the humor. I find that the washing or bathing with soda water, even continuously, will not suffice with me. My skin requires the heat and moisture of the bread in order for the soda to act on and neutralize the poison. I rarely have need to retain this soda poultice for more than 30 minutes on any affected part. No pain ensues. Formerly I suffered often for weeks, as the poison would spread all over my body. Now 30 minutes measure the duration of its exhibition.—*Popular Science News.*

A young man at Fort Popham the other day caught a cod which weighed probably 30 pounds, and which he placed in a large hogshead and so kept alive. When the party went into the water the young man harnessed up the cod with stout twine and placed him in the water. He had a great deal of sport, and finally, after considerable persuasion, allowed a young lady to try his sea horse. A life preserver was procured and fastened on her, and she grasped the reins holding the large cod. The fish struck out for deep water at a rapid pace. The young lady, becoming uneasy, dropped the reins, but they caught in her feet, and if a party had not gone to her rescue in a sailboat the result would have been disastrous.—*Portland Argus.*

The other day, from a top-story back window in the Lewis Block, a gentleman was observed on a neighboring roof diligently casting a trout fly into the waterless waste around him. "What on earth ails the man?" said one: "he can't imagine he's down the river." "Maybe he's gone fish crazy," suggested another. "Or asleep," ventured a third. Then the office boy came to have a look. "Huh, that's it, isn't it?" said he; "why, he's only practicing. He's going up in the Canadian woods in a week or two, and he's getting into shape." The gentleman continued to cast and recover until his shadow stretched eastward over the housetops 50 feet, when he disappeared down the scuttle.—*Buffalo Courier.*

On Saturday evening at seven o'clock Messrs. Scott, Bond Talmadge and Beal left town for the Lake Basin for a duck hunt. They returned yesterday afternoon, and report lots of game and a glorious time. They brought back seventeen large ducks and nine or ten snipe as evidence of their marksmanship, which were duly appreciated by those fortunate enough to partake of them. On their return they presented Dr. Hersey with a large, fine duck (?) which was on exhibition at the drug store last evening, to a host of inquiring friends, as it was a great curiosity, having four legs instead of the usual two, another proof of the unusual fertility of Montana's soil.—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

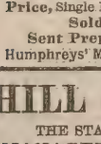
If it is worth the *World's* while to pay cable tolls on this dog story, it is worth the FOREST AND STREAM's while to copy it and commend the *World's* enterprise: "London, Aug. 2.—Mr. McDonald, the Secretary of the King's Cross Hospital, in a letter to the *Times* to-day, relates a remarkable case of a wounded collie being recently brought to the hospital by two white-and-black terriers. The latter barked until the doors were opened, and then went off, leaving the wounded dog in the hands of the surgeon, who dressed its injuries."

A gentleman on Cotton avenue says that Flint River is so low the catfish have left the water and invaded the woods and fields. They have nearly devastated a field of corn for Lucius Hudson, living several miles from the river. It is said that the noise they make in pulling the corn would be equal to a hundred head of hungry cattle. The gentleman is a very reliable grocer, and no doubt he is correct, as he and Hudson had a talk over it.—*Sumter (Ga.) Republican.*

A young gentleman and lady from the Sixth Ward were rowing on the river on Saturday evening, when a black bass weighing about a pound leaped from the water, striking the young lady's wrist and greatly frightening her, and alighted in the bottom of the boat, where it was made a prisoner. Sunday morning it was served as the young lady's breakfast.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

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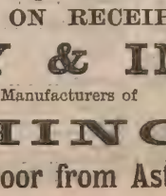
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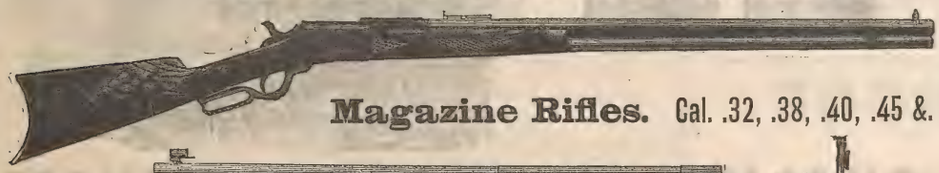
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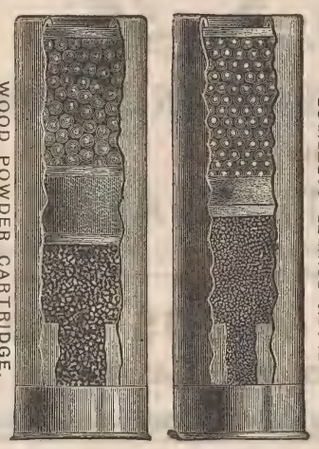
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McDuff	88	"	"	100
A. Meaders	86	"	"	100

On July 11, same place and conditions:

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McDuff	" 90	"	"	100
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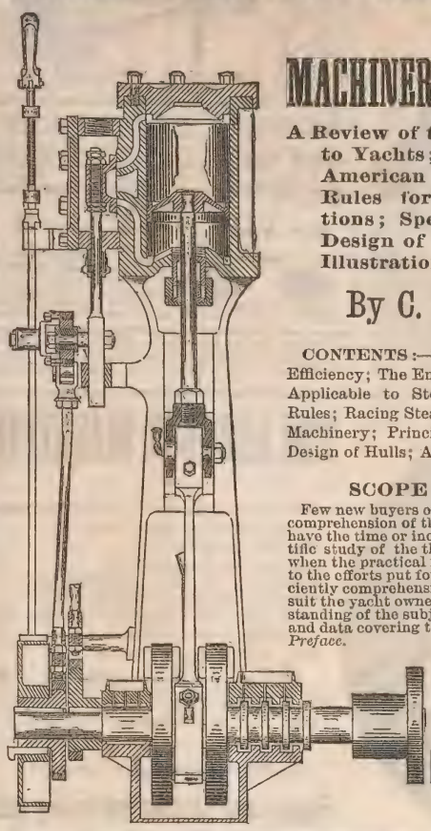
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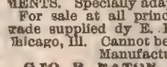
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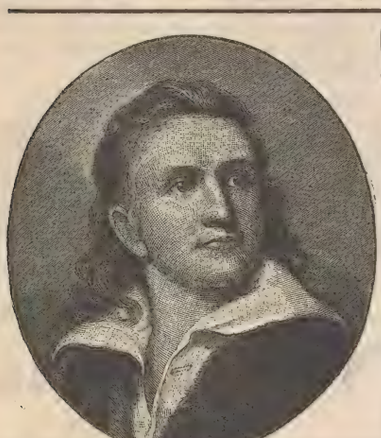
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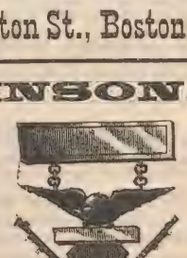
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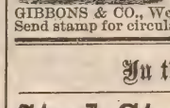
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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CALIFORNIA DEER.

IF the half told of it be true, California is a paradise; but it is a paradise cursed with two wretched specimens of human kind—the skin-hunter and the conventional "sport." It is an undecided question which of the two is the worst half of the curse—the out and out butcher who kills for profit and makes no bones about the business, or the would-be sportsman who kills for brag. One takes the hide and leaves the venison to waste; the other takes only the antlers or the legs and likewise abandons the carcass to the buzzards. Honors are even between them; if either one be ahead it is the skinner.

The deer supply has bravely withstood the enormous drains made upon it by both these classes, but the game has disappeared at a tremendous rate. Multitudes of deer have been killed by the skin-hunters. The industry has been carried on from year to year, with a zeal only now diminished because the pursuit no longer yields the same large returns as formerly.

Could the killing for the sake of the hides be wholly suppressed even now, there might be maintained a supply sufficient for all the demands of the sportsman, though those demands are annually increasing as the numbers of sportsmen visiting the State multiply. New regions are coming within reach of the tenderfoot and cockney who follow the railroad builders. The California and Oregon Railroad, which traverses a region of rare attractiveness between Redding and the Klamath River, has opened a new field for the sportsman, and unfortunately, too, for the game slaughtering tourist who kills because he conceives it to be quite the proper thing to have a deer to brag about.

The old residents of that region of northern California estimate that there must be in that part of the State more fishermen than there are trout in the streams, and more hunters, by forty to one, than deer. Such estimates may not amount to much for accuracy, for no one knows anything about the actual number of deer, but they are significant as showing the magnitude of sporting travel there; and what this means for the game supply of Northern California it is not difficult to comprehend.

A MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT PLAINS.

THE game is going, and one after another different species of wild creatures are disappearing from the face of the American continent. On the extermination of each one there is manifested a desire to perpetuate the memory of its existence, and we see individuals, corporations and Government bureaus uniting to provide memorials of these vanished races and to write of them, "Gone but not forgotten." In our Natural History columns is given an illustration of the pied duck, one of the wild-fowl thought now to be extinct. The National Museum has been advised of the success of an expedition sent out to dig up skeletons of the great auk, another extinct species. Agents of the same institution were not long ago dispatched on a cruise to the Pacific breeding grounds of the sea elephant, bent on the same mission of securing specimens to be preserved after the elephants had been exterminated from the coast by the hunters. Later another party of National Museum agents went out to secure buffalo bulls to be set up in that institution as effigies of another extinct race.

The largest bronze casting ever made in one piece in this country was cast at a foundry in this city last week. It is a huge buffalo head, modeled by Edward Kemeys, Jr., which is to be placed over the east portal of the Union Pacific Railroad bridge over the Missouri River, between Council Bluffs and Omaha. There will be more poetry clinging to this memorial of Great Plains life than attaches to the average railroad bridge decoration. To old-timers it will recall the days in the early history of the road when the trains thundered past far-stretching herds of bison, and cockney sportsmen fired from car window and platform into the great stupid beasts. The plains are there, and the trains and the passengers, who lack only opportunity to exhibit the same old style of abominable cruelty; but one may pass and repass from East to West and see no sign of bison save the mounted heads which ornament some of the stations, and this bronze cast over the Missouri bridge.

THE PORTUGUESE OF BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Boston papers are full of sentimental gush in regard to that city's removal of the Portuguese fisherman from Long Island in Boston harbor. It was long ago decided that the island was needed for the public good—the erection of public works, for the good of the poor. The property was taken for all it was worth some two years ago by right of eminent domain, and the Portuguese were given notice to quit. But they refused to quit, and the other day they were moved by the strong arm of the law and their houses torn down. It is a fact that they have herded together there ever since they came to America, but they never desired to become American citizens. Their only wish has been to control the lobster fishing of the harbor and vicinity. Their right to this industry they have hung to and fought for with a zeal worthy of a better cause. In fact, to them more than to any other fishermen or class of fishermen is due the almost complete destruction of the lobster in the immediate vicinity of Boston Harbor; and since the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association has attempted to rigidly enforce the law for the protection of the lobster, these foreigners—this clan of lobster fishermen living in a little village of their own on Long Island, have given Deputy Commissioner Shattuck and Capt. Gould more trouble than all the rest of the fishermen put together. In fact the majority of the celebrated short lobster cases brought to trial last winter were against these Portuguese. What have they done since? They have become the most bitter enemies of the lobsters too small for sale. The Beach hotels have been furnished with short lobsters by them; and they have made a practice of crushing those too small for sale with this feeling, "if we can't have them, no Yankee shall." They have lived together, worked together, and violated the laws together, and it has been very hard to obtain evidence against them to convict them of poaching. One of them expressed the truth the other day to a newspaper writer when he said there was no other place in the harbor where they could go, "it would not do to be too far from the lobster fishing grounds." It might be added that nowhere else could they be so successfully banded together for the evasion of the short lobster law. In their eviction by the city, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association may congratulate itself on the breaking up of a clan of lobster fishermen that were in love with the laws no further than they interfered with the Yankee fishermen, but which laws they were bound to respect themselves no further than they could help.

SNAP SHOTS.

ONE reason why summer woodcock shooting should be forbidden is that the pursuit of these birds in July and August affords an excuse and pretext for gunners who pot whatever comes to their gun; and among the game killed are immature ruffed grouse, or "chicken partridges." July woodcock shooters do not confine their operations to proper woodcock cover; they range the sidehills and ridges where the longbills are never seen, but where the average man with a gun manages to get in a good many shots, and birds of some sort go to fill up his bag. This explains how it is that young grouse may be noted in abundance in a given locality, but mature birds are not to be found by the most diligent search when the open season comes around.

Public interest in yachting is perhaps greater this year than last, and it hinges mainly on the coming international races. The newspapers are "giving space" to the topic and lavishing column after column upon the cruises and races. The Thistle's arrival in this port last Tuesday gave a new stimulus to the yachting talk one hears on the street, in the cars and everywhere; if one may believe his ears there must be a vast amount of sailing lore among the people he meets. There is no telling the result of the trial races for selection of an American champion, but everything points to the success of Volunteer. Gen. Paine's new boat has had it all her own way so far; and it may be accepted as a sure thing that she will be selected to compete with Thistle.

The condition of drought prevailing over the West demands the exercise of great caution on the part of gunners and campers with respect to fire. A careless shot or a burning wad may ignite inflammable material which is awaiting only a spark to burst into flames; or the neglected embers of a camp-fire may start a forest or prairie conflagration. In the East where the rainfall has been abundant there is less apprehension of destruction from this cause, yet none the less should care be exercised to provide against the spread of a camp-fire and to thoroughly extinguish it before leaving the spot. There is happily an increased sense of responsibility in this matter among campers, but the gross carelessness and indifference to consequences often displayed are nothing short of criminal.

Will some one versed in kennel affairs kindly explain the intent of the American Kennel Club's rule that unless a dog show club medal be of gold or silver "no description shall be given of its material." There presumably must be some weighty reason for this, but common minds cannot comprehend it. Or is it another piece of American Kennel Club stupidity? A curious complication has already come up in the case of the Hornell Kennel Club, which giving bronze medals cannot come out and say that they are bronze; but according to the course pursued by the American Kennel Club, with reference to such matters in the past, were the Hornell medals pewter it would be quite the correct thing to proclaim them silver.

The AUDUBON SOCIETY membership numbers 38,400, and shows a steady increase month by month. It cannot be said of the movement that it was not called for nor, in face of such figures, unappreciated. The influence exerted by the SOCIETY, the rapidity of its growth and its present strength afford a capital example of what may be done in the way of reform when once it is set about in earnest.

In the summer resort letters to the metropolitan journals the Adirondack "camp" figures as a "model of rustic elegance and taste." It is the sort of "camp" to harmonize with the Adirondack hotels, which boast elevators, electric lights and colored servants in uniform; but one wonders what he of "Woodcraft" fame would have to say to it all.

The index of contents of Volume XXVIII. is published with this issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

MOUNT YO.

MOUNT YO, a bare rugged peak of some five thousand feet in height, is situated on the right shore of the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, ten miles from the mouth and fifteen miles from the village of Hastings, the nearest hotel, from which point the trip to the foot of the mountain is made by water. The broken nature of its summit offers ample cover for the different kinds of game found there; and although at first glance the extent of country to be hunted may appear very limited, still one will require at least three or four days to thoroughly explore the many nooks and corners of this snow-covered peak. There is no trail leading to the summit, and one must pick his way through the tangle of undergrowth and broken rocks. Still there is nothing difficult or dangerous in the ascent, which can generally be made in from seven to ten hours. Mountain goats, black-tailed deer and black bear are among the game found here, and of the smaller mammals, a few wolverines, the Douglas marmot and little chief hare are sometimes met. Mount Yo was the scene of that photograph "One Day's Hunt in British Columbia," which has been so unceremoniously appropriated by some half dozen authors, and which, after going the rounds of the civilized world, has at last found its way into the school books of the Dominion; it was on the occasion of that hunt the mountain was named Yo, after the correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, whose talented pen has so often delighted its readers with sketches of camp life in the mountains. With this bit of introduction, I will relate my last trip to Yo.

Three hundred feet below us the creek seethed and foamed over its rocky bed, and as its sound reached us, or some turn in our course brought us nearer the almost vertical sides of the cañon, my companion would look down with greedy eyes at the cool gurgling waters, a mouthful of which would have been so much to his parched lips, and ask, "Is there no way of getting down to that stream?" At last the summit is reached; and after quenching our thirst at one of the many springs found in the locality, the spirits of my companion began to revive, and in a moment all the troubles experienced during his ten-hour tramp were forgotten. He took off his hat and strutting around over the heather-covered sward delivered himself after the following fashion: "Here we are at last. Behold, oh rugged peak, a new form of life has appeared before you. For the first time these gloomy cañons are echoing back the voice of civilized man, for the first time this sod is pressed by——"

He stopped short as if struck by the fangs of a rattler. His foot had come in contact with something which, as it rolled on in front of him, gave out a hollow clinking sound. Both eyes starting from their sockets he watched it till it came to rest against a clump of juniper, and then, as if drawn by some irresistible force, he moved slowly toward it and picked it up, and from the partially faded label on its side read out the following:

Pure Ground Coffee, Fell & Co., Victoria, B. C.

There was a moment of silence, the thing dropped from his hand, then he straightened himself up and fairly bursting with indignation turned and faced me.

Now, after complying with my companion's request to accompany him to the summit of some one of the mountains of the Inlet, it never occurred to me that he was ignorant of the fact that Mount Yo was an old camp ground of mine, nor that I was deceiving him in leading him up here. But the true meaning of his remarks repeated to me a half dozen times on the way up, that "the pleasure of exploring some unknown land, to pitch his tent where no white man had ever hunted, had always been the height of his ambition," just began to dawn on me, and I felt guilty. But what he intended to say then will probably never be known, for just at that particular moment something occurred which not only absorbed his attention for the rest of the evening, but completely drove the relic of the old camp ground out of his head. This is what happened. About 500yds. from where we were standing the summit proper of Mount Yo shoots into the clouds three or four hundred feet above the surrounding ridges. The side of this peak facing us is steep and rugged, broken up with great blocks of granite, with here and there a clump of stunted pines and juniper bushes. I have never attempted the ascent from this side, though my Indian on one occasion followed an old goat and its kid to the top. On the opposite side the ascent is quite easy. As my companion turned to face me, his eye caught sight of something on the side of this peak, and, uttering an exclamation, he picked up his rifle and started in that direction, followed by the Indian. A hasty glance revealed the cause of his excitement; a white goat was running down the side of the mountain, closely followed by a black bear. Neither appeared to be going very fast; indeed, the nature of the ground was not at all favorable for a test of speed, and this was more a game of hide and seek, and the goat had the best of it. Doubling round among the granite blocks, he kept the distance between him and his black pursuer about the same; and once when on the top of a huge rock he stopped and looked back at the bear. From my position I had a good view of the race, and with my glass watched it eagerly. I believe that the noble red man of the forest is accredited with holding in his composition a more than average share of stoicism, but in this respect, and under all circumstances, a mountain goat can discount him. Whether scrambling away from danger or chewing his cud on the sunny side of a rock, the same mopish indifference to passing events is stamped on every feature of his long and shapeless face. I do not wish it to be understood that I entertain any feeling of contempt for the mountain goat, for, on the contrary, I consider it one of the most interesting animals in the mountains; and the sportsman who has a desire to know something of the life history of our mammals, and who has never encountered a white goat in its habitat, has missed a very important chapter in natural history.

A puff of white smoke and the report of my companion's rifle recalls me to the chase. The goat moves off to the left and disappears among the bushes in that direction, while the bear, followed by my companion and the Indian, who fire two more shots apparently without effect, rushes off to the right, and is soon lost to view beyond the angle of the mountain.

I have not fully made up my mind as to what would have been the result of that race had it not been interfered with by my companion. There is nothing in my experience with the white goat to stamp it as an animal of more than average speed. I have also had, on more than one occasion, ample proof that a black bear will get through the woods about as fast as any animal I know of. But as before stated, the present case was not one where speed could have been made the winning card; and in the matter of staying powers, patience and cunning, the goat was probably the superior animal. The Indians have more than once told me that the goat sometimes becomes the prey of the black bear, the latter lying in wait and springing upon his victim from an ambush.

It was dark when my companion returned. He had the usual story: "The bear was literally shot to pieces, but it was too dark to follow the trail; they would find him easy enough in the morning" (a prediction not verified by facts). The evening wore on and I fell asleep, to be wakened some time in the night by a punch from my companion, and "How in thunder did that old can get here?" But I feigned sleep, and so the thing was forgotten.

The next day resulted in the killing of three goats, which, however, I had no hand in, as I occupied my time in endeavoring to secure some specimens of the little chief hare (*Lagomys princeps*).

When the chase is over, on the approach of night, in the rugged surroundings and deathlike stillness always pervading the summit of these mountains, there is something conducive to gloomy reflections; and with the presentment forcing itself upon me, that probably this would be my last trip to Yo, I must admit that my spirits were not of a very buoyant nature, nor did the cheerful blaze of the camp-fire impress me with any desire to listen to "Indian lore" or "camp-fire flickerings." My companion appeared to be fully engaged in looking after his goat skins; and strolling along down the ridge to a point overlooking the waters of the inlet and commanding a view far to south and west, I sat down for a quiet smoke. The sun had already dipped behind the long wooded ridge which marked the boundary between Burrard Inlet and Howe Sound, but his light still rested on the tops of the tall firs which skirted the southern shore of the South Arm. Port Moody, fifteen miles away, buried in the shadows of its forest surroundings, looks sullen and gloomy, while its successful rival, Vancouver, twelve miles to the west, looms up in all the gaudiness of freshly painted walls and glittering roofs, reflecting back the rays of the fading day. In the matter of these two cities it is shadow and sunshine in very truth.

A long line of black smoke is twisting its way like a huge serpent down the shore of the South Arm. It is the express train of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the far away East. What a chain of thought that line of smoke calls up. Twenty-five years ago, when after footing it across the Great Plains of the Northwest, I stood upon the summit of the Rockies and looked down over this sea of mountains stretching away to the Pacific, I imagined I had found a land into which civilization would be slow to follow, and my wildest dreams then could never picture these two iron bands stretching from the east to the west. But the granite breastworks of nature, which stud the country from the western border of the plains to the Pacific, have proved but puny barriers to the march of progress and conquest toward the setting sun; and the journey which then took the writer five months to accomplish can now be made in about as many days.

A mountain goat which has been slowly working its way up the side of the cañon opposite me, has reached the top and now stands, his white shaggy form sharply outlined against the darkening sky beyond. This solitary old chap is also taking a survey of his surroundings, and if possessed with the power of reasoning may, in contemplating these two iron bands, be computing the time when the report of the hunter's rifle will be more frequent here than it is now; when an army of exterminators shall encompass the land, compelling him to give up his lease of life or move on toward the frozen north.

This picture probably may be a fancy one. It may also be within the range of possibility. Well, so far as I am concerned, I have had my day, and under existing circumstances, the unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune which necessitates my changing my forest home for one in a noisy bustling city, has not come too soon. Many of the ties which bound me to these rugged haunts have been severed. Companions who have shared with me a hunter's couch and fare have laid away their rifles and crossed the unknown river. Even Seammux, the faithful old Indian who first guided my footsteps to this spot, has folded his *kliss-kliss** for the last time and departed for the happy hunting grounds, where probably he will find a realization in the hope often repeated to me, that mountain goats and hoary marmots are there in abundance, and the Douglass Indian will not be allowed to encroach on the hunting grounds of the Squamish. Griffen, too, the companion of a hundred camp-fires, has placed a barrier between us. He has taken to himself a wife, and is now too much occupied in his domestic surroundings to answer to my beck and call as he was wont in former days. Yet in my altered circumstances, in my quiet moments my thoughts will always turn to Yo as a bright green spot in my life of twenty-five years in the mountains.

But night is upon me, the goat has faded away in the surrounding gloom, and guided by our camp-fire I pick my way back to camp. My companion is already asleep, while the Indians are squatted before the fire broiling slices of mountain goat. It will be a night of feasting for them.† The old Indian is relating to his younger companions a story of a *Salolikum*‡ which once haunted this mountain, and for a while I follow the old fellow's yarn, but drowsiness overtakes me and I roll myself in my blankets and say good-night.

JOHN FANNIN.

VICTORIA, British Columbia.

*Indian mat.

†I have known Indians, after the usual evening meal, to set to work roasting and eating mountain goat or whatever game might be in abundance in camp and keep it up till long after midnight, and the amount of fresh meat that two or three Indians will "get away with" on these occasions is sometimes wonderful. But no matter how scant our gamebag might be I have very seldom had an Indian complain of hunger.

‡Salolikum, anything supernatural, a beast or bird that successfully eludes the power of man. In this case it was a grizzly bear.

MOOSEHEAD IN FLY TIME.—I.

THE average man likes to go a-fishing; and as every one knows he is prone to expatiate on his adventures with the finny tribe and tell fish stories, which his friends receive with as much credulity as his reputation for veracity will admit. As this paper is to a certain extent a fish story, the Scribe begs the indulgence of his readers, and will endeavor not to overstep the line which divides the plain, unvarnished truth from—well, from fish stories in general.

The Scribe enjoys nothing better than going a-fishing, and when one day his friend William said, "Let's you and I go down to Moosehead fishing," it only needed the reply, "All right; when shall we start?" to bind the bargain. The Scribe belongs to that ubiquitous class known as commercial drummers, and William is one of his customers. Of course a salesman is bound to please his customers, even to the extent of going fishing with them, and as drummers are proverbially innocent and truthful, the above statement is additional guarantee that this narrative will not be exaggerated. After we had agreed to go William remarked, "I hardly deem it safe to risk myself alone down in the woods with a fiery untamed drummer; you might get me down there alone somewhere and sell me goods enough to swamp the concern before I could get away. I think I'll take the youngster along too," referring to his son Lloyd, a sturdy lad of thirteen years.

Ignoring this unkind compliment to his abilities as a salesman, the Scribe replied, "Well, then I'll take my brother Harry along, and the trip will do them both good."

In addition to the fishing outfits William and the Scribe were each to take their photographic apparatus and a goodly supply of dry plates, and though we did not much expect to use them, a rifle and shotgun were added to our impedimenta.

The trip to the lake by rail was uneventful, and on Saturday afternoon, when the train drew into Greenville at the foot of the lake, the two advance members of the party were among the disciples of Izaak Walton who alighted therefrom. There were a score of other devotees of the gentle art, who had also made Moosehead the Mecca of their piscatorial pilgrimage. After dinner we went aboard the steamer and were fairly afloat on New England's largest lake. And a jolly set we were, each one seeming to feel that now the cares of business and the restraints of the city were behind us and that our faces were fairly turned toward the free life of the woods and the open air. One party, with their guides and canoes, were bound for Deer Island, and another to the East Outlet dam.

A fishing club from Boston were going to Mount Kineo, which was also our objective point, and where we were to meet our guides. The view from the wharf at Greenville is not very impressive, but soon after leaving it one is in the midst of wild and beautiful scenery. The steamer passes Mile Island and Ledge Island, the latter a mass of granite, and soon afterward Moose Island, beyond which a magnificent view of Squaw Mountain is to be had. Big Squaw guards the southern end of the lake and lifts her dusky head far toward the clouds, her sides and slopes covered with dense forests down to the very shore of the lake, whose waters reflect the wavy outlines. Far away beyond the eastern shore, itself ten miles distant, the Lily Bay Mountains loom up, a huge blue mass of rugged peaks against the lighter blue of the sky. The steamer's course lies between Deer and Sugar islands, at the former of which we made a landing, and after emerging from the narrow channel we had covered half the distance to Kineo (ten miles) and were in the widest part of the lake, where it is fifteen miles from the East Outlet to the head of Spencer Bay. Look which ever way we would the horizon was notched with mountain peaks. Over toward Spencer Bay the two Spencer Mountains rise alone, with no foothills to detract from their grandeur; to the northeast are Lobster Mountain and Little Kineo; to the northwest the Blue Ridge, Miscree Mountain and the great mass of Bald Mountain. Straight ahead, to the north, the great cliff of Kineo stands like a grim sentinel, a huge black silhouette against the sky. Straight toward its frowning front the little steamer held her course, the little group of buildings at its base becoming more and more distinct, till at last we sailed into the little bay and glided gently to the wharf. A number of canoes were drawn up on the beach, and guides and sportsmen stood about, watching the arrival of the boat.

Our first duty was to discard the habiliments of civilization and don the soft hats, flannel shirts and knee breeches which were to constitute our costume for the coming days, and which formed the prevailing dress of this free and easy place. This done, we felt more in harmony with the surroundings, and went out to look up our guides and lay our plans for the campaign. The fishermen and guides were just coming in from various parts of the lake, the latter a bronzed, hardy, fine-looking set of fellows, as a rule, with their hat bands stuck full of flies and carrying the results of the day's sport. Some were Indians, some Yankees and a few French Canadians. The fishermen, themselves, their faces tanned and sunburnt also, a laughing and jolly crowd, compared notes and proudly exhibited their speckled trophies or looked enviously at their more fortunate brethren, as they discussed their different experiences. Among them all there was no prouder nor happier person than a young miss of some twelve summers, who never tired of showing the largest fish of the lot, a speckled trout which weighed nearly five pounds and which she had caught herself.

After supper, as we sat on the piazza, certain small insects made their presence known and felt by their persistent efforts to investigate the interior arrangements of our ears, noses, eyes and mouths, and their patient endeavors to sample our life's blood. A gentleman who sat near us, a new arrival, was expending his strength in vigorously beating the air with his handkerchief in a vain hope of keeping them away. They were not going away, though, as fast as was his temper, and he turned to the Scribe and asked: "What are these miserable things, anyway?"

"Those, my friend, are the famous black flies, the *bête-noir* of the woods at this season."

"Is that so? I have heard of them, but never made their acquaintance before;" and he retired to the house.

Soon afterward we also retreated in good order, discretion proving the better part of valor.

One of our American humorists once sagely remarked, "It is the little things of life which annoy us; one can dodge an elephant, but he can't dodge a fly." If he re-

ferred to the black fly, he spoke truly. This little pest attacks on sight and forces the combat, and is supported by unnumbered legions of his fellows. He goes up your sleeves and down your shirt collar. He gets into your hair and beard; and wherever he goes he bites, and a purple, bloodshot mark reminds you of him for days. No wonder the deer come out of the woods and take to the water in fly time. Various preparations are made for protection against black flies, but the Scribe's experience has been that the most efficacious is a compound of oil of tar, oil of pennyroyal, glycerine and gum camphor.

The flies were unusually thick this year, owing very likely to the height of the water, which has left many stagnant pools in the woods. Former visitors to Moosehead will realize the height of the water in June, 1887, when I say that that favorite fishing place, Table Rock, in Kineo Bay, was entirely under water, and the group of pines known as the Three Sisters were washed by the waves.

Sunday we spent quietly about the house. It was one of those calm, sensuous, dreamy summer days, which invite one to a prolonged siesta; and we were willing that for that day our motto should be *Dolce far niente*. The soft summer haze hung over the distant mountains, and on the surface of the lake not a ripple disturbed the mirrorlike expanse. Peace and quietness reigned supreme, and the whole day was a perfect prelude to the more active ones which were to follow. William and Lloyd were coming on the boat Monday afternoon. Our guides were all ready and our preparations all made for an early start Tuesday morning.

To fill in the day Monday, Harry and the Scribe took the rods and camera and went down on the morning boat to the East Outlet dam, instructing the captain to call there on his return trip in the afternoon. Before trying the fish we went down the left bank of the river and took two pictures of the dam. A collection of tents, comprising a river drivers' camp, were pitched near by and the crew formed a curious and admiring audience as we got the focus and exposed the plates. A general invitation to "take a look under the cloth," which we extended, was accepted by a few, but the unanimous verdict was, "I don't see nawthin'." We then packed the camera and went out on to the dam, crossing on the timbers which stretch between the piers, and were soon casting our flies in the swift water.

Above us was the placid expanse of Moosehead Lake with the dim, blue mountains in the distance; below us the Kennebec River rushed and foamed over its rocky bed, while beneath our feet the water roared over the dam. The logs were running and as they plunged over into the abyss of seething water, we likened them to huge water monsters fleeing from some even greater enemy. But instead of escaping, they were approaching their fate in the form of sawmills far down the river, in whose insatiable embrace they would be converted into a commercial commodity—lumber. Some half dozen fishermen were trying their luck, but a glance at their baskets showed that their success was not phenomenal. We cast our flies for some time without a rise, and then decided to try bait as the others were doing. We hired a small boy, to procure us some worms, and when he returned with them we started for the further side of the stream, where the water ran around the end of the dam, forming a hole which looked like a good place for trout. We could cross most of the way on the timbers, but between the last pier and the shore the only way was along the sloping edge of the dam, which here projected about a foot above the water. Some logs which had lodged there afforded a precarious footing, however, and Harry, crossing first, leaped safely from the end of the last log to the edge of the dam and thence to a log which served as a foot bridge across the hole. But the Scribe, who carries more avoirdupois and whose legs are shorter, made an inglorious failure of the leap, or rather of the alighting part of it, for his feet struck the sloping surface of the planks and he slid gently into the water to his armpits, while his companion executed a war dance and was convulsed with throes of laughter. He seemed to have an insane idea that something funny had occurred. The Scribe pulled himself out and soon stood on the foot bridge. The performer of the war dance remarked, "I should judge that this water was rather wet." This sarcasm the Scribe haughtily ignored, and proceeded to impale a worm on his hook, which he cast into the pool below. It had hardly disappeared under the water before there was a flash, a jerk and the reel began to click. Little the Scribe cared then whether he was wet or dry, and to Harry's credit be it said, that he ceased his bantering and seized the landing net. The lancewood bent and swayed under the strain, the captive at the other end of the line darted to and fro and leaped from the water, the sunlight glistening on his sparkling sides, but in a few minutes the net slid under him and our first trout was safe in the creel. A beauty he was, too, and he soon had plenty of company, for we had good sport there and might have caught more than we did, but we stopped when we thought we had enough. What exhilaration we experienced as we stood there with the forest at our back and the rushing river before us; the swiftly moving logs and the foam and spray and dashing water below the dam, our baskets becoming heavier the while, only a lover of the rod can know.

But we began to feel that it was dinner time, and the flies were finding out that the tar oil on our faces had not been renewed, so after once more besmearing ourselves we retraced our way over the dam and ate lunch. We went up to Wilson's, who keeps the house at the outlet, and had only a short time to wait for the boat. The flies had improved their opportunities while we were busy with the trout, to get up the sleeves of my shirt, and evidently had found my arms to their liking. Harry's closely clipped head also showed the results of their depredations under the rim of his hat, but when we glanced at our creels we felt that we might, perhaps, even forgive the black fly. The sun had dried my clothing, so that before the arrival of the boat I was myself again. As the steamboat approached the pier William and Lloyd were seen waving their hats from the bow, and we were soon on our return to Kineo, greetings having been exchanged and the contents of our baskets inspected.

We were now fairly launched on our outing. There was time before supper to walk over to Pebble Beach on Kineo Bay and expose several plates, which resulted in some good pictures of the cliff and beach. Our programme was to go the next morning to the Northwest Carry, try the fishing in that part of the lake, then paddle around to the Northeast Carry and cross to the west branch of the Penobscot. We had chartered a small steamer to transport us and the canoes to the head of the lake, thus avoiding a long paddle of twenty miles. Our guides, Bill and Cy, were stalwart young backwoodsmen, experts in canoe navigation and forest craft. The canoes were of canvas, that material having in a great measure superseded birch bark in their manufacture, though the genuine birch is not yet numbered among the things that were. Several of these craft, so associated with the romance and poetry of the wilderness, were among those drawn up on the beach, and how much more fitted to the surroundings they seemed than their canvas companions. The birches, with the pitch exuding from their seams, were as if to the manor born; begotten of the woods and wedded to the lonely northern waters. They were a link between us and the red race whose ancient hunting grounds were around us. They were aboriginal and traditional. Specimens of the savage skill and woodcraft of the native race, while the boats of canvas betokened the white man, and were unmistakably his handiwork. The canvas canoe wears longer, however, and will stand more hard usage; it is more easily taken care of and is cleaner to handle. The birch has to be pitched often to keep it water tight, and when turned bottom up in the sun the pitch exudes, making it sticky and disagreeable to handle.

The next morning a small steamer left Kineo, and rounding the peninsula, headed for the Northwest Carry. Two canoes were lashed to her sides, and six healthy specimens of the genus homo, with rods, guns and cameras, formed her passenger list and cargo. The summer wind fanned our faces and the lake glistened and sparkled under the morning sun; over by the mouth of Moose River a steamer was slowly toiling along with a great raft of logs in tow; ahead of us two loons were sporting and diving in their element, and the shifting scenery of the shores was a panorama of which we never tired. As we sailed by Kineo we took two instantaneous pictures of the great flint rock. The climax was reached when we saw, away off to the east, towering grandly above the intervening hills, its sides seamed and furrowed with the tracks of slides and avalanches and its summit crowned with snow, the great bulk of Ktaadn. Between us and it were miles of trackless forest, yet it dominated the whole landscape. Majestic, massive, imposing, the sovereign of the mountains of Maine. Looking in the opposite direction, we saw the Russell Mountains and Bald Mountain over by the Canada line.

In due time we arrived at our destination, and old Joe Morris, who lives at the carry, came down to the shore to welcome us. We lowered the canoes gently into the water, paddled ashore and prepared for dinner. Joe's house stands in a small clearing and is a typical log structure, one story, long and low. We had to stoop as we entered the door. Behind the cabin were the hovels which served as barn and stable. The room which we entered was chamber and living room combined. On the side opposite the door was a huge bunk, six feet in width and running the whole length of the apartment. There was room in it for a dozen men, and across the end of the room were two other bunks, one over the other, which would accommodate four more. A large box stove stood in the middle of the floor, and a long bench, a couple of chairs and a table completed the furnishing of this backwoods boudoir. A rifle stood in the corner, and antlers of two caribou and a deer hung on the wall.

While we sat there waiting for dinner we noticed that William got up several times and went outside, returning in a short time with a look of satisfaction lighting up his handsome face. (William was the good-looking man of the party.) At last the Scribe's curiosity was aroused, and he went out, too, just in time to see William turning the tap of a keg which stood beside the door. He held a tin cup into which a stream of amber liquid was running from the keg. He looked up and proffered the cup to the Scribe, saying, "Just try that; it's prime." The Scribe took it, and before he returned it he had imbibed some of the best birch beer he ever saw, and which, as William said, "went to the right spot." We could always trust William to discover anything in the beer line. By this time Joe's wife announced, in a mixture of broken English and French patois, that dinner was ready, and six hungry mortals filed into the *salle-à-manger*. The room in which we ate was smaller than the living room, and was sheathed with slabs, split and shaved by hand. On the home-made table was a repast of fried trout and pork, eggs, bread and butter, the latter excellent and made by madame herself. Our dessert was of wild strawberries and delicious cream. Joe's sugar had given out, so we sweetened our coffee with molasses. Madame Joe, evidently thinking that William and Scribe were beings of a higher degree of civilization than the others, had placed beside their plates clean handkerchiefs to serve in lieu of napkins, and at one end of the table a tumbler held a bunch of purple iris. This little touch of feminine taste was unexpected in this out-of-the-way place, and the bit of color really reemed to light up the dim apartment. On the floor near the table stood an iron pot containing a smudge or smouldering fire, intended to keep the mosquitoes from being too demonstrative in their attentions. A number of these birds of prey hovered over the table notwithstanding the smoke. They were so large that William thought they were humming birds; but then William had been lowering the high-water mark in Uncle Joe's keg of beer.

Dinner disposed of, we went out to catch trout for supper and breakfast. It was a bright sunshiny afternoon with not a cloud in the sky nor a breath of wind to stir the leaves. The canoes appeared to rest on, not in the water, and they made scarcely a ripple as they moved over the glassy surface. The trout did not seem inclined to bite, and we had gone a mile or more down the lake before a fish was struck. The Scribe was the lucky man and reeled in trout weighing about a pound, which had taken the second fly on his leader. Soon afterward Lloyd got one and then Harry captured a three-pound laker. During the afternoon we had fair luck, but as usually is the case, the biggest fish was the one we didn't catch. Harry, who was trolling, struck a big fish, and after considerable work got him near enough to the canoe so that we could get a good look at him, but with a sudden leap he shook himself free from the hook and departed for parts unknown.

As the sun began to disappear behind the treetops on the western shore, we paddled homeward. How that little word "home" clings to us, no matter where fate or caprice may lead one's wandering footsteps. "Home" is perhaps the most expressive word of the English tongue and suggestive of the most endearing memories. As the canoes glided noiselessly along past the silent shores, where the shadows were already deepening in the forest, the Scribe's thoughts reverted to a happy home which once was his, but from which the life and light went out when its young mistress went to her other home up there above the blue sky.

After Cy and Bill had cleaned the fish we had supper and then sat on the bench outside the door and smoked our cigars. Behind us and on either side of the clearing, the woods formed a dense black wall. In front was the lake and over the water came the wild demoniac calling of a loon, a sound so strange and weird and thrilling, as if the evil spirit of the wilds was aboad in the night. The shrill quavering laughter seemed to intensify the stillness instead of breaking it and made the solitude of this lonely spot only more complete. W. A. B.

MAINE FISH AND GAME.

THE height of the dull season for trout is upon us. Perhaps it would be better to say the depth of the dull season. August is a poor month for trout in New England, and yet it is curious to note the number of fishing rods that go out on every train that leaves Boston for the North and the East. In one case an old and a very respectable tea merchant went down to the farm last week. This going down to the farm means a visit to several small farms way up among the mountains in Maine, which farms have fallen into the hands of the merchant, for the reason that from the kindness of his heart he could not help lending the poor owners money, till at length the whole have come gradually to be his own. This gentleman takes his fishing rods with him. But the chances are that he will get but few trout, for the country urchin, with his piece of string, his pin hook and worm, has had all summer to angle. The brooks in that part of Maine are badly depleted. They are capable of sustaining a good supply of large trout, but they are taken when mere fingerlings.

At the great lakes in that State the season just now is excessively dull. A couple of letters now at hand. Both speak of no sportsmen and very warm weather. At the hotels in the region about Rangeley and Phillips there are reported to be a full showing of guests, but they are of the summer tourist order, rather than sportsmen with the rod and line. Their time is taken up—judging from the reports—in junketing and excursions about the lakes rather than in fishing for trout. Occasionally a party visits a far-off stream in the woods, and then come tales of the slaughter of hundreds of trout. If these vacationists are indulging, as on former seasons, in jacking deer, they are doing it more on the sly than ever before, for the accounts fail to reach the ears of those who would like to see these poachers punished.

But the fall season will open before many weeks have passed, and a lively one it promises to be. The sportsmen who visited the Maine lakes in the spring, some of them for the first time, have become enthusiasts, and they long for September days. It certainly looks as though the exodus of sportsmen to the Maine waters this fall would be greater than ever. They will drink their fill of the glories of autumn in the woods by the borders of the lake, but what the prospects of sport are it is hard to tell. There has been a great abundance of rain in nearly all New England this summer, but there is still time enough to make a very dry autumn. An abundance of water usually means an abundance of trout, but at the same time the July and August fishing this year have been rather poor. It may, however, all be in store for September.

Among those who will take to the Maine woods this fall the desire to shoot is also very strong. But all must remember that the open season on deer, caribou and moose does not begin till the first of October. The generous proposition of the Maine Fish and Game Commission to add September to the open months on this game, was defeated at the last moment in the Legislature of the State last winter It is claimed that the lumber interest did it, and it is certain that the speech of a "Down East Lumber Head" had much to do with the defeat of the bill. He argued that the lumber interest of Maine could ill afford to open up another month to the dangers of the hunter's fires in their beloved forests. But the wise ones said at the time that his object was rather to save the moose and deer from the hunters in legal season, in order that they might be killed by his men in the winter close season. Deer and moose thus obtained came cheaper to him than beef. But enough of this just now. The lumber interest of Maine that allows deer and moose to be killed in the winter season in violation of law is yet to be shown up in FOREST AND STREAM.

SPECIAL.

Not one of the least important items in the attractions and advantages Louisana offers to tourists and immigrants is its rich resources of game for the gun and rod of the sportsman. A writer from Shreveport to the Dallas (Tex.) *News*, enlarging on the charms of the lake region of Caddo and adjoining parishes on the upper Red River, says: "In winter ducks and fish are so plentiful that the margins of the lakes have become the scene of shameful slaughter, when sportsmen, unable to control their instincts, degenerate into killers. To the Northern seeker after amusement, who is not drawn to Florida in search of the springs of perennial youth which Ponce de Leon immortalized in fable, the quietness and balm which hang over those lakes when Jack Frost has closed the gates of the North offer an irresistible charm, and the fact of those lakes not having been more generally advertised accounts for their not being the most frequented winter resorts in the United States. The shooting lasts from the middle of October until April, during which time boats of suitable size and model can be hired at a trivial cost. Ducks of every variety and in numbers that almost obscure the sun, when the quacking tribe rise between it and the observer, frequent those lakes and can be shot at either en masse or in line, as the hunter may elect. There is the canvasback duck—without question the finest that flies as well as the largest and gamest—the redhead, but little inferior to the canvasback; the mallard; blue and green-winged teals; the wood duck, deliciously tender; the pintail, which feeds on the chincapin, and any other number of ducks from the rarest to the toughest and most hardened. Of other birds adjacent to the lakes there are snipe, plover, curlews, killdees, sandpipers, and other select varieties. Here, unlike in Florida, the hunter has not to go miles to find an egg to make his eggnog. Darkies' cabins are everywhere on hand in Caddo parish, and there is no darky's cabin without a supply of eggs.

Natural History.

THE PIED DUCK.

Camptolaimus labradorius.

BY R. M. SHUFELDT, C. M. Z. S., ETC.

NOT long ago (January, 1886) the writer of the present article published in the *Century Magazine* an article entitled "Feathered Forms of Other Days," wherein, after dwelling upon the ancestry of birds now so clearly revealed to us through the discovery of the remains of extinct avian, avireptilian and reptilian forms, he came to consider the list of those birds in different parts of the world which have been exterminated, through one means or another, within comparatively recent times. Among these latter no little attention was paid to the history of the subject of the present article, the pied, or Labrador duck; and in my *Century* essay a figure was given of this interesting bird. In some particulars, however, that illustration was not quite as satisfactory as I should liked to have had it; but that is neither here nor there so far as our present purpose is concerned.

For more than a year after the article I refer to appeared, I received communications from various sources, and often of an exceedingly interesting character, which, in the main, questioned the propriety of including the pied duck among those birds now known to be absolutely extinct. Some told me that they had shot specimens within five years, and others had seen it in the flesh even within a more recent date than that, while one correspondent knew the duck perfectly, had seen one within a month in a market, and would soon be able to send me a pair in alcohol to be used as anatomical material!

It is needless to add, however, that notwithstanding the intention of my good correspondents, I have not up to the present writing been overburdened with specimens of that particular duck. In one or two instances, I must confess, the descriptions sent me, sometimes by old duck hunters, of birds they had recently shot as pied ducks, were very accurate indeed, and I was more than inclined to believe that a *bona fide* capture had been made. And in view of these facts, and inasmuch as the American Ornithologists' Union still keep this duck on our Check List as "now extremely rare, and perhaps extinct," I believe another word about it here will hardly be considered untimely.

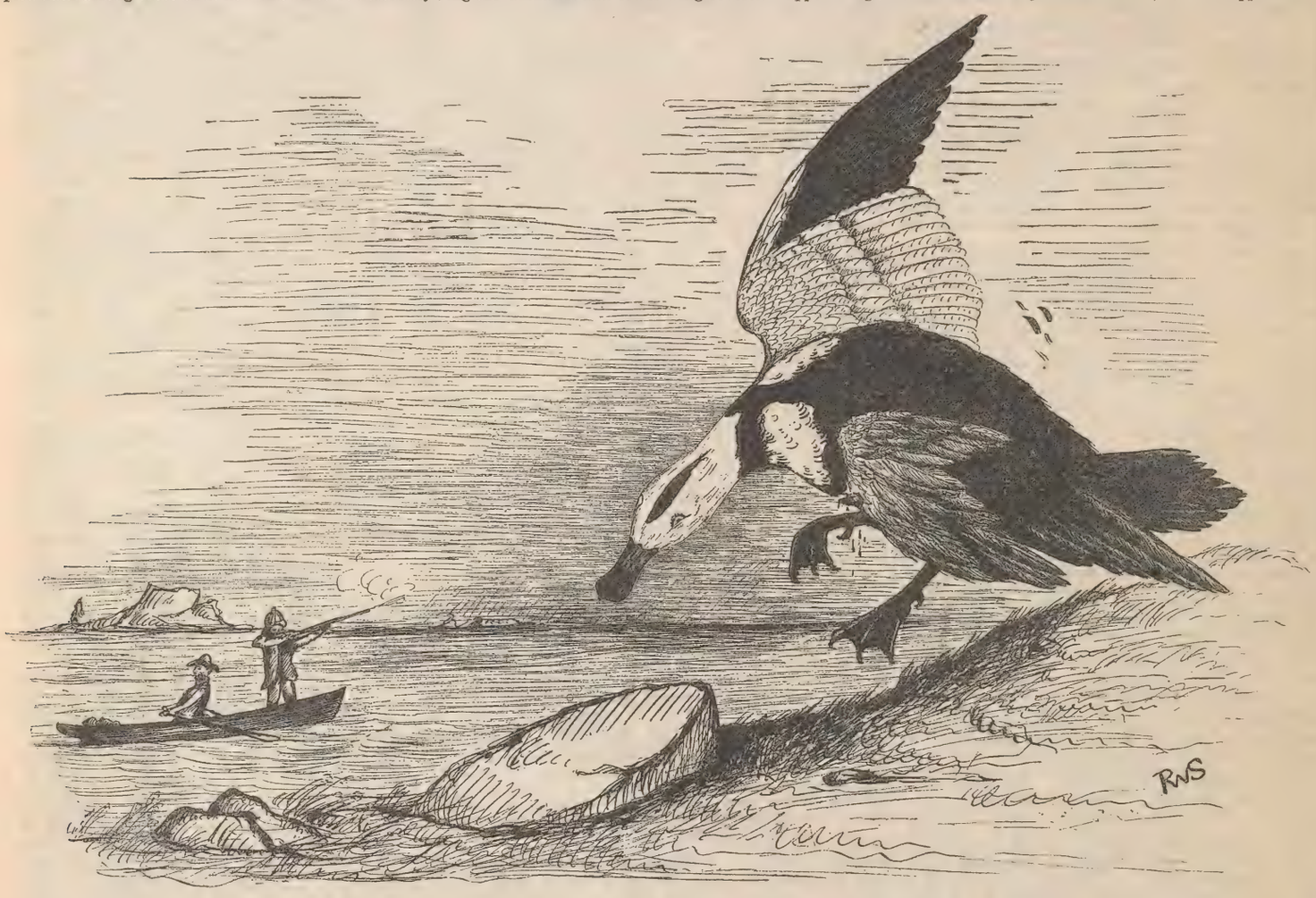
There is before me my copy of Audubon's figure of this duck, a splendid colored plate, and some three or four years ago, Mr. Smiley, the talented photographer of the U. S. National Museum, made me a fine photograph of the mounted specimen of the male pied duck in the collections of the Smithsonian Institution. This is also at my hand, and from the two sources in question I have ventured to produce a sketch of the bird myself to illustrate what we have to say here in regard to him, but chiefly to place before sportsmen a figure of the bird which cannot be easily mistaken, and which will serve as a guide in diagnosis in case a specimen be taken upon any of their expeditions. For we will all agree that it would be a shame to pluck a pair of these ducks for the table when not long ago a pair of skins sold in London for $ 00 cash—yes, only the skins and feathers, to say nothing of what a pair of alcoholics might have brought, which not only include the skin and feathers, but all the structural characters besides! I have no doubt that a good pair of these birds, adult specimens in perfect plumage, would command a price of $300 at the present writing.

A pied duck was shot in Halifax harbor in 1852, and I am unfamiliar with any record that is of later date. Audubon painted his pair in his admirable figures of the plate to his work from two he had had presented him by the "Honorable Daniel Webster, of Boston, who killed them himself on the Vineyard Islands, on the coast of Massachusetts."

Granting that a few of these birds are still in existence, a male specimen may be known by having length of about 20in., measured to the end of the tail, and to the end of the claws 22½in., and to the end of the wings only 18½in. Alar extent, 30in.; so it will be seen that it is an unusually large duck. Audubon's specimen weighed 1lb. 14½oz., and he tells us that in it the "bill with the basal space between the nostrils running into a rounded point in the middle, pale grayish-blue; the sides of the base and the edges of both mandibles for two-thirds of their length, dull pale orange, the rest of the bill black. Iris reddish hazel. Feet light grayish-blue, webs and claws dusky. Head and upper half of neck white, excepting an elongated black patch on the top of the head and nape. Below the middle of the neck is a black ring, anteriorly is a broad band of white, passing backward on each side, so as to include the scapulars. All the under parts black, excepting the axillaries and lower wing coverts. Upper wing coverts and secondary quills white, some of the inner quills with a narrow external black margin; alula, primary coverts, and primary quills, brownish-black. Tail [14 tapering feathers] brownish-black, tinged with gray, the shafts black; upper tail coverts dusky, minutely dotted with reddish-brown." The female is smaller than the male, and in general coloration is of a brownish-gray, with bill, feet, etc., as in the drake; it has, however, white on the sides of its forehead, and some seven or eight of the secondaries of the wing likewise. The remainder of the wings and the tail as in the male; so if a male bird happened to be collected, any such appearing companion taken with it, ought surely to be preserved and with fully as much care.

These birds ought to be carefully looked for during the winter season from Labrador to the southern coasts of New Jersey; they have never, I believe, been taken in the interior.

If a specimen in full plumage is captured, there is no reason why it should not furnish, not only a first-class skin, but the entire skeleton and soft parts besides. It should as soon as possible be committed to a jar containing sufficient pure, clear alcohol to cover it completely, when it can be converted into the aforesaid material just so soon as it comes into the hands of a skilled preparateur, and one who fully realizes the great value of the specimen upon which he may be called to operate.



THE PIED DUCK (*Camptolaimus labradorius*).—MALE; WINTER PLUMAGE.

ALBINO HEDGEHOG.—Methuen, Mass.—Mr. C. F. Richardson asked in your issue of June 7 if any of us had ever seen white hedgehogs. Last September I was in the town of Sutton, N. H. Scott Littleade, of that town, had two of them alive, and with them a white woodchuck or ground hog.—C. G. C.

WHIP SCORPION AND GILA MONSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 28 Dr. R. W. Shufeldt gives your readers an interesting sketch of what he calls the whip-tailed scorpion. In southern Arizona, where I first saw this creature, nearly thirty years ago, the natives called it "Venegraea," as near as I can come to it, and I found it quite common in the entire southern portion of the Territory, especially in the neighborhood of old Fort Buchanan (subsequently renamed Camp Crittenden), where one had only to turn over a few old logs or loose stones to find one or more of these interesting creatures. My sole object in writing this is to place on record at least one case in which the bite of this insect proved fatal. In one of the numerous expeditions after the Apache Indians in that Territory in 1858, the company to which I belonged at the time, D Troop, First Dragoons, captured among other things a small Indian boy, at the time probably six years old. This youngster, while tractable enough in most things could not be induced to sleep under a roof, and preferred to make his bed in an old tent in which a number of packing boxes were stored. He always slept on the ground. The boy took a fancy to me, and one morning he came and tried by pointing to make me understand that something had bitten him on the head, and that it hurt him very much. On examining the place, right in front of and a little above the ear, I noticed that he certainly had been bitten by something; the wounds exuded a yellowish serum, and I supposed at first that it was the bite of a tarantula, for tarantulas were very common also. The boy was at once taken to the hospital, which was then in charge of Asst. Surgeon B. J. D. Sroin, now Lieut.-Col. and Surgeon U. S. Army. The doctor was noted and beloved by the men of that command for his skillful treatment and the tender care bestowed on all his patients, and he had his hands full in that unhealthy place. The writer himself would in all probability have long ago joined the great majority had he fallen in less careful hands than those of genial Dr. Sroin. But to come back—everything that could be done for the Indian boy was done, but notwithstanding he steadily grew worse, his head swelled up to an enormous size, and after lingering for a few weeks or so (as nearly as I can remember) he died. At the suggestion of Dr. Sroin the tent in which the boy slept was thoroughly searched at the time, and some half a dozen or more fully grown insects of this species were found under the boxes, and one of these was nearly dead when found, probably injured by the boy when it bit him. This is the only instance coming under my observation.

Again in your issue of August 4 the indefatigable Dr. Shufeldt furnishes your readers with a most interesting article and an excellent drawing of the little known Gila monster (*H. suspectum*), a reptile met with by me on several occasions during my service in southern Arizona. Perhaps I may be able to add a little to the Doctor's account, which may be interesting to some of your readers. While encamped on the present site of Fort Lowell, Arizona, seven miles from Tucson, on the Rillotto Creek, during the summer of 1872, one of these lizards took up its residence under a board floor in my tent. How long it may have been there before it was discovered I don't know, but as I did not consider it a desirable neighbor it did not stay there long after I located it, and the speci-

men is now in a much better place, among the reptile collection of the National Museum, Washington, D. C. If I remember rightly, this specimen contained about eight fully formed eggs, all about ¾in. in length by ½in. in width, bluntly pointed on each end, resembling the egg of an alligator in shape, but with a smooth, soft, white skin instead of a hard, glossy shell like the latter. These eggs were sent along at the same time among a number of other alcoholic specimens. For some reason or another both the native Mexicans as well as the Indians are extremely afraid of these reptiles, which they call "Escorpione," while they do not seem to mind so much the numerous other poisonous creatures found in that Territory. I had an unusually intelligent Apache attached to my command in 1872, Antonio by name, who firmly believed that the very breath of this animal was deadly poison, and who could not be induced to go within ten feet of one under any circumstances, although it was well known that he was a brave and courageous man on many another occasion. For some reason this belief seems to be universal among the natives there. All the specimens I saw were from 16 to 20in. long, and I have found them fully as often miles from water as along river bottoms. They are not rare about Tucson. There is no doubt about their being poisonous. A specimen now alive in Washington bit a young alligator in one of its legs a few months ago and the alligator soon thereafter died from the effects of the bite. C. E. BENDIRE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Another name of the whip-tailed scorpion in Florida is "scruncher."

During a residence of nearly three years in that State I became quite well acquainted with this creature and listened to the warnings and exclamations in regard to it from the Crackers, of which "I'd a heap sooner be bit by a rattler," is a fair sample. But I never heard of any one who was injured by one, though I was always on the lookout. I never took any special pains to test the matter on myself. I have several times given live ones to my hens and chickens, and they always disposed of them as readily as they would of any large beetle, never showing any sign of being poisoned. From my own observations I am of the opinion that they are not more dangerous than the true scorpion. I shall investigate the matter more perfectly and will report to FOREST AND STREAM. C. L. HOPKINS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SOME BIRD NOTES.

I HAVE been expecting, since the exquisite poem on the cheewink appeared in No. 25, July 14, to hear from others of our corresponding sporting naturalists. Now I have little doubt in my own mind that the chorister mentioned was a genuine catbird (*Galeoscoptis carolinensis*) and not a cheewink or ground robin. The catbird is a veritable and very accurate imitator of other songsters, so much so that almost any farmer boy of central New York knows him as the "northern mockingbird." I know that he used to go by that name in our locality, and many an hour have I, hidden in the deep recesses of a prickly ash copse, listened to his wonderful impersonation of the different songsters of our glen. As with a flip of his tail he jumped from the ground or limb to limb, he was first a cat calling for its young or mate, then came the carol of a robin, as a robin only can or does carol just before sunset or a storm; then a whistle of the chipmunk, as he seeks his hole, with the note of oriole or chickadee-dee-dee, and many other feathered inhabitants of this neighborhood. In fact I have even heard them giving a good "*who who*" at times. Yes, it might easily have been, and more probably was our mouse-colored mercurial jackanapes—the catbird.

Another article in your last number rather amused me, the duel between the hummingbird and the English sparrow. Of all the fish and snake stories this will compare favorably. The little tender honey and small insect sucker penetrating the tough breast of an English sparrow, to say nothing of a kingbird. Well, what next? To be sure our Assistant Ornithologist, by way of a let down, says, "It is possible that the kingbird and sparrow killed each other." I should say so. Or perhaps one of the minute insects that it is said the hummer extracts from the innermost depths of the flowers, perhaps one of these stung the sparrow and the kingbird in their little throats and thus punished their audacity. But I am glad to see these woodland matters agitated in your columns. Let us hear from more of our sportsmen naturalists. We all have reminiscences of "wood notes wild," and having eyes can see. Let us tell each other. These chatty, short items are generally read first. JACOBSTAFF.

SKELETONS OF THE GREAT AUK.—A St. Johns, Newfoundland, dispatch to the Boston *Herald* reports: "News has just been received here that the cruise of the United States Fish Commission schooner Grampus on the Newfoundland coast has been highly satisfactory in its results. One of the main objects of the expedition was to obtain skeletons of the great auk, a sea bird larger than a goose, which was once found in myriads on the low rocky islands off the eastern coast, and even out as far as the banks. For more than half a century no specimen has been seen of this remarkable bird, and it is 'wanted' badly for scientific purposes, as in all the museums of the world only nine skeletons are found. Prof. Baird dispatched the Grampus to search Funk Island, where three skeletons were found many years ago. Funk Island lies thirty miles from the mainland, exposed to the swell of the Atlantic. There is no harbor or cove, and it is only possible to land on it from a boat in very calm weather by leaping on one of the narrow ledges of rocks. It is about half a mile in length, bare, rocky, and without water. At certain places are guano deposits formed in by-gone ages, and the hope was that buried in these heaps were skeletons of the great auk, still well preserved. A safe landing was effected by the scientific party, which spent two days on the island. Capt. Collins forwards the intelligence that they came away entirely satisfied with the collection made. They believe they secured specimens of everything on the island—animal, mineral and vegetable. It is thus evident the Smithsonian Institution will be enriched by rare prizes. The researches of the Grampus will continue northward as far as Labrador. In addition to dredging and collecting natural history specimens, Capt. Collins is charged with the duty of verifying reports of the appearance of mackerel off the northeastern shores."

Game Bag and Gun.

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BEAR TRAPPING.

AS suggested in the FOREST AND STREAM the other day, there is not the slightest doubt that bears are on the increase in the north woods of New England. This is especially true of the northern part of the western counties of the State of Maine. In the region of the Androscoggin lakes this increase is certainly very noticeable, or else the fact that the region is being more thoroughly visited by sportsmen and amateur hunters is bringing accounts of bears to light with much greater frequency. The newspapers teem with items concerning bears killed, and did not the fact of how they were killed stand out with prominence, the heart of the real sportsman would be fired with enthusiasm. The farmer's sheep fold is entered and havoc is made. Then the assistance of the local bear hunter is employed. He comes, not with his trusty rifle—he may have an old shotgun with him—but with a steel trap, weighing sometimes over a hundred pounds. Some of the sheep or lambs that bruin has killed are used for bait and the live ones of the sheep-fold are now carefully housed each night. After a few days bruin becomes hungry, and if he cannot find live sheep on which to satisfy his appetite, he seeks the dead ones and falls into the trap. This trap is rarely ever chained up solid, but a heavy log of wood is attached. This the bear can drag away and his attention is given to moving off, rather than to twisting his leg out of the jaws of the trap. It is presumed that the trapper is soon on hand to dispatch the bear, but such is not always the case. The instances are numerous on the records of any old bear trapper where the trap is found containing only the foot of the bear, and often where the bear is dead in the trap.

Now, what I desire to ask the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM is, if this is hunting? Is it sport worthy the name to thus trap even a bear? The story of J. A. French, of Andover, Me., and his son Tom, already recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM, is sufficient to open the eyes of any true sportsman to what might be done. These two dead shots with the rifle asked the farmer to house the sheep the bear had left alive and to leave the dead ones undisturbed for a few days. On the third day the moon would be at its full. The night was grand. French suggested to Tom that the old fellow would be there that night. Without even informing their neighbors, they took their rifles and stole silently out of the little village. Not even the people at the house knew their errand. By 10 o'clock they crouched in ambush behind the fence and within easy rifleshot of the dead lambs. Soon they saw an enormous black object break from the woods on the other side of the clearing. It crept toward the bait and was cheered on its mission by the peculiar cry of a companion in the mountain a short distance away. On came the bear, for such it proved to be. The hair of French or Tom—only a boy—stand on end, and they turn and flee for their lives? Not a bit of it. At the proper moment French gave the word, and both rifles rang out so near together that French asked Tom why he did not fire, to which question Tom indignantly replied that he did fire. In the meantime the old bear had given one leap into the air and had fallen over dead. Both bullets had taken effect in a vital part. The bear proved to be a very large one. Does not his capture open a new idea in bear hunting? Is it sport to set a steel trap even for a bear? Has not even a bear some sense of pain? Is it pleasant for a true sportsman to think that he has been the means of even a dumb animal falling into a terrible trap, from the effects of which the poor beast must die after days of suffering?

Here is a case in point. A party of sportsmen visited their camp in the Androscoggin Lake region this spring. They had the best of fishing, and enjoyed their trip with all the zest that the sportsman is entitled to. They caught a live fox and had him tethered with a long chain in front of their camp. To their credit be it said they let the fox go when they got ready to break camp. But to other animals their kindness was not of so much avail. They discovered the work of bears in the old logs back of the camp. They had scratched the wood to pieces in search of ants, and a trap suggested itself. One of their guides went out to the settlement and got the trap. It was set a day or two before the party broke camp. The guide was directed to visit it, as he had a chance afterward. But he came out to the settlement and weeks passed before he had occasion to visit the trap. He reached the ground. The trap was gone. He had not far to follow where the clog had torn up the earth and logs before the odor began to tell him that the trap had done its work. He found the bear, a large one, in such a state of decay that he could not skin him, but he secured a claw or two and sent them to Boston to members of the camp as trophies of the bear hunt. Was that a noble bear hunt? Did that poor bear with both feet in the trap suffer untold agonies before death came to his relief? Can a true sportsmen afford to be the author of such misery, even to a bear?

It brings to mind the story that sent a chill to the heart of all who read it a few years ago. A poor Canadian Frenchman, living on the borders of Maine, went out to set his bear trap one day in the early autumn. He was never afterward seen alive. The next year a party of hunters found the bleached bones of a man in the woods in that vicinity, both forearm bones of which were in the jaws of a terrible bear trap. The poor Frenchman in setting his trap had got caught by both his arms. He probably knew, as no other man ever knew, the agonies that even a bear suffers when caught by the leg in a trap. It is still worse to leave the trap unattended. Such creatures we are obliged to kill—indeed we may kill them for sport, and noble sport it is—but every thing we kill is entitled to a quick, and, as far as possible, a painless death.

Bear trapping is dangerous, and especially so now that hunting has become so much the practice in all parts of the country. It is next to impossible to set one of those infernal steel traps where some hunter may not fall into it. Cases where human beings have fallen into bear traps are not unusual. One comes to mind which actually took place in the mountains of Milton Plantation, in Oxford county, Maine, several years ago. Two brothers, with a little son of the elder, had started up the side of the Glines Mountain, then noted as blueberry mountain. They had started in quest of that fruit, and had their baskets with them. The elder brother was ahead, and the boy, only eleven years of age, was between them. They were following a rather indistinct path up the side of the mountain. The younger brother suggested that it might be a bear path, and had scarcely spoken the words when the men both saw the bait, a part of a sheep that the trapper had hung up to attract the bear. Both now uttered words of caution about the possibilities of a bear trap hidden somewhere. But they little thought that it was right in the path, buried in the leaves, and that the elder brother had stepped over it, till a scream and a groan from the poor boy showed him with his little leg in the trap. Both men jumped each for one of the springs, and by almost superhuman efforts the springs were brought down far enough to liberate the poor boy. His leg was not broken, but the teeth had cut so that he was bleeding badly. The men took him by turns on their shoulders, after binding up his wounds with a handkerchief and such bandages as they could improvise from their clothing, and brought him to the settlement. The boy recovered from his wounds, but either of the brothers would shudder for years afterward when telling of the incident, and at the suggestion of one falling into such a trap when alone, or even if one of the men had been alone with the boy. The trap weighed over 75lbs., and the suggestions about what might have been the case under slightly different circumstances are enough to make one hate the sight of a bear trap. A brother of the boy is living in Boston to-day, and to say the least, he does not think much of setting bear traps. The hunting season is close upon us. Bears are plenty in Maine, and let those who go into the woods after other game beware, for there are bear traps and bear traps. On the whole, would it not be sport to try and shoot an old fellow at night, as did French and Tom?

SPECIAL.

BEARS IN ARKANSAS.

ABOUT twenty-five miles from Beebe and nearly seven miles above Des Arc, on the White River, is a section of country that is overrun with all kinds of wild game; and reports came to me the other day that the bears were destroying whole fields of corn. Now, I have always wanted to kill a bear, but up to this hunt I had never been able to as much as sight one, although I have put in a great deal of time hunting for them. This was an opportunity not to be missed, so I washed out my old muzzleloading rifle, sixty to the pound, lock a trifle out of repair; sharpened my hunting knife, put some bread in my game sack, and about 7 o'clock, July 19, when the sun had set, I started, for I prefer to travel after night in this hot climate. I footed it. Just as my watch pointed to 1:40 A. M. I reached the house of a friend, John Malcom, in the strip of country infested by bear. Well, the folks were all "chilling" when I got there. This is the worst feature of life in Arkansas. From July 1 until frost flies it is in fact the main feature. Those of the family who were able to talk reasonably were glad to see me; and when they learned that I was down on a bear-killing trip the old man told me that there were four bears down in the bottom that came in his corn every night and had destroyed more than two acres and had run him and two more out of the field that night just after dark. I listened to it all and made due allowance for a certain propensity which I knew was second nature with my truthful friend; and I came to the conclusion that perhaps I might find a bear track somewhere within a mile or two of his corn.

As soon as it was daylight I was out looking up sign and laying my plans for killing my first bear. I went through my friend's cornfield as a starting point, and was compelled for once to own that Malcolm could tell the truth. The destruction was immense; the corn was broken down in piles and the ground was literally covered with sign old and new. As I was walking along looking carefully at the tracks my attention was suddenly drawn to other matters. I heard a grunting, growling sound behind me; and turning around with my rifle in readiness for a shot, I saw a cub bear about one year old walking toward me as if he owned the land and I was trespassing. Within 20ft. of me he stopped, and then for the first time he saw me, and turned to run. This was my chance. Catching a quick sight at the base of his right ear I fired; and at the report he turned as complete a summersault as I ever saw and lay still. I dropped the butt of my rifle on the ground and loaded as rapidly as possible, putting down two round balls. Then I walked up to my bear and turned him over. He was stone dead; the ball had struck him at the base of the ear and carried away the whole top of his head. This was my first bear; and although I hunted day and night I got no more shots nor saw any more bear. Still I could find plenty of fresh sign; but as I had no dog, as soon as the bear took to the cane I lost him. Deer sign is plenty, and as soon as the season for killing deer comes round I will write you of my first deer hunt of this year. G. J. B.

BEEBE, Ark.

QUAIL AND RAINS IN GEORGIA.—Augusta, Ga., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The unprecedented rains in this section for the past two weeks have ruined the bird crop. A rainfall of over eight inches in six days caused a freshet in all the lowlands and swamps hereabouts, and the young birds have been drowned out, and we came very near suffering the fate of the birds. Only a day before the floods came I saw young quail that could not fly, and many hens were yet on their nests. The upland birds have also suffered. We have had two freshets in one river, which covers a large area of bottom land, and it has been raining steady for two days and we are expecting another. Up to two weeks ago the season was splendid for quail, and I could have found a dozen coveys in a day's tramp in the lowlands; but all my anticipated pleasures have vanished, and I am afraid I won't be able to send you the swamp quail specimens this season. Sorrowfully yours, J. M. W.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, Va.—This has been a splendid summer here for game birds of all kinds. We had a great many old birds left last fall, therefore I am not surprised to hear from all quarters of large numbers of young birds. One party tells me of seeing over 100 young turkeys in two days. So far as I can learn the law is well respected here.—WM. HODGSON.

IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—IX.

IN the morning we said good-by to the 21 ranch and to the good, square-toed boys who run it. They all treated us so well that we felt bad over it. We went there strangers, some of us, and inflicted three men, three horses and five dogs on them, just as if the outfit belonged to us; and we did this when we were not allowed to make any recompense whatever for it. I wonder if we could drive into a place that suited us in New York, and act the same way. If thanks and good wishes go, we want to square up that way with all the ranchmen we met in the Cherokee Strip. They won't let us in any other. But lest some thoughtless hunters, moved by what has been said herein, should escape the soldiers long enough to impose upon the ranchmen in that country, I will state again that Mr. Allison was well known there, and that we had some claim as his friends. Our absent host, Mr. Greever, we never saw at all, except during the hurried meeting on the way down.

Now do you suppose Mr. Streeter would let us go on through to Kiowa and get back to our business? No, sir. We had to stop two days at his ranch, just below the line, and chase coyotes. Of course, if we must, we must; and we must; so we did. Here we made the acquaintance of Mr. Streeter's married son and his son's wife, who live in a very elegant interior in the very picturesque-looking ranch house—Mr. Streeter himself living with his family in Kiowa. This ranch house is jammed into the bank at the edge of a pretty little basin, and is prettily overgrown with trees which spring out of the bluff. I don't know of what style of architecture you would call that house. It had a good deal of bark to it and some shingles, and, I believe, some boards, and perhaps a few logs, or split logs. But it made the best picture, Ricker said, that we found on the trip. If you could paint it, and mark it "Swiss chalet," you could sell it for a pile of money to somebody who is making a collection like the A. T. Stewart art collection. Nothing like getting outside of this country for some folks. And then again for others there is nothing like getting around on the inside of it.

Our coyote hunting was interrupted on the second day by a bad fall Mr. Allison got from his horse, spraining his wrist and laming his left shoulder. Old John is usually sure-footed, but this time, in jumping a gully he did not recover quick enough, stumbled against the rise beyond and fell half upon his rider. That coyote got away. Old John was badly lamed in the shoulder, too, and indeed this fall, coming upon two weeks of continuous hard riding, much of the time at full run, used the old veteran up so badly that we could not get him home, but left him in care of a farmer nearly a hundred miles south of Hutchinson. As has been said before, coursing on the Western plains is sport which is not free from danger, and if one is not ready to take a fall, and perhaps a serious one occasionally, he would better stay out of it. It is sure to catch him sometime, if he rides right to stay with the chase.

Strung along the eaves of the cattle sheds at Mr. Streeter's ranch were countless tails of coyotes, with the trophies of four gray wolves. The latter animals are much dreaded by the ranchmen, because of their destructiveness among calves and young cattle. Mr. Streeter showed us the body of a yearling they had recently killed. But to offset this he showed us, tacked out against the house, a big gray wolf skin, which made our eyes bulge with wonder—a perfect monster of a wolf, such as you read about in the books. The hide, tacked out while frozen and never properly stretched at all (they are so careless about these things on the ranches), measured 6ft. from the nose to the tip of tail. There was a wolf for you! And there was a wolf fight for you, too. This big brute did not seem to try to run away at all, but stood and waited for the hounds to come up. Judge now, if old Prince be not a dog of simply tremendous power and courage. When he saw the wolf stand, he never stopped an instant, but ran right in on him alone. The wolf and dog reared up on their hindlegs together like two fighting dogs, their hair bristling all over, and each doing his best to cut the other's throat. The clinch resulted in Prince getting the wolf by the side of the neck and throwing him by a sudden wrench. At this juncture the big blue dog, which is Mr. Streeter's other mainstay, got up and caught the wolf by the opposite shoulder. And yet such was the size and strength of the wolf that it rose to its feet with those two great dogs hanging to it and actually began to walk off with them both, until the other hounds got in, and Mr. Streeter ended a serious encounter by a bullet through the shoulders of the great brute.

When Mr. Streeter had first spoken of this skin, down at the 21 camp, I public y coveted it and I am afraid had bad taste enough to want to buy it of him. I never did know a cattleman to sell anything—although they often buy things—and Mr. Streeter laughed at me and said he would give me the skin. As Mr. Allison had given me a very beautiful wildcat skin, and as I knew he himself much wished this big wolf skin to put in a robe, it might have been a little nicer in me to let Mr. Allison have it. But I figured it this way: Mr. Allison had his dogs and could come nearer to catching a gray wolf than I could; also, if I let him take that skin, he might forget some day—his dogs having secured him so many trophies—and sort of tell some of the boys just how he killed that wolf himself. Now, I knew Mr. Allison would be sorry if he ever did make such a mistake as that, and so I disinterestedly resolved to prevent it. In short, I compromised by telling him he could have the wolf skin when I got done with it.

Mr. Streeter's last act of hospitality was to pull down this grand trophy—so rare a one that any hunter must value it, no matter how much he hunted—and give it to me, whom he had not known a week. What can you do with such a man? Nothing, I suppose, but go into the cattle business yourself, and be as near like him as possible. When I sent the big wolf hide in to the furriers at Chicago, to have it made into a rug, they wanted to know what price I put on it. I wonder if they took me for a cattleman and thought I would give it them. I didn't. No one can ever have that skin but Mr. Allison. He can have it when I am done with it; in fifty or sixty years. If Mr. Allison had not been good to me he couldn't ever have it at all.

We said good-by again to friends whom it seemed we had known a long time, and then we rolled on out of the Territory.

We were a melancholy-looking outfit as we pulled north, and showed hard work all over. Mr. Allison carried his arm in a sling; old John, gaunt and uncurried, hobbled along with painful steps; the livery ponies—though Mr. Streeter had given Ricker and myself fresh horses at every hunt we had while at his place—were tired, and went with drooping heads; Mike was in the wagon, too lame to walk; Jim limped badly and had a swelled ankle; Terry had two toes nearly torn off and went very lame, and had besides a bad-looking nose; the two foxhounds were beginning to look blear-eyed and jaded from the dust of the road; all the dogs were torn and sore from their numerous fights; Ricker and I were unshaven and disreputable-looking; even the old Black Maria—fit vehicle for so funereal a band—flopped a melancholy torn curtain to the breeze. We were a used-up outfit. And it seems fit that our halting procession should at last hobble off from these pages and make room for something better. E. HOUGH.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life.

XIII.

THE following day being Saturday we not only took lunch with us, but we determined to make a day of it, and give the elephants a rest on Sunday.

There were a dozen camels doing nothing, and calling the drivers they got orders to bring in two loads of elephant fodder each, to which of course they demurred and which they did in spite of their demurrer. The sun just made his appearance as we entered the valley the party had taken on Thursday. There was a fresh tiger's track on the pathway, and when it crossed the stream a mile up there were so many fresh tracks that it was evident the place must have been quite lively during the past night.

We beat up as far as the bog without result, and after an attempt to struggle through it, an attempt in which the ponderous elephants sunk to their bellies, and were only kept from sinking altogether by the coarse grass, we were very glad to get on terra firma again. After a short council, it was decided that I should work along the outer edge of the bog and throw shells, while the Colonel and S. took up positions one at each end of the bog on the side next the hill. As soon as they had got into position about a quarter of a mile apart, I lighted a fuse and sent in a first shell, without effect; twenty yards further I threw in a second, and this time I saw some grass wave fifty yards ahead. Advancing abreast of it I threw a third shell as far as possible, and saw sign of something working through to the hill. I tried to get nearer, but the elephant put one foot down in the bog, and immediately drew back. By this time all was still again, and I tried another rocket without result. I could not throw far enough, and tried a rifle shot. This was followed by a rush in the direction of the Colonel, and as the grass parted in a straight line, I determined to keep up the excitement, and fired a second shot, which elicited an unexpected roar. I had shot him! but the distance was over eighty yards. He made right away for the Colonel, taking the hill about fifty yards from him. I kept my ground, expecting the Colonel's shot would turn him, but he kept on steadily up the hill, the Colonel peppering him as he went. It was too rough ground for the elephants, and motioning S. to join us, I made for the Colonel, who claimed a hit; both his mahount and shikaree testified that the tiger went up the hill on three legs. As soon as S. came up, we dismounted, and arming the shikarees, set out on foot, and after a little search were rewarded with a sight of blood. It was in scanty measure and we had great difficulty in tracking it; and after two hours, in which we had not advanced more than a mile, we reluctantly gave up the chase.

Returning, we went up a steep, dry water course, flanked by pretty steep hills rising about 200ft. on either side of us, and, chatting as we went, with our eyes straight before us, were not a little startled by a whispered "Sahib!" from one of the shikarees, and following his eye, behold! on the crest of the hill to our left, keeping pace with us and watching our movements, was a tiger, evidently taking a philosophic interest in us. The instant we paused he turned toward us, and, sitting on his haunches, challenged us to a pot shot. "Steady," said the Colonel, flushed with excitement, "and all together." I sat down with my back against the hill for a steady pot (for a tiger has no great breadth of beam), and sighting him close to the ground, commenced to rise slowly, until at the word "Fire!" half a dozen barrels belched out their contents. There was no roar, but there was a display of very considerable activity on the part of the tiger. He gave a spring back, and left me with the impression that it ended in a roll over; one of the shikarees, too, declared that he saw him fall behind the crest. It was rather a steep hill to breast, but by advancing another hundred yards or so up the ravine we were able to execute a zigzag, and soon reached the crest. There was no tiger, but on reaching the spot from which he had surveyed us, blood was sighted, and some 10ft. behind it there were signs of a liberal flow, not in drops, but in mass, showing that he had rolled over. There was no difficulty in tracking him down the hill, and as we neared the ravine all sighted him simultaneously lying on his side and gnashing his teeth. He made a vain effort to rise, and weapons were leveled, but the effort was so evidently vain that I called out to spare the skin. I was very sure I had hit the game, and I wanted to determine who else had, which would have been impossible if she—for it was a tigress—had been riddled with another volley. There was no possibility of getting the elephants in, the beast would have to be skinned where she lay, and after a little discussion S., to save time, advanced to within 5yds. and gave her a quietus.

Lighting our pipes we sat down for five minutes to let the claws get rigid, and then turned her over to examine the wounds. There was one express shell in the abdomen which must have disturbed her internal economy very considerably, and would have proved fatal, but it would not have stopped her at such easy distance; the business had been settled by a ball a little on one side in the throat which, from the profusion of blood, appeared to have cut the jugular. A third shot had cut through the muscles of the forearm without injuring the bone, the other three shots had missed. As regarded the abdominal shot, credit for it lay between the Colonel and S., who had both used a 4-50 express and fired shell. The neck wound was caused by a solid ball, and I told the shikarees to cut it out. After some search we found a sapling which would serve to sling the skin on, a chuprassee's "cookrie" (hunting knife) severed it at a few strokes, and in less than an hour the skin had been taken off, my ten-bore spherical ball extracted from its lodgment against a neck vertebra, and the party was on its march to join the elephants.

It was now long past noon and the sun pretty strong, the tramp over the hills had heated us and it was a long step to the next cover; after a little discussion it was decided to go back to camp, try to get a hog deer at a piece of nice cover at the mouth of the valley, which we had not passed through, go home to a comfortable tiffin, and wind up the week with mahseer fishing. Making straight for the cover we put up a stag and two hinds, the former of which fell to the Colonel's rifle. S. and I fired simultaneously at a boar, and succeeded in stopping him. The stag was lashed into his place, the boar had his throat cut and was left for Ram Buksh and his friends to bring in. We seated ourselves once more in position for home, when out sprang a tiger not fifty yards from us; before weapons could be brought to the level he had put a clump of grass between himself and us. We pressed forward, but only in time to catch a glimpse of him for a moment as he dashed up the hill, adding one more to the list of tigers lost by turning up when they are least expected.

SHIKAREE.

RANDOM NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

SACRAMENTO, August 7, 1887.—There is that indescribable something in the atmosphere—at least in the atmoshpere of Central California—which tells the sportsman that the days of falling leaves are not far off; the glorious season of autumn, which calls him to the hills. We have felt it for the past week, and a glance at the calendar tells us that our senses have not misled us. Soon the grain fields will be cleared of their piles of golden wheat, and the stubbles will, ere four weeks hence, be taken possession of by the grand goose army which is now gathering its forces and selecting its flock-leaders in the far north. The home-bred ducks are skimming over the marshes at nightfall, and many of the young quail are already as large as their parents. Here in this glorious climate of ours, the sportsman is favored with long seasons. In just four weeks our quail (grouse) season opens and will continue until the 1st day of March next. Just think of it, six months, lacking ten days, in which men may enjoy themselves afield, to say nothing of the deer shooting from June to December, and dove shooting from May until January. Snipe and ducks have no protection, but shooters generally spare them in the breeding season. Of course, after the long, dry summer in the valleys there will not be much pleasure in hunting the quail before the middle of October, as the ground will be too dry to enable the dogs to do good work. But then we are liable to have some rain in September, and if we do the sport will begin almost before the water dries on the leaves.

From all accounts the quail have bred well this season. There seems to be plenty of them in every direction, and those who have enough spirit and energy to engage in this kind of sport will find all of it that he can attend to.

Just now the mountains are full of campers from the plains and the cities by the sea, and wonderful are the tales sent to the local newspapers of desperate encounters with bears, and of the number of deer slain daily. Unfortunately, there is too much truth in the latter. Deer are killed by the score, just out of that sheer wantonness that some individuals dignify by the name of sport. Three or four young men, whom one deer would supply with meat for a week, frequently kill twenty or thirty in that time, and of course they can only leave them as food for the buzzards. Were it not that there are some portions of our mountains where the average city spoilsman cannot—for lack of experience in woodcraft—penetrate, it would not take many years, at the rate at which the deer are being killed, to practically exterminate them.

We of this portion of California—the central and northern sections—are anticipating one of those "booms" that Eastern people have been inaugurating in the West, and which has been sweeping over the southern counties of this State for the past two or three years. Here we have as fine a climate as any part of the globe, and here nature has been far more lavish of her favors than down along the southern coast. Instead of dry, arid wastes, where water must be brought long distances at great expense, here are rich meadows and fertile valleys interspersed everywhere with natural water courses. Here the orange, and lemon, and olive grow to perfection, and ripen two months earlier than in Los Angeles, and it is here that all the deciduous fruits—the pears, peaches, nectarines, grapes, apricots, etc.—which you New Yorkers purchase every day at your fruit stands, are grown.

Southern California cannot grow cereals nor the kinds of fruit above mentioned (except grapes) to any extent. Oranges alone are the chief product there. In my yard in this city I could show you to-day, hanging from the trees over the sidewalk, young oranges as big as good-sized peaches, and the trees were only put out two seasons ago from the nursery. The finest lemons I ever used were plucked from my own three-year-old trees last winter. And these fruits will be fit for eating next November, while the earlier citrus fruits of the southern counties will not be marketed until February and March. But Eastern capital is doing wonders down there in the building of railroads and hotels, establishing water enterprises, banks, etc., while barren lots just big enough to squat upon are bringing fabulous prices. If new people, foreign capital and Yankee energy can do so much in the old sleepy Spanish town of Los Angeles, what will they not do when turned loose in this favored section?

To go back to my original topic—I have seen the question often asked if quail will breed in confinement. Some quail certainly will. My next-door neighbor, General Cosby, secured a pair of Arizona quail last spring from a poultry dealer, who had received a thousand from Arizona and was selling them alive for table purposes. The pair were put in a wire cage about six feet long, three feet high and two feet deep. The hen at once made a nest in one corner, and though daily and hourly annoyed by the General's pointer dog she went to work, laid her eggs and hatched out eighteen little beauties. Some of them got through the meshes of the wire and were lost, but the others are now nearly grown. On the Fourth of July the children dropped a firecracker on the cloth roof of the cage and burned a hole therein, and the old birds got out. They were seen to fly over the neighboring houses, and it was supposed that was the

last of them. But that evening the male came back and found the yard. He perched on the cage and piped forth his treble-noted call, and the next morning the family found the hen running about and trying to get back into the cage, where her mate then was. After much delay she found her way inside and has since been with her little chicks. Wherever quail have been given opportunity here they have bred in confinement.

Recently a specimen of a northern diver from the Arctic Ocean was left in charge of Miss Maynard, the Librarian of the California State Mining Bureau, and was on exhibition for a few days. It is the property of Miss Nellie Hutchins, who found it in Hayes Valley district, Alameda county, where it fell exhausted. The bird lived for two or three days, but would eat nothing. Its bill is about 2in. long, the head is jet black down to the neck, where the color changes to a dark shade of green. The back is black, dotted uniformly with spots of white.

N. E. W.

SUMMER SANITATION.

To the Proprietors of Resorts at the Sea-shore, in the Mountains and the Woods:

It has been my good fortune from time to time to pass days, weeks, and months at various hotels and boarding houses, expensive and cheap. I have fared in all sorts of ways at the table and have occupied all sorts of rooms, even to the hunter's cabin and the tent on the beach. What I am going to say, therefore, is not the outcome of an unfortunate experience for a single season on a hard bed and a poor table. It is not in this direction that complaint is to be made, for these may sometimes be conducive to health if not so agreeable as we could wish. Besides, there are many soft beds and abundant tables where there are not the far more essential things of pure water and pure air *owing to defective sanitary arrangements.* I emphasize these last words in order to call attention to the chief drawback upon the comfort and health of nine-tenths of our summer resorts, whether in the country or at the seaside. We leave our well-appointed houses in the city, where the best attainments of sanitary science have been employed to secure freedom from nauseating sights and smells, and rush hither and thither in search of fresh air and the fragrance of woods and pastures or the bracing whiff from the salt sea. What do we get the first night that we open our window, if we are not fortunate enough to secure a room on the front side of the house? It may be the unsavory odor of a sink spout, of a garbage heap, or of that which in polite terms is misnamed a water-closet, but which in fact is not even an earth-closet. I will not stop to discuss the sanitary condition of country houses at other seasons. That is the affair of country people and their doctors. But when these same houses are crowded in summer with three or a dozen times their usual occupants, when the summer hotel, which is closed all the rest of the year, is opened to its hundreds in August, do not common prudence and common decency demand that extra precaution be taken against the offenses to the senses and dangers to the health of those who are guests? It is no apology to say that water in abundance cannot be had and plumbers cannot be afforded. Common earth, a shovel and a common laborer for a few minutes morning and evening, or even every hour in the day, would be dollars in many a proprietor's pocket, from whom guests now steal quietly away with some feigned reason for sudden departure, because they cannot make up their minds to give the real reason and cannot stand the offense. And all the time the less sensitive, or too busy, or penurious proprietor may not have the least suspicion of what is sending his guests elsewhere, or more likely home, to better and healthier surroundings. And if in the autumn it is not discovered that the guests have brought away with them the germs of disease under the cover of a browned face and temporary increase of appetite, then they are very fortunate.

The remedy for this is so simple that failure to employ it should be accounted criminal. But if proprietors will not employ nature's own elementary provision of earth or water without compulsion, let every person in making inquiries for summer board include this one as to that which concerns him more than bed and board. It can be done easier with pen and ink and more effectively than after arrival, and is more economical than to pack up suddenly for another house to find the same evil there.

SANITAS.

RECOLLECTION OF LONG POND.—In my letter in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM either my topography is wrong or my bad chirography has led you to an error, for "Saranac River" should read Raquette River, and "Long Pond" Long Lake, and "waiter" writer.—ELK.

Mr. R. W. F. GRIFFITH, of the Schultze Gunpowder Co., of London, called at this office on the occasion of a visit to America to establish an agency for the sale of this powder here.

THE WILD RICE CROP is said to be very large this season.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

221.

GERMAN gunners are, as a rule, good story tellers. These gunners' stories are called *Jäger-Latein*—gunner's Latin. In other words gunners here in Germany do not enjoy the reputation of relating "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." As every country has its special class of gunners' tales, the German hunters' stories differ somewhat from the American type. To afford the readers of FOREST AND STREAM an opportunity to judge of the gift of German hunters in the way of story telling I furnish this example:

It is a November evening; the rain and darkness make the night gloomy. A number of gunners are gathered in a country tavern and fill the small room with smoke, creating an aroma which would drive an American miles away from the spot. The noses and lungs of German hunters however, are accustomed to such an atmosphere. At one of the tables in the barroom are sitting four persons, among them a healthy-looking fat fellow, and the best story teller. It is the Government forester, a man feared as much as the devil himself by all lumber thieves and game sneakers.

"How about your last trick, Forester, when you transformed a hare into a common cat in the bag of a farmer's boy without ever (as the story goes) opening the bag?"

A smile can be noticed in the forester's face, and he is induced to relate the occurrence:

"It happened in this way. As you know, a forest hunt for hares was arranged. But the preceding night brought us a heavy snow, so that the sport had to be given up for that day. Several of the invited gunners, however, could not be notified in time and made their appearance on the designated point of meeting. I asked them to come with me to the tavern, and we came into this very room on the second story. The floor, as you notice, has an opening near the stove, covered only by a light board. This opening happened to be open on that day and I was sitting near it, so I could see everything that occurred in the room below on the ground floor. Presently a farmer's boy enters the lower room with a bag on his shoulders. I noticed at a glance that the bag contained a live animal. The peasant carefully looked over the room, and finding himself alone, deposited his bag in the case of the old clock standing at the wall. When the proprietor entered the farmer's boy asked him for a whisky, and after drinking this left the room without the bag, saying that he would soon be back. I stepped down to the room and made the proprietor acquainted with my observations. We took the bag out of its hiding place, opened it, and found a live hare, which somehow had come into possession of the boy through an illigitimate channel. We took the hare out of the bag, placed it in an old oats box, and substituted for the hare an old sick cat, which had long been an unwelcome inmate of the tavern. I tied a loop around the bag and placed it again in the clock case."

"Good, good," was heard from all sides.

"Hold on," continued the forester, "the best is still coming. I left the tavern and had been about an hour in the woods, when suddenly whom should I meet on the road but the very same farmer's boy with his bag over his shoulder. I approached him and asked him what he was carrying. 'A cat,' was the prompt answer. 'A cat?' I said, 'only a cat? Do you think you can fool the government forester in such a way? I can look through your bag as if it were glass and I see plainly a hare in it.' 'I assure you,' again said the peasant, 'it is a cat, an ordinary cat.' I noticed that the bag had not been opened since I had handled it, for my loop was still in order, so I took the bag from the man's shoulder, ordered him to hold it with both hands, and with a sober face I said, 'You want a cat in your bag, you shall have one.' Then I touched the bag with my hands, made three crosses, uttering at the same time a few Latin words and winding up with an oath, I ordered the half-to-death-scared fellow to go on. Of course the farmer's boy found a cat in his bag when he opened it at home, and since then the whole neighborhood swears that I am in some way or other on good terms with the devil."

After the roar of laughter had subsided, the forester continued: "The same hare was made use of in connection with another practical joke. I and a few of my friends were passing our evening in this room, when a party of hunters put in an appearance apparently in ill-humor. One of them soon made known the cause of his troubles. They had been out hunting all day and not got a single hare, although the same fellow had promised to bring a hare for his wife's birthday the next day. 'I would give four bottles of champagne,' he said, 'for a fresh-killed hare.' 'If that is all you want,' I remarked, coolly, 'I think I can cure you of your sorrows.' 'I make it a half a dozen bottles, forester, if you bring me a hare between now and the morning, but it must be a fresh shot hare.' 'Very well,' I said. Addressing the proprietor, I continued: 'Give me your gun and a cartridge loaded with No. 4 shot.' The gun was brought out, also the cartridge. Out of the latter I took all the pellets except three, and explained this by saying that I had a whistle with which I could bring all the hares at any time, day or night, three yards from my feet. I left the room, and the proprietor, a smart man who knew what I was about, met me at the front door and handed me the hare, the same hare we had taken from the farmer's boy. I killed the hare with my stick, made three holes with a nail in the hare's head, walked about 200yds. toward the field, sounded my whistle, fired a shot in the air, returned to the tavern with the hare, and laid it on the floor before the champagne-loving gunner. He lifted it up, felt that it was warm, scanned the three holes in the animal's head, and after he had recovered from his surprise, ordered the tavern keeper to bring six bottles of Heidsieck dry. Before we parted, however, a dozen empty champagne bottles could be counted on the table."

ARMIN TENNER,

BERLIN, S.

When Mr. Lincoln heard of the scattering of the Confederates under Hood by Gen. Thomas, he was reminded of the following anecdote: "Out in Lower Illinois, in a little village, there was a butcher named Sykes, who had a large, wicked, mischievous bulldog, which was regarded as a town nuisance. Fowl were killed, clothes were pulled from the lines, meat houses were robbed, children were scared, and 'Sykes's dog' was blamed for all and blamed justly. Now, there was a man named Henderson who had a fine turkey killed by this dog of Sykes's, and he swore revenge. So he took about a quarter of a pound of powder and did it up in a piece of buckskin, tying up a piece of punk so that it projected out of the little bundle of powder. Then he put the bundle in a large piece of corn bread, and had it in readiness. It was not long before Sykes's dog came trotting along, and Henderson, lighting the punk with his cigar, threw the bit of bread to the cur, who gobbled it at a mouthful. The next minute there was an explosion. The dog's head was blown over a fence into the creek, his hindlegs and tail were sent up and lodged on Henderson's porch, his forelegs were thrown across the street, and the rest of the bow-wow was laid about in small pieces. 'Whorra!' exclaimed a looker-on, 'you've rather used up Sykes's dog, hain't ye, Henderson?' 'Yes,' replied Henderson, 'I rather think that as a dog Sykes won't find him of much use.' And so of the rebel army," added Mr. Lincoln, with one of his sad smiles, "as an army Hood won't find it of much use."—*Ben: Perley Poore, in the Boston Budget.*

Whaler Irick came along Wednesday, and alighting from his wagon in front of our door, deposited a box containing a pair of growling demons, which he coolly requested we credit on his subscription, as we had advertised to accept country produce, etc., of all descriptions. Well, we had to accept the critters; but we hereby revise our too sweeping proposition and leave wildcats out, for such the varmints proved to be.—*Throckmorton (Texas) Times.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

CAMP ADAMS.

NEWCASTLE, Miramichi, N. B., Aug. 4.—While accounts of poor fishing in New Brunswick waters seem to be the order of the day, yet, as is the case in many other localities, there are exceptions, as this report will show. Kindly insert same, not only for the benefit of the many who have been disappointed by the poor fishing, but also to let those who have had good luck see that they will have to work hard if they wish to make a record such as has been made at Camp Adams this season.

Mr. M. Adams, accompanied by Mrs. Adams, visited the head waters of the Northwest Miramichi recently on a fishing trip. They first went to Camp Adams, where they rested a day. Mrs. Adams rode eighteen miles over a portage road on a buckboard wagon and stood the fatigue of the journey amazingly well. Camp Adams, which has the reputation of being the best fishing grounds in New Brunswick, not being excelled for affording intense enjoyment of the rod by any of the well known places on the Restigouche, is situated on a very beautiful portion of the river. On a large plateau at the foot of high hills and at the very side of the swiftly running river, is located the house known as the camp. It is a neat, nicely painted story and a half building of the Swiss cottage style of architecture, and is furnished in a way that makes camping out a luxury. It is roomy, and the beds and windows are supplied with screens and netting that defy the ingenuity of the mosquito to penetrate. Beneath these the fisherman can rest after the fatigue of the day secure from the attacks of his greatest enemy, the mosquito. A cook house, hovel, and smoke house are on the grounds near the camp. There is a salmon pool in front of the camp, where salmon can be landed almost from the verandah. A great number of fine pools are all along the river, each one having a record of killed and wounded salmon that would satisfy any sportsman. The pools lie close together and are of easy access. A few hundred yards above the camp is the famous Falls pool, which lie at the foot of a falls of some four or five feet high, and where salmon lie in great numbers and can be taken at almost any time during the summer. A day at this pool generally gladdens the heart of the fortunate fisherman that reaches it. The Falls are a picturesque spot, where the lover of natural scenery would find much to enthuse over. Mr. Adams spent a couple of days at the camp, where he landed 37 grilse, a feat not equalled this year probably on any of our rivers. He then, with Mrs. Adams, proceeded up the river in a canoe for a distance of nineteen miles. The party camped all night near the foot of the Bald Mountains, Mrs. Adams thus winning the honor of being the first white woman who ever set foot in that wild region. They returned to the camp next day, Mrs. Adams enduring the rough canoe passage in a spirit not excelled by the most enthusiastic sportsman.

Camp Adams comprises some seven hundred and fifty acres and extends for some miles on both sides of the main Northwest Miramichi River, about 35 or 40 miles from the town of Newcastle, a station on the Intercolonial R. R. of Canada. The grounds are reached by taking a wagon from Newcastle to John Way's about 20 miles over a good highway, thence by buckboard or portage wagon 15 or 18 miles over a portage-road to the camp.

The record so far this season has been for two fly-rods fishing eight days 64 salmon, and when it is taken into consideration that a great deal of time has been lost in going up the river in a canoe, just for the sake of the trip, I think that brother fishermen will agree that we still have some good fishing in New Brunswick and that they have a record ahead of them hard to beat. SALMO.

MARKING FISHING LINES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two or three seasons ago I began a practice which has so added to my own pleasure in fly-fishing that I am induced to suggest its general use.

Having provided some bright-colored oil paint (I use artist's vermillion), measure off 50ft. from the fly-end of a salmon line, or 30ft. from that end of a trout line. There paint a band about half an inch wide around the line; measure 10ft. more and there paint two bands close together; 10ft. more and there paint three bands; 10ft. more and there paint a band about an inch long, and so on, until as much and a little more line than its owner thinks he can possibly cast has been marked. Let the paint dry. Then if the color is not so solid as to be sufficiently conspicuous, give another coat. When the color is quite dry, give the bands one or two coats of varnish to increase their wear.

The length of the leader in use being of course known, the angler by reference to the marks on his line can at all times tell within a foot or two just how far he is casting. Though this is of some practical advantage, more especially in salmon fishing, still its main recommendation is the pleasure which certainty gives over mere conjecture. What fly-fisher has not in every outing again and again wished he knew exactly how far he was casting.

One thing may be safely predicted. Many will be astonished to see, when the idea of long distance casting is absent, how seldom in actual fishing the 50-foot mark will appear on a trout line, or the 70-foot mark on a salmon line. HENRY P. WELLS.

SAMUEL ALLCOCK & Co., makers of fishing tackle, Redditch, England, send us a large catalogue of angling goods, fully illustrated, and which contains four handsome colored plates of trout and salmon flies. They have appointed Mr. James C. Groendyke, 14 Murray street, New York, as their agent. It is not a price list, but consists of 38 plates of hooks, reels, floats, etc., on calendered paper. Messrs. Allcock & Co.'s advertisement will be found in our columns.

A BIG CATFISH.—The Indianapolis *People* says that a catfish was taken by Charles Albertsmeyer at Hog Island, on last Wednesday, that weighed 60lbs.

BLACK BASS AT RICE LAKE, Ontario, are giving good sport this year. The route is via Port Hope.

WHY WE FISH WITH THE FLY.

IT is not infrequent that some one, laboring under the delusion that it is all of fishing to catch fish, writes to the editor of this paper a letter in which he sets forth his views in regard to the "fly lunatic," and implies that fly-fishing is all right as a science, but is not worth much to catch fish; and that all fly-fishermen, when alone, do not hesitate to use anything as a lure, provided it will be successful. While in some instances this notion may be correct, still I think a large majority of fly-fishermen fish in this manner because they derive more enjoyment from it, and because it is more in harmony with their surroundings.

It has occurred to me, while I have watched gentlemen fishing, that the temperament of the individual has a great, although not recognized, influence on the movements of the fisherman. While the habits of the professional or guide are moulded by their occupation, and their temperament must necessarily be influenced or changed by their habits, those of the pleasure seeker, whose time is limited to a few days or a few weeks at most, are not so changed, and while on the stream they are very much the same men they were at home, only they are a little more subdued.

I think all will agree that the great majority of our fly-fishermen are professional or business men, men who for eleven and a half months in the year are busily engaged with mind and hand in the great struggle to make two dollars grow where there was only one before, and that in so doing they have aquired habits which will not allow them to sit down quietly, but on the contrary are always calling for change or excitement; and in the short time that they allow themselves for rest and recreation these habits are not much quieted down. For this class still-fishing possesses very few attractions, while fly-fishing gives that which they require—action and excitement.

Should you meet a gentleman supplied with fishing paraphernalia trolling in a direction which would encourage you to believe he was after trout, and inform him that by going in a certain direction he could find in a cold spring twenty-five pounds of nice trout all dressed which he could have, or that by going in an opposite direction five times as far he might catch a few little fellows all alive and beautiful from some mossy brook, in which direction do you think he would go? If he were a true sportsman he would go to the brook; but some persons would go to the spring. This shows that it is not the fish that the sportsman wants, it is the hope that he may catch them that is such an irresistibly impelling force that he cannot withstand it. For a man of active temperament and hopeful disposition, fly-casting is perhaps the only kind of fishing which will give the rest desired, as by its constant motion it gives the activity and excitement which soothe the very feelings that still-fishing irritate.

Circumstances have a great influence on cases, and however much a man may like casting the fly or dislike fishing with bait, there are times when he may be obliged to give up his favorite method or go without fish; but after the desired amount of fish are caught the bait is thrown aside and the dainty fly is substituted, and should he be so fortunate as to catch one fish, he views it with far more satisfaction than all those previously caught with bait. There, are however, a few fly-fishermen who will not use anything but a fly, and if they cannot catch fish with that will go without them. This heroism receives its reward, for such fish as they do catch are looked upon, both by their friends and themselves, with much more satisfaction than if they had been caught in some other manner. This spring I was fortunate enough to make a good catch trolling, but if I had succeeded in getting the same fish by fly-fishing, the sport would have been greater and my enjoyment more intense; but although I knew that when I started, still I did not have the courage to stand by my convictions. I can stand by and see still-fishermen catch more fish with bait than I can with a fly, but when they begin to catch larger ones I "cave in." Perhaps if I had the skill of some of my friends I need not resort to bait. I frequently think of an incident which occured at Middle Dam a few seasons ago. A gentleman from Connecticut, who had for a number of years spent his vacations at that resort and who was a fly-fisherman in the fullest sense of the word, had been for a week or two casting around the dam, but did not seem to be catching many. He could not be induced to use bait in any form, although repeatedly urged to do so by his friends. One day a young man who had noticed him said to a mutual friend, "Who is that man over there on the dam?"

"That is Mr. F., from Connecticut."

"He is crazy, aint he?"

"Crazy, no; what made you think so?"

"Why, for a week he has been thrashing those flies of his all around here; first down below the dam, then on this side, then on that, but he don't catch a fish."

His friend said nothing, but the next day he saw the young man near a car in which Mr. F. had some nice large fish, and he said, "Come here, I want to show you some fish." Upon looking into the car the young man said, "Great Scott! who caught those?" "Oh, that crazy man over there." "Well," said he, "I thought he was a fool, but I guess it's I."

It has been truly said that "it is not all of fishing to fish," and it is not all of fishing to catch fish. If the fish are so plenty as to take away the excitement, then the pleasure of catching them is gone and the sport is robbed of all its attractions. For the weary and worn business man who wants to take a vacation, but can not or will not sit around on a hotel piazza, fly-casting on a river or pond is the ideal of pleasure, as in each cast he has a chance to work off some of the activity with which he is overcharged, and also the excitement of watching for the fish which he each time expects will rush for his fly and which he must be prepared for or his chances of success are small.

But this is not all the reason why the fly is preferred. No one will doubt that the handling of a fly-rod and line is more artistic than any other style of fishing and more in keeping with the scenes around which memory loves to linger, and that there is nothing in fly-casting which tends to take the mind from the beauties of nature to the digging of worms. The contemplation of the secrets of nature and the admiration of its works are to one whose mind is not drawn from them by more common-place things, a source of great pleasure, and the days thus spent are among the pleasantest we have to remember. Wandering down on the bank or in the bed of some noisy river, casting a fly here or there, behind this rock or in that eddy, taking a trout here and expecting to take another just below, getting glimpses of arboreal beauty on either hand, and being surprised at each turn of the stream by a scene more beautiful than the last; all this is to my mind far more pleasing than still-fishing of any kind.

We have in this country very few rivers or streams which can be fished with the fly with any satisfaction, from the fact that nearly all large streams have no trout in them, but our Canadian neighbors are more fortunate and they have hundreds of rivers which can be fished with the fly with good results. But although the yield of fish will be large, we who are accustomed to our beautiful streams will experience a sense of disappointment which no amount of fish will dispel, for their woods lack many of the varieties with which we are familiar, and the banks of the streams have a forsaken look which impress one with a sense of solitude and antiquity that is rather depressing. But to compensate for this they do not have the overhanging bushes which are so vexatious to us.

The most perfect enjoyment to me is to be on some small pond or lake, just as the shadows of the tall pines on the hill are beginning to grow longer, as the sun, having run its race, sinks down in the west, and having quietly paddled my canoe into the shade of the bank of some inlet, there to cast the fly and watch the ready response with which it is met. There is not a ripple on the surface of the lake, and except when a trout, larger than the other, breaks the still surface into a series of rings, or some loon, in search of its mate, rises from its long dive quite near us, only to disappear again more quickly than it appeared, the whole surface looks like a mirror of polished steel, brightening into silver and then into gold as it approaches the further shore, and having the inverted likeness of the beautiful green walk around it and the soft heavy clouds as they float along, coming from no man knows whence and going no man knows where.

The songs of the birds as they bid good-night to the departing day, the music of the brook as it rushes along with ceaseless flow, and the mysterious noises of the forest arising on every side blend with each other and make a grand overture to the coming night.

As we sit in our canoe, now and then making a cast, while we watch the effect of the sunset on the mountain opposite, seeing the shadow creep up and change the yellow to green, then to dark green, then to blue green, and at last to black, we can not help thinking that it is no wonder the Indian looked for gods in the mountains, for no matter how well one may be acquainted with a mountain and how often one may have looked at it, it is never the same, and in this case at least familiarity does not breed contempt.

But we have not been idle as we have noticed this, for the trout have begun to move, and nearly every cast has been rewarded by one or more rises. We have on some very large flies, which the little fellows cannot take in, and so we do not catch any babies. But now, as the shadows deepen, we notice a marked improvement in the size of the fish which come up to the fly, and soon we hook a good one. The guide, who has been lost in a cloud of smoke, which has at last crowned his efforts to kindle a fire in the bowl of his pipe, wakes up into activity, and with a few strokes of the paddle puts the canoe out into the lake, and we then and there, amid that most beautiful of all scenes, proceed to take the most beautiful of all fish in the most scientific manner.

And then we return to our old place and do so some more, until the shadows have grown so long and dark and mysterious, and the stars come out one by one to be reflected in the water like drops of gold in burnished silver, and the hooting of an owl in the forest behind us admonishes us that it is time for us to retire, which we do with the conviction on our minds that when the Creator pronounced this world "good" he must have been looking at our forests, ponds and rivers. C. D. C.

NORTHUMBERLAND, N. H.

THE WHITE PERCH.

"WHAT has posterity done for me that I should do anything for posterity?" I think there is something to be said very much in favor of posterity by the FOREST AND STREAM, and, therefore, I propose to put in a word for old Father Time. It seems to me that the younger members of the great sportsman's fraternity have claims that ought to be considered. My boy delights to hear of adventures with rod and gun; he wouldn't be a boy if he didn't. Therefore, an article treating on giving pleasure to the young people will be surely well received. By giving them a chance, don't you see, of course, how many future readers and subscribers you are enlisting? Why, certes, Q. E. D. Therefore, I connect perch and posterity; therefore, I think I prove my case. I address all three—*pater familias*, perch and posterity. As I get through with posterity I say to *pater familias*, take your boys out, if you live anywhere near the dear old North River, give them a frolic on the river, and only see what fun and enjoyment you can get out of the trip. One glance at the laughing eyes of the merry youngster as he pulls the fish over the side of the boat, and are you not paid in advance for going on the trip?

Genio C. Scott calls the white perch a little fish ranging from 3oz. to 3lbs. I never saw one caught up our way in the Hudson weighing anything like 3lbs., but they make up for loss of weight by their quality; and they are a fish for boys to catch all the while; and I an "old boy" will tell you how to catch them. The first thing should be a good safe rowboat; also you are to have a good stout long rope and heavy stone for anchor, let it be heavy enough to ho'd your boat and square enough to tie the rope to. And here on the start you have the fun of rowing to the neighboring island or shore and selecting your anchor, and the fun of letting it go souse, plump overboard when you come to go home at night. We are going to spend the day on the river; we are going for white perch. Next you want, each of you, a good long strong white cotton line, suitable for the depth of water you are going to fish in, say 75 or 100ft., and a good-sized dipsey or sinkers at the end. Above this, far enough to clear your sinker, fasten on a piece of whalebone pierced with holes for your snelled hooks to pass through. You want small snelled hooks, four on each whalebone, two on a side. Above the first whalebone put on a second, high up enough to clear the lower one. Pass your line through a hole in the center of the above and fasten it securely. it is a good wrinkle to attach to each end of the whalebone a small piece of line and fasten it to the main line. Boys would call it "the apex of the triangle," but the line or the fish won't mind that in the least. Now comes another streak of fun, and that is digging your bait. Don't be afraid of "scraning your back." Clams are not always come-at-able, and worms will fetch perch at any time without fail. Now your mother has put up lots of good things for you in your basket, all things are ready. Tell your father to light his pipe and start for your boat. See you have everything in its place, handy and shipshape. You are going to learn more things this pleasant morning than how to fish for perch. Your father sits in the stern sheets with his hand on the tiller; you being quite a big boy are to pull stroke oar and let your younger brother pull bow. Of course you both know how to swim and row. Let me tell you, my young fellows, you should hardly be able to remember when you could not do both of these things. Now, then, wave your hand to mother and your sister, and give way. Pull an easy, quiet stroke, feather your oar; so; don't put your oar in too deep; better! that's right! and watch the youngster in the bow; don't pull him round, see how eager and delighted he is, encourage him. Away we go; the island is not two miles away; and slack water for half an hour. What a lovely day on the water. Just a light breeze, and yet how animated a picture. See that three-masted schooner as she fans along, bound up the river for a load of coal. Look at that tow coming down the river; some of those boats have come down through the canal from Whitehall; those people live on board as do the Chinese. What was that splash? Oh, what a big fish. You are right; that was a sturgeon; they used to be very plenty in these waters years ago, but now they are disappearing very rapidly. Oh, yes; sometimes they jump into the boats, but very seldom; they are a sluggish fish, and not much fight in them; the moment they are caught in the net they give up without a struggle.

When I am home I can look out of my window and see very nearly to a pond across the river, where a gentleman had a large sturgeon put in to the pond, with a harness so fixed that he could secure him to a small boat; then he would get in, poke the fish up and make him carry him along. We call them "Albany beef," and the fish are all sent up to the river to Albany and sold for about $3 apiece. Well, you are getting a little tired of rowing, still you stick to your oars, both of you; that is right, it won't hurt you if you do get a little tired. In oars; there's where we want to anchor, where you see the water boiling and bubbling up; there's the reef, steady, all ready with your anchor, look out your feet don't catch in the rope, overboard she goes—splash! there, you've struck bottom; give her a little slack and fasten your rope well so it don't get overboard. Now then, out lines and fall to work fishing. Cast your eye over to where your little brother is getting ready; that's right, lend him a helping hand. Now for the first fish. You will soon feel him bite, but with the hooks you have baited you need not be in a hurry. Twitch, twitch; now all hands are pulling up. See there, you have each of you three or four silver-plated shiny fellows. Bait and throw overboard again. Toss them into that basket and keep the cover over it, to keep off the sun. How the little fellows do bite. Why, there must be no end of them down there. Hardly does your line touch the bottom before they are at the bait. What kind of a fish is this I've caught? Oh, that is a striped bass; no better fish swims these waters. There are large three and five-pounders in the North River, but when you get a little older you will find out how to capture them with rod and line. The shad fishermen catch them sometimes in their nets weighing 25 or 30lbs. Oh, what a bite I just had! Well, pull up. Oh, what have I got? Dear me, there's a nasty eel. What shall I do now? Patience; I told you you would learn more things than one to-day; take a lesson in patience; don't worry now nor fret; try and get him off and I will help you. Nasty fish? Well, I don't like eels myself, and yet no fish is more fond of clean nice bait than is the eel, and you know in old times he was considered a great delicacy. Grasp him firmly behind his fins, work your hook about a little, so; now you're clear of him. Yes, let him go overboard. Now disentangle your hooks and line, start all over again. Now you're just as good as new. Don't bite as fast as they did? Must be getting thinned out? Well, look at your basket, more than half full. Begin to feel hungry? I don't wonder at it; very good sign. Twelve o'clock. Here come the day boats, Troy and Alida; they meet just about here, half way from New York to Albany. Do you see that white house, glinting up there through the trees? Well, the other day I met an old-time North River boatman and he told me, "Many and many a salmon and lobster and New York newspaper have I chucked into the river off that house. I would lash them to a stick of wood and a man would row out for them." There were no railroads in those days, nor Herreshoff steam launches.

Now comes the tug of war. Heave ahoy! All hands together. Up she comes. Now we will pull off to the island and go ashore and enjoy our lunch! See that your boat is tied up carefully so she can not float away. Now then spread the cloth. Get the grub out of your basket, and fall to. No water to drink? My dear boy, water everywhere. Hudson River water good to drink? Well, I should think it was. Why even now I can name you grown up old boys who will tell you they would rather drink the Hudson River water than the Croton. I am not sure but they are right. It's good enough for me anyway.

Well, what famous appetites; no better friends could you have. Now, while I smoke a quiet pipe you can rest yourselves, and bye-and-bye we'll have a swim. Plenty of time to fish later. I promise you you shall have all you want to catch. Now then, all hands for the water. Take it coolly. Keep your mouth shut and breathe through your nose. Don't get flurried in the water; plenty of time for everything. So for more fish. Let's drop down a little way below here. Softly, bring the old pine tree and that smaller island in range; now let her go. Zip! Water is not quite so deep here. There. Now, go to work with a will.

Well, now, we have spent a day on the water and our basket of sandwiches is empty, but our basket of fish is full. The sun's going down and we will pull for home. Heave and pull all hands. Steady! Hand me the knife. Look out! Cut, splash, dash! You won't use that stone again. And off we pull for home. Eh! What? Have I

been dozing forty winks in my old armchair? Papa, you snored! Oh, no, you must be mistaken. Well, boys, this is a sort of a dream that was not all a dream. I can see the Catskills and 'Sopus Island and the fishing grounds from my window; and many a long year ago I went on just such a fishing expedition as I have written about, and I have thus written because I want to see our boys grow up fond of outdoor sports and pastimes, hardy, strong, courageous, able to stand "wear and tear," and stand it cheerfully, thanking God for being in this lovely world and for the capacity of its enjoyment, loving the woods and waters and all things therein, loving truth and courtesy and manliness, and despising mean people and mean ways. Mark the man who treats dumb beasts cruelly; he will do the same by you if you fall into his power. No Sandford and Merton, angelic youths, too good for this world altogether, but good, honest boys.

I was "bow oar" in the boat that went after perch, and the "stroke oar" is even now fishing up on the Restigouche; and only last week (you see, he never forgets his younger brother) he sent me two salmon, 25-pounders, delicious fish they were. And though we have fished many waters and caught many different kinds of fish, I doubt whether we ever enjoyed anything in the fishing line more than the first time we went for white perch in the waters of the dear old Hudson. CAPT. CLAYTON.

RESORTS FOR WASHINGTON ANGLERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The National Capital is credited with 150,000 or more inhabitants. Among these one can find scarcely more than a "corporal's guard" who have seen or even eaten a brook trout. This, added to the fact that all—save such as retain State domiciles—are disfranchised American citizens, makes a desert of our Eden.

And what is worse, if we would angle for trout we must journey to the far away mountain streams of Pennsylvania, western Maryland and West Virginia, following thus the example of our Chief Magistrate; but, let it be known, that as trout have not yet differentiated benedicts from bachelors, the latter do not need to follow the President's example further, and add a wife to the other expenses of the trip.

The case is far different as to black bass, which may be caught at our very doors, so to speak; for a walk of four miles up the Potomac will bring one to bass fishing grounds—the broad water above Little Falls. The fishing improves as we ascend the river. Seneca and Point of Rocks are famous resorts. Harper's Ferry (where the Shenandoah joins its waters with the Potomac) is further on and but fifty miles from the city. Some distance beyond the Ferry a club, known as the Woodmont, and composed of gentlemen from Washington, has purchased a tract of land and built a club house. There the bass fishing is excellent, and last year, President Cleveland and some members of his cabinet, availing themselves of the invitation of the club, spent some days there with successful result.

The Shenandoah and other large tributaries of the Upper Potomac also afford most excellent bass fishing. Among them, Goose Creek, a very beautiful stream, despite its unromantic and uneuphonious name, is probably the most celebrated. It joins the Potomac at Edwards Ferry, or Ball's Bluff, sadly celebrated for a bloody disaster to the Union troops, under Gen. Stone, early in the war. There is good fishing almost from the mouth of the creek to Lenz's mills, where the best catches are made. Last year Messrs. Chadwick and Laird, two successful and locally well known fishermen, caught seventy-five bass in about twelve hours, and all the largest were exhibited in a restaurant window on Pennsylvania avenue. Messrs. Gardner, Redmond and a friend also caught sixty-five in part of one afternoon and two hours of the following morning. In each case the water was just clearing after having been muddy several days. This has been, however, an "off year," owing to the late spring and much rain; and hence so good catches have not been made. Yet Mr. Chadwick and a friend caught fifty-six fine bass on July 4 and 5, in the Susquehanna, near Port Deposit, some forty-five miles beyond Baltimore. Perch and rock (striped bass) fishing is also good at the same place, but generally we do not need to go so far. Both kinds (but no large specimens) may now be caught off the Navy Yard bridge and Arsenal Point, which are within city limits. Rock may in fact be found from the Little Falls—the limit of the tide—to the mouth of the river, a stretch of about 120 miles.

Four miles below the city the small stream called Four Mile Run empties into the Potomac on the Virginia side. For half a mile from its mouth it is very broad. Boats and minnows being always obtainable, and the place being very easily accessible by railroad, it is naturally more frequented than any other fishing resort in this vicinity. It also affords excellent shooting at various seasons. Some actors (among them Geo. Denham, well known as support of John E. Owens, Joe Jefferson, Mary Anderson and other stars, and Walter Allen, the popular buffo of the Emma Abbott Opera Company) have erected a comfortable club house, and provided themselves with boats and all the other accessories and necessaries of a good fishing and hunting outfit. Here they can "lie off" as unreservedly as if in the wilderness, and yet reach the city on fifteen minutes' notice. Here resides Jesse M., who has been previously noticed in FOREST AND STREAM as the only fisherman known to Washington annals who never fails to fish (or hunt) every day, rain or shine, without, however, neglecting his professional duties in the city. Rockfish, perch, chub, sunfish, catfish (one caught by J. M. weighed 5½lbs.) and occasionally a black bass and carp are caught here. So far as I have heard, black bass are not found at any point further down the river; but their place is supplied by tailors (the young or "southern" bluefish), and sheepshead, drum, spot and crocus are caught at places near the mouth of the river, especially at Piney Point, a popular resort for Washingtonians.

At Bay Ridge, about thirty miles away on Chesapeake Bay, spots may be caught in plenty. They and their first cousins, the crocus, are esteemed the kings of the pan fish of this locality. "Shedder," or soft crab and worms are the bait they prefer. An expert bass or even perch fisherman does not usually succeed in catching many spots, on first trial, and is often compelled to see himself eclipsed by some "chump" who doesn't know a Henshall rod from a walking stick. He finally learns to use no float, a very small hook, a very heavy sinker (on the extreme end of the line), and to hold the line taut and jerk instantly when the fish bite. I know of no fish more difficult to catch save the blackfish or tautogs that live around the rocks at Nantasket Beach, Mass. They are genuine experts; while only 200yds. from shore the same kind of fish can be caught with comparative ease. So it seems the shore-huggers have learned by experience to bite the "off side" of a hook. Fly-fishing has not been much practiced in this vicinity. The following, quoted (without permission) from a recent letter to a friend by one of the two pioneers in fly-fishing here—Mr. G. A. Brandt, an intelligent gentleman connected with the War Department—may prove of general interest and profit, although having for the most a local application:

"There is not to my knowledge any book in existence which contains the information you desire, nor do I think you require anything except what experience teaches you is the best. I believe I have read everything worth reading concerning fly-fishing, and my conclusion from personal experience as well as the opinions of master anglers, such as Thad Norris, is that there are about fifty times as many flies as are necessary for practical purposes. One eminent angler (whose name I cannot now recall) used to say that he found four flies sufficient for his purposes, and I think he was not far from right; on the other hand, some dilletanti have a different fly for each day in the year.

"As regards fly-fishing hereabouts I believe John Hyer, an examiner in the Patent Office 'and myself were the pioneers. The field is yet comparatively a new one; in fact I know, personally, no one except yourself who habitually devotes himself to the fascinating pastime. I have many flies, but those I generally use are a 'yellow-sally,' ibis (only occasionally, in cloudy days and in discolored water), black-gnat, coachman (red body), and the white-moth or miller (about sundown or at dusk)."

POTOMAC.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SOMETHING ABOUT A PORCUPINE.*

AT 5 o'clock Wednesday morning, June 8, 1887, Mack and I found ourselves approaching Mackinaw City, Mich. The sun was shining bright across Lake Huron, bidding us fair day. Steamers and sailing vessels were seen in every direction. Off to the right a few miles was the island of Mackinac, and to the left we could see away across Lake Michigan. The train stops, the porter calls out "twenty minutes for breakfast," and we step off the Wagner. "Just look at that woman, Mack; she's got a grip, four bundles, a bandbox and a bird cage. That means a three months' visit." After our breakfast of lake trout, strawberries and coffee, we get aboard the ferry for Point St. Ignace, where we arrive in half an hour. Nearly all the natives call this place "The Point" and the tourists pronounce it Saint Ignace, with the accent on the ace. We found our Racine sailboat, which had been waiting for us several days, and in a short time our traps were aboard and we were pulling out of the harbor toward the north. A stiff breeze was blowing and we kept pretty close to shore in case of a spill. At 5 P. M. we arrived at Gros Point. The wind had been blowing strong all the afternoon, but now it had reached a point not much short of a gale. Carp River was still four miles away and we wanted to reach there that night if possible; but after a hard pull of two miles we gave it up and went to shore and made camp. Two as tired and hungry fellows as ever were sat down to bacon, potatoes, onions, bread and butter and coffee, and pronounced it the best meal they had ever eaten. By morning the wind had abated some, and we were up early preparing to move on. The view here is across St. Martin's Bay. To the south the humpbacked island of Mackinac could be seen in the distance. Directly east is St. Martin's Point, ten miles away, and in the mouth of the bay lie the beautiful St. Martin Islands. After a hearty breakfast, we started up the bay and landed at the mouth of Carp River at 8 o'clock. We wanted to try the fishing before setting up our tent, so we got our tackle ready at once and started up the river. Arriving at the rapids we found that some men were running logs, and we tried casting for an hour without getting a rise. This discouraged us very much, and we wished we had gone where we knew we could at least get enough trout to eat. I was not willing to give up until we had tried again, so at noon, when the men were at dinner and the logs stopped running, I went to the rapids and in half an hour succeeded in landing five very fine trout. I walked back to the boat much elated, and Mack was as much pleased as I was to see trout once more. The five weighed 3lbs.

Dinner was the next thing in order, and we lost no time in getting the trout cooked. We were as hungry as wolves and devoured all the fish. In the evening we had a couple of hours' fly-fishing, taking twenty trout each. We gave Mrs. Tripp a mess of trout and in return she gave us a pan of milk. The rapids near the mouth of the river are called Big Rapids, and extend about half a mile in length. Two miles up are the Little Rapids, of about the same length. Ten miles further on is the dam, and for two miles below the dam the river is a succession of rapids and pools. The river can be waded at any of these places mentioned. There are no snags, roots nor overhanging trees to bother the fly-fisherman, and, best of all, the river is full of trout. In the rapids the bed of the river is very rocky and the water shallow, but there are miles of deep, slack water, affording fine protection to trout in winter. On the morning of the 10th one of the men came down from the dam with a team, and he told such glowing accounts of the fishing up the river that we concluded to go back with him. By 8 o'clock we were on the road, and of all the roads I ever saw this was the worst. We laughed a good deal at the horrible jolting and got considerable fun out of the ride. Arriving at the dam at 10:30, we soon had the tent up and were ready for business. The dam proper is about 200ft. across, and the sluice is 25ft. wide. Slash boards are set across the sluice every morning at 6 o'clock and remain until the following morning at 4 o'clock, when they are knocked out and the "flood is on." The head of the water gained is 12ft., and when it is let off the river below rises 6ft. in three minutes. In two hours the river is down to its natural stage and the slash boards are put in again. During the flood the men work the logs over the rapids to the mouth of the river, where the logs are boomed and towed to the mill at St. Ignace. Nearly all the land fronting on this river is owned by the Mackinaw Lumber Company, and men and teams are employed the year round in getting out logs. Mr. John O'Malley is superintendent and Mr. Tripp has charge of the farm and boarding house. The company keep two men here to watch the dam, John Boynton and William McCune. They are nice young fellows and attend strictly to their duties. In three weeks we never heard either of them swear, which is rather singular for this country.

For the first few days we fished at the dam, and such fishing we had never had before. Just below the dam is a deep hole about 50ft. across, and this was fairly alive with trout, and big ones too. We saw several that would weigh from 2 to 3lbs. each. Half-pounders were common and we took one-pounders every day. The two largest we caught weighed 1¼lbs. and 2¼lbs. We began with a gang of three flies, but got into so much trouble trying to land triples that we used only two flies. It was almost impossible to drop a fly anywhere in the river without getting a rise. We could not tell what they liked best, for they seemed always on the alert and eagerly took whatever we gave them. When we got tired of fishing around the dam we could wander down the river a mile or two for a change. There were many beautiful places along the river, and we visited them day after day, never becoming tired of gazing on the rushing waters and circling pools. This stream is as pretty as the famous Jordan, Boyne or Boardman rivers, and has more and larger trout than all three put together. A number of gentlemen came here to fish during our stay, but they rarely tried the rapids, preferring to stand on the floor of the dam and "yank" them out with a short pole. It made me flinch fairly to see the trout sailing through the air and strike the bridge of the dam with force enough to kill a cow. Perhaps it was as merciful as my way of killing them, but it did not seem so. We estimated that three thousand trout were taken from the pool below the dam while we were camped here. We did not get to fish above the dam as the river was full of logs for seven miles, but John said it was fine fishing when the logs were out.

One morning as Billy stepped outdoors, he saw a bear only a few yards away, but before he could get the gun the bear was gone. We scarcely believed him until he took us to where the bear had gone through a gully, but there were the tracks in the clay as plain as could be and we were convinced. The tracks were nearly round and measured over six inches across. We had several pet porcupines that came around the camp at all times of the day. Billy told us that these curious little animals would go a mile out of their way for a chance to climb an axe handle, so we left our axe convenient and waited developments. Sure enough every porcupine that came around would climb that axe handle. It was a comical sight and the performance amused us greatly.

Three of our party arrived on the 21st, Harry, Frank and Harvey. The boys brought letters from home and a newspaper, the first we had seen for two weeks. For the next few days we did not see much of the sun and it rained considerably, but we put in the time very well and would have enjoyed ourselves completely if it had not been for the mosquitoes. In rainy weather the mosquitoes were pretty thick and we had to use the "dope" freely to get any peace. On the 26th we pulled up stakes, and with many regrets left this beautiful place where we had spent so many happy hours. Arriving at the mouth of the river at three o'clock, we set up our tent and put in the rest of the day in visiting the Tripp family and picking strawberries. The next day we tried the lower rapids again with good success. The trout seemed to be more plenty than ever, and there was no need to take small ones, and all under half a pound were dropped back into the river. Fifteen of the largest we caught that day weighed 12lbs. They made a pretty string and Harvey and I held them up and had their pictures taken. We broke camp in the evening, putting our traps in the boats, and at 9 P. M. took a "bee line" for St. Martin's Point, 11 miles across the bay. The moon was shining and we had a delightful row of it, landing at the Point at 12 o'clock. We built a fire and soon had coffee and lunch ready, and none of us will soon forget our midnight supper at St. Martin's Point. After resting a couple of hours we pulled out going directly east to Point Brulée, which we passed at 4:30 A. M. and at 6 o'clock landed on the north side of Marquette Island. Our tent was put up on a bench of the hill about 20ft. above the lake, and after breakfast we all took a few hours' sleep.

The Cheneaux (The Snows) are a group of several hundred islands, Marquette Island is the largest, comprising about five thousand acres of land, and they range all the way down to the size of a big girl's hat. Among these islands, "in the narrow deep channels and winding bays," we had been told that black bass were abundant. On the map all the good places were marked "The home of the gamy black bass," "The best bass fishing in the State," etc. And the book said that "bass, perch, muskalonge, Mackinaw trout, pickerel and pike, of the largest and most gamy varieties, fairly swarm in every direction." So we thought all we had to do was to row to these places and haul them in. But we went to the "home of the gamy black bass" and he wasn't in, and we went to the neighbors and he wasn't there. We fished in all the "elegant" places for miles, we tried all kinds of bait, but did not get a bass in five days' fishing. Notwithstanding our poor luck with the bass we were very well contented. We had a splendid camping place, and when we were not eating, sleeping or trying for the "gamy," we passed the time in picking berries, examining Indian graves and taking in the beauties of the landscape. Frank had brought a camera and negative plates with him and obtained a number of fine pictures of our several camps and scenery along the route.

On Friday, July 1, we packed up our traps, and at 4 P. M. boarded the steamer Golden Eagle, bound for St. Ignace. The captain and steward were jolly fellows, and we had a pleasant voyage, arriving at St. Ignace at 7 P. M. All of the party, except myself, stopped at Mackinac to spend a few days, intending to take a steamer there for Detroit. I reached Mackinaw City, by ferry, at 10 P. M. and took the Michigan Central train for the south. I stopped over Sunday with my family, who were at Huronia Beach, and met the rest of the party in Detroit on the 4th, arriving home the same night at 11 P. M. Our trip had been a pleasant one and we all voted to go again. JACK.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 9.

*But more about fishing.

SEE the new advertisement of Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

PENNSYLVANIA FISH INTERESTS.

IN a former issue we gave some extracts from the report of this Commission for the years 1885 and 1886. Of the fisheries at Erie, the only port of importance on Lake Erie which is within the State, they say:

The importance and value of Erie as a fishing town, and the benefits to be derived from the artificial propagation of whitefish to be turned into Lake Erie, may be questioned by persons seeking information on those points. It may be stated, in anticipation of such question, that Erie is the only considerable fishing town on the lake in this Commonwealth, and the importance of its fishing industry may be seen by a glance at the following statistics, submitted by Mr. Louis Streuber, one of the principal fish dealers of that city:

Men employed	350
Number of boats used	41
Tugs	19
Sailboats	22
Small skiffs	58
Value of nets	$40,000
Value of boats	80,000
Value of docks and buildings	25,000
Value of other apparatus	60,000
	Pounds.
Whitefish	61,500
Herring	160,000
Pike	320,000
Trout	10,000
Sturgeon	10,000
Various other kinds	180,000
Total	741,000
Value of fish caught and sold in 1886	$175,200

Such an industry is well worth preserving and encouraging. It might be answered that the fishing interests of the lakes should be able and willing to take care of themselves. Such does not appear to be the case, however. All the States bordering on the lakes, New York, Ohio, Michigan, etc., have been at work for years by artificial propagation and penal laws in efforts to maintain and preserve the fish supply. And, though much good has been done by them, more remains to do, and it is only equitable and courteous toward our neighbors that Pennsylvania should do her share, and, as is shown by the above report of the Erie fish industry, it would seem to be the interest of the Commonwealth to do everything needful to save the valuable whitefish from extermination.

The western hatchery is situated near Erie, and is mainly devoted to whitefish, and during the two years 24,008,000 fry were hatched and planted from it, in addition to 1,000,000 received from the U. S. Commission. The eastern hatchery is upon the Little Lehigh River, near Allentown, and has twelve ponds containing 34,000 breeding trout, both brook and rainbow, besides the ponds of carp. In 1885 there were 300,000 trout fry distributed, and in 1886, 260,000, besides 189,500 rainbow trout, 1,103 black bass and many thousand carp.

Of the black bass they say: "There is no fish better adapted for stocking inland waters than black bass, and none that will give more abundant and satisfactory returns. Being a remarkably hardy fish, easy of transportation, transplanting has been very successful, and being in addition very prolific, it has multiplied immensely wherever the fishery laws have been respected, and in a great many instances where the legal statutes for its protection at certain seasons have been set at defiance. Whenever even moderately fair opportunities have been afforded them, the black bass have well repaid the trouble and cost of transplanting, which, unfortunately, has not been the case with the introduction of other game and food fishes.

"The habits of the black bass furnish very interesting subjects for study, they do not seem to depend closely on temperature, having no opportunity of avoiding the cold they sink to the deepest part of their watery domain at the approach of winter, and if the chill penetrates to their retreats their vitality is diminished, their blood flows more slowly, and they feel no need of food, and forthwith enter into a state of hibernation. In deep lakes, however, they sink below the reach of surface chills, and here they are sometimes caught with hook and line through the ice.

"The spawning season occurs on the approach of warm weather, and the oldest fish, it is said, sometimes anticipates the ordinary season, while many late spawners are occupied with family cares until the last of July, and some young fish are not ready until October and November. Leaving the deep water early in the spring they resort to the shallower, where they pair off for breeding, generally selecting for their spawning beds gravelly or rocky bottom, and water from eighteen inches to three feet in depth, though at times water of greater depth is chosen. The eggs are usually deposited on the bottom in rows, and stick to whatever substance may be found there; they hatch in about a fortnight, the time depending upon the depth and temperature of the water. The parent fishes maintain a vigilant watch over the spawn, driving off intruders, and after the eggs are hatched the vigilance of the parent fishes appears to be redoubled.

"The young emerge from the egg almost perfectly formed and remain on the bed from three to six days, when they seek deeper water or places where they can readily take refuge from the pursuit of enemies. The parental guardianship is maintained until the young fry are able to take care of themselves.

"They grow rapidly, attaining, when food is plentiful and of the right kind, the weight of a pound during the first two years, the annual increase thereafter being about the same proportion until the maximum, which is from five to six pounds, is reached, though heavier ones of the small-mouthed variety are claimed to have been caught.

"There are few fresh-water fishes more palatable than the black bass. Its flesh possesses the desirable qualities of firmness, flakiness and whiteness, combined with solidity, proper juciness and rich flavor. As a pan fish it is fully equal to the well known sea bass, and the larger ones are by many as greatly esteemed for boiling or baking as sheepshead. Taken as a whole, when it is properly served it has few superiors, and if the salmon and brook trout are excepted, probably none. It is cosmopolitan, thriving equally well north and south, demanding only pure cold water, plenty of it, and to be let alone during its spawning seasons."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 4 I notice in the fish commissioners' report reference to the inefficiency of protective laws in this State. This results, not from lack of proper laws, but for want of any means of enforcing them. The whole work is left to the people and to the constables and justices; and experience has taught that they will do nothing to enforce game laws.

I hope that the Legislature will "get on to" what has long been apparent to all thinking sportsmen, *i. e.*, that we have plenty of game laws, and as good as we are likely to get, but that they are worse than useless unless some provision is made for enforcing them.

A perusal of the game laws of this State would lead one to suppose that game and fish were well protected here; but on the contrary game is killed, whenever and in whatever manner a person may choose. It is the same with fish. In a twelve-mile ride along the Allegheny River last April, I saw more than fifty men and boys openly fishing for bass, though the season does not open until June 1.

The Allegheny was formerly one of the finest rivers for fish in the country, and there is no natural reason why it should not continue to furnish abundance of fish for all time. It is a rather rapid river with gravel bottom alternating with deep eddies and shallow riffles; just the right kind of water for breeding fish.

Within the last ten or twelve years good sport could be had catching bass, pickerel and other varieties of fish; fish were of good size and plenty. Now one may consider himself lucky if he gets two or three bass of one pound weight for a day's fishing. This decrease is directly traceable to the use of dynamite, and to the influence of the numerous tanneries and oil refineries located along the river and the creeks which flow into it. Dynamiters have been at work for the last five years all along the river from Pittsburgh to Olean, and although the residents disapprove of the practice, they do nothing to punish the offenders. I know of only two instances of arrests under the game laws (in this county) and they were for dynamiting fish. I furnished the evidence in both cases. I do not know what laws we have to apply to the tanneries, oil refineries and acid works, but if there are not laws there should be some laws enacted and enforced strictly.

What the fish commissioners say in regard to fish protection applies with equal force to all kinds of game. Unless we have special officers paid to attend to the enforcement of the game laws we may as well abandon all efforts at protection and repeal all the game legislation we have. There would be at least one advantage to the latter course; the decent sportsman would have an equal chance with the hoodlums and pot-hunters. Mc.

EAGLE ROCK, Pa.

POLLUTING THE WATERS.—The Fish Commissioner of Indiana promises the inconsiderate city cleaners and hygienic promoters who are in the habit of dumping their vault collections into the river, murdering the fish in the water and sleep in the bed chamber, that he will stick the fanged and forked law into them as far as he can drive it if they don't quit. It is a blessed threat, like "threatening weather" in a drouth. At times, when a southwest breeze in a moist, warm atmosphere is blowing, the odor that comes up from these dumping places bears just as little resemblance as can be found in this world of contrarities to that borne on the—

"Gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers."

It is a positive and most unpleasant fact, a *News* reporter's family has been sickened with the smell of the abominable filth at the distance of a full half mile. The Board of Health does not appear to have much to do, or do much, but it might lend a little help to the Fish Commissioner, whose only legal ground of action is the needless and nasty destruction of fish.—*News.* Yes, it might, but the question is, will it? As the custodian, in a measure, of the streams of the State, the Fish Commissioner is in duty bound to see to it that they are not made so unwholesome that fish cannot live in them. This is now about the condition of lower White River. All good citizens should help to hold up the hands of the State Fish Commissioner, who is determined, if possible, to purify the stream.—*The People (Indianapolis).*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Hornell Kennel Club Show, Hornellsville, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 27. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 29 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. A. M. Grau, Secretary, 552 East Water street.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nipgen, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5296.**

ETHAN ALLIN SETTERS.—The following card from the veteran sportsman, Mr. Ethan Allin, explains itself: "Pomfret Center, Conn., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to caution the public against buying pups purporting to be genuine Ethan Allin American setters unless they are sure of their breeding. Certain men are trying to speculate on the reputation my dogs have justly won by their fine field qualities and keen scenting powers, to make money by selling mongrels of their own breeding as pure bred American setters, some even copying the pedigree of Trap (published in FOREST AND STREAM, June 17, 1886) verbatim and claiming it to belong to their dog, thereby swindling the unwary and damaging mine before the public. I will cheerfully answer all inquiries addressed to me for the benefit of all concerned.—ETHAN ALLIN."

TEXAS FIELD TRIALS.—The second annual field trials of the Texas Field Trials Club will be run near Marshall, beginning Jan. 10, 1888. There will be a Derby and an All-Aged stake, open to amateurs only. Entry $5, members free, entries close Jan. 9. The prizes offered in such stakes are silver cups valued at $50 and $20, and a silver medal valued at $5. The address of the Secretary is W. L. Thomas, Marshall, Texas.

THE MEDAL RULE.

RULE 25 of the American Kennel Club reads thus: "All clubs, members of this association, shall be required in future to pay all regular prizes strictly in accordance with the description given of them in the published premium list. When medals are awarded, if they are described as gold or silver, their purity shall be that of United States coin. If manufactured of any other material, no description shall be given of its material. It shall be merely called the club medal."

The Hornell Kennel Club's announcement of premiums states that the medals given by that club are of bronze. Commenting on this Mr. W. Wade writes:

Editor Forest and Stream: Your lively neighbor down stairs has done a service in pitching into the Hornell Kennel Club for their nullification of the A. K. C. medal rule, and I am almost tempted to say that "Uncle Dick" has rendered the rules a service by his non-compliance with one, for attention is thereby more directly drawn to the rule than dozens of newspaper articles could do. The Hornell Club announce that they will give medals as prizes, and like honest men say just what their medals are made of; who in the world would think that an announcement, so plainly in the interest of common honesty and truth, could be a violation of an A. K. C. rule? Yet sure enough, the rule is not directory, does not say that the club may call a pewter medal "the club" medal, but expressly forbids them to say what it is made of, should it not be silver or gold! In the name of common sense what does this mean? What possible wrong can there be in telling the whole truth? Medals are justly objects of suspicion; a club cannot afford to give cash prizes and offers medals; has not the title of "club" medal a somewhat suspicious flavor? True, it involves no deceit, and may be innocent enough; but why the express provision that there must be such rigid secrecy as to honestly saying what a medal is made of? Wouldn't you rather compete for a medal that you are told is bronze, than one that may be bronze, pewter, copper or pig iron? Will not the author or authors of this rule say why it was so constructed that a club cannot tell the whole truth without violating a rule of the A.K.C.? This beats the Jews! Your wicked neighbor gives the Hornell premium list a slur by calling it a "substitute for a premium list." Exactly, but it is just the very thing that has been looked for by small shows who must economize in every proper way or give no show. This list gives the breeds for which classes will be provided, directions for entries, and entry blank, all on a little piece of paper 6x7in. True, it does not give the A. K. C. rules; it would be better to do so, but "half a loaf is better than no bread," "cut your coat to suit your cloth," and a dozen more aphorisms bear on the point of the wisdom of trying to make outlay come within income; and one of the most threatening dangers to dog shows has been the almost universal losses made by shows this year and last. This year New York and Boston are the only ones said to have made money. Last year Pittsburgh did also. How long are shows to be carried on at a loss?

The wisdom of the A. K. C. could be exerted in no better way than by such a modification of rules as would allow shows to incur as little expense as possible, consistent with propriety.

But whatever they do, let them knock out such pewter rules as their present medal one.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the August number of the *American Kennel Register:*

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

5207. Poule d'Eau, C. Phelps.

COLLIES.

5208. Gypsy Lass, A. E. Manly.
5209. Lady Gaffa, F. C. Evans.
5210. Victor II., R. S. Nowland.

GREAT DANES.

5211. Nellie, F. C. Evans.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

5212. Dick Steel, C. J. Tanner.
5213. Nellie White, C. J. Tanner.

MASTIFFS.

5214. Charlotta, E. H. Moore.
5215. Cedric, J. Boyd.
5216. Count Robert II., C. G. Derr.
5217. East Lake Media, C. C. McLean.
5218. Edwy, Victor Kennels.
5219. Egbert, Victor Kennels.
5220. Elgiva, Victor Kennels.
5221. Emma, Victor Kennels.
5222. Eoppa, Victor Kennels.
5223. Ethel, Victor Kennels.
5224. Eumer, Victor Kennels.
5225. Grim, J. H. McManus.
5226. Hero IV., C. E. Bunn.
5227. Jessie II., G. Kerr.
5228. Juno VI., E. H. Moore.
5229. Max II., G. Kerr.
5230. Patty, E. F. Woodcock.
5231. Tiff, H. C. Brush.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

5232. Follie, W. W. Silvey.

POINTERS.

5233. Dan III., John Aiken.
5234. Doc Hyer, A. M. Hyer.
5235. Fritz IV., Geo. F. Howard.
5236. Gypsey, C. L. Parker.
5237. Jessie, Charles G. Dunshee.
5238. Jim, George F. Howard.
5239. Miss Duval, Dr. J. Derham Palmer.
5240. Sam, C. L. Parker.
5241. Sue II., C. L. Parker.
5242. Tammany II., J. S. Dunshee.

POODLES.

5243. Pierrot, Anna P. Stevenson

PUGS.

5244. Bradford Bonnie, J. P. Davis
5245. Carl, H. R. T. Coffin.
5246. Dumps, Geo. McD. Blake.
5247. East Lake Belle, C. J. Tanner.
5248. East Lake Clara, C. J. Tanner.
5249. East Lake Gipsey, Geo. B. Pengeman.
5250. East Lake Laddie, Chas. J. Tanner.
5251. East Lake Lassie, Chas. J. Tanner.
5252. East Lake Toddie, Abel Hoover.
5253. Foster, H. R. T. Coffin.
5254. Jim, R. H. Howard.
5255. Juliet, Forest City Kennels.
5256. Jura, B. S. Shaw.
5257. Princess, Forest City Kennels.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.

5258. Beauty II., Forest City Kennels.
5259. Cadess, Weimer and Lincoln.
5260. Don M., Malachi Taylor.
5261. Judie, Weimer and Lincoln.
5262. Leo Bonivard, C. S. Baker.
5263. Prince of Valley View, H. G. Wells.

SMOOTH-COATED.

5264. Apollinaris, J. B. Stacy & Son.
5265. Cato, H. R. T. Coffin.
5266. Gretna, Forest City Kennels.
5267. Rodolph, C. H. Puffer.
5268. Trojan Tick, J. R. Draper.
5269. Victor, A. G. Holmes.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5270. Black Chief, H. T. Payne.
5271. California Girl, H. T. Payne.
5272. Claudius, J. J. Mellus.
5273. Dandy Gladstone, J. R. Taylor.
5274. Elsinore, H. T. Payne.
5275. Iron Duke, Jr., C. M. Snell.
5276. Los Angeles, H. T. Payne.
5277. Punch II., Eugene Halpin.
5278. Royal Sput, Tony Bright.
5279. St. Patrick, H. W. Patton.
5280. Signet, C. E. Fout.
5281. Tom Paine, J. F. Holbrook.
5282. Trifler, H. L. Jordan.

IRISH SETTERS.

5283. Fannie, Mrs. Oliver Tebbets.
5284. Glenvan, Wm. Canning.
5285. Mina, Chas. J. Miller.
5286. Nino, Chas. E. Perry.
5287. Rovene, L. & J. Backer.
5288. Sligo Moor, B. D. Sullivan.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

5289. Frou Frou, C. M. Nelles.
5290. Jette, J. F. Macdonald.
5291. Junie Obo, W. L. Dearborn.
5292. Keno II., Wm. A. Markell.
5293. Phyllis, Harry D. Brown.

TERRIERS—BULL-TERRIERS.

5294. Blossom, B. D. Mintz.

FOX-TERRIERS.

5295. Belvoir Trap, T. J. Flack.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

5296. Ben, Peter Cassidy.

DOGS FOR BIG GAME.

CALDWELL, Kansas, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being a complete cripple from a recent attack of articular rheumatism, I take great pleasure in reading your paper from end to end, including every advertisement in it. Your republication of "Leatherhead's" article on what he thought would make the dog for big game afforded me much amusement. It showed me very plainly that he was not a practical sportsman after big game, such as we have in the great West. I years ago advocated through the FOREST AND STREAM what I and every old hunter knows to be a fact, that there are but two breeds of dogs in the world that can and will catch and kill a coyote, a gray wolf or a black wolf. These two breeds are the English greyhound and the Scotch deerhound. A great many greyhounds are too timid to fight and stay to the death, but when they are bred and worked right they are the gamest dogs on earth. A Scotch deerhound bred from tried and broken stock never flinches in the hottest fight. It takes a dog of extraordinary speed and staying powers to catch a gray wolf before the fight begins. The moment you breed any other blood into these two breeds you loose speed and your dogs can't catch their game; and unless they can first catch it they certainly can't kill it; and hence have no use for their bulldog or boarhound cross. I have eight dogs in my hunting pack for this fall (rheumatism being willing); five of them have never seen any game. I have a bet now standing that they kill the first gray wolf they see. Four of them are greyhounds and four deerhounds. The best dog in my pack and the best one I ever saw is as fine a greyhound as ever lived. He is extra fast and dead game, always goes to the game first, and amuses it until the rest of his companions get in.

Mr. Victor M. Haldeman in his article in your issue of Aug. 4 is right in his inference as to my selling the pack of dogs to the Sun River Range Association of Montana. I sold them seven dogs and one bitch, and hired a huntsman to them to work the dogs on the cattle range for six months after coyotes and gray wolves. Although none of these dogs had ever seen a gray wolf, I guaranteed them to kill the first one they saw. I had seen them kill coyotes, and the way they did that work satisfied me that they would kill any animal they could handle. The first wolf they wanted these dogs to kill on their arrival was one that had killed cattle and sheep in one locality for four years. Mr. I. W. Porter, the huntsman, wrote me that he was afraid of his job, as the people told him the wolf was much larger than any dog he had, and it was only fun for him to kill two or three cur dogs at once. The second day the wolf came to the corral early in the morning and killed four sheep; and after daybreak Mr. Porter with five dogs gave chase, two of them only ten-months-old puppies. The wolf was wily and cunning, dodging into brush and behind rocks so that he was not caught short of ten miles work, and then the fiercest fight ever witnessed was fought and the wolf killed. He was estimated to weigh over 100 lbs. One of the dogs weighs 82 lbs., and this wolf was much larger every way.

The next letter received from Mr. Porter he stated that they were doing valiant service for the cattle association; that he had that day got on to a band of fifteen gray wolves and killed twelve of them with only six dogs, including the two eleven-months old puppies; but that in this fight some of the dogs were badly used up. He also stated that he was told that these gray wolves often went in bands of fifty. I answered him that whenever he got on to a band of that sort I would bet on the wolves. The cattlemen on the Cherokee Strip are offering $20 bounty for every wolf killed. In many parts they have become so destructive of cattle, not calves, but three and four-year-old steers, that cattlemen have been compelled to leave their ranges and drive closer to settlements. This has happened within twenty miles of here, and as soon as it gets cool enough to run dogs I expect to have some genuine sport, and should be much pleased to show Mr. Haldeman, and as many more Eastern dog lovers as may choose to come, what are the best breeds of dogs for the killing of big game. We have plenty of deer, wildcats, turkeys, chickens and quail near by.

Q. VAN HUMMELL, M.D.

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEETING.—The second annual meeting of the American Coursing Club will be held at Great Bend, Kan., Oct. 17 to 22. Two stakes will be run. The All-Aged stake for 64 greyhounds, entry fee $10, winner to receive the title of champion of America, the American field cup, value $100, and 25 per cent. of entrance money. The runner-up 25 per cent. of the remainder, two greyhounds 10 per cent. each of the remainder, and four 5 per cent. each of balance. The Great Bend Derby for 32 greyhounds, 18 months old and under, entry fee $5, winner to receive 50 per cent. of entrance money, the runner-up 50 per cent. of the remainder, and two 10 per cent. each of balance. There will also be a bench show for greyhounds with prizes of $15 and $10, with a special prize for the best bitch winning a prize in any field stake. Entries close Oct. 10 at 6 P. M. Drawing takes place Oct. 15 at 8 P. M. Should the stakes not fill the management reserves the right to run off the stakes with a smaller number or arrange for other events should there be an excess of entries. Those who wish their dogs fitted for the meeting should write the secretary at once. His address is G. Irwin Royce, Great Bend, Kansas.

MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the second annual dog show of the Wisconsin Kennel Club, to be held at Milwaukee Sept. 20 to 23. In champion classes the prize is $10. English setters, Irish setters, pointers (any weight) and pugs have a class each for dogs and bitches. In other champion classes both sexes compete. In open classes the prizes are $10 and $5, with $5 and $3 for puppies. The club offers cash kennel prizes, for four or more, of $20 each for mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, English setters and pointers, $15 each for Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, foxhounds, beagles, dachshunde, collies, bull-terriers and pugs. Also 23 cash prizes of $10 each for the best of prominent breeds. Entries close Sept. 10. The secretary's address is A. M. Grau, 552 East Water street, Milwaukee, Wis.

MR. GERMAN HOPKINS arrived from England on the Denmark last Sunday. He reports a capital time, and states that the dogs are all in fine condition. He brought over two white English terriers, dog and bitch, both prize winners; two fox-terrier bitches and three fox-terrier puppies, a dog and two bitches.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Prince Albert and Philadelphia Prince. By Frank F. Dole, Philadelphia, Pa.) for white bull-terrier dogs, whelped June 7, 1887, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of White Violet (Dutch—White Rose, A.K.R. 2906).

Blackness. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 30, 1887, by Master Shina (Young Obo—Shina) out of Wilmer Jet (Obo II.—Gipsey).

Gun Bondhu and Bell Bondhu. By E. E. Haines, Charlestown, Mass., for blue belton English setters, dog and bitch, whelped March 23, 1887, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Lynn (A.K.R. 2420).

Mischief. By Chautauqua Kennels, Sheridan, N. Y., for black and white and ticked English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of Marcella (Prince Phœbus—Stella).

Beppo. By Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., for red Irish setter dog, whelped May 24, 1887, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

NAMES CHANGED.

Miss Black Pete to Darkness. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 19, 1887, by Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie) out of Althea (A.K.R. 842).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Edith—Shady. C. E. Gilchrist's (Charlestown, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Olivia) to F. S. Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie), July 25.

Rose Pape—Fleet. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Rose Pape (Joe Pape—Nellie Pape) to their Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth), July 13.

Judy—Fleet. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Judy (Trim—Sybil) to their Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth), July 30.

Princess Louise—Dashing Berwyn. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117) to Arnold Burges' Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear), Aug. 13.

Spright—Little Jim. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Spright (Barney—Flash) to their Little Jim (Wasp—Fannie), Aug. 13.

Flash—Avenger. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Flash (Trojan—Fannie) to Walker's Avenger (E. 9,804), July 30.

Dewdrop—Warren Jim. T. J. Tyrrell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Dewdrop (A.K.R. 4222) to L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Jim, July 30.

Mel—Sarsfield. J. H. Conklin's (New York) Irish setter bitch Mel (Elcho, Jr.—Meg) to Dr. Jarvis's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.), May 27.

Jess—Johnny. W. G. Young's (Ottawa, Can.) Clumber spaniel bitch Jess (Jack—Jill) to Mercer & Hill's Johnny (Ben—Joan), Aug. 2.

Flora—Bob White. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Flora (Dr. Chamblin's dog—Leith's Belle) to his Bob White (Joker, Jr.—Fussie), July 22.

Dolly—Bob White. C. M. Williams's (Hamilton, Va.) pointer bitch Dolly (Doctor H.—Jill) to G. H. Nixon's Bob White (Joker, Jr.—Fussie), July 15.

Bizreena—Chief. Onota Kennels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Bizreena (A.K.R. 2876) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231), Aug. 9.

Blue Queen—Cecil. G. F. Clark's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Blue Queen (Druid—Leda) to E. W. Jester's Cecil (Rex Gladstone—Leah II.), July 2.

Fairy II.—Pilate. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Fairy II. (A.K.R. 4387) to W. Crawford's imported Pilate (Lord Sefton's Bang—Lord Sefton's Nora), Aug. 11.

Vixen—Leader. J. B. Dunn's (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Vixen (Ringwood—Maida) to Wakefield's Leader (Flute—Queen), May 15.

Marion—Black Prince. C. V. V. Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) spaniel bitch Marion to A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62), Aug. 13.

Countess Flirt—Glen Rock. G. F. Clark's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Countess Flirt (Tempest—Flirt) to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco), July 4.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bobbie. Mr. Sievert's (New York) spaniel bitch Bobbie, Aug. 10, five (one dog), by A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62).

Newton Abbot Lady. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) spaniel bitch Newton Abbot Lady (Bend Or—Ladybird) June 5, four (three dogs), by Willey's Black Pete; all black.

Bonita. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Bonita (A.K.R. 2891), July —, seven (two dogs), by their Brant.

Frou Frou. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Frou Frou, July 24, four (two dogs), by their Brant.

Ida. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) English setter bitch Ida (Dashing Rover—Ranee), Aug. 14, seven (four dogs), by W. A. Coster's Buckellew (A.K.R. 30).

Belle of Piedmont. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) English setter bitch Belle of Piedmont (A.K.R. 3569), Aug. 9, ten (eight dogs), by B. F. Wilson's Count Noble.

Vixen. J. B. Dunn's (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Vixen (Ringwood—Maida), July 15, seven (three dogs), by Wakefield's Leader (Flute—Queen).

Ruby Croxteth. Detroit Kennels Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Ruby Croxteth (A.K.R. 1268), July 20, nine (three dogs), by their King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

Dudley Rage. F. C. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Dudley Rage (Pickle II.—Old Frolic), July 3, five (two dogs), by D. S. Booth's Senator (Vulo—Vehement).

Kelp. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Kelp (A.K.R. 110), July 27, nine (four dogs), by E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid).

Patti M. C. M. Munhall's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Patti M. (Donald—Devonshire Lass), Aug. 8, ten (five dogs), by C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391).

Temptation. Manhansett Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Temptation (A.K.R. 1500), Aug. 2, five (three dogs), by C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391); one dog since dead.

Miss Nance. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Nance (A.K.R. 1313), July 24, seven (four dogs), by J. P. Willey's Black Pete.

Doris. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Doris (Black Pedro—Jet W.), April 21, eight (four dogs, by J. P. Willey's Black Pete.

Russet. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Russet (Rowdy—Zulette), May 17, six (five dogs), by J. P. Willey's Black Knight (Obo II.—Darkie).

Ruth. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Ruth (Black Pete—Miss Nance), April 28, seven (five dogs), by J. P. Willey's Obo II.

Mel. J. H. Conklin's (New York) Irish setter bitch Mel (Elcho, Jr.—Meg), July 27, fourteen (eight dogs), by Dr. Jarvis's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Obo, Jr. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 3, 1883 (A.K.R. 1481), by C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to P. G. Keyes, Ottawa, Ont.

Countess Windʼem. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Dec. 25, 1882 (A.K.R. 2560), by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to W. Lansford, Roanoke, Va.

Prince Albert. White bull-terrier dog, whelped June 7, 1887, by Count out of White Violet, by Frank F. Dole, Philadelphia, Pa., to G. G. Knupp, Auburn, N. Y.

Philadelphia Prince. White bull-terrier dog, whelped June 7, 1887, by Count out of White Violet, by Frank F. Dole, Philadelphia, Pa., to Franklin Weston, Dalton, Mass.

Nana. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1885 (A.K.R. 3099), by C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I., to W. H. Rose, Barrington, R. I.

Rem. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1884 (A.K.R. 2115), by C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I., to W. H. Rose, Barrington, R. I.

Lady Bright. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given, by Rink II. out of Aida, by Frank Pitzer, Washington, D. C., to Chas. A. Brown, same place.

Daisy Bright. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1887, by Gun out of Lady Bright, by Frank Pitzer, Washington, D. C., to T. J. Coffey, same place.

Belle of Dixie. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1887, by Gun out of Lady Bright, by Frank Pitzer, Washington, D. C., to Millard F. Bragg, Roanoke, Va.

Sister in Black. Black greyhound bitch, whelped July, 1885, by Memnon out of Fan, by Chas. D. Webber, Newark, N. J., to N. E. Stevens, Pontiac, Mich.

Pembroke. White and black greyhound dog, whelped May 28, 1885, by Memnon out of Mother Demdike, by Chas D. Webber, Newark, N. J., to W. J. Arkell, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beppo. Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 24, 1887, by Prince (A.K.R. 1698) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to H. Brooks Young, Montreal, Can.

Cora C. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1886, by Circler (A.K.R. 2928) out of Myra (A.K.R. 5133), by W. V. Crawford, Circleville, N. Y., to J. P. Covert, Montgomery, N. Y.

Ottello. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped January, 1887, by Brutus out of Juno, by D. A. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Barney. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped Sept. 4, 1886 (A.K.R. 4603), by H. S. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brutus—Juno whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped January, 1887, by Lucius H. Greely, Newburyport, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bruce—Lady Red whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 21, 1887, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. S. Seely, Syracuse, N. Y.

Prince (A.K.R. 1698)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelps. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped May 24, 1887, by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., one each to Wm. E. Ramsey, Lake Charles, La.; H. Brooks Young, Montreal, Can., and W. B. Neal, Gardner, Me.

DEATHS.

Spinaway. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped 1880 (Garnet—Keswick), owned by the Westminster Kennel Club.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. W.—1. What shall I do for two bull-terrier puppies five months old? The teeth of one are all brown, cannot see the least enamel on them, otherwise seems in good health. 2. The dog puppy had the hair come off the shoulder the size of a ten-cent piece, and it keeps getting larger and has got to be the size of a silver dollar. I think it must be a ringworm. Ans. 1. See if trouble is traceable to any particular food, drink or medicine. Consult a local doctor or vet. 2. Get the following:

℞ Hydrarg. oleati ..... ℥ss
Ung. zinc oxid ..... ℥i
Mix. Sig. Rub in after washing twice daily.

Give four drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times daily. Feed lightly. Keep bowels open and give no meat.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WASHBURN INTERSTATE CUP.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The National Guard of Minnesota congratulate themselves upon the donation of a beautiful and costly cup to be competed for in interstate matches. It is the gift of our public-spirited townsman, Hon. W. D. Washburn. The first competition will occur at Fort Snelling in October next. Teams of 12 men from the active militia of any State or Territory in the Union, 10 shots each at 200 and 500yds., winners to hold the cup one year and return it to Fort Snelling for next competition. The tournament of the National Guard occurs at the time of the great Minneapolis Exposition, and reduced rates ought to induce Eastern teams to visit this State in October. All are invited.

C. M. SKINNER,
Brigade Inspector Rifle Practice, M. N. G.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—The eighth marksman's badge match was shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, Aug. 13. The weather was cool and pleasant, and a light northerly breeze made the conditions very favorable for shooting; the scores made were very good. The attendance was large, and following are the scores of 42 and over, those marked * being the winners. The gold marksman's badge was again won by a new man, which makes eight who have a mortgage on it, and causes a little rivalry as to who will be the final winner:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Geo Ball,* Co F, 23d Regt	22	24	46
C A Jones,* Co G, 7th Regt	23	23	46
E DeForest,* Co C, 22d Regt	23	23	46
R M Kalloch, Co H, 7th Regt	24	22	46
J S Shepherd,* Co D, 23d Regt	21	24	45
S C Pirie,* Co I, 23d Regt	21	24	45
G W Lotz,* Co G, 13th Regt	23	22	45
R Oliver,* Staff, 23d Regt	21	23	44
W H Palmer,* Staff, 7th Regt	21	23	44
R McLean,* Co K, 7th Regt	21	23	44
G F Hamlin, Co I, 23d Regt	21	23	44
T H Barnard,* Co F, 23d Regt	21	23	44
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Regt	22	22	44
J D Foot, Co F, 7th Regt	23	21	44
F C McLewee*, Staff, S N Y	19	24	43
H P Fowler, Co F, 23d Regt	19	24	43
A McDougall, Co C, 7th Regt	19	24	43
R M Dunn, Co G, 7th Regt	19	24	43
F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt	20	23	43
J B Frothingham,* Staff, Brig	21	22	43
F L Holmes, Co I, 23d Regt	21	22	43
E F Young, Co C, 7th Regt	22	21	43
A C Saunders,* Co K, 23d Regt	23	20	43
O E Dudley, Co F, 7th Regt	20	22	42
G A Lane, Co A, 13th Regt	20	22	42
W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Regt	20	22	42
N B Thurston, Co E, 22d Regt	21	21	42
A W Trotter, Co E, 7th Regt	22	20	42
W M Bavier, Co B, 22d Regt	22	20	42

J. MANZ, JR., Ass't Sec'y, N. R. A.

BOSTON, Aug. 13.—There was more than an average attendance of riflemen here to-day to shoot in the regular matches. S. Wilder made a clean score at rest on the old target. Several militiamen won their badges in the State match. The best scores are given below:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

C B Edwards	8	9	9	6	9	10	7	5	9	9—	81
	10	9	8	5	7	8	8	6	9	7—	77
A Law	7	10	9	9	7	5	5	10	8	10—	80
W H Oler	10	10	9	4	5	5	8	4	9	5—	69
D L Chase	10	9	3	6	7	6	5	7	4	8—	68

Rest Match.

J N Frye	11	9	12	10	12	12	12	12	12	11—	113
S Wilder	11	12	12	9	11	9	10	11	9	12—	106
	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	10	11	10—	106
C E Berry	11	9	9	9	11	10	11	9	11	11—	102
W H Oler	11	12	11	10	9	9	9	11	10	9—	101
	12	9	11	10	9	10	11	9	11	9—	101
W O Burnite	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	12	10—	99
Barker	8	9	7	9	9	4	12	9	11	6—	84

State Militia Match.

H L Kelly (silver badge)	23	21	21	21							
J M Bragg (bronze badge)	22	21	20	19							
R S Chase (silver badge)	19	19	19	18							
Captain H K Anderson	20	20	20								
A E Tenney	21	21									

CHICOPEE FALLS, Mass., Aug. 13.—The Maynard Rifle Club of Chicopee Falls made the following score at Riverdale Range:

Engle	8	5	6	10	9	9	9	9	6	6—	77
	10	10	10	7	8	8	9	10	7	8—	87
	9	10	10	7	7	8	10	9	9	10—	89
Jenks	4	9	9	6	7	10	5	4	7	7—	68
	7	7	10	7	10	6	8	8	5	5—	73
Lougden	4	3	8	5	7	3	6	10	7	5—	56
	8	2	5	3	3	6	3	5	5	5—	45
Joslyn	2	2	6	6	5	4	3	4	5	5—	42
	4	6	4	3	4	5	8	5	5	10—	54

F. N. WITHREL, Sec.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 15.—The change in the conditions of the contest for the regimental team shoot to occur next month, and the additional matches which have been ordered by the State, have created an interest in the fall meeting of the National Guard Rifle Association. An effort will be made to make the next meeting of the Association equal, in proportion to the strength, to the fall meeting at Creedmoor. In addition to the matches for the Stillwater badge, the Reeve match, the Skinner match and the Pillsbury match for company teams of six, two or three other matches are assured which, together with the State matches, will make up a programme never before excelled in any rifle tournament in the Northwest. Applications for membership, entrance fees and dues should be sent to C. S. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer, 327 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The Rochester Schützengild will have its annual shoot, commencing Aug. 29 and lasting four days. A team of the Rochester Schützengild will have a challenge shoot with a team of the Flour City Club some time next month. Score of the Schützengild, Aug. 12, 200yds, off-hand, standard target: C. Green 89, J. Harvey 88, C. Tarba 79, F. Schwikert 77, C. Harvey 74, E. Watson 68, G. Wolff 61, E. Maier 59, J. Witman 59, A. Schakelton 55, C. Eisenberg 51, C. Kühles 51.—G. B.

MALDEN, Mass., Aug. 13.—The rifle match between teams from Company L, 8th Regiment, Malden Rifles, and Company A., 5th Regiment Light Guards, of Wakefield, was shot this afternoon at the Bears Den range here. The weather conditions were favorable, although at times there was quite a breeze blowing. Company L, Meriden Rifles, won by 7 points. Following is the result of both teams:

Malden Rifles, Co. L.		Richardson Light Guard, Co. A.	
E C B Erickson	5444444—29	G W Babbitt	5454444—30
A W Hatch	4344444—27	E J Gihow	4444544—29
C F Cook	4454444—27	G H Taylor	4444344—27
J F Parker	4444434—27	W E Grey	4434344—25
C F Sorley	4344433—25	P J Flanders	4335504—24
J H Whittekind	0444344—23	C A Cheney	4434404—23
E A Coburn	3244304—20—178	F H Thorndike	0303043—13—171

JERSEY CITY.—A bit of practice with a 22-calibre rifle took a queer turn in this city on Sunday last, according the the New York *World:* John Schaffer lives at No. 35 Laidlaw avenue. One of his methods of seeking enjoyment is by shooting at a target in the basement of his house, which he has converted into a shooting-gallery. He also loves to see others have the same enjoyment. On Sunday he had a pleasure party. They had a very pleasant time and enjoyed an excellent dinner. After smoking their cigars all accepted the invitation of Mr. Schaffer to visit his extemporized shooting-gallery. The gentlemen amused themselves for a time firing at targets with a 22-calibre rifle when Joseph Crosby, a six-year-old boy, received a ball from the rifle in his back. He was at the time seated on the curbstone in front of his home, which is directly opposite the Schaffer house. A man, said to be Siegfried Schneider, of New York, was near the boy when the accident took place, and ran to his assistance. Near by were a number of Irishmen. They also had heard the reports of the rifle from time to time and saw the boy fall after the last shot had been fired. When they saw the German run to the boy's assistance, without a moment's consideration of the result they rushed up to him. Apparently they thought the man had deliberately shot the lad and one uttered a shout: "Lynch him, the murdering wretch!" This was echoed by the dozen men who were with him, and with a Donnybrook Fair yell they pounced on the terrified German. While a number of the gang held the man a prisoner others went in search of a rope. One of them found a clothes-line, which was quickly cut from the posts and conveyed to the place where the prisoner was excitedly protesting his entire ignorance of the accident. The self-instituted executioners quickly adjusted a rope about his neck. They had dragged and driven him several paces when the party in Schaffer's house rushed out of the building and explained that the shot had come from there and that the man the mob desired to hang was innocent. He was at once released, and made a bee-line for the ferry. A careful examination of the boy's wound showed that it was not serious. The affair was reported to the police and Mr. John Schaffer and his guests were arrested and locked up. The shooting was, of course, accidental, but it is claimed it was criminally so.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

YONKERS, N. Y., Aug. 13.—Shooting tournament at live birds under auspices of Yonkers Gun Club, Aug. 11. Sweeps open to all. Owing to heavy thunder showers in the morning we did not get started till nearly 12 instead of 10 A. M., as intended. This did not leave much time for four sweeps so that instead of shooting off all ties as intended, the majority agreed to divide. The weather was rather against us as we had a dull dark day with frequent showers. The birds as a rule were very good though a good many were rather slow to rise, but when once started got away pretty lively.

First sweep, 5 birds, 1 barrel, 25yds.:

J H Feidler	11100—3	Jas Welsh	01011—3
J Thompson	11011—4	E Thompson	01110—3
W Sims	01001—2	B Burnan	10111—4
O Austin	10010—2	A L Kolb	11001—3
L J Schlesinger	11101—4	Geo Langran	01111—4
O'Brian	01011—3	P Pankon	10010—2

All prizes divided, making a rather peculiar sweep in which here were no blanks.

Second sweep, 5 birds, 25yds., 2 barrels, second barrel to count bird:

O'Brian	1 0 0 0 1—2	W Sims	0 1 1 ½ ½—3
L Kolb	1 1 1 ½ 1—4½	LJSchlesinger	½ 0 1 1 1—3½
Burnan	0 1 0 1 ½—2½	J Welsh	1 ½ ½ 1 1—4
Quinn	0 0 ½ 0 ½—1	P Pankon	1 0 0 1 0—2
J Carpenter	0 0 1 1 0—2	J Thompson	1 1 1 1 ½—4½
W Ward	1 1 1 1 1—5	E Thompson	1 1 1 1 1—5
J H Fiedler	0 0 0 1 1—2	G Langran	1 1 1 ½ ½—4
J Davis	0 0 ½ 1 0—1½	E F Ward	1 1 ½ 1 1—4½
Hall	1 0 0 ½ 1—2½		

Third sweepstake, both barrels, 25yds.:

A L Kolb	11111—5	E F Ward	10111—4
J Thompson	01111—4	H B Waring	01111—4
B Burnan	10111—4	E Thompson	11111—5
W Simms	01111—4	A B Hall	11101—4
P Pankon	10011—3	J Elliot	11100—3
J H Feidler	11000—2	J Brown	11010—3
J O'Brian	11011—4	J Davis	11001—3
S Secord	10111—4	J Carpenter	11111—5
W Ward	11111—5	Wm Rowland	11101—4
J Welsh	10110—3	Geo Langran	11111—5
L J Schlesinger	11110—4	Hoffman	11110—4

Fourth sweep, both barrels, second barrel ½ bird, 30yds.:

E H Fox	1 0 1 ½ 1—3½	E F Ward	1 0 ½ ½ 1—3
J Thompson	1 1 ½ 1 1—4½	E Thompson	1 0 ½ ½ 0—2
A B Hall	0 0 ½ 0 1—1½	W Ward	1 1 0 ½ 1—3½
B Burnan	0 0 0 1 1—2	J Welsh	½ ½ 1 1 1—4½
E Elliott	1 1 0 ½ ½—3	Hoffman	1 1 1 1 ½—4½

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 11.—Monthly shoots of the Trenton Gun Club, Ligowsky clay-pigeons, 5 traps, 18yds. rise. July score:

C H Allen	10111 10111 11101 10011 10111—21
Wm Poland	00110 00000 01001 11110 00101—10
A S Leigh	10100 01111 11101 10101 01100—15
J V Hutchinson	01001 11001 00111 — 8
J M Allen	01011 10101 01111 11111 11000—17
C Manley	01111 01101 11100 11101 10111—18
S Rogers	10000 10011 01111 10010 00100—11
W Rogers	00001 11111 00 00 10010 01001—10
C Carson	10110 10000 11101 11111 11001—16

August score:

J M Allen	11011 01111 11110 11111 10111—21
J Stradling	0 0 0 1 11011 01000 01001 10000— 6
A S Leigh	01101 11100 01101 11101 11100—15
C H Allen	11111 11010 11001 01111 11101 —19
Wm Poland	11011 10100 11111 01011 00011—16
M Sonth	11010 11010 11100 11011 00011—15
C Manley	11010 01111 11110 11100 00111—17
C McDonald	10001 10011 01110 11101 11111—17
G Snook	10110 11100 01001 01000 11111—14
M Fox	10001 01011 11010 01111 10011—15

JERSEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—The nine members of the Blue Rock Club who assembled this afternoon at Adams Point were evidently not in shooting trim. The score for the first round would have presented a uniform line of goose eggs had not Ireland chipped a flyer from the center tray. The blame for poor shooting was first laid to the gun and cartridges, then to the heavy atmosphere, but finally the marksmen acknowledged that they had encountered a decidedly off day. The regular monthly shoot was not held during July, and for that reason the back scores were shot. Will Golcher and Fox making the highest score of 13. Cate, also of the Lincoln Club, succeeded in breaking the same number, but he together with Walters and F. Cate joined in the shoot by invitation; their scores for that reason were not counted. In the August shoot the average was very poor; the traps probably worked too rapidly. The conditions of the match were 23 blue rocks, 12-bore guns, 16yds. rise; 10-bore, 18yds. W. L. Eyre acted as judge and referee. Following are the scores:

July Shoot.

Golcher	0001110101111011101—13	Ireland	1000000011000000011— 5
Crandall	0111010100000000000— 5	Briggs	0110011001110010010—10
Fox	0100111010111111111100—13	Cate	1114111110100001011—13
Adams	0101101011001111000—11	Walters	0201000001101101110— 9
Laing	0011000000011001111— 9	Cate, F	0000011010001000101— 6
Abbott	0001000000000000000— 1	Bacon	0000010100000100011— 5

August Shoot.

Golcher	1000011000111010011—10	Laing	0100001111000110110—10
Crandall	1010101001010101101— 9	Abbott	0001001100000100030— 4
Fox	1100111010111010111—14	Ireland	1010000101001001001— 8
Adams	0000010010001100101— 7	Bacon	0110000000101001010— 6

WORCESTER, Mass.—A grand N. E. tournament will be held on the grounds of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Aug. 23 and 24. All New England marksmen cordially invited.—E. F. SWAN, Sec'y.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Aug. 10.—Chatham Center Gun Club vs Chatham Gun Club, match at blue rocks:

Chatham Center Club.		
M Powell	1111111011— 9	1111111101—9
J Williams	0111111111— 9	01000 1111—5
G Bogardus	0100111101— 6	1111101111—9
J Lunnen	1110101111— 8	1111011011—8
J Goodrich	1110111 1— 9	0000101111—5
J Boice	1110111111— 9	0001111111—7
B Lamow	1000011111— 6	1111111011—9
	56	52—108

Chatham Club.		
Spengler	1011101111— 8	1110111110—8
Roach	0101110110— 6	0000101111—5
Colepaugh	1111000101— 6	0100101111—6
Mealey	0000001111— 4	0100111100—5
Traver	0001100100— 3	0000111001—4
Skidmore	1011000101— 5	1111111100—8
Ford	1111111111—10	1001111011—7
	42	43— 85

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30.—Capital City Gun Club. Match at American clays, No. 1, 5 traps, N. G. A. rules, club prizes:

Wilson	0110010100010010— 6	McLeod	1101001001111110— 9
Collison	1010011001111100— 8	Whitman	1100011110001111—10
Cunningham	0011111101111001—11	Mills	0111011111111111—13
Green	1011101011111111—12		

First Team Shoot.

Mills	11111—5	Wilson	10111—4
Cunningham	11111—5	McLeod	01111—4
Green	10010—2	Jackson	11010—3
Collison	11011—4—16	Whitman	00010—1—12

Second Team Shoot.

Green	11101—4	Whitman	11011—4
Jackson	11111—5	Collison	11101—4
McLeod	11111—5	Wilson	11110—4
Cunningham	11111—5—19	Mills	01011—3—15

Aug. 2, match at American clays No. 1, 5 traps, N. G. A. rules, club prizes:

Wagener	1011100011111110—10	Collison	1110011111111—12
Carter	1101010101001100—7	Thompson	1100111000111001— 9
Cunningham	1110101111111—13	Hart	0100001010100000— 5
Wilson	1100111111111—13	Green	1111010111101001—12
Mills	1111111111111—15		

Aug. 13, same condition:

Williams	1110110111111111—13	Green	0101010101101111— 9
Myers	1111111000001100— 9	Whitman	1011101010010011— 9
Wilson	1110100101010111—10	Collison	1110001111111111—12

First team shoot:

Mills	10111	Cunningham	11111
Wilson	11011	Williams	01001
Collison	10101	Woodbridge	11101
Meyers	00101	Green	10000
Whitman	00111	Thompson	00011
Daw	11100—19	DuBois	11101—17

Second team shoot:

Mills	11111	Cunningham	01110
Woodbridge	11011	Wilson	11110
Collison	11011	Williams	11110
Meyers	10110	DuBois	11010
Green	10111	Daw	11010
Whitman	11100—23	Thompson	10111—21

Third team shoot:

Mills	11111	Cunningham	10111
Woodbridge	11011	Williams	11011
Collison	00011	Wilson	11111
Green	10011	DuBois	11001
Whitman	10111—18	Thompson	11111—21

QUIRT.

TORONTO, Aug. 10.—The West End Gun and Dog Sports Club held their second summer meeting at Duck's place, Humber Bay, to-day. The attendance of members was not as large as usual, nevertheless the competition among the members was close, the interest great and the shooting good. Peoria blackbirds were used as targets from three screened traps, 18yds. rise. Two prizes were given in each class, each competitor in the first class shot at 20 birds and the other two classes at 15 each:

First Class.

Blea	0111111111011111111—18	Dollery	1000110011111111111—15
Jones	1011011111111111111—18	Davis	1011100110101111111—15
Wakefield	1011111111101101111—17	M'Dowall	1111011110111011110—15
Bailey	1011110110101111110—16		

Blea and Jones shot off the tie for first place, the former winning.

Second Class.

Clark	1001111111111—13	Boswell	1101011101010101—10
Jackson	0111011001111111—11	Beatty	0000101001111010— 6

Third Class.

Evans	1101101111011101—11	Spiller	1101110000001100— 6
Habart	0010111100010001— 7	Watt	1010000101110000— 6
Gomersall	1110111000100001— 7	Ranney	0101000101010001— 6

Ties for second place shot off, Habart winning.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—Brooklyn, Aug. 12.—There was a large attendance of the members and friends of the Unknown Gun Club yesterday (Aug. 11) at the regular monthly club shoot at Dexter's Park, Long Island. The birds were lively. Sixteen members competed for the club championship badge, which was won by H. Rankin, defeating H. Vroome on shooting off the tie. I. Houseman was the winner of second, defeating three others that tied him with six birds killed out of seven. H. Knebel, Jr., tied four others for third and won by killing an extra bird:

H Pope (24)	1101101—5	H Vroome (22)	1111111—7
I Houseman (25)	1111110—6	R Monsees (25)	1111011—6
W Gilman (23)	1110101—5	J Rathjen (25)	1110111—6
H Knebel, Jr (23)	1011110—5	R Stillwell (22)	0110010—3
H Rankin (21)	1111111—7	H Plate (25)	1110001—4
H Martin (23)	0000111—3	J Detliefsen (25)	1101111—6
H Van Staden (23)	1111100—5	H Knebel, Sr (23)	0111101—5
J Hass (23)	0111010—4	J Bohling (25)	1100000—2

NEW DORP, S. I., Aug. 11.—New York German Gun Club, live pigeons, H. and T. ground traps, 21 and 25yds. rise, 80yds. bound, club rules; prize, gold medal:

Hassinger (21)	1111111111—10	Müller (21)	1111011010—7
Lucas (21)	1000011111— 6	Schmitt (25)	0101111110—7
Schlicht (25)	1101101101— 7	Kunz (25)	0011010 001—4
Bossenecker (25)	0110001101— 5	Bonden (21)	0011010010—4
Bierbaum (25)	0111110010— 6	Breen (21)	0111000110—5
Hunt (21)	1110100110— 6	Schiller (21)	1111101110—8
Sauter (21)	1111111110—10	Greitner (21)	0110101110—6
Dannefelser (21)	1010100001— 5		

Ties on 10, 3 birds, 21yds.: Hassinger, 011 001—3; Sauter, 101 101—4. Gold medal to Capt. Sauter.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 9.—The members of the North Side Gun Club had a good day's sport to-day at Woodside, L. I. It was the regular monthly shoot of the club for the championship badge and there was a large attendance of Long Island wing shots present. Sixteen members went to the trap to shoot for the badge and some fair scores were made, the birds, furnished by Bonden, being very fast ones, as out of 148 shot at 51 were scored as missed. J. Kroger, W. Krumbeck and G. Sieme tied for the emblem, and on shooting off J. Kroger won. The score of the shoot is as follows:

J Weinholz	0101100—3	S Lyon	1110101—5
A Duryea	1111011—6	W Bohmcke	1100011—4
Dr Franz	1100010—3	L Chevallier	1110001—4
M C Manning	1111110—6	H Evers	0010011—3
K Barlow	1011111—6	J Shand	0000010—1
A Eberhardt	1101110—4	W Krumbeck	1111111—7
J Kroger	1111111—7	G Sieme	1111111—7
H Wahlen	1011111—6	J Grau	1100000—2

BRADFORD, Ontario, Aug. 8.—A shooting match took place here to-day for the W. M. Cooper cup at 10 birds each, resulting as follows:

James St. Clair	0101111101—7	W H Lowrey	0001011010—4
Medcalf	0111111100—7	D Sutherland	0100101110—4
F Lilliards	1110010101—6	J Armstrong	0111100000—4
R Neilly	0010110000—3	P Rudblock	0101000000—3

The ties between J. St. Clair and Mr. Medcalf was settled at 5 birds and won by J. St. Clair.

A CHALLENGE TO DR. CARVER.—New York, Aug. 15, 1887. —Dr. W. F. Carver: Dear Sir—I shot the first international match against all comers, East, West, North and South, at 50 single and 50 double birds, which I won, and have never since been defeated for the championship (if such it be called). Yourself I consider the equal of if not superior to any shot in America, and I now propose a friendly contest for any moderate sum (such being more for the feat than money with me) and to please some hundreds of friends anxious to see such a match, as they now consider me on the shelf, which I do not. I will shoot you a match on the following conditions: At 25 pairs double birds each, from 5 traps, 21yds. rise and 100yds. boundary, or the field the bounds if so fenced; or at double and single. I will shoot at 15 pairs double rises, 21yds. rise, and 20 single, 25yds. rise; one barrel for each bird only; to be shot some time in September, 1887; time and location hereafter agreed upon. Yours respectfully—WILLIAM KING.

AN AMERICAN SHOT ABROAD.—J. Seaver Page, of this city, returned home on the 13th on the Etruria, after a two months' visit to Great Britain and the continent. He spent the time he spent in Britain to great advantage, for he acquired a wide reputation in English sporting circles as a first-rate shot. The English sporting press spoke of his skill in high terms, and he carried off prizes amounting in value to about £80 or $400, from the various pigeon-shooting contests in which he took part. "That's the gun that did it," said he to a *Tribune* reporter last night; and as he spoke he nodded to the little beauty which in his hands sustained the credit of America so well. "I was introduced to the Hurlingham Club through the courtesy of Mr. Phelps, the American Minister," he went on. "That is one of the most exclusive clubs in London. You may have an idea of its style when I tell you the grounds alone cost half a million dollars. We have nothing like it here. Compared with England, we are sadly lacking in outdoor clubs. My introduction to the Hurlingham Club gave me an entrance to the best circles, and I think that the thoroughbred English gentleman, once you get to know him, is one of the finest fellows you can meet. I shot with the Hurlingham Club, the Gun Club, the Ranelagh Club and at the international contest at Southwick, near Brighton, and was successful at all of them." At Ranelagh Mr. Page shot three matches with Count de Bertinoro, the terms agreed on being to shoot at five birds each. Mr. Page brought down fifteen birds out of sixteen; his opponent killed nine out of twelve and gave up. At Southwick, near Brighton, Mr. Page did nobly for America. Shooting with representative marksmen from all the world over he tied for three prizes and carried off one, attracting the admiration of the entire field of thirty or forty shooters. "The British bet very heavily on these matches," remarked Mr. Page. "I was astonished on one occasion to see a youth of twenty-four or so venture $15,000 on a single shot—and he won."

GALION, O., Aug. 10.—The second annual tournament of the Galion Gun Club opened to-day with a large attendance, and everything passed off very satisfactorily. The following is the score of the day's shoot: No. 1—9 blue rocks, 10 entries: First money, Ball and Ackerman; second, Clubb and Burnison; third, C. H. Kelso. No. 2—9 Peoria blackbirds, 20 entries—First, Burnison; second, Ackerman, L. O. Jones and Beecher; third, Pinkney and Clubb. No. 3—9 blue rocks, 25 entries: First, Williams, W. S. Beecher, Ryan and Hoffman; second, Pinkney; third, West, Mayer, Valentine and North. No. 4—12 blue rocks, 32 entries: First, Valentine; second, Ball, North, Ackerman, Alsop, Seard; third, Pinkney, Williams, Quayle, Ryan, West and E. S. Kelso; fourth, Burnison and L. A. Jones. No. 5—7 live pigeons, 24 entries: First, Ball, North and Kelso; second, McCartney and Maxwell; Quayle, Pinkney and Valentine; fourth, Ackerman and W. H. Beecher. No. 6—3 single and 3 pair blue rocks—First, Hoffman; second, Ball; third, Quayle and Schaeffer.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 13.—The Night Owl Gun Club was organized on Aug. 8, with the following officers: Geo. H. Meisel, President; J. G. Yeager, Vice-President; W. Taylor, Recording Secretary; J. Dalton, Financial Secretary; H. Allen, Treasurer; T. W. Robshaw, Sergeant-at-Arms.... The score of the weekly shoot of the West Newark Gun Club, on Aug. 8, was as follows in shooting at 25 composition birds: C. Doty 19, J. Weber 19, G. Deister 15, A. Assman 13, G. Hilfers 9.... The second match at clay-pigeons between the South Orange and East Orange Gun Clubs took place on Thursday, Aug. 11, at the grounds of J. Fisher, Lodi road, Kearny. The result was a tie, each team scoring 138 breaks out of a possible 180.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 13.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day. Following are the winners in the several events: 1. Six clay pigeons—Perry first. 2. Six clay pigeons, straightaway—Stanton and Gerry first. 3. Six clay pigeons, straightaway—Stanton and Gerry first. 4. Six clay pigeons—Stanton first. 5. Six clay pigeons, straightaway—Gerry, Stanton and Sampson first. 6. Six clay pigeons—Brown, Warren and Stanton first. 7. Six blue rocks—Warren first. 8. Six clay pigeons—Swift first. 9. Six blue rocks—Brown and Gerry first. 10. Six clay pigeons—Warren first.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 13.—The third annual picnic of the Excelsior Benefit Gun Club, of Canarsie, took place to-day, at Grotz's Willow Grove, Rockaway Beach. About forty participated in the shooting. In the contest in Class A, Joseph Harris, James Powell and George W. Serene broke sixteen glass balls out of twenty. The tie will be shot off at some later date. The first prize is a gold badge. The first prize in Class B was won by John S. Schenck. In Class C the gold medal was awarded Michael Howland.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

A. C. A. AND W. C. A.

IN July 1885 the Western Canoe Association was organized. A small minority of its members were members of the A. C. A. For a year the fact had been known to many men in the A. C. A. that it was advisable to arrange for several meets in different parts of the country each year if the A. C. A. was to be kept up. Only a small minority of the members could attend any one meet, no matter where held. The question was, "How to manage it." It has been the policy of the A. C. A. for years to be conservative, and rightly so. The idea of making the A. C. A. a group of divisions was under discussion, and the necessary changes in the constitution were being written in various forms so as to get the thing in the best possible shape to take action upon. The W. C. A. held their meet and sent word to the A. C. A. under what conditions they would join the A. C. A. The A. C. A. could not accept those conditions constitutionally. The original plan of the A. C. A. was to hold annual meets on Lake George and elect commodores in succession from New York, the West, Canada, and the East. The A. C. A. had become too big for Lake George in 1883. In the fifth year of the A. C. A.'s life the commodore was elected from New York, following the original plan. The sixth year the commodore was to be elected from the West, and Geo. W. Gardner's name was proposed, and it was suggested that the sixth meet be held in the West. The W. C. A. elected Mr. Gardner commodore and arranged for an independent meet, and as a union between the two could not be arranged, the A. C. A. elected a Canadian commodore.

The new constitution comprehending the division idea was drawn up in November, 1885, and later adopted by the A. C. A. In 1886 two divisions were recognized and [be it understood that the members of these divisions were previously all A. C. A. members] admitted, and the third, the Northern, will be formally admitted at the general meeting this month. This year the constitution has been further amended and revised in accordance with the results of experience, to cover all points in question regarding divisions. It was supposed by the executive committee that the methods, ends and aims of the A. C. A. under its new constitution would recommend themselves to the W. C. A. and that a union of the two would have been possible. With a view to this end a letter was sent to the W. C. A., formally asking it to join the A. C. A. and become the Western Division. The W. C. A. discussed this matter at their meet business meeting and took a vote on the question, the result of which was that the majority decided to decline the A. C. A.'s invitation. The letter from the W. C. A. secretary informing the officers of the A. C. A. of the decision will be read at the A. C. A. business meeting, and there the matter will end—at least for a year.

It is to be regretted that such is the result. The canoeists of the country have accomplished much, and in a short time. They have a uniform set of racing rules, and rules governing the boats that can enter races. Yachtsmen have not been able to arrive at such a result after fifty years of rule making. What the indirect results of the A. C. A. meets have been in the improvement of canoes and rigs is well known. The new arrangement, having meets in each division every year, makes it possible for nearly every member to attend a meet. Having the principal meet in each division once in three years—in a different territory each year—insures a certain mingling of men from different parts of the country to leaven the loaf—for it is pretty certain that the crack sailors will go to the division meet at which the trophy is raced for—even if it is a long way from home. In this connection it will perhaps be well to state what objections the W. C. A. members raised to the proposed union, so that the A. C. A. members in meeting can consider them, and take measures another year to modify some of the conditions, or show the W. C. A. men that their ground is not well taken, and by clearly stating the advantages of union convince the Western men of their error of 1887.

Mr. Blow, of California, made the first speech when the question of joining the A. C. A. was put before the meeting. He alluded to the gentlemanly letter from the A. C. A. secretary, and asked for a full discussion of the subject before calling for a vote. He requested the member from New York to make a statement of the advantages to be derived. The FOREST AND STREAM representative made such a statement, covering the points that have been urged over and over again, and closed his remarks by stating that he could not see any disadvantages that would accrue to the W. C. A. by becoming the Western Division A. C. A.

Commodore Ellard urged that there were absolutely no advantages to be gained by a union—that independence would be sacrificed and some money.

Mr. Bartlett stated that he could not understand what the W. C. A. would receive in return for the 30 per cent. of their dues that would go into the A. C. A. treasury.

Mr. Kirkpatrick (president of the League of American Wheelmen) stated that the advantages of one general meet each year were questionable, that the L. A. W. had tried it for seven years and would never again hold a general meet. He said the small meets were most enjoyable, less costly, and involved less work on all those having the matter in hand, and therefore he voted against a union which would tend to make the entire organization unwieldy. Several other gentlemen also spoke, urging much the same points. Secretary Sbiras urged union and made a good argument in its favor, stating for one thing that the W. C. A. Year Book, which cost money, would no longer be necessary, and its cost should be deducted from the 30 per cent. due the A. C. A. if the exact cost to each member of joining the A. C. A. was to be calculated. Quite a number of the members undoubtedly had strong personal reasons for not wishing to join the A. C. A., and these were, of course, not stated, but contributed more to the final result than the formal objections made by the speakers.

The 30 per cent. of the division dues, which it is proposed to put in the A. C. A. treasury to meet expenses that should be shared by all the divisions, is only experimental as to amount. If so much is not needed, less will be asked for another year. The treasurer's report will be published and every member can see what the money goes for and protest if it is not expended economically for the benefit of all in his opinion. In the A. C. A. letter to the W. C. A. the percentage was simply put at 30 to form the basis for a discussion, and was not stated to be an absolute unalterable amount. There being provision made for a division meet every year covers the objection made by Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Whatever the final outcome of this matter shall be, let A. C. A. and W. C. A. men remember that they are canoeists and go canoeing for fun, and therefore nothing but the most friendly relations should exist between them, whether they go in one road or follow parallel lines. Their interests are identical, the advancement of all canoeing matters. The universal good fellowship that existed in the early days of canoeing must not be forgotten. Let us have one sport at least free from petty bickerings and sectional jealousies, and let that sport be canoeing, the most independent of all sports.

NORTHERN DIVISION MEET, STONY LAKE.

DURING the past two weeks Stony Lake has again been alive with canoes, as in 1883, and its many islands have been white with tents. The camp, under the command of Vice-Com. Col. Harry Rogers, has been most successful. A large number of Canadian canoeists were present, besides Dr. C. A. Neidé and his father and brother. On Aug. 3 and 8 large camp-fires were held in the evening and on Aug. 4 there was a cruise to Eel Creek. On the following day the review and illumination took place. On Monday, Aug. 8, the unlimited sailing race for decked canoes was the first called, with 10 entries, Dr. Neidé winning, with W. A. Leys second and S. Britton third. The sailing race for open canoes followed, won by Colin Fraser, with W. Reid, J. S. Hawkins, and H. F. McKendrick in order, there being 9 competitors. Reid, Hawkins and McKendrick were ruled out for fouling the buoy.

The one mile paddling, Class 2 and 3, was won by Dr. Douglas, from five competitors, with Colin Fraser second. The one mile tandem paddling, open canoes, resulted as follows:

P. W. Strickland, Lakefield, and H. S. Greenwood, Royal Military College, Kingston..... 7 00
John N. McKendrick and Harry F. McKendrick, Galt..... 7 03
Samuel Britton and A. P. D. McGachen, Lindsay..... 7 04

The upset sailing race was very amusing. Each canoe carried mainsail only, upsetting at the signal. Colin Fraser won. The tournament was a success, giving good sport. J. N. McKendrick was finally victorious. On the following day the first race was the paddling, won by H. F. McKendrick, with W. A. Leys second. Mr. Leys also won the next paddling race in his canoe Dawn. The three-paddle race resulted as follows:

P. W. Strickland, H. S. Greenwood and Arthur Blade.....1
D'Arcy Strickland, R. C. Strickland and Dr. Douglas.....2
J. N. McKendrick, H. F. McKendrick and W. A. Fraser.....3

The winners used two double and one single blade, the second men one double and two singles, and the third all double blades, paddling badly. The next was a tandem, lady and gentleman:

Dr. Douglas and Mrs. Wright, Lakefield.....1
H. McKendrick and Miss Topsy Hall, Peterboro.....2
D'Arcy Strickland and Miss Bloomfield.....3

The portage race was won by H. S. Greenwood. The "catch the duck" race was a novelty. A young boy was sent out and five canoes chased him, the test being to hold him for five minutes. He finally kept clear for the allotted time and won, after upsetting several by diving under their canoes.

A special tandem race for boys, the prizes being two belts given by Judge Dartnell, of Whitby, was won by E. Talt and F. Lefever. The officers of the Northern Division were elected in the evening. Commodore, A. T. D. McGachen, of Lindsay; Rear-Commodore, Wm. G. McKendrick, Toronto; Purser, Sam L. Britton, Lindsay; Executive Committee, Wm. Graham, Lakefield; John N. McKendrick, Galt; John Miller, B. A., Peterboro; Kirwan Martin, Hamilton; Wm. J. A. Read, Bobcaygeon. The first three of these are members of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A., and the other two are members of the division board only. Some discussion took place about the financial relations of the A. C. A. and its divisions, resulting in the passing of the resolutions recommending that the initiation fees of new members should go to the divisions, and that the general secretary of the A. C. A. should receive no fees except through the division pursers.

The officers of the meet were: Regatta Committee, Roland C. Strickland, Lakefield, chairman; J. G. Edwards, Lindsay, and John M. McKendrick, Gault; referee, Dr. Douglas, Lakefield; judges, Judge Weller, Peterboro, and Geo. W. Strickland, Lakefield; starter, James Graham, Lakefield; clerk of the course, Wm. M. Graham, Lakefield; timekeeper, J. L. Harstone, Lindsay.

THE FIRST BRITISH CANOE MEET.—The united meet, under the auspices of the R. C. C., has been very successfully organized on the gem of all the Norfolk waters, namely, the Bolton Broad, near Lowestoft. So far, excepting heavy thunder showers on Sunday afternoon, the campers and sailors have been favored with simply perfect weather. The heat has been tempered by a gentle breeze, and the sun somewhat gently veiled by passing clouds. The place of honor in point of attendance is deservedly won by the intrepid Mersey members, who equal, if they do not exceed in actual numbers, the R. C. C. men in camp. Their boats, which are so different in model, and so much simpler in rig and fitting to the ordinary canoe with which we are familiar in these home waters, attracted a good deal of favorable comment. There is no doubt that they are a development of a boat that owes its origin to the waters on which they have to sail, namely, a tidal estuary. Quick in stays, smart and shippy looking, with plenty of room for stores, they are certainly handy crafts—under canvas, at any rate. The boat that seems to please most men, and which created favorable comment from yachtsmen as well as canoeists, was Mr. Wilmer's recently-launched craft, which no doubt will be, if it has not already been, described in the *Field*. Perhaps Mr. Wilmer will put his ready pencil to work, and favor the readers of the *Field* with the lines, dimensions, rig and fittings of the said canoe, if he considers it is entitled to be classified in the canoe navy. The towns represented, and this is mentioned to indicate the wide area from which the men have traveled to attend the meet, are Manchester, Liverpool, London, Leeds, Hull, Stoney Stratford, Chester, Woodbridge, Beccles, Stratford, Kingston-on-Thames, etc. There are six or eight ladies, who seem to have a most pleasant time of it on the gaily-painted and neatly-finished wherry, while there are upward of twenty canoes, besides other sailing craft, as instance Mr. Holmes's new yawl, which can hardly be classed as canoes. There is a total muster of about thirty people. It remains now for those who are interested in popularizing a canoe meet as an annual occurrence, to consider in what way and at what place the 1888 meet is to come off, and how far they, as individuals, can help it.—*Severn in London Field, Aug. 6.*

A. C. A. MEET.—The camp is now established at Bow-Arrow Point and canoeists are coming in daily with every prospect of a large and successful meet. We shall give a full account of the meet and camp next week, and of the racing in the following issue,

KEYSTONE C. C.—A fall regatta will be held (the first in the history of the club), at which several prizes will be raced for and all members are expected to take part. Mr. Norgrave has just returned from a cruise up the Delaware as far as Trenton and the falls above, and on the return cruised up several of the creeks, which are numerous along this river, where a canoeist will find no end of sightseeing. The accident to a canoe (fresh in the minds of canoeists) some time ago has set canoeing a little backward, but the manner in which a canoe can be handled by a careful person can be seen by the following: On returning from a trip up one of the creeks a small gale was blowing, in which the Picnic skipped along under all sail, and it was a dead beat to windward, and upon arriving in the open stretches of the river, the canoe fell in with a fleet of boats known as duckers, cuts of which have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, and in the course of a few miles several duckers were capsized, drowning one man while the others were rescued with difficulty. The club house has now been occupied several months, and is being fitted up by degrees, the first floor being well stocked with canoes, only three racks remaining vacant, and the upper floor being fitted as a parlor. A singular coincidence, which I think has not happened in any other city is, the Philadelphia C. C., the K. C. C., and Q. C. C. C. are situated one alongside of the other, all three using the same slip and float.—R. B.

REGATTA AT LAKE HOPATCONG.—The yacht club at Lake Hopateong, N. J., held a regatta on July 30, and had a sailing race for canoes and rowboats. There were eight entries, five canoes and three boats, but it was very soon seen that the canoes had the race among themselves. J. L. Douglas, in the Idlemere, was the first to finish, with Geo. P. Douglass, in Old Ironsides, second. On the first leg to windward, during a squall and shower, the tandem canoe No Name, occupying third place, carried away her mainmast and retired. When the squall and shower were over and some fifteen minutes from the start, Mr. Culver bravely started with large sails (the wind having fallen greatly), in a racing canoe to overtake the others. He did not do so, although his time was quite close to that of the Idlemere.—O. I.

BAYONNE C. C.—The regatta of the Bayonne C. C. was held on Newark Bay on Aug. 14, the races being as follows: Semi risingles, paddling, 1 mile with a turn, F. A. Boardsley in 4:57, beating F. P. Collins, second. Junior singles, A. Oliver in 4:40, J. L. Collins, second. Senior tandem, G. Knowles and A. O. Oliver, in 3:02. A rush of a quarter of a mile with the tide and paddling, R. Peebles, in 2:50. One-quarter mile with the tide, standing up, F. B. Collins in 0:55. Upset, R. Peebles. The club will hold a fair about the middle of September to raise funds for a better club house.

TORONTO C. C.—Messrs. H. Neilson, G. R. Baker, Arthur Mason, Fred Mason, J. W. Kelly, H. C. McLean, J. H. Cameron, A. C. Anderson and Fred Morphy are on a three weeks' cruise to the Muskoka Lakes. Mr. W. G. McKendrick is now in England.

Yachting.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

Morgan Cups, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead, Aug. 8-9.

THE story of the cruise last week came to an end with a brief and incomplete summary of the race for the Morgan cups, the long and tedious drift making the finish too late for a fuller account. The race, though very unsatisfactory, proved another victory for Volunteer, and is worthy of a longer story than time then permitted. Much of the glory of the cruise has naturally gone to Boston, but that the yachtsmen of New York are not lacking in spirit and liberality is shown by the prizes offered on the present cruise. Mr. Goelet's generous gifts have been repeated for so many years that they are looked upon almost as a matter of course, but this year they were supplemented by additional cups from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of the steam yacht Corsair, offered in the following letter:

NEW YORK HARBOR, Aug 1, 1887.
STEAM YACHT CORSAIR, N. Y. Y. C.

To Elbridge T. Gerry, Commodore in command of the N. Y. Yacht Squadron, New London, Conn.:

DEAR SIR—With a view to increase the interest in the approaching cruise of the New York Yacht Club at Marblehead, and to insure, if practicable, a combined movement of the fleet to that port. I wish to make you officially the following proposition to be laid before the meeting of the captains of the yachts at New London on the 3d inst.

I am prepared to offer cups to be raced for by the yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Squadron on the run from Holmes Hole to Marblehead Rock. One cup, value $1,000, for schooners; one cup, value $500, for sloops over 71ft. on waterline; one cup, value $500, for sloops 71ft. or less on waterline. The yachts to start at one gun signal from an imaginary line drawn north from start at one gun signal from an imaginary line drawn north from East Chop Light, and the time of finish to be taken at a stakeboat to be anchored in a line between Marblehead Rock and the southern point of Lowell Island. The yachts to be in cruising trim. The conditions I impose are simply that at least four yachts shall enter in each class, and that the race shall take place as soon as weather will permit after the Goelet Cup race at Newport, giving one week day thereafter for the yachts to reach Vineyard Haven from Newport.

As I cannot be present at the meeting on the 3d of August, will you kindly lay the letter before the captains and advise me of their decisions by wire to Highland Falls, Orange county, N. Y.

Yours respectfully, J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The course for the race was off East Chop Light, past Cross Rip, Handkerchief and Pollock's Rip lightships, and finish off Marblehead Rock, the distances being Pollock's Rip 30 miles, Marblehead Rock 75 miles, total 105 miles.

The fleet was astir early as the orders were to start at one gun at 7 A. M. Atlantic and Clara had joined, making the entries as follows:

Norseman, Ogden Goelet.....allows.
Resolute, C. A. Postley.....not measured.
Palmer, Rutherford Stuyvesant..... 7 57
Mohican, H. T. Burnham..... 8 05
Wanderer, G. W. Weld.....not measured.
Sachem, Jesse Metcalf..... 37 36
Phantom, G. G. Haven..... 37 03
Nokomis, R. P. Carroll..... 52 12
Republic, C. H. Watrous..... 17 51
Troubadour, L. G. Smith..... 34 24
Varuna..... 35 05
Iroquois, T. J. Coolidge..... 45 18
Magic, T. N. Motley..... 37 47

SINGLESTICKERS—FIRST CLASS.

Volunteer, C. J. Paine.....allows.
Mayflower, E. D Morgan..... 2 06
Atlantic, Homans & Chauncey..... 5 10
Priscilla, A. C. Canfield..... 7 30
Puritan, J. M. Forbes..... 9 48

SECOND AND THIRD CLASS.

Titania, C. O. Iselin.....allows.
Gracie, Joseph P. Earle..... 04 41
Huron, Bloodgood & Kelly..... 18 25
Fanny, Fred B. Fiske..... 09 28
Stranger, G. H. Warren..... 15 53
Pocahontas, Jas. D. Smith..... 06 20
Bedouin, Archibald Rogers..... 03 22
Clara, Chas. Sweet..... 56 38
Cinderella, W. E. Iselin..... 52 16
Iseult, C. W. Wetmore..... 1 42 53
Vision, A. J. Watson..... 10 16
Ulidia, E. Padelford..... 01 25

The wind was blowing fresh from northeast as the fleet worked out about 6:30 A. M. Electra being in position off the East Chop light. The one gun start was a success, the fleet going over promptly and the leaders earning all they made by sheer skill. The times, as taken unofficially, show the actual start as follows:

Puritan	7 00 34	Nokomis	7 04 47
Volunteer	7 01 10	Titania	7 05 00
Stranger	7 01 32	Iroquois	7 05 21
Gracie	7 01 34	Sachem	7 05 29
Gitana		Vision	7 06 03
Cinderella	7 02 15	Magic	7 06 20
Bedouin	7 02 30	Clara	7 06 22
Wanderer	7 02 31	Palmer	
Iseult		Pocahontas	7 06 57
Atlantic	7 02 31	Ulidia	7 07 16
America		Norseman	7 07 16
Huron	7 03 29	Mohican	7 07 40
Mayflower	7 03 32	Republic	7 08 42
Resolute	7 03 53	Fanny	7 10 44
Troubadour	7 04 06	Varuna	7 11 15
Priscilla	7 04 32	Phantom	7 12 13

Clara was hindered by two fouls above the line, a large schooner on port tack putting her about. At the start the little Iseult, the smallest yacht in the fleet, lost her topmast, but pluckily continued the race. The experiment certainly shows the practicability of a one gun start, the fleet being as large as in any of the ordinary regattas and all going over promptly without a mishap. America started in the race by consent of the Committee.

Volunteer and Puritan were at the head of the procession as the fleet began to stretch from a compact mass into a long, straggling line. Puritan was a little ahead, Volunteer to windward of her; Gracie, Bedouin, Wanderer, Stranger, Atlantic and Cinderella were nearly abreast, with Stranger to windward; astern of them were America and Palmer; and Mayflower, to windward, was in Bedouin's wake. Grouped together in the middle of the fleet were Resolute, Troubadour, Sachem, Huron, Norseman, with Priscilla astern of them, and Iroquois after her, while the rest were strung out astern. Mayflower soon came up with Bedouin and Atlantic, passing Bedouin to windward. Mayflower touched but came off on the Stone Hedge, injuring her board, though the full extent was not known for some days.

At 7:20 Mayflower was up with Atlantic, Bedouin was in Mayflower's wake, both well to windward, Stranger was astern of Bedouin, and Priscilla on Stranger's weather beam, while Titania, with working topsail only, was astern but to windward of Priscilla. On a line with Titania, but to leeward, were Huron, Resolute and Sachem, with Troubadour on Resolute's port quarter. Most of the fleet were swinging clubtopsails. Stranger and Bedouin had balloon foresails, and Sachem had a balloon jibtopsail, as had the large single-stickers. Titania came up on Stranger and at 7:50 was ahead of her. At 7:50 Norseman made a try for Troubadour's weather, but failed to get beyond her quarter. A little later she tried again and with better success, passing to windward of Troubadour. Early in the fight Huron singled out her old rival, Stranger, and by 8:30 she had worked to windward and abeam of her. By this time the middle of the fleet was abreast of Cross Rip Lightship, the leaders being timed:

Volunteer	8 22 00	Palmer	8 39 00
Puritan	8 26 00	America	8 39 00
Mayflower	8 29 40	Norseman	8 41 00
Atlantic	8 31 20	Sachem	8 39 30
Priscilla	8 32 00		

Priscilla had caught Atlantic and left her to leeward about 8 A. M. Gitana had started with the rest, but near the line she met with a mishap to her bobstay and was compelled to put back for repairs. The wind had fallen lighter and was more nearly ahead as the yachts worked for the Handkerchief Lightship, the leaders changing their positions but little. It was 9:33 when Volunteer first tacked and 10:20 when she passed Shovelful Lightship, having passed Handkerchief at 9:53. Bedouin was well ahead of her class, with Gracie second. The times taken at Pollock's Rip were:

Volunteer	10 41 45	Bedouin	11 10 33
Mayflower	10 57 30	Gracie	11 11 02
Priscilla	10 59 50	Sachem	11 23 55
Atlantic	11 01 32	Palmer	11 28 33

At 11 A. M. the fleet was scattered between Pollock's Rip and the Handkerchief Lightship, most of the yachts being close to the low and sandy shores of Monomoy Point. The wind was very light, the weather pleasant, not too warm and with a glorious blue sky, such as most of the cruise was blessed with. The leaders now around the point are placed by the figures above. Sachem had stood well in by the Point on port tack, crossing Palmer's bow; Stranger was ¼ mile to windward of Fanny; Iroquois was in near the land with Titania to windward, while astern of her came Troubador and then Resolute. Astern of Resolute was Norseman, while Pocahontas was on Resolute's lee quarter some distance away. Coming up astern was Cinderella, with Clara overtaking her, while Mischief was still further in the rear. Stranger led Titania at Pollock's Rip, but neither were timed.

The race had now become a drift, most of the yachts holding close in shore, while Gracie, Resolute, Varuna, Vision and Mischief stood far out to sea. Electra left the fleet and steamed for Marblehead, arriving at 5:15 in the afternoon, and taking position off Cat Island, where the Commodore and regatta committee stood watch and watch all night. Slowly the hours passed, but they were better off than the sailing division becalmed off Chatham and Nausett. Those in-shore anchored, but some were too far out to do so and simply drifted. An old sea rolled in, tumbling and tossing the boats about for a dozen hours until every timber creaked and groaned and every fibre of steel and manilla was strained and tortured. Canvas was lowered on some of the yachts, but others had just enough of the delusive wind at intervals to induce them to keep mainsails up. Slowly the boats would roll to port, over went the sails, every individual reef point in each beating its own tattoo, and then, just as slowly and irritatingly would she roll to starboard. Puritan and Titania lost their topmasts at this work in a flat calm, but none of the rest suffered any damage at the time, though a number parted on Thursday for the heavy rolling and straining of Monday night. Dawn brought a little wind to some, but the offshore division still lay and rolled until nearly noon, when a light S W. breeze came in and sent them home.

All through Monday afternoon and evening the rocks of Marblehead had been black with crowds of spectators who watched for the leaders of the fleet, and early on Tuesday morning they were in their places again. Boston's cup of glory and victory had been full the night before, when she turned out in force, with her mayor and council at the head, to do honor to one of her sons, the great, the only Sullivan. A statesman? No. A poet, an artist, a sculptor, an actor, a man who has won triumphs through discoveries in the world of science or achievements in the domain of art and letters, who has done something to aid his fellow men? Nothing of the kind; on the contrary, a prize fighter, the boss slugger, a man who can stand up longer and hit harder than any of his kind. Proudly and triumphantly Boston and her dignitaries had clasped the golden belt around the massive waist of the slugger, and it seemed as though the summit of her glory had been reached, but still another triumph, if a lesser one was in store, for the fleet Volunteer was even then stealing quietly away from her fellows and fanning on toward the finish, though it was not until long after daylight that her sails were made out in the distance, too far away to distinguish her. At 7:42:13 she crossed the line and sailed into Marblehead Harbor. There was little wind at the time and the rest of the fleet came up very slowly, the last not being timed until 4:30 P. M. Mayflower came second at 10:07:28, Priscilla at 10:22:18, and Sachem at 10:40:04. Titania gave up and went into Boston, and Puritan did the same, for a new topmast in time for Thursday's race. Bedouin led her class and took the $500 cup, while Clara beat Huron, Stranger, Fanny and Pocahontas of the class above her, as well as Cinderella in her own class. Little Ulidia also beat Pocahontas. Iseult, with no topmast, did not arrive until the night, while several others that started did not finish. The official times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sachem	7 00	10 40 04	27 40 54	27 08 18
Iroquois	7 00	11 34 40	28 34 40	27 49 22
Magic	7 00	12 33 22	29 33 22	28 45 46
Troubadour	7 00	2 26 02	31 26 02	30 51 38
Palmer	7 00	2 19 19	31 19 19	31 11 22
Republic	7 00	2 56 53	31 56 53	31 39 02
Norseman	7 00	3 23 10	32 23 10	32 23 10
Mohican	7 00	4 12 20	33 12 20	33 04 17
Resolute	7 00	4 35 59	33 55 59	.. .. ..

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Volunteer	7 00	7 42 13	24 42 13	24 42 13
Mayflower	7 00	10 07 28	27 07 28	27 05 22
Priscilla	7 00	10 22 18	27 22 18	27 14 43
Atlantic	7 00	10 40 45	27 40 45	27 35 35
Puritan	7 00	Disabled.		

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Bedouin	7 00	10 20 20	27 20 20	27 17 04
Gracie	7 00	10 28 10	27 28 10	27 23 20
Clara	7 00	12 15 45	29 15 45	28 19 07
Huron	7 00	11 41 28	28 41 28	28 23 03
Stranger	7 00	11 41 17	28 41 17	28 25 24
Cinderella	7 00	12 33 38	29 33 38	28 41 22
Fanny	7 00	3 41 09	32 41 09	32 31 41
Ulidia	7 00	4 28 03	33 28 03	32 26 38
Pocahontas	7 00	4 08 10	33 08 10	33 01 50

There was little in the race to make it a fair test, but taken with the other races of the cruise it shows still more plainly the leaders in each class, Volunteer, Sachem and Bedouin. The evening was spent quietly, most of the yachtsmen visiting Eastern Y. C. house on the Neck.

Marblehead Harbor, Aug. 10.

It was just as well that a day of rest intervened between tedious work of the long race and the sharp contest that all looked forward to on the morrow over the new triangular course Eastern Y. C. In the scanty and meagre history of the fis of the Northmen to the shores of the new world no mention is made of any permanent settlement in the neighborhood of Marblehead, but to any disinterested stranger who spends a day there, especially if he comes in a yacht, there can be no shield to the origin and ancestry of the ancient portion of the inhabitants, especially those whose vocations are overalls, ancient characteristics of the Norse race are still plainly are easily recognized in their more modern phase of hide has disappeared, but the unmistakable brazen and hardened cheek that is a far better

boots and slouch hat he may fall below his forefather in the scale of picturesque poverty, but not a whit behind the older pirate is he in the extent and rapacity of his demands. The skin-covered galley of yore has long since rotted away, but in its place is the dory, in which the modern Eric makes a descent on the helpless schooner or cutter which necessity drives within his grasp. No robber castle of stone crowns the rocky heights, but if the visitor has by craft or force of arms managed to make his way over the little strip of water without losing all his cash and valuables in return for the passage by dory, he is likely to part with the balance of his possessions in return for a very small amount of provender at the great hotel with an unpronouncable name that ornaments the hill. The harvest at Marblehead is short, but brilliant in proportion, and it has been estimated by one impecunious scribe that the profits from one $20 dory are in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 per week. It is related that not more than twenty years since the natives were in the habit of stoning away the crew of any strange boat that chanced to take refuge in their harbor, but under the softening influences of civilization all this is changed, and now they take the stranger in and care for him. Yachts by the hundred put in there through the season and leave hard cash in plenty in return for supplies of all kinds for yacht owners are proverbially generous and liberal in their expenditures. The rocky front of the town boasts but two landings, the ferry float, always crowded, and a small and dilapidated float with a rickety gangway leading to an unpaved and muddy coal wharf. This latter is used of necessity by the yachtsmen in their trips for ice and supplies, being, bad as it was, the only accommodation. Before the fleet sailed each yacht was treated to a demand for $2 wharfage, made by the Bay View Boat Club, a local organization, which claims the ownership of the float in question. The flagship was, of course, included, and after paying the amount the following letter was sent to the club:

Commodore of the Bay View Yacht Club, Marblehead:

SIR—I am instructed by the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club to say that should the boats of your club at any time visit the city of New York, the courtesy of landing at any of the floats of the New York Yacht Club will be extended to them without any charge whatever for "wharfage." I have the honor to remain yours, KORTRIGHT, Fleet Captain, N. Y. Y. C.

Newport has suffered in times past from the extortion and rapacity of the tradesmen, and Marblehead will be wise to take warning in time and avoid the same course. Yachtsmen as a class are willing to pay liberally, but they will avoid in spite of its natural advantages, any place with a reputation such as Marblehead is making for itself. The town profits much by the yachts which constantly visit it and it would be an advantage to its trade, as well as a matter of courtesy to the yachtsmen, to build a suitable public landing with respectable approaches which they can use freely.

On Wednesday morning a meeting was held on board the flagship at which it was decided to row the gig races in the afternoon, to join the E. Y. C. race on Thursday, and to sail on Friday for Vineyard Haven, leaving there on Monday to race to Newport for the Providence cups, and on Tuesday to race off Newport for the Newport cups. At 2 P. M. the fleet saluted the Eastern Y. C. by hoisting the E. Y. C. pennant at the fore and firing a gun from each yacht, after which the club pennant was again hoisted, and the fleet dressing ship; every yacht bursting out with colors from truck to bowsprit and boom ends. With so many together the display was most beautiful. During the day there came in the Oneida, with Messrs. Booth and Barrett as guests of the owner, Mr. E. C. Benedict; the little Culprit Fay, with Mr. Matthews at the wheel and the Knickerbocker pennant aloft, and the Mariotta, also of New York, flying Seawanhaka colors. At colors in the evening Puritan anchored with the fleet, her topmast set up, while Titania and the new Burgess cutters Zigeuner and Wona were also in harbor. Beside the yachts which had raced from Vineyard Haven there were also the Fleetwing, Harbinger, Altama, Halcyon, Pappoose, Shona, Nupareil, Gitana, Ambassadress, Grayling, Haze, Tioga, Latona, Wave Crest, Peerless, Winona, Rebecca, Sylph, Diana, Clytie, Princess, Mischief, Saracen, Carina, Rad, Dare, Vixen, Dream, Volante, Lilly, Viking, Nebula, Rondina, Kelpie, Edith, Alga, Medusa, Concord and the steamers Lucille, Hanniel, Susquehanna, Magnolia and Corsair. Scattered among the big ones were dozens of small craft of all rigs, cats, cutters, sloops and spritsail boats.

The races for the Gamecock and Owl colors, and for the naphtha launches were started from the flagship in the afternoon, the course for the rowing races being from outside the harbor to a finish off the Commodore. The first race for four-oared gigs had three entries, crews from the Republic, Resolute and Gitana. The Republic's crew pulled a light black gig with spoon oars, while their rivals had heavier boats and straight ash oars. The Republic's crew won after a good race, with Resolute's crew a good second. Magic and Palmer each sent crews for the dinghy race, the former, pulling pair oars, beating the latter with double sculls. The Commodore added cash prizes to the colors, so there was something for the men to work for, and it seems a pity that so few entered. There is no reason why these rowing races should not attract much more interest throughout the fleet, and call out a good number of entries each year. The men are very willing to race, and with a little practice under a good coxswain there might be some sharp racing, with a corresponding improvement in the boat drill throughout the entire fleet. One restriction is necessary, the race must be limited to the regular service gig of the yacht and working oars; as soon as special boats and oars other than those used every day are introduced the value of the competition is destroyed.

Following the dinghy races was a contest of naphtha launches, a number of which are among the fleet, though but three, from Mohican, Corsair and Republic were started, a fourth coming along after the race had begun and going in chase. Corsair's launch, being much larger, was handicapped four minutes, finally taking second place to Mohican's. A number of ladies witnessed the races from the deck of the flagship, while among other guests of the Commodore were Messrs. Booth and Barrett and Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler, the latter gentlemen being on the Electra during the entire cruise.

In the evening a reception was given by the Eastern Y. C. to the visiting yachtsmen, the house being decorated with bunting and lanterns, while fireworks were sent up from most of the yachts in the harbor. A band was in attendance during the evening. The day closed with every indication of a good race day on the morrow.

E. Y. C. Regatta and Herald Cup Race, Aug. 11.

It would be a hard matter to decide which is the most indebted to the other, the yachting world or the press. Of course if the question were put to the yachtsmen they would without hesitation assert that they care nothing for the papers; that all newspaper men are but necessary evils, and that they would much rather race and cruise quietly than to have their movements reported. The truth of all this is easily tested, the scribe need only leave a boat alone for a time and the owner is ready to recant; better to abuse her outright than to neglect her. Beyond doubt the yachtsmen owe much to the papers, which have heartily espoused the interests of yachting and have brought the sport to a prominence and popularity which it would never otherwise have attained. On the other side, the scribes would claim with equal vigor that they supply the yachtsman much that he would have to return for a very little information asked from each, to say nothing of the valuable advice and aid always tendered so generously to regatta committees. As for the papers, especially the dailies, they are certainly indebted greatly to a sport which furnishes columns of acceptable news at a time when business and other interests are duller than usual, and which brings thousands to the bulletin boards and to buy extra after extra. The question would be easily answered, however, if the example of some of the Boston papers were followed by their rivals in other cities, as this season two of these have certainly laid all yachtsmen who love to take part in, to see, or to read of a good race, under great obligations. The last enterprise of the Boston *Herald* is a departure that speaks much for the wealth, the enterprise and the liberality of the paper, besides being a substantial recognition of the place which yachting has secured in popular favor.

When the Eastern Y. C. determined to celebrate the visit of the New York Y. C. fleet to their waters by an extra summer regatta the Boston *Herald* at once came forward with an offer of a cup to cost $1,000 to be raced for by the first and second class single-stickers. The trophy is in the form of a silver loving cup, lined with gold, being 16in. in diameter and 16in. deep, the total weight being 250oz. The surface is oxydized, with the figures in relief. The three feet are in the form of shells, and three solid handles run from the top edge to the base, entwined with seaweed, kelp and other marine plants. The upper edge of the bowl is wave shaped, and around the base of the bowl the hammered silver represents waves, out of which the head and upper part of the body of old Neptune rises. He holds in his left hand a shield and in his right hand a trident. On the shield which he is holding will be engraved a history of the trophy. On each side of the shield rests a sea nymph; one is holding high the garland of victory, which circles the top of the center piece, and the other is blowing a conch shell lustily. The silver garland wreath is made up of coral and other sea products. The design is the same on each of the three spaces between the handles, and the only difference will be the inscription on each of the shields. One will have a representation of the old Roman galley well manned; another will be reserved for a few appropriate words by the donors, and the third will bear the record of the event in which the trophy shall have been won. The design is by Mr. L. E. Jenks and the makers are Messrs. Bigelow, Kenhard & Co., of Boston. Besides the cup cash prizes were offered by the E. Y. C., $250 and $50 for schooners; the same for first class singlestickers; $100 and $50 for second class and $75 for third class. The triangular course, that sailed last June, is beyond doubt the finest on the Atlantic coast for match racing. At New York a run of 20 miles is necessary to reach the start, while here it is only a couple of miles from a good harbor. At Newport there are two open courses, but the one usually chosen and sailed for the last three years is very apt to give no weather work. Why racing yachts do not enter races is a question that it might be well to assign to a special commission to sit next winter. Here were good prizes, a glorious course, and a fleet of racers, and yet but a few, especially of the schooners, started; and some of them turned back on the first leg. Mohican, Wanderer, Palmer, Varuna, Norseman, Crusader, Phantom, Halcyon, Grayling, Fleetwing and Republic, a fine fleet, laid lazily at anchor, or sailed out under easy canvas to see their fellows start. The only jumpers were Gitana, Resolute, Troubadour, Sachem, Iroquois and Magic. It speaks little for the stay-at-homes that they declined such a fight as this. In the single stick classes the entries were better, Bedouin, Gracie, Titania, Fanny, Stranger, Huron, Clara, Cinderella, Dream, Vixen, the old New York racer, and the new cutter Zigeuner, besides all the first class, leaving Mischief, Pocohontas and Vision at anchor.

The day broke with cloud and fog, but a moderate S.W. wind soon dispersed the latter and promised a good race. The fleet worked out at about 10:30, the start being set for 11:30 for schooners and first class, 11:40 for second, and 11:45 for third class. The start was off Half-Way Rock, between a mark boat to the eastward and the Rock, thence 12 miles S.S.W. to a buoy off Harding's Ledge, thence E. 3 miles to a buoy, and thence N.W. by N. 12 miles to start. With the wind S.W. by S., in which quarter it held pretty steadily all day, the first leg was almost a dead beat, and the fleet was assembled to leeward of the Rock in readiness for a long struggle to windward, most of them carrying clubtopsails. The race was a most remarkable one in one respect, the number of serious mishaps, as Bedouin, Titania, Stranger, Fanny, Clara, Cinderella and Dream all suffered more or less damage. The wind was puffy at times, but not to an unusual degree, while the sea was smooth all day, and the only explanation seems to be that all the gear and iron work was severely strained in the rolling that the yachts passed through on Monday night off the Cape. The first mishap occurred just before the start, as the starboard topmast backstay on Cinderella parted. The damage was quickly repaired, but some time was lost at the start. America, though not in either of the clubs, was permitted to start and sailed the course, but with ensign at the peak and burgee at each masthead and no indication to the others that she was in the race.

With a fleet of 23 yachts, large and small, an open course and the first leg a long one to windward in a good breeze, it follows that it was impossible for any one person to see all the race, much less to describe it accurately. Within half an hour after the start the fleet were so widely scattered that many were practically out of sight, while it was exceedingly difficult to follow all the manœuvers of those in view. Perhaps the best idea of the race may be given by a description of the leading groups into which the fleet soon divided, before going into the details. First, the large boats, with the exception of Puritan and Mayflower, worked inshore toward Nahant, and by the legs was limited to short and tacks; Volunteer, Atlantic, Priscilla and Bedouin making the vanguard, the latter capping her previous good work on the cruise by a splendid bit of sailing, and fairly holding a place with the first class. Astern of this division were the two white schooners, with Iroquois in the lead, then came a large group pretty closely bunched and tacking together, Resolute, Gitana, America, Magic, Gracie, Troubadour, Fanny and Huron. Far out to sea was Puritan on one long leg on starboard tack, while Mayflower was chasing her. The third class sailed a middle course, between Puritan and Volunteer, following more closely the general direction of the first leg of the course by short tacks. At the first mark Volunteer came out ahead and Atlantic crossed the bow of Puritan as she came from the south. The schooners and second class came up and turned some distance ahead of third class. Such was the general plan of the fight over the first leg, now for the details.

When the whistle blew the fleet was well bunched about the Rock, with Puritan very close to it. As the start was given Volunteer, who had come on Puritan's weather, crossed the line with her, but just then Atlantic, who had run along the line and tacked, came in after her old fashion and cut between Volunteer and the Rock, a clever manœuver and well executed. After the three came Mayflower, then Priscilla, while just to leeward of the two were Iroquois, Gitana, Sachem and Resolute, with Troubador following the latter. Atlantic's gain by good handling was of little value when it came to an issue of pointing and footing, for Volunteer had hardly settled down to work before she began to head working ahead and to windward in the same time. Puritan seemed to hold to Volunteer and both were gaining on Atlantic. By this time the second class was well away, Titania first, but to leeward of Gracie, while Bedouin was to windward of the sloop. Stranger coming up went over on Bedouin's weather, while Fanny and Huron followed. The third class was led by Clara, with Zigeuner. Cinderella, Vixen and Dream in order, the latter soon losing her topmast. The official times are:

Puritan	11 31 02	America	11 36 15
Volunteer	11 31 03	Titania	11 40 55
Atlantic	11 31 05	Gracie	11 41 20
Iroquois	11 31 33	Bedouin	11 41 44
Mayflower	11 32 10	Stranger	11 42 02
Priscilla	11 32 47	Fanny	11 42 12
Gitana	11 32 23	Huron	11 43 03
Sachem	11 33 28	Clara	11 46 12
Resolute	11 33 45	Zigeuner	11 46 41
Troubadour	11 33 47	Cinderella	11 50 33
Magic	11 34 08	Vixen	11 50 55

All went over on starboard tack, heading off shore, Troubadour being the first to break tacks just five minutes after she had crossed the line, Priscilla at once following. Volunteer and Puritan were still about even, while Atlantic and Mayflower were in single file astern, when at 11:45 Volunteer tacked across Atlantic's bow, having gained so much in only 11 min., Priscilla at the same time going on starboard tack again. Atlantic held on for three minutes before going on port tack, and after she did so Iroquois, Sachem and Gitana followed her. Iroquois then went well to windward of Sachem, with Gitana astern and between the two.

Meanwhile the second class was hurrying on, Bedouin pulling out past Gracie to windward, while Titania was leaving her to leeward, when the latter's topmast went aft, falling across the gaff and causing a general wreck. The disaster was due to the shearing of a steel pin in the shackle of the lower block of the topmast backstay, as in the case of Iroquois in the June race. The wreck was cleared as soon as possible and Titania put back. Bedouin now had a good lead, with Gracie to leeward, Stranger astern of Bedouin, and Fanny and Huron in the rear.

Mayflower made her first tack at 11:50, Priscilla going on port tack again 4m. later, well on Mayflower's weather. Resolute made her first tack at 11:55, and Troubadour, Magic and Gracie followed her, Bedouin still gaining. Mayflower made but a short leg inshore and then went on starboard tack at noon in chase of Puritan. Captain Crocker had hoped to gain some benefit from the tide by working off shore, but in this he was disappointed, as it proved, the wind being better inshore. At 12:02 Gracie made a tack to port in order to get from under Bedouin; but the cutter was awake, and at once came about well on her weather bow, the pair crossing the wake of Resolute 2m. later. At 12:05 Volunteer went on starboard tack, Atlantic following at 12:07. Priscilla, on port tack, was heading for the two, but fetched far astern of Volunteer, and at last passed under Atlantic's stern at 12:09. Volunteer was standing well up to her work, pointing well to windward and going through the water faster than any of her rivals.

The start of the fight was now working into the bay, shown on the chart,* between Tinker's Island and Nahant, Volunteer and the other two well ahead, Bedouin clear of her class and hanging on to the skirts of the leaders, while the schooners, with the second class, were some distance astern. Iroquois, heading inshore on port tack, was ahead, Sachem, on starboard tack, crossing her wake at 12:09. Astern of Iroquis was Gitana and then Fanny, both on port tack. Troubador, Resolute and Magic were to windward of this pair and on the same tack, while Huron had come up, Stranger losing her topmast and retiring.

At 12:12, when Priscilla went on starboard tack in Atlantic's wake, Volunteer was a long way ahead of Atlantic, while the latter had a safe lead on Priscilla, though the iron boat was to windward. At 12:16 Volunteer tacked inshore, but Atlantic held on for nearly 10m. before following. Iroquois was still holding the long tack inshore, and at 12:20 Sachem, on starboard tack, passed between her and Resolute, weathering the latter by ¼ mile. At 12:25 Resolute went on starboard tack and Gitana began to overhaul her to windward. At 12:30 when the two were abreast, Bedouin, on port tack, passed in front of the pair at a good distance from them, tacking 3m. later, while Gracie was then to leeward of Resolute and abeam; with Fanny and Huron astern of her. Iroquois, too, tacked and stood off shore just at this time.

Meanwhile Puritan had made her first cast inshore at 12:21, crossing Mayflower's bows easily at 12:30, the latter tacking in her wake at 12:33. The two divisions were now closing in as they neared the weather mark, and it was evident that Volunteer was an easy winner thus far, but who would be second none could say. Atlantic had been sailing at her best all day, but still was nowhere near the new boat either at footing or pointing, while she was too widely separated from Puritan and Mayflower to be measured by them. Mayflower was evidently sailing far below her old form, and was as far astern of Puritan as she should have been ahead.

All this while the third class was having a battle royal far from the others, Clara and Cinderella being at it again. They had met on Monday for the first time this season, and though the race was largely a duke for all the fleet, Clara had overcome the disadvantage of a bad start and fairly collared Cinderella at Pollock's Rip, before the breeze fell, to say nothing of her finally coming into Marblehead next to Bedouin and Gracie. Clara's unbroken string of victories for two seasons, her many battles with Cinderella last year, and the way in which the latter has been sailing this season combined to make the present race the most exciting that has yet taken place between these cracks of the third class, and day and course were perfect for a fair fight. Cinderella had made up the loss due to her mishap at the start, and the pair were easily leading their class and nearing the weather mark when Clara's weather spreader gave way, so that her clubtopsail had to be taken in at once. The damage was partly repaired and t e sail set when, just as it was sheeted home, the bowsprit went up in the air, the topmast broke, and she was hardly less of a wreck than Titania had been an hour before. Her chances were gone and she headed for home under mainsail and jib. The immediate cause of the breakdown was that the bobstay clevis, which is carried down far under water, had pulled off over the heads of the copper bolt which held it. The yacht has laid for nearly a year in the Corinthian Basin at Staten Island subject to the foul action of sewage and sludge acid, and as she was very hastily fitted out the parts under water were not examined carefully. Clara has probably the lightest spars, gear and rigging of any yacht in this country, and this is the first mishap that has befallen her in fourteen races. With her out, Cinderella had the legs of her class, doing as she pleased with Vixen, while the little Zigeuner pegged away steadily in the rear.

To go back to the big ones, at 12:40 Volunteer, Atlantic and Priscilla were on port tack in shore, Bedouin next, then the two white schooners, Sachem was running along inshore on starboard tack, while Iroquois was further out on port tack. At 12:45 Sachem crossed Iroquois' bow with a good margin. The leaders were now near the Graves, while Gitana, Resolute, America, Gracie, Fanny, Huron, Troubadour and Magic were well together near Egg Rock, four miles astern. The movements of this division of the fleet were quite interesting as there was some sharp work between the schooners, while Fanny gave Gracie a hard fight all day, with Huron following close after both. Gitana left Resolute for the time and was standing off shore. Magic was still astern of Resolute, crossing her wake at 12:47, and five minutes later, when close in to Egg Rock, Resolute and America came together. America was on starboard tack, but as she flew an ensign at the peak and burgees at mastheads there was no indication that she was in the race. She held her course, but Resolute managed to squeeze past by a close shave, soon after tacking to windward of her.

Troubadour and Resolute had been hammering at each other all day and now they came together again, Troubadour just shaving across Resolute's bow at 1:13. Gitana was to leeward of Resolute was Gracie, with Fanny on her port quarter, while Huron was about ¼ mile astern of the pair.

The leaders were now past the Graves black buoy, Bedouin passing at 1:24. Far ahead the sails of Volunteer presented a most peculiar appearance; on the horizon was a low bank of bluish clouds, against which her hull and lower sails were invisible, but standing out, white and beautiful as an angel's wing, against the lighter background of the upper stratum of cloud, was her snowy clubtopsail, a graceful triangle of curved lines as the tapering topmast bent and the slender yards buckled under the strain. For a short interval only was it visible, then the clouds shifted and the lower sails shone out as she danced on toward the weather mark, now but a short distance ahead. At 1:24 she went on port tack and a little later she had rounded the mark.

Now the two stragglers from the south were coming in to join the fleet, and the great question was, "Who will be second?" Puritan was far ahead of Mayflower, but as she came up she failed to weather Atlantic and the latter ran well to windward of her. She fell into line some distance astern of Atlantic and just ahead of Priscilla, while Mayflower brought up the rear. Bedouin should have had a place with the first class at the mark, but as she came up her starboard spreader broke, the big clubtopsail swayed to leeward as the topmast, a tough stick, bent from heel to truck like a fly-rod, and only the quick work of her crew saved the stick by taking in the halliards. She did not give up but turned the mark, but with her wings shot away she was helpless in such a wind with sail and sheet, and at last withdrew from the race. Astern the two white schooners were fighting hard, with all the odds now in favor of the larger boat. Iroquois had sailed well for a long time after the start, but once astern there was no chance for her. She held on and did all that her inches were capable of, but the extra 6ft. of Sachem told as it always will.

Meanwhile Fanny had been setting a pace that Gracie found it hard to follow, and at 1:24, when on port tack, had passed to windward of Gracie and taken the lead from her. At 1:31:30 Fanny passed to windward of Graves buoy with Gracie to leeward of it and a little astern. Resolute passed at 1:32 also to leeward and on Gracie's weather quarter, while Troubadour passed to windward of the same mark at 1:32:45. Fanny was outpointing that sloop and had decidedly the best of the fight thus far, while Huron was still the last of the class. Resolute was trying to get away from Troubadour, but in vain; she went on port tack at 1:57, the other following at once, and after three minutes she tried again with the same results. Fanny tacked for the mark at 1:58 and Gracie a minute later. America and Gitana after standing off shore were also coming up, the former ahead and rounding with Troubador, while it was plain that Gitana was so far astern that she must follow Resolute. As they came together and this was clearly seen, Gitana bore away for home and gave up the race. The times were:

Volunteer	1 27 30	Bedouin	1 57 30
Atlantic	1 35 15	Fanny	2 05 10
Puritan	1 39 15	America	2 06 10
Priscilla	1 40 55	Troubadour	2 08 05
Mayflower	1 43 15	Gracie	2 08*50
Sachem	1 52 32	Huron	2 10 25
Iroquois	1 55 35	Resolute	2 13 20

Puritan had lost much ground by the course she took, and Mayflower had suffered some in following her and more from poor handling and the attempt to carry a large jibtopsail to windward. Volunteer had beaten Atlantic by 7m. 45s., Atlantic had beaten Puritan by 4m., and Priscilla by 4m. 7s. Sachem had taken 5m. off Iroquois and Fanny had beaten Gracie by 4m. 35s. In this, the best piece of windward work during the cruise, it was most unfortunate that Puritan and Mayflower parted tacks with Volunteer and Atlantic, for with the same wind, and also that Mayflower was so badly sailed, as a most valuable opportunity to test the new boat was lost. It can only be said that her behavior to windward was in itself perfectly satisfactory, and that in the wind in a moderate breeze she showed as well as she had previously done in lighter weather and on a reach. It would be very gratifying to know just how she rates to windward beside Puritan and Mayflower in her old form, but this is still an open question, though there is every reason to believe that she will prove the equal of the others in stability, as well as in ability to windward.

Fanny deserves a good word for her work with Gracie, beating the larger boat very cleverly in a fair race, but all the honors of the class must go to Bedouin for her grand sailing up to the time her spreader gave way. The before teatime cruise she had become May fast that in all styles, and she has never done a better piece of work than on this occasion, holding on for two hours to boats that were from 2t to 26ft. longer than she. Those who were ready to crow over her defeat by Titania have thus far found "de 'scursion postponed," and from the way she has redeemed in all the sailing of the cruise, the beating of the Seawanhaka race, it seems likely that they will wait still longer. Bedouin, representing the medium type of cutter, has fairly beaten all of the old sloops, Gracie, Fanny, Mischief, and the rest, not once or twice, but repeatedly. What she will do with the new boats is, except for her work thus far with Titania, a matter of mere speculation, a beamier boat may or may not beat her, but we venture to predict that it will be a long time before she meets a boat of any other type that will equal her in speed and a fair average of good qualities as a racer and cruiser. When considering her as a racer only it must not be forgotten that she is probably the strongest and staunchest yacht in America to-day, and so proportionately heavy compared with many of her rivals.

Once around the mark all set balloonjibtopsails and started sheet a little, running for the second mark with a good breeze on the starboard quarter. Some complaint was made as to the position of the second mark, either the buoy being misplaced a little or the course being wrongly given, at any rate Volunteer steered by com-

*See FOREST AND STREAM, June 30, 1887.

pass, finally fetching well to windward of the mark, a red ball on a raft at no great elevation above the water and not easily seen as the weather grew thicker and a light vapor arose. Once picked up she bore away for it, thus giving the course to those following, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the advantage, saving some distance on her. The times of the leaders at the second mark were:

Volunteer	2 43 00	Priscilla	2 55 42
Puritan	2 53 27	Mayflower	2 57 29
Atlantic	2 54 02		

The leading schooners were not timed, but the order was Sachem, Iroquois, Troubadour, America.

The second division jogged along together, Fanny to windward, Resolute next, then Gracie, with Huron to leeward, the running being pretty even. Magic and the third class were still far astern. The times as the boats turned the second mark were:

Huron	3 36 00	Resolute	3 38 45
Gracie	3 36 50	Magic	3 46 00
Fanny	3 37 06	Cinderella	3 56 30

All jibed and came by the wind, which was now heading them. It had been light for a time over the second leg, but now increased, while the sky was dark and cloudy and rain began to fall heavily. The leaders were out of the squall and nearly home, but it struck the following boats with some heavy puffs at times. Fanny ran up a small jibtopsail and challenged Gracie for a luffing match as she tried to pass to windward, but Gracie had the best of the bout and Fanny bore away again. Huron had swung a clubtopsail and jibtopsail all day and still hung to them, with a good chance of beating the larger boats even. Only four minutes after she had passed the mark Fanny's topmast went, half way above the cap, and the jibtopsail was afloat beneath her lee. As the wind was freshening she did not miss the sail so much, but she lost considerably by the drag, as it was some time before the wet sail was safely aboard, Gracie meanwhile leaving her. Gracie, however, soon took in her jibtopsail and club, setting working topsail, Huron boldly holding her clubtopsail. Volunteer had lost some of her lead on the others, and Puritan, after passing Atlantic on the second leg, had been unable to shake her off. Sachem increased her lead on Iroquois. Troubadour and America changed their positions but little as far as the two were concerned. Resolute left the sloops and finished ahead, both Gracie and Huron overstanding to windward near the Rock, while Cinderella, well in the lead of her class, lost some time in a calm streak during the rain on the last leg, as Galatea did in the June race, during which Zigeuner managed to come up within her time and take first prize. The full times are:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer	11 31 03	3 50 54	4 19 57	4 19 57
Puritan	11 31 02	3 58 45	4 27 43	4 23 44
Atlantic	11 31 05	3 59 05	4 28 00	4 25 53
Priscilla	11 32 47	4 02 12	4 29 25	4 26 57
Mayflower	11 32 10	4 04 08	4 31 58	4 30 56

SCHOONERS.

Sachem	11 33 28	4 07 16	4 33 48	4 28 08
Iroquois	11 31 33	4 14 16	4 42 43	4 32 02
Troubadour	11 33 47	4 33 43	4 59 56	4 53 34
America	11 35 00	4 34 12	4 57 57	4 55 07
Resolute	11 32 45	4 42 27	5 08 42	Not meas.
Magic	11 34 08	Not timed.		
Gitana	11 32 23	Withdrew at first mark.		

SECOND CLASS.

Bedouin	11 41 44	Carried away spreader.		
Titania	11 40 55	Carried away topmast and gaff.		
Stranger	11 42 02	Carried away topmast and gaff.		
Huron	11 43 03	4 51 35	5 08 32	4 59 49
Gracie	11 41 20	4 51 29	5 10 09	5 03 19
Fanny (lost topmast)	11 42 12	4 54 36	5 12 24	5 04 26

THIRD CLASS.

Clara	11 46 12	Carried away bowsprit and topmast		
Zigeuner	11 46 41	6 04 36	6 19 36	5 42 39
Vixen	11 50 55	6 01 41	6 16 41	5 44 36
Cinderella	11 50 33	6 00 55	6 15 55	5 52 05
Dream		Lost topmast at start.		

The timing of the yachts was not as well done as usual, Republic appears in the official list as starting, while Magic was not timed all day, and Huron finished ahead of Gracie, though the contrary appears in the official times. The table posted in the club house gave a very incomplete idea of the race, Gitana, who withdrew, being omitted, as well as those broke down. The above, we believe, gives all the starters and their records.

The comment was freely made after the race that all the cutters broke down, but that is a matter that will bear looking into. The large class fared well enough, probably because the wind was so much lighter in proportion for them. In the second and third classes there were entered, as by the above table, Bedouin, Stranger, Huron, Clara, Zigeuner, five cutters; Titania, Gracie, Fanny, Cinderella, Vixen, Dream, six sloops. Of these three cutters, Bedouin, Stranger and Clara, broke down, and four sloops, Titania, Cinderella, Fanny and Dream, so that honors are about even; while to the sloops' score can be added the two topmasts jumped out in a calm by Puritan and Titania, and two centerboards injured by Mayflower and Titania. The race as it stands was the most important one of the cruise, and yet, as we noted before, it fails to tell just how much better than her two sisters Volunteer is, especially in a breeze to windward. That she is better no one who has seen her sail can doubt, and she has already brought confusion on the critics who predicted evil results from the cutaway forefoot. The day ended in a rainstorm that turned the dusty streets into mudholes and made navigation on shore a matter of difficulty, but still the club house was crowded with ladies, while a band was again in attendance. The usual display of fireworks, conducted in the usual reckless manner, took place, but beyond the burning of a new maintopsail on the Resolute by a rocket from another yacht no damage was done.

Cruise to Vineyard Haven, Aug. 12–13.

A clear day followed the rain and mainsails were set at an early hour, the signal from the Commodore saying "Start for Vineyard Haven." Many of the yachts were in no condition to go, but early in the day Atlantic was off with a light breeze ahead. Mayflower lifted her hook and threaded her way through the crowded harbor until she was nearly clear, when she swiftly ran her bowsprit inside of Latona's topping lift, and found herself hung up. Her stern payed off as her mainsail swung broad to the wind and she threatened to go down on Troubadour's jibboom, but swung clear, and after some trouble was released from her embrace of Latona. The sloop Black Cloud, of Gloucester, ran into Medusa and quickly cut an extra scupper in the cutter's starboard bulwark, twisting off the end of her own bowsprit. One by one the yachts dropped out until only a few were left. Priscilla and Crusader were to go East, the former probably to Bar Harbor, and by noon the anchorage was almost deserted. Electra left at 10:20, reaching Vineyard Haven at 6:35 P. M.

The yachts certainly have not felt any lack of prizes this year, as they have had more offered than they could take time to race for. One of the most liberal offers was that of the citizens of Providence, who gave their prizes freely for a race wherever the club preferred to sail it. With the second and third class nearly all in hospital it would be far preferable to have postponed the races until next month, sailing both the Newport and Providence cups off Newport, but it was decided to sail both at once, as the trial races would take up most of next month. This left out a great part of the fleet, as but few came around the Cape in time, and of these Grayling, with Mystic and Mischief, continued on to Newport, Volunteer and Puritan anchoring at Wood's Holl over Sunday, and Atlantic at Edgartown, and the only yachts in Vineyard Haven being Sachem, Halcyon, Troubadour, Wave Crest and Mayflower, besides Electra and Oneida. The yachtsmen spent Sunday very quietly at Cottage City.

Providence Cups, Vineyard Haven to Newport, Aug. 16.

The conditions for the final races of the cruise on Monday and Tuesday are given in the following extract from general order No. 6:

The race for the cup offered by the citizens of Providence, viz., one cup, value $200, for schooners; one cup, value $200, for first class sloops, and one cup, value of $100, to second class sloops.

The start will be from a line drawn from the flagship to East Chop light, the New York Y. C. rules to govern. All yachts crossing the lines to be regarded as entered for the race, and there will be no limit as to time in sailing the race. The owners of the schooner Sachem offer to double their time allowance to smaller schooners and to receive none from larger ones.

The finish will be between Brenton's Reef Lightship and the flagship anchored to the southward of it.

Preparatory signal will be given from the flagship at 9:45, and the starting signal at 10 o'clock precisely if possible. Fifteen minutes later there will be a second gun fired, when the time of each yacht will be taken as it crosses the line. Ten minutes later there will be a third gun fired. Yachts sailing in the race will carry their private signals at the main peak, and a number upon their mainsail, which, if not already supplied, will be furnished upon application to the regatta committee on board the flagship up to the morning of the day of the race. The time allowance will be that followed by the club rules.

The following prizes are offered: One, value $650, for schooners 71ft. or over waterline length; one, value $650, for sloops 71ft. and over waterline length; one, value $350, for sloops and cutters 55ft. and under 71ft. waterline, and one prize, value $200, for sloops and cutters under 55ft. waterline. The Newport course to be one of the two regular courses.

Monday morning was clear and warm, with a good breeze from S.W., making a beat out of Vineyard Sound.

The Electra took her position off East Chop at 9:30, and at 9:45 a gun was fired to prepare. When the gun fired at 10 Mayflower was first over on port tack, with Sachem and Volunteer close astern, all being well in toward the buoy off East Chop. Puritan was not as quick as usual at the start. Atlantic was within sight but did not start, and Resolute was delayed waiting for guests from Cottage City. The times were:

Mayflower	10 01 14	Halcyon	10 03 45
Sachem	10 01 44	Puritan	10 03 55
Volunteer	10 01 48	Norseman	10 04 20
Magic	10 02 22	Palmer	10 05 22

The fleet of 50 which had left a week before from the same point had fallen off badly in numbers. The singlestickers at once left the schooners, standing over toward Naushon. Sachem was first to tack at 10:30, with Halcyon at 10:32 and Volunteer at 10:39, Mayflower 10:41:30 and Puritan 10:44:15. Volunteer now led Puritan by nearly a mile, while Sachem led her class by an equal distance. Mayflower was sailing as badly as usual and the cause was not discovered until night, when it was found that her boat had been badly damaged, presumably on the race to Marblehead, when she touched on Hedge Fence Shoal, the damage increasing until several planks were torn away. Puritan continued to leave her, and just before noon Sachem crossed her bows. At this time Volunteer was off Cuttyhunk, leading Puritan by 1½ miles, while Sachem was third and Mayflower fourth, Palmer being fifth.

Over the rest of the course Volunteer continued to increase her lead, while Mayflower lagged far behind. The full times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sachem	10 01 44	2 24 59	4 23 15	4 23 15
Palmer	10 05 22	2 46 40	4 41 18	4 41 18
Magic	10 02 22	2 54 28	4 52 06	4 49 54
Norseman	10 04 20	2 51 23	4 47 03	4 47 03
Halcyon	10 03 45	3 03 46	5 00 01	4 50 03

SLOOPS.

Volunteer	10 01 48	2 05 41	4 03 53	4 08 53
Puritan	10 03 55	2 18 32	4 14 37	4 11 07
Mayflower	10 01 14	2 26 57	4 25 43	4 24 57

The schooner allowances are calculated on the terms so generously offered by Mr. Metcalf. In the evening a meeting was held on board the flagship, at which a vote of thanks was passed to the Commodore for the manner in which the cruise had been conducted, and it was decided to disband after the following race. A large force of men was put to work on Mayflower's board by electric light.

Newport Cups, Aug. 16.

The last race of the cruise, that for the Newport cups, $650 for schooners, and $650, $350 and $200 for each of the single-stick classes, was sailed over the Sow and Pigs course, the same as the Brenton's Reef race of Aug. 5, on Tuesday. The entries were small, but Gracie and Mischief turned up for the second class prize, and Fanita and Bertie came along to try with Cinderella in the third class. Mayflower's board was repaired in time, and she entered with Volunteer and Puritan, while only Magic faced Sachem for the schooner prize. The start was off Beaver Tail at 10:48, all the larger class being handicapped, the times being:

Fanita	10 49 41	Bertie	10 57 03
Cinderella	10 50 21	Mischief	10 57 44
Sachem	10 52 21	Volunteer	10 58 15
Magic	10 52 28	Puritan	11 00 27
Gracie	10 55 22	Mayflower	11 03 31

The wind was light southeast, making a mere drift to windward for the long leg, the boats shifting berths as chance favored them, until 5 P. M. when a southwest wind came in and started them off. At Sow and Pigs the times were:

Volunteer	5 45 30	Sachem	5 53 36
Magic	5 48 17	Gracie	5 56 30
Puritan	5 49 25	Cinderella	5 56 56
Fanita	5 53 15	Mayflower	6 10 20

Volunteer gained on Puritan on the leg to Hen and Chickens, by nearly a minute in the 4½ knots. All could lay a course for Brenton's Reef Lightship on the long leg home, Volunteer finishing at 9:57:30, the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sachem	10 52 21	10 30 28	11 38 07	11 38 07
Magic	10 52 28	10 38 36	11 46 08	11 40 13

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Volunteer	10 58 50	9 57 50	10 59 30	10 59 30
Mayflower	10 58 00	10 29 38	11 31 38	11 30 58
Puritan	10 58 00	10 13 07	11 15 07	11 11 32

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Gracie	10 55 22	10 35 15	11 39 55	11 39 55
Mischief	10 57 44	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Cinderella	10 50 21	10 42 59	11 52 38	11 52 38
Bertie	10 57 03	Did not finish.		
Fanita	10 49 41	10 51 43	12 02 02	11 53 38

The late hour of the finish prevented any formal disbanding of the fleet, but the day practically concluded the cruise.

L. Y. R. A. ROUND.

ON Aug. 1 the fleet raced at Rochester in a good northeast wind, the result being as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta	10 01 45	2 01 11	3 59 26	3 59 26
Oriole	10 02 51	2 11 47	4 07 56	4 05 13
Aileen	10 02 58	2 42 04	4 39 06	4 39 16
Ariadne	10 02 44	2 45 57	4 43 13	4 39 27

CLASS I.

White Wings	10 16 28	2 39 03	4 27 35	4 22 35
Garfield	10 16 14	3 01 41	4 45 27	4 44 03
Ethel	10 19 42	3 24 10	5 04 28	5 03 04
Verve	10 18 42	3 39 47	5 21 05	5 12 38

CLASS II.

Merle	10 35 03	1 45 26	3 00 23	3 00 23
Laura	10 36 50	1 58 18	3 21 28	3 20 23
Mollie	10 36 45	2 16 01	3 39 16	3 24 28
Fascin	10 38 30	2 38 39	3 57 09	3 52 31
Cyprus	10 36 32	2 20 19	3 43 47	3 37 54
Gem	10 33 33	2 41 28	4 07 55	3 58 19
Fannie F	10 38 07	2 37 38	3 59 21	3 48 05
Florence	10 38 42	2 52 27	4 13 56	3 57 02

The fleet raced at Oswego on Aug. 4, over a course of 5 miles to leeward and return, the result being as follows:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Oriole	1 17 25	4 16 22
Atalanta	1 17 28	4 12 38
Aileen	1 34 16	4 23 15
Ariadne	1 36 51	4 23 05
White Wings	2 11 16	4 56 15
Garfield	2 13 54	4 54 52
Ethel	2 29 38	5 15 09
Merle	12 27 52	3 06 08
Iolanthe	12 36 16	3 16 07
Laura	1 04 51	
Cyprus	1 06 05	3 38 47

Verve carried away the jaws of her gaff.

On Aug. 8, the Kingston regatta was sailed, with few starters, in a southwest wind. The times were:

CLASS I.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Wings	6 23 22	7 47 22	7 47 22
Garfield	6 27 10	7 50 00	7 40 38

CLASS II.

Iolanthe	3 18 20	2 31 20	
Merle	3 27 12	2 50 10	
Laura	3 51 25	3 13 45	
Cyprus	3 59 04	3 20 44	

Our correspondent "Port Tack" sends the following account of the Belleville regatta:

The annual regatta of the B. Q. Y. C., which took place on Aug. 11, was not a success in any sense of the word, owing to the paucity of entries and the marked superiority of the winner in each of the two classes in which there was a contest. The scarcity of starters was owing to ours being the last meeting of the circuit. The weather was unfavorable in the morning, a light rain falling which thickened into a heavy shower at noon, but after this it cleared and a fine breeze came out of the southwest, making one leg of our triangular course almost dead to windward. There was no contest in Class A, the Ariadne, which was entered and present declining to sail against the Norah. In Class I. White Wings and Garfield were the only starters, the Rochester sloop Ethel being prevented from starting by accidents to two of her crew. The former won easily by 21m. 46s., after allowing her opponent 5m. 22s.

In Class II. the sloops Iolanthe and Surprise, and the little English cutter Cyprus started. The latter sported gaff and jibtopsails, while the sloops were reefed, but she is too small to beat as big a boat as the Iolanthe, which, although sailed easily the last round, won by 11m. 15s., after allowing 4m. 22s. to the imported craft. The Surprise was disabled and retired on completing the first round. It was a great disappointment that the Merle was not here.

The result of the L. Y. R. A. circuit is highly favorable to the Canadian yachts, and especially to those of Cuthbert's build, which, out of 13 starts, won 9 first and 4 second prizes.

The Burgess boat Merle, of Oswego, which was built to beat our lake craft, did so until she met the Iolanthe, which, being in bad trim and badly handled at Oswego, was beaten, but revenged herself by a decisive defeat of the Boston production at Kingston. It appears probable that the Merle is the better of the two in heavy weather, but that in light to moderate breezes the Canadian sloop is the faster.

ANNISQUAM REGATTA, Aug. 6.—The open regatta at Annisquam was successfully sailed on Aug. 6, in a strong S. W. wind and with good entries. The times were:

KEEL CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Echo	24.08	2 05 00	1 26 12
Wona	23.06	2 08 24	1 27 48
Trudette	25.05	2 08 10	1 30 10
Prince Karl	28.01	2 06 00	1 32 24
Lochiel	18.04	2 34 20	1 45 08
Thelga		Withdrawn.	

FIRST CLASS.

Good Luck	22.01	2 02 10	1 19 34
Atalanta	27.11	1 55 00	1 20 00
Black Cloud	23.07	2 50 18	1 22 54
Viola	23.02	2 04 06	1 23 16
Comfort		Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS.

White Wings	23.00	2 24 40	1 39 04
Petrel	21.09	2 24 05	1 40 53
Tyrant	26.00	2 29 55	1 44 43
Silver Cloud	21.01	3 30 55	1 46 43
Climax, Osceola and Mavis withdrawn.			

THIRD CLASS.

Madcap	16.07	1 25 30	0 59 00
Alpine	16.02	1 26 00	0 59 00
Alice	16.00	1 28 59	1 01 57
Sassacus	16.00	1 33 20	1 06 08
Pilgrim	13.02	1 37 30	1 06 20
Spark	17.01	1 33 01	1 07 07
Arab	14.03	1 40 30	1 11 06
Ethel	14.02	1 58 05	1 28 35
Luna		Withdrawn.	

Prizes in keel class—First, Forbes silver cup, value $50, Echo; second, $15, Wona; third, $5, Trudette. First class—First prize, Forbes silver cup, valued at $75, Good Luck; second, $10, Black Cloud. Second class—White Wings, Forbes silver cup, valued at $50; Petrel, $15 and Tyrant $5.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. LADIES' DAY.—The second Ladies' Day race of the New Rochelle Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 6, the summary being:

FIRST CLASS.

Fanita	3 43 00	Santapogue	3 45 30

SECOND CLASS.

Curlew	3 41 45	Maida	3 45 55
Amazon	3 44 20		

THIRD CLASS.

Adele	3 43 00	Olive N	3 50 00

FOURTH CLASS.

Gracie L	3 48 00	Dollie	3 44 50

An entertainment was given in the club house in the evening.

NORTH SHREWSBURY RACES.—On Aug. 3 the last race of the series was sailed, resulting as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Puritan, Wm. Cross	2 08 17	Withdrawn.	
Undine, C. James	2 06 03	3 43 20	1 37 17
Annie B., Chas. Burd	2 05 14	3 43 21	1 36 17

SECOND CLASS.

Daisy, H. B. Duryea	2 10 30	3 44 19	1 33 49
Fern, Brackett Bros.	2 11 22	3 54 31	1 42 54
Little Spot, F. R. Smith	2 10 50	3 48 57	1 37 17

AMERICAN Y. C. REGATTA, AUG. 8.—Course 20 miles. Weather, fair. Wind, southeast. Tide, high. All timed from 1:00 P. M.

	Length.	Turn.	Finish.	Cor.
White Cloud, Rodigrass Bros.	19.10½	4 06 44½	3 06 44½	3 04 47
Thorn, L. S. Coffin	18.05	4 08 19	3 08 19	3 03 50
Budge, P. J. Lowell	19.2½	4 07 31	3 07 31	3 04 50
Freak, W. C. Thompson	21.1½	4 11 12	3 11 12	3 11 12
Teaser, W. J. Teel	20.5½	4 07 30	3 07 30	3 06 14

First prize, Thorn; second prize, White Cloud; Third prize, Budge. Regatta committee: L. S. Coffin, H. T. Moody and H. D. Rodigrass. Judges: C. E. Huse, W. J. Hale and E. P. Pride.

SHADOW.—I think it no more than fair that a true statement of how the Shadow came to be built, should be given to the public. Dr. E. R. Sisson, who is considered one of the best local yachtsmen hereabout, employed his brother-in-law, Nathan Sears, a boat builder, to cut a model for a sloop yacht, which the doctor talked of building. The model was executed and accepted by Dr. Sisson, who gave Mr. Sears the dimensions. The doctor being desirous that the Herreshoffs should build the yacht, a run was taken down to Bristol, when the subject was brought to the attention of these celebrated builders, who informed him that they never built yachts after any other person's model. The doctor wishing to build from the dimensions in his model, asked if they would build on the lines named by him (Sisson), they to cut a model. This the brothers consented to do, and when the lines were given them they ridiculed the idea of building a yacht of the dimensions named, saying that a yacht built according to the plans would prove useless as far as speed was concerned. They rather demurred from undertaking the task, but the doctor insisted, and the Herreshoffs agreed to build for a certain sum. The yacht was finished, and when Dr. Sisson went to Bristol to take possession he found that they had charged him several hundred dollars more than agreed, and he would not take her. Finally the Herreshoffs, who had little faith in the craft, came down from their high horse and Dr. Sisson took the yacht as per contract. He brought her to this port, named her Shadow, and while owned by him sailed her in several races, when she was proven to be a fast sailer. In justice to Dr. Sisson, I think this brief sketch of how the Shadow came to be built should be stated, as a perusal of the article in the FOREST AND STREAM would lead yachtsmen to think that the Herreshoffs were the originators of this fast sloop, which has such a wonderful record. Take the lines of the farfamed Puritan and compare them with those of the Shadow, and it will be seen that they are an outcome from the plans originating with Dr. Sisson, the Shadow being the first deep draft centerboard yacht built in this country.—*Lewis Temple in New Bedford Standard.*

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C., AUG. 13.—The Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 13, for three classes. Class 1, cabin sloops and cutters, 31ft. and over. Class 2, cabin sloops and cutters under 31ft. Class 7, steam and naphtha launches. The course for all classes was around Fort Schuyler buoy and return. All yachts passed government marks and buoys on channel side going and returning, and turned buoy from leeward to windward. The time allowance was computed at the rate of one minute to the foot. Wacondah finished at 5:26:55, beating Dora by 14m. In the second class Swan finished at 7:06:42, beating Evadne by 9m. 37s.

DAUNTLESS AND GALATEA.—On Aug. 12 the schooner Dauntless arrived at Halifax, N. S., from the Azores, after a rough passage, having left Flores on July 30. Two cyclones were encountered and the yacht ran for a time under bare poles. On Aug. 4, in lat. 43deg. 22m. and long. 53deg. 10m., an iceberg was passed. Dauntless has docked at Halifax and will take part in the regatta there this week. Galatea has been cruising about Halifax and has also docked, preparatory to the regatta. No other large yachts are likely to enter.

THE TRIAL RACES.—At a meeting of the Cup Committee on board the Electra at Cottage City it was decided to sail the trial races to select a defender of the Cup on Sept. 13, 15 and 17, each race to be sailed next day in case of a postponement. Puritan will not enter the races, so the contestants will be Volunteer, Priscilla, Mayflower and Atlantic.

CAPSIZES.—On Aug. 7 the catboat Grover of the Greenpoint Y. C. capsized in the East River, the crew of six being rescued by the policeboat Patrol. On the same day at 10 P. M. a catboat capsized in the upper Bay. The three men on board were rescued by a ferryboat, but refused to give their names.

A NEW WORK ON YACHTING.—The Lithotype Co. have now in preparation a large work on American yachts and yachting, the text by Mr. Burgess. The book will be very handsomely made up, containing fifty large plates from photographs by Mr. N. G. Stebbins of Boston.

HARLEM Y. C.—The H. Y. C. union regatta will be sailed on Aug. 24.



COURSE OF CUTTER "THISTLE," FROM GLASGOW TO NEW YORK.—Donald Kerr, Navigator.

THISTLE.

FOR several days a silly and unauthenticated rumor of some mishap to Thistle, originating no one knows where, has been floating about, but was promptly set at rest on Tuesday morning, when, with the vice-commodore's pennant of the R. C. Y. C. aloft—a golden lion and crown on a blue field—she dropped anchor off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, after a pleasant and successful voyage of 21 days, 16 hours. The evening before a steamer arriving at Philadelphia had reported her as but 150 miles from Sandy Hook on Sunday, the only time, with one exception (on Aug. 6) that she was seen and reported by the ocean steam fleet. Several of the daily papers had tugs out looking for her, but all missed her except the New York *Herald*, whose tug sighted her in the fog off the Scotland at 3 A. M. on Tuesday morning and took her in tow. On board were Captain John Barr, commander; Capt. Donald Kerr, navigator; Alexander McDonald, first mate; Daniel MacKenzie, second mate, and a crew of 17 including steward.

Captain Barr went at once to New York to report home, returning later in the day. All day long the yacht was besieged by reporters, who boarded in spite of a formidable looking sign, and to whom information and access to the log and charts was freely given, though some pointed questions as to spars and underwater body were cleverly parried by Captain Barr. Small boats flocked in from all quarters with a hearty welcome. An old oyster skiff with a load of clams rowed slowly by, her crew resting on the oars to call out "Good luck to you." Busy tugs, some with big barges in tow, went far out of their course to see the visitor; steam yachts ran by and saluted her, and excursion steamers greeted her with whistles and cheers as they passed close by.

Her log reads as follows:

First Day.—10 A. M. under way from Gourock Bay; fresh westerly breeze, fine weather, occasional showers; 11:30 passed Wemyss Bay; at noon passed through Large Channel, where a large company of ladies and gentlemen joined us; in tow of the steamship Mohican to Whiting Bay, where company left; 3:55 P. M. cast off Mohican's hawser five miles S.W.¼W. from Pladda; wind S.W.; weather cloudy; tacked to southward; 4 P. M. tacked to westward; 6 P. M. again tacked to southward in light breeze and drizzling rain; 8 P. M. light easterly airs, weather fine; 9 P. M. passed Sanda, distant 2 miles; 2 A. M. passed Mull of Cantyre; 3:45 A. M. Rathlin bore S.W., distant 4½ miles, from which departure was taken; streamed log and set channel course; 9 A. M. increasing breeze, heavy cross sea, falling barometer; took in gafftopsail, double reefed mainsail and forestaysail; at noon strong and increasing breeze with rain; Tory bore by account S. true, distant 18 miles; run 152 miles; wind S.W.

Second Day.—Fresh breeze and lowering barometer; 4 P. M. took in jib in heavy cross sea; 6 P. M. moderate and we set the stayforesail; midnight breeze fresh, occasional showers; 4 A. M. breeze increasing, heavy squalls; double reefed stayforesail, took third reef in mainsail; 8 A. M. strong breeze and heavy head sea; 10 A. M. passed bark Hiawatha, of Londonderry, under very low canvas, bound west; moderate gale and heavy sea; yacht wore to S.W.; 155 miles, wind from S.W. to W. by S.

Third Day.—Strong gale and heavy head sea; yacht head reaching to S.W.; 8 P. M. weather moderated a little, set double reefed forestaysail; midnight wore to N.W.; wind backed to southward, barometer rising; set whole forestaysail; 4 A. M. strong breeze, cloudy weather, heavy sea; 8 A. M., rain; 10 A. M. strong breeze with occasional very heavy squalls; 70 miles, wind N.W. to W.S.W.

Fourth Day.—Strong breezes, squally weather; 4 P. M. more moderate, let third reef out of mainsail; calm at 6 P. M., with heavy sea from westward, 8 P. M. breeze started from N.W.; 10 P. M. wind increasing fast, took in forestaysail; midnight blowing a strong gale, took third reef in mainsail; 4 A. M. strong gale, very heavy sea; yacht behaved very well; weather unchanged at noon; 84 miles; winds S.W. to N.W. by N.

Fifth Day.—Strong gale and very heavy sea; head reaching to S.W. under three-reefed mainsail; 6 P. M. more moderate weather, set reefed stayforesail; midnight shook third reef out of mainsail; 6 A. M. set whole mainsail, jib and gafftopsail; 8 A. M. moderate breeze, dull, cloudy weather, heavy westerly swell; at noon we hoisted our number to a bark bound east, distant 8 miles; 93 miles; winds N.W. by N.

Sixth Day.—Moderate breeze and fine weather; all sail set by the wind; 8 P. M., tacked to S. W.; wind unsteady; midnight tacked to westward; 6 A. M., sighted a steamer bound east; 8 A. M. light breeze and fine weather; sights for chronometer; 103 miles; winds westerly and variable.

Seventh Day.—Light airs and calm; 10 P. M. light breeze from E. S. E., set spinaker; 2 A. M. moderate breeze, fine, clear weather; noon, breeze fresh and weather fine; 90 miles; winds, calm first part; latter part E. S. E.

Eighth Day.—Fresh breeze and fine clear weather; all sail set; 6 P. M. passed full rigged ship bound east, distance 10 miles; 8 P. M. spinaker halliards carried away; repaired damage and reset sail; 10 P. M. had fresh breeze and hazy weather; heavy cross sea; fresh breeze and overcast sky; 247 miles; winds easterly.

Ninth Day.—Fresh breeze, hazy and overcast; all sail was set; 12:30 P. M. less wind and drawing to northeast; gybed and set spinaker to starboard; 8 P. M., moderate breeze, light fog; 10 P. M., took in spinaker and set forestaysail; 4 A. M., moderate breeze, fine, clear weather; noon, light breeze, tacked to northwest; 158 miles; winds, E. N. E. to W. N. W.

Tenth Day.—Light breeze and fine, all sail set; 4 P. M., light breeze with mist rose; 8 P. M., showers; passed bark bound east, distant ten miles; 10 P. M., heavy rain; wind suddenly shifted to northeast; 4 A. M., strong breeze, cloudy weather; 8 P. M., strong breeze with heavy sea rose; passed bark bound east under lower topsail and foresails, distant eight miles; noon, strong breeze; weather, cloudy and overcast; 181 miles; winds, W. S. W. and N. E. by N.

Eleventh Day.—Strong breeze and heavy sea, soon more moderate, with occasional showers; 8 P. M., fresh breeze; 4 A. M., wind veered to eastward; set spinaker; 8 A. M., breeze fell, fine clear weather; 10 A. M., took in spinaker, set stayforesail; wind unsteady; noon, light airs and calm; 166 miles; winds, N.E. fore part and latter part variable.

Twelfth Day.—Light, variable breeze, tacked to N.W.; 6 P. M. tacked to westward; 2 P. M., moderate breeze, tacked to northward; 4 A. M., tacked to westward; 8 A. M., tacked to N.W.; fine steady breeze and smooth sea; 103 miles; winds, fore part variable from S.W. to N.W.; latter part steady from S.W.

Thirteenth Day.—Fresh breeze and fine clear weather, sea confused; 6 P. M. steamer passed, bound east, distant 8 miles; hoisted our number; midnight fresh breeze with heavy dew, N.W. sea; 6 A. M. strong breeze and haze; passed schooner bound west; strong breeze and fine weather; 198 miles; winds S.W.

Fourteenth Day.—Strong breeze and fine clear weather; 4 P. M. passed brigantine Anna Marie, of Nantes, bound for Bordeaux; 6 P. M. passed bark bound east, distant 4 miles; 8 P. M. showed signal lights to steamer bound east; 10 P. M. passed a number of fishing vessels; increasing breeze, falling barometer; took in gafftopsail and forestaysail; 2 A. M. strong breeze and thick fog; heavy, confused sea getting up; double reefed mainsail; 6 A. M. moderate gale with heavy sea and rain; took in jib; 9 A. M. sea more moderate, set reefed foresail; noon thick fog, kept horn constantly going; 219 miles; wind S.W.

Fifteenth Day.—Moderate gale, heavy, confused sea; 2 P. M. wind suddenly shifted to N.W.; 4 P. M. sky cleared up, set whole stayforesail; 10 P. M. breeze increased, with heavy sea; reefed stayforesail; after midnight squally until 6 A. M., when wind went down; sea still very heavy, with hard squalls occasionally; 8 A. M. set whole stayforesail; squalls less violent; 10 A. M. jib set; bark passed bound east; strong breeze and cloudy weather; winds, forepart, S.W. to N.W.; latter part, N.N.W.

Sixteenth Day.—Strong breeze, overcast sky; less wind and sea; barometer falling fast; set whole mainsail and gafftopsail; 8 P.M. fresh breeze, with occasional light showers; midnight, decreasing breeze, fine, clear weather, with wind backing to westward; 8 A. M. light breeze and smooth sea; passed large quantities of Gulf weed; light breeze and fine clear weather; tacked to N. W.; 167 miles; wind N.W. and westerly.

Seventeenth Day.—Light breeze, fine, clear weather; 4 P. M. light airs; 8 P. M. calm, close and sultry; light airs from eastward; set spinaker at 4 A. M.; moderate breeze, hazy and overcast sky; 8 A. M. fresh breeze and cloudy weather, sun obscured; 86 miles; winds, first part variable; latter part, E. by N.

Eighteenth Day.—Fresh breeze and cloudy weather, very heavy sea from S. E.; all sail set; 4 A. M. squally appearance to S. E.; took in gafftopsail; 8 P. M. less wind, sea very heavy; midnight moderate breeze and cloudy weather; sea decreasing; 4 A. M. moderate breeze, hoisted number to a steamer bound east; 8 A. M. less wind and sea, heavy banks of clouds and sultry atmosphere; hoisted our number to a steamer passing to southward, distant about 10 miles; noon light breeze and cloudy weather; 170 miles; winds east.

Nineteenth Day.—Light variable airs, cloudy weather; 4 P. M., light airs with heavy rain; 8 P. M., increasing breeze and dark, cloudy weather, heavy lightning to S.W.; steamer passed bound east; 2 A. M., heavy rain, wind changed to northward; 4 A. M., moderate breeze and cloudy weather prevailed; 6 A. M., moderate to fresh breeze, with we ther clearing; 8 A. M., hoisted number to three-masted steamer bound east, distant about eight miles; fresh breeze and cloudy weather; 137 miles; winds southerly first part, N.N.E. latter part.

Twentieth Day.—Fresh breeze and fine clear weather; all sail set; 4 P. M. sighted full rigged ship bound W., 10 miles distant; 6 P. M. passed bark bound E., distant 8 miles; midnight moderate breeze, fine, clear weather; 2 A. M. steamer passed, bound E., distant 8 miles; 4 A. M. passed four ships in company, distance too great for signals; 10:30 A. M. steamship Lord Clive, of Liverpool, bound W.; noon latitude 40deg. 4min. longitude 70deg. 55min.; Anchor Line steamer passed at same time, distance too great for signals; 175 miles, winds first part N.E., latter part N.W.

Twenty-first Day.—Variable airs, fine weather; 10 P. M., heavy lightning to southward; steamer passed bound west; 2 A. M., light breeze, smooth sea; 6 A. M., moderate breeze, cloudy; 10 A. M., breeze increased and veered to southward; set spinaker to port; noon, fresh breeze and fine; 95 miles; winds variable throughout.

Twenty-second Day.—Moderate breeze, dull, cloudy weather; 1 P. M., New York pilot boarded 41 miles southeast (mag.) of Sandy Hook; 8 P. M., light airs and calms prevailed, close and sultry, with lightning to southwest; 9 P. M., Navesink lights bore northwest (mag.), distant 20 miles; midnight, light airs and cloudy weather; 2 A. M., passed Sandy Hook Lightship, distant 3 miles; 3:20 A. M., passed Scotland Lightship, distant 2 miles; light airs; set spinaker to starboard; 4 A. M., steamer Wendel Goodwin took vessel in tow; 6 A. M., came to off Tompkinsville, S. I., in six fathoms of water.

The rig included her racing mast, a splendid stick about 70ft. from deck to upper cap, a topmast only about 20ft. above the cap, a bowsprit about 15ft. outboard, the ordinary trysail gaff, a trysail boom about 60ft. long, and a short spinaker boom. She carried her regular trysail under which she made her passages in England, a jib and staysail, small topsails, and a jury spinaker, her balloonforesail. This latter sail, of fine, soft linen, did duty as a spinaker when required on the passage but will be used as a foresail in the racing. The rig proved large enough to drive her at a very good gait, the best run being 247 miles, but the most important fact in connection with it is that she was run for long stretches at a time under mainsail alone, handling like a catboat.

In model Thistle is a very handsome boat, fair and true in her proportions and with each part beautifully modeled. That she is a Watson boat is evident at a glance, for she shows her relationship to Madge and the others, though with more beam. The sheer is peculiar and not, to American eyes, handsome, the bow is high, the sheer runs down very straight to a point but little forward of the after end of waterline, where there is a curve, fair, but sharp, from which the counter rises quickly, being quite high at the taffrail. The effect of this concentration of all the sheer at one spot is to make the apparent least freeboard very small in appearance, and the observer would say at once that it is less than Galatea or Genesta, which is not the case. Comparing her with the Burgess boats the sheer is less pleasing than the more even and regular circular sweep of Puritan and Mayflower. In the breadth line on deck the contrary is true, the bow shows fine on deck, in spite of a good flare in the sides from the waterline; the stern is much wider at the taffrail than the earlier Burgess boats and far superior to Volunteer, the consequence being that the great curve of the deck line amidships, especially noticeable in Mayflower, is not visible, the whole line from gammon iron to the taffrail being a fairer curve. Of course the lessened beam helps here, but still the difference in the breadths forward and aft is very marked. The rail is low, not over a foot at any point. The clipper stem has a character of its own that relieves the designer of any charge of copying American boats in this respect, as it is very different from the stems of our old boats, being really the old British schooner stem and such as Mr. Watson has employed for years, as in Lenore and Wendur. It is longer than Volunteer's or Sachem's, and unlike them the top side of the stem does not come close up to the bowsprit, there being a space of several inches between. The figurehead is a large thistle of gold, with the motto *Nemo me Impune Lacessit*—none touch me with impunity. From stem to stern the side rounds in a handsome sweep, the very long counter being both wide and flat, rounded into the rail, in fact there is no better simile than a duck's bill to convey an idea of the continuous curves of its surface.

On deck there is a large hatch forward of the mast, a skylight over the main cabin, a very large and wide companion, with a rather low hatch and slide, a skylight over the ladies' cabin, and abaft this a double hatch, the fore part serving to ventilate the after toilet room, while the after part opens into what is usually the sail room, but in this case is a boatswain's locker, for the reception of small stuff of all kinds, spare blocks, marlin spikes, etc.

Below deck is a large forecastle, with iron hammock cots, joining which is the galley. Of course there is plenty of headroom. Abreast the mast and amidships is a small room for the mates, to starboard of which is a very comfortable room for the captain. To port is a passage and pantry, while the cook's berth is forward in the galley. Abaft these rooms is the fore bulkhead of the cabin, a room such as probably was never seen before on a sailing yacht save a few of the largest schooners. The room is of the full beam of the boat, making over 19ft. from inside to inside, about 24ft. long, and nearly 8ft. from deck to floor, the space being broken by but two stanchions of round iron. About the sides are long lockers with closets at each end, the side above being divided into half a dozen square panels. The center of each panel is of light-colored cretonne, surrounded by a frame of plain oak, each panel being separated from its neighbors by walnut rails. The ends are similarly finished, the lockers are cushioned with the same cretonne and the room trimmed in walnut. The effect is light and pleasing while no weight is wasted. Against the fore bulkhead in a neat frame hangs the testimonial from the captain and crew of the steamer Harkaway, rescued by Thistle. Opening aft from the saloon is a toilet room on the starboard side of the companion, the latter opening directly into the saloon, so that sails can easily be sent up or down from deck, this saloon being the sail room in racing. To port of the companion is a passage to a large ladies' cabin, with separate toilet room aft and a wash basin under the stair. The immense saloon is a most striking feature, and the wonder is where so much room comes from. Even after a couple of good staterooms are ultimately cut off from it it will still be very large. In the companion at the head of the stair a roller of teak can be shipped to aid in running sails up and down.

On deck the appointments are simply perfect, teak finish everywhere with ironwork of the best design and handiwork. The bitts are built up of thin plate steel and angle-iron, a stout brace of round iron runs from bitts to gammon iron on each side of the bowsprit, and in each brace are half a dozen belaying pins. The fid is of greenheart, backed with iron. The bowsprit houses, with a bar bobstay such as Clara has, the bowsprit shrouds setting up with heavy turnbuckles to lugs on the side by the channels. There are 8 lugs on each side, the turnbuckle being shifted aft from first to second as the bowsprit comes in. There is not a lanyard on the boat, turnbuckles of heavy proportions being used everywhere. The double forestay leads to blocks on deck on each side of the bowsprit a couple of feet in from the gammon iron, and thence along the deck aft to the steel bitts, to which they are secured with turnbuckles. The shrouds, four on each side, are similarly fitted, and the rope lanyard is nowhere visible.

The forgings throughout the vessel are particularly fine, each part being carefully designed to combine strength and lightness, while the handiwork shows the perfection of the shipsmith's skill. The mast has two spider bands, the upper carrying a winch placed quite high above the deck, while the lower takes the main and spinaker goosenecks. The tiller is a fine stick of teak, nearly 15ft. long, while the main spreader, also of teak, looks to be double that length. The rail is of American elm. The channels are about 18in. wide each, giving the same spread as Volunteer. The only blemish on the fair round side is a sheating of plank laid over the chain plates to ease them through the water.

There are but few metal yachts of American build that do not at once reveal their close relationship to the great tinpan family by seams, butts, rivet heads and unfair spots in the plating; but from Thistle's side one would say that she was a solid mass of metal. Not a seam or a rivet is visible, and further, the side is round, fair and solid looking, none of the frames showing through the skin and without the slightest depression in the whole surface. The master workman is shown throughout, in model, in the handiwork of the hull, and in all the fittings and equipment. She will fit out at once at her moorings and remain about New York until she races. Com. John Clark's steam yacht Mohican left the Clyde for New York on Aug. 15.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. C. H., Lake George.—Will you please tell me where the caudal fin of the black bass is? Special laws here say no bass shall be taken less than 8in. from snout to caudal fin. There are few here that know where this fin is. Webster says caudal is tail. Ans. Webster is right, and the tail fin is the caudal fin. The tail proper is the fleshy portion behind the anal fin, and is the "caudal peduncle" of ichthyologists.

J. P. H., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Please give weight of largest smallmouth black bass, also weight of largest large-mouth black bass ever taken, the records of which are indisputable. Ans. The largest small-mouth bass we know of weighed 8lbs., and was taken in Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, and was on exhibition at Blackford's in Fulton Market. We have the mounted head of a big-mouth, taken in Florida, which is said to have weighed 23½lbs. The U. S. Fish Commission has the plaster cast of a big-mouth which weighed 14lbs.

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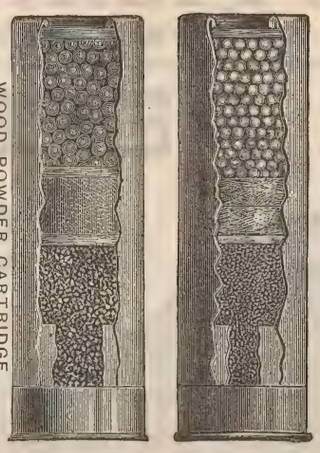


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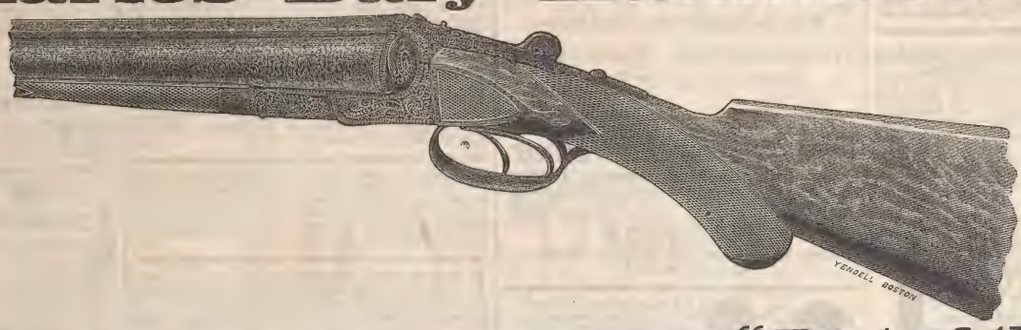


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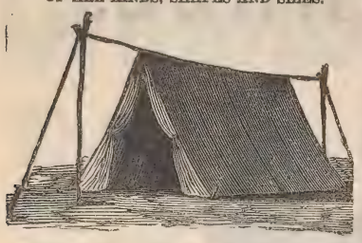
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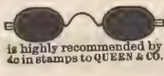
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MR. WILLIAMS SLAYS A MOOSE.

ANOTHER aspirant for huntsman's glory has come to the front in the person of one D. J. Williams, of Little Falls, N. Y. Mr. Williams has long chafed under the humiliating thought that his name and fame were unknown outside of his own town, save when appended to advertisements of bargains in dry goods, printed in the Herkimer county journals, and this year he undertook a long journey in quest of some worthy object on which to display his valor and establish his claim to wider renown. Returning in triumph and bearing with him the trophies of his gest, he hied him (a hunter always hies himself) to the office of the local journal and in due time beheld his name in print and his exploit heralded in glowing language.

Mr. Williams killed a moose. As the editor of the Little Falls *Times* puts it, he "made a record." It was on the grounds of the Dwight-Wiman Club, two hundred miles north of Toronto, in Ontario; and it all happened in August. "Our Hunters," the *Times* editor heads his account, and between the lines one may detect an earnest striving to report the feat in heroic diction befitting such a glorious deed, with an equal effort to tickle the vanity of Williams, whose advertising card of drygoods is by no means to be despised by the thrifty newspaper man. Here is the exciting recital:

He first saw the animal standing along the shore about one mile off, and started off in that direction with his gun, accompanied by the guide. When about half a mile from the four-footed beast a shot was fired which took effect. The moose started away slowly, but was easily followed by a trail of blood. Suddenly Mr. Williams surprised the moose by approaching too near. Its hair along the spine began to erect itself and curl forward, its ears to lie straight back and its eyes grew green and glassy; then, quicker than a flash, it swung on its hind legs like a pivot and ready for an attack. Mr. Williams was somewhat surprised to see the animal so large and was a little alarmed at its actions, when the guide shouted to aim for its eyes and fire. Mr. Williams never having fired off a gun before, and thinking that it would not make much difference whether he aimed very accurately or not, pointed the rifle in the direction of the moose in a careless manner and fired. Simultaneously with the report of the gun the animal fell, the charge having taken effect in the windpipe. Provision was getting low and the meat was much relished by the party. It weighed 1,200lbs. and had attained a height of over six feet at the foreshoulders. Mr. Williams has suddenly grown famous among sportsmen here, that have been, some of them, for the past twenty-five years in the North Woods hunting moose, and within all that period never having seen one. This animal is almost extinct in this State and very scarce in Canada. Mr. Williams will have the head preserved, which will be presented to the Astoroga Club of this village.

Not every man in this world of unequal blessings, where hunters are so many and moose so few, can thus at one pull of the trigger bring to earth the bristling-maned monarch of the wildwood and cover himself with glory as with a garment. It was one chance in a lifetime, and D. J. Williams was not the man, in this supreme moment, to stay his hand, because hindered by any such consideration as that the law of the country he was visiting forbade moose killing save only between October 15 and December 1. Such foolish notions might do for your "sportsman," but for the law-respecting proclivities of sportsmen, in the genuine sense, Mr. D. J. Williams has only contempt; nothing of that sort should stand between him and his moose and the fame he already saw as his own when the *Herald* editor should chronicle the exploit.

The Dwight-Wiman Club and the Ontario authorities are concerned in this matter, the club, because a man who was presumably one of its guests, while enjoying its hospitalities violated the law for which it ought to be the aim of the club to claim respect from its guests; the authorities, because this Little Falls man is liable to a fine of $50, which he ought to be made to pay into the treasury if he ever sets foot in the Dominion again. He will, of course, not mind a little sum like this, for what is $50 in comparison with the value of this renown earned by D. J. Williams, one of "our hunters."

THE LATEST "INDIAN WAR."

SO FAR as can be gathered from the despatches from Meeker, Colorado, the sheriff of the county has involved the State in a trouble which cannot fail to be very expensive and very disgraceful, and which may cost many lives. The threatened war with the White River and Uintah Utes seems to have had its origin in the thievishness of one or two white men, and the rashness and stupidity of Sheriff Kendall. As for the Indians, they do not at all understand what the trouble is about.

Notwithstanding the blood-curdling accounts of danger which were at first telegraphed to the East, it does not appear that there has been any serious collision between the whites and the Utes, nor has a single white man been hurt, except a valiant militiaman who fell into a hole in the ground a hundred miles or two from the seat of the war and broke his leg. Three Indians have been wounded. And yet the papers talk about the "uprising of the Utes."

The trouble between the Utes and the whites seems to have had its origin in nothing more important than a horse race and the dishonesty of some white men. The story that is told of the beginning of the quarrel is that it is the outgrowth of a horse race which was run between the Utes and some white men several weeks ago. The Utes, as is well known, have good horses, many of which come to them in the way of trade with the Navajoes, and Colorado and his band are said to be particularly well provided with fast running horses. Like all Indians, they are fond of horse racing and will stake their last buckskin or their last blanket on the speed of their favorite horse. They are pretty sure to be successful, too, when they are racing with white men, and nothing pleases them better than to win a race which the whites are confident is theirs. It is a common thing for white men on the border to import horses which have a considerable infusion of thoroughbred blood in their veins for the purpose of beating an Indian "crack." It is stated that this was done in the present case, and that besides all the outside bets made, the horses which were to run were put up in the stakes. As is often the case in such matters, the project of the white men lacked one essential feature of success. Their horse did not run fast enough, and was beaten by the Ute pony, whose owner, of course, claimed the stakes. The white men, however, declined to give up the racer and some other horses they had lost, and the result was that at night the Indians broke into the white men's corral, and taking the horses they had won made off with them. Then the same white men went before the Grand Jury at Meeker and had the Indians arrested for horse stealing. They resisted when the Sheriff proceeded to serve the capiases, and hence the Ute "uprising."

The war, so called, seems to be only a bullying attempt to save to a lot of gamblers the stakes which they lost with their eyes open. The precipitancy of Sheriff Kendall when he attempted to arrest his men caused a number of shots to be fired, and ever since then there has been a wild hullabaloo in Colorado about the "Ute war." It is stated that the trouble so far has cost the State of Colorado $100,000, and it is quite possible that if matters are left in charge of the hot-headed and inexperienced persons who are now in command, many lives will be lost. This will be rather a dear price to have paid for the rescuing of a few hundred dollars' worth of horses, belonging to a gambler.

For many years it was the boast of the Utes that they had never shed a white man's blood, and this was true up to 1879. The Utes can fight, and if too hardly pressed they will do so, and so far as can be gathered from the news received from the front, Sheriff Kendall will be responsible for every drop of blood shed in the war that may ensue.

From a knowledge of the Utes extending over many years, acquired by long residence in their camps, we have no hesitation in declaring that it would have been a perfectly easy matter for the Sheriff to have gone without arms and accompanied only by an interpreter into the Ute camp and to have returned with the indicted men or the horses. This we would have undertaken to do. Instead of pursuing such a course the Sheriff proceeded to frighten the Indians out of their wits by "holding them up." In the alarm a few shots were fired and three Indians wounded. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

A LIFE OF USEFULNESS.

THE death of Spencer F. Baird has brought to its close a career of great achievements in practical scientific enterprise. Professor Baird had a genius for hard work. The full magnitude of his labors can never be adequately appreciated by the public. Some hints of what was demanded of the man and what he actually accomplished may be found in the reports of the Smithsonian and the Fish Commission, the complex institutions over which he presided with such rare ability, devotion and honesty of purpose. To his guidance is due the rapid development of the Smithsonian Institution, the founding of the National Museum, and the success of the United States Fish Commission. Distinguished at home and abroad as a scientist, he has also left behind him a shining record by his wise administration of the vast appropriations intrusted to him by Congress for the prosecution of the work of fishculture. In Professor Baird's ability and integrity Congress and the Executive Department of the Government had the most implicit confidence, and it was a trust which he held with scrupulous and conscientious regard. So sensitive was he in this respect that the suspicion cast upon the administration of the funds of his office by a sensation mongering newspaper is said to have preyed upon his mind and actually shortened his life.

As a scientist, an officer of the Government, an unselfish patriot, and a man, Spencer F. Baird has won for himself an assured place among the men of his time.

ESOC QUET.

A PARTY of American and English sportsmen, consisting of Gen. Rodney C. Ward, Judge Gildersleeve, Chauncey Marshall, Eugene Underhill, Wakeman Holberton, Col. William Hester, Murray Boocock, George C. Masters and Dr. C. M. Hoagland, have left New York for a rich claim, staked out by them in the Northwest, where big game and fish of unprecedented quality and abundance are said to be awaiting their coming. The exact spot was selected after months of inquiry, correspondence, study of surveys and cross-examinations of Western hunters; and each individual member was sworn to secrecy as to the party's destination. A reporter inquired the location the other day and the reply was "Esoc Quet." These words appear in the New York *Times* of yesterday, and it is clear that the reporter took them to be the name of the place to which the party has set out, for the *Times* says that they are going "to Esoc Quet, a wild spot in Idaho." Now, Esoc Quet is not a geographical appellation. It is an Indian phrase, of the Kalispel dialect, meaning "What are you giving us?" or as some authorities translate it, "Come off the roof, cully." As used by the member of the party interviewed by the *Times* reporter, it was evidently adopted as a polite way of saying: "Go to. Do you think we are giving this thing away? Not much. It has cost us time and money to discover this bonanza, and we don't propose to find somebody else's tin cans on the stumps when we get there."

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

AFTER an illness of many weeks Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, died at Wood's Holl, Mass., last Friday, Aug. 19. He had gone to Wood's Holl in June, much broken down in health and spirits, but there had subsequently been such improvement that his recovery was hoped for, and his death when it did come was sudden and unexpected.

Spencer Fullerton Baird was born in Reading, Pa., Feb. 3, 1823. He was of mixed Scotch, English and German descent; and the name Spencer came from an ancestor, a



preacher whose war sermons were so powerful in Revolutionary times that the British Government put a price on the sturdy patriot's head. At an early age the boy displayed those tastes for natural history which were to direct the course of his life and in after years make him distinguished among his contemporaries. When fourteen years old, with his brother William, he began a collection of the birds of Cumberland county, Pa., and the materials then brought together afterward formed the nucleus of the Smithsonian collection of birds. The brothers contributed notes to the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and so, his love of ornithology becoming known, young Baird found a warm friend in Audubon, with whom he exchanged specimens and to whom he contributed materials for the great naturalist's works. Graduating from Dickinson College in 1840 at the age of 17, he entered upon the study of medicine in New York, but interrupted his course, and in 1845 accepted the chair of Natural History, and later that of Chemistry, in Dickinson College. Here he found abundant opportunity for pursuing the studies most congenial; and it was his habit to make long pedestrian tours in quest of specimens and in investigations of animal life. While at Dickinson he became associated with Agassiz, and the two projected a work of joint authorship on the fresh-water fishes of the United States; this, however, was never completed.

In 1850, Prof. Baird was elected Assistant Secretary to the Smithsonian Institution, and in this new field he very soon gave exhibition of those rare powers of observation and high administrative capacity which marked his life work at Washington. He instituted methods of work in the Smithsonian which are still followed there; it was largely owing to his influence that the study of special branches of natural history were intrusted to individuals in the employ of the Government. On the death of Prof. Henry he succeeded to the Secretaryship.

In 1871, Congress having provided for a United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, President Grant placed Prof. Baird at the head of it. To this position he brought ripened powers, and assuming the tremendous responsibilites which carried with them no added compensation, for the office was an unsalaried one, he devoted himself with unselfish enthusiasm, organized a corps of assistants, and set about one of the greatest economic undertakings known to history, with what success is well known. The work of the United States in investigating the causes of the depletion of food fishes and in restocking the waters was inspired and directed by Prof. Baird.

His printed contributions to science were numerous and valuable. A chronological catalogue of his works, prepared by order of the Smithsonian Institution and only carried down to 1882, includes 1,063 titles. In 1849 he had translated and edited the text for the "Iconographic Encyclopædia," the English version of "Heck's Bilder Atlas." Between 1850 and 1874 he published several works upon North American natural history, and from 1870 to 1878 he was scientific editor of Harper Bros.' periodicals, besides being the author of their yearly cyclopædia of science. A partial list of his writings during these years would include: "Catalogue of North American Reptiles," by Baird and Girard (1853); the "Pacific Railroad Report on Mammals" (1857), in which were contained accounts of seventy species of mammals additional to the lists of Audubon and Bachman; the "Birds of North America" (1858), the "Review of North American Birds" (1864-66), the "Geographical Distribution of North American Birds" (1865), the "History of North American Birds," in connection with Brewer and Ridgway (1874).

As a scientist Prof. Baird enjoyed world-wide fame; his services and attainments were recognized and rewarded by medals and other testimonials. He received the degree of Doctor of Physical Science from Dickinson College, and that of Doctor of Laws from Columbian University. In 1878 he was awarded the silver medal of the Acclimatization Society, of Melbourne; in 1879, the gold medal of the Société d'Acclimation of France, and in 1880 the Erster Ehrenpreis of the Internationale Fischerei Ausstellung, at Berlin, the gift of the Emperor of Germany. In 1875 he received from the King of Norway and Sweden the decoration of Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of Olaf. He was a member of the leading scientific associations of England, Austria, France, Germany, Holland, Portugal and New Zealand. Over thirty-three distinct genera and species in North, South and Central America and the West Indies have been named in his honor. He was one of the early members of the National Academy of Sciences; served two years as permanent secretary of the American Association; was one of the trustees of the Corcoran Art Gallery; was a trustee of Columbian University; a president of the Cosmos Club, of Washington, and was the director and official head of the National Museum.

A published description of Prof. Baird's workshop in Washington tells us: "You will find it in the basement, and truly it is a busy place. There is not much furniture in the room, but it is all in use by the busy occupants. Here are a couple of clerks and a stenographer, and scattered around about, yet in the most perfect order, are books and maps and drawings and castings and models of every description. The professor is a great worker, and he utilizes every moment of the day. He arises at 7 and by 8 o'clock he has had his breakfast and is at his desk. For five hours every morning he keeps the stenographer busy attending to correspondence and writing out reports, instructions, letters and scientific articles. This part of his work can be done by no one else. By 1 o'clock he has finished, and, leaving his stenographer to prepare the papers for his signature, he leaves the residence for the institute. Here for two or three hours he receives callers and attends to the routine work of his office. He is also the head of the Fish Commission, and he gives that an hour or two each day. But this and many other things with which he is connected do not come properly within the province of this article. Prof. Baird is essentially a worker. When one has written of his work, nothing remains to be told. His habits are simple. He retires at 11 o'clock and arises at an early hour. He never goes to a lecture or to the theatre, and the dinners and receptions he attends during the season can be counted on the fingers of one hand. He gives it out in confidence that the first reason why he doesn't go out is that he knows he will go to sleep, and the second is that he doesn't want to, but prefers staying at home with his books. What does he do with his leisure time? Well, he has precious little of that delightful commodity, and what little he has is spent in reading novels (strange to relate) of the blood and thunder order."

The following description will convey an idea of the surroundings amid which he labored, with a graphic portraiture of the man: "The house in which the scientist lives is not a very elegant one, but it is situated in a very fashionable locality. Standing on the little porch, waiting for our knock to be answered, we can see the residences of Secretary Bayard, which is only a few doors below, of Senators Morrill, Allison and Payne, and of Justice Miller. It is one of the most desirable neighborhoods of the capital, and within a circuit of a quarter of a mile can be found the residences of hundreds of public men. The house is of brick, three stories and a basement high, with a bay window of good dimensions running up the front. There is also a mansard roof, and a large anemometer help to make the house noticeable. The visitor is ushered into a prettily furnished parlor at the left. From this vantage he can have a good view of the rooms of the house on this floor, as they are all connected by folding doors. The prospect is not great or rich, but it is a model interior for a man in comfortable circumstances and of refined tastes. The parlor is furnished with modern furniture, and there are scores of etchings and paintings and photographs on the walls. On the stands are rare little articles of bric-à-brac gathered here and there and everywhere in pedestrian tours over the country and in continental travel. Next to the parlor is the library, and it is very much like the former room, except for the bookcases reaching to the ceiling. The books are, for the most part, of a literary character, though here and there a ponderous work looks out at us from between the dainty volumes in blue and gold. * * *

"We take cognizance of these surroundings while waiting for Prof. Baird, and now his rather ponderous tread is heard upon the stairs. He enters the library with hand extended out to you, and a welcome smile from his intellectual face and bright, penetrating eyes. Over 6ft. high, broad shoulders, heavy set and altogether massive, he is not, by any means, an ordinary appearing man. Yet, few people you meet on the street could tell you who he is. Very likely they would not be asked, for he is not a man who would cause remark on account of his personal appearance. He is careless in his dress, and skulks about the capital with his gray suit and slouch hat, looking more like a Virginian farmer than one of the foremost of American scientists. He rarely notices his surroundings, and will pass his most intimate friends on the street without a sign of recognition. His thoughts are no doubt far away during these moments of pre-occupation. He is perhaps thinking of some new scientific discovery, or a discovery is in process of formation in his ever active brain. But he is not always absent-minded, for in his social and business intercourse he is one of the most agreeable of gentlemen, and his conversation is singularly fascinating."

The following tribute to Prof. Baird's worth is by Prof. J. W. Powell, the director of the Geological Survey: "I have known Prof. Baird for the last eighteen years; he was like a brother to me. There has been nothing of importance that I have undertaken in that I have not first consulted with Prof. Baird. He was the greatest man I ever knew. He knew more than any man I have come in contact with. He knew every subject with which he had to do thoroughly. He mastered all the details. His pre-eminent quality was perhaps his ability as an organizer. It was given to him to accomplish what few men are capable of in a lifetime, the organization of two great institutions—the National Museum and the United States Fish Commission. Prof. Baird was a man of great practical sense. He could see the outcome of matters and had a broad comprehension of the relative importance of details. He was an unselfish man; his personal interests were lost sight of in the interest of the institutions under his care. He expended public money with the careful scrutiny that most men give to their private affairs. His entire unselfishness and devotion to his work, as well as his practical sense, was appreciated by the committees of Congress when he appeared before them to explain the needs for the money asked for. Prof. Baird was a great scientist, and it is a singular fortune that the Smithsonian has had in succession two such eminent men as Henry and B. 1 d."

Prof. S. P. Langley will probably succeed to the Secretaryship of the Smithsonian, and Mr. G. Brown Goode to the Commissionership of Fisheries.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE LODGE.

THERE are certain western Indian tribes who have an annual religious ceremony called by frontiersmen the Sun Dance or Medicine Lodge. None of these tribes have been more faithful in the performance of this sacred duty than the Blackfeet. Some, indeed, have given up the practice since the disappearance of the buffalo: and it is very likely that the Blackfeet will never build another one.

According to Blackfeet tradition, the origin of the Medicine Lodge was as follows:

In the beginning there was no war. All the tribes were at peace. Now of the people was one, a very rich man, and he had three wives and a daughter. This girl was the most beautiful young woman in the whole camp. She had been asked for by several young men, but had refused to marry any of them. As time passed many who were rich and handsome sought her for a wife, but she always replied, "No, I will never marry."

Then her father said: "Why this, why take no man?"

"Why," she replied, "should I take a husband? I have a rich father and mother, our lodge is good, the parfleches are never empty, there are many robes and tanned skins, plenty of soft fur for winter. Why, then, should I marry?" Then her father spoke not.

The Raven packers held a dance; they all dressed carefully and wore their ornaments; and many asked for this young girl, and again she said no. Then the Bulls, the Foxes, and others of the E-kûn-ûh'-kah-tse, held their dances, and all those who were richest, handsome and brave asked this man for his daughter, but none succeeded. Then was her father angry and he said: "Why now this way? You have your choice; all the best men have asked for you, and still you say no. Now I do believe you have a secret lover."

"Ah!" said her mother. "What shame for us should a child be born and our daughter still unmarried."

"Father," said the girl, "pity! I have no secret lover. But now the truth. That Above Person* told me, 'Marry not, for you are mine; thus shall you be happy and live to great age, and again he said: 'Take heed, marry not, for you are mine.'"

"Ah," said her father, "against his words no man may speak." And they talked no more about it.

There was a poor young man, very poor. His father and mother were dead, and all his relatives too. They also had departed to the Sandhills.† No lodge was his. No wife to tan his robes or sew his moccasins. Entered he a lodge here to eat and sleep, and to-morrow he went to another; thus he lived; but there were those of kind heart, and when they saw his poverty they gave him a robe or leggins, or moccasins, thus was he clothed. Said those rich young men, "Why now not ask her who has refused us to marry you?" and they laughed. "Ah," said he, "as you say, I will go and ask her," and he went down by the river. By the water he waited and she came along. "Girl," he said, "wait, I have words for you. Not as a designing person do I ask you, but openly where the sun looks down and all may see."

"Speak then," said the girl.

"I have seen the days," continued the young man. "I have seen you refuse those who would have you for a wife. To the rich, and those of brave deeds you have said no. Now, to-day have they laughed, and they said to me, 'Why do *you* not ask her?' I am poor, very poor. No lodge is mine. I have no food, no robes, no fur for winter. Neither have I a relative. All have gone to the Sandhills. Yet now, to-day, I ask you, take pity! be my wife."

Then hid she her face, and she brushed the ground with the point of her moccasin, back and forth, back and forth, for she was thinking. Then after a time she said. "True, all those have I refused. Yet now the poor one asks me and I am glad. You will I marry, and my people will be happy. You are poor, yet that will matter not. My father will give you many dogs. My mother will make us a lodge, and they will give us robes and furs, and you will be poor no longer."

Then was the young man very happy, and he started to kiss her, but she held him back and further said: "That Above Person has spoken to me, he has said: 'Marry not, for you are mine, and you shall live to great age,' and again he said: 'Take heed, marry not or you shall quickly die,' therefore I am not my own. I am his. But now I say: Go you to that Above Person and tell him, 'She whom you commanded heeds your words, yet now would she marry me, therefore am I come.' If he shall say yes, he will give you a sign for me. But if he refuse, then will you return not. Or, if in that far country you fail to find his lodge, then return not."

"Oh!" said the young man, "good at first your words and my heart was glad. But now it sinks within me. Now am I dismayed. Does the sun shine? Does the river flow? Are the trees in leaf? I cannot tell, for I look on the night and my heart is sad. Where is that far off lodge? and where the trail which no one yet has traveled?"

"Take courage, take courage," said the girl, and she turned to her lodge.

Then went he of sad heart to an old woman who had been kind to him, and he said: "Pity me, for I am poor. For now would I travel, make me then some moccasins and give me a sack of food."

Seven pairs the woman made, with parfleche soles, and she gave him too a sack of food, pemmican of berries, pounded meat and strip of dried back-fat. And when she had done the young man started to find the home of the Sun. Alone and with sad heart he climbed the bluff. "Shall I ever see the people again?" he thought, as he stopped to take a last look at the lodges, and with a sigh he went on.

Now many days he traveled along, and every day his sack of food became lighter. One night he stopped close by the home of a wolf. "Ha!" said the wolf, "what is my brother doing here all alone?"

"Ah!" replied the young man, "I seek the home of that Above Person. I go to ask him for a woman. She has told me to, for she is his own."

"I have traveled far," said the wolf, "I know all the prairies, and the valleys, and the mountains, yet I have

*The sun.

†Sandhills—A barren place where all the people go after death.

never seen his stopping place. Yet I know one smarter than I. Go ask the bear. He may tell you."

Another day, and again he traveled on. Here he found a few berries to eat, and there a root which he dug up, for his sack of food was light and he was very careful of it. At night he stopped near the home of a bear. "Where," asked the bear, "is your home? Why travel alone, my brother?"

"Now help, now pity me, my elder brother!" said the young man, "because of her words* I seek the Above Person. I go to ask for her."

"I know not his stopping place," said the bear. "I have traveled by many rivers, and I know the mountains; yet I have never seen his lodge. There is one beyond, that striped-face (the badger), who is wise. Go then and ask him."

Then quickly went the young man to the badger's home. He was in his hole. Stooping over, the young man shouted, "Oh, cunning Striped-face! Oh, much-knowing animal! I would speak with you."

"What do you want?" said the badger, poking his head out.

"That bear," said the young man, "told me to ask you. I seek that Above Person's home to ask him for her. She is his own, and therefore must I find his stopping place."

"Ah!" said the badger, "I know not where he lives. Over there in the timber is a wolverine's home. Go ask him. He is of much knowledge."

Then went he to the woods and looked all around for the wolverine, but he could not find him, and being tired he sat down under some bushes to rest. "*Hi-yu! Hi-yu!*" he cried. "Wolverine, take pity on me. Gone my food. Worn out my moccasins. Now surely I must die."

"What wants my brother?" he heard, and looking around he saw the animal sitting close beside him.

"She whom I would marry," replied the young man, "belongs to that Above Person, and by her words I am looking for his stopping place, because I must ask him for her."

"Ah," said the wolverine, "I know where he lives, yet now 'tis night. Wait then till morning, and I will show you the trail to the water's edge. On the other side of it he lives."

True his words. The trail led to the water's edge, but there—he looked and his heart almost stopped. Great was that water. The other side could not be seen, nor was there any end. In despair he laid down on the shore. His food was gone and he was weak from much travel. "Here," he thought, "must I die. No one may cross such far water, and too weak am I to return to the people. Yes, now must I surely go to that shadow land."

Not so. There were his helpers. Two swans came swimming by. "What," they said, "does our brother here? Far from his people's ground, why here alone?"

"I am here," he told them, "to die. Far away in the Blackfoot land is a beautiful girl, and I would marry her. But she is not her own. She belongs to that Above Person. Many days have I traveled, but I have not found the place. And now my food is gone. Far away the land of my people, my body is weary, I cannot return to them. Here, then, must I die; soon will my shadow depart for the Sandhills."

"Not so! Not so!" cried the swans. "Across this water is the home of that Above Person. Climb, then, upon our backs and we will take you there."

As if he had just set out on his travel, as he had eaten plenty, did his strength return and his heart was light. Quick rose he from the ground, and wading out reclined upon their backs. Deep and black that mighty water, and very wide. Strange people lived within its depths, and other mighty animals who often seize a person. Yet safe they carried him and took him to the other side. Ah! there it was, a big new lodge and painted on it the deeds of war and unknown animals. Yet now he dared not enter. What would they say? Great might be their anger. And full of fear and shame he crawled along and hid where tall green rushes grew upon the shore. There, as he lay, came Morning Star and found him. "Why hidden here?" he asked. "Where is your home? Why wandering far?"

"The Blackfoot land," he said, "is where I lived. Far have I come to see the Sun, yet now I see his lodge, I shame to enter."

"Fear not," said Morning Star, "he is my father. Come now with me, my mother sits within and she will give you food."

Then entered he with Morning Star and sat beside the doorway.

"Who," said the Moon,† "is this person?"

"He is a Blackfoot," replied her son, "and has traveled far to see my father."

Then the Moon gave him some food, and after he had eaten much he slept. When he awoke it was night and the Sun had already entered. "My son," he said, "has told me that you have come to see me and I am glad. Far is the Blackfoot land, tired your body, now. Stay with us then a while and eat and rest and sleep."

The young man stopped there a long time and he and Morning Star were great friends. Often the young man would say, "I must go back," but Morning Star would say, "No. When my father speaks you may go. Do not ask him or he will be angry. Wait for him to say."

One night the Sun said, "Now, young man, tell me, why came you here?"

Then said the young man, "Of our people is a beautiful girl and all the rich and brave ones asked for her, but she looked not at them. I am very poor, but I asked her to be my wife and she was glad. But then she said, 'I am not my own; to that Above Person do I belong. Go then and ask him for me.' Far have I traveled and long has been the trail. To you have I come to ask for her."

"True your words," said the Sun, "I have watched the days and I know it is so; and now I give her to you. I am the only chief. Everything is mine. I made the earth, the mountains, prairies, rivers, woods, people and animals. All these I made. I can never die. True, the winter makes me old and weak, but every summer I grow young again."

Then further said the Sun, "What one of all animals is smartest? The raven is, for he always finds food, he is the smartest. He is never hungry. Of all animals which is most Nät-o-yé?* The buffalo is. Of all animals I like him best. He is for the people. He is your food and your shelter. What part of his body is 'medicine?' The tongue is. That is mine. What else that grows on bushes is medicine? Berries. Those are also mine." Then further said the Sun, "You shall build me a sweat house, and you shall build me a great lodge. Those who are pure shall build it for me, and I will give them great age. Come now with me and see the world." Then the Sun took the young man to the edge and they looked down and saw it; round it is, and flat, and all around the edge the jumping off place [or the walls straight down]. "Thus," said the Sun, "shall you build my lodge, round, with walls. And the sweat house shall be like the sky above the world [*i. e.*, a hemisphere]. You shall make it of an hundred sticks, and one-half shall be black, and one-half red."

Further said the Sun, "Which is most knowledge? the heart or brain? The brain is; the heart often lies, but the brain, never. She who makes the vow shall be pure, and of good sense; the young men shall get the tongues, three hundred, and she who builds the lodge shall have to help her, other women who are pure, and they shall cut and dry the tongues. For the people, for their long life and food shall these be built. For I shall like the tongues and the berries and other presents they may give. But if one of lying heart, if one impure shall build the lodge, then will I be angry, and the people shall perish. And others shall make the vow, and if they give me of their body [meaning finger joints, bits of flesh, etc.] they shall survive, and reach great age. In war, the arrows shall pass them by, and sickness shall not destroy them. Here now, two raven tail feathers, they shall be the sign for her that I give her to you, and the husband of her who makes the lodge shall wear them on his head."

Then the Sun gave him beautiful war dresses, a shield, bow, quiver and arrows, and said: "Now you may depart, not by the long and weary trail you came, but by my trail. There the wolf road [the milky way], follow it, and you will reach the ground." And the young man departed.

Hot the day, all the lodge skins were raised, and in the shade of them the people sat. Very hot the day. Now there was one, a chief, who had many friends, and all day long they came and feasted with him. Out on a butte, beyond the camp, a person sat; early in the morning this chief saw him sitting there, close wrapped in his robe. And his friends came and went; the sun rose, and reached the middle and passed on down; and still the person sat there moving not. Now was evening come, and said the chief, "Why sits that person there? All day he has not moved. Great has been the heat, yet he has not drank. Now go and see, and if he be a stranger bid him come and eat with friends." Then went some of the young men to him and said, "Why sit there in the heat all day, oh stranger? There the shade of lodges, cool water, and food in plenty. Come now with us."

Then rose the person and threw off his robe and followed them, and great was their surprise. Beautiful his dress. Of strange make his shield and bow. But they knew his face and they ran ahead and shouted, "Here now is that poor young man returned, poor no longer, for he wears rich clothes and his shield and bow are of strange make." Then came all people to see him, and they said, "Where have you been so long? Where found you all these rich things?" but he answered them not. There in the crowd stood that young woman; and taking two raven feathers from his hair he gave them to her and said: "Far has been the trail and I nearly died. Yet by those Helpers I found his lodge. There the truth, the sign, he sends those feathers to you."

Great her gladness then. And they were married, and made the sweat house and the great lodge as the Sun had said. And the Sun was good; he gave them great age, and they sickened not. But when they were very old, one morning said their children, "Arise and eat." They did not move. In the night in sleep, without pain, their shadows had departed for the Sandhills.

The ceremony of the Medicine Lodge always takes place in July, about the time berries are ripe. During the preceding year a woman (often several of them) had vowed to build this lodge, in return for which she prayed for the recovery of some relation from a dangerous sickness, or for their success in battle. None but a virtuous woman might make this offering. It sometimes happened that the person died or was killed in battle. Then the relations of the woman all mourned; and ever afterward she was the butt of ridicule and the contempt of the whole camp. But there were always enough of those who made this vow to insure the building of a lodge each year.

First, three hundred buffalo tongues were procured, which, with prayers and songs to the sun, were cut and dried by those who made the vow and by others who were selected on account of their virtue. Great heaps of berries were also gathered by these women. Sufficient poles were then cut and piled up in the center of the village. With much ceremony, prayers and songs the walls were then made by sticking posts upright in the ground round a tree, leaving a space about 4ft. wide for a doorway. The diameter of this inclosure was about 40ft. Then a warrior renowned for bravery and success was chosen to cut a hide into strips, and while doing so he was obliged to rehearse his brave deeds. Long poles were then laid from the top of this wall to the tree, making a roof, which was securely fastened by the strips of hide. The walls and roof were then covered with brush, gathered by the women. In carrying this brush to the lodge they were obliged to stop at intervals and make a prayer to the sun, and on placing it on the lodge they also made a short prayer.

The lodge being built, a large sweat house was made of one hundred willows, and painted one side red the other black, and the whole covered with cow skins. The *O-kăh*, or woman, who made the vow then built a fire and heated the rocks, and her husband, calling together the principal men of the tribe, always including a Bear-man, entered the sweat house with them. The rocks, now red hot, were placed in a hole dug in the center of the house. A pipe was then filled and lighted by the Bear-man, who addressed a long prayer to the sun, informing him that a lodge had been built for him, and the proper food secured, and asking in return long life and prosperity for the people. That evening the woman who made the vow and her husband took possession of the lodge, and remained in it during the ceremonies, which lasted four days and nights. During this time they were not allowed to eat or drink, and only at night could they go outside. The next morning after the sweat house the "medicine food" was divided among the people. Many offerings to the sun were then made, wearing apparel, weapons, fine robes, ornaments and finger joints and bits of flesh. All these were tied in bags and hung near the roof on the center pole or tree. The next day was devoted to "making warriors." Slits were cut in the breast or back of these aspirants, rawhide ropes fastened into them, and suspended to the center pole, the men danced and jerked about until the ropes pulled out. A man was not called a "warrior" until he had gone through this ceremony four successive seasons. The remaining two days were devoted to the "counting of coups" and dancing by the warriors, and the E-kŭn-ŭh'-kah-tse. During all the four days prayers were constantly offered by the Bear-men for the health and prosperity of the people.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

*A Blackfoot seldom mentions a person by name, and will talk for hours about what this or that one said, and one must ask pointedly to find out who he is talking about.

†The sun and moon are supposed to be man and wife and the morning star their son.

*The word means "of the sun" and is generally translated as "medicine," not physical but spiritual.

A TRIP TO MT. MITCHELL.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July.—The conversation turned upon the wonderful scenery and delightful atmosphere of this region. One and another mountain trip were suggested as being delightful and worthy of attempt when the proper time should arrive. While so engaged, Prof. E. Waller, of New York city, joined us. During the year of his sojourn here he had never made a mountain trip outside of the immediate vicinity of Asheville. The professor is charming company, and returns to his duties in the School of Mines, Columbia College, very soon. Different points within reasonable distance were freely discussed.

Finally Mt. Mitchell was decided upon. We planned to ride the first day to Big Tom Wilson's, the famous trapper, hunter and guide of the Black Mountains, and there take up our headquarters, the next day to make the ascent of Mt. Mitchell and camp over night, returning the next day to Big Tom's. Dr. Gatchell had made the trip a year before, and therefore was competent to guide us safely to Big Tom's house. Four responded to roll call at 6 A. M. Wednesday, viz.: Dr. Gatchell, Prof. Waller, George Lyons and the writer.

A refreshing shower had fallen the evening previous which had cleansed the air and laid the dust, so oppressive for several days, and the day promised to be fine but warm. We rode out the Beaver Dam road about four miles, then turned over Elk Mountain ridge. From here a beautiful view of Asheville, the valley and the distant Mt. Pisgah is obtained. Our next elevation was passing through the gap of Elk Mountain, and again we rested to look back and admire the landscape. When within a mile of "Chamber's" we took the wrong road and had gone two miles before discovering our error. We retraced our steps and were soon on the right track. This mistake cost us nearly two hours of time, so that it was noon when we rode into the yard surrounding Chamber's farm-house. Wandering around in the rugged fastnesses of the craggy mountains whither our false trail was leading us, was not the most pleasing prospect to contemplate, at least others report it anything but satisfactory, except to those who are hunting bears, and we were willing to accept their testimony without questioning. Many persons have lost their way in the craggies. Gregg Chambers, the genial proprietor of this mountain farm of 400 acres, cheerily called out: 'Light, gentlemen, 'light." The settlement about Chambers is called Vanceville and is located in Reems Valley.

As we sat watching the dark clouds of a thunder storm roll up the valley we conversed with Hardy Chambers, son of the proprietor, regarding the game to be found in and about the mountains. Speaking of bears, he pointed to a tawny rough-coated dog lying in the shade, and said they had killed twenty-five bears in the last three years with that that dog, assisted by others. The breeding of the dog he said was "part foxhound and part bloodhound." His teeth were certainly formidable, and although he was not a large or heavy animal, I did not doubt his ability to pull a bear. Hardy said there was one remarkable thing about that dog. When he found it was impossible to avoid being hugged by a bear he invariably turned his side instead of his own breast to the beast's breast, and thus saved his spinal column intact. He had been squeezed several times and still seemed as good as ever. Turkeys, wolves, pheasants (ruffed grouse) and quail are abundant. The two former in the mountains and slopes, and the latter in the neighboring thickets and fields. When pasturing sheep on the mountains, he said, wolves had often jumped in and carried off a mutton before help could be given it, especially at night.

At 3 P. M. we saddled our horses, and bidding our new friends "so long," turned our faces toward Big Tom Wilson's, sixteen miles away. Just before reaching Barnardsville Prof. Waller's mare strained her shoulder on a rolling stone, and after walking a mile we perceived she would be unfit for the trip, and he left her with a farmer until his return. His saddle bags and blankets were placed on my horse and the Professor started on foot, dropping into a swinging gait which was very effective and kept him in the lead. About 6 o'clock we came to the foot of Ivy Gap, and being tired of riding, I gave my horse to Geo. Lyons, who had previously vacated his saddle in favor of Prof. Waller, and started up the trail. I consider myself a good walker and have tramped many a mile fishing and hunting. We were rather late and pushed ourselves to reach the top and find shelter at Big Tom's, six miles away, before darkness should envelop us. It was warm and that rapid climb was exhausting. When we reached the gate at the summit, men and beasts were blown.

Here we obtained our first glimpse of Black Mountains. The appropriateness of the name impressed me. Environed as we were by high mountains the sun had set for us and although the tip of Mitchell's Peak was tinted with the glory of the lingering rays the remainder was a dark, terrible yet fascinating wall. The feat of climbing to its summit seemed an impossibility when we thought of the fallen trees, rocks, crevices, thickets and almost perpendicular sides of this highest mountain east of the Rockies. The trail down the Elk fork of the Caney River to Big Tom's on Big Caney is rough and requires time, so it was 9 o'clock when we rode up to his gate. To our severe disappointment we learned that Big Tom had that very morning left with his mules and wagon for Asheville

by the wagonroad 50 miles around. Big Tom is gamekeeper for Mr. Murchison of New York city who owns 13,000 acres of mountain land, bordering Big Tom's farm, and keeps it as a game and fish preserve. Included in Mr. Murchison's domain is Mt. Mitchell, on the very peak of which is the grave of Prof. Mitchell. Big Tom had gone to haul back some of Mr. Murchison's effects, for the first of August always finds the latter on his mountain preserve enjoying the invigorating air and scenery and prepared to indulge in the rich hunting and fishing. Our horses are cared for by the boys—Big Tom has ten children living—and soon supper is announced.

The night air is cool and rejuvenating and we slept soundly under abundant bedcovering and rose refreshed. The sun shone clear and promised a lovely day although it still continued warm. The forenoon was spent on the banks of Caney River with Sammy Wilson as guide. We fished—pretended to—some, loafed some and bathed in the clear, cold mountain stream. There are trout in these mountain streams, although one cannot expect to find them lying around loose.

At 2 P. M., Dr. Gatchell bade us good-bye and turned his horse's head in the direction of Ivy Gap and Asheville.

John Holden—one of Big Tom's sons—had our horses all ready, but a heavy thunder storm being in progress on the mountain we waited until 3 o'clock, then set out. For some distance our way led us alongside the Caney River and then branched, passing up and parallel to a small swift mountain stream emptying into the Caney.

At a distance of two miles we passed through a gate entering the domain of Mr. Murchison. Nailed conspicuously to a large tree directly in front of the gate was the usual notice against poaching. Soon we came to what might be called the region of the big trees. We rode around one mammoth poplar 11ft. in diameter and 32ft. in circumference 6ft. from the ground. There are many more 5 to 10ft. in diameter and 60 to 80ft. without a limb. Now our way led along the mountainside gradually but persistently ascending; down short but steep declivities to cross babbling mountain brooks only to scramble up the other side and pursue our tortuous course. At this altitude the rhododendron is just coming into blossom and the air is laden with perfume. How exquisitely lovely are the purple plossoms of these mountain shrubs; the leaves so large and of a brilliant dark green albeit somewhat stiff in arrangement. The rhododendrons about Asheville had long since covered the ground with their snow white petals. While anxiously and intently watching the narrow and difficult bridle path lest my horse should catch his foot in a root or slip on a rock, I availed myself of moments of respite to note the varied growth of forest trees as we ascended. They seemed to flourish in strata. First came the poplars, linden and cucumber, with occasional beeches and maples. Next magnificent maples and hemlocks from 3 to 6ft. in diameter. These are followed by the beeches, and then we pass into a solid growth of birches, the white, yellow and black. The large balsams are next in order. These seem to be of two varieties, at least the mountaineers distinguish them as the black and white. The first has a rough, dark bark with deep scorings. The other (*Abies balsamia* [?]) has a smooth bark the color of a beech, and it is this tree which furnishes the balsam used medically. The sap exudes and forms small blisters containing a few drops each upon the bark, which the mountaineers puncture, and by slow and tedious labor gather for the market. As is well known, this balsam has wonderful curative properties, especially for catarrh and throat and lung diseases, consequently two physicians of this place have adopted a method of vaporizing the balsam, which is forced into all the air passages and lungs with wonderful results. Last of all we found the stunted, low-limbed, wind-swept, knotted and twisted balsams of the summit. The ends of the limbs, containing the new growth, were tinted with most exquisite frosty gray-greens. The foliage is massive and heavy, although the limbs are not long, except as they lie along the ground. The limbs and twigs are thickly studded with spines or needles about an inch in length and are quite stiff and the wood is heavy and firm.

Before reaching the balsam growth we passed through a blackberry patch, the tops of the vines of which I could not reach from my horse. We were obliged to force our way through these vines, with the mud 8in. deep, due to the heavy rains and the numberless springs. The vines, bushes and trees were heavy from the previous showers, and the Professor, who led the way on foot, was drenched to the skin. We finally reached an open space, about a mile from the peak, and for the first time in our ascent obtained a view of the region round about. We exclaimed with wonder and admiration, but the guide interrupted with, "Come, gentlemen, it is late, we cannot stop; wait till you get to the peak." Just before arriving at this open spot John Holden had noticed a snowbird fly out from a mossy bank beside the trail, and, dismounting, he pushed aside the portiere of damp moss and thrusting in his hand brought out one of the delicate eggs for our inspection. The remaining mile the trail is composed of rough, loose stones and boulders, with an occasional ledge of rock. At last John, who is lame, slips off his mule, with the remark, "You'll have to walk to the summit." A huge flat rock, inclined at an angle of 60 and 15ft. long by 6ft. wide, with only a seam or ledge 2in. wide for a foothold, and situated on a sharp curve in the trail, must be overcome before we can stand upon the very peak. The mule goes up like a fly on a window pane. George's horse also does very well. Will mine do as well? I looked around to find some way by which I could dodge the obstacle. I dared not leave the trail, so scrambled up and called to my horse to follow. He made a good start, progressed about half way, his feet slipped, and, going on his haunches, he slid to the bottom, where he sat up, forefeet hanging like a poodle begging for a cracker. The sudden jerk nearly dislocated my neck and shoulder, and I was forced to follow my horse. Fortunately my feet found a small projection, and by pulling lustily on the bridle rein I prevented my horse from rolling over backward. Gaining my feet by the time the horse does his, I started again, and the horse came with a rush and gained the top, trembling in every limb.

We have reached our goal and stand beside the rocky cairn surrounding the grave of Prof. Mitchell, 6,711ft. above sea level. Our heads are bared to the breeze and the company stand several minutes lost in reverent admiration, wonder and delight at the magnificent panorama spread before us. Mt. Mitchell stands nearly in the center of a sea of mountain peaks more or less sharp, some of which are almost as high as itself. To the east and far below stands a curious shaped mountain called Table Rock. Its conformation justifies the name, and it guards a gap out into the valley of the Blue Ridge. Bald Mountain is in the northwest. The rugged Balsams stand far away in the southwest, while far beyond them, faint and hazy in the fading light, the great Smokies guard the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee. Below us to the southeast the Blue Ridge stretches along at this height more like a range of hills than mountains. Hawk's Bill in the north is very suggestive. Lying between us and Hawk's Bill are Hairy Bear and Cat Tail peaks in the order named. A short distance away, south southwest, stands Clingman's Peak, nearly as high as Mt. Mitchell. Pisgah, which from Asheville appears mighty and towering, with the ever-climbing, never-wearying Rat struggling up its crest, now has dwindled to an almost insignificant hill, and occupies a position 50 miles distant southwest. The Grandfather Mountains bound the horizon on the southeast. John says, "I wish pap was here, he could tell you the name of every peak and valley you see." I am told one can, on a clear day, look into seven States from Mitchell's Peak, and cover with his gaze a radius of 200 miles. John cuts our meditations short by saying "Come gentlemen, it'll soon be dark and the wood is wet." We turn reluctantly, and following him down a sharp declivity reached our camping place. A large shelving rock projecting out 12ft. or more and extending along the side of the cliff 30ft. offers us shelter. By extra exertions and much blowing we succeeded in starting a blaze. Balsam boughs are gathered, which, together with what have been used by a previous party of campers are to form our mattress. Some spread the blankets while two others go to a neighboring spring for water and to gather more wood for the night. Supper is next in order. During the progress of the meal George regales us with an account of his experience a year ago when some time in the night the horses concluded they had had enough of camping and left for pastures new and home. They were found in the morning by Big Tom half way down the mountain. We expressed the hope no such calamity would befall us, and John said "They won't go off, and if they do the trailing ropes will stop them." After a time John startled us with the exclamation, "I believe those doggoned animals have gone off!" Neither the horses nor the mule were in sight, and John and George jumped up and ran around the cliff. Soon they returned, leading the erring beasts, who, led by the mule Beck, were found on the peak headed for home. The horse Nig and Beck are securely tied and the other remains near. We reclined about the fire and caught what few stray tints were vouchfafed us from the setting sun reflected in the east.

The clouds were still heavy and low enough to hide the glories of the sunset which we had come so far to see, and we consoled ourselves with hopes for the morning. As night shut down a cooler breeze blew across the mountain, although coming from the west and our cave opening to the east we were in a measure protected. At four o'clock in the morning, as if by mutual instinct, Professor Waller and I simultaneously sat bolt upright and gazed upon the eastern sky as the first cool gray tints arose. We stood upon our feet and piling on a fresh supply of fuel placed our backs to the fire and watched. How thankful we were for the promise of a clear sky, with just enough of the floating cumuli to give value to the rising sun and his glory. Look at the mass of clouds below us. How cold and like the heaving sea frozen in its moment of action.

See this is a bold rocky headland upon which we stand. Yonder projecting peak is a mighty rock rising from the sea cold and dark, gray with its covering of seaweed and drift. Out there is a rocky island, while scattered about are inlets and rocks bordering a dangerous coast. Beyond is the almost landlocked harbor, out through the gate stretching far, far away is the frozen sea with its broken undulating surface. We cannot be deceived, this is a glimpse of the silent polar sea. Meanwhile the sky is flushed with the richest of crimson colors, and the mass below us reflected in cooler tints the glory above. About us twitter the snow birds as they flitted from rock to cliff and shrub to tree in cheeriest appreciation of the beauty of the scene. As the sun rose higher the ruddy richness of his countenance changed to a more metallic lustre, and the projecting surface of the motionless sea reflected a golden hue, while the cold blue shadows gave place to warm gray tones.

Prof. Waller likened the mass directly under our feet to a mighty glacier, its precipice here at the opening to the sea and its body stretching far up among the everlasting mountains. The sun has reached sufficient height to touch some of the masses of clouds, and as his ray penetrate and warm them portions are detached, and rising float away on noiseless wing like thistledown on the morning's breath. Language fails and adjectives lose their value. To very few is it vouchsafed to behold such a sunrise from Mt. Mitchell.

Holden has been some time astir preparing breakfast, and while eating we questioned John about Prof. Mitchell and how and where his father found the body.

Thirty years ago on the 8th of July, having searched for days, Big Tom Wilson found the body of Prof. Elisha Mitchell in a pool of water 18ft. deep at the foot of a cliff 40ft. high on Sugar Camp branch of the Cat Tail fork of Caney River. He had evidently wandered around, no one knows how long, lost in the darkness and jungles of the mountain side, and falling over the precipice had been drowned in the pool below. The remains were taken to Asheville for interment, but were afterward removed to the very summit of the mountain which bears his name.

Prof. Mitchell at the time of his death was sixty-four years of age, and had gone upon the mountain to verify measurements and observations taken at a previous time. Around the grave has been reared a cairn of loose stones picked up from the mountain top, and each visitor adds one to the wall in memory of the illustrious sleeper.

Breakfast over John said we must start soon in order to reach home for dinner. We cast one long, lingering look to photograph the picture on our memories, and just as we were passing off the crest I dismounted to cut a balsam stick for a memento. It was just nine o'clock when we left, and we anticipated reaching the house at eleven. On our way we started a woodcock feeding along the trail. The others did not recognize it, but the whistle was music to my ears.

It was 9 A. M. the next day when when we bade good-bye to the hospitable family and turned our faces toward Ivy Gap. At 1 P. M. we reached Chambers, and before leaving I planned with Hardy for a week's hunt some time in the fall. We reached Asheville at 7 P. M., tired but in jolly good humor, and reveling in the memory of what we had seen, having spent four days on the trip.

P. P. Staunton.

Natural History.

A CHAPTER ON PTERYLOGRAPHY.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, U. S. ARMY.
Member American Ornithologists' Union, etc.

WERE the question propounded to any person who had never given the matter a thought—are the feathers of birds implanted in their skin in such a way as to spring from it by an even and unbroken distribution over the entire surface of the body, or are the feathers arranged upon any plan, so that were they all trimmed down close to the skin there would be presented to us some definite pattern of arrangement duly outlined by the remaining extremities of the quill-butts? I am inclined to suspect that not only that person but perhaps a great many people would at first say, "Why, a bird's body is entirely covered with feathers, of course, and they arise by an even distribution all over it." Now, the truth of the matter is that there are but a very few birds indeed that at all approach any such condition (penguins, toucans and ostrich-like birds), the vast majority of the class having their feathers arranged upon their bodies after some definite plan. This particular arrangement of a bird's plumage is technically designated by those engaged in investigating their structure as its PTERYLOSIS From the several parts of the body the feathers spring from the skin along certain lines, or from definite circumscribed areas, in either case known as "tracts" (*pterylæ*), while the unfeathered portions which occur in between these are defined as "spaces" (*apteria*). Such being the case science in due time sezied upon this discovery and enlisted so useful a characteristic in aid to the classification of birds, as men were not long in finding out that the pterylosis differed in the several families and orders of the class. A great continental naturalist, Nitzsch, has done more for us in this direction than any one else, and I may add that the pterylosis of a great many of our United States birds remains yet to be described, and that, too, in many important forms demanding a more correct classification than has thus far been awarded them. Further on I will demonstrate this latter statement by a forcible example, and as the pterylosis of a bird with due care can easily be described and worked out, it is the chief object of this contribution to excite the interest of naturalists and others in this subject, with the hope that further investigation in the field will be duly undertaken.

Nitzsch employed four principal methods of studying the pterylosis of a bird; (1) by examining nestlings; (2) by plucking adult specimens; (3) by clipping off all the feathers, wetting the body, and then examining it; and (4) by skinning the bird, and studying the *pterylæ* and *apteria* upon the inner surface of the skin.

In the present connection it is not the writer's intention to enter upon the subject of the study of the structure of the numerous forms that feathers themselves are known to assume, for as interesting as this is, space alone would prevent such a step here. Nor do I intend to dwell, and for the same reason, for any length upon the arrangement or number of the feathers-in-chief of the wings (*remiges*) or the tail (*rectrices*), both of which are known to be so various in birds. Much less do I intend to enter upon the character of plumage itself, and the fantastic variations it may display in a great many of the representatives of the class.

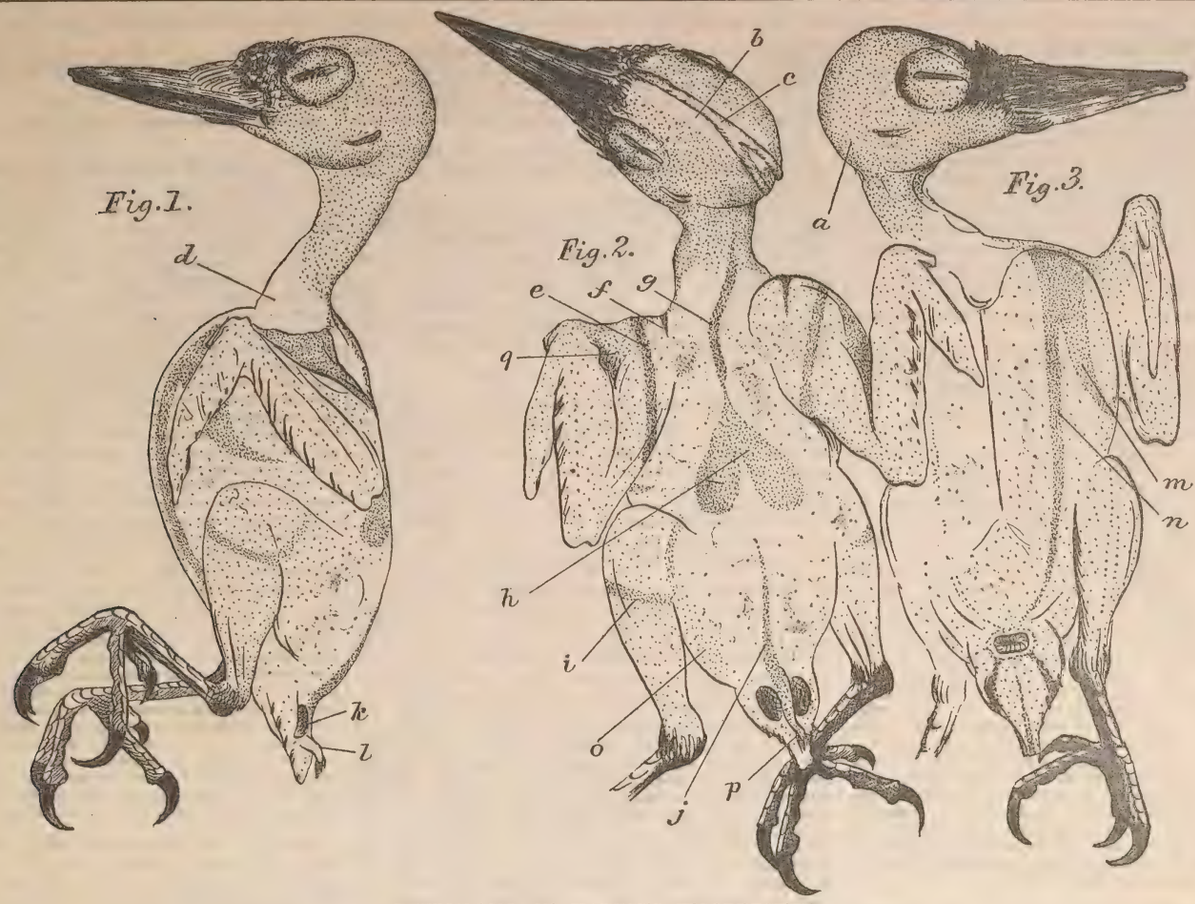
On the other hand, I shall aim to present the several names which have been bestowed upon the feather-tracts, to designate them; and by pointing them out by the aid of my drawings, herewith presented, show their relative position in one of our birds; and finally will offer another bird, nearly related, and with appropriate figures endeavor to point out the value of pterylosis in classification.

By this means I hope to lay a safe guide before any one, who in the future may have the opportunity to study the pterylosis of our birds, and especially in those forms which, up to the present writing, have not fallen into the hands of science except in dried skins, which are useless for such purposes.

Any *accurately* recorded pterylographical notes are of the highest importance to the science of ornithology.

Let us next investigate this matter in the way I have already proposed above, and for this purpose I choose an adult male specimen of Harris's woodpecker (*Dryobates villosus harrisii*), and an adult male specimen of the red-naped woodpecker (*Sphyrapicus varius nuchalis*). These birds are now before me; and first we will pluck them both carefully, commencing at the base of the mandibles in each case, and extending it down as far as the root of the neck.

It will at once be observed that in these two woodpeckers the head-tract or capital pteryla (*P. capitis*) is very different. In Harris's woodpecker there is a median naked space on top, for the most part overlying the elevation caused by the epibranchials of the hyoidean arches, which Nitzsch says occurs in all the woodpeckers he ever examined, but this authority never inspected a specimen of our *Sphyrapicus*, and in this bird the head is completely covered with feathers (Figs. 4 and 5), and no such median naked space is to be found. Moreover, as *Sphyrapicus* has a hyoidean apparatus very much as we find it in the majority of birds where the epibranchials are not curled over the top of the skull as shown in Fig. 2 at *c*, the skin is not elevated along that region. In some birds, of course, as the condors, the head is destitute of feathers. The HEAD-TRACT, as a rule, however, includes the head and the lateral tracts of the neck, merging below into the *ventral* and *spinal* tracts (Figs. 4 and 5). We may next completely finish the plucking of our two specimens, closely observing the position of the feathers as we deliberately remove them. Now it will be found that with some few, very few comparatively, birds a strip of feathers of uniform width run down the entire length of the back, but as a rule the greatest amount of variation exists in this particular. In the case of the two woodpeckers before us a marked difference is again seen, for this spinal-tract in Harris's woodpecker commences above



PTERYLOSIS OF HARRIS'S WOODPECKER.

Fig. 1.—Left lateral view of a plucked specimen of Harris's woodpecker (*D. v. harrisi*); adult male; *d*, upper part of the "inferior space" (*Apt. mesogastræi*); *k*, the uropygial gland of the left side; *l*, its external papilla with opening at its summit, which is also "tufted." Fig. 2.—Dorsal aspect of the same specimen; *b*, capital apterium; *c*, the median (at the point indicated) elevation of the skin caused by the epibranchials of the hyoidean apparatus beneath it; *g*, spinal tract; *f*, inner humeral tract; *e*, humeral tract; *h*, lower dilation of spinal tract (the saddle); *j*, lower part of spinal tract (rump tract); *i*, crural tract; *o*, femoral tract (very faintly seen in a woodpecker); *p*, caudal tract; *q*, alar tract. Fig. 3.—Anterior or ventral aspect of the same specimen, with its head turned to the left; *a*, capital tract; *n*, the ventral tract, and *m*, its external branch. All the figures drawn by the author from the specimen.

as a narrow, median, longitudinal strip, which dilates at the middle of the back as a bifurcated "saddle-tract" (Fig. 2, *g* and *h*); then occurs an interruption when a rump division of the spinal-tract commences and extends down over the tufted oil-gland (*j*), while that part which is carried over the caudal region (the true tail of a bird) is designated as the CAUDAL-TRACT. Turning to *Sphyrapicus* we note that there is no interruption in the spinal-tract,

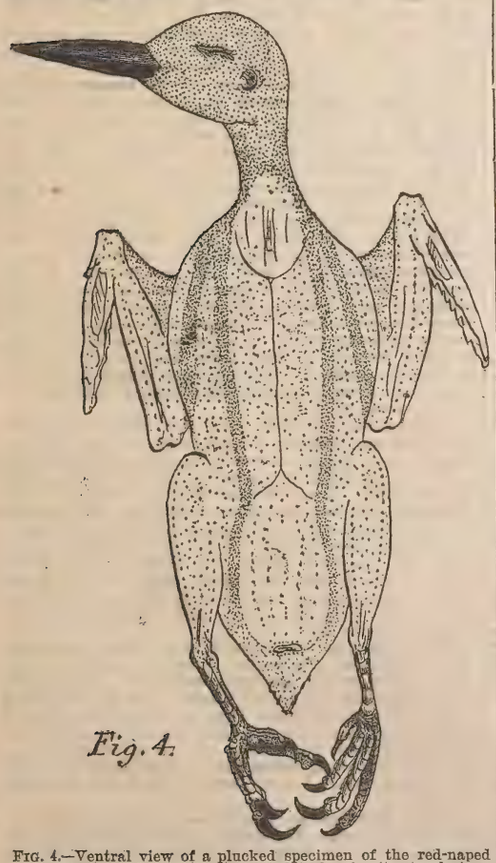


FIG. 4.—Ventral view of a plucked specimen of the red-naped woodpecker (*Sphyrapicus v. nuchalis*), showing its pterylosis or feather-tracts. (Life size, by the author from nature.)

and that the "saddle portion" is a lozenge-shaped area, as shown in Fig. 5. This is particularly interesting when taken in connection with the condition of the hyoid in this bird, for the arrangement is quite similar to the spinal-tract as it is found in passerine birds generally. Birds also show a great variation in their spinal tracts, and I hope some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will demonstrate this to their own satisfaction.

Still referring to Figure 2, we note that the humeral region of each arm is obliquely crossed by a narrow feather strip (*e*), which is known as the *humeral-tract* (the single long bone of the arm is the humerus), while in our woodpeckers we see a character quite peculiar to them, being present in both of our specimens, and shown at *f*, a little separate tract, called the *inner humeral-tract*. Nitzsch found only one woodpecker that lacked this characteristic feature, a Sumatran type (*P. luridus*). Such feathering as a wing may show, aside from the flight feathers, is collectively spoken of as the ALAR TRACT (Fig. 2, *q*).

Over the region of the thigh there is a tract known as the FEMORAL TRACT (Fig. 2, *o*), which is but very faintly indicated in woodpeckers, not noticeable at all in most specimens and species.

Then across the leg there is a well defined strip which we call the CRURAL TRACT, shown in Fig. 2 at *i*, and is even more conspicuously seen in *Sphyrapicus* (Fig. 5).

We may also see from these figures that the *apteria*, or naked spaces, are sparsely covered over in some places by small, downy feathers of an elementary character.

Turning next to Figures 3 and 4, we are enabled to study the feather-tracts as they are found to occur upon the ventral aspect of the body—and here again we note that no little difference obtains between our two specimens of woodpeckers.

Most often the VENTRAL-TRACT is a single broad one, extending from the region of the shoulder in front down to the vent, being situated about half way between the middle line of the body and the side, and not so well marked for its lower moiety as it is above (Fig. 3, *m* and *n*). In these woodpeckers, however, the upper part of this ventral-tract bifurcates, giving rise to an external tract seen at *m* and of quite a different form in *Dryobates* and *Sphyrapicus*.

A circlet of feathers usually surrounds the vent, and in Harris's woodpecker there extends down over the anterior aspect of the coccygeal region, from this point, on either side, a narrow feather tract, which, taken in connection with a median line over the same part, we might collectively name the POSTVENTRAL-TRACT, in the absence of any other designation known to me for it.

We have, then, the following feather tracts to study and compare in birds with the view of assisting us in our classification of this group of vertebrates, viz.:

1. The spinal-tract (*Pteryla spinalis*).
2. The humeral-tract (*Pteryla humeralis*).
3. The femoral or lumbar-tract (*Pteryla femoralis* seu *lumbalis*).
4. The ventral-tract (*Pteryla gastræi*).
5. The lateral neck-tract (*Pteryla colli lateralis*).
6. The head-tract (*Pteryla capitis*).
7. The wing-tract (*Pteryla alaris*).
8. The crural-tract (*Pteryla cruralis*).
9. The caudal-tract (*Pteryla caudalis*).
10. The postventral-tract (*Pteryla postventralis*).

There will, too, of course, be some anomalies to be on the lookout for, as we see in the "internal humeral tract" and such others like it.

This chapter will not have been contributed in vain if it but prove to be the means of inciting even one careful observer to enter upon this very fruitful field of research.

As for myself, I was never so fully impressed with the value of pterylography as an aid to correct taxonomy in birds, as I was when I came to investigate this character and compare it in the swifts and hummingbirds, forms hitherto supposed to be related to each, sufficiently so at least, to place them in the same order. I found the pterylosis in a swift widely different from the pterylosis in a hummingbird, a fact which further supports a former proposition of mine, elsewhere published, to the effect

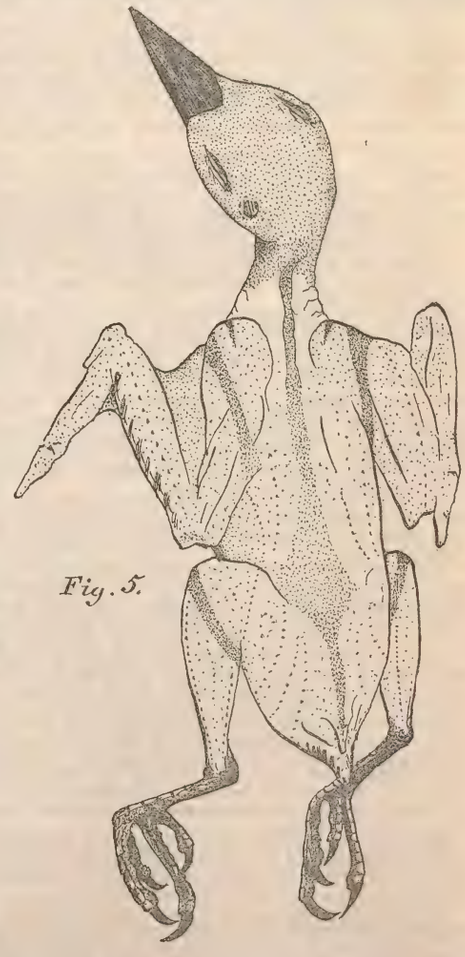


FIG. 5.—Dorsal aspect of the same specimen of *Sphyrapicus*, shown in Fig. 4, designed to illustrate its pterylosis. (Life size, by the author.)

that these birds belong in entirely different groups, they not having any special affinity whatever, as any one may see who has ever taken the trouble to fully investigate their structure.

ORT WINGATE, N. M., Aug. 4.

HUMMINGBIRD AND SPARROW.

WHO killed cock sparrow? I, said the hummingbird, with my little arrow. Lance would be the more correct word, but it wouldn't rhyme. "Jacobstaff" poohpoohs at the idea of a hummer transfixing a jack-sparrow with his bill. The presentation of bills often transfixes great, big, tough, brassy people, why shouldn't a mite of a sparrow succumb? Let me ask "Jacobstaff" an easy one: If straws can be driven through the weather boarding of a house by a cyclone, or tallow candles shot through a board, why not permit a persecuted and raging little hummer to thrust to death the tyrannous sparrow? Does he suppose the wee flash of gold and emerald could not infuse enough backbone into his bill, in his frenzied fury, to pierce even a sparrow's jacket? Go to. There be more things in heaven and earth than we have yet compassed.

If the correspondent is to be believed, the hummingbird was seen by him to repeatedly attack the sparrow as if thrusting his bill into him, and afterward the sparrow, kingbird and one or two other birds were found dead beneath the hummer's nest. Men have been hung on less powerful circumstantial evidence. The kingbird, mark you, was not seen to attack, nor even to make insulting and exasperating motions to the sparrow, nor was the latter seen to sidle toward the former, or "other birds," with his wings trailing and evidently using insulting and indecent language, nagging them in his only and inimitable way—none of this. These great hulks of birds were there for infamous purposes. It is an unwritten but not unsung law among the feathered tribes that, during the bringing forth of a family, outside parties must keep (not hands, but) feet off. How would "Jacobstaff" feel, supposing him to be a Benedict with the title of paterfamilias, to have noisy, tattling, and altogether disreputable interlopers around at a similar period in his family history? He'd attack them were they Brobdignaggian, and slay them had he nought more than a pen—and all honor to him for it. Then why belittle the deed of the valiant little David in slaying the Philistine? If I were a poet I would sing in immortal verse the brave deed of the hummer, and I here bespeak the services of some laureate at his earliest opportunity. It would have been proof more positive, possibly, if the hummingbird had been found dead with his little bill driven through one of his tormentors and clinched, but he had other fish to fry, and still no doubt lives and hums to protect his family and spear other marauding sparrows, et al. Give the humming bird his due. O. O. S.

UNUSUAL NESTING SITES OF BIRDS.

IN a paper read before the California Academy of Sciences, Aug. 1, 1887, by Mr. Walter E. Bryant, some interesting cases are cited of unusual nesting places of birds. He says:

One of the interesting features of the study of oölogy is the selection of strange nesting sites made by many birds when the circumstances of their environment compel a departure from their customary habits. This is especially noticeable in certain tree-building species, which avail themselves of low bushes and sometimes even the ground in the absence of trees.

During a recent trip to Carson, Nev., and vicinity, I was particularly impressed by the unusual and novel situation which had been chosen by birds whose nesting habits were well known. These had adapted themselves to various situations, the mention of which, together with instances noted from other localities where choice rather than circumstances seemingly prompted the departures, may be interesting.

CALIFORNIA PARTRIDGE (*Callipepla californica*).—Essentially a ground building species, but several cases have come to my notice of its nesting in trees upon the upright end of a broken or decayed limb or at the intersection of two large branches. A few years ago a brood was hatched and safely conducted away from a vine-covered trellis at the front door of a popular seminary. How the parent birds managed to get the tender young down to the ground is not known.

RED-SHAFTED FLICKER (*Colaptes cafer*).—Three instances are recalled when this species nested in unusual places. One of these was in a bridge bulkhead a few feet above the Carson River. The interior of the structure was filled with gravel and large stones, among which the eggs were deposited. Another pair used a target butt at a much frequented range as a substitute for a stump. A third nest was in a sandbank 3ft. from the top and 10ft. from the creek. This hole was apparently specially prepared, and not one made by a ground squirrel, such holes being sometimes used by these birds.

CALLIOPE HUMMINGBIRD (*Trochilus calliope*).—A nest was found built upon a projecting splinter of a wood pile at a height of 5ft. Another was secured to a rope within an outbuilding.

ARKANSAS KINGBIRD (*Tyrannus verticalis*).—An old and much flattened nest of Bullock's oriole was found relined and containing four kingbird's eggs. One of the most remarkable instances of persistency in nest building was met with in the case of a pair of kingbirds which had attempted to construct a nest upon the outer end of a windmill fan. A horizontal blade had probably been first selected, but an occasional breath of air had slightly turned the mill, bringing into place another and another, upon each of which had been deposited the first material for a nest until several nests were in different stages of construction, varying with the time that the windmill had remained quiet, while upon the roof below was strewn a quantity of debris that had fallen as the wheel revolved. Of course nothing but failure could be expected from their repeated attempts.

SAY'S PHŒBE (*Sayornis saya*).—A nest which could be conveniently reached by a person on horseback was found by Mr. Walter Bliss at Carson, placed within and close to the entrance of a deserted bank swallow's burrow.

BREWER'S BLACKBIRD (*Scolecophagus cyanocephalus*).—All the nests found at Carson were upon the ground, usually on the edge of a bank formed by an irrigating ditch, with the exception of one which was built 2ft. from the ground upon dry tule and well hidden by the growing stems.

CRIMSON HOUSE FINCH (*Carpodacus frontalis rhodocolpus*).—Besides the odd situations which they select about the houses, they avail themselves of the last year's nests of Bullock's oriole.

PARKMAN'S WREN (*Troglodytes aedon parkmanii*).—The species has been known to build in the skull of a horse, which had been placed in a fruit tree; in the nests of cliff swallows, and within an old shoe lodged in a tree.

WESTERN ROBIN (*Merula migratoria propinqua*).—A pair of robins built and reared a brood in a hanging basket suspended from the edge of the veranda at the residence of Mr. H. G. Parker, at Carson, Nev.

WESTERN BLUEBIRD (*Sialia mexicana*).—Dr. Cooper informs me that he has known a bluebird to build in a cliff swallow's nest.

MOUNTAIN BLUEBIRD (*Sialia arctica*).—Three incubated eggs of this species were taken from the nest of a barn swallow at Lake Tahoe, Cal., by Mr. Walter Bliss.

EUROPEAN SPARROW (*Passer domesticus*).—Since the introduction of this pest into our cities, many birds, hitherto common, have left for the suburbs, notably the cliff swallows, whose nests were appropriated by the sparrows. In these cases the limited space compelled the latter to dispense with the usual amount of rubbish, and carry in only a lining of feathers.

THE GILA MONSTER.—Benson, Arizona, Aug. 11.—The readers of your valuable paper should feel under obligations to Dr. Shufeldt for his highly interesting article on the Gila monster, in issue of August 4. While this creature is quite common in this vicinity, very little is really known about them, and naturally many erroneous ideas are commonly held in regard to them. One which I think is not questioned by the Mexican, credits it with the power of throwing its poison. I have often heard the statement made that its poison could be cast a foot or more. Of course there is no foundation in fact for such belief, but it goes to show how little is really known of the habits of the Gila monster in places where it is the most common. Others hold the opinion that they are entirely harmless. Two years ago, a very large one was on exhibition at a saloon in Fairbank, a few miles from here. A man came in, and after expressing himself of his firm belief that they would not bite, attempted to force open the reptile's mouth, in order to convince the crowd that they were all wrong in regard to its venomous powers. He finally succeeded in forcing open the jaws, but no sooner were they open than they immediately closed upon his thumb, puncturing the nail. Whisky was immediately administered in large doses but had no effect, the man sank into a stupor from which he never rallied, dying in about four hours from the time he was bitten. The Gila monster, tarantulas and centipedes are much more numerous during the rainy season, which is now upon us. Last season there was captured in the yard in front of our office a centipede which measured seven inches in length, the largest I have ever seen. Tarantulas are very common and attain a very large size. —G. N. K.

DISCOVERY OF THE NEST AND EGGS OF THE EVENING GROSBEAK (*Coccothraustes vespertina*).—At a meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, June 20, 1887, Mr. Walter E. Bryant read a paper under the above title. He said: "Although this species was first described in 1825, I believe that no description of its nest and eggs has previously appeared. Accordingly I take pleasure in announcing the discovery of the first nest and eggs, by Mr. E. H. Fiske, in Yolo county, California. Regarding this interesting finding Mr. Fiske has written me the following particulars from his field notes. The nest, containing four eggs, was taken May 10, 1886, but incubation was so far advanced that he was unable to preserve them. In general shape, color and marking, they were similar to eggs of the black-headed grosbeak, but in size he thinks they were somewhat larger. The nest was built in a small live oak, at a height of ten feet, and was a more pretentious structure than is usually built by the black-headed grosbeak, being composed of small twigs supporting a thin layer of fibrous bark and a lining of horsehair. It is hoped that Mr. Fiske will be successful in finding additional specimens from which measurements may be determined."

THOSE MYSTERIOUS MAINE CATS AGAIN.—New London, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While on a trip down the Maine coast this summer, I stopped a few days at a granite quarry called Long Cave, about thirty miles below the Kennebec River. While there, in one store of the place, I noticed a queer animal. It was like a cat, excepting its tail and ears. The tail was similar to a skunk's, only being soft and fine hair. From the inside of the ears grew long feelers, that hung so as to form tassels. The animal was about the size of a large house cat, and perfectly tame and extremely playful. Color black and white, with stripings like a common black and white skunk. The inhabitants called it a "skunk cat," and said it was a cross between a skunk and cat.—A. B. C. [This must be a variant of the "coon cat" story, the animal being in all probability an Angora cat, or a cross between an Angora cat and a common cat.]

A SAD AFFLICTION.—We regret to learn that Dr. Morris Gibbs, on his return recently from a fishing excursion to northern Michigan, was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, which leaves his right side completely helpless. He is now able to walk by the aid of a cane held in his left hand, but his right arm and hand are of no use whatever. Dr. Gibbs's interesting articles on the birds and mammals of Michigan will be remembered with pleasure by many of our readers. He is an ardent lover of nature, and it is to be hoped that his recovery and his return to his favorite pursuits may not be long delayed.

Throughout what used to be marked on the maps as Rupert's Land are extensive areas of low swampy ground, reed and grass grown, and hundred of small lakes. The Canadian Pacific Railroad winds for miles through a portion of this swampy region, and in every swamp and lake were thousands of mother ducks surrounded by their young, and scores of geese were also there. The region is the breeding ground of wild waterfowl. Snipe and plover ran along the shores of the open lakes and white gulls flitted softly over the lakes crying mournfully. I looked at these birds with great interest and quickly saw that the ducks were mostly mallards and there was not a drake among them. I asked an Englisman who breeds hunting dogs at Winnipeg and who is a sportsman, where the drakes were. "In the far north," he replied, and then he added: "They stay here until the ducks begin to set, then they suddenly disappear. A few weeks after the shooting season opens immense flocks of old green-head mallards arrive from the north and at once mingle with the young ducks. Yes," he repeated, "the drakes summer in the far north."—*Times Correspondence.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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A MICHIGAN WILD TURKEY.

IT is not in mental listlessness that the overworked mind finds complete rest: it is by diverting it into other channels of equal activity, but of less laborious thought, of more excitement, but of less responsibility. If the body has become weary with sedentary labors, it too needs a change to active muscular exertions, which will accelerate the blood and stimulate the secretions. For him who has a taste for the billiard table, the dancing hall, the horse race or base ball, these diversions may serve as a relief from oppressive mental toil; in them may be found the completest rest for both mind and body. Yes, there is rest for the body, even in its aching fatigue. The tired hunter returns to camp fairly oppressed with fatigue, pulls off his boots and jacket, and throws himself upon the blankets, which cover his bed of boughs, and feels an abandon of luxury which can only be enjoyed, but not described. The hissing of the frying-pan or of the stew kettle is music which charms the savage breast as well as his own, and the aroma of the coffee whets an appetite which a long day fasting in the wood has made so keen that it can give to the coarsest fare a luxurious relish. But it is rare that the camp table is reduced to coarse fare. This is proved by the fat buck that hangs on the limb of a tree hard by, a few brace of grouse, which hang on one antler, and on the other a string of speckled trout or black bass, fresh from the stream or lakelet, whose restless waters sing a cadence more harmonious than Æolian harp. Such luxuries as these with congenial companionship in the light of soft nature's smiles, or where nature's rugged features almost frown, constitute a feast in a banquet hall so broad that it has no limit, and adorned with pictures the like of which no artist ever painted. The perfume of pine and balsam and other fragrant trees and shrubs expands the lungs, and soothe to sleep so sweet and so invigorating that in the morning one can remember no disturbing dreams, but feels that a new lease of life has come and of a life worth living.

When one has lived for more than fifty years where game did greatly abound, most of which were interspersed with such pleasing episodes, the loss of vision, so that he can no longer shoot nor even fish with satisfaction, drives him to the memory of the past, where he can live over again the scenes which at the time filled his heart with joy. How vividly many particular incidents come up of long, long ago, when a very successful shot, or great luck with the rod and reel, that produced a thrill that penetrated the very soul, which seemed for the instant to fairly intoxicate him. These bright spots in memory are a sweet solace to one who can only read and write vicariously; but one can not shoot by the hands of another. To attempt this would be a mockery and a regret. One of these bright spots now shines out before me, as I contemplate the past, and I may again enjoy it and perhaps more fully by relating it.

About the first of November, 1847, when I was holding the circuit court at Hennepin in Putnam county, Ill., Mr. Poole, who lived on Sandy Creek about 10 miles south, came in and invited Mr. Cook and myself to go down and spend a night at his cabin and take a morning hunt. Both deer and wild turkeys were at that time abundant, and the temptation was irresistible.

Mr. Poole had himself been an old hunter, and had made several trips to Santa Fe, in New Mexico, in the employment of trains or caravans to supply them with meat, and his accounts of his experiments were always told in a charming and instructive manner. I was particularly struck with the description of the way in which he would determine the neighborhood of a herd of buffalo when he would start out before daylight in the morning. He would go a mile or so into the prairie, and there on the top of some knoll or ridge place his ear to the ground, and listen for their continuous grunt or heavy breathing when lying down and ruminating. A considerable herd acting in unison could in this mode be heard at a long distance, and their direction determined before they could scent the hunter, even though the wind was favorable for them. When a herd was thus located, he would secure a position to the leeward of them, and by cautious approach would gain a proximity by the time it was light enough to shoot, which would enable him to make a choice selection.

At that time the buffalo were very abundant, and he rarely had any difficulty in supplying the camp with an abundance of meat. Indeed it was not infrequent that a caravan was delayed by countless herds of buffalo crossing the trail. They were sometimes harassed by the Comanche Indians, who were at that time a terror to both the whites and their savage neighbors. Indeed it was claimed that a large portion of white blood was infused into the tribe which was obtained from white children which they had stolen from settlements at a great distance away, and brought up in their savage homes, and these Mr. Poole said became the worst savages of them all.

Those who have ever listened to an intelligent trapper or plainsman of fifty years ago can appreciate how we enjoyed that evening until near midnight. There is certainly a charm about the adventures which have occurred in the wild prairies, in the deep and sombre forests, and in the craggy mountains where civilization has not broken the charm which wild nature exhibits in her enchanting displays. If I could remember all that I have heard the old hunter relate, I could write a book of surpassing interest.

At last we retired to rest, but long before daylight we were up and out. There was a cornfield up the creek bottom, not more than half a mile away, which Mr. Poole said the deer frequently visited just before daylight. This position was assigned to me. Heavy forests were all around. The moon had gone down, and the starlight seemed insufficient to shed any light beneath the deep shade of the forest. I cautiously followed the path, which led alongside of and beyond the cornfield, intently listening for the sound of the deer, but heard nothing. When I had gotten beyond the field, I sat down upon an old log, waiting and listening till streaks of light began to shoot up in the east and show themselves above the tops of the great trees. No deer came.

No sound was heard. Not a breath of air was moving, but all was profoundly still. At last, when the light had grown stronger, at the very top of a very high elm I saw an object relieved against the sky, and I soon became satisfied that it was a wild turkey.

As I was now disgusted with deer hunting, I resolved to make an effort for the lesser game. While the tops of the trees were being lighted up, all beneath was yet dark. I saw a very large elm tree with a huge trunk, which I thought was within shooting distance of my game, and I lost no time in getting to a position where that tree would hide me from the bird.

With the extremest caution and as quickly as possible I approached this big tree, and when I had reached it and carefully pecked beyond I was delighted to see the turkey still in position, and that there was a clear space between him and me. I quickly brought my rifle up against the tree, but it was still too dark to see the sights distinctly. The bird stood out against the sky, but I could not tell whether he stood with his breast or his back toward me. He was evidently alarmed, probably by the cracking of some twigs as I carefully made my approach, and he stood up as straight as a penguin, his neck stretched out to the utmost. It was an anxious moment while I stood there waiting till the increasing light would enable me to see the sights of the rifle. I knew it was about time for him to leave his perch, and feared that that time might be hastened by his manifest alarm. I could not yet tell whether his breast or back was toward me, but as soon as I could see the sights of the gun I took a very deliberate aim at what I believed to be the center of his body. Oh my! what a crashing he made falling through the branches of that great elm tree, his wings in their spasmodic flutterings striking every limb and twig within their reach, and when he struck the ground it was with a thud which sounded very loud to me at least. That was the supreme moment of ecstacy to me. It seemed to twinge every nerve and almost suspended the throbbing of the heart. One would have supposed that such a fall would have knocked every spark of life out of him, but not so, for when I got up to him he had cleared a space of ten feet at least of all the leaves and other movable things, and was still tearing away like a flutter wheel.

Now, one who lacks experience in this matter can hardly appreciate what a fuss a great wild turkey can make when he has just simply lost his head and no more, and that was substantially the case with my bird. When he finally became quiet so that I could make a leisurely examination, I found that he had stood with his back toward me, and that his vertebra was exactly on a line with the flight of the bullet, which had ranged up along the back, scarcely breaking the skin and cutting off the neck close to the body.

That, I think, was the largest turkey I ever killed, and the thud with which he struck the ground was sweeter music to my ear than Patti ever sang.

I regret that for the want of proper facilities that turkey was never weighed, and as I am not exempt from the proclivities of a sportsman, I think it safer not to express an opinion of its weight, either from myself or from others. As that was the only game captured on that excursion, I must terminate my turkey story here.

JOHN DEAN CATON.

FRENCH WAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since my arrival in Paris I have been trying to find something in the way of sporting news that would interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but so far without much success. Sportsmen there are indeed and in plenty; and among sportsmen I of course include fishermen. The fishermen of Paris are a well-known institution. For who is there that has ever visited this city that does not remember the blue-bloused *ouvrier*, with his long one-piece bamboo-fishing rod and little footstool, on which he stands patiently from sunrise to sunset? They line the Seine from the Pont de Passey to the Pont National away down below Bercey, which is as far as I have yet been; although from what I have seen I have no doubt that they line the river as far as Anteuil, in the same reckless profusion. I have watched them intently day after day when I could and should have been more profitably employed, but there is a singular fascination about their patient idleness, and I cannot resist the temptation to study them when in the vicinity.

I have endeavored time and time again to find out what manner of fish they had any hope of catching, or what they thought could live in such filthy water; but although they had been at all times extremely polite, I could get no response save shrugs and smiles. It may be that my French is at fault, as it is none of the best; or perhaps, as I am inclined to believe, they have not the slightest expectation nor desire of catching fish. I have indeed seen them frequently catch weeds, rags and old paper, the debris which is usually found in rivers whose banks are as densely populated as are those of the Seine, and once I saw an old man pull up from the bottom the body of an infant done up in an old petticoat. Again, I have seen them standing over and fishing in a rapidly discharging sewer, the dirty, foul-smelling water polluting the river for at least 10ft. in every direction. I have seen then on the large, open floats fastened to the banks, from which the women wash the soiled clothes, the water here being discolored in all directions with soap and many other foreign ingredients. Then again, most repulsive of all, I have seen them fishing off the very pier on which stands the morgue, in which there are usually from three to eight bodies taken, perhaps, from the water. I have watched them three or four times a week for the past three months, and I solemnly declare that, barring the rags, paper and the baby, I have as yet seen them take nothing. But say they did, in the name of decency who would want to eat it, knowing it came from where it did? Think of our fresh, clear mountain streams and the athletic trout, then ask yourself if you would care to come to Paris to "go a fishing." This picture may seem to you like exaggeration, but the facts are undeniable. So much for the fishing.

From what I can hear the hunting is not much better. It is true that when the first of September has come you can at any railroad terminus see crowds of, I was going to say sportsmen, but will modify that and say men going shooting. They are gotton up in the most gorgeous tyle, with leather hunting coats—on the first of September in Paris, think of it—leggins, heavy sole shoes, game bag, dogs, guns, hunting horn and valet to carry the game. All this to bring home what? I will tell you later; first let me tell you what it is necessary to undergo before one can legally take his place in this noble army. The following was thus told me by a personal friend, an ardent sportsman in the best sense, and a thorough backwoodsman. Imagine his disgust as he recited his experience.

"First you must get a license. That you must have to pull trigger in any part of France, whether you be French, American, English or of any other nationality. To obtain this you must have two well-known and respectable tradesmen, duly licensed to trade (no matter the business, a charcoal burner will do as well as another) who will vouch that you are neither a lunatic nor gauster, for these two characters seem to be the *bêtes noirs* of the French Republic. Having obtained the services of an obliging wine merchant and an equally accommodating shoemaker, the three of us marched to the office of the commissioners (equivalent to our magistrate). Having been duly introduced, I explained the object of my visit. The functionary narrowly inspected the credentials of my two friends and then apparently satisfied turned to me and asked my name, residence and profession. These are readily answered; but the fourth query was a sticker, 'Have you your baptismal certificate?' As this interesting ceremony had been performed about fifty years before, I did not have the document with me, but could no doubt procure it from home (America) if absolutely necessary. 'Are you married?' 'Yes.' 'Any children?' I was obliged to confess to two. 'Have you your marriage certificate?' 'No, sir;' and I humbly suggested that I called for a game certificate. 'I must have these papers or how am I to know who you are?' Fortunately I remembered an old passport I had in my desk at my apartments and suggested that it might do. 'That will answer, show it to me.' 'I will go get it at once.' 'No, come here to-morrow with your two friends and bring it.'

"The next day, about eleven, we three again went to the office. 'The *Commissaire* is at breakfast. Call at one o'clock.' We did so and the ordeal was renewed. My friends' credentials were again carefully inspected and my passport underwent a searching scrutiny. He, however, at last beckoned to his clerk to bring pen, ink and paper, and recorded my age, birth place and present occupation. He then said, 'Stand on that,' pointing toward a weighing machine. '*Cent-soixante-cinq*,' shouted the clerk after intently studying the machine; and my weight was recorded. The magistrate then moved toward me and scanned my outward man with a sort of photographic look. The color of my hair, eyes and eyebrows, the shape and size of my forehead, nose, chin, mouth and ears, all were carefully noted down. I then confidently expected my certificate and deferentially intimated as much. 'You must go down to the Prefecture between ten and four to-morrow; here is a memorandum; present it to the officer in waiting.'

"I went accordingly, alone this time, and was obliged to undergo another inspection, as this official did not appear to have the same faculty of distinguishing color, or the same power of phrenological description, and he altered his fellow official's portraiture accordingly. Ultimately, however, I received a piece of blue paper, some 17x15in., was asked for and cashed in 28 francs, and retired with the precious privilege of killing anything gamy within the jurisdiction of the Prefect of the Seine.

"After all this trouble I was told by one who had 'been there,' that the chances were ten to one that I would never be asked to produce it (as I found correct), and that should I by any chance be asked the chances were the same that the *Garde Champêtre* would not be able to read it. I have been out four times. My certificate and incidental expenses amounted to 213 francs and shooting all the game (?) I saw, I got one rook, two magpies, one lark and one rat. I shall refrain, he continued, from going shooting here any more, as I find that it is far more economical to get your game as other Parisians do, at the poultry shops."

MAC.

SNIPING ON SHINNECOCK BAY.

HAVING decided to spend my vacation at the seashore, I thought Shinnecock Bay would be the most likely place to get some shooting. After shaking hands with the landlord, the question of the day was debated on and the guides thought the next day would be a "good one" for a flight of the birds, as the wind was commencing to blow quite fresh from the south; so the services of Will were engaged on the spot and he said he would wake me at 3 A. M., to have time to get something to eat before starting. After a little shooting talk I went to my room to unpack my traps and get things ready for the morning. When the chairs and the floor were spread full of things to my great satisfaction, I turned in for the night, or, I should say, the morning, as it seemed as if I had just found the soft spot in the bed when some one thumped on my door, and when I answered Will said: "It's quarter past 3, and if you don't get up the other fellows will have the pick of the stands." I rolled out, tumbled into my clothes and felt my way in the dark down stairs, where the others were seated around the table eating at the rate of forty knots an hour, and in a few minutes I was not far behind.

After we were through breakfast we made a few sandwiches, got a jug of water, and started for the boats; and then commenced the race for the stands. As there was no breeze, nothing was left to do but to pole, so at it we went, or rather Will went, as the writer felt "tired" and lay off in the stern of the boat and watched the pink begin to glow in the east and the light in the Shinnecock Lighthouse fade. Finally we reached our stand, on a small island leased by Will's father, put out the decoys and got into the boxes. By and by, as the day dawned, we heard a few yelpers off to the windward, and Will tried to call them up, but I guess those snipe had pressing business on hand, as they did not show up. I settled down in the box to wait developments, when W. whispered, "Here comes a flock," ond as they swung around to alight we both cut loose and got seven birds, all small yellowlegs. Some little time after this we saw a single willet coming toward us, and as I saw it did not intend to come down to the decoys, I said I guessed I would try a shot at him. When I fired (the left barrel) the willet was almost directly over us, and, as near as we could judge, about 80yds. high in the air. At the report of my gun he dropped like a stone, with one wing badly broken and shot through the body. My gun is a 7¾lb., 32in., left barrel ¼ choke, right barrel cylinder, and the charge was 3¼drs. powder, 1⅛oz. No. 6 soft shot. I call that a good shot (it might have been all luck), and when the Bonehill goes off there usually is a bone hill in the neighborhood. High up in the air were two large cranes following the line of the shore, and far off to the left we descried the large bald-headed eagle of Shinnecock Hills floating lazily through the clear atmosphere. As the sun began to get rather hot we decided to pull up the decoys and go for the house. There was a good stiff breeze, the little catboat lay down to business, and we were soon at the dock. When I counted our morning's shoot I found we had some sixty odd birds, including willet, large yellowlegs, small yellowlegs, robin snipe, two greenback plover and dowitchers. I stayed down there two weeks, from Aug. 1 to the 15th, but never had such a good day's sport as this.

SHORE BIRD.

AUGUST 13.

DUCKING METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg space to enter a protest against a manner of shooting ducks practiced in some parts of Maine, and a mode, if carried out, that will do more to exterminate ducks than anything yet that I have seen; it is a deadly and more so than the battery or sinkbox. I refer to baiting ducks in September and shooting dozens at a time. I have seen forty killed by two guns at one discharge. This is allowed by Maine laws, though netting is prohibited; there is no difference between the two, barring the noise, the number of ducks taken is only limited by the size of the net or the number of guns.

What disgusts me most is that the men whom I saw shooting thus were not market shooters, but of good means and fair wing shots. But they wanted their money's worth of ducks and this was the easiest way to get them, as also was treeing partridges and netting pigeons. I do hope that something will be done in the near future to discourage this slaughter.

E. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of April 7 that "D. M. P." asks how to get the ducks, and asks for suggestions for a practical method of shooting ducks which settle in the middle of a lake three-quarters of a mile wide; he adds that decoys and blinds made of brush stuck in the ground are ineffectual; ducks have become shy of them. Doubtless most duck shooters have had similar experience. I have used a boat invented and constructed by Mr. H. A. Hannum, of Cazenovia, N. Y., which meets the case and other wants of the shooter most effectually. The shooters lie down flat in the boat and are nicely hidden from sight of birds flying over by a canvas decking, so arranged as to be a complete protection to the hunters and their effects from rains and cold winds, which, by the way, is no very small item at times.

This boat is propelled either by one or both the shooters working with the feet a system of levers which in turn work a set of paddles, thus leaving the hands entirely free for the use of the gun at any moment. There are no motions in sight, nor is noise made. In using it nearly a hundred times I have seldom failed to get the ducks, especially when approached slowly. I have worked up in this way and bagged old honkers when the same flock about an hour before had been put to flight by a common boat, about a quarter of a mile from them, on which hunters were doing their best to work up to them. I think "D. M. P." will find this a "practical method," and a very satisfactory way of getting some of the wary ducks.

L. B. T.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

A BLACKTAIL.

WHITE SULPHER SPRINGS, Mont., Aug. 15.—Pitching hay isn't much fun, and to-day I thought a holiday might be allowed me, fitly to celebrate the return of the open season. To-day I was lucky. A black-looking piny gulch on the west slope of the Castle Mountains looked inviting, and I made my pony climb clear to the edge of the timber, where I picketed him. As I picked my way up the little watercourse at the bottom of the ravine, footprints here and there punched deep into the moss showed me that I had "sized the place up" about right, and that I was entering the summer home of the blacktail.

As I proceeded, the slopes of the ravine grew very steep, and the bottom criss-crossed with fallen timber, and I moved but slowly, lest my foot slip on the jagged stones, which were easily displaced, making rattle enough to defeat my schemes. However, when less than half a mile into the timber, I heard a sound that made my heart thump a little quicker—crash! crash!—then half a minute's pause, then again crash! crash! rattle! and the animal paused in view on the rocky slope of the cañon about 120yds. distant. It was a big five-point buck, and he still wore his yellow coat.

Holding fair on the center of his left shoulder, as he stood quartering, I touched her off, only to see him leap off with his head lowered. I jerked another .40-60 into the gun and was about to open fire again when he dropped and rolled down the slope with never a kick. It was an easy matter to slide him down over the rocks to the water, but his horns suffered somewhat from contact with the flints, as they were still in the velvet and quite soft. A pretty pair they were, and of good size. He was beginning to shed his thin summer hair, and the short blue showed through in places; and as for his meat—

"* * * finer or fatter
Ne'er roamed in a forest or smoked on a platter."

When I opened him I had the satisfaction of finding my bullet hole through the thick of his heart, which accounted for his abrupt stop.

IPSARRAKA.

CAPE COD SHORE BIRDS.—Monomoy Island, Aug. 20.—The southeast storm of this week brought along a small flight of shore birds. Several flocks of black-bellied, and one of green or golden plover, and some of the last were seen in the fields about Chatham. Peeps have been here some time, and last week a few jack curlew and winter or greater yellowlegs came along. Shore birds have been very scarce so far this season. We expect a flight of grassbirds or pectoral sandpipers, also young beetleheads or black-bellied plover soon.—CHESTER.

GAME IN THE PARK.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.—In a trip made through the Park in the early part of July, our party saw deer and elk in Gibbon Meadow, antelope in Hayden Valley, and bear on Mt. Washburn, besides seeing a great number of bear tracks along the lake shore, tracks where bear of all ages and sizes had walked along the beach and trails. Elk and deer signs were seen everywhere, as the game is now scattered all over the country. They are in very small bands. A short time ago two soldiers, while on a scout in the country east of Mt. Washburn on the east side of the Yellowstone Cañon, they report, saw thirty-eight buffalo in one band, consisting of four or five bulls and the rest cows and calves. This I think is the band seen and reported by the FOREST AND STREAM'S Mid-Winter Expedition.

All kinds of venomous flies are quite numerous in the Park, driving the game to cover during the day, so that one is quite fortunate to get a glimpse of anything except early in the morning and the cool of the evening, when the game comes out to feed.

I hear of a great many elk in the southern part of the Park; though not wintering there, yet belong there and to the Park. A man who wintered at Jackson's Lake, a hunter and trapper, reports 15,000 elk as having wintered south of the Park in the valley of the Shoshone or Snake River. I believe this number somewhat exaggerated, too large by several thousand. Yet there must have been a great many. He reports that the settlers in the country were compelled to drive the elk off the range so their stock could get feed. Very few were killed, only when meat was wanted; none for hides, as the laws of Wyoming prevent the sale of untanned hides of game. He further reports that no bison were seen during the winter.

On about the 10th of July trout or salmon flies began to appear. These are the best bait to be found for taking fish; they are winged insects some two inches long when full grown. We have no angle worms in this country, but nature has kindly given us the salmon fly and the grasshopper. I have often noticed that when a "true sportsman" can't catch fish with artificial flies he will take very kindly to grasshoppers and salmon flies. One will often see a fisherman after a festive grasshopper, striking wildly at it with a hat profusely ornamented with artificial flies. The Yellowstone River is unusually full of a fish, called here, "whitefish," "stone-rollers," "suckers," and by some "grayling." They are not grayling but a sucker-mouthed fish with a projecting nose for turning small boulders and digging into the ground. They are quite gamy, will take artificial flies or bait and will fight quite as hard as trout, but are not as good a table fish. They are very fond of trout eggs and other fish eggs, which their nose or bill enables them to get from the gravel where the trout have deposited them. May their number grow less. Grayling are not found in the waters of the Yellowstone, but are in the Madison and Gallatin rivers. H.

[The "stone-rollers" are a true whitefish (*Coregonus*).]

WESTCALONG LAKE ASSOCIATION.—Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 19.—A party of New York and Brooklyn gentlemen have organized under the name of the Westcalong Lake and Delaware River Park Association, and have purchased 5,000 acres of wild forest lands in Pike county, Pa., for the purpose of establishing there a game and fish preserve and an attractive pleasure resort. The property adjoins the famous 20,000-acre tract of the Blooming Grove Park Association, and is easy of access from New York by the Erie Railroad, whose line skirts along the Delaware River front. The officers just elected at the organization of the new Park Association are: Henry E. Klugh, of New York, President; Dr. Elijah A. Maxwell, of New York, Vice-President; William Holbert, of Lackawaxen, Pa., Treasurer; William P. Holley, of New York, Secretary. The bounds of the new purchase extend back into the forest five miles from the Delaware River, and include the beautiful sheet of water known as Westcalong Lake, together with other smaller lakes and noted streams. The property is already in its natural state well stocked with deer and varieties of game birds and fish. The plans of the association provide for the improvement of the natural beauties and advantages of the tract on an extensive scale by the preservation and propagation of all suitable varieties of game and by the construction of roads and bridges and the building of shooting boxes and cottages, and of a commodious and handsome club house on the shores of Westcalong Lake. The Erie Railroad Company has agreed to establish a station at the main entrance of the new park.—*New York Times.*

ARIZONA.—Benson, Aug. 11.—Our game prospects for the coming season are excellent. Quail are very numerous and are so large now as to be beyond any danger of drowning during rainy season or being captured by the coyote. Deer and bear are reported very numerous in the mountains, with a few antelope and lots of mountain lions. The last have been so destructive among calves and colts this season that cattlemen have offered a reward for scalps, in addition to the bounty given by the county. I am more and more interested in the perusal of your excellent paper, which in my opinion hasn't its peer in the world. It seems to improve from year to year, if that be possible.—G. N. K.

MANITOBA GAME.—Winnipeg, Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The duck season opens in this province on Monday, the 15th, with fair prospects of plenty of that kind of feathered game, though as the country becomes settled you are obliged to go to the back lakes to get good sport. Grouse shooting begins here Sept. 1. Numerous coveys of young birds are reported in the vicinity of the settlers' wheat fields, but a few miles outside the city. No woodcock shooting in this province, but plenty of snipe and plover.—STANSTEAD.

WILD RICE.—Nantucket, Aug. 20.—Last spring an interesting article on wild rice in your journal attracted my attention, as the plant is not known here. I wrote to the author, and he kindly agreed to gather me some this fall. I have secured control of a salt marsh and pond and desire to follow the matter up, but have unfortunately lost the gentleman's address. Perhaps if you could publish this he would see it.—F. J. CROSBY. [Wild rice seed is advertised in another column.]

SHORE BIRDS.—Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 20.—A heavy rain to-night gives us hope of the flight of the greenhead plover stopping on our island to rest. We shoot them from stands dug in the ground, over decoys; they bunch up over them and frequently repeat this after the first barrel, giving a second chance with the other. Bags of two or three dozen and as high as a hundred are got when they are plenty, but they do not stop here in plenty unless stopped by bad weather.—F. J. C.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.—Compilations of the New York game laws are issued in pamphlet form by W. C. Little & Co., Albany (compiled by Franklin M. Danaher, Esq.), and the Eastern Fish and Game Protective Association, of Albany (compiled by E. W. Rankin, Esq.). Price of each, 50 cents. We can supply the first-mentioned on receipt of price.

SAUK CENTER, Minn., Aug. 18.—The chicken season opened Aug. 15, and good bags are being made. The game law passed last winter has had a wholesome effect on the usually lawless hunter. Ducks and geese as yet have not shown themselves, but there will be a good crop, I think, from indications, in the spring.—DELL.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

222.

THE usual group of lawyers were gathered around the stove in Wilkin's tavern over in Springwater Valley, one evening last winter. All the topics of local interest had been exhausted and the assembly had settled down to a sort of go-as-you-please salivary match, in which the circle of tobacco-laden jaws represented the firing point and the sides of the red-hot stove the target. Suddenly a tall East Hiller, addressing the company at large, said: "Say fellers, what would you do if you was worth forty thousand dollars?" "I'd travel," said one, "go down East and see the folks, what I aint seen for more than twenty-five years." "I'd buy a bang up good farm," said another, and still another would start a store, and so on until every one present had spoken except Uncle Bill Hines, the old hunter and fisherman from down by Hemlock Lake. "Well, Uncle Bill," said the original propounder of the question, "what would you do?" "Who, me?" said the old man as he struck the bullseye. "If I wuz wuth fawty thousan' dollars? Waal, I'll tell you. I'd hunt and fish daytimes and raise Cain nights."

H. W. D. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

MOOSEHEAD IN FLY TIME.—II.

IN the morning we took a photograph of Joe's log residence, and then set out for Seeboomook Falls on the west branch of the Penobscot. We did not go by the regular carry road, which strikes the branch above the upper falls of Seeboomook, but took an old logging road, which would take us to the middle fall known as the Dam Pitch.

The road was pretty muddy and wet, but by taking advantage of the stones and logs we kept comparatively dry shod. Now and again we came to a fallen tree across the path which we had to clamber over or crawl under, but the natural beauties above and around us more than atoned for what disagreeable features might be beneath our feet. How green and fresh the woods were, and how sweet the balsam-laden air. How good it was to be there. The sunlight filtered down through the green foliage, and flecked the narrow way with trembling flakes of gold. The matin songs of the birds, and song birds in these woods are not very plenty, and the occasional flight of an insect alone disturbed the stillness. The ground fairly sparkeld with the showy white involucres of the bunch berries. Patches of blue violets bloomed by the wayside, and the delicate little *Viola blanda* did not on this morning at least "waste its sweetness on the desert air." The *Clintonia borealis* grew in great profusion, and though they were nearly out of bloom, we found a few specimens of the purple trillium (*Trilleum erectum*) and the painted trillium (*Trillium erythrocarpum*). We had accomplished half the distance before our eyes were rewarded with the sight of what we had been looking for all the way—the odd sac blossoms of that pretty orchid, the moccasin flower. But we found them, both pink and white, and almost at the time the Scribe stooped to pluck the first one William uttered an exclamation and said, "And here is what I have been looking for."

He pointed to a muddy place in the road and there was the sharply defined fresh hoof-print of a deer. "Ah," said he, "if it only wasn't close time." And he gazed longingly at the delicate, cloven indentation. All the way across we saw plenty of deer sign. At one place we passed the dilapidated and moss-covered ruins of an old logging camp, which had probably not been used for fifty years. After tramping about three miles we could hear the sound of falling water, and soon came out on to an open place on the bank of the West Branch, near the Dam Pitch. The stream flows over two ledges, almost as evenly as over an artificial dam, while above and below the current moves calmly along between the wooded banks. Canoes have to be lifted over this pitch.

Our first duty on coming out of the woods was to anoint the exposed portions of our anatomy with the "bug juice" as Lloyd called it, for the moment we stopped on the bank every fly and mosquito in Maine seemed aware of our arrival. While William was preparing to get a picture of the falls the others were getting their fishing tackle into working order. Pushing our way through the alders we stood on the rocks and cast into the edge of the white water below the pitch. The trout took the flies readily, and by the time the photographer had exposed his plates several speckled forms were reposing in our baskets. The black flies and mosquitoes did not give us much repose, however, and there were frequent calls for the tar oil bottle, whose contents kept them at bay. The mosquitoes soon found out that their instruments of torture would penetrate our hosiery, and at once proceeded to work on the calves of our legs. They had the advantage of the flies in that respect. Every time we opened our mouths to speak we swallowed anywhere from one to a dozen black flies; at least it seemed so. William said that when he was focusing they pattered against the focus cloth like rain drops on a roof. Coming through the woods we had seen scarcely a fly or mosquito, but among the alders on the bank their name was legion. William, who is natually a mild-tempered man and slow to anger, came very near getting excited, and once the Scribe thought—only thought—that he heard something very like a cuss word come from under the focus cloth, whence the hero of the camera suddenly emerged and frantically thrashed the air with the aforesaid cloth, at the same time executing an original *pas seul.*

The trout bit well for a while and we enjoyed very good sport before we turned up stream toward the upper falls of Seeboomook. There was no path and for a mile we had a hard tramp through the woods. The Scribe does not know whether the course we took was the original "way of the transgressor" or not, but it was certainly a "hard" way, where underbrush, fallen trees, logs, bushes and a most uneven surface all combined to retard our progress. We forced our way along and again our ears were saluted with the sound of the water, which constantly became louder, till we emerged at the foot of the upper falls. The scene was picturesque in the extreme, and worth all the toil and strength we had expended. We were below, and looking up into the wild, rocky gorge of Seeboomook—the dread of the river drivers on the West Branch—through which the water roared and rushed and swirled in its narrow channel. On both sides were great masses of jagged rock, broken and split into fantastic shapes, through which the stream forced its passage. Great patches of foam revolved in the eddies and the spray dashed in the air. Dark groups of pines and spruces stood straight and tall, interspersed with the lighter green of the hard wood trees. The *tout ensemble* of gray rock, green foliage, blue sky and white water made a picture which seemed to us to be the very poetry of nature.

Where a ledge sloped abruptly into a deep pool a large quantity of foam had collected, which covered the water with a smooth white mantle, and on to this snowy surface we cast our flies. The trout evidently appreciated its value as an awning, for there were plenty of them under it, and it was a pretty sight to see it suddenly rent as a gleaming, speckled fish came up with a rush, took the fly, and disappeared as quickly as the harlequin of a Christmas pantomime. We got a good picture from where we were, and then William clambered over the rocks and exposed the remaining plates further up stream. It was near here that James Russell Lowell went moose hunting years ago. Cy built a fire and then we cooked our trout and ate as only men in the woods can eat, with a relish not to be found within a city's walls. William added the spice of a little excitement to our repast by tumbling head first into the fire, but we rescued him before he was cremated. His white flannel shirt, though, was beautifully frescoed with streaks and patches of black. We caught another mess of trout and then retraced our steps, intending to get back to Joe's in time to paddle around to the Northeast Carry and cross over to Luce's at the West Branch end to stay over night, and then proceed to Chesuncook Lake the next morning. By taking this course we would avoid the long, hard carry around the lower Seeboomook Falls, which are about a mile and a half below the Dam Pitch.

As we went back through the woods we twice saw the tracks of deer in our own footprints, showing that they had been there since we crossed in the morning. Cy peeled a piece of bark from a birch tree, and as he walked he deftly fashioned it into a drinking cup, from which we quenched our thirst with water from a spring bubbling up near the path. How clear and cold and sparkling it was. The day was warm and we were heated after our tramp, but this pure, wholesome beverage which Dame Nature furnished gave us new strength, and we resumed our way, leaving a good portion of our fatigue behind. The birch bark seemed to add to its flavor, and we each dipped the cup into the sylvan, moss-rimmed fountain more than once. We reached Joe's in due time and his wife cooked our trout, and to the repast was added a draught of his birch beer.

The wind was blowing strongly, and there was so much of a sea on the lake that we could not get around to the other carry till it moderated, so we made ourselves comfortable in Joe's living room. Cy and Bill puffed away at their pipes; William turned into the bunk and took a nap; Lloyd and Harry listened to old Joe's stories of how the caribou and deer were killed whose antlers hung on the wall, and the Scribe prepared the moccasin flowers and other botanical specimens. We hoped the wind would go down with the sun, but it increased, and the white-capped waves ran higher and the surf beat harder on the pebbly beach. Perhaps it was well, however, for we had had a hard tramp and our enforced rest may have been a blessing in disguise. All through the night the wind blew hard, and in the morning the lake was rougher than ever, so we decided to carry the canoes across to the Dam Pitch and go down the West Branch.

Joe's son harnessed the horses to a sled, on which the canoes had been previously loaded, and after disposing of our impedimenta in the bottom of the lower canoe, we started. We carried our rods so as to go on ahead and catch trout for dinner before the canoes arrived. Bill shouldered an axe, with which to clear the road of the obstructions in the form of fallen trees, which we had encountered the previous day. His brawny arms and unerring stroke made short work of them. The sled slipped across logs, bumped over stones, grazed a tree here and stuck in a mudhole there. It went down in to hollows with a rush, and then with yell from the driver and a tug by the horses would go up the opposite slope, over the ridge and down again, rocking and pitching like a boat in a gale, in fact the canoes had the appearance, as we saw them over the bushes (the simile has been used before) of being tossed on a tempestuous sea of foliage, in which they were momentarily engulfed, only to emerge again, as the sled encountered the inequalities of the road. They rode out their rough passage in safety, for they were firmly lashed in place. The sky was lowry when we started, and before we had gone half way, the pattering of a few drops on the dead leaves warned us to put on our rubber coats and boots, and hardly had we

done this before "the rain descended and the floods came." It rained, not in drops, but in sheets and torrents of water, which transformed the already muddy road into a mire, through which we splashed along. We pinned the two rubber focus cloths around the youngster for additional protection.

When we arrived at the Branch we jointed our rods and fished below the pitch, where we had good luck the day before, but the trout were not in a biting mood, and we did not get a rise.

There was about as much water in the air as there was in the stream, and the deluge showed no signs of abating, but if the rain wet us, it also put a damper on the ardor of the black flies. We continued to cast till a shout from Bill apprised us that the rear of the procession had arrived.

We launched the canoes as quickly as possible, put our luggage aboard, shouted "good-bye" to Morris, and then, seizing the paddles, started down stream. We were a little dubious as to how our stock of dry plates and undeveloped negatives would be, but we stowed them away as snugly as possible. We were afraid they would all be wet plates, but they came out all right, as we afterward proved. The rain still continued to pour in torrents of very wet water, but we did not mind it much, as we paddled swiftly along between the wooded banks stretching away on either hand, without a break in the thick wall of vegetation which came to the water's edge. As we rounded a bend a brace of black ducks rose from the water and took a beeline down stream till they disappeared over the tops of the trees. We had about a mile of dead water before we sighted the rocks at the head of the lower falls, which are also called the "long" falls. Here we had a mile carry to make, not a pleasant prospect on such a day.

There is a winter road on the right bank, but thinking we could get down over the rocks and fish as we went along, we landed on the left bank. The guides went down to the head of the pitch to reconnoitre, as they had never been down Seeboomook when the stream was so high. The water went foaming over the first pitch and turned a sharp angle into a little cove behind a big rock. It was a risky bit of water to run, but after carefully studying the problem Cy determined to go through. Bill said "if Cy could he could." We stood on the rocks below and watched them, and it was a thrilling sight to see the frail craft leave the smooth, dead water, and boldly enter the boiling, frothing current, which, it seemed, would dash them to pieces on the rocks or capsize them, but they went through safely without shipping a drop. The guides stood up, holding the paddles with grasps of iron, and as the canoes shot into the smooth water of the cove below, we gave them a cheer of encouragement. They then went to survey the next stretch of bad water and we went on ahead, casting our flies from the rocks wherever there seemed a likely place for trout. The fish were obdurate, and our success was so poor and the traveling so difficult that the other three left the Scribe to fish alone. They signified their intention of getting around the carry as quickly as possible and disappeared in the woods. The Scribe continued down the rocks but made slow progress, as they were slippery and steep and separated by inlets, making it necessary, in many places, to go around through the woods, a vexatious thing to do with a jointed rod. Finally it became impossible to proceed in this way and he unjointed his rod preparatory to taking to the woods.

The rain still fell, but not as copiously as before, and the sun was struggling to break through the clouds. Looking up or down stream, there were rocks and rapids and falls as far as one could see. The guides were some distance above just carrying the canoes over a large rock round which the water was very rough. After going back for the luggage they paddled across a little bay to another rock from which they dropped the canoes over the next pitch. The three who had gone on ahead were nowhere to be seen.

The Scribe pushed his way through the alders, which were so thick on the banks as to be almost impenetrable, and went on through the woods. The forest was stern and savage in the extreme; wilder and rougher than we had yet seen on this trip. The trees were large and thick. There were living trees and dead trees and trees in every stage of decay. Progress was blocked by logs and fallen trunks, some of which were prostrate on the ground, while others had lodged against the standing timber at every angle and in every conceivable position. Long mossy ridges showed where some monarch of the forest had fallen years and years before, and logs apparently sound would crush under a footstep. Occasionally an abattis of tangled branches and sharp, broken limbs effectually barred the way and necessitated a detour.

The trees, living and dead, were draped with festoons of gray moss, the usnea lichen, and the foliage was so dense that the light was dim, and the eye could penetrate but a short distance into the grim, shadowy depths. The footfalls made no sound on the soft, mossy floor of the forest, and as the Scribe slowly fought his way not a sound was to be heard. It was the very incarnation of solitude—a place where one instinctively glances about him on the lookout for some unknown and unseen danger; where one would expect to meet the more savage beasts—the surly bear, the grim wolf or the crouching panther. But as Thoreau said: "The howling wilderness seldom howls except in the imagination of the traveler," and the Scribe saw no sign of life, not even a black fly. No sound was heard save the distant water, now and then. Occasionally a slap in the face from a wet branch would send the drops down my neck in streams. Thoreau characterized it as the "damp and shaggy wilderness." Damp it certainly was on this particular occasion, and the term "shaggy" is peculiarly appropriate. It was a lonesome place and a lonesome journey, but all things have an end, and I came into an old winter road, hardly distinguishable from its surroundings, leading to a small clearing on the bank just at the foot of the falls. As I emerged from the shadow of the trees I saw my three comrades grouped around a fire, which served the double purpose of drying their clothes and keeping away the bloodthirsty flies and mosquitoes, for it had stopped raining and the little pests were out again on the warpath.

We had not long to wait before Cy and Bill came down over the last pitch and we embarked for the last stage of the day's journey. "Bill," said Lloyd, "are there any more falls?" "Falls!" exclaimed the guide. "No, the water has got the life all chawed out of it coming through there, and it's dead water now all the way to Luce's," and he chuckled at his joke. We had five miles of dead water to paddle over before reaching Luce's, and we stopped but once, to inspect a logging camp on the right bank. The general scenery was the same as it had been above Seeboomook, long stretches of dark water between thickly wooded banks.

Three miles down we passed the mouth of Russell Brook; this leads up to Russell Pond, which used to be good ground for moose and caribou.

Two miles from there we came in sight of Luce's buildings and made a landing on the steep clay bank from which the road leads up to the house about a quarter of a mile. Bill and the Scribe waited to see to the canoes and luggage, while the others went directly to the house. A couple of canoes and half a dozen batteaux were on the bank, and while we were getting out the things we wished to carry to the house, another canoe containing two men, appeared, coming up stream. Its occupants, an Indian and an Irishman, proved to belong to the West Branch drive, and had come from Chesuncook Lake for some supplies. They reported having seen a moose the day before at 'Suncook, as they abbreviate the name. When the Scribe entered the room which serves as sitting room and office, his eyes beheld a spectacle which was a sight for gods and men. In a huge box-stove a rousing wood-fire was already burning, and around it were William, Lloyd and Harry, divested of everything except their drawers and shirts, and even these were soaked through. By some means they had succeeded in getting thoroughly drenched, while the guides and the Scribe came through comparatively dry. The proverbial drowned rat was dry in comparison with them. Their clothing hung steaming behind the stove, and the garments they had on clung tightly to their limbs.

When dinner was announced the clothing was not dry and the three members in *deshabille* were obliged to appear at the table as they were. Probably few people have been edified by the sight of a dignified drygoods and carpet dealer seated at the head of a table and dressed for dinner in a pair of wet drawers and a flannel shirt, which may have been white in the "days of long ago." The Scribe sat opposite such an apparition and the table was flanked by two similar ones. The Scribe did his best to furnish the requisite amount of dignity for the repast, but he wishes that William's wife might have seen her liege lord and eldest son on that occasion. The meal over, we returned to our seats around the big stove, lighted our pipes and cigars and chatted and told stories. The Scribe made an attempt to photograph the group, but could not get light enough. The account of an adventure with a bear, narrated by Mr. Luce, will warrant repetition.

"It was two years ago this spring," he began, "that we had quite an adventure here one night. I had gone to bed, and abou 11 o'clock one of the boys came up, knocked at my door, and told me to get up and come down-stairs as there was a bear in the buttery. I dressed, took my rifle and went down. Sure enough there was the bear. The door was closed but we could hear him in there eating something. We planned to attack him. I was to remain in the room and the boy was to go around one end of the house, while an Indian, who was here, was to head him off in the other direction. Then if he escaped from me through the window, one or the other of them would stand a chance of killing him. Each man took his post, but the bear became alarmed in some way and I threw open the buttery door just in time to see him disappear through the window. I yelled to them to look out for him, but it was so dark outside that they could not see his black hide. At he ran around the house he knocked over the Indian and disappeared in the darkness. I don't know which was the most frightened, the bear or the Indian. We went back indoors and discussed the probability of his returning. We didn't much think he would, but thought we would watch a while, and, sure enough, in a short time we heard him clambering in the buttery window again. He was more wary this time, and before we could get at him he again became frightened. As he went away the second time, though, he ran by the woodpile where the ground was strewn with white chips, and as his black body showed against them, the boy drew a bead on him and fired right through the window, carrying away sash and all. It was a pretty shot, and he dropped in his tracks, dead. There was some corned beef in the buttery and that was what he was after. He was probably just out of his den after his long hibernation through the winter and was hungry. He was a big fellow."

W. A. B.

THE AMATEUR FISHERMAN.

IT IS Lowell who says that we all have a trace of gypsey blood in our veins, and to its nomadic influence he attributes all the mysterious impulses toward wandering that come to us with the milder skies and greener landscapes of spring. Perhaps no man is more susceptible to this magic trace of another and earlier existence or more quick to respond to its promptings than the amateur fisherman. I have such a man in mind as I write this. His nominal calling is that of an insurance agent, but his real occupation is that of a fisherman. The dire necessity of finding constant answers to that ever-urgent, never-solved conundrum, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" consumes the greater portion of his time. For fifty weeks in the year he deals with policies and renewals and death rates and dividends, and laboriously and uncomplainingly gathers premiums, in order that the president and directors of his company may pull down their houses and build greater, and that their wives and daughters may array themselves in foreign silks and laces. He dwells on the certainty of dying only that he may make his own living the more secure. He induces you to take out a policy by showing you the importance of providing against sudden and unforeseen contingencies, and the utter mutability of all things human in order that he may apply the commissions to carrying out certain plans which he has made for next year and the year after. And in all this he is logical, inflexible, unanswerable.

But for the other two weeks. Should you meet him on the lake or the river during the fishing season you would never know him. This man, who in one of those abstruse calculations in which insurance men delight, scrupulously exacts the odd cent where nine-sixteenths of it falls on his side, now stands ready to place anything at your disposal, even to the half of his tackle. He is bubbling over with good humor and good fellowship, his only table of expectations being that which relates to the fishing and fishing weather. The sunshine and the fresh clear water mellow and temper his whole nature till it is as pliant and elastic as a split bamboo.

But if in all this I have conveyed the impression that the man whose occupation is that of an amateur fisherman derives no real enjoyment from his calling save in the brief two weeks he filches from black Care, I have been sorely misapprehended. On the contrary, when the first sunny days of March hang out coy signals of yet distant spring, he begins to look over his box of tackle, testing his lines, arranging his flies, and satisfying himself that all the details of rod and reel are in perfect working order. He furbishes up his fishing suit, inspects his rubber boots and takes the first opportunity to drop into a tackle store where he buys a score of things which he knows he will never find any use for, but which are always "handy to have." From total indifferentism on the subject of the weather, as the season advances he becomes the most careful observer of the clouds and the winds. He plans his trip for months beforehand, and draws from it a three-fold enjoyment—the anticipation, the realization, the recollection. True, his piscatorial pilgrimage was made too late in the season last year, just as it was made too early in the season the year before.

But there is a happy faculty possessed by your true fisherman which enables him to forget whatever there may have been of the disagreeable in his experience, while his good luck is treasured up forever in his memory. The trip when he caught that terrible cold that lasted for three months afterward, the upsetting that he got into November water, and the time when he toiled all day long and caught nothing, are all conveniently blank in his memory. But he can tell you to the quarter of an ounce and to the fraction of an inch the weight and measure of his largest bass and all the particulars of his capture. And when, after a run of misfortune such as none but a true fisherman could withstand, he chances upon a fortunate day, he finds unutterable delight in all the subtle influences of air and wave and sky, and drinks in deep content. If unsuccessful, then he has so much more to hope for from the future. For so long as to-morrow hangs her glittering promise in the sky, so long will he continue to look for better luck.

There must be a moral somewhere in these pages, for I had one when I began, and now I am unable to find it. Let those who enjoy morals look it up and make the application for themselves. Meanwhile I have only to add: Blessed is the man (likewise the woman) who has some good, safe hobby of his own, a creature that will neither shy nor bolt, but one on whose broad and kindly back he can mount when the toils and annoyances of life press him too closely and for a few brief hours amble smoothly and happily away from care.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 20.

A WAR STORY.

I TOOK occasion some time ago in an article on fishing to express my utter want of appreciation of the succulent qualities of that pond shark of a fish called a pickerel, and added that I had eaten cat and pickerel and preferred the former. As some of my readers may, naturally enough, think me a man devoid of taste or possessed of rather queer notions, and as I always stand ready to give a reason for the faith that is in me, "I will a tale unfold, naught extenuate nor set down aught in malice." This is a war story, though a short one; I am free to confess that war stories would probably be showered down like grapeshot on the editor's devoted head on the smallest provocation, and that there must be a strong distinction made between shooting fur and feather and our fellow creatures.

Many a long year ago, the Gardes Lafayette, or Cinquante-Cinquième, commonly called the 55th N. Y. S. V., was encamped at Tennallytown, enlisted for the war. It was supposed to be a French regiment, with a liberal element of Dutchmen, Americans and other nationalities. It was from its stunning uniform of the Zouave pattern supposed to be a regiment of officers, and as every high private had a double row of buttons running down his manly chest, sentinels were kept busy all the time saluting. Duryea's Zoos gazed at us with unqualified admiration; Ellsworth's Avengers and Billy Wilson's Pets were bursting with envy; while the Infant Purdies—*Les Enfants Perdus*—were simply nowhere.

Amid all this fascinating and brilliant array of soldiers Capt. W. and myself, simply Seventh Regiment boys, found ourselves surrounded from the beginning and heavily weighted from the outset. So it came to pass that as I in a measure understood their lingo, I was posted up as to what was going on, and it was therefore with due gravity and decorum that a French corporal made his appearance before my tent, saluted, and handed me a courteous request from the French Captain of the Skirmishers to come up to his tent and *manger le chat*. Returning a prompt acceptance of the gracious missive I went in to Capt. W.'s tent and explained matters to him, but I added that I had heard the Frenchman say "we would be afraid to come," and therefore I had accepted the invitation on sight. "My dear Lieutenant, perfectly right; the honor of the Seventh is at stake, confound it," he added in a burst of enthusiasm, "I can eat anything that Frenchman can." So we donned our accoutrements and started off. Both of us had a few days before seen an enormous Tabby cat, a sort of a tortoise shell, playing around the French captain's tent, and as we had missed him from his accustomed place, we shrewdly suspected he was to be offered up as a sacrifice.

Nerve and politeness were my captain's habitual qualities, of striking physique, over 6ft.; he was a man it did you good to look at. We saluted the little Captain of Zouaves with oriental politeness, sat down with great composure and looked, or tried to, as if dining off of cat was of every day occurrence.

"As to what part of the cat would you prefer, Messieurs?"

"C'la m'est egal!"

"Second joint, mon Lieutenant?"

"Oui, Capitaine."

"A piece of ze breast?"

W.'s face was a study. Here was a mess served up and no retreat. Internally wishing our host in a much hotter place than poor pussy had ever been in we set to work; laughing and chatting with imperturbable good humor, we feasted off of poor Tabby, washing him down with Rhine wine and regretting we had not laid in a supply of cats for a return feast. Then smoking with

them the pipe of peace we thanked them for their generous hospitality and bid them good day.

When we reached the solitude of our own tent we were obliged to confess how very much we had been disappointed. It had been remarked in my presence by President Lincoln "that if the Fifty-fifth only fight as well as they feed they will do well!" And both of us rendered honest tribute to the excellence of French cooking. Captain W. said, "I was never more deceived in my life. Tasted more like rabbit." I replied, "Yes, or a gray squirrel." There was no disputing the fact. We never should have known what we had been feeding on had we not been told.

Neither the Captain nor myself ever repeated the performance or felt any desire to do so. I have, like old Martin Luther, "a good old Protestant stomach."

But I have given my reasons for my faith, and I say with all sincerity that cat cooked by a Frenchman will "lay over" pickerel any day, cooked as that monstrous humbug of a fish generally is by a native born American.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

THE LARGEST BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that the question of the "largest black bass" is again brought up for decision. In your issue of Aug. 18, in reply to a correspondent, it is stated that the largest small-mouth black bass on record was taken from Lake Ronkonkomo and weighed 8lbs. In speaking or writing of this fish, as I have had occasion to do several times, I have always accorded it the weight you give it, and my information was gleaned from a letter to a public print which stated under date of July 18, 1883: "I have had the pleasure of seeing to-day the largest small-mouth black bass taken from waters in this vicinity, and claimed to be the largest recorded. When caught last night at half-past eight o'clock it tipped the beam at a square 8lbs., and after it had been out of the water nearly 24 hours it was weighed at Mr. Eugene Blackford's stand and scaled over 7lbs."

The writer further states that Mr. Blackford and Mr. H. H. Thompson pronounced the fish a small-mouth bass. Under date of July 24, 1883, Mr. H. H. Thompson published a letter in regard to the same fish, in which he stated: "Placed in the scales under my own eyes, with the sparkling eyes of 'A. N. C.' in my imagination looking through mine, the weight was carefully noted at exactly 7lbs." This was at Blackford's. In 1884 Mr. Thompson in commenting upon large black bass spoke of the Ronkonkoma fish as a "7lbs. bass."

I believe I was the first to record a black bass (small-mouth) approximating 8lbs. in weight, and out of it grew a correspondence which caused Mr. Thompson to refer to me by my initials as above, for it took me about three years to convince him that the trees up here bore bass of 7lbs. and over.

The first day of August, 1877, I caught a small-mouth which at 5 A. M. weighed on steelyards 8¼lbs., but at 8 o'clock the evening of the same day weighed but 7lbs. 14oz., when placed in the scoop of three different sets of grocer's scales. The latter weight is all I have ever claimed for the fish. In September, 1884, I sent a small-mouth black bass to Mr. Blackford and telegraphed FOREST AND STREAM that I had done so and that the fish was at the disposal of the paper if it wished it, if not I desired it to go to the Smithsonian. If you can borrow a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 2, 1884, you will find that the bass weighed 8¼lbs. I notified Mr. Thompson that I had sent the fish to Mr. Blackford and he saw it weighed. Mr. Mather wrote me that the bass weighed 8¼lbs. at the market, and was forwarded to Washington, where I presume there is a cast of it. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 21.

AN ALLEGHENY RIVER RESORT.—Creighton, Pa., Aug. 9.—In compliance with your issue of July 28, I report that the Jolly Hunting and Fishing Club was encamped last September at West Hickory, on the Allegheny River, about 27 miles above Oil City, and we caught black and yellow bass and jack salmon in abundance. They were as fine fish as I ever saw come out of the river. We used worms, minnows, mussels and crabs for bait; we did not use any flies. There is some trout in the small streams, but as we were out of season for them we did not fish for any. There are still a few deer there, and black and red squirrels are in abundance.—S. S. HUDEPOHL, Sec'y.

SAUK CENTER, Minn., Aug. 18.—Birch Lake is twelve miles east of Sauk Center on the L. F. & D. R. R. It abounds in pike, black bass, whitefish, pickerel, etc., and is one of the most pleasant little sheets of water in Minnesota. One can reach it by taking train at Sauk Center at 10:07 A. M., and can return at 4:15 P. M. on the same day, or, what is better, take tent and come out for a few days. Two gentlemen from Cincinnati are making this lake their headquarters for a while, and judging from the fine looking string of fish they brought in on the west-bound train the other night, my words are more than verified.—DELL.

TROUT AND BLACK BASS.—Winnipeg, Aug. 13.—Loon Lake is a beautiful little lake some two miles in length and located in the Nepigon region on the C. P. R. R., six miles west of Pearl River, and is, in a fisherman's way of speaking, literally alive with those two game fish, speckled trout and black bass. They seem to live harmoniously together, for the angler, when using two or more flies, often lands a trout and bass at the same time. The largest trout average about 1½lbs. each, and the largest bass 3lbs. and over. The catch in numbers is usually nearly equal.—STANSTEAD.

ST. ALBANS BAY, Vt., Aug. 18.—I inclose herewith record of small-mouthed black bass caught by H. B. Thomas and his son Orton, of Troy, N. Y., with Rodney W. Potter as guide. One hundred and fifty bass were caught by them during their stay of ten days. They fished during that time three full days and the rest of time fished only late in the afternoon. All bass of 1lb. or under were returned to the water as soon as caught; the 150 bass averaged 2lbs. each: Aug. 6th they took 11, 8th 15, 9th 25, 10th 5, 11th 4, 12th 9, 13th 13, 15th 31, 16th 25, 17th 12.—H. L. SAMSON.

A BIG RUN OF BLUEFISH.—On Tuesday morning of last week there was a great run of mackerel at Shinnecock Inlet, Long Island, driven in shore by bluefish. The beach was lined with immense schools of mackerel, which, in their endeavor to escape the preying bluefish, cast themselves ashore. Residents from neighboring towns gathered up the flopping fish by bushel-basketfuls and barrels and cartloads. The net fishermen made great hauls of bluefish, and the trolling was something that comes to a man once in a lifetime.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

STATE FISH COMMISSIONERS.

[Remarks before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY R. EDWARD EARLL.

MR. PRESIDENT.—I do not intend to occupy the time of the Society with a paper, but it has occurred to me that this would be an excellent opportunity to bring to the attention of its members a matter the importance of which has been growing upon me for some time, namely: the changed condition of the duties of Commissioners of Fisheries. During the past few years it has been the one great and sole aim of all Commissioners to hatch out and plant in the waters of their respective States as many fish of the different kinds as it was possible for them to hatch and distribute, with the means placed at their disposal; but we find that the time is rapidly approaching when it will become necessary for these officials to present to their respective government, or to the appropriations committees of said governments, a clear and concise statement of all that is being accomplished with the money appropriated for fishcultural work.

There has thus far been very little effort on the part of most of the States, and until recently upon the part of the general government, to obtain definite and detailed information regarding the extent and value of the fisheries of the various localities. It is, in my judgment, especially important that each Commissioner of Fisheries should make himself, as far as possible, thoroughly familiar with the details of the fisheries of his own State. I say the fisheries; I mean more especially the commercial fisheries—that he should give special attention to the kinds of apparatus that are being introduced into the waters and to the effect of each particular kind of apparatus upon the abundance of fish. It is only by this means that he will be enabled to tell what the result of his labors in stocking the waters is proving to be; and, further, it is only by this means that he will be enabled to stand between the man who condemns all fishing for profit and the man who wants no restrictions placed upon the fisheries. We have at the present time two contending parties, on the one hand, the angler, who wants fishing only for sport, and wishes to prohibit the use of every form of implement for catching fish that will interfere with the enjoyment of his summer vacation, and on the other hand, a large class of men who derive their entire support from the catching of fish for market. Each class comes with its complaints to the legislative bodies of the country, and the one that makes the best impression upon the legislature is very apt to carry the day. We are thus coming to have a series of laws enacted, some of which are very unwise and ought never to appear upon the statute books.

It is only recently that the U. S. Fish Commission has undertaken to familiarize itself with the details of the fisheries. Through an arrangement with the Census Office in 1879 Professor Baird, as you all know, was allowed an opportunity of carrying out an elaborate scheme for the investigation of the commercial fisheries. The work was placed under the direction of Prof. Goode, and the results of that work are beginning to appear. Owing to the exhaustion of the appropriation of the Census Office, they were able to print only a very small portion of the material that was given them, but all of the manuscripts were retained by them until recently, when they were returned to the U. S. Fish Commission. Professor Goode and his associates have given much time to the preparation of these reports, the first two volumes of which have already appeared, and a large amount of additional material is now in type and will soon be ready for distribution. At least half a dozen more volumes similar in size to those already out will be published. These will describe in detail the fisheries of all the more important fishing towns, the history, methods and present extent of each of the special fisheries; the characteristics of the fishermen both at home and at sea, the character, extent and location of the principal fishing grounds, the apparatus of the fisheries, and in addition will give an exhaustive statistical review of the fisheries industries of the country.

But these reports will picture the fisheries as they were in 1880, and if they are to be available for present use, they must be kept up to date. With the desire to keep abreast with any changes that might take place, Professor Baird has frequently, since that time, sent out committees for the investigation of special subjects. It has been my privilege to be on several of these committees of investigation, and I have found how comparatively easy it is for one, even though a stranger to the locality, to get control of the details of the fisheries of any village or stretch of coast. From my experience I have been convinced that it would be entirely practicable for the Commissioners of the several States to familiarize themselves with the changes that are taking place within their own borders and to collect from year to year full and complete statistics of the fish caught in the territory under their control and to publish these for the information of the public in their annual reports.

I have been much pleased to see in the States of Michigan and Wisconsin a very commendable effort in this direction. I think the Commissioners of both of these States have so familiarized themselves with the details of the fisheries in their own waters and with the influence of each kind of apparatus of capture that they will be better able to cope with the problem of legislation than the Commissioners of other States, and also to show more clearly the influence of their fishcultural operation upon the yield of the commercial fisheries. Any one who has heard the conflicting statements of the fishermen when summoned to give evidence regarding proper legislation for the protection of the fisheries, cannot fail to appreciate the importance of a full knowledge of all important details. In the Great Lake fisheries the gill net and pound net fishermen are at swords points; one claiming that the other is using the most destructive apparatus that could be devised, while the angling element, especially in the more eastern lakes, is opposed to both. There have been frequent attempts in various States to entirely prohibit the pound net fishing, and there have been equally strenuous efforts to prohibit the use of the gill net, and again laws have been framed forbidding the use of haul seines, while fishing with pound nets and gill nets was in no way restricted. Numerous attempts have also been made to control and protect the fisheries by regulating the size of the mesh, but the utter inability of legislation to protect the small fish by this means is shown very clearly by the remark made to me yesterday by one of the gentlemen present, who claimed that if it were possible to insist upon the use of a given size of mesh, the fisherman could still regulate the size of the fish taken quite at his pleasure by simply pulling hard upon the upper cork line at one end of the net and upon the lead line at the other end, so as to draw the meshes together, and thus prevent the very smallest fish from going through.

I bring this matter to your attention because I have come to feel the importance of a definite and positive knowledge in this contest, when parties interested and parties whose interests are not apparent are clamoring for legislation. I think the time has arrived when the Commissioners of the different States should stand between the contending elements and should settle definitely in the minds of the law makers the questions which are up for consideration, and nothing, in my judgment, is more necessary to a proper understanding of these questions than a careful comparison of the yield of the fisheries of the various localities from year to year.

With a desire to obtain as reliable statistics as possible, the U. S. Fish Commission has recently, through the co-operation of the Treasury Department, established a series of reports in which I think you will all be interested. The Secretary of the Treasury has consented to require of the owner and master of each vessel engaged in the fisheries of the United States, regardless of the locality, a detailed statement regarding the size, the value and the rig of the vessel; the number of men employed; the kind of apparatus used; the locality where fishing; the quantities and values of the fish caught, and other questions of importance affecting that particular vessel. We are receiving hundreds of these reports every month from all portions of the coast, including the Pacific coast, the Gulf of Mexico and the numerous fishing ports of the Atlantic; and we are thus gathering a very large amount of information regarding the vessel fisheries, but the boat fisheries are still unprovided for, and if it were possible for the Commissioners of each of the States to arrange to get reliable estimates of the quantity of fish caught yearly within their own borders, the number of men that are dependent upon these fisheries, and the distribution of the catch, I think we would be able to show what legislation is needed, and consequently, which I consider more important, to show clearly the importance of fishculture in the commercial fisheries and the achievements that fishculture has already attained. I should be very glad if some of the Commissioners present would give us a statement of what has already been done in their waters and of the difficulties, if such exist, in carrying out the line proposed. It has been suggested this afternoon in conversation that there would be considerable difficulty owing to the fact that many of the Commissioners have only limited appropriations placed at their disposal, while others receive nothing whatever for their services, these being gratuitous, but it occurred to me that by having intelligent correspondents in each of the leading centers, men in whom they had confidence, it would be possible to get together for the State reports very valuable contributions to our information regarding the condition of the fisheries.

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I will simply add for the information of any one here who sees no way of sending out agents to inquire as to the extent and value of the fisheries, that there is a growing prejudice among the commercial fishermen in favor of the work of the various State Commissioners and of the U. S. Fish Commissioner, and that they are now quite willing to give to the different commissions reliable information in answer to questions that may be asked. As a proof of this I will state that a circular was sent to each of the 1,600 vessels employed in the food fisheries of New England, and answers have been received from 1,560 of them, leaving only about 40 vessels out of the 1,600 that failed to respond. In the case of the fisheries of the Great Lakes inquiry circulars were recently sent to every fisherman on each of the five lakes, and more than ninety per cent. of them have been returned, and whenever, during the past two or three years, there has been an effort to obtain information by correspondence, this effort has been met with hearty co-operation on the part of those engaged in the commercial fisheries; so that even without the expenditure of any considerable amount of money it will be possible for those who are familiar with the localities and with the more intelligent resident fishermen to obtain possession of information from which very satisfactory reports can be prepared.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Hornell Kennel Club Show, Hornellsville, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 27. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. A. M. Grau, Secretary, 562 East Water street.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nipgen, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5296.**

"WILDFOWLER" FOUND GUILTY.—At the Committee meeting of the English Kennel Club, held July 26, charges were brought against Lewis Clement ("Wildfowler") by Mr. E. B. Joachim, for a brutal attack upon him at a dog show, and by Mr. M. Martin, for non-payment for dogs sold by him to Clement. Following is the decision of the committee which we clip from the *Kennel Gazette*: "The cases were then fully considered under Kennel Club Rule X., and it was decided unanimously that Mr. Lewis Clement had been proved guilty of discreditable conduct in connection with dogs and dog shows, and he therefore be declared incapable of competing for or winning a prize at any show or field trials held under Kennel Club rules." Clement is well known in this country by his swindling dog dealings.

THE HILLSIDE KENNELS.

ABOUT thirty miles from the city of Boston lies Lancaster, one of the prettiest villages it has ever been my lot to see. It is a village of stately mansions, pretty villas, comfortable-looking cottages, excellent roads, the greenest of green lawns, avenues of magnificent elms, and last, but by no means least, it is a village containing within its limits one of the finest collections of dogs in the world.

To the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, the name of John E. Thayer is well known, as no report of a dog show is at all complete without Mr. Thayer's name cropping up repeatedly in the prize list with deerhounds, bulldogs and fox-terriers.

Here there are situated the Hillside Hennels, the property of Mr. John E. Thayer. When Mr. Thayer and his brother, Mr. Bayard Thayer, were quite boys, they were very fond of dogs and always kept several about the stables, but had no regular kennels.

In the year 1882 they first showed a few at Boston, including Lance, a deerhound dog; Beauty, a Gordon setter; Daisy, a pointer, and Tip, a fox-terrier, the latter bought by Mr. Bayard Thayer in Liverpool. Of this lot all are dead save Beauty, who has a fine time of it roaming about house and grounds at will. Poor old Lance died in the spring from old age, much to keeper Heald's relief, as the old dog had developed a temper of his own which, to put it mild, was anything but angelic. It was at this time that Heald took charge of the dogs. He had served all through the war, and when it was over he found employment in the gardens surrounding Mr. Thayer's mansion. Always fond of a dog he soon saw that the Messrs. Thayers' dogs were getting more kicks than attention in the stables, and after they had lost a litter or two of puppies by neglect he mentioned the fact to Mr. John. Just about this time the Ottawa show took place and the day before the dogs had to be shipped Mr. Thayer told Heald that he was to go with the following dogs, Moses, Juno, and Judy, bulldogs; Bramble a pointer, and Lance a deerhound. At this time the Hillside Kennels did not possess any dog boxes, so the five had to be taken on the chain. It so happened that Judy and Juno were always in the habit of fighting at sight, and did so on this occasion on the Worcester platform, Heald getting badly bitten in his endeavors to separate them, but a little thing of this sort never ruffles Heald's temper, as any one who saw him at the New York show some three or four years ago when Blister bit him so badly, can testify. Since this show Heald has had the entire management of the kennels, and I venture to say that for looking after such a lot of dogs, showing them in tiptop condition, besides superintending the breeding part of the business at home, there are few if any men in the country his equal.

The number of prizes won by the kennels since 1882 is 596—302 firsts, 168 specials, 98 seconds and 27 thirds; a pretty good showing for one kennel in four years.

The following will be found a complete list of the dogs at Hillside:

Deerhounds.—Dogs: Chieftain, Perth, Bras, Bran, Duncan, Robber Chieftain, Highland Laddie, King of the Forest. Bitches: Lorna II., Heatherbelle, Wanda, Berga, Thora, Countess Zina, Ramona, Theodora, Lorna Secunda.

Bulldogs.—Dogs: Tippoo, Romulus, Moses, Remus, Robinson Crusoe, Hillside. Bitches: Josephine, Rhodora, Britomartis, Juanita, Carmen.

Fox-terriers.—Dogs: Mixture, Raby Mixer, Belgrave Primrose, Raby Jack, Luke. Bitches: Jaunty, Di, Richmond Olive, Raby Susie, Shame, Raby Belle, Lady Mixture, Miss Mixture, Meersbrook Nan, Richmond Myrtle, Richmond Dazzle, Wasp II., Lyra, Shameless Mixture, Warren Lady.

This list does not include puppies.

Chieftain, 1881, dark blue, bred by Mr. Joplin, by Bevis out of Heather, by Harry (a son of Hector and Lufra II.) out of Hylda, by Torrum out of sister to Morne. It is not much use saying much about this magnificent dog, suffice it to say that he has never been beaten but once, and that was by his kennel companion, Wanda, at the Crystal Palace. The old dog looks very well with the exception of his coat, which he is just shedding. It seems a pity that so perfect a specimen did not cross the water to take part in the Jubilee show in England, and Mr. Thayer told me he was very sorry he did not send him. Perth, a blue dog, whelped in 1884 by Gillie out of Lufra, bought of Mr. Kelly, is a good dog but a long way behind Chieftain. Bras, a straw-colored dog, whelped 1884, by Bruce out of Maida, is very useful but perhaps hardly a clinker. Duncan, a white dog, whelped in 1883, by Lance out of Lorna II., is a dog with great power and substance but lacks character. Then comes a really good young dog, Highland Laddie, whelped September, 1885, by Bran out of Lorna II. King of the Forest, a straw-colored dog, whelped in 1886, by Chieftain out of Thora, is a clinker—size, length, substance, quality and coat combine to make one that with age will bother even the old dog himself. I don't like his color as well as Chieftain's, but he is certainly a wonderful young dog. Robber Chieftain, a son of Chieftain and Lorna II., is another extraordinary good one. The first of the bitches Heald showed me was Wanda, whelped 1884, by Gunnar out of Sheila, and I never saw this magnificent bitch look in such superb condition, she was indeed a picture, and it is almost impossible to find fault with her. Many people prefer her to Chieftain, and I think Mr. Thayer himself does, and as has been before stated she did beat him at Crystal Palace for the cup. Were I to try to pick her to pieces at all, the only thing I could say is that she might be a trifle deeper through her heart and perhaps have a little more bone, but again, she undoubtedly beats the old dog in ears and has a shade the most quality, in fact, to quote an old-time English poet,

"Either to t'other to prefer I'm loathe,
And he acts wisest who has most of both."

A very useful bitch is Berga, a light brindle whelped in 1883, by Bran out of Maida, and the same may be said of Thora, a fawn bitch by Thor out of Hylda. Lorna II., a blue, whelped in '81, by Bruce out of Lorna (Parke's), who was a daughter of Teeldeer, a daughter of old Torrum and Brenda, is a grand upstanding bitch and a rare breeder. Then came Heatherbelle, the same color as her mother, Lorna, by Hector. This is a very nice bitch. Lorna Secunda, Theodora and Ramona are three good-looking young bitches, the two former by Chieftain out of Thora and Lorna respectively. The last of the deerhounds I saw was a dark-blueish brindle bitch named Countess Zina, by Ross out of Lady, a rather small bitch with nothing particularly to recommend her, save her four puppies by Chieftain. Among a whole lot of puppies that were running about, here, there and everywhere, I noticed four very handsome ones, by Chieftain out of Thora, and four by the same sire out of Lorna II., one of the latter, even at this early age (10 weeks), being the picture of the old dog.

The next lot of dogs to be introduced by Heald were the bulldogs. Tippoo, a brindle dog, whelped 1880, by Gamester out of Ida, is pretty well known to all who have been in the habit of attending the dog shows, and well does the old dog look. Robinson Crusoe next came waddling up as fat as a pig, apparently very anxious to be taken notice of. This is an own brother to Britomartis, and although not such a good specimen as his sister, is certainly a very grand dog. Hillside, a white dog with tan markings on head, was whelped in 1884 by Tippoo out of Josephine, is a very useful young dog and decidedly the best ever bred in America. Hillside has improved very much since I first saw him at Newark, where, it will be remembered, he was, through error, disqualified. Moses, a white dog, whelped 1883 by Sir Bevis out of Nancy Lee, and Remus, also white, whelped in 1884, by Byron II. out of Rhodora, are a couple of fair dogs, while the same may be said of Romulus, a red smut, whelped in 1880 by Richard Cœur de Lion out of Peg. It may here be mentioned that Heald has an unfortunate habit of always pulling the best out for inspection the first, which is a mistake, as it makes some that follow his clinkers appear not so good as they otherwise would do, and sticking to this plan the first bull bitch he showed me was Britomartis. This bitch is about as well known as her keeper at all the shows in the country: however, for the few who do not know her, let me say that Britomartis is a reddish brindle bitch, whelped in '81 by Monarch out of Penzie, and that she is by long odds the best bulldog in America, and in all probability the best bull bitch in the world.

The next to be seen was the sister to Tippoo, viz., Rhodora, a very good-looking white bitch, who has done some service to the kennel on the show bench, and the same may be said of Josephine, whelped '82, by Tiger out of Sophia.

Josephine is a white bitch with a tan-colored head. When Heald first got this bitch she was a caution, as far as her temper was concerned, but under his rule she has developed into a quiet, easy-going old matron, whose only anxiety seems to be noticed, have her head scratched, and have, if she possibly can manage it, a double allowance of meat. She is at present as fat as a pig.

Carmen, a fairly good brindle bitch, whelped in '84, by Torreador out of Betsy, had five very good puppies on her, by Robinson Crusoe, about one of which, a brindle dog, Heald is already beginning to build castles in the air; in fact, goes so far as to say that he will do to send to the Crystal Palace, but his ears will have to alter considerably first.

And now for the fox-terriers. Sure enough Heald, true to his general practice, pulled old Olive out first, never dreaming, I presume, that any one would have the hardihood to come to Hillside and deny that she was the best of the fox-terriers, so just out of sheer "cussedness" I'll leave Heald and his old sweetheart Nancy, as he calls her, wait, and go on with the dog pack. First of all comes Mixture, a nice little dog, the right size, good coat and ears, fair head, not very good understanding, but a terrier. Mixture was whelped in 1880, and was bred by Mr. Luke Turner, a gentleman who shares with Mr. Henry Gibson the credit of having bred more first-class fox-terriers than any one breathing. Mixture is a white dog with black and tan head, and is by Spice out of Fairy III., by Belgrave Joe out of Tricksey, by Chance out of Ruby, by Old Jock. Now this is a rare winning pedigree, and no wonder Mr. Thayer is unwilling to allow bitches other than his own to come to Mixture. Mixture's dam, it will be seen, was an own sister to poor old Brockenhurst Joe, who was purchased by Mr. Thayer's neighbor, Mr. Prescot Lawrence, and who died at Groton soon after coming to this country. Mixture is a thoroughly game dog, and in an encounter with a cat lost one of his eyes, which does not add to his personal appearance. That Mixture is a valuable stud dog goes without saying, and I am of opinion that his bitches properly crossed cannot help proving specially so. Then came an old friend of mine, Belgrave Primrose, as good and game a little dog as a man ever clapped eyes on, and a terrier from one end to the other. Primrose was bred by Joe Foreman and is by Belgrave Jerry out of Wasp. After winning first in the puppy class and first in the open class at the Crystal Palace he was purchased by Messrs. L. and W. Rutherfurd, and was shown by them in England. He then came to America and was successfully shown several times, but as they had a good deal of his blood (including several rare good brood bitches) and had purchased Splauger as a stud dog, they sold him dirt cheap to Mr. Thayer at or directly after the show last year. Since Mr. Thayer has had him he has been repeatedly successful on the show bench. Primrose is a dog about 16lbs., with fair head, perfect ears, rare good shoulders and stands on the best of legs and feet, with great bone for a dog of his size. His coat—ahem, "What did you say, Heald? Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you spoke." Well, his coat is not perfect, but it is much improved, decidedly improved By the by, I have it on the best authority that Heald is about to bring into the market an invaluable receipt for terriers coats, It is not called a restorative, I really forget what he calls it.

The next dog I saw was Raby Jack, whelped in '85, by Mixture out of Shame. Jack is a niceish dog, but he is such a shy, timid dog that he never makes the most of himself. And now comes the pick of the basket, the show of the shop to my mind in the shape of Raby Mixer, a white dog with black and tan head, bred by George Raper, December, 1885, by Raby Mixture out of Richmond Olive Bud, by Raby Tyrant out of Richmond Olive. Raby Mixture, by Mixture out of Nosegay, by Tory out of Nettle, by Brokenhurst Joe out of Venus. Tory was a son of Trophys and Vic. I have given this dog's pedigree somewhat at length, as he is one that eminently deserves it. Raby Mixer is, as I said before, a white dog with a black and tan head. His head and ears are perfect, while his neck, shoulders and coat are as good as it is possible to make them, and more than all, he stands on the very best of legs and feet, his hind-quarters are simply perfect, his hocks being close to the ground and his action as he trots about or when fully extended is superb. And now for his faults, or what some people call his faults. He is possibly a trifle high on the leg, but personally I don't consider this a fault, at least I would far sooner have one like this than one of the extra short-legged sort, that never can gallop through dirt. Another thing advanced against this grand dog is that he is too big. I had heard this said, so I was determined to weigh him myself, which I did, and found that he weighed barely 17lbs. Now I will ask any terrier man, who knows what terriers are for, is this too big? I say most emphatically no, because one of this size can, if he is all right in front, get anywhere a fox can. In fact, the only place I fault Mixer in is a "leetle, leetle bit" about his back ribs, and as he is a young dog yet, he will alter in this point. I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that I have said too much about this dog, but it is so long since I have seen one like him, that I can't help it.

A recent purchase from Mr. Hoey was the next to be pulled out, in the young dog Luke, a good looking though rather coarse young dog. Luke was bred by Mr. Hoey and is by Mixture out of Lyra, by Fennel out of Fay, by Terry's Bob out of Picture, by Spring out of Spitfire. Luke has much improved since I saw him at Newport.

And now I think that Heald and Olive have been waiting long enough, so we will let the old bitch on to the flags, and rare and well she looks. Richmond Olive is certainly a fine bitch and looked first-class, perhaps a trifle on the big side, but it is far easier talking about taking flesh off Olive than doing it, as she eats like a pig, and is such a favorite with every one that it is very difficult to keep her right. Richmond Olive is too well known to need much description, suffice it to say that she is a white bitch with evenly marked black and tan head, and was bred by George Raper in 1883, and is by Olive Tart out of Jess, by Jock out of Nettle, by Tackler, Olive Tart by Spruce out of Olive, by Belgrave Joe out of Tricksey. Her winnings both in this country and in England are far too numerous to particularize. Jaunty, a white bitch with an evenly marked tan head, is a nice little bitch, and a terrier all over, but she is too light of bone, she has however, been a successful brood bitch, as she has bred a number of useful dogs. Jaunty was bred by Messrs. L. & W. Rutherfurd in 1881, and is by their Joker out of Torment, who, if I am not much mistaken, is out of a bitch called Fly, by Old Rattler. Di, bred by her owner in 1884, by Raby Tyrant out of Richmond Olive, ought to be a lot better from her breeding than she is, as her ears are large and her head thick and coarse. Raby Susie, whelped in 1883, is a rather nice little bitch, also by Raby Tyrant out of Jaunty. She is, however, not straight in front. Shame, whelped in 1884, by Raby Tyrant out of Richmond Olive, is a good-looking, short-legged little bitch looking in first-rate condition, and heavy in pup to Mixer, and as she breeds well should have some good ones. Lady Mixture, whelped in 1886, by Mixture out of Warren Lady, by Brokenhurst Joe out of Swansdown, by Saracen out of Swan, by Dazzler, is a fairly good terrier-like bitch, but wants bone and substance, and has too much color, but from her pedigree should prove a valuable brood bitch. Miss Mixture, rejoicing in the poetical kennel name of "Scabby," is by Mixture out of Shame, and a nice terrier-looking bitch she is. Meersbrook Nan, whelped in 1886, by Meersbrook Ross out of Meersbrook Model, Ross being by Roysterer, the sire of Result. Meersbrook Nan is a niceish bitch, good ears and coat, common head, fair legs and feet, and is gifted with the bump of fighting in a marked degree. Richmond Myrtle was lately purchased of Geo. Raper, and is by Raby Tyrant out of Richmond Olive. Myrtle is a remarkably nice, corky little bitch, and looks a terrier, but she is not one to make a man go back two or three times to look at. A far better bitch to my mind is Richmond Dazzle, also bred by Geo. Raper. This daughter of Raby Mixture and Richmond Puzzle, by Raby Tyrant out of Walkley Nettle, by Jester II., out of Vixen, is a remarkably nice bitch, and were it not that she stands a bit wide in front, would be a good one. Wasp II., a nice daughter of Raby Tyrant and Walkley Nettle, is at present in very bad coat, but she is a good stamp of bitch. Lyra, bred by Mr. F. C. Wheeler in 1882, is a recent purchase from Mr. Hoey. She is by Fennel out of Fay, and is the dam of Luke. She is rather a nice little bitch, but is a bit pinched in under her eyes, has good ears and stands well. Warren Lady, by Brokenhurst Joe out of Swansdown, is a lightish bitch with good head and ears, a nice size, not quite right in front, but a terrier.

Besides the deerhounds, bulldogs and fox-terriers at Hillside, are a few pointers, the property of Mr. Bayard Thayer, including that beautiful small-sized bitch, champion Rue, who, it will be remembered, was the property of Mr. Orgill. Rue was one of the best pointer bitches of her size ever shown in this country, and she now looks as well as ever. With her are five puppies by Mainspring, but she is far from being a good mother, and her children do not look really healthy. Rhona, a half sister to Rue, and Rapid, by Bang Bang out of Rue, two very good looking ones; in fact, it is with many people a disputed point as to whether Rhona or Rue is the best bitch.

The kennels at Hillside are, as the name denotes, built on the side of a hill midway between Mr. John E. Thayer's new house (now in the course of erection) and Mr. Bayard Thayer's.

The principal kennel has only been built a short time and is a model of convenience. The center consists of a hallway and large office, the latter very comfortably furnished and finished in hard wood. Among other things one notices are two frames containing 155 gold, silver, bronze and Pittsburgh medals, a cabinet opposite being full of silver cups won at the various shows; above this are hung two very handsome plaques, also prize winnings. Over the fireplace hangs an oil painting of an eight-weeks old fox-terrier puppy, painted on a cigar box lid by Pope. Above the writing table is a large and very good oil painting of Argus, the well-known Gordon setter, with a woodcock in his mouth. Near this is a small colored print from the *Kennel Review* of Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive. Turning round one is confronted with a very good oil painting of poor old Bellisima and Robinson Crusoe. A handsome bookcase containing all the American and English books and magazines on dogs, two cases of stuffed birds and a rifle, won, I think, at Buffalo as a deerhound special, complete this comfortable little room. A door leads into the kennel, where to the right are the deerhound kennels, to the left the bulldogs, and straight in front the fox-terriers.

The deerhound kennels number sixteen, each being 6x5ft., with a bench 2ft. high. The bulldog kennels correspond with these, while the fox-terriers' are less, being 4x3ft. The floors are all Portland cement, and each kennel has a trap drain. There are no less than six large taps with a great force of water, so that the whole of the kennels can be washed out, and in a very short time. The ventilation is perfect, as there is a window in each kennel with ventilation both at top and bottom, so that they are never really hot. I should have mentioned a stationary bath tub which is used for washing dogs with hot and cold water, and a large stove near by to dry them at. Near this kennel is the pupping kennel, in which are five large kennels and four small ones, at the end of which is a cook shop with a set boiler. In this kitchen are two large closets for cooking utensils, biscuits, etc. The lower or old kennel is where the cooking is actually done, and where the young puppies are kept.

The feeding consists of pudding, consisting of Indian meal, oatmeal, with vegetables and meat, while once a week they get Spratts biscuits. The dogs are all turned out into their yards each morning about 6 o'clock, where they remain until about 5, when they are fed. The deerhound yard is about 250ft. long by 60ft. wide with a large elm growing in the center, and I think one of the prettiest pictures I have seen for a long time was the group of deerhounds with old Chieftain in the center and Wanda, Highland Laddie and others, ten or twelve, grouped round him. The fox-terrier yards are of course smaller, but yards in which they can take lots of exercise.

I have seen a great many large kennels both in England and America, but I never saw one where so many dogs were kept and the hospital list so small as at Hillside. And now one word about Heald. There are very few men who can show from fifteen to thirty dogs all through a season, have so little sickness and win so much as Heald has done, and it is only by the strictest attention to details that he successfully accomplishes it. I enjoyed his hospitality for three days, and during that time I kept my eyes open and saw Heald at work, and I know that although there may be as good men there are no better.

And now in conclusion let me thank Mr. Thayer for his courtesy in allowing me to see his kennels in the way I did, and also let me thank Heald for his civility and hospitality throughout my visit.

THOMAS DAWSON.

MAJOR.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the obituary notices of man's best and most faithful friends, "gone to the happy hunting grounds," it is my duty, be it never so sad, to place that of Major, the property of Supt. W. W. Worthington of the Ft. W. C. & L. R. R., killed March 28, 1887, at Montpelier, Ind. Major's frightful death beneath the cruel car wheels, while endeavoring to return to his master, was a scene not easily erased from memory's tablet. In size this noble dog was a giant, but in disposition he seemed to partake of the gentleness of woman and the harmlessness of the babe. Playful as a kitten when about the house or children, in the field he was rapid, staunch and true as steel always. Known by his extraordinary size and kindness, he was lamented by half the people of a city who knew him well. He is gone, but the record he made will live for years in the hearts of those who knew him best, and his name will not be spoken but that a tear will stand in the eye of his master, who loved him best of all. Major was a cross between Irish setter and Llewellin; color, red and white; 7 years old; length 5ft. 11in.; height 29½in. at shoulders; weight 108lbs. His size and color he took from his Irish father Rake. We think this was the largest setter in the country. Do you know of a larger? Peace to his ashes.

—HANCE (Fort Wayne, Ind.).

SPANIELS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Absence from home has prevented an earlier reply to Mr. H. G. Charlesworth's letter in your issue of July 21. I hardly know what reply to make to one who is so ignorant of the work a cocker should do. It may be that he does not expect his non-sporting cockers to retrieve from water, but I do, and so does any one that uses his dogs for general work; for I maintain that for general field purposes the working cocker is by far the best of all dogs. Why, the name of the dog should suggest to Mr. C. that he should retrieve from water! I said nothing about my dogs running deer. My dogs are trained as all good cockers should be to work close to the gun, and I am certain that at no time while tracking the deer were they over 100yds. from me.

I should like to ask Mr. C. why he did not reply to Mr. Fellows's letter in your issue of May 5? I suppose he thought he had an opportunity to demolish some amateur breeder, but he only has shown how ignorant he is in regard to a cocker's work. Mr. N. A. Osgood, of the State Sportsman's Association of Michigan, has used cockers for years to track wounded deer.

Mr. Charlesworth has no right to even hint that my dogs are mongrels, for their breeder, Mr. Fellows, bred cockers and prize winners for years before any one ever heard of Mr. C. as a breeder.

I do not breed or sell dogs, but I buy the best I can for my work: and when I found where I could get good ones for the field I thought it right to let my fellow sportsmen know it. As "to requiring a label to enable the public to know what breed they belonged to," I would say that the dog is by champion Hornell Dandy out of champion Hornell Dinah, and the bitch is by champion Hornell Silk out of Hornell Beauty, and surely no better bred brace was ever seen in America, combining as they do the blood of Brush—Rhea, Obo—Betty, and the true Burdette strain through Hornell Belle, by Beau—Blanche.

About "silly expressions" I would say they are not original, but are appropriate; can Mr. C. compare his long, low dog when plodding through the mud and water, to anything else but a crocodile? (but I forget, his dogs do not take to the water.) I suppose he has the blood of Beau in his kennel. Well, now, what kind of legs did Beau have if they were not dachs? What resembles a weasel more than champion Helen? Did not Mr. James Watson demonstrate to the fancy two years ago at New Haven that cockers then were long and low enough, and at that time showed the "double action Skye" movement; they are the exact words he used; true then, but at every show we see worse specimens put ahead of workmen.

Mr. C. thinks his long, low dogs more than a match for mine. Now I will meet him and any brace he owns at Stratford or Paris any time during the open season. I will run my brace against his for three days for a piece of plate, he to name the value, on woodcock, ruffed grouse, snipe, or anything called game in Canada, and for every inch his dogs are under 13in. I will allow 10 per cent. to be added to his score, so if his dogs are 11in. at the shoulder I will have to score ten birds to his eight.

If I offended Mr. Kirk I tender him an apology, but "I told the tale as it was told to me."

About the good dogs in Canada, the best they have were imported from the States. No one ever heard of a prize winner from Canada whose great grand sire and dam was bred in Canada. I know as much about spaniel pedigrees as any man in America, and I know that Mr. C. has none that have not a cross of field spaniel blood in them, which I can prove very easily. B. A. OSBORNE.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 10.

BEAGLES FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of 4th inst. has just reached me and I am pleased to see therein "L. H. T.'s" article, for now we have obtained the opinion of one breeder whose length of valued experience should rightfully claim attention. It would also seem to indicate the line of policy pursued by breeders in general for the past five years.

Of course the writer is not in position to review the arguments brought out in the discussion in which "L. H. T." took so prominent a part and so thoroughly ventilated the whole matter, but if I am allowed to accept the line of defense, as evinced in his article now before me, as that used so successfully at the time mentioned, I should be led to draw the inference that it must have been just about the time when the poor unfortunate beagle was having so severe a struggle to maintain his reputation as a gentleman sportsman's dog, and was compelled to seek protection in the war of discussion from his only fit companions, whom "L. H. T." mentions as "small boys and negroes."

Yes! a new set of fanciers have sprung up I am glad to say, and I hope to see "L. H. T." the foremost among them in improving the value of the beagle in every position he may be called to fill. The new "set" cannot certainly dwarf his field qualities much below what they have been during the past thirty years.

The history of the beagle is really an interesting one. From his inception he has been overclouded with misfortune and restrictions. It reads like a fairy tale from England's history: that the brave war-like Britons wishing to immortalize in some living form the inferior qualities and valor of their enemies, conceived the idea of perpetuating it in the form of the hound whose size should symbolize its degree of usefulness and position among all sporting dogs.

A quotation from Ossian which "Corsincon" gives us in his work of "British Dogs" most aptly confirms such a superstition:

> "There is a kind of dog of mighty fame
> For hunting; worthy of a fairer frame,
> By painted Britons brave in war they're bred,
> Are beagles called, and to the chase are led.
> Their bodies small, and of so mean a shape,
> You'd thimk them curs that under tables gape."

Poor unfortunate beagle! Coming down the ages with a name signifying smallness, little, the beagle hound must have had a checkered career. But I find in following "Corsincon," Stonehenge and Markham in their writings, that he finally earned his release from bondage, and in size and form developed out from a dwarf "singing beagle" into a respectable sized dog, a worthy member of the grand old family of hounds. From a maximum height of 9in. in its earlier days, it has been allowed to attain the respectable size of 15in. and still retain its original name, although in size it has long since forfeited all just claims to its original Celtic blue-blood name.

It does seem to me a very shallow argument indeed, holding up in defense of its size the fact that its name signifies what the size proper should be. The whole history of the little hound, from time of Queen Elizabeth down, is one of controversy as to its size, and our beagle of to-day is proof of itself that gradually from 9in. they have reached an allowed height of 15in.

In the light of past history and facts let us return to "L. H. T.'s" article, and note his comments on my beagles as given in a former issue.

He asks, "are they beagles?" and after giving us the literal translation of the Celtic word "begele," he at once declares on the authority of the above definition that they are ruled out and are sailing under false colors, not being purely bred beagles. I am compelled to take issue on this point, and for the special information of "L. H. T." say that the beagles mentioned hold certificates of as good blood (beagle) as runs in the veins of any dog in this country, unless "L. H. T." has also ruled out such beagles as Ringwood, Victor, Lucy, Queen, Maida and Old Bess, in which case I have nothing more to say.

Such an argument comes to me with surprise from a breeder of forty years. The fact that I or any other owner should breed above 15in. is positive evidence that they are not purely-bred beagles is too careles a statement to come from one of such experience.

I have observed a difference of 2 to 3in. in one litter. In fact, there came to my observation at one of our late bench shows where a beagle dog measuring 15½in. was entirely ignored, whose points otherwise would have scored far beyond the best winner. He was in all respects a beauty, and, while I recognized the justice in following the law governing beagles, fully realized that an injury was being done the breed in restricting to such a size limit.

"L. H. T." admits that the 13, 14 or 15in. dog cannot keep up with the "big dog," referring to 17½in. If such is the fact, will a pack of smaller beagles run any more evenly or smoothly than a pack of 17½in.? I grant they will run more slowly, and at this rate of speed ought to last all day; but if you are after such sized rabbits as are found in this section, the chances are that the rabbit will run just about as "evenly and smoothly" as the dogs do, and a day's run would result in plenty of exercise and little game.

"L. H. T." must know, with his experience in the brush, that in close, thick work the beagle is faster and surer than the foxhound, and on cold scent is far superior. If we can obtain better work from 17in. beagles than from 14in., we have still greater advantage over the foxhound. I will even go further, and state as my belief that a beagle of 17½in. will prove superior to any harrier of 20 or 22in. We found such to be our experience the past season, and are going to experiment still further the coming fall.

The exposure of the present condition of our bench winners, as given in "L. H. T.'s" article is most deplorable, I confess, and should call forth a rigid inquiry as to field qualities of our present champions. H. H.

SPANIEL SPECIAL AT DETROIT.—Brantford, Ont., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have waited for Mr. Charlesworth to acknowledge the Detroit spaniel special as publicly as he demanded it through your columns. He, however, has not seen fit to do so, nor has he by word or letter condescended to let me know that he has got it. The facts regarding it are as follows: When Mr. C. wrote me that it should have gone to his dog I replied that I thought the judge who awarded it was the proper person to rescind it, but I added that I had written to the secretary, asking him the value of the prize, as I had already given the original away. Although I afterward wrote two more letters to the worthy secretary with the same request, I was unable to get an answer from him on the subject, the only mention he made of the matter was "I wish you would write to him (Mr. C.) direct and settle with him." I was therefore obliged to ask the return of the prize from the person to whom I had presented it, and it was sent to Mr. Charlesworth's address on July 27, a full week before his note appeared in your paper. Although this is three weeks ago he has not even condescended to acknowledge its receipt either to me or through your valuable columns in the same manner in which he demanded it.—CHAS. M. NELLES (Brant Cocker Kennels).

WAVERLY DOG SHOW.—New York, Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following additional judges have consented to act at the Waverly show: Mr. A. H. Wakefield for beagles; Mr. T. Farrar Rackham for Dandie Dinmont, Skye, Bedlington and toy terriers, King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, poodles, rough-haired terriers and pugs; Mr. Fred Hoey, fox-terriers. The following express companies will return dogs free to the original shippers: Adams, United States, American, Erie and Baltimore. The following additional specials have been offered: $25 in cash or plate for the best pointer; $10 for the best heavy weight pointer dog, barring Peshall's Jimmie; also specials for best cocker, best brace cockers, best field spaniels, best retrieving field spaniel, best brace of field spaniels and best spaniel puppy. Additional classes have been made for champion cockers, any color but liver or black, and champion Irish water spaniels. There has been a great demand for entry blanks. Dog and bitch classes will be made for all breeds not specified in the catalogue. Mr. John Read will superintend.—HERMAN F. SCHELLHASS, Bench Show Secretary.

THE DAYTON DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the fifth annual dog show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, to be held at Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 27 to 30. The prizes for the large dogs are not properly apportioned. While Newfoundlands and Great Danes each receive $10 and $5, mastiffs and St. Bernards have but $5 and $3, and greyhounds and deerhounds are put in one class at the same rate. Champion English setters, Irish setters and pointers one class each have $10. In the open classes for the last three named the prizes are dogs $15 and $10, bitches the same, with $5 and $3 to puppies. Black and tan setters, one class, $10 and $5, with $3 to puppies. Spaniels have but one class, cockers, with $5 and $3. Nearly all of the remaining classes have the same, pugs having a champion class. Foxhounds have $10 and $5, and a few classes $4 and $3. There will be a large list of specials. John Davidson will judge the sporting and Geo. H. Hill the non-sporting classes.

MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Besides premiums advertised in list we offer $25 to the exhibitor making the largest number of entries. We will also have a very nice lot of merchant prizes, medals, etc. Prospects are very good. Dogs will receive the very best of care. We will use Spratts food, which will be prepared by Mr. Murphy, an expert, Mr. Murphy having been all over England preparing food at the largest shows. All express companies entering this city will return dogs free to their owners upon the prepayment of one full rate. All railroads entering this city will allow dogs to ride free in the baggage cars when accompanied by their owners. We will try our very best to please all our friends. Kennel prize No. 27 should read $20 for best kennel of setters, four or more, and not English setters.—A. M. GRAU, Secretary M. K. C.

BEAGLES.—A gentleman going West for a few months wishes to find a good home for his team of beagles during his absence. Address, "Beagle," care of FOREST AND STREAM.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jeppa. By David Raiff, New Philadelphia, O., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1887, by Trinket's Bang (Croxteth—Trinket) out of Lass's Floss (Dandy Bang—Seitner's Lass).

Maude. By Clumber Kennels, Ottawa, Can., for lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped June 11, 1887, by Johnny (Ben—Joan) out of Bessie (Jockey—Romp).

Stonewall Jackson, Dixie and Louisette. By Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., for white, black and tan beagles, two dogs and one bitch, whelped June 8, 1887, by Chimer (Jack—Dandy) out of Lou (Kino—Fly).

Gypsy Kate. By Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 25, 1885, by Flute Ringwood (Ringwood—Norah) out of Thurn II. (Sport—Thorn).

Susette and Careless. By Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., for white, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped June 21, 1887, by Little Prince (Rattler III.—Betty) out of Trinket.

Lord Hector. By Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., for dark orange tawny and white smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped March 26, 1887, by Hector (A.K.R. 4425) out of Belline II. (A.K.R. 3033).

Countess Maud. By Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., for orange and white smooth St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 5, 1887, by Lee (Hero—Lucy) out of Maud (Dirk—Abra).

Bonny Doon. By P. B. Dean, Forestville, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 5, 1887, by Knight of Snowden (Johnnie Faa—Swan) out of Lady Brighton (Prince Phœbus—Rosey).

Clumber Kennels. By Messrs. F. H. F. Mercer and W. B. A. Hill, Ottawa, Can., for their kennels of Clumber spaniels.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Portland Lily—Nick of Naso. Fred Harris's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Portland Lily (A.K.R. 4058) to Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso, June 26.

Topsey Logan—Joe. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pug bitch Topsey Logan (imported Duke—Topsey) to Geo. H. Hill's Joe (Comedy—Clytie), Aug. 7.

Daphne II.—Lodi. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne (A.K.R. 489) to Chequasset Kennels' Lodi, June 29.

Kleine—Duke of Lancaster. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Kleine (A.K.R. 2044) to Chequasset Kennels' Duke of Lancaster, June 29.

Wacouta Nun—Wacouta Nap. Wacouta Kennels' (St. Paul, Minn.) mastiff bitch Wacouta Nun (A.K.R. 4262) to their Wacouta Nap (Morgan's Lion—Morgan's Bess), Aug. 9.

Lady May—Foreman. H. Pape's (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Lady May (A.K.R. 1371) to Blackstone Kennels' Foreman, Aug. 12.

Flirt—Domino. W. H. Ashburner's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Flirt (Ringwood—Bush) to his Domino (Rattler III.—imported Myrtle), July 1.

Hazel Obo—Black Pete, Jr. Dr. Wheelock's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel Obo (A.K.R. 4097) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete, Jr. (Black Pete—Miss Ginger), Aug. 10.

Margaret—Chimer. F. B. Donaldson's beagle bitch Margaret to Woodbrook Kennels' Chimer (Jack—Dandy), July 8.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daisu. W. H. Ashburner's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Daisy (Blue Boy—Flirt), July 28, five (four dogs), by his Domino (Rattler III.—imported Myrtle).

Little Duchess. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Little Duchess (formerly Jewel) (Racer—Dolly), Aug. 16, five (three dogs), by his Rattler III. (Rattler—Music).

Myrtle. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Myrtle (Minstrel—Handmaid), Aug. 12, five (three dogs), by Woodbrook Kennels' imported Chimer (Jack—Dandy); one bitch since dead.

Cassandra. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Cassandra (Debret—Dear Secret), Aug. 5, five (three dogs), by his Balkis (Clyto—Primrose).

Lass's Floss. L. C. Denman's (Coshocton, O.) pointer bitch Lass's Floss (Dandy Bang—Seitner's Lass), June 22, eight (three dogs), by Titterington's Trinket's Bang (Croxteth—Trinket).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bernaline. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 2, 1885 (A.K.R. 3239), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to J. P. Davis, Utica, N. Y.

Cupid. Cream fawn pug dog, age not given, by Cicero out of Titania, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Miss Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass.

Duke of Savoy. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 23, 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Daphne II., by Ersex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Rev. Leverett Bradley, same place.

Victoria. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, age not given, by Rudolph II. out of Bernaline (A.K.R. 3239), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Miss A. B. McKean, Binghamton, N. Y.

Mr. Barker. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 23, 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Daphne II., by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass.

Nan. Fawn pug bitch, age not given, by Sam out of Titania, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Pollywog. Cream fawn pug dog, age not given, by Cicero out of Nan, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Mrs. T. S. Snow, Leicester, Mass.

Tadpole. Stone fawn pug dog, age not given, by Cicero out of Nan, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Mrs. W. F. Whitamore, Leicester, Mass.

Jeppa. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1887, by Trinket's Bang out of Lass's Floss, by L. C. Denman, Coshocton, O., to David Raiff, New Philadelphia, O.

Cicero, Jr. Cream fawn pug dog, age not given, by Cicero out of Titania, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Mrs. Wm. Paul, Lewiston, Me.

Wacouta Baron. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped May 10, 1887 (A.K.R. 5152), by Wacouta Kennels, St. Paul, Minn., to J. Palmer Johnson, M.D., Blooming Prairie, Minn.

Tiny. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 21, 1884, by Obo II. out of Gem, to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to W. A. Small, Waltham, Mass.

Little Hal. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 26, 1887, by Little Duke, Jr., out of Dixie, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to John C. Dawes, Kingston, Mass.

Tramp and Gussie. White, black and tan beagle dog and bitch, whelped April 29, 1887 by Flute D. (A.K.R. 2389) out of Fannie, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to W. C. Knapp, Revere, Mass.

Tita and Snub. Cream fawn pug bitches, age not given, by Cicero out of Titania, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Butcher. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 23, 1887, by Black Pete out of Fannie Obo, by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., to J. N. Palmer, Cambridge, Mass.

Frantic. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 23, 1887, by Black Pete out of Fannie Obo, by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., to O. N. Gilman, Dorchester, Mass.

Josephine. White and brindle bulldog bitch, whelped Jan. 29, 1882 (A.K.R. 388), by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Grasmere Kennels, Manchester, N. H.

Juanita. White and fawn bulldog bitch, whelped Aug. 31, 1884 (A.K.R. 4015), by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Grasmere Kennels, Manchester, N. H.

Rhodora. White bulldog bitch, whelped June 27, 1881 (A.K.R. 2596), by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Grasmere Kennels, Manchester, N. H.

Tippoo. Brindle bulldog, whelped Sept. 23, 1880 (A.K.R. 390), by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Grasmere Kennels, Manchester, N. H.

Bonny Doon. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 5, 1888, by Knight of Snowdon out of Lady Brighton, by Chautauqua Kennels, Sheridan, N. Y., to P. B. Dean, Forestville, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

Maude. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped June 11, 1887, by Johnny out of Bessie, by H. W. Windram, Boston, Mass., to F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa, Can.

Little Prince—Trinket whelps. Beagle dogs, whelped June 21, 1887, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., a white, black and tan to S. Latrobe, a tan, black and white to J. Dilworth, and a white, black and tan to J. Baevie, same place.

DEATHS.

Rose of Rancocas. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped April 4, 1887 (A.K.R. 5099), owned by J. B. Murphy, New York.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. B. S., Fruitvale.—Could you kindly suggest some way by which canker can be cured in a dog's ear? Ans. Get the following:

R	Bromo chloral	3 ii
	Tr. opii	3 ii
	Aq.	3 ii

Mix. Sig. Let a few drops fall in the ear night and morning after cleansing and drying.

W. W., Camden, N. J.—Kindly prescribe for my eleven months cocker spaniel bitch. For some time past there has been a prolific

growth of what appears to be blue warts upon inside of her mouth, principally upon the lips, (probably ulcers instead of warts), they seem to be sore so she will not gnaw a bone. Her condition is bad, and although I have tried Fowler's solution she does not improve, although her appetite is fairly good. Ans. Get a stick of nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) and touch each wart or ulcer every morning. Get the following:

℞. Pot. iodid. ..... ℥ ii.
Syr. sarsaparill. co. ..... ℥ i.
Aq. q. s. ad. ..... ℥ iv.
Mix. Sig. One teaspoonful three times daily.

W. W. McC.—I have a valuable Irish setter 4 years old afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble; has constant desire to urinate, reaching as many as 100 efforts daily. Is otherwise healthy, but appetite nearly gone; keeps in good flesh and spirits but is constantly fatigued. Received a blow across the back last April which crippled him for an hour, but after that until about two months ago showed no effects of the injury. Have been treating him with turpentine and pumpkin seed tea but get no permanent benefit. Ans. Get the following:

℞. Tr. nucis vom.
Tr. belladonnæ. ..... ♏ ℥ ii
Tr. opii. ..... ♏ i
Syr. simplicis. ..... ♏ ss
Aq. q. s. ad. ..... ♏ ii
Mix. Sig. One teaspoonful three times daily.

Feed mostly milk and oatmeal, little meat.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regimental team match of the Pennsylvania N. G. was shot at Mt. Gretna on the 10th and 11th inst., during the encampment of the N. G. P. at that place.

The match was open to any regimental, batallion or separate company, teams of 4 men, distance 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each distance. The First Regiment (located at Philadelphia) were the victors after a very hard struggle, with the Sixteenth Regiment only 2 points behind. The famous Thirteenth Regiment of Scranton had heretofore been the victors in this match, and this was the only time they were ever defeated. It was expected before the match that the fight would be between the Thirteenth, Sixteenth and First Regiments in the above order. At the finish of the 200yds. range the three highest were: First Regiment 117, Thirteenth 116, Sixteenth 115. At the close of the 500yds. range it stood: First Regiment 224, Sixteenth 223, Thirteenth 212. Owing to the arrangements of the targets the First Regiment were compelled at each range to wait until both the Sixteenth and Thirteenth Regiment had finished their scores. These three teams being so close all the spectators and marksmen not actually firing kept close to their firing point. After the Sixteenth and Thirteenth Regiments had finished their scores at 600yds. the score sheets showed that the Thirteenth had been downed at last, their grand total being: Sixteenth Regiment 328, Thirteenth 312.

It was now the First's time to shoot at 600yds., and the crowd surged to that regiment's firing point. The First Regiment's team to win was obliged to make a total of 105 points, or average 26 points each man, which on an entirely new ground and with no sighting shots was no easy thing. Walton and Linnan led off and put up as follows: Walton 23 and Linnan 26. Root and Coulston took their turn, knowing that they had to make an average of 28 each to win, and by good holding made one point better, thus winning the match by only two points. Below are the individual scores of the winners in their order of shooting:

	Yds.							
Private Geo R Walton...	200	5	3	4	5	4	4	4—29
	500	4	3	5	0	3	2	3—20
	600	..	3	5	4	5	4	0 2—23— 72
Sergt E T Linnan	200	5	5	3	4	4	5	3—29
	500	4	3	3	4	2	5	5—26
	600	3	4	4	2	5	5	3—26— 81
Sergt Geo F Root	200	4	4	4	3	4	4	4—27
	500	4	5	5	4	4	5	3—30
	600	5	3	5	4	5	4	3—29— 86
Lieut Geo W Coulston	200	5	5	4	4	4	5	5—32
	500	5	4	5	3	5	5	4—31
	600	4	3	5	5	5	3	3—28— 91
								330

16th Regiment	328	5th Regiment	263
13th Regiment	312	City Troop	255
State Fencibles	292	2d Regiment	247
10th Regiment	281	15th Regiment	231
14th Regiment	277	8th Regiment	217
12th Regiment	263	4th Regiment	177

AMERICAN RIFLEMEN ABROAD.

LONDON, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I have no doubt many of your readers will want to know how the American rifle shots Messrs. Huggins and Cartwright have got along over here, I thought I would write through your paper and let them know. At Wimbledon they both did very poor indeed. In the first place they had just arrived after a ten day's voyage and went straight to the range, and then they were not feeling well; and they left before the tournamount finished for Geneva, Switzerland, to attend the Tir Federal. They were more fortunate there as both won good prizes, the lion's share of course falling to that phenomenal rifle shot J. A. Huggins. The distance shot was about 530yds., with open sights, rifles under 12lbs., no milking stool allowed. Several of the contests were for either offhand or from the knee, but the two American representatives shot offhand and won a great deal of praise by their fine shooting. Mr. Huggins won a very handsome gold medal for making 300 4in. cartons, there being only two others who won gold medals out of the 22,000 shooters; he also took a gold watch, a bronze medal, and 300 francs on the target of honor and two other targets. His prizes will be forwarded to him in Pittsburgh as soon as the awards have been made.

Mr. Cartwright won a silver medal and 150 francs in cash; he only shot one day, as business called him back to London. It must be understood that they had to use the Swiss rifle, using the Swiss government cartridge, which is a rim-fire bottle-necked cartridge of .41-cal. The sights were open, with a screw to alter wind gauge, set locks were allowed, but in the military match those using single locks were allowed 12½ per cent. Mr. J. C. Huguenin, of San Francisco, Cal., was present and did some good shooting, and won a fine gold cup and 250 francs in cash. A great drawback to the success of Messrs. Huggins and Cartwright was the fact that they could not speak the language, and consequently were not posted on the ways of rifle shooting in Switzerland. Some of the cracks of Switzerland were using three different rifles on the same number of targets. At Wimbledon on the 4in. bullseye at 200yds. pool target on one occasion, of all the hundreds of shots that were fired, Mr. Huggins with his Bullard Military made the only bullseye that was made all day. Bullseyes that day were worth about 56 shillings. Mr. Cartwright submitted the Bullard Military to the Wimbledon council, and theo allowed it to be used in all M. B. L. competitions. They would not allow him to use his Springfield with a Buffington sight, as they had decided against the Buffington. The Bullard rifles are taking finely with the rifle shots over here.

Miss Annie Oakley, who is giving exhibitions with the shotgun with Buffalo Bill's Wild West at the American Exhibition, is meeting with great success; her shooting is very good indeed. The Prince of Wales highly complimented her on her shooting on the occasion of his visit to the show with the Princess, the Prince and Princess visiting Miss Oakley in her tent after the performance. Miss Oakley gives a great many private exhibitions to some of the leaders of fashion over here, as it is a great thing to see a lady step up to the trap and kill bluerock after bluerock; it is something that is not often seen here. At the grounds of the London Gun Club she gave an exhibition, and the members were so pleased that they presented her with the club gold medal valued at $250. She also won at the same grounds $250 in a sweepstake at live blue rocks. The Prince of Wales on handing Miss Oakley the medal said, "I know of no one more worthy of it." Miss Oakley has had some very flattering offers to go to Monaco and Boulogne, France, and Brighton, England. It is a pleasure to go to Miss Oakley's tent and spend an hour talking to the little American wonder, and one is sure there to meet some of the best wing shots of England, and some of the nicest London people, as Miss Oakley by her ladylike ways has won hosts of friends over here, who always make it a point to visit her tent when at the exhibition. Miss Oakley is the only person to whom the London Gun Club has presented their medal. AMERICA.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

A VETERAN TRAP-SHOT.

IN last week's issue was printed a challenge from the veteran pigeon shot, Mr. Wm. King, to Dr. Carver. The challenger is well known to the older generation of trap-shooters, but to young men his record is less familiar than are those of shooters like Bogardus and Carver. William King was born in Winterslow, near Salisbury, Eng., Feb. 16, 1818, being now 70 years of age. He came to America in 1850, and in the ten years following shot 57 matches, winning 56 of them, and many were for "big money." His record is as follows:

Shortly after his arrival in the United States bet $100 that he would break to pieces 95 bottles in 100 shots, with No. 6 shot, viz., the hard, black sherry bottle. He shot this at Mount Pleasant, Charleston; hit and broke to pieces fairly in the air, 100 bottles in succession, shooting as described, with gun 14-bore, 1oz. shot.

In support of Mr. King's claim to having made the best score in 12 matches, the following records are adduced:

King v. Wells—Shot at Red Bank, N. J., 1854.—King shot at 10 double birds, killed 20; Wells killed 20. In the shoot-off at 10 double birds, each killed 19 birds, and the stakes were drawn.—*Reported by Old Spirit.*

King v. Cornell—Match for $500, shot at Germantown, Philadelphia, 1855.—King shot at 15 double birds, killed 28; Cornell killed 24. Won by King.—*Old Spirit.*

King v. Cornell—Match for $500; shot at Germantown, Philadelphia, 1855.—King shot at 15 double birds, killed 27; Cornell killed 23. Won by King.—*Old Spirit.*

King v. Cornell—Match for $500; shot at Long Island, September, 1885.—King shot at 100 single birds, killed 94; Cornell killed 93. Won by King.—*Old Spirit.*

King v. B. Duncan—Match for $5,000 a side; shot at Cincinnati, October, 1855.—King shot at 75 double birds, killed 129; Duncan killed 130. Won by Duncan.—*Louisville Courier and Old Spirit.*

King v. Tatham—Match for $1,000; shot at Bloomingdale Road, N. Y., September, 1857.—King shot at 25 double and 50 single birds; King killed 97. Won by King.—*Old Spirit.*

February, 1858, won $100 by killing 40 birds out of 25 double at Ward's, Coney Island, R. Robinson betting against 38.

King v. Shannon—Match for $1,000; shot at St. Louis, 1859.—King shot at 30 double birds, killed 55; Shannon killed 45. Won by King.—*Clipper.*

Sweepstakes shot at St. Louis, April, 1859.—20 sub., $10 each; first, second and third prizes; King shot two chances; won the first and second prizes, killing 44 birds in succession. H. Fulson won third prize, killing 43 birds out of 44. Same sweep, next day, King took first and second prizes, killing 66 out of 68. Shannon took third prize. King also killed 40 single birds in 40 shots, and 35 double birds in 36 double shots.—*Clipper.*

King v. Duncan—Match for $2,000; shot at St. Louis, April, 1859. King shot at 20 double birds (30yds. rise), killed 21; Duncan (same rise) killed 20. Won by King.—*Clipper.*

King v. Duncan—Match for $10,000; shot at Louisville, May 29, 1859; 30yds. rise, 25 double birds each. King killed 42, Duncan 24.—*Clipper.*

King v. Duncan—Match for $1,000 a side; shot at Louisville, June, 1859; 50 single birds. King killed all; Duncan, 28 out of 30.—*Louisville Courier.*

Great International Match; shot October, 1859, at Newmarket, Eng.; 50 single and 50 double birds. 250 sovereigns a side. King killed 42 of the 50 single birds, and 87 of the 50 double birds; Freere killed 39 of the 50 single birds, and 67 of the 50 double birds.—*Bell's Life.*

Oct., 1868, at Dexter's, L. I., won sweepstakes of $50 each, shooting at 8 double birds, killing 14, against R. Robinson and H. Hartshorn, shooting at 10 single birds.

At Springfield, Ill., Sept., 1869, defeated A. H. Bogardus in match at 10 single and 10 double birds each, killing 10 straight singles, and 19 out 20 doubles—total, 29 out 30. Bogardus killed 9 single and 17 out 20 double—total, 26.

At Dexter's, L. I., Jan., 1879, Mr. King won $100 sweepstakes, 10 double birds, killing 19 out 20; defeated B. West and Dr. Wynn.

At Hiram Howe's, L. I., beat S. Reading, at 25 single birds, 25yds. rise, ground traps; King killed 23, Reading 21.

Defeated C. Ditmus, same grounds, King shooting at 25 double birds, Ditmus, 50 singles.

Mr. King is of magnificent physique, and in spite of his seventy years is not yet shelved as a double bird wing-shot. If he succeeds in getting on a match with Carver there will be a notable gathering of old-time trap frequenters to see how their favorite holds his own with the new comers.

OHIO TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.—*An Open Letter to Ohio Sportsmen:* Gentlemen—I address you as an individual and not as one interested in any particular target. Together with many others, I am desirous of seeing an Ohio State Association duly formed. An attempt in this direction is now under way. An "Ohio Trap Shooters' League" was organized in February, 1887, at Columbus. The executive committee was chosen, comprising among others Mr. J. E. Miller, the traveling representative of the American Clay Bird Co., and Mr. J. J. Wightman, agent of the Cleveland Blue Rock Co. At that meeting an attempt was made to adopt those two targets as the targets of the League. This movement was ignominiously defeated, showing that Ohio shooters do not propose to be "bamboozled" by any target manufacturers. Now the next meeting and tournament of the League is to be held at Columbus, Sept. 16, 17 and 18. In answer to an inquiry as to what targets are to be used at the tournament, the secretary writes: "The matter of targets is entirely in the hands of the executive committee, Mr. Miller is getting up the programme, etc." Mr. J. E. Miller being addressed on the subject, writes as follows: "Yours of Aug. 15; in reply will say that the executive committee held their meeting some few weeks ago, and decided to use the blue rock and American clay bird for the coming State shoot. The programmes are printed and are being distributed. In fact, the use of targets for this tournament was left somewhat to the club at Columbus, the committee acting upon their suggestion, as it was the wish of the committee to please the majority of the clubs belonging to the League and also the club at Columbus. I am only one of the committee and did not have control of the board. This is not a test of targets, as none thought of that; when it was brought up the question of targets was mentioned, and it was first thought best to use all, but it was voted down, and as the shoot was for two days the two targets used by the clubs were adopted as the targets for the tournament to the satisfaction of all. (Signed) J. E. Miller." Now, I appeal to all shooters, is this fair to you? Should not all target manufacturers been invited to attend? Should not the Peoria Target Co., the Lockport Bat, the Ligowsky Co., the Niagara Co., the Macomber Target, or at least some of them have been also used, especially in the face of the castigation received at Columbus, when a resolution was voted down to use only these very two targets? If this League is to be supported it should be managed fairly. If at any of its meetings its members see fit to adopt any particular targets, no one could object. Ohio men have a world-wide reputation as being "square." I am confident the Ohio sportsmen will uphold this good name by taking due action at their next meeting. All such associations should adopt a motto "No managers of target companies, guns, etc., or any one interested in such competing articles, shall be eligible as an officer of the association." Very respectfully, J. E. BLOOM (Cincinnati Aug. 18).

NEW DORP, Staten Island, New York, Aug. 18.—Emerald Gun Club. Match at live pigeons, ground traps, 21, 25 and 30yds. rise, 80yds. bound. Emerald Gun Club rules: four prizes. McMunn 30yds., Dwyer, Voss and John Glaccum 25yds., rest 21yds.:

Wm Glaccum..	...1111111101— 9	John H Voss... ..	1111111101— 9
H Nichols	0110000001— 3	John Bade	1011111001— 7
Dr Hudson	1111111111—10	S McMahon	1011101000— 5
John Howard	1000000000— 1	L C Gehering	0110111111— 8
R Regan	1010111100— 6	Thos J Osuker	0010000100— 2
Thos P Mackenna	1111111010— 6	Geo Remsen	1110011111— 8
Dr Dwyer	1111111010— 8	Philip Butz	1100111111— 8
M McMunn	1101101110— 7	John Glaccum	0001011011— 5
P J Keenan	0011001010— 4	T Codey	1000001010— 3
John Marsel	1011 1001— 6	H Rubino	0101110110— 6

Dr. Hudson won first prize. Ties on nines and out for second at live birds, 25yds.; Dr. Dwyer 1, L. C. Gehering 3, won. Geo. Remsen 2½, Philip Butz 1. Ties on miss and out for third at live birds, 21yds.; M. McMunn 1, won, John Bade 0. Ties on miss and out for fourth, or Osukir Trophy, at live birds, 21yds.; R. Regan 1, won, H. Rubino 0.—THOS. CODEY, Rec. Sec.

IRONTON, O., Aug. 15.—Team shoot between Iron City Gun Club and Ashland Gun Club, of Ashland, Ky., 20 American clay birds: Ironton Club—Walbert 12, Williams 7, Morgan 6, Flin 15, Miller 10, Khen 14, Skelton 11; total 73. Ashland Club—A. J. Crawford, 13, Jenkins 12, Clawson 14, J. Crawford 6, Burnette 6, Lawrence 13, D. Crawford 4; total 70.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 17.—Capital City Gun Club, match at American clay pigeons, No. 1; 5 traps, W. G. A. rules. Club prizes:

Williams	1100101110101010— 9	Green	0000110001 w
Collison	1111111111100011—13	Wilson	1101110111111111—13

Team Shoots.—No. 1.

Mills	1011101111—8	Cunningham	1110111011—8
Woodbridge	0011010111—6	Wilson	1011111111—9
Collison	1001011111—7	Williams	1101110011—7
Whitman	1110000101—5	Thompson	0111111001—7
Green	0111011110—7=34	DuBois	1110101101—7=38

No. 2.		No. 3.	
Mills	11111—5		01111—4
Woodbridge	10001—2		10010—2
Collison	11101—4		11100—3
Whitman	01101—3		
Green	11101—4—18		01110—3—12
Cunningham	11101—4		11111—5
Wilson	11111—5		11101—4
Williams	11100—3		11110—4
Thompson	10111—4		10011—3—16
DuBois	10111—4—20		

On Aug. 19 an individual match between W. L. Williams and Seymour Cunningham was shot for $5 a side and expenses, 50 birds each, 30 singles and 10 pairs of American clay-birds, No. 1, 5 traps, under N. G. A. rules. Traps Nos. 1 and 4 were very erratic, throwing very low, and the bulk of the misses came from this cause. Messrs. Whitman and Collison acted as judges, with Mr. Mills as referee:

H. L. Williams.

Singles	1010111100011111010111011011—21
Doubles	10 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 01—16—37

Seymour Cunningham.

Singles	1111111101010111111011001101—23
Doubles	11 11 10 11 11 01 01 01 11 11—16—39

QUIRT.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., Aug. 19.—Scores shot by Solomon Gun Club, 10 singles, 5 pair doubles, blue rocks and blackbirds, 21yds. rise, 9 A. M. cloudy and foggy:

C F Dewar	11 11 11 10 01—8	1111111100—8—16
E E Crooks	10 11 11 10 11—8	1111011110—8—16
T J Edworthy	11 11 10 01 11—8	1111101111—9—17
John Krauschi	11 11 11 10 00—7	1111101010—7—14
Henry Gould	10 10 10 11 01—6	1000011101—5—11

T. J. EDWORTHY, Sec'y and Treas.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Aug. 18.—Live pigeon shooting held in North Greensburg by several members of the Greensburg Gun Club:

Chas F Ehalt	½	½	1	1	½	1	1	1—5½
W S Gessler	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—7
H F Thomas	1	1	1	1	1	0	1—6

Match Aug. 19 at live birds, 21yds., plunge traps:

Shaner	½	0	0	1	1	1	1—4½	Brunot	½	1	1	1	1	½	1	1—6
Gessler	0	1	1	0	0	½	1—3½	Berlin	½	0	0	1	½	0	0—2

Birds killed with the second barrel scored half a bird. A challenge has been issued and accepted for a match at 10 birds apiece, between the two local teams with Ehalt, Thomas and W. S. Gessler on one side, and Shaner, Brunot and John Gessler on the other, the match to take place as soon as all arrangements can be made. Eight members of the Scottdale Gun Club will visit Cleveland, where some of them will be contestants in the match for the big prizes offered by the Chamberlin Cartridge Co. The Scottdale shooters are said to be in good practice.

CAPE MAY.—The Cape May City Athletic Club was organized this summer, and on Thursday, Sept. 1, 2 and 3, one of the finest athletic grounds in the country will be thrown open to the public, when over $1,500 will be expended for prizes, fireworks, etc. Friday, Sept. 2, 10 A. M., there will be a clay-pigeon shoot (continuing all day) for the title of "Amateur Champion" and the C. M. C. A. C. $100 solid silver cup; 100 birds each. Conditions on application.—BURR W. MCINTOSH (Cape May, N. J.).

WINSTED GUN CLUB.—Annual tournament at Willowbrook range, Winsted, Conn., Wednesday, Aug. 31, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M. Artificial targets.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

AFTER four years absence from its birthplace and early home, the American Canoe Association has returned to the neighborhood of the Adirondacks for its eighth camp and meeting. Founded in 1880 at Lake George, for the two following years its meets were held on the Canoe Islands, near the upper end of the lake. The next year a long excursion was made into Canadian territory, with a large camp at Stony Lake. In 1884 the camp was held on Grindstone Island, a beautiful member of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River, a site that was so well liked that the two following camps, '85 and '86, were held on the same spot. Though the location was in many respects a desirable one, there were many who preferred to visit a new spot, and in accordance with the general wish it was decided at the Executive Committee meeting in New York last November to visit Lake Champlain. The site, as all proposed, which met with the most favor, was Bow-Arrow Point, on the south end of North Hero Island, and the verdict of all present at the meet has fully justified the choice.

Beautiful as the former camps have been, this is the equal or rather the superior of all, in natural advantages. There is more shade than at Grindstone, and none of the tents are exposed to the sun, while the ladies' camp is on higher ground. How the winds will serve is not yet known, but there has been plenty thus far, and the courses are specially good. The point is a long, narrow peninsula, joined to the main part of the island by a neck of low ground, merely a stony beach some 20yds. across. Along the southeast shore the ground, rising to a bluff some 12ft. high in front of the ladies' camp, is but 3 or 4ft. high along the front of the main camp, the beach being composed of flat pieces of slaty stone, easy to walk or beach a canoe on. From the low bank along the beach the ground rises gradually, until on the opposite shore a bluff from 20 to 40ft. high rises perpendicularly from the beach. This portion of the island is covered with a grove of straight and slender-trunked young hickory trees, with little underbrush. A rough wagon track winds along some 30ft. from the beach on the lower side of the point, and most of the tents are pitched between it and the beach, extending nearly half a mile from the little wharf on the extreme point to the end of the grove. The tents, of all sizes and shapes, from the big wall tents of the larger clubs down to the striped canoe tent pitched for the time on shore, are all comfortably and cosily furnished, as this point is better done by far than the early days of the Association. Many tents have board floors, nearly all boast a folding cot, some camp chairs, a table built on the spot, and the furnishing includes many handy little knickknacks devised specially for the camper's use. This year some genius has devised a shelf, a board hung just beneath the ridge and running from pole to pole, in all the tents high enough to permit it, on which clothing, hats, shoes, etc., are stowed out of the way. Across the wagon road are strung the large club banners, in front of each tent or group of club tents is a rough table and a stone fireplace, and on the beach is a landing stage of the usual pattern that has proved so useful at the former meets, three or four saplings laid on the beach at right angles to the shore and rough planks about 8in. apart nailed to them. As the stage has the same incline as the beach, and the outer end is below water, a canoe can be readily hauled up or launched. A wharf of logs has been built for steamboats to land at, and near it are the officers' and regatta committee's tents.

Altogether there are up to Sunday 78 tents, not including the small canoe tents, on the ground, besides some 25 in the ladies' camp and about the Point outside the main camp. There are now 125 men in the main camp. It is worth noticing that this year there is an unusual number of small wall tents similar to that used by Mr. Baden-Powell last season. These are from 6½ft. square and the same height at ridge, to 8ft. square and high. The ladies' camp has a number of new visitors besides those who have visited Squaw Point for so long. This year the Canadian contingent, which has been represented at every meet since 1881 by some of the most earnest workers in the Association, has but one man, Mr. Leys, Toronto C. C. C. The meet of the Northern Division at Stony Lake, which has lately closed, has naturally attracted the Canadians. This year for the first time the far West is repre-

sented by Com. W. W. Blow, Oakland C. C., of California, while from nearer home comes Mr. Kritzer, of Michigan, and Messrs. Shiras and Warder, of Ohio, all A. C. A. members. The weather in camp has been very pleasant, with but one rainy day, the nights being cool and the days only warm and by no means sultry.

The first week has passed very quietly with cruising, sailing and fishing, the latter very good. On Saturday a large party made a trip to Port Kent by steamer, and thence to Ausable Chasm, returning late in the evening. The glorious sunsets and the view from the hill at Grindstone are missing here, as the island is lower, but still the scenery is very fine. Opposite the camp are the wooded hills of South Hero, while small islands are scattered about, and the shores of North Hero, broken into beautiful little bays, offer unusual inducements to the paddler.

The natural advantages are very great, but the transportation is worse than at any previous camp. Only two trains per day from Albany and New York, the first due at 5:30 P. M., frequently arriving at Plattsburgh so late as to miss the only boat to the camp, the steamer Maquam, which makes a single daily trip each way. The second train arrives at 7:35 P. M., so that in any case the traveler has a fair chance of being kept at Plattsburgh over night unless he can find a sailboat, of which there are very few. Launches there are none; the Association chartered a small one, but the captain would not run when the wind blew, so the boat was given up. Coming from Burlington or from the Eastern States, the matter is just as bad. The actual distance is less than from New York to Clayton, but the man who left New York at 7 P. M. on one day was sure of reaching camp without trouble by 11 A. M. of the next, but here he may lose hours searching for a boat and then have to spend the night at a hotel. A number of canoeists have cruised up from Lake George or Albany, the Brooklyn C. C., Essex C. C., of Newark, N. J., and some smaller parties. One advantage of the camp is that thus far few unwelcome visitors have troubled it, and the staring crowds that have previously proved such an annoyance have been entirely absent.

It is too soon as yet to speak of the boats, as the racing has not begun, but among the large number of canoes on the beach some striking features are noticeable. First, the influence of Pecowsic and her victories last year is very evident in a cutting down of bilge and depth, a change that is certainly not for the better, as there are a number of new boats that show a departure in this direction from the older and bulkier models. Secondly, as to the centerboard, the light brass plate with a trunk 6 or 8in. high, and almost in the center of the boat, is in the majority this year. Some of these plates are hung from the fore end of well on a pin, so as to drop in the usual manner, and at the same time to be lifted out; while others, as in the Blanches, are merely square plates of metal, dropping vertically through the trunk. All of these boards are raised by handles of thin brass strips, and are held up in one of three or four positions by a spring catch on the after side of trunk and several notches in the board itself. Few heavy boards are seen, and very few folding ones.

Some of the Ruggles boats have a low trunk of sheet brass, the bottom having a flange of ½in. all around it. This flange fits down on a rubber packing on top of the keelson, being held in place by small chain fastenings, ten along each side. The trunk can easily be removed and a flat piece of brass substituted. In the Notus and some other canoes the same end is attained by a wooden trunk fastened by brass screws, so that for a river cruise the trunk may be removed in a few minutes. In the majority of cases the single plate board is so placed as to monopolize the best part of the boat, leaving little room for the crew, a very bad feature from a cruising point of view.

In sails the change is very marked, few Mohicans or balance lugs are seen, but the favorite rig has all sail abaft the mast. The new sails are mainly of two kinds—a gunter rig, with sliding topmast, and horizontal battens with reef gear; and a single light, tall mast, with sail laced to it, the latter extended by horizontal battens, radiating battens, or a sprit. These sails are, as a rule, very light, and sit flat, but cannot be reefed or stowed during a race. The large sprit sails have the lower end of the sprit stepped on the boom, thus holding it down, the consequence being that one must go ashore to lower or change the sail. When a boat is just properly canvased for the wind and the latter is steady, the rig is unequalled; but as soon as the wind increases and reefing is necessary, it is of little use. Of course, with no weight of spars or gear aloft, the canoeist's weight acts directly on the hull, and nice balancing may be carried further than in the heavier boats with much weight aloft.

The Pecowsic and Lacowsic, sailed by Messrs. Barney, father and son, have a large box of sails, each the perfection of lightness, and of all sizes, so that any needed amount may be carried in one, two or three sails.

Sunday passed quietly, with service in the morning under a great tree. On Monday morning there was no wind, so the sailing races were postponed. The clubs now represented are the New York, Knickerbocker, Brooklyn, Mohican, Rochester, St. Lawrence, Brockville, Toronto, Litchfield (Conn.), Paterson, Cincinnati, Ianthe, Essex, Worcester, Lake George, Trenton, Springfield, Amsterdam, Pittsburgh, Ottawa, Roudout, Lawrence (Mass.), Hartford, Harvard, Na-wa-ga, Dinawinsta (Rome, N. Y.), Shattemuc, Winchester, Vesper, Washington, Newburgh, Pequot, Oswegatchie, Hudson, Newton, Oakland (Cal.), and Jabberwock. The latest number on the A. C. A. roll is 1159. The review takes place on Monday afternoon, and the torchlight display on Tuesday night. The famous cruiser Atalantis is anchored off the camp.

NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.

FOR the following report of the meet of the Northern Division of the A. C. A., at Stony Lake, Ontario, we are indebted to the Toronto *Globe*, through the courtesy of Mr. Robt. Tyson:

CAMP OF THE NORTHERN DIVISION, A. C. A., }
STONY LAKE, Aug. 4.

Once more the A. C. A. is at Stony Lake. Canoeists from a distance who were at the 1883 meet are glad to see again the well-remembered islands of those beautiful waters. The meet of 1883 was a general one of the whole A. C. A., and many United States canoeists were present. The present meet is of the Northern Division only, the general A. C. A. meet being at Lake Champlain this year. Therefore but few United States canoeists can get here, they having their own division meets and the general A.C.A. gatherings to attend. Commodore Wilkin, the head of the A.C.A., is expected here this week; and there are now present the late secretary of the A. C. A., Dr. Neidé, his father, the Rev. Mr. Neidé, and Mr. Elliott, of Rochester, N. Y. The camp is under the command of Col. H. C. Rogers, who is the head of this Northern Division by virtue of his rank of vice-commodore. The places most largely represented here are Lindsay and Peterboro. Lakefield and Bobcaygeon are also well represented. Hamilton sends Mr. Kirwan Martin and Mr. Alexis Martin, sons of Edward Martin, Q.C. Besides the A. C. A. men there are a large number of camping parties on the surrounding islands, many of which have been recently sold. To supply the wants of this island population there are two or three stores, ice-cream and refreshment saloon and perambulating venders of milk, eggs and other provisions. The perambulating is of course done in a canoe or punt. Frequent paddling excursions are made by canoeists to the fine spring of pure water at McCracken's Landing, a mile or more from camp, as the water of these lakes is not good for drinking, although suitable for cooking purposes.

Several of the comfortable institutions, known as "cribs," are moored at different points on the rocky shores of Juniper Island. These cribs are floats of square or round timber, on which are built two little frame rooms with a roofed dining room connecting the two. At Ladies' Bay is the portion of Juniper Island set apart for the "fair sect." Here is moored a crib, occupied by a party of ladies who came together from Peterboro. Needless to say how neat and pretty are the arrangements of their little wooden house. Another crib is occupied as the A. C. A. headquarters; another, belonging to Mr. J. M. Irwin, the lumberman, is tenanted by him and his two sons and Judge Weller, with Mr. Harold Morrow, of the Royal Military College C. C., Kingston. Three others of the R. M. C. C. C. are here. Another crib, vacant at present, is used by the Bobcageon men as their landing. The A. C. A. camp store is on a crib. Mr. E. B. Edwards is at his house on the hill. He says the Royal C. C. of England gave him a right royal reception on his recent visit to England. They treat Canadian canoeists well over there, as the writer knows by experience. Mr. J. G. Edwards, of Lindsay, is here in command of the Lindsay contingent.

The camps of the various clubs and unattached members are not concentrated as at Grindstone Island and Lake George, but are scattered about among the various islands, so that communication has to be by canoe, and the place resembles a canvas Venice.

Aug. 6.—Last evening a very heavy rain and thunder storm drove all the camp to their tents. The steamer Cruiser this morning brought to camp Commodore Robert Wilkin, the head of the A. C. A. He was received by all the canoes in camp drawn up in two lines, paddlers on one side, sailors on the other. Hearty cheers were given as the Commodial canoe passed, paddled by the Vice-Commodore and Mr. E. B. Edwards, who had met Mr. Wilkin at the steamer's dock. The canoes afterward filed past in review order. A special sailing race came off this morning, distance three miles, being twice over the regular sailing course. Seventeen started and the following finished:

Aurora, Samuel Britton, Lindsay	1
St. Herbert, C. A. Neidé, New York	2
Una, Colin Fraser, Toronto	3
Dawn, W. A. Leys, Toronto	4
Wawa, Wm. Lister, Lakefield	5
Isabella, Robert Tyson, Toronto	6
Ripple, Jas. D. Graham, Lakefield	7
Polly Ann, Jas. Gedward, Lindsay	8

A squally, fresh breeze from the northwest caused three or four upsets and made the racing very lively.

In the afternoon two paddling races came off. Classes 2 and 3, 1 mile with a turn; 3 entries:

George Fitzgerald, Peterboro	1
Arthur Blade, Peterboro	2
H. S. Greenwood	3

The finish was a close one. Time, 11.30, 11.35, 11.40.

Half-mile paddling races; single blades; wide canoes; classes 4 and 5:

H. F. McKendrick, Galt	1
J. N. McKendrick, Galt	2
Allan Burgess, Norwood	3
Colin Fraser, Toronto	4

H. F. McKendrick broke his paddle in starting, but his brother threw another to him amid applause from the shore.

The hurry-scurry race followed, in which the men ran 50yds., swam to their canoes, got into them and paddled to the finish.

D'Arcy Strickland, Lakefield	1
Harry F. McKendrick, Galt	2
James D. Graham, Lakefield	3

This was funny—very funny.

Aug. 8.—Thomas Starr, aged 21, and a companion came from Norwood yesterday afternoon, and shortly after 7 o'clock paddled out in a canoe from Eagle Mount. Only a few rods from shore they upset the canoe in deep water. Starr sank to rise no more. The other man was saved. They had no sail and the water was calm. The deceased was not a member of the A. C. A. or in any way connected with it.

Judge Dartnell, of Whitby; Mr. Wm. J. White, of Montreal; Col. J. Z. Rogers, of the Ontario Canoe Company, Peterboro; Mr. W. A. Leys, of Toronto; Mr. Geo. Hatton, of Peterboro', and others are among the arrivals not hitherto noted. Sunday was a quiet day in camp. Mr. E. Cayley, of Trinity College, conducted church service on Sunday morning. Members of the Anglican Choir of Lakefield conducted the singing, which was heartily joined in by the congregation. In the evening sacred songs were sung around a large camp-fire in the main camp. Both morning and evening the scene and the occasion were solemn and impressive. The canoes which brought the congregation were counted as they lay around headquarters, and the total was 101. Most of them brought more than one occupant. To-day has been a most successful racing day. The races were witnessed by a large number of spectators, many of them ladies, and both the sailing and paddling events were remarkable for the closeness with which they were contested, as will be seen from the time given.

Sailing race for decked canoes, sail and ballast unlimited, course three miles:

Dr. C. A. Neidé	1 08 37
W. A. Leys, Toronto	1 09 45
S. Britton, Lindsay	1 11 00
Robert Tyson, Toronto	1 14 30
S. J. English, Peterboro'	1 14 35

The wind was light and fitful. There were ten starters and the others came in in this order: H. A. Morrow, J. G. Edwards, Wm. Lister, Darcy Strickland, J. Z. Rogers.

Sailing race for open canoes, sail and ballast unlimited, course three miles. Started seven minutes after the last race and sailed simultaneously:

Colin Fraser, Ubique Club	1 13 35
W. Reid, Bobcaygeon	1 15 39
J. S. Hawkins, St. Louis Club	1 40 00
H. F. McKendrick, Galt	1 45 00

The others finished in this order: Jas. D. Graham, Lakefield; John N. McKendrick, A. J. Wright, McGochan,, of Lindsay; W. A. Fraser.

The buoy was fouled by Reid, Hawkins and H. F. McKendrick, who will be ruled out therefor. The first five in each of the above races are to sail against one another to-morrow in another race.

Paddling race—One mile, any blade, classes 2 and 3:

Dr. Douglas, Lakefield, double blade	1
A. Blade, Peterboro', double blade	2
H. S. Greenwood, Peterboro', double blade	3
Percy Strickland, Lakefield, double blade	4
D'Arcy Strickland, Lakefield, single blade	5
Geo. W. Strickland, Lakefield, single blade	6

Time—10.40.

A disgraceful state of things prevails on some of the islands near the A. C. A. camp. Intoxicating liquor is openly sold, and the shouts and curses of the noisy rowdies who consume it disgust the sober A. C. A. men and shorten their hours of needful sleep. Several cases have occurred in which drunken men have upset canoes.

Aug. 9.—Messrs. W. A. Cooke and W. H. P. Weston, of the Toronto C. C., arrived at the A. C. A. camp on Monday afternoon, having cruised from Lindsay with their canoes. They made excellent time on the cruise. They are camped on Otter Island with the T. C. C. and the Ubiques. The programme of the canoe races is being carried through very smoothly and successfully under the management of the following officers: Regatta Committee, Roland C. Strickland, Lakefield, chairman; Jas. G. Edwards, Lindsay, and John M. McKendrick, Galt; Referee, Dr. Douglas, Lakefield; Judges, Judge Weller, Peterboro, and George W. Strickland, Lakefield; Starter, James Graham, Lakefield; Clerk of the course, Wm. M. Graham, Lakefield; Timekeeper, J. L. Hardstone, Lindsay.

The following races were concluded yesterday after my despatch was sent: Combined paddling and sailing race, six alternate half miles of paddling and sailing. Wind light, 12 entries. W. A. Leys, of Toronto, won it after a very close tussle with Britton and Colin Fraser. The order of arrival at the home buoy and the time was:

W. A. Leys, Toronto	1 01 00
Colin Fraser, Toronto and Ubique	1 02 00
Samuel Britton, Lindsay	1 03 45
W. J. A. Read, Bobcaygean	1 07 10
J. G. Edwards, Lindsay	1 07 40

J. G. Millan, Lindsay; J. N. McKendrick, Galt; Darcy Strickland, Lakefield; J. K. Fee, Lindsay; Harry F. McKendrick, Galt, Speers and W. A. Fraser did not finish.

Paddling race, two men in a canoe. Class 4 and 5. Open canoes, single blades; decked canoes, double blades. Five starters. All open canoes. This was a magnificent race, and elicited the greatest enthusiasm from the large crowd of spectators. Distance one mile, with a turn. The time was very fast.

P W Strickland, Lakefield, and H. S. Greenwood, Royal Military College, Kingston	7 00
J. N. McKendrick and H. F. McKendrick, Galt	7 03
Samuel Britton and A. F. D. Macgahen, Lindsay	7 04

F. K. Fee and J. A. McMillan, Lindsay, Kirwan Martin, Hamilton, and W. J. White, Montreal.

Man-overboard race, half a mile under sail. At a signal each skipper lowers his sail, jumps overboard, regains his position, and sails to the finish. Seven entries, four finished.

Harry F. McKendrick, Galt, canoe Doubtful	1
Robert Tyson, Toronto, canoe Isabel	2
Samuel Britton, Lindsay, canoe Aurora	3
W. A. Fraser, canoe Enid	4

The canoes carried only mainsails, so as not to lose time in lowering the mizzens. They came bowling along before a stern wind with booms to starboard and the shore on the left. The expectant silence of the spectators was broken by a loud bang of the chairman's gong, followed by a great splash as seven men leaped overboard. Colin Fraser upset his canoe in trying to get in, and she lay right across the bows of W. J. A. Read's canoe and prevented Read from finishing, though he had got back very quickly into his craft. Burgess' canoe got away from him, and he had to swim for her. The tournament closed the day's sport. Ten canoes, each containing a spearsman and a paddler, were ranged in two lines of five facing one another. The spears had stout bamboo shafts and large stuffed heads like a large boxing glove. At a signal the lines advanced. As the canoes passed one another the spearsmen standing up forward engaged in fierce thrust and parry. If each escaped the canoes wheeled, returned, and the combat continued until one or other was knocked into the water or his canoe capsized. The survivors then engaged one another till only one was left. That one was John McKendrick, of Galt. Cheer after cheer broke from the spectators as his last antagonist went swimming. Following are the competitors in the order of survival. The first named is the spearsman:

John N. McKendrick and W. A. Fraser, Ubique Club	1
W. J. Read and W. Boyd, Bobcaygeon	2
Darcy Strickland and W. A. Lister, Lakefield	3
J. A. McMillan and G. P. Martin, Lindsay	4
H. F. McKendrick and Colin Fraser, Ubique Club	5
Robt. Tyson, Toronto, and Richard Lees, Ubique	6
S. Britton and A. F. D. Macgahen, Lindsay	7
John Speer and James Barr, Lindsay	8
D. A. Burgess, Ubique, and W. A. Leys, Toronto	9
A. J. Wright and George W. Strickland, Lakefield	10

In the evening an illuminated procession of canoes took place. Twenty-eight canoes gaily lit by Chinese lanterns were gliding over the calm waters, forming line, wheeling about, moving in single file and executing other manœuvres at the command of Vice-Commodore Rogers, whose ringing voice gave orders from the right flank. The sight was a most beautiful one, moving lights in endless variety reflected in long glimmering lines on the dark water, accompanied by the gentle dip of the paddle, the song and laughter subdued into harmony with the quiet beauty of the scene. When the red moon rose over the eastern hills the picture was complete.

Aug. 10.—Officers of the Northern Division of the American Canoe Association were elected for the coming year at a general meeting held at headquarters Crib yesterday evening, as follows: Vice-Commodore, A. T. D. McGachen, of Lindsay; Rear-Commodore, Wm. G. McKendrick, Toronto; Purser, Sam L. Britton, Lindsay. Executive Committee, Wm. Graham, Lakefield; John N. McKendrick, Galt; John Miller, B. A., Peterboro; Kirwan Martin, Hamilton; Wm. J. A. Read, Bobcaygeon. The first three of these are members of the Executive Committee of the general A. C. A., and the other two are members of the Division Board only. Some discussion took place about the financial relations of the A. C. A. and its divisions, resulting in the passing of the resolutions recommending that the initiation fees of new members should go to the divisions, and that the general secretary of the A. C. A. should receive no fees except through the division pursers. A new constitution is to be proposed at the general A. C. A. meet at Lake Champlain, and if that is passed the annual fee will be $1, and all the funds will go to the divisions excepting enough to print the A. C. A. Year Book and distribute it. The programme of paddling races was finished yesterday. There was not enough wind for the sailing races either yesterday or this morning.

Paddling classes 4 and 5, open order, any blade, 5 start:

H. F. McKendrick, Galt	1
W. A. Leys, Toronto	2
D'Arcy Strickland, Lakefield	3
J. McKendrick, Galt	4
Colin Fraser, Toronto	5

The lead from the start was kept by Harry McKendrick, who won with but little difficulty. There was a close struggle for third place.

Paddling, any sailing canoe decked and fitted with a centerboard, 2 entries:

W. A. Leys, Torronto	1
W. Lister, Lakfield	2

Three paddlers in a canoe, any canoe or paddle:

P. W. Strickland, H. S. Greenwood and Arthur Blade in canoe Junebug	1
D'Arcy Strickland, R. C. Strickland and Dr. Douglas	2
J. N. McKendrick, H. F. McKendrick and W. A. Fraser	3

The winners used two doubles and one single blade; the second men one double and two singles, and the third all double blades, paddling badly.

Gentleman's tandem; any canoe or paddles:

Dr. Douglas and Mrs. Wright, Lakefield	1
H. McKendrick and Miss Topsy Hall, Peterboro'	2
D'Arcy Strickland and Miss Bloomfield	3

Portage Race; the paddlers to carry three canoes over a rock during the race, launch them and finish:

H. S. Greenwood, R. M. C.	1
Percy H. Strikeland	2
Arthur Blade fouled.	

Catch-the-duck race came next. In this a little fellow named Allan Bell was sent out and five canoes chased him. It they held him for five minutes they won, but if he kept free for five minutes he won. Amid great laughter the boy succeeded in eluding his pursuers for the five minutes and won the prize. In the course of the struggle he upset some by diving under their canoes and raising himself against the bottom.

Special Boys' Race for two belts given by Judge Dartnel, of Whitby, half a mile. This was a splendidly contested race and elicited great enthusiasm among the spectators, especially the ladies. The boys paddled a fine, long, sweeping stroke:

Edmund Tait and Fred Lefever, Lakefield	1
Wm. Cox and Fred Tanner, Lakefield	2
Jack Fairbairn and Sandford Smith, Peterboro	3
Fred Anderson and Bert Jaffray, Toronto	4
Fred Cox and Gus Sawers	5
Archie Reid and Frank Roseburgh	6

Aug. 11.—The races closed this morning. The first was a sailing race between the first men in the open and decked races of Monday. Cook, of Toronto, was also allowed to compete. The wind was strong and squally, and there were some narrow escapes from capsizing at the jibe. On the second round Colin Fraser took the lead from the first and kept it. He sailed a splendid race and finished a long distance ahead of the others. Seven started but only four finished.

Colin Fraser, Toronto and Ubique	1
Samuel Britton, Lindsay	2
Wm. Cook, Toronto	3
Robert Tyson, Toronto	4

The last event was a sailing race, each canoe ballasted with a passenger weighing at least 125lbs. There were ten starters as in the last race. Colin Fraser took the lead and beat every one else badly. His passenger was Mr. Richard Lees, of the Ubique C. C. The wind had died away considerably:

Colin Fraser	1
Dr. Neidé	2
J. G. Edwards, Lindsay	3

The five flags for five men making the best all-round record in the race programme, were given to W. A. Leys, Toronto; Colin Fraser, Toronto and Ubique; S. Britton, Lindsay; J. N. McKendrick, Ubique; H. F. McKendrick, Ubique.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Applicants to date: N. M. Bingham, Rome, N. Y.; H. C. Holt, Winchester, Mass.; W. W. Holt, Winchester, Mass.; Geo. W. Johnson, New York city; Geo. A. Warder, Springfield, O.; W. F. Spencer, Boston, Mass.; R. S. Blake, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. Harvey Platt, New York; Arthur Amory, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Jarvis, New York; Schuyler Schieffelin, New York; J. Melvin Thomas, C. G. Belman, Amsterdam, N. Y.; F. R. McCreery, Belleville, N. J.; W. W. Blow, Oakland, Cal.; C. E. Barber, Washington, D. C.; W. H. Crawford, Dayton, O.; C. S. Parker, H. Parker, Boston, Mass.; A. S. Gould, Lowell, Mass.; J. H. Van Buskirk, Rouse's Point, N. Y.; R. W. Richards, Springfield, Mass.; T. E. Allen, Lawrence, Mass.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec.

Yachting.

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FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

25. Great Head.	27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
25. Bar Harbor Open, Bar Harbor.	27. South Boston Club.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.	27. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.	30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
	30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

BRIDGEPORT "POST" CUP, Aug. 13.—Course, triangular from Bridgeport Light to and around Point No Point buoy to and around Fairweather Island buoy, to point of starting, distance 10 miles. Weather fine, wind S.E., flood tide.

Name.	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Anna, J. H. Jennings	19.11	1 41 30	3 23 08	1 41 38	1 39 27
Number 4, E. W. Smith	21.08	1 41 00	3 23 48	1 42 48	1 42 48
Tripoli, Geo. Frederickson	19.07	1 41 10	3 27 42	1 43 56	1 43 56
Hornet, Chas. M. Winston	20.02	1 41 50	3 29 10	1 47 20	1 46 28
Leo, Frank I. Hitchcock	18.05	1 42 22	3 30 12	1 47 50	1 43 46
Grace L., David Connors	20.04	1 42 08	3 32 13	1 50 05	1 48 25

First prize, Anna, second prize, Leo. Regatta committee and judges, Jay L. Clarke, C. M. Foster, O. R. Beers.

MONATIQUOT Y. C., AUG. 15.—The second championship regatta of the Monatiquot Y. C. was sailed at Weymouth on Saturday, Aug. 13. Start at 2 P. M.; course, 9 miles first and second classes; 6 miles third class. The race was simply a drifting match over four-fifths of the course, the first class barely finishing within the four hours' limit. The Secret won in first class. Second and third classes did not finish.

SHINNECOCK BAY.—On Aug. 9 Bonita beat Marion 2m. 39s. On Aug. 13 a very pretty race was sailed by amateurs. Vinitia won in first class, Music second. A flag was the prize for each class. Course was about seven miles, to windward and return. An amateur race was sailed on Aug. 6, Vinitia winning.

THISTLE'S PROPORTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems to be an impression in some uninformed quarters that Thistle represents a new departure in British yacht design, and is a sort of compromise between the American sloop and the regular cutter. This is an error arising from want of familiarity with the actual state of yachting abroad. A glance at Lloyd's Register will show a great majority of British yachts to have proportions very much the same as those of the Thistle. She is really a much more truly representative British cutter than the narrow boats which have hitherto occupied public attention. Yachts like Galatea, or even Genesta, are exceptions to the general run of British yachts. They were built to meet special racing conditions, just as our sandbag jib-and-mainsails are built to meet shifting ballast. There is no more good reason for taking exception to the Thistle as a cutter than there would be in refusing to class our cabin boats as sloops because they differ from the out-and-out sandbag machine. If the Thistle is destined to win, let us take defeat like men, as our British cousins have done so often, and not seek to console ourselves with self-deception. Should Thistle win on her merits, it will mean nothing more nor less than a triumph of cutter principles, for upon such principles she is built, in strong distinction to those represented in the genuine American sloop. COMING BOAT.

THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK Y. C.

THOUGH it is but four years since the fleet of the New York Y. C. joined forces with that of the E. Y. C. for a cruise around the Cape and a race off Marblehead, the united fleet that then followed the tug Luckenbach into the harbor had so little in common with that which this year made the same cruise, that it is hard to realize that the interval is not far greater. Montauk and Fortuna, who then led the schooner fleet, were absent this year, the former not racing, while the latter is on a cruise across the pond, but their absence was hardly noticed, the honors of the two-stick class all going to a younger rival. Then the "first class" had at its head Mischief, Gracie and Julia, while the cutters were represented by Wenonah, Vixen, Maggie, Rover with Halcyon and some old schooners making up the balance of the fleet. The new class was then not even dreamed of, Wenonah, Bedouin and Oriva were only beginning to teach the lesson of outside weight, Gracie was sailing under her old rig, Mischief then carried a single jib, and then, as again this year, New York had started out to astonish the East, not by something new and original and abreast of the times, but by galvanizing a mummy into life in the old Julia, restored to her original sloop rig. The contrast between the sturdy tug that then did duty as a tender, and the elegant vessel that bore the commodore's blue pennant this season is hardly greater than that between the two fleets.

In accordance with usage we should, in reviewing the present fleet, take the schooners first; but they are now out of fashion and must take their turn in the wake of the great singlestickers in print as well as over the racing courses. This year, as twice before, the class is headed by a new Burgess boat that beats her predecessor as she in turn defeated her older sister. For three years the sequence has continued, longer, deeper, more lead and faster, until the next step must be to a full keel boat and the abandonment of the board. Puritan naturally stands as a basis of comparison for all her class, and judged by her the new boat, Volunteer, is deeper in body and draft, longer for about the same beam, stiffer and abler as far as she has been tried, a step nearer to the cutter in rig, as she has abandoned the fixed bowsprit, and not so handsome in appearance afloat; her stern, which is certainly not a copy of anything English save in length, retains nothing of her good looks. Of the next in rank, Mayflower, little need be said just now. She is in the hands of a new owner and skipper, who have not yet had time to learn her ways, and who have added nothing to her old record. Added to this she has been unfortunate in wrecking her centerboard during the races. This has been repaired and she will soon swing a new suit of canvas with 4ft. more boom and 2ft. more gaff; but unless better handled than she has been thus far, neither longer wings nor the ugly coat of pot-lead that has spoiled all her beauty will bring her near the front in the trial races next month. Puritan, with a pair of new Lapthorne headsails, is apparently up to her old form, but her size places her out of it with Volunteer and she will not enter the trial races. Atlantic has sailed very well on the cruise, showing nearer to Puritan than we ever expected to see her, but the work has been mainly reaching. In the Marblehead race she did very well to windward, but in the only other beat of the cruise she was absent, withdrawing altogether after the E. Y. C. race, though with the fleet. Priscilla has failed to win a better place than last in the quintette.

Of the schooners Sachem naturally claims first notice by her wonderful work, leading the fleet, large and small, not only under time allowance, but when she doubled the time allowance she gave the smaller boats and resigned that due her by the larger ones. Next to her comes Iroquois, a handsome craft of the new type, but designed for a cruiser and too small to give her time to such a flyer as Sachem. Both are alike in color and general appearance and hard to distinguish at a distance. Palmer makes her reappearance this year after a long retirement, a handsome boat in a new rig, stern and bowsprit, that make her look like an importation from the other side. She and the other big ones need more wind than they have had or will ordinarily get to save their time of Sachem. These "second rates" have no business now beside such a modern "despatch boat" as Sachem. There is no reason, however, why they may not find plenty of sport among themselves if all would race, but the trouble is that so few owners care to risk a beating, even where the odds are small as shown in the E. Y. C. race, where only half a dozen out of the large fleet of schooners entered. Norseman, Palmer, Mohican, Fleetwing, Republic, Gitana, America, Troubadour, Phantom, and Resolute, should make a very fair field of entries, and it is a pity that they do not turn out oftener. Resolue too is out this year with a lengthened bow and a new rig, but though she has tried her luck in all the races up to and including the E. Y. C. it has been without kites and with a foul bottom, so that no judgment can be fairly formed as to her place in her class. Marion Wentworth too has been in the racing, though no one would recognize her save near at hand in the clean, white-hulled Troubadour. The old Magic too has cut in for a try this season; but none of the latter boats have been up in first-class racing shape. America too has been sailing with the fleet with a huge excursion barge streamer aloft bearing her name, but she has done nothing remarkable.

At the head of the second class still stands Bedouin, leading the others easily in all the sailing and a fair proportion of the drifting. Never has she sailed better than in the Goelet Cup race and the first leg at Marblehead, on both occasions being miles ahead of her own class and well up to the big ones. Her mishap at Marblehead threw her out of the latter races, but she has shown that she is yet far from *passé*, and that the new *débutante*, Titania, will have to hurry very much to catch her. The latter boat has had a full share of misfortune, losing two topmasts, breaking her gaff and jamming her board; but when at her best she has been nowhere alongside Bedouin. The old sloops have shown up very well in numbers this year, Gracie, Fannie, Mischief, with a double head rig, Vision, Mystery and the famous Pocahontas. Gracie and Fanny have had some good racing between the two, but it is more plain than ever that neither has any business with Bedouin, and in the Marblehead race they more than had their hands full with the little cutter Huron, both being beaten flat by the latter. Huron is in build a cruising boat, her cabin and even the ceiling being panelled with mahogany, while she is heavy in build throughout; but she has sailed wonderfully well on the cruise and promises to make a record yet under her new owners. Mischief and Vision did a little racing, but only cutting in at times, and neither added to her old record. The cruise is noteworthy for one thing, if for nothing else—the reappearance of the renowned Pocahontas, whose advent was heralded by the papers last winter as one of the events of the coming season. That she has not succeeded is not for want of talent, as she had enough aboard to navigate her to Hong Kong or Honolulu, including Captain Samuels; but she did nothing better than whipping in the rear, being 23m. astern of Bedouin on the first leg, 19 miles, of the Brenton's Reef race; an hour astern on the run to Vineyard Haven, and beaten by the third class boats from Vineyard Haven to Pollock's Rip, after which she did not race.

In the third class were only Cinderella and Clara, whose doings we have noticed in the previous reports. Fanita came in for the last race, and at Marblehead Vixen and the new Zigeuner were in the class, but only the latter requires further attention. The last addition to the class, Mr. John G. Prague's wide sloop Anaconda, was sailing about Newport, but not being in the fleet did not enter. As yet she has shown no indications that she will ever find a place beside Clara or Cinderella. The following list includes the principal boats taking part in the cruise, not including the Eastern yachts at Marblehead: Puritan, Volunteer, Bedouin, Wave Crest, Bertie, Thistle, Dare, Cinderella, Pocahontes, Eclipse, Vision, Magic, Sachem, Regina, Atlantic, Grayling, Gracie, Medusa, Titania, Gitana, Republic, Mayflower, Mystery, Harbinger, Crusader, Iroquois, Troubadour, Phantom, Halcyon, Wanderer, Huron, Athlon, Espirito, Palmer, Maggie, Speranza, Lydia, Nonpareil, Mischief, Princess, Agnes, Norseman, Viking, Resolute, Fleetwing, Whileaway, Madeline, Mohegan, Æolus, Priscilla, Clara, Iseult, Concord, Ulidia, Stranger, Fanny, Varuna, Dreadnaught, Nokomis.

With the fleet at times were several steamers that deserve a longer notice than we can give here. Susquehanna is a new steel boat from Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, designed by her builders and giving promise of something far better than the old boxes that are commonly rated as yachts, in the near future. She is a very trim looking boat with English quarters and a clipper stem, with short bowsprit. Her arrangements below are much better than common, being on a plan original with her builders. The Sheerwater, Mr. Burgess's latest effort in the steam line, is quite a handsome boat, making no pretensions to anything elaborate, but substantial, businesslike and shipshape, in marked contrast to many of the toothpick rigged nondescripts that ape the importance of a man-of-war. The Now Then was with the fleet at Newport, showing her speed as usual.

The following abstract of the races shows in a more compact and convenient form the work done by the leading boats. In order to rate all correctly it is necessary to consider their size as given in the following table. The lengths given are calculated according to the formula employed by the New York and Eastern clubs, twice the loadline plus the square root of the sail area, divided by three:

	Length.	Allows.		Length.	Allows.
SCHOONERS.					
Norseman	110.12		Varuna	87.50	9.19
Palmer	104.17	1.51	Troubadour	87.47	9.19
Mohican	104.01	1.51	Phantom	86.01	9.51
Fleetwing	101.52	2.45	Crusader	84.50	10.58
Republic	97.40	4.32	Grayling	83.28	11.33
Gitana	96.23	4.58	Iroquois	81.74	12.25
America	91.44	6.16	Halcyon	81.12	12.43
Sachem	88.47	8.47	Magic	80.60	13.02
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.					
Volunteer	89.20	—	Priscilla	85.97	1.51
Mayflower	87.99	0.46	Puritan	83.85	2.59
Atlantic	86.31	1.35			
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.					
Titania	73.58	9.17	Stranger	68.87	14.29
Gracie	71.62	10.40	Huron	66.31	14.52
Bedouin	71.45	11.03	Vision	66.00	15.16
Pocahontas	70.95	11.25	Mischief	64.79	16.05
Fanny	70.00	12.10	Mystery	60.50	19.48
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.					
Cinderella	55.45	24.50	Ulidia	43.93	38.43
Clara	54.28	25.52	Vixen	48.60	32.05
Concord	51.23	28.35	Dream	42.50	40.40
Zigeuner	45.00	36.57			

In the following summary the distances are all in nautical miles, taken from the Coast Survey charts, the times are corrected except in the first part of the race for the Morgan cups. The races and runs of the cruise are given in order and numbered, each run which was timed being included, whether prizes were given or not.

I. Aug. 4. Run from New London to Newport, no prizes, 52 miles.
Wind very light northeast at 10 A. M., light from southeast at noon, increasing to finish. Drifting and fluky race. Smooth water.

Volunteer beats Puritan 3.22 corrected time, Atlantic 7.40, Mayflower 55.43. Priscilla did not enter. Gracie beat Titania 5.33, Bedouin 17m. Sachem beats Grayling 16.22. Race unsatisfactory and inconclusive. Many flukes.

II. Aug. 5. Goelet Cups. Sow and Pigs course, 40 miles, 19 miles to windward, 4½ miles free and 16½ miles wind abaft beam. Wind southeast and moderate all day. Water smooth.

Volunteer beats Mayflower 8.42, Atlantic 10.33, Puritan 10.53, Priscilla 18.44. On first leg Volunteer beats Mayflower 4.16, Puritan 9.11, Atlantic 11.09, Priscilla 16.56. The free leg was too short for a test, but Volunteer gained 2.38 on Puritan, 2.15 on Mayflower, Atlantic gains 54s. on Volunteer and Priscilla gains 4.44 by the times given. Bedouin beats Stranger by 51s. on the whole race, Titania 1.32, Huron 7.30, Gracie 9.07, Mischief 16.42. Pocahontas and Fanny were not measured, but Bedouin beat them 19.08 and 29.17 respectively. Sachem beats Iroquois 3.38, Palmer 5.17, Magic 23.07. Volunteer and Sachem take the Goelet Cups. A good light weather race with no flukes.

III. Aug. 6. Run from Newport to Vineyard Haven, 38 miles.
Wind moderate to fresh S.E. to S.; water smooth. Course mostly reaching with a little spinaker work at finish.

Mayflower beats Puritan 2.3, Volunteer 5.33, Priscilla 26.6, Atlantic not entered.

Bedouin beats Fanny 2.04, Gracie 10.46, Titania 18.11, Pocahontas 53.43. Cinderella beats a lot of old sloops, all larger than she, on even time.

Sachem beats Norseman 3.23, Gitana 14.47, America 15.21, and a fleet of others so far astern that times fail to be of value.

The race was very uneven and unsatisfactory; Volunteer led Mayflower and Puritan at the end of the first long reach of 20 miles, but finally lost by going outside the Middle Ground Shoal into a strong tide. The times show some hard fluking among the schooners.

IV. Aug. 8-9. Morgan Cups, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
Wind fresh N.E. at start, falling during day with calms and drifts after first third of race. Distance 110 miles.

The times were not worth considering, as there was too much fluking, but the leaders should be counted in the final summing up. Volunteer heads her class, Bedouin takes the prize in hers. Sachem is winning schooner, and Clara leads the third class in. The race really concluded at Pollock's Rip Lightship, a distance of 32 miles from the start, where the leaders were timed. Here Volunteer led Puritan by 11.10, elapsed time, Mayflower 14.59, Priscilla 18.10, Atlantic 20m. Bedouin led Gracie by 7m., Titania 30m. Sachem led Palmer by 3.45 and America 9.55. The race thus far had been under very fair conditions, a long reach and a little easy windward work, with only moderate to light winds and perfectly smooth water.

V. Aug. 11. E. Y. C. Race, Marblehead. Triangular course, 36 miles, water smooth, wind fresh, S.W., with puffs at times.
First leg, dead to windward, second leg, wind on starboard quarter, third leg, wind partly on port beam, hauling ahead.

Volunteer beats Puritan 3.53, Atlantic 6.02, Priscilla 7.06, Mayflower 11.05. Huron beats Gracie by 4m. and Fanny 5m., Bedouin, Titania and Stranger breaking down. Sachem beats Iroquois 3.54, Troubadour 25.26, America 26.59.

The weather work on the first leg, almost the only work of the kind on the entire cruise, is unfortunately of little value, as the leaders sailed different courses. To sum up, Volunteer beat her class, leading the nearest boat, Atlantic, by 7.45. As she and Atlantic had sailed the same course, the figures may be taken as correctly showing her gain; but it was evident that had Puritan not sailed a totally different course, she would have been second boat. We have no desire to disparage Atlantic or to rob her of any of the laurels which she fairly won here, but what all want to know now is, how much faster is Volunteer than Mayflower and Puritan. The former, unfortunately, must be left out of the calculation, but Puritan can fairly be placed several minutes ahead of Atlantic, judging by all the sailing between the two this year and last, for Puritan's power to windward is known to all, while Atlantic's best sailing has been off the wind. Puritan then may be placed at least midway between Volunteer and Atlantic, which would make her about 4m. slower over a 12-mile leg to windward in a clubtopsail breeze and smooth water than Volunteer.

Volunteer wins *Herald* Cup and $250, Puritan $50, Huron wins $100, Gracie $50, Zigeuner $75, Sachem $250, Iroquois $50.

VI. Aug. 15. Vineyard Haven to Newport, Providence cups, 38 miles. Fresh S.W. wind, smooth water, reach at start, beat of 15 miles down Vineyard Sound; one leg of 20 miles, close-hauled, to finish.

Volunteer beats Puritan 7.14, Mayflower disabled, Atlantic and Priscilla not in. Sachem beats Magic 24.36, Palmer 24.59 on regular allowance, not counting handicap given by Sachem for this race.

Volunteer and Sachem each take $250 cups.

On the beat of 15 miles Volunteer and Puritan were not accurately timed, but the former gained about 5m.

VII. Aug. 16. Newport, Sow and Pigs course, Newport cups, 40 miles. A drifting match with bad flukes.

Volunteer beats Puritan 12.02, Mayflower 31.28.

Sachem beats Magic 3.46.

Volunteer wins $650, Gracie $350 on walkover, and Cinderella $200, beating Fanita. Sachem wins $650.

A casual glance over the above table shows several important points. First, the work of Volunteer, like all such series the majority of the races are unsatisfactory, the first was a drift, the second was better but with no windjamming and little spinaker work, the third was marred by Volunteer's fluke off the middle ground, the fourth a drift, etc., but still the amount of test racing is up to the average, and we must make the best of it. So far it shows one thing, that Volunteer was always ahead, under any conditions, and that she is a very fast boat, especially when new sails, new bottom, and sailed by her skipper for the first time are taken into account. How much faster than Mayflower in her old form no one knows, as all comparisons are worthless, for reasons before given. With Puritan she may be compared more closely, Volunteer beats Puritan by 3.22, 10.53, 3.53, 7.14, 12.02, and before the calm in race No. 4, the time of which is not included, she beat her about 8m. corrected. On the other hand, in No. 3, Puritan beat Volunteer by 3:30. To fairly average these results is a difficult matter, but they certainly do not show the new boat to be more than 7m. faster, corrected time, than the old. On the occasion that Puritan was beaten by 10:53, she was not sailed by Captain Crocker, a fact to be considered; and the beat of 12:02 was in a drifting match. In the E. Y. C. race Puritan lost, as shown before, in the windward work, but Volunteer too wasted some of her lead later on in hunting for the second mark. Altogether she probably should have beaten Puritan nearly 7m. in the 36 miles of the course. This estimate of 7m. is less rose-colored than many that have been made, but we ask no one to accept our opinion. The figures given are mostly official, and we believe, correct to a matter of a few seconds; the attendant circumstances of each race are stated as fairly and fully as possible, and our readers can make their own calculations from the data. We do not place much faith in such computations, especially in comparing boats that have never met, as Thistle and Volunteer, through the medium of one or two other boats; for unless a man is thoroughly familiar with the boats and all conditions of their sailing, he can form no idea. Here is a specimen of the mass of stuff spoken and printed of late, taken from the *Tribune*:

"The Puritan beat Sir Richard's cutter 16m. 19s., and unquestionably proved that she was better by 12m. at the least. This year the Puritan is in much better form than she ever was before, and yet in a race of forty-three miles sailed by the Volunteer in less than four hours and four minutes, she was compelled to yield to the new sloop by 7m. 14s. If there is any meaning in comparative tests, therefore, the clear significance of the races in which the two new champions have sailed is that the Thistle needs to be more than 8m. faster than the Genesta in order to beat the Volunteer. However, whether she be victor or vanquished, we extend her all the same a right hearty welcome."

The facts that in the only real race they sailed Puritan beat Genesta but 1½m., and also that Genesta is sailing far better this year, with different rig and ballast, than she did in America, find no place in the calculation. The *Sun* makes a similar blunder; Volunteer beats Mayflower 2h. 23m. over a course of 110 miles, equal to about 50m. over a course of 38 miles. Now Thistle can beat Genesta or Irex not more than 10m. over the same course, hence Volunteer is 40m. faster than Thistle.

The trial races should tell more accurately the difference between Volunteer and her fellows, though Puritan will not be in, but there is little to be gained by such speculation in any case, unless for betting purposes. It is enough to know that Volunteer is a success from the start, and that all her sponsors have to do is to learn her ways and perfect all details, as thus far no radical fault is apparent.

Sachem's superiority over her class stands out in the record of every race, and Mr. Burgess may well be proud of her. Certainly nothing that floats in the entire fleet can touch her, and she is not only fast but handsome.

From the above abstract it is evident that in so far as the choice of a defender goes there is no necessity for trial races, Volunteer's racing thus far has proved that, but the races will be sailed, and very properly; as they serve a good purpose in the opportunities they afford for practice.

There is one point in the record, an unpleasant one in many ways for a New York man to deal with, which we would prefer not to touch on in connection with a cruise that has been so well managed and successful in many ways, but it is written in every line of the official times and is patent to all who do not wilfully close their eyes. Look at the list of winners and then say who dances and who plays the piper. The following list of winners of first, second and third places in each class and race tells the story. The Boston yachts are in full-faced type, the New York boats in roman. We have placed each boat not according to present ownership, but by nationality, so to speak, and the result is easily seen. The prizes, the *Herald* cup, the Morgan cups, the Goelet cups are not shown, we are not talking now of mugs but of honors; were they added the record would show but one cup and two purses for New York, one of the latter a walkover.

No. of Race.	Schooners.	First Class.	Second Class	Third Class
I.	1. **Sachem.** 2. Grayling. 3. ———	**Volunteer.** **Puritan.** Atlantic.	Gracie. **Titania.** Bedouin.	Cinderella. ——— ———
II.	1. **Sachem.** 2. Iroquois. 3. Palmer.	**Volunteer.** **Mayflower.** Atlantic.	Bedouin. Stranger. **Titania.**	——— ——— ———
III.	1. **Sachem.** 2. Norseman. 3. **Gitana.**	**Mayflower.** **Puritan.** **Volunteer.**	Bedouin. Fanny. Gracie.	Cinderella. Bertie. Athlon.
IV.	1. **Sachem.** 2. Iroquois. 3. Magic.	**Volunteer.** **Mayflower.** Priscilla.	Bedouin. Gracie. **Huron.**	Clara. Cinderella. Ulidia.
V.	1. **Sachem.** 2. Iroquois. 3. **Troubadour**	**Volunteer.** **Puritan.** Atlantic.	**Huron.** Gracie. Fanny.	**Zigeuner.** Cinderella. Vixen.
VI.	1. **Sachem.** 2. Magic. 3. Palmer.	**Volunteer.** **Puritan.** **Mayflower.**	——— ——— ———	——— ——— ———
VII.	1. **Sachem.** 2. Magic. 3. ———	**Volunteer.** **Puritan.** **Mayflower.**	Gracie. ——— ———	Cinderella. Fanita. ———

In the schooner class Sachem takes first place in every case, New York coming in for the second berth. In the large class New York has no place at all, Boston takes first, second and three third places. As yet Boston has but one new boat, Titania, in the second class, and she has done nothing on the cruise. The little Huron, however, a genuine Boston production, very fairly thrashed both Gracie and Fanny in the best race of the cruise. Thanks to the cutter Bedouin, New York's record in this class is not so bad as it might have been. In the third class New York shows better, simply because Boston has not any boats in the class. What she may do soon was only too clearly shown in the E. Y. C. race, where a small Burgess cutter, a cruising boat and under-rigged, new, with rough bottom as she came from the builders, and stiff gear and unstretched sails, made a good race with New York's old favorite, Vixen, a larger boat, and finally saved her time on such a crack as Cinderella. In this latter she was favored by a fluke near the finish, but still the performance was a remarkable one and may well set New York to thinking. Zigeuner is a veritable cruiser, but what if Boston puts a racer of the same type in the class? What of her inches is there in New York that can face Pappoose in the next lower class to-day? What will the record of next year's cruise show at this rate?

We do not wish to stir up jealousies or sectional feeling, the united fleet that races at New York in the spring and at Newport and Marblehead in the summer should be one in friendly feeling and only fair and amicable rivalry should exist among its members, but we cannot, as friends of New York and New York yachting, sit quietly by without an effort to waken her yachtsmen from the apathy into which they have fallen. Our warning of last spring has borne little fruit, but its truth is confirmed by the races just sailed, in which New York cuts such a sorry figure. Who takes all the schooner prizes? not New York's old boat with long records, but Boston's new flyer with a modern hull and rig. Who tops the great singlestick class? Boston's latest achievement, conceived and built while New York was pacidly calculating how much slower than Puritan Thistle's sailing showed her to be. Where is New York in the same class? This year New York leads the second class, but that is partly through a cutter that she has frequently disowned and partly because Boston has not taken up this size of boat in earnest. What has Pocahontas done to help the class? Has her resurrection brought credit or the reverse to New York yachtsmen? The keynote of Boston's yachting is Progress; that of New York is the Past. What she has done, what she is to do some day, and in the meanwhile she sits quietly and contentedly and lets Boston sail her races and win her cups, even to the defense of the long prized trophy the first great emblem of New York's supremacy in yachting.

To pass to a much pleasanter subject, the management of the cruise has been creditable both to the club and the officers to whom it was intrusted, and while the fleet has held together longer, the racing has also been better and there has been more of it than usual. No better leader for the fleet could be found than the

Electra, fast enough to start all the laggards and then time the leaders, with accommodations for a large party, with two swift Herreshoff launches at her boat booms, with fires alight by the time the anchor is down, with an electric search light to guide through fog and darkness, and with numberless minor conveniences, not the least of which is a cyclostyle, by which orders were quickly printed in quantity and the official times of each race printed and distributed within a few minutes after the last boat finished. The Commodore must be credited with much of the success of the cruise—wide awake, alert and full of energy, he succeeded in taking a larger fleet than ever before around the Cape, and in holding it together longer than usual, while all the programme races were sailed. His aids, Messrs. Kortright and Peabody, of the regatta committee, did their work well and there was plenty of it, for with a fleet of fifty to be started and timed on the daily runs, as well as several important races to run, the position is no sinecure. Both races and runs passed off successfully and with far fewer hitches than were to be expected. The promptness with which the times were completed deserves special mention, as on one occasion the printed table of official times was distributed within 12m. after the finish.

The advantages and convenience of a large steam yacht at the head of such a cruise are obvious, but there is a danger, too, which it is as well to point out in time. On board a steam yacht a man can wear a linen collar and patent leather shoes all day, and when the anchor is dropped at 5 P. M. the natural thing to do is to dress for dinner. Seated comfortably at table he is apt to forget the sailing contingent, pegging along miles astern. In the larger schooners the case is not so bad; but in the second class and under, manned, be it said to their credit, largely by Corinthians, it means a great deal of hard work on the part of all to keep up with the fleet, especially when led by steam. When anchor is down and sails stowed, at 8 o'clock, perhaps, and often later, few feel like turning into dress coats and high collars; a service jacket and woollen shirt is far more convenient and comfortable. One great feature of the cruise is the sociability which prevails, the visits each evening, and the constant friendly intercourse among members; but there is no doubt but that this would be promoted if the claw-hammer were allowed to take its annual vacation in quiet retirement while the cruise lasts. This certainly would be the unanimous verdict of that part of the fleet whose interests should be first considered—the working yachtsmen who sail themselves the smaller boats, whose wardrobe and sail locker are very often in one for economy of space. Running from port to port with a level deck and at a 15-knot gait, one is apt to forget the work entailed in alternate racing and making passage under sail. With so much to be done in a limited time, it is not always easy to arrange suitable runs; but the needs of the racing fleet should be the first considered. This year the runs were very good, but the mishaps of Thursday prevented a large part of the fleet from joining in the return cruise or the last races, and made the ending far less brilliant than the start. Electra left Marblehead at 10 A. M. and anchored at Vineyard Haven at 6:50 P. M.; but the second and third classes, many disabled and with crews tired out after a hard race on the previous day, were unable to follow her.

The cruise this year has made still plainer a fact evident since the revival of the Cup races, that the racing is becoming keener and sharper each season, and that the old and slipshod methods, depending on the whims or greater or less experience of regatta committees, must give way to a newer and better system. The first requirement is that all starts, in each of the clubs, shall be the same. Any one who has tried will recognize the fact that printed directions as to intervals, preparatory guns and flags and similar details, while they seem perfectly clear when read ashore, become most confusing when looked over at the start, and mistakes are constantly occurring. This is not to be wondered at when one race has a preparatory interval of 10 minutes and a 5-minute limit to cross the line, while next day the interval is 15 and the limit 10, and so throughout. The arrangements for starting an open race should be the same in all clubs and cases, an end by no means difficult to attain.

Of all the methods we prefer the "one gun" start as the simplest and best. This was tried in the race for the Morgan Cups, and with perfect success, a large fleet getting away quite as well as in any of the other races. The objections have been raised that it promotes crowding and danger of collision at the line, and also that it is unfair to the late boats, but neither of these have any weight. In all races to-day the main effort is to get a good start, no matter what the limit may be, and the best handled yachts are always seen huddled together at the line when the gun fires, the chances of collision being no greater in one case than the other. As to the laggards, there will always be some in any case, and the general experience is that the sharper the start and the more rigid the rule, the higher the general standard of the fleet in this respect. The days when the fleet could straggle across the line at any time within an hour, the last sailing in a different wind and tide from the leaders, have passed away. Thousands are watching the records of the first class now to compare the boats, and to this end it is necessary that all should start and as far as possible sail, under the same conditions. On the side of the one gun start it may be urged that it is simpler and less liable to be misunderstood than any other method, while it is far easier to secure accurate timing. The timing of large fleets is now well done in most cases, but it is at best a difficult matter. With twenty boats or so going over in a pack there are often three or four in line during the same minute, and the matter of seconds, which often decides a race, is nothing but a hasty guess by the timer. In one of the races of the cruise a yacht was down as starting which was not seen during the race, while another which sailed the course does not appear in the record, the two probably having been confused at the start. As the one which did race came in last no trouble resulted, but, suppose she had won, and was not in the list of times at start?

Further, the one gun start would be welcomed by racing men because they would then know their exact starting time, a thing always in demand during a race, and so be able to estimate their lead or otherwise at any mark, as well as at the finish. The work of the committee in calculating the times would also be lessened, as the start would be on an even 10 or 5 minutes, and the odd minutes and seconds done away with. Of course, this is a small matter, but it would shorten and simplify the calculations, of which there are already enough, and so reduce the chances of error.

To make the one gun start a success two things are necessary; the line must be long enough and all the watches in the fleet must have official time. This latter is necessary in any case, and may be easily done; at any time prior to the start the committee may give the half hour by imitating the bells with the steam whistle, first calling the attention of all by some signal which shall indicate that time is about to be given. By the second signal all watches will be set. The preparatory interval, say 10min., should be the same in all races, with a special call to denote it and prevent confusion where much general whistling is indulged in, as is usually the case. With such simple details fixed and constantly followed, those on each boat will have the official time and 10min. warning, and if they are late at the line it will be their own fault. Of course each yacht will have a timekeeper with a stop watch, a careful and reliable man, who will count minutes and half minutes aloud to the helmsman as the time shortens.

Numbering the fleet has now become universal, but like everything else it is done carelessly and without plan or system. The numbers are of all sizes, generally so small as to be useless, as in the present fleet, and placed anywhere. The size should be at least 50in. in height, as in the E. Y. C., as smaller numbers are not readily discernible. Further, the racing fleet has now reached a point where each vessel should have an official number awarded, to be carried in all races. The number of boats in actual racing is not great enough to carry the list above two figures; we are speaking now of yachts large enough to make such a cruise and that race regularly outside of their local waters. The official number should be a permanent affair, on stout drill and with grommets about the edge, and the sailmaker should put small grommets in the sail when made, by which the two numbers, one on each side, could be quickly laced in place. It is now a familiar sight before each race to see the numbers hurriedly distributed, some boats getting none and some the wrong ones, while the industrious tie labors hurriedly with palm and needle to sew them on in the wrong place and upside down, his companions waiting impatiently at the throat and peak halliards. This is only a small matter, but it is on many small details that the success of racing depends, and all of these might, with a little careful labor and co-operation, be done properly and uniformly throughout the fleet.

The matter of timing, not only at the start and finish, but at the intermediate marks, is now a very important one, and not always so well attended to as it should be. Our attention has been called to one case where of two yachts the leader was timed some seconds later than the following boat, and we have already noticed an error by which a boat was not timed. The times at start and finish are most important, and above any question of error. Of late too the intermediate times have assumed an importance they never had before. It is not enough to know who won, but yachtsmen and outsiders, too, ask who did the best work. To this end the reaching, running and beating must be separated; for instance, the question just now is, how much faster is Volunteer to windward than Puritan. The corrected times do not tell this, and only carefully timing over each leg can show it. It is not possible for the committee boat, however fast, to time all the boats at each mark, but there are alway tugs and launches about —employed by the daily papers—some of which would willingly take times at the intermediate marks. Of course such times are not important as are the finish times, no prize depends on them and an error of a few seconds would not matter, but they are far more interesting and instructive than the official summary. On the New York course for instance, the best and fairest bit of sailing is often from Buoy 5 out around the Lightship and back, and yet this time is never accurately taken. In the races and runs of the cruise the general observance of the rules was very good, but there were several cases where the rules of the road were deliberately infringed by racing yachts which failed to give way when on port tack, a proceeding which should be dealt with summarily. The matter of signals too was not observed always as it should be, racing signal at the peak, a miscellaneous lot of bunting being shown.

THE CUTTER PAPPOOSE WINS AGAIN.

THE 123d match of the Beverly Y. C., postponed from Aug. 20, was sailed Tuesday, Aug. 23, in moderate wind from southwest. First class, over 30ft. long, sailed a course of 20 miles. Second class, over 25ft., sailed 16 miles. Third class, over 21ft., sailed 10 miles and fourth class 8 miles. The Pappoose made a late start, but speedily overhauled the leaders, including the famous Shadow and won as she liked, beating Shadow no less than 30m. 34s. actual time. This brilliant victory will probably remove the last vestige of prejudice against cutters and keels in the East. The Pappoose is the first good representative in American waters of the modern Itchen "wine-glass" type of cutter introduced in Southampton waters by C. W. Clayton and other English designers. She has a combination of features which are certain to recommend her kind to American yachtsmen in the East, where very few centerboard sloops are now built, and the moderate or "normal" cutter seems destined to prevail. New York will no doubt follow the lead of the East a few years hence. In second class keels, the cutter Prince Karl added another win to her list for the season.

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Shadow, Bryant	34.02	5 44 48	5 40 03
Ramona, Bray	34.01	5 45 06	5 40 12
Magic, Neal	31.01	Did not finish.	
FIRST CLASS KEELS.			
Pappoose, Adams	37.07	5 14 14	5 11 14
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Syringe, Hanley	25.00	3 01 14	2 42 39
Atalanta, Thomas	27.09	3 59 42	3 45 22
Tilley, Shepard	26.01	3 34 10	3 18 01
Helen, Pearce	25.02	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Prince Karl, Williams	29.01	3 16 14	3 03 52
Majel, Wilkinson	26.09	3 24 25	3 08 32
Carmen, Tower	30.00	3 20 49	3 09 41
Ione, Poyen	26.01	Disabled.	
Jumper, Wheeler	26.03	Did not return.	
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Black Cloud, Brown	23.07	2 08 52	1 55 21
Sea Bird, Jay	21.08	2 24 02	2 09 24
Superior, Phinney	23.06	2 17 20	2 04 08
Viola, Babson	23.02	2 19 13	2 03 12
Good Luck, Farrel	22.00	2 23 19	2 07 50
Sprite, Sears	22.07	2 26 06	2 11 22
Secret, Linton	22.06	2 30 42	2 15 31
Posy, Hunt	22.02	2 32 49	2 17 33
Thrasher, Garroway	21.06	Withdrew.	
Norah, D. Whitten		Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Echo, Burnell	24.09	2 13 24	2 01 13
Banneret, Brown	24.07	2 15 50	2 03 28
Witch, Crowninshield	23.04	2 31 12	2 17 32
Halcyon, Hooper	21.03	2 47 30	2 31 01
FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Coquette, Abbott	20.02	1 18 52	1 04 55
Petrel, Paul	20.10	1 21 11	1 08 41
Tyrant, Elwell		1 23 28	1 09 43
Nerena, Saltonstall	20.11	1 24 14	1 11 07
Viva, Foster	18.05	1 26 35	1 11 55
Banshee, Benson	20.04	1 36 13	1 22 38
FIFTH CLASS KEELS.			
Vesper, Benner	19.08	1 25 47	1 11 16
Wraith, Paine	18.10	1 29 03	1 16 31
Cramita, Eaton	20.05	1 28 32	1 15 49
Jodrel, Cannon	18.04	1 33 28	1 22 13
Vera, Paine	18.11	1 34 21	1 29 07
FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Victor, Hildreth	17.01	1 28 45	1 10 55
Wildfire, Keith	17.02	1 32 12	1 14 29

HALIFAX JUBILEE RACES.

OWING to the "surfeit of racing" supplied by recent events in home waters, and the extension of the N. Y. Y. C. cruise to the eastward, as well as the near approach of the America Cup trial matches, scarcely any American yachts found it possible to make the voyage to Halifax to participate in the Jubilee races, set for Aug. 19 and 20. This was unfortunate, as the prizes offered were well worth a serious effort. There still lingers a disinclination on the part of most yacht owners to risk their vessels at sea, even for the comparatively short run to Halifax. No doubt this stay-at-home feeling will wear away in the future as the owners of large vessels become more experienced and plucky, and tire of the small work in sheltered stretches. It is to be hoped the Haligonians will not relax their praiseworthy efforts to draw the American fleet around Cape Sable, through the disappointment of their first attempts. Halifax should and will in time become one of the regular ports of call in the summer "round" of American clippers and staid cruisers. The brave old schooner Dauntless was on hand, almost as a matter of course, for upon Dauntless and a few others we have to depend for representation abroad. She had returned from her extensive European cruise and was under Captain Haig. Lieut. Henn, whose example as an active racer and cruiser might be followed by scores of American yacht-owners were they animated by the same love for the sport and pluck characteristic of British yachtsmen, pitted the bold Galatea against the New York schooner. The cutter Stranger, with Mr. Warren on board, a sort of Anglo-American representative, was the only other foreign craft to start in Halifax waters.

The first race, Aug. 19, was for the cup offered by the Royal Nova Scotia Y. C., with a second prize, valued at $100, contributed by New York and Boston gentlemen. Course 41 miles. Stranger was the only starter in second class for a cup presented by Mr. A. B. Sheraton, of Halifax. Entries in first class were Dauntless and Galatea. There was a good breeze from southwest. Dauntless took the lead down wind, but Galatea weathered on her easily in the windward work, and won by nearly 10min. on allowance. Official times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Galatea	10 30 25	3 05 04	4 34 39	4 24 28
Dauntless	10 30 45	3 04 12	4 33 27	4 33 27
Stranger	10 37 46	3 52 55	5 15 09	5 15 09

In third class eleven local yachts started for a $500 cup presented by New York and Boston gentlemen. This was easily won by the schooner Wenonah, Mr. James Stairs with the Pastime half an hour later, and Hebe third.

The second day, Aug. 20, Galatea, Dauntless and Stranger raced for the $1,000 Jubilee Cup, in company with the Halifax yachts Halicia, Pastime, Wenonah, Lenore and Guinevere. Wind variable, but settling into the southwest. The big cutter Galatea soon worked into the lead and rapidly left the fleet. Stranger carried away her topmast and the smaller craft were quickly out of the hunt. Galatea finished at 5.16.20 and Dauntless at 6.11.55; Stranger at 6.37.48. Galatea takes Jubilee Cup and Dauntless the American cup offered for second.

BAYHEAD Y. C.—The first race for the Bayhead championship pennant was sailed on the 11th over the Bayhead course, the yachts going over the course twice, making a distance of ten miles. The pennant is to become the property of the yacht which first wins it three times, the races to be sailed every Thursday. Considerable interest is felt in these races as the boats entered are considered to be the fastest ones in their class in the northern part of Barnegat Bay. The wind blew hard from the south during the race, Lee Spray and Foam carried double reefed sails and the others singled reefed:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Edith	20.09	3 39 25	5 09 26	1 30 01	1 30 01
Spray	18.04	3 40 05	5 13 36	1 33 31	1 31 06
Foam	18.00	3 39 39	5 13 35	1 33 56	1 31 11
Rowena	16.08	3 40 15	5 16 08	1 35 53	1 31 48
Effie	16.08	3 40 42	5 21 11	1 40 29	1 36 24

Edith beats Spray 1m. 5s., Foam 1m. 10s., Rowena 1m. 47s., Effie 6m. 23s.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—Thirteenth regatta, Aug. 17. Nos. 2 and 4 club courses, distance 6 and 10 miles, weather fair, wind moderate, tide young flood. This was "ladies' day" with the members of the Corinthian Y. C. at Marblehead. All the conditions of wind and weather were excellent. By "ladies' day" in this case is meant more strictly ladies' race, for ladies sailed on the boats, although none of them were at the helm in charge, as was expected. One or more of the fair sex sailed on every one of the two dozen white-winged messengers. The ladies' dresses of blue and white flannel, with bright-colored ribbons, made an exceedingly pretty picture. All in all it was a unique regatta, and a most successful one. There was a light breeze from southeast to south, and the sea was in prime condition. The breeze held evenly throughout the race. Prizes of silver were awarded to the winning yachts in each class, and to each lady sailing on the winning boat. The first named boat in the summary in each class is the winner. The summary:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	24.10	2 16 35	1 45 25
Gem, C. S. Dennison	26.03	2 17 19	1 46 54
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	26.00	2 24 23	1 53 23
FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Atalanta, J. R. Thomas	28.01	2 06 36	1 37 39
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	28.00	2 19 22	1 48 22
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Witch, Crowninshield	23.04	1 23 11	1 02 48
Carmita, C. S. Eaton	21.02	1 26 25	1 04 22
Echo, E. L. Burwell	23.00	1 24 11	1 04 50
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	23.05	1 25 55	1 05 35
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Petrel, H. H. Paul	21.09	1 24 34	1 02 59
Pilgrim, A. B. Hastings	22.10	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Vera, Paine & Randall	19.09	1 32 45	1 09 29
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane	20.09	1 38 04	1 15 40
Mosquito, W. M. Jamison	20.08	1 43 54	1 21 56
Rover, L. A. Peabody	18.07	2 07 52	1 43 30
Wraith, J. B. Paine	19.02	Did not return.	
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Viva, C. H. W. Foster	19.06	1 29 40	1 03 10
Holden, —— Dexter	20.04	1 32 10	1 09 35
Banshee, H. E. Benson	20.06	1 34 43	1 09 41
Nerena, R. W. Saltonstall	20.10	1 32 32	1 10 10
Josephine, D. H. Follett, Jr.	18.08	1 45 00	1 20 43
Anita, E. K. Benson		1 47 54	. . . .
Greta, S. G. Allen	20.00	1 51 34	1 28 51
Dolphin, R. Robbins	17.02	1 49 31	1 23 42
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	20.09	Did not finish.	

OYSTER BOATS RACING.—The annual contest of oyster boats, under auspices of the Larchmont Y. C., was sailed Aug. 20. The competing boats were classified as cabin sloops, open sloops and cat-rigged boats. Sails restricted to jib, mainsail, and working gafftopsail for sloops, and mainsail for cat-rigged boats. Each boat allowed one man for every 5ft. of load waterline or fraction thereof, in addition to captain. Time allowance for Classes I. and II. was 1¼m. to the foot, and for Class III. 1½m. to the foot. The prizes for Class I. were $75 for first and $35 for second; for Class II., $50 and $30, and for Class III. $40 and $25. The following were the judges and regatta committee; Harry B. Willard, F. C. Griffiths, George L. Foreman, Commodore W. S. Alley, Augustin Monroe and F. S. Greacen. Wind southeast, fresh. Course from Larchmont around Execution Reef, thence to buoy off Matinicock and return.

FIRST CLASS—CABIN BOATS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grace A. Mackay	12 02 58	3 37 20	3 34 22	3 25 16½
C. D. Smith	12 03 43	3 43 29	3 39 46	3 33 31
Agnes	12 01 16	3 36 24	3 34 08	3 34 24¼
W. H. Rowe	12 01 41	3 38 51	3 37 10	3 37 10
Lizzie D. Bell	12 01 28	3 42 31	3 41 03	3 39 48
Trusty	12 01 04	3 50 55	3 49 51	3 41 43¼
Jennie Baker	12 01 03	4 01 21	4 00 18	3 44 40½
Blue Rock	12 02 57	3 57 50	3 54 53	3 48 35
Puritan	12 03 31	Not timed.		
Jennie A. Benedict	12 01 16	3 36 24	3 58 19	3 49 43¼
SECOND CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Flyaway	12 06 36	4 06 25	3 50 46	3 50 27½
Agitator	12 09 42	4 08 41	4 07 59	3 56 44
Jennie A Willis	12 06 36	4 13 56	4 07 20	3 57 57½
Addie B.	12 04 20	4 14 00	4 09 40	3 58 31½
Sneak	12 01 16	4 12 37	4 11 31	4 03 23½
Maggie T.	12 01 54	4 14 55	4 13 01	4 06 27
Minnie S.	12 05 12	4 26 07	4 20 55	4 10 42½
Florence May	12 06 16	Not timed.		
Curlew	12 01 07	Not timed.		
Loon	12 03 08	Not timed.		
THIRD CLASS—CAT RIGS.				
Uncle Dave	12 00 55	4 19 51	4 18 56	4 11 11
Sea Spray	12 01 11	4 30 34	4 29 23	4 21 45
Joke	12 03 41	4 42 54	4 39 13	4 27 28½
Parthenia	12 03 24	Not timed.		
Mamie	12 05 21	Not timed.		

SIPPICAN Y. C. RACE, AUG. 20.—Marion, Aug. 21. Courses for first three classes were from judges' boat, off Gull Rock Buoy to Southeast Ledge buoy, thence to judges' boat, 15 miles. Fourth Class, Bow Bell instead of Nye's Ledges, otherwise as first class, 9 miles. Fifth Class, from judges' boat to Seal Rock buoy, thence to stakeboat off Planting Island, thence up to boat, going around twice, 7 miles. All classes left turning point on port hand. Wind light from east. Cloudy day. Flood tide. The prizes were silver cups, two in each class:

SLOOP CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Verona, O. Delano	24.04	2 09 40	5 14 16	3 04 36	2 45 38
Allie, R. Ryder	25.09	2 09 23	5 13 23	3 04 00	2 47 21
Kittiwake	22.07	2 10 08	5 36 32	3 26 24	3 04 18
FIRST CLASS CATBOATS.					
Mattie, H. Stockton	25.04	2 16 03	5 06 34	2 50 31	2 33 13
Laura, E. Holmes	23.09	2 13 54	5 08 36	2 54 42	2 34 44
SECOND CLASS CATBOATS.					
Lestris, W. Crane	21.08	2 17 15	5 04 46	2 48 31	2 24 33
Rival, Bowman		2 14 51	5 27 37	. . . .	. . . .
THIRD CLASS CATBOATS.					
Majorie, L. Loring	19.00	2 19 46	4 12 17	1 52 31	1 34 44
Trump, J. Whiting	18.09	2 18 41	4 14 46	1 56 05	1 37 56
Zay, F. Luce	17.04	2 18 54	4 40 28	2 21 34	1 59 00
FOURTH CLASS CATBOATS.					
Wide Awake, J. Pegram	14.03	2 23 31	4 13 11	1 49 40	1 29 30
Mattie, F. Allen	15.06	2 24 10	4 11 58	1 47 38	1 29 22
Nymph, J. Clarke	14.08	2 23 51	5 18 09	1 49 22	1 29 51
Lynx, W. Austin	14.09	2 23 37	4 17 13	1 53 36	1 34 13
Sprite, F. Wing	16.03	2 24 45	4 21 02	1 56 17	1 33 57
FIFTH CLASS CATBOATS.					
Jennie, I. Chapman	12.10	2 30 47	4 00 06	1 29 19	1 12 05
Elf, L. Bacon	12.00	2 20 09	4 18 46	1 48 57	1 30 58
Fairy, P. Robins	11.04	2 29 11	4 22 38	1 53 21	1 35 13

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

MUNGIN, Savannah, Ga.—Rip Bang is by Bang Bang (champion Bang—Princess Kate) and out of Peggy (Rush—Tina).

J. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We know of no one in this vicinity who makes a specialty of teaching dogs to retrieve. Send $1 for "Training vs. Breaking" and teach him yourself.

B., Hartford, Conn.—Will you please advise me through your valuable paper as to whether a Scotch collie dog should have dew claws as one of its points for bench show.—Ans. No.

L. H. J., New Haven, Conn.—Steaford was by Whitehouse's MacGregor (Sancho—Blanche) and out of Nina (Hamlet—Lorr's Sal). Whisky was by Dr. Strachan's Flash (George—Peg) and out of Schleiffin's Juno, imported from the Marquis of Westminster's kennel.

L. L. H., Bethlehem.—The fly is said to have been introduced in England by D. & W. H. Foster, an Ashbourne (Eng.) firm of tackle makers, in 1883, and was exhibited at the Fisheries in that year. It was called the reverse-winged fly, and did not go under the name of "fluttering fly."

G. A. T., Halifax, N. S.—What measurements are given in a custom house certificate of measurement as is understood in the conditions attached to the America Cup? Ans. Length for tonnage, breadth and depth for same, according to the rules of the country from which the challenger hails.

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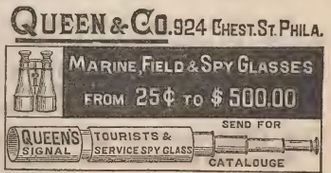
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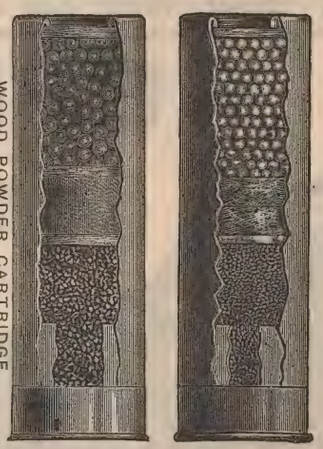


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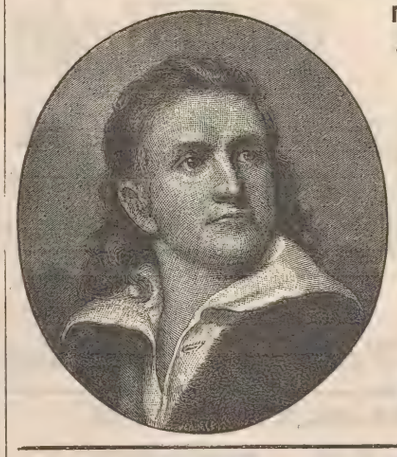
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BUTCHERING UTES.

ALL advices up to the present time confirm the view expressed last week in these columns that the trouble between the Utes and the white settlers is wholly of the latters' seeking. Within the past few days a "battle" has taken place in which several bucks and some Indian women and children were killed and wounded.

It appears now that the Indians were betrayed by means of the basest treachery. The person in command of a small body of scouts on August 24, had a meeting with the Ute chief under a solemn flag of truce, and it was agreed between them that Colorado and his followers should return to their reservation unmolested. This agreement the white man who made it calls justifiable strategy, but it appears instead to have been abominable lying. His characterization of it shows that he intended to break the agreement when he made it. The following morning, the Colorado militia and some cowboys attacked the Indian camp, surprising the Indians and killing and wounding a number of them, among whom were at least two women and a baby. The Indians made what defense they could under the circumstances, and succeeded in killing three or four of the attacking party. If any confirmation were needed of the fact that the Indians had no intention of fighting, it may be found in the valorous killing of the women and child in this "battle," for it is a well-known fact that when Indians are prepared for a fight, their squaws and pappooses are always removed to a safe distance from the scene of the combat.

In addition to the slaughter of these wholly innocent people, the white outfit captured 300 horses and about 2,000 sheep and goats, and this number is now being divided up among the marauders. The United States Government has been requested by the Agent to recover this stock for the Indians, and steps have been taken by Assistant Secretary Muldrow and Commissioner Atkins to have it restored.

The whole affair is one of the most shameful, brutal and unprovoked attacks on an unoffending people that has ever disgraced the soiled pages of the history of our treatment of the Indians. The foulest treachery was used to lull into security the Utes, who were conscious of no wrong, and then they and their wives and babies were butchered. In all the miserable, heart-sickening business there is but one redeeming feature. That is that the press of the whole country—of Colorado as well as of the East—unites in stigmatizing the outrage as it deserves. The Utes ought to have a heavy claim for damages against the United States Government, but the Indians can never hope for justice.

THE ROCKS REMAIN IN THEIR PLACE.

IF it be true, as an eminent public man has recently declared, that "the soil remains in its place," it is equally susceptible of demonstration that the rocks remain in their place. Recent blundering complications of the executive department of the American Kennel Club and their results afford a striking illustration of this grand truth. For after it all, the rocks (that is to say the shekels) remain in their place.

The selection of Mr. Charles H. Mason as a judge at the last Waverly dog show was so obnoxious to the Gentleman of the dog world, though the classes assigned to Mr. Mason were not those in which the Gentleman was interested, that the Gentleman refused to enter any of his dogs in the show. Subsequently, after the entries had closed, the Gentleman became reconciled to the inevitable; and it being thought desirable that his pointers should meet Beaufort, the Gentleman's kennel partner, Mr. Charles Heath, handed to Mr. C. J. Peshall $50 to be given as a special pointer prize. As his express purpose in this was that Beaufort (entered in the show not for competition) and the Graphic pointers (not entered in the show at all) should be brought together for a comparison of merit, Mr. Heath enjoined upon Mr. Peshall to make the conditions of the special so comprehensive as to provide for the entry of all these dogs. This was done. So far so good. The meeting of the giants was a sure thing, barring accidents and possible whims of the Gentleman. And that is just where it was not sure. The Gentleman had a whim, a whim so severe that, after all, the Graphic pointers were not entered for this special prize given by the owners of the Graphic pointers in the hope that one of the Graphic pointers might win it. The three entries actually competing were Beaufort, Nick of Naso and Patti M. Beaufort won, and "the rocks" went into his owner's pocket.

Then Patti M.'s owner, Mr. Munhall, forgetful of the great truth that "the rocks remain in their place," conceived a notion that he could remove them from Mr. Mason's pocket into his own. He protested the award; the show committee refused to sanction the protest; and the rocks remained in their place. He appealed to Local Delegate Peshall; the delegate refused to sustain the protest; and the rocks remained in their place. He appealed to the American Kennel Club; the club refused to sustain the protest; the rocks remained in their place.

Mr. Munhall did not give it up. He had great faith in President Elliott Smith's stupidity and Secretary Vredenburgh's subserviency. His faith was well founded. Mr. Smith's administration had been marked by one stupid blunder after another. He could with great confidence be relied upon for a fresh exhibition of the same nature. Secretary Vredenburgh is one of the intermittent products of the superfluity of dogdom. It is a characteristic of these creatures, their superfluousness being a burden to them, that they are always on the lookout for some opportunity to "catch on." At that particular time little Vredenburgh was scheming for a salaried position as the club's secretary, and he was eager to make himself useful to any one who had any use for him. If there was a round hole to be filled he would be a round stick of timber to fill it; if the hole were square and a square piece were required, he would be as square as he could be. Counting on official stupidity and subserviency, at a subsequent meeting of the club Mr. Munhall tried it the fourth time. The tool Vredenburgh moved a reconsideration of the first final decision of the club, and President Smith, who appears on that particular occasion at least to have been adventitiously and temporarily obtuse, failed to recognize the absurdity of the motion itself and the grounds given for it, and the impertinence of Vredenburgh, who was not entitled to any voice whatever in the meeting, in presuming to make such a motion. The first final decision was reconsidered, and by a second final decision Beaufort was declared to have been ineligible to compete for the prize.

The next step in the process of rock moving was exceedingly simple. Mr. Munhall appointed himself Waverly Special Pointer Judge, *ex post facto*, and ignoring the claims of Nick of Naso, awarded the prize to his own entry, Patti M., and made requisition on the New Jersey Club for the prize money. Their reply was in effect that the money had already been paid over to Mr. Mason, and "the rocks remain in their place." Then Mr. Munhall wrote to Mr. Peshall for the money. That gentleman returned a like reply; "the rocks remain in their place." Whether Patti M.'s owner wrote in a similar strain to Mr. Mason we are not advised. The rare delicacy which had prompted Mr. Munhall, as a member of the board of arbitration, to vote in his own favor in the case where his dog was concerned, and which had prompted him to jump to the conclusion that Patti M. would have beaten Nick of Naso for the prize, and to demand from the New Jersey Club a prize he had never won—this delicacy might not have proved an insurmountable barrier to his making a demand on Mr. Mason for "the rocks." But, whether or no, "the rocks remain in their place," that is to say, in the pocket of Beaufort's owner. The latest development in this interesting case is the reconsideration of final decision No. 2, by the vote recorded in our kennel columns. Final decision No. 1 is sustained by this final decision No. 3, and "the rocks remain in their place."

The end is not yet. The Hornell Kennel Club delegate has announced his intention of instituting another reconsideration, or of having the club declare final decisions Nos. 2 and 3 and all the proceedings in connection therewith null and void, on the ground that the superfluous Vredenburgh's motion was illegal, unparliamentary, impertinent and not in any way binding on the club. Such action will not affect the "rocks;" they will "remain in their place."

FISH COMMISSIONER GOODE.

AS was predicted last week in the FOREST AND STREAM, Prof. G. Brown Goode has been appointed United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries in the place of Prof. Spencer F. Baird deceased. The office was tendered to Solicitor of the Treasury McCue, of Brooklyn, and to Acting Secretary of the Treasury Thompson, and by both of them declined. It was understood that they were designated to fill the vacancy temporarily, pending the permanent appointment, and for financial reasons only, in order that the work of the department might not be interrupted. By the terms of the law providing for a Fisheries Commissioner both Judge McCue and Gov. Thompson would be ineligible to fill the office permanently. The statute provides that the appointee must be "a civil officer of the Government of proved scientific and practical acquaintance with the fishes of the coast;" and this scientific knowledge is possessed by neither of these gentlemen, however well qualified they may be in other respects. When this law creating the office was enacted its provisions were made especially to fit Prof. Baird; and just as there was at that time no one else who would have been eligible to the office, it may be said that now in this second case no person would be eligible except Prof. Goode.

The new incumbent is most admirably qualified to fill the position. By his scientific attainments, his training, his long residence in Washington, and above all his years of close association with Professor Baird, he is preëminently fitted to receive the mantle let fall by his distinguished chief. Prof. Goode has been connected with the Commission since its inception; his scientific attainments are of the very highest order, and his executive ability is shown by the admirable manner in which he has managed the National Museum. The public has every reason for confidence that under the control of Prof. Goode the work of the Fish Commission will be prosecuted without any impairment of the efficiency which has placed this bureau foremost among like institutions of the world.

The terms of the law respecting the Commissionership have been shown to be defective and they should be amended at the first opportunity. There is something anomalous in the demand for exceptional qualifications on the part of the incumbent and the absence of any salary whatever to reward the possessor of these qualifications for the arduous work demanded of him.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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A TWO WEEKS' OUTING.—I.

"Great spaces yet untraveled, great lakes whose mystic shores
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars."

"THE Northern Wilderness." It is indeed difficult for the most of us fully to take in all that is implied in this familiar phrase. Unlike the great tracts to the westward of the Mississippi, whose agricultural and grazing capabilities have, in connection with their mineral resources, invited such vast immigration that a generation has seen the practical subjugation, by an army of settlers, of the great Northwest; the cold and comparatively sterile regions of the North, though traversed for centuries by priest and soldier, trapper, miner and lumberman, have to a great extent maintained their distinctive characteristics; and the fostering care and liberal promises of Government have been needed to induce settlement and permanent occupation of the frozen North.

There is a little strip of land, forming part of this wilderness, and lying south of Lake Superior, which is called the Northern Peninsula of Michigan. This region is visited by many people, but few of them seem to go far from the railroads, or other well-known routes of travel and resorts of tourists; and strange it is how many difficulties lie in the way of attaining an accurate knowledge of any portion of this territory which does not lie along or near these routes.

I had some years before made a visit or two to the western portion of this "neck of timber," and a conversation, which I chanced to overhear between two lumbermen of my acquaintance, reminded me that there was a goodly portion of the peninsula which I had not yet seen.

I said as much to Konan the Tall, and we agreed that the tract of country under consideration had not been thoroughly explored. Said he:

"I reckon we'd orter go up there 'n' look around a little. Bill B. and Jack M., they was a tellin' inter my place how 't they see a most an all-fired lot o' trout inter a kind o' deadwater crick, when they was up there in the fall a lookin' fer a loggin' job. They hadn't nothin' ter ketch 'em with, tell Bill he sairched his pockets, 'n he found a hook, 'n Jack he rousted out a twine string some way, 'n 'fore they got through they ketcht thirteen—reg'lar old sockers."

"Do you believe the story?"

"Well, I d'no; guess so though. They ain't much at lyin', neither on 'em, 'n everybody 't 's been there says the 's trout 'nuf in them woods 'f you c'n only find out where they be. Yes, I guess they ketched 'em fast enough."

"If we took a cruise up that way about deer time we ought to have meat in camp, enough to keep the thing going."

"Well, we'd orter."

This was the first of a series of confabulations which led me at last to say to the good genius who rules over my family circle, "What shall we call the new boat?"

"Shall you build a new boat?" said she.

"I think so. The Kelpie is too small, and I've put a keel on the oomiak and converted her into a sharpie. She wouldn't do to run a rapid. This may likely prove a rough old trip, and, as I have not been quite well this summer, I want to have everything in good shape for a comfortable cruise."

"Suppose you call it the Outer—no—people might think that you meant 'Otter,' and didn't know how to spell. Better call it Otter at first, I think."

"All right," said I, "Otter it shall be;" and it was.

Then followed grave consultations and much research of Konan and myself among the various receptacles of our implements of forest warfare, for, although we were going less to get shooting or fishing than to have a look at the country, we are each in a manner lost when we find ourse ves "under the boughs" without the means at hand of "living off the country." "Hunting without a gun" was never a favorite pastime of my own, and certain experiences have confirmed me in the feeling that when roused in a midnight camp by a strange sound, there is comfort in the ability to lay hand on rifle.

True it is that the forest is safer than the town, but at times each has its dangers. So far well; but when it comes about that two old fellows who for years have mainly devoted themselves to the elucidation of the various intricate problems connected with the bread-and-butter question, set about collecting their camping tools to prepare for a few weeks' outing, there is apt to be a degree of mistiness concerning the whereabouts of the said tools and their fitness for active service, which is the reverse of encouraging.

There are different ways of getting ready for a cruise, of which the most striking is the Lord Ipsden method:

"Saunders, take books and clothes and violins and things, and meet me at the station in an hour."

Similarly my lord might say to Squires or Conroy, or other of those wonderful fellows who make ready the multitude for lake or forest:

"Please have at the station a complete outfit for the Michigan woods. Five o'clock train." And the things would be there on time—too many of them, perhaps, for old campers, but not for tenderfeet.

How Konan managed I do not know, but for myself I can say that when I had collected such of the débris of my hunting traps and fishing gear as remained to me after the onslaughts of my posterity, the room looked like an old junk shop. The collection would have edified those who never handled gun, save of a modern pattern.

Breechloaders, muzzleloaders, knives, rods, reels and creels; packs, floats, hackles and haversacks; fly-books, spurs, quirts and chaparejos; gaffs, landing nets, squids, shells, wrenches, jiggers and killdevils; with a few flints and a priming wire and brush brought to the surface at the last desperate dip into the dubious depths of an illusive past. An antiquary might there have found abundant material illustrative of the many changes in sporting implements since I whipped the Rangeleys thirty years ago.

Well, I went at it, selected and oiled the best of the reels, overhauled rod and fly-book, loaded ten shells and wiped my gun. My favorite hunting knife had disappeared—mislaid, doubtless, in some of the "corridors of time," and as it is not easy to find a good one ready made, I looked out a thin old blade, stamped with a crown, and of the reign of William IV. With the butt of an antler suitably attached, I soon had a "mutchika" meeting all requirements.

Konan, who seldom uses shotguns, was to take his rifle; I a double fowling piece, and, thus prepared for the extermination of birds or beasts, as we might see occasion, we proceeded to put the finishing touches to the Otter, which had meanwhile been constructed under our supervision. She was 17ft. long, of thin cedar boards, and in two detachable sections, with a bottom of ¾in. pine. She was 3ft. wide amidships, and sharp at bow and stern, and for obvious reasons was painted a foliage green. We carried both oars and paddles.

If there was one thing more than another which Konan wished to meet on the trip, it was a bear. During the last few decades he had slain pretty much all sorts of game which can be killed with a rifle this side Pike's Peak; but the bears had always missed him, and as he gave his Winchester a last rub and drew a bead on a slumbering tomcat lying under a piazza about eighty yards off, he expressed his conviction that it would just suit his complaint to have an "old he" show up in some blackberry patch along the river, within easy range of his weapon. "But," said he, "I reckon the shotgun 'll git the most game."

Well, one Saturday evening at about 6 o'clock we—that is, Konan, the Otter and myself—were safely deposited near the end of a long lumber dock which projects for some distance into the pellucid waters of Grand Traverse Bay.

We had come by appointment to take passage on an excursion steamer to Mackinaw, and as the daily trips of this craft were made on another route, she had to return to her anchorage on the following Monday morning.

She was expected at our dock at about 7 P. M., and a motley crowd of excursionists had collected in anticipation of her coming.

There might be seen the farmer with his wife and buxom daughters, the newly married couple, pervaded by an atmosphere of affectionate endearments, not too carefully concealed from view when the shades of evening had settled over the bay; the never-failing lumberman, red-shirted and brawny, and bent on receiving with serenest satisfaction whatever good the gods might send; and a variety of faces and costumes such as are seldom seen except under similar circumstances.

Most of these prospective voyagers bore baskets, as the steamer furnished no provisions. The cabin being of small extent, I was puzzled to see how the large number of ladies present was to be accommodated; but this was not our affair, and spreading my blanket on the dock, the wash of the waves soon lulled me to repose.

I was aroused about half-past 12 by a steam whistle, and perceived the expected craft coming alongside the dock. It was a sleepy-looking company which boarded her, and the little cabin was filled with girls before you could say Jack Robinson.

Cots were ranged along the decks, and occupied as fast as placed; and after prospecting in the hold I deposited myself and blanket on the deck, under the lee of a coil of rope, and as far astern as possible, and once more courted the drowsy god.

By a singular good fortune I was stepped upon but four or five times during the night, and the morning found our craft rapidly nearing Waugoshanee Light. There is said to be a ghost of unusual activity hovering about the reef at this point, but we didn't see it, and in due time arrived at Mackinaw.

Knowing the place of old, I left Konan to look about for sights and at once proceeded to escort our boat and sundries to St. Ignace, and being a stranger at this place, I went to the first hotel I saw—the Bay View House. The place was clean, the fare sufficiently good, the charges $2 per day.

The weather was rainy, which was to me very satisfactory, as the recent drought had filled the newspapers with reports of forest fires. I have had a good deal of experience both in forest and prairie with this sort of thing and am free to say that I do not like it.

The worst scrape of the kind that I was ever in was in the woods of northern Wisconsin in October, 1871, when, with my family, I was surrounded by fire, and single-handed fought it through one night. This was about fifteen miles from the village of Peshtigo, which at the same time was completely destroyed and many lives lost. And I remember that on one occasion some years before, I started with a friend from Sarcoxie, in southwestern Missouri, to drive about twenty miles to Diamond Prairie. Our way led through an extensive belt of woodland, and we saw that there was a good deal of fire in the forest, but not appreciating the danger therefrom, trusted to luck and drove on.

When about half way through the wood we observed that the south wind had freshened and was sending the flames before it too rapidly to suit our convenience. Fast as we went the fire came faster still. It so chanced that I had purchased a five-pound keg of powder, which was under the wagon seat, while my friend had a pound of the same lively explosive wrapped in brown paper and deposited on the south side of his army blouse.

On came the flames, their long tongues flickering left and right through the smoky haze, and their line advancing through the brushwood with fearful speed. Fortunately, the team was good, the harness new, and the wagon staunch and strong. The horses knew their peril, and the stout wheels bounded from root and rock as they swept the ground in their tearing trot, faster and faster, and the pace became terrific.

In advance the wind was hurling the sheets of fire like rockets through the trees, and beneath, the lurid line of flame at one point reached the road, and this point we must pass. With the long whip whistling through the smoke, I gave what must have been a most unearthly yell, and dashed the horses straight against a broad banner of flame, that sent its fierce breath in my face, as I lashed the flying steeds.

"Tech 'n' go, that was," said John, when, five minutes after, the pace of the panting horses had subsided into a walk, and through the trees in advance we could see the welcome shimmer of the sunlight over the beautiful Diamond Prairie.

"I think so," said I, "with six pounds of powder in the wagon."

Up to that moment neither of us had thought of the perilous nature of the load we carried, though, most fortunately, we had escaped with but a general scorching. The side of the coat in which the powder had been placed was completely singed, as were our hair and beards, and the coats of the horses. The woods behind us were a mass of flame when last we looked that way, and had anything about our outfit parted at the wrong moment we should never have left those woods.

I learned at St. Ignace that but little danger was to be apprehended from fires in the peninsula, though had the drought been two months later, the conflagration would have been far more extensive.

Monday morning, at 6:50, found us in one of the cars of the D., M. & M. Railroad, and on our way to Munising, which is nearly across the peninsula, being about one hundred miles from St. Ignace, and four from "Old Munising," on the shore of Lake Superior. This was formerly a point of importance both to Indians and whites. From it once led the great trail across the peninsula, by way of Indian River to Manistique, one of the principal thoroughfares used by the natives in their day of occupation.

While the train was thundering on, I was enabled to note the fact that when a man has seen five miles of the country along the line of this railroad, he has for most purposes of observation seen it all. A dreary flat, flame-scarred, tamarck-tufted, its monotonous horizontality stretches away on either side, unbroken for the most part by any object which might relieve eye or soul from the effect of this unending sameness.

Weary indeed must be the work of those who, like the pioneer surveyors of this railroad, are first to trace lines of travel in torpid swamps like these, thus to blaze the future path of empire through the land.

The man of merchandise approached as usual, and sought to sell his wares. He had fancy jack-knives, with a variety of cork-screws and things attached, and he had cheap pocket compasses and dandy match boxes, and many similar articles of "bigotry and virtue," wherewith the tenderfoot is persuaded to burden himself, before trusting his future to the mercies of the forest deities, as represented by his guide.

At this merchantman I queried, had he that which cures a cold, for I had brought from home an affliction of this sort; to which he made answer that a sovereign remedy therefor was what he called "lemon drops," exhibiting at the same time a sample thereof, contained in a small wooden barrel which, however, I did not purchase.

Having been able to learn but little about the streams of this region, I pictured them to myself as likely, before we had traced any one of them across the peninsula, to give us a lively cruise, such as elsewhere I have many a time enjoyed. Among the more notable among my recollections of these was that of the time when Ferrand and I ran the Bristol Rapids on the Pemigewasset River.

In the summer of 1864 we one day launched our boat above Squam Falls, N. H., at a point where, four years before, I had taken out our canvas canoe and portaged into Squam Lake, after having traced the stream from near its source under old Moosehillock (I prefer the ancient way of spelling the name of this mountain).

This time we had carried over from Squam, to which lake we had come from Winnipesaukee, where we had lived on trout and tested the quality of the waters of the springs, from Red Hill to the Gunstock Mountains. We now proposed to run down the Pemigewasset until we reached a point whence we could ship our boat by rail.

In getting our craft around the falls we attempted to take advantage of a sort of side issue in the river, and thus let the water do part of our work. It did, and at the same time managed to get some of its own well in. It poured over the stern for about three seconds only, but in that space of time effectually cleaned and cleared it of sundry movables, which, being of light weight, we had incautiously left therein.

That night the river gods smoked our pipes, read our books and wore our dusters, complacently sitting the while upon the slippery rocks and waiting the arrival of the next victim. They may have waited long, for, except one birch, my canoe was in those days the sole representative of this class of craft which I saw at any time upon the Merrimac or any of its tributary waters.

Concerning the river below Squam Falls, we had only been able to learn that logs were floated down its channel in the spring. All of whom we inquired concerning the feasibility of our proposed trip agreed that, so far as they knew, no boat had ever attempted to brave the force of the foaming stream.

We decided, however, to try it; and, having breakfasted on a trout taken near the mouth of a little brook and a wood duck which had incautiously ventured too near our camp, we "tied in" and floated down the river.

The cruise from Squam to Bristol Falls remains in my mind as one of the very toughtest pieces of river navigation within my experience.

Our boat, the Juanita, was a wherry about 15ft. long, and though staunch and well-built, a little too heavy for this sort of work. We could not always sheer in time to clear the points of rock which often showed their heads above the stream, but managed nevertheless to avoid a capsize, though Ferrand's setting pole was in frequent requisition to fend off, and the copper at the stem showed unmistakable signs of collision with the rough granite boulders strewn so liberally along our watery path.

At noon we lunched by a bright clear spring at the river's side, and pushing onward came, toward evening, to the head of a rapid, smooth and glassy enough in places, but elsewhere flecked with foam and so steep that the tops of the tall "first growth" trees near the river, where some distance ahead it curved to the southward, were far below our level, and in advance, through waving boughs, we saw a gleam like the ominous glance of a foeman's eyes through steel-barred aventaille. For now the mighty Kühleborn, weird ruler of the rushing streams, had lowered visor and laid lance in rest and summoned all his water sprites to repel this rash intrusion within the precincts of his ancient realm. His hosts were mustering fast, and the thundering tramp of their battle-steeds arose in muffled volume from the gorge.

We had that day met and passed so many perils that we would not stay our course, and paddle in hand, I braced myself in the stern, while Ferrand gripped by the midst his setting-pole and sat astride the prow. "A jolly good figurehead you make, my boy," said I. He looked around for an instant and nodded, his fine face flushed with excitement, and down we went in our headlong course, whatever might betide.

An eminent authority "over the pond" has formulated a maxim which on such occasions it is well to remember: "When the wessel ain't got no way on her you can't steer her." This I now called to mind, and plied my long rock-maple paddle while the shadowy hemlocks flitted past, and the locks of the bowsman streamed backward in the evening breeze as we raced with the cloudy foam.

"By Jove," quoth Ferrand, "there's the fall," and this was all he said, but in advance the river narrowed to less than half its width, and rushing on past walls of rock, hurled itself downward from our sight, how far we could not tell, but well could see that on either side was a ragged reef, while ahead was a mass of foam. I held her straight for the middle of the channel: a moment more and the bowsman was bathed to his chest in foam, as the boat pitched down the fall. Had old Kühleborn aforesaid bethought him to plant a rock at the point where we plunged into the basin, Juanita's cruise had ended there and then, but as it was, we rounded to in an eddy and bailed out; not the first time that day.

In one of the rapids above I had caught my gun from its beckets for the better acquaintance with a flock of ducks which whistled past us on their way up stream; but the caps were wet, and when we landed, not far below the fall, we should have to put up with "no meat in camp," only that just at the right time my companion secured a brace of plump grouse with his revolver.

A rousing supper we ate that night and the next morning took the train at Bristol.

We learned some years afterward that two young men had been drowned in an attempt to run these rapids. For myself, I may say that I should not care to try their passage again with the boat we had that day, though I doubt not that in these days of canoeing the success of our "trial trip" has been repeated.

And where now is the staunch companion, whose war whoop made the forest ring as the boat glanced down that fall? For since the day in the long ago when from the bluffs I watched the far gleam of the sails of the sea-rider, the white gulls hovering in his wake; no word of him has reached my ear—his fate is to me unknown.

KELPIE.

MOOSEHEAD IN FLY TIME.—III.

HAVING lost two days by having to lie over at Joe Morris's (who, by the way, formerly kept this place of Duce's), and coming around Seeboomook, we gave up the plan of going as far as Chesuncook on this trip, and sent word by a man going to Kineo for the steamer to come for us the next night.

We were up bright and early, and after breakfast started for Lobster Lake. In a swampy place near the landing we plucked a number of specimens of the wild calla (*Calla palustris*). The purple iris was very common and in full bloom.

From Luce's to the mouth of Lobster Stream is two miles, and it is two miles more up to the lake of the same name. The West Branch along here is deep and sluggish; dead water all the way, but between Lobster Stream and Chesuncook there are some seven miles of rough water in a total distance of sixteen miles. There is no fishing along here, a few chub being all the reward the angler is likely to get for his pains.

We paddled silently along, hoping to get a glimpse of some deer, but saw nothing. The people at Luce's had seen two swim the branch a few days before, and we were in a good deer country. As we turned the bend into Lobster Stream, there were two canoes bottom up on the grass, and near them were three or four steel bear traps, but whoever owned them was not visible, so we did not stop.

The scenery of Lobster Stream presents the same general aspect as that along the dead water of the West Branch, except that the forest is not as dense. In several places we could see that back from the stream the country was open, as if it had been burnt over. Tall elms drooped over the water and the white trunks of birches were reflected in it. Lobster Lake is a lonely but pretty sheet of water, a little tarn nestling among the hills. Directly opposite the mouth of the stream rise the Lobster Mountains, and from the lake the two Spencers are seen to the left of them. Looking eastward we were standing—

"Where through clouds are glimpses given
Of Ktaadn's sides.
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
Torn and ploughed by slides."

The noble mountain presents the same profile we saw from Moosehead. From the mouth of the stream the Scribe took a picture of the lake with the Lobster and Spencer peaks beyond, and landing on a rocky ledge in the middle of the lake, which barely afforded a foothold for himself and the tripod, he exposed another plate which took in Ktaadn. After landing for a few minutes on a pretty little beach, which would have been a good place for a camp, we paddled back toward the outlet.

We fired a number of shots at a loon, but the wary bird was too quick for the bullets and before they struck the water we would see the splash made by his webbed feet as he dove.

When we got back to the junction of the stream with the branch we saw two men standing near the canoes we had noticed there, and when near enough to hail them we recognized the taller as John Quilty, a guide and hunter. It was "Hello, John," and "Hello, boys." We landed and John explained that he and his partner had a camp back in the woods about a quarter of a mile, which he invited us to visit. He and his companion were bear hunting and had a number of traps set within a radius of a few miles. He was a picturesque looking fellow as he stood there leaning on his rifle. He had on a blue flannel shirt, over which his suspenders were crossed in front, so as to prevent the black flies from getting down his neck. His overalls were rolled above his knees and between them and his stockings was about a foot of scarlet underwear. A slouch hat and stout shoes completed his costume. The camp was situated in the pine woods and consisted of a tent and a small shanty before which the fire was burning. John, who is something of a wag, had tacked a sign to a tree which bore the legend: "Camp Bruin. John Quilty and Joseph Lebree. We are after the bears and the flies are after us."

Inside the tent two bear skins were rolled up and a lot of musquash pelts were strung on a pole. We took a photograph of Camp Bruin and its owners and then bade them good-bye. They said they had seen a buck come down to the water on the opposite shore while we were gone up Lobster Stream; so we paddled silently along, keeping just outside the lily pads, and eagerly scanned the banks. We may have gone a half a mile, when, as we turned a bend, a warning "Shh!" from William caused us to stop paddling, after running the canoes under some overhanging bushes. There, a few rods ahead, stood a noble buck, all unconscious of the proximity of his enemies. We were to leeward of him, and he neither saw nor scented us. A grand sight it was to see the beautiful, wild creature stand there, drinking his fill of the liquid element which reflected his shapely form, whose tawny color harmonized so well with its emerald background, and we gazed absorbed till he turned and leisurely entered the bushes and disappeared. He presented a magnificent mark and the guns were within grasp, but the law was on his side and we let him go in peace. He never saw us at all.

The Scribe made one more landing to take a view of a pretty bend in the stream, and he had scarcely set foot among the alders before he was literally covered with black flies and mosquitoes; but he managed to make the exposure and then got away as quickly as possible.

Arrived at Luce's, the canoes were loaded on a large wagon and we all climbed in and drove across to Moosehead. The carry is two miles across, and a good road all the way, beside which are the remains of the old log tramway over which Thoreau made the carry thirty years ago. The car was drawn by an ox walking between the timbers, which served as rails. On the way over we passed an individual who must be the prize lazy man of Maine. He was cutting bushes by the roadside, and, being too lazy to use tar oil to protect him from the flies, carried a smudge pot, which he would carefully place near the bush he was cutting, and then, standing in the smoke, he would leisurely hack away.

We had supper at the hotel at the Moosehead end of the carry and then embarked on the steamer which was waiting for us. William asked the waitress to whom he should pay the bill, and she replied, "To the Colonel; he's out there," but failed to see any military appearing person among the men assembled in the office. "Can you tell me who is the Colonel?" asked William of a young man. "Why, yes, that's him," and he jerked his thumb at a little, red-faced, red-headed young man, who stood sleepily leaning against the wall. "I would like to pay my bill," said William to the sleepy young man. "All (hic) right, how (hic) many?" said the Colonel, who evidently did not find Maine to be as much of a prohibition State as it is popularly supposed to be. "Six," answered William, handing him a five-dollar bill. The Colonel took it, and after some fumbling managed to get the money drawer open. He returned one dollar and a half to William, who said, "About half a dollar more will make us square, I think." "Guess not," said the redoubtable Colonel, "Si (hic) hix of you, fifty cents apiece, three fifty." "Six times fifty cents is three dollars where we came from," said William. The Colonel pondered over this mathematical problem for a time and then handed out another half dollar, and we left him evidently undecided as to whether we had cheated him or not. As we went out the lazy man came in, carrying his smudge pot. "Wall," he drawled, "I haint got bit much to-day and I haint tarred up nuther."

Cy and Bill enlivened the journey down the lake with accounts of their hunting adventures, and the former rolled a piece of birch bark into a moose call and imitated the calling of the cow moose, and explained the manner in which the bull moose are enticed within gunshot. Twenty years ago deer were scarce about Moosehead, though there were moose and caribou, but at the present time there are plenty of deer too, and they are increasing. The five years continuous close time for moose, which ended in 1880, has made a perceptible increase in their numbers. It is a shame, however, that many are killed every winter for their hides. We talked with an old Indian who said he tanned over one hundred hides last winter for men who had hunted them for their skins. We reached Kineo about 10 o'clock. Our programme for the following day was a trip to Moose River and Brassua Lake.

We paddled across to the mouth of the river in the morning, but found it full of logs, and the logs were also running thickly all the way down from Brassua; so we left the canoes and went overland. It was a four-mile tramp to Brassua, but the road was in tolerable condition, and most of the way through the woods.

We climbed a steep hillside on which the wild strawberries were ripening, and from the top, where the road entered the woods, we got a good picture of the river, with the Blue Ridge beyond. About half way to Brassua is the wing dam, where we stopped to fish, but with poor success. William got a couple of good instantaneous views of the logs in the rapids below and above the dam, and of a jam of logs which the river drivers were trying to break. The drivers appear to be amphibious; they are in the water and out of it, and wet or dry it is all one to them. They run over the floating, turning logs in a manner which proves them to be experts in the art of balancing, and we noticed that when the men up stream came down to the camp to dinner, instead of tramping through the woods each mounted a log and were borne down by the river, which they speak of "driving" as one would speak of driving a horse. When the logs reach the mouth of Moose River they are made into rafts and towed around to the East Outlet, where they are sent on their way down the Kennebec.

The logging camp was just beyond the wing dam, and we found the cook preparing dinner for the crew. He also had a keg of birch beer, but it was not as good as Joe Morris's. At Brassua we got several good views. One looking up the lake along the shore, with Bald Mountain in the distance, and another looking across the lake toward the mouth of Miseree Stream, with the Miseree Mountains beyond, were especially good. William, who is an ardent admirer of the picturesque in any form, took the portrait of a festive lumberman who sported a bright red shirt, which he did not wear in the conventional manner, but had belted it around his waist, while the lower portion of it floated in the breeze outside his trousers. Brassua is a pretty sheet of water, some six or seven miles long, and there is usually some fishing to be had near the mouth of Miseree Stream, which is in the southwest corner, opposite the outlet. On our return we stopped at the camp and sampled the cook's biscuits and baked beans. We paddled about the lake and fished till sunset, and then returned to Kineo.

"Well," said William, as we sat on the piazza after supper, "we have one day more and we must make the most of it. What do you say to climbing the mountain?" We voted unanimously for the mountain, and in the morning we took the cameras and started for Kineo.

Mount Kineo is a solid mass of hornblende, or American flint, and is the largest mass of this substance in the world. The Indians of all parts of New England used to come here to procure material for their arrowheads and other implements. Until within a year the approach to the mountain was made by rowing around the peninsula and then climbing the path up the long slope on the northern side, but now a flight of steps has been built part way up the cliff, and above them chains have been stretched from the ledges and trees, so that by hard climbing and taking advantage of fissures and projecting points of rock, the precipice can be scaled on the southern side. We found it a hard pull, hampered as we were with the cameras and tripods, and one needed a sure foot and a steady head.

In the woods at the foot of the mountain we noticed the delicate white stars of the *Trientalis americana* and the pretty little twin flower. *Linnæa borealis*, and nodding from the face of the cliff were the fairy blossoms of the harebell. At the top we went along the path near the brow of the precipice, the outlook unfolding new wonders at every step. The woods are dense and fragrant, and the path wound through thickets of mountain laurel (*Kalmia augustifolia*), and Labrador tea (*Ledum latifolium*); the three-toothed cinquefoil (*Potentilla tridentata*) bloomed everywhere in the open places and one of the prettiest plants we saw was the pale corydalis (*Corydalis glauca*), with its pink and yellow flowers. We stopped to rest at an open spot among the cedars and as we sat on the crisp, dry moss, a wonderful picture was spread before us. We were near the verge, 700ft. above the lake, into which we could have leaped. The mountain rises 763ft. above the lake and 1,958 above the sea level. Below us were the hotel buildings looking like toy houses, and far down the lake a steamer slowly towed her raft of logs and scarcely seemed to move. We could see Brassua gleaming in the sun beyond the treetops. Big Squaw confronted us, a great black mass on the northern horizon. We could see beyond wooded points and headlands into distant bays where, from the base there appeared to be a continuous shore; and mountain, lake and forest combined to make a perfect picture.

High in the blue ether above us a hawk was circling, and we wished that, for the time being, we might have had his piercing eye and broader range of vision. We exposed four plates at this point, and then followed the path to the summit, stopping by the way to drink from the spring. At last we stood on the highest point of Kineo, and if the view was grand before it is almost beyond description now. We stood on a ledge of moss-covered rock which rose among the stunted cedars.

All around and far below us was the shimmering surface of the lake, which glowed in the sunlight like polished metal, with here and there a wooded island like an emerald set in silver.

"Holy depths of stainless crystal,
Sown with islands out of dreamland."

Beyond the water—stretching away in every direction as far as the eye could see, unbroken except by the few clearings by the shore, covering the mountains and filling the valleys—was the forest. The vast, illimitable wilderness, the home of the moose, the caribou and the deer, in whose remote depths the beaver still builds his dam and the bear and panther have their lairs. The distant tree tops presented a surface apparently as smooth as a lawn and of a peculiar mottled appearance, caused by the contrast of the black growth, as the pines and spruces are called, with the lighter foliage of other trees. As we stood there our thoughts went back to the old, aboriginal days when the Indian pursued his game through these woodlands and paddled his birch canoe over these waters. We thought of the first white man whose eyes beheld these scenes; of the old French régime and the early labors of the Jesuit missionaries: of the tragic death of Père Rasles, at Norridgewock, and of the Baron de St. Castine who gave his name to the quaint town on the Penobscot. We spoke of the changing scenes of history since those days, and of the great flood of civilization which, while sweeping over this great land, has hardly cast a ripple on these primeval shores. We recalled the legends and traditions with which the red man has invested the mountain with a halo of romance. We pictured to ourselves the grim chief Kinneho, standing alone by his solitary camp-fire and gazing with straining eyes through the darkness of the night, at that other fire whose flickering gleam came to him through twenty miles of gloom.

The legend of Kinneho and his squaw mother, Maquaso, is this: Kinneho from boyhood had a gloomy disposition, and as he grew to manhood this characteristic developed more and more, and as a man he was possessed of more than usual Indian taciturnity. Maquaso watched the forming of her son's character with great solicitude, but he neglected and avoided her and held himself aloof from the warriors of his tribe.

One day Maquaso disappeared, and her undutiful son was suspected of foul play. He was a brave warrior, but from that time he was denied participation in the tribal councils. He too disappeared, and for many moons he was seen no more. In the midst of a great battle, however, in which the enemies of his people were apparently winning the day, he suddenly reappeared and his efforts turned defeat into victory. He again disappeared in the same mysterious way, and again nothing was heard of him for a long time.

From the top of a mountain near his village a light was seen night after night, but no one dared investigate the mysterious beacon. The sides of the mountain were almost inaccessible, and the red men stood in awe of its frowning face and of the dread inhabitants with which their superstition peopled it. The misanthrope lived on in exile, remorsefully thinking that he was the cause of his mother's disappearance. Night after night he gazed through the darkness and kept his lonely vigil. Why, he knew not, but a power stronger than his own will impelled him. At last one night he saw miles away to the south against the side of another mountain a glimmering light, and the thought possessed him that his mother was there. Then began his wild flight through the forest toward it. The next night he again beheld it shining through the trees, and as he approached it he beheld his mother, to whom he had denied all filial affection, seated beside it. He folded her in his strong arms, and as he

did so, with one loving glance at him whom she still held dear, her troubled spirit passed to the great hereafter, peaceful in the knowledge that her son had come back to her.

The mountain on which Kinneho built his fire was Kineo, and the one on which he found Maquaso is known as Big Squaw. Another legend is that Mount Kineo is the body of a big cow moose which was slain by a mighty Indian hunter and afterward became stone. Her calf was killed among the islands of Frenchman's Bay.

There is a tradition, too, of a great battle between the Mohawks and Penobscots, which was fought in the narrows between Sugar Island and the mainland, and in which the former vanquished their enemy. We had become so absorbed in the prospect that we almost forgot that we had nearly a dozen plates yet unexposed. William brought us all down from the sublime to the ridiculous by declaring that he could see the sun shining on the Colonel's red head up at the Northeast carry, but the Scribe's opinion was that if the glistening spot which we saw was any part of the Colonel's physiognomy it was his nose.

We never could find out what the Colonel was colonel of. Likely he was a colonel of the Kentucky variety. We exposed our plates and then packed the cameras and went back down the path. William regretted that he had not procured the photograph of a black fly, but he had reminders enough of them on his person. The next forenoon saw us all on the steamer, homeward bound. Bill and Cy accompanied us to Greenville, and in a smoothly shaven, neatly dressed man, who came on to the boat with a bear skin under his arm, we almost failed to recognize our friend John Quilty, our host at Camp Bruin. The boat stopped once in mid lake to take aboard a woman and little girl who were brought out in a canoe from a clearing on the shore.

As we stepped ashore at Greenville William brushed the last black fly from the end of his nose; we took a farewell look at the lake, shook Cy and Bill and John by the hand and secured our seats in the train.

The morning after we were back in Boston.

As the Scribe takes his pen to indite the last words of this chronicle, his eyes rest on the wall above his desk, where are arranged the head of a buck, from whose branching antlers are suspended shot pouches and powder flasks, and the horns of a caribou, on which hang a creel and an old fishing hat wound around with leaders and decorated with gaudy flies. Below them are guns and rods, a landing net and the camera tripod, and a paddle whose blade is inscribed with the names of lakes and streams in whose waters it has many a time been dipped and over whose surfaces it has propelled the light canoe.

As as the Scribe gazes on these souvenirs of many happy days, the rustle of the trees outside changes to the voice of the wind in the forest, and the rumble of the vehicles over the pavement becomes the sound of the falling water. The smoke of his cigar rises about him and he is lost in revery, in which the fancies begotten of the nicotic influence of the tobacco blend with the reminiscences of the past, and his retrospection is as if the god of the woods and the waters had cast his spell about him, and transported him by magic from the streets of the city to the green aisles and shady banks of forest and stream.

W. A. B.

Cambridge, Mass.

TOUGH LUCK IN THE TUCKISEEGEE.

TWO Government scientists, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Division of Economic Ornithology, and Dr. Gannett, of the Geological Survey, are spending their vacations in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, where the floods rage, the moonshiners hold each his fort, and fleas and rattlesnakes break the monotony. In a recent letter to his father, Dr. Merriam gives this account of one night's adventure:

"If I can keep my hands off my flea bites long enough, I will tell you what an exciting time we had yesterday. After leaving the moonshiner's cabin in the morning, we reached the junction of the Tuckiseegee and the Little Tennessee, and began working up the latter, right in the midst of mountains. We went along all right on the western banks of the Tuckiseegee about five miles, when our horses were suddenly frightened and plunged madly into the roaring river, here more than 300ft. wide. The bed of the river was very rocky, with the narrows just below where it rushes through with great fury, and where man or beast would be dashed to instant death. The horses plunged over the rocks and swam the deep places above the rapids and finally reached the other side. Finding a steep mountain slope with no place possible to climb up, they turned down stream toward the cascade. I forgot to say they shook us off on the banks of the river before entering the water. I undressed at once—quick work, as I had on nothing but trousers and a flannel shirt. The buckboard turned over and caught against a large rock about two rods above the rapids. By this time I was in the river, working hard to cross in spite of the fearful current. I saw a man rushing bareheaded down the opposite bank, but could not hear what he said. Finally I got across and reached the horses. The man said he lived in a log cabin at the head of the river, and was afraid I would be sucked down by the current and drowned; that more people were drowned in this river than in any other he knew of. We freed the horses and with great difficulty got them ashore on the steep slope, then picked up the things from under the seat that happened to catch on the rocks. I lost my coat, money, etc. We tore tore off the top of the buckboard, and with great effort turned it right side up. Luckily, our three valises were still on behind the seat, where we had fastened them by clothes lines.

"It was getting dark very fast, so we hauled the buckboard up the river about ten rods and fastened it to a tree on shore lest the river might rise still more in the night—as it did. We then led the horses along the steep slope through a dense thicket of rhododendrons over large logs and sharp rocks—a lovely place for a naked man after dark! The man told me I ought to have on boots, as this steep rocky bank was alive with rattlesnakes and that he killed one here this morning. Comforting information! The horse stumbled and fell and got up and plunged ahead in the tangle of grape vines, bushes and fallen trees.

"At length we reached the path leading to his cabin and modesty kept me from going further. He said he would take care of the horses for the night and I took to the water again, taking with me a pole to help in the swift current which I was not long in entering. I was very tired and had a hard fight for a long time. When in the middle of the swiftest place my pole broke, and for a while it seemed as if I could not hold out any longer, but I worked up stream and finally crept up on a rock to rest. I was very thirsty and took a deep drink, then slipped off into the water again and pushed ahead in the darkness. For a long time it was hard to say whether I would get across or not. It required all my strength to keep from being washed down into the cascades below. But I climbed upon another rock, so exhausted that I trembled all over and my knees knocked together. I shouted to Gannett, but the roar of the river drowned my voice. Then I struck out again and finally got into the stiller, deeper water nearer shore, climbed up among the bushes and got into the road.

"My feet and ankles were badly cut by the sharp stones and my body scratched by the stiff branches of the thicket on the other shore. The road was all sharp stones, which made me double up to walk on. I had been in the water two hours and a half. Not only was it dark, but it now began to rain and I began to feel sick, for I had not eaten anything but half a biscuit and a few prunes and crackers for two days. I could not find Gannett, could not find my clothes; but when I started up the road over the sharp stones and met Gannett, he had taken my gun and clothes up to the bend where he could see the light in the cabin across the river where he thought I had gone. It was so dark he could not see across, and the river roared so loud he had not heard me. I leaned on his shoulder and hobbled away to my clothes—*i. e.*, shirt, pants and shoes; then we walked on and on in the rain and darkness for a mile and a half, when we reached a small log cabin occupied by a man, his wife, a cat and a baby—the latter was only two weeks old.

"We told them our trouble and asked to stay for the night. The man said his wife was not able to get us anything to eat and he had but one room, but he would not turn us out in the rain, so we stayed. We found some good, cold spring water here and filled up on it, as our crackers and prunes had gone down the river. There were two beds in the room, side by side. Gannett and I got into one and the man, wife and baby in the other. The fleas were not long in discovering that we had brought a colony from down the Tuckiseegee, so they began visiting, and as all were hungry and grew hungrier as they visited, they made themselves at home and lunched on us freely all night long. The rain pattered on the shingled roof, the baby cried, the fleas marched up and down and gnawed our weary persons, and we had a splendid time. Our host remarked that this rain would raise the river and we would lose our buckboard unless it was lashed fast to the bank, which luckily it was. In the morning they gave us pork and potatoes, the first potatoes I had tasted since we began our journey in the mountains.

"After breakfast we walked down the river to the scene of the disaster. The water had risen about 20in., and the man on the other side motioned us not to try to cross, but to go up the river and go round. We could see that he and another man were chopping a roadway for the buckboard, and were trying to rescue it and our baggage from the fierce and muddy Tuckiseegee. So we walked to the cabin where we had spent the night, and found there was a bridge eight miles above. We filled up with good cold spring water and started. My feet were cut and swollen and very tender, but we pushed on and crossed the bridge about noon."

Natural History.

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NOTES FROM THE BUNK HOUSE.

SUPPER was over, and the boys strolled down to the bunk house. This edifice stands about forty yards from the ranch house and is where the hands—*quorum pars sum*—sleep.

The bunk house, although it is a joy to many of its inhabitants, is not a thing of beauty, but it is built of hewn logs, is well daubed with mortar, and has a board floor. It is thus tight, warm and dry, and these are solid advantages which—in our minds at least—make up for the absence of paint, plaster, paper and other luxurious fittings of a house. The bunk house is about twenty feet deep by thirty long, and is eleven logs high at the eaves and only twelve at the ridge pole. A door and window in the front give light, air and entrance, and through the west end of the house is cut another door, low and small, which leads into the ranch storeroom, in whose dark and cobwebby recesses are hidden the grub and all sorts of necessary supplies.

The roof of the bunk house is very unlike the roofs of your Eastern houses. Its ridge poles are two stout pine logs nine inches in diameter and thirty-five feet long. These lie side by side, supported at their ends by the walls and in the middle by another stout log whose lower end passes through the floor and stands on a great flat stone on the ground. Across its upper end rests a short squared log, long enough to support both ridge poles. The foundation for the roof consists of slender straight fourteen-foot poles, lying at right angles to the ridge pole, and projecting beyond the walls of the house a foot or two. One series of these poles extends from the front ridge pole to the front wall, and one from the back ridge pole to the back wall. After these straight poles have been laid as close together as possible over the whole length of the house, a lot of hay is pitched upon the roof and spread evenly upon it. This is to keep the dirt from shaking down between the poles. When the hay is in position, the roof is covered to a depth of from four to eight inches with dirt well packed down. In old times, we used to think that a good dirt roof would turn any rain that ever fell, but of late years we have had springs when the rains were so heavy and continuous that the dirt got wet all the way through, and when this takes place little muddy torrents come trickling through the roof in a dozen different places. To keep dry under such circumstances one needs a tent inside the house, and a tent on stilts at that. Our bunk house, however, is always dry.

From this description you will have but a very sketchy idea of the interior of the bunk house. Let me see if I can improve it by telling what it contains. The furniture is useful rather than ornamental, but the walls have plenty of adornment, such as it is. Behind the door—to the left as you enter—is a shelf on which rest a couple of water buckets and the wash basins used by the men. Another shelf runs across the west end of the building, loaded with a varied assortment of bottles, kegs, cans and boxes, which I know of my own knowledge contain horse medicine, axle grease, ammunition, nails, matches, wolf poison, small tools, and a good many other things. Beneath this shelf is a row of nails driven into the logs and extending across the west end and half across the north side. These nails are made useful in a variety of ways: Number 1 supports a couple of cross-cut saws; 2, a couple of lanterns; 3, more lanterns al ariat and a tin funnel; 5, a bridle and a pair of spurs; 6, a blacksnake whip and a string of gopher scalps; 7, a rope and a dried muskrat skin; 8, an old pair of buckskin breeches; 9, a horse collar and a cotton shirt; 10, a horse collar and a sack, contents unknown; 11, a couple of dried coyote skins and a coat; 12, a side saddle; 12, 13 and 14, coats, trousers and slickers in various stages of dilapidation. Then comes a pair of elk horns, from which hang ropes, straps, hats and an inflatable rubber bed; on another pair of elk horns are four or five rifles and a couple of shotguns, hair ropes, ammunition belts, butcher knives and six-shooters. Between the door and windows are two small mirrors, and below these, two or three cigar boxes, screwed to the wall, or supported by rough brackets, contain the simple toilet articles—they are not many—belonging to the hands. On the floor against the walls stand three beds with hay mattresses, on which are the blankets of the men who occupy them. Three or four trunks are to be seen; there are three chairs, and a rough bench defaced by much whittling. All the hands and many a stranger cowboy and chance guest have carved their initials here in rough monogram. On it branding irons have been tried. The stove, wood-box and a small table complete the furniture of the room. A Western man might say that it wore an air of rough comfort; an Eastern man would probably agree that it was very rough. But we get along with necessaries here; Down East I suppose you have luxuries. But if we do not have much luxury or elegance in the bunk house, we have at least freedom and lots of comfort. And freedom is worth more than style. I tell you after one has been riding after horses all day, say from 3 o'clock in the morning till 8 or 9 at night, or has been pitching hay or riding a mowing machine for ten or twelve hours, he feels like stretching out and taking it easy from supper till bed time. Style is all very well, but give me comfort, and that's what we have in the bunk house.

After we get to the bunk house, of course, the first thing done is to fill the pipes. Then after supper I generally sit on the door step and look out over the little valley. There is almost always something to be seen that is worth looking at; at least I think so. It's pleasant even to watch the young calves at their foolish play, but nowadays there are always lots of birds, and jacks, and prairie dogs, and somehow I like to watch them. The dogs are always busy, getting grub and visiting round, and calling to each other from the tops of the little piles of dirt that they heap up at the mouths of their holes. The jacks hop around very busily in the dusk of the evening and appear to be all legs and ears. The black birds chatter to each other and seem to have a great deal to say, but they go to bed early.

Less than a mile to the west of us rises a high mountain, and after the sun has disappeared behind it, we can see the shadows creep along over the level land to the eastward, and then up the sides of the opposite bluffs twelve miles away. It is almost dark with us when the last lingering rays give their good-night kiss to those distant hills. Then on the mountains near us it is pretty to watch the play of the light. After the wall of rock behind the house has hidden the sun from us, a dozen peaks are bright with the sunshine. To the southwest is a deep gorge through which pours a wide sheaf of light, and I never tire of watching the shadows climb up the red granite precipice on the further side of this. Each detail of the outline of the shading mountain is distinctly visible, and when the shadows have increased so that only the highest pinnacles of rock are tipped with flame, I always hold my breath a little, and then sigh as the light goes out.

Even after the sun is hidden from us, the air for a long time is full of swallows and night hawks, and I like to watch them. They fly so easily that you can well understand their traveling thousands of miles to get away from the winter. Sometimes the night hawks, after soaring about, squeaking somewhat like an English snipe, will dart down nearly to the ground, and as they turn to go up again utter a curious booming cry. The swallows, of which we see so many, are now trying their wings for their southern flight. During the greater part of the day they are scattered far and wide, hunting for food, but at the approach of sunset they collect near their home—for they build their nests and rear their young in crevices in the great red precipices behind the house—and spend an hour in seemingly aimless flights hither and thither through the upper air. At such times they do not seem to fly as individuals, but in a body, or, perhaps it is more true to say, in a loose flock, which appears to obey the signal of some leader. At all events, the members of the flock never leave it, but all continue to perform their graceful evolutions until it is too dark to distinguish them any longer.

These swallows, besides being so airy and swift-winged, are most beautiful in their colors. I once found one lying by the side of the road to the stable, after a very heavy rain and hail storm, and took it into the bunk house with me. It had probably been knocked down and hurt by the rain and hail, but though it was disabled, it was still alive. Its under parts were all pure white, and its back was a most beautiful green and purple and black, shining in some places like a peacock's neck and in others like a cock pigeon's. I put the little fellow on a chair by the stove when we went to bed, and the next morning he seemed to be all right again and began to fly around the room, and at last when the door was opened out he darted and we saw no more of him.

Last night I was sitting on the step of the bunk house after supper, smoking and watching the light as it faded from the valley, though the highest peaks on the western mountains were still bright. It was getting dusky where I sat when I saw through the bars of the fence about the ranch house some yellow animal come trotting down the

valley by the house. For a few seconds the bars hid all of it except a streak of its body, but in a minute I saw that it was a buck antelope. When he came opposite the door where I was sitting he stopped, took a look around, and then putting his nose to the ground began to paw the dirt, somewhat as a bull does when he is beginning to get mad and wants a fight. He did not seem to mind the houses a particle, and after he got through pawing, began to feed. I suppose he was 50yds. from the ranch house and perhaps 60yds. from our door. One of the boys suggested shooting him, but we had plenty of meat and I said no. It seemed to me that as he had trusted us, although unconsciously, by coming right up to the door-step, it would be taking a mean advantage of him to shoot him then. We got down a rifle and sighted at him to see whether in the fading light we could see the sights. I could not, and to see to shoot at the animal would have been obliged to hold a foot under him. The buck staid there feeding until it grew so dark that we could not see him except when he moved. Several times we whistled at him and clapped our hands together, but he would not budge from his meal, though now and then he would lift his head and look when we became too noisy. Presently, however, one of the men had occasion to go up to the ranch house, and the buck saw his light shirt moving through the darkness and took fright. In a moment, with a snort of alarm he had turned and trotted swiftly back toward the mountains, and that was the last we saw of him.

The growing moon was high in the heavens and was flooding the valley with its soft light, and over the black mass of the mountains in the western heavens hung a blazing star. I felt like sitting out there quietly smoking until daylight, but there was lots of work to be done on the morrow, so I presently rolled into my blankets.

JOSÉ.

BLACK AND SILVER FOXES.

McDAVIES CREEK, Cassior, B. C., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the 7th of last April issue of the FOREST AND STREAM appears an article written by "Stanstead" on black and silver foxes. He believes in and advances the theory that black and silver foxes are simply a freak of nature and that they belong to the red fox family. He also says that Mr. François Mercier, of the Alaska Commercial Co., asserts that a female black or silver fox is a thing unknown. I am an old fur-trader and traveler from Hudson's Bay to within the Arctic circle in the McKenzie and Youcon basins, and my experience teaches me that I can't agree with these two gentlemen on this point. There are two men here, each has trapped a silver fox, skinned it and declares it to have been a female. Their names are Albert Egnell and John LaMountague; and they can testify to this. My opinion is that the silver fox is a distinct species. I doubt whether it is generally known that the silver fox is black before it gets its full fur and that the silver tips come when it is becoming what is called thoroughly prime. An interesting question, however, is whether the black fox is a distinct species from the silver. The theory of black and silver foxes belonging to the red fox family does not hold good, for more reasons than one. Red foxes are numerous in Sweden and there is not a black or silver fox to be found there. The black or silver fox is a much more delicately formed animal than the red, its feet and ears alone distinctly marking a different species. The cross fox is a breed between the black or silver fox and the red, and it would be an interesting thing to be able to decide whether it is a non-producer like the mule.

K. N. L. McD.

CONFIDING QUAIL.

ON the 19th of July last I set a boy at work carting stone for the cellar of a house; he had a common dray with one horse attached and usually walked alongside the animal while going to and fro. At 6 P. M. the boy quit work, and, thinking to get one more load in for the day I drove down to the cellar with one. As I turned from the main road into the new one made that day by the boy—who had taken a short cut to where he unloaded—I put up a quail which started almost from under the horses' feet. I stopped the team at once and began to look for a nest, which I found only one step ahead of the horse and just half way between the wheel tracks. Of course I turned off and was as much surprised as the bird herself to think that four or five loads had gone over the nest and neither boy nor horse had trodden on it or even seen it. If I had not seen the bird fly I too should have driven on. On going back I stuck up a lath by the nest and the next day told the boy to drive around it and also asked him if he had seen the bird. He said he had seen a partridge fly up but could find no nest. I had stones carted by it for several days, and the bird finding that she was not to be molested, would sit on the nest when the teams went by, only 4ft. off, and the boy or man—for I put on another team—walked on the same side.

On the 24th, which was Sunday, I went down to look at the work and to see if my quail had hatched; she had, and I went up to the nest and began counting the shells to see how many there were. I took them up one by one and found fourteen. While counting them I discovered the mother bird sitting on the young not 4ft. from the nest. She did not fly, and I left her there, since which time I have never seen her.

About 200yds., from this nest is another, which was built right in the middle of a small piece of English meadow; when this meadow was mowed the grass was cut off smooth, so it was a wonder the quail's head was not taken off with it. In this nest were sixteen eggs, and while the hay was being made the bird would be kept from sitting. This nest, I may explain, was found two weeks before the one first mentioned. After the hay was carried off the bird returned to the nest and continued sitting and did sit until last Saturday, a period of some forty-two or three days, when the land owner, fearing he would dry up on it, took the eggs out and threw them away. This was a male, and although I went often to see, I never saw the female bird on it, while on the other nest only the female was seen. Is it possible that the female made a new nest and left those eggs to the care of the male? That they did not hatch was not the bird's fault; he was as constant as any sitting hen, and on only two occasions was he absent when I passed. Of all birds' eggs I have knowledge of, quail's eggs are as sure to be fertile as any I have seen, and the reason these did not hatch was the exposure while the hay was being raked, turned and carted off. I saw in FOREST AND STREAM some time since an article which bore on the fact whether the male bird sat on the eggs, and this case would seem to show that he did and did it faithfully, too.

Quail are late with us this season, but fairly plenty. They are so tame and confiding that I wish Oct. 15 meant no harm to them; we have no bird who is so much man's friend every day in the year. No bird of my acquaintance—and my list is long—will repay kindness and watching like little Bob White. Let a man who loves a true friend or loves a cheerful voice stand on his doorstep on a July evening when Bob is whistling his vespers. Hark! he is sitting on yonder fence—"Ah-Bob White"—note the trifling difference in accent between this one and that fellow in the meadow. Four at one time, as I heard them a few nights since, just after sunset, made a quartette worth listening to. Happy is the man who owns a small lot that is visited day after day by a flock of quail. When a man says, "There is a flock of quail around here, I wish you would not shoot them," I know how he feels.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass.

NESTING OF THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

SHARPSVILLE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read in your issue of July 7 Mr. J. L. Davison's report of a large nest built by English sparrows in an apple tree near Lockport, N. Y.; and of the finding of eggs of the same bird in a hollow tree in woods far from any house.

My son, Ned W. Goodwin, a lad of fifteen only but a careful observer, says in effect: "I have this season seen, in a fir tree, near a residence about two miles out of town, six nests of the English sparrow. The branches of the tree, radiating from the trunk in series, quite closely disposed one above another, droop downward; and thickly fringed with long sprays of foliage as they are, afford the nests ample shelter from the weather. Each of the nests in question was situated upon the drooping portion of a branch and upon the convex upper surface of the leafage of the branch. The bird had made first a foundation mat of straw, on which it built up a structure nearly spherical in form, and about one foot in its greatest diameter, of straws quite neatly woven together. Inside this ball is the nest proper, which is thickly lined with the downy feathers of barnyard fowls. The entrance to the nest is an ascending cylindrical tunnel, lying along and directly above the supporting branch. One of the nests is on a branch, the extremity of which is not more than seven feet above the ground. Drawing this branch downward I closely examined the nest. It contained six eggs. One nest was situated about twenty-five feet above the ground; the others lower down. The tree affords good shelter at a height considerably greater than twenty-five feet. I saw also an English sparrow's nest in a small maple near a dwelling house in town; it was, in material and form, like those in the fir tree. It was placed upon a branch, at the crotch made by the branch and the stem of the tree."

English sparrows built this spring under the shelter of the porch of my house. The nest was composed of dry grass, and contained an interior chamber lined with downy feathers. The outer structure was about fourteen inches long by ten inches wide; it was built into the angle formed by the ceiling of the porch and the inside of the face of the cornice of the porch. The nest, after entire completion, was destroyed. The birds did not attempt to rebuild. In this they were unlike a pair of robins, which persisted, for about a week, in placing material for a nest on the transom of a doorway opening upon the porch, notwithstanding a correspondingly persistent sweeping away of their building material.

Commenting upon Mr. F. C. Browne's statement of the killing, by an English sparrow, of a breeding swallow, Master Ned says that he has seen, twice within three years, a crow blackbird seize in the nest the unfledged young of the robin, and bear them away in its talons, despite the attacks of the parent birds.

J. M. G.

A BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO.—Brooklyn, N. Y. Aug. 22.—Kindly identify (if possible) the bird owning the inclosed head and wing. Would have been happy to have supplied its entire anatomy, but unfortunately a .45-cal. bit of lead prevented. For years I have desired to get a specimen, as there have been many friends disagreeing as to the identity of the bird, some insisting that it is the brown thrasher or thrush, while others hold that it is the rain crow, a species of the cuckoo. A long slim bird, a half larger than a robin, brown above, with dull white on throat and belly. Is often seen and heard on the outskirts of our city. Its notes are most peculiar, at first somewhat resembling the hammering of a large woodpecker on a hollow log, but much louder, and afterward approximating the cooing of a wood dove.—A VETERAN READER. [Your bird is not a brown thrasher, but is a black-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*). For an account of its habits see any work on North American ornithology. A short, pleasant account of this species is given in the July number of the *Audubon Magazine*. The bird is a common one, but keeps well out of sight.]

BLACK SKIMMER IN NEW JERSEY.—Ardmore, Montgomery county, Pa., Aug. 18.—I saw on Monday the 1st two shearwaters or black skimmers in Atlantic City Meadows, a bird I have not seen since '67, when a flock of about a dozen were at the upper end of Brigantine Beach. I have been pretty often on the shore, sometimes every week. Bay snipe are very scarce this season, but that is only what they have been for some years, getting less every year. I also saw on the 13th a great white heron in Grassy Bay, another scarce bird in this region.—I. N. D. HASON.

DUCKS WILD AND TAME.—Zilwaukee, Mich.—Saginaw River has a great many sawmills on its banks and dwelling houses. On each side of the river are a great many bayous and marshes; and most all the people that live on the banks of the river have a great many tame ducks. Wild and tame ducks are hatched together, and people cannot tell whether they are wild ducks or tame ducks. Since our game wardens have been appointed most all the people take an interest in protection of the ducks and other game.—H. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

MICHIGAN SEASONS.

THE open seasons in Michigan are as follows: Partridge, snipe, woodcock, duck and other wild waterfowl, from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Deer, Upper Peninsula, Oct. 1 to Nov. 15; Lower Peninsula, Nov. 1 to Dec. 1. The use of dogs to hunt deer prohibited. Trout over 6in. long may be taken with rod and line only, from May 1 to Sept. 1, and grayling from June 1 to Nov. 1.

MISCOU.

THIS island, which is situated at the southern entrance into the Bay of Chaleur, forms part of the county of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick. It has long been known as one of the best places for sea fowl shooting in America. Here from September until November are to be found geese, brant and ducks of various kinds, while in August and September curlew, plover and other small birds which love the vicinity of the sea are to be met with. Miscou is now made more accessible to the sportsman by the completion of a railway from the line of the Intercolonial to Caraquette, which is about twenty-five miles distant by water from the Miscou shooting grounds.

The peninsula of Gloucester is in general flat, the rock which underlies it is of millstone grit, the decomposition of which produces the fine sand which forms its shores, which, especially about the lower part of the county, are very shoal. Shippegan and Miscou islands attain even a less elevation above the ocean than does the rest of the peninsula, and they are covered by a more scrubby growth of trees.

The favorite shooting grounds for geese and brant in Miscou is Mal Bay, reached by passing around Shippegan Island through Miscou harbor. There are, indeed, two bays, North and South. These are about three-quarters of a mile apart. The entrance to them is through a narrow and tortuous channel. The passage can be attempted only when the tide is well up, since at low water on either side and all around are hundreds of acres of light green grass left exposed by the receding tide. These are the favorite resting and feeding places of the wild geese as they pass from the dreary shores of Labrador to a climate where winter has no terrors. Their food is the tender root of this very grass. When the tide rises so high that they can no longer reach it with their outstretched necks, they take their flight to a fresh water lake which is situated between the two bays, and the chief shooting is done while this passage is being made, the sportsman taking up his position near the margin of the lake and killing the birds as they fly over. They usually fly low, as the distance between the feeding ground and the lake is short. Indeed, if there be a good stiff breeze blowing, they must fly low to alight in the lake, which is a small body of water whose circumference hardly exceeds a mile. They always fly against the wind when they intend to light on the lake.

Only a portion of the birds go back to the feeding ground, some seeking the bay of Chaleur, while others wing their flight to the south, there is often good shooting at those which return to the feeding grounds.

In fine weather large numbers of geese fly to a moss barren at the head of the lake and there enjoy themselves in the sun; they are said to be very fond of the little speckled cranberry which grows on low swampy barrens.

Brant are also very abundant in Miscou, and the points adjacent to the channel leading into South Mal Bay are said to be among the best brant shooting stands on the continent.

There are also ponds on the island where wild ducks of various kinds can be had abundantly. About Oct. 10 is the best time for securing the brant, as they arrive later than the geese.

EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, Canada.

THE UPLAND PLOVER.

WHILE we have been reading about almost all kinds of bird shooting, there has been nothing said lately about plover. They tell about their snipe and woodcock shooting, and how they traveled all day in the marshes and swamps, the most of their time knee-deep in mud, and sometimes taking a header in some deep hole that they did not know was there until they made the exploration, and both men and dogs tired out, and sometimes empty bags and more times empty than full ones. And then the partridge or grouse hunter, how he will travel from morning till night and have to be satisfied with the few he gets by hard work. No doubt it is a very good thing for the health to get the exercise if you do not get the birds.

I like to shoot snipe, woodcock, partridge and grouse, when I do not have to work too hard for them, but to my notion plover is the best of all. In plover shooting you neither tramp it nor need a dog, but you do need a horse that is not afraid of a gun; then with a good gun and good plover ground you are fixed. If you get plenty of shots well and good, but if you fail to find the birds you have no doubt enjoyed the ride, especially after working all day; one can take horse and gun at 5 o'clock and get a half dozen birds by dark. In plover shooting you are not bothered by trees and bushes, but have a clear open field, and you can either shoot from the wagon or step out and take your bird as he goes away from you, and they fly nicely. They are not much afraid of the report of a gun, as I have known them to stay in the field after shooting once; but you must not leave the wagon until they go or you will not get another shot. It is essential to have a quiet horse, or you might fare like my friend Mac. The farm boys came to him one day and told him there were plover in the oatfield, and he should go along with them. He said he would if they did the driving and let him do the shooting; but he allowed one of the boys to take his gun with him. They found the plover very soon, and one of the boys became very much excited, and, without waiting for Mac to shoot or stop him, took aim at a plover that was on a line with the horse's head and blazed away. Mac says the only thing he remembered was a feeling of flying in the air and then of finding himself on the ground hardly able to get on his feet. Mac weighs over 200lbs., and he made a hole in the ground where he struck. He had a lame shoulder for several weeks, and he says the worst of it all was the boy missed the plover.

B. S. C.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa.

PHASES OF SPORT IN TEXAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following accounts of such sports as we have to amuse us down here may interest the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. We have no game law in this county, but the continued rains discourage from hunting. I have to creep and crawl on deer, and when it is wet it is most too disagreeable to derive any pleasure hunting. One day last January I went out back of our house to look for our mules, and as there were a good many geese on the prairie I slung my rifle on the saddle, thinking that I might kill one if it was not too much trouble. Here there are always geese, ducks and sandhill cranes in the greatest plenty. I could not find the mules, and I had not bothered with any small game, when all of a sudden as I was riding along, say a mile or so from home, my mule came to a sudden stop. I knew in an instant that the mule saw or smelt deer, so I slid right off without looking to see. After getting down I looked around to learn what it was, and after a little while saw a wolf four or five hundred yards off running like a prairie fire. I took out my opera glass and commenced to look more carefully around. After a little while I saw an object that looked like a deer standing in some very high grass. While I was trying to make it out another got up and then another until there were five of them, and they having moved around a little I knew they were deer. They were about 500yds. off. When I saw it was deer I slipped my saddle off, took out my gun, looked around to get the bearings so as to come back for my saddle, and started toward the deer which had not noticed me.

We use here a pair of sticks called props, two pieces of wood 30in. long and fastened together at the top 4in. from the end with a nail or bolt as a rivet, so that it will open and shut like a pair of scissors with the handle broken off. We stick it up in the ground and lay the gun in the fork, and so have a dead rest. I went on at an angle with the deer, and they paid no attention to the mule as they could not see me. I stopped once or twice to rest and to fool the deer; they are used to associating with the cattle and horses on the prairies, and if you move toward them slowly you never excite their suspicion. We keep the mule between us and the deer by placing the forked end of the props in the bridle bit and shoving the mule ahead, while we walk by her front legs. It takes some practice on the part of the mule or horse before it becomes accustomed to the work. My mule understands it as well as I do and watches the deer all the time; should they run or move she comes to a halt at once.

I got up to within about a hundred yards of the deer, and the grass being so high, having seen a mound or ant hill, about a foot higher than the level of the land around, I left the mule and crawled eight or ten steps off to it. I was then 90 or 100yds. from the deer, which is very close for prairie hunting. I stuck the props up and laid the rifle in the fork before looking. The grass being high, there was no danger of being seen, as my head was only an inch or two above the grass (my sandy hair does not make much of a show). I had left my hat tied to the mule. I saw that the deer were feeding sideways from me, and it came into my head to try and kill two at one shot, so I watched until I got two in the right position, and taking good aim I fired. I heard the ball strike and saw one running like the devil with his tail winding. He ran some 200yds. and turned a somersault. I kept my eye on the others which were following the wounded one. As they passed one of them stopped and remained with it. I kept my eye on the other three, thinking to see another drop out. They stopped about half a mile off and looked back. After watching them for some time and none of them showing any signs of being wounded, I turned my attention to the one that was down and the one that had remained with it. I knew it was not hurt, because if it had been it would have gone away from around there. I crept up as near as I thought advisable and then crawled right up to both of them. They were not more than five feet apart, one was dead; the other got up not more than ten steps from me and started off. I let it have a couple of balls and at the second shot it tumbled over. I went to it and cut its throat.

Then I went to see what had become of my first ball, and, after examing, found that my first shot had failed to pass through; and so, of course, had hurt but one deer. The others were still in sight, having run away a little way at my second shots, but stopped again and remained there looking at me until I left. Had I killed the first deer on the spot, his mate, and most likely the whole bunch, would have stopped and given me the second shot without moving. I have seen a friend kill four out of a bunch, with a Winchester rifle, before they moved, the hunter lying low in the grass; in that way they never see you, but become puzzled, and will only jump off a few steps at each shot.

Again, one day in this August, notwithstanding the extreme heat I was out hunting. Leaving home about three in the evening, I went as far as the last water, about five miles from home, when I got water for myself and mule and remained until half an hour before sundown, thinking that we could do without anything more to drink until noon the next day. I went on seven miles further, on the vast prairie, to where I thought the deer ought to use at this time of the year. Having determined my position by some gullies, it then being dark, I struck camp. In my spring wagon I had blankets, corn for the mule, gun, saddle, etc. I spread my blankets, staked the mule so that she could eat grass, then lay down and went to sleep. In going out, I had seen several wolves, plenty of plover, prairie chickens, a skunk or two, jack-rabbits, and several thousand head of cattle.

I waked up about 3 A. M., fed my mule and made a little fire with some sticks I had brought along to warm some coffee. Then, having finished my very simple breakfast of coffee and bread, saddled the mule, slung my rifle, rode about a mile, and waited for day to break. I am not able to do justice to a sunrise on the prairie; and besides, all the beauties were obliterated by the fear of the heat that is to follow, though our nights are always pleasant in this latitude—I have slept under a blanket all summer. When it got light enough to see anything, I could see several bunches of grazing cattle. This was a good sign.

After carefully scanning the ground I discovered a number of smaller animals that I knew were deer, about a half mile away. While observing them through my glass, I saw one and then another get up and go to grazing until there were eleven. This was a relief, as I did not intend to kill anything but the bucks; they are very fat at this time of the year. Our county is exempt from any game laws; we can kill anything whenever we please; but it never gives me any pleasure to kill any kind of game out of season. Had there been no bucks in the bunch of deer first seen, I should not have fired a shot at them, although I might not have seen any more until evening. They lie down all day and only get up once in a while to turn over. Well, as soon as I had taken a good look and counted them and taken my bearings to know when to come back, I commenced operations, as I was close enough for preliminaries. First, unsaddling my mule, I made a flagstaff of my ramrod and a flag of my handkerchief, so as to come back to it quickly. I then simply led my mule along by the bridle until about 400yds. from the deer, when I got back by the side of the animal, placing the forked end of the sticks that I use for a rest in the ring of the bridle bits, and shoved the mule along, while I walked beside her, going in an oblique direction, stopping once in a while to rest and to let the mule graze, thereby keeping up appearances. The deer were looking their prettiest. There were only two bucks that had horns; one of them did not wish the other one to come near, and every now and then would chase him off and then gallop back. When I was within 200yds., I hobbled my mule and crawled up to 100yds. of the deer. Having set my rest, I chose the larger of the two bucks, and taking careful sight, fired. At the crack of the rifle my buck tumbled over. The others stood for an instant, which gave me time to throw another cartridge in place, when the other buck trotted off. Taking careful sight at him I let fly a ball, which struck him low down in the shoulders, breaking the one nearest to me and passing out near the neck. But he did not give it up; rather he led the band for several hundred yards, when he slackened his pace, and after trailing along for a few yards, stopped and lay down.

Having two deer down, I chose to go to the nearest one first. Laying my rest down so that they would point toward the last one shot, I went to the first one and found him struggling with his back broken, a dead shot, the best place I could have hit him. Having cut his throat, I stuck my rifle in a crack, so that it would stand up for a sign to come back to, and then brought up my mule and then went down after my saddle, put the deer on the mule and then went to my sticks, noting the direction carefully, stuck them up and tied the handkerchief so that in case I should miss my second deer I could come back and take a fresh start. Well, for the life of me I could not find my deer. After repeated fruitless trials I had recourse to tracking him up by finding his trail by the blood. It was a very slow process, as care had to be taken lest he should move off and I should not see him in time to fire again. Finally, after quite a while I looked and saw him lying in the grass, much to my relief, for by this time, the excitement having produced thirst, I was beginning to get uneasy. Firing at his head I walked up to him, put him up in front of saddle, then went back after my stake and flag—a wise precaution, otherwise I could never have found him, as one spot looks very much like another. Got home about sundown and gladdened the eyes of my friends with the two fat bucks. TINK.

NEW ENGLAND GAME.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 29.—Before these lines have caught the eye of the reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, the game bird season in Maine and New Hampshire will have opened. The legal opening day in these two States is Sept. 1, though the open season on ruffed grouse in Massachusetts does not begin till one month later. On woodcock the Massachusetts season opens on Aug. 1. So far as Maine is concerned, the law is pretty well obeyed. The boys in many parts of the State have in a way taken the enforcement of the law into their own hands, as far as partridges are concerned. They have come to watching the flocks from the little chicks up to the first day of September in the morning, and woe be to the other boy who should presume to break in upon a flock with shotgun in hand before that day. As to the prospects for partridge shooting in Maine this year, opinions and reports are rather conflicting. It is a fact that the birds wintered well in most parts of the State, but since that time the progress that they have made is a little uncertain. In the western part of the State, in the sections about the settlements, there are fewer birds than last year, or at least fewer have been seen. But at the same time blackberries have been and are still very plenty, which condition is favorable to the growth of the birds, and at the same time keeps them from roving; and hence they are less likely to meet the eye of the hunter. One thing is certain, and that is, that the partridge is rapidly growing shy in the more settled parts of Maine. In the old woods in the northern portions of the State a good many broods have fallen under the eye of the fisherman, the tourist and the guide this season. One old guide in the region around Rangeley Lake says there are four broods to one last year on the grounds that he is familiar with. On the other hand, very few broods have been seen in the vicinity of the lower Androscoggin lakes. From the eastern part of the State the report of broods is good. There is considerable complaint of poaching from the Machias region. It is claimed that there are gunners in that section who shoot either deer or partridge in utter disregard of the game laws. They belong in settlements where all are breakers of the laws, and hence it is very hard to find evidence to convict. On the whole, it looks as though the grouse season in Maine would be fully up to the last.

In New Hampshire protection seems to be doing a good work for the game birds, particularly the partridge. The non-exportation law, passed two years ago, has stopped the gunning for the Boston market, which had come to be so great an evil as to threaten the utter destruction of that best of game birds. The borders of the State are so extensive that doubtless a great many birds find their way to the Boston market as killed in Massachusetts, but the great traffic in them by way of the lines of travel is stopped. The reports from that State, so far as I have been able to obtain them, indicate a good showing of broods. In the old woods on the borders of the State next to Maine, the birds have been observed to be abundant—that is for these times of depleted game.

In eastern Massachusetts the outlook for grouse shooting is very poor. The local gunners about Boston report very few partridges seen, and those chiefly old birds and very wild. It is a fact that too much hunting with dogs is driving the ruffed grouse from the State. The hunting of the birds with dogs in the open season is not so bad in itself as the fact that the dogs are taken to the woods for exercise and training, even in the months of June and July. What chance is there for a brood of partridges under such circumstances? Indeed there are numerous cases of the destruction of the birds of this State from the reason that the law permits the hunting of woodcock after the first of August. It is a young partridge that the dogs start, and what are the chances that he has to escape? How many woodcock shooters are honest enough to let the partridge pass with its life when once the dog has flushed it?

Again the great wisdom (?) of Beacon Hill put on the finishing touches when it changed the game laws last winter to permit the snaring of partridges by the farmers' boys. Such a law will be very likely, with the help of dog hunting, to terminate the existence of ruffed grouse in the State in a very few seasons. But one thing it is curious to note. The increase of interest in shooting is rapid, especially among merchants and business men in our New England cities, and the question as to where the game to shoot is to come from is a very important one. Will the interest die away in a year or two, as the game birds draw toward extinction, or will the interest beget a more sensible love of the sport, and lead toward a conservation of the game by better respected game laws?

SPECIAL.

SUCCESSFUL UNSUCCESSFULNESS.

"I SHALL not let Rob Roy go off gunning with you next fall," said his mistress, as we were "fixing" for a day's shoot in Middleboro. "O, yes you will," we said, "Roy will live to hunt for some years yet." We doubt it, though, as he is twelve this spring.

Having loaded shells enough to kill all the quail we were likely to see, at noon Charlie was harnessed to the open wagon, and going over to the home of our youth we took in Roy's son Mack, and then started on a twelve-mile drive up to the home and farm of our genial friend Frank S. Part of the way the dogs rode, and when we were going through woods both were allowed to run behind the wagon. On some parts of the road the woods were so tempting to Mack that he would stray off a little way and had to be called in with a whistle. While going through Wareham village, we kept both dogs in the wagon and had hard work to hold them in; Roy fell out once, and Mack, who is only six months old, was determined to see ahead and could not be easily kept down. He would run about so much more when on the ground that he got tired much sooner than Roy, who followed the wagon closely and did not mind either tempting tracks or cover, but kept straight ahead. When Mack was tired he would cry to get in, then we let Roy run alone. When within a quarter of a mile of Frank's we took both dogs in, and soon drove up to the door of our kind and hospitable friend.

After putting up the horse, our host's oldest son and I took our guns and went down into the neck below the mill hoping to find some grouse. Roy struck a scent and Mack followed too fast, and we had to check him continually. Somehow this grouse eluded us among the cedars and as it was sunset when we found him, it soon grew too dark to shoot. We went back to the house and put up our guns and shells, then took the dogs to the barn, where I had a great time explaining to Roy the reasons for tying and leaving him out there. Roy has been much petted and humored at home, and has his lounge with a pillow on it, both near the sitting-room stove. His mistress takes a great deal of care of him, which he repays at times with rather a surly manner, as he unfortunately inherits a bad disposition with his pure Irish blood. He soon understood that he was to sleep with Mack, and we wrapped him in a blanket and left him to his reflections.

On reaching the house we found a bountiful supper awaiting us, and were soon discussing its merits. The honey was genuine, for it had been taken from the tree by our host himself, who is a most successful bee hunter. Many think that the wild bee and the Indian move toward the setting sun together, a few of both are left, however, in Massachusetts. Perhaps though neither are full blooded, as the Indian is mixed with the negro and the wild bee has his numbers kept good by escaping swarms from the hives of the husbandman.

After supper we discussed the prospects for a successful hunt on the morrow, and Frank said that the quail were not very plenty, but ruffed grouse were as numerous as ever. He thought that we should have no trouble in finding them if the weather, which threatened to be cold, was not too severe and windy. He had started a good covey of quail on the road which we had come, about a mile back from the house.

Taking our way to the barn, we found the dogs all right and ready for a run. We let them loose and then started for the "river field," down a road which we were familiar with and which brought back to mind many fond recollections of years gone by, never to return, except to memory. The sun was rising as we reached the field, and leaping over the bars we crossed to where a wood road led by a roundabout way to the meadows back of our host's place. The air was chilly and the sky was filled with dark gray clouds which a stiff northwest wind was driving across it at a fearful rate; this looked discouraging to begin with and the ground was dry and beginning to crust. The dogs scampered around among the leaves on either side of the road, but in vain, we did not see a single bird during the time we were away from the house. We found it real cold on coming out of the woods into the open meadow back of our friend's house.

Breakfast was ready when we got back, and that over, we gathered up our arms, put bells on the dogs, and started out down toward Harlow's, where Frank had seen the quail the day before. We hunted all over the fields and woods between the river and main road, but not a bird could we start till we got down to Hobill's; there, in a dense thicket, we struck a scent and soon got up three quail—only three. I did not see any, but Frank and his son Allie fired at them, he did not kill any though. We marked and followed on. The noise of our guns brought another hunter to the scene, John A., who joined in with us, and we hunted on through the thickest growth of briers and vines that the birds could select. We put up two of them again, and after hunting around killed one and left the rest. Then we began to tramp the woods down between the river and main road, up hill and down

hill, through swamps and swales, but not a bird nor trace of a bird rewarded our industry. In the tops of various trees we found squirrels' nests, and the writer fired into one in hopes of starting out one or two squirrels, but none came out and we kept on down by the pond at Cushing's mill, and then out back of Austin Atwood's. No birds, nothing to shoot at in any field or wood we had traversed. On we went after a brief rest by a fence. This time we crossed the main road and hunted through and along the edge of the South Purchase. We did start one grouse in a bunch of pines near the South Middleboro road; he treed, and we tried to sight him but could not, and all at once he flew right across the road, and Allie fired and scored a miss. We went on in the direction which he flew but never saw him again.

Two hours later we stood around the cheerful fire in the dining room; tired, discouraged and hungry. We ranged ourselves around the table and tried, while eating, to explain why we had not found more birds. All sorts of reasons were advanced and none seemed very reasonable after all. A little while before sunset we went down the road toward the mill and turned into the neck. Here we found a covey of partridges and one fell to Frank's gun; it was only winged, however, and we called Roy to find; he struck the track and was out of sight in a swamphole before we could get up. In a few minutes he came back, bringing the bird. Frank also killed a rabbit which he kicked out of a clump of brush. We called in the dogs and started back, reaching the house at dusk. The next morning we started out on the road beyond the mill and went through the fields by Pape's Point brook; here in an isolated clump of woods we found a covey of grouse. Allie got a shot and missed. Another came out from the tree-tops right over my head, he went within ten feet, I turned and gave him a shot from my left barrel and he dropped with a broken wing, I caught him just as he reached the woods on the other side of the meadow. We put up two or three more but did not get a shot at them. We took a long stroll around by the Weantic meadows, where in times past we had started and shot snipe; but none were there that day, and we went home without seeing anything larger than a chippy. In an hour we were on our way home with both dogs chained in the wagon and two grouse, one rabbit and one quail in the game bag. Not much for show, but still we had enjoyed the society of our friends very much, and the game was of little consequence in comparison. It was, on the whole, one of my most successful hunts without finding. MERGUS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SHOOTING NOTES.

THE ruffed grouse (partridge) season opens to-day in New York State under the most favorable auspices. The breeding season was a good one, and there is a large crop of birds in consequence. Still, for some reason the broods are smaller in Orange, Ulster and Sullivan counties than usual, the number of birds to each hatching appearing not to exceed ten or a dozen. These young birds are now nearly full grown, and the shooting promises to be excellent, although hundreds of partridges have been killed in the three counties named by the August woodcock shooters.

Although it is not generally known, the best woodcock shooting, both summer and fall, is along the west shore of Lake Champlain. There are excellent covers bordering the foothills of the Adirondacks, and the few sportsmen that are posted make big bags for these days. Owing to the deep snows in April, the summer woodcock shooting in both this State and New Jersey was much inferior to that during the past five years, especially so when compared to that of 1885, which was so excellent in the last named State that it reminded the sportsmen of old times. The young birds having been killed this year, either in the shell or in the down, only the old birds were found to shoot at. To illustrate how universal the destruction of the young birds was, it may be said that out of sixty-seven cock killed along the Wallkill, in Sussex county, New Jersey, and neighboring mountain swales, by the shooters who reside in that district, the writer discovered but two young birds in the lot and they were twins of one hen, who probably hatched them out under some shelving rocks high up on the side of Pochuck Mountain. The nests of all the birds that were located on the islands in the "Drowned Lands" were destroyed—either submerged by the high water or covered with late snows and ice. This occasioned the parent birds to resort to the hillsides on the east side of the Kill, where many of them proceeded to try their luck again at raising a family. Just as they were taking a second start, the laws of New Jersey turned the shooters loose. This was on July 1. Fortunately, owing to the wet condition of the ground, the birds were widely scattered and hard to find. The heat, too, of July was so intense, and the mosquitoes so thick, that city sportsmen gave up shooting in despair and left the longbills to be mown down by the rhinoceros-hided country shots of the vicinity. On July 9 the writer killed seven birds, five of which contained eggs. On July 15 thirteen birds more were shot on the same beat, and of these four had eggs. Had a close season prevailed these eggs would now be hovering birds. The stock in trade having been killed off it will be a long time before the Wallkill swamps are replenished. So much for Jersey summer woodcock shooting.

In the Pequot district the law breakers and market-hunters had a bad time of it. The swamps were submerged, and there were but few birds except on the large tract preserved by Mr. Franklin Satterthwaite, of Newark. Even there the birds were very scarce as compared to former years. With the exception of poacher Bill Grandin, of Danville, and a rag-and-bobtail following from Easton, who sneaked on to the preserve on the morning of the 1st, and then got fired off, there were but few guns fired. Mr. Satterthwaite killed thirteen birds there one morning and four copperhead snakes of assorted sizes, and then fired himself off. Seven of these birds and three of the snakes were young ones. Since then the birds and snakes have been religiously preserved.

During July several breeding English snipe were killed by woodcock shooters. On July 4 one was killed on Flat Island on the Wallkill, on July 16 one at Allamuchy, N. J., and several more were reported to have been shot on the Newark, Hackensack and Elizabethtown meadows. Altogether the snipe have been acting very strangely this season. Perhaps this is due to the fact that many of the islands on which they breed, located in the mouth of the St. Lawrence and along the coast of Labrador, were submerged. The Indians on the north shore reported to the writer that such was the case. This undoubtedly occasioned many old birds to turn their bills southward much earlier than usual. On the Newark meadows scattering birds were shot as early as Aug. 10. At Pine Brook, N. J., there was a flight on or about the 15th of the same month. Reports vary as to the numbers. Mr. Speath, of Newark, says he saw five hundred on that day, and Mr. Sam Castles and Mr. C. M. Hedden, both veteran crack shots, did kill a bag on the "Big Piece" a few days later. The Newark *Sunday Call* estimated it at 63. Mr. Castles himself says he saw fourteen birds in one flock besides many yellowlegs. Mr. Frank Class, of Pine Brook, also has killed some early English snipe. The ground in this section is in excellent condition this season for waders of all kinds. The meadows have been continually flooded, even to such a depth that the farmers have been unable to cut their grass. This has prevented the parching of the grounds and destroying the worms and other food that snipe get fat on. From the present outlook it is safe to say that the English snipe shooting will be fairly good in New Jersey this fall.

The Long Island grass plover shooting thus far has proved a fizzle. There have been but very few birds killed on Montauk. Mr. Arthur Duane, however, killed 19 near Southampton, L. I., and some few birds were shot near Mecock Bay and in the pastures east of East Hampton. It seems as if the wary plover were giving Long Island the pass-by in these times for the purpose of concentrating in New Jersey. They bred in this State in goodly numbers this year, especially in Salem and Somerset counties. The crop of plover in the first-named county was immense, and large shipments of these delicious birds found their way to Robbins & Coy's stalls in Fulton Market. The great flight of these birds from their northern breeding grounds passed over Newark on the nights of Aug. 22, 23 and 24. They could be heard calling from sundown to dawn.

On the Jersey coast the bay bird shooting was poor up to last accounts. I interviewed Bill Chadwick one day last month and he talked common sense. He said there was a row of houses now from Sandy Hook to Cape May, just in the old track of the birds. That the shooting at Barnegat was no longer on the beach, but mainland side. The meadows were in good order around Chadwick's famous stand, but the birds were scarce. Mr. Frank Endicott was summering up at Bill's and indorsed all the old gunner said. What few birds were being gathered in were falling to Mr. Endicott's gun. He had one yelper the day I saw him. It was regarded as a curiosity. Down at Egg Harbor there were some birds, and small flocks could be seen passing Mantoloking (which is three miles north of Chadwick's); far out to sea these birds were trading up the beach and were mostly little yellowlegs. Mr. Howard Hays, of Newark, in company with Mr. T. H. Powers Farr, of Orange, did some shooting south of Mantoloking with but small results.

From Port Elizabeth (N. J.) on the Maurice River, where for some years past the largest number of rail have been boated in this country, comes word that the meadows have filled in and that it will take an unusually big spring tide to go over them. The rail shooting in New Jersey begins to-day. J. L.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.

THE WILD RICE HARVEST.

A FEW days ago I went with a friend from New Orleans to pay a visit to Mr. Charles Gilchrist, the Fishery Inspector at Rice Lake, a very old-time school fellow of mine, who met us with radiant smiles at the station at Harwood, glad to welcome us to his hospitable quarters situated on the lake shore. We had with us rods, reels and landing net, as became fishermen. This water has been long famed, not more for its extensive rice fields than for the quantities of mascalonge, bass and wildfowl which inhabit it. The lake is twenty-four miles long, from three to four miles wide, and studded with twenty-two islands of various sizes and shapes, making a pleasing landscape. The Otonabee River enters at its western extremity, and at its eastern it flows into the River Trent. Mr. Gilchrist has begun to take in the present rice crop from the Indians to cure for market. It is used principally for planting in waters frequented by waterfowl. It finds its way to England and the States. Mr. G. hopes to secure 100 barrels this season.

It may interest some of your readers to know how it is harvested. This is the modus operandi. An Indian kneels in the bow of his 15ft. canoe and paddles through the rice. His squaw in the stern holds in each hand a light stick 2½ft. long tapering from the butt to a sharp point. With one of these she draws the rice plant over the edge of the canoe, amidships, while with the other by quick strokes knocks off the seed which drops into the canoe. When the canoe is filled, the squaw joins in with her paddle and they make for the granary, where Gilchrist awaits them. The grain is then bagged and weighed. The squaw wears a black veil over her dusky face while at work, not to save her complexion but to protect her nostrils from the broken rice spears floating about. It is an odd sight to see these people paddling and hammering away in all directions by the hour in silence. This crop is also used for human food, and excellent it is boiled and eaten with milk. For this purpose it has to be tramped and winnowed after drying. The Indians parch it in kilns, using it both cooked and raw. With a couple of pounds of this in his pocket, an Indian is good for twenty-four hours' work he chews away at it all day long, now and then moistening his mouth from the blade of his dripping paddle silent and content. After the rice has been garnered Mr. Gilchrist has to turn it five times daily until thoroughly dried, when it is barreled.

Two canoes with rice reached the shore, from the sterns of which stepped Mrs. Gopher and Mrs. Crow, the former aged and wrinkled, with deep-set, piercing eyes, the other much younger, thin as a shadow and noseless. They talked agreeably together while the rice was being emptied by their husbands. When the canoes had started, side by side, I sought the cause of Mrs. Crow's loss, and learned that years ago Mrs. Gopher was jealous, and to get revenge, at a favorable opportunity downed the Crow and with a knife cut cleanly off her nasal organ. No legal proceedings were resorted to. Peace and confidence were restored between the families. The "hatchet" is buried, and as they passed out of view the "pipe of peace" from the mouths of all four was sending forth the evidence of a lasting reconciliation.

We had a most enjoyable day or two with the bass. This fish, taken in these waters, is delicious—no muddy flavor—and cooked as my friend cooks it is fit for a prince. He takes off the skin, deprives it of the entrails and bones, puts the pan on the coals, fries some sweet strips of fat bacon and then puts in the fish, constantly turning and shaking the boiling fat over it until well cooked and nicely browned, and then—and then—my mouth waters as I write, doesn't yours? R. P. J.

PICTOU, Ont., Aug. 20.

BEAR TRAPPING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly allow space to one who has trapped bear "a little bit," to reply to some points made by "Special" in the article headed as above. Bears are not considered as game up in the backwoods of Maine, but noxious vermin to be destroyed at all times, and bounties are paid to insure extermination. Bears are the *bête noir* of settlers in the backwoods, and but for the use of traps, crops and flocks would be oftener destroyed. The settler's lot while the country is new is a hard one at best. Whether those Boston sportsmen were unduly elated or not at their success in trapping the brute, they did a good job. No one, I trust, desires even noxious animals to suffer needless pain in their taking off, but had the bear been shot at by the whole crowd, even, he might have got away to "suffer untold agonies." But why waste sympathy on such a brute? Is it because he got both feet in the trap? Rather pity the deer, caribou and moose that are in countless numbers every year mangled by firearms. It is greater sport to shoot bear than to trap them; that goes. But not every settlement has its French and Tom. Yes, "bear-trapping is dangerous." I know of several casualties from bear traps besides those mentioned; but such casualties compared with those from firearms are not as a drop in the bucket. "Special" must not expect that settlers and trappers will let up on the use of traps so that outsiders may find better shooting. Don't claim the earth.

Anent the subject of bears aborting, referred to some time ago by one of your correspondents, I have dissected bears taken in steel traps and never found fetus in utero, but have often found the cavities that appeared to have been quite recently evacuated. It is the opinion of all bear hunters that I have met that bears abort if taken in a trap or hard-pressed by hunters or dogs. WARFIELD.

MAINE.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 13.—A large number of representative sportsmen assembled at No. 8 Court street last evening for the purpose of forming a club. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one, and the Los Angeles Rod and Gun Club was organized with the following officers: President, Eugene Maxwell; vice-president, T. E. Walker; secretary and treasurer, John Morton. The club starts out with a good list of members. Among others who have joined are: Messrs. H. Slotterbeck, Jr., J. B. Winston, E. Unger, A. West, R. W. Kinney, J. G. Holbrow and Mr. Holton. The constitution and by-laws for the new club were adopted. The initiation fee is $25 and the monthly dues $1. This club was formed for the benefit and pleasure as well as the advancement of its members in the art of wing-shooting, and for the protection of game and fish by the enforcing of all the game laws.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—Pittsburgh, Aug. 27.—The prospects for a reasonable amount of the various species of game common to western Pennsylvania is promising for fall shooting and the hunter still has use for his old reliable. A remarkable fact, as well as favorable one, is that the English sparrows here are disappearing, whether or not they will reappear with their number strengthened remains to be seen.—C. A. R.

INDIAN ELEPHANT CAPTURE.

MENTION was made in the FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 11, of a steam yacht building by Messrs. Bowdish & Co., of Skaneateles, N.Y., for Mr. L. P. Sanderson, of India. The yacht is to be used by Mr. Sanderson in his work, which is the capture of wild elephants for use in the Government service. The following account of the methods employed by Mr. Sanderson is copied from *The Englishman:*

An invitation from Mr. Sanderson, Superintendent of Elephant Kheddahs, to spend a short time with him during the elephant hunting season, has recently enabled me to indulge a long cherished wish to see the method of working the well known Kheddahs, and an account of my visit to the Garo Hills may be of some general interest. Before relating how elephants are captured, I may state that the Kheddah, or elephant catching establishment, is a branch of the Commissariat Department and is under the Military Department of the Government of India. The object of the Kheddah is the capturing and training for service of the elephants required for military purposes. The depot or headquarters of the Kheddahs is at Dakka, which, from its vicinity to the the hunting grounds and to abundant fodder supply, is a peculiarly suitable place for the purpose. The Superintendent of Kheddahs has at his disposal two Commissariat sergeants, a large staff of native hunters and from 150 to 200 trained elephants. The hunting operations are carried on only during the months of December, January and February, when the jungles are comparatively healthy and there is little or no rain to interfere with the work. By March the grass in the forests has become so dry that the use of fire, which is largely employed in the operations, might result in disastrous conflagrations. The water supply of the country also becomes contracted, while large flies and other insect pests spring into life, making the wild elephants restless and uncertain in their movements. A little later, when the rains commence, the forests become pestilential; hence the necessity for closing hunting season before the middle of March. The first move in the hunting season is to send the tame elephants to a base camp close to the forest, selected for hunting. Each has two attendants and carries its share of the tents, ropes, tools, etc., required in hunting. Meanwhile about 700 hunters trained to the work are collected, generally in Chittagong, where the craft chiefly flourishes. These are marched to the rendezvous, where the tame elephants and stores have been already collected. Muskets and tools are here distributed, and after certain religious ceremonies of a curious kind, the hunters enter the forest.

A hunting party usually consists of 350 men. Some of these, acting as trackers, go in advance to examine the country, and to mark down the herds. A herd having been found the hunters proceed with great circumspection, and are led by the trackers to within a mile or so of the elephants' position, when the men divide into two parties, and, running rapidly in Indian file, under the leadership of the trackers, one party to the right, the other to the left, and dropping a man at every 30 or 40yds. as they go, they seek to fetch a circuit round the elephants, and to meet on the far side of them. If this movement, the execution of which demands much skill and experience, be properly executed, the elephants will be surrounded by men in a ring of six or seven miles in circumference. Each man so posted lights a fire at his station, connects his position with those of his neigbors by clearing a pathway, and takes every precaution to prevent the elephants breaking through his portion of the surround. Musketeers are stationed whenever the elephants show a disposition to break through the circle of guards, and special men go round the circle every quarter of an hour both day and night to see that every one is on the alert. Mr. Sanderson and the sergeants make unexpected night circuits, and the surround is rarely broken through. If the elephants ap-

proach the men they are driven back by shots, shouts and fire brands. The elephants usually give trouble on the first and second nights only; after that, if the surround has been well chosen, and there be in it plenty of fodder and water, they rarely make any decided attempts to break out. Moreover, they are generally active only between sunset and 11 at night, and again from 2 A. M. until daylight, so that during the daytime the hunters are able by turn to take some rest.

Within the surround, and on one of the elephants' chief runs, a stockade composed of stout timbers is now commenced. This inclosure is circular in form, and is rarely more than 25yds. in diameter, that area being found sufficient to admit 60 or 80 elephants. It consists of a ring of posts sunk deep into the ground and well supported by transverse timbers, and backed up by forked props securely lashed with ropes, canvas, or tough creepers. This palisade is 10ft. high. Over the entrance, which is 12ft. wide, is hung a massive log gate, which is dropped and secured directly the herd has been driven in. On each side of the gateway for about 100yds. a timber barricade is carried, forming a funnel-shaped approach. Across the mouth of this V-shaped passage (generally a width of 60 or 70yds. or so) is arranged a line of dry grass and combustible jungle material. When the herd has crossed this line, and thus got well between the guiding barricades, it is fired behind them. Simultaneously with the sudden blaze so produced, the hunters, who have patiently and skilfully worked the elephants along to this critical point, close in and rush shouting after the started herd. Mr. Sanderson, who up to this stage of the proceedings has probably been perched high in some commanding tree, to direct the movements of the hunters, who from their inability to see each other are best directed from some central point, now rapidly descends and takes his place with the hurrying line of hunters. His presence and formidable heavy rifles impart confidence to the men, who, giving the alarmed elephants no time for reflection, rush them along the narrowing approach to the gate. This is the point where the greatest danger occurs, as, if the elephants' fears are aroused by anything ahead, they often turn in a body and break back, when fatal accidents are likely to happen. I saw a charge of this kind which was, however, checked by Mr. Sanderson's dropping the leading elephant—an old female—dead, and the men showed such pluck and determination when the elephants were thus thrown into confusion that they turned, and were soon in the stockade. Generally, in a few minutes after the lighting of the fire line, the huge beasts have crushed through the jungle into the stockade, when down comes the ponderous gate, and the bewildered monsters are impounded.

But this outline conveys no adequate idea of the skill exhibited in selecting the ground, of the organization and discipline requisite to insure a sustained performance of tedious and dangerous duty by hundreds of men, any one of whom might, by disobedience, carelessness or cowardice, imperil the success of the whole undertaking, like the snapping of a single link in a chain; or of the intrepidity displayed in the many dangerous situations often occurring in the undertaking. During the erection of the stockade within the surround, a laborious piece of work that occupies about three days, no one would suspect that several hundred men were at work. No voice is heard above a whisper. Few orders are necessary, every gang of men being divided and sub-divided, and all so drilled that each knows his work and does it. Occasionally a soft whistle and a rapid gesture are used to convey instructions to a distant workman. Everything is done rapidly and silently. Then the pluck of the men in driving the elephants is very conspicuous. They have the confidence in the determination and skill of their leader which insures success, and it is a fine sight to see them following Mr. Sanderson, or skirmishing with the elephants while under the protection of his heavy rifles in a manner that seems perfectly reckless.

On the day after a herd has been impounded there follows the less exciting but even more deeply interesting business of securing each individual elephant. The gate of the stockade is raised under cover of guns, and men mounted on tame elephants ride into the inclosure. The wild ones generally huddle together, and watch this fresh maneuver with apprehension, or some of them charge down among the tame ones. When the gate has been closed and made fast, the work of securing the wild ones begins. The position of the tame elephants' mahouts looks very dangerous; but although the wild elephants occasionally battle with the tame, they never attack the riders. The work is, however, sufficiently perilous. I saw a tame elephant receive, unexpectedly, a charge from a powerful wild one that made her stagger, and, the ground being slippery, she fell on her side. The mahout must have had a perplexing view of gigantic legs all around him, but being cool and experienced he quickly got under one of the tame elephants of the party, and thence was helped out of danger by ready hands.

The tame ones are all experienced fighters, and when some captives show a disposition to be mischievous, one or more are set on to give it a pounding, and inculcate respect. When three or four tame elephants have wedged a wild one in among them, an active fellow slips down and ties its hindlegs together, afterward making them fast to the stockade, or to trees growing in the inclosure, or to strong posts previously planted for the purpose. A large, soft cable is then got round its neck. When all have been tied in the manner described, the gate is reopened and they are led to water and picketed in the forest near. When separated thus and first left to themselves and the tame elephants, their struggles are violent and protracted, and I saw many tall trees shaken to their topmast branches under the strain put on them. Every branch within reach is wrenched off; the bark is often stripped from the trunks, while the tuskers drive their long white ivories into the ground and plough every square foot within reach. The calves usually keep up an incessant roaring, as their mothers often temporarily lose their supply of milk from their agitation and struggles against coercion. In a surprisingly short time, however, all get accustomed to the presence of their attendants, and in the course of a few days they are marched down to the low country in tow of their tame friends. They are then put into systematic training. Within two months they can generally be ridden alone. Several of the elephants employed in carrying baggage, and one of Mr. Sanderson's special riding elephants, this season, were pointed out to me as having been captured last year. They were now working in the very forests where they were themselves wild ten months before.

Occasionally an escaped elephant is recaptured after it has enjoyed a prolonged holiday of a few years in the forest. Among the last herd that I saw caught was such a one, a female, followed by a big calf about five years old. She bore on her neck and legs the usual rope marks, and exhibited other signs of having been in service some time or other. Judging from the age of her calf she must have been at liberty not less than seven or eight years, but when pressed on the neck with a spear and ordered to kneel down she obeyed at once. This speaks much more for the docility of the elephant than for its intelligence, which latter quality Mr. Sanderson considers it markedly wanting in, popular impressions notwithstanding. She was promptly mounted by a bold mahout, and two or three days afterward I saw her piping to ropes with her trunk, passing them to her mahout, helping to tie and tow in her own some of her fellow-captives, and behaving as though she had been on continuous duty in the kheddahs all her life. Her calf was, of course, an uneducated young savage.

Directly a "catch" has been concluded the trackers go off to find and mark down another herd. When "kubber" arrives that another herd has been found, perhaps ten or fifteen miles away, off go Mr. Sanderson and his men to the new ground, while a sergeant or a native jemadar remains in charge of the last captures and marches them down to the open country. Again follow the surrounding and guarding of more elephants, and selecting the site of the stockade and building it; the wary working up of the unsuspecting animals, which develops into the maddening final rush with a blazing fireline and sudden uproar ending in another catch. It is very worthy of remark that the operations rarely fail to end successfully. The certainty with which this may be counted on is clearly indicative of excelleuce in all the arrangements to the smallest details. There appears to be no such thing as building a stockade and failing to get elephants into it. Unquestionably it is hard work, the very hardest work, both for tame elephants and men, yet the former are in excellent hard condition, and among the latter the proportions of sickness and accident has been greatly reduced of late years. The elephants are, of course, fed solely on green fodder, as Mr. Sanderson is a well known advocate for the abolition of grain, and they are a living proof of the accuracy of his views on the subject.

In elephant hunting the risk to life, and of course to limb and health, is generally very considerable. While I was with the camp two men were killed, one at his post on the surround at night, and the other during driving; and Sergeant Watson, a steady, soldier-like young fellow, succumbed in a few hours to jungle fever. This was also the fate of Mr. Nuthall and Captain Hood. Mr. Sanderson's immediate predecessors, and I should think a life insurance company would hesitate about accepting Mr. Sanderson's life on the ordinary, or on any terms, especially if aware of the headlong manner of his coming down 40ft. of ricketty bamboo ladder from a machan, and tearing along close behind the herd that, having crossed the fatal fire line, has to be "rushed" into the stockade!

Regarding the belief that wild elephants are decreasing in India, and many other matters concerning these interesting pachyderms, Mr. Sanderson gave me much interesting information in our chats by the camp-fire. The impression adverted to above probably originated in the fact of laws having been made in recent years for their protection, and from their disappearance from certain small and isolated localities before the advance of cultivation. But Mr. Sanderson says there is good ground for believing that wild elephants are now at least as numerous as they have ever been within historic times, and that there is every reason why this should be the case. They are not now liable to be shot for their ivory or for sport, nor to be caught by the cruel and wasteful methods of taking them in salt licks and pitfalls, from which not more than 20 per cent. were taken alive, while their haunts are preserved to a great extent from jungle fires and from intrusion by the regulations of the Forest Department. Some idea of the numbers of wild elephants in certain tracts may be gained from the fact that, during the eight years ending March, 1885, the Kheddah Department captured 1,288 wild elephants in a portion of the Garo Hills, some 50 miles by 20, and this area is only a small percentage of the large tracts of elephant country equally well stocked. Under present regulations there is no danger of the Asiatic wild elephant becoming even scarce, much less extinct.

I was also surprised to learn that the demand for elephants is so considerable. Though good roads and railways have greatly facilitated communication in India, and though Government has largely reduced the number of elephants it formerly maintained for military and civil purposes, the animal is still as great a favorite as ever among natives, and instead of it being, as formerly, almost exclusively a possession of royalty, it is now found extensively among small landed proprietors in Bengal and elsewhere; men who, before the peaceful times of British rule, would not have ventured on such a show of wealth even had they possessed it.

When I left Mr. Sanderson he had captured the large number of 220* elephants, and he contemplated further operations against them, as the season had not far advanced.

*Since raised to the extraordinary total of 402.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

"A BASTER."

IT ALL happened in the Old Granite State. My brother-in-law and myself started to explore a trout brook that we had never fished before, but which we had heard many a fish story about. It was ten miles from home, and its sourse was among the Blue Hills of Strafford county.

On our way we called on an old-time fisherman who, in years before, had taken many a fine string of beauties from the stream, and from him obtained information about the location of the brook. "I'll tell you how to find it, boys," the old man said, "but keep it kind of quiet and don't tell everybody, because it will be of no use to give it away." We promised and were told to follow the main road about a mile, then turn to the right and follow on across the ridge, then to take a log road through the woods as far as we could go with our team, after which we must follow a blind trail through the woods to the brook. "You'll strike the brook where there are lots of big boulders, but it will do no good to fish there, for nobody ever caught a trout there; but foller the brook up stream about half a mile till you come to an old dam, and above the dam is a meadow; probably you won't git a bite in the medder, but if you do it will be a baster." With visions of "basters" we left the old man, followed by the parting injunction not to waste time in the meadow but to fish the brook thoroughly through the woods above.

We found the brook at the point where the big boulders were, and following it up to the old dam, used all our skill in trying to beguile one of those "basters" from the brook in the meadow; every bend and pool were cautiously approached, but not a fin did we see. We had reached the shadow of the woods, when I came to a bend in the brook, over which hung a thick clump of bushes, shading the water and making just such a lurking place as a trout loves. I made several ineffectual attempts to drop my hook into the water, but each time it caught on the bush, until, disgusted at my poor success, I moved on up stream. Chancing to look back I could see the deep, shaded pool under the bush, and thought what a place for a "baster." Walking quietly back, reeling in the line on the way until but a few inches remained hanging from the tip of the rod, I carefully insinuated the tip between and under the bushes, and dropped the baited hook lightly in the water. In an instant bait, line and tip of rod were pulled under the hollow bank. No chance to play the fish there, and an attempt to lift it out only convinced me that instead of catching a trout I had probably lost my hook, as from indications I supposed it was fast to a snag under water. But a quick, heavy tug, and a trembling sensation along the rod that sent a thrill through me as from an electric battery, told me more plainly than words that there was life at the other end of the tackle, and that the trout—if trout it were—must be ignominiously yanked out by main strength, and, as one hauls a codfish hand over hand, I pulled from under that bush and bank a two-pound trout, almost long enough to reach across the little meadow brook.

That was the one I caught; the one I lost was near the same spot later in the day.

On our return, after fishing with varying success to the source of the brook, we reached the meadow again just as the sun was disappearing behind the mountains. Trials and tribulations had attended us through the woods; hooks caught on snags below, and on branches of the trees overhead; leaders were broken, and hooks innumerable were lost, and when I reached the scene of my first catch, I had not a single hook on gut snell left; but being anxious to try for a mate to my "baster," I hastily gauged a small hook found in my pocket to my leaderless line, and tried to induce another trout to come out of the shadowy depths of the hole under the bush. But I had no success. Then I slowly fished down stream a few rods; when near another turn in the brook, a swirl and a tug greeted me, and after a few moments' play, having no landing net, I lifted from the water a trout that seemed a giant beside the two-pounder already in my creel. The improvised tackle gave way as soon as the trout was lifted from the water, the hook slipped through the gauging, and the fish dropped to the ground a foot from the water's edge. With one jump I landed in the brook, and tried to catch the trout in my hands before he could reach the water. It was of no use. One stroke of his tail fin, a jump, a splash, and down stream darted the lost fish.

So good an authority as the lamented Izaak Walton has said that "one can never lose that which he never possessed," so I suppose I didn't lose that trout, simply because he never was in my possession; but I felt then as if I had sustained a loss; and the recollection of the beauty of his glistening sides, as for one short moment he hung there before my eyes, and for one instant lay stretched when he fell on the bank of that little brook, remains vividly in my mind.

That ended my fishing for the day, it was growing dusk in the shadow of the Blue Hills, and I had no inclination to fish longer. I never had an opportunity to fish in that brook again. Perhaps some more skillful fisherman has long since been successful in beguiling that trout, or a mink or an otter may have enjoyed a feast. But some day I hope again to follow that little mountain stream down to the meadow, and through the meadow to the old dam, and whether I catch a "baster" or a fingerling, matters not, though I'll try and coax a "baster" from some bush-shaded hole under the bank.

On our way home we called upon our friend and informant, who greeted us with "Well, boys, what luck?" We showed our catch and I related the story of my mishap. There was a sympathetic look on the old man's face, and I fancied visions of similar mishaps rose before him—from his own experience. We bade him good-night, and as we drove away heard him repeat his prediction of the morning, "I thought if you got a bite in the medder 'twould be a 'baster'." NOINOE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

BASS FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

BY A VERACIOUS AMATEUR.

IT will be observed that the adjective qualifying the noun amateur is made use of in this instance in a very peculiar relation, and while it might perhaps be regarded as superfluous, I have chosen to employ it because I have known amateurs who lied. Candor and a due regard for truth compels me to go even further and say, that as a general thing an amateur fisherman, when on the subject of his own exploits, is a merciless and undeviating liar. I say this advisedly and after ample consideration of the probable consequences.

Truth in the abstract is opposod to error, and although of an amateurish disposition myself and with a decided inclination to angle for the festive grayling and agile black bass, I can affirm without danger of being successfully controverted that I never told a fishing lie but once in my long and eventful, not to say brilliant, career, and on that occasion I was appropriately and justly perhaps rebuked by a stranger present, who immediately, without any apparent effort, told a lie so elephantine in its proportions that I have never since attempted anything in that line. I have often wished, when listening to fishermen's hyperbole (that lets 'em down easy, doesn't it? that Eli Perkins would drop in. I don't know whether Eli is specially gifted in the matter of piscatorial prevarication, but he is a good general equivocator, and I feel that if he would only half try he could easily distance any competitor. Perhaps my unfortunate experience has made me misanthropical and that in consequence I am allowing my innate love of justice to become warped thereby. Be this as it may, I don't feel like sending any money to help convert the heathen in Central Africa or Canada, while there is so much missionary work to be done right here in Michigan among this class of depraved persons. Feeling the necessity for an example of what a fishing narrative should be I have decided to prepare one on an entirely new model. No patent, caveat, trademark or copyright need prevent any one from using it. No rights of any kind are reserved, except that I don't want it used without due credit to this paper.

It was a charming June day, in the summer of 1876; to be more exact, it was Friday and the wind was in the south—Friday is not regarded as a lucky day to go fishing, but I was reassured by the old couplet:

"When the wind is in the south
The hook is blown in the fish's mouth,"

and this, it occurred to me, would save lots of trouble. So I procured the most approved bait, a seaworthy boat, the services of a boatman, and resorted to the expedient (to guard against accidents) of taking along my trusty hammerless breechloader. This is not a fishing rod, nor a case of medicine, nor a bottle "with something in it," but a shotgun, and as I said, was to guard against accidents. That sounds paradoxical at first, but when you get a little further on, and see the size of the fish, and the danger attended taking them, you will admire the sagacity which prompted me to take it along.

The boat was 11ft. long, drawing 8½in. of water; my fish-rod was 12ft. long, in three sections, and the reel was supplied with 350ft. of silk line. The oars were of ash, made in the usual form, and the color of the boat was Indian red, with a dark green stripe running from bow to stern. The bait for fishing was contained in a large tin box with a hinged cover, so arranged that the movable lid could be quickly closed to prevent the escape of any of the worms should they be so disposed. A pail of shiners (a species of minnows) a box of 19 ham sandwiches, 23 pickles, and a bottle of cold coffee completed the commissary department. There was about a quart of the cold coffee. I want to be exact about these things so that there may be no caviling over alleged loose statements. It conveys a comfortable feeling of confidence to the reader. We reached a point on Lake Erie, three-quarters of a marine mile from the shore. I know just exactly how far it was, for the Frenchman said "tree-quarter mile too soon for feesh, better go leetle furder." We proceeded along over the blue waters of the lake, now and then a gull or two swooping past us, and almost within reach; a little distance beyond quite a flock of these birds were circling around a space of an acre or more, then dropping suddenly and swiftly into the lake.

"What are those lunatics acting in that fashion for?" I asked of my boatman.

"Dey dive for feesh; plenty feesh where de seagull drap. S'pose you see gull some place, find plenty feesh dat way; plenty, sackry-mogee!"

"Do you mean to tell me that if we should row over there where those absurd-acting birds are thrashing around that we would, to the best of your knowledge and belief, succeed in getting them to believe that our intentions were honorable and inducing them to consent to a closer atquaintance?"

"W'as dat you mean? No 'dstan'. Of you mean by dat eef we ketch feesh—sure, sure, my fren, sure."

"Then why, in the name of Izaak Walton, don't you get there without delay?"

"Oui, oui, me git dare; plenty feesh dare, my fren."

Arrived at the spot where the gulls had been most industrious, I supplied my tackle with the most killing bait and quietly dropped the same into the gently rippling waters, within sight of the memorable spot where Perry's fleet made it sultry for the enemy, though this fact has no direct bearing on this narrative. I played the bait in the most approved manner, and rather congratulated myself on the superior style with which it was done. The fish apparently were lost in admiration, for they didn't disturb the operation. This proceeded for fifty-seven minutes by the watch, and was becoming somewhat monotonous, when I observed to François:

"Do you think that there is any possibility of being mistaken about the gull business?" for I had a suspicion that I had been gulled.

"Meestake from ze gull! Oh no, my fren, not meestake—plenty feesh—s'pose you put string a leetle lower down, ze feesh dey stay sometimes not on top de lak."

This looked very reasonable, thereupon I paid out more line, estimated at 9ft., the Frenchman meanwhile taking his bamboo pole, 7ft. 3in. long, with a cotton line 15ft. long and a rusty hook, the like of which it seemed to me would disgust if not terrify any fish having any self-respect whatever. Frenchy put on two big worms, spit on them (he chewed plug tobacco at that) and heaved this heathenish contrivance over the opposite side of the boat. Exactly five minutes and forty-one seconds elapsed when I observed a disturbance in the neighborhood of Frenchy's line. The hubbub increased and was in a fair way to become a riot, when hauling in the line a huge black bass came struggling into view. He was turning handsprings and somersets and performing all sorts of gymnastics, but Frenchy yanked him into the boat. He was as big as a codfish (I was going to say skark). I admit I was conscious of a mean creeping feeling of envy. I didn't even let on but what I was in the habit of killing bigger fish every day in the week.

"Dat's good feesh, eh, my fren? dat's beeg feesh. Sackrymogee! affaire flambée pour le poisson n'ware?

"Pretty fair, pretty fair fish, François, but after all we should get much larger ones here—"

Swish! whiz! went the line from the reel, as if hitched to the stick of a rocket, provided rockets ever took a notion to navigating the water instead of the atmosphere; away went the 345ft. of it, and I was just calculating the chances of retaining possession of the rod, when the thing on the other end of the line appeared to set the air brake and come to a sudden halt. I thereupon began reeling in the line, and it seemed so very slack that I reluctantly concluded that the fish or whatever it was had taken a fancy to hook and bait and decided to take it home.

I had reeled in and recovered 246ft. of the line, 104ft. being still out, when, without previous warning, or any indication whatever of such an intention, the fish (it was, practically, a fish doing all this) darted off at an angle of forty-five degrees from its previous course, and at the rate of three miles a minute. This was the exact speed, as I learned from François, who exclaimed, throwing down his rod:

"Mon Dieu! parbleu! golly but she's fast feesh! My! she go more fast as ze bote on ze glace!"

Comparison was made, obviously, to the ice yacht, the best speed known being two and three quarter miles in a minute. "Do you really think so, François, that this fish goes more rapidly than the ice boat? What species do you think it is?"

"What kind she is? Mebby muskalonge, mebby catfeesh—can't tell; if she's black bass must be two, tree of it."

"What! two or three black bass on one hook! François, what sort of romancing is this?"

"You not never hear 'bout ketch two, t'ree feesh on one hook? My! My! las' fall I ketch one pike and one black bass bose to oncet, at de same time on mai hook, and de bass she weigh seven pound t'ree ounce by de stillyed."

I realized at once that it would be useless and vexatious to get into any controversy over this stupendous fable, so I treated it with silence. In fact, the fish was now engrossing my attention. Away whizzed the line, 287½ft. of it, when the fish suddenly changed direction again and went like lightning for 62ft., and stopped to take breath. I improved this interval of inaction on his part by reeling in the line and recovering 342ft., bringing the game within 8ft. I cautiously brought him 8ft. nearer, then 4ft. Finally the dorsal fin protruded above the water, and his black, shining back next appeared. "Now, François, with your landing net! In with him."

"Ma fois! W'at a feesh! She beeg like a hog! Quarante livres sure, mai fren, sure!"

"There! that is what one might call a fish. Some sense in that."

I had no more than got the words out of my mouth than the fish made a spring and landed square across the Frenchman's mouth, knocking him flat on his back in the bottom of the boat, yelling like a Sioux warrior: "I am kill! Mai head! mai head! Tek ze gun, shoot queek! It mus' be ze—what you call—devil fish!"

Without hesitating to reflect upon the unsportsmanlike method of procedure I snatched up the gun and blazed away. I killed the fish, and came within an inch and a half of killing the Frenchman also; as it was he got eleven shot in his right leg below the knee, but it being a wooden one the damage was not so serious as it might have been. The fish was a black bass which weighed 18lbs. 7oz.; that is, François weighed it on the "stillyed" and reported these figures. We stayed in that vicinity for two hours and twenty-two minutes, and caught black bass, pickerel and pike until our boat settled into the water at an alarming rate, when, fortunately, our bait gave out, and we were obliged to leave. It was a pretty fair catch for two rods, 639lbs. 11oz. I was obliged to use the gun but twice in addition to the instance already noticed.

We returned to the boat house at 5:45 P. M. I have been careful to give exact figures in connection with the facts narrated, because the custom of using the words "about," "approximately," "nearly" and so on by fishermen has had the effect of unsettling the confidence of people in all fish stories. It is a very tempting way of easing the conscience of the narrators, but it is too indefinite, too suggestive. I like good round facts and figures; give me the pounds and ounces; the day, hour and minute; the exact distances, that gives one assurance of reality. If a thing is so, say so. ASA SPADES.

SUMMER ANGLING AND CAMPING.

WORCESTER, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It strikes me that the article by "Special" in your issue of Aug. 4, was a well written and interesting clear statement of facts.

A person fishing in the summer months must be contented to catch a small amount of fish generally, and a person must make his surroundings a part of his fishing. I have in mind a party of boys who went to a New Hampshire lake, expecting to do a lot of fishing, rowing and so forth. The result was that one of them overworked and permanently injured himself, and the party left with a poor opinion of one of the most attractive lakes in New England.

They did not go at it right. Camp life is made up not of fishing alone. It takes fishing, rowing and a love of nature, a fair amount of each, to make a perfect camp life. When the fishing is poor, one should be contented with a catch of twenty-five trout a day, and not call his summer a failure because he did not have an enormous record to show his friends. It takes considerable cultivation to get your mind into this state, but it makes your life pleasanter than to be eternally longing for the unattainable.

It is the most foolish and at the same time disheartening thing to do, this going into the woods quite a novice, with the latest improved tackle, a nice rod and a splendid assortment of flies, expecting to make a phenomenal catch. It is very seldom done. That is where the rustic youth gets his opinion that he, with an alder rod, can beat the man with all his "fixin's." The rustic generally can beat the "greeny;" but take the man who knows how to use good tackle, and where is the country representative? It takes patient, careful practice to cast a fly for trout. That one catches no trout when he first casts a fly is no reason that, with plenty of practice, he can accomplish a like feat. PEMIGEWASSET.

SEPTEMBER CAMPS.

BOSTON, Mass.—September is upon us, and with that month comes the autumn weather and the desire to again go a-fishing before the winter and the close season has locked the waters to line and rod for another seven months. The number of Boston merchants who will go to the Maine waters this fall rather increases as the time draws near. Mr. Wilson, of the dry goods jobbing house of Norse, Wilson & Co., although very busy in the fall trade, intends to catch ten days or a couple of weeks for a visit to the Seven Ponds. Like every devotee of the sport with *Salmo fontinalis*, he is "getting his rods ready." He is a busy merchant and the head of a large house, but all the same there is no other vacation to him like that one to the woods and the waters, where dry goods cannot find him. Mr. O. H. Smith, of O. H. Smith & Co., lumber dealers, is getting ready for his annual trip to Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake. He will take the last week in September and the first week in October, in order to use the rod and line till the close time on trout begins, Oct. 1, and then to try for a deer, the open season beginning on that day. Mr. Smith is an expert with the rifle. Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, the artist, has been suffering with a carbuncle, and that has kept him at home a part of the time this season. He is a regular visitor to the Upper Dam, and occasionally to Parmacheene. Mr. J. P. Whitney is at his elegant camp at Musquito Brook, Richardson Lake, with his family, as usual at this season. Mr. S. Betton is at Camp Belleview, on the same lake. Mr. W. J. Reynolds, of Boston, will visit his camp—Camp Prospect—on the same lake, in September. The rumor that Birch Lodge, the celebrated Whittier Camp, at the head of Richardson Lake, had been sold to a syndicate of New York sportsmen proves to be incorrect. That handsome lodge is still for sale, as is also Camp Prospect. Mr. E. B. Haskell, one of the proprietors of the Boston *Herald*, has registered at the club house of the Oquossoc Angling Association, with some of his family. Mr. Haskell is a member of this association, and, also with his business partners, an owner in Allerton Lodge. He is an earnest worker for the editorial columns of his paper, but none the less does he appreciate his annual outing in the wilds of Maine. Mr. George Follett, of the wool firm of Geo. Follett & Co., New York and Boston, is meditating a trip to the Maine woods this month, but is yet undecided where it shall be.

C. H. Johnson, superintendent of Miller Bros.' manufactory of undertakers' supplies, at Somerville, will take his annual vacation at Camp Stewart, commencing about Sept. 16. Mr. Johnson is one of the owners of this camp. He has visited Richardson Lake every season for the past seven years. Mr. Johnson was the author of a practical joke that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. On Farrar's steamer there ran that season a curious genius under the cognomen of Captain. He was remarkably fond of finding out the business of every sportsman who went up or down the lake on the boat he commanded. Indeed if the occupation of a passenger did not crop out easily, why the Captain would flatly ask for the desired information, and then he would quietly remark that he should be in Boston or New York, as the case might be, the coming winter and would call, and perhaps the proprietor might help him in the direction of a business situation or something that he desired to purchase. Mr. Johnson's business was rather slow about coming out, although the Captain had already found out the occupation of one or two other gentlemen. The Captain could stand it no longer, but boldly asked, "Mr. Johnson, what is your business in Boston?" The answer was ready in a moment, "A manufacturer of clothing, both wholesale and retail, but the curious part is that we never make more than one suit for an individual." The Captain thought that he was quick to see a point, but he was a little bothered that time. "Don't you?" said he, "that's curious. Then you ought to give that person a good bargain. I am coming up to Boston this winter, and as your folks have never sold me anything I think that you might give me a bargain on a winter suit." Much to the amusement of his friends Mr. Johnson answered with a quiet smile, "Be sure to call on us. I have no doubt but what we can fit you."

Mr. John C. Paige, one of Boston's best known insurance agents, is spending a couple of weeks at Moosehead, at the Kineo House. Mr. Paige, together with his friend J. E. Graves, will try the fly-fishing. Mr. Shepard, of the iron trade, promises himself a much needed vacation at the Androscoggin lakes in September. Mr. Litchfield, of the fishing tackle firm of Appleton & Litchfield, will start on Thursday for a month's outing in the wilds of Maine and New Hampshire. He will first go to the Great Diamonds in the Magallaway region. Afterward he will visit other regions; probably Parmacheene, and perhaps further over in the wilds of Maine and Canada toward the east. Mr. Litchfield has spent a very busy season. He has given much time and thought to his new "tension reel," and has at last reached a stage of completion on this new idea in trout, bass and salmon reels where he can afford to take a vacation. SPECIAL.

LAKES CALUMET AND GOGEBIC.

FORTY-SEVEN years ago I first visited Lake Pullman, then called Calumet Lake, fifteen miles south of Chicago. It was then a solitary sheet of water, two or three miles long, in a dense swamp, with a deep border of reeds and rushes around it, accessible only through a winding creek from the Calumet River; so blind an entrance that it was necessary to put a flag or other signal to mark it, or one might wander over these miles of lake and water plants for hours or days without getting back to the river. Calumet River itself, now flowing through the suburb known as South Chicago, and a great artery of commerce, was at that time "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," with only two houses upon or near it for ten miles from its mouth. The river and lake were in spring and fall populous with swans, geese and ducks. In my collection of stuffed birds were three species of geese and twenty of ducks, shot on the Calumet River. All the waders were there, from the great whooping crane to the beautiful little phalarope, known as Wilson's, which used to breed in these marshes. A bag of fifty ducks per day to the gun was not unusual at that day, and half of them would be mallards, which were found in great numbers along the river bank, and were shot from the bows of a boat pushed along the margin of the reeds, as the big fowls flew straight up with loud quacks from their feeding grounds.

As to fish, pike and black bass, they so filled these waters that two of us in a boat with rod and reel, have often taken in half a day from 100lbs. to 200lbs. of them, from 3 to 6lbs. in weight. Also an occasional muskalonge, pike-perch, and big catfish. The region also abounded with deer, grouse, quail, woodcock, and snipe, and for variety and abundance of game, I have never seen its equal.

Now, in place of these *feræ naturæ*, we have at Calumet Lake a new, handsome city of brick, with immense work shops, a big hotel, a public library, lecture hall, gas, sewerage, and all the comforts of life, inhabited by 5,000 of perhaps the best housed, fed, paid, and generally cared for people on the globe. They ride to the city by 15 or 20 trains a day in half an hour, instead of toiling through sand and mud for three hours, as in 1840. It is said by some, that the amiable autocrat whose money and enterprise has created these marvels, governs too much; that his methods are too European and paternal, but as I looked at the long streets of comfortable and pretty houses inhabited by his subjects, I concluded that their lot was not unhappy.

I also visited Lake Gogebic, a beautiful mountain lake lying twenty miles south of Lake Superior in the woods, 2,000ft. above sea level and far from the abodes of men, except those in the excellent hotel built on its shore for sportsmen by the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway. The lake is some fifteen miles long and two wide, with deep, pure and cool water. For the first two years after being opened to the public it swarmed with black bass, so that catches of fifty to the boat per day were common. The streams flowing into the lake were full of good-sized trout, so that one hundred per day have been taken to the rod by pot-fishermen. These good gifts have been, as usual, abused. Thirty boats, each with two fishermen and a guide, all fishing for count, have often brought in 1,500 to 2,000 bass a day; and, of course, most of the fish were wasted and were buried or burned by the wagon load. No waters could stand such depletion, and this summer when I was there ten bass to the rod per day was the usual catch. As to trout, the largest string I saw was a dozen, and I fished the best stream one afternoon without a rise.

Another source of danger to the fish of Gogebic is that valuable iron deposits have been lately found along its northern and western shores, and large numbers of prospectors are on the ground and in some places large gangs of miners are at work. Probably these men will soon be using dynamite on the fish of Gogebic, as in other lakes.

The moral of my story is, that as the fishing of Calumet Lake now is, so shall that of Gogebic be in a few years if not well protected. S. C. CLARKE.

MARIETTA, Ga., Aug. 24.

FISH DYING BY THE MILLION.—A press dispatch from Galena, Ill., Aug. 26, says that within the past two or three days the fish in many of the streams in this section have died by the million and the few that are left are rapidly following suit. The banks of the Galena River branches are lined with dead fish of all sizes and varieties, from the tiny minnow to the mammoth cat and sturgeon. At Buncombe, Wis., a few miles from this place, dead fish are so numerous on the banks that the stench arising from them is almost unbearable. At Lancaster, Wis., the scene on the river bank beggars description, over fifty wagonloads of dead fish being in sight. There are numerous theories afloat as to the cause. One is that the recent rains have roiled the water with mud, so that the fish have been unable to breathe, and struggling to the surface for air, have died. Another is that during the dry hot summer the valleys and marshes above were filled with some poisonous growth that with the recent floods was carried into the streams and poisoned the water.

THE LANDLORDS SERVE FINGERLINGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a visit to the Sagamore Hotel, on Long Lake, where I had, among other meals, a breakfast at which trout measuring about 4 and 5in. were served. They may have shrunk from the legal length of 6in., but considering the number of guests who partook of the breakfast, somewhere near 100, I have come to the conclusion that the fish had been netted, which, I believe, is also against the law. Cannot something be done to stop this wanton destruction of this delight of fishermen? I am not given to whip the waters for hours with the prospect of a fish at the end of my line, but I like the woods too much to see the pleasures of others destroyed.—B, F,

LANDLOCKED ROCKFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that one of your contributors speaks of rockfish (*Roccus lineatus*) being abundant in Chipola Lake, Calhoun county, Florida. This rockfish is the striped bass of Northern waters. Until quite recently its presence in fluvial and inland waters of the South was not admitted by most ichthyologists, some of the best authorities within the present decade even expressing doubts thereof. Hence any authentic testimony regarding its habitat and breeding habits is of scientific as well as economic value.

Chipola Lake, your readers have been informed, is about twenty miles long, and from two to four miles wide, running parallel with the Apalachicola River. This river and its tributaries, at as great a distance as 200 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, are known to contain rockfish, some of which attain 30lbs. and upward in weight, and compare very favorably with the monster striped bass of Cuttyhunk and Pasque Island, off the Massachusetts coast. But those waters are by no means exceptional in this respect, for striped bass are "constantly seen in rivers of fresh water at great distances from the ocean," and are "common in all the rivers of the Southern States." [See Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer," 1877, page 401.]

The anadromous character of the striped bass has long been known, though observers were not decided as respects their spawning grounds and seasons. At present, however, under increased light, they are believed to have habits much like those of the shad, passing the greater part of their time in salt water, without especial regard to latitude, and running up the tributaries of rivers in spring to spawn. The young remain up stream one year and return to salt water at varying periods in the spring following their birth, according to the temperature of the water where hybernating. Reservoirs which do not freeze to the bottom are their chosen winter quarters.

In the Gulf States, whose rivers are subject to periodical overflows and to freshets which submerge immense areas of land, large bodies of water are left standing after each subsidence, some of which partake of a permanent character, becoming reservoirs for inflowing streams and harboring a remarkable variety of edible fishes of the better grades, such as black bass, sturgeon, trout, perch, bream, suckers, pickerel, catfish and turtles, as well as rockfish, all of which are mentioned by your correspondent "Viator" as inhabiting the Wewahitchka or Chipola Lake. Included in the collection are several varieties which are habitués or frequenters of salt water, but they all thrive well in spite of their restriction, and in a brief space of time become strictly landlocked varieties.

In like manner, and by like process of nature and adaptation, we are presented with the landlocked salmon, smelt, shad, herring, etc. And thus we leave the landlocked rockfish, equal to its marine brother in edible and game qualities though differing by force of circumstances greatly in its breeding habits. Structurally the two are identical. Besides these we have the *chrysops* and the *interruptus*, which are modifications of the *lineatus* though classified as different species, the anatomical characteristics being sufficient to so determine them. But these specific differences we may suppose have been accomplished in course of time by specific causes directly referable to their differences of habit, character and quality of food, and temperature of water.

The enumeration of fishes inhabiting both salt and fresh water is already large, and it may prove eventually that a great number of the marine species have their representatives or co-ordinates in inland waters. Of these the salmon and the striped bass are at present the most important. CHARLES HALLOCK.

CUSK.—Manchester, N. H.—I have been much interested in the discussions in the FOREST AND STREAM regarding the fresh-water fish called cusk. I have talked with a number who profess to have caught them, and they seem to differ greatly in the description of the fish, also as to the edible qualities of what they called cusk. While some extol them highly for the frying pan, others say "No cusk in mine, please." Last January a friend sent me a half dozen fish he said were cusk, caught on set lines through the ice in the night, hooks baited with shiners. The fish would weigh 1½lbs. each. Head something like a horn pout, body tapering, tail round, more like an eel than most fishes. Tasted something like horn pout, but quite inferior. These fish were taken in a very deep water pond a short distance from Lake Winnipasaukee, in this State, on 60ft. of line set for lake trout. It seems from the different ideas about them that there must be several different species of them.—I. I. A.

Fishculture.

FISH COMMISSIONER GOODE.

THE newly appointed United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries is so well known as a fishery expert that his succession to the place made vacant by the death of Prof. Baird is heartily approved.

G. Brown Goode was born in New Albany, Ind., in 1851. He is a graduate of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. His scientific bent was manifested at an early age, and while a student at Middletown he took so much interest in the development of a museum of natural history that the college authorities recognized his work and employed him, after graduation, to pursue certain ichthyological investigations.

In 1871, when the United States Fish Commission was established, Prof. Goode was appointed an assistant of Prof. Baird, and he has been connected with the Commission, doing most efficient work in it, ever since. In 1875 he was employed in connection with the Government Fishery Board for the Centennial Exhibition; in 1877 as statistical expert in behalf of the State Department at Halifax; in 1878 in behalf of the National Museum at Gloucester he was one of the party at the coast stations taking part in the marine explorations. From 1879 to the beginning of 1881 he was in the employ of the Superintendent of the Tenth Census in charge of the division of fishery statistics. Since 1875 the Commissioner of Fisheries has from time to time intrusted him with the conduct of special investigations, the results of which have been published in the official reports. In 1880, at the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin, and in 1883, upon a similar occasion at London, he was appointed by the President to represent, in the capacity of United States Commissioner, the fishery interests of the Nation, including the work of the United States Fish Commission and the fish commissions of the several States.

At the London Exhibition Prof. Huxley, in the course of an address, paid a tribute to Prof. Goode and the United States Commission, in these words: "The great moral of the United States contribution to this exhibition, and especially of the contribution which Mr. Brown Goode has just made to the conferences, was that if this country or any society which could be formed of sufficient extent to take up the question, was going to deal seriously with the sea fisheries and not let them take care of themselves, as they had done for the last thousand years or so, they had a very considerable job before them, for he did not think, speaking with



G. BROWN GOODE.

all respect to the efforts made by Sweden, Germany, Holland, and so forth, that any nation at the present time had comprehended the question of dealing with fish in so thorough, excellent and scientific a spirit as that of the United States."

Prof. Goode is an indefatigable worker, as the printed monuments of his labors give ample proof. He is the author of an extensive "History of the Menhaden," the text of "The Game Fishes of the United States," which accompanied Kilbourne's plates; "The Fishery Industries of the United States," "Materials for a History of the Swordfish," and numerous monographs, papers and reports of special studies and investigations. At the time of his appointment Prof. Goode held, and will still hold, the position of Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the same position held by Prof. Baird when he was appointed Commissioner.

The portrait here given is from a photograph.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

WE have the Fifteenth Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York, transmitted to the Legislature Feb. 28, 1887, and covering the work of the season of 1885-6. This Commission has always been behind in its reports and there seems to be no effort to bring them up to date. The last Legislature adjourned many months before this report saw the light and only had the Fourteenth Report to refer to when the question of appropriations came up. The Commissioners, in short, apologize for this state of things by saying that the Fourteenth Report of the Board, under date of May 10, 1886, for the two years ended Dec. 31, 1885, was not published until October, owing to delay in the printer's hands. No doubt that is where the delay occurred in the present case, but it would seem that it should be the duty of some person to see that the report was timely.

This department of the work of the Commission has been prosecuted to the extent of the facilities of obtaining spawn. These, for the reason mentioned in our last and in nearly all our preceding reports, are very much restricted. The blockade of the fishing grounds by the netters in the lower part of the Hudson River is a barrier to the passage of the shad to their natural spawning grounds above, which are at and above the junction of tide with fresh water. Few shad comparatively, for the reason stated, now reach the spawning grounds, and countless millions of spawn which might, for a trifling expenditure, be turned into valuable fish, are now altogether lost. To remedy this waste it has been proposed to require by statutory enactment all nets to be taken and kept up from Saturday night till Monday morning, which would give the fish free passage up the stream for thirty-six hours in each week, and would, it is believed, increase the spawn supply many fold. Not only is such a measure called for in the interest of artificial production, but it is due in fairness to netters up the stream who, by the virtual monopoly of the fishing at the mouth, are cut off from their proper share. A bill to meet this case was introduced in the Senate at the last session by Senator Pitts, and passed that body, but it failed of final action in the House, not so much, it is believed, from any doubt of its merit, as from the lack of the friendly nursing which is so often the cause of the failure of salutary measures of legislation.

The following statistics of the catch of shad in the season of 1886 we received through the courtesy of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, he having obtained the same and paid the expenses incurred, the work being done under the direction of Commissioner Blackford:

Total catch on the upper Hudson, fish that were not sent to New York markets	356,976
Total catch on the lower Hudson, fish that were not sent to New York markets	89,050
Total number of shad received on the west side of New York city from the Hudson River	282,169
Total number of shad received on the east side of New York city from the Hudson River	572,754
	1,300,949

The following table gives a comparative statement of the shad catch and the shad hatch in the two seasons of 1885 and 1886:

Catch, 1885.	
In the Upper Hudson	276,273
In the Lower Hudson	102,750
Received and sold in New York markets	796,312
	1,174,835
Catch, 1886.	
Upper Hudson	356,976
Lower Hudson and not sent to New York markets	89,050
Received on west side from the Hudson River	282,169
Received on east side	572,754
	1,300,949
Hatch, 1885.	
Spawn taken	1,575,000
Fry deposited	1,467,000
Hatch, 1886.	
Spawn taken	2,510,000
Fry deposited	2,279,000

The catch in the season of 1886 was one of the best that has been made since artificial hatching was established. The proportion of large fish was marked, and the supply was so abundant that prices rated lower than in many previous years.

To the frequenters of the great fishing resorts on the St. Lawrence River, the Thousand Islands region, there is no attraction so great as the capture of the monarch of these waters, the *Esox nobilior*, or muscalonge, as he is commonly called. His great size, vigorous game spirit, and superior table qualities, combine to make him a rare prize. No ambitious angler is content to leave these waters till he has put at least one of these fine fishes to his score. The capture of one of large size is an event of such interest to the tourist community that flags are raised, steamboat bells rung and guns fired in commemoration; and the lucky captor when he reaches the shore with his prize is the lion of the day. And the fish is worthy the distinction given to it. To say nothing of the pleasurable excitement of the capture, the prize has a gastronomic value not excelled by any other large fish of our fresh waters. Indeed, it properly ranks in quality next to the salt-water salmon. If the worthless pickerel, *Esox lucius*, could be exterminated in the St. Lawrence waters and its place supplied by the muscalonge, it would be a boon to the public of sufficient value to compensate for all that has been expended in artificial fishculture. What now is especially needed in this work is the multiplication of useful food fish which can be furnished to consumers at moderate cost. The amateur fisherman has been well dealt with in the supply that has been put within his reach, of the finer sorts of game fish, as trout and bass. The muscalonge is what is wanted to furnish consumers as well as sportsmen with first-class fish.

Looking, among other useful means to this end, the Commissioners have authorized Mr. M. B. Hill, of Clayton, Jefferson county, who has for some years conducted hatching operations at his own expense, to make experiments in their interest, with the muscalonge. What has been done thus far is promising, and it is believed that by continuing the moderate pecuniary aid needed, completely satisfactory results will be obtained.

Mr. Hill reports to the Commissioners on this subject as follows:

"I desire, in brief, to give you my views in regard to the artificial propagation of the muscalonge; how it may be accomplished, etc. First, it is necessary to have a suitable number of breeding fish, taken in proper condition or kept until they are in such condition. I am of the opinion that they will have to be taken alive and placed in proper ponds and kept there until the eggs are ripe. The breeding fish should be kept from year to year the same as trout are kept at the hatcheries. There should be a large deep pond or ponds provided, so constructed that the water can be drawn off and the fish stripped at the proper time. The young to be retained for breeding should be kept by themselves, as the muscalonge will prey on his own family sometimes. I have one noble fish of the St. Lawrence species, which is 3ft. long, and from present appearance is filling with spawn. have also 100 of the Indian River species, each from 5in. to 7in. long. Theresa experts say they are the genuine stock. To prove this, however, time must be taken, but I do not know they are not the common pickerel. They are noble feeders and are growing nicely and seem very hardy. I have one pond situated thirty rods below the hatchery that covers one and one half acres. It has thirteen boiling springs, besides the large stream from the spring that feeds the hatchery flows through it. It has also a quarter of an acre of marshy sides, and a mud bottom where coarse wild grass grows in the water. I think this would be the exact place to grow muscalonge for breeding purposes. There is quite a range of temperature in the water, because of the surface exposed to the sun. The water at the boiling springs never freezes, although the main surface of the pond is mostly covered with ice in the winter time. I have grown pickerel, bass and pike-perch in this pond, and it is surprising what a growth they make there in two years' time. I am certain the muscalonge will do equally well in this pond, and by removing all other large fish and stocking it with chubs and shiners they would get abundance of natural food. The chubs and shiners are plenty in the neighboring waters and are easy to obtain. The pond I speak of can be drawn off readily and it has gravel and sand as well as mud bottom, so that it will not be difficult to discover what sort of bottom the fish selects for spawning beds. As regards the hatching artificially, I do not entertain a doubt it can be done if the spawn can be got in proper condition, as I believe it may be by the means I have indicated. I would like the advice of the Commissioners in regard to clearing this pond of other fish and preparing it for the muscalonge, which is so well adapted to the many lakes and rivers in the State, where, on account of the high temperature and other causes, trout will not thrive.

"M. B. HILL."

The report is illustrated with pictures of the hatcheries at Caledonia and Cold Spring Harbor, and, as a frontispiece, has alleged likenesses of the Commissioners and one of the superintendents. Perhaps it may be well that the Legislature adjourned before they saw this very unflattering picture of the good-looking men composing the State Board of Fish Commissioners.

The details of work done at the different hatcheries will be recorded in a future article.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. R., Providence.—The lines of these yachts have never been published.

W. S. W., Richmond, Va.—See our advertising columns for addresses of builders.

J. L., Brooklyn.—Robin shooting in New York State is permitted on Long Island and Staten Island only, between Nov. 1 and Jan 1.

MARTIN, Camden, N. J.—The Pearl and Nautilus have carried 100ft. in main and 35 to 50ft. in mizzen, balance lugs, with 60ft. spinaker.

E. A. M., Brooklyn.—We know of no regular Model Yacht Club near about New York or Brooklyn. A few races are sailed at times on Bowery Bay, but the sport is not followed very keenly now.

A. S. G., Philadelphia, and others.—There are patented compositions for canvas boats, but their manufacture is a secret. Use boiled linseed oil and a good dryer. Nothing will tighten canvas when once it has stretched.

H. K., Wisconsin.—1. While out shooting I dropped my gun, and not being able to clean it for some time I found the wood work had come away from the metal; how can I fix it? 2. Where is the nearest good woodcock ground? Ans. 1. Take it to a gunsmith. 2. Inquire at the local gun store.

LAKESIDE, Geneva, N.Y.—Please give me your decision on the following: In a shoot there were prizes given for best average, second best average, third best average, fourth best average and fifth best average. A and B tie on highest score and claim first and second prizes. Are they right or should the tie be shot off as in the regular shoot? Ans. A and B should take first and second.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Hornell Kennel Club Show, Hornellsville, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Superintendent.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 27. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. A. M. Grau, Secretary, 552 East Water street.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nipgen, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5296.**

BARNEY.

HOW many years since I first made Barney's acquaintance I cannot tell without consulting mouldy records. I do not even remember the exact place or manner of the introduction, but I have an indistinct idea that he was still in the company of his mother and brothers and sisters. That his mother was proud of him goes without saying, but the size of her family was such, and the consequent drain upon her resources so great, that she readily consented to the separation. That she was resigned to it and never repented I have always believed, for to the contrary I have never received an intimation; nor was there any ground for repentance. Happy the mother whose high-spirited son, in the battle of life, achieves such reputation as Barney gained.

I am not good at drawing portraits, and fear I shall fail in drawing that of the hero of this sketch. Tall for his age and in his adolescence lanky, there was from the beginning promise of that great strength and utter impossibility of weariness, which were among his distinctions through life. Large hazel eyes, well set in a more than usually expansive forehead, looked at you from under dark chestnut hair with that calm confidence, inseparable from the high courage that knows no fear. The resolute expression of his face was only heightened when his open mouth displayed its admirable garniture of strong white teeth. Of his manner in early life I cannot speak too high. With a naturally affectionate disposition he had the reserve which good descent and breeding confer, and was never prodigal of his favors. To those to whom he gave his esteem and confidence he had nothing to refuse. To those to whom in after life he gave his protection he was staunchness itself; and if before he passed from sight stories were told of fierce outbreaks of violence on his part I have never fully believed them. I have always felt that each story had two sides and waited to hear from that of Barney; but whether it was pride or whatever other reason prevented, he never stooped to say a word in his own defense. I only know that when, owing to the repeated assaults upon his character brought to me by the person with whom he resided, I had consented to a change of domicile, that same person—after a copious dinner, duly lubricated and incensed—admitted that he had received $400 for consenting to the change, and that the new guardian of the alleged terror of Milford reported that Barney was the best tempered dog in Binghamton. I do not presume to say that Binghamton dogs are especially peculiar in temper, but if the Milford man's tales were true, then Barney must have been converted when he changed his domicile. Perhaps with his extraordinary intelligence he recognized the fact that there was an asylum there in which the mad were confined, and having no taste for close quarters, changed.

Of course I mentioned it before, but if I did not, say now that Barney was the best red Irish setter that I ever possessed. Barney may get closer to my heart, for no one can help loving Barney, nor respecting him, but there was something about Barney that commanded admiration, and insured deference.

Recognizing that the city with its dissipations and dangers was no place to bring him up in the way he should go, I confided his education to a friend in Pike county. I had no intention of parting with him, however, and watched his progress with affectionate interest. It was soon noticed that he was more than ordinarily intelligent; that few things escaped his notice. His instructor informed me that one sleety night, when the fence-rails were coated, he took off his new gloves to save them from being wet on his seeking support; that on reaching home with but one, he showed that one to Barney and that he immediately went out and brought home the other. Of course Barney saw at once that a single glove was of little use, and with his early appreciation of the benefits of coupling, took the necessary steps to perfect the pair. In addition to this, Barney had a very clear idea of property and the duty of preserving it, for one dubious evening, when his instructor was returning from a county fair, full—of thought, several times the dog interrupted his revery by pressing against his leg. Undiscouraged by rebuffs he continued unsuccessfully his attempts to attract his master's attention to his neglect, and it was only when the pair reached home that it was discovered that the presence of a well-filled wallet in his mouth had prevented the utterance of an oral rebuke to human carelessness.

To the young and supposedly weak he grew to be a friend and protector. To the children that rolled on the floor with him in puppyhood, in his more rapid maturity he was a most vigilant guardian, and even their father found household discipline checked by his interposition, a paw on each shoulder and the exhibition of his strong white teeth being Barney's mode of remonstrance against corporeal punishment of his comrades.

In the field his sense of title to property was not as clear as at home. Not that he ever allowed any one to take anything belonging to his master, but knowing that animals and birds *feræ naturæ* belonged to him that reduced them within his dominion, he invariably retrieved and brought to his master any that were shot within his hearing. In fact, he failed to recognize the first step in the reduction as having any influence upon the title. That this occasionally led to disputes, may be imagined, but the result was always as above stated. A dog that would hunt all day on the rocky ridges of Pike county, and on the road home at night jump into a rapidly moving wagon over the back seat and then, at a word, over the dashboard and fore wheel, as Barney would do at command, had wonderful powers of persuasion.

Nor was he at all deficient in the qualities that give value to his race; but for want of space one instance of his nicety of discrimination must suffice. It was after a hard day's work on the ridges, and also after an excellent dinner, that our party was smoking in the barroom of the Sportsmen's Retreat, when the boy brought in a plate of apples and put it on the bar. No one wishing to eat them, Barney's instructor rested his finger on the topmost one and then caused my companion to mark that one with the point of a knife. A gentleman from New York city was then delegated to take the plate of apples and leave it anywhere at any distance. Having done this he returned and said that he had left it on a house porch some twenty rods distant.

During all this Barney had been tied up in the stable, and only after my New York friend returned from his errand was he untied and brought into the barroom. Jumping upon the settee beside his instructor, he received a whispered command, and immediately going to the door pawed down the latch and darted out into the night. In ten minutes he returned bringing the marked apple in his mouth, and a messenger sent for the plate reported that he found it with the other apples undisturbed. I have no doubt that you have numbers among your readers who have heard of this feat, and some, perhaps, who have witnessed it. There are many in "Pike" who have and have bet on its performance.

But Barney is gone from the pleasant places that once knew him; gone, too, are many of those who made them pleasant to Barney's owner; and I know that none of them would take offense at my thus coupling, in this brief allusion, their memories with that of Barney. H. B.

NEW YORK, July 30.

BEAGLES FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having seen so much of late in FOREST AND STREAM concerning beagles I thought I would contribute my mite. I shall not speak of beagles as show dogs as I have never shown a beagle, but have been fairly successful in showing some other breed considering the number of times I have exhibited. At present I have eleven of the little hounds, and I dare say some are fit to compete in any company, but I am a hunter and love the beagle, providing he is a hunter. I readily see the advantage a breeder would have in making sales, providing his kennel (not his pack) contained two or more crack show dogs, no matter whether they had any inclination to hunt or not, but when a sportsman visited you for the express purpose of seeing your pack in the woods, there is where the hunters come in play, and where every good nose, good voice, and good looker counts. I believe hunters can be bred and those that will stay all day, and all night, too, if required, that will not exceed 15in. in height, more than that I know they can. My pack of eleven measure between 12½ and 15in., only one in the pack being 15in. tall. I have known one (a Ringwood bitch) this summer in our warmest weather, and only two weeks before whelping her litter, to start out alone and run a rabbit thirty-six hours in succession. I then went after her and caught and carried her home in my arms, and she is a 12½in. dog. I know beagles can be kept small (under 15in.) and still be the best of hunters providing breeders pay more attention to breeding from hunters no matter if they (the best hunters) do have a half dozen more ticks or small spots than our judges like to see on the bench. For me I want dogs not to exceed 15in., and I want workers or none, and I know they can be bred and I shall breed this kind. Other breeders have their ideas and I shall endeavor to be liberal and give them the privilege of breeding theirs as they choose, and whenever or wherever I see a pack of beagles that are good hunters I shall praise them and their owners and breeders. But show me a beagle that is only fit for the bench and not a hunter, providing he has had the chance to make one, and I would not accept him as a gift and be under obligations to keep him. ZIM.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

FOLLOWING is a complete list of the members of the American Kennel Club:

American Field Trial Club.
American Fox-Terrier Club.
Cincinnati Sportsman's Club.
Cleveland Bench Show Association.
Hartford Kennel Club.
Hornell Kennel Club.
Michigan Kennel Club.
National Poultry Association.
New England Kennel Club.
New Haven Kennel Club.
New Jersey Kennel Club.
Pacific Kennel Club.
Philadelphia Kennel Club.
Rhode Island Kennel Club.
St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club.
Westminster Kennel Club.
Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society.
Wisconsin Kennel Club.

HE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL.—Kootenai Lakes, N. W. T., —I think it was in Long's "American Wild Fowl Shooting" that I saw it written that a dog might be a good one though of no particular breed. This I can fully indorse as I own one who is rather a nondescript but yet is hard to beat. He is a first-class retriever and will hunt anything from a muskrat to a grizzly. Many a lynx and fisher has he treed. Many a mountain sheep and goat has he held at bay on the tall cliffs of our grand old mountains. Last winter at Kootenai Lakes, North West Territory, Canada, when the snow was about six inches deep, a hunting companion of mine left here to visit a village (Pincher Creek), distant about thirty miles. He was on horseback and started about 8 A. M. over a wild country, no road nor trail and full of horse and cattle tracks. Fearing Dash might follow I tied him up, and he remained so till 4 P. M. An hour afterward I missed him, and it was not till the return of my companion in four more days that I saw him again. My companion said that he had arrived at Pincher Creek late, and went to bed at 11 P. M. Shortly afterward he was awakened by a scratching at the door, and opening it in came the old dog. It had been drifting and snowing nearly all day, and the dog had never been to Pincher Creek in his life. I need hardly say he is not for sale.—KOOTENAI.

FOX-TERRIER SHOW.—New York, Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through an error, the old rules and regulations of the American Kennel Club were published in the premium list of the Americam Fox-Terrier Club for their show to be held at Newport on Sept. 7 and 8. In accordance with the new regulations of the American Kennel Club, the show will be held under their new rules, a copy of which will be found in the back of our catalogue.—FRED HOEY, Sec. and Treas.

A CHASE FOR ANTELOPE.

BROOKVILLE, Kan.—Looking over my old letters I came across one that read as follows: "Friend ——, how would it suit you to have three or four of the boys and myself come up next Thursday and have a hunt after antelope? I have a new dog that I wish to try, as I think he is very fast." Of course I told them to come at once and as often as they liked, for I am always ready for such sport. Thursday brought the boys, and with them a couple of fine looking greyhounds.

Friday morning before daylight we were in the saddle and ready for the fray, and as soon as it was light enough to see the road we started, and by the time the sun rose we were on the range. It was exciting to see nine horsemen and about twenty-five as fine looking greyhounds as one could wish to see; and all on the alert for game. I knew where a herd of antelope ranged, and knew that we could not be far from them. Some of the boys were discussing how it was best to cook the meat, so sure were they of catching the game, and one wanted to know if we could not catch the whole herd. I confess that I could taste the fine juicy steaks (in my mind), and thought of the bushels of fun in store for us. Two of us rode ahead to the top of a divide, and looking ahead about half a mile espied our game quietly feeding from us. Going back to where the rest of the party were we planned our chase. We were to divide into three parties, three to take half of the dogs and go to the right of the antelope, three to take the rest of the dogs and go to the left, and the remaining three to stay where they were until we gave them a signal to start, and then they were to move up on the herd and try to run them in between the other two parties with the greyhounds, and we were sure to catch five or six at least. Alas, there is many a slip. How easy it is to make a fortune in wheat or stock raising, and catch game by the wagon load on paper, but when we try it it does not always pan out quite so fine; and this hunt was no exception to the general rule, as you will see.

The party that went to the right had just got to the point agreed upon when up jumped a big jack rabbit and started off in the opposite direction, and the greyhounds in full chase after it. After a hard chase they caught it. Tying the jack on the saddle, the party started for water with the dogs, but before reaching the pond another jack skipped away in front of them and away went the hounds again. But this time the result was worse than before, for the rabbit ran over a slight rise and right on to an old buck antelope; and the dogs, preferring him to the jack, gave chase after him, but he had such a start that they could not make him turn, and he got into the hills and escaped. The dogs had run hard to overtake him, and had no water; so it was useless to try to run them until they had water and rest.

Now for the other flanking party, of which your humble servant counted for one. After getting in position, we waited and waited for the other party to put in an appearance; but after waiting for more than half an hour we got impatient, and, thinking that something not on the programme had happened, concluded to signal the rear party up and give the dogs a race. I raised my hat and waved it slowly over my head, the signal agreed upon for an advance; but it did not seem to be noticed by them. I pulled out my handkerchief and waved that; but this did not attract their attention. I tried to play circus and stand up in the saddle. Alas! he was one of those never-to-be-broken Texas mustangs, and no sooner did I stand erect in the saddle and wave the signal than he gave a spring that brought me down behind the saddle. I closed my legs under his flanks and tried to get hold of the reins and back into the saddle. Talk of bucking mules! I would like to see a mule that could jump as high or come down as stiff as this brute. I seemed to go twenty feet in the air at every bound, and when he came down I thought his aerial flight had turned him into ice, but the instant he touched the ground the illusion was dispelled; up he would go again, and it seemed to me that each leap was higher than the preceding one, and each time he touched the ground he came down harder. The last time he struck I thought I was on a Baldwin locomotive and had run over a precipice and struck on a solid rock. This was too much for my equilibrium, so I rolled off and under him, and received both heels in the short ribs. I thought my whole side was knocked in; but when I looked up and saw the pony going straight for the herd of antelope, I braced up and told the boys to let me go and keep the pony away from the herd, or he would scare them off and we would not get a run at them with the dogs. But it was no go, for he ran right straight toward them; and away they dashed and the pony kept on to town. So that was the end of party No. 2.

Now for the remaining party, the ones we left behind to start the game up. They had become tired of waiting so long, and seeing a couple of antelope there, under the inspiration of the moment thought they could catch them. They had no greyhounds with them, nothing in the shape of a dog but a little setter pup, but away they went, helter skelter, pell mell. One of them was thrown from his horse the first mile of the chase, and the other two got separated, and when we came to look for the missing, two could not be found.

The worst part of it was one of the missing ones was in charge of our commissary department with a haversack full of ham sandwiches. If we had had the grub we should not have worried so much about the man, but after our hard ride we felt light-waisted. We deployed skirmishers to look for the lost. I started out to look for the ham sandwiches. After hunting around about an hour I heard a dog barking; and riding down into a valley I saw the commissary's horse, but could not see anything of him. I saw the setter pup. He stuck to the grub, our commissary lying on the ground dead I at first thought, but on examination I found that he was sleeping as sweetly as if in a bed of swan's down instead of a hard rough spot on the prairie. The pup had interviewed the haversack (without as much as by your permission) and I found the sandwiches scattered around the ground minus the ham, and the butter had been licked off as clean as could be; he did not eat the bread, he was too high-toned for that. We started for home with only a few jack rabbits, but no antelope nor wolves.

ST. PAUL DOG SHOW.—St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our coming bench show promises to be a great success, and judging from the interest taken therein by breeders and exhibitors from all over the country, bids fair to turn out one of the largest shows ever held in the Northwest. Entries are coming in very lively, and the demands for additional entry blanks are very large. We have added a class for greyhound puppies and for wire-haired fox-terriers, and have also received from 10 to 15 fine specials in addition to those already published, among which we mention a fine medal donated by Mr. Grau, secretary of the Wisconsin Kennel Club, for the best pointer dog or bitch in the show. The show being held during the State fair, the attendance no doubt will be a good one, and chances for selling stock will be splendid for those coming here. Our hall is the largest in the city, well ventilated and on the ground floor, and we also have a fine lawn exercising ground situated near the hall. Exhibitors wishing to visit the Milwaukee show from here, can leave their dogs in our hall until the Monday following the close of our show, and thus be relieved of a good deal of trouble and expense, which might occur otherwise.—CHAS. WEIL, Supt.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—Babylon, L. I., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Westminster Kennel Club will hold its twelfth annual dog show at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1888.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

NEWCASTLE DOG SHOW.

ON the 12th of July one of the largest and most important dog shows that has ever been in the north was opened at Newcastle. It will be remembered that Newcastle was the scene of the first dog show ever held, and that Mr. J. Shorthose was one of the promoters, as he was of the one under notice. On the present occasion a special building was erected by the committee in the Haymarket, with wooden sides and a canvas roof. The benching and feeding was carried out by Spratts Patent in their usual style, under the dual supervision of Messrs. C. Cruft and J. Wright. It being the Royal Agricultural show week "the gate," we understand, was very good. The judging was got through in good time, and the secretary, manager and committee all worked hard.

The following is a list of the judges in the various departments: Bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, Mr. J. F. Smith; deerhounds, greyhounds, beagles, Bedlington terriers, any variety selling class, Mr. James Hedley; sheepdogs, Mr. H. P. Gordon; pointers, Mr. R. B. Summerson; setters, retrievers, any variety, Mr. T. B. Bowers; spaniels, any variety selling class, Mr. F. E. Schofield; dachshunde, bulldogs, bull-terriers, Airedale terriers, black and tan terriers, pugs, Prince Charles or Blenheim spaniels, toy terriers, Yorkshire terriers, Mr. George Raper; fox-terriers (rough and smooth), Mr. G. J. Monson; Irish terriers, Mr. C. A. R. Hoare; Scotch terriers: Dandie Dinmonts, Skye terriers, Mr. D. J. Thomson Gray; Welsh terriers, Mr. F. H. Colmore.

In challenge mastiffs, Albert Victor had a walk-over. Napoleon, in nice form, won well in the next class; he is very good in formation of head, with capital limbs, and one of the best movers we have seen. Sultan shows plenty of quality, and is characteristic, but a trifle weak below the eye. Rudolph errs in the ears, but is otherwise good. Duke of Edinburgh was dead out of form. Queen of Scots was again successful in bitches; she owns a grand head, but her ears are against her, being too big; in body and hind-quarters she is good. Zillah III. might have won; she is very characteristic, with good body and bone. Gerda is typical, but far too small. Lady Hulliana, unnoticed, should have been well up, and her great qualities are many. Macgregor had a walk-over in the St. Bernard challenge class. In the open class there was some mistake on the exhibitor's part in taking Lord Carlisle out of the ring, or he would undoubtedly have been in the money; he certainly does carry his stern too gaily, but his typical head and good proportions always entitle him to recognition. Home Ruler, a good-sized dog, with capital legs and feet and a nicely moulded head, won; he is perhaps a little full in eye and deficient in shadings. Montharn is thin in face, but correct on his legs, and we should think that when in coat it is good. Sir George, third prize, is on the small side; he is a well-made dog, with capital head and small ears, fairly nice in markings, and a good coat. Bitches, with the exception of the winner, were only poor. The winner is distinctly a good one, resembling her sire Bayard very much in expression. Hesba is not quite nice in face, but otherwise good, especially so in size, legs, and feet. Sybil May has a fair head, and is well marked; but she might have been in better trim. In puppies, Edgar was found to be a few days over age, so was disqualified; he is a big all-round puppy, and would have won easily; his ears are perhaps a little big, but his coat and markings are excellent. Jumbo IX. is long in face, but has straight legs and a fair coat. Selby is a big puppy, and is well off for bone, but his head is hardly the thing, and his ears are large. Champion Courtier is well known; he had a walk-over. Blackwatch has a good coat, but is wrong in shape of head. Alliance, despite his light eye, won easily; his grand coat and size will always make him a dangerous opponent. Bismark is a trifle weak in muzzle, and small all over; but his coat is good, and also his character and expression. Princess Nell possesses a capital coat, and is well off for bone; her head, however, hardly pleases us, and therefore we should have gone for the giantess Meg o' Meldon II., although her ears are too big.

Great Danes did not come up to what we have seen lately. Madge was certainly the best all round.

Harkaway, the winning bloodhound, is now well known, and so is Hector II., who took second. The former no doubt is the leaner in head, but the latter shows quite as much character, and in bone and substance behind the saddle he is certainly the most workmanlike dog. Alchymist, also a liver and tan, is very typical in head, but he falls away in body; and King Lear is not quite right in front. Bitches were not a very taking collection. Beeswing, the winner, is rather plain in skull, otherwise she is passable. The second prize was rightly withheld.

In the challenge class for deerhounds, Robin Gray was all alone, and in the open class his kennel companion, Ben Bolt, who is a somewhat coarser dog, won, and rightly, for Donavourd Ossian is coarser in skull, and not so well matured in body as the winner. Newton Graham, vhc., is full of character, but he is not so good in hindquarters as is desirable. The bitches were not a very commendable lot. The winning bitch, Brora, was certainly the best of an otherwise moderate lot. Loch, the winner of the second prize, is both small and generally wanting in substance.

Lemon Squash and Jester competed for the challenge prize in greyhounds, the latter winning easily, for he is much the truer-built hound, and his qualifications as a sire are well known. His kennel mate, London, a well known performer in the field, is no doubt a very grandly built dog; his neck is just a trifle short, and behind the saddle it is hard to find any fault with him, for he has plenty of heart room, a strong, muscular loin, and deep and strong hind-quarters. The second dog, Poppinstone, is a very showy brindle, built on correct lines, but he gave us the idea of lacking in stamina, from the fact that he is neither quite deep nor capacious enough in chest and body. Kurrant Koin has grown a bit loaded in shoulders, otherwise he is a sterling representative, and his condition was excellent. Dunmail, vhc., has marvellously fine hind-quarters, but his front, which is wide, sadly handicaps him. Paris Plaster, h.c., a brindle of commendable merit, is rather let down by having long and thin feet, and he is just a bit too long in loin. Age served Bit of Fashion, consequently the decision of Mr. Hadley was right when he placed her before our old favorite Mabel II., who moved in a very gingerly fashion, and, further, she was not in her usual high condition. Kate Cornelia, vhc., a very fair white bitch, is too upright in shoulders, but in depth of rib and powerful loin and quarters we have little fault to find with her. Chambermaid, shown in splendid condition, was awarded third money; she is a very useful bitch, but her faults are in her hind-quarters, where she is rather light, and she droops too much from loin to set-on of stern. Our Boys had a very easy win in saplings; he is at present rather leggy, and too big for our fancy for the field, otherwise, judging him from a show point of view, he will when matured be a hard nut to crack. Sea Breach II., although admirably shown, did not impress us favorably, for he stands on too little ground, and gave us the impression that he will grow into a cloddy, cumbersome dog; Gresswell Lad, on the other hand, is raw, and requires further time to develop his latent qualities.

Aldin Belle, exhibited in faultless condition, won the challenge prize in pointers. She is an all-around good bitch, but she might with advantage be firmer in feet; and so also should Duchess of Huntroyd, who held the reserve. In open dogs, Cornish Don rightly won, notwithstanding that he was in lower condition than when we reviewed him at Barn Elms. Aldin Roy II. was properly selected for second honors, he being superior in shoulders and hindquarters to any of his opponents; he is just a bit short in face, and not quite so true in mould as the winner Aldin Ben, a very useful and workmanlike white and lemon dog, was selected for third honors. He is no doubt a little strong in skull, and not so clean in shoulders as his kennel companion, but otherwise a true and powerfully-built dog; and much after the same type is Aldin Rap, vhc. Fluke, vhc., is a rare old sort, he being full of character; but age handicaps him. In bitches, Cornish Belle, noticed in our Barn Elms report, and at which show she was purchased by her present owner, won well from Festal, who owns a very typical head, and although very fair in body, she has not the quality and substance possessed by the winner. Another very good bitch we much fancied is Arizona, but we must say she was not exhibited in the best condition, a remark equally applicable to her kennel companion Thirsk Nell; nevertheless, the latter shows considerable quality, and it was a mistake to pass her over without notice. Of the quartet that competed in the light-weight class there was nothing better than Wolsingham Bob, once a good dog, but now deteriorated; but the head of Aldin Sam, who was second, won't do, hence Mr. Summerson's decision was perfectly correct, and he made no mistake in placing Isabel at the head of the small-weighted bitch class. She is well known; her most prominent defect is her too upright shoulders, still, in substance and legs and feet she was fairly in front of the smart-looking Fling. Auckland Bella, a liver and white ticked bitch, not now in high condition, no doubt possesses considerable merit; her ears, set on a little high, somewhat detract from her character. In the puppy class pointers and setters competed together, and the best brace, without doubt, were selected for the money. The contest was a close affair between the setter Lady Rockingham and the pointer Aldin Rake, a rare made one, but too heavy in head, and we suppose on this account the setter was placed in front.

In setters, Queen Elsie secured the challenge prize, her kennel companion, Count Bouard, being the only competitor, Mr. Wilson's brace of Irish setters, Nellie and Mountaineer, being absent. In open dogs, Monk of Furness, exhibited in grand form, was selected for premier honors, bearing out what was said of him at Barn Elms, where he was one of the very first ordered out of the ring. King Mac, not so good in head properties, came next, but had Major Domo been in form we think the awards would have been reversed. The latter is a grand-headed dog, and he only requires time, and then we feel asssured he will grow into a most useful animal. Prince Fred was shown in too obese condition, and Young Dash III. is broad in skull. A good made one is Young Royal, and shown in nice feather and coat, but his ears are placed by far too high on the skull. The winning bitch, Madam Rachel, could not have been benched in finer form, and here she won rightly from the typical but rather small Queen Kate; here, again, Mr. Bowers so far bearing out the remarks we have previously made respecting this bitch. Jess of Wetheral shows considerable quality, but she would be improved had she more substance. Bridesmaid's head is not improved by her ears being placed so high, and Pandora at present is entirely out of coat. Lune Belle, a good stamp of bitch, perhaps a trifle masculine in head, was looking thin in coat, and light, and under such circumstances could not well have been higher. Ruby Junior, whom we have frequently noticed, won in the Irish class; he is beginning to show age, and consequently had little in hand from that grand moulded bitch, Irish Kate, who is slightly handicapped in head. Kitty IV., a useful bullt bitch, is certainly short of quality and character, and Pat VII. was not in form. The black and tan setters were a very nice group, Bellmont repeating her Belle Vue performance; and undoubtedly the next best was Heather Don, who only succeeded in taking the reserved number. Both Bang IV. and Heather Blossom, who were placed second and third in the order written, are too well known to need criticism here.

The challenge class for retrievers received a compliment of four entries, but the brunt of the battle rested between the curly-coated Jessica and the smooth Miner II., the latter being awarded the prize. In the open class, Antley Sultan, a rare useful-looking dog, with nice sort of coat, won comfortably from Black Prince II., a rather plain-headed dog, and not so even and close in coat as the dog placed above him. The wavy division was headed by Benvolio, just a trifle plain in head, but this was more than counterbalanced by his great bone, well-knit body, and splendid coat. Moral, placed next, has not perfect ears, and she is certainly on the small side, otherwise more typical than Magnet, who is too settery in appearance and type. Solus, looking well, sustained his reputation here, for he won in a small but meritorious lot of spaniels, including the clumbers Fairy II. and Damper, the former a very grand bitch. Open dogs: Glencairn, the winner, was noticed by us at Barn Elms. A very good lengthy dog is Darkie, placed second; his coat is correct in texture; he might, however, with advantage be lower on the leg. Sterling, vhc., is too strong in skull, and Newton Abbot Victor, the recipient of third money, has oftentimes been described by us. Furse, a typical specimen, was not in good form. In the bitch division the first and second prize winners are too well known to require any criticism here. Alva Nett, third, a lengthy good-coated bitch, is just fair in head, but rather bronzy in color. Clumbers were quite a fair class, no doubt owing to the Duke of Portland sending his grand team here; the winners were all long, lengthy, good-coated and powerful dogs, the prevailing faults being in their muzzles, where they are all inclined to be rather snipy and lacking in substance. Sussex and livers made a good show, but we hardly followed the judge in this class. Certainly Don Giovanni, well known, and Millie, a really good-headed and very lengthy and low liver bitch, were too harshly treated. The winning brace are Sussex, fairly true in color, but deficient in head properties, and the winner has by far too much topknot. There was nothing very special in dachshunde. Zampa, a low, good-boned and lengthy-bodied one, had a comparatively easy win, second going to Mona II., who, although rather small, was true in type, and showed more character than Lucy, who is rather defective in shull and bad in color of eyes. Beagles were only a very small collection, but we considered the prizes were rightly distributed. Forrester, who won, has much the best legs and feet, and he beat Bridesmaid also in hindquarters and style.

Fox-terriers were fairly numerous, but the quality was by no means of a high order. The challenge class for smooth-coated dogs was won by Lucifer, and the wire-haired one by Jack's Yarn; but in the latter section Tack might, without any injustice being done, have received prior recognition, for he beats Jack's Yarn in every particular, being without much doubt one of the best wire-haired terriers ever exhibited. In open dogs the American kennel secured the two leading positions, the order being Valet first and Bacchanal second. The former is entirely out of coat, and his stern we do not admire; consequently, notwithstanding the defective mouth of the last named dog, we should have placed him first, as we hold the opinion he is the truer stamp terrier. Dandy Duke we have often written of lately; he was third here, but did better in the puppy class, where he should have won outright. There was nothing new in bitches, Prickle winning; she is a rare bodied one, but plain in head. Blemton Tiara is quite a useful sort, but Rogue is not up to Mr. Clarke's usual form. In the wire-haired division Tees Tack had quite an easy win; but we question whether Take Care, in his unmatured condition, should have held so high a berth here. Without doubt Darkie Broom, who is more developed and in much better coat, should not have been beaten by him. The competitors in the bitch class have so recently been criticised by us that a repetition here would be superfluous. In the puppy and novice classes there were very few new faces; certainly none deserving of special notice.

In bulldogs, Royal Rogue, who does not get into very good condition of coat, won here, and rightly so; his face, skull and general build fully compensated for his several failings, and he also took the special over Mr. Pearce's bitch, Vixen II., who won in her class, not that she was in brilliant form, but being vastly superior in head properties, and equally as well formed in body, justified her being in the position she occupied. Harking back to the dog class, Tempest, an improved dog, was given second prize, he being much better in body than the fair-headed Young Baron. The winner of second prize in bitches is a rare-bodied one, but she is a trifle long in face, and she certainly beats Titania altogether in character and formation of body.

Metchley Surprise, in grand form, beat Monteith in challenge sheepdogs. Herdsman, the winning smooth dog, did not impress us very favorably; he certainly has a good-shaped head, with straight legs and good feet, but he might be fitly described as "common." Herd Laddie has good head and ears, and is typical. Cowboy and Hawthorn struck us as being as good as anything in the class. In bitches, a sad mistake was made in leaving Semiramis and Winsome out without a card; in fact, had the latter won, with Semiramis second, no one could have found fault. Young Trim, like the winning dogs, is common-looking and lacks character, although her head and ears are in good shape. Wearside Gem has much over-sized ears; Trim also errs in that respect. In rough dogs, the well-known Brighton simply walked home. Flockmaster was third, with his son second; the latter resembles his sire very much, and we are inclined to think beats him in head; his ears are, however, a shade larger than his sire's; he owns a capital coat, and stands on the best of legs and feet, while his general outline is good. Princess Shiela is a very typical bitch, with good coat, head and brush. Metchley Sable has a good coat, but is thick in head and bad in front. Syringa owns a fair head, and is good in coat, legs and feet. Tynemouth Queen is a fair bitch, but surely Goldie II., out of coat, should have been in the money. In the novice class, Brighton and Metchley Sable were first and second, with Blue Flunkey third—thick in skull but fair in shape and coat.

Bull-terriers were a small lot, the winner Neville being well known, but we preferred Murderer II. In Airedales, Young Tanner won easily in the challenge class. Wharfedale Rush and Bradford Rover, both well known, had little difficulty in the next class. Newbold Olive is a symmetrical animal, good in bone, with grand head and ears; she won rightly enough. It was a near thing between Twilight and Lucy for second place. Twilight, being in pup, was no doubt handicapped. Black and tan terriers were only a small lot. Halifax General, in grand form, won. Heaton Jack is a nice youngster, but hardly matured yet. Meersbrook Maiden will with time be a red-hot one; she won easily. Loris, the winning pug, is a very level-made dog throughout, and was bigger in skull than the second, a beautifully shaped animal, being handicapped by the loss of an eye. The bitches were only fair, Queen Rose certainly being the pick of the basket, No. 2 being on the large side. Earl of Chester shows age, but was decidedly the best of the lot in toy spaniels. Lustrum Beauty, a very typical and pretty little dog, came next, and a fair Blenheim reserve. Challenge classes were provided for toys and Yorkshire terriers, Little Wonder walking over in both classes. Daisy II. is better in color than Ted, and also beats him in size. Mrs. Foster was again the only competitor in Yorkshire terriers, and of course won.

Irish terriers were one of the best classes in the show. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Hoare, the judging was done by Mr. Maxwell. In the challenge class, Norah Tatters, in grand condition, easily disposed of B. A. Poppy was absent. Open dogs: Michael, looking well, won, but we rather fancied St. George or Breda Rattle for premier honors; taking the three dogs all round, there is not much to choose between them. Breda Rattle, second, only an eleven-months' puppy, is a grand young dog, bar his feet, which are not good, and his light-colored eye. St. George only got third, while at the Barn Elms show he won all before him, the winner now there being but fourth. Breda Ben, vhc., badly cropped, softish in coat, and might possess a little more bone. Breda Ford, a niceish dog, might have been placed before his kennel companion; Springwell Tory is good in bone and front. In bitches, Mr. Graham swept the board with Graceful, first, soft in coat, otherwise a nice bitch. Breda Tiney must have run her close for first place. Breda Minnie has a grand coat, but we do not like her head. Banford might have been a step higher here. Mizpah Nell has gone thick in skull. Erin III. is too fine in muzzle, and has bad feet. Breda Belle is not up to Mr. Graham's standard. In puppies, Breda Rattle won easily, followed well up by a grand young puppy of Mr. Wiener's out of Norah Tatters. If this puppy, who is only six months, goes on the right way, he will take care of himself in the best of company; he later on won the special for the best uncropped Irish terrier in the open or puppy classes, presented by Mr. Backhouse, beating St. George; also the special presented by the club for the best uncropped bred by a member. Third went to Breda Bell. Mr. Graham won Mr. Wiener's cup for the best team of Irish terriers, with perhaps the finest group ever shown by one exhibitor. Michael won the club special for the best Irish terrier in the show, and also Mr. Hoare's special for the best dog in the open or puppy classes. Graceful winning the corresponding special for bitches. We must congratulate the Newcastle committee for having one of the finest exhibitions of Irish terriers we ever saw. There were only five Scotch terriers entered, Flegg Tambour winning easily; but we fail to see the good qualities that placed Rab second. Flegg Thalia should have occupied this position, and Tatters, despite her soft coat, might have had vhc.

In the challenge class for Bedlington terriers, The Bishop beat Minnie Clyde. In blue dogs, the Barn Elms decision was reversed, Toothpick winning and Newton Lad next in order. Nailor III. was looking well. Crutch, v.h.c., too cloddy, is good in head, Lady Colin, first in bitches, was, we thought, decidedly lucky, as she is far from good in head, though in body and stern she excels. Flower Girl pleased us better. Creole, third, is a sweet little bitch. Wansbeck Maid might have won. Tyne Lass did not look so well as usual, and Bridget is always worthy of a notice. The liver-colored dogs were a good lot, a grand youngster, with capital head and the best of legs and feet, winning easily. Tick Tack had been badly bitten about the face, so did not look well, and had Inner Farne occupied his place, little fault could have been found. In the corresponding class for bitches, Grace Darling was in better coat than Stonehouse Vixen, or else their positions might have been reversed. The next two classes were repetitions of previous ones. The local class should undoubtedly have been won by Hotspur II., a grand dark blue dog puppy. Bendigo is a good all-round dog.

Welsh terriers were all well known, until we come to Our Billy, a new face; this is a very nice little dog, with capital head and ears, and good expression, but he is wide in front, and somewhat lacking in liberty. Tees Tip is another new face; he owns a capital head and ears, and very nice front. Dogs were an excellent lot right through. Mawddwy Daisy's mouth will always keep her back in good company; she is also long in back and big in ear. Fernyhurst Nectar is weedy all through, while Rowtan Rattle is far too coarse. Fernyhurst Welsher is one of the best bitches we have yet seen; she is very good in head, ears, straight on her legs, with thick feet and coat. Humbledon Boozer and Mawddwy Jack are both fair all-round dogs. Border King had a walk over in Dandies. In open dogs, Percy beat Border Bill in eye and texture of coat. Bitches were well placed. The winners in the variety class are well known.—*London Field.*

A HARD EXPERIENCE WITH DISTEMPER.—Athens Ga., Aug. 25.—I have just passed through an experience, the like of which I hope no brother sportsman may ever realize, with distemper. Belle Boyd had just weaned a beautiful litter by Count Noble. They all died. Two others six months old died also, and last, but by no means least, my two best Derbies, Alf and Boyd Noble, the most promising brace I ever saw of their age. I lost nine out of ten cases, and the surviving one is left with a very stubborn case of chorea, which is yielding very slowly to treatment. The disease was the most virulent type it has ever been my misfortune to encounter, being contracted from a relapsed case.—R. I. HAMPTON.

THE BEAUFORT—PATTI M. CASE.—The American Kennel Club, after voting to reconsider the decision in the Beaufort—Patti M. case, refused to lay the matter on the table and voted ten to two to sustain the decision of Mr. Peshall that Beaufort was entitled to the prize, the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club and Michigan Kennel Club voting in the negative, and the Hornell Kennel Club and the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society blank, the Cleveland Bench Show Association declining to vote.

DICK AND PALMERSTON.—Wilmington, Del., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When in Malahide, Ireland, on Aug. 4, Mr. W. H. Lipscomb, one of your subscribers, wished me to hand you the photographs of his Irish setters Dick and Palmerston, which I inclose.—JOSEPH HILL. [Thanks for the photographs. That of Dick is somewhat blurred, Palmerston looks to be a fine typical specimen of the breed.]

WAVERLY DOG SHOW.—New York, Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following additional special prizes for our coming show have been offered: $10 for the best kennel of mastiffs, specials for best King Charles spaniel bitch, beagle bitch and best pug. Mr. John E. Thayer has made 25 entries and Mr. Percy C. Ohl 24.—H. F. SCHELLHASS, Bench Show Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Verdi. By E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., for black and tan terrier dog, whelped May 28, 1887, by Vortigern (Viper—Gipsey) out of Torture (Reveller—Lilly II.).

Chancellor. By E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., for black and tan terrier dog, whelped May 14, 1887, by Lord George (Burke—Luce) out of Safety (King—Violet).

Beauty L. By T. H. Little, Sparta, Ga., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped July 18, 1887, by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443).

Harry C. C. By J. P. Cartwright, Augusta, Ga., for white and liver pointer dog, whelped July 18, 1887, by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443).

Whip. By W. F. Rutter, Jr., Lawrence, Mass., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped March 21, 1887, by Alba (Ringwood—Harebell) out of Bunnie (imported Kino—Bessie).

Fred Mac. By J. P. McNally, Augusta, Ga., for white and liver pointer dog, whelped July 18, 1887 by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443).

Clifton Kennels. By J. P. Cartwright, Augusta, Ga., for white, liver ears. pointer dog, whelped July 18, 1887, by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443).

Frank M. By S. H. Myers, Augusta, Ga., for white and liver pointer dog, whelped July 1887, by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443).

Thistle. By E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped March 22, 1887, by Count (Marquis—Kit) out of Bertha (Dutch, Jr.—Young Venom).

Narka. By Richland Kennels, Wahpeton, Dak., for fawn pug bitch, whelped May 17, 1887, by Bonesetter (Joe—Judy III.) out of Toby (Bogie—Flossy).

Rush and Bramble. By Geo. B. Inches, Boston, Mass., for black and white English setters, dog and bitch, whelped March, 1887, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Myrtle (Royal Blue—Dora Dale).

Scottie. By A. N. Walker, Saxonville, Mass., for liver and white ticked cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 27, 1886, by Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup) out of Pansy B. (Captain—Diamond).

Gypsey Girl. By Thos. Schofield, Saxonville, Mass., for black and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 21, 1886, by Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup) out of Pansy B. (Captain—Diamond).

Jerry Bang and Lady Vixen. By J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., for liver and white pointers, dog and bitch, whelped June 22, 1887, by Bang (Bang—Luna) out of Daisy Ranger (Ranger Croxteth—Fannie Faust).

Gracie Ranger. By J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., for liver, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 22, 1887, by Bang (Bang—Luna) out of Daisy Ranger (Ranger Croxteth—Fannie Faust).

Hill Top Kennels. By Geo. McD. Blake, Richmond, Va., for his kennel of pugs, mastiffs and setters.

Pine Tree Kennels. By I. B. Chase, Portland, Me., for his kennel of greyhounds and pointers.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady in White—Nimble. W. Mariner's (Milwaukee, Wis.) bull-terrier bitch Lady in White (A.K.R. 3880) to his Nimble (A.K.R. 2693), June 10.

Kit—Count. W. Mariner's (Milwaukee, Wis.) bull-terrier bitch Kit (A.K.R. 3685) to F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), May 29.

Spoiled Miss—Dublin Scot. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Spoiled Miss (Charlatan—Ada) to their Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Aug. 9.

Laura—Dublin Scot. J. Van Schaick's (New York) collie bitch Laura (Strephon—Nancy Lee) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Aug. 17.

Fairy—Blue Boy. Thos. Manly's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Fairy (Towser—Sprightly) to W. H. Ashburner's Blue Boy (Regent—May Fly), Aug. 6.

Blanche—Blue Boy. W. S. Manu's (Elizabeth, N. J.) beagle bitch Blanche (Bannerman—Zoua) to W. H. Ashburner's Blue Boy (Regent—May Fly), July 11.

Orgar—Victor Joseph. C. E. Lewis's (Suspension Bridge, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Orgar (Hector II.—Nires II.) to Tucker & Daniels's Victor Joseph (Beauchief—Bertha), July 5.

Miranda—Apollo. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Miranda (A.K.R. 3027) to Tucker & Daniels's Apollo (Medor—Blass), July 8.

Marjory—Apollo. J. S. Sheppard's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Marjory to Tucker & Daniels's Apollo (Medor—Blass), July 22.

Alpina—Apollo. C. A. Painter's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Alpina (A.K.R. 928) to Tucker & Daniels's Apollo (Medor—Blass), Aug. 13.

Flora II.—Victor Joseph. Tucker & Daniels's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Flora II. (Leon—Belline) to their Victor Joseph (Beauchief—Bertha), Aug. 13.

Gretchen—Victor Joseph. E. Stevenson's (Paterson, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Gretchen (A.K.R. 494) to Tucker & Daniels's Victor Joseph (Beauchief—Bertha), July 20.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dumps. Hill Top Kennels' (Richmond, Va.) pug bitch Dumps (A.K.R. 5246), Aug. 16, five (four dogs), by Ayers's Bounce.

Daisy Ranger. J. W. Trantum's (Middletown, Conn.) pointer bitch Daisy Ranger (Ranger Croxteth—Fannie Faust), June 22, ten (six dogs), by Tuckerfield Kennels' Bang (Bang—Luna).

Gaudy. R. Gibson's (Delaware, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Gaudy (Brag—Tricks), July 30, six (two dogs), by E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish).

Pansy Royal. Frank L. Webster's (Lawrence, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Pansy Royal (Young Royal Prince—Princess Louise), Aug. 19, seven (four dogs), by Jas. Page Stinson's Silk II. (Hinks's Silk—Puss).

Floss. G. L. Tarr's (Hopedale, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Floss (Scribner—Smudge), Aug. 13, five dogs, by C. G. Browning's Ebony (Obo II.—Lofty).

Blossom. W. B. James's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Blossom (Crisp—Fly), Aug. 5, three (one dog), by E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish).

Lady in White. W. Mariner's (Milwaukee, Wis.) bull-terrier bitch Lady in White (A.K.R. 3886), Aug. 10, six (five dogs), by his Nimble (A.K.R. 2693).

Lass o' Gowrie. N. V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) Skye terrier bitch Lass o' Gowrie (A.K.R. 5123), July 15, five dogs, by W. P. Sanderson's Jim (Birkie—Highland Mary); two dead.

Kit. W. Mariner's (Milwaukee, Wiss.) bull-terrier bitch Kit (A.K.R. 3685), July 29, eight (six dogs), by F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178).

Gem. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Gem (Brack—Fairy), Aug. 9, five (three dogs), by their Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry).

Lady Flories. John Marshall's (Troy, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Flories (A.K.R. 5076), July 29, nine (six dogs), by his Tantallon (A.K.R. 4565); three bitches and four dogs dead.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Clyte. Tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 24, 1887, by Bayard III. out of Caders, by Weimer & Lincoln, Boston, Mass., to B. Bernard, same place.

Strephon—Flossie whelp. Sable and white collie dog, whelped April 21, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to S. Fields, same place.

Dublin Scot—Flurry II. whelp. Sable collie dog, whelped June 8, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. P. Whitney, Bryant's Pond, Me.

Strephon—Jennie Nettles whelp. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped March 27, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. P. Whitney, Bryant's Pond, Me.

Strephon—Jersey Lass whelps. Sable and white collies, whelped June 3, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., a dog to Thos. DeWitt Cuyler, same place, and a bitch to Dr. C. R. Agnew, New York.

Elcho, Jr.—Mollie Bawn whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped June 6, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., two dogs to Wm. Dunphy, Peekskill, N. Y., and one dog to J. D. Culligan, Milwaukee, Wis.

Beggora—Nellie whelp. Red, white spot on breast, Irish setter dog, whelped May 27, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Thos. DeWitt Cuyler, same place.

Jerry Bang. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1887, by Bang out of Daisy Ranger, by J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., to Arthur Baily, Cobalt, Conn.

Gracie Ranger. Liver and white and ticked pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1887, by Bang out of Daisy Ranger, by J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., to Geo. F. Kissam, Chicago, Ill.

Lady Vixen. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 22, 1887, by Bang out of Daisy Ranger, by J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., to Fred R. Pape, Bucksport, Me.

Pride of Dixie II. White and black English setter dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1886, by Pride of Dixie out of Shelp, by J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., to E. N. Hubbard, same place.

IMPORTATIONS.

Cribb. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 9, 1886 (Ducrow—Violet), by Wm. Mariner, Milwaukee, Wis., from F. Hinks, Birmingham, Eng., Aug. 4.

Nectar II. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped June 28, 1884 (Marquis—Flounce), by Wm. Mariner, Milwaukee, Wis., from F. Hinks, Birmingham, Eng., Aug. 4.

DEATHS.

Bertie II. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886 (Tammany—Bertie), owned by E. K. Leflingwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. K., Mausfield, O.—My setter bitch, 3½ years old, is very sick. She had a litter of puppies in April; soon after she weaned them she began shedding, and since then has never been just right. Appetite very poor, body covered with small pimples and scabs, eyelids very much inflamed and swollen, matterate very much, no discharge from the nose. She is kept on table scraps and cooked meat, has plenty of exercise once a day, is kenneled in a good dry barn with plenty of clean straw; to-day had a very hard fit. Ans. Keep bowels clear with syrup of buckthorn in one or two teaspoonful doses. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening.

A. C. L., Minneapolis.—A 6 months old Gordon setter's ailment is a continual shaking and jerking of right foreleg and shoulder, so bad that he occasionally falls down. It had distemper 2 months ago; I treated for 2 weeks with Fowler's solution of arsenic, three or four drops night and morning, and the disease passed off, but was followed by what I have described. I am now giving a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every other day. She seems to have passed a few worms but does not improve. Ans. You had better give an active purge of castor oil (two teaspoonfuls) and a full dose of powdered areca nut, thirty grains made into a large pill. Give the pill three hours after the purge, and follow the pill in three hours with a second purge; afterward give the following:

℞ Ferri et strychnia citrat grs. 24, div. in pil. No. 12.
Sig. One three times daily.

BRADFORD RUBY.—The attention of breeders of pugs is called to the advertisement of the well-known champion Bradford Ruby in the stud. He is not only a great winner on the bench both in this country and England, but is the sire of winners also. Among other winners of his get in England are Little Count and Little Countess. Several of his get also distinguished themselves in the puppy classes at our shows last spring. He is a small, nicely formed dog, well marked, with beautiful ears, remarkably good in wrinkle and tail, and without doubt is the best specimen of the breed in this country.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR, N. Y., Aug. 29.—The ninth qualification and marksman's badge match of the N. R. A. was shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, Aug. 27. The attendance was large and the weather conditions, light and wind, were very favorable for making good scores. Sergeant Frank Stuart, Co. C, 69th Regt., won the gold marksman's badge; he is the ninth man who has won it this season. Following are the winners of the cash prizes:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
F Stuart, Co. C, 69th Regt.	22	25	47
N B Thurston, Co F, 22d Regt.	22	24	46
O W Yatet, Co F, 22d Regt.	21	24	45
E W Rudolphy, Co E, 22d Regt.	21	23	44
F S Kennedy, Co F, 7th Regt.	21	23	44
Jas McNevin, N C S, 13th Regt.	21	23	44
C E De La Vergne, Staff, 13th Regt	22	22	44
Medal Winners.			
H C Brown, Sup Staff	21	24	45
R McLean, Co K, 7th Regt.	22	23	45
W H Palmer, Staff 7th Regt.	21	22	43
E DeForest, Co C, 23d Regt.	22	21	43
Other Scores of 42 and Over.			
S C Pirie, Co I, 23d Regt.	22	24	46
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Regt.	21	24	45
A C Saunders, Co K, 23d Regt.	21	23	44
F D Fort, Co F, 7th Regt.	21	23	44
G L Hoffman, Co H, 7th Regt.	22	22	44
G H Frazer, Co G, 47th Regt.	22	22	44
A W Trotter, Co E, 7th Regt.	22	22	44
W A Dixon, Co G, 7th Regt.	23	21	44
C H Hoyt, Co I, 7th Regt.	20	23	43
R Oliver, Staff 23d Regt.	20	23	43
J S Shepherd, Co D, 23d Regt.	21	22	43
H E Chapman, Co K, 7th Regt.	21	22	43
B D Darke, Co G, 7th Regt.	21	22	43
E F Young, Co C, 7th Regt	21	22	43
L F Holmes, Co I, 23d Regt.	22	21	43
A McDougall, Co C, 7th Regt.	19	23	42
F I Perry, Co I, 23d Regt.	19	23	42
G A Lane, Co A, 13th Regt.	20	22	42
J W Cleveland, Co I, 7th Regt.	21	21	42
A W Conover, Co A, 7th Regt.	22	20	42

J. MANZ, JR., Ass't Sec'y.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 27.—Members of the Worcester Rifle Association had a meet to-day at Broad Meadow range, off-hand, 200yds., standard target:

Sporting Rifles.										
J F Thomas	8	9	10	7	9	7	7	8	8	9—82
	8	8	7	10	7	7	9	6	9	7—78—160
John Jay	4	5	7	9	9	9	5	9	4	6—67
	5	10	8	5	8	7	7	5	5	7—65—132
J Bernhart	10	6	5	5	6	6	10	6	6	5—65
	3	5	2	7	6	4	4	9	4	10—54—119
Military Rifles.										
H N Puffer	3	5	3	4	4	4	4	3	5	4—39
	3	4	4	3	3	4	3	3	5	4—36— 75
C Macomber	5	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	3	3—38
	4	5	3	3	4	3	4	4	3	4—37— 75
M Ferguson	3	4	5	5	4					—21
	4	4	4	5	3					—20— 41

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 24.—Yesterday was the opening day of the New England Tournament at Coal Mine Brook Range, in this city. It is held under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Yesterday and to-day have been very wet and disagreeable. Among those present were E. W. Tinker, of Providence, R. I., Harry Tucker, of Bridgeport, Conn., E. N. Folsom, C. Beers, A. G. Traeger, G. E. Albee, L. W. Widman and Mr. Carey, of New Haven, Conn., H. W. Eager, of Marlborough, O. R. Dickey, of Boston, and S. A. Tucker, agent for Parker Brothers. During the day there were ten events and three extras. They were 12 clay-pigeons, then 12 blue rocks, 10 clays, open traps, 12 clays, 20 blue rocks, 5 pairs of clays, doubles, 25 clays, 12 clays, two men team, 10 blue rocks per man; miss and out; 9 clays, 5 clays and 3 pairs clays. The aggregate of entries for these events was 330. The principal events yesterday were the seventh, which is to be continued to-day, and the fifth event, which was for a Winchester repeating shotgun, and which was won by W. R. Dean. A second prize of a Frank Wesson rifle was secured by H. W. Eager after breaking 12 straight on the tie. The third prize E. N. Folsom took, it was an old style flint-lock pistol. The work of each man, as far as his correct name was given, as well as the aliases, is as follows:

W R Dean, Worcester	5555—20	Dansereau	4445—17
W L Davis, Worcester	5555—20	J Beaudry, Worcester	5444—17
HW Eager, Marlborough	5545—19	Geo Sampson, Clinton	4444—16
E T Smith, Worcester	5455—19	H T Rice	5434—16
T G Stanton, Boston	5455—19	L R Hudson, Worcester	5345—16
W S Perry, Worcester	5545—19	C B Holden, Worcester	5254—16
A R Bowdish, Oxford	5455—19	A Traeger, New Haven	4354—16
G J Rugg, Worcester	5554—19	L Widman, New Haven	5334—15
Clark, New Haven	4555—19	Longley	5343—15
G F Jourdan	4555—19	E Whittaker, Worcester	4542—15
E W Tinker, Providence	5544—18	G Gould	455w—14
E N Folsom, New Haven	4545—18	L G White, Worcester	2453—14
Hill	5454—18	G W Russell, Worcester	2335—13
M D Gilman, Worcester	4544—17	H Webber, Worcester	4513—13
O R Dickey, Boston	4553—17	E F Snow, Worcester	3334—13
Carey, New Haven	5543—17	A L Gilman, Worcester	3324—12
G E Albee, New Haven	5453—17	Eames	3333—12
J B Tougas, Worcester	4544—17	C Beers, New Haven	5223—12
H Nichols, Bridgeport	5534—17	Warren	344w—11
A B Franklin	5534—17	C A Parker	531—8

To-day there were 10 events and two extra in which there were over 230 entries. The principal event was the remainder of the seventh event of yesterday. Where there was a possible 25 clay pigeons, to-day there was a possible 25 blue rocks, the totals of the two decided who should have the prizes. The first was a Parker gun valued at $125, which was secured by O. R. Dickey. The second prize, a Dickerman hammerless gun, was secured by H. W. Eager. The third, a gallery target pistol, was secured by Mr. Wheeler, while a flintlock pistol was awarded to J. B. Tougas who made the smallest score. The work of each man each day in detail was as follows:

	Clays.	B. Rocks.
O R Dickey, Boston	55554—24	54555—24—48
H W Eager, Marlboro'	44455—22	55555—25—47
Wheeler	55544—23	45554—23—46
C B Holden, Worcester	44534—20	54555—24—44
E T Smith, Worcester	45445—22	44445—21—43
W S Perry, Worcester	32552—17	55555—25—42
M D Gilman, Worcester	33544—19	54545—23—42
W S Davis, Worcester	52352—17	55455—24—41
T G Stanton, Worcester	44353—19	44554—22—41
G Gould	34433—17	55451—23—40
Dansereau	54335—20	53444—20—40
Henry	54443—20	53443—19—39
G W Russell, Worcester	45235—19	45254—20—39
Clark, New Haven	55422—18	55551—21—39
E W Tinker, Providence	45233—15	44555—23—38
A R Bowdish, Oxford	21241—14	44554—22—37
G F Jourdan	23341—13	55544—23—36
G E Albee, New Haven	32242—14	45443—20—34
E N Folsom, New Haven	23433—15	44144—17—32
J B Tougas, Worcester	11314—10	44433—18—28

THE CLEVELAND TOURNAMENT.—The Cleveland Target Co.'s four days' tournament will begin Tuesday, Sept. 13. Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s rules to govern. The company's prizes amount to $3,000, and another thousand is guaranteed. An ample number of traps will be provided, insuring plenty of matches during the Chamberlin Cartridge Company's tie shooting. On Monday, as shooters for the Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s tournament gather, if desired, sweepstake matches will be made to suit participants, but not on traps used for tie shooting. It is expected by the management that the ties for the Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s prizes will be shot off in one day, as sets of traps will be provided for each class of ties, viz.: The sixties, seventies, eighties and nineties. Wedell House, headquarters. Race week—Special railroad rates to Cleveland. For full programme address Cleveland Target Co., Cleveland, O.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Aug. 24.—Greensburg Gun Club, two teams, live pigeons, one plunge trap, 25yds. rise; prizes, expenses:

Ehalt	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	½	—	6½													
W S Gessler	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—	8													
Thomas	1	½	½	1	1	1	½	1	1	½	—	8	—	22½										
Shaner	½	1	½	1	0	1	½	1	1	½	½	—	6½											
Brunot	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	—	5												
John Gessler	0	0	0	½	0	0	1	0	½	1	—	3	—	14½										

The Greensburg Club was challenged to shoot with the Scottdale team on the same day, but were compelled to postpone their fun with the Scottdale boys until some future time.

THE DIAMOND BADGE MATCH.—New York, Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the request of a number of shooters whose engagements prevent their participating in the shoot for our diamond badge, within the time first fixed, we have concluded to extend the time for entries to Sept. 28. The badge cost much more than was first designed. There is nothing sham about it, and it is one of the finest ever offered.—THE ATLANTIC AMMUNITION CO., LIMITED.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 27.—The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, hereby challenges any six members of any gun club in western Pennsylvania to shoot a friendly match at the trap with them at inanimate targets. Conditions to be agreed upon hereafter.—C. A. R.

JOHN R. CHAMBERLIN, ESQ., editor of *The Trap and Trigger*, Cincinnati, writes the U. S. Cartridge Co., of Lowell, Mass., under date of Aug. 11, as follows: "I have not heard any complaint against the Climax Waterproof Paper Shot Shells of late, and I observe it used at club shoots by many whom I used to hear complain of long firing; and the gas leakage I know is entirely removed." The company have always aimed to make a perfect shell, and claim that end has been attained in the shell they are now offering the sportsman, and they ask that if any defect is discovered, that they may be notified at once, as by so doing the public and company are benefited.—*Adv.*

The *Maine Industrial News* says that the stuffed skin of a sea serpent is now being exhibited at Peak's Island, Portland Harbor, by W. H. Ordway. His snakeship was captured on the banks of Newfoundland, October 11, 1886, by Capt. F. F. Barnstead of the schooner Hattie F. Walker, Halifax. Its length was 47ft. 3in., and its weight 9001bs. Its mouth contains a fine set of teeth, and on its upper jaw are two feelers, each 13½in. long. Five feet back of his head are flukes on each side, and the end of his tail is formed like a sculling oar, being flat and 9in. in width at the end.—*Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 17.*

Canoeing.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1887.

RACE WEEK.

Monday, Aug. 22.

AS a sailing ground the waters about Bow-Arrow Point are equal to any on which the previous meets have been held. The outside course, as shown in the map in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 23, is fairly in the open lake, and at times a heavy sea was running, while in spite of some calms, the winds were very good. An inside sailing course was also laid out easily, with the base of the triangle along the camp front and the apex off Simms's Point, when the water was too rough outside. Here the paddling course, about a half mile, was marked out, starting from the little wharf. The main sailing course was in full view of the bluff, but the start was further off shore and the work over the course was not as easily seen without a glass as at Grindstone. The course was not accurately measured and the legs were all over half a mile long.

The actual location of the camp is not correctly shown on the map, as the tents were pitched along the east shore to the north of E and not B. The front of the ladies' camp also was on the same side, opposite the turning flag of the paddling course. The programme, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 26, was fully carried out, only one race being dropped for want of entries, the open single paddling. It differed little from that of the previous year, but was more condensed. The paddling races with loaded canoes were dropped, Classes II. and III. paddling single, were combined, as were Classes A and B sailing, and with good results, as Class A has proved itself fully able to sail on even terms with Class B; and in the paddling race the boats were about 15×29. Of course a boat 15×26¾ would be eligible to this race, but she would be too small for the sailing races and would fail to make a record, though she might easily, in good hands, capture first prize in this one race.

The additions to the programme were the consolation race, the sailing upset, the "man overboard," and the club race. The A.C.A. Trophy was sailed for this year only by Americans, the contest being in no sense international. The arrangements for starting, etc., and the entire details of the races were well carried out and the events were all well managed by the regatta committee in spite of more difficulty from the weather than has usually been the case. The plan of starting the sailing races in squadrons was abandoned, as it was found to be unnecessary. The boats which started in the various events were as follows:

CANOE.	SIZE.	OWNER.	CLUB.
Hornet	17.00 ×23[4]	F. F. Andrews	Rochester.
Eurylda	15.06 ×30	R. W. Bailey	Pittsburg.
Atalanta	14.06 ×33	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe.
Le Cid	15.00 ×29[3]	E. C. Knappe	Springfield.
Dimple	15.00 ×31	G. C. Forrest	Hartford.
Blanche	15.00 ×31	Paul Butler	Vesper.
Coffin	15.11 ×23[5]	D. S. Goddard	Vesper.
Goanaware	14.06 ×30[2]	G. F. Secor	Shattemuc.
Whim	15.00 ×29[2]	H. A. Marvel	Newburgh.
Mystic	14.10 ×29[2]	W. A. Stephens	Rondout.
Saone	15.08 ×30[1]/16	F. M. Sinclair	Brooklyn.
Sea Urchin	15.00 ×28	B. H. Nadal	New York.
Latona	15.00[4]×30[2]	Wm. Whitlock	Brooklyn.
Vixen	15.08 ×30	C. F. Wolters	Rochester.
She	14.05 ×32	C. S. Laney	Rochester.
Regina	14.06 ×27	H. M. Lawrence	Lawrence.
Evangeline	15.00[6]×22[8]	H. C. Ward	Brooklyn.
Lassie	15.00 ×28	Geo. A. Warder	Jabberwock.
Bo-Peep	15.00 ×28	C. B. Vax	New York.
Essex		Geo. W. Cox	Essex.
Chingackgook	14.07[4]×30[2]	W. A. Wheeler	Mohican.
Argo	15.00[2]×30[3]	C. C. Kritzer	Na-wa-ga.
Notus	16.00 ×29[4]	R. W. Gibson	Mohican.
Wa Wa	15.00 ×31	R. S. Oliver	Mohican.
Jennie	14.01 ×29[2]	John Walsh	Vesper.
Volunteer	14.11[4]×29[4]	C. H. McKnight	Springfield.
Dawn	15.11[4]×30	W. A. Leys	Toronto.
Albatross	15.10 ×28[2]	J. O. Shiras	Cincinnati.
Ramona	15.11 ×30[1]	Ford Jones	Brockville.
Baby Mix	15.04[2]×29[1]	P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican.
Pecowsic	15.10 ×28[8]	G. M. Barney	Springfield.
Lacowsic	15.09[3]×27[3]	E. H. Barney	Springfield.
Riva	15.06 ×30[5]	S. Schieffelin	
Natchez	14.11[6]×30[2]	E. H. Platt	New York.
Irene	15.00 ×28	R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa.
Curfew	15.00 ×31	E. C. Murphy	Sagamore.
Vesper	15.06 ×30[3]	R. C. Brown	Mohican.
Eurus	13.11[8]×30[2]	W. W. Blow	Oakland.
Scud	16.00 ×29[6]	W. S. Egerton	Mohican.
Adonis	14.11 ×30	Hermon Griffin	Knick.
Narka	15.00 ×30[1]	H. E. Rice	Springfield.
Stranger	15.11[9]×28[2]	C. D. Cooke	Paterson.
Nac Nac	13.03 ×28	W. W. Holt	Misticke.

The first notice posted on the bulletin board on Monday morning announced the combined sailing and paddling race for 9:30, and the A and B limited for 11 A. M., but there was no wind for either, so at the latter hour event No. 1 was called.

No. 1. Paddling, Class I.—This race exempt from "one man, one canoe" rule; 1 mile with a turn:

1. Dawn, W. A. Leys 12 29
2. Le Cid, H. E. Rice 12 43
3. Achilles, E. Stern 12 50
4. Irene, R. W. Baldwin
5. Volunteer, C. H. McKnight
6. Sylph, E.C. Knappe

The race was well contested, Mr. Leys winning easily, but he was disqualified for fouling Mr. Rice at the turn.

The review of the fleet followed, there being 85 canoes under sail or paddle. The fleet, in three parallel ranks, paddled past the Commodore, saluting as they passed, then the sailing division made sail and returned, the others paddling. There was too little wind, but still the sight was very fine.

Event No. 2. Paddling, Classes II. and III., exclusively.—One mile with a turn. Men entering in this event shall not enter in event No. 3. Record event. This race begun the afternoon:

1. Le Cid, E. C. Knappe 12 23
2. Volunteer, C. H. McKnight 12 51
3. Irene, R. W. Baldwin 12 54
4. Mystic, W. A. Stephens 13 47
5. Nac Nac, W. W. Holt

The next event was No. 3. Paddling, Class IV., exclusively.—One mile with a turn. Men entering in this event shall not enter in event No. 2. Record event:

1. Dawn, W. A. Leys 12 51 00
2. Narka, H. E. Rice 13 04 30
3. Evangeline, H. C. Ward 13 41 30
4. Saone, F. Sinclair 13 57 30
5. Whim, H. A. Marvel
6. Atalanta, L. B. Palmer
7. Dimple, G. C. Forrest
8. Latona, W. Whitlock
9. Natchez, E. H. Platt

Dawn won easily, but was protested by Saone for fouling at the start, which protest was sustained.

No. 4. Paddling.—Open canoes with single-blade paddles; one mile with a turn was abandoned, as there were no entries.

Event No. 5. Paddling Tandem.—On the triangle, A and B sailing canoes, decked with wood; 1½ miles, was paddled over the regular paddling course; 1 mile.

1. Dawn, Leys and Barlow 11 37 00
2. Volunteer, McKnight and Lawrence 12 16 30
3. Narka, Rice and Knappe 12 24 00
4. Irene, Jones and Baldwin 12 28 30

Event No. 7. Paddling Upset, Classes II., III. and IV.—No special appliances allowed. At signal every canoe must be turned completely over, righted, and with the crew inside paddled across the finishing line—200ft. Record event. Hornet won easily, her skipper being first in his boat:

Hornet, F. F. Andrews 1
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer 2
Dimple, G. C. Forrest 3
Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal 4
Irene, R. W. Baldwin 5
Latona, Wm. Whitlock 6

This finished the racing for the day. All the races were paddled in smooth water with no current, but the course was not accurately measured. In the evening a meeting of the executive committee was held, at which the new constitution, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM, was formally adopted, one or two changes being made, the principal one being the reduction of dues to $1 as there proposed, but with a proviso that each member attending a meet be assessed $1 in addition. This removes the objection so often made that those who do not attend a meet are obliged to pay the same as those who do. The two protests of the day were considered by the regatta committee, a number of witnesses being examined and the judgments were made according to their testimony.

Tuesday, Aug. 23.

Early in the morning there was more wind and the sailing races were posted on the board.

No. 11. Sailing, on the triangle, Classes A and B.—Sail limited to 75sq. ft. No limit to ballast. At 9:30 there was a brisk N.W. wind and fairly smooth water outside. The first leg was to windward. The summary was:

Pecowsic, G. M. Barney	0 49 06
Ramona, Ford Jones	0 54 25
Notus, R. W. Gibson	0 54 40
Blanche, Paul Butler	0 54 41
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	0 57 10
Latona, Wm. Whitlock	0 59 18
Hornet, F. F. Andrews	0 59 30
Curfew, E. C. Murphy	0 59 56
Bo-Peep, C. B. Vaux	1 00 00
Baby Mix, P. M. Wackerhagen	1 02 20
Dawn, W. A. Leys	1 03 53
Chingackgook, W. A. Wheeler	1 05 17
Vesper, R. C. Brown	1 05 32
Volunteer, C. H. McKnight	1 05 37
Riva, S. Schieffelin	1 07 14
Eurus, W. W. Blow	1 10 30
Lassie, G. A. Warder	1 12 10
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer	
Dimple, G. C. Forrest	
Coffin, D. S. Goddard	
Whim, H. A. Marvel	
Mystic, W. A. Stephens	
Magog, E. O. Finel	
Irene, R. W. Baldwin	
Natchez, E. H. Platt	
Lacowsic, E. H. Barney	Capsized.
Albatross, J. O. Shiras	
Vesper, John Walsh	
Wa Wa, R. S. Oliver	
Evangeline, H. C. Ward	Capsized.
She, G. H. Laney	
Vixen, C. F. Wolters	
Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal	
Saone, F. M. Sinclair	Capsized.

Event No. 9, Sailing—On the triangle, Novices, Classes A and B. No limit to rig or ballast. Open only to members who never sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1886; 1½ miles.

There was a light rain falling by this time, with less wind. The result was:

1. Saone, F. M. Sinclair	27 01
2. Riva, S. Schieffelin	29 18
3. Vesper, R. C. Brown	30 53
4. Stranger, C. D. Cooke	33 21
5. Coffin, D. C. Goddard	34 35
6. Whim, H. A. Marvel	35 22
7. Scud, W. S. Egerton	35 38
8. Adonis, Herman Griffin	Capsized, did not finish.
9. Narka, H. E. Rice	Capsized, did not finish.

By the time the race was finished there was a heavy rain with some sea and a strong wind, but the next race was called:

No. 10. Sailing, on the triangle, Classes A. and B. No limit to rig or ballast; 4½ miles. The trial race for places in the American squadron in the trophy race. Record event. The order of the boats at the end each round is shown in columns 2, 3 and 4:

Pecowsic, G. M. Barney	1	1	1 15 11
Lacowsic, E. H. Barney	2	2	1 16 11
Ramona, Ford Jones	6	3	3 1 19 08
Notus, R. W. Gibson	9	5	4 1 19 48
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	3	4	5 1 23 40
Bo-Peep, C. B. Vaux	4	6	6 1 24 00
Blanche, Paul Butler	15	13	7 1 25 06
Latona, Wm. Whitlock	7	12	8 1 25 28
Baby Mix, P. M. Wackerhagen	5	7	9 1 26 10
Dawn, W. A. Leys	10	8	10 1 26 42
Riva, S. Schieffelin	8	11	11 1 27 05
Hornet, F. F. Andrews	11	10	12 1 28 15
Evangeline, H. C. Ward	12	14	13 1 30 00
Chingackgook, W. A. Wheeler	14	16	14
Eurus, W. W. Blow	16	15	15
Saone, F. M. Sinclair	13	9	16
Vesper, R. C. Brown	17	18	17
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer	18	17	18
Essex, G. W. Cox	20	19	19
Mystic, W. A. Stephens	21	21	20
Vixen, C. F. Wolters	22	20	21
Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal			22
Natchez, E. H. Platt			
Albatross, J. O. Shiras			
Stranger, C. D. Cooke			

At 5 P. M. the weather had changed, there was less wind, and the sun was visible for the first time in the day. Event No. 8, Paddling and Sailing Combined.—On the triangle, Classes A and B, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile; 3 miles. Record event. This was the final race:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Time.
Hornet, F. F. Andrews	8	1	1 09 32
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer	2	2	1 10 32
Mystic, W. A. Stephens	5	3	1 15 12
Irene, R. W. Baldwin	1	4	1 15 22
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	9	5	1 15 40
Dimple, G. C. Forrest	6	6	Foul.
Whim, H. A. Marvel	7	7	1 18 50
Latona, Wm. Whitlock	10	8	1 21 15
Evangeline, H. C. Ward	4	9	

Evangeline sailed well and had a long lead on the last leg sailing, but when near the line her mast went at the deck. Her plucky skipper at once went to work to rig a jury sail and after some time succeeded and sailed in, making the race but being last instead of first.

This completed the day's racing. The illumination and night parade had been set for the evening, but on account of the weather it was postponed. Three large steamers loaded with sightseers came in during the evening and those on board were much disappointed at not seeing the illumination and were disposed to blame the Association. It seems that the entire country had been flooded with handbills and large posters, gotten up on their own account by the steamboat owners, setting forth in true circus style the attractions of the camp and offering to carry passengers at so much per head to witness them. This was done without the knowledge or consent of the association, and the blame rests solely with the steamboat men. The A. C. A. camp is entirely a private affair, and its races and displays are only for the entertainment of its friends and guests. The attempt to turn it into a hippodrome was once tried at Grindstone, where regular excursions, landing at the camp, were widely advertised, causing a great annoyance to the camp until all landing was forbidden. Those who have friends in camp, or who are themselves eligible to membership and desire to join, need have no trouble in visiting the grounds, but those who buy a ticket to the camp as they would to any public entertainment must only blame the sellers of the ticket if they are refused admission.

It is necessary here to speak of another evil beside these excursions that needs to be promptly dealt with. Last year there were permanently in camp a number of strangers, not members of the Association, and this year the same thing occurred. At least one of these interlopers this year was a person who would not be allowed to join the A. C. A. and whose presence in the camp should not have been tolerated. The clubs as well as the Association have often entertained guests who were not members, but unfortunately the practice has fallen into abuse and a prompt remedy is necessary, each member or club being held responsible for those attending camp with them. The dues are so low that no gentleman, even though he desired to visit only one meet, would object to paying them and to joining the Association, and except in cases of well-known persons who come by invitation of the A. C. A. or some of its members, no outsiders should be permitted to camp on the grounds.

Wednesday, Aug. 24.

The trophy race was set for Wednesday morning, but at the hour, 10 A. M., there was a light rain and no wind. By 11 A. M., however, there was a good breeze from E.S.E. and the rain had ceased, so the race was started. The first leg was free, the second to windward and the third a reach.

No. 12. Sailing on the triangle, A. C. A. trophy, Classes A and B.—No limit to ballast or rig; time limit 3 hours; 7½ miles. The American squadron will be selected according to the result of the trial race, viz.: Event No. 10, with the exception, however, that the regatta committee reserves the right to name three of the American squadron independent of the result of the trial race. No foreign competitors appeared.

The fleet had a good start, Notus, with full sail, 108ft., running ahead, followed by Lacowsic with 90ft. Pecowsic, with only 60ft., had too little sail and was besides in the middle of the fleet. Over the first leg Notus gained on Lacowsic, gaining still more on the second leg to windward, but on the reach the latter crept up a little. On the windward leg of the second round Lacowsic gained greatly on Notus and finally took the lead, holding it until on the fourth round, near the end of the first leg, when she luffed up and laid for some time head to wind to bail out. Here Notus came up and passed her, luffing out to windward of Lacowsic as the latter lay hove to. Blanche and Ramona had been fighting well for third place, the latter leading for a good part of the course, but Pecowsic, helped by the wind, which had freshened considerably since the start, was after the two and finally passed them. Again, on the last round, Lacowsic stopped to bail, so that Notus came in well ahead, with Lacowsic second and Pecowsic third. The times and order at each round are:

	1	1	2	1	1
Notus, R. W. Gibson	28 45	0 57 32	1 24 05	1 48 58	2 14 12
			1	2	2
Lacowsic, E. H. Barney	30 55	0 58 00	1 23 02	1 49 19	2 15 55
	7	6	5		
Pecowsic, G. M. Barney	35 00	1 04 30	1 29 10	1 53 10	2 18 18
	3	4	4	5	4
Blanche, Paul Butler	32 40	1 02 45	1 28 11	1 33 15	2 18 55
	4	3	3	3	5
Ramona, Ford Jones	32 41	1 02 25	1 28 10	1 52 55	2 19 20
	5	5	7	6	6
Baby Mix, P.M. Wackerhagen	33 33	1 04 10	1 33 35	2 00 10	2 28 30
	6	7	6	7	7
Latona, W. Whitlock	33 50	1 04 50	1 32 15	2 00 32	2 30 54
	11	11	9	8	8
Hornet, F. F. Andrews	35 40	1 06 30	1 34 55	2 02 18	2 31 48
	9	9	8	9	9
Dawn, W. A. Leys	35 15	1 05 02	1 34 10	2 02 55	2 35 35
	12	12	11	11	10
Riva, S. Schieffelin	37 48	1 08 10	1 38 10	2 07 40	2 38 32
	10	8	10	10	
Evangeline, H. C. Ward	35 25	1 05 00	1 35 30	2 06 45	
	13	13	12		
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	38 20	1 08 12	1 41 34		
	8	10			
Bo-Peep, C. B. Vaux	35 10	1 05 15			
	14				
Eurus, W. W. Blow	38 26				
Chingackgook, W. A. Wheeler					

Commodore Gibson again wins the Trophy held from last year. He has announced his retirement from general racing, and it is very doubtful whether he will defend the Trophy again next year.

In the afternoon there was no rain, though the sky was cloudy and the next race was called.

No. 13. Sailing, Club Race.—Each club shall be entitled to three entries. The first canoe to cross the winning line shall count as many points as there are starters in the race; the second shall count one less than the first, and so on to the last, which shall count one, and the aggregate of the score of the canoes starting for each club shall be the club score. To windward or leeward, 1 mile and return, for a prize banner. This is a new race, proposed this year by Vice-Commodore Stanton, and though the entries were small it promises to become a very popular event. The summary is as follows:

			Finish.	Re-Score.	cord.
Saone	Brooklyn	F. M. Sinclair	5	10	
Latona		W. Whitlock	6	9	
Evangeline		H. C. Ward	7	8	27
Le Cid		E. C. Knappe	fouled.		
Lacowsic	Springfield	E. H. Barney	3	12	
Pecowsic		G. M. Barney	2	13	25
Blanche		Paul Butler	1	14	
Coffin	Vesper	D. S. Goddard	9	6	
Jennie		Jno. Walsh	10	5	25
Hornet	Rochester	F. F. Andrews	4	11	
Vixen		C. F. Wolters	8	7	18
Sea Urchin	New York	B. H. Nadal	12	3	
Natchez		E. H Platt	13	2	5
Wa Wa	Mohican	R. S. Oliver	11	4	4

Le Cid was disqualified by the Regatta Committee for fouling Latona, the latter being on starboard tack and the former on port.

Event No. 14. Sailing, Consolation.—Winners of either first or second places in events Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 or 13 excluded. No limit to rig or ballast; one mile to windward and leeward and return. This proved a consolation race in name only, as it was sailed in a very strong and squally wind and a sea, five canoes capsizing. The summary was:

Baby Mix, P. M. Wackerhagen	1
Dimple, G. C. Forrest	2
Vesper, R. C. Brown	3
She, C. S. Laney	4
Coffin, D. S. Goddard	5
Albatross, J. O. Shiras	6
Stranger, C. D. Cooke	Upset.
Sea Urchin, B. S. Nadal	Upset.
Latona, W. Whitlock	Upset.
Jennie, John Walsh	Upset.
Dawn, W. A. Leys	Upset.

In the evening a meeting of the nominating committee of the Central Division was held, at which officers for the ensuing year were nominated. The illumination took place after dark, the camp being hung with Chinese lanterns while the fleet, similarly decorated, paddled past. Fireworks were displayed throughout the camp and fleet, and the scene was a gay one. After it was over the canoeists, with some visitors from other camps, including a number of ladies, gathered in the big shed, which had been cleared of the tables and decorated prettily with flags by the ladies from Squaw Point. The orchestra consisted of a small parlor organ, a cornet and two fiddles, the quartette making up in vigor what they lacked in finish and expression. Merrily the old tunes rattled out and merrily the dancers footed it until the building fairly shook. The ball broke up at 2 A. M., every one voting it, the first experiment of the kind at a meet, a great success.

Thursday, Aug. 25.

The first business of the day was the meeting of the Central Division, held under the trees in the main camp, with Vice-Com. Gibson in the chair. The report of the last meeting at Grindstone was read, after which the new constitution was discussed. The election of officers for the year was then held, resulting as follows: Vice-Com., Henry Stanton, Knickerbocker C. C.; Rear-Com., R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Purser, E. W. Brown, Knickerbocker C. C.; Executive Committee—W. R. Huntington, Deowinsta C. C., Rome, N. Y., and E. L. French, Buffalo.

After the meeting event No. 17, hurry-scurry race, 100yds. run, 20yds. swim, 200yds. paddle, was called with but four starters:

Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	1
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer	2
Baby Essex, E. Stern	3
Irene, R. W. Baldwin	4

No. 16, Sailing, "Man Overboard."—While under way, at signal, some object that will float, and at least as large as an ordinary cushion, shall be thrown overboard, aft, out of reach. The same must be recovered and the race continued to the finishing line; ¼ mile. In this race Notus was first in picking up the half paddle thrown overboard. A stiff breeze was blowing from astern at the time, but the boats all jibed without mishap.

Notus, R. W. Gibson	1
Albatross, J. O. Shiras	2
Ramona, Ford Jones	3

No. 15. Sailing, Upset, Classes A and B.—No special appliances allowed. Canoes to carry between 50 and 75sq. ft. of canvas in two sails. No limit to ballast. At signal, canoe to be tipped over until top of the foremast touches the water. Canoe to be righted and to cross finishing line under sail or paddle, ½ mile. Record event.

This race was sailed in a good breeze, the course being free. The canoes capsized until the masts and sails were flat on the water, Notus sailing about, though full of water, for some time after finishing the race. The starters were:

Notus, R. W. Gibson	1
Bo-Peep, C. B. Vaux	2
Dimple, G. C. Forrest	3
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer	4

No. 6. Paddling Tandem.—On the triangle. Open canoes; 1½ miles.

This race was paddled over the usual course, the canoes being an open birch and two open Canadian:

Hiawatha, Rice and Knappe	1
Susquehanna, Townsend and Amory	2
Birch, Kimball and Barlow	3

Two extra races were added, the first for canoes over the limits, 1 mile to leeward and return, inside course. There was a very strong wind and two came to grief. The starters were:

Water Witch, A. S. Putnam	1
Nan, W. E. Masters	Capsized.
Madeline, W. L. Palmer	Capsized.

The final race was for sneakboxes and similar large craft, sailed

outside in a blow, with a strong sea running. The Rushton cruiser capsized before the start, and a Barnegat cruiser owned by Mr. Johnson broke her yard and retired. The others were:

Nell, Barnegat cruiser, Denison and Ward	34 45
Pride of Bay Ridge, surf boat, H. R. Averill	40 00
——, Rushton sneakbox, Cornell and Marvel	46 00

The course was one round of the regular triangle.

This concluded the racing of the meet. The races all passed off successfully, thanks to the hard work of Mr. Stanton of the Regatta Committee, aided by Messrs. Brown and Foster, and especially by Mr. N. S. Smith, clerk of the course. The work of managing nearly twenty races, some of them with 35 starters, of timing these fleets, arranging the races to secure the best wind, and deciding protests is no small labor, and the thanks of all who attended the meet are due to these gentlemen who made the races so successful. On Thursday a large camp-fire was lit on the hillside, at which the prize flags were distributed. The announcement of the election of Association officers, previously made by the Executive Committee, was then publicly made, the Commodore being R. W. Gibson of the Mohican C. C., and the Secretary-Treasurer F. L. Mix, of the same club. The commodoreship should naturally have gone to the Eastern Division this year, but at a meeting of the Division on Wednesday it failed to elect a commodore and declined to hold the coming meet in its territory, as it is entitled to do. The question of the place of the next meet was discussed at the camp, but no conclusion was arrived at, and the matter was left for a fuller discussion.

On Friday all but three of the tents were struck, and when the steamer left in the afternoon the camp was deserted. Some returned directly by rail but a number left with the intention of cruising home by way of Lake George and Lake Champlain.

The camp has been in all ways a successful one, both from a racing and social standpoint. In the matter of racing the Association has much to congratulate itself upon, as it is undoubtedly far in advance of any similar body in the matter of rules and methods. Of course there are changes from time to time, models and methods are changing, some classes of boat are disappearing, and the programmes of the races change a little from year to year, but a steady improvement is evident. The table at the head of this article shows the dimensions of the boats that race and the great majority of the cruising canoes present followed the same dimensions. This table shows that the favorite length is still 15ft., as 25 out of a total of 42 are about that length. Of the balance, 15 range from 15ft. 3in. to 16ft., while there is one of 17ft. and three of 14ft. The 17ft. canoe is the first yet built to the full limit of Class B, 17ft. x28½in., and is consequently outside of the paddling classes and not eligible for the record. It is but fair to say that the number of 16ft. canoes is increasing.

The beam is divided as follows: 27in., 2; 28in., 9; 29in., 9; 30in., 16; 31in., 4; 32in., 1; 33in., 1. Thus it appears that Class A is in a fair way to be abandoned, and that the majority of canoes in the future will come within Class B limits, some declining to take the beam allowed by the rule and building about 15×29in., while others run to 15 and 16ft.×30in. Theoretically the two boats would not be on even terms, but even then they are better matched by the present rules than is possible under any system of time allowance; while experience shows that the smaller boats need fear nothing from the larger on the score of superior size when the limits are no more different than in the present case. There is no disposition to build to the maximum limits, and fortunately the favorite canoe is both light and easily portable, two most essential ends to keep in view. The influence of the English boats that visited the meet last year has been very slight, here and there an odd device or a minor detail has been copied, but not in model. On the contrary, Pecowsic has exerted a visible influence, to note only one point, in the matter of length, the increased number of 16ft boats present being due largely to her.

The most important point that struck the observer in a tour through the fleet as the boats lay along shore and their owners stepping masts and rigging for the day's racing, was that out of the entire lot of 150 or more not more than four were in first-rate racing form, bottom perfectly smooth and polished, rig tried and perfected and minor details of gear and fitting strong and in thorough order. The two Barney boats, Lacowsic and Pecowsic, handled respectively by father and son, were in good condition and their simple rig was in perfect order, a number of sails of various sizes for each boat, the sails and spars perfect models of neatness, all ready at hand in a box near the float. Notus was in good form as regards hull and fittings, but even here the sails were only tried at the last moment, the reefing gear being rigged in camp. Fortunately all was right from the first, which is seldom the case, and she started in good form in her first race. Another boat that was in very good shape was the Rat, designed and built by Grant Edgar, of Newburg, and one of the best canoes in model as well as neatness of workmanship and completness of detail, including sails, that has yet appeared at a meet. Unfortunately her owner was too ill to sail her, only coming to the camp for a couple of days.

Outside of these there were a number of canoes of good model, but which needed a thorough rubbing down and half a dozen coats of varnish to make a passable bottom; there were some whose hulls were in fair condition, though this fault of rough bottom was general; while their rigs were nothing more than crude experiments or ill-judged copies of the sails of some fast boat. There were present a number of boats built as closely as possible after the leading models of last year, but in nearly every case their owners went home disappointed. Too many of these were ready to sell their present boats for whatever they could get and order blindly new ones. The fault in nearly all these cases was only a lack of preparation; with good sails, of any of half a dozen varieties, the boats could have been made to go very well, though it is not to be expected that a poor sailor in a Pecowsic will come anywhere near her old or present owner merely because he has duplicated the boat.

The first thing that every racing man should work for is promptness; complete your experiments and finish your sails at home, come to the meet with a finished boat, be ready early in the morning for the races of the day and be at the line in time to chose a good place instead of hurrying at the last minute and being caught with gear in a snarl when the first gun fires. What wins races is perfection of detail coupled with promptness and readiness. You may not have the best possible model, but see that the bottom is smooth, the rudder rising and falling easily, the board straight and sharp on the edge and working easily in the trunk, and that cleats, tiller and small gear are fully strong and in good order. Your sails may be out of fashion and not up to the latest cut, but they need not on that account have the gear half rove, the yard far off to leeward, or the luff slack. Of course no amount of mechanical perfection will alone make a sailor, but on the other hand the greatest skill is only wasted in a new boat, untried and half rigged, with too much or too little ballast, as some have found to their cost of late. Speaking of ballast, we must add that the shot bag was conspicuous chiefly by its absence this year, and that nearly all the canoes, certainly all the winning ones, were sailed without ballast.

To make a successful sailor requires not only a brand new Pecowsic or Notus, but many qualities which are possessed in full by but few, so that the number who will win the first prizes in the sailing races is but small. In paddling it is not quite the same, the interest is not as keen as in sailing and the practice requires perhaps more hard work of a mechanical sort and less pleasure, compared with sailing. There are fewer good paddlers than sailors in the A. C. A., and a better chance for the average canoeist who is not afraid to work to win laurels. A good sailor is born, not made, but any man of fair physique can learn to paddle a canoe well, and by a moderate amount of training and practice can make a very good show in the races. The record for the last two years will show that a man who goes into every race with a fair amount of pluck and skill and a boat in perfect order, such as every canoe should be kept by her owner, need not fear that he will miss his reward. He may take few or even no first prizes, and yet may head the record.

It is a pleasure to note that while racing is on the increase and the improvement in hulls and rigs is proportionately great, that cruising has in no way suffered. There is, it is true, a tendency to purely racing features in canoes that are in other respects cruisers, such as the very small cockpit, a board in the center of the well, and rigs that are unfitted for cruising; but on the whole the rights of the cruiser are well guarded by the Association, and none need fear that the racing will attain more than its due prominence.

SOUTH BOSTON C. C. REGATTA, AUG. 27.—This club sailed its regatta on Saturday over a triangle off South Boston. The wind was light for sailing, and only two out of seven starters finished the first race:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Apajune, Com. Frizzell	4 55 00	5 48 00	0 53 00
Enchantress, J. Craddock	4 55 45	5 56 15	1 01 15

The next event was a paddling race, resulting as follows:

Fidget, C. Hird	6 22 00
Cassie, Al Hird	6 22 05
Gros Ventre, Connor	6 22 07
Bluebell, Atherton	6 23 15
Queen, Dix	Time not taken.
Apajune, Frizzell	Time not taken.

The last race was a tandem with single blades:

Gros Ventre, Connor and W. J. Martin	6 44 45	0 03 45
Bluebell, Atherton and J. D. Ponce	6 44 48	0 03 48
Cassie, Hird Bros.	6 45 00	0 04 00
Apajune, Frizzell and John Martin	6 45 05	0 04 05

Judges: Wm. Looney and Alex Lundine; time-keeper, A. B. Lyon.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. F. D. Walker, of Springfield, Mass., has applied for membership.

Yachting.

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FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. LarchmontFall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
3. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
3. Cor. 2d Cham., Marblehead.
3. Beverly 3d Cham., Swampscott.
5. Beverly, Monument Beach.
5. Cohasset, Club, Cohasset.
6. Rhode Island, Open.
7. Pleon, Sail Off, Marblehead.
8. Knickerbocker Annual.
8. Quincy, 3d Championship.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
10. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
10. Beverly Sweepstakes, Monument Beach.
11. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
12. Newark Y. C. Fall Regatta.
13. Trial Races, New York.
15. Trial Races, New York.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Trial Races, New York.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
17. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
17. Trial Races, New York.
20. Cedar Point, Open.
21. Pleon, Sweepstakes, Marblehead.
24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. S. JUBILEE REGATTA.

THE night of Thursday, Aug. 18, was dirty. It was blowing hard from the southeast and raining heavily, but by daylight next morning the sky cleared, and a brilliant day, with a hard breeze of wind from W.S.W., promised excellent sport. There was a heavy sea kicked up by the night's gale, and it increased instead of diminishing; so that dry decks were out of the question. Even big Dauntless was all awash, and in some of the heavy plunges fears were entertained for the safety of some of her hands, as the seas swept fast forward. There were three races on the card; the first for yachts over 70ft. waterline, the second for yachts 70ft. and under. These two classes started at the same time and sailed over the same course—a long leg of 7 miles to the Automatic Buoy, then a triangle, 9 miles E.S.E., 9 miles S.W., 10 miles N. by W., and 7 miles in to finish; 42 miles in all. The S.W. markboat shifted during the night's gale; so instead of a beat, it was only a close fetch, and Galatea overstood and had to free sheets. Of course with the wind as it was, giving a broad reach and a run over the greater part of the course, the chances were all in favor of schooners, and Dauntless accordingly was timed first at the finish, though under her reduced rig she could not shake off the fleet Galatea, which flashed past the line only 25s. later. It was a magnificent race from start to finish, and nothing like it has been seen in the States this year; indeed, Dauntless's commander states he has not had such a breeze and sea to race in since he left England, and the owner of Dauntless is equally pleased with the weather he has experienced here. Had Sachem, Iroquois, Montauk and Grayling been here they would have enjoyed such a treat as very rarely falls to their lot in the lighter weather of Newport and Marblehead; while Mayflower, Puritan, Atlantic and Priscilla would have tried conclusions with Galatea under circumstances vastly different from those of any race in which they have yet met. The visitors agreed that all the arrangements were perfect, and as for the course, it is simply unequalled, for from start to finish it is superior to any on either side of the Atlantic.

There was tremendous interest taken in the regatta, and the shores of Point Pleasant were covered with spectators; while steamers, sailing and rowing craft of all kinds covered the harbor. The entries for the first class race were:

Galatea, cutter, 87ft. l.w.l., Lieut. Henn, R. N.
Dauntless, schooner, 116ft. 7in., C. H. Colt.

The second class:

Stranger, cutter, 65ft. 1½in., G. A. Warren.
Guinevere, schooner, O. S. Weeks.

The latter did not show up, and Stranger sailed over the course under easy canvas. The prizes were, in the first class, two cups presented by the R. N. S. Y. S.; in the second $200, presented by A. B. Sheraton. The starting gun was fired at 10:30 sharp, and the yachts crossed: Galatea, 10:30:25; Dauntless, 10:30:45; Stranger, 10:37:46.

Galatea carried whole mainsail, jib-headed gafftopsail, balloon foresail, and No. 1 jib; and broke out jibtopsail with the gun. Dauntless had whole main and foresails, working topsails, forestaysail, jib and flying jib and set jibtopsail as she passed. She drew up on the cutter at once, and before a mile of water had been run the pair went in for a luffing match, which took them right in under the western land, and off Portuguese Cove Dauntless lapped and blanketed the steel cutter, and up went helms for a rush to the Automatic, first mark, which was rounded: Dauntless, 11:05:15; Galatea, 11:06:25.

Seven miles in 34m. 30s. for Dauntless, in 36m. for Galatea, which speaks sufficiently for the breeze blowing. It was now a run to the eastern mark along a very high sea, and both yachts rolled to leeward and surged to windward in a way that threatened destruction to spars. Small spinakers were set to starboard, but before half the leg was sailed Galatea's 70ft. spar snapped 14ft. from the outer end, and away went the spinaker over the forestay, tearing badly. The wreck was smartly gathered in and balloon foresail shifted for working foresail. Just then the spinaker halliard block on Dauntless broke, and away went her balloon in ribbons. She was near the mark, however, and bar the loss of the sail, the accident scarcely delayed her. The time at the mark was: Dauntless, 11:50:15; Galatea, 11:54:30.

The schooner had thus gained 3m. 50s. on the cutter, but Galatea's turn had come, and in the close fetch to the S.W. mark she launched out in such good fashion that she turned the tables the other way, and was 2m. 30s. ahead at the buoy. Both yachts were driven for all they were worth, and lee rails were showed up occasionally, Dauntless going down to her skylights as she was forced along. It was a grand ding-dong race, hold on all, and blow good breeze. Galatea was smashing through the surges and Captain Dan Bradford did not spare her. She lost her jibtopsail, stowed on the bowsprit, as did Dauntless, the sea being so bad that it was unsafe to send a hand out on either yacht to try to save the sail. The time at the outer mark was: Galatea 1:02:50, Dauntless 1:05:20.

Twenty-five sea miles in 2½ hours, 9 of them close-hauled. Once round it was a broad reach for 17 miles, and Dauntless collared Galatea again and passed her, expending another jibtopsail in doing this, the sail splitting from top to bottom. Galatea set a balloon jibtopsail, but the breeze was too much for the kites, and off Camperdown it went with a vicious tear. Still the cutter held the big schooner and fought every inch of the way, finally coming in, after a hard sailed race, only 25s. astern, amid tremendous cheering. The finish of this superb race was timed: Dauntless 3:04:12, Galatea 3:04:37.

Lieut. Henn took first and Mr. Colt second prize. Stranger came in at 3:52:55 and took the Sheraton Cup.

The third race was for the splendid trophy presented to the R. N. S. Y. S. by residents of Boston and New York, for which the following yachts entered:

Albatross, schooner, D. Cronan	32ft. 6in.
Halicia, cutter, Capt. Trott	32ft. 4in.
Hebe, cutter, Capt. Trott	25ft.
Lenore, sloop, H. C. Madeod	27ft. 1in.
Pastime, schooner, W. M. Black	38ft. 9in.
Psyche, cutter, Capt. Russell	24ft. 2in.
Phantom, sloop, H. M. Wylde	24ft.
Hildred, sloop, W. G. Jones	
St. Kilda, schooner, J. W. King	

The course was to Dartmouth Cove, Mars Rock, lumber yard, twice around, 22 miles. The wind made it a reach all around, and the two larger schooners had no difficulty in disposing of the rest of the fleet. Pastime's sails are worn to a thread, but she sailed in such a way as to show that if canvassed and ballasted in modern fashion she would easily hold Wenonah. The latter simply romped away from the fleet and won with plenty of time to spare. Halicia was dismasted before reaching Mars Rock, and Lenore got third place. The time at the end of the first round was:

Wenonah	12 37 50	St. Kilda	12 57 38
Pastime	12 47 52	Albatross	1 05 25
Lenore	12 55 17	Phantom	1 06 00
Hebe	12 56 45	Psyche	1 06 10

Wenonah increased her lead during the second round; Hebe, which was sailed with wonderful dash by her owner's son, passed Lenore, as did St. Kilda, the sloop having got into difficulties with her jibtopsail, and the race finished:

Wenonah	1 52 57	Albatross	2 39 20
Pastime	2 10 57	Psyche	2 40 17
Hebe	2 34 30	Hildred	2 45 39
St. Kilda	2 26 20	Phantom	2 46 02
Lenore	2 34 10		

Wenonah winning the American Cup and Pastime the second prize.

Second Day, Aug. 20.

Saturday morning seemed to promise nothing better than a light northerly air with no heart in it. But it did not last and barely took the yachts in range of Thrum Cap and Lichfield, when it petered out altogether, and left them cruising about waiting for the true breeze, which came at last from S. S. W., giving practically a new start. There was a long roll running, and the stronger breeze kicked up a jump of a sea, which, in combination with a jibtopsail, accounted for Stranger's topmast. Galatea sailed a superb race throughout, did not throw away a chance, except standing rather too far to the eastward during the shifting and baffling of the wind, and won "hands down," presenting a striking appearance as she flew up the harbor under a crowd of sail.

The starting point was off Green Bank, and the whole shore along the Point was lined with spectators, beside great numbers on the various wharves, steamers, yachts not in the race, and boats of all kinds and sizes. Dauntless was near the line, an imposing object as she sailed about waiting for the gun; the elegant Stranger, with jackyarder aloft and balloon foresail sheeted aft, had her spinaker boom ready to port; Galatea shot along parallel with the line, her immense mainsail and jackyard topsail setting like cards; enterprising Lenore, prepared to contest the possession of the cup with the biggest of them all; Wenonah, with the glory of the Friday's victory lighting up the faces of her crew, ready to "have a hack" at the schooner's prize; and most deservedly admired of all, Halicia, whose owner, thorough sportsman that he is, had got a new mast in during the night, towed down to the starting line, and was actually hard at work with his crew finishing the rigging of his yacht so as to have mainsail and jib at least ready for the signal gun. True British bulldog pluck and perseverance in Captain Trott, and loud were the cheers which greeted him when, off Meagher's Beach, he had his fine little craft fully canvassed and dancing along in the light breeze.

The gun for the start was fired sharp at 10:30 A. M., and away went the crowd over the line, the vast spinakers of Dauntless, Galatea and Stranger revealing to Halifax eyes the true proportions of balloon canvas. The starters were:

Galatea, cutter, Lieut. Henn, R. N.	87.00 L.w.l.
Dauntless, schooner, C. H. Colt	116.07
Stranger, cutter, G. H. Warren	65.01½
Halicia, cutter, Capt. S. Trott	32 01
Pastime, schooner, W. Marshall Black	38.09
Wenonah, schooner, Jas. Stairs *et al*	45.01
Guinevere, schooner, O. J. Weeks	
Lenore, sloop, H. C. McLeod	27.01

The course was the same as on the previous day—from the Green Bank 7 miles to the inner automatic buoy, thence E. S. E. 9 miles, thence S. W. 9 miles, thence N. by W. 10 miles to automatic, and 7 miles to finish—42 miles.

According to the New York Yacht Club rules, under which the race was sailed, ten minutes are allowed for crossing the line. This antiquated style of starting has gone out of use in Halifax altogether, and the English style of starting with the gun is always adhered to, as giving more scope for seamanship and smart handling. The times at which the yachts crossed were:

Halicia	10 39 56	Pastime	10 33 42
Stranger	10 31 54	Wenonah	10 33 55
Galatea	10 32 15	Lenore	10 34 00
Dauntless	10 33 36	Guinevere	10 36 01

Halicia ran fast in the light wind, having spinaker set to port, as had also Stranger, Dauntless and Wenonah. Galatea pulled out hers to starboard, Lenore following suit, and each forged ahead clear of their class, but Stranger falling into the big Englishman's wake becalmed her sails, hauled in mainboom and went by her to leeward, taking and keeping the lead. Dauntless was closing up, with Lenore buzzing on her weather quarter; but the smaller schooners were not running as much water and were dropping behind. Progress was very slow and whistling for a breeze very general. At Meagher's Beach Galatea ran past Halicia, and with Stranger the trio formed a division of their own, the other yachts edging to the westward. By the time the fleet was off Thrum Cap spinakers were aback on the leaders, and it was "haul in and lower away" on all of them, jibtopsails taking the place of the big balloons. An easterly and southerly draft struck the three cutters, and Galatea went off on port tack with sheets flat, Stranger and Halicia to starboard. Between the two large cutters the rest of the fleet was seen coming down with the last of the northerly air. Presently Galatea tacked to starboard and Stranger to port; when they met Mr. Warren's boat had the advantage and went round on her heel to weatherbow the Galatea, but she was not quick enough, and the ninety cleared her wind. Both vessels presently sailed into a patch of calm and came up all standing, Galatea's weight forging her through Stranger's lee out ahead of her and some mysterious breath aloft sending her on to the southward and westward. Away under the Portuguese Cove shore were Dauntless, Wenonah, Guinevere, Pastime, Lenore and Halicia, all becalmed, sails slatting, and the yachts rolling in the heavy swell. Presently the S.W. breeze came off the land. Dauntless's enormous balloon maintopsail staysail filled, topsails, jibs, fore and mainsails bellied out, and the splendid yacht raced for the Automatic with sheets lifted and threatened to take the lead. Wenonah and the smaller schooners had not yet got it; the big cutters were worse off, as they were furthest to leeward; but now the inshore division felt the wind, and Lenore & Co. freed sheets and went off at score after Dauntless. Next Galatea's jibtopsail came full—head sheets were lighted over, the mainboom swung to port, and the steel cutter was away like a greyhound for the Automatic, leaving Stranger still rolling and without a breath. It was a piece of good fortune, and one vast smile lined the weather bulwarks of Galatea as she sped first of the fleet round the first mark. Stranger was now full, but had to nip up to fetch round, and that ran away with some of her allowance. The time round Automatic was:

Galatea	12 21 20	Pastime	12 31 56
Dauntless	12 25 32	Guinevere	12 32 04
Stranger	12 27 46	Wenonah	22 32 17
Lenore	12 30 08		

Poor Halicia had come to grief before reaching the buoy. The new mast, put in that morning to replace the one carried away the day before, broke ten feet from the deck, and settled her chances for the day. The accident was deeply regretted by every one, for each day it occurred when Halicia was doing well, and to lose two masts on two successive days when racing for $500 and $1,000 prizes is worse than trying—it is exasperating, especially as Captain Trott spares neither pains nor expense to bring his yachts to the line in perfect condition. Mr. W. Lawson bore down in his steamer A. C. Whitney and took the yacht in tow.

The breeze was now piping up, the racers sliding along with a long sea on the beam, wind on starboard quarter, Galatea leading with bowsprit spinaker, Dauntless next with spinaker on boom to starboard, but necessarily so far forward that it becalmed her headsails, and Stranger canvassed like Galatea. Lenore was running steadily along and Guinevere and Wenonah were well within their time of Dauntless, and saw visions of the schooner cup in their respective lockers. Galatea was discounting the time allowance of every competitor and romping away from all except Dauntless, which made a slight gain. The schooner's foretopmast being suspected of a little weakness, her balloon jibtopsail was stowed, and about the same time Galatea shifted jackyard topsail for number two, in preparation for the turn to windward. Stranger carried her balloon foresail all day, but Mr. Henn's vessel had working foresail. The second mark, 9 sea miles from Automatic, was rounded:

Galatea	1 21 55	Wenonah	1 47 05
Dauntless	1 25 05	Guinevere	1 47 42
Stranger	1 28 27	Pastime	1 48 00

Galatea had thus gained only 6s. on Stranger, and had to gain 10m. 28s. more on her in order to save her time, but the moment had now come for her to show her powers. It was a beat of nine sea miles to the next mark, which bore S.W. Galatea hauled up sharp on starboard tack, outpointing Dauntless at once. Stranger did the same, and came out on weather quarter of Galatea, but a long way astern. There was now a rattling breeze and a jump of sea, and the steel boat went through it like a knife, sending up spurts of spray from her main chains and a glory of rainbow foam from her sharp bows. Steadily and swiftly she left Stranger, which was now second boat, and settled right out to windward till she had her in her wake. Before this, at 1:36:20, Mr. Warren's cutter had handed jibtopsail. At 2:39:45 Galatea had the markboat abeam, and, with a weather-going tide, she tacked for it. When Stranger tacked at 2:58:35 the clock showed her time allow-

ance was run out, and Galatea had two minutes to the good, and those two minutes had increased when, shortly after setting her jibtopsail, Stranger, at 3:03, carried away her topmast under the eyes of the rigging. The race, already a procession, became still more so as Galatea went away hand over fist, rounding the outer mark to the accompaniment of vociferous cheers from the men on the markboat, and breaking out her bowsprit spinaker as she checked sheets for the broad reach home. Dauntless collared Stranger, now crippled by the loss of her topsail, and was second at the mark. The rounding was timed:

Galatea..... 3 11 20 Stranger..... 3 56 00
Dauntless..... 3 56 25

Pastime and Lenore had given up. Wenonah and Guinevere were out of sight astern, but hanging on to their work, though, bar the crippling of Dauntless, they had not a chance of winning. Galatea flew along at ten knots an hour, passing the last mark at 4:23:30, hailed by steamers' whistles and cheers from passengers and crews of every craft she passed. The St. Pierre put on full speed to catch her, but was left hopelessly behind; the multitudes who lined the shore all along the Point road saw a sight they will not easily forget, as the noble yacht swept on to victory—"Galatea first, the rest nowhere." There were numberless carriages and many cyclists at the Point, and the whole calvacade galloped along trying to keep up with the first cutter, the sight being exciting as well as amusing. From Point Pleasant to Green Bank and on to the finish there rolled cheer after cheer. On the Lumber yard a great crowd was assembled and greeted the Galatea with rounds of cheers.

The crew of the cutter replied, and then the guests gave three cheers and one more for Lieut. and Mrs. Henn, and one for Skipper Bradford, who had sailed the boat so well. Then round the ships of war, whose Jack tars manned the rigging and sent a hurricane of cheers to greet the victor, while the Bellerophon's band played, "See the conquering hero come." A flight past the wharves and Dauntless and Stranger were each waited for and cheered by Galatea and the shore, and thus a splendid race came to a pleasant end. The times at the finish were:

Galatea.....5 16 20 Stranger.....6 37 48
Dauntless.....6 11 52

The others gave up; Wenonah being towed in at about 10 P. M., and Lenore arriving home in a pelting rain at 3 A. M.

Galatea thus won the Jubilee cup, beating Dauntless by 54m. 54s., exclusive of time allowance. Dauntless takes the prize for schooners—the $350 cup presented by residents of Boston and New York.

THE TRIAL AND CUP RACES.

THE programme for the trial races to select a competitor for Thistle is as follows:

First Race.—Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 10 A. M., over the inside course of the New York Y. C.

Second Race.—Thurseay, Sept. 15, at half-past 10 A. M., twenty miles to windward or leeward and return from Scotland Lightship.

Third Race.—Saturday, Sept. 17, at half-past 10 A. M., triangular outside course, starting from Scotland Lightship.

Neither Puritan, Priscilla nor Atlantic will enter, so the contest will be narrowed down to Mayflower and Volunteer. The flagship Electra will carry the Regatta Committee. The following is the programme for the Cup races:

First Race.—Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M., over inside course of New York Y. C.

Second Race.—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 10:30 A. M., twenty miles to windward or leeward and return from Scotland or Sandy Hook Lightship, as will be determined on the morning of the race.

Third Race.—Saturday, Oct. 1, at 10:30 A. M., triangular course of forty miles, starting at Scotland Lightship.

The races are in charge of the America's Cup Committee, Ex-Com. James D. Smith, chairman; William Krebs, secretary; Philip Schuyler, John S. Dickerson, G. L. Haight, and the Commodore, Vice-Commodore and Rear-Commodore of the New-York Y. C., *ex officio*.

The following invitation has been sent to the New York Y. C.:

To the Secretary New York Y. C., 67 Madison avenue, New York city:

DEAR SIR—In a week or so, after refitting, we shall be happy to afford those of your members an opportunity to visit the Thistle who desire to do so, and permits to that effect will be issued from this office, by which means only visitors will be admitted.

This method we consider the most desirable in order to regulate the number of applicants compatible with the proper progress of the work aboard. Yours truly, HENDERSON BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22, 1887.

John H. Bird, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—The inclosed speaks for itself, and I beg leave to add that Mr. Bell asks me to inform the New York Y. C., through your good self, that he will immediately on arrival (about Sept. 8) issue a general invitation to members of the New York Y. C. to come aboard and view the Thistle to their heart's content. Yours most truly, RICHARD HENDERSON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22, 1887.

CLINTON Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The Clinton Y. C. held their first annual regatta off Grove Beach on Aug. 17. It was feared in the morning that the race would result in a fizzle, as there was no indication of a breeze, but as the time for the start drew near a good working breeze from S.W. sprang up, enabling the yachts to make the course in good time; start was from an anchor. In special class Venus, New Haven Y. C., led from start to finish, thus adding another to her list of victories. The third class made the most exciting race of the day, White Wings pulling off a well-earned victory, Ada and Tot pressing her hotly.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Time.
Venus, Geo. M. Graves	30.06	1 11 15
John Bacon	25.00	1 23 00
Hornet, M. Buell	31.00	1 29 30

FIRST CLASS.

Widewawake, A. F. Taylor	1 37 00
Kingfisher, H. Dee	2 03 00

SECOND CLASS.

Susie Hardtack, Geo. Seely	1 57 00
Mamie Edith, Ed. C. Watrous	1 59 00
Uncle James, Stillman Robinson	1 59 20
Ives, Mr. Ives	
Idle Girl, A. D. Crowell	
Bunker Hill, Fred Hill	
Idler, Dwight Holbrook	
Sparrow, A. H. Kirtland	

THIRD CLASS.

White Wings, Chas. H. Kelsey	1 51 00
Ada, Edgar Burel	1 52 40
Tot, Chas. Whycoff	1 56 00
Junita, Wm. E. Otis	
Windward, Frank Redfield	
Eli, Robt. Pierce	

Prizes: Special class, Venus first; first class, Wide Awake; second class, Susie Hardtack first, Mamie Edith second, Uncle James third; third class, White Wings first, Ada second, Tot third.

CEDAR POINT Y. C. PENNANT REGATTA, AUG. 20.—The second pennant regatta of the Cedar Point Y. C. was sailed at Cedar Point off Westport harbor, on Aug. 20, in a heavy northeast wind. The course was from a stakeboat off Cedar Point, to and around Cankeen Buoy, thence to Cedar Point, distance twelve miles. The Go-Softly parted her bobstay before the start and withdrew. The race between the Daisy and Puritan was very close, there being only eight seconds difference in elapsed times:

CLASS B—SLOOPS 45FT. AND UNDER.

	Start.	Finish.
Imperia	11 53 04	1 35 04
Genevieve	11 54 02	1 36 06

CLASS C—SLOOPS 35FT. AND UNDER.

Teal	11 51 00	1 28 30
Delphine	11 50 00	1 26 02

CLASS D—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS 25FT. AND UNDER.

Number 4	11 49 05	1 31 30
Alice	11 49 00	Did not finish.
Casino	11 54 00	Did not finish.

CLASS E—CATBOATS 21FT. AND UNDER.

Peggy	11 35 00	1 24 04

CLASS F—CATBOATS 19FT. AND UNDER.

Puritan	11 25 30	1 24 08
Daisy	11 25 30	1 24 00

Genevieve wins in Class B on corrected time. Delphine wins in Class C. Number 4 wins in Class D. Peggy sailed a walkover in Class E, and Puritan wins in Class F on corrected time. An open regatta will be held at Cedar Point, Sept. 20, open to all boats in Long Island Sound eligible to the classes of the Cedar Point Yacht Club. Cash prizes will be offered. Yachtsmen wishing information can address Edwin Thorne, Jr., Secretary Cedar Point Yacht Club, Saugatuck, Conn.—E. S. WHEELER.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—This club will sail its fall regatta, open to its own yachts only, on Sept. 8.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB'S 13TH CRUISE, Aug. 21.—Courses, Norristown to Indian Creek and return. Distance, five miles. Weather, clear and warm. Wind, light southerly. Current ½ mile per hour:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Cor.
Gracie, skiff, E. A. Leopold	12.00	9 00 00	12 10 54	3 01 51
E. C. Potts, tuckup, Parker Bros.	15.00	9 00 00	12 07 30	3 05 50
Flying Eagle, tuckup, J. Berndt	15.00	9 00 00	12 06 52	3 06 52
Igidious, tuckup, W. Rochell	15.00	9 00 00	12 15 50	3 15 50
H. C. Scott, tuckup, Carnathan	15.00	9 00 00	12 19 22	3 18 22
Cocktail, tuckup, Max Berndt	15.00	9 00 00	Withdrew.	
Pennsylvania, hiker, J. Adams	16.00	9 12 00	Withdrew.	
Josephine, tuckup, E. Sowers	15.00	9 00 00	Withdrew.	

The wind was so light at the start the boats were just able to stem the current, and it was 9:15 when they moved off slowly with a fair wind. After rounding the buoy the wind freshened a trifle, and in the beat back the hiker Pennsylvania, with 50yds. sail, got no advantage of the tuckups with 27yds. or the Gracie with 35ft. The hiker withdrew at the end of four miles, the E. C. Potts being ahead of her at the time. Judge, Joseph Boucot.

On Aug. 28, over same course, weather clear and cool, wind light to fresh westerly, the times were: Flying Eagle, 1.38.15; Gracie, 1.40.03; E. C. Potts, 1.40.36; Cocktail, 1.43.06; Igidious, 1.43.56; Ino, 1.46.36; Elsie, 1.51.11. Flying Eagle wins champion pennant. It was a beat to the buoy and a reach home, with genuine tuck-up weather, smooth water, and a whole sail breeze prevailing most of the time.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—The third championship race and sweepstake for first class was sailed over the Fort Point course on Aug. 17. First and second class 9 miles, third class 6 miles. Weather fair. Wind S.E. moderate. Tide high at 9:49 P. M.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posy	22.03	2 06 30	3 57 47	1 50 12	1 19 14
Secret	22.06	2 06 30	4 01 24	1 54 54	1 24 23
Folly	26.08	2 06 36	3 58 58	1 52 23	1 25 05

SECOND CLASS.

Diadem	18.02	2 10 28	4 08 33	1 58 05	1 20 55
Tartar	19.5¾	2 10 18	4 08 14	1 57 56	1 22 41
Maud	19.02	2 10 52	4 19 13	2 08 21	1 32 39
Spray	19.02	2 11 40	.....	.....	.....
Nereid	20.09	2 10 47	Withdrew.		
Hester	19.11	2 13 00	Did not finish.		
Christine	18.06	2 10 52	Did not finish.		
Snarleyow	18.00	2 11 00	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee	17.05	2 15 44	3 49 34	1 33 50	1 08 17
Nifti	17.00	2 15 15	3 57 07	1 41 52	1 15 52
Helen Snow	16.06	2 15 03	Disabled.		

First prize, second class, Diadem; third class, Flora Lee. Winner of sweepstake, first class, Posy. Winner of championship leg, Secret. Judges: Henry Gardner, E. P. Worster, T. D. Bagley.

BAYHEAD Y. C.—The second race for the Bayhead championship pennant was sailed over the Bayhead course on Aug. 18. The Snipe won first place, her performance was a surprise to every one, she being a cruising boat and this her first race. The wind was southwest and all but Snipe carried single reef:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Snipe	22.08	3 30 30	5 12 20	1 41 50	1 41 50
Edith	20.09	3 29 40	5 15 43	1 45 57	1 44 02
Foam	18.00	3 29 56	5 20 16	1 50 20	1 45 40
Rowena	16.08	3 29 54	5 25 55	1 50 01	1 50 01
Effie	16.08	3 26 25	5 27 27	1 58 02	1 52 02

The third race for the Bayhead championship pennant was sailed on Aug. 25. Snipe again won first place and will no doubt win the pennant if she has plenty of wind. It will be a close race between Edith, Foam and Rowena for second prize, the wind during race was northwest, hard, puffy and unsatisfactory:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Snipe	22.08	3 03 51	4 34 27	1 30 36	1 30 36
Edith	20.09	3 05 08	4 45 40	1 40 32	1 33 37
Foam	18.00	3 05 07	4 51 12	1 46 05	1 41 25
Rowena	16.08	3 04 24	4 47 07	1 42 43	1 36 43
Effie	16.08	3 04 03	5 03 31	2 01 28	1 55 28

MIRAMICHI Y. C. RACE.—The third race of the Miramichi Y. C. for the silver cups presented by Commodore Miller and Messrs. Call and Noonan, was sailed from Newcastle to Chatham and return, 10 miles. The wind was on the starboard quarter, very light, and all the yachts set spinakers. They kept well together in the run down, but the big ones drew rapidly ahead on the beat back. The winners were Com. J. C. Miller in the first class, and Vice-Com. J. L. Stewart in the second class, the flag officers thus carrying off the honors. Summary:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kilbride	22.00	2 52 00	2 36 31
Kittoch	21.09	2 54 45	2 38 56
Arrow	19.07	3 11 00	2 52 00
Blondy	19.00	3 14 00	2 55 51

SECOND CLASS.

Annie	15.02	3 50 30	3 23 40
Bear	15.04	3 50 15	3 23 50
Terror	15.02	3 55 50	3 28 40
Twilight	16.00	4 19 30	3 54 25
Daisy	12.00	4 19 00	3 43 20

BUNKER HILL Y. C. REGATTA, Aug. 13.—Course, 4¾ miles; weather, pleasant; wind, east, light; tide, flood:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Thelga, B. T. Hall	21.03	11 13 30	12 54 20	1 40 50	1 40 04
Iola, W. H. Webber	22.06	11 14 10	1 02 00	1 47 50	1 47 50
Kait, J. T. Huggins	17.07	11 17 40	1 34 00	2 16 20	2 16 20
Frolic, Wm. Anderson	17.06	11 20 15	1 50 20	2 30 05	2 28 28
Sprite, P. J. Hinchey	14.10	11 23 55	1 05 40	1 41 45	1 41 35
Flash, C. A. Winters	15.01	11 23 56	1 28 30	2 04 34	2 04 34

Winners first prizes—Class 1, Thelga; Class 2, Kit; Class 3, Sprite. Measurements are in sailing length, which are in this club length on waterline. Regatta Committee—H. L. Johnson, J. W. Reich, H. Leadbetter. Judges—Geo. B. Thomas; Randall Gould, Geo. W. Abbott.

THE FLYING PONTOON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I promised to report on the performance of the flying pontoon previously described and illustrated in your paper, but it has seemed advisable to wait for the report of the success or failure of this novel sailing craft from a responsible and disinterested person who has tested her in actual use with other boats. Last month I built and sent a flying pontoon to a well-known gentleman at Saranac Lake, N. Y., who writes as follows: "The pontoon came safely and is a success. I like the way she works, and for lakes like these, which are never very rough, I think she is just the craft. I am sorry I did not let you send me a jib as you proposed, as for light winds she has not enough sail, and we are now racing for a cup." The pontoon is 18ft. in length, 5ft. beam, 11in. depth of hull amidships. She is furnished with a centerboard and draws 2½in. of water with four persons aboard. Her draft of water when carrying twelve persons will not exceed 6in. She is as stiff under sail as a catamaran, easily handled by one man or a boy, and cannot sink, as she has two air tanks running her entire length under the deck.—THOMAS CLAPHAM (Roslyn, L. I., Aug. 22).

DORCHESTER Y. C. CRUISE.—The following order has been issued for the Dorchester Y. C. cruise: ON BOARD FLAGSHIP ARETHUSA, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1887.—General Orders No. 1. The commodore hereby assumes command of the squadron. Charles L. Perrin is appointed fleet captain, and will be obeyed accordingly.—HENRY W. SAVAGE, Commodore. General Orders No. 2. Yachts will rendezvous off Thompson's Island, Saturday, Sept. 3, 1887, at 1:30 P. M. At 2:30 P. M. sharp a gun from the flagship will be the signal to proceed to Marblehead. Two club pennants are offered by the commodore as prizes to the two yachts of the squadron, respectively over and under 30ft. over all, first arriving off the Corinthian Y. C. house at Marblehead. A meeting of captains will be held on the flagship Saturday evening at 8:30 to consider the continuation of the cruise to Monday, Sept. 5, Labor day (a legal holiday). Attention is called to the rules contained on pages 54, 55 and 56 of the club book. By order of the commodore.—CHARLES L. PERRIN, Fleet Captain.

THISTLE.—On Monday Thistle took her first sail, going out to the Lightship. Since her arrival at New York her crew have rescued the crew of two capsized boats. Last week Captain Barr and his crew were given a dinner at Martinelli's by the Social Sons of Scotland. The story has been started in New York that Thistle has an arrangement for forcing air through perforations in her keel for the purpose of decreasing friction, one evening paper considering the yarn of sufficient importance to waste space upon.

HULL Y. C., OPEN REGATTA.—The open regatta on Aug. 27 brought out nearly 70 starters, the race being sailed in a moderate W. wind, with calms during the latter part. The winners were: First class, Shadow, c.b., Aglaia, k.; second class, Atalanta, c.b., Echo, k.; third class, Black Cloud, c.b., Witch, k.; fourth class, Tartar; fifth class, Wildfire; sixth class, Em Ell Eye.

HARLEM Y. C.—The postponed regatta of the Harlem Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 24 in all weather, from half a gale to a calm. The winners were: Class B, Peerless; Class C, Jennie Willis; Class D, Geo. B. Dean; Class E, Jessie; Class F, Wave; Class G, Happy Thought.

MATTAPOISETT REGATTA, AUG. 26.—The regatta for prizes given by the citizens of Mattapoisett was sailed on Aug. 26, with little wind, the winners were: First prize in first class, Climax, second Mollie; second class, Zillah first, Success second; third class, Thrump first, Alice second; fourth class, No Name first, Alice second.

COOPER'S POINT Y. C.—The ninth race of the Corinthian Y. C., of Cooper's Point, was sailed on Aug. 22, starting at 3:10 P. M., wind light E., afterward coming strong from S.E., making a beat home. Item finished at 4:37 and Wilkins at 4:41.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C.—The first open race of the Rhode Island Y. C. will be sailed on Sept. 6, starting off the club house. The classes include sloops and catboats from 18ft. and under up to 42ft. Shifting ballast is prohibited.

COHASSET Y. C.—The open race of the Cohasset Y. C., on Aug. 27, was hardly more than a drift, only one round being sailed. The winners were: First class, Hermes; second Class, Heron; third class, Champion.

QUINCY Y. C., 2d CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 26.—This race was sailed in a strong N.W. breeze, over courses of 8, 7 and 6 miles, the winners were: First class, Echo; second class, Diadem; third class, Wildfire.

BAR HARBOR REGATTA.—Owing to the non-attendance of racing yachts this regatta was a failure. Gitana sailed against Iroquois, beating her, and Adrienne defeated Hope Leslie.

STRANGER.—Mr. Geo. H. Warren will shortly leave Boston to take a permanent position in the English offices of the Warren line, and the cutter Stranger is offered for sale.

BEVERLY Y. C.—The Beverly Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 27 off Monument Beach. Surprise won in 1st class, Mist in 2d and Nymph in 3d.

PHOTOS OF VOLUNTEER.—Mr. N. G. Stebbins, of Boston, has sent us some excellent views of Volunteer, both underway and in the drydock.

STEAM YACHTING.

STEAM LAUNCHES AND THE INSPECTION LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Are steam launches subject to the United States inspection laws? This question interests all who own these boats, and, so far as I know, has not been discussed in these pages, all seeming to acquiesce in the ruling of inspectors that they are so liable. I think this is an error.

It has been held that the power to inspect vessels arises from the provision in the Constitution of the United States giving Congress power to regulate commerce between the States and the Indian tribes. This leaves commerce that is wholly internal subject to the regulation and control of the States. U. S. v. the Daniel Ball, 10 Wall., 557.

This statement means that the commerce must be exclusively internal, and that if the boat carries freight or passengers from another State, so as to make an interstate line of transportation, she will be liable.

The question has arisen most frequently in regard to ferryboats plying between points wholly within a State. The Bright Star was a ferryboat plying between Washington, Mo., and the opposite shore. She was libeled for not having complied with the inspection laws. Justice Miller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, discharged her, saying: "There is a commerce strictly internal to each State over which Congress has no control, although it may be carried on by means of the navigable waters of the United States, and Congress has in its legislation steadily kept this in view." U. S. v. the Bright Star, 1 Wool., 266.

The reasoning in this case has been acquiesced in and adopted in the following cases: The Brunswick, 6 Ben., 112; the Thomas Swan, 6 Ben., 42; the Seneca, 1 Biss., 371. Also in an unreported case in the Eastern District of Arkansas, Caldwell, J., where the captain of the ferryboat at Little Rock was discharged for not taking out a license. The same judge, holding court in the Western District, discharged the ferryboat at Fort Smith. Probably other similar cases have been decided.

The conclusion to be drawn is, that so long as a launch is kept wholly within the waters of a State, and does not so carry freight or passengers as to make herself a means of interstate commerce, she would not be subject to the navigation laws of the United States.

But Justice Miller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, took still another view of the question. The Mollie was libeled at Galveston for not complying with the inspection laws. Justice Bradley discharged her saying: "This is a libel against a small pleasure boat 29ft. long, 7ft. wide and without dock, propelled by a small steam engine with cylinder of 9in. stroke and 3¼in. diameter. It is run occasionally by the owner and the owner of the engine for their amusement on Buffalo Bayou below Houston. In my judgment this is not a vessel navigating the public waters of the United States, within the meaning of the steam inspection laws. Section 4,426 of the Revised Statutes enumerates the various kinds of small steam craft which were intended to be embraced within the law. It declares that the hull and boilers of every ferryboat, canal boat, yacht or other small craft of light character, propelled by steam, shall be inspected under the provisions of this title. And no such vessel shall be navigated without a licensed pilot. Now the vessel in question is neither a ferryboat, canal boat nor yacht. Does it belong to the added category of 'other small craft of light character?' These words must be interpreted upon the principle of *noscitur a sociis*. The last clause of the section shows that to be within the law a vessel must at least be one which will admit of the employment of a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot. It is not to be supposed that a mere pleasure skiff of the kind now under consideration, was intended to be embraced within the regulations of this law. The libel is dismissed." U.S. v. Steamer Mollie, 2 Woods, 331.

Until reversed by the Supreme Court, this decision allows a launch to be run anywhere in the United States, within a State or between them, and on the bays and coasts, without a license or inspection. CASUAL.

AMY, steam yacht, has been sold in England to an Italian yachtsman, the price being $75,000.

With its famous lake and even more famous Sunday-school assembly, Chautauqua county has never been considered unusually primitive, but if reports from that vicinity are to be believed, the march of civilization has not entirely obliterated all remnants of the original savage denizens. Nothing less formidable than bears has been discovered, not half-subdued and fugitive animals, but rampageous, man-eating brutes who have caused the utmost consternation. The locality is described as a deep, rocky gulf, twelve miles in length, not far from Mayville. The presence of something unusual was first discovered by the farmers, who lost a number of fine calves and sheep, but nothing definite was known until Mrs. Oscar Berringer appeared at Mayville in great haste, with the startling information that two cub bears had that morning driven her into the house. She said that she knew that there were wild bears in the wild rocky ledges near her home, and begged that a searching party might be sent out to verify her story. It does not appear that she was enabled to attract much attention, but a few days later when a young farmer started forth with his dinner pail and an empty basket to pick blackberries in the gulf, and did not return, the bear story seemed more plausible. Then the discovery of his dinner pail, clothing, and remnants of bones, and mangled flesh, gave a decided color to Mrs. Berringer's story and at the latest reports a party of hunters was being organized to visit the wilderness.—*Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.*

A reporter, browsing about between midnight and 1 o'clock yesterday morning, saw a man standing near one of the electric light posts on Washington street waving a long horse-whip back and forth high above his head. He had a fishhook on the end of the whip, to which was attached a moth miller, and he explained that with this bait he captured the bats that were foraging among the insects around the electric light. He said he got half a dollar apiece for them, and that he had already caught seven that night. He sold them to the taxidermists, and said that he could get more for them in Boston. He spoke of hiring a man to help him, as he could catch enough then to pay him for shipping them to Boston. He caught two while the reporter remained to watch the operation, and he picked them off the hook and put them in a bag that he carried slung across his shoulder.—*Providence Journal.*

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FOR 1887.

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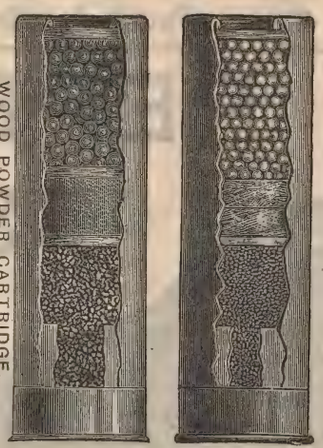
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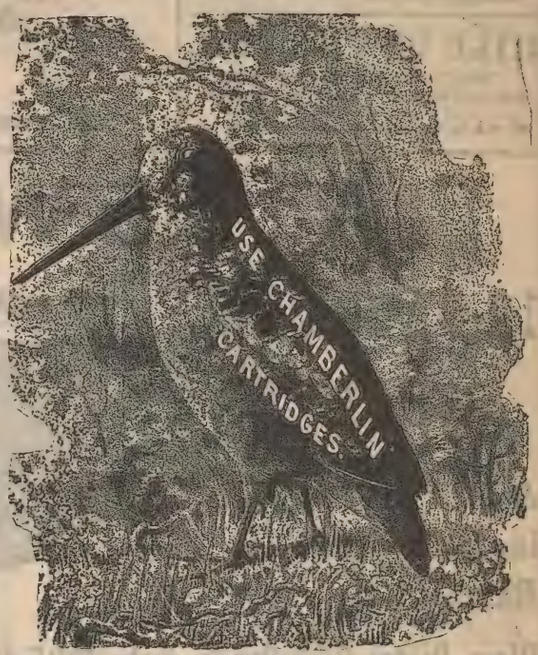
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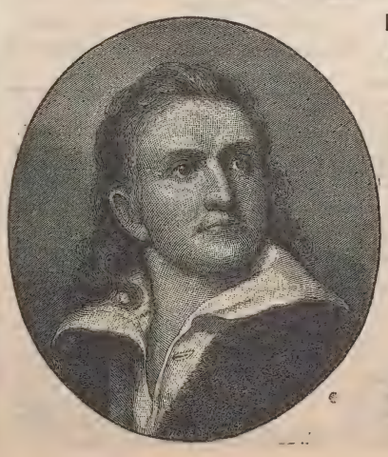
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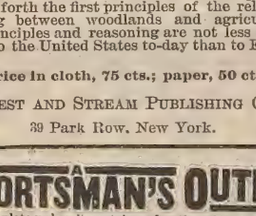
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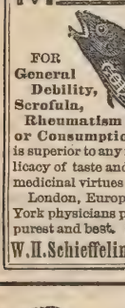
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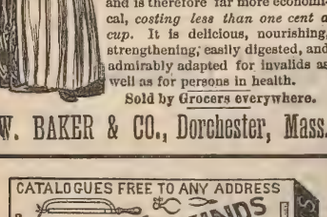
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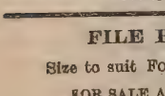
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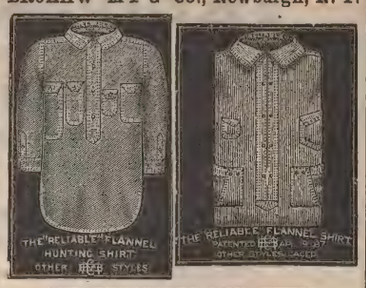
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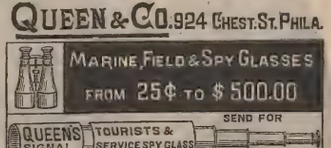
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAMPING OUT.

"CAMPING out" is for the most part becoming merely a name for moving out of one's permanent habitation and dwelling for a few weeks in a well-built lodge, smaller, perhaps, than one's home, but as comfortable and almost as convenient; with tables, chairs and crockery, carpets and curtains, beds with sheets and blankets on real bedsteads, a stove and its full outfit of cooking utensils, wherefrom meals are served in the regular ways of civilization. And so, living in nearly the same fashion of his ordinary life, except that he wears a flannel shirt and a slouch hat and perhaps fishes a little, and loafs more than is his ordinary custom, our "camper" imagines that he is getting quite close to the primitive ways of hunters and trappers; that he is living their life with nothing lacking but the rough edges, which he has ingeniously smoothed away. But he is mistaken. In ridding himself of some of its discomforts, he has lost a great deal of the best of real camp life; the spice of small adventure, and the woodsy flavor that its half-hardships and makeshift appliances give it. If one sleeps a little cold under his one blanket on his bed of evergreen twigs, though he does not take cold, he realizes in some degree the discomfort of Boone's bivouac when he cuddled beside his hounds to keep from freezing—and feels slightly heroic. His slumbers are seasoned with dreams of the wild woods, as the balsamic perfume of his couch steals into his nostrils; his companions' snores invade his drowsy senses as the growl of bears, and the thunderous whir of grouse bursting out of untrodden thickets. When he awakes in the gray of early morning he finds that the few hours of sleep have wrought a miracle of rest, and he feels himself nearer to nature when he washes his face in the brook, than when he rinses off his sleepiness in bowl or basin. The water of the spring is colder and has a finer flavor when he drinks it from a birch bark cup of his own making. Tea made in a frying-pan has an aroma never known to such poor mortals as brew their tea in a teapot, and no mill ever ground such coffee as that which is tied up in a rag and pounded with a stone or hatchet-head. A sharpened stick for a fork gives a zest to the bit of pork "frizzled" on as rude a spit and plattered on a clean chip or sheet of bark, and no fish was ever more toothsome than when broiled on a gridiron improvised of green wands, or roasted Indian fashion, in a cleft stick.

What can make amends for the loss of the camp-fire, with innumerable pictures glowing and shifting in its heart, and conjuring strange shapes out of the surrounding gloom, and suggesting unseen mysteries that the circle of darkness holds behind its rim?

How are the wells of conversation to be thawed out by a black stove, so that tales of hunters' and fishers' craft and adventure shall flow till the measure of man's belief is overrun? How is the congenial spark of true companionship to be kindled when people brood around a stove and light their pipes with matches, and not with coals snatched out of the camp-fire's edge, or with twigs that burn briefly with baffling flame?

But it will not be long before it will be impossible to get a taste of real camping without taking long and expensive journeys, for every available rod of lake shore and river bank is being taken up and made populous with so-called camps, and the comfortable freedom and seclusion of a real camp are made impossible there. One desiring that might better pitch his tent in the back woodlot of a farm than in any such popular resort. This mismaned camping out has become a fashion which seems likely to last till the shores are as thronged as the towns, and the woods are spoiled for the real campers, whom it is possible to imagine seeking in the summers of the future a seclusion in the cities that the forests and streams no longer can give them. Let those who can study the delightful and practical pages of "Woodcraft," and go while they may to practice its lessons and get a taste of real camp life.

Yet, let it be understood that make-believe camping is better than no camping. It cannot but bring people into more intimate relations with nature than they would be if they stayed at home, and so to better acquaintance with and greater interest in the mother who deals so impartially with all her children.

SITKA AS A SUMMER RESORT.

THE old Russian town of Sitka, in Alaska, has already acquired celebrity as a summer resort, and the stream of travel thitherward increases apace. A splendid steamer, the finest on the Pacific coast, now makes fortnightly trips in twelve days, and table luxuries are supplied now which were lacking a year or more ago. Last year a large number of public officials, including the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, made the excursion, moved by curiosity to learn the real truth regarding our new Territory and its wants and capabilities, and also incited by the multiplied descriptions and photographs of its marvelous scenery. This season the miscellaneous rush of tourists has not only been much increased, but we find that several of our Members of Congress have been prompted to make personal investigations of a problem which has long been before our National Legislature. We hope, therefore, from what we are sure they must report, that Alaska will next winter receive that legislation which she has so long prayed for, and that her political and industrial disabilities will be removed.

Those who visit Sitka in 1887 find very much of the old rust and rubbish removed. Eyesores which disfigured the town for almost twenty years have disappeared. The quaint and very picturesque Greek Church has been refurbished within and without, at a stated cost of $15,000; the public buildings have been restored or at least partially repaired; the old Russian bath houses at the neighboring hot springs have been replaced, and a sanitarium established; the Indian River Park has been embellished; the ascent of the extinct volcano of Mt. Edgecumb has been made easy; excursion steamboats run to the Lake Mountain Mines and ply among the islands; balls and hops on board the mail steamers and naval vessels, as well as ashore, are of regular occurrence, and the Indian ceremonies and performances add to the interest and gaiety of the passing season.

Last year several yachting parties from San Francisco, Chicago and Seattle passed very agreeable weeks and months at the old Russian capital, and every monthly steamer brought artists of both sexes to transfer the inimitable scenery of the archipelago to canvas and camera. Some photographers obtained complete sets of the most picturesque and interesting places along the entire coast. On the whole, Sitka is a lively and interesting place, and those who have read Mr. Hallock's graphic work entitled "Our New Alaska" will feel assured that none who make the excursion to that far-off locality will be disappointed or regret the journey. The trout begin to run by the middle of July and are at their best in the month of August. Some shooting of bay birds and deer may be obtained.

YACHTS AS LIFE SAVERS.

IT SPEAKS well for the seagoing powers of the Thistle, whatever her success as a competitor for the Cup may be, that she went safely through a sea in which a large steamer foundered, and further than this, was able to save the crew of the steamer. It has already been told how, on her passage from the Clyde to the South Coast, she rescued the captain and crew of the steamer Harkaway, and she now carries in her cabin a hearty testimonial of the gratitude of those she saved. Her companion, Mohican, owned by two of the Thistle syndicate, and now in New York that her owners may witness the races, promises to rival Thistle's achievements, as she too was the means of rescuing many lives on her passage over.

Since her arrival in American waters, Thistle's crew have hauled four more persons from the water who had capsized in sail boats. Thus far these two yachts have been the direct means of saving over thirty lives, a record that seldom falls to the lot of pleasure craft. In both cases at sea the rescue was no child's play, but meant hours of hard and dangerous work against the mighty power of sea and gale, and that success finally rewarded the rescuers was due to the skill and bravery with which the long combat for helpless lives was conducted. Thistle and her crew have already made many friends in America, but none will pray more heartily for her success in the coming races than the poor mariners who owe their lives to Scotch seamanship and courage.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE ethics of bear hunting are again under discussion; and in another column a correspondent, who bases his comments upon an article in the current *Scribner's*, written by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, questions whether to first trap and then shoot grizzly bears can be reckoned legitimate sport. Quite apart from this is the question raised by a writer in a New York daily, referring to the same magazine article, who dubs the rector's bear hunting "applied Christianity," and asks whether a minister of the Gospel can consistently hunt grizzly bears. At this stage of the world's development he can. By and by, when the lion gets ready to lie down with the lamb, it may be different, and when that time comes, the sentimentalists, who are unable to harmonize applied Christianity with the killing of large game, can safely hug to their bosoms the sweet-tempered, edentulous and anonycous grizzlies of that millennial period.

The salmon of the Connecticut River are a bone of contention for Connecticut and Massachusetts. The fishermen of Massachusetts complain that the fishermen of Connecticut gobble up all the salmon on their way up the river, so effectually netting them in the lower part of the stream that none are left for the upper waters. This condition of affairs has its counterpart in the salmon fisheries of the Rhine. The dwellers on that river and its tributaries, particularly those of Switzerland, complain of the rapidly diminishing salmon supply. The rewards of salmon fishing are decreasing annually, and the fish threaten soon to be extinct. It appears, however, that the true reason why the Germans and the Swiss get no salmon is not because there are no salmon in the Rhine, but because the thrifty Dutch, who control the mouths of the river, net the fish for themselves. It is the story of the Connecticut over again.

Here is the New York *Evening Post* complaining that because of railroad delinquincies its subscribers who are summering in the Adirondacks cannot get the paper on the day after publication, and further, calling the express companies to account because baskets of fruit are not expeditiously sent through to their destination in the North Woods. And yet there was a time when men were wont to go to the Adirondacks as to a far country, and could catch fish and hunt deer with perfect satisfaction, even though they did not get their daily papers on time nor pamper their palates with city market delicacies. Truly these be evil days.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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A TWO WEEKS' OUTING.—II.

"MUNISING!" 'Twas the soft voice of the conductor which roused me from my dreams, and soon the train retreated in a cloud of dust, while we arranged the disposition of our outfit with the courteous officials. "Well," said Konan, "this 'ere 's about as fur north 's anybody c'd get, I reckon."

Strolling toward Old Munising we met a specimen of the French Canadian, with whom we were destined to have much intercourse. Like most of his class he was short and sturdy, and he expressed his readiness to convey us for a consideration to any desired point, being careful, meanwhile, to extol the merits of himself and team at the expense of a competitor who lived hard by.

While seeking ineffectually for needed information respecting the streams of that region, we took lodgings with this man, for there was no hotel. He had a "settin'-room," in which was a stuffed eagle. On the table lay a Roman Catholic book of devotion, a volume of Bob Ingersoll, another of Wordsworth, and two or three more oddly assorted works. In our bedroom was a bed with many occupants, and I remember that I slept upon the floor.

The stream which we had planned to follow to its mouth flows past Munising, and is known as Stuck Creek. It has trout and good ones, and in many places a fly may be cast with little difficulty. We, however, eventually learned that our plan was impracticable, owing to the existence of extensive swamps and morasses, which at times almost hide the creek from view.

Two other streams, the Big and Little Indian, lay, the first about twelve miles to the west, the other four miles nearer. "The Big Injun's our best hold," said Konan; and in the morning our host attached his two vaunted steeds to a dilapidated lumber wagon and brought them to the door.

"Git op, Dan-dee," was now the cry; accompanied with a few choice objurgations in a Canadian patois, which with the aid of a buckskin thong liberally diffused over the quarters of the horses, induced them eventually to take us to the "Big Indian." Our way led for a time through a tract of beech and maple timber, afterward through unattractive stretches of "burnt land," where blackened trunks of trees shot up amid a wind-swept waste of swampy grass, or sandy plains, scantily clothed with herbage; and lastly into a forest of yellow pine. The only living animal seen was a skunk, but the carcass of a deer hung from a tree near where we crossed the Little Indian.

Arriving at our destination, we found to our discomfiture that a gang of lumbermen had just built a substantial dam across the river. Its gate was shut, and as we found that for five miles down stream they had felled trees into the river, it was out of the question to attempt its passage. Some hunters whom we met were preparing to leave the neighborhood for the foregoing reasons. We were hospitably entertained by the lumbermen, and, uncertain how best to choose our future course, drove back to the Little Indian, where we camped, intending to test its capabilities. This we did next day, for about six miles; and at length found our further progress barred by obstructions similar to those in Stuck Creek. There were no fish, and but two or three ducks were seen.

We camped near a road over which hunters hauled their game to market, and saw many deer, but all of them were dead. Dead deer, if not seen everywhere, were so numerous that we were soon wearied of the sight. The forequarters were seldom saved. The deer were usually hunted by means of a boat and head light, along the shores of some of the numerous ponds or watercourses. During the four days we remained in that part of the country, we easily counted fifty deer hauled to the railroad station.

It is likely that the recent changes in the game laws of Michigan and the appointment of game wardens may work important changes in the methods of the hunters, and tend to diminish the slaughter of the deer, which usually keep close in the day time, and the density of the swamps to which they resort renders still-hunting very difficult.

Little or no attention seems to have been paid to the game laws thereabout, and though so many deer were slain, there were so many hunters that it seemed, from a business point of view, an unprofitable occupation. The hindquarters, with the skin, netted the hunters about six or seven cents a pound after paying, as the most of them did, for hauling the meat to the railroad, where it brought about eleven cents for shipment.

No hounds are permitted by the hunters to run in these forests, which consist mainly of high, sandy tracts, timbered with Norway pine. Dense swamps of cedar and tamarack are common, and occasionally a ridge of hard wood is found, with beech and maple growth.

These pine forests are in appearance much like those of Florida, and as in that State, they are interspersed with many small sheets of water, which have rarely any name save such as the lumberers have bestowed—East Lake, West Lake and the like. Names of Indian derivation are rarely heard, and I think that the aboriginal inhabitants confined their attentions for the most part to the larger of the streams. The trees visible from our camp were hemlock, pine, tamarack, spruce and alder; and there were near us raspberry and blueberry bushes and the trailing arbutus, over which hovered the first and only humming bird we saw upon the trip. Few birds were noticed in this part of the country.

Rising early next morning, Konan went to watch a deer lick, but unsuccessfully; and the black flies and mosquitoes were, as he said, fearful. While waiting for the team, for which we had sent a summons, appeared in our path a tweed-coated and helmeted person, with a $500 shotgun under his arm, and we remembered having noticed him at the station. He had strolled on in advance of his wagon, which had broken down, and was followed by a rat-tailed pointer which, in running about the marsh, flushed a sandpiper; and as the bird flew past, it was followed by a double shot from the gun of the stranger. The bird, seemingly unaware that mischief was intended, settled on the bank of the stream about thirty yards distant. "Damme eyes," began the fowler; but stayed his speech as Konan, grimly smiling, raised his rifle, and at the report the poor bird dropped headless into the water.

"By Jove, but that's a devilish good shot, donchernaw," said the man of tweed, surprised for the moment out of a certain reserve which we had previously noted.

"I hadn't shot off my gun before, sence I left hum," replied Konan, "'n' eenamost forgot how she was sighted."

"Git up, Dandy," here sounded squeakily from the forest. It was the voice of the teamster, in this case a lad about twelve years old, the father having gone to Au Train as delegate to a political convention. On our way back to Munising, we observed that the black flies did not light on this boy's unprotected face, although Konan and myself could only repel their attacks by the use of some "punkie dope."

Archy's wife had gone to Au Train to lure him home from the seductions of the convention as best she might; and about four o'clock he made his appearance, full of whisky, and running over with what Konan termed "dum canuck gabble."

"Bah golly," he exclaimed, "I drink more like two gallon wis-kee. Zat damn shereef up to Au Train. I knock him more like ten foot."

We had arranged that this man should drive us to Jeromeville, from which place we could best reach Indian River; but I had some misgivings as to his fitness for the trip, and had I been alone, I should not have risked the experiment; but the broad shoulders of Konan loomed like a tower of strength in the fading light, and off, at length, we drove.

We were delayed for half an hour or so at a small "saloon" just outside the hamlet, where the Frenchman laid in more whisky, but at length we got him started, and when fairly on the road, he uplifted his voice in a song of the sad sea waves, which as nearly as I can remember, ran somewhat after this style:

"W'en 'e scow bus' up on 'e Lac St. Pierre,
An' 'e cappen's swum away,
An' leave 'e cook to do mas' lash fas',
De cook he's gon' to pray.
(Dat cook s'appelle Rosa).

"'N' he cut dat lash wiz a couteau croche,
'N' de scow he strike ker-bim,
'N' de cook he stan' in de larbo'd gang,
'N' he fix he feet for swim.

"Den 'e wave he wash wiz a swish and swash,
'N' 'e cook he lif' he toe,
He clear de wave 'n 'e water grave,
'N' 'e lan' on 'e sandy sho'."

"Smart cook, that 'ere," observed Konan. "What d'yer say his name was, Archy?"

"R-r-r-Rosa. Git op, Dan-dee," replied Archy.

"Rosa—why that's a gal's name, ain't it?"

"Oui-oui, sar, did'n' I tell you he's a gal?"

"Darn them Canucks," muttered Konan, "they don't know 'he' from 'she.'"

"Now," said Archy, "where my bot-tel? You boy—w'at you do my bot-tel? Ah-h, here—here he are. Luck, zhontilmens. I d-r-r-rav you Jer-r-rome-ville in gr-r-reat hor-ree, mais but we now go w'at you call circom—w'at ze dev'—w'at you call zat?—oh, circombendibus. We dr-r-rav two mahl for git one quartare. Git op, Dandee. Zat on accoun' of ze r-r-railr-r-road. You boy, w'at you do my bot-tel?"

So our driver maundered on, while the shades of night fell fast, and the bottle's gurgle punctuated his words.

The road crossed the railroad track in several places, and some of these were bridged across broad ditches with a system of loose poles, dangerous at best, but in the night and with a drunken driver, scarcely to be attempted. Konan, an accomplished whip, now took the reins into his own hands, while Archy and the boy alighted and walked the track, in hopes thereby to dispel in part the fumes of the villainous whisky.

I was not quite well at the time of leaving home, and had been anxious to get fairly into camp, which I was sure would set me right; but circumstances had not favored me, and the jolting of the wagon over the corduroy roads was hard to bear.

We spent the night near Jeromeville, in a log building owned by a Mrs. Sawyer, and the next morning drove fourteen miles further to the Big Indian River, where we camped for two days, and I began to feel like myself again.

Here we caught a few small trout in the main river, which is a fine, clear, rapid stream, the current, as we judged, maintaining a nearly uniform speed of about four miles an hour.

The river is about 50ft. wide, its channel deeply cut through the high, sandy plains, which, as elsewhere on our road, are mainly timbered with Norway pines. There are several small lakes hereabout, said to contain bass, pickerel, etc. On our way hither, Konan had fired at a deer he had seen, but which for a wonder was too quick for him; and had snipped the head from a ruffed grouse which was sitting upon a tree by the roadside.

We were now near the supply road from Jeromeville to Manistique; and several persons passed the camp during our stay. One of these had a watch chain of real gold, and carried a "sporting" Winchester express.

Finding that he took FOREST AND STREAM, I became interested in his conversation, and we compared maps. I had found no map of this region which at all compared in accuracy with those obtained from the officials of the D., M. & M. Railroad. Our new acquaintance knew the woods quite well, and gave us much information. He also informed us that Indian Lake was a historic lake, and that upon its banks stood an old block house, built by Père Marquette, as also a portion of his church; and that certain magic springs of fearful repute among the Indians were near the shores of this lake. One of these in particular, they pronounced "wicki-nishi," and never presumed to gaze thereon.

Well, one morning we slid the Otter down the bank and into the water; she switched her tail in farewell and we were off.

At this camp we had seen one Cooper's hawk, also a woodchuck, and had heard one owl and a lynx. We floated down for a time and I landed to fish for trout, but unsuccessfully. Walking along the bank I soon found myself in a gloomy glen, where had lately been enacted a tragedy. The forequarters of a deer were left to tell the tale.

Our journey was diversified by the frequent necessity of cutting out logs, or hauling over obstructions in river, many of which had purposely been placed by lu ers to serve as bridges. They became less frequent a advanced.

The current ran at a nearly uniform velocity of haps four miles an hour. The navigation of the riv easy enough to practiced hands, but a greenhorn w have a chance to upset in dodging fallen trees.

Deer tracks were numerous, and those of bears w often seen along the shores and the face of the sa bluffs, where they sometimes showed like the track barefoot boys.

I seldom take canned eatables into the woods, bu this trip I had brought a can of tomatoes and another corned beef, which last, by the way, remained unope during the cruise. When we camped at evening, I as "Konan, how do you like your toma oes cooked?"

"Never eat 'em," he replied, while he proceeded to the feathers from a spruce grouse he had shot near last camp.

"That's a pity," I said, "for I don't care about myself. I put in a can at the last moment, thinking you might like them for a change. We've carried far enough, anyhow."

I then proceeded to open the can, and essayed the co ery of its contents, but with very different results. S ing along the stream some bushes of the tree-cranb (*Viburnum opulus*), laden with their scarlet fruitage held up the empty tomato can and said: "Konan, might if we liked, have some cranberry sauce."

"Shore enough," replied the tall woodsman, str away in the direction I had indicated, and in a few ments the tomato can, pressed again into service, filled with berries, was simmering over the fire.

After supper, Konan strolled away with his rifle, w I proceeded to sketch the surroundings of our camp, a which I tasted the cranberry sauce, which had now gr cool. Looking up from the experiment as Konan proached, I said with some dissatisfaction: "Th about the meanest thing I've tasted in these woods."

"That so?" said Konan, "I shouldn't hev though was much wus 'n them termaters you was a stew on so long, 'n then hed ter hea e away the most on arter all."

I replied with some tinge of asperity, that I had before attempted to prepare for the palate the escul under consideration, and added that were my own clination to be consulted, it would be long en before I again made a fool of myself in that particular.

"Well," said Konan, "I never tried to cook no b'ry sass afore 's I know of. What's the matter on and with the aid of a spoon he at once "samp ed" preparation. Looking up, and holding aloft the s with the light of inspiration gleaming in his eye, he claimed: "I declare, I don't believe I've put the darn mite of sugar into it."

"Well, you'd better," said I, and soon a new batch berries was simmering in the can, which when compl was pronounced by Konan to be "fust chop." It certainly was excellent, and during the remainder of trip we had all the cranberry sauce we wanted, but venison of our own shooting with which to eat it. saw but one deer along the river, and that was out sight in one bound.

Near this camp we saw a wolf track, and as there not now many of these animals left hereaway, it set thinking of old times.

"Konan," said I, "were you in the crowd the time ran the last wolf on the Gasconade?"

"No, I warn't. I was over to Rolla that time. I hev on't, though. You mean the time when old 'Peasoup' a duckin'?"

It was down in Missouri, just after the war, and th or four of us had one night ridden up to old McKa plantation and secured sleeping room upon the flo One of our party was a big, black-bearded Breton, wh I will call Eliduc. He had been a bugler in the ar and had with him a particularly noisy specimen of favorite instrument.

We became much interested in the after-supper ta about a large wolf, which had killed some young ste for the farmer about that time. No such creature h been seen for years in that region, and while we w talking one of the boys came in, bringing fresh new his depredations. It appeared that he was in the habit frequenting a small valley, into which led several de ravines and where was good pasture for the stock; an Eliduc, who had had some experience in "riding" wol proposed that we form a party and attempt his capt Some of the neighbors agreed to join the hunt and bri their dogs.

The following morning found us in the saddle at da break, armed in various fashion. Eliduc, who was moving spirit in the affair, cheerily slung his bugle, a shaking a heavy trace-chain which he carried in hand, said: "That's the thing for punish wolf."

There was a motly collection of dogs, mostly cu among which, however, were conspicuous two lar brindled hounds, of no particular breed, but evident possessing strength and courage. Old McKay undert the duty of placing the hunters on the stands like best give them a chance at the wolf, and gave his boys dir tions concerning the management of the dogs.

Being unacquainted with the country, and not believi that there would be any sport, I felt little interest in proceedings, and rode along with one of the farmers w took a different course from the main body of huntsm After riding a short distance, he turned back for his h lets, which he had left upon the table at McKay's, an rode on alone, uncertain after a little time in whi direction to look for the party. Soon, however, I hea a shot in the distance, followed by the deep baying o hound. Then came the keen ring of a bugle blast, s ceeded by a chorus of barks and whoops, mingled wi the deeper cry of the hounds.

I now spurred on to join the hunt, but was soon thro out by a large wet marsh. On the opposite side of t the chorus thickened, and soon near the summit of a l appeared the wolf, running his best, while the pack close behind, and the leafless boughs of the copp crashed, where Eliduc came with his whirling chain o thundered down the slope, riding over two or three do as he held on in his wild career. His course lay past little wood which concealed from his view what I no saw plainly as I reached the brow of the hill up which rode, the bluish gleam of the Gasconade as it sparkled the morning's sun.

The river ran between high banks, which completely concealed it from the hunter, as quite oblivious of the trap into which he was running, or of the fact that his garments, rent by the boughs in his reckless ride, streamed out like pennants in his rear, he still spurred on, keeping time to his horse's tramp with the clash of his whirling chain.

The other horseman, close upon his track, shouted to him to change his course, while I waved my hat and yelled, and pelted on in the vain hope to cut him off, but all without avail.

Up the last slope went wolf, hounds and horseman, only to find too late that it terminated in a bluff some 20ft. in height, beneath which swirled the cold current of the stream in a deep, dark pool.

So hot was the chase that not for an instant could the quarry pause. Over he went, and after him followed hounds and horseman, whose cries were stifled in an instant by the waves; and as, a moment later, I came upon the scene, the horse was swimming for the further shore with Eliduc clinging to his mane, while white tusks clashed in the crimsoned foam, where hounds and wolf went down. A bullet from the rifle of one of the hunters ended the struggles of the wolf, which had already been wounded by the first shot I had heard, or the chase might have terminated less successfully. As it was his was the only life lost on this occasion, but many were the jokes cut at the expense of the Frenchman, who swore point-blank in several languages that he would never again undertake to lead a hunt where he knew nothing of the country.

Some heads of the sturgeon which we saw upon the banks of the river reminded us that the fish were formerly so abundant in this stream that the Indians named it Sturgeon River (*Nahma Sebe* in their language). What with fish, deers, bears and maple sugar, all in abundance, the natives must have had pretty fair living in the northern country in their day; and with wild rice and other vegetables, they had really a good variety of food. While we talked of these and kindred subjects, Konan was making bean soup. It took so long for the beans to cook that he got cross and started out for venison, while I took a different route and saw bear sign and woodcock borings. Toward evening the hunter returned unsuccessful, whereat I rejoiced, for I failed to see what use we could make of the greater part of a deer. Still, I suppose that if I had "jumped" one, I might have shot at it. Queer, don't you think so?

The next day our route led for a few miles through a tamarack swamp, succeeded by an elm flat, after which we passed a good sized stream flowing in from the west, supposed to be "Big Murphy Creek." Trout are taken in that river, but the dense cedar swamps render the fishing toilsome in the extreme. From this to Indian Lake stretch miles of tamarack and cedar swamps, with hardly a dry spot large enough to lunch upon. We saw a few ducks, one sparrow hawk, and a large red-headed woodpecker, besides many muskrats. I could have killed some of these with my paddle.

Signs of bear, deer, and otter were abundant. About noon we reached Indian Lake. There seemed no place dry enough to land, and the wind blew so strongly into the mouth of the river that we waited in the boat for several hours until it lulled. The river here is deeper, but apparently no wider than where we landed our boat. It is one of the most crooked streams I know, and I think that in this respect it beats the Cupsuptuc. No bright, clear trout brooks are seen along its course, but instead, sloughs and sluggish bayous are often met with.

It is my belief that in twenty-five years there will be more deer in these forests than at present. The dense swamps furnish good cover, and when the lumberers have cleared the country of its more valuable timber there will be nothing left likely to attract settlers. The supply roads will fall into disuse and become in many cases impassable, so that a deer killed at a distance from the railroad cannot be easily hauled out for shipment. Besides, the effect of the recent prosecutions by the game wardens will have a good effect.

Indian Lake is about four by six miles in extent. It is marshy and muddy to the north and west, where many ducks were seen. On the south and east the bottom is of limestone rock. There are pickerel and wall-eyed pike here, but the Indians gill-net them, and they are not plentiful.

"Big Lake," said Konan, "but not as big as Lake Michigan."

"No, but it's just as wet," said I, for we were still lying, about 4 P. M., in the mouth of the river, with no dry spot in the neighborhood; and the wind still blowing half a gale, made the prospect of a dry camp for the night seem rather remote. In about an hour, however, the wind lulled and we pushed out into the lake, from which arose many ducks as we left the reedy shores. We held straight for the only two buildings in sight, which stood on the southeastern shore and about four miles distant. They were owned by Indians, who were not at home when we pulled up our boat upon the rocky shore and proceeded to take an observation. We pitched our tent in a little grove, and thoroughly wearied as we were, cooked and ate a meal which was unanimously pronounced a "perfect stunner" in its way.

Not far distant was Père Marquette's old blockhouse, of which we had been told, and alone I strolled in its direction.

The moon shone dimly through its cloudy veil as I neared the heavy ruin—not truly so-called—for though through roofless walls and yawning portal the moonbeams shed a dim, uncertain light, yet through the storms of the centuries the grim old fortress well had held its own, and in my mind's eye there floated still against the darkening skies the banner blazoned with the cross—the lily flag of France; while the stern sentinels, with mail and morion, pike and caliver, paced steadily below their nightly round. Is that a firefly or the lighted linstock of the cannoneer? I paused, and breathless waited for the "Qui va là?"

Nearing the ancient fortalice, through chink and shot hole came the faint glimmer of the stars, but where those walls, crenelled for musketry, had spouted forth their flame, and rang to the war cries of their stout defenders, while plume and pennon waved amid the smoke, all now was hushed, the cannon's voice was mute, and birchen branches waved athward the sky.

Musing, I turned away, and silent sought the shelter of my tent. Whether through the influence of the storied past, or of the astounding supper I had eaten, is not for me to say, but through my dreams that night careered on neighing steeds the steel-clad warriors of another age. Rehabilitated as by magic, the ancient block house once more stood forth in its pristine strength, and within its massive walls, Des Monts and Frontenac dispensed justice at one end, and Père Marquette religion at the other, the whole concluding with a grand ball, in which Cabeça de la Vaca danced a minuet with Pocahontas, and Ponce de Leon a saraband with the Queen of the Cannibal Islands.

Suddenly, Marquette sprang to his feet, and flinging his calotte in the face of Pocahontas, shouted, "Caw, caw, caw."

"Cuss that crow," exclaimed Konan, "where's my rifle?"

Away, on the wings of the carrion bird, fled the wild visions of the summer's night. Sword-belted knights and black-robed priests were relegated to their misty realms as Konan said: "Come, it's time to wake up. I've been up to the old block house, and it ain't no block house after all. 'Taint more'n thirty year old, 'n' them portholes along the sides was jest for the 'overlay.'"

Sadly I revisited the scene of the orgies of my dream, and found it even so. While attempting a sketch of the building, the wind arose, and hastily stowing the cargo, we started for the river, singing the while a song of the lakemen, with the refrain:

"Watch her, catch her.
Jump up 'n' a ju-ba-ju.
Give her the sheet and let her howl,
We're the boys kin put 'er through."

It was tight work, with a heavy sea on our starboard bow, but we weathered it and made the river, passing on the way whatever might have remained of Marquette's church, which we had not courage to examine. We saw, however, on the bank of the river, a Yankee cheese-box—this also had no doubt belonged to Père Marquette. We soon reached the dam, two miles from the village of Manistique, and as the river below was blocked by logs, we here drew out our boat. Just above we came upon the carcass of a deer, from which only the head and skin had been removed. I took a bath, walked to the village, and sent a team for the boat. The more pretentious among the hotels was named the Ossawinamakee, but the name looked so forbidding that we chose another.

Next morning at 7 we took the steamer Van Raalte for Petoskey. Manistique is a typical lumbering town, and belongs—or most of it—to the Chicago Lumbering Company. This concern would seem, by all accounts, to lose no opportunity of making charges, and we were told that all sorts of tricks were played off on the dock agents, who let nothing pass free if they know it. To one of these we paid the sum of forty-five cents for storing our boat over night. We thought that he might as well have made it an even half dollar, and are still of the opinion that he made a mistake of five cents in his bill. This was the only freight or dockage charge on our boat during the trip, and I desire to make particular mention of the exceeding courtesy of all officials of the D., M. & M. R. R. with whom we had to do.

At 7 in the evening we were again in camp at Harbor Springs, half a mile from the village, where we supped on whitefish and enjoyed the prospect and the cool evening breeze. The red lantern on Harbor Point was opposite our camp, the lights of Petoskey twinkled across the bay, while those in the summer cottages of the nobility were scattered westward along the shore.

The north star had apparently shifted a point more to the east since our last camp, and having noted this peculiarity in the heavens we turned in and slept. Taking the morning's steamer we reached Charlevoix at ten; at one we were at East Jordan, near the mouth of the famous torrent stream. Here we chartered a farm wagon, and driving some four miles were at nightfall in camp on the Intermediate. At 1 P. M. on the following day we made fast the Otter at our own landing, I having been absent exactly two weeks.

The cruise of the Otter was ended, and though diversified with no very marked incidents was satisfactory to us. True, Konan returned without his bear, but neither of us had much doubt that while on the Indian River, had we chosen to hunt, we could have secured a specimen.

I may here note that this river is known on the railroad maps as the West Branch of the Manistique. There are plenty of trout in the brooks and in the river, toward its head, and had their capture, or the killing of deer, been a leading object of the journey, we need not, as I think, have been disappointed.

Of the ten loaded shells I took with me, I emptied only three, with which I shot three ducks.

It may interest some of my readers to know that aside from supplies taken from home, the cost of the trip was about $25 for each. We returned refreshed in mind and invigorated in body; and intend when the gods are propitious to give the Otter another outing. KELPIE.

Natural History.

A NEBRASKA COLLECTING TRIP.

IN the Great American Desert you may think that we do not have much to excite our longings for the haunts of bird and beast. But though our State is not filled to overflowing with fowl of air and water, this is a paradise for rich experience. Bright and early one Saturday morning in the early part of June in company with Mr. C. J. Pierson, of Auburn, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, I started from Peru, Nemaha county, bound for Lehigh's Lake, five miles N.W. of Peru and about three miles west of the Missouri River, having for our object the collection of specimens of *Anatidæ*, *Ardeidæ*, *Rallidæ* and *Scolopacidæ*. We find the cheewink busily engaged in his ceaseless hunt among the fallen sticks and leaves for stray worm or insect, or with noisy flutter of wings and tail as he darts hither and thither, occasionally giving vent to his feelings in a melancholy whistle or his harsh cry of *chee-wink*. We get a glimpse of crimson, white and black among the green, and we welcome back to his summer home the rose-breasted grosbeak, the gayest of our guests, except perhaps another friend we see presently flitting by, the Baltimore oriole. And so we might continue the list with numerous warblers, vireos, chats, robins, jays and woodpeckers, but remembering our object we hasten onward regretting that we cannot linger.

The inhabitants of this section are mostly backwoodsmen, gaining their living by chopping wood, and by trapping and hunting on the lake. One man had trapped over 600 muskrats in one season. The houses are either dugouts in the bluffs or board shanties in the woods, the usual style being a low, narrow, long building, the walls made by driving two parallel rows of stakes and filling in between with small willows and earth, making a wall about 6ft. high and 1ft. thick, with a roof of undressed wide stock lumber. Approaching one house we saw sitting on an immense stump near the house, a young boy, bare-headed, bare-footed, ragged and dirty, and evidently much entertained by the antics of a bony-looking cur. As we came up he stopped suddenly and with wide eyes looked at us in bewilderment, thinking no doubt that "he was going to be took." We approached the door of the house and looking in saw no less than three very untidy women, each one with a small child in her arms. Making inquiry for the man of the house, we were informed in a somewhat curt manner that "he was not at home." Concluding that our chance to get a boat here was rather slim, we "mosied on." At some distance from the house we came to a couple of wildcats, which had been killed, their skins removed and their carcasses left hanging in a tree by the wayside. Here was a capital chance for a couple of skeletons and we regretted very much the lack of time for their proper preservation.

In a short time we came to the lake, which covers an area of some five or six square miles, and is thickly set with trees and patches of rushes and slough grass. We searched for some time in the hopes of discovering a boat, but in this we were unsuccessful, and so decided to try it without. As we made our way along the bank, which was covered from the water's edge to some rods back by a dense growth of rushes and grass, beyond which is a skirting of willows, we saw in a small open space on the bank a large flock of pectoral sandpipers (*Tringa maculata*) and yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*). Of these we captured three, and proceeded on our journey. As we looked up the lake we could see that the water was literally covered with American coots (*Fulica americana*) with here and there a blue-winged teal or mallard, so we walked along, keeping our eye out for a stray duck near the bank. Directly I wounded one; off came my clothes and into the water I went. After some skirmishing I succeeded in bringing it to land, to find that I possessed a fine female shoveller (*Clypeata spatula*), something rare here, so I felt amply repaid for my trouble.

Hastily resuming my clothes we went further up, where we found scattered thickly through the water muskrat houses. These are hemispherical, placed in the shallow water, rising out of it from 2 to 5ft., and being from 3 to 6ft. in diameter. They are composed of bitten-off rushes and grass closely and firmly laid together, forming a hollow hemisphere, with an opening on opposite sides at the bottom. On top of a number of these houses coots were sitting. And we were much engrossed in studying their actions, as they would sit for a few minutes perfectly still and then suddenly slide off into the water, diving as they did so, remaining under for a minute or more, with nothing visible except the tips of their tails. Then they would as suddenly rise, and with a splutter and splash be off again. Very graceful are they as they glide smoothly along, turning their heads from side to side, their white bills flashing in the sunlight in strong contrast to their glossy blue coat. They arrive here the last of March and nest in April. Though I have often found their nests, I have as yet been unable to secure the eggs. Mr. Goss, in his "Birds of Kansas," describes them as being of an oval form, in color cream white or pale olive drab, thickly and evenly spotted with dark brown; size 1.92x1.32. The nests are built in the tall weeds and rushes which grow in shallow, muddy places in ponds and sloughs on top of the broken-down old growth that forms a sort of platform just above the water. It is a deep, hollow nest, composed of bitten-off stems of weeds and rushes. As we were already supplied with specimens, we did not take any of these.

Walking on for a mile or so without sighting anything else, we concluded to cross over and come down on the opposite side; and as the water appeared quite shallow we thought we could wade it without removing our clothes. Once in the water we found we had mistaken a soft and yielding bottom for a firm one. But as we were "in for it," we made the best of it and continued to wade. With an occasional rise on the top of a muskrat house we finally reached the shore in safety. Just as we did so I saw close at hand a flock of mallards and let drive at them as they took wing, bringing down a female, but falling in the thickest rushes she was not to be found when sought for. As we came down the lake we saw skimming over it, with bills pointing straight downward, their white coats and black heads flashing, several specimens of the least tern (*Sterna antillarum*). As we wished very much to secure one of these we waded out into the water, and concealing ourselves in the rushes, waited for them to come within range, but though we waited long and patiently they did not come, and we had to content ourselves with watching their movements at a respectable distance.

Wading on through the rushes we started several American bitterns (*Botaurus lentiginosus*), and although we emptied numerous cartridges in the attempt, it was to no avail, and they went scot free.

As it was now after noon, with the sun boiling hot, we decided to seek a cool retreat and eat our "snack," the while discussing our morning's work and the ups and downs of a naturalist's life. After some time spent in this way we proceeded on our way homeward. Having again to cross the lake, this time we waded about a mile in water knee deep. Buoyed up by the hope of another duck we cheerfully but slowly worked away, Mr. Pierson succeeding by numerous stratagems in capturing a blue-winged teal. We reached home about 9 P. M., tired, hungry and sleepy, having for our trouble two ducks, several snipe, sandpipers and yellowlegs. Thus ended one pleasant and long-to-be-remembered little trip. G. A. C.

LONDON, Neb.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—Two gray foxes (*Vulpes cinereo-argentatus*), one Daubenton's curassow (*Crax daubentoni*), one yellow-bellied songster (*Liothrix lutens*) and one white-fronted parrot (*Chrysotis leucocephalus*). Received by presentation—One macaque monkey (*Macacus cynomolgus*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), one great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), one great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), three screech owls (*Scops asio*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalis horridus*) and one garter snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*). Born in the garden—One female lion (*Felis leo*) and one aoudad (*Ovis tragelaphus*).

NOTES OF THE FIELDS AND WOODS.

I.—SOME INSECT WAYS.

I WAS quite interested the other day in noticing a large blue wasp dragging a dead cricket across the road. When I went nearer to get a better view the wasp flew away a short distance, but upon my remaining quiet it came back and resumed its task. It seemed to seize the cricket's mouth parts with its own mandibles and then rapidly walking backward dragged its victim along. Twice it lost its hold and seemed to have some difficulty in getting a new one. I was surprised at the facility with which the wasp walked backward. It got into a smooth wheel rut and moved along quite as rapidly, I think, as if it had been walking forward. Pretty soon it turned out of the path into the grass and became lost to my view.

A friend told me of a much more interesting insect drama which he witnessed one day this summer. A large wasp had became entangled in a spider's web. After struggling a while it seemed to give up its attempts to escape and remained quiet. The spider, a large one, which had been watching its victim from its cover, now came out to take possession of it. But at its first touch the wasp showed new vigor; it pounced upon the spider, and giving it two or three dabs with its sting and at the same time breaking through its web, completely turned the tables, and finally bore off the dead spider as its victim.

I have sometimes amused myself by lying upon the grass and fixing my eyes upon some spot, after pushing the grass aside a little so as to expose an inch or two of ground, noticing how many different kinds of insects appeared in the space in a given time. One is surprised at the number, yet each of these little creatures has its individual life and history; it is born, it grows, it sucks food, it mates, it produces young, it dies. It has marvelous intelligence or, as we say, instincts. The more acquainted we became with any one of them the more of an individuality we should find it possessed. In its little world it has its own ways of doing things, habits, dexterities, adaptations, acquired doubtless through long experience of generations of ancestors and handed down by the mysterious law of heredity. Naturalists know something about these little creatures; they have at least given them a name and a place in their catalogues and collections. The habits and the life history of some of them have been carefully studied, though of the estimated 190,000 kinds (species) of insects this can be said of only a very few.

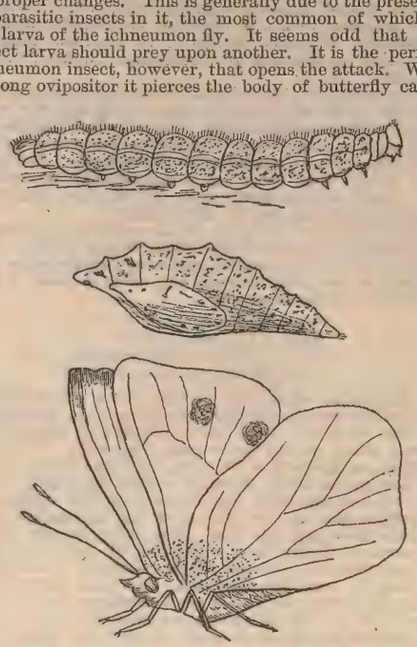
The beetles are the most numerous order of insects, there being 9,000 species. Any one who is interested may find hundreds of them by looking. A common kind is the tiger beetle, found in burrows in the ground, or on fine summer and autumn days flying in the sunshine, often near hot sandy roads. They are very voracious; they prey on other insects which they may be able to overcome, and it is safe enough to assume that includes nearly all. They have powerful nipping jaws. I have placed a small stick between them, and noticed what a firm strong grip the beetle has. The larvæ are large yellowish grubs that live in holes in the ground, where they lie in wait for their prey. An authority says: "They lie at the mouth of this burrow, having their head and thorax closing the opening, so as to be ready to seize any other insect, which, when caught, is immediately dragged to the bottom of their burrow and devoured at leisure." The tiger beetles (*Cincindelidæ*) are put down among the beneficial insects, since they destroy so many kinds that are injurious.

Doubtless the best known members of the order of beetles are two which are nocturnal in their habits, the May beetle or June bug, and the common firefly or lightning bug. The former in its larval stage is well known to farmers, being the hated grub which often does so much damage by devouring the roots of plants. When it passes into the perfect state it feeds on the leaves of trees, making, as is well known, quite an uproar on a June night as they buzz about among the leaves and strike against them in their swift flight. Not infrequently, too, they extend the range of their explorations, attracted by lights into open doors and windows, and are not always welcomed by timid and unentomological persons. I believe the lightning bugs spend the daytime on the leaves of plants. No satisfactory explanation can be given of their curious power of emitting light.

Any one who lives in the country or spends a part of the summer or autumn there and has not tried the experiment of rearing a butterfly from the larval stage, has missed an opportunity of learning in a pleasant way a good deal about the interesting subject of the development of insects. The cabbage butterfly is perhaps as easy as any to rear in this way. One who wishes to make a thorough study of insect development should begin with the egg itself. The eggs of this butterfly may be found on the leaves of the cabbage plant. They are yellow, oval bodies, with ridges running lengthwise, and have been compared in appearance to ears of yellow corn. A leaf with eggs attached may be put in a small tin or wooden box with a piece of window glass for a cover to admit light and to enable the observer to note the changes. The egg soon hatches into a small green and white worm, the larva of the caterpillar. The worm should be fed with fresh cabbage leaves, and it will be found that it has no lack of appetite. It rapidly grows and soon attains quite a large size, at least an inch in length. It is now ready for the pupa stage. It crawls about somewhat eagerly and uneasily as if searching for something. Finally it spins a net, not a cocoon, but a web somewhat like that of a spider, and supported by this net and attached to the side of the box it passes into its long resting condition. What takes place is a moulting of the skin, and the case thus formed gradually takes on its peculiar form—an oblong, angular body, more pointed at one end than the other. In this state it remains for ten or twelve days; but while no visible changes take place, who shall tell the story of what goes on within? At last the case breaks open and there emerges the perfect insect—of not very notable appearance compared with others of its kind, but seemingly of quite heroic and triumphant bearing in its issue out of its confinement. It is rather small, of light yellow color, with black tips to its anterior wings. The male has one round black spot on each upper wing, the female has two and sometimes three. The accompanying figures show the three stages of the cabbage butterfly.

Many other butterflies can quite as easily be reared as this one. The larva of a handsome species feeds on the leaves of the milk weed plant and is a good one for this purpose. Or one may take a common hairy caterpillar and rear moth or butterfly in the same way. Sometimes they are ready to pass into the pupa stage and so need no further feeding.

It sometimes happens that a larva will fail to go through its proper changes. This is generally due to the presence of parasitic insects in it, the most common of which is the larva of the ichneumon fly. It seems odd that one insect larva should prey upon another. It is the perfect ichneumon insect, however, that opens the attack. With its long ovipositor it pierces the body of butterfly caterpillars and deposits its eggs in them. The eggs hatch into larvæ and the larvæ feed upon the tissues of the caterpillars. Sometimes the latter die before the parasitic larvæ complete their transformation, and in this case, of course, the parasites perish as well as their host. But commonly the caterpillar lingers and the larvæ pass into the pupa stage and finally into the perfect ichneumon fly. Indeed we should do great injustice to the instincts of the ichneumon and to the whole tribe of insects as represented by it if we supposed it laid its eggs in any situation where their development was not pretty well assured. In spite of the loss of some eggs no doubt the ichneumon could not find a better place to deposit them than the body of the larval butterfly. What we call the instincts of animals never lead them to do what is not for their own good. S.



THE CABBAGE BUTTERFLY.

FORESTRY PROPOSALS.

MR. B. E. FERNOW, the thoroughly trained German now at the head of the Forestry Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, has, at the request of a special agent of the Department of the Interior, given an outline of a plan for the organization of a Forest Department for this country. He lays down these four fundamental principles of forestry: (1.) No more timber should be cut on an average than can be replaced by growth in any forest that is to be kept in perpetuity. (2.) Clearing must at once be followed by planting, especially in mountain districts. (3.) Cutting must always be done in such a way as to facilitate renewal. (4.) We can only approximate to an estimate of the average yearly accretion. But assuming the area to be 70,000,000 acres, and that this produces on the average only ten cubic feet annually—a yield that by correct management would shortly be doubled—and reckoning this worth only one cent per cubic foot on the stump, our forest domain represents a capital of at least $280,000,000. Suitable management would prevent a large part of the $8,000,000 of annual loss from fire. Therefore, if the preservation of our mountain forests from fire were not expedient for other reasons, the amount of valuable material saved would warrant the outlay.

The things to be done are: (1) To withdraw from sale, preëmption, etc., all timber lands. (2) To secure a survey at least of outside boundaries as fast as practicable. (3) The agents needed would include a central bureau, traveling and local inspectors and forest guards. (4) Organization of the forest area should proceed gradually as needed; 10,000 or 20,000 acres should form a preserve, and from twenty to thirty of these a district; unorganized areas to be divided only into districts. (5) As to the functions of officers: (*a*) Forest guards should be a local police, appointed by, and responsible to, the local inspectors. They should be held to account for their reserves, and in the season of special danger have power to call in assistants who should have sheriffs' authority to call for the aid of any citizen in putting out fires. (*b*) District inspectors should live in their districts, report to and be appointed on recommendation of the Chief of the Bureau and give bonds for fidelity. They should superintend and regulate the cutting of timber and other work, oversee the rangers, see to the execution of laws and regulations and be a means of communication between the public and the Bureau. (*c*) This Central Bureau should be under a commissioner, with three division inspectors or chiefs of division as his council and make rules, disburse funds, according to an annual budget, fix prices and conditions for timber sales and leases, regulate cutting and coöperate with the Land Office in mapping. The chiefs should make annual inspections of their divisions, one of which might include the Pacific slope, one the Rocky Mountain region, and the third all the remaining public forest land. Sales should be on the stump, and, in the first case, only enough for local demand—and with public advertisement, open bidding, and a deposit of the amount bid before cutting begins. Permission to build sawmills should also emanate from the Bureau. The chiefs of division should be trained foresters, the district inspectors should be practical lumbermen and woodsmen and believe in forestry, while the guards would need only such energy, courage, honesty and intelligence as would be needed in similar duties anywhere. To properly care for the public forest domain in Colorado—which probably contains some 5,000,000 acres—there would be needed 300 rangers and 10 inspectors, costing perhaps $300,000 a year. This would be saved, if only there were prevented one-third of the forest fires, which destroy at least $900,000 worth of timber, to say nothing of other damage which is irreparable.

Such is the outline of the plan which Mr. Fernow proposes. The politician will, if he considers it at all, either favor or oppose it, according as he hopes to profit by jobbery or to gain credit for watchfulness against it. Civil-service reform must make a great advance before there could be any reasonable prospect that spoilsmen could be kept from the fat pickings which such a system would offer them. Like the plans of the immortal Surell for the reforesting of the regions in southeastern France which were being torn to pieces by torrents, such proposals as this of Mr. Fernow must be made and pushed with a faith and self-devotion such as that which kept Columbus firm in his determination to sail westward to the Indies.—*Evening Post.*

A TAME KITTIWAKE GULL.—During the summer of 1881, Prof. A. Hyatt of Cambridge, Mass., with a number of other scientists, made an excursion to the Gulf of St. Lawrence to collect, and make observations for the Boston Society of Natural History. While there, among many other specimens, they were able to capture two kittiwake gulls (*Rissa tridactyla*). These were tamed and gave their capturers many interesting and new facts. They were evidently about four days old and were placed in a pail of fresh water, where they were fed upon fish. They ate eagerly of the fish, but would not drink any water, and on the second day one of them died. The other was pining away rapidly and its owners were at a loss what to do, when a sailor put in a pan filled with salt water. This it drank of eagerly, and soon recovered. There have been several theories advanced, as how gulls live when out to sea; few if any naturalists believing that they drink salt water. This proves at least that the kittiwake gull will drink no water unless it is salt, even when it is dying of thirst. If it is true of the kittiwake, why should it not be of other gulls? In about four weeks this gull was able to fly, but he never flew more than two or three feet. It was one day thrown overboard when the schooner was at anchor, so that it could learn to swim, but it showed great terror, so it was immediately taken back. They then put it in a bucket of salt water, but with the same result. At last they placed it in a basin of water, and here it was perfectly happy, as it could touch bottom whenever it chose. After it had had several lessons in the basin it was again placed in the bucket, and this time it was not afraid. After that, it was able to swim in the ocean without the slightest fear. This last experiment was tried in Annisquam, Mass., the summer resort of Professor Hyatt. Up to this time the gull had not learned to fly to any extent, so one day Professor Hyatt threw it gently from an elevation of about ten feet. Instead of flying slowly to the ground, it sailed off for about a hundred feet, turned, flew back over the house and through the trees, avoiding obstacles and soaring quite gracefully and swiftly. At last it flew round and round Professor Hyatt, uttering frightened screams. It was evident that it was in the same predicament as a boy who is riding a bicycle for the first time: it could move with ease, but knew not how to stop. Professor Hyatt then threw up his arms and the bird flew against him and fell to the ground. It was wild with excitement and delight, and would have started again on its own accord if it had not been restrained. When it had cooled down, it tried again, but with the same result, and it was several days before it could alight by itself. After this it flew a great deal but always returned. It was perfectly tame and would come when called and its owners were very fond of it. For fear it would fly too far and be shot by some hunter, its wings were clipped. On August 25 it was seen sitting in the water. Professor Hyatt called it and it came to him. Although its wings were clipped, it seemed to be able to fly quite a distance. After a little while that day, the gull flew across to a marsh opposite the house and never returned. It was probably shot by one of these bird-killing sportsmen. Its friends were very devoted to it on account of its gentle ways, and were very sorry to lose it.—*Amateur Collector.*

THE SONATE.—Tehuantepec, Mexico, Aug. 6.—A few days ago I shot a young bird, full feathered, called here the sonate. The feathers on head were light yellow, almost white, deepening to a bright yellow on the neck. The breast was also bright yellow. The shoulders of both wings were white, while around the vent the feathers were yellow; the rest of the bird was black. The male sonate is a bird about the size of a magpie, a beautiful blue black, the female is smaller and rusty black. They are cunning birds and great thieves, continually about the houses trying to steal food. They destroy young maize by pulling it up by the roots to eat the corn; but they also eat a wonderful amount of insects, locusts, grubs, etc., and therefore do perhaps more good than harm. I have seen one with a piece of hard native bread, steeping it in water to soften it. The one mentioned is the only one I ever saw or heard of having colored feathers. I preserved the skin. There are many strange birds and animals in this part of the world, especially now during the rainy season.—W. W. [The sonate is the yellow-headed blackbird (*Xanthocephalus xanthocephalus*), a common species of Western America.]

GILA MONSTER AND WHIP-TAILED SCORPION.—Tarpon Springs, Fla.—The Gila monster (illustrated in issue of Aug. 4, by Dr. Shufeldt,) is quite common in Florida, where it is called "alligator lizard." I think it must be the same thing; it has all the points mentioned by Dr. Shufeldt, with the exception of size, the Florida specimen rarely exceeding 7in. in length. The whip-tailed scorpion is also common, and is credited with poisonous qualities, but I have never been able to verify any of the many accounts I have heard of its deadly nature. Prof. Otto Logger, of Baltimore, Md., wrote me that it was entirely harmless, and had no poison fangs or glands. While "Nessmuk" was with me two years ago, we had one captive for a long time, and observed it closely. It was very pugnacious, capturing its prey by sheer force. It is known by various names: mole killer, scroungher, devil, bull driver and others that I do not recall. Dr. Shufeldt's articles are very interesting, and I hope he will continue them.—S. D. KENDALL. [The alligator lizard is not the Gila monster.]

HIBERNATING SQUIRRELS AGAIN.—In the fall of the year 1875, an only brother was seriously injured by being squeezed between two cars. During his convalescence it was necessary to provide food which was very strengthing and easily digested, commencing first with beef tea and gruel, of which he soon became tired, and something else had to be tried. The attending physician suggested small game of any description. Not having New York markets to select from it devolved upon me to procure it. In the earlier stages this was an easy matter, as grouse were plentiful and I could secure enough in a few hours to last him a week. But we had to make another change, and it was decided that squirrels it should be. I hunted nearly every day in December and a greater part of January, and although I would start early and stay late, I thought it a good day's work if I succeeded in getting three or four squirrels of the red and ground variety. My experience, then, goes to prove that although squirrels may have the habit, they are not regular hibernating animals. A later incident which came under my observation: My nephew is the possessor of a little pet chippy or ground squirrel, which is very tame and is allowed to roam about the house at will, always retreating to his cage if any danger menaces. My nephew left home for a visit, and in the hurry of getting away little Dick the squirrel was forgotten, and was left in his cage out of door. As he had plenty of nuts nothing was thought of it until two or three days had passed, when it became very cold. The little boy then grew very anxious, as he was afraid the squirrel would freeze to death. As soon as he arrived at home his first thought was for his pet. He came running into the house with the squirrel in his hand, apparently dead and frozen stiff. His father advised him to give it to the cat; this he refused to do, trying to get what consolation he could by patting it and rubbing his hand over its fur. This he continued for some time, when our attention was called to him by his exclaiming, "He's alive," and sure enough there seemed to be a little movement in the animal. He was placed under the stove, and soon appeared as lively as ever, running about the room in apparent great glee. The same squirrel is still alive.—E. B. C. (Rahway, N. J.).

Game Bag and Gun.

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COFFEE AND BEAR MEAT.

IN the fall of 1883 I was engaged to guide a representative of an Eastern lumbering firm to some valuable timber I knew of, located in western Washington and in one of the valleys of the coast range or Olympic Mountains. The agent informed me that he wished to see the timber and return. As that would require but three days' absence, I took my rifle and seven days' rations, which, with twenty rounds of ammunition, I deemed sufficient for a three days' cruise. With this outfit and a pair of blankets each, we started westward one bright morning up one of the numerous rivers that take their rise in the Olympic Mountains and empty into Hood's Canal. Anticipating a quick return, I was careless of my ammunition, shooting pheasants, ducks, pigeons and rabbits. On the evening of the second day I found I had but four cartridges left.

We arrived at the timber, which was duly inspected, and created such a favorable impression on my comrade that while eating our supper he said: "Now, look here, my boy, this is such a valuable body of timber that, if you will guide me, I would like to go to the head of the stream to see how much country it drains, and if at its highest stage there will be enough water to drive logs and if the channel is passable." As in all probability this would necessitate crossing the range as the quickest way home, and as our supplies were limited to four days' rations and it was still thirty miles to the head of the river by a winding, zigzag elk trail, which we had to follow, I might well pause to consider before replying. In the first place, could the man stand the trip and the privations that would accompany it? I thought he could. He was a jovial fellow and one who could appreciate the grand and beautiful scenery we were passing through. He was, too, a lover of tea, and gave me to distinctly understand that he never drank coffee, and under no consideration would he eat bear meat. In reply, I told him he would have to live on bear meat sandwiched with salmon berries. Salmon berries, yes; bear meat, no. It was settled that we were to continue on to the head of the stream, cross the range down to the ocean, and go home by way of Gray's Harbor.

As we had a great deal of climbing to do, we found that on the fourth day out our provisions were gone. Berries to-morrow, sir. But by the next evening we found that there was an aching void in a hungry man's stomach that it required something more substantial than salmon berries to fill; so you may be sure I was on the watch for elk or bear, as there was plenty of fresh sign all around us.

It was afternoon of the sixth day out. We were just below the last cañon before reaching the head of the stream, and just below snow line. There was no underbrush and but few scattering trees on the mountain side. We were on a little grassy knoll about 50ft. above the stream, when I discovered an enormous brown-looking bear. At first sight I took him for a cinnamon; but it proved to be a large black bear with his summer coat not entirely shed. As he was standing almost motionless over the half-devoured carcass of a young elk, which, judging by the sign, had been killed several days before by a cougar, my comrade overlooked him, and not until I called his attention did he know there was a bear near us. I had but two cartridges left, but for various reasons I must have that bear. Cautioning my friend to be quiet, I carefully and silently worked my way nearer and nearer; 150, 125, 100yds; yes, I will try him from here. I took careful aim at the center of his body and fired. With an unearthly yell he reared up, fell over backward, and after several attempts succeeded in getting on three of his feet. His right shoulder blade was broken.

He whirled around several times and started off up the steep mountain side on three legs. Giving my blankets to my companion I told him to follow; wherever I killed the bear there we would camp. Having one cartridge left I started in pursuit and soon had a chance to fire the second time at the bear, hitting him in the mouth, half severing his tongue, but breaking no bones. Now bruin fled with a swiftness that left me little hope of ever overtaking him. There was half a mile of cañon before the stream made its final break up. The bear chose the most inaccessible places in his endeavor to elude me. He would slide down steep banks, where no four-footed animal could stand, and save himself from being dashed to pieces hundreds of feet below by falling against a gnarled pine tree that took root in such places. Then he would tack down to another tree, and so on, until he reached the brink of the cañon, which was a sheer descent of about fifty feet to water. Here was a narrow bench of land; and here, with fire in his eye, he waited my coming. With considerable work I reached the bear, and after resting a few moments I concluded not to kill him at this point, as it was not suitable for camp. Walking up I gave him several prods in the side with my rifle which made him snort. He struck several vicious blows at me with his good arm, and crawling out on the roots of a tree deliberately dropped into the water. This I was confident would kill him; but no; he floundered out and up a fallen tree. I kept him in sight until I could get across and soon overtook him. He had come to a fallen tree, and being wounded and tired could not get over it. Here he concluded to make his final stand; and with a right-about that would have done credit to a veteran he faced me. I was within twenty feet of him and a little below him, resting on one knee with gun in hand perfectly willing to cease hostilities until I could regain my breath. I intended to get above him, so that if he should make a rush he would have to make it up hill. While resting I examined him closely. He was sitting up, his wounded arm hanging useless by his side. His head seemed to be about two feet between the ears, but careful measurement afterward reduced it to one foot. His small black eyes flashed with rage. As he regained his breath he gave several deep growls; and "gentle*men* I *was* skeered." But realizing that my life depended on my coolness and presence of mind I shook off the feeling, and at the same moment he made a rush for me. I had just time to club my gun, and as I felt his hot breath on my cheek I struck at his head for all I was worth. For about two minutes that bear and your Uncle Fuller performed some of the most wonderful gymnastic feats on record until by a desperate effort I grasped the root of a tree and held on for dear life, while the bear went bounding down the mountain side. For the present I was safe. I began to examine my wounds, as in our descent I plainly felt his canine teeth meet in my flesh. The wounds were not there. It was imagination caused by fear. Aside from a few bruises I was safe and sound as a new dollar. Looking down the mountain side I saw the bear had lodged between two trees. I carefully approached him and found him dead. I examined his skull and found it crushed from the force of the blow that I had struck him with all the desperate energy of a last chance. If that blow did not strain my gun it broke the stock.

I hardly need add that my companion drank coffee and ate bear meat for the next four days and enjoyed it too.

TILLICUM.

SOME NOTES FROM THE ROCKIES.

HAVING lived in the mountains for the last five years, guiding during summer and trapping during the winter season, I have had an excellent opportunity of studying the habits of the different kinds of game at the different seasons of the year—abundant in this particular part of the Rockies, the headwaters of the Big Horn, Yellowstone and their tributaries. As the Indians have been forced toward the west by civilization, so the game has been forced from the prairie to the mountains, until animals that once inhabited the prairie are now seldom seen there, but range entirely in the bad-lands and mountains. The bad-lands and the table lands that extend from the Upper Missouri south to the headwaters of the Big Horn (called Wind River), which five years ago afforded a range for 200,000 elk, buffalo, deer and antelope, are now occupied by as many horses, sheep and cattle, without more freedom. Elk, deer, bear, sheep, antelope and mountain lion are quite plentiful here in the mountains.

Elk, which are a prairie animal, are now seldom found outside the mountains, which they inhabit summer and winter. About the first of August, the bulls begin rubbing their horns. By the first of September their horns are clean, and they are as fat as they get; and by the fifth of the month they are whistling and "rounding up" the cows and running the young bulls from the band. At this time elk may be found in almost any suitable place at an altitude from 6,000 to 10,000ft. By Sept. 15 they are rutting, and this is the best time to hunt them, as they are continually traveling; that makes it easy to find fresh sign. Their horns are in good condition, the scalp is a good, deep color, hair tight, and the head is in splendid condition to mount. Their continual whistling during the evening and cloudy and stormy weather, which may be heard a mile, indicates to the hunter or sportsman their exact position; he must be a bungler indeed if he does not get one. During the rutting season large bands are found continually in open country, while small bands stay in the timber during the day, coming into the openings or parks in the evening and returning shortly after daybreak. As the season advances they travel less during the day and lie in the timber on the northern slopes when the snow is deep; and by the first of December the old bulls have left the band, their places being filled by the younger ones. By the first of January the old bulls are to be found in small bunches, and they continue so until after shedding time, which takes place in February and March. In April and May they disband as a rule, while their horns are growing, keeping themselves cached in out-of-the-way places until the first of August returns. The cows and young bulls get pretty well scattered by spring and all join again at the high ranges as soon as the snow will permit. Their summer and winter ranges are about fifty or sixty miles apart. A large bull will dress 600lbs., a cow will dress from 250 to 400lbs.

Of the many different kinds of game that inhabit the Rockies, mountain sheep are the most numerous yet the most difficult to hunt. During the summer and fall they range on the highest divides, which are very difficult to traverse. Although some of these divides are rolling grounds which are covered with a short growth of grass, the majority are very sharp and rugged, bearing no vegetation whatever at the top. These divides are formed by small stone cemented by a lava cement, and are called conglomerate formations. Although very solid beneath the surface, when exposed to the weather they become loose and dangerous to the hunter or sportsman traversing them. Although the southern slopes of these divides are not very steep, their northern sides are nearly perpendicular cliffs from 500 to 1,500ft. high, below which are basins or pockets, which form the heads of the streams draining the adjacent country. Large bands of 75 or 100 ewes and young rams of en stay in these pockets for days without leaving them. As the bottoms and slopes are covered with a growth of short grass, while through the center of the pocket flows a small stream fed by the banks of perpetual snow lying at the base of the cliffs, and as they bed on the small ledges on the face of the cliff, these pockets contain all that they desire. While they are lying on these ledges it is very hard to see them from a distance, for they are nearly the same color as the rocks. It is seldom that one can get near enough the edge of the cliff to see them from above, and as the pockets are only 500 to 1,000yds. across, precipitous on one or two sides, sloping gradually on the other, there is left but one way to approach them unseen, namely, to go up the gulch. A very clever ruse practiced by the hunter is to get above them on the divide, and being careful not to expose himself, fire one or two shots into the ground beyond them, and then wait until they come on top, for sheep will almost always run up hill when frightened.

Although the ewes and young rams of three or four years old are often found together during the summer, large rams are seldom found among them. Ranging lower than the ewes and keeping themselves cached among the rocks and scrubby pine at timber line during the day, sportsmen have great difficulty in finding them unless accompanied by a good guide, and even then some go back home without having secured a good specimen.

Although one can have all the shooting at ewes and young rams he may wish for during the fall, the most favorable time to hunt them is during the month of December, when the snow has driven them from their summer range to a lower and more level country. The rutting season begins the first of the month, and one is sure to find from one to five large rams in each band. They are less watchful and much easier to stalk at this season of the year.

The rams grow to be very large; I have often killed them that dressed 250lbs. The horns of a 6 or 7-year-old will measure about 2ft. 6in. in length, varying from 15 to 18in. in circumference at the butt. A friend of mine a few days ago killed a ram whose horns were 6ft. 10in. in length, or 3ft. 5in. for single horn; 26in. between the points, 16in. in circumference 10in. from the butt of the horn. It is a perfect head, being 12 years old, and an extraordinary specimen, as one seldom finds a ram over 7 years old with a perfect head.

Whitetail deer are seldom found in the mountains, though they are quite numerous among the foothills, and on streams that pierce the mountains but a short distance.

The gazelle deer are not, as a great many people suppose, the crooked-horned antelope, but resemble the white tail deer very much, although much smaller. They inhabit the heads of the longest streams in the mountains and do not leave them until very late in the fall. In this country they are called mountain whitetail. They will dress about 60lbs.

Although the majority of antelope are to be found on the prairie I have often seen bands of one hundred in the mountains, and I have killed them sixty miles inside of them. They do not shed their horns as deer do and are seldom seen in the timbers. Does after they get four or five years old have horns the same as the bucks, only not so large. They will dress from 60 to 90lbs.

The mountain lions are quite plentiful and inhabit nearly the same range as the sheep. One may travel for months in the mountains and not see one, much less kill one; and as they will not eat from a carcass killed by a hunter it is very difficult to catch them in a trap. I have never heard of them attacking a man, though when very hungry they will often follow a man to his camp and annoy him by their screams during the night. A large lion will weigh 250lbs. and will measure from 7½ to 9½ft. from tip to tip.

There are supposed here to be five distinct species of bears to be found in this country—the bald-faced grizzly, silver tip, cinnamon, black and brown. All of these are quite plentiful. I acted as guide for three different parties last season and we killed twenty-four in all. The bald-faced grizzly, cinnamon and silver tips are largest and most ferocious, although it is seldom that either will fight unless wounded, and even when wounded they wil sometimes run.

They may be found at all altitudes at any time, though, as they hole up in the highest timbered country, they are more numerous there than in the lower country in the spring and fall. They come out of their holes in the latter part of March and travel until they find green grass, unless they have been baited to some particular place the previous spring or fall, and they will visit each place they have dined at on meat or the offal of game, turning over the bones, and continue doing so, making their circuit and returning about every three days, until in their travels they find something better. I have never seen more than five in one band, though I have seen the sign of thirteen traveling together. One will quite often see three, an old one and two yearling cubs together; and it is a very easy matter to kill them all if you get one good shot into the old one, as they will invariably begin fighting among themselves, though there are exceptions, as my experience has shown me. I once shot an old silver tip "sow" through both shoulders with a 550gr. ball, 120yds., while she had two yearlings with her, and she got within 40yds. of me before she dropped. They can probably stand up under the weight of more lead than any other living animal.

I have found a great many places where bears have passed the winter, and never saw but one place where one had lived in a cave. They usually select the thickest timber on the northern slopes, where the snow is deepest, and dig a hole large enough to hold them from sliding down hill, and then they let the snow cover them. The she bear and spring cubs usually den together during the winter season and stay together until the rutting season, which begins about Oct. 1, when they are driven away by the male.

Bears will not travel and hunt for meat in the fall as in the spring, as there are plenty of pine nuts. These the squirrels have laid away for winter use, but they hardly ever consume them, as the bears raise their cachés about as fast as they are put down. This plundered provender furnishes all necessary food for them, and by the time they hole are as fat as it is possible for anything to get.

SILVER TIP.

[The "gazelle deer" are probably small-sized individuals of the whitetail species. There is great diversity of size among the whitetails in the Rocky Mountains; we have seen killed on the same day a large whitetail deer, which two men could with difficulty lift on to the horse, and an adult buck so light that one man could lift it with ease. It is not uncommon to find antelope in the timber; we have killed them in timber from the North Park of Colorado to the northern boundary of Wyoming. There are but two species of bears in the United States, the black and the grizzly. "Cinnamon" (of authors), "brown" and black are the same; "cinnamon" (of Rocky Mountain hunters), "bald-faced grizzly," "silver tip" and grizzly are the same. In our bears color is of little or no value in the determination of species.]

JERRY GREENING'S.

HOW the years fly! Luckily there is no mirror handy to enforce the lesson by ocular demonstration and so confound the vanity that still believes itself capable of breasting the ridges and fording the swamps between Milford and the Rattlesnake. Still in my ashes live the wonted fires, and it is not always safe to trust too much to gray hairs. *Fenum habet in cornu* was a Roman adage—not green grass, mark you, but hay—and this reminds me of my first visit to Jerry Greening's.

I had heard of him at Milford, at the Sportsman's Retreat, where after a hard day's tramp our host, the famous "Bub" Wells, used to while away the evening with stories of the "characters" of old Pike. I had heard also of the feud that had arisen between the houses of McCarthy and Greening; and it was with a slight sensation of disloyalty to the former that we organized a party for a deer hunt at Greening's. To desert McCarthy's was bad, while to go to Greening's was to turn your back on McCarthy and the delights of story telling by the stove in his not over clean barroom. Would I ever forget the politics that raged there, and how, in default of a genuine Black Republican, "Bub" Wells assumed the character, and fought me valiantly until we turned in together.

A bright, balmy day, with just enough of November in it to give the air a "tang," saw our party climbing the slopes—not on foot, however, but behind two good horses with Dutch Jake to drive. I am not going to inflict any descriptions of scenery on you—and with this city thermometer looking down on the eighties, I am not going to tantalize myself with cool and pleasant memories. Indeed, I only mention the balminess of the day for a reason, and have only one incident of our ride to recall. This was the meeting on the turn off by the "Rattlesnake" of the cause of war between the houses of Greening and McCarthy, in the shape of the schoolmarm—and her charms we will leave to imagination.

All roads—even pleasant ones—have an end, and ours was found at Jerry's unpainted farmhouse and sheds. To say we were hospitably received is to waste time and paper. The old man, his old woman, boys and girls—not to forget a pack of nondescript dogs—so received us that we took to them at once. Jerry, Sr., however, was not in his usual condition, and his left arm and hand were in a sling. Killing hogs he had cut his hand, and in consequence had nearly lost his life; but his wonderful vitality was expelling the poison that would have been fatal to another. To him it was but a trifle, and his only regret was that he could not hold his rifle—a heavy muzzle-loader—steadily.

Night comes quickly in the hills in November, and men who rise before daybreak go early to bed, and we were no exceptions. Sleep, however, was broken; Jerry's big bear or something lit on the roof and I waked to hear the rain pouring in a deluge. By morning, however, the clouds had passed away and we were ready for breakfast and our tramp for our respective runways. Before we got off, however, my broker friend, whom I had a second time dragged from the city, came to me and told me that young Jerry was anxious about me—thought perhaps that as the woods would be so wet the "old gentleman" might not like to go. Respect for gray hairs is all very well, but as I had not come to Greening's for deference I took young Jerry for my guide and am happy to know changed his opinion in the day. Of course we got no venison, but then we had a glorious day. The dogs puzzled out a scent and the music of their baying echoed all around us, until it died away at last beyond the "Farms" and we turned our faces homeward.

I don't think Jerry Senior has ever read "Clarissa Harlowe;" I even doubt whether he ever tried to model his speech on the lines of the "Common Prayer" book, that well of English undefiled, but there was a certain raciness of style and vigor of invective in his address to his sons, which were not without effect. He remarked to me that "they did not know nothing about deer hunting and the next day he would go with me himself and get a deer," and then the agency invoked was so powerful that none but a heretic or Col. Ingersol could have had any doubts.

Supper over and pipes lit, the yarning began. I heard how old and young Jerry, hunting timber for shingles on the snow, had one of them tapped with his axe a dead pine, while the other looked up to its top, only to have his calculations disturbed by a blow from the paw of a bear that had chosen its hollow for abode. "They had it hot and tight, I tell ye, till I got in a crack with the axe on her blasted head and laid her out." She weighed etc., etc. Then too I heard the legend of the haymaking, and how the "old woman" screamed when she raked up a couple of lively August rattlesnakes, which her liege lord stamped to death with his bare feet. "Women are so skeery," was his comment, not ungarnished with idiomatic expressions. That I believed all I heard will pass without saying, but if there had been any doubt in my mind, my next day's proof of Jerry's insensibility to pain would have removed it. Sitting in the front door I saw him sharpening a coarse single-bladed jack-knife on the flat sandstone that served as doorstep. Next, removing the bandages from his hand, he buried the blade in the ball of his thumb till he reached the bone. This bit of surgery performed without wincing, he informed me that as soon as it stopped running he would be ready to go—and go he did—and during all that day made no allusion to his pain.

It was not fated, however, that our first visit to Greening's should be crowned with success in hunting. Just before starting, I remarked of a little whitish lap-dog playing with the hounds, that if they did not shut her up she would follow them and get lost. "Lost," exclaimed Jerry, "why the little bitch is the sharpest deer hound in Pike county. If she gets out, she will start the deer before we get to our stands." Caught she was, and locked up in a room with a window I believe, and we started. On our way we passed plenty of deer sign. In one muddy spot were the plain tracks of a big buck and two smaller deer, and before we had gone two miles, I had begun to indulge a pleasant hope of being able to show Jerry that even a gray-haired man can shoot straight on occasion. A short half mile and I should be on the best stand in Pike county, when I seemed to hear a sharp yelp. Now I don't know whether foxes bark or yelp, but I thought the sound I heard would fitly come from the body of a very small fox, and so I asked Jerry if there were many in that country. "Lots," he said, "but why! I didn't hear the dogs running one, did I?" "No, but—there it is again," said I as the yelp was repeated, this time more distinctly. "Run Mr. ———, run your hardest. That cussed little bitch has got off by herself and started the deer."

Well, I *was* running and I continued to run, but nearer and nearer came that confounded yelp, and I knew the deer was far ahead of me and gone. This conviction was brought home to me forcibly when, on reaching the open path leading down to the brook, I saw in the soft earth the fresh prints wherever the dewclaws had struck. Of course, it was the biggest buck that had ever wandered up into old Pike from the far-off Alleghenies; but equally, of course, he was well on his way back again, and when the same little whitish lap-dog that I had seen at the house came up shortly after, I could only paraphrase Sir Isaac Newton. What were Jerry's exact remarks I disremember. I don't think he quoted from any of Richardson's works; and yet they had a comforting sound. I saw very plainly that it was my disappointment that moved him, and so in turn I comforted him.

Was it that, I wonder, that took off the edge then, and always since has secured me the kindliest treatment from him and his! I do not know; but this I do know, that rough as he was, dangerous as he was said to be, from no one could I get warmer greeting than always met me on sight of Jerry Greening. If, therefore, I did not bring back branching antlers from my first hunt with him, I brought and have kept a pleasant memory. H. B.

NOTES FROM THE PARK.

THUS far this season the Park has fortunately escaped damage by fires, the frequent showers putting out any fire before it made much progress. Only one fire has burned over any extent of country, that on Pelican Creek, caused undoubtedly by lightning; this fire received a check if it was not stopped by a storm on the 23d inst. Very little smoke has obscured the views here, showing that there are fewer fires in the country west of us than there usually are at this time of the year.

The Union Pacific engineers are very active in the country west of the Park and its immediate vicinity, locating several routes from the Utah Northern Railroad with every indication of making the Park near the Lower Geyser Basin their object point. Lines have been surveyed up the Madison and other routes determined, one of them over some of the same ground located by the Northern Pacific in 1882. It will be much to the advantage of the public to have two lines of railroad to the Park now. There is now over a hundred miles staging before getting to the Park line from Beaver Cañon. Many prefer this, as it is through a delightful country with fine scenery, grand mountains and great rivers, abounding in fish and game.

While on a trip among the mountains in the northwestern part of the Park, in the latter part of July, we saw a great many elk, one band of nine large bulls which we alarmed by their getting our wind while in the timber. We came in sight of them as they left the timber to take a high trail around the top of Mt. Holmes. This was on a very steep part of the mountain and only some 300yds. distant at first. They were in sight for over half a mile as they made their way for the top of a pass. The nature of the ground was such that they could not go out of a walk and had to go in single file as they picked their way over the "slide rock." We dismounted in a little park and watched them with glasses. The leader was a king, crowned with a pair of seven-point antlers. None of them had less than five points. Occasionally they stopped and looked at us and our horses. Their horns were about full grown but covered with velvet, the points soft and tender, as shown by the care the elk used in passing trees. When they reached the pass they all collected to have a last look, their red coats glistening in the sun, the outlines of their forms brought out against a white cloud. Soon the leader disappeared and the others followed him, plunging down through a snow drift. We followed over the pass but saw no more of them; but several other elk cows and calves were seen.

Another day we ran on to a band of over twenty cows and calves in a little park at the head of Grayling Creek. Riding into the park we were within twenty yards of the nearest one before she saw us. We stopped to look at them, they in turn staring for a moment at us. Some of them went on eating, as our horses were doing, all unconcerned. Some could be seen with their calves lying down in the timber. We noticed that the calves were losing their spots. When we moved on toward them they trotted off, right and left into the timber, the calves showing more alarm than the older ones. All the elk we saw in the mountains visited on this trip were not so wild as half the range cattle are when they see a person afoot.

We visited the summits of the Dame, Echo, Bannock and Joseph peaks, Quadrant Mountain, Antler Peak and many lesser points. As a rule the weather was fine and the air quite clear. On August 2, while on top of one of the mountains we were favored with a hail storm and a snow storm which lasted about an hour, leaving the tops of the peaks white with snow a little over half an inch deep. It was a something of a change to come from the heated valleys in the morning to be in a snow storm at four o'clock and walking through new snow and over fields of old snow twenty feet deep, to camp where ice made that night a quarter of an inch thick in our kettles, and to see in the morning daffodils and hundreds of other spring flowers. We could but think of the people suffering with heat in the cities while we required two pair of blankets over us to keep us comfortable.

The scenery from some of the rocks was too grand for description—mountain ranges and peaks in all directions, deep cañon and valley, the whole National Park at our feet, the Yellowstone Lake under us like a blue valley, Mt. Washburn so much below us that it looked like a foothill, hundreds of little lakes, dark green and blue, all kinds of beautiful mountain flowers in great abundance, immense snow drifts with ice-cold streams running from them, cool rivers and freedom from insects. To the west could be seen the great Madison Basin, partially covered with timber, a large portion of it fire-killed. The Basin is well-watered by the Madison River and its tributaries, which abound in trout, grayling and whitefish. While in the Basin we had seen considerable game (although this is out of the Park), mostly antelope. These are found in the timber; if in an open country they will more often make for the timber than anywhere else. I believe this is the only section of the country where antelope, contrary to their usual habits, frequent the timber. All through the mountains we saw a great many grouse, old and young. The young were about the size of quail on the first of August. On July 27 we saw one brood just hatched out; we caught a few of them and let them go again, and they soon disappeared in the grass. We saw a number of porcupines. They are only to be seen now at high altitudes. The tracks of a great many snow slides were noticed, one over 300yds. wide had swept down the mountain for fully half a mile, uprooting hundreds of trees, filling them in a confused mass across the gulch. The creek was yet hidden under masses of ice and snow, and this covered with sticks, stones, logs and dirt. Everything showed the past winter had been unusually severe.

Tourist travel to the Park is a little less this year than last. Several hunting parties have outfitted at Gardiner and gone east and south of the Park to hunt. A great many camping parties, families with wagons from Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, are in the Park; occasionally parties come from Kansas, Colorado, Oregon, Utah and California. Even the gipseys are strolling through the Park, mostly traveling by wagons, all hundreds and some over a thousand miles. It reminds one of the "good old times," when there was not a railroad in this country, game was plenty and wire fences had not taken possession of the land.

The Yellowstone Park Association have replaced their burnt hotel at Norris with a temporary structure, and have put up tents at the Yellowstone Lake.

Road Superintendent Lamartine is pushing work on the wagon roads as fast as $2,000 per month can do it. When the Transportation Company's coaches are late so that they are out after dark between Cinnabar and the springs, they are escorted by soldiers. The other teams engaged in transporting tourists are without escort; they drive ahead of the others. The road agents who held the coach up on July 4 have not been found yet, but many innocent parties have been suspected. H.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Aug. 27.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Capt. Moses Harris, acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, says: The extent of traveled wagon roads is now about 177 miles. During the year travel has fallen off considerably, which fact, the report says, is in a great measure due to recent railroad legislation rather than to any loss of popular interest in "the wonder-land of the world." The report calls attention to the fact that toll is, and for a long time has been, exacted by private individuals of passengers crossing the bridge over the Yellowstone at the entrance to the Park, and also to the location of a liquor saloon within what is believed to be the Park limits. The hotel and transportation facilities within the Park, the report says, are excellent in character, and sufficient for the demands of travel.

The enforcement of the regulation which forbids any person to engage in business in the Park without permission in writing from the Department of the Interior, has had the effect of ridding the Park of a large number of irresponsible persons who, during the summer months, come in to prey upon the tourists. The rules for protection of game in the Park have been generally observed and respected. Immense herds of elk have passed the winter along the traveled road from Gardiner to Cook City with the same safety which herds of domestic range cattle enjoy in other localities, and several thousand of them wintered in the Lamar River Valley. The number of buffaloes in the Park is estimated at about one hundred. Antelope are found in large numbers. A herd of 200 passed the winter within a mile of Gardiner. Mountain sheep are found in all of the mountain ranges within the Park.

Capt. Harris asks for an additional company of infantry to assist in policing the Park. The estimates for the coming year are: For construction of roads and bridges, $130,000; for care and preservation of game $3,000; for surveying and making boundaries of Park, $10,000; for purchase of toll bridge, $2,000; total $145,000.

THE KIND OF A CITY ATTORNEY HE IS.—Hudson, Wis., Aug. 27.—I inclose a clipping from the *True Republican*, our local paper, to show how we sometimes bag violators of our game laws: "A rumor reached this city Monday afternoon that parties from Stillwater were hunting prairie chickens in the town of St. Joseph, and deputy sheriffs Jas. Baldwin and Will Jones went up to investigate. They first encountered a youngster in regulation hunting costume with a Texas sombrero rakishly drawn down over his left eyebrow, who proved to be Bun Hersey, of Stillwater. They bagged him and shortly after found City Attorney Gregory and Postmaster McCartey, of Stillwater. They came to Hudson without a murmur. Hersey had one bird and paid $5.75, which he put up like a man. Gregory had only one chicken, but he was fined $20.25 and McCarty was let go, on the supposition that he was acting merely as pointer for Gregory, we suppose. Constable Durning, of St. Joe, captured a young man named Thelan shooting chickens, and he was fined $20.25. The open season commences Sept. 1."—BEAUTIFUL.

HUNTING IN THE SHOSHONE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read an article in the September issue of *Scribner's Magazine* by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, called "Camping and Hunting in the Shoshone," and it strikes one conversant with the geography of that part of the Rocky Mountains that a good portion of the Rev. Mr. Rainsford's camping and hunting took place in the National Park, at the expense of the "noble American game", therein. He should practice what he preaches, for (quoting from his article) he says "this Park will be doubled in size and then a safe retreat, and what is of more importance a safe summer breeding place, will be preserved as an inviolate sanctuary for our noble American game." In the next few lines he tells of his camp at Heart Lake, "and the dinner was elk steak." This is providing a "safe retreat" with a vengeance for "our noble American game." As Heart Lake is nearly in the center of the National Park, the obvious inference is that the noble game was sacrificed to provide the dinner.

But what riles one most in the article is the cool way the writer describes trapping bears, and it passes my understanding how a sportsman and gentleman of the Rev. Mr. Rainsford's standing can inflict such horrible cruelty and untold suffering even on a wild beast. Every true lover of bear shooting should protest against this detestable practice of killing bears. They are unfortunately scarce enough as it is, without their being killed off by means of those cruel steel-jawed traps. Apart from the cruelty, of what earthly value is a trophy when attained in this manner? It can recall no stirring memory, no sudden thumping of the heart, no thrill of keenest pleasure, as will the recollection of a fair, face to face encounter and capture of bruin's skin by a well planted bullet. On the one hand a noble antagonist, whose death by legitimate means is enough for any one to be proud of accomplishing; on the other a worried, maimed and suffering brute, often half starved, if not wholly so, and often tied up enough to be perfectly harmless by the aid of sixty pounds of trap and ox chain, with the additional stick of timber fast to all. And yet this latter means of killing bear is called sport. There is another feature of evil in this cowardly method, and that is the sacrifice of our noble game to bait the traps with. No bait, no bear; hence an elk, deer or sheep must be killed to get that paw into the trap. This is hard on other sportsmen who are to follow, but it beats the Dutch, my dear sir, what a free translation some people give to the word sport.

The "Col. Pigot" in the article evidently refers to my neighbor Col. Pickett, whose lovely little shooting box way up Grey Bull has been the theater of many an exciting contest, and whose owner is so well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Here is an example for young sportsman to follow, for Col. Pickett is an old gentleman over sixty, and yet he asks nothing better than to find himself at close quarters with Brer B'ar, no traps either mar the result of his nerve.

ARCHIBALD ROGERS.

BEVERLY, Mass.

THE RIFLE ON FLYING GAME.

I SAW the Raub magazine trap advertisement in your paper, and ordered one two months ago. I have some practice every day with it. It is the most complete trap to make a man a good wing shot with the rifle that exists. When I advanced so far that I could hit either cardboard or clay targets nearly every time, I tried my hand on pipe bowls thrown by hand, then I got so I could hit pennies. I waited patiently for Aug. 25 to try my new 25-shot rifle on mudhens over the dog. I have the good fortune to own an Irish Elcho bitch that is as near perfection on mudhens as is possible to get one. She has a local reputation of being able to put up all the mudhens on a creek within reach of the shooter on low water. The eventful day arrived at last, and although I did not brag about being able to kill every mudhen that got up, yet I had a notion that the mudhen that got up before my rifle was a dead bird.

At 7 A. M. on the 25th, my friend A. and myself, armed with about 200 .22-cal. shorts, took a car to the inlet and engaged the only rowboat that we could get at that hour. The water is rough when there is any wind crossing the channel, and our boat was a flat-bottom, with square stern, so that we shipped considerable water, in fact so much that my friend wanted me to put back. However, we crossed with nothing worse than a part wetting, and finally reached ground that looked gamy. We hied on the bitch and started to slaughter anything that got up before us. After going about a mile and shooting at swallows and sea gulls and making clean misses each time with the exception of a sea gull, the bitch showed game by a point on the bend of a creek. I worked up to her, when up jumped a nice large mudhen and poised in the air waiting for me to shoot. I shot and missed. Then I started to pump lead after him. I shot at him four times, when he finally lit 500yds. away without a feather ruffled. I was mad. My friend thought it would have been better to have brought shotguns along, and after our missing three easy flyers he predicted a clean score. Even the dog was disgusted. I did not understand why I missed. I only seemed not to be able to hold on a bird moving with just the right amount of sight. I finally made up my mind not to shoot at the next one unless I got a sight that I was sure was right, so after hunting a short distance the dog made game and flushed a nice driver. I held on till I was sure, then pulled and down came our first mudhen. The dog seemed as much elated as either of us as she retrieved it. My friend then took courage and felt that if they would only wait a little longer after leaving the ground he would surely hit one. We next saw two swimming out in the bay. We took the boat and started after them. I shot both without a miss; and if any one thinks it is pot shooting to shoot a mudhen swimming in rough water out of a rocking boat, he will find it more difficult than a flying shot, as the head and neck are all that show on the water.

We worked one meadow after another with varied success; the best score I made was three straight hits. Mr. A.'s rifle became disabled by the mainspring breaking, and we finally concluded to make for home. We counted our game. I had shot seven flying, five swimming; Mr. A. killed two, making a score of fourteen birds, all we wanted for one day. I did not count the misses, but out of 200 cartridges we brought home about 75; that tells the tale. I am satisfied that easy birds can be shot with the rifles; and if any one takes a course on the Raub trap and learns to shoot well at all kinds of targets, he will want to try conclusions with live game, and I would rather bring down one bird with the rifle than a dozen with the shotgun. Of course this only applies to easy-flying birds, for I find that in cover shooting sometimes a shotgun has hardly enough pellets in it for me. J. A.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

GAME IN EASTERN ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following account of game and sport in eastern Ontario may be of interest to some of your readers. Devotees of rod and line may have good sport in any part of eastern Ontario; bass and pike being plentiful in streams flowing south, while trout and bass swarm in the lakes at the headwaters of the Ottawa tributaries, but the inevitable "hog" with net and spear is fast reducing their numbers. Pike (called here pickerel) and bass, both being hard-fighting and gamy fish, are usually taken with spoon or silver minnow, and give excellent sport with a light bamboo rod.

Wild geese seldom visit us and very few are killed, but spring and fall ducks come in considerable numbers to our lakes and bays. They afford great sport to cockney sportsmen who love to make a noise, although they seldom make a bag. To be successful one must have as much patience as Job and be an excellent shot, as the birds are very wary and most of the shooting must be done at single birds; a bag of fifteen or thirty is considered an evidence of a day of good luck. There is very little snipe shooting, and partridge have become exceedingly scarce, most of those killed being shot from their perch in the trees.

Black squirrels are plentiful in the settled part of the country, and when hunted with the rifle give perhaps the best practice for quick shooting of any game in the country. Immediately, when alarmed, they make tracks for some secure retreat in a hollow tree, and methinks it would puzzle the crack glass ball shooters to bring them down at from 30 to 100yds., as their strategic movements to the rear through the treetops are very quick and irregular.

Fox hunting is followed by many sport-loving farmers, many of whom keep efficient packs of well-trained foxhounds; and the pursuit of the "varmint race" is a choice way of spending the winter's leisure. As a matter of course, foxes find Ontario rather a cold climate, and like Yankee bank officials, they "skip out."

Rabbits are very plentiful in the backwoods, and are little hunted, as where they are abundant large game is more inviting to the sportsman; but throughout the settlements they have been nearly exterminated by the local Nimrods.

Deer and bear are yet plentiful along the watershed separating Bay of Quinte from Ottawa waters, but as this region is dotted with fine lakes, the water butcher and his ally, the domesticated wolf, will doubtless exterminate them in a few years. An anti-hounding law is much needed in Ontario. A few years ago a party of Americans, (they call themselves sportsmen) with a pack of thirty or forty dogs, killed upward of two hundred deer, and of these many were left in the woods to rot.

Camp hunting is much resorted to during the open season for deer, and it is a notorious fact that a party of tyros, still-hunting, will get from none to five deer in a two weeks' hunt, while the same party with hounds would be "dead sure" to get ten or twelve deer in the same time. Moose are killed between the Madawaska and Lake Nipissing and occasionally one is killed south of this limit. RAMROD.

TRENTON, Ontario.

GAME PROTECTION SENTIMENT.

FROM the reports of the Game and Fish Protectors to the Fish Commission we take the following extracts as illustrative of phases of sentiment in regard to game laws and their enforcement:

J. H. GOODWIN, JR.—*Second District.*—I have seized two seine nets of the value of $45 and have had three suits settled by fines and costs amounting to $228 and have endeavored during this time to have ten suits brought to trial or settled in some way in the county of New York, but have been unable to accomplish it through the office of the district attorney of that county, and it does seem as though it might do more harm than good to attempt to prosecute in that county, for the reason that in consequence of no fines being imposed, the infringers of the game laws become bold and do not fear the consequences. So I have found that I am obliged to resort to threats only; but I must say that the marketmen and dealers generally, if they are able to keep track of the game and fish laws, are disposed to do what the law requires.

MATTHEW KENNEDY—*Third District.*—I would again recommend a change in the laws of 1879 (chap. 534) where it reads as follows: "Any person who shall, at any time, kill any of said birds, between sunset and daylight, or pursue or fire at any of said birds with the aid of any light or lantern, shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense against this provision." It is very difficult for me to hold violators under that part of the section, as the hunters who do night shooting do it without the aid of a lantern, most of the shooting being done by twilight or moonlight. I have had violators of this section and was unable to convict because no artificial light was used while hunting. Considerable night duck shooting was done in vicinity of Stockport, Columbia county, the past fall, while birds were on their feeding grounds. I have been ably assisted by the various game and fish associations of this district, to whom I am grateful. In my district there seems to be a decided improvement in the sentiment of the people in reference to the enforcement of the game and fish laws. The legislation of the board of supervisors of Dutchess and Columbia counties has been such for the past year as to make fish and game protection more effectual.

S. C. ARMSTRONG—*Fifth District.*—I journeyed quietly down to Burden Lake near Troy last May, ostensibly canvassing for Quain's Medical Dictionary. It is an excellent work; price eight dollars. I did not have very good success as a book agent, for I did not sell a book, but I induced four men to come up to the office of District Attorney La Mott W. Rhodes (may the shadow of that faithful and efficient officer never grow less) and subscribe and pay about $100 for having bass in their possession out of season and for taking fish on a set line. Charles D. Rousseau, of Troy, had venison in his possession out of season. He gave it to his men in a lumber shanty and they did eat it. It is said that occasionally he would put a few deer skins in a Saratoga trunk, and there among bottles of perfumery, toilet soap and woolen socks they would journey down to Troy, and the eye of no official would discern them. However, Mr. Rousseau was indicted, and on payment of fifty dollars to District Attorney Brownell, of Hamilton county, he was discharged. Fifty dollars would buy a fat ox. Peter Wilson was indicted for spearing fish at Brant Lake, Warren county. When the time for trial came he was too low to attend court. His lawyer said he was very low with consumption. He pleaded guily, and the kind-hearted judge let him off with a fine of five dollars. I am glad to hear at this writing that Peter is much better. John Smith was indicted for taking trout four inches long. His lawyer said John's thumb had been in contact with a buzz saw, and that he was poor and unable to work. He also had a blind sister. He pleaded guilty and the judge fined him five dollars. I commenced five suits in Supreme Court when H. A. Howard was district attorney of Warren county. When his successor, C. R. Patterson was elected, Mr. Howard neglected or refused to turn over the papers to Mr. Patterson. I was informed that Mr. Howard had offered to settle these cases on payment of his costs, and that he stated I had authorized him to do so. I never advised or consented to anything of the kind. I have heard that Howard did settle one case in this manner where the defendant was liable for a penalty of $350. Pasco, the man indicted for hounding deer on the first day of July, was tried and acquitted. I do not think there is one case in a thousand where the evidence would be as plain and convincing. Two men saw the deer enter the pond; Pasco came up later and inquired where the deer crossed; he had a gun and hound with him and told one of the men it was his (Pasco's) dog; he crossed the pond, and soon after the deer was driven in and killed; the men saw the deer pulled into the boat. And yet when Pasco, in a hang-dog manner, told the jury that he was there on the first of July with his dog and gun *hunting for ginseng*, the jury by their verdict assumed to believe him. I hope that the fact that some of the members of the jury were bushwhacking about with Pasco's attorney nearly all night before the verdict was rendered, had nothing to do with the decision. The same evidence would have convicted a man of murder. Pasco was fined once before for killing a deer and afterward indicted for burning a building that was owned by the man who made the complaint. He escaped punishment through some flaw in the indictment.

A MORNING SHOOT.

I HAD promised my favorite shooting companion W., an ardent lover of dog and gun, to join him in a little sport the early part of August, and I went up to keep the appointment. W. owns Lew, a descendant of old Leicester, as fine a setter as ever delighted the heart of a sportsman posing as a living statue, while I had Belle, sister to Lew. Both of us used 3¼drs. powder and 1oz. No. 10 shot in 10-bore guns. In the first willows we entered we found a drove of cattle, although we usually find birds here. Although Lew made game the birds had gone. We next entered a cornfield, I taking the center and W. going outside next to the fence. A bird flushed ahead of Belle, but flying in direct line to W. I was prevented from shooting. I cried mark! and W. turned in time to get in a snap shot, but failed to stop the bird which he marked down. Lew being sent on did some very careful roading on this bird which had run, finally locating and pointing in grand style, the bird flushing wild and getting away without a shot, owing to thick brush. Working on in same direction, W. taking the brush and I the outside, both dogs soon made game, Lew being first to find and making another of his grand points. W. walked up the bird, which favored me, and I stopped him. Both dogs were anxious to retrieve, but we always make it a rule to allow the dog that points that honor. Lew was told to fetch, which he did in his truly perfect manner. I had almost forgotten the very important fact that both dogs were trained under Hammond's rules, in "Training vs. Breaking," as indeed are all our dogs.

We now worked quite a little ground before Lew found and pointed, and W. again had to take to the willows and flush, as Lew objects to breaking his points, and W. stopped his bird with a quick shot in thick brush. A short distance on Lew again commenced roading, doing some very fine work, and finally dropping to point with head thrown round on right shoulder. While we were admiring him the bird flushed and flew straight to W., but he scored a miss. Working back, Lew soon found and pointed, backed by Belle, and I scored my second bird. We now worked across the creek and Lew again gave us a treat, roading completely around a close-lying bird in tall weeds. This bird was put up and dropped by my companion. We again moved on, and missing Belle, went back and found her on a point where Lew's bird had just left, took her off, and moved a short distance, when Lew stopped on a bird under an old treetop, which also fell to W.

Swinging a little to the right, the dogs again made game in the opening, Lew again scoring the point. The bird was seen by W., who walked up to flush, when it swung behind some brush, and W. scored a miss and I followed suit with both barrels. This was rather a set back for me, as it was a left quarterer and my favorite shot. Throwing in fresh cartridges we went on. Belle swung to the left and immediately pointed under an old log, and a fine old cock flushed from the opposite side, which I grassed. Then going in the direction the other bird had taken, both dogs again made game, the bird flushing before the could locate him, and W. wiped my eye with a splendid shot.

We were now close to home, which we reached at 11 o'clock, having had as much enjoyment as could possibly be crowded into as short a space of time.

We are anticipating good sport with the ruffed grouse, as the outlook is very promising, the birds appearing more plentiful than last season, and that was the best for a number of years. Deer and bear signs are very thick, and, as we have a good crop of beech nuts, we hope for some right royal time. FRED.

POTTER COUNTY, Pa.

QUAIL IN THE OAK WOODS.

WE go eight miles to the oak woods to try our hand on quail. It is a fine day, misty and damp. Reaching the ground Sport, my liver and white pointer, points a fine covey, but they are wild, rise out of range and go into the woods. We dismount and follow the scattered birds and Spot points again. Three birds rise, I get the last with the right barrel, just as a cotton-tail jumps from under my feet, and I bring him to bag with the left. The thicket here is very dense and we go further on.

The next covey is pointed by Carlo, John's lemon and white pointer, a fine looking dog. John dismounts first, walks up and gets one shot—a clean miss. We think we have marked them down and follow. The dogs are ranging beautifully and Sport points, a bird rises, I fire and the bird is grassed just as John levels his gun; he recovers arms and wonders how I get all the good shots. We go still further into the thicket and Sport flushes a covey from the windward side, so they are up and off without a shot, except one bird that turns and stops in a pine tree. John and I walk up and the bird flies from a tree 20yds. to my left. John misses again. We follow them (or endeavor to do so) and find one bird, which is pointed by Sport. We walk up through wet weeds and grass; all is excitement. I propose to John to select the birds on our respective sides and he says, "We'll take 'em any way we can get 'em." I give the word and one bird rises. We both fire, the bird is dead and Sport retrieves it nicely.

We start back to our horses and walk over a bird; I fire and miss. We continue our march and Sport points, backed by Carlo. The bird rises to me, I fire and miss again. This is the last bird we can find of this covey, so we mount our horses and ride over the hill to a neighboring bottom. John is wet, gets cold, sees a convenient house and steps in to warm, while I ride slowly up a little branch and allow Sport to hunt it thoroughly. I go about a hundred yards, cross and find one more covey. At my first shot John comes out and wants to know if I have started any birds, and just as I respond in the affirmative Sport points again. The bird rises and I bring it to bag. John has marked down two or three birds and has followed them higher into the woods. In a little while I hear five shots in rapid succession. He has now lost the last of the covey and emerges from the woods with one bird.

On our way around to the Ninety-six road Carlo points a covey, but it is getting late and we turn our steps homeward.

R. H. M., JR.

TRENTON, S. C.

LABOR AND REFRESHMENT.

OWING to the inclemency of the weather, and other equally potential causes, I did not indulge very much, during the last season, in the sports of the field. Now and then, however, when the day was inviting, my business engagements permitted, and a genial companion or two could be had, I hitched up my old horse Frank, put in the buggy a change of clothing, my little hammerless 14-bore, and about 200 loaded shells, whistled up my bobtailed pointer Argo, and set out in quest of some laborious and healthful amusement. These trips always made my dog happy, for he looked forward to the gratification of his highest ambition.

During the month of December last my friend, B. W. Jethell, of Rockingham county, in this State, came with his wife on a visit to her immediate family. He was accompanied by Mr. Griff Rinn. Both had their guns and were well supplied with ammunition. After a week or two spent in our vicinity, enjoying themselves by frequent jaunts into the country and bagging quite a quantity of game, Mr. Rinn returned to his residence, leaving Mr. Jethell to get all he could, in the way of sport, from the fields and woods in the upper part of our county. It happened that soon after Mr. R. took his departure Major Edwin Gully, a native of Virginia, most of his life a cosmopolitan, and at present a traveling salesman for a well-known grocer of Richmond, came among us and enlivened our dullness by his sparkling presence. Gully is an enthusiast in hunting and fishing, and can relate some remarkable tales of his former exploits. He is a fair shot—no doubt of that—but like most men who love the rod and gun, he now and then allows his imagination to outrun his facts, and in consequence at times he "bends a rousing whid" without "nailing it wi' scripture."

Gully was anxious to take a hunt, and equally anxious to take along my young setter Eck, for whom he had formed a decided attachment. I agreed to take him to a place owned by me about twelve miles north of our town, where I have a house which I occasionally occupy during the summer, and in which I keep some beds and other furniture which make it a nice place for "camping" when I choose to hunt in that vicinity. I also let him have the use of my gun and supplied him with shells. Jethell aforesaid and Dr. Still Weele, a local sportsman, joined us. We shot a little on the way as well as after our arrival, and by night we had probably two dozen birds. An excellent and cheerful fire was soon blazing in the chimney place. Gully and Jethell pride themselves upon their capacity as cooks, and if they possess the qualifications of which they boast, either could get a large salary at any fashionable restaurant as *chef de cuisine*. I did not choose to settle their respective claims to superiority, but ventured to suggest that Gully should heat the water and clean the frying-pan, while Jethell showed his skill in dressing the birds, Dr. Still bringing the water from the spring.

In the morning Gully would change places with him. Dr. Still acknowledged that his skill lay in being able to determine the quality of the food which they prepared. I claimed the exclusive privilege of making the coffee. With this division of labor we managed to get up a meal which satisfied our hunger. I used the old style coffee pot, boiling a little and then settling with a cup of cold water. If I had had one of these two-story coffee pots, called a Biggin, and dripped the coffee, no doubt the flavor of the beans would have been far better preserved. As to this new-fangled humbug, which professes to distil the liquid, and greatly economize the grain—I did not want it. An eloquent agent who traveled and lied all over our county in regard to the merits of the invention exhausted his art of persuasion upon me without being able to swindle me out of the dollar which he coveted. Distilling coffee in a piece of the cheapest tinware, without a condenser! And a dollar for an article which would have been expensive at twenty cents! It is well for many of these agents that I am not the Czarissimus of this country.

Next morning at an early hour our horses were harnessed, two saddles strapped to the buggies and we set out to try some fields lying on the waters of Mountain Creek, about four miles distant. Men and dogs went forward "with hope elate, the Elysian palm quite soon to win." Reaching the vicinity Jethell and I saddled the horses and with Argo and Barney, J.'s old "yaller dog," who had been savagely treated in his youth, entered an old plantation which I had never hunted, but which I had heard would afford us plenty of sport. Gully and Still acted the part of infantry in the war and had Eck and Dick, two setters who had keen noses and dull heads. For supreme fools I have never known these two canines to be surpassed. Those two sportsmen took a different route and went where I knew they would find birds abundantly, for I had tried it.

Jethell and I ranged field after field, inviting in the highest degree, and found not a bird. On and on we went. At last, in a pine thicket destitute of low cover, our dogs scented birds and came to a point. They flew up wild, but J. got in one shot and winged a bird. The balance of the covey scattered, some taking trees. He got another shot and missed. Soon, though, he called me, and on my going to him he said that he saw a bird perched upon the limb of what he called an old-field pine. We got him to fly and both of us gave him a salute. We thought we had only wasted our loads, but the little bobtail saw better than we did, for dashing down the hill he soon returned with the bird in his mouth. There being no use of further pursuit we went forward to try to find another covey. It took a long while to do it, but we did succeed at last. They flushed upon the first challenge of the dogs, and J., firing from his horn, got one at long range. They went into the woods, of course, so did we. We managed to get three or four more and gave it up.

During a part of this time we had been disheartened by hearing frequent shots of the guns of Gully and Still, and felt that at least they were having a chance to beat us badly in the hunt. We still had hope, however, that we would get to the right place after a while. Going on about a half mile, our dogs came to a stand in an open old-field near cultivated land. Hitching our horse we approached, and as the covey rose we succeeded in getting two birds. We could not see where they settled, but as they flew across the field, and there were some nice-looking places in it, we entered it. Running over the wind, our dogs flushed a fine covey. One of the birds took a different course, and we went after him. Pretty soon Argo got scent, and did some pretty roading, with an occasional halting stand. At last coming to a point, I ordered him on; he sprang forward, but nothing ran. Barney, the unfortunate, came up, and stood at the foot of a thick cedar, and then out went the bird. It being my chance by agreement—the bird giving us a side shot to the right—I discharged one barrel, only to get plenty of feathers. Then Jethell fired, picking him a little more. My second barrel brought it to the ground, and Argo, as usual, unbidden, retrieved the game.

Just here let me say, that despite the judgment of others, I think there would be far fewer lost dead birds if dogs retrieved at once. No doubt the "drop to shot" plan enables a sportsman to shoot more frequently. But I have often seen instances where nearly-one third of the dropped birds remained in the field when the dogs were put to hunting them only after the shooting was over.

To return. After tramping around to no purpose we came back to where we supposed the flushed covey, and the first one we started, had located, and soon I got up two birds in the woods, bagging both. Jethell found by accident the first covey, but not being on the lookout they escaped, with only the loss of one bird and quite a number of feathers from another. On we went, and after a while we found more birds. Jethell got two of them, I wasted several shells to no purpose. Becoming disgusted we started back to the buggies, and on the way got up another covey, from which he got two more birds. I was again unfortunate—or rather unsuccessful. When we reached the buggies we had only fourteen birds. Of these he killed one-half and one was in doubt, so that the score stood 7½ to 6½. He killed two others after that, while I was resting; when I was thus engaged I heard an almost constant fusilade from Gully and Still. Not long, though, they came up, having between them twenty-seven Bob Whites. On being asked how many times they shot they showed some hesitation in their answer, but at last acknowledged that they had used about seventy-five shells, and ought to have had at least forty birds. The wind had become very high and the atmosphere was much colder. We returned to our camping place with forty-two birds, tired and hungry. A fire was started, and with commendable promptness our cooks had prepared a very satisfactory repast, which was evidently much enjoyed by Jethell, who is fond of good eating. None of us failed entirely.

After supper, and Gully and Still had smoked the pipe of peace—or a pipe a piece if you prefer [I hope "M.," of North Side, will not criticise], and I had contented myself with a chew of what is called fine-cut tobacco, J. looking on like a gentleman, it was proposed by Gully that we amuse ourselves with a friendly game of euchre. Having a desire to beat somebody at something, he chose me as a partner. But alas, the fates were against us. By sheer good luck, of course, our opponents achieved a triumph. Soon after this we were in bed.

My dog Eck had a habit of growling and barking all night at some imaginary enemy. To quiet him it was thought best to lay a bag on the floor of my room near the hearth and let him sleep upon it. Not long after we retired to bed, the ungrateful little whelp serenaded us with his usual music, and made "night hideous." The others told me that Eck was only responding to the challenges which I had made by my habit of snoring. They may not have slandered me. Truth compels me to say that I do not regard them as incapable of such conduct.

The following morning we left for home, and on the way got a few more birds. When we got home we had a bounteous supply for our households, and felt refreshed and strengthened by our active exercise and change of habits of life.

Poor Eck! He was a favorite with my family. He staid at home like an honest dog, and "sentineled the bed," like "the faithful Gelert, the flower of all his race." He growled and barked at chickens, and things real and unreal, both by day and night. But he acted as a guard, nevertheless. The poor fellow had an excellent nose, great industry in the field, and was very staunch on a point. He would not retrieve, and lacked in sense. He could not find the way home, and was often lost. In the early spring, on another visit of Gully, he took both my dogs and went after snipe. Eck has not been seen since, so far as I know. I think he ran until he fell in the water in a fit and was drowned. Though not "the gift of Royal John," he was presented to me when a small pup by my friend Eck. Galloway, of Reidsville, the excellent sheriff of Rockingham county, and came of gentle blood, his ancestors on both sides being duly registered. Gully was sorely grieved that the poor fellow should have been lost and has promised me that he will get me another to take his place, provided I will let him hunt when he comes along and have the use of my guns. He can get either at his election, and I indulge the hope that when the next season opens I shall see his genial ruddy face and sandy hair, albeit somewhat frosted, and enjoy with him and others some inspiring jaunts, fraught with unalloyed joy and rosy health.

WELLS.

ELLERBE SPRINGS, N. C., May 2.

TWO DAYS ON THE TRAIL.

IN the latter part of one November our party of six gunners camped on the summit of the Alleghenies, near the line of the Tyrone and Clearfield railway, Pa. Here for six or seven successive years we had spent a week annually, pleasantly and profitably, for although after the advent of railroads in this section the deer diminished in number with wonderful rapidity, yet by the complete knowledge we possessed of the country, and the manner in which our exploits were conducted, we usually returned with some trophies of our skill.

On the occasion to which I particularly refer, after landing in camp and putting everything in order, it was decided to drive a ridge near by where we had been more successful in routing deer than anywhere within the limits of our hunting grounds.

It had been discovered on a former visit to these grounds that when deer were routed they sometimes failed to make their appearance, but slipped out at an unguarded point. We investigated the matter and found that at the north end of the ridge, which broke off very abruptly and was quite rocky and rough, the more wary and venturesome old bucks had selected their way of escape; so at this point one of the party took his stand, the other prominent runouts being watched as usual, leaving two men with dogs to do the driving. Probably an hour passed when the clear report of a rifle echoed over the hills from the rocky hillside below, and after the assembly call was given we hastened to the spot. The buck was gone, but a profuse sprinkling of blood on the ground and brush told very plainly that he had been severely wounded.

There was scarcely enough snow upon the ground to show the print of a track, but one of our number being an expert in this line, we took the trail with confidence, having first proven the unreliability of our dogs, which flatly refused to assist us. Progress was slow and difficult, but the search was continued until after the sun disappeared and we were reminded of the near approach of night. During the afternoon the wounded buck, in company with another, had been seen; but his cunning prevented our getting a shot at either of them. That night, while we toasted our shins around the camp-fire, plans were laid for capturing the buck the next day, and we then laid ourselves down to enjoy well-earned repose.

Morning dawned, revealing a cloudless sky. Breakfast was hastily prepared and served by our jolly cook, and we hurried away to the point where we had left the trail on the previous evening. During the night the buck had wandered about over a small space of ground, crossing and recrossing his track, finally lying down, as we afterward discovered. The runouts near where he was supposed to be secreted were manned and two of the party took up the trail. It was tedious work and required the patience of a Job, but the buck was considered worth the labor, and we determined to have him if possible. Finally he was routed from his bed, and at once begun his zigzag course in order to elude pursuit, so that it was not only difficult to follow him but our plans for getting a shot were completely baffled. It was then proposed to follow the trail abreast as the buck traveled slowly and bled freely, drinking wherever opportunity afforded. Here and there clots of blood and pieces of flesh were found on the bushes; the snow had almost entirely disappeared but the blood betrayed his pathway and enabled us to keep his trail. The course taken by the deer was principally through thickets of barren brush which afforded excellent cover. Toward evening his route described circle after circle, and night came down again without our catching a glimpse of him. Feeling that perseverance would reward our toil, it was agreed that the trace should be continued next day. Strange to say the buck did not seem disposed to leave the brush, although the second day he headed toward the laurel and creeks of lower ground. In all probability this was because he had not been pursued by dogs. An old mountaineer, living about two miles from our camp and whom we employed to transport our traps from the railway, owned a valuable dog, which we secured for the final effort.

Morning again favored us with clear weather, but it was late before the fresh trail was taken. Fearing the dog might start the buck and run him off without giving us a chance to kill him, he was tied to one of the party and started on, while we kept a sharp lookout in all directions. For several hours the winding course was pursued until the dog by his eagerness showed that the buck was not far off. Stationing ourselves in and on either side of the ravine, the dog was loosed. In a few minutes the deer bounded from the hillside with the dog close at his heels, and was brought to bay. Turning quickly with flashing eyes and hair pointing toward his head, the buck assumed a defensive attitude, when a rifle ball crashed through his brain, and the lifeless form lay stretched upon the ground. Examination showed a wound in the stomach, a portion of which protruded several inches through the opening made by the bullet. Nothing had entered the stomach after the wound was produced except water, which ran off, mingled with blood, and this alone made it possible to keep the trail. We had followed this deer from Monday noon until Wednesday afternoon, and although nearly half the week was already spent, we felt fully repaid for our pains and were 160lbs. of venison the gainers thereby.

F. G.

TYRONE, Pa.

MASSACHUSETTS SHORE BIRDS.—Salem, Mass., Sept. 2.—Shooting runs quiet now, although the cream of the season is coming. Some coots (surf, and velvet ducks) are along. Terns are flocking, and the loons are coming south. Upland plover have not been plenty. By the way, some gunners say these birds will not call, but I have shot them several times by lying low and whistling them within shooting distance. During the last long dull stormy spell in August quite a number of doughbirds (*N. borealis*) and so-called black breasts (*C. virginius*) were about Saga more and Essex hills. Some were shot, but green and greedy gunners spoiled the chances for others who know how to handle birds. Small birds have been more scarce this year than I ever knew them—I mean peeps and ringnecks. Wilson's snipe are along; some have been shot at Newburyport or near by. Rail prospects seem not very good, but may improve. I recently tried "Johns' automatic shells" in 10-bore Parker with very poor results.—X. Y. Z.

HOW THE DAKOTA NON-EXPORT LAW WORKS.—East Saginaw, Mich.—Our Saginaw party will not go to Dakota on their annual pilgrimage this fall. For the last four seasons we have taken our car and spent from ten to fourteen days shooting ducks and geese, and we have never had any birds spoil or waste on our hands, but have managed to bring home a good many to gladden the hearts of friends less fortunate than ourselves in not being able to take an outing. However, the good people of Dakota have passed a law that prohibits the shipment of game out of the Territory, and limits the killing to 25 birds per day. We could get along with the 25 birds per day part of it, but what would we do with them if we could not bring them home to our friends? Consequently we shall be debarred from our annual shoot. I suppose this is what the law was passed for, and while it pinches us pretty hard, we are willing to put up with it.—W. B. MERSHON.

HOMOSASSA, Fla., has not lost its charms for the shooting and fishing fraternity. A Brooksville, Fla., correspondent writes: "I wish to say to any of your readers who may visit Florida the coming winter, that if they wish to find a place where they can hunt and fish to their heart's content, with no disappointment, and at the same time view one of the most picturesque and tropical scenes in Florida, let them go to Homosassa, on the Homosassa River, in Hernando county, there you have the fresh-water black bass or redfish, tarpon of immense size, etc., all in the same waters. Deer and bears plenty and a few panthers. Wild turkeys and smaller game numerous. Read what Dr. Henshall has to say on the subject in his book on Florida.—H. B. D."

CADIZ, O., Aug. 31.—Quail are very abundant here but are all late hatch. I suppose all the early hatch were destroyed by the early spring or summer rains. Cotton-tails are unusually plenty; can see old and young ones three and four at a time out playing almost any time after noon along the roads. My beagles have had several nice little runs within the last week, merely for exercise and to train the yougsters. Any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that are in search of good rabbit hunting can be accommodated in this vicinity.—S. C.

RECREATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the first paragraph of my paper, "A Michigan Wild Turkey," in your issue of August 25, there is evidently an omission where I speak of billiards, dancing, etc. What I meant to say was that the dancing hall, race course, billiards or base ball may serve as a relief from oppressive mental toil, but he who enjoys field sports finds in them the completest rest for body and mind, etc. I intended to rate field sports on a higher plane than dancing and billiards.—JOHN DEAN CATON.

GARDNER, Mass., Sept. 3.—The Manomonoc Sporting Club of this town went into camp at Rindge, N. H., yesterday. The party includes Dr. G. W. Garland, A. S. Warren, Walter Newton, Fred Greenwood, George F. Ellsworth, S. W. Brown, J. Frank Pilke, Ed Coleman, John D. Edgell, Lewis A. Wright, C. H. Newton, George Nichols, Amos Coleman, T. P. Perley, L. L. Sawin, Fred Garland, Joel Flagg and L. S. Walker of this town; T. C. Sheldon and F. J. Nichols of Fitchburg.

NEAR NEW YORK.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Sept. 5.—There was an unusually large flight of night hawks on Saturday evening. No railbirds to speak of have been killed on the Raritan or South River marshes owing to poor tides. The birds are reported quite thin but in fair abundance. There have been hardly any snipe on the Raritan or Rahway meadows yet. Young bluefish are numerous near the railroad bridge.—K.

MICHIGAN.—East Saginaw, Aug. 26.—Every one is anxiously awaiting the opening of the season, and I suppose next Thursday morning the marshes along the Saginaw River will be filled with sportsmen, probably ten to every duck. But it is a fact that there is more game in Michigan this year than usual, and every one attributes it to the better observance of the law since our game warden system went into operation.—M.

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Sept. 3.—A friend of mine has been around on a voyage of discovery, and reports that he did not see a woodcock anywhere. The season has been very wet. I hope October will "pan out" better. Partridges (you may know I'm an old country boy) or ruffed grouse are reported to be quite plenty this year, and I hear good reports of quail.—CAPT. CLAYTON.

SMITHBURG, N. J., Sept. 1.—The prospect for the fall shooting is very good. I have seen a good many young quail. A friend told me that he saw fourteen pheasants (grouse) on the road the other day as he was going to his work. There is quite a number of rabbits and a few gray squirrels.—BLUE ROCK.

ERIE, Pa., Sept 2.—While out hunting beach birds on the 30th of August, I had the rare good fortune to shoot a white crane. It proved to be a fine specimen, and I am having it mounted for my dining room.—O. L. G.

RAIL SHOOTING.—Chester, Pa., Sept. 1.—Birds very scarce. High boat 21. Mr. Fred Ingle, of New York, the lucky man. One man shot in right eye. They say the scarcity of birds is on account of Jerseymen gunning for reed birds and frightening the rail away. I got 8.—MAC.

QUAIL ON LONG ISLAND.—Advices from the eastern end of Long Island, in the neighborhood of Southampton in Suffolk county, assure us that quail are very plenty there and that there is every prospect of good shooting this fall.

WESTERLY, R. I., Sept. 2.—The quail shooting promises to be very good at this point. The other day while out for a walk I raised six large coveys.—J. S. A.

FIDDLING AROUND.

HERE is an extract from Game Protector Geo. W. Whitaker's report to the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, setting forth with careful detail his arduous discharge of duty to warrant him in drawing that salary. What an admirable Pepys he would have made, had he lived two hundred years earlier; and what a perfect picture he draws of a protector who fiddles around doing wonders and actually accomplishing not an iota:

"*September.* To South bays in Kings county to ascertain if Staten Island fishermen could be caught, when I found they had not been drawing nets since I visited the persons who notified me last; riding in the woods watching parties shooting there; no chance to take them; to Bridghampton to find out if reports were true that song birds were being shot and game was being snared; could get no evidence of the fact; having heard partridges were being sold by the Smiths, formerly express men, which no doubt was true, but could not be proved; to Canoe Place, making general inquiry as to the shooting of ducks and game; having received a letter from the secretary of the South Side Club informing me it was not understood around there, Huntington, etc., that deer could not be killed for five years; writing him I would see him and also attend to the matter; drawing notice and particulars with reference to the law, sending one to the editor of the South Side *Signal* for one insertion, one to the editor of the Patchogue *Advance;* also to the postmaster at Huntington to affix in his office; again traveling in the woods after a shooter who, when caught, said he was after woodcock; to New York to see secretary of the South Side Club to get further particulars as to killing of deer; no one had been heard of killing any; it is likely my notices had the desired effect, the law having been unintentionally broken.

"*October.*—Visited the shores of Peconic Bay for nets and shooters, also Meacox Bay. Hearing the reports of guns in the woods, and having no doubt parties were shooting quail and partridge, at the same time pretending to hunt woodcock, followed at a distance for a long way, and although sure what they were hunting for, having no power of seizure, and not sufficient evidence wherein to arrest them, I could do nothing but remain unseen; to Brooklyn and New York examining depot for birds out of season which had been represented as transported in the cars, having no power of seizure, I could find no case of a breach of the law; attending on several persons as to the netting and fishing in the several bays; inspected stations for birds between Southampton and Sag Harbor, from where it was reported birds were being killed out of season.

"*November.*—To Peconic Bay, being informed parties were going sailing for ducks—going and waiting there; weather bad; no one in sight on the bay; Gravesend Bay, inspecting the shores and making inquiries of Board of Health which was still at work on the drainage of refuse, killing the fish, and general inquiries as to the people on Staten Island fishing in the bay; all appeared satisfactory; to Canoe Place, to examine canal so as to judge as to the fishing interest; making inquiries as to the shooting of ducks by sailing and the snaring of quail; to Cold Spring after parties sailing ducks; engaged on report, having received notice of parties shooting duck after sunset; writing for further particulars and for an appointment to confer as to what is best to do; my presence would put parties on their guard and make it impossible to get evidence to convict."

Sea and River Fishing.

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CAMPING ON THE SAUK.

IT was a glorious July day when John and myself boarded the Mazeppa, a small sailboat that plows the waters of Big Sauk Lake, and with a canoe in tow started from Sauk Center for the head of the lake, nine miles back in the timber. The wind was blowing stiff and the sailboat fairly jumped before it, and with John for a skipper, we were off on the cruise. Our outfit was such that we had carried it to the sailboat in our hands, and for the benefit of many persons who make use of a dray for such purposes when they go off on a camping excursion I desire to enumerate our paraphernalia. It consisted of a heavy cottonade tent which John had made and treated with a proper composition to make it waterproof. It weighed about three pounds and was amply large enough for our purpose; a pair of blankets, three tin plates, two tin cups, a camp kettle, a frying pan, a coffee pot, three spoons, two camp knives and forks, some sugar, coffee, bacon and bread. This was the full amount of our camp fixtures, except our overcoats and some mosquito bar. We had two bass rods with proper tackle, two rifles, one a small .22cal. and one heavy .45cal., and my old dead shot Remington shotgun that I never leave behind on any occasion. Big Sauk is a handsome sheet of water and is environed by the forest, which forms in many places picturesque headlands, points and promontories that enchant the beholder who has stolen a day to spend in this sylvan retreat. The waters teem with fish of various kinds, including the large and small mouth bass, muskalunge, pike, pickerel and sunfish, with now and then a perch, and it was these finny inhabitants that John and I were expecting to interview in our own particular way.

The run up the lake was delightful. The water heaved heavily, making the boat dance; the wind was cool and bracing, and, best of all, dull business cares were left behind for at least four days. An occasional loon drew John's fire, but the rocking of the boat made it impossible to plant a ball within a dozen feet of one of the birds. When the head of the lake was reached we had a stout fight with the contrary wind and lily pads to run the sailboat into the channel of the inlet, where we wished to leave it, and it was well toward sundown when, with our complete outfit packed into the canoe, we said adieu to the Mazeppa and started up the river by paddle.

Here commenced some rare sport. The stream is overhung with heavy forest trees on both sides and hundreds of kingfishers had made this place their summer resort. John's little rifle was brought out and he commenced to exterminate these expert fishermen, on the principle, I suppose, of the survival of the fittest, which should hold good among fishermen as well as others. But a kingfisher makes a small target for a rifleman who is in a rocking canoe stemming a swift current and lurching among the rocks, and the birds escaped with the loss of a few tail feathers. A paddle of half a mile brought us to another little lake which the river runs through, and a location for a camp was discussed. A high, bold hill that rose from the eastern side of the lake was selected, for the reason that a brisk wind was moving most of the time and that would carry the mosquitoes away. In ten minutes we had our complete equipment at the top of the hill, which was about one hundred feet above the lake. John took the hatchet and went into the brush near at hand to cut tent poles, and there flushed a couple of pigeons. He returned for the shotgun and brought them to bag, and just as the dusk of the evening was coming on and the moon brightening its silvery rays we were comfortably located, with a brisk fire burning in front of the tent, bacon frying, coffee boiling, pigeons beautifully broiling, and happiness reigning supreme. Delmonico never served a supper that was relished with such keen sense of pleasure to the gastronomic man as we enjoyed. When John opened his commissary he was most surprised to find that his good wife had stolen a march on him by putting along with the bread a cream cake of large dimensions. No amount of argument was sufficient to convince him that cake and bacon did not agree, and that camp life was not made happy by the sweet cookeries of the good wife at home. He ate his cake, but I did not.

Supper having been disposed of in this most pleasing and primitive manner, plans for the morrow were laid. It was decided to try for bass in the deep pool of the little lake first, and the rods and lines were carefully cared for and made ready for active service in the early morning. John enjoyed his cigar, and dreamed of old hunting adventures for an hour, but I never use the weed, and yet the sylvan surroundings returned to my mind the many scenes of exciting adventure I had passed through during twenty-two years of hunting in the wild forests of Minnesota. Where now were farms, villages and railroads I had killed deer in the early days, but one might hunt a month now and not see a track. Without indulging in much conversation we retired into the tent and went to bed. During the evening we had not suffered from the mosquitoes, although there were millions of them around the low ground. The wind prevented them from working about our camp. A few days before this a party of rather fresh campers had come to the head of the big lake and attempted to sleep in the sailboat, and during the night waged a continuous battle with the mosquitoes, in which the latter came out victors, and the would-be campers fled with the first streak of dawn for home, where liniments and lotions for punctured skin at once went into a genuine western boom. Before retiring a few drops of the oil of pennyroyal were sprinkled about the camp for fear that the wind would go down and the insects find a way into our stronghold, but we were not awakened, and a night of dreamless, restful sleep was enjoyed by both of us.

With the first dawn we were astir and with rod in hand commenced to cast in the deep water of the lake. Half a dozen handsome bass from 2 to 5lbs. were soon taken; none of them developing any very exciting fighting qualities for some reason, although they were large enough to have fought for life. After an hour of exciting sport, during which the small fish were put back into the lake, we returned to camp with our five picked bass which were properly dressed, and the largest one cooked according to the most scientific rules of camp art. It is needless to add that the most delicate flavors of the fish were thoroughly developed, and that our breakfast was even better enjoyed than our supper. John even let his cream cake go begging while he paid his exclusive attention to the piscatorial delicacy. We were not out for the purpose of depopulating the waters of their treasures, and it was decided to take a day of quiet rest in camp with a little fishing in the evening.

About 10 o'clock a dark cloud which had been threatening in the west suddenly developed into a wind, rain and hail squall, and came down upon us before we knew it. We had made things snug, however, and with some degree of contempt for the fickleness of weather that could give so magnificent a promise in the early morning and break it before 10, we awaited the onslaught. It came with tremendous peals of thunder and flashes of blinding lightning that sent chasms of fire from the clouds to the earth, and then came the wind. John and I soon found that our passive attitude was to be broken, and we had a long and hard battle with the wind to keep peaceable possession of our tent. By consderable physical exertion we succeeded in holding the fort, and the storm passed over without the expected disaster, and our little tent had preserved all our camp traps in a comfortable state of dryness. The wind and sun soon dried off the grass and woods, and after shooting at a mark until weary, we went for a walk through the trees. Not far from camp we found a large patch of ripe, delicious wild raspberries, and soon picked several quarts of them, which added to our dinner a most acceptable dessert.

In the evening I decided to stay at the tent and enjoy the great pleasure of communing with myself and nature. I cautioned John not to carry the murder of fish beyond a point allowable by conscience, and with a knowing shake of his head he went to the boat and put out into the lake. Shortly afterward I noticed an old heron, that had been flying around during the day, settle down on the lake shore about 200 rods away, and taking John's Sharps rifle I proceeded to send half a dozen shots at the bird, and finally dropped a ball so near that it flew away. Pretty soon John came to camp with a woeful face. The biggest fish of the season had got away, in fact, it just swam off with boat, man and rod, and by a sudden lunge snapped the rod at one of the joints and carried off half the line. So John's rod was useless without anything to mend it with, and a fit of blues was coming upon him fast. I got out my fishing box, a little inoffensive square of tin, and unlocking it produced the treasures it held. Winding silk, wax a sharp knife, a dozen lines, twenty-five kinds of hooks, leaders, and about everything ever wanted by an angler, even to a whetstone, needles and thread, and a pair of scissors.

"Who would have thought that box held all that stuff," said John as he settled down to mend the disabled rod. "I gad it was a lunker that I had, and if I had only landed him!" continued the disappointed fisherman, but the fish was not landed, and aside from the discomfort of swallowing the hook and carrying around forty or fifty feet of bass line is no doubt doing very well, and will be on hand for John next time. The next morning we were out for the fish early, but they did not take either fly or bait, and we then tried a troller with no better success

except that a little pickerel struck and was hauled in only to be thrown overboard again. The day being cool and pleasant we took a canoe trip up the river. It wound around among clumps of willows, through groves of elms and oaks, and in some places was bordered by wide meadows of tall waving grass with here and there larger meadow flowers that stood high above and exhaled a perfume that sweetened the crisp air and turned it into a life-giving elixir that no compound druggist ever made could equal. As we were passing a large log that lay on the bank of the river there was a sudden rush and a chuckle, and the quick eye caught a glimpse of a woodchuck as he darted into a hollow in the log. The canoe was allowed to drop down stream a rod or two while John got out his little rifle. In a moment the curiosity of the little animal got the better of its instinct and it stuck its head out of the hole to reconnoiter. The little gun cracked, there were a few shrill whistling sounds and all was over for that "chuck." Canoeing was so pleasant that we ran down to see if the old Mazeppa was safe, and decided to break camp and go home the next day.

In the early morning, after a night of resting sleep, we, with sad hearts, broke camp and started for the Mazeppa, well satisfied with the exquisite enjoyment our trip had yielded, and willing to leave to conscienceless potters the labor of taking the hundreds of fish that might have been brought to basket. The sailboat was gradually worked through the lily pads to where the fresh breeze filled its sails, and we were off for a day's cruise, as we calculated to sail about the lake and not go home till evening. John threw the troller over the side of the boat, and in less than half a minute had a tremendous yank on the line. At the same moment the water broke about 50ft. behind the boat, and a large fish cut a semicircle in the air at least 3ft. above the surface.

"Muskalunge, by my troth!" said I, and John commenced to haul in, but the fish held to the water for fully ten minutes before he came over the side of the boat, and then as he flopped we saw that it was only a big pickerel. "To look at," as I once heard a "Hoosier" say, "I should reckon it was right smart of fifteen pounds," but when the spring scale was applied it proved a trifle short of eight pounds. And so a big fish story was spoiled. This is just about the usual foundation for twenty-five and thirty pound muskalunge. Some one catches an eight or ten pound fish and multiplies it by three, and he has the veritable piscatorial legend of the season.

After a day of delightful sailing with a strong, cool breeze, and a dinner eaten under the shade of monster maples where a little spring came bubbling up from the depths of the earth, and where the maids of the woodland had spread the softest of moss carpets, we returned home in the glowing, golden twilight. W.

BASS IN THE DELAWARE.

BLACK bass fishing in the upper waters of the Delaware at Lackawaxen, Pa., is always good. This is the most accessible and most certain fishing ground for New Yorkers; it is 110 miles distant. The scenery is magnificent and the mountain air bracing. The windings of the river, with its clear waters, deep pools and massive rocks, make it a stream of rare beauty. The splendid stretches of water between the riffs contain bass in its pools and under sheltering rocks in numbers that make angling a success. The mountains rise up in imposing grandeur all along the river banks, and the eye perpetually rests on beautiful scenery.

I have visited these waters every fortnight during this summer, going out on Friday nights after office hours and getting on the waters early Saturday mornings, and with a company can always secure twenty bass each in a day, weighing from ½lb. to 1½lbs., with a two, three or four-pounder thrown in. There are clear cold water springs at intervals along the shore that make good camping grounds. You can have your boat carted up stream four or five miles and fish down, anchoring by the big rocks and pools and fishing there. Lots of excitement in getting your boat over the riffs. If the boat catches on a rock, fish before trying to get off.

The best fishing is down stream, and best of all right at the village of Lackawaxen. The fishing is done between the riffs, and for thorough enjoyment the angler should set out for the day, float down the river, fishing until late in the afternoon or dark, then have his boat hauled on to the Delaware and Hudson Canal, which runs alongside the river, and row home. Or leave your boat on the river side, and Captain Buck, the host of Lackawaxen, will send for it next morning. You can't row back on account of the riffs and the current in the river. Unfortunately Delaware River black bass, at least in this neighborhood, do not take the fly freely. Bait is the best lure, minnow, lamprey, eels and clippers, the last named the surest. I have seen on several occasions this summer a party of five fishing from two boats, with ladies in the party, land 100 bass. For steady fishing I do not believe any distant river beats this one almost at our doors. The fare is $3.40 there and back if you buy a book of fifty tickets. Lackawaxen, Erie R. R., is the place to go to, and Captain Buck has horses, dogs, boats, bait and men to cater to your wants. MOUNTAIN BROOK.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.

A POMPANO IN RHODE ISLAND WATERS.—Newport, R. I., Aug. 27.—Last week a friendly fish marketman called me in to identify a strange fish. I did. It was a pompano of about ¾lb. weight. I invested a dime and had it for supper. It was caught by hook off the rocks. Its capture furnishes a certain amount of corroboration to the views of those who take more trouble than I feel like taking to prove that the Gulf Stream is either further inshore or stronger or something than usual. Certainly the pompano is a denizen of the Florida keys and even at Key West is comparatively scarce, scarce to such an extent that though I having caught in that vicinity in two seasons say 500 fish, I have but a half dozen pompanos on my list. In 1875 at Wood's Holl, about three were brought to Prof. Baird, caught in pounds in the Sound, and in each case it was a new fish to the fishermen.—PISECO.

HUDSON, Wis., Aug. 27.—Our anglers are having great luck trout fishing. Wednesday, the 24th, Sam Cockburn and Steve Jones caught three rainbow trout that weighed 9¾lbs., the largest weighed 4¼lbs. Thursday, the 25th, J. E. Jones caught two that weighed 3¼lbs. each.—BEAUTIFUL.

A BIG SALMON.—A salmon 87½lbs. in weight was exposed for sale recently in the Central Fish Market, Farrington Road, London, by Mr. A. Drake. It was a male fish, or what is known in the north of England among fishermen as an "eke." No scales were on it, and it was turning somewhat brown or copper-colored. There was an indentation on the tail part just beyond the umbilical fin, which showed that it had been gaffed or leistered. It was taken in the river Tay, on Mr. Dunn's estate.

A CONNECTICUT SALMON.—Hartford, Conn., Aug. 29.—I send you a photo of a 10lb. Connecticut River salmon, caught last May. It shows that the labors of the Fish Commissioners bring forth results.—EVERETT S. GEER.

DR. M. G. ELLZLY, one of the veteran contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, has removed to Woodstock, Md., where he will reside.

ONTARIO LAW.

COPY OF AN ORDER-IN-COUNCIL, APPROVED BY HIS HONOR THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, THE 26TH DAY OF MAY, A.D. 1887.

UPON the recommendation of the Honorable the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the Committee of Council advise that the accompanying regulations under the "Ontario Fisheries Act, 1885," be approved of and established by your Honor. Certified, J. LONSDALE CAPREOL, Asst. Clerk Executive Council, Ontario.

The Honorable the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands has the honor to recommend to the Executive Council that the following regulations be made under "The Ontario Fisheries Act, 1885," namely:

1. That leases granted for the purpose of conveying the fishing rights pertaining to public lands adjoining the rivers, streams and lakes of the Province, shall be for the depth of one chain inland from the water's edge.

2. Such leases shall be granted, as far as practicable, to responsible parties, able and willing to improve the lakes and rivers and guard them well. Applicants having in view the personal use and enjoyment of the fishing rights to be generally preferred to such as may offer higher rents with a view to farming or sub-letting the right to fish. Care to be taken that residents in the Province be allowed to enjoy a due proportion of the fishing rights.

3. That the valuation of the lands for rent shall be based on the character and condition of the rivers, streams and lakes which they adjoin, as made known to the Department of Crown Lands by reports of official inspectors or private individuals, all such reports to be considered confidential, and not to be communicated to other parties without the express authorization of the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Offers made by applicants for leases not to be communicated to other applicants.

4. That leases of lands made and granted under the provisions of "The Ontario Fisheries Act," shall not be held to convey the right to work any mine that may be found on such lands, or to cut any timber thereon.

5. That licenses and permits to fish shall be granted upon the payment in advance of such fees as the Commissioner of Crown Lands may from time to time determine, and shall be valid until the close of the angling season of the year in which it is granted.

6. That excessive or wasteful fishing or killing of fish shall involve the cancellation of the lease, license or permit covering the waters in which it has taken place.

7. That it be obligatory upon any person who has no domicile in the Province of Ontario, and who desires to fish in the rivers, streams or lakes under the control of the Province, to procure a permit or license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands before beginning to fish.

8. That no person shall, except under authority of a fishery lease, fishing license, or permit, fish for, catch or kill any fish in any inland lake, river or stream adjoining the ungranted lands of the Province.

9. That no person shall, without lawful authority, fish for, catch, or kill, by any device or means, any fish during their spawning time, or disturb or destroy their spawn or spawning-beds.

10. That it shall not be lawful to fish for, catch, or kill, brook trout, salmon trout, whitefish, bass, pike, pickerel, maskinongé, tulibee, grayling, herring, or perch, in any inland lake, river, or stream under the control of the Province, by any device or means other than by hook and line, or angling, except in waters leased or licensed for the express purpose of net fishing.

11. That it shall not be lawful to us any explosives, or chemical material, or compound, for the purpose of killing or catching fish.

12. That fishing by torch-light, or other artificial light, placed in or above the water is prohibited.

13. That no person shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or have in possession any fish at times when the taking or killing of fish is prohibited by lawful authority.

14. That parties holding leases under the provisions of "The Ontario Fisheries Act" shall not have any recourse against the Government of the Province for any hindrance to their use and enjoyment of the fishing rights pertaining to the lands leased, by the operation of any law enacted or that may be hereafter enacted by the Parliament of Canada, or by any action of the Government of Canada, or any person employed thereunder.

15. It shall not be lawful to use or set in any of the inland rivers, streams or water courses within the Province, any net, rack, trap, weir, or obstruction for the purpose of catching fish, or whereby the free passage of fish up and down the same may be obstructed or prevented.

16. The catching, killing or molesting of fish when passing or attempting to pass through any fishway or fish-pass, or in surmounting any obstacle or leaps, the use of any invention to catch, kill or molest fish in the mill-heads or water-courses appurtenant thereto, are hereby forbidden.

17. It shall not be lawful to put into any waters, in any inland river, stream or lake in the Province where fish are taken, any offal, blood, putrid brine, putrid fish or other deleterious substance, and all fish, offal or filth of any description whosoever accruing from the catching and curing of fish, shall be burned or buried twenty yards distant from the water's edge of said river, stream or lake.

Close Seasons.

It shall not be lawful to fish for, catch, kill or have in possession:
Speckled trout, between the 15th September and 1st May.
Pickerel (doré), between the 15th April and 15th May.
Bass and mackinongé, between the 15th April and 15th June.
White fish and salmon trout, between the 1st November and 30th November.

T. B. PARDEE, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, May 5, 1887.

Fisheculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

MIGRATION OF LAKE SUPERIOR FISH.

BY W. D. TOMLIN.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE whitefish of Lake Superior waters is prized for its edible qualities, and the increasing scarceness is causing much concern among those whose tastes incline toward this really fine fish for table use; already the supply is being drawn largely from Canadian waters and from Lake Winnipeg; year by year men engaged in fishing have seen their feeding grounds almost deserted and the numbers still diminishing, until at last to find a large whitefish in their nets is indeed a curiosity. The present season's fishing finds scarce any body of fish north of Ontonogan, Michigan.

The fishermen of Wisconsin and Minnesota are thus deprived of any chance of obtaining this fish by the gradual desertion of the old spawning grounds. I have said gradual because the disappearance has been fluctuating; some years the catches were prolific, then growing scarcer.

In the memory of men living in Duluth to-day, whitefish could be seen in Sucker Bay, twenty years ago, so thickly crowding one another that the water seemed alive with them. A thousand barrels of whitefish could have been put up from this single spawning or feeding ground.

Captain Vose Palmer, an old fisherman who owns property on this bay, states that twenty-five years ago it was enough to send an enthusiast wild to see the immense quantities of fish come in on the swells until the waters were apparently a compact mass of fish.

Captain R. H. Palmer, a brother of Vose Palmer, who has fished Superior waters nearly thirty years, says that beginning at Sucker Bay or Stony Point, and following the north shore line eastward up to Thunder Bay, near the mouth of the many rivers and streams that come tumbling into Lake Superior, you could find the feeding grounds of the whitefish, and in the bays near to them millions of young whitefish could be seen in their season.

Captain Alex. McDougall, a lake captain, whose earlier years were spent in fishing, has cruised in almost every bay, creek, river or stream in this end of Lake Superior, and has carefully noted the habits of the whitefish, and knew both their spawning grounds, and feeding grounds, and has seen the young fry of whitefish by the million along the shores both of Minnesota and Wisconsin, Captain McDougall has endeavored for years to call attention to the alarming decrease of whitefish and to find some remedy for the same.

With the demand for whitefish, and the opening up of towns in the great Northwest, larger areas of nets were spread, more men were employed in the business, steam tugs were employed to carry the fish to the trains that delivered the fish to the towns on the prairies of the West and beyond the Mississippi; then came the first notice of any spasmodic migration or variation of the schools of fish on their feeding grounds. It became so noticeable as the years rolled by that the most observant and intelligent fishermen counted the years. There came an immense glut of fish, markets were overstocked, the nets in the water were filled, and before the men could dispose of the first catch and get to their nets, the fish were dead and thus useless. That season much fish was destroyed, not by any carelessness, but by such immense schools coming into the nets that the men could not take care of them.

The year following the season's catch was a diminution of the usual catch, the next season was still smaller, the fourth season was almost a failure; these singular periods vary, sometimes coming every fourth or fifth year, and until the men ceased expecting catches of whitefish they almost knew about the proportion of whitefish they might expect. These facts are confirmed by Captain Martyn Wheeler and Captain Ed. S. Smith, both engaged in fishing for some years, as well as fishermen of other nationalities who have been fishing these waters for more than twenty years.

The fishermen were at one time prodigal of the fishing wealth of this inland sea; it was each for himself, and undoubtedly grew careless both of the manner of netting and the disposing of offal when cleaning the fish for the market. When the facts began to present themselves in fierce array, "that there was a possibility of over-fishing Lake Superior," then the fishermen began to enlarge the size of the mesh of their nets, and to discontinue the use of the pound nets; and using only seine nets for their work, the size of meshes was increased from 3½in. to 4in. Still finding their catches diminishing they inquired for causes; at this point the U. S. Fish Commission by some means had circulated along the chain of the Great Lakes the information that all offal dumped into the lake near to spawning grounds was injurious to spawn, and that both trout and whitefish would seek other grounds to spawn if fish offal was dumped into the lake.

One after another all the old grounds had been deserted until fishermen who went to Sucker Bay, twenty miles from Duluth, now have to go one hundred miles away, and then only get an occasional whitefish; while the fishing grounds proper lay in the body of the great lake, too far for fishermen at the eastern end of Lake Superior to reach them. It looked as if the fishermen had "killed the goose that laid the golden egg," not by any greed or gross carelessness, but by ignorance and inadvertence.

Many of them believe firmly that the coming of the schools of whitefish and lake trout are spasmodic, though they cannot assign causes for this. They think that after a season of unusual northeasterly gales succeeding spawning time the spawn is destroyed by a too violent agitation of the waters. And as Lake Superior eastern storms are often long continued and of destructive force, the next season's supply of young fry is very small in numbers. Another cause may be the careless dumping of fish offal on the feeding grounds, this causing the whitefish to seek new grounds until this substance is destroyed, and thus in three or four years the fish have returned again to the old feeding grounds.

The fishermen of Lake Superior have learned that the whitefish is a very timid fish; that continued netting for two or three seasons will drive them to seek new grounds; and that once driven away it takes years for the schools to come to the same grounds again. The sentiment is increasing that the utmost care must be taken not to drive away the young fry that have been planted by the Minnesota Fish Commission and are finding their way to feeding grounds that were fished ten years ago.

DULUTH, Minn.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

WE recently noticed the report of the Commissioners, promising to do the same with the reports of the Superintendents. The first report is of the Caledonia Station, and is simply an account of fry and eggs distributed in 1886, without other note or comment. The following is a condensed table of the distribution:

Lake trout	1,924,000
Brook trout	1,937,000
Rainbow trout	1,442,000
Whitefish	430,000
Hybrids	45,000
Brown trout	116,000
Total number of fry	5,894,000
Lake trout eggs	251,000
Whitefish eggs	100,000
Brook trout eggs	25,000
Brown trout eggs	1,500
Rainbow trout eggs	546,100
Total number of eggs	923,600

The report from Cold Spring Harbor goes more into detail of the work that has been done on the grounds, as well as with the fish, and an interesting article on the hatching of the smelt is given quite at length. There is also a figure of a new automatic tidal hatcher, especially designed for floating eggs, which is not only ingenious but very effective.

The following is the table of distribution from this station:

Penobscot salmon—Hudson River	297,873
" Lake Ontario	99,200
" St. Lawrence	45,500
	446,573
Landlocked salmon—Franklin county	31,020
Brook trout	195,000
Lake trout	100,000
Brown trout	26,500
Whitefish	942,300
Smelts	2,100,000
Tomcods	2,225,000
Lobsters	4,000
Total	6,070,393

The following table gives the distribution of fish eggs from the Lake Brandon station, Little Clear Pond, Franklin county.

Brook trout	404,000
Lake trout	35,000
Frostfish	20,000,000
Total	20,439,000

The Clayton Hatchery presents the following as the number of fry turned out for 1886:

Lake trout	500,000
Whitefish and ciscos	500,000
Brook trout	20,000
Rainbow trout	500,000
Pike-perch	500,000
Oswego bass	32,000
Total	2,052,000

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 27. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. A. M. Grau, Secretary, 552 East Water street.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nipgen, Secretary.

Oct. 4 to 7.—Fifth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5296.**

BEAUFORT—PATTI M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the American Kennel Club has placed itself on record as upholding a wrong act, and a violation of the A. K. C. rules, permit me to present the real facts of the Beaufort—Patti M. contest, and also to reply to the communication of Mr. C. J. Peshall, which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 26. Most of your readers are aware of the cause of the protest, but to enlighten them more fully I quote from the *Turf, Field and Farm's* report of the Waverly show bearing upon this special prize:

We had hoped to be able to say that the show was an entire success and devoid of any unpleasant features, but such is not the case. Mr. Peshall, president of the club, anxious to attract a large entry of pointers and setters, announced through the sporting press before the entries closed two specials for $50 each, donated by him for the best pointer or setter and best brace of either breed. When the entries closed, Mr. Peshall found that the Graphic Kennels and some other leading kennels were not represented. Under the rules of which we have always found Mr. Peshall a strict constructionist, no additional entries could be received, but it was thought feasible to offer an inducement in the shape of a pointer sweepstake of $5 each, open to all comers; Mr. Peshall liberally added $50 to this amount and the experiment was made, it failed as we believed it would to bring in any number of entries, the stake closing with three, Nick of Naso, owned by Mr. Peshall; Patti M., winner of first in small bitch class; and one minute before the time set for closing Mr. Peshall entered Beaufort, who was catalogued "not for competition." When the special was offered we were under the impression that Mr. Mason would "try for it," to use his language. Mr. Peshall, however, plainly and positively said in our hearing that Beaufort would not compete. Secretary Vredenburgh also was thus informed, and before Patti M. was entered he told Mr. Munhall that Beaufort had not been entered, otherwise, so Mr. Munhall tells us, he would not have competed at all, believing that Mr. Davidson's opinion of Beaufort would render such competition unnecessary.

In presenting my protest I claimed that as Beaufort was entered not for competition, he forfeited all rights to compete for any prize over which the show had any control, and cited Rule 6 of the A. K. C., which makes it necessary for a dog to compete in regular class in order to compete for specials. The conditions attached to a special prize by the donor, when they conflict with the rules, cannot be carried out if objection is made by any exhibitor interested.

At the meeting of the A. K. C., Dec. 6 last, my appeal from Delegate Peshall's decision was heard and decided against me by the following vote: Ayes 4, nays 3, blank 4. The secretary, Mr. Vredenburgh, voted the Pittsburgh proxy contrary to Article IV. of the Constitution, which is as follows:

Officers of the American Kennel Club shall not be privileged to vote upon business before the executive committee unless regularly elected delegates from their clubs, except the president, who shall have the casting vote in case of a tie.

At the meeting May 6, I asked for a rehearing of my appeal upon the ground that the vote at the meeting Dec. 6 was illegal as the secretary had acted as proxy for the Pittsburgh Club, in violation of Article 4 of the Constitution. The rehearing was allowed and the case decided in my favor. I doubt the correctness of President Smith's entertaining Secretary Vredenburgh's motion to reconsider, but claim that the A. K. C. must have given me a rehearing by general consent, as its former action would not hold. I take issue with Mr. Peshall as to his interpretation of Article 4. It is plain English, and clearly says that an officer of the A. K. C. cannot vote the proxy of a club of which he is not a member.

Mr. Peshall criticises me for having voted upon a case in which I was personally interested. In extenuation for such action I will state that I refused to vote upon the question of a reconsideration, but as Mr. Peshall voted, and as I consider him as much of a party interested as myself, I did vote upon the main question to offset his vote. Right here permit me to say that my club approves of my course, and back me up in my claims. Much has been said about my having transfered the proxy intrusted to me by Gen. Shattuc, to Mr. Hanna. The following letter will no doubt satisfy these gentlemen that I did not abuse the confidence imposed in me:

CINCINNATI, O., July 16.—C. M. Munhall, Esq.—Dear Sir: I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM, this week's issue, the question is raised whether you had authority to transfer the proxy of this club given to your club to vote at the May meeting of the American Kennel Club in New York. I beg to say to you that you had full authority to use this proxy just as you did do, and without any evidence on the subject, it is presumption on the part of any one to insinuate that you had no such authority, or that you were misusing the authority given you by our club. Our club fully indorses your claims, waiving, perhaps, some technicalities, but as to the merits in the case you undoubtedly are right. Under the spirit of the rules of the American Kennel Club, it is clearly the intent to force any dog which is to compete for any special prize to be entered in the regular class, and any club holding a show under the auspices of the American Kennel Club or its rules, has no right to change these conditions. If I understand the case, you entered your dog regularly, and after entries had closed this outside business was permitted by the local club after you had entered, and a dog not entered in the regular classes was permitted to compete with your dog, which to our mind is clearly wrong. There are some parliamentary questions, however, in this matter, which I have not time to review, but simply on the merits of the case, without regard to any technicalities at all, you certainly are right. This letter is not a private one; you may make any use of it you wish to.—Yours truly, W. B. SHATTUC, President Cincinnati Sportsmen's Club.

To show your readers that I have good reasons for contesting this case as I have done, I feel called upon to present some facts and charges, which is not to the credit of Mr. Peshall or the New Jersey Kennel Club. In the first place I charge that Mr. Peshall never gave the prize, but that the money, $50, was donated by two gentlemen, whose names it is not necessary to make public. When the entries for the Waverly show had closed, the Graphic Kennels did not appear among the list. It was a great disappointment to the N. J. K. C. to have one of the most noted kennels of the country, who were right at their door, decline to exhibit their dogs at their home show. An explanation was asked for and given, when the sweepstake prize was suggested as a bait to get them into the show. The $50 was donated, not by Mr. Peshall, but by other parties. The prize was accepted by the N. J. K. C., but a certain promise made to the Graphic people could not be carried out to their satisfaction, and they refused to make any entries. The prize had to go, Mr. Mason saw his opportunity to win $50, took advantage of the Graphic Kennels' absence, and sent Beaufort into the ring, which he would not have done if Revel III. had been there. He explained his actions by saying that he "needed the money." May be he did, but that does not excuse the N. J. K. C. for permitting a violation of A. K. C. rules. Mr. Peshall admitted to me personally that the prize was poorly given, and had full knowledge of all the facts pertaining to the case; and no man knows better than himself that Beaufort had no right to compete for the prize.

Summed up these facts present themselves. Mr. Peshall permitted his name to appear as donor of a prize when he was not, and thereby was party to a scheme for a certain dog to win the sweepstake, which was known by him could be done, under the gentleman who was to judge. As president of the N. J. K. C., their delegate to the A. K. C. and the advertised donor of the prize, he has voted on all occasions to sustain his own decision. The N. J. K. C. accepted this prize, knowing that by its conditions it could not be competed for under A. K. C. rules.

Mr. Mason compromised himself "as he was one of the judges," by taking advantage of the absence of the dog which was known could win, and entered his dog for the prize, and won. And now the A. K. C. by a majority of its members indorse all this; and approve by their vote of the breaking of its own rules. C. M. MUNHALL.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 26.

RAISING HOUND PUPPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since advertising my foxhound puppies in your paper I have had some dozen or more letters, and as some of them want to know the best method of raising and breaking them, I would like to answer them through your paper. To commence I want good stock and the bitch to be two years old before having a litter, and while carrying her pups to have her liberty, and up to within a week or so of whelping to be hunted as much as possible, as I think it develops the hunting instinct in the pups and that they will commence to run much earlier than where the bitch is kept tied. As soon as the pups have got their eyes open, put them out on the bare ground with a shelter to get under and a good nest of straw to sleep in. As soon as they begin to eat, I give them for the first two weeks sour milk three times a day, all they will eat. Then begin to feed the same that I give my old dogs, which is clear lean meat and Indian meal. I have a kettle that holds five or six beef heads with the cheeks left on, these I boil four or five hours, then skin off the tallow and when cool enough to handle take out the heads and give them a shake over a tub; the meat will all drop off. While it is warm salt it well and stir until the meat is fine and well mixed, then spread it out about an inch thick, cover with mosquito netting to keep off flies, and dry in the sun; when well dried it will keep a long time in the hottest weather. Every morning I take a piece, pour on boiling water and let it boil till it becomes fine, then add Indian meal enough to make a stiff pudding and feed at night, only one meal a day, whether hunting or not; but when running them every day I give them a big meal, and in the summer time not more than half as much. I have fed this for years and never had a case of mange, which I think is generally caused by a too greasy diet. I never doctor for distemper and have never lost a pup. If they are strong they will pull through providing they do not catch cold, and are kept in good warm quarters.

The pups that can be in the company of the old dogs, and best of all their mother, generally make the best hunters; and if they can be kept in the country where there are foxes they require no breaking, as they will very early get to going with the older dogs; but any one that has to keep his dogs in the city had better buy dogs a couple of years old than to take the best pup for a gift, as they are sure to be in mischief and get whipped; and a hound pup that has been whipped much might as well be buried. A whipping that would teach a setter something will take all the grit out of a young hound.

Some hunters think it spoils young dogs for foxes if they run hares and rabbits. Mine always chase them in the summer, but will not mind them as soon as I begin to hunt; but they like the taste of a young rabbit and will dig all day to get at one.

I hope to see some accounts of good hunts this fall. Foxes are not very plenty this fall, but enough so I can start one any morning. H. C. NEWELL.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The quarterly meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held at 44 Broadway, New York, on Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 3:30 P. M

THE HORNELLSVILLE DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual bench show of the Hornell Kennel Club held here this week was quite a nice little show. It was held on the exposition grounds under the auspices of the Hornell Farmers' Club. There were 123 dogs entered, many of them well known winners. On Wednesday and Thursday the weather was fine and large crowds were in constant attendance, on Friday there was rain and but comparatively few were present. The show was managed by Mr. J. O. Fellows and the arrangements gave general satisfaction. The St. Bernards of the Hospice Kennel, the deerhounds and bulldogs of the Hillside Kennel and the spaniels of the Hornell Spaniel Club made in themselves quite a respectable show. There were also some good collies headed by the well known Nullamore and Clipper, the latter in very poor condition. The bob-tail sheap dog Sir Lucifer came in for more than his share of attention. Some one, Uncle Dick I guess, pasted a placard over him stating that he had won innumerable prizes and killed a fabulous number of wolves, and in consequence there was an immense crowd around his stall mostly all the time. No money prizes were offered, the club giving bronze medals instead. The exhibitors appeared to enjoy themselves and a good time was the verdict of all. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Schenk's Tola.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Eiger and Alvier. Very high com., H. S. Pitkin's Prince Barry, *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Tromba and Dame Blanche.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch:* Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba.—OPEN—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Reka and Thuna.

GREYHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Harmony Kennels' Custer. *Bitches:* 1st, Harmony Kennels' Harmony; 2d, E. H. Pyott's Queen in Black. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Harmony Kennels' St. Maur and Sir Royal. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Harmony Kennels' Lady Olivia and Grace S.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Bran. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Lorna.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's King of the Forest and Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Brazen and Berga.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. H. Van Vleck's Sam. *Bitches:* 1st, J. S. Jacox's Christmas Vic. PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st withheld; 2d, J. S. Jacox's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, J. S. Jacox's Fly.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION: No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Nash & Benzinger's Spot; 2d and very high com., Chautauqua Kennels' High Duke and Ted Llewellin. High com., F. M. Shelley's Sporting and J. O. Fellows's Tam O'Shanter. Com., J. D. Holden's Rye. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman; 2d and very high com., Chautauqua Kennels' Chautauqua Belle and Mischief. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chautauqua Kennels' High Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' Primrose and Mischief.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* H. B. Goetchius's Chap II. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Shear's Grouse; 2d, F. C. Noble's Bolivar. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Shear's Roley.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, S. H. Brown's Lady B.; 2d, Arnold & Brown's Lady S. Very high com., E. Shear's unnamed.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Fitch's Madge.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Capt. Muldoon.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk. *Bitch:* Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Ruby.—OPEN.—*Dogs:* BLACK—1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jock. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Black Daisy and Jock's Girl.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Bitches:* 1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Fancy Buff.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Mikado and Hornell Sport. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Eva and Hornell Sunlight.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Bob and Bendor. *Bitches:* Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell She and Vanity Fair.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, M. Harrison's Nullamore and J. Watson's Clipper. *Bitches:* 1st, M. Harrison's Bonnie Brae; 2d, R. C. White's Frankie.

BOBTAILED SHEEPDOGS.—1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer.

BEAGLE.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and high com., Harmony Kennels' Bounce, Sport and Ross. Very high com., Spring Brook Kennels' Domino. *Bitches:* 1st, very high com., and high com., Harmony Kennels' Jessie, Zephyr and Pussie; 2d, W. H. Harris's Villa.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. O. Fellows's Royal Krueger; 2d, Harmony Kennels' Viper. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Harmony Kennels' Maud Muller, Vida and Madge.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, C. W. Robinson's Lady Naylor.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Tilt's Steve.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Lady's Nanon; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' White Rose II.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. D. Cuyle's Merry Monarch; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Quasimodo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Carmen.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. La Rue's Baby; 2d, Mrs. N. J. Pechin's Punch.

HARRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. O. Fellows's Rover.

DALMATIANS.—*Bitches:* 1st, L. S. Lawrence's Lucy.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—Best kennel rough-coated St. Bernards, Hospice Kennel. Smooth-coated, Hospice Kennel. Greyhounds, Harmony Kennel. Deerhounds, J. E. Thayer. Pointers, J. S. Jacox. English setters, Chautauqua Kennel. Irish setters, Shear & Brown. Cocker spaniels, Hornell Spaniel Club. Field spaniels, Hornell Spaniel Club. H. S.

BEAGLES FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

COOKSTOWN, Ont., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the letters which have lately appeared in your paper on the beagle question. I must say that my experience in the field does not tally with that of "H. H." I have found that size has nothing to do with a beagle's hunting or staying qualities in the field provided he is bred right. A pure beagle should never exceed 15 inches, and may run as low as 10; 12 is to my fancy the most perfect size. H. H.'s dogs may be very handsome hounds and first class in the field, but they are certainly not beagles. Are they not harriers? Surely a hound from 16 to 20 inches is a harrier. I have owned and bred beagles for the last ten years; these beagles are bred from the very best stock in America. I have found a 12 inch beagle quite as good in the field as his larger brother of 15 inches; besides a pack of 12 inch dogs are much easier carried and looked after than a larger sized pack. I hunt my beagles after the large American hare (we have no rabbits here) that turns white in the winter; these hares are very plentiful in this locality. When started, this hare runs from 40 to 50 yards ahead of my beagles and I am always sure of a shot. Now when I used years ago (before I owned a pack of beagles) to hunt this hare with foxhounds, when lucky enough to sight the hare I alway sighted him from 100 to 150 yards ahead of the dogs and going for all he was worth right away, and that was the last I would see of him or the dogs perhaps for a couple of hours or more. How different it is with my little beagles, I can sit down on a log and enjoy their beautiful music as the merry little fellows hunt their quarry round and round me, and when satisfied with listening to them (which to me is the best of the sport) shoot the hare. I would often spare the hare but am compelled to kill him as the only means of stopping my dogs. My beagles run from 11½ to 13 inches, and are bred from champion stock. The best field beagle I ever owned was a black, white and tan 12 in. dog. By all means have field trial meetings for the beagle, but do not raise the standard. H. B. N.

THE DANBURY SHOW will be held Oct. 3 to 7.—B. C. LYNES, Sec'y, Danbury, Conn.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

FOLLOWING is a list of the entries for the second annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trial Club to be run Sept. 6:

DERBY.

BIRTLE (Thos. Johnson), liver and white pointer dog (Croxteth—Bella).

DUCK (C. A. Boxer), English setter dog (Dime—Flash).

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (H. Galt), English setter dog (Dashing Bondhu—Countess Bear).

GRETNA (T. Moore), lemon and white English setter bitch (Mark J.—Bredna).

MORDEN (Manitoba Kennels), black, white and tan English setter dog (Mark J.—Bredna).

MORRIS (T. Johnson), blue belton English setter dog (Cable—Bredna).

KILDONAN (H. N. Williams), Gordon setter dog (Turk—Gyp II.).

REGINA (Manitoba Kennels), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Mark J.—Bredna).

ALL-AGED.

BERT (T. Moore), liver and white pointer dog, pedigree not given.

CAMBRIA (T. Johnson), blue belton English setter bitch (Cambridge—Pet Laverack).

DASH B. (T. Johnson), white and orange English setter dog (Dave B.—Lucy).

FANNIE M. (D. Smith), orange and white English setter bitch (Count Noble—Prairie Belle).

FLIRT (C. W. Armstrong), white and black English setter bitch (Dan—Qu'Appelle Belle).

MANITOBA BELLE (Manitoba Kennels), lemon and white English setter bitch (Pride of Dundee—Jeanette).

PADDY (S. W. Trott), white and orange English setter dog (Ginger—Duchess Dolly).

PEDRO E. (Dr. W. M. Evan), black, white and tan English setter dog (Cambridge—Belle).

QU'APPELLE BELLE (C. A. Boxer), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Mark J.—Betsey).

SASKATCHEWAN (G. Tempest), liver and white pointer dog (Bang Bang—Phœbe).

SHOT (Major Bedson), black and tan setter dog (Dan—Lilly).

SWIFT (H. Gath), orange and white English setter dog (Dan—Qu'Appelle Belle).

WINNIPEG BELLE (Manitoba Kennels), lemon and white English setter bitch (Rocketer—Manitoba Belle).

THE EVOLUTION OF DOG SHOWS.

MAY I, as one who for years has been devoted to man's most trusted friend—the dog—be permitted to express, through your columns, the views which have been suggested by a visit to the late Jubilee Show at Ranelagh? To commence with, I am desirous of expressing the opinion that dog shows—up to a certain point—are, in themselves, institutions which are essentially calculated to benefit the race of animals in whose interest the exhibitions are supposed to be held. At the same time the idea has been forced upon me that there is a growing disposition on the part of the supporters of these exhibitions to benefit their own pockets at the expense of the dogs. It is the abuse of dog shows which, in my humble opinion, is likey to injure the animals which they are professedly designed to improve. The modern exhibitor, craving after that which is new, is perpetually endeavoring to remodel the breed which he has honored by his patronage. There is no attempt to adhere to one defined type, although the various specialist clubs which have been brought into existence since the establishment of dog shows, each and all profess to follow out certain lines which are clearly laid down for them. That fatal word "improvement" appears to me to be the stumbling block in the way of dog men. One hears on all sides the leading exhibitors and their numerous satellites congratulating themselves upon the "improvement" which has taken place in the dogs of the present day. May I be permitted to express my doubts if the "improvement" is by any means so solid as it is supposed to be by interested parties? I freely admit that dog shows have increased and multiplied. What I do doubt is whether the animals themselves have been "improved" by them. If a constantly varying change of type in many breeds, combined with a vast increase in the number of entries at the leading exhibitions, is any proof of an increase in quality, I confess that my opinions will not be found capable of holding water. At the same time, as an amateur, by which I mean an individual who is fond of dogs, but does not show, I cannot help having formed very decided ideas upon the question. We are told that lookers-on see most of a game, and therefore in the position of a looker-on I am entitled to congratulate myself upon being able to form a tolerably capable opinion. The professional exhibitors—their name is legion—will no doubt—if they condescend to read these lines that is to say—fail entirely to accept the premises upon which I argue. I, nevertheless, as one who is entirely outside the magic circle of vested canine interests, feel pretty justified in pointing out to such of your readers as may care to follow me, the danger that may soon affect the popularity of dogs beyond the somewhat circumscribed area of the dog show world.

To commence with, I believe it will not be denied that the majority of the leading exhibitors are not above turning an honest penny through the sales of their pets. We "amateurs," "outsiders," "non-exhibitors"—call us what you please—are often amused by being told that Mr. So-and-So never sells his dogs; that he would be offended at any offer being made to him for one of his winners. All I can say in reply to this is that I know better, for very few exhibitors are proof against the blandishments of the nimble ninepence. In consequence, I maintain that it is the persons who do not exhibit, but who yet are fond of dogs, who are the chief sufferers from the ever-growing "improvement" in the various breeds of dogs. Animals of a type that has become unfashionable must be disposed of somehow, and it is more profitable for the professional exhibitor to oblige us with them at a long price than to get rid of them in other ways. With this portion of the question, however, I do not care to deal at the present moment, but I may perhaps recur to it, with your permission, at some future time. I may, nevertheless, remark *en passant*, that as dog shows, and the gentlemen who add to their incomes in consequence of the existence of these institutions, depend upon the support of us amateurs for the gate money, as well as for a market for their surplus stock, I think I am fully justified in pointing out the objections we entertain against the changes of type. For my own part I do not consider that amateurs get fair treatment from professional exhibitors who, in their eagerness to produce something novel in dog flesh and thereby dazzle a weak judge, are not adhering to the recognized types that have been laid down for the guidance of breeders. I will endeavor to prove my case by practical illustrations of what I mean. Before commencing, however, I am anxious to state plainly the objections I, as a looker-on, see to the present system under which dog shows are conducted. I feel that such exhibitions, which are professedly established to improve the breed of dogs, are degenerating into the instruments for the benefit of the professional exhibitor. I therefore maintain that the inevitable result will be an injury to the dogs—occasioned by a non-adherence to type—and a disappointment to the public who, as the chief supporters of shows, are apt to become disgusted with the result of the attempt to "improve" dog flesh by means of exhibitions.

To prove my first theory I, with some degree of confidence apply to the impartiality and intelligence of your readers. Is there one among them who cannot recall to his mind the names of certain professional exhibitors who, though they would feel insulted by being described as dealers, are perfectly well known to add very largely to their income by the sale and exhibition of their dogs? It is notorious that many showmen are blessed with sufficient private means to leave their homes and businesses week after week in pursuit of pleasure only. Still they contrive to turn up pretty regularly at shows in every part of the country, and therefore can only reasonably be supposed to exist upon the earnings of their dogs. For my own part I certainly do not blame these gentlemen. From their point of view there is, I freely admit, a great deal to be said. They are, no doubt, fond of dogs and good company, and both are to be met with at shows. Trade is not good perhaps or a man's pocket may not be a deep one, and therefore he cannot be blamed for gratifying his taste for dog flesh and meeting his acquaintances, if at the same time he can make money by so doing. Nevertheless I maintain that it is from these persons that danger to the maintenance of high quality in our dogs is to be feared. The professional exhibitor must win prizes or the end to his progresses through the country will very soon be reached. He is therefore compelled to keep on pulling out something new, especially if he sells his dogs, as many of them do. Unfortunately, however, it is easier to bring out new dogs than it is to breed them to type, and to this fact many a flat catcher owes his success on the bench. The professional exhibitor, like the ditto judge, is usually a man of many clubs—specialist clubs—and consequently knows everybody who is anybody in the dog world. As a consequence the appearance of his latest achievement in breeding is eagerly discussed beforehand, with the result that when it arrives at a show its chances of success are considerably increased. The new animal may not perhaps correspond at all with the recognized type of the breed to which it belongs. In fact it may not in a great number of its points approach the standard of perfection as closely as a deposed winner. Nevertheless a chorus of praise arises from the lips of the professionals' friends, who regard the "improvement," *i. e.*, divergence from the track which breeders have been traveling for some seasons, as something truly wonderful. Yet the worst has still to come; the example is promptly copied by other exhibitors, with the result that the class of dog which has been winning gets considered old-fashioned and the new departure is regarded as the only true type to be followed.

How often one hears of a prize-winner being sold because his owner has a better at home; and yet, when that better one appears, he is found to be inferior to his predecessor in many essential characterists of his breed. Still, the new comer keeps on improving, simply, I maintain, because one or two of his points are dazzling to the strong judges, while the weak ones are afraid to pass him over. It would not be right to give instances of what I mean, and I should not be justified in specifying cases. At the same time, if the conviction that such abuses do exist has forced itself upon the observation of an outsider like myself, it is impossible that it can have escaped the notice of those who are fully acquainted with the inner workings of shows.

The question of collusion between exhibitors and judges is one which I most certainly shall not touch upon, beyond expressing the opinion that it does not exist to any appreciable extent. It is chiefly the mal-application of the term "improvement" to which I take exception. We amateurs, who now and then buy a dog because we like to possess an animal of the winning type, are too often disgusted to find something of a totally different order winning at our local shows. Upon inquiry we learn that our beast is "old-fashioned," and "behind the times." What right, we wish to know, have exhibitors and their friends to create a fashion in dogs? Their winners are no nearer the recognized types than our own are, and yet they go ahead while we are left behind!

Having called the attention of your readers to the chief danger which I firmly believe is likely to affect the prosperity of dog shows, I should be glad if you will allow me to suggest a remedy. Believing as I do that by far too much encouragement is being given to professional exhibitors and their dogs, to the detriment of small breeders and the results of their labors, I should, in the first place, propose that additional prizes be offered for animals who have failed to win prizes before the date at which the leading shows open. Maiden classes, if made valuable enough, would be certain to fill well, and more especially so if the public felt assured that judges, whose opinions were untrammeled by their connection with any of the numerous specialist clubs, would officiate upon the occasion. At present many "outside" breeders shrink from exhibiting, as they are afraid of meeting a promising novice, whose merits have already come to the ears of the gentleman who is to judge the class. In addition to this, there is far less probability of the judge, who only mingles slightly with the body of professional exhibitors, deviating from the accepted type which has been laid down for the guidance of breeders. In consequence the public, who come to learn what is the correct standard to breed up to, will cease to be confused by the perpetual change of fashion in dog flesh.

During the last ten years we have had at least three fox-terriers of a totally different character at the top of the tree. It is impossible that all these varying types can be correct, and I maintain that specialist clubs and their accompanying evils are responsible for the obfustication of the minds of us humble dwellers outside the charmed circle.

Again, in the case of dachshunde, may I inquire what moral right an English club has to "take up" a foreign variety of dog and forthwith set themselves to work to alter it to suit their insular ideas of what is right and what is wrong? From German admirers of the breed I learn that moderately short heads, flat, wide ears, and black noses are points to be sought after in good specimens. Here, in England, the club and their supporters advocate flesh-colored snouts, domed skulls and extremely long ears. Such a perversion of the distinctive characteristics of a foreign breed is, I assert, entirely antagonistic to the main object of shows, viz., the "improvement" of the different varieties of dogs. We Englishmen would not give our German friends much credit if they attempted to improve our mastiffs or bulldogs by breeding them long-faced or light-nosed, or in some other way different from the original type.

A clearly-defined standard for every breed is at hand. Dog lovers and breeders only want the judges at shows to be firm in the adherence to that standard in order to reach it. Fantastic decisions, which are often indulged in, have disheartened many and many an amateur whose ideas are based upon the descriptions he has read in old works. He has there seen for himself the methods by which many of our modern breeds have been produced; and therefore, if he is ignorant of the habits and customs of the exhibition world is lost in wonder at the endeavors that are made to destroy all traces of the original varieties in the person of a modern nondescript. A man who is ashamed of his ancestors is not usually thought very highly of; why, therefore, should our dogs deny their lineage in their looks? Shows have done much in days gone by to popularize dogs with the public; it will, therefore, be a highly regrettable circumstance if such exhibitions are destined to degenerate into being merely the means of providing an income for professional breeders and showmen. Fanciers are being driven away, and their places supplied by persons who only care for dogs as business men care for the articles they buy and sell. The shows themselves, from being genuine fanciers' gatherings, have become grave commercial speculations which amateurs do not care to dabble in. The trade of exhibiting has hitherto been a very profitable one for many, but those engaged in it should beware lest they drive their chief supporters out of the field entirely.—*Mayfly, in Vinton's Fancier's Gazette.*

THE FOX-TERRIER SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 7.—The second annual show of the American Fox-Terrier Club opened to-day. There are not quite as many dogs shown as last year, the total entries being 98. The puppies are a nice lot and show a marked improvement in quality over those of previous shows. The show is well arranged but is not as well supported by the public as it should be. The quality of the exhibits is of a very high order, a large number of our best dogs being present. Judging began at 11:30.

In champion dogs, Lucifer won first and Splauger second; in bitches Richmond Olive first, Cornwall Duchess second, Marguerite vhc. In open dogs, Raby Mixer first, Bacchanal second, Earl Leycester third, Luke fourth. The Warren Spider reserve, Raby Jack vhc., Warren Swagger hc., Beverwyck Tippler c.

In bitches, Rachel first, Richmond Dazzle second, Verdict third, Warren Saucy fourth, Warren Jingle reserve, Richmond Myrtle and Gretchen very high com., Warren Spangle and Meersbrook Nan high com., and Nellie A. com.

This finished the judging to 12 o'clock.

STAFFORD SHOW.—Stafford Springs, Conn., Sept. 6.—We have arranged for the following gentlemen to act as judges at our bench show: Non-sporting dogs, Dr. Geo. Walton, Boston; pointers and setters, H. Clay Glover, New York; fox-terriers, Thomas Dawson, New York; all other sporting dogs, James Mortimer, New York. Our new exhibition building will be completed next week and will be a model for convenience and comfort. Our premium lists will be issued this week, and prospects are promising for a successful show.—R. S. HICKS, Sec'y.

THE MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have decided to offer the following special $50 for the largest and best exhibit of one breed owned by one exhibitor. Puppies to compete must be entered in open class. The secretary offers a fine-worked medal for the best pointer, dog or bitch. Champion classes for mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards and smooth-coated St. Bernards will be divided by sex, $10 for dogs and diplomas for bitches.—A. M. GRAU, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Barton and Roland. By F. F. Dole, West Philadelphia, Pa., for white and white with brown ear bull-terrier dogs, whelped June 2, 1887, by Count (A.K.R. 3173) out of Young Venom (Old Prince—Venom).

Black Jingo, Black Joker, Black Jocko, Black Jet and Black Jess. By H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniels, three dogs and two bitches, whelped July 12, 1887, by Black Pete (Obo, Jr., A.K.R. 1481—Phonsie, A.K.R. 1482) out of Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293).

Sting Noble, Iona and Fleety Noble. By Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., for English setters, two black and white dogs and one lemon and white bitch, whelped May 17, 1887, by Count Noble out of Nellie Sting (Sting—Novelty).

Royal Ranger II., Countess Cartmel and Daisy Queen III. By Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., for English setters, a lemon and white dog and bitch and a black and white ticked bitch, whelped July 12, 1887, by Royal Ranger (Royal—Novel) out of Daisy Queen (Rock—Meg).

Geo. R. Eager. By J. U. Jackson, Augusta, Ga., for white and orange pointer dog, whelped July 18, 1887, by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443).

Kelt. By E. B. Convers, Englewood, N. J., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1887, by Tim (Biz—Hazel) out of Yoube (Elcho—Rose).

Brown's Folly. By H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., for black Newfoundland dog, age not given, by Sir Arthur out of Sis.

Tit Willow, Richmond Dude, McDuff, Jake Sharp and Tillie Smith. By Hill Top Kennels, Richmond, Va., for fawn pugs, four dogs and one bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1887, by Bounce out of Dumps (A.K.R. 5240).

Daisy. By A. E. Adams, Clyde, N. Y., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Feb. 28, 1886, by Smut out of Susie (Dauber—Maud).

Port. By A. E. Adams, Clyde, N. Y., for apricot fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1886, by Santa Claus (Comedy, Jr.—Smut) out of Judy (Dan—Daggett's Daisy).

Galen Pug Kennels. By A. E. Adams, Clyde, N. Y., for his kennels of pugs.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nina—Thyrus II. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) Great Dane bitch Nina (Thyrus—Cara) to F. C. Evans's Thyrus II. (Thyrus—Caro), Aug. 1.

Fanny—Brown's Folly. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) Newfoundland bitch Fanny (Nero—Darkness) to his Brown's Folly (Sir Arthur—Sis), Aug. 18.

Althea—Black Pete, Jr. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Althea (A.K.R. 842) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete, Jr. (Black Pete—Miss Ginger), Aug. 29.

Whim—Beppo III. Robt. Gedney's (Nyack, N. Y.) pointer bitch Whim (A.K.R. 4288) to Graphic Kennels' Beppo III., July 9.

Bertha—Count. John Whiterken's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Bertha (Dutch, Jr.—Young Venom) to Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), July 2.

Phœdra—Wacouta Nap. Wacouta Kennels' (St. Paul, Minn.) mastiff bitch Phœdra (Debonair—Danaides) to their Wacouta Nap (Morgan's Lion—Morgan's Bess), Aug. 19.

Daisy—Port. A. E. Adams's (Clyde, N.Y.) pug bitch Daisy (Smut—Susie) to his Port (Santa Claus—Judy), Aug. 10.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Maid. Dr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) red Irish setter bitch Maid (Bragg—Effie), Sept. 4, eight (six dogs), by his Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen).

Fanny. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) Newfoundland bitch Fanny (Nero—Darkness), April 15, eight (seven dogs), by his Brown's Folly (Sir Arthur—Sis).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Portia. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June, 1884 (A.K.R. 3563), by Tiot Kennels, Norwood, Mass., to John Coles, Linden, Mass.

Nina. Great Dane bitch, whelped Sept. 20, 1886, by Thyrus out of Cara, by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to A. Sawtelle, Kansas City, Mo.

Frolic. Blue Skye terrier bitch, whelped June 16, 1887, by Taffy out of Cute, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Harry McDonald, same place.

Pickles. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped 1885, pedigree not given, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to E. M. Teall, Stockbridge, Mass.

Fury. Gray Skye terrier bitch, whelped June 16, 1887, by Taffy out of Cute, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Wm. Kelly, same place.

Sheila II. and Colleen II. Red Irish terrier bitches, whelped April 2, 1887, by Garryowen out of Sheila, by Lawrence Timpson, Maizeland, Red Hook, N. Y., to Lewis A. Shaw, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Gun Gladstone and Queen Estner. White, black and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped April 25, 1887, by Gun out of Lady Bright, by Frank Pitzer, Washington, D. C., to J. Bunting, Jr., Roanoke, Va.

Chimer—Betty whelps. Black, white and tan beagles, three dogs and one bitch, whelped May 29, 1887, by C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to J. C. Cutcliffe, Mt. Pleasant, Ont.

Kelt. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1887, by Tim out of Yoube, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to E. B. Convers, Englewood, N. J.

Naso of Kippen—Deka (A.K.R. 1347) whelp. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped May 10, 1887, by Chas. H. Newell, Portland, Me., to J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nettie. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, age not given, by Little Swell out of imported Nellie, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Walter Penrose, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Roman. Red Irish setter dog, whelped September, 1886, by Dash out of Stella, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to G. Williams, same place.

Sultan. White, yellow markings, bulldog, age not given, by Guillermo out of Lily Langtry, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. C. Laumaster, Burlington, N. J.

Duchess of Kent. Red brindle bulldog bitch, whelped 1885, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. C. Laumaster, Burlington, N. J.

The Baron—Nelly (A.K.R. 4483) whelp. White bull-terrier dog, whelped June 10, 1887, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Victor J. Nyo, Utica, N. Y.

Grant, Jr. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1886, by Grant out of Princess Starlight, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to J. S. Case, Tobyhanna Mills, Pa.

DEATHS.

Follie. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped October, 1885, pedigree not given, owned by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tammany II. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 5242), owned by J. S. Dunshee, Plainfield, N. J., Sept. 4, from lung fever.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. R. P., Providence.—Irish setter four months, keeps up a continued scratching and his legs and belly look badly. Ans. Give 3 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in the food. Give syrup of buckthorn in half teaspoonful doses to keep the bowels free and get the following:

℞. Ung. zinc oxid.
Ung. diachylon.....āā ʒi
Mix. Sig. To be gently rubbed in once daily.

J. W. G., Providence.—My Irish setter bitch, 4mos. old, is troubled with a skin disease. All over the belly and on the under part of the legs are small red pimples, some of which come to a head forming matter. She is now shedding teeth and coat. Ans. Keep her bowels open by giving syrup of buckthorn in half teaspoonful doses. Get the following:

℞ Ung. zinc oxid.
Ung. diachylon.....āā ʒi
Mix. Sig. External. Apply night and morning after washing and drying.

WARREN, Hartford.—Last year an Irish setter pup had the mange. I kept him five or six months trying to cure him, but only succeeded in checking the disease. The dog all the while had full run of the yard. I got a pup on Aug. 8 this year, and this one has just begun to show signs of mange. Did it get it from the first dog, and if so what can I do to kill the germ from around the premises, and what can I do for the pup, which is about eleven weeks old? Ans. You can disinfect your yard by sprinkling Platt's chloride about, using a small sprinkler. Keep the puppy on rather low diet and see that the bowels are free. Give three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in the food.

N. G. P., Epping, N. H.—St. Bernard bitch, thirteen months old, eyes are quite red and discharge a yellowish matter; is weak in her back and has been troubled with fits for six months. She has never shed her puppy teeth and I am going to have the front ones extracted, will the permanent ones come at her age? Do you think they have been the cause of her sickness? Ans. We doubt the advisability of extracting the teeth. Your bitch has probably had a bad case of distemper. Get the following:

R. Syr. ferri quin. et strychnin. phosphat.....ʒ vi.
Sig. A teaspoonful three times daily.

The improvement will be gradual. Keep the bowels open and sponge the eyes with borax, glycerine and water.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE DOMINION WIMBLEDON.

OTTAWA, Sept. 2.—The meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association closed to-day, and the plum of the Canadian Wimbledon meeting, the National Rifle Association badge and $250, goes to Toronto this year, and the fortunate bearer of it is Private W. S. Duncan, of the Queen's Own. The day set apart for shooting for the Governor-General's prize opened inauspiciously. There was a mist around the targets and leaden skies overhead. The mist cleared away later on, but rain continued to threaten, and before noon it descended pretty sharply. But before that time the name of the winner was known. The contest proceeded with perfect regularity, and it was not until the final stage was reached that anything like excitement began to be manifested. Then Lieut. Chamberlin, of the 43d Ottawa, finished with 91, and everybody congratulated him. He was the winner for sure. But another man, Mitchell, was creeping up, and his final shot, a bullseye, placed him one point ahead of Chamberlin. The last men were at the targets and the crowd of spectators clustered around. Duncan had been scoring well, and when the lookers-on totalled up his five shots they saw that if he maintained his good shooting he would stand pretty well on the list. Duncan had one more shot to fire when the news was brought him how Chamberlin and Mitchell had scored. A bullseye would place Duncan first, and one can conceive what a tension there must have been on his nerves at that moment. With a peculiar sensation pervading his frame, Duncan placed his last cartridge in the breech, closed the breech with a snap, and then stretched himself out. The spectators held their breath. Duncan took careful aim, the trigger was pulled and the bullet went whizzing toward the target. Down went the target—a hit sure! But what sort of one? Slowly rising from the ground appeared the white disc indicating a bullseye, making Duncan's score 93. Then what a shout went up! How they cheered and congratulated him! And certainly he deserved it, for never man kept his nerves steadier and struggled better for the prize.

This was the final match of the meeting. The returns were handed into the statistical officers and the aggregates were made up, the highest twenty being the Wimbledon team for next year—that is, if they all elect to go. In the event of any declining, the next men in rotation will be invited to fill the gaps.

The Governor-General's Prize, value $500; 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, 7 at each range. Martini-Henry rifles. Position, at 200yds., standing or kneeling; at 500 and 600yds., any, with head to target:

	200	500	600	
Pvt W S Duncan, Q O R, $250 and badge	30	30	33	93
Lieut W Mitchell, 32d, $150 and badge	29	33	30	92
Lieut Chamberlain, 43d, $100 and badge	31	29	31	91
Capt McMicking, 44th, badge	31	29	29	89
Lieut C K Fiske, 63d, badge	29	28	32	89
Capt Thomas, 54th, badge	31	30	27	88
Staff Sergt W Ashall, Q O R, badge	29	31	28	88
Lieut E A Smith, St John Rifles, badge	29	32	25	86
Lieut Dover, 78th, badge	32	30	24	86
Sergt L Keddy, 63th, badge	34	25	27	86

Martini Extra Matches—Series "A."—Range, 500yds. Rounds, 7. Martini-Henri rifles. Position, any, with head to target. Cup and $10. Sergt. J. Rolston, 37th, 35. Gunner J. L. Beckwith, B. C. G. A.; Sergt. J. Goudie, 8th; Pte. C. M. Hall, 79th; Pte. J. Marks, 6th; Pte. Sutherland, G. G. F. G., 34 each. Staff-Sergt. W. King, 45th; Pte. C. K. Grogg, 31st; Lieut. Kincaid, 6th Cav.; Pte. Morrison, Guards; Sergt. Reardon, Guards; Pte. Burns, 62d; Col.-Sergt. Henderson, 62d; Lieut. C. K. Fiske, 63d; Capt. Corbin, 63d, 33 each. Q.-M.-Sergt. Jno. Ogg, 1 B. F. A.; Major Walsh, 63d; Bandsman Cooke, 5th; Sergt. Loggie, 73d; Gunner Campbell, H. G. A.; Lieut. H. Silver, 63d; Sergt. Johnston, 85th; Col.-Sergt. Mailleau, Guards; Sergt. Armstrong, 1st B. F. A., 32 each. Sergt. W. Harp, Q. O. R.; Capt. Patterson, 85th; Pte. Armstrong, G. G. F. G.; Staff-Sergt. Jamieson, 43d; Lieut. Dover, 78th; Col. Cribb, 78th; Capt. C. Latourneaux, 85th; Lieut. W. H. Stevens, 66th; Pte. W. Hilton, 45th; Sergt. W. Short, G. G. F. G.; Pte. W. Swaine, 14th; Staff-Sergt. Brown, 12th; Capt. W. Robbie, 8th Cav.; Major W. Macdonald, retired list; Sergt. Macdonald, 43d; Corp. H. Marris, 13th; Lieut. W. Mitchell, 22d; Sergt. A. D. Crooks, Q. O. R.; Lieut. C. D. Adams, H. G. A.; Lieut. A. W. Spike, 66th, 31 each. Nine 31's counted out.

Series "B."—Range 600yds., rounds 7, Martini-Henry rifles, position any, with head to target. First prize, Whitney repeating rifle, won by Corp. Caro, G. G. F. G., 34; Priv. C. K. Grigg, 32d, 34; Sergt. M. Davidson, Charln, Eng., 33; Sergt. Armstrong, B. F. A., 33; Col.-Sergt. Henderson, 62d, Capt. J. Hood, 5th, Capt. Anderson, retired list, Sergt. Johnson, 85th, 32 each. Lieut. Spearing, 53d, Lieut. R. W. Longworth, P. E. I. G. A., Capt. A. W. Spike, 66th, Staff-Sergt. W. C. King, 45th, Col.-Sergt. McCrae, 1st P. W. R., 31 each. Staff-Sergt. Margetts, 13th, Lieut. Langstroth, 8th Cav., Sergt. J. W. Marks, 6th, Sergt. E. Pratt, Mont. Eng., Lieut. Dimock, 78th, Priv. E. D. Sutherland, Guards, 30 each. Capt. Wright, 43d, Capt. Macdonald, retired list, Capt. Zealand, 13th, Sergt. J. W. McDonald, 43d, Priv. W. S. Duncan, Q. O. R., Corp. Cribb, 75th, Lieut. Kincaid, 6th Cav., Priv. J. Lands, 45th, Sergt. M. C. Clark, 91st, 29 each. Col.-Sergt. Curzon, R. G., Priv. Ross, 90th, Lieut. C. K. Fiske, 63d, Staff-Sergt. Clarke, 13th, Priv. Hall, 79th, Staff-Sergt. Jameson, 43d, Col.-Sergt. Menzies, 43d, Staff-Sergt. Perrett, 8th, Major Walsh, 63d, Sergt. Goudie, 8th, Staff-Sergt. Wilson, 33d, Priv. A. Thomas, 3d Vics., 28 each. Five 28s counted out.

Series C.—Rifle, Martini-Henry; range, 800yds; number of rounds, 7; position, any, with head to target. First prize, album and $10, Staff-Sergt. King, 45th, 33. Lieut.-Col. Gibson, 13th; Lieut. C. K. Fiske, 63d; Pte. G. Thompson, 12th; Sergt. J. W. Monks, 6th, 32 each. Lieut. J. Dover, 78th; Staff-Sergt. Blair, 78th, 31 each. Lieut. R. M. Kincaid, 6th Cav.; Col.-Sergt. Henderson, 62d, 30 each. Capt. Bruce, R. G.; Sergt. Goudie, 8th; Sergt.-Major Gibson, 66th; Major Todd, F. Guards; Pte. J. Ward, 6th, 29 each. Major Anderson, 43d; Pte. Stanton, 60th; Sergt. Loggie, 73d; Pte. Sutherland, F. Guards; Corp. Cribbs, 78th; Pte. Courtice, 33d; Pte. W. Wilson, 31st; Lieut. Stevens, 66th; Lieut. Abbott, 1st P. W. R.; Pte. Sutherland, F. Guards, 28 each. Sergt. R. Macklin, 90th; Lieut. Ross, 13th; Sergt. Newberry, B. C. G. A.; Sergt. J. Goudie, 8th; Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, R. G., 27 each. Pte. W. S. Duncan, Q. O. R., 26. Gunner Beckwith, B. C. G. A.; Pte. Armstrong, Guards; Staff-Sergt. Blair, 78th; Lieut. Vaughan, 5th; Sergt. Loggie, 73d; Lieut.-Col. Gibson, 13th, 25 each. Pte. Cunningham, 51st; Staff-Sergt. Margetts, 13th; Color-Sergt. Henderson, 62d, 24 each. Sergt. Armstrong, 1st B. F. A.; Pte. Lavers, 6th Fus.; Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 45th; Capt. Bruce, R. G.; Gunner Sargison, B. C. G. A.; Pte. Courtice, 33d, 23 each. Pte. G. Thompson, 12th; Lieut. Mitchell, 32d; Lieut. Gray, Guards, 22 each. Lieut. Rennie, Q. O. R., 21. Thirteen 21's counted out.

Series D.—Rifle, Martini-Henry; range, 900yds.; number of rounds, 7; position, any, with head to target. First prize, aneroid barometer and $10, Lieut. Kincaid, 6th Calvery; Lieut. Silver, 63d, 32 each; Sergt. Major Gibson, 66th, 26; Lieut. J. Dover, 75th; Pte. Kimmerly, 49th; Pte. J. Sands, 45th, 28 each; Lieut. W. S. Russell, 45th; Sergt. Johnson, 85th; Lieut. Spearing, 53d; Asst.-Surgeon McLaughlin, 45th; Col.-Sergt. Donnelly, Q. O. R., 27 each. Two 27s counted out.

Extra Series No. 1.—Rifle. Snider; range, 500yds.; number of rounds, 5; position, any, with head to target. Staff-Sergt. Ashall; Pte. Noble, 7th; Lieut. Crossman, 74th; Capt. Robson, 26th; Capt. Anderson, retired list; Lieut. W. S. Russell, 45th, 24 each; Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, R. G.; Pte. Wetmore, St. John Rifles; Trooper Duncan, P. L. D. G., 23 each; Capt. J. Adams, 13th; Staff-Sergt. C. Mitchell, 90th; Pte. Gillies, 90th; Pte. Kimmerly, 45th; Pte. Lavers, 6th; Gunner Sargison, B. C. G. A.; Lieut. Gray, G. G. F. G.; Pte. Adams, 15th; Sergt. Fairbairn, 43d; Pte. Sutherland, Guards, 22 each. Two 22's counted out.

Extra Series No. 2.—Range, 600yds.; rounds, 5; rifle, Snider; position, any, with head to target: Lieut. R. V. Longworth, P. E. I. G. A., 23; Pvt. Noble, 7th, Sergt. H. Miner, 71st, 22 each; Col. Sergt. Henderson, 62d, Sergt. J. M. Davidson, P. E. I. Eng., Pvt. Clark, 53d, Col.-Sergt. Gorman, 3d Vics, 21 each; Staff-Sergt. Margetts, 13th, Staff-Sergt. J. Ogg, 1 B. F. A., Capt. Anderson, retired list, Sergt. Lordly, 63d, 20 each; Sergt. Archer, Cobourg G. A., Staff-Sergt. Clarke, 13th, Sergt. Loggie, 73d, Capt. Hood, 5th, Pvt. A. B. Crawford, 13th, 19 each; Lieut. Kincaid, 6th Cav., 18. Sixteen 18s counted out.

Revolver Match.—Value $76, open to members of the association; revolver not exceeding .45-cal. and 7½in. in length of barrel; range, 25yds.; number of rounds, 7; position standing, off-hand. Pvt. Hall, 79th, Sergt. Fairbairn, 43d, Staff-Sergt. Margetts, 43d, Capt. B. H. Bell, 43d, 33 each; Assist.-Surg. McLaughlin, 45th, Lieut. H. O. Chamberlin, 43d, Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, Guards, 32 each; Assist.-Surg. Grant, Guards, Mr. J. P. Nutting, Q. R. C., Lieut. Clarke, 91st, Dr. Hutchison, Q. R. C., Color-Sergt. Henderson, 62d, Lieut. Russel, 45th, Staff-Sergt. J. B. Mitchell, 45th, 31 each; Insp. O'Leary, Dom. Police, Lieut. P. Thompon, Guards, Pvt. J. Thompson, 12th, Pvt. H. W. Chamberlain, 43d, 30 each.

The Wimbledon team for 1888 stands as follows:

Lieut E A Smith, St. John Rifles	346
Sergt Case, Halifax G A	336
Lieut H C Chamberlin, 43d	334
Staff-Sergt Ashall, Q O R	331
Lieut C K Fiske, 63d	330
Lieut J Dover, 75th	330
Pvt W S Duncan, Q O R	328
Pvt D Mitchell, 13th	325
Lieut W Mitchell, 32d	324
Lieut H H Gray, G.G.F.G	323
Staff-Sergt A Wilson, 33d	323
Sergt W H Adams, 62d	323
Pvt J Armstrong, F Guards	322
Sergt W Short, G.G.F.G	322
Sergt W M Goodwin, 13th	321
Gunner Campbell, H.G.A	321
Sergt J W Marks, 6th	321
Pvt McAfie, 1P.W.R	321
Capt G R McMicking, 44th	320
Sergt H Miner, 71st	320

The following are the names and scores of the winning Ontario team for the London Merchants' Cup and $100, teams of 8 members of any affiliated provincial association; 200, 500 and 600yds., rounds, 7 at each range; Martini-Henry rifles: at 200yds., standing or kneeling; at 500 and 600yds., any, with head to target:

Private J A Armstrong, G G F G	77
Lieut H H Gray, G G F G	76
Corp H Marris, 13th	91
Lieut W S Russell, 45th	88
Sergt John Ogg, 1st B F A	78
Sergt A Wilson, 33d	67
Sergt T Mitchell, R G	86
Sergt A Bell, 12th	80—638

Nova Scotia made 628, winning the second prize of $80, and Quebec and New Brunswick tied with 619 points.

THE MASSACHUELETTS TEAM.—The adjutant-general has issued orders to the militia of the State, giving permission for a team to attend the Creedmoor meeting and take part in the Interstate match on Sept. 17. Col. H. T. Rockwell, inspector-general of rifle practice, will select, organize and take command of the team. For each officer and man upon the team, allowance will be made for transportation and expenses not exceeding $40, which shall be in full for all services. The members of the team have been hard at work and have made brilliant records. On Thursday last eight members of the team shot at Walnut Hill and made the following records. Where two scores were made the totals and average are given and the last column shows the general average of the whole:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.		Average.
White	32	28	29	28 27	88½
Merrill	29	32	28	32 27	88½
Edes	28	29	27	27 25	82
Johnston	31	25	31	26 23	85½
Hinman	30	31	33	31 29	92
Osborn	28	29	33	28 37	86½
Chase	25	24	26	29 25	85
Merritt	29	28	30	24 30	85

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—G. H. Perkins won the gold medal for August, at Creedmoor; paper targets, possible 120 points, by a score of 118, at Albert's Rifle Gallery. Miss Mayme Disston of the Disston Villa, won the ladies' medal with a score of 116. The following scores were made at trap shooting with the rifle, Raub's trap, cardboard targets, 25 shots, possible 100, 22-calibre rifles: A. M. Reynolds (Alabama) 20 hits, 44 points; Morris Pack (Philadelphia) 17 hits, 37 points; E. Darling (Philadelphia) 17 hits, 33 points; Master Howard Perkins (Philadelphia) 10 hits, 23 points; W. Bartlett (Atlantic City) 6 hits, 17 points; C. Myers (Atlantic City) 6 hits, 15 points.

Sept. 1.—In the shoot to-day between James Albert and W. Wolstencroft, at 50 glass balls each, with .22-cal. rifles, solid ball, the score at the finish was: Albert 46, Wolstencroft 45. The balls were thrown very wild and the score was very creditable.

MILFORD, Mass., Sept. 2.—At the last regular meet for practice of Company M, Sixth Regiment, M. V. M., W. L. Tougas was qualified as a second class marksman. During the day, in five shots, out of a possible 25 points the following totals were made: J. F. Barret 23, W. L. Tougas 20, G. A. Moore 19, F. Wilcox 18, G. E. Thayer 18, J. E. Andrews 15, A. B. Montague 16, T. P. Kane 16, W. Annette 15, N. E. Tougas 13, W. Mason 12, W. C. Sleete 12, G. Kelly 10, W. Brown 10. Yesterday four of the eleven second class marksmen of the company, in five shots, 200yds., out of a possible 25 points made the following:

1st Lieut F H Clark	19 17 18	Corporal J F Barrett	19 22
2d Lieut J R Bennett	20 15 18	Musician G A Moore	19 19 22

SELF-REGISTERING TARGET.

THE present arrangement of the targets on a rifle range is a very crude one. Whether the iron slab, against which the bullets impact, or a canvas screen, through which the bullets pass, be used, the whole construction is far from modern. It is slow in action, not over sure in results, and above all, even with every possible precaution, very far from safe.

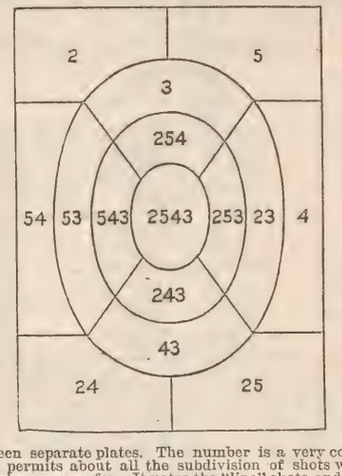
The marker is an evil, and not by any means a necessary evil, and it is more than surprising that among the rush of inventions which have been made on matters connected with the art of rifle shooting, a greater share of attention has not been paid to the construction of a target which should be all that the inventive talent of to-day can put into such a device.

Mechanical targets have been constructed, but they are not satisfactory. Where they depend upon the power generated by the blow of the bullet to start the recording mechanism, there is apt to be entirely too much force when a big 350gr. bullet comes along, sent by a charge of 130grs. of powder, and quite too little power to work the movable plates when the ping of a 40gr. bullet, driven by 10grs. of powder, falls upon the target.

A target which can be riddled by the missiles will soon be a useless mass of broken mechanism, while on the other hand it must be sensitive enough to catch the record of every shot fired at and touching the target. Cheapness and durability are of course necessary factors in the coming target.

Electricity was soon thought of by those who were working at the target problem, as long ago as 1862. Frederick N. Gisborne, an English engineer, displayed at the Crystal Palace exhibition a device for recording the shots upon a target, of which electricity was an important agent. The exhibit won a certificate from a committee of examiners to the effect that 6,000 shots had been fired and recorded without an error. It was, however, a complicated, and worse still, a costly affair, and did not come into general use.

In this country the subject has been an inviting one and has caught the attention of some very clever mechanicians. Lieut. F. Jarvis Patten, U.S.A., has been one of these, and his apparatus seems to fulfil all the requisite conditions of durability, sensitiveness, cheapness and simplicity. The cut shows an army target, made



up of fifteen separate plates. The number is a very convenient one, as it permits about all the subdivision of shots which the army marksman care for. It notes the "line" shots and the good "elevation" shots, while in the outer space the corner shots are given separate plates. The next practical question was to find just how few signals or circuits were necessary to transmit the record of these fifteen plates to the annunciator at the firing point. The four elements, 2, 3, 4, 5, by the simple rule make up the fifteen combinations, 4×4—1=15, and of these fifteen no two shall be alike, and the record on the annunciator would be translated as follows:

Bull.	Centers.	Inners.	Outers.
	254	3	2
	253	53	4
2543.	543	23	5
	243	43	54
			24
			25

This reduces the amount of wiring to a minimum and it will be seen that there is a certain method in the arrangement of the figures to indicate the value of the shots.

Lieut. Patten has arranged his battery so that it is a closed circuit at all times except when the slight jar from a coming bullet opens the circuit and the annunciator flap drops. If the bullseye plate is hit, down drop all four of the figures, for that plate is connected with all four wires. The other plates are connected as the numbers indicate. The annunciator is a simple box out a few inches square, which may be carried from one part of the range to another and connected with the wire ends in a moment. The apparatus has been tried upon an experimental target and found to work with accuracy and speed. It is patented by its inventors, Lieuts. Bingham, of the Engineers, and Patten, of the Infantry, and will be known as the Patten-Bingham target.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., Sept. 3.—On Wednesday of this week the field and staff officers of the 6th Regiment, M.V.M., were here the guests of the Rice Guards, Co. E, of the same regiment. In a shooting match between a team of the guests and the Rice Guards 7 shots, 200yds., the result was as follows:

Guests.		Rice Guards.	
Col H G Green, Fitchburg	27	Capt C H Pratt	27
Maj T H Shea, Fitchburg	29	Lieut A S Fullford	28
Maj G H Chollin, Grafton	25	Corp C H Young	29
Surgeon C Rice, Fitchb'g	13	Pvt C A Williams	23
L't Ricker, Ashburnham		Pvt W H Sawlett	26—133

Inspector of rifle practice 29—122

BOSTON, Sept. 3.—There was a large attendance of riflemen at the range at Walnut Hill to-day. A strong fishtail wind prevailed during the day. Appended are to-day's scores: Decimal off-hand match—A. Law, 79; W. H. Oler, 76; W. O. Burnite (mil.), 73; R. Dadman (mil.), 70. Rest match—J. R. Munroe, 115; W. H. Oler, 110; N. Washburn, 109; S. Wilder, 107; A. Law, 106; John Gunn, 103; W. O. Burnite, 100. State militia match—Shaw, 20, 20, 20, 21, 22, 20, 20, 20; J. W. Hodgkins, 20, 21, 19, 22, 18.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WELLINGTON, Sept. 3.—The regular shoot of the Wellington Gun Club occurred this afternoon. The weather being fine, there was a good attendance. Following were the winners in the several events: 6 clay-pigeons, Snow and Melcher; 6 blackbirds, Sanborn and Snow; 6 clay-pigeons, Sanborn; 6 blackbirds, Snow; 6 bats, Sanborn and Melcher; 6 clay-pigeons, Adams; 6 blackbirds, Adams; 6 clay-pigeons, Adams; 6 clay-pigeons, Snow; 6 blackbirds, Snow; 6 clay-pigeons, Melcher and McCoy; 6 clay-pigeons, Snow and Sanborn; 6 blackbirds, Sanborn; six clay-pigeons, Melcher; 6 blue rocks, Snow.

UTICA, Sept. 2.—The Oneida Sportsman's Association shot this afternoon for the Kamp & Taylor prizes. The scores stood:

Elliot	111011100 11 11 11—12	Beckwith	110111000 00 00 00— 5
Scott	101101100 10 0 01— 7	Kilbourn	110011011 11 11 01—11
Gates	101010110 11 10 10— 9	Roth	001010010 00 10 11— 6
Yates	101001001 00 10 00— 5		

The first place was won by F. A. Elliot and second by Dr. Kilbourn. The first prize, a fishing rod, has been won once by W. C. Harris, and the second, a silver pitcher, by E. H. Devine. Each must be won three times before becoming the property of the winner.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Chatham Center Gun Club, match at blue rocks:

M Powell	0011111111011001—11	W Lamoree	1111111001111101—12
J Williams	1111110111111011—13	J Boice	1111110111100011—12
J Goodrich	1111101111010111—12	J Lunnun	1111111111001110—12
B Lamoree	0111011011111110—11		

It was too dark to shoot off ties.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB, Washington, D. C.—American Clays No. 1, 5 traps, N. G. A. rules:

Record.

Williams	1111111111101011—13	Wilson	1011101111111100—11
Collison	1001111010111111—12		

First Team.

Mills	11111—5	Wilson	
Williams	11110—4	Woodbridge	11101—4
Whitman	00011—2	Collison	11000—2
DuBois	01000—1	Goldsborough	10000—1
Davison	01111—4—16	Green	00111—3—10

Second Team.

Mills	11111—5	Wilson	
Williams	11011—4	Collison	01111—4
Whitman	11110—4	Woodbridge	10110—3
Dubois	11101—4	Goldsborough	10111—4
Davison	10010—2—19	Green	10110—3—14

Third Team.

Mills	01101—3	Wilson	11101—4
Williams	10111—4	Woodbridge	10110—3
Whitman	01111—4	Collison	11011—4
DuBois	11110—4	Goldsborough	11000—2
Davison	00000—0—15	Green	00111—3—16

Aug. 23.—Same conditions:

Record.

Williams	1111001010111—11	Wilson	0101111111101000— 9
Collison	1111111111110—14		

Miscellaneous.

Goldsborough	11111—5	Cunningham	11111—5

First Team.

Cunningham	1111—5	Mills	10101—3
Williams	01001—2	Collison	11100—3
Thompson	05101—2—9	Goldsborough	10000—1—7

Second Team.

Mills	1111111011—9	Cunningham	1111111111—10
Williams	1111110111—9	Wilson	1111111100— 8
Whitman	1011110000—5	Thompson	1101011110— 7
Goldsborough	1100011101—6—29	Thompson	0110111111— 8—33

Aug. 30.—American clay birds No. 1; 5 traps, unknown angles, N. G. A. rules:

Record.

Williams	1001111111101111—12	Wilson	1101111110010111—11
Collison	1011111011111111—12		

Miscellaneous.

Williams	11001—3	Black	10010—2
Collison	11110—4	Thompson	11110—4
S C	11101—4		

First Team.

Cunningham	11111—5	Wilson	11110—4
Collison	11100—3	Williams	11111—5
Thompson	10001—2	Du Bois	11000—2
Green	10101—3	Woodbridge	01001—2
Thompson	11100—3—16	Whitman	01000—1—14

Second Team.

Mills	11101—4	Cunningham	11101—4
Williams	11011—4	Collison	11010—3
DuBois	11111—5	Thompson	10100—2
Bainbridge	10100—2	Green	10011—3
Whitman	10001—2—17	Thompson	00010—1—13

Third Team.

Cunningham	11011—4	Mills	11111—5
Williams	01011—3	Collison	10111—4
Woodbridge	11101—4	DuBois	11111—5
Thompson	01111—4	Whitman	10100—2
Green	00110—2—17	DuBois	10101—3—19

This shoot ended the club season for record on the club prizes, and resulted in Mr. E. L. Mills winning the championship prize, a solid silver flask. Mr. Seymour Cunningham won the first prize, a pair of field glasses, and the Henshall-Van Antwerp reel, given for second prize, was won by Mr. Geo. W. Collison. The contest was a close one throughout, and was watched with much interest.

Aug. 31.—Birds ordinary, second barrel counts ½. Match at live pigeons, two traps, 24 and 26yds. rise, 80yds. bound. N. G. A. rules, sweeps prizes:

First Sweep.

J M Green	0 ½ 1 0 0—1½	S Cunningham	1 ½ 1 1 1—4½
Edw Godey	1 ½ 1 1 ½—4	F S Mead	0 0 1 1 1—3
E Daw	1 0 1 1 1—4		

Cunningham first, Godey and Daw second.

Second Sweep.

Edw Godey	1 0 1 1 1—4	J M Green	0 ½ ½ 1 1—3
E Daw	0 1 1 ½ 1—3½	F S Mead	0 1 1 1 1—4
S Cunningham	1 1 1 1 1—5		

Cunningham first, Godey and Mead second.

Third Sweep.

F S Mead	1 1 1 1 0—4	E Daw	1 1 0 ½ 0—2½
J M Green	0 1 1 1 1—4	Edw Godey	0 1 ½ 0 0—1½
S Cunningham	1 1 1 1 1—5		

Cunningham first, Mead and Green second.

Sept. 2.—Shoot for the consolation prize, open only to non-prize winners, American clays No. 1, 5 traps, N. G. A. rules, Williams 21yds., others 16yds.:

Williams	0111111011111011101—15	Edelin	1001100010 w
Daw	1010110000111101 w	Carter	1000110010 w
Hart	1100000010010010 w	Carson	1100001100101010 w
Whitman	1101110000110010 w	Thompson	0101111101111000 w
Green	0100111101110110 w	Taylor	0011101010 w
Meyers	0001111010111101 w	Godey	1100011010 w

H. L. Williams won first prize.—QUIRT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—The blue rock pigeon tournament at Adams Point to-day attracted quite a large attendance of representative sportsmen to the shores of Lake Merritt. The shoot was arranged for the purpose of testing and introducing the "blue rock pigeon" to the cracksmen of the Pacific coast. The shooting commenced at 10:30 and continued without interruption throughout the entire day. The scores were good considering that many of the shooters were unacquainted with the actions of the new "discs." W. L. Eyre, the manager of the tournament, acted as judge and referee in all the matches. Following are the leading scores. Sweepstake, $100 entrance, three moneys:

Cate	1111111111111111—17	Fanning	1000001111—5
Laing	0011010011—5	Scovern	1110000011—5
W Golcher	0111010000—4	O'Leary	1100101101—6

Cate and O'Leary divided first and second money. Laing, Fanning and Scovern shot a freeze-out for third. Won by Fanning.

Sweepstake, $25 entrance, four moneys:

Cate	1110000110001010110000— 8	Scovern	1100111000101101100l—11
Scott	1111101101110101010101—14	O'Leary	0011110100101111010010—11
Lambert	1001111111111010101010—14	Ingalls	1100111101011100011O—12
Fanning	1010011101110101011001—12		

Stakes divided. Double-bird match, $100 entrance, three moneys, divided:

Ingalls	10 10 10 10 00—4	Long	00 10 11 10 10—5
Cate	11 11 10 10 10—7	Scott	00 10 11 10 10—5
Lambert	01 11 11 10 00—6	Fanning	10 10 11 10 10—6
Short	10 10 00 10 11—5		

Sweepstake, $100 entrance, three moneys, divided:

Ingalls	0111110111—8	Cate	1011110110—7
Lambert	1011001011—6	Wade	1101001011—6
Fanning	1000110011—5	Scovern	1111100001—6
Scott	1011111111—9		

Single 10-bird match, $100 entrance, two moneys, divided:

Ingalls	0101101011—6	Lambert	1110101011—7
Fanning	0011011011—6	Scott	1111111001—8

Double-bird shoot, $100 entrance, two moneys:

Ingalls	11 10 10 11 11—8	Lambert	10 10 10 11 10—6
Cate	11 00 00 10 11—5	Scott	11 10 10 10 10—6
Fanning	11 10 11 00 11—7		

The last shoot of the day, for 20 birds, proved highly interesting. The entrance was increased to $5, but the shooting was even poorer than the preceding matches. Following is the score:

Lambert	10010011011110010010—10	Scott	0011101001010100101— 9
Ingalls	01100101111100111101—13	Cate	11011001111000011010—11

BROOKLYN, Sept. 1.—The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club had its annual bay outing to-day. There were many games with a shooting contest in the afternoon. The score stood at live birds:

J K Powell	0110001—3	P H Reid	0111110—5
J F Walsh	1101111—6	P P Van Dreel	1111110—6
H Littlejohn	1011111—6	J Maguire	1011111—6
J Ochs	1110110—5	J Bass	1111111—7
N W Linington	1111011—6	H Nickmann	1111000—4
P Suter	1110111—6	A McAvoy	1111111—7
H Boehme	1111100—5	R McAvoy	1101110—5
E Schiellein	0011111—5	J Welde	1011101—5
T T Edgerton, Jr	1111111—7	D Van Wicklen	1111111—7
G Jardin	0111110—5	G Schiellein	1111011—6
H Bookman	0111111—6	H Schlichtner	0001110—3
C Bennett	0001100—2	J Cook	1101110—5
M J Rowke	1111110—6	E H Madison	1111111—7

Mr. E. H. Madison having withdrawn from the contest, the shooting stood as follows on the shoot-off at 30yds.:

T T Edgerton, Jr	111—3 1110—3	Arthur McAvoy	111—3 1110—3
Jacob Bass	111—3 1110—3	D Van Wicklen	111—3 1111—4

The officers of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club during the present year are: Samuel A. Livingston, President; Mortimer C. Earl, Vice-President; A. A. Phillips, Jr., Secretary; Joseph Ochs, Treasurer; Simon Nager, Steward; Executive Committee, Peter Sutter, Chairman; J. K. Powell, Secretary; Herman Schlichtner, J. J. Garrity, Charles Magee.

THE JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB will hold their annual tournament at their club grounds at Marion, N. J., on Friday and Saturday the 16th and 17th of this month. "Old South Paw" has his weather eye open and it is full of fire, and he proposes to give the brethren of the steel tubes a rattling good time, both at animate and inanimate targets. The exercises will open at 10 A. M. at the clay saucers, to be alternated as the shooters desire with live birds, a fine lot of which Al has on hand. While shooting at the baked disks two or three sets of traps will be in operation at a time. One set at least for the shooting off of the ties, that there may be no delay in the programme. As Marion is so handy for the shooters from both New York and New Jersey, and the J. C. H. G. Club, with Old South Paw to supervise things, are so well known for hospitality and a good time, a large attendance is expected.—JACOBSTAFF.

WINCHENDON, Mass., Sept. 28.—Regular meet of the Winchendon Gun Club, possible 10 birds: E. M. Whitney 8, H. J. Lawrence 8, J. Sutherland 7, Dr. Henry 7, A. C. Lawrence 6, F. E. Mann 6, S. F. Martin 6, F. F. Hopgood 5.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON.....} Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX.}
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.
Central Div..Henry Stanton..R. W. Bailey.....E. W. Brown, New York.
Eastern Div..L. Q. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney....W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A.D.T.McGachen.W. G. McKendrick.S. L. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses.

THE A. C. A. CONSTITUTION.

THE following is an official copy of the last amendments to the Constitution, adopted at the meet. In all other respects the wording is the same as was published in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 14:

ARTICLE I.

Application for membership shall be made to the Division Purser, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member, and by the sum of $2, $1 as entrance fee and $1 as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of the non-election of the applicant. Pursers shall forward names of applicants to Vice-Commodore. Each subsequent annual payment shall be $1, and shall be payable Jan. 1. If not paid the purser shall notify the members in arrears, and if by the first of April the dues are still unpaid the membership shall be forfeited and the member's name stricken from the roll, except in case of absence from the country or other sufficient reason. The entrance fees and dues shall be received by pursers, 70 per cent. for the divisions and 30 per cent. for A. C. A. treasury; except that the division in which the A. C. A. camp is held shall contribute its entire receipt for that year, less purser's expenses of collection, to the A. C. A. treasury. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1 for camp expenses.

ARTICLE II.

There shall be an annual meeting and camp of the Association, and if practical of each Division (except of the Division in which the A. C. A. camp is held) for business, camping and racing, the date and places to be subject to the approval of the commodore. Division annual meets shall, if possible, be held before the A.C.A. Camp, and so as not to interfere with one another.

THE CANOES OF 1887.

I.

STROLLING through the fleet of canoes and boats that lined the shore of Bow-Arrow Point in the early morning, before the camp was astir and the early birds had launched for a quiet paddle or a dash under canvas unobserved by possible rivals, the first idea that strikes one who has visited the previous meets and is familiar with canoes is that the canoeist is an inventive animal. Each year gives new evidence of the fact in novelties, many of them small and comparatively trifling, but showing an earnest study of minor details and a steady effort toward their perfection. By the time, however, that the stroller has walked up and then down the long line, and has recalled some similar expeditions through the camps of '86 and '85, his conclusion is that if some canoeists are inventive, by far the greater number are imitative to a degree that fully justifies the comparison which we once made, of a flock of sheep ready to follow any leader.

Of the imitative canoeists there are two kinds, one the man who reasons thus, "Pecowsic is a very fast boat; I will buy a new Pecowsic, the best her builder can produce, and next year I will win the A. C. A. Trophy, the limited and unlimited races, and the first Record prize." It is needless to say that only disappointment awaits this gentleman, and that he returns from the meet convinced that Pecowsic is a much over-estimated boat. His brother imitator goes a little further. He says, "Pecowsic has a light bilge; I will cut away the bilge of my new boat, the Hull-Downer, and the Trophy is mine." Or he sees that Pecowsic has a peculiar sail, and at once devotes all his energies to copying that. Needless to say, he does not fare much better than the other.

To the inventive mind there is plenty of food for serious thought and study during the winter to be had in a single trip through the fleet or a view of a few of the races. There is still much that is crude and unsatisfactory, much to be learned on minor points, much that is indeterminate and indefinite; and even the best informed are apt to be misled in their conclusions. We do not mean that canoeing is behind any other water sport in its development, but the truth is that, as in yachting, while the present craft have reached a degree of perfection that is wonderful when compared with the boats of but ten years since, the field for research and improvement is still infinite, and the further we go the more its possibilities are apparent. Thus far, the canoe of to-day is a success; she answers well her purpose, both as a racer and cruiser. The influence which the English models once exerted toward big and unhandy craft, with immense weight of boards and ballast, has disappeared; and while the question of some ballast or no ballast is in dispute, the fact that an unballasted canoe can cruise or race in company with both the heavy ballast and light ballast canoes is fully proven.

As regards Pecowsic's success, a most important question just now, it may be attributed not to one but to many components; an easy model with fine, which does not of necessity mean hollow, lines, a smooth, hard surface to the bottom, a polished plate board placed where sailing dictates, without regard to room, a rig that is light in the extreme, and that is perfect in all details; and perhaps most of all, that the two boats, Pecowsic and Lacowsic, are sailed by men who are thoroughly in earnest, who, having had the brains and patience to produce the two boats, are fully competent to sail them and win races. The boats are kept in thorough shape, and they are always ready at the line in good time. Put the average canoeist in possession of either for a month before the meet, and he would do no more with them than with his own poorly fitted craft. Apart from racing, the boats are not the kind which, for the advancement of canoeing, we should desire to see in general use. Much of the talk about racing machines is simply nonsense, and is certain that in Mr. Barney's hands either is a very good boat. He uses them for general sailing about home as well as for racing; but even this is not quite the work necessary for a test from a cruising standpoint. The two are sailed up and down the Connecticut River to the various local meets, the full outfit of sails, five in number, is carried, and the sails are shifted or stowed as required while under way, and the pair are sailed in rough as well as smooth water. In rough water they are wet and uncomfortable boats; it is necessary to stop at times when racing to bail out; and in this respect the model is capable of much improvement, while compared side by side with their successful rivals, Notus and Vesper, it is easy to see the great superiority of the latter from a standpoint of cruising and general use; carrying a cruising load of moderate bulk and weight, giving comfortable room for sailing or paddling at ease day after day and for sleeping at night, and for taking an occasional passenger. In these points there are many boats that are far superior to Pecowsic, and that they are slower is mainly due to obvious imperfections in finish and rig, to a lack of the skill, care and ingenuity which has made Pecowsic so successful.

This year there were several Pecowsics at the meet, all differing a little, and two or three, if appearance goes for anything, of better model and build than the original, but they did nothing. The best in model and finish was the Albatross, a handsome boat and apparently larger and safer than the original, though supposed to be a duplicate. She had a wide belt of blue around the gunwale, in fact the entire upper streak was painted, and the effect was very good. Her rig was entirely experimental, the Cook spritsails, and she suffered accordingly from lack of preparation. Others of the model were visibly inferior to the original.

The Lacowsic is a new boat built on the old model by a local builder under Mr. Barney's direction, a double skin craft with the inner planking diagonal and the outer fore and aft. She is cut up considerably at the stern, evidently with a desire to make her quicker in stays. At stem and stern brass handles are recessed in, a convenient plan but ruinous to the looks of the boat. She has a single plate board and the same rig as her sister. The method of building was not a success. The boat is heavy, she is not true to the model, and further the planking has warped in places.

Notus, which divided the honors of the meet with the two Springfield boats, is already known to our readers through her lines, lately published in the FOREST AND STREAM. In model she is far handsomer than her immediate predecessor, easier and fairer lines, less bilge and floor. Successful as a racer, she at the same time is a model cruising canoe; and while it would be too much to pronounce her perfect, the model is one that may very safely be followed by all who wish a good all-round racing and cruising boat.

As to the general excellence of the models seen this year, the old boats are rapidly giving way to a much better class of canoe. The influence of Pecowsic is seen in a number, the bilge being cut away more than was formerly the case, but the general characteristic of the models of the day is a strong resemblance to the Canadian canoes. These beautiful boats, the result of a long continued evolution, have been present at every meet for a number of years. Thrown carelessly up on the bank when not in use, bottom upward, and their cleanly moulded hulls in full view, they have won the admiration of all who saw them. In their natural state, undecked, with a grotesque sheer, the stem and stern rounded away so that a rudder could not be used, with neither keel nor board, they were purely paddling and not sailing craft. The leading features of the model, however, could not fail to charm the eye of every builder or designer, and these features have to a great extent become incorporated in the decked sailing canoe. The flat floor, easy but stable bilge and the fair and flowing characteristics of the water lines, neither full and bluff on the one hand nor cut away into a knife bow on the other, are seen now in many of the best canoes. The sailing features have been added, an after deadwood and rudder, a little different stem, a fairer and easier sheer, a board and a deck, but still the easy lines and good bilge, with a moderate floor, not cut away into a sharp V nor yet carried so far fore and aft as to make a tub, are noticeable in the majority of the boats. To sum up, the old hollow bow of the first Nautilus, the bluff ends of some English and American models and other features and fads that at various times have been carried to extremes, are no longer seen, and canoeists have become better educated in the matter of form, the result naturally being that the models are all fairer and better proportioned and resemble each other more closely than in the old days, when each man was experimenting crudely on his own account.

To go back to Pecowsic, only a few years ago the canoeists of the Connecticut River were loud in the praises of a model evolved by some of their number, one of the bluff-bowed follows that would now be voted a tub. These boats were failures from a racing standpoint, and it is easy to see how the search for something different has resulted in Pecowsic, the direct opposite of the old boats, going from one extreme to the other. One or two of the old craft were present this year, and looking from them to Pecowsic, as they lay near together, the question naturally suggested itself, How much are these heavy tubs responsible for the introduction and perfection of the new and smaller model; and had the former been followed by a medium boat, decidedly the best of it this year, and by now rests with the ballast men to prove their case. All must admit that if it is possible to do nearly as good work in an unballasted canoe, then a great point has been gained, as ballast is always a nuisance, an expense and a source of danger.

Looking now at the state of canoe building, it is very difficult to decide among the leading methods now in use, and to say positively that one is better in all ways than another. The ribbon carvel build of the new Albany canoes, Notus, Baby Mix, Wa Wa and Walulla is a return to a method introduced six years since, which then attracted little attention. The boats are of handsome form, smooth skins, and apparently very strong, the doubtful feature being the possible liability of the wide planks to check or buckle. In the first boats built in this manner the planks were from 4 to 4½in. wide, but in the Albany boats the garboards are 6 or 8in. wide, there being but three planks on a side. This makes a very good bottom, and if the fastening is close enough it should be strong and durable. The method of building is the same as described in "Canoe and Boat Building" except in the Notus, where the planks are fastened with brass screws from the inside through the ribs and into the planking, only a few being put in from the outside. These boats are planked with white pine.

Directly opposite to these boats, with narrow planks in place of wide, and caulked seams in place of the inside lap, are the Ruggles canoes. The system certainly makes a strong, light and handsome boat, and some of the new ones, the Eurylda and Nirvana, as well as the Hornet, are very good in model. We have described the method before, narrow strips, ½ to 1¾in. with timbers only 4in. apart, the seams being caulked with cotton cord, thick, a neat and delicate job. Mechanically the boats are excellent specimens of good workmanship, and the models have also improved this year. In one point the boats are still defective, we have not yet seen one that was properly finished for cruising or racing. The woodwork is good, but the surface is rough, the grain of the wood is not filled, and the seams are quite open. The best of these boats at the meet were just ready to go into the finisher's hands, they needed a thorough filling of the grain and seams, a severe rubbing down, and then repeated coats of varnish, to complete them. When this is done they will have a far better chance in the racing than they have had, and the model and build will begin to tell. Their strength and the ease with which repairs are made is in their favor, the two garboards may be removed with little trouble and replaced intact.

As a rule builders are not yet awake to the value of small and apparently trivial features in finishing their boats. To mention one point, a large number of canoes show but a narrow strip of stem outside the ends of the planking, a piece with no particular shape, and offensive to the eye of a practical boat builder. The Notus is a good example of the reverse of this that the builders could follow with advantage, the stem is carefully shaped, as in a yacht, the rabbet line and the outer curve of the stem have some relation to each other, and the waterlines are carried out fair and straight to the stemband, a narrow strip of metal. In the Ruggles boats this latter is a flat strip, ⅝in. wide, a serious obstruction for a racer. Another point which does not receive due consideration is the effect upon the sheer, as the stem is too pronounced, of a beading about the gunwale, a wide upper streak of dark wood or paint on the upper streak. The majority of canoes have a moderate amount of sheer, and if it is desirable to increase this in appearance it is easily done by a strip of color or a dark upper streak, the lower edge of which has a little more curve than the upper which, of course, corresponds with the sheer. Notus, as well as the Ruggles boats, is relieved in this way by a beading of dark wood a couple of inches below the deck at the middle and say 1½in. at each end. Albatross, as previously mentioned, had the upper streak itself painted blue, but in this case the effect would have been better had the colored streak been a little narrower at the middle, decreasing the apparent sheer. Another point is the finish of the stem and stern above deck, especially the former. In some boats the stem is carried off close to the deck, leaving no projection; in others a high spur rises up for an inch or more. A little is needed, and but a little; without it the effect of the sheer is lost and the boat has a tumble-down look at the ends. The worst example of this was Lacowsic, the stem being cut away entirely for the handles mentioned.

The centerboard question is still unsettled, we believe, though the majority of racing canoes at the meet seem to agree on one thing, a light plate board in the center of the well. The two sides

of the dispute may be stated thus, it being conceded that a keel canoe is not desirable and that a centerboard must be used in some form. The requirements of a proper balance demand that the center of area of the board or boards must be about under the center of lateral resistance of the canoe. On the other hand, the comfort of the canoeist for cruising, sleeping, carrying double, and for any purpose except sailing a boat from the deck position, demand that at least 5ft. of the center of length of the boat be free from any longitudinal or transverse bulkheads, such as a centerboard trunk. Canoeists first agreed on a folding board as a compromise, but for racing this has been abandoned. They then came to terms for a time by dividing the board into two parts and placing one forward and the other aft of the space devoted to the man. This plan in turn has been condemned, and the latest compromise goes to the other extreme, giving up the best part of the boat to a single plate board, with the proviso that if the canoeist requires the boat for some other purpose than sailing he may remove the trunk temporarily. This is done in two ways, in the Notus the wooden trunk is screwed fast, but the screws may be taken out and the trunk replaced by a flat piece of wood if the boat is to go on a long river cruise where no sailing is to be done. In the other plan the metal trunk is fastened by cam latches along the keel, so that it may be removed in a short time. A number of canoeists follow the Pecowsic plan, giving up the entire center of the boat to the centerboard. In all cases the boards themselves are of simple construction, a plate of brass of about ⅛in. thick, of triangular shape, and hung by a pin in the fore end. They are lowered by a strip of brass by way of handle, and held when wholly or partly raised by a spring fitting notches in the after edge of the board. Sometime since the wholesome restriction that boards must house within the canoe was stricken from the rules, and these boards often project high above the coaming when raised. One or two boards consisted of square plates dropped vertically through the slot.

Whichever way it is arranged, the present board is unsatisfactory. The plans of removing the trunk entire do not fully answer, as with the best of them it is a troublesome job, taking some little time. When a man wants to go out for a paddle with a passenger he does not want to take so much trouble to prepare the canoe, and when he next comes for a half hour's sail he does not want to reverse the operation and replace the trunk. Besides, neither method removes the chief objection, general cruising, where some sailing is done, but the man wants a free and unrestricted use of the cockpit. Where the boat is used almost entirely for sailing the board may be in the center of the boat, the man sits generally on the gunwale; where an occasional river cruise is undertaken the trunk may be removed and all sails left ashore. But both of these cases are or should be exceptional. The canoe should be always ready for any of its half a dozen uses, with no more change than is involved in shifting hatches and adding a backboard for a second man or removing the bulkhead for sleeping. Viewed from the standpoint of all-round use, the present board is not all that it should be, and though it is now the fashion, we believe it will not be permanently retained save as a purely sailing feature. A canoe is small at best, and any one who has occupied one for an entire day knows how necessary the last inch of space in the cockpit is. The double board plan, in spite of some objections, seems to present the most advantages, and some who tried it last year still adhere to it, there being several boats very well fitted with double boards at the meet. Theoretically the plan offers a perfect solution of the question, and we believe the practical difficulties are but small. There still remains the plan of the Nautilus, a single board forward of the well and yet balanced by sails and hull designed specially for it, aided by a large drop rudder. In one of the double board canoes that raced last year the after board was removed with no loss of efficiency, though the fore board was forward of the well, and in some cases this may be done.

What is really needed now is a board that can have the after end of trunk not over 6ft. from the stem, leaving the cockpit unincumbered, the board itself dropping aft when lowered, so as to throw the center of lateral resistance aft also. This could easily be done to a certain extent, probably as far as is necessary, but it would be difficult to raise the board instantly in case of grounding. This much is settled, the best thing for a canoe is a centerboard, and that board must be a solid plate of metal. Where it is to be placed, how handled, and whether in one large board or two smaller ones, is still unsettled.

Connected with the board is another feature that is not desirable in a cruising boat, in some canoes this year the well or cockpit is cut down to barely sufficient length to sit in and paddle, one canoe having two tight bulkheads but 4ft. 6in. apart and a well of 4ft. or less, while in a number the well was very short. This, of course, is an undesirable feature for cruising; but these boats are used only for racing, in some cases the owners having other canoes for general paddling and still others for cruising; in fact, there are many now who keep an old boat for general work, sailing and cruising, while some have an open Canadian canoe as well for evening paddling and short trips.

In connection with building there is one point that should not be overlooked. A new boat came to the meet this year which was over the limits and only allowed to enter after a heavy deck seat of thick boards was hastily built and forced across her, pulling in her beam. This is a point for the builder, he must see that every boat sent out is within the A. C. A. rules, both as to length and beam. Building to the rules is now so much a matter of course that few cases like this occur, but there should be none at all. Another point came up in measuring for length, some canoes were provided with a brass tube, down which the rudder stock ran, forming the connection of the rudder to the boat. These tubes ran the full length of the sternpost and were very properly included by the measurer in the length, but in some cases it was a close shave and the boat was barely inside the limit. All such pieces that run the full length of the stem and sternpost, or even if of any length and only below the water, should be counted in, of course excepting the ordinary projecting rudder braces.

CANOE RACING AND CLASSIFICATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to suggest through your columns a mode of starting canoes in the sailing races, which I saw adopted at regattas in Eastern seas with very good results. Two boats were moored behind the starting buoy, and between them a long rope was stretched, to which the competing boats were kept by lines fastened at equal distances apart, and held by their respective crews until the signal for starting was given, when they let go and the boats started off all on the same board. To neutralize any advantage the windward boats might have if the wind was blowing up the course, the rope was slanted so that the windward boats were placed behind the others. Places were drawn for, as in rowing matches, and in this way a fair start was effected without any jockeying to get a good place or blanketing of other competitors. This plan answered very well with boats from 20 to 30ft. in length, and I do not see why it should not answer with canoes.

Is it not time some modification of the canoe classification should be made. Class B works satisfactorily enough, but the difference between classes A and B in decked canoes has almost disappeared, while the classification which allows light open Peterboro canoes to compete with decked ones evidently does not work in spite of the various plans which have been tried to equalize the chances of the two. Here is my idea of a canoe classification:

For Sailing.—Class A, length not over 15ft., beam 28in. and under, depth not over 10in. Class B as at present.

For Paddling.—Class I., decked canoes of Class A.

Class II.—Decked canoes of Class B (those between 15 and 16ft. in length to carry an extra weight of say 30lbs., those between 16 and 17ft. in length, to carry an extra weight of say 50lbs.

Class III.—Light open Canadian canoes, as at present, not over 16ft. in length or less than 28in. beam.

Class IV.—Heavy open Canadian canoes, not over 16ft. in length or less than 30in. beam. This is the ordinary double canoe of Canadian waters, 16ft.×31in.

The present Class I. to be abolished; no one appears to want it. Will some one else try their hand at a modification of the canoe classification? C. M. D.

LAKEFIELD, Aug. 21.

[Unless in a start with all sail down, there would be great trouble in holding the canoes, especially if free, and the present method works so well that there really seems no reason for a change. To start 40 canoes in this manner would require a long time for arrangement and preparation; for paddling races this start would answer very well. All that is necessary with the present classification is to separate the open and decked canoes in the paddling races as has frequently been done. With this there need be no trouble. Class A is now practically merged in Class B, but still there is no reason why it should not still be recognized. It cannot be merged with Class II. because the limit of a paddling class is of necessity a minimum limit, not under a certain size, while the sailing limit is not over a certain size. If the Class A limit only be made to cover paddling, then a 24in. canoe could enter the paddling races of the class. The method of handicapping by weight is very unsatisfactory and troublesome besides. Class I. filled this year and seems a desirable feature, as it gives one race to purely paddling canoes. The present rules have stood the test of several years use; this season they worked very well, and if the decked and open canoes be separated in the paddling races, the only objection to them will disappear.]

A LONG CANOE TRIP.—Early in August Mgr. Lorrain, Bishop of Cythere and Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac returned to Montreal, accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. Abbe J. B. Proulx, the Revs. Guegen and Duzois, and Brother Tremplay. Monseigneur had been on a pastoral visit to the Indian mission on the Upper Ottawa, Rupert's Land, and the Upper St. Maurice. His route was from Ottawa, via Pembroke to Lake Temicamingue, Obaching, Kepewa, etc., thence to the source of the River du Molhe; from here through a chain of lakes to the "Lac Barriere" mission, now on Lake Wapous; thence to Lake Wassepatebi, lying between the Province of Quebec and Rupert's Land; through Cypress Lake, River Pekakak, by a chain of live lakes, the Laloche River to Lake Waswanipi. The return trip was made by the same route as far as Lake Waswanipi, to the Mekiskan River and the upper waters of the St. Maurice; thence through various lakes, Lake Long, Lake Coucoucache, and others to the Grand Piles. This involved a trip of 1,700 miles, mostly by water in bark canoes, occupying two months and six days, and 1,172 miles being traveled by canoe. The portages were from an arpent to four miles long, and there were 157 of them. The party slept for 50 nights in tents or in Indian huts. Thirty-five infant baptisms, 5 adult baptisms, 16 marriages, 572 communions, and 458 confirmations were solemnized. —*Montreal Herald.*

LIFE JACKETS AND BELTS.—A correspondent asks for information concerning the various life preservers in the market. Perhaps some of our readers who have tested them can give their experience.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

8. Knickerbocker Annual.
8. Quincy, 30 Championship.
10. Cor. Chaun., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
10. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
10. Beverly Sweepstakes, Monument Beach.
10. Larchmont, Special.
11. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
12. Newark Y. C. Fall Regatta.
13. Trial Races, New York.
15. Trial Races, New York.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Trial Races, New York.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
17. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
17. Trial Races, New York.
20. Cedar Point, Open.
21. Pleon, Sweepstakes, Marblehead.
24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

LARCHMONT Y. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE fall pennant regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 3, over the regular courses of the club, and as there was a good northwest wind all day some good racing was seen. Unfortunately Titania was not in, so the fight between her and Shamrock was missed, and in Cinderella's class Clara did not start, so the contest was between Cinderella and the new Anaconda, the first race the latter has sailed. The start was made at 11:30, the fleet getting away in the following order: Fanita, Amazon, Clio, Inez, Magic, Cinderella, Speranza, Plover, Anaconda, Mercedes, Terrapin, Ada, Gevalia, Arab, Shamrock, Gleam, Gracie L., Oeta, Fanny, Volusia and Gannet. Shamrock soon took the lead, with Cinderella next, and the pair kept well ahead of the fleet during the entire race. Before reaching Mattinnicock Magic lost her foretopmast, but continued the race, her class competitor Speranza dropping out, after losing her balloonjibtopsail when past Captain's Island. The times at Mattinnicock were:

Shamrock	12 31 39	Clio	12 35 41
Cinderella	12 32 12	Gevalia	12 36 25
Magic	12 32 25	Fanny	12 36 58
Fanita	12 33 15	Anaconda	12 37 13
Speranza	12 34 49		

On the short beat to windward from Mattinnicock to Captain's Island Shamrock and Cinderella increased their lead on Fanny and Anaconda, the times being:

Shamrock	1 13 58	Fanny	1 27 34
Cinderella	1 19 10	Clio	1 35 15
Magic	1 26 05	Gevalia	1 35 39
Fanita	1 26 47	Speranza	1 38 39
Anaconda	1 27 00		

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Speranza	11 35 21	Did not finish.		
Magic	11 34 31	3 03 55	3 29 24	3 01 50
CLASS B—SCHOONER YACHTS 60FT. AND UNDER 75.				
Gevalia	11 36 55	3 10 30	3 33 35	3 33 35
Clio	11 34 08	3 12 13	3 38 05	.....
CLASS E—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 65 AND UNDER 75FT.				
Shamrock	11 38 02	2 38 34	3 00 32	3 00 32
Fanny	11 39 25	3 03 12	3 23 47	3 20 35
CLASS G—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 47 AND UNDER 55FT.				
Anaconda	11 35 53	3 00 02	3 24 09	3 24 09
Cinderella	11 34 43	2 48 52	3 14 09	3 14 06
Fanita	11 32 19	3 02 11	3 29 52	3 24 27
CLASS 2—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 34 AND UNDER 40FT.				
Volusia	11 40 00	3 45 52	4 05 52	4 05 52
Inez	11 34 22	3 26 20	4 01 58	.....
CLASS 1—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 24FT. AND UNDER 29FT.				
Arab	11 37 35	3 07 08	3 29 33	3 29 33
Amazon	11 34 03	3 14 45	3 42 42	3 37 54
Plover	11 35 32	3 22 29	3 46 57	3 41 15
CLASS 5—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 24FT.				
Gleam	11 38 22	2 51 46	3 13 24	3 13 24
Gannet	11 40 00	2 57 22	3 17 22	3 12 27
CLASS 10—OPEN MAINSAIL YACHTS 20FT. AND UNDER 23FT.				
Ada	11 36 40	3 26 11	3 49 31	3 49 31
Oeta	11 38 33	Did not finish.		
CLASS 11—OPEN MAINSAIL YACHTS UNDER 24FT.				
Mercedes	11 36 04	3 37 40	4 01 36	4 01 36
Terrapin	11 30 12	3 49 38	4 15 26	4 10 00
Gracie L.	11 38 35	3 45 04	4 07 39	4 02 28

After the race the following agreement was drawn up by the owners of Anaconda and Cinderella:

"LARCHMONT, Sept. 3, 1887.

"Agreement between John G. Prague and William E. Iselin for a match race between the yacht Anaconda, owned by the former, and Cinderella, owned by the latter, for a cup to be purchased out of the fund to be hereinafter created.

"The race shall be sailed on a day to be fixed by the judges on or between September 10 and 17, 1887. The Regatta Committee of the Larchmont Yacht Club are hereby constituted judges of the race, and they shall on the day of the race select the course, starting from Larchmont, and shall act as stakeholders. The length of the course to be thirty miles, and to include windward and leeward work equally as near as may be possible.

"Larchmont Yacht Club rules and time allowance shall govern, except as to course and time of race.

"Stakes of $250 a side shall be deposited with the judges upon signing these articles. Each yacht shall carry a representative of the competing yacht. All questions shall be decided by the judges, whose decision shall be final.

"No limit as to time of race. In case of unfavorable weather or wind, or disabling of either yacht before the start, the judges may postpone the race to a date to be fixed by them.

"Expenses of a steamer for judges and their other necessary expenses to be deducted from the fund. The balance of the fund to be applied to the purchase of a cup as a prize.

"JOHN G. PRAGUE.
"WILLIAM E. ISELIN."

YONKERS Y. C. CRUISE.—The annual cruise of the club was up the Hudson River and was intended to extend to Hudson, but owing to continual head winds the yachts only reached Kingston. Peekskill was the point of rendezvous, and the fleet there assembled on Sunday, Aug. 28, consisted of schooner Edith, Com. A. J. Prime; cabin sloops Henry Ward Beecher, J. H. Warren; Crawford, O. E. Day; Racket, J. Dixon; open sloops Pansy, F. A. Rigby; Rambler, J. H. Thorn, and the large catboat Ella F., Newton Quick. The new sloop Bonita, Judge Brown, met the fleet on Monday near Newburgh, and the celebrated cutter Madge, H. F. Trevor, joined the club at Kingston on Wednesday. Rambler broke her centerboard on Tuesday when nearing Poughkeepsie, and was forced to return. The club had a most enjoyable time during the cruise, and all reached Yonkers in good season on Saturday, a fresh N.W. wind sending the yachts bowling along to the home port.

MEASUREMENT AND SAIL AREA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain, previous to the adoption of the new rule $\frac{\text{L.w.l.}\times\sqrt{\text{sail area}}}{6000}$—obtained from the notable yacht designers of the country an expression of opinion as to what they believed would be a just or expedient rule of measurement. Of these opinions—a condensed statement of which I append—an issue of your paper in last November informed the public. The preferences of the various designers and builders are as follows: Richardson, sail area; Watson, length+beam×sail area; Webb, sail or sail and length; Froude, sail or sail and length; Payne, sail or sail and length; Wilkins, sail or sail and length; Clayton, sail or sail and length; Fife, Sr., length and sail area, or if hull alone, then depth and girth; Fife, Jr., length and sail area; Kemp, length and beam and sail area, or length and sail area.

Note that in these recommendations sail area receives the largest support. The consequent effect is shown in the Y. R. A. rule, which is a closer approximation to a sail rule than is the Seawanhaka, as the following examples show:

L. W. L.	Sail Area.	Seawanhaka	Y. R. A.	√Sail Area.
45ft.	2,500ft.	47.5ft.	18.7 tons.	50ft.
50ft.	2,500ft.	50.0ft.	20.8 tons.	50ft.
50ft.	2,025ft.	47.5ft.	16.8 tons.	45ft.
100ft.	10,000ft.	100.0ft.	166.6 tons.	100ft.

The Y. R. A. rule is practically a bulk or displacement rule, but without the faults or loopholes of either. It will be seen that the 100ft. boat rates as 166.6 tons by the English rule, the 50ft. one measuring 20.8 tons, that is one-eighth of the larger boats; now the bulk or displacement of the smaller boat is also one-eighth of that of the larger one.

The success of the Mayflower on this side of the Atlantic and of the Thistle on the other, make it extremely probable that under the present rules they in turn will be outbuilt, vessels of greater power displacing them, until the beam and draft become as large a proportion of the length as in the small sloops, wherein the limit has probably already been reached under the action of a length rule or its near relatives.

The possibility of a further increase of power in large sloops is easily shown. If for instance we take a model of 6ft., a sloop of 30ft., and another of 80ft., all of the same proportions of hull and of sail to l.w.l., we find that, in a wind which brings the sloop of 30ft. to her rail, will necessitate the stowing of most of the model's sail, and yet the 80ft. craft is quite capable of standing up under an area of sail largely in excess of that given her. It is this truth which is now being taken advantage of under the present diverse and imperfect rules of measurement. In the case of small yachts there is no harm in racing on the basis of length, as their sail area (lower sail) is never largely in excess of the square of the l.w.l., but in larger craft the tendency to an unhandy, unsafe amount of sail can only be curbed, it seems, by resorting to a tax upon it. However, this tax may produce unduly long vessels, in which case, and to provide for small yachts, I would suggest—in the absence of a better or readier rule—rating a boat solely by the square root of the sail area, when this exceeds the l.w.l., but if it does not, then by the l.w.l. alone. Thus a vessel would race on the largest element of its form, and this rule checks excess of length or sail.

There need be no fear that racing solely on a sail area basis will cause greatly reduced rigs, for the curve of a vessel's resistance is not sufficiently concave to make it profitable to reduce the sail to any less area than that needful to bring out the full speed.

But no matter how good a rule a club may have, if a neighboring club has a different one it spoils the effect of the better system. And as you have justly contended, there should be a rule, and not rules. Why? Because yachtsmen build with an eye to other prizes and triumphs than the home club offers. The readiest way of obtaining this really desirable uniformity is by means of an association similar to the British Y. R. A. S. F.

THISTLE AND MOHICAN.

ON Sept. 1 the steam yacht Mohican, owned by Messrs. John and William Clark, of Paisley, Scotland, arrived at New York after a stormy and exciting passage of sixteen days from Glasgow. The Mohican is one of Mr. Watson's vessels built in 1885 by D. & N. Henderson, of Partick, on the Clyde. She is 199ft. l.w.l., 27ft. beam and 18ft. depth of hull, with three masts. Her engines are triple expansion, 18, 27 and 43in.×33in. She was built for cruising and only lays claim to 13 or 14 knots, but the interior is roomy and elegantly fitted up. Besides her owners were Messrs. Robert Clark, J. W. Clark, J. B. Hilliard, Geo. A. Ballentine, N. B. Challoner, R. W. Cumming and Dr. Jas. MacDonald. She is commanded by Captain Timpson and has a crew of 32. She passed through the hurricane of Aug. 25 with some damage to her bulwarks, and on the 27th fell in with the bark Lilian, in a helpless condition. The Mohican laid by her for five hours, taking off 17 persons, including two women. The ship's dog was also rescued, and now forms one of the crew of the Mohican. The first port made was Halifax, where the Lilian's crew were landed, the run from Halifax to New York being made in 48 hours. She is now at Bay Ridge for repairs to her bulwarks.

Thistle has been sailing about the bay and out to the Lightship, part of the time under gaff trysail. She has been followed by reporters in steam tugs, and calculations and comments on her speed are now gravely printed, as though they could be of any possible value. Messrs. Watson and Bell are expected by the City of Rome to-day, and Mr. William Fife, Jr. and Mr. James Grant, owner of Lenore, the fast 20-tonner, will be on the same vessel. No arrangements for docking Thistle have yet been made.

WOOD'S HOLL Y. C.—On Sept. 3 a race was sailed off Wood's Holl in a strong northwest breeze, the classes being: First class, cats 21ft. and upward, sailing length. First prize, $15; second, $10; third, $5. Second class, cats under 21ft. and over 15ft., $12, $8 and $3. Third class, cats under 15ft., $8, $5 and $3. Fourth class, centerboard spritsail boats, $6, $4 and $2. Fifth class, keel spritsail boats, $6, $4 and $2. Course for first and second classes 10 miles, remaining classes, 7 miles. Summary:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Mollie, J. Hill	23.05	3 24 20	1 53 07
Surprise, J. M. Codman	23.09	3 25 37	1 54 32
Aurora	24.10	3 25 35	1 55 53
Climax, Everett Stetson	26.02	3 24 35	1 56 46
Mist, H. Stockton	23.00	3 28 30	2 04 00
Mattie	25.09	3 25 35	2 00 25
Superior, R. Phinney	23.07	3 37 00	2 09 45
Tramp, T. Aiken	Time not taken.		
Dawn	Time not taken.		
SECOND CLASS.			
Allen, W. Allen	18.05	3 32 37	1 57 26
Sachem, J. S. Fay Jr.	20.06	3 33 17	1 59 35
Mr. Crosby, C. Crosby	19.03	3 35 31	1 59 56
Scud, N. H. Emmons	18.09	3 37 10	2 02 22
Maltese, J. M. Glidden	19.08	3 33 49	2 02 08
Mertie, A. F. Crowell	20.01	3 40 07	2 06 40
Bessie, Charles Eldred	17.04	3 48 30	2 10 09
Psyche, F. Shiverick	17.00	3 43 23	
Vindex	Withdrawn.		
THIRD CLASS.			
Annie, C. B. Coombs	12.11	3 10 03	1 31 52
Bridget, R. Welsh	12.06	3 14 11	1 35 01
Olga, Samuel Ferguson	13.03	3 15 20	1 38 16
J. D. Ferguson, J. D. Ferguson	13.00	3 24 55	1 36 41
FOURTH CLASS.			
John, Sylvia	13.04	3 20 49	1 40 54
Goslin, W. H. Forbes	12.04	3 25 37	1 43 46
FIFTH CLASS.			
Fred Gifford, Fred Gifford	12.00	3 25 27	1 41 41
Frank Gifford, Frank Gifford	13.00	3 28 20	1 45 47
SPECIAL CLASS—PRIZE $10.			
Alace, Charles Jeffers	33.05	3 40 25	2 19 20
Undine	Time not taken.		

The judges were Newton Simmons and Capt. James A. Smith.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. S. SIXTH REGATTA, Aug. 27.—Courses, lumber yard to Lichfield Buoy, thence to inner Automatic buoy, thence to Rockhead Buoy, thence to Lichfield Buoy, and finish off lumber yard. Distance, 16½ miles. Capt. Russell's Challenge Cup. Weather, fine. Wind, N.W. by W., moderate long sea:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Lenore, slp., H. C. Macleod	27.01	1 30 00	4 48 55	3 18 55	3 07 00
Wenonah, sch., I. W. Stairs	45.01	1 30 00	4 22 28	2 52 28	2 52 28
Pastime, sch., W. M. Black	38.09	1 30 00	4 51 25	3 21 25	not m'd

No time allowed for difference at start. Winner first prize, Wenonah. Judges, I. W. Stairs and F. C. Sumichrast.

EARLY AMERICAN YACHTING.

ABOUT 1820, the population of Portland was less than one-fourth of the present number. The number of sail boats used for pleasure was in far less proportion to the present number than the population. The largest and finest sail boat, or yacht (as she would now be called) that had sailed up and down Casco Bay was built by John H. Hall in 1807. Hall was the son of Stephen Hall, a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1765, and had been a tutor in that institution. The son, John H. Hall, was born here in 1781, and although the father was well to do, the son learned the trade of a boat builder and had a shop on Richardson's Warf. He was an enthusiastic boatman, and early showed a disposition to step aside from the beaten track in modeling sailing craft.

The rage for fast privateers at the commencement of the war of 1812 gave Hall an opportunity to introduce a favorite principle in a thirty ton sloop. Hall saw the advantage of something to hold the vessel up to her course, preventing her falling off to leeward. He built the privateer Yankee with a keel 5ft. deep, with no support but the through and through bolts that went down through the keelson. On the trial trips made in fair weather the deep keel did wonders, but it probably was the destruction of the vessel on her first cruise, as she never was heard from. The great leverage of the deep keel probably started a garboard in a gale and she foundered.

Hall obtained his idea of a deep keel from watching the defects in the sailboat which he built in 1807. She was about 30ft. long, with what would now be considered great breadth of beam at about 12ft. from the stem and lean aft. In looking down upon her from the wharf, she appeared to have the outlines of a sculpin. Her bow, like all vessels of her time, was very full. She had a forecastle deck, covering about one-third of her length, with a cuddy below it, with sleeping bunks and doors to close in halves. The after part of the boat was floored over about 3ft. below the gunwale and had seats all round, which would accommodate perhaps fifty or sixty persons. She had two masts without shrouds, but no topmasts. The foremast was 4 or 5ft. higher than the mainmast, and placed well forward to prevent the raising of a jib. The rig was well calculated to enable one person to manage the boat alone, as the foresail would work itself, and while holding the tiller the helmsman could haul in or pay out the main sheet. These short and wide boats would go about much quicker than long ones, giving them an advantage in beating against the tide in a narrow roadway. Their blunt bow allowed them to run well in-shore out of the current, and in skillful hands they could be made to shoot ahead in the still water, before they filled away on the other tack.

Hall's new boat was called the Swiftsure, and her owner was cock of the walk and champion of the bay until the war of 1812 drew his attention to other matters. There were no silver cups to be sailed for then, but boatmen took their cups full as often as they do now. Hall had invented a breechloading rifle which was a great improvement. The Government bought his patent and employed him to superintend the manufacture of the arm at Harper's Ferry, where he continued twenty years. He died in 1841. He had a son who was a member of Congress from Missouri.

In 1820 the boatmen of the town concluded that Hall's Swiftsure had held the championship about long enough. Lazarus Harlowe, a joiner, who came from old Plymouth, Cape Cod, opened a grocery on the west corner of Fore and Union streets. Harlowe had a film between his toes like any other water bird, and his store became the headquarters for boatmen. Just down the wharf from Harlowe's Joseph Roberts, who came from Cape Elizabeth, had a boatbuilder's shop, and he was consulted by Harlowe about building a rival to compete with the Swiftsure. The last year's Boston Mayflower was not looked over by Burgess and Paine for faults to remedy in the model of the Volunteer with more interest than was the Swiftsure by Roberts and Harlowe. The result of their work during the summer of 1820 was the production of the Laurel, now Judge Goddard's yacht, although she did not arrive at the dignity of being called a "yacht" until she had grooved the waters of Casco Bay and the coast of Maine for nearly sixty years. Her advancement was not on account of alterations, for her owner has made none; she has yet only the two old-fashioned sails, blunt bow and square stern.

The new Laurel was 4ft. shorter than her predecessor, the Swiftsure, but of full equal burden and capacity. Often, while owned by Harlowe, she carried from sixty to seventy passengers and always with safety. She was of the same rig as the Swiftsure, painted green outside and is yet. The Laurel was launched; the day came for the trial. Both boats had their friends, just as the yachts and racehorses now do. Bets were made of money and bottles of wine, but wine was not stout enough for the treat by the friends of the vanquished boat. The race was a fair one, although neither boat carried spinakers, balloonjibs or kites of any kind. The ends of the wharves were occupied by an excited crowd to see if the new boat took the laurels from the old favorite. The owners of the Swiftsure acknowledged a defeat, but claimed that it was owing to the Laurel being favored by a flaw of wind. For a week the contest was kept up in all kinds of weather. Harlowe's store was for that week at least a wet grocery. The Swiftsure lost her laurels that she had flaunted for fourteen years. Hence the name of the winner. The bets were paid, and like the discarded champions of Boston Bay the Swiftsure was sold at a great discount; the winning Harlowe became her owner.

Joseph Roberts, the builder of the Laurel, continued to build boats at Union Wharf until his death. His son, Thos. F. Roberts, continues the business at the foot of Center street. In answer to my question, "When did you commence business?" he replied, "I should think you might know. The first sailboat that I built after I was free was for yourself." He is now 75. That boat came near drowning the writer on her trial trip by upsetting for the want of sufficient ballast. That was a severe lesson, but a valuable one.

In 1822 the Laurel was advertised in the papers to take passengers to commencement at Brunswick. After getting help to get her sails up in 1820, the writer, her only occupant, sailed her from Union Wharf, round Hog Island, and back to her moorings. Those two safe and comfortable boats were kept to let by Harlowe until the Swiftsure wanted repairs in 1860, when she was hauled out. She was burnt accidentally, with a near building. For several years Mr. Harlowe had for a partner his brother-in-law, Charles Baker, and afterward his son, Edward Harlowe, now of the West End, was his partner. Besides the two boats named they had several smaller sailboats. Mr. Harlowe sold the Laurel in 1862 to Mr. Evans, and since that time she has had several owners. She is now in commission as a yacht of the Portland Club, with no alteration of rig or sails, and is in the sixty-sixth year of her age, with a fair prospect of many more to come.—*Hon. Wm. Goold in Portland Daily News.*

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB'S 14TH CRUISE, Sept. 4.—Courses, Norristown to Indian Creek and return. Distance, five miles. Weather, clear and cool. Wind, light to fresh northeasterly. Current ½ mile per hour:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Cor.
Gracie, skiff, E. A. Leopold	12.00	9 00 00	10 47 58	1 38 55
Flying Eagle, tuckup, J. Berndt	15.00	9 00 00	10 47 52	1 47 52
Lulu, tuckup, J. Frith	15.00	9 00 00	10 48 10	1 47 50
Priscilla, tuckup, E. Stanley	15.00	9 00 00	10 47 01	1 48 51
E. C. Potts, tuckup, Parker Bros.	15.00	9 00 00	11 04 25	2 02 45
Ino, ducker, W. Sullivan	15.00	9 00 00	11 12 20	2 09 32
H. C. Scott, tuckup, Carnathan	15.00	9 00 00	11 11 45	2 10 45
Iglulous, tuckup, W. Hochell	15.00	9 00 00	11 09 45	2 11 15
Elsie, ducker, E. MacAllister	15.00	9 00 00	11 15 10	2 12 18
Pennsylvania, hiker, J. Adams	16.00	9 12 00	Withdrew.	

Gracie champion pennant. It was a reach both ways, with an occasional short tack off shore. The open boat Gracie led the entire fleet over the first four miles of the course. Judge, John H. Henniss.

RACING AT BAYHEAD.—The fourth race for the Bayhead championship pennant was sailed over the Bayhead course on Sept. 1; the wind was light during the race and Edith won first place, beating Snipe easily. Edith and Snipe have each won two firsts, and the next race will undoubtedly settle the question between them. The other boats are working hard for second prize, the wins being as follows: Spray 1, Edith 1, Rowena 1, Foam 1.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Snipe	22.08	3 03 35	4 46 06	1 42 31	1 42 31
Edith	20.09	3 03 38	4 43 48	1 40 10	1 38 15
Spray	18.04	3 04 07	4 51 29	1 47 22	1 43 02
Foam	18.00	3 04 11	4 50 14	1 46 03	1 41 23
Rowena	16.08	3 04 32	4 52 54	1 48 22	1 42 22
Effie	16.08	3 04 44	4 58 07	1 53 23	1 47 23
Ivey	15.00	3 03 36	Did not finish.		

VOLUNTEER.—On Saturday evening Volunteer got under way from Boston Harbor under lower canvas, the wind being N.W. light. She passed Martha's Vineyard at 9 A. M. on Sunday, New London at 12 P. M., and was off Whitestone at 5 P. M. on Monday. The same evening she towed to Bay Ridge. A new and larger mainsail, made by Wilson & Griffin, was taken on board at Boston. A duplicate set of spars has also been made, the mast 87ft. 10in. over all, boom 87ft. and 14in. diameter, both of Oregon pine, and a new topmast.

THE MISSING YACHT MERLE.—On July 28 the sloop Merle, of Boston, sailed from Dorchester with two young men, Geo. A. Sears, age 19, and J. T. Howe, Jr., age 21, bound on a cruise of two weeks. After the first two or three days nothing was heard from them, and they were given up for lost, until last week, when a friend of Howe received a letter from him asking for news from home, but requesting that nothing be said to his parents. The letter was turned over to Howe's uncle, and Mr. Sears at once went to Philadelphia where the letter was mailed, and where the yacht was found by the harbor police. The young men had changed the name of the boat to the Elmer, and had intended going to Florida. They promised to return home at once.

YACHTING NOTES.—Nirvana, schr., formerly Julia, is out at Port Jefferson for a keel in place of a centerboard. Originally a centerboard boat she has been changed several times, the last alteration being at City Island three or four years since, when her keel was removed and board replaced....The fisherman, designed by Mr. Burgess, is now in frame at Story's yard, Essex. She is 102ft. over all, 94ft. l. w. l., 24ft. 6in. beam, 11ft. hold.

A NAUTICAL EXHIBITION IN BOSTON.—The 16th triennial exhibition of the Charitable Mechanics Association will be held in Boston from Sept. 27 to Nov. 12, and a special department will be established devoted to yachting and shipping. Exhibits are requested from builders and designers throughout the United States. The secretary is Mr. Alfred Bicknell, Box 2,468, Boston, Mass.

DORCHESTER Y. C. CRUISE.—On Sept. 3 the Dorchester Y.C. fleet, with the flagship Arethusa in the lead, left for a cruise, the first run being to Marblehead. Com. Savage offered two pennants as prizes for the run, the one for boats over 30ft. being won by Aruna, and the smaller boats being headed by Echo, with Kitty and Majel next. The programme was to sail to the Isle of Shoals.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The Larchmont Y. C. has offered two prizes, $1,000 and $500, for a race for first and second class single-stickers, to be sailed on Saturday next over a 40-mile course off Larchmont. Up to this time the first class yachts have not entered, and it is doubtful whether any will start.

BUZZ.—The little steam yacht Buzz, 50ft. long, built by C. D. Mosher, of Amesbury, Mass., has been astonishing Boston by her performances about the harbor. A speed of 26 miles is claimed for her, but even if this is not verified she is certainly very fast.

BEVERLY Y. C.—A race was sailed off Swampscott on Sept. 3, in which Beetle won in first class, Witch in second, and Holden, Wraith and Psyche in third and fourth.

RACING AT ONSET BAY.—On Sept. 3 an open race was sailed in Onset Bay, the winners being: First class, Onset Belle; second class, Secret; third class, Nymph.

NEWARK Y. C.—The open fall regatta of this club will be sailed on Sept. 12 on Newark Bay, off Greenville. Handsome prizes will be given.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—On Sept. 3 a race was sailed in which the N. & S. won, with Lizzie F. Daly second.

STEAM YACHTING.

"STEAM YACHTS AND LAUNCHES."

THIS is the title of a new volume by C. P. Kunhardt, author of "Small Yachts," which has already been well received by the public since its appearance a short time ago. Although the subject of steam engineering in the wider acceptation has been covered by a full share of technical literature, little attention has so far been given to that special branch of marine work applicable to the rapidly growing pleasure fleet of yachts and launches. With scarcely an exception the science and art involved in propulsion by steam have been approached in books from the standpoint of graduates and experts, with the presumption that the reader has mastered the elementary stages long ago and thirsts for the more abstruse theories of the science or the practical details of the machinist's art. Such volumes, useful as they are to the classes addressed, do not serve the ends of the steam yacht owner who, as a "business man," has neither the fundamental schooling nor the time to master that which calls for special education and apprenticeship of many years' duration. Several text books, appealing more directly to his wants have appeared abroad, but even these presuppose considerable familiarity with the shop and engine room, so that the layman finds himself groping in unknown terminology and professional details, obscuring a connected train of ideas and that general bird's eye view of the whole subject, which is all he is immediately concerned with as a beginner and yacht owner in search of entertainment rather than deep study.

It is time enough to take up steam engineering as an amateur enthusiast after the rudiments have been acquired. In the higher branches he will find himself already well provided with literature to meet his case, but as a preliminary guide within the compass of any person "Steam Yachts and Launches" stands alone as a useful volume, having the elementary features of a primer combined with a sufficiently comprehensive consideration of the whole subject to render it instructive and of service even to those accustomed to regard themselves as adepts. Although the marine engine has been treated essentially from a practical standpoint, the underlying principles and theories are made clear by easy explanations. Their application to practice is always traced in this book, so that connected thought and intelligent appreciation of the relation of the various parts to one another can be kept up by the reader without undue effort.

The volume opens with a short review of the evolution of the steam engine from the days of Watt and the improvements introduced by subsequent experience, notably the early attempts at "compounding," carried out by Hornblower, for the sake of increasing economy of performance. The theory of working by expansion with Mariotte's law as the basis, is explained as well as the limits beyond which it is not profitable to work with a given initial pressure. The experiments and deductions of the elder Perkins with extraordinary pressures of 800 and 1,000lbs. to the square inch are cited in sustaining the author's view, that the highest performance is to be sought in extreme pressures and extreme expansion, with the range of temperature limited as much as possible by the introduction of cylinders enough to suit, in pursuit of which the triple and quadruple expansion engines of recent times have been devised. General plans of Gladiator's engines and connections are given as an example of the latest British practice, for no matter what the genius of our own mechanics and engineers may be it must be conceded that we have to look abroad for the most improved patterns of marine and especially yacht machinery. It will be a surprise to many to learn that our fastest steam yachts, though built expressly for speed, are still many miles behind the results obtained across the Atlantic, where speeds of 23½ miles have been recorded and 25 miles has become almost common among torpedo boats carrying considerable weight in armament and appliances. The usual practice of our high speed yachts with cruising vessels abroad, the latter being intentionally designed to steam 10 to 13 knots only, such reasonable speed being a better balance between rate of travel and other equally important requisites than excessive weight and space of more powerful machinery, for which there is no actual call in a cruising vessel. Hence the popular misapprehension that higher results have been achieved in America than elsewhere. The author of "Steam Yachts and Launches" gives official records to show what has been done abroad when speed was the main object. Scarcely any reliable data exist concerning the velocity attained by yachts in America. Loose statements, in which a favorable tide is ignored, or lively imagination drawn upon, are floated from hand to hand, encouraging extravagant notions and self-complacence, when in truth we have many miles to add before equalling in fact the high speeds attained by the specialists of Great Britain or continental Europe.

Passing from the theory of the steam engine, the principles of the boiler are taken up next in the book under notice. The requisites for combustion and construction are considered and pipe boilers compared to the cylindrical kind in general use. The author has a decided preference for the pipe or watertube variety and gives good reasons therefor. Many engineers will agree with him and it may be argued in general that with the demand for constantly increasing initial pressures, the days of the shell boiler with its heavy body of water and large volume of steam are numbered. When even the Thorneycrofts cannot guarantee against crown sheets collapsing upon the slightest oversight or lack of keen judgment upon the part of the attendant in charge, the time cannot be far distant before the shell style shall give way to the practically unexplodable pipe generator. The "expansion stays" of the modern locomotive type of boiler are probably the last resort of ingenuity seeking to overcome inherent weakness of structure for the high pressures now in demand.

The prospects of employing mineral oils in place of coal are referred to with a timely injunction to steam yacht owners to be up-and-doing on their own account in place of jogging along contentedly in wake of the merchant service. The yacht owner who will devise or cause to be devised an efficient burner or furnace for the use of mineral oil will not only receive the thanks of his brother yachtsmen but will reap a golden harvest from his foresight and enterprise. As we are supposed to be the inventive nation of the world, particularly where dollars and convenience are concerned, here is an opportunity for the "business man" to give his over-wrought faculties an agreeable change in furtherance of health and profit.

Three chapters are devoted to a description of the engine, boiler and screw in detail, each part being separately described and illustrated. The operation of the slide valve, the reading of an indicator card, calculating horse power, functions of the condenser, pitch and slip of screw and resistance of hull in its various aspects, are some of the divisions of these chapters.

Then follows a compendium of the U. S. laws relating to steam yachts, and such regulations of the Board of Supervising Steamboat Inspectors as have a bearing upon the construction and equipment of small steam craft, many of which will form a basis for the proper outfit of a yacht. The lawful signals for engine room, official for sea and river service, the pilot rules and the lights to be carried are matters of constant discussion and reference, and are supplied from official sources in this chapter. It should be noted that a conflict of opinion or interpretation is cited between a judicial tribunal and the Supervising Inspector in the case of the yacht Yosemite vs. steamer Vanderbilt, note of which appears in the back of the book. By this conflict yacht owners are placed for the time being between two fires, although the directions of the Supervising Inspector are likely to prevail, as experts think they properly ought to.

Lloyd's building rules for iron and wood hulls and for boilers are produced in condensed and handy form, which, if not altogether followed in American practice, form excellent groundwork upon which to base specifications for building, or by which to judge the character of an intended purchase.

A chapter is also given up to rules for racing yachts, in which the author outlines the requisites of a rule which shall not only be fair to all classes, but lead up to intelligent and profitable results from an engineer's standpoint. Without such aim the racing of steam yachts is little more than "horse play," and inclined to do more harm than good. It is only half the battle to cross the finish first. The chief end is to accomplish the course in the least time in proportion to the elements available in the yacht for the production of speed, and that also with the greatest economy. The management and care of machinery is covered specifically, and rules laid down which every launch owner should familiarize himself with, in case he should be called upon to take charge in an emergency. One of the chief features of the book consists of a well-rounded series of examples of yacht machinery, collected from the practice of the principal builders throughout the country. The leading types are described, their points enlarged upon and numerous tables of dimensions and weights adduced, forming a concise book of reference and supplying a great deal of accurate information. Direct-acting engines, compounds, steeples, oscillating, disk and other styles of machinery, as well as pipe boilers, tubular boilers and coil boilers receive attention seriatim, all being illustrated with perspectives and sectional views.

There are also hints on the designing of hulls, with many examples and plans of launches and decked yachts.

Throughout the book there are numerous handsome illustrations, many of them with complete annotation and references which is a provision which will commend itself to the reader and greatly enhances the practical worth of the volume as a text book.

There is a total of 240 pages and 97 illustrations, handsomely printed on heavy quality of paper and tastily bound with a cut of a typical steam yacht on the cover.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. G. H. M.—No. 4 Exchange place, Boston, Mass.

W. W. G.—It is manufactured in Hartford, Conn.

A. B. C.—Robins are protected at all times in New Jersey.

C. J., Bond's, Tenn.—Melody won first at New York in 1881 and champion prize in 1883.

A. A. B.—You will find the leather dye as a regular article on sale in leather finding stores.

W. L. B., Philadelphia.—For shore birds, Barnegat and vicinity; for squirrels, Sussex county, N. J.

J. N. P.—Woodcock season opened on Long Island Aug. 1; ruffed grouse and quail season will open Nov. 1.

F. A. M.—You will find descriptions of methods of Indian arrow-head making in issues of Sept. 23 and Oct. 7, 1886.

J. S. S.—In Pennsylvania the ruffed grouse season will open Oct. 15, the deer season Oct. 1, the trout season closed July 15.

S. H. R., Providence, R. I.—Try Andover or South Coventry and covers on the Hop River. The season will not open until Oct. 1.

G., Wahpeton, Dak.—Champion Joe is by champion Comedy (Tragedy—Cloudy) and out of Clytie. His A.K.R. number is 925. Flossy's number is 2551. Bogie is not registered.

W. H. D., Avoirdupois weight is used in measuring rifle charges. For shotguns powder and shot are not weighed, but measured in the standard measures, which are for sale by dealers in sportsman's supplies.

C. E. B., Schuylerville, N. Y.—Wild rice seed is advertised in our advertising pages. It should be sown in late fall or early spring, in shallow water. The success depends much on character of soil. Your climate is adapted to its growth.

C. M., Washington, D. C.—1. About how many persons usually compose a rifle team sent to compete for prizes? 2. What advantage is there in shooting patched bullets? 3. Can good shooting be done with the ordinary sporting sight at more than 200yds.? If not, what would you recommend for a .38-50? Ans. 1. Military teams, 10 or 12; club teams, 4 to 8. 2. Prevents leading. 3. Yes, military open sights are used at 1,000yds. The Lyman sight is the favorite.

COAHOMA, Memphis, Tenn.—I found in the swamp a day or two since a very curious beetle, which I mail to you. With a long experience in the woods and a disposition to notice nature's eccentricities, I never before observed a specimen like this. I found this one in Coahoma county, Miss., near the Mississippi River. I think this must be the species *Caput elephanti*, if that is not "dog Latin." Ans. It is one of the stag beetles, so-called from its branched antler-like mandibles. This specimen appears to be *Lucanus elaphus*.

R. E. H., West Torrington, Conn.—It is my ambition to kill a bear, and when I get him I want to have a good prime skin to keep. Most of the bears I read of being killed are killed in spring and the early part of summer; even guides and hunters living in the woods, and who ought to know what they are about, do it. I have done a good deal of trapping of small animals and the fur was not very good until Oct. 15 to Nov. 1, still better up to Jan. 1. How is it with bears? Ans. The bear should be trapped between October and May if a prime skin is the object sought.

C. W. C.—Please tell me how to remove expeditiously verdigris from brass shells? A brass shell blooms so quickly after being shot that unless cleaned with hot water and soap, and heavily oiled inside and out, within twenty-four hours of using it becomes covered with a thick coat of verdigris. A tedious process it is handling them one by one. Is there not some mixture that the shells could be thrown into, perhaps boiled, that will clean them from the powder and prevent the formation of verdigris? A green shell is a nasty thing to reload or handle. Ans. Soak in vinegar for ten minutes and rinse off with boiling water.

S. H. K., Clay Center, Kan.—Will you kindly inform us what bait should be used or what manner of fishing should be followed in taking German carp with a hook and line? We have some ponds stocked with carp, but cannot get them to bite at ordinary bait, such as is used in fishing for other fish in this section. Ans. They can be taken with meat, bread pressed on to the hook, grasshoppers, and occasionally with angle worms; or you may succeed with the artificial fly. Fish in shallow water, or on or near the surface, in cloudy weather or in early morning or at dusk. If all these fail, the fish may be fed for a time in a shallow spot, and will become so tame as to take food from your hand, when you can gather them in by hand.

NEW YORK CITY, May, 1887.

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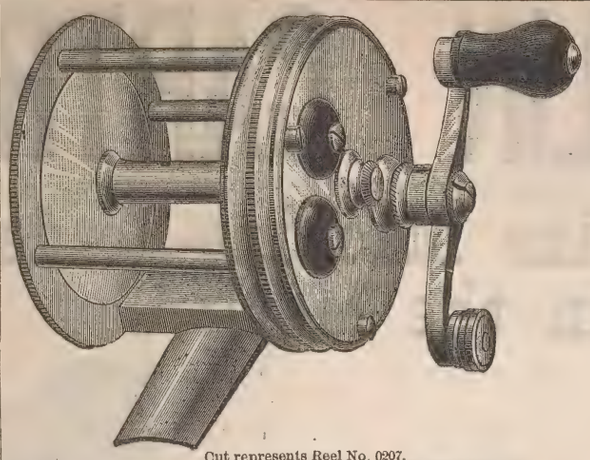


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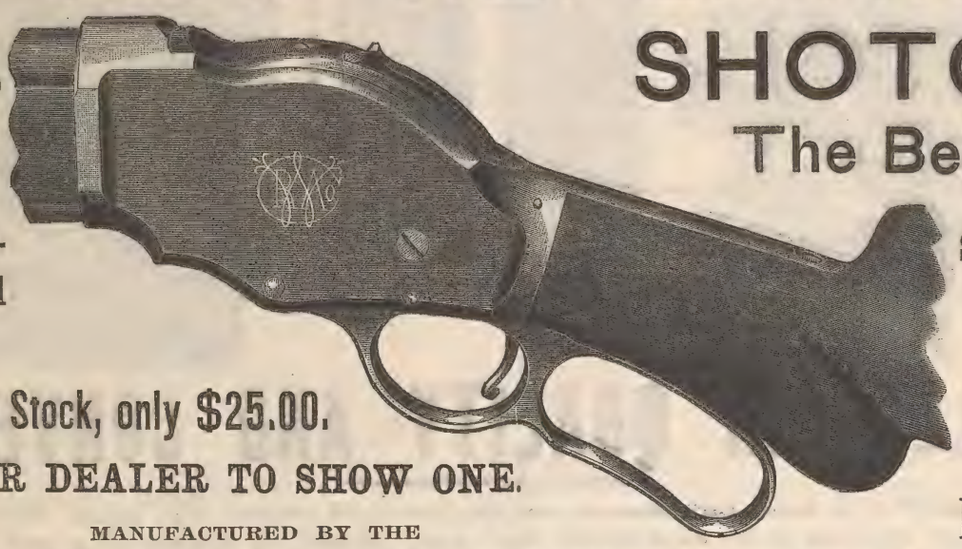
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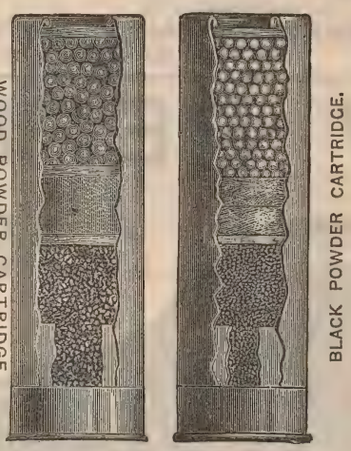
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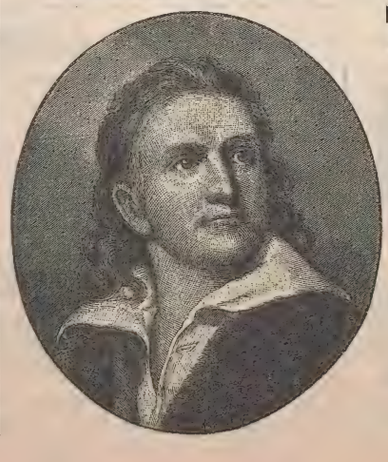
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THE NATIONAL PARK IN 1887.

THE close of tourist travel in the National Park is at hand, and before long the hotels will have been shut up and the last sightseers will have left the reservation. It is fitting, therefore, that we should take a look backward and see how matters have been managed in Yellowstone Park during the past tourists' year.

The season opened early, but the travel, while large, was not up to that of last year. This fact is to be explained by the going into operation of the interstate commerce law, which has cut off a large number of travelers who have heretofore traveled on passes.

The troops have been in charge of the Park all this season. The Yellowstone Park Association has had control of the hotels and Wakefield of the transportation.

Captain Harris, who is in command of the troops and is thus acting superintendent, has made many improvements. He is deeply interested in the reservation and is anxious to do all that is possible for it and for the comfort of those who visit it. Our reports from the region have shown how energetically he has striven to protect the game and how successful he has been in preventing the spread of the fires, which in previous years have so often caused such great damage to the forests which clothe the mountains of the reservation.

In one respect he has done an especially good work. He has driven all the bummers, loafers, dead beats and tramps out of the place, and there is the greatest improvement at the Springs in this regard. One sees no loafers around the hotel, and every suspicious person has to say who he is, where he came from, and what he is doing; and if he cannot satisfactorily answer these questions, a sergeant and two soldiers look after him and hustle him out. Under Captain Harris's wise rule there has been very much in the military government of the Park which has worked well, and those who at first regarded it as an unmixed evil have had cause to modify their views. It is apparent now that a good military government is far better than a poor civil government; but, on the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that a thoroughly good civilian administration is preferable to a military one, however good. At the same time it is far easier to obtain good military administration free from politics than civil government.

The transfer of Captain Kingman, for several years engineer in charge of the roads and bridges, to another station, is a serious loss to the Yellowstone Park. Captain Sears, the engineer now in charge, has been in the Park two or three times this season, remaining on each occasion only a few days. He has the direction also of the improvement of the Upper Missouri, and this work occupies almost all his time. The care and extension of the Park is therefore left wholly to his superintendent or roadmaster, who spends most of his time at the Hot Springs hotel. A hasty and superficial examination of the roads leads to the conclusion that they are by no means so well constructed as were those made under Captain Kingman's direction. This officer, it must be remembered, spent his whole time in the Park, and gave to the improvements which he was directing not only the benefit of his education and experience in planning and directing, but also his own personal supervision in carrying out the work in his charge. His removal is a misfortune to the Park.

A consideration of the hotel and transportation management, and of some other matters in connection with the Park, must be postponed to another occasion.

SCIENTIST BRUSKE.

AS a rule a great naturalist displays at an early age a taste for those pursuits in which he subsequently acquires distinction. Audubon, Agassiz, Baird, were in youth ardent students of nature; the boy gave promise of the man. It is only in instances of extreme rarity that a scientist bursts forth full-fledged and mature, without any previous indication of scientific tastes, but such a case has just come to public notice in Michigan.

The sportsmen of that State are much worked up over the doings of one Bruske, a clergyman, who without having given any previous warning of a penchant for scientific investigations has suddenly developed an overmastering passion for natural history, even going so far as to pose as a martyr and suffer a certain degree of contumely for the cause. It appears that early in August Mr. Bruske went into camp at Higgins Lake, a summer resort in Roscommon county, in a region where deer are not yet extinct. A buck was reported as having been seen in a neighboring swamp, and although the season for killing deer had not yet opened, Mr. Bruske set forth, killed the buck, sent the venison to his boarding house and shared the savory viands with such of his friends as were of toughened conscience and would partake of venison out of season. Under the old regime in Michigan this exploit of Mr. Bruske would have been regarded as a matter of course, to be forgotten so soon as the reverend gentleman tired of relating how he had slain the buck. But there happens to be a new order of things. The last Legislature provided a game warden system for the enforcement of the laws, and the prosecution of men who kill deer out of season. Mr. Bruske having hunted the deer, the warden proceeded to hunt Mr. Bruske. It was at this juncture that, accelerated by the threatened coming of the warden, science took hold upon Mr. Bruske, or Mr. Bruske took hold upon science. There is a clause in the Michigan game law (Chap. 124, laws of 1869) which says:

"SEC. 11. The provisions of this act shall not apply to any person who shall kill any of the birds or animals protected by this act, for the sole purpose of preserving them as *specimens for scientific purposes*, nor to any person who shall collect the eggs or nests of any birds for such scientific purposes."

This clause probably had something to do with it, for it is difficult to explain on any other ground the extraordinary solicitude and haste of Mr. Bruske to have the head of the unlawfully slain deer cleaned and mounted by a taxidermist and hung up to dry in his cabin on Higgins Lake.

The game warden duly arrested the Rev. Mr. Bruske, and being haled before the justice the culprit plead science. He was a devoted student of natural history. He swore that he had killed the buck out of season for purely scientific purposes. He had devoured the venison and divided it among his friends strictly in the interest of science. And science stood forth as a sure defense of her new devotee. On the plea of science the justice let Bruske go.

That was not the end of it, however. As we have said, the sportsmen of Michigan have given the Higgins Lake deer killer much attention, and Mr. Bruske's exploit has been done up in prose and machine poetry in numerous papers throughout the State. Accepting Mr. Bruske's science plea as honest, he has had to bear a tremendous deal of jeering and sarcasm; and he finds himself in a position not unlike that of a chicken-killing dog doing penance with a dead hen tied to his collar.

Michigan sportsmen are ready to wager that the next deer killed out of season at Higgins Lake will not fall to the buckshot of scientist Bruske.

THE JAMES RIVER DAMS.

AT the last session of the Virginia Legislature an act was passed to secure the removal of certain dams in James River and its tributaries, under which the Board of Public Works appointed as a commission Senator Paul C. Edmunds, of Halifax; Delegate W. D. Dabney, of Albemarle, and Mr. R. D. Kirkpatrick, of Rockbridge.

This committee recently presented its report, and recommended the removal of a dozen or more of the dams. Although required by law to maintain fishways at these obstructions, the owners have failed to provide any adequate means for fish to ascend the stream; and the destruction of the dams will in consequence be a decided impetus to the increase of black bass, with which the James is well stocked. When the recommendations of the commission have been carried out the citizens of the State will have reason to congratulate each other upon the improved opportunities thus afforded for a better fish supply.

SNAP SHOTS.

SEVERAL correspondents have written to inquire our opinion of Newport morals as exemplified by the item of 500 "partridges" in the menu of a recent Vanderbilt musicale there. It all depends. If the partridges were imported, as they very well might have been at the published cost of $2 a pair, it was only an instance of give and take. Great Britain consumes a vast supply of American game; it is only fair turn about that America should consume British game products. If the "partridges" were American ruffed grouse, as our correspondents appear to think they were, this part of the Vanderbilt entertainment was an exhibition of gilt-edged hoggishness as scandalous as brazen.

One of the most grotesque feats of the "journalism" of the times was the New York *World's* submarine diving excursion one night of last week. What the *World* takes three columns and a half to relate may be told in five lines. That paper hired a diver, conveyed him to the vicinity of the Scotch yacht Thistle and sent him down into the water after midnight to determine the shape of the yacht's hull. The diver dived, came up again, drew an outline of what he had seen in the pitch-dark water, and the *World* gravely prints this outline as the "lines of the Thistle." A more arrant piece of humbugging has never been perpetrated in the history of international yachting and New York "journalism." The only thing about the whole business not utterly ridiculous is the *World's* faith in the idiocy of the public to swallow the yarn; and this faith is positively sublime.

A correspondent calls attention to a new blunder by the secretary of the American Kennel Club. There is one consolation about it; if the club has come to fill a want it is likely to go through in spite of the stupidity of the present president and secretary. There is no telling how long such incompetent and unfit officials will be retained in their places, but a time must come when more capable men will be put in office, and provided the club can hang together until such a change is made there will then be hope of its taking a respected position in the world and amounting to something.

The election of Mr. Charles E. Whitehead, one of the best known sportsmen of this city, to the presidency of the New York, Pensylvania and Ohio Railroad leads an exchange to suggest that that gentleman's sporting proclivities may prompt him to establish the general offices of the road on the great Sandusky marsh through which the road runs, and which is justly celebrated for its blue-winged teal and canvasbacks.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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IN THE BRUSH.

EVERY man's experience, especially a woodman's, ought to be worth the telling, if he takes pains in so doing. Most of my shooting has been done in the brush. In fact I would rather go in and take my chances, following my dog right up, than to be outside man. In the brush is more like being on the skirmish line, therefore I jot down somewhat in a snap shot way my recollections of many years' experience with rod and gun. I have thought it high time to put up my rod and begin to fire off my gun, and whether I can interest my readers will depend, I take it, on how I handle my gun; my ammunition and weapon I think good enough; the intention, though, may be far better than the execution. However, I shall load and fire away.

I can say without any braggadocio I come from an old shooting family, for I have often heard my father say (and "Felix Oldboy" in his delightful reminiscences of old New York, in the *Evening Post*, confirms the truth of the story) that he used to shoot snipe where Canal street now crosses Broadway. There used to be a stream or "fly" running through there from North to East River. All of the family are first-rate shots with rifle and gun, Frank Forrester to the contrary notwithstanding; while even—but let me put in a snap shot right here. A long low island, out at sea, way down in Dixie, abounding in game, a sportsman's lodge, plantation huts, darkies, boats, everything going to make a huntsman's home. Staghounds, foxhounds, and a merry party of kinsmen expectant for the chase. A sandy beach fringed with green weeds stretches far away. The sea waves lap and ripple on the shore. Suddenly out dashes a buck, plunges into the surf and swims boldly out seaward. Vain are his efforts. One of the fleetest staghounds, Bruce, is close to him, dashing in in hot pursuit, the noble dog gains swiftly on him. Will he seize him in the surf? Ah no, he knows too much for that, he heads him off and turns him in shoreward. Poor buck, thy days are numbered. The master of the hunt swings his wife as lightly from the saddle, as did Lochinvar of old, as he hands her the Winchester and holds her bridle rein. One word is uttered, steady! Up comes the rifle to its level. Steady it is. A moment's pause, and as the deer gains the sands, the water dripping from his sides and Bruce almost springing on him, out rings the report, down falls the buck shot through the heart, dead in his tracks, 75yds. if it's a foot, while hats are thrown up in the air and ringing cheers from the huntsmen attest their rejoicing at the shot.

When I say all my kith and kin are good shots I do not include myself. I yield to none of them in the enjoyment, but truth compels me to state that I am the poorest shot of the lot. I killed a crow with a stone once, and so I did a pig, provoking the cruelly sarcastic remark "that a fellow that did as well as that with a stone had no need of a gun." I stick to the gun for all that, and sometimes do not get very "badly left."

My uncle, Judge P., well known for many a year in Dutchess county, was a famous old-time sportsman, and many a story of his exploits "on old Long Island's seagirt shore" in company with his companion, Gov. King, have I listened to. That country then was the sportsman's paradise. The Governor used to shoot, if I remember right, with spectacles, and gun at hip, taking sight over the top of the barrel, and a good shot he was, too. The Judge once drove off to his favorite shooting ground, and started off, up got a woodcock in plain sight; he fired, missed him, called off his dog, got into his wagon and drove home. On another occasion while shooting in Dutchess county up the creek, a famous place for birds, he fired at a bird, down fell the bird, up went a terrific shriek, and a young fellow digging on the other side of the stream was totally incapacitated from sitting down for the rest of the day.

The Governor and the Judge used to meet daily to play at racket, the court being situated somewhere up the Bowery; and a great attachment sprang up between the Judge's setter Tippoo and the Governor's saddle horse. If the horse arrived there first he would keep a sharp lookout for the dog and neigh when he saw him coming. If the dog got there first he would keep a bright lookout for his friend and bark and wag his tail when he saw him coming; then the two would rub noses together and evince every mark of satisfaction. There was a curious story told of a dog owned by a brother of John Stevens, who owned the yacht Maria in old times. This gentleman, who lived at Weehawken, had a noble Newfoundland dog who constantly accompanied his master. Some one made Mr. S. a present of a little tan terrier, to whose presence the big dog strenuously objected. Finally one morning the Newfoundland caught the little dog by the nape of his neck, swam out into the river with him and left him there. Of course the terrier swam ashore. The big dog took him out again and again the little fellow returned to land. The third time the Newfoundland carried him out and held his head under water until he was drowned. Then he swam ashore and reported to his master as if to say, "No more little dogs to be allowed here."

An old-time president of the Chemical Bank was very fond of quail shooting on Long Island. On one occasion he went down with a friend to have a rap at the birds. When they got down there they asked for a guide, and were referred to the village blacksmith as being just the man they wanted.

"Can you show us some quail?"

"I guess I can."

"Well, bring along your gun; we don't want all the sport ourselves."

So the man took down an old muzzleloader, of course, slung his powder horn and shot pouch over one shoulder, old game bag over the other. "Never mind your dog; ours will do." And off they went. Arriving on the ground, dogs came on a bevy, trailed, stopped and pointed them. The genial president walks up to his bird, and the old blacksmith knocked him down before either of the two gentlemen could get their guns to their shoulders. This performance he repeated several times, until finally they had to ask him to hold up. "My friend, we didn't come here to see you shoot."

"But," added the bank man, "what a shot he was."

Hammering away at hot iron appears to make a man a real good shot. My old instructor was a blacksmith, and I shall allude to some of his performances hereafter to show he was no exception to the general rule. They all shoot well. Old Dutchess county abounded in game. Woodcock were as thick as bumblebees, partridges tasted just as good for being called so. Pigeons were plenty and so were copperheads.

An old dog named Flash taught me lots of things in hunting. I can almost see from my window a famous swamp called the "Indekill." I went in there with an old-fashioned long barrel muzzleloader, said to be made out of nails used to shoe mules in crossing the Alps; this I cannot vouch for, but I can vouch for the fact that it would kick like a mule anyhow. I was just beginning "to get the hang" of shooting on the wing, and I fired just seven shots and killed seven woodcock; as I pulled on the seventh the old gun went off with a roar, and I went off without a roar, kicked ignominiously heels-overhead off of the stone wall into the mud, and as I scrambled up, a sight to behold, old Flash was coming in demurely with the bird in his mouth. Though I have shot lots of birds since then I have never beaten that record of seven straight, though I once "tied it" on quail.

As I am writing about game birds I may at once set down here my unalterable conviction "first, last and all the time," that no sport in my estimation approaches that of shooting the ruffed grouse. I have devoted years to the sport and rank it first of all. I will supplement this by saying that for training a dog to be A1, no bird comes near to the "partridge," as we country boys always have and will call him.

Eastward from what I can call my native village, I have lived near it so long, runs the creek road, following close by a stream that heads up near Wirtembergh church. This used to be the famous ground for woodcock, and they have been killed there more than man could number. Very few there now. You may go up and down it carefully and pick up three or four. Not so many years ago but that I can well recollect it, a young fellow from our village went up the stream on a day's shoot. There were hunters ahead of him, but still he persevered. When he had tramped up several miles with varied success he rested himself under a tree and waited until along in the afternoon. The men ahead of him were not crack shots. He was a good shot, and I had offered to back him to kill a dozen straight in the brush. When well rested he turned round and came right back over the same ground and he came off the creek with thirty-five birds. I saw them and I counted them. That shows what the shooting was. The shooting was the prettiest imaginable in summer July weather. Then the water was not very deep, you could wade down stream or up, send your dog on either side, and when the birds flew down stream you had a clear sight.

Some sportsmen have a knack in shooting woodcock; some quail, some grouse. My father once killed two woodcock with one shot, and my great delight, as a boy, was to tramp alone and carry the game bag, and I may "rise to remark" that gunners and fishermen have "honors easy" in the telling of their exploits; and as I shall probably tell some tall shooting exploits, incidentally I will record that the biggest shoot I ever heard of was a man telling me he killed fifty-three woodcock in fifty-two shots down in Rhode Island (they must have lit in that State in their fall flight). This beats anything I am acquainted with. The man was a good shot, I've seen him shoot, "nuff sed."

The first one to give me points on shooting was "Dan Wigg," though nobody round here would know him by that name, he has always been called the "Domine." I have known him ever since I was big enough to squint over a gun barrel. I do not know that he has ever fired off a breechloader. Of a rifle he knows no more than a child, but in the matter of handling a shotgun "he's equalled by none and surpassed by few." I have known him to go out right into the brush, on a wager, fire twelve shots and bring in twelve woodcock. The Governor generally gets three out of five. These two shots can both "down me" and not half try.

When first I met the "Domine" I was a mere lad learning to shoot, he a stout, stalwart young man, a born shot. Now I am gray-bearded, while the "Domine" walks "with tottering steps and slow." He will never kill any more birds. But I often drive down to his shop and sit down by the kind-hearted old hunter and review our old-time hunts. It is just as well. There is nothing around here now to shoot. The "Domine" knew every inch of ground all around for miles; he always had a good dog and gun; and no day was too long for him to go a-hunting. Being a beginner, I had not met him then, though he was well known to the older members. So it came about one day that I went out to the Widin's ash swamp with a noble dog called Buff. He was the only dog I ever shot over (and I have shot over a great many, and good ones, too) who would sit right down on his haunches, "hunkey punkey," and point a woodcock when first flushed. He did this frequently when I first hunted him; later on he got entirely over it, though I never reproved him for it. I don't believe in shooting where you have to make a fog horn of yourself by shouting at your dog. A brass band is a poor thing to go out in quest of game with. When I ran across the "Domine" I made up my mind at once what to do if I wanted to get any birds. So I sang out to him "Hello!" ranged up within easy hail, unlimbered and went into action.

I shall always remember that day; a lovely summer afternoon, plenty of game; two noble dogs, one jet black old Ned, the other tawny red Buff with his white circles. Could there be a prettier picture, or was it one you ever tire of? Just look there once. Both dogs on a point, side by side, eyes ablaze with excitement, limbs rigid as steel, not a motion, save the tremulous movement of their muzzles, as the hot scent strikes their nostrils, "Domine" as cool as a cucumber, and I about to perpetrate an awful fraud on my unsuspecting companion. A cluck, a toss of the head, dogs and men take a step forward, up goes Timber-doodle like a flash, out ring the reports of our guns as one piece, a few feathers flutter down wind, as the bird tumbles over and Buff brings him in to me. How I wish I could have had an instantaneous photo of the scene. I played this dodge on the "Domine" three or four times in succession, until finally he turned around to me with an indescribable look, "Ain't you going to give me one bird?" We made a mutual treaty of peace then and there, which has been kept unbroken for many a year. Dan was an inveterate joker and I think rather appreciated my getting ahead of him. We got all the birds we wanted to, and after a promise to the "Domine" to come out soon and have another shoot, with a wave of the hand I went home.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

FISH AND GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial remarks in the number of Aug. 18, relative to the wholesale destruction of deer in California, are timely. I imagine, however, that there are few "would-be sportsmen" who kill for brag, for the conventional sport to whom you refer has to go too far from centers of population in these days to get any chance for deer. The "skinners" abound in the land, though, and as a result of their efforts the deer are becoming scarcer every year. The steamers and trains which arrive at San Francisco bring hundreds of bundles of hides from all parts of the State, and the majority of them are probably received from professional deer-skinners, who hunt only to obtain hides. These facts are well known here in California, but no remedy seems to have been suggested or put into practical effect.

We are still worse off in the matter of fish. Time was when there were plenty of trout in all the coast streams within from twenty-five to one hundred miles of San Francisco. I have been a resident of San Francisco for thirty-seven years, and since I was big enough to carry a rod have cast on most of the streams from San Diego on the south to Humboldt county on the north. Gradually, from year to year, I have seen one favorite stream after another become depleted and worthless, as far as fishing was concerned. There are good laws here as elsewhere, and here, as elsewhere, there is no one to enforce them. Our Fish Commissioners have hatcheries and stock streams, and they also, to a certain extent, prevent violations of the fish laws on the larger rivers where the salmon canneries are established. But the State is large and the appropriations small, and the minor streams, both in the Sierra and on the coast, are paid little attention to. Last summer I took my annual fishing trip northward along the coast a couple of hundred miles, for in that direction there are no railroads as yet further than Austin Creek, above Russian River, eighty or ninety miles from San Francisco. Every few miles we meet a creek or river emptying into the sea. The previous year I had gone over the same ground, fishing in the Gualalo River, the Garcia, Brush, Caspar and Elk creeks, the Novarro, Big, Little and Albron rivers, up to Ten-Mile River above Fort Bragg and near the headwaters of the Eel. The first season we had fine sport, but last season it was poor. Sawdust in the streams and fishing out of season are gradually spoiling all the sport.

This summer I made a longer jaunt and have just returned after a month's trip. We first went to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and then down to the beautiful and historic Donner Lake. Thence to Truckee and Lake Tahoe. In the latter fish were very scarce. In fact the owners of excursion steamers and hotels have a fish hatchery with which to keep up the lake supply. Where formerly 90 to 150lbs. was a day's catch, 10 or 15lbs. is now not bad. Our party got none at all. Coming back to Truckee we set out for Independence Lake. We there met at a camp among others one who said his fish record was half a one a day. He had been there twelve days and caught six fish. Webber Lake, not far off, had, however, furnished passably good sport. We then visited Sierra Valley and again crossed the range at an elevation of 7,000ft. to Sierra City on the South Fork of the North Fork of the Yuba River. The several branches are all magnificent streams of clear, cold water that would do the heart of any angler good to look at. But in all of them fish were scarce. Below the mills the main fork was filled with "tailings" from the quartz mines, and above the smaller forks and branches had been unmercifully fished.

Back on the mountain again we found the two sardine and two salmon lakes, which are portions of a chain of lakes including Deer, Parker and Gold lakes up back of the great Sierra Buttes. There we had some sport. But the lakes are difficult of access. There are no hotels, and in fact no houses except the cabins of the ditch-tenders or lake-men, who regulate the water supply for the mining flumes. These lakes have been stocked by the English mining company which owns them. The best one was spoiled last winter by an immense quantity of snow forcing the ice down and crushing thousands of fish. They have 12 or 15ft. of snow in that region in winter. But in summer the climate is magnificent. The country is rugged and mountainous, but is heavily timbered. Near by, on the summits and in the cañons of the higher mountains, the snow lasts all summer.

But even in this comparatively out-of-the-way region, between 300 and 400 miles north and east from San Francisco, the fish were scarce. They cannot exist on the lower rivers by reason of the mining debris. They get penned in above the mills, but are so persistently sought after they have little chance to multiply. I refer to the streams of course, for in the lakes the fish are more plentiful.

Returning from this northern region I started south down through the great interior valley of California past Merced, Fresno, Tulare, Sumner, over the Tehachapi Mountains to Mojave, across the Mojave desert to Los Angeles; thence by Pasadena, San Bernardino, Riverside, Colton and so on to San Diego, only a few miles from the Mexican line. Everywhere there were complaints about scarcity of fish. Of course in southern California you don't expect much fishing, for they have little water to spare for fish to swim in. They need it for irrigating, etc., and the water is worth more than the land.

But having gone from some 400 miles north and east of San Francisco to some 650 miles south of it—nearly from one end of California to the other—I can corroborate the views expressed on the increasing scarcity of fish and game. I was enjoying a vacation from the editorial chair on this trip and was not on business. Where there was any chance for fishing I tried it, but must confess to an unpleasant regularity of failures. The mountain lakes of Sierra county were the only places where passable success was reached.

We who are fond of the rod and stream must keep going north toward Oregon for good sport. In the region above Sissons, Shasta county, which the railroad has recently tapped, there are plenty of fine streams. The famous McCloud, and headwaters of the Sacramento River, are no longer worthy of mention as fishing streams.

The railroad carries a fishing rod with every traveler, and the natives never give the water much rest. But north of these places, in Oregon, there are numbers of fine streams filled with fish. On the California coast, in upper Mendocino and Humboldt counties, where there are yet no railroads, there is also still good fishing ground. But the lovers of the rod who live in San Francisco can no longer get a good day's outing within reasonable reach of the city. Two or three hundred miles must be traversed to get good sport. There are places on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at distances from railroads and where there is no mining carried on, that have splendid streams with plenty of fish. But these are hard to get at, and takes too much time for most of us to visit. Since California has become a "show State," the tourist is everywhere, and it is hard to dodge him. The lines of travel must be left widely to get to good fishing water.

By the way, we have not a single anglers' association in this State. There is a sportsmen's association of course, but there is more shooting and clay-pigeons in this than anything else. The anglers seem to let well enough alone, but we will doubtless have before long to co-operate for mutual protection, and try to formulate some plan to prevent the decrease of the trout in the various streams. The use of giant powder in railroad building and mining has become so universal, and so many are accustomed to handling it, that it is now an important factor in the fish question. The men who use it for splitting big logs in the redwood forests, in blasting on the railroads, in building roads, and in mining, also use it in the pools of the streams. When they want a few fish they do not mind killing a few hundred with a piece of "stick" of dynamite. And they do this everywhere. People living near the streams will not tell on one another, and it is very hard to get a jury to convict for violations of the fish laws.

The market gardeners and wood choppers who live near the creeks and rivers within a radius of 100 miles of San Francisco are largely Portuguese, Italians and Chinese. None of these people have the slightest regard for our fish and game laws, even if they know anything about them. They fish in and out of season. They use fish traps, giant powder, *Cocculus indicus*, etc. So it is not necessary to look for the reason of decrease in trout. Then here is a city of some 300,000 inhabitants, and another one of 50,000 across the bay, and several others not very much smaller not far off, so they furnish not a few fish hogs who fish for count and put fingerlings and all in the creel.

A friend of mine has just returned from a two weeks' deer hunt in Mendocino county. He tells me that he stayed a part of the time on a ranch where six or more men are employed. These men killed, during the past three years, 900 deer, and had this season's skins in the barn at the time. So on this ranch alone an average of 300 deer a year had been slaughtered. They said they killed the deer for fun, for sport and food, not for the skins. The scarcity of deer in many regions is to be attributed largely to the cupidity of the ranchers and other residents of the interior, and not to raids of city sportsmen. No section of country will have deer very long where such indiscriminate shooting is carried on.

These facts are regretted by all of us who are fond of the forest and stream, but are none the less facts.

I stopped writing this letter to read an account in this morning's paper of the meeting of the "State Sportsmen's Club." The entire proceedings relate to handicaps, live pigeons, bluerocks, tournaments, prizes, etc. Not a word was said, as far as may be judged by the report, of the question of fish or game preservation. The club may be, and doubtless is, an organization which affords amusement and instruction to its members, but it is certainly the case that it is looked upon more as a shooting club than one which exercises much practical influence in the matter of fish and game preservation.

It may be that it was organized for the purposes to which it now seems to be devoted, but in that case its title is a misnomer. A State Sportsmen's Association should be one that would exert its energies mainly to preservation of fish and game, as I take it, and the tournaments should be "side shows," rather than the main circus. This club has, in a few instances, exerted itself to compel the construction of fish ladders, but I am afraid that tournament shooting seems of most importance. Perhaps, not being a member, I have no right to criticise its methods, but I only refer to it to show that there is no practical organized effort to make any marked improvement on existing conditions of the fish and game question in California. It seems difficult to make men "pull together" in this direction, and what is everybody's business is nobody's business.

Those who prefer a few large fish to a basketful of fingerlings look to the Oregon streams now rather than to those of California. Of course every stream in this State is not yet spoiled, by any means, and the general scarcity of fish referred to may be perhaps considered comparative. Still, we do not have the sport we used to, and have to go much greater distances than formerly. This is to be expected, of course, in a country rapidly settling up, as this is. However, fishing out of season and with giant powder are things that can be prevented if proper effort is made. Until that time we must all deplore the existing conditions, which are much as you have represented them. CHARLES G. YALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 1.

ROD AND GUN IN NEVADA.

THE sportsman who imagines that all the fishing and hunting to be obtained in the Silver State is found along the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, in the vicinity of Tahoe and Pyramid lakes, is far from correct in his surmises. Nevada, though mostly desert, has in common with Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, royal surprises for the lineal descendants of Nimrod and of Izaak Walton. One of these surprises awaited a party of five pleasure seekers who pitched camp last week at the head waters of Goose Creek. This stream rises about fifty miles northwest of Tecoma, on the C. P. R. R., and flows in a northeasterly direction, emptying into Snake River a short distance above the famous Shoshone Falls. In common with all streams and rivers tributary to the Columbia it is well filled with members of the noble family of Salmonidæ. Its banks have been unexplored save by the Indian and the adventurous cowboy, and the surrounding country is the home of many animals that do not yet know what it is to be frightened by the report of a rifle.

The first forty miles of our trip was through an uninteresting, sandy, sage brush country; but once over the ridge that separated the desert waters from those that flow northward, everything was changed. The vulgar jack rabbit disappeared and in his place we found the white-tailed mountain hare, the gamiest of his genus. Flocks of sage chickens would rise from every clump of quaking aspen that we passed, and soon we had more birds in the wagon than we could dispose of. About 5 o'clock we reached Goose Creek. The wagon as it rumbled up frightened seven wood ducks from the stream. As it was impossible to secure any of them, we devoted ourselves to the willow grouse, which had now succeeded the sage hen. The willow grouse is much more gamy than the chicken, and should be hunted with a dog. It is somewhat smaller than the sage hen, flesh lighter-colored, back brown rather than gray, breast light, with V-shaped marks distinct, not blotched. The crops of those we killed contained only the fruit of the Arctostaphyllos and of the rose, no trace of sage being detected by sight or smell.

The next morning we pushed five or six miles further up Goose Creek. As our leader was riding ahead to locate a permanent camp, three handsome deer bounded from grassy flat within stone's throw of his horse. The omen was favorable and here we pitched. As soon as the wagon was driven up two of our number started after the deer, but one of the two was a professor and not a sportsman. He would shout and sing and the deer would stay out of range. Meanwhile the rest of us put up the tent and straightened camp. As soon as possible I sought the stream, here about thirty feet wide and a constant sequence of riffles and deep holes. Securing a favorable stand scarcely twenty yards from the tent, I made the preliminary cast. A beauty rose to the fly and struck it savagely. When landed he showed on the pocket scales one pound and three ounces. This seemed very fair for a brook trout, but two pounders became so plentiful as to make anything from a pound downward insignificant. In half an hour I had captured eleven fish without stirring from my tracks save to land them, and in two days this same riffle yielded twenty-eight good trout.

The afternoon was devoted to study with Winchester, Remington and Springfield. Result, a fat doe and a two-pronged buck. Apropos, one of the best places to lie in wait near sundown is by a clump of the White Mountain columbine (*Aquilegia cærulea*). There is no plant so relished by the black-tailed deer, and he will feed upon its honeyed blossoms just so long as he thinks he has a chance of safety.

The third day out was devoted to fishing, and we undertook to settle the question as to whether the best results are obtainable with natural grasshoppers or artificial flies. The fly champion undertook to catch as many fish as two grasshopper users. At 8:30 we started up the creek. Where willows hugged the water we waded. Anything for a good cast and a big string. At 12:50 we halted for lunch with just 100 fish. Of these 67 were credited to the fly and 33 to the grashoppers. It is needless to say that those who had been tempted to renounce the feathery bait threw away the hoppers and returned to orthodox principles. These 100 trout were put in a flour sack and were more than any of us cared to shoulder; so one returned for a pack horse and the others fished down to camp. The best results for the day were obtained by Mr. Geo. B. Brastow, of Salt Lake, who, with a Leonard split bamboo rod and three-fly leader, landed 133 fine trout. His favorite flies were the grizzly-king, brown-hackle and royal-coachman. The yellow-bodied gray-hackle did good work in the morning, but seemed worthless after 2 o'clock.

In conclusion—a word to Eastern sportsmen who try the West—please remember that you are not in the Adirondacks. You cannot have guide, valet and cook. Some one must get wood, some one water; one must cook, one must wash dishes and another make down the blankets. Nothing so disgusts the Western boys as to have a few "tenderfeet" around—good fellows and ardent sportsmen but men who think when their guns are cleaned the day's work is over and expect to be waited upon. Here a man can find trout, deer, chicken, grouse, "fool-hens," mountain hare, coyotes, black and cinnamon bear, wolverines, mountain lions, etc., etc., but to thoroughly enjoy himself and to make his own company acceptable he must lay aside some of the prejudices of civilization, bring himself down to hard work and rough it. SHOSHONE.

TECOMA, Nev., Aug. 31, 1887.

Natural History.

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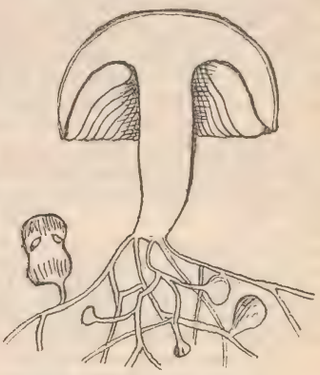
NOTES OF THE FIELDS AND WOODS.

II.—SOME COMMON FUNGI.

NOT long ago in walking through a piece of woods I came across an immense puffball; it must have been at least 10in. in diameter. I stopped for a quarter of an hour to examine this odd-looking vegetable growth. It was a freshly grown one; the color was a creamy white; it was soft and leathery to the touch, and it had its strong characteristic odor. It seemed a pity to spoil it, but when I had satisfied myself with an examination of the outside I could not forbear cutting into it with my knife to observe its interior structure. Inside the leather-like rind it was softer, whiter and more porous, while in the center there were many small cavities. I knew that the thin lamellæ which bounded these cavities would come to be covered with multitudes of spores, and that when the puffball became ripe its rind would burst open and these spores would escape, to be distributed by the winds to new situations where, perhaps, they would bring forth a new crop of the odd-looking plants.

Many other fungi, less noticeable than the puffballs, but none the less curious and interesting, are common in the fields and woods. Almost every decaying stump or fallen tree has some form or other of fungus living upon its fast perishing substance, eagerly striving, as it were, to prevent it from passing back into the inorganic world, whence the tree in the days of its strength and beauty obtained it. In the open fields, too, we find the mushroom, the true edible species, *Agaricus campestris*, and a host of its worthless allies, the toadstools. It is well worth our while to know something about the round of life through which these plants go. What do they spring from, how do they grow and propagate themselves? A brief account of the mushroom is here given; in its main features it will apply to other common fungi.

The part of the mushroom seen above ground is by no means the whole of the plant. It is only the fruit-bearing part corresponding to the flowers of the higher plants. The main portion of the mushroom plant is underground and consists of many branching filaments loosely woven together into a mass called the mycelium. The mycelium penetrates the substance of decaying organic bodies, either plants or animals, sending out shoots in every direction, which absorb the juices of the decaying tissues. Thus these plants are parasitic in their nature, not being able to manufacture their food out of elements obtained from the air or soil, as the green plants do. They are to be distinguished, however, from the true parasites, which feed upon the living juices of other plants. In distinction from these the fungi are properly called saprophytes. Returning to the mushroom, we may next consider the growth of the above-ground or fruit-bearing portion. On some of the branches of the underground part small buds arise; they appear at first like little knobs at the end of the branches. These increase in size and are lifted by their lengthening stems toward the surface of the ground. They are at first solid, but, the outside growing faster than the inside, gradually a hollow, in the form of a ring and near the lower surface of the ball, is formed. The lower surface is then called the velum, since it is like a veil separating the hollow interior from the air outside. After a time the veil breaks away, thus destroying the cavity and giving to the plant the well known umbrella shape of the mushroom. Meanwhile there have been formed thin plates, like knife-blades, which radiate outward from the stem on the lower side of the umbrella.



All these changes take place very rapidly; it is proverbial that mushrooms spring up in a single night. It is on these thin, blade-like parts, called the gills of the mushroom, that the spores are produced. If a piece of white paper be placed under the plant the spores will fall upon it and will be disposed in radiating rows corresponding to the gills. Each plant produces very many spores and they are widely distributed by the winds; it is evident enough that the object of the spore-bearing part being above ground is to secure this distribution. If the spores chance to fall where nourishment can be obtained they soon give rise to a filament which branches and finally becomes a new mycelium from which buds will grow again, as described. A single mushroom plant commonly gives rise to many of the umbrella-shaped parts. Buds are constantly forming and rise successively to the surface. This explains how a new crop of mushrooms may be found where another has only recently been picked.

The figure of the mushroom here given indicates its structure and manner of growth.

As to the way to distinguish the edible mushroom from the worthless and, in the case of a few, poisonous species, the following characters are usually sufficient to identify the most common edible species, *Agaricus campestris*. It has a white, firm and solid stem; its umbrella or cap is moderately thick and fleshy and its gills are of a pinkish color. The last character is the one by which they are most commonly distinguished. It marks the time when they are fit to pick; the pink color passes away when they are over ripe. There are many other species of the edible mushrooms besides this one, but as they vary a good deal in appearance it is difficult to lay down rules to distinguish them. The best way to learn to know them is to go out with some one who already knows them.

It may be added that the edible mushrooms almost always grow in open fields, as pastures where the grass is kept short by grazing sheep or cattle. They are never large in size, the cap seldom exceeds four inches in diameter and is commonly no more than two.

The other common fungi, as the puffballs, ear fungi, earth stars, etc., resemble the mushroom in their main structural features and manner of growth. All consist of a mycelium lying underground or ramifying the substance of decaying wood, and a spore-producing part of the shape that gives to the most common kinds their names. In some the spores are produced inside the mass, as in puffballs, and in others they form inside of hollow tube-like cavities that open on the lower surface, as in the ear fungi.

There are very many other fungous plants besides the conspicuous ones commonly met with. All the moulds and blights belong to this class of plants. Spores of fungi seem to be present in all ordinary atmospheres. Wherever organic matter is left to decay a crop of fungi is sure to spring up. What their use in nature is, if they have any, is difficult to say. With a few exceptions they are of no value as food to man or beast. Possibly they fill an important office in absorbing gases and liquids resulting from decay and otherwise injurious to living things. S.

A MINK IN TOWN.—A mink invaded the offices of the Providence, R. I., *Journal* the other day. How it got into the city is a mystery.

NIGHTHAWK AND SWALLOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the most interesting birds common in this locality is the nighthawk. To one who, like myself, is not an ornithologist, there is one peculiarity about this bird that distinguishes it from all others, and this characteristic habit consists of its chief point of attraction; and yet those who have written interesting descriptions of this bird and its habits for FOREST AND STREAM during the past six years have never touched upon this most notable feature, until in your last issue your correspondent "José" makes mention of it.

I refer to the habit of diving down from a great height in the air, uttering a loud booming sound and then ascending with almost lightning rapidity to its former elevation and resuming its monotonous cry of "scaipe," as though nothing unusual had happened. This performance generally takes place after sunset and continues until it is quite dark. During the day the bird is about as stupid as an owl and will perch upon the top rail of a fence and allow a boy to come near enough to knock him off with a club. This refers to the country boy, who, I am sorry to say, is sometimes up to such tricks, the city boy would never see the bird, as under such circumstances it looks like a knot on the rail.

Your correspondent also refers to the beauty of the plumage of the swallow. Quite recently I was impressed with this same thing. I was returning from a fishing excursion four miles up the river, in my skiff, the Gracie. I had two sails set and was leaning lazily against the mizzenmast. A swallow perched on top of the mainmast and peered down curiously to see what kind of a craft it was, and what it contained. At the same time I had a fine view of the under plumage of the bird in its natural, unruffled condition, and at close range. It is a little beauty and no mistake, though many persons with a less intimate acquaintance would not suspect it. On this particular occasion I noticed a large number of swallows were flying quite low and frequently dipping down into the water, making a great splash. I have seen this on other occasions about sunset, and at a distance of a quarter of a mile one is apt to be deceived by it, thinking that it is the fish jumping. I think that the swallows are at such times catching flies and other insects which are floating on the surface. When at this occupation the swallow sometimes makes a splash similar to that made by the kingfisher, but at other times merely touches the surface and leaves a wake like that of a minnow jumping out of the water in his efforts to escape his mortal enemy the black bass. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

[The swallows referred to by "José" were no doubt the violet green (*Tachycineta thallassina*), a small western species, the one seen by Mr. Leopold may have been the white-bellied swallow (*T. bicolor*). The swallows that touched the water as they flew over it may have been drinking or catching insects or bathing.]

A FEATHERED WAIF.

THERE came by express to the FOREST AND STREAM last week a young sawwhet owl (*Nyctale acadica*) which had been captured on a vessel on Lake Superior, forwarded to Cleveland, O., where it came into the possession of our well-known correspondent Dr. E. Sterling, and was by him sent on to this office. The little bird appeared to be in good condition and was taken down to Long Island to find a home after its wanderings, but the next day it succumbed to the hardships of travel and died. Advised of the owl's safe arrival here, Dr. Sterling writes: "I am glad to know that the owl has finally reached the office of FOREST AND STREAM alive and in good condition, eyes golden and bright. The voyage of this bird is remarkable. A waif migrating across the great inland sea of Lake Superior, when midway finds a resting place. Then captured and fed for several days by a rough crew of kind-hearted men, who at any time on more important occasions would be found at their post. The little bird of "Hellen," after landing at Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio, had a day of rest, when it was put into a peach basket with two live mice for food, and was covered over with brown paper and twine. Arriving at Cleveland by railroad, the little owl was taken from the basket, eyes bright and luminous as ever, though the feathers were somewhat disarranged. Then a special box was made, the waif again boxed up and provisioned for transportation. Through all these tribulations I am sure our little owl never once snapped her bill, as they are wont to do when disturbed, so intelligent was our bird. I cannot say where this stranger had its home, perhaps far north in the Hudson's Bay region of British Columbia or Onalaska's shore. However, he was moving south, "got over the line," and was captured.

BLACK AND SILVER FOX.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to give my testimony and indorsement on the position taken by "K. N. L. McD." on black and silver foxes, in a late issue. Up to ten years ago I trapped foxes every season in one of the best if not the best sections for red fox in this country, and of the 1,013 taken not one was black or silver gray. Now, if the black or silver fox is a freak or sport of the red species, I think I should have taken some. I once saw one in the summer season and would have shot it, but preferred taking the chance of getting it in the proper season. I have never heard of them being found further south than Vermont, and learn from collectors of their frequent occurrence further north, between the range of the red fox on the south and that of the white and blue fox north. If they are freaks they should be most plenty where the reds are. Once I marketed my furs in person, selling to Wight Bros., 72 Chauncy street, Boston, a firm who have been in business a generation or more, and handling furs from all quarters of the globe, and are presumed to know all about their trade. I was shown three specimens of the silver gray fox. No. 1 was jet black, except the tip of the tail, which was white, the pelt was very dark, as it should be if taken in early fall. No. 2 had a few coarse hairs tipped with light gray, with the pelt lighter colored, as would be if taken later. No. 3 a perfectly prime skin, the pelt white and the fur a full silver, and was told that the so-called black and silver fox were one and the same, the difference in season accounting for color, and that it was a distinct species from the red, and its habitat the higher latitudes.—WARFIELD (Maine).

Game Bag and Gun.

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WOODCOCK IN THE SOUTH.

WOODCOCK shooting commences with us about Christmas time and continues until the first moon in February. If that moon be early, but few birds remain and breed with us, but if it comes late in the month and the weather be cold, quite a number will remain. I have found the nests in the month of March, and on one occasion I found four nests within 50yds. of each other. In the month of July I shot six woodcock not one mile from the city, and in the month of October last year I shot twelve within a space of 200yds. Last season a very great number of birds bred with us, indeed so many that market gunners thought they were flight birds. In this, however, they were mistaken, for at no time up to Dec. 10 that year was the weather cold enough to drive the birds southward to us. The season had been a very dry one up to that time, when we had some rain, and the birds shifting their grounds gave the hunters an erroneous impression. About Jan. 1 this year we received the first flight, and the birds were numerous; several were caught in the streets of our city. I was told that 63 were shot to two guns in one day on one occasion, and at another time 41. On my first hunt after the flight I met two acquaintances about 7 o'clock in the morning, at which time they had 7 birds and I had none. In the evening we met again at the same place, and my friends had 41 woodcock and I had 16 woodcock, 2 partridges and 2 doves, 61 birds to three guns, 57 of which were woodcock. I had but one dog, and that an old and inferior on account of his age. If I had had a good dog our bag would have been much larger.

There is no bird shooting that I know of which requires a good dog so much as woodcock shooting. A dog which has the best of a nose and one which thoroughly understands what he is hunting for—such dogs should in close cover range around you instead of in front of you, for it oftentimes happens that when a cock is flushed he will fly around and alight in the rear of you, and you will not be able to find him with a common dog if you have failed to mark the flight of the bird. Any fair dog will find woodcock, but when they are first found they are likely to be in a very thick and consequently very hard place to shoot them, especially if you are alone, but with a friend it is different, for one can drive the bird when flushing in the direction of an opening, and the bird killed on the first point; but if not killed on the first point, you require just then a first-class dog, for the bird will alight in the opening and will flush at the least noise and very often will flush before an ordinary dog can wind them, and this is the reason you often wonder what has become of the bird, as he is continually flushed out of your sight and hearing. The first-class dog, when he finds them not shot, will slow down his pace, throw his head in the air and move cautiously and work for the body scent and will point at a long distance, and this work requires the best of nose, for the woodcock has but a light scent.

Some persons think that a slow dog is the best for woodcock, but I differ. I have hunted both and I find I can kill more birds over a fast dog than over a slow one, if the dog has not a good nose then a slow one is the best; for in such a case you are playing dog yourself one-half of the time. On the second or third flush, if it is made without a point, and you are the flusher, you have to take your chances; but with a good dog with a first-class nose each flush is made from a point and you can take your time to flush the bird in the direction you want him to fly, and if a good shot, bag him. In proof, a friend and myself in the day's hunt over a brace of setters found 58 cock and bagged 54, and this in heavy cover; on another hunt with another friend and the same brace of dogs we found 24 birds, bagging every one. Some of these birds were pointed from two to four times before we had a chance to bring them to bag, for the cover was canes. Thinking that some of these birds were not the ones flushed at first, but that they were a second bird, we beat the swamp from side to side back but could not find another bird. One day I followed in the tracks of two of my friends who were good shots but who bagged at that time eleven birds over three dogs. I bagged thirteen birds with my brace of dogs, and had I been ahead I do not think they would have bagged three. I have hunted over other dogs, finding from twelve to fifteen birds and bagging not more than five or six. This was the fault of the dogs, not because they were not staunch enough but because when I did not kill the bird on the first point, I failed to get another point on that bird, so you see that what I state is from personal experience in this class of shooting.

So much for the dog, now for the habits of the birds—their migratory flights are made when the moon is nearly full, and they move only when compelled by severe frost, which prevents them from procuring food. They remain in cover during the day and feed at night, commencing their flight for their feeding grounds about twilight and leaving at dawn. A number is at hand on these flights who take their stands and shoot them as they fly past. On very cold mornings the best place to find them is along the shrub oak ridges on the sunny side of the swamp. This is hard shooting, especially if the weather be damp, when they are found in the thickest kind of cover. In warmer weather they are found among the sprouts close to the water on the hillocks in the swamps among the sprouts at the edge of a road or stream where the ground is damp or wet. You then have the best shooting, for the birds are found in places more open, and woodcock shooting may be then enjoyed, for you can see your dogs and get good open shots. Another good place for these birds too is among the patches of rich gardens, when these patches have sprouts or cane on the edges, and particularly if the ground is damp among the cover, and a favorite place for them to feed is burnt fields. Years back numbers used to be killed in burnt fields by the negroes by torchlight and bushes. When the birds were flushed the torchlight would affect their eyes, and they becoming confused would fly toward the light and be knocked down by the hunter with the bushes.

This manner of hunting and securing these birds is among the things that were—the negroes now are the most destructive market gunners, and they go in gangs of two and three together, so that a bird has no chance of escape, and they care not whether a bird is a hen from the nest or not since their object is money. In proof of this I heard a negro market gunner say ('twas in the month of March) that he had shot four woodcock the day before. I told him that they were then breeding, when his answer was that he would shoot them on the nest as long as he could get twenty cents apiece for them. A few days after this I visited the place where he said he had shot them, and I found the four nests but no sign of bird, and on inquiry found that those were really the birds he had shot. I have been told that the negro pothunters are no injury to game because they are not good shots. This may be true in that section from where the gentleman writes, but here we have numbers of them who are good shots.

To successfully shoot woodcock two parties, or persons, I mean, and two good dogs, are necessary; two friends make company but three a crowd. With two, one flushes and one shoots and marks, or one may shoot while a servant flushes. You may ask why not use a cocker? I answer no, for in the first place you lose the pleasure of the fine work of a good dog, and secondly in nine cases out of ten a cocker will flush when you are in thick buck briers and the bird will fly in any direction but the one you wish. Cockers are good in canes or low brush, but when you have to take the cover yourself give me the staunch setter, for then you can flush in the direction you want. I find a 28in., 12-bore hammerless with cartridges loaded with 1¼oz. of No. 9 shot and 3¼drs. of F.G. powder do good work. I use heavy loads of powder, for in this kind of shooting you have to take your chance through canes and brush, and very often with light loads of powder the pellet which would bring your bird to bag is stopped by a twig or the leaves of the cane, but with a heavy load you can be sure of your bird. I have frequently in a day's shooting bagged birds that I did not see at the time of firing, and it was only when my dog retrieved that I knew that I had hit the bird.

Shooting in heavy timber by one not accustomed to woodcock, although a good shot, will vex him very much, for when he is positive that the bird is covered, and fires and finds that the shot is a clean miss, and shot after shot is missed, he becomes puzzled and can in no way account for it. The shooting is comparatively open and before he commences he could almost swear that he would kill every bird he could flush on such ground, but when he does begin he finds out his mistake, for when the bird is flushed he flies direct for a tree, and when within a foot of it he dodges suddenly and is around the tree just about the time the shot is fired and the tree gets the shot intended for the bird. I remember on one occasion I was out shooting and met with a gentlemen who said he had found several woodcock in a certain locality in the swamp, but that he could not hit them—he was a good shot and had bagged but two birds—although he had fired a great many shots. I knew the spot well; it was an old pond with low maiden canes and heavy timber; the canes were not over a foot high and the timber were 20yds. apart. I laughed at him and told him I could kill any bird in such a place. His answer was "Come and try." Well, we started and in a short time reached the ground, and soon both of my dogs were on point. I flushed and shot, but no bird. I flushed from the other dog, and no bird after firing at least twelve shots. Finally I sat down utterly disgusted and saw my friend fire and miss as usual. In a little while I saw what the trouble was, got up and started my dogs and in a short time had a point. I called up my friend, who told me to fire away, flushed, waited until the bird dodged the tree, fired and bagged my bird. My friend said said he thought I had changed my mind and was not going to shoot. I then commenced and soon bagged eleven birds without missing one shot. I had shot hundreds of woodcock before, but never in such open ground. When they are flushed a number of times they fly very fast, and I have heard them make a noise with their wings like a partridge, and sometimes if you are not quick you will shoot behind them, for the general belief is that they are not flying as fast as they really do.

Another thing with woodcock in open ground is, that they will run before a dog for some distance, and, as they leave but slight scent, the dog is afraid of flushing and moves slowly, and before you know it the bird is up and to one side and off before you can cover him. I think that woodcock flush more from sound than sight—it seems that they are partially blind in the daytime. I have had them alight within a few feet of me after they were flushed; and this season two of my friends told me that while they were taking their lunch one of their dogs flushed a bird in the rear of them and he flew between them and alighted near the other dog, which caught it between her feet and held it there for some time. It finally got away from the dog and was shot by one of the gentlemen. The dogs and men were not 5ft. apart.

I saw an amusing thing with pointer and woodcock at one time, which occurred in the historical "Jasper Spring" swamp. This swamp covered at that time about five acres, in the middle of which was an open space. The best place for shooting was near the road and close to the spring. I had entered the swamp from the opposite side and soon heard shooting near the road. When I reached the open ground my pointer bitch came to point. I thought it was a partridge she scented, as there were two coveys in this swamp, but as I advanced what do you think I saw—the bitch was pointing close to a log—a woodcock jump upon the log, fan his tail, strut, draw his bill close to his breast and hiss at the dog, which, not being a very staunch one, and not liking the insult from the bird, made a snap for it, which caused Mr. Woodcock to take to his wings for safety. Between laughter and the sudden movement of the dog I missed clean with both barrels, and to pay me for my levity five more woodcock jumped up from around the log. The fact was the gunner at the road had driven the birds to this opening which accounted for so many being in the one place. In my next I will have something to say about the Virginia partridge or Bob White. VITUS.

SAVANNAH, Ga.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A communication is noticed in a neighboring sporting paper inquiring for some lawyer to codify the game laws so as to make them consistent and efficient, etc.

Now if there be any such, who can arrange, and get such law passed, he ought to come to the front at once. The assertion is ventured that none such exists. Several capable lawyers well versed in the game laws, and good sportsmen as well, have given their best efforts to write a better than the present law, only to acknowledge signal failure when their efforts were put under criticism. It has been tried by different ones at different times in the last six years, with the same result. True, some of the inconsistencies may be taken out of existing laws to make it good, but the men are scarce who know it all in respect to each species or locality.

But writing game laws and passing them are widely different matters. When a wise and prudent law is presented, then the difficulties at once begin, and it is beset with all sorts of ideas, is attacked in all sorts of modes, and with all sorts of motive. There are several leading interests that at once clash with all best of efforts, and work to undermine the best of laws.

First—The market men oppose all restraint upon trade in fish and game.

Second—The summer resorts striving for all the extreme delicacies to draw patronage.

Third—The pot-hunters who supply their demands want loose laws to be violated with impunity, while others abide them.

Fourth—The clever and obliging legislator, often giddy with the dignity of his office and duty to his constituency, who knows little and cares less about game or game laws.

Against all these is a large public sentiment honestly desiring game preservation and protection by honest, consistent and prudent laws. The latter rely upon common sense and merit for success. But they fail of being heeded at Albany in the persistent tumult, bluster and clamor of the others. The clown legislator listens to all sorts of buncombe and becomes bewildered because he knows little or nothing about the subject, and is led by others whom he thinks, or who claim, to know it all.

It is reported that Mr. Hadley of Franklin county is now engaged upon a new game law for the coming session. For two years he has been chairman of Assembly Committee on Game Laws. He has procured a renomination and expects to be re-elected. It is also understood that if Mr. Husted is returned and made speaker, and if Mr. Hadley is re-elected, he is to be again made chairman of game laws with his new bill to the front seat.

If future prospects may be judged by what has happened to the game laws during two years, a tall sample may be expected. It is true the 6in. trout law which he repealed in 1886 was restored last winter, but it was due to other efforts than his. It was well nigh lost by management in his committee. What his new law will be let those conjecture who can. It is reported that one feature of it is to be a "bureau of protectors," with himself at the head of it. It may be asked what kind of protection may be expected, and whether the whole State may expect a fish and game protection similar to that of Franklin county for the last few years. Sportsmen may be interested in finding it out if they can before their first knowledge finds it on the statute books.

There is only one way to obtain a better law than now, and that is by having as chairman of the game committee a man that fully understands the uses and abuses of the subject; can discriminate between wise suggestions and buncombe, and is firmly honest toward the public. There are several such outside the Legislature. OBITOR.

A DAY WITH THE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I read of the exploits of my fellow craftsmen I can see them in my mind's eye sitting round the blazing camp-fire, rehearsing the extra care they took in vainly trying to land the largest trout in the stream, or with swift footsteps following through the day till the shadows of night came on the largest deer that roams the forest. I have been there myself and know all the pleasures of the camp, having tented or "shantied" some forty times. As I read of these trips from time to time my mind goes back and memory is filled with the happy hours I have passed in the field and by the swift mountain stream. Often the question comes to me when I read of these things, Can I record my experience on paper so that those that read it can see it and feel it as I do? If so, then my object will be gained; if not, then the narrative of this one of those happy days will be lost.

I went to the city of Mt. V. to live, and among the many friends I made was Al B., the sheriff of K. county. His duty often called him to the country, I would be invited to go with him, and I usually found his dog and gun under the seat of the buggy as his companions. Up to this time I had always used a rifle, looking upon a shotgun as only fit to scare the crows from the cornfield with; but after a few trips I began to feel a conviction that I was wrong, and at last became converted. Since that time till to-day I have kept my dog and gun.

After securing my first shotgun the question arose, Could I ever hit that mass of shining feathers. I had grave and curious doubts. One day shortly after my purchase Al drove up and asked me to go out with him; he said he only wanted one bird for a lady who was sick. When we got to the field a meadow lark flew up. I wounded it, and the next shot killed it. Al says, "That is good enough. You can shoot as well as I can." And I found by obeying his rule of holding ahead on cross shots that I have been very successful.

The grand national day of turky and thanksgiving was drawing nigh and we proposed a day of sport. The day broke cold and sharp, but with no snow on the ground. Four of us with two dogs and two boys to carry the game and see to the team, started for a farmhouse some three miles from town, where arrangements had been made for dinner. The sun came out and helped cheer us on our way. When within a mile of the place we got out and sent the team ahead to the farm. Al and myself went over the hills to the right, while our friends took the valley along the Kokasin. We had hardly got out of sight, when from the valley an almost continuous firing was heard and kept up. I urged him to retrace our steps, for as yet we had found nothing after working for over an hour. My old friend says, "Don't worry, we will be there for dinner." We passed through a field and mounted a fence, and while sitting there the dog as he came up flushed a bevy, but we being on the fence did not get a shot. They flew wild and passed over a hill and we lost sight of them, but after half an hour found them and the first fire brought four to bag. We followed them till we secured eighteen, and from that time on our sport was royal. On our way to dinner the dog made a point and four birds flew up at once and we brought three at the first fire.

When we got to the house a bright fire in an old-fashioned fireplace awaited us and a pitcher of cider for our comfort. All being strongly temperate would not taste it, but I thought it very fine. We laid out our birds on the desk and window sill and smoothed the feathers out nicely and found our count was forty-six quail, four squirrels, one rabbit and one hawk.

Our companions had passed the house, and we could hear them firing some way up the stream. A conch shell was brought into requisition and at last the hungry crowd came together. We met them at the gate with the usual inquiry, "Where is your game?" One said in the house, (we had seen none); the other showed us two in his game bag. "Where is yours?" they asked. "Oh, in the house." When we came to go in they brought out four more. But you should have seen their eyes when they saw our "lay-out." They declared they would not shoot again, and they kept their word. We sent the team ahead, and after dinner went to the field again, and did not stop till it was so dark one could see a stream of fire at least a foot long streaming out of our guns at each shot. We were obliged to dip our guns in the stream to cool them occasionally. The birds would fly seemingly from under our feet. With light hearts and weary feet we arrived at home, and dividing our game equally we found Al and I had killed 76 quail, but had not added to our other game, as we had left the woods after dinner. I have not seen my old friend for some time. He is one of God's noblemen, with a heart large enough for all his friends, and a laugh that does one good to hear. GILL.

SHOOTING NOTES.

STRAWS show which way the wind is going to blow, and there are many signs that indicate that we are to have an early autumn. The unprecedented flight of English snipe to the inland marshes of New Jersey in the middle of August was one of these pointers: then the pears ripened in this vicinity fully three weeks earlier than usual; while the grass plover, who came in large numbers from their northern breeding haunts, tarried with us but a very brief time.

Just prior to the rainfall of this week, there was an immense migration of all kinds of birds from northern climes. The robins appeared on Staten Island in great flocks on Monday last, while from Thursday until Saturday, of the past week, black ducks, coots and teal strung along down the Jersey coast in vast quantities. All these things predict an early fall, and woodcock may be expected to come along on the next moon. As the swamps are in good order, the shooting this season should be much better than usual.

Speaking of English snipe, there has been very fine shooting at them in Delaware and Maryland this month. Below Cambridge, in the last named State, big bags have been made by several Baltimorians. Report says that 182 were killed by two New Yorkers on Thursday and Friday of last week. Fourteen months of drought in the West has evidently had much to do in sending the birds this way.

Sam Camp, of Mauricetown, Cumberland county, N. J., writes me that there are plenty of sora and Virginia rail on the meadows along Maurice River, but as yet the tides have been running too low to get at the birds, which have congregated on the high islands. The tides at this place served during the afternoon from Sept. 5 to 11. Next week they will again be propitious. For the information of those who intend going to this locality, I append a table of tides which is about correct: High water, Sept. 15, 8:30 A. M.; 16th, 9:15 A. M.; 17th, 10 A. M.; 18th, 10:45 A. M.; 19th, 11:30 A.M.; 20th, 12:15 P. M.; 21st, 1 P. M.; 22d, 1:45 P. M; 23d, 2:30 P. M.; 24th, 3:15 P. M. The tides at Mauricetown are about 45 minutes later every day. The end of next week, therefore, and the beginning of the week after may be looked upon as a good time to go to the Maurice River, yet the shooting is best after the reeds are broken down, and when southeast winds drive the water into the mouth of the Delaware River.

A number of Philadelphia pot-hunters have been making themselves very objectionable to the farmers in South Jersey, especially in Cape May county. They swarm there at this season and make the lives of the land owners a burden. Some of the farmers have become prematurely old. The other day the wife of one of them who was watching her better half keep yanking with fearful grimaces the white hairs out of his head she said: "John, don't you know that fer every gray hair yer pull out o' yer head six will come tu th' funeral?" "I don't care if they will only come in mourning," was his reply. They say a protective society is to be formed for the purpose of keeping the gunners off the land, and shooting at anything that runs or flies.

In Green county, in this State, partridges have been killed in despite of the dense foliage of the rhododendron swamps in goodly numbers. The birds are well grown. They are found feeding on the wild grapes, and many a bird is potted while rustling in vines.

The quail outlook in the Indian Territory is very favorable. Eastern sportsmen seldom get there, but when they do they always return for a second shoot. There is no section in this country so well supplied with game of all kinds as "the Nation" at the present time.

THE WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.

RAIL IN CONNECTICUT.—"Never was so few birds," is what all the old shovers on the Connecticut rail grounds have been repeating for the last three or four weeks. None of the northern birds seem to have come, and it looks as if those that had bred with us had all been drowned. A careful survey of the Essex meadows the first week in September failed to show a bird. The Housatonic meadows are equally barren, and so are those at North Haven. The prospects for rail are slim. When the birds do come they will come all together, and there may be good shooting for a few days if the tides are right.—ALTRO (New Haven, Sept. 10).

QUAIL AND GUN SPOTS.

THE prospects for an abundant supply of Bob White are excellent. Owing to heavy rains a few weeks ago and the consequent floods in the streams, there is no doubt that some of the young coveys were destroyed. But in the hills and on the smaller streams that trouble did not come. Many coveys are now nearly grown. About ten days ago I saw two as I was traveling along the highway which flew with vigor.

Some correspondent, writing from Tennessee, indicates that the old muzzleloading guns were made of better material than the breechloaders. He says that they did not spot so badly on the inside. Is he sure of that? Perhaps the trouble is that he can not see the interior of a barrel closed at one end quite so clearly as he can one which is open at both ends. If he will plug up the breech end of a modern gun it will look quite as well as any muzzleloader. Besides this some of the old guns—made even seventy-five years ago—have not been shot on an average one hundred times a year. Breechloaders are shot more frequently. The fact is, any gun will rust if it is not cared for, and no attention possible will keep them entirely free from spots. There is a difference, however, and a great one, owing, no doubt, to the quality of the metal. I have a high grade gun with an extra set of barrels; one pair is Damascus and the other laminated steel. The Damascus barrels have been shot a thousand times and it requires close looking to see a spot. The other pair has not been shot more than two hundred times. It is easy to see spots in them, and the same care has been observed. The left barrel is far worse than the right. The metal of one must be purer than that of the other.

But I think there is something in what Birdo writes. Flaws were not so common in twist barrel guns made thirty to forty years ago as they are now, even in high grade guns.

In a short article of mine, printed May 26, your printer makes me attribute the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" to Prof. Wilcox. My chirography is a hard one to read—so it is said—but I surely wrote Prof. Wilson. He was called "the Wizard of the North," but Prof. Wilcox is a gentleman of whom I know nothing at all. I fear your readers supposed me to be little familiar with the writings of an author to whom I referred. They may be right—but I knew his name was Wilson. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

There is a man in this town who has I think killed as many birds in the county as any other man for the past fifteen years, and he has shot the same muzzle-loading gun all that time, and I very much doubt if it has been cleaned fifteen times in the fifteen years. I have repeatedly seen him cut a small twig to push the paper wad home as he could not get a cut wad down. I have used guns for over twenty years, muzzle and breechloaders, and (I have used kerosene, naphtha and water, and it makes little difference which you use if you only get off the lead and burnt powder from the inside of the barrels and then use plenty of "elbow oil" and dry rags, cotton in preference to woolen, until the cloth comes out as clean and dry as when it entered the barrel. During the shooting season I never oil the inside of my barrels, as I am sure I can not get as good pattern as without it, but when I put them away at the close of the season I oil with good sperm oil and cork the barrels tight, and have had no trouble as yet with scale. I buy as good sperm oil as I can get and fill the bottle half full of calcined magnesia; it takes out all the impurities, leaving the clear oil on top. I think the principal trouble is that the barrels are not thoroughly dried before they are oiled, and in some cases the oil is not pure. O. S.

FAIRFIELD COUNTY, Conn.

BEARS AND BEAR KILLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I always looked upon bears as enemies of civilization. We, I and others, destroyed them by whatever means we could employ to do so. We canvassed all our resources to circumvent their cunning, and that they are possessed of a large degree of cunning no one who has hunted them will deny. When a boy of sixteen years, in 1844 and '45, I spent a year at the mouth of the Arkansas River. The country thereabout, at that early period, was almost a *terra incognita*, and game, deer, turkeys, ducks, etc., were abundant. Our stock, hogs especially, suffered from the inroads made by the bears. Our members from Africa put out spring-guns at the crossings where the bears came from the canebrakes to the cornfields, and also set traps for them in the vicinity of the "quarters." We didn't want the meat, we didn't want the sport, but we did want to kill the pesky, cowardly bears. Our members from Africa took great pleasure in finding a good fat b'ar in a trap or killed by a spring-gun, and they were sure to get a five dollar gold piece for each and every bear they killed. We never considered them game and did not hunt them as such. They are a mean, sneaking, cowardly animal, and always will "squeal" when hurt. There is no game in them, and the sooner the race is exterminated the better for all who live in the vicinity. I think any person who manifests sympathy for a bear in a trap should be sent to some locality where he would get all the bears he wanted and he would soon be convinced that his notions of kindness to bears were mistaken.

E. S. Y.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 9.

A LARGE BEAR SCORE.—On invitation I accompanied my friend Irving to his bear trap. We followed a blazed line, and when we neared the vicinity of the trap silence was enjoined. We moved cautiously forward but found the place vacant. So far as bears were concerned, I was surprised at not seeing anything in the shape of a trap except a piece of a horse, which was fastened to a stump. This was flanked on the sides by spruce boughs, leaving an opening in front. A bear after stepping over the stick would find himself in the clutches of a 40lb. trap, which lay covered by soft moss. About a fortnight ago a bear had been caught in this trap. Irving pointed out the path he took with the dog, and the spot where the bear "hung up" and was shot. Sitting on a log I listened for some time while Irving related stories of bears which his father and grandfather had caught. His grandfather, Uncle John Sprague, 77 years old, has a record of 150 bears to date.—W. H. W. (South Presque Isle, Maine).

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER RESORT.

NEW BOSTON, Ill.—New Boston is one of the oldest and in consequence one of the smallest towns along the Mississippi River. It is 34 miles above Burlington, Ia., 55 miles below Rock Island, Ill., and Davenport, Ia. There is an average width of two miles of lowland on either side. The mouth of the Iowa River adds its waters to the Mississippi opposite this place, and the bay known as Sturgeon Bay here meets the river. All this lowland overflows at times, and forms numerous lakes, sloughs and marshes at all seasons of the year. Our duck shooting opens with the first signs of spring, often before the ice is gone. Mallards are generally the first, and many a good bag of canvasbacks has stopped at this point, followed by teal, both blue and green-winged, with summer ducks, of which a few make their home here. Lest you class us all as pot-hunters, I will defer mentioning the number killed. Suffice it to say that of those killed none are allowed to spoil.

Along with the summer come the woodcock and jack snipe, then the teal and later our large ducks again.

There are many reasons why game abandons certain sections. My experience of thirty years here leads me to believe that when everything is favorable we have just as many ducks as ever, though less geese. I know that some of the oldest river men say that we had more ducks here during our high water of 1881 than they ever saw in as many miles of river, and they only saw those along the river and islands. Of islands there are a good many, and most excellent places for sport they are, too. In that year on either side of the stream it seemed to be one swarming mass of ducks; and how I wished that everybody knew about it and would get out for a day and keep them up. It looked as if there were ducks enough for all then and for all time to come if they could be protected during their breeding season.

I remember a remark that one of America's best wingshots made, who comes here regularly, that such papers as the FOREST AND STREAM did more harm than good by publishing all places where game could be found; but I don't agree with him there. I am positive there is a ring which keeps all members posted and makes a business of visiting as many of the best places possible during the open season, and whose motto is secrecy. A stranger inquiring of this invariably meets the wrong man first, and is very apt to take proffered advice. G. R. M.

MAINE LUMBER CAMPS AND THE MOOSE.—A correspondent who has had unusual opportunities for learning the facts writes of the Maine lumbermen: "In the far-back camps, where big game is abundant, may be found one or more hunters who are harbored, generally with free board, for the sake of having fresh meat provided, and to save the proprietors from the penalties, the hunters are paid $4 per hundred pounds for the dressed meat delivered at the several camps. The hunters set up lines of traps for fur and cover a great extent of territory, reaching far beyond the operations of the lumbermen, where game, especially moose, seek uninterrupted grounds. But in most camps some of the men have rifles and on Sundays go hunting, and a great deal of game is gotten by them, but mostly deer and caribou, especially the latter, as caribou are always on the move. In crusting time these men kill many moose also; and I know of proprietors who kill a large share of the meat used in their camps. One of these shot 4 moose, and more than 20 deer and caribou two years ago, most of them out of season. Another shot 6 moose, the same season, in one day. Now I will relate some facts I learned on my last trip this summer. One hunter shot 12 moose, not to speak of deer and caribou; and another man in the same camp shot 3, and of these 15 moose the meat of only 3 was saved. Another hunter shot 8, another 7, and two others 4 each. Here are 38 moose shot by 6 men in and about the works of 2 operators only. Now there are a score or more of op rators in country as well stocked with big game as those mentioned. My trips every summer cover territory not visited by sportsmen, and embraces 100 miles or more of main streams and small tributaries. I visited 8 camps, and at all of them were seen moose legs, heads and pieces of skins. More than this, I saw and talked with some of these very hunters and men who worked in the lumber camps. Every season till this I have seen live moose nearly every day, while in that section some days several together; but on this last trip I saw three all told, and not one track to where I used to see dozens. This tells the whole story, and if next winter should be as favorable for crusting as the last past, the moose will receive their quietus, or nearly so. From present indications greater operations are planned than those of last season."

A WILD RICE PROJECT.—Northern and Northwestern Railways, Engineering Department.—Toronto, Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order to increase the quantity of wild rice in many of the very numerous small lakes on the northern portions of these railways, and to introduce it in lakes where at present it is not found, we have decided, if the scheme be practicable, to sow a quantity in such a manner as to answer our purpose best. I would like to have the experience of your practical correspondents in the following: What time of year would it be best to sow? What depth of water should it be sown in? Should the water be still water? What is the best manner of sowing so as to insure sinkage of the grain without too deep penetration into the mud? What is the best kind of bottom to sow on? What is the most northerly limit south of which wild rice will grow in quantities large enough to answer for duck feed? At present there are not large quantities of rice north of Gravenhurst, and our intention is to encourage the ducks by providing it if we can. Duck shooting through these lakes is very good although rice is not their staple food. —H. HOLGATE.

QUAIL IN FLORIDA.—Narcoossee, Fla., Sept. 2.—The promises for quail shooting here this season have been particularly good, and on the opening day, yesterday, we were not disappointed. Mr. Frank Vans Agnew, Mr. F. L. Woodham and myself bagged twenty-five brace; other good bags were also made. The coveys, probably on account of the dry breeding season, are very large, and birds are very strong on the wing. If the unsportsmanlike trapper and equally bad potter will leave them alone, we may hope for several more good days.—A. E. WOODHAM.

FLINT-LOCKS FOR AFRICA.—Not many days ago I made a pilgrimage through the vast collection of arms paraphernalia in the store of Wm. Read & Sons, Boston. The zeal of the sportsman and the admiration of the devotee were within me as I looked reverentially upon those almost sacred treasures. All that could awaken enthusiasm surrounded me, and all that could inspire imagination confronted me. But passing all these, and shutting out of mind resolutely the temptations of the glittering show cases, I found as a curious fact that the firm were then filling a large order for military weapons from one of the colonies of Africa, and that by peremptory instruction the modern percussion rifles were all to be altered back to the flint-lock system. The occurrence is almost incredible in this day. It is enough to startle the advocates of the breechloader and the hammerless and the other forms of progress in this age of wonderful progress. I found the explanation to be that these guns were to be given to the native troops, who would not use other than the flint-lock weapon. Shades of our forefathers! How it carried my thoughts back to the olden times, to be standing there, under the shadow of Bunker Hill, gazing upon stacks of the flint and the flash pan. We are wont to claim that science and the arts are encompassing the earth with rapid strides, and so undoubtedly they are. But clearly this African field is virgin soil as yet to them. —GLOAN.

DORIES FOR DUCK SHOOTING.—"If the sun rises at five we must all be up and off in our dories before the first gleam of the sun comes dancing over the water," said I. "Dories," said the Major, with a somewhat horrified expression on his face, "you don't mean to say that you expect to kill any ducks from one of those flat-bottomed boats; why the birds can see them a mile away and won't come within a dozen gun shots of you." "By all means I do," I replied. Now let me tell FOREST AND STREAM why a dory is the best to use in ducking on the New England coast. The dory is a boat that is used by all the fishermen on the coast, and the ducks on their passage north become perfectly accustomed to the sight of it, and by the time that they have gotten near enough to discover that the boat contains a sportsman instead of a man with a hook and line, Messieurs the ducks are very likely to feel the effects of an ounce and a half of No. 4 shot. Moreover, even if the dory were twice as conspicuous, the birds would come quite as near, for it is not the sight of a boat at all that causes them fright, but the slightest movement on the part of those who are in it. So in the case of the dory, the sides being higher than those of the ordinary float or keel boat, the sportsman is kept more out of sight. Further, it is easier to land on the beach from a dory in case of a storm.—S. DER.

AN ADIRONDACK BUCK.—"Frank Newell, James Clonney and C. F. McHenry," says the Binghamton *Republican*, "returned from the North Woods Saturday, where they have spent the past two weeks. Of course they have fish stories to tell, but they have fish too, and Mr. Newell bears the proud distinction of having shot and killed a real live buck. Just how this was done and many other incidents of one of the most enjoyable trips of the season can be heard by engaging any one of the trio in conversation. They also have photographs taken in the woods showing the party in hunting costume, the guide, his dogs and the dead deer." [We should like to know just how it was done. That photograph of the guide and dogs is suspicious.]

ONTARIO.—Dundas, Sept. 8.—Duck shooting began on Sept. 1, last Thursday. As usual there were more gunners in the marsh at daybreak than ducks. Some funny incidents are related, including several upsets into the rather solid wetness of the marsh. Two young Hamilton lawyers, who have many times been ducking in the marsh when ducks were more plentiful and their years fewer, spent the whole night on the banks of a pet pond to find when dawn broke that just eighteen guns were there to keep them company. Two ducks showed up before breakfast, but both got away.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Angling Talks. By Geo. Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Anglers' Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50. Sportsman's Gazetteer. By C. Hallock. Price $3.

THE LARGEST BLACK BASS.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 25 you publish a communication under the caption "The Largest Black Bass," signed by Mr. A. N. Cheney, of this place. Mr. Cheney refers to three large bass besides the Lake Ronkonkomo fish spoken of by you as the biggest, in your paper of Aug. 18. The claim made by Mr. Cheney is for a fish of 8¼lbs. weight. The files of FOREST AND STREAM contain record of one still larger than either under question, and I can vouch for the accuracy of the record. On page 91 of FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 31, 1882, you will find the following: "Enormous Black Bass.—Glens Falls, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Landlord Pardo, of the American House, caught the champion black bass on the 24th. It was 23½in. long, 19in. girth, and weighed 8¾lbs. It was of the small-mouth species and was taken in Glen Lake, sometimes called Long Pond, three miles north of this place, with an 8oz. rod and fine tackle.—F. JOYNER."

Mr. Joyner is the well-known canoe builder of this village, and he was raised in the Adirondack region, and has legitimate claim to authority in fish matters, in which he takes great interest.

There is not a particle of doubt in my mind as to the truth of the weights given in the recent cases, but my fish was the largest by the record, and while the question is up the matter ought to be set right. GEO. PARDO.

TROUT AS CLIMBERS.

NEARLY every one who has been in the part of Coos county immediately north of the White Mountains, or has ridden on the Grand Trunk Railway between Gorham and Island Pond, must have noticed two peaks which stand out very conspicuously from the other mountains. They are nearly conical in appearance, and are so close together as to look from some points almost like one. They are quite destitute of vegetation for at least one-half of their height, and altogether present so striking an appearance that once seen they are not soon forgotten. These are Percy Peaks. At their eastern base lies Christian Lake, formerly North Pond. Under the new name it is the property of the Percy Summer Club, of which Geo. P. Rowell, of New York, and Hon. Osinon Ray, of Lancaster, N. H., are members.

Although so well known as these peaks are, very few people know that immediately north of them is one of the prettiest brooks in New England. This brook rises in Nash Ponds—three ponds which lie north of the Percy Peaks and ten or twelve miles from the settlements—high among the mountains, where they nestle in their sandy beds perfect gems of the forest. In these ponds monster trout used to live; and it was not uncommon for those who knew the way to go there and return the next day with all the trout they could bring, and not one of them a small fish, but ranging from ¾lb. to 5lbs.; and not once in a while did they go, but many times each summer, and winter too for that matter. Few knew the way, and so jealously was the secret guarded that people believed that the outlet ran under ground for a long way. But when the lumbermen went into that region, it was more fully explored and more people found their way thither, until their fame spread far and wide, and soon the larger trout, the pride of the pond, were gone, and not one was left to keep up the departing glory of those beautiful waters. With nets and setlines, spears and rendrock, in season and out of season, summer and winter, on the spawning bed or on the June rise, they were taken until now a trout that will weigh a pound is a rare fish in those waters. Small ones are there now just as plenty, and though an immense amount of fishing has been done there in the last ten years, still the stock is kept good.

As stated, these ponds are situated high above the surrounding country, and many hundred feet above the base of the Percy Peaks, and so there could be but one way for trout first to reach the waters. That way is through the outlet called Nash Pond Brook. This brook, after it leaves the pond runs through a swamp for a few miles, but at last reaches a spur of the peak and comes rushing and roaring down its side like any well-conducted trout brook; but before it can reach a quiet resting place again it has to go over ledges which would prove destructive to anything except water. After a race of a mile or more over and under rough granite boulders, sometimes out of sight but not of hearing, it comes to its first slide, which is down a smooth granite ledge about 75ft. long, and at an angle of 50 degrees, and then it becomes a rushing, noisy brook again, until it takes its last slide and plunge. This is near the foot of the peak, and is not far from the junction of Nash Pond Brook with Nash Stream. The ledge over which the water falls is of granite, and has been worn so smooth by the action of the water that no dirt can collect on it, and it is at all times of perfect color. The great volume of water which in the spring rushes down this brook has carried away all soil from each side of its center for a distance of 10 or 15ft., and has also worn these sides much smoother than they would otherwise have been. This ledge stands at an angle of about 40 degrees, and has a perfect face except that there is a small crack running diagonally across it about half way up, but this does not in the least break the descent of the water. The distance from the bottom to the top of this slide has been variously estimated at from 125ft. to 175ft., but I think that it cannot be more than 140 or 150ft. The water here as in the fall above is only a few inches deep —I should say not more than 6in.—and always runs in one channel or bed. So smooth does it look in its fall that one could almost imagine it was glass. At the bottom of the slide is a nearly level place some 15 or 20ft. long, which is strewn with rough and jagged boulders, among which the water rushes in perfect foam. But here it does not stop, for below is a pool of about 30 or 35ft. in diameter—perhaps it is a little longer one way—and into this the water falls with a plunge, clearing the steep wall by about 2ft. at the bottom; and there for a few moments it finds a chance to rest before it begins again its headlong rush down the mountain. This pool is quite deep, and in its shady nooks one can always find a few nice trout.

I will acknowledge that it does not seem possible that a fish could go up this brook, for in the first place they must leap up over a perpendicular fall of at least 6ft., only to find a mass of foam and seething water for a resting place before it begins its climb of at least 140ft. of swiftly moving water, only to find when that point is gained that another climb remains, which is scarcely less difficult than the first. But it is a fact that trout do go up and that quite frequently.

I have conversed with many fishermen who have fished that brook and have always asked them if they caught any between the falls, and in nearly every case the reply has been in the affirmative. I have caught them in the foaming water above the fall at the foot of the long slide, and after I had caught all I could my friend would catch some more that afternoon or the next day, and on one occasion I saw one jump over this fall and disappear in the foam above.

The nature of the brook between the two falls is such that trout would not select it as a spawning bed, and I do not think that it would be possible for the spawn to reach maturity there, and such being the case their ranks must have been supplied from below or there would soon be no fish to catch.

Within a few years a dam has been built at the outlet of the pond on this brook for the purpose of saving the water to help drive out the logs in the main stream, and it is the business of our man to go from the drive up to this dam, a distance of about five miles, and open the gates at such times as the water may be wanted. He has told me and others that when coming back after having raised the gates, he has repeatedly seen fish going up the long falls and hardly ever did they fail to reach the top.

It is claimed by those men whose business takes them

into the woods and on the streams during the time when fish are on the move that the trout will go up the long falls without trouble, but it is death for one to come down. Small fish called chub or shiners are often caught below the falls, but I never heard of any being caught above, which would go to prove that they are not as smart as the trout, and so not able to go up, and that if the trout had got into the pond by some other and easier way, the chub would have been there too. But it is impossible for fish to reach the pond by any other way, and so we must accept the fact that they took the way that nature intended.

I have yet to learn that there is any other fish in the world that can go up such small and broken streams as our brook trout, and all I can learn from salmon fishermen who have been up their streams, leads me to think that the sea trout will go further up the streams and over higher barriers than the salmon, and that after one gets up past the last salmon pool and has gone up and up, there he will find our *Salmo fontinalis* in all his glory.

This has been written with the hope that some one whose good fortune has been to go further into the woods and in less frequented places than I have, would give us in the columns of this paper such facts in regard to the ability of brook trout to climb falls as may have fallen under their observation. C. D. C.

NORTHUMBERLAND, N. H.

ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA.

DURING the days of almost unbearable heat, while Sirius reigns and offices seem like furnace-heated ovens, and business cares are too heavy burdens to be borne, all lovers of the gentle art are to be congratulated who can leave behind, even for one brief day, all cares and perplexities and go a-fishing. Such was recently my happy lot, for, after days of pleasant anticipation, the time at last arrives and we are off for a day afloat upon our grand old Susquehanna.

My friend Sharpe is the ideal angling companion, and this is not the first outing we have enjoyed together. Living very near to nature, he loves the forest and stream and has a quick and appreciative eye for everything found therein; and

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Whether afield or afloat, his enjoyment is keen and satisfying, and ill luck or mishap never calls from him the first word of complaint.

An enjoyable ride of twelve miles bring us to the river at the straggling little village of Mehoopany, and we are "crossed" by the genial ferryman, ex-Fish Warden Joe Briggs, who sent in his resignation because the Legislature refused to appropriate money to pay honest, capable officers for faithful work in enforcing our fish laws. Is it economy to pay members of the Legislature $10 a day to enact laws that are rendered abortive by their refusing the means for enforcing them?

"Boys, you have come at just the right time; the bass are biting freely."

Joe had seen us before and guessed our errand at once. With such a report our spirits rose still higher. After the final preparations were completed for an early start on the morrow and a pleasant evening with friends, we seek our beds to dream of leaping bass and whirring reels.

With the early dawn we are astir, and not waiting for breakfast we soon reach our boat. Leaders are got into water, rods set up. The boat clears the beach, a few strokes of the oars and we feel the current of mid stream and float gently away. Past the depot with its confusion of lumber piles and empty cars, past the mouth of the creek that here comes roaring and tumbling over the bar to mingle its colored waters with the clear river, past a solitary boat at anchor containing a fisherman with a very high collar and an equally high hat, on through the long stretch of placid water until we pass under the wire of the lower ferry and hear the roar of the rapids under Maynard Hill. Crows are cawing along the water's edge as they breakfast upon the shellfish the falling waters have exposed. A kingfisher with jerky flight and shrill note crosses our wake and alights on a dead branch overlooking the water. A blue heron takes alarm at our approach, flaps awkwardly into the air and goes off to resume his wading at a safe distance. But just here my observations are interrupted by an electric communication from below. A slight motion of the wrist fixes the hook "where it will do the most good." The fight that follows is sharp and decisive and my claim of "first blood" is allowed as the bass goes into the fish box towing astern. Another "hopper" is placed on the hook and the boat quickens its pace as we approach the rapids. All thoughts of fish are banished for the present as we approach the rough roaring water and are carried onward with a speed and buoyancy that sets every nerve tingling. The rapids passed, we float along under Maynard Hill, where the rocks rise perpendicularly from the water to a height of more than one hundred feet. The remains of the old Horse Race dam now show in front. We pass through the wide break in the cribbing, turn sharp to the right and anchor under the wall of the old chute—now but a mass of decaying timbers, rusty spikes and disorderly stone. The lunch basket comes to the front and is voted the right thing at the right time. The crimson reflection on the sky over the hills to the eastward proclaims the rising sun. Out over Comey Flats smokes rising here and there show that the farmers are astir and anxious for the welfare of the wheat not yet secure in barn or stack. A train rumbles past with lights still burning, looking pale and lifeless in the morning light.

I fall to musing over the incidents I have read and the stories heard told connected with the scenes about us, but I am suddenly brought back to the present by a tug at the end of my line some 20ft. down in the dark waters beneath. The but half eaten biscuit is overboard in an instant. I strike gently and the fun begins. Something worth while this time by the way the reel spins. First up stream, then down he dashes; but the spring of the good rod each time brings him round and back toward the boat. Then again he dashes out across the current that comes through the break in the dam, and I lose 7ft. of line. But lancewood and oil silk prevail, and completely exhausted and conquered he is brought alongside and lifted tenderly into the boat, where he lies with quivering fins and withal a beauty. I feel a little inclined to exult over my capture, for Sharpe has not yet taken a fin, but he only responds "wait;" and I said no more, for I had fished with him often enough to know that he was very apt to "get there" before he reeled in his line at night. After an hour's fishing we are again afloat with twelve bass fanning the slatted box with their broad tails. We go ashore near the mouth of the Vosburg tunnel, an improvement of which the Lehigh Valley R. R. Co. may well be proud. Three-fourths of a mile in length, it saves rounding the "Neck," a distance of five miles. The work was talked of when the North Branch canal was built, and although engineers tested the rock and pronounced the undertaking feasible, it was abandoned and the canal built around. Sharpe, who is well acquainted with the locality, went through to within 200ft. of the end and returned with a pail of cold water that there flows from the broken rock.

Again we seek our boat, go dashing through some rough water and glide out upon the broad expanse that separates Grist Flats on our right, and the mountains along the Neck at our left.

Your entertaining correspondent W. M. Graydon will bear me out in the statement that this is one of the finest of the many grand mountains to be seen from the bosom of the river as it flows through Wyoming county. Rising almost perpendicular many hundred feet, its massive rocks and beetling crags partially hidden by the dark green of pine and hemlock, interspersed with the lighter shades of the deciduous trees, it stands, in its beauty and grandeur, a constant source of inspiration and delight to the quiet fisherman at its base or the canoeist floating on the peaceful bosom of the river. Borne gently on by the current, taking bass at short intervals, drinking in the beauty of river and mountain and the peaceful scenes, with an ever changing canopy of bright blue sky and fleecy clouds above, and pervaded by the same peace and quiet that broods over all, we enjoy it keenly.

Again we hear the roar of swift water and reel in our lines as we dash into Horse Race Rapids, the wildest water we had yet encountered. This passed we glide out upon deep, dark water under the mountain that now rises on our right with an island of considerable extent at the left, a part of which is under cultivation. Huge boulders that have rolled from the mountain above during the past ages here line the bottom of the river. Of every shape and in every conceivable position, they offer natural hiding places for the bass. This is our objective point; we throw over the anchor close by a huge boulder that projects some two feet above the water, and begin our fishing in earnest. And we have not the least reason to complain of the behavior of the fish. It is never long between bites, and their fighting weight is fully 16oz. to the pound.

Soon Sharpe strikes something heavy and a fighter as well. Some of its impetuous dashes threaten to wreck everything; but there is a cool hand on the butt and each emergency as it occurs is promptly met. I get a glimpse of the fish as it swirls the water near the boat and pronounce it a 4lb. bass. Finally it gathers all its remaining energy for a last effort, and with the butt in its face goes down under one of the many rocks beneath us. The sinker fastens in a cleft in the stone, and in a twinkling it is free, save of the hook and leader. Considerable maneuvering is necessary to loosen the sinker. This finally accomplished, Sharpe reels in his line, ties on another leader and hook, and resumes his fishing. He says very little about his loss; words won't reach the case. But soon his disappointment is forgotten in the excitement of a hand to fin encounter with another one, which ends disastrously for the bass; and it beats my best one by half a pound—consolation, indeed.

The sun had now reached its highest point; we land on the island, and Sharpe procures a pail of water from a well at a farmhouse just across on the mainland. I brew a pot of lemonade, and we enjoy our midday meal as fishermen are wont to do after a good morning's sport. At last our appetites are satisfied, and, throwing overboard numerous empty tin cans and paper sacks, we resume our fishing, and the afternoon sport is as good as during the morning hours.

So absorbed are we that we fail to notice the shower gathering in the west, and only give it heed as the rain in its first wild burst comes dashing down the river. No time to go ashore and seek shelter. Huddled close under an umbrella we watch the storm sweep down the river and against the mountains at the bend below. And although we are made to realize that we are getting wet, we accept it as a part of an angler's experience. Here my attention is called to a printed notice on a box of crackers in the lunch basket that is getting severely pelted by the rain. "Keep in a cool, dry place." Yes, Mr. Baker, we would gladly follow your instructions; only furnish the place and we will go along with the crackers.

The shower passed as quickly as it came; our clothing is soon dried by the warm rays of the sun, and we continue our sport until the lengthening shadows tell us it is time we were homeward bound. Sharpe removes his leader and ties on a fluted spoon. I rig a cast of flies. Heading the boat up stream I take the oars and settle down to a long steady pull against the current, while Sharpe attends to the rods, with spoon and flies trailing 50ft. astern. Whenever we encounter swift water we draw up the boat by means of a chain as we walk on the beach.

After passing Horse Race Rapids, a squall came sweeping up the river, kicking up waves that threatened to swamp our little craft; and while it lasts the bass are as full of life as the water. I try to control the boat with only indifferent success, while Sharpe has more than he can attend to with two rods. Two bass are quickly taken on the spool. Click, click, sounds the other reel. Grasping the butt he commences reeling in, when the two remaining flies are taken by two more bass. Three bass on a single leader is too much of a good thing with the boat rolling and pitching and the water boiling all around. A heavy lurch of the boat, the rod straightens and the line comes back minus the flies. With smooth water we might have saved them, but under the circumstances their escape was a foregone conclusion. The squall, like the shower, soon passed, and I pull steadily along, taking three more small bass as we go. We often hear the remark that it is not all of fishing to fish, I was fully convinced ere my four-mile pull was finished; and yet it was not the least of the many pleasant experiences of the day.

In the gloaming we swing in at the landing with forty-seven bass in our box. And better still, the memories of the very pleasant incidents connected with their capture that will long mark it as a red-letter day among our angling experiences. BON AMI.

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Pa.

FLOATING FLY-FISHING.

OF late years there has been a new departure in angling, and thanks to the courtesy of Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, I have had an opportunity of learning how to fish with a dry fly. We started from London Bridge about six o'clock in the evening, and in about thirty minutes were landed at Mitcham Junction, whence a short walk brought us to the river Wandle, on which celebrated trout stream Mr. Marston has some private fishing. A clear and quiet brook, some 20ft. across, flowing gently seawards between grassy banks o'ershadowed here and there with willows or tall poplars such as we see in English water-colors. The river somewhat resembled in its characteristics that of Smithtown, Long Island; it was from 1 to 2ft. deep, the surface as smooth as a sheet of glass save here and there where the boil of a feeding trout started circling waves. On such water the old style of chuck and chance way of fishing with three flies would have been useless, and so the new method has taken shape.

The leader is three yards long and made of gut infinitely finer and longer than any I have seen in America. One very small fly, a wonderful imitation of a natural dun, is put on the end of the leader and the fisherman begins to swish his line to and fro above the water, walking slowly up stream to where he sees a trout feeding. Then he makes his cast, up stream, graduating his distance so that by holding the rod perfectly still the lure shall float over the nose of the feeding fish. The angler watches his fly and, when the fish makes for it, is ready to strike. The evening I was on the water there were very few duns floating down, and I was not accustomed to follow my fly in its course. We did take, however, some handsome trout (*Salmo fario*), one of half a pound and another of three-quarters; but as everything under 12in. goes back again to the water, we had no trout for supper, but enjoyed in place thereof some sole which hospitable Mr. McRae served us instead. This dry fly-fishing is very pretty and fascinating, there is quite a lot to it, you can and do fish it on perfectly still water, and once our anglers have tried it they will regard it as a real improvement on the old style.

Mr. Marston and I also exchanged tips on heaving the lead, he casting from the reel, Nottingham style. In this method the guides and reel are on the under side of the rod, which is slung very much as we do, but with two hands. Either the right hand is held above the reel and the left encircles the spool so that the run can be checked with the touch of the tip of the third finger, or else the left hand is above the reel and the right below it, the run being controlled by a touch of the fore finger. Mr. Marston is the happy owner of $30 worth of an American multiplier; some time ago he exhibited the same to a congregation of anglers and essayed to display its merits when fixed under the rod. Since then it has been a cherished plaything for the baby, who enjoyed seeing the wheels go round. I rigged up the minnow casting rod and reel that I won in the tournament, borrowed a couple of latch keys to serve as a sinker and let fly. In three seconds those keys were roosting 20ft. from the ground in a tree about 110ft. away. I wish you could have seen Mr. Marston's face when he saw the way that we folks cast. I rather think the baby won't have so much fun with that reel in the hereafter, for Mr. Marston picked the knack of it up very quickly and intends to do a little quiet practicing before he gets up another tournament.

GRAYDON JOHNSTON.

MAINE WATERS.

THE angling for the season is not yet all over, since the reports of the past few days are rather pleasing. At Moosehead Lake the fly-fishing is good. There are a number of Boston sportsmen there, as have already been mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM. To that number may be added Mr. Steese, of the wool firm of Brown, Steese & Clark. Mr. Steese is a long-time patron of the rod and line. He has visited Moosehead in the fly-casting season many, many times. But he is one of those conscientious sportsmen who cares for no other fishing than with the fly. There is no season that suits him like the early autumn, or possibly the late summer. Mr. Steese will be followed this week by his business partner, Mr. Clark.

Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York city, is just out with a better record than ever, though previously he has made some good scores in taking the Androscoggin trout with the fly. Mr. Stewart has visited the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, nearly every season for a number of years, and almost always in the fly-fishiag season. He caught on Aug. 31, at the Upper Dam, near the Union Waterpower Co.'s works, twenty-one trout. The largest, a female, weighed 8½lbs. and measured 23in. in length. The next largest was a male, and weighed 6½lbs. and measured 22in. These are not the largest trout that have ever been taken at that point, but they are very large to be caught with the fly. These two trout were shown in Appleton & Litchfield's window on Saturday. They were beautiful specimens of the true brook trout, and they drew a crowd of the curious. The many sportsmen who have met Mr. Stewart at the Upper Dam on former seasons, will feel like congratulating him on his good success. Two sportsmen from Haverhill—I did not learn their names—took from the same waters about the same time 50lbs. each of trout, all that the law allows. They brought them out. I don't know that they are in the fresh fish business, but the taking of so many fish and taking them to the city would indicate such an occupation. Trout enough for the camp table is true angling; trout to send out by the 50lb. box is slaughter and taking and killing the sport that belongs to another.

The autumn crowd of sportsmen to the Maine waters bids fair to be large. The season has opened well in the direction of fish already taken. One first cause is probably the high pitch of water in nearly all of the Maine lakes. Again, the weather has been remarkably cool for several days in those northern regions, the ground being covered with frost on several mornings. The season has opened well, but will the fishing hold out through September? It is to be feared not. It is hardly possible that the supply can be sufficient, even under fishing no worse than that mentioned above. SPECIAL.

A RED SNAPPER (*Lutjanus blackfordii*) was caught off Long Branch, N. J., Sept. 7. This is far north for that fish to be found.

LOST ON A TROUT STREAM.

To those who never have "been there" it may seem a weakness to get lost upon a stream which flows past your door. But let them try my experience, and if they get out any better than I did I will own my stupidity. Mr. G. A. and self, after enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Mattison a few days, and the splendid fishing in Wilmurt Lake, in the North Woods, with the most excellent and satisfactory results, had a desire to try the father of all the northern trout streams, the West Canada Creek, and on the last day allowable for trout fishing took rather too late a start in the morning, having delayed from the limitations of one of Mrs. Stimson's delightful trout breakfasts (and who would not delay for such a reason?). A row of two miles in the stillwater above the Home brought us to the trail, which took us another half mile through the woods to the beginning of the rifts. Well, instead of proceeding to the head of the rifts and fishing down stream as we should have done, we could not resist wetting our lines at once. The stream was unusually low and the fishing was mostly done in the numerous pools and an occasional rift with more water than the average. Mr. A. was rather quicker than myself and managed to keep ahead, which I felt bound to reverse so as to get the first of some of the best pools, and finally succeeded in passing him. We had then proceeded up the stream some four miles or seven miles from the Home, and the sinking of the sun admonished us that it was time to turn. A. did so, but I thought there would be no harm in going up a quarter of a mile further so that we would be more apart upon our return.

The fishing was getting better and I flattered myself that I would overcome the lead A. had when we parted. At length I turned down stream, being convinced that there would be no more light than necessary to reach the boat. All the time I had not realized that on this creek with high mountains upon either side there is no twilight.

But I soon found out my error and was in darkness. Then I made good time for a mile, but the increasing darkness and the uncertain footing upon the slippery stones made my progress very slow and dangerous. So bad did it become I foolishly thought that any other walking would be an improvement, and I left the stream for the woods, first taking my bearings from the stars, which were quite clear and bright. I knew there was a trail in the woods, and thought I might find it, although those trails are not macadamized. But alas! those old woods do not allow the city tenderfoot to brave them with impunity. Once in them the darkness was total; and over fallen trees, briers, slough holes—oh dear, the memory of it is still dear. I did not count the number of times I fell, nor would the bruises upon my body, which remained for a month, account for the times I tumbled over logs or rolled down into the holes, where I was nearly smothered in mud. At this stage (I could just hear the water rushing over the stones in the creek) I concluded that I must give up the hope of finding the trail. Also that if I did find it no one could follow it; and therefore I worked my way back to the creek, which at length I found. But I was so nearly exhausted that I was compelled to sit upon a rock for fifteen minutes and rest.

Then again came the weary work of wading in the shallow water, among the millions of stones which varied from the size of a tenpin ball to that of a house. A half-mile of this was indeed discouraging, but it must be done. At length I came to an island, covered with wiry grass as high as my head. This island was about a quarter of a mile long, and I thought it better to flounder in the grass than feel my way over the stones. When well into it I found that I had encountered another hardship, for I could not take a step without falling, my feet being entangled in the grass as if there were a million fishlines to a rod laid there on purpose to trip me. The falls I had were not so heavy as in the woods; and I came to think it was the proper thing to do. Consequently with much deliberation and calculation I threw myself down the whole distance of the island, gaining at each fall about half my length, like the inch worm. Now my height being 5ft. 9in. and the distance ¼ mile, it is an easy mathematical problem to find how many times I fell.

Once out of this I solemnly promised myself that I would have nothing more to do with grass or woods that blessed night, and would have added no more wading among the stones, but that being the last resort, except making a bed of spruce boughs and camping for the night. But the thought that my friends would start out all the guides in the vicinity and that my wife was at that moment thinking that I was being made a meal of by some ferocious panther or bear roused me for one more effort. This brought me to a fallen tree across the creek, which I well remembered and I knew that I was close to the trail.

The temptation once more came to try the woods and I was deliberating whether I would or not, when I heard a faint call, "Yoo ho!" in the distance. I answered it with a hello which would have demolished any telephone office in the world and then I heard it returned so distinctly that there could be no mistake. And what blessed music it was. In a few moments I saw the lanterns and the party of three persons, headed by the brave Miss Gussie Pomeroy, a girl of nineteen who had left a warm comfortable parlor, and without thinking of the danger or darkness, came to my rescue. A year and a half has now passed since that time, but although words on paper are cold and no one that has not been lost in those primeval woods can appreciate their difficulties or dangers, I shall never cease to remember her kindness and courage.

My friend A. had managed to reach the fallen tree before it was yet quite dark and got home by the trail between 8 and 9 o'clock, but in an exceedingly dilapidated condition. He too had been over the stones and in the grass, and the soles of his shoes were flopping like the crown of a dilapidated hat in a nor'wester, but having had some light he did not suffer as I did.

We had fair luck fishing. He having taken about 60 trout ranging from ¼ to ½lb. and myself about 40 of the same size.

Although I was very stiff and lame the next morning, on the advice of Mr. Stimson I started out again with him and A. for Pine Lake, and I can testify the best medicine for a bruised and exhausted city chap is to take another tramp the next morning.

The long tramp to the lake quite limbered me up so that I enjoyed the magnificent sport of taking four large salmon trout as well as the rest of them.

In October, I went to Wilmurt Lake again and had two days of deer hunting. One day was all for naught, although it is worth going the distance for the pleasure of even carrying a rifle a few miles in those woods and in that pure bracing atmosphere. But the next day we were more fortunate. Mr. Stimson very handsomely placed his bullet back of the shoulder of a fine fat deer. There were many shot at and missed by even professional marksmen that season, but the deer that gets away from Stimson's bullet would be as well entitled to boast as the Mingo from the long rifle of "Hawkeye." G. T. B.

HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am well aware that the Sproat hook is perhaps the most used by experts, but I must say that my experience has not made me its devotee. I keep a record of all catches, sizes, weights and outlines of the largest, and also the kind of hooks used. In my hand the Sproat does not come up to other hooks in hooking qualities at least. I file all my hooks when dull, and it certainly helps a Sproat hook very much. The Limerick I regard as about as good an all round hook as there is made, taking into account everything. Its hooking qualities when sharp are first-class, though in my opinion not up to Carlisle.

One great fault I find with most hooks is the manner in which the gut is bound to the shank. After being in the water for say about four hours fishing, most snell will, when the hook comes in contact with a snag, slip from the binding, leaving the hook in the snag.

The Carlisle hook, though generally made of too fine material and very liable to break at the bend, I regard as the best and surest hooker on the list. It has some faults, but I think that a Carlisle improved as follows would make a perfect hook. First, to be made of heavier material; second, to have a shorter bend from the turn in the shank to the point. Both of these would remedy its worst fault, that of breaking at the bend. Two of its best features are its unusual sharpness and the twist in the bend, enabling the hook to find a lodgment in the side of the head and through the gills rather than in the upper lip where most hooks catch. Other hooks have these twists but not to such a degree. Six weeks ago I received from Mr. T. H. Chubb, of Post Mills Village, Vt., some Carlisle hooks which, barring the brittleness which all Carlisle hooks have were the best I ever had, and I have had hand-forged imported. The gut was superb, being clear, well drawn and very firmly fastened to the shank. I did not have one slip out. I generally use a Limerick for a part of my fishing, the rougher part, but when I come to a nice hole I change the Limerick for a Carlisle to make sure of the big ones. I very seldom, almost never, lose a fish that bites at worm with a Carlisle hook through it.

I have much faith also in the Sneck bend, and would like to enlarge upon its virtues, but for fear of taking up space which could be employed to better advantage by papers of more merit I will close.

I should very much like to read other anglers' experience with Kirby and O'Shaughnessy hooks.

PEMIGEWASSET.

PIKE, PICKEREL, MUSCALONGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to know whether there is any difference between the pike and pickerel. I have a book describing the above named fish, also the muscalonge, but I am unable to learn from it whether pike and pickerel are or are not the same fish; in fact, am left in doubt whether muscalonge are not pickerel of a larger size.

Some years ago I spent a few weeks at Clayton, this State, and, of course, fished among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Some bass were caught, the first one by my wife, who was with me, and who bragged considerably about it; and a good many pickerel were caught. The bass were cooked by our guide, and eaten for lunch, but I never knew what became of the pickerel. I never saw any of them on the hotel table. I supposed they were not thought good enough. While we were at Clayton, Gen. Davis, of New York, brought in one day a muscalonge weighing 42lbs. It was sent to Saratoga, but whether for show or to be eaten I did not learn. Last summer I was at Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton county, and trout and bass fishing being dull, I made a trip to Indian Lake, ten miles distant, where I had been told pickerel were so plenty that they covered one another. I did not find that story to hold good, but I caught a few pretty large pickerel which I carried back to Blue Mountain Lake and had them cooked, but it was impossible to eat them.

In Lake Charlotte, a small and pretty lake in Columbia county, N. Y., pickerel are caught that are very fine eating. They are not as large as those in the St. Lawrence or those in Indian Lake, but they appear to me exactly the same fish. I would like to know whether there is any difference. S. P. H.

[The muscalonge (*Esox nobilior*), the pike (*Esox lucius*), and the pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*) all belong to the *Esocidæ* or pike family. The muscalonge is the largest and may be readily distinguished from the pike by these two characteristics: The lower half of the cheek of the muscalonge is scaleless and the anterior half of its lower jaw is toothless. In the pike the cheek is entirely covered with scales and the lower jaw is filled with teeth. The three fishes are colored as follows: Muscalonge, greenish or brownish gray with circular brown spots darker than the body color. Pike, dark green or gray, with oblong light spots, sometimes white. Pickerel, green or brown, covered with a network of dark lines.]

SEA BASS.—New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 7.—Bass fishing continues to be good in Westport River, and good catches are made almost every day by gentlemen who do not tire of the sport. Mr. Martin, of Washington, captured a 38-pounder the first of last week, while Henry Grinnell, of New York, took two big ones last week weighing respectively 32 and 27lbs. Every member of the Cuttyhunk Club went to the island on the steam yacht Aida yesterday. Mr. McGrouty of the club recently caught a 28 and also a 14-pound bass.

NEW LISBON, Ill.—Our river and bay abounds in black bass, pike, wall-eyed pike, mukalonge, jack-salmon, white and striped bass, croppies or goggle-eyes, sunfish and channel catfish, besides many other kinds, which take the bait or spoon hook of the faithful angler.—G. R. M.

CAUGHT WITH A WORM.—A Graham, Me., correspondent, L. McL., of Graham, Me., sends us this story of the Hon. Thomas Amory Deblois and John Whyley, in his time the leading gunsmith of Portland: Mr. Whyley used to repair Mr. Deblois's fishing and shooting tackle, etc., and they knew each other very well. I always suspected, (although I have no real reason therefore, and hope he'll not sue me for libel for stating it) that Mr. Whyley must have been guilty of poaching on English premises of fish and fowl before he emigrated. However that may be, he could "tie" a fly and "cast" one with most men. But he knew every snipe run, woodcock cover and trout brook within ten miles of Portland, and some that were further off. On one of his early spring trout-fishing expeditions, he had caught (as usual) a fine string of fish. He sent them up to Mr. Deblois as a present. Mr. Deblois invited his friends and had the trout served in proper style. The next day he called into Mr. Whyley's place and thanked him politely, if somewhat formally, as usual with him, for his present of magnificent fish. The interview was very pleasant to both; but as Mr. Deblois turned to leave him he said: "By the way, Mr. Whyley, would you mind telling me with what fly you killed those trout?" "Fly be d—d," responded Whyley, "don't you know that brook trout won't take a fly the 1st of April?" "Caught them with a worm!" shouted Deblois. "Caught them with a worm! and did you dare to send trout caught with a worm to me!" and started off in a rage.

NEPIGON TROUT.—Mr. W. F. Whitcher has written and the Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway publishes a pamphlet descriptive of Nepigon trout fishing, and giving much needed information about getting to the river and what to do after one is there.

Fisheulture.

CANADIAN FISHERIES DEPARTMENT.

WE have the annual report of the Department of Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada for the year 1886. The report is, as usual, voluminous and instructive.

Under the head of "Produce of the Fisheries," we learn that with the exception of Prince Edward Island, where a decrease of over $150,000 is noticeable in the value of lobsters alone, it is satisfactory to note that this great source of wealth is in a flourishing condition.

The following figures represent the total value of the fisheries of the Dominion of Canada for the year 1886:

Nova Scotia	$8,415,361
New Brunswick	4,180,227
Quebec	1,741,382
Prince Edward Island	1,141,991
British Columbia	1,577,348
Ontario	1,435,998
Manitoba and Northwest Territories	186,979
Total	$18,679,288

This is exclusive of the quantity consumed by the Indian population in British Columbia estimated at 25,000,000 pounds, and also of the total yield of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, of which only approximate data are at present available, which would increase the total value to fully $22,000,000.

For Nova Scotia the yield of the fisheries shows an increased value of $131,438, although a slight falling off occurred in salmon fishing. This industry is in a healthy condition, and gives promise of better results. In New Brunswick the returns of the year's catch show an increase of about $175,000. The improvement in the catch of salmon, which marked the previous year's returns, was not sustained. The statistics of the Province of Prince Edward Island show a deficiency as compared with last year of $151,438, there being a falling off of nearly one million of pounds in the item of lobsters. The catch of mackerel was very fair, exceeding that of last year by about 5,300 barrels.

An increase of 5,000lbs. is also noticeable in the oyster fisheries. In the Province of Quebec the returns show an increase of $21,922, in spite of a heavy falling off in the value of fish oils. Seal fishing improved considerably, the number of skins being 28,226 in 1886 against 9,195 the previous year. Salmon show a slight falling off. In lobsters there is an increase of 77,225lbs., and mackerel fishing was a total failure. It is difficult to compute the value of the fisheries of British Columbia, as the amount consumed by the Indians must be estimated; but it is supposed that there was an increase of $449,310. In Manitoba and the Northwest Territories the value of the fisheries is given at $186,979, the most important item of production being whitefish. In Ontario there has been a steady improvement and an abundant yield during the present year. Their general condition and increasing productiveness are most satisfactory. In several instances the value has nearly doubled that of previous seasons. These satisfactory results are justly ascribed in a great measure to the excellent fishery laws enacted by the Dominion Parliament.

The fishery laws of the Dominion are given with a table of close season for 1887, followed by a synopsis of the fishery laws. Five new fishways on the Rogers model were built on the following streams in the Province of Nova Scotia during 1886: La Have, Gold, Nine Mile, St. Mary and Sherbrook.

There are twelve hatcheries under the control of the Dominion Government located as follows: Ontario—Newcastle, Sandwich. Quebec—Magog, Tadoussac, Gaspé, Restigouche. New Brunswick—Miramichi, St. John River. Nova Scotia—Bedford, Sydney. Prince Edward Island—Dunk River. British Columbia—Fraser River.

No new hatcheries were built during the past year, but considerable repairs were made in the hatcheries at Sydney, Dunk River, St. John River and Fraser River, and all are now in good working order.

The total number of young fish of various kinds hatched at, and distributed from, the several hatcheries of the Dominion during the season of 1886, from the crop of 1885, amounted to 76,724,000, and the total quantity of ova laid down in all the hatcheries during the fall of 1886 was 93,224,900.

The kinds of fish at present hatched out in these hatcheries include the Atlantic and Pacific salmon, the whitefish and salmon-trout of the great lakes of Ontario, the pickerel (*doré*) and the speckled or brook trout.

A list of the fishery officers of the Dominion of Canada occupies nearly twenty-three pages. It includes the name, district, post office, rank and salary, and is followed by a detailed statement of expenditures on account of the fisheries and fishing bounty claims received for the year 1885.

NEW YORK CITY, May, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it*, not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead. Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. A. M. Grau. Secretary, 552 East Water street.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nipgen, Secretary.

Oct. 4 to 7.—Fifth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5296.**

BEAUFORT—PATTI M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The old saying, "save me from my friends," must in the case of Mr. C. M. Munhall be rendered "save me from my pen," for it is hard to conceive a more erroneous and illogical argument than that advanced in your last issue signed by the owner of Patti M.

Mr. Munhall starts off by saying that the American Kennel Club has placed itself on record as upholding a wrong act and a violation of the A. K. C. rules, implying that such was the effect of its original action in supporting Mr. Peshall's decision that Mr. Mason was entitled to the $50 special awarded to Beaufort at the Waverly show of 1886. That is what the case amounts to, for the last act in the matter is simply a duplication of the initial resolution.

In support of his position Mr. Munhall says:

> In presenting my protest I claimed that as Beaufort was entered not for competition, he forfeited all rights to compete for any prize over which the show had any control, and cited Rule 6 of the A. K. C., which makes it necessary for a dog to compete in regular class in order to compete for specials. The conditions attached to a special prize by the donor, when they conflict with the rules, cannot be carried out if objection is made by any exhibitor interested.

If Mr. Munhall had given Rule 6, the error, we will call it so, in his quotation of the nature of that rule would have been seen at once. In order to show this I will give the rule, which is as follows:

> 6. Dogs to be eligible for special prizes must in all cases be *entered* in their regular classes, and no dog eligible for special prizes can be withdrawn from competition, unless it has been stated on entry blanks, "Will not compete for special prizes."

The substitution of the word "compete" for "enter" (italicised by me in the rule) is too conspicuous to have been overlooked by any person whose sole object would be the rectifying of a wrong. There is a very decided and important difference between the mere entering a dog and its being a competitor in the open clsss. Mr. Munhall will acknowledge that dogs are occasionally entered "To compete only for specials," and according to his argument it is illegal to do so, whereas it is no such thing. Mr. Munhall will have to amend his claim if his case is based upon Rule 6, for it will not support him in any particular; indeed, it is an argument against him so far as Beaufort is concerned.

With regard to the final sentence of Mr. Munhall's claim, quoted above, he is right in this sense, that if a special is offered the conditions of which are not in accordance with the rules, it cannot be carried out. Not, however, as he would have it, "if objection is made by any exhibitor interested." It lapses through illegality. Now, Mr. Munhall would have us believe that the terms of the special were contrary to the A. K. C. rules. For the sake of argument. I will admit that and then ask Mr. Munhall what is his standing in the case. If it is impossible for Mr. Mason to win a special because the terms of that special are illegal, it will occur to the man of ordinary understanding that it would be equally impossible for Patti M. to win it. In other words, that the special was void and could not be put in competition. Not that it was illegal for Mr. Mason's dog, but perfectly proper for Mr. Munhall's to win such a special. When we find, however, that Mr. Munhall desires to provide one sauce for the gander and the other for the goose and supplements it by a demand for $50, which he never won and never can have awarded to him, his argument has too much of a filthy lucre attachment to it to carry conviction for the searcher after truth and into motives.

Mr. Munhall then proceeds to a discussion of the secretary's power to vote on a proxy and quotes a portion of Art IV. of the Constitution, but let me give it in full:

> Art. IV. The officers of the association shall be a president, first vice-president, second vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and an executive committee, consisting of one delegate for each club members of this association. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall be elected annually, by ballot, by the delegated members of the association. Officers of the American Kennel Club shall not be privileged to vote upon business before the executive committee unless regularly elected delegates from their clubs, except the president, who shall have the casting vote in case of a tie.

In connection with this let me also quote from Art. III. as follows:

> A person to be eligible to act as a delegate or proxy for a club or association, whose regularly elected member or representative is absent, must be a member of a club, one of the members of the association, but in no case shall any delegate act as proxy for more than one other member of this organization.

Mr. Munhall could not quote Rule 6 because it would not suit his argument, which was that the dog had to compete whereas he had only to be entered, and entering implies for exhibition or competition. Now he gives a bit of the rule which supports his view and leaves out the context which qualifies it completely. His extract is the last sentence of Art. IV.

Let us look at the object of that rule, and see how quickly Mr. Munhall's second row of bricks will come down with a run. The officers of the association are not to be allowed to vote unless they are delegates from their club. It is easy to see the reason for that. Each club that had an officer would have two votes if the officers had a vote, therefore to provide against any club having an advantage only delegates had the power of voting. If the secretary had represented his club he would have been allowed to vote, not as secretary, but as delegate, and if a person has the right to act as a delegate he has an equal right to hold the proxy of a delegate. Again, the Pittsburg club could appoint the secretary to act as its delegate although not a member of its club, and Article III., which gives that power, places the proxy holder on an equal footing with the delegate. Mr. Munhall in his excess of virtue is seeking to deprive his allies from the Allegheny of the right they have under the constitution to be represented by a member of an associate club. He is caught between the bases, and I don't think he can slide good enough to make the bag this time. And even if he does evade the ball, this time the umpire will lay him out cold on this statement, "I take issue with Mr. Peshall as to his interpretations of Article IV. It is plain English, and clearly says that an officer of the A. K. C. cannot vote the proxy of a club of which he is not a member." Mr. Munhall is occasionally right, and he is so when he says Article IV. is plain English. It is plain English and it says exactly the reverse what Mr. Munhall would have us believe. I guess Mr. Munhall must walk to the bench, and not being on the home nine will have to sit on the sunny side.

Falling back upon General W. B. Shattuc as a support is the one gleam of humor in Mr. Munhall's communication. But even he does not support Mr. Munhall, for he supposes that Beaufort was not entered at the show, and then declares that Mr. Munhall is correct, skillfully providing a retreat by saying that "there are some parliamentary questions" which he has not time to review. With regard to General Shattuc's assertion that Mr. Munhall had the right to transfer the Cincinnati proxy he will find himself in a decided minority under any parliamentary system.

Unfortunate President Smith does not escape even Mr. Munhall's censure when he says the president was wrong in accepting the secretary's motion when he was neither a delegate nor proxy holder. Thank goodness the Smith regime is at an end, and brighter days are in store, I hope, for the A. K. C.

Respecting Mr. Munhall's assertion that Mr. Peshall "has voted on all occasions to support his own decision" we will have to give the owner of Patti M. credit for ignorance as to Mr. Peshall's action on the occasion of the first vote of the A. K. C. Mr. Peshall neither used his own vote nor his New Haven Kennel Club proxy.

The littleness of Mr. Munhall in the whole business never appeared to my mind so contemptibly small as when he winds up with the assertion that "Mr. Mason compromised himself as one of the judges by taking advantage of the absence of the dog which was known could win, and entered his dog for the prize and won." This, like his accusation that Mr. Peshall "was party to a scheme for a certain dog to win the sweepstakes, which was known to him could be done under the gentleman who was to judge." Losing that $50 must have been a bitter pill when, beginning with deceptively misquoting rules and making extracts to suit from others, Mr. Munhall winds up with misstatements and mud slinging.

JAMES WATSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can safely say that after Mr. Munhall had judged Patti M., awarded her the sweepstakes and applied to the Jersey club for the "rocks," it was pretty generally supposed that his unequalled impudence had reached a limit. But such does not appear to have been the case and he again blossoms out, this time in the startling role of a superhuman creature possessed of the power to unravel the thoughts and intentions of men. Mr. Munhall says, "Mr. Mason saw his opportunity to win $50, took advantage of the Graphic Kennels' absence, and sent Beaufort into the ring, which he would not have done if Revel III. had been there. He explained his action by saying that 'he needed the money.'"

Who told Mr. C. M. Munhall what I would or would not have done had the Graphic Kennels entered their dogs, and who told him that I "explained my actions"? These and the like untrustworthy statement emanating from an individual who during a period of twelve months has been mourning the loss of a paltry $5 bill, may or may not be deserving of notice, but by your kindness I will give the facts in the case:

Out of courtesy to the N. J. K. C. for whom I had the honor of being appointed judge of many classes, I entered my champion pointer dog Beaufort "not for competition." Not many days before the show came off a gentleman prominently connected with the club informed me that a sweepstakes, with $50 added money, would be made for pointers, with a view of bringing together the best dogs in the country. The prize was to be open to "all comers" and the Graphic Kennels' dogs would compete for it, although they were not entered for competition in the regular classes. It was to be a grand gathering of the cracks, and my informant hoped to see Beaufort at the head of affairs. I did not hesitate a moment, but assured him that Beaufort would compete for the prize. I have never been and never shall be satisfied with Mr. Davidson's decision in favor of Revel III. over Beaufort, and that is the main reason why I wished to have the dogs rejudged for the sweepstakes, and why I was so anxious to have them meet again for the gold medal at Boston.

Mr. Davidson placed Beaufort over Graphic and then hurriedly put Revel III. over Beaufort. I am quite sure that a careful examination of Graphic and Revel III. would result in victory for the former, and as Mr. Davidson has never shown himself afraid to right a wrong I have always felt that if ever Beau and Revel III. should meet again under his judgment my dog would win. The first time I saw Beaufort (at Washington, 1883). I said he was the grandest dog I had ever seen with the one exception of Wags. I backed up my opinion by paying for him the highest price ever offered by an English breeder of pointers, and there is all the proof in the world that my judgment has been indorsed, not only by the best judges, but by every independent sportsman's paper in the country. Why then should I refuse to exhibit such a dog? Have I ever refused to exhibit him in competition with Revel III. or any other dog? Never when there has been an honest man in the ring. Mr. Munhall's stupid statement that I "explained my action" answers itself. There being nothing to explain no explanation was given or asked. A prize "open to all comers" was offered for competition. Beaufort, the champion pointer, being one of the "all comers" and eligible for competition, did compete, did win, and his owner did have the pleasure of pocketing five big Munhall dollar bills, hence all these tears.

The erratic genius who conceived the idea that I did not enter my dog until just before the time of closing the entry book in order that the owners of third-rate dogs might be made to believe that they could, if they put up their money, win a prize of greater value than their exhibits, must have written his report on the desk of a Newark bar-room. No sporting paper in its sober senses would question a man's right to enter his horse or dog for a stake at any time he thinks fit, so long as he conforms to the rules, which I most certainly did. No, it was not to catch Mr. Munhall's five dollar bill—the bill with more cents to the dollar in it than any I have ever seen or heard of—that Beaufort was entered after Mr. Munhall had put up his money on a "sure thing." The delay, if there was any, was simply owing to the fact that I did not leave New York until after 9 o'clock; entries were to close at 10. When I arrived at the show the secretary, whose business it was to receive entries, was not in his office, and I had to wait until he returned. Mr. Wilmerding can bear me out in this statement.

Dog show secretaries and other officials should not be permitted to divulge the names of dogs entered for competition. What is a sweepstakes worth when the owners of second and third-rate dogs have been told before making their entries which dogs have been entered. The sweepstakes dwindles down to the added money with one or perhaps two entries.

This is obviously unfair to the owners of good dogs. It is unwise for other reasons. Award a valuable prize to an indifferent specimen and you are certain to mislead somebody. You may retard progress, and you may even permanently injure a breed which should be jealously guarded against undesirable crosses. The mischief that was wrought when that miserable apology for a pointer—Meteor—was given first prize at prominent shows may never be fully realized by the present generation of sportsmen, but it has taught a practical lesson. We want no more of that sort of thing.

It seems to me that a valuable prize open for competition to all pointers in this country should be awarded to a typical dog or be withheld, and on no account should an owner be permitted to judge his dog. In attempting the disgraceful proceedings of 1884 Mr. C. M. Munhall is playing a bold game—a game that will assuredly bring him to grief. Outside of the question of Beaufort's eligibility, what earthly right had Mr. Munhall to lay claim to the sweepstakes? The judge was John Davidson, not C. M. Munhall, and it is just possible that Mr. John Davidson is far too good a judge to send Patti M. forth as a typical specimen when he knows for a fact that the Graphic Kennels alone have in their kennels nearly a dozen better bitches than she.

Mr. Munhall's conduct from the opening of this case has not been such as is likely to give anybody confidence in him or his methods. He started out by circulating the very plausible report that he didn't want any money; it was principle, not pounds, he was working for. The A. K. C. received his compliments with winks and nods, hailed him "a jolly good fellow," and availing itself of the opportunity to get a whack at Mason, pronounced itself a consummate ass. Principle be hanged, said Munhall as soon as he saw a chance of getting dollars, and then he judged his own dog, placed her over Nick of Naso, and impudently requested payment of the prize. Perhaps he may get it.

CHARLES H. MASON.

THE FOX-TERRIER SHOW.

THE second annual show of the American Fox-Terrier Club, held at Newport last week, was in some respects an improvement upon its predecessor. The average quality of the aged classes was better, and the puppies as a class were a long way ahead of those of last year. This is very gratifying to lovers of the breed, and speaks well for the usefulness of the club, which we trust will continue the good work until American-bred fox-terriers are able to hold their own in any company. It is to be hoped, however, that future exhibitions of the club will be better supported than have been the two held at Newport. It has been clearly demonstrated that "Providence Plantations" are wofully behind the times in all that pertains to that advanced civilization indicated by a love for "man's best friend," and the Fox-Terrier Club have shaken the dust of the benighted place from their shoes, and the "city by the sea" is left to its idols. They who put their trust in princes generally come to grief is a wise old saying singularly appropriate to the situation at Newport. Let us all unite in the earnest hope that the missionary work of the Fox-Terrier Club will yet bear fruit, and that the inhabitants of the beautiful city will soon arise as one man and go and buy a dog. A live dog is better than a dead "lion."

The dogs were benched and fed by Spratts Patent in their usual tasty and careful manner, with John Reid as superintendent. Dr. H. C. Glover acted as veterinarian. Mr. Fred Hoey, the secretary of the club, well known as an enthusiastic fancier of the breed, very acceptably performed the duties of judge, and succeeded in giving general satisfaction. He made few mistakes and was evidently at home with the dogs. Four of his dogs were on exhibition, Valet, Venetian, Pluck and Regent Virtue, the latter a recent importation. She is of good stamp with plenty of bone, not quite clean enough below the eyes and she might carry her ears better. Mr. Hoey informed us that he has just bought, by cable, of Mr. A. H. Clarke, of Nottingham, England, the dog Reckon; he was whelped Dec. 25, 1885, and is by the well known Reckoner and out of Mr. Belmont's Rachel. Reckon has done a lot of winning in England and will no doubt prove a valuable acquisition to his owner's kennel. The show was a successful one except financially. We understand that next year the show will be held in New York or the immediate vicinity, when it is to be hoped that it will meet with a generous support.

There were three entries in the champion class for smooth dogs. Lucifer, shown a trifle thin, but looking well, had an easy win, Splauger coming second. He was in better form than we have ever seen him. Belgrave Primrose was badly off in coat, and was unnoticed. In the corresponding bitch class four faced the judge. Richmond Olive won easily. She was shown too heavy and her coat was very scant. Mr. Thayer should retire her from the show bench, as she is not in condition to maintain her position much longer, and it seems a pity to see the grand old bitch take second place on account of the infirmities of age. Cornwall Duchess and Marguerite had quite a struggle for second place, Duchess finally winning, the judge stating that her better size pulled her through. Both are under size, Duchess having a trifle the best of it in this respect; Marguerite, however, is the better bitch, and should have beaten her; she has more bone and substance and shows more quality, and is much the best mover. Lyra, the other entry, except for her scars, was looking well.

There were seventeen entries in the open dog class, with Shameless Mixture, Resolute, Regent Vox and Little Swell absent. Raby Mixer, looking better than we have seen him, had an easy win over Bacchanal, shown a trifle thin, but hard and good, and much better in coat than when we saw him last. Earl Leycester made a good third, although he was not in good coat. Luke, not in blooming condition, was fourth. Reserve went to The Warren Spider, a very nice-bodied dog, with capital legs and feet. He is somewhat heavy and plain in head, has too much leather in his ears, and is a trifle wide in front. Raby Jack was vhc. He was looking well, but would not show up or he might have done better. Warren Swagger, hc., is a nicely made dog, with a plain head and too soft in coat. Beverwyck Tippler, c., is too big. Trig, unnoticed, won the special for the best dog exhibited by a lady. He is a fairly well-made dog, but lacks character.

In the bitch class first went to Mr. Belmont's recent importation Rachel, fresh from her recent victories in England, where she beat her sire, champion Result, said by good authority to be the best fox-terrier in England. Although she is a terrier and a nice one with lots of quality, she could

not get away with Lucifer for the special. She is a bit light in muzzle, fairly good in head with nice ears that are not properly carried. She is also a trifle wide in front and in consequence does not stand quite straight on her forelegs; take her all in all, however, she is a very hard one to beat. Richmond Dazzle, looking well, made a very good second. Third went to Verdict, also in good form, Warren Saucy winning fourth place. Warren Jingle, reserve, is a nice young bitch with beautiful outline, a good head and body and stands straight on her legs, her ears are badly carried, she lacks bone and is a trifle too long in loin. Richmond Myrtle, vhc., was in good condition, as was Gretchen, also vhc. Meersbrook Nan, hc., has not improved. Warren Spangle, also hc., is off in head and does not stand straight in front.

The dog puppies were an excellent lot, showing a great improvement over anything before seen in this country. Sentinel, the winner, is very good in body and legs, and stands straight on his pins. He is rather plain in head, heavy in ears, and might be better in coat and feet. The Warren Spider, second, won the reserve card in the open dog class. He was second at New York last May. Third went to Sly Mixture, a nice dog with rather heavy ears. Suffolk Trap, reserve, is too long cast and has heavy ears, which are badly carried. Warren Swagger, vhc., was hc. in the open dog class, Raby Bounce, hc., would not have disgraced another letter. He is fair in head and body, with plenty of bone, and is straight on his legs. Rustic, c., would have been higher were he straight in front. Dandy Mixture, also c., is quite a fair dog with heavy ears. Two or three others in the class will make show dogs when their legs get straight.

The bitches were not so good as the dogs. Warren Jingle, reserve, in the bitch class, had no trouble in securing first from Fraulein Mixture, a nicely made one, but too small. Third went to Beverwyck Nellie. She has a fair head, with badly carried ears, she is also slack in back and rather weak in loin. No commendations were bestowed although Clover Jilt and Rustic Beauty are both very pretty, but too young and small to show. If Jill gets straight in her legs she will do to show again.

Only two of the six entries in the wire-haired classes put in an appearance, Laddie and Meg, both well known. They were given first in their respective classes.

The veteran class brought out four. Mixture, looking well, scored an easy win. Old Royal, also looking very well for his twelve years, made a good second. Venom III. deserved a card for her gamy appearance. Jeopardy, the remaining entry, was not in good condition. All of those that were noticed in the novice class were also winners in other classes and have been already noticed.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Mr. Thayer captured first in the stud dog stakes with Luke and Fraulein Mixture, the Messrs. Rutherfurd coming second with The Warren Spider and Warren Jingle. The battle for the challenge cup was the most important event of the show. The contest soon narrowed down to Lucifer and Rachel. After a long and careful examination the judge ordered them turned loose in the ring and with a brief comparison of their action he handed the coveted ribbon to Lucifer. He moves much the better of the two and beats the bitch in character, front and coat, while Rachel beats him behind and shows the most quality. Rachel was an easy winner of the cups for the best in the open and novice classes. Mr. Belmont showed a rare good team for the best exhibit of four in Lucifer, Bacchanal, Sentinel and Rachel, and easily captured the prize. Lucifer and Rachel also won the cup for the best brace, dog and bitch, and Lucifer won the prizes for the best in the champion classes and for the best in the show. In awarding the prize for the best puppy the judge wrongly reversed his decision in the novice class and gave the cup to Warren Jingle over Sentinel. Mr. Hoey stated to us that in this competition Jingle did show that she could carry her ears properly, but even with this improvement she is not good enough in bone and loin to beat her competitor. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

SMOOTH.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Splauger. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive; 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Cornwall Duchess. Very high com., Blemton Kennels' Marguerite.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 4th and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Raby Mixer, Luke and Raby Jack; 2d, Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal; 3d, E. Kelly's Earl Leycester. Reserve and high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's The Warren Spider and Warren Swagger. Com., Beverwyck Kennels' Beverwyck Tippler. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and very high com., Blemton Kennels' Rachel, Verdict and Gretchen; 2d, very high com. and high com., J. E. Thayer's Richmond Dazzle, Richmond Myrtle and Meersbrook Nan; 4th, reserve and high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Saucy, Warren Jingle and Warren Spangle. Com., Fanciers' Kennels' Nellie A.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and com., Blemton Kennels' Sentinel and Rustic; 2d and very high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Spider and Warren Swagger; 3d, high com. and com., J. E. Thayer's Sly Mixture, Raby Bounce and Dandy Mixture. Reserve, J. Mortimer's Suffolk Trap. Com., Beverwyck Kennels' Beverwyck Tippler. *Bitches:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Jingle; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Fraulein Mixture; 3d, Beverwyck Kennels' Beverwyck Nelly.

WIRE-HAIRED.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. M. Connors's Cheshire Laddie. *Bitches:* 1st, W. M. Connors's Meg. *Puppies:* Absent.

VETERAN CLASS.—SMOOTH OR WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs or Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Mixture; 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Royal.

NOVICE CLASS.—SMOOTH OR WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs or Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Rachel and Sentinel; 3d and high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Jingle and The Warren Spider. Reserve, very high com. and com., J. E. Thayer's Sly Mixture, Fraulein Mixture and Raby Bounce.

STUD DOG STAKES FOR 1887.—1st, J. E. Thayer's Luke and Fraulein Mixture; 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's The Warren Spider and Warren Jingle.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Challenge Cup, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; best in open classes, Blemton Kennels' Rachel; best exhibit, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer, Bacchanal, Sentinel and Rachel; brace, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer and Rachel; best in champion classes, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; wire-haired, W. M. Connors's Cheshire Laddie; best in novice class, Blemton Kennels' Rachel; best in show, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; best shown by a lady, Miss N. B. Dresser's Trig.

VIRGINIA FOXES AND HOUNDS.—Liberty, Va.—In the year 1877 I owned one of the best packs of dogs I ever owned in my life. During 1877-78-79 I bagged with this pack of hounds sixty-five foxes; sixty-three of them were reds; and during all that time I never saw a red fox climb a tree, although I have caught them time after time in the woods where trees were plentiful. I have run hundreds of them into holes, caves, bluffs, hollow logs, etc., but I never saw a genuine red fox take to a tree yet. We have a species of gray fox here in Virginia which I think is a cross between the red and gray fox. It is an excellent tree climber, and it resembles a red fox very much, but it is not the genuine old red that can, here in this section of country, hold a pack of the best dogs in the State from five to twelve hours in tune. I have an old foxhound dog that is 13 years old and has been at the death of over 125 foxes, and if he dies a natural death I expect to send him to Mr. Lucas, at the National Museum. —L. L. B. [The gray fox is the Southern gray fox (*Urocyon cinereo argentatus*) well known as a tree climber.]

"THE MASTIFF."—The Wacouta Kennel, of St. Paul, Minn., has published a very neatly gotten up pamphlet with this title. The work is mostly a compilation from the writings of the best known authorities, and contains anecdotes and sketches illustrative of the characteristics and noble qualities which distinguish the breed.

THE ST. BERNARD IN SWITZERLAND.

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been written of late years about the St. Bernard breed as it now exists in its native land, I believe that the interest of the subject is not yet exhausted, and therefore am induced to offer to your readers some of the results of my present visit to the Hospice. It has also seemed to me that we have hitherto received too much of personal impressions and opinions, and too little of bare facts. Not being gifted with the utter self-abnegation —I use the expression in all sincerity—of my present entertainers, I shall not be able to refrain from airing my own views and theories, but I propose to give, first, a description of the dogs now belonging to the monastery. The rest of this letter may be left unread by those who wish to form a perfectly unbiassed opinion, and my feelings will not be seriously injured if you, Mr. Editor, should think fit to suppress my subsequent remarks altogether.

It will be a shock to all who are interested in the breed to hear that the Monastery possesses at this moment at most a dozen dogs of all ages—viz., eight on St. Bernard Pass, and from two to four—the steward was not certain of the exact number—at the Simplon Hospice.

Before proceeding to describe individually the seven animals which I have just seen and handled, I will mention the points which all alike exhibit. All have eyes lighter in color than is approved of in England, as well as smooth coats and double dew-claws on both hind legs, and none have the slightest approach to a "business" fifth toe, or indeed, to a fifth toe *on the ground* at all.

1. Castor is a dog about four years old. He is good in bone, and has a well shaped head. His height, carefully taken by myself with a standard, is just over 29½in. The color of the body is a blackish orange tawny with a little white, and the head, neck, and legs are entirely white with the exception of the ears, which are spotted with a light liver color. The coat, which he is changing at present, is evidently of good smooth quality when in order.

2. Barry has a very massive body, with grand chest and bone all round; his head is also very good, being short, square, and deep in jaw. The coat is of the best quality, but is very slightly feathered under the tail, which is carried right over the back. The body has large patches of orange tawny, and the head is perfectly and evenly marked with blaze running straight through to the collar. Castor, being the largest, was the only dog I measured. Barry would be about an inch lower. He suffers from rheumatism in one hind leg, which makes him go stiff at starting, but his action, when once warmed up, is very good.

3. Pluto is an eleven months' puppy. He has good bone, substance, and symmetry, and a capital head. In color he is a rich orange tawny, with perfectly even markings and blaze running through to the collar. The left ear and the tip of the right are white, spotted with liver color, like Castor. Coat very good but for the very slightest tendency to curl over the loins.

4. Dog puppy about six months old. He is remarkable for his enormous bone and substance. In color and markings he closely resembles Pluto, and his coat shows a somewhat greater tendency to curl on the back. The root of the left ear is white and the rest of it spotted like Castor's and Pluto's.

5. This is said to be the best of the bitches, but I did not see her as she was being led down the pass by the main track while I was coming up by a short cut. I believe she was being taken to one of the valley farms in order to pup, as litters are never allowed to be born in the very low temperature which prevails all the year round at the Hospice.

6. Pallas. This bitch, though small, is very good in bone, substance and head. Her color is orange tawny, with perfectly even markings. Her age, if I remember right, is six years, but she has only reared one (her first) litter. Since then her pups have appeared with the greatest regularity, but always prematurely.

7. Bellone is another bitch with, as usual, a well-shaped head and fair bone. Her body is pale orange tawny in color, with a little white. The head, neck and legs are entirely white, with the exception of the spotted ears noticed in Castor, Pluto, the unnamed pup, and Lionne (below).

8. Lionne has the good qualities of the other bitches, but has even less color, as she is all white except small orange tawny patches on the right flank, left hip and root of tail and the spotted ears.

Having so quickly reached the end of this catalogue, one naturally endeavors to explain its brevity. Two principal causes may be mentioned for the terrible diminution in numbers of the stock. Of these I should place in-breeding first. The monk (holding the office of house-steward) from whom all my information is obtained, suggested in-breeding as responsible for certain bad points which are conspicuous in most of the dogs, and it seems more than probable that the great mortality among the puppies which has developed itself in recent years must be attributed to the same cause. But a recent disaster has accelerated the gradual diminution which has been taking place. A few weeks ago two bitches, both within a fortnight of pupping, were (maliciously, it is supposed) killed by poison. To use the monks own words, "There are *mauvais sujets* everywhere, even on the St. Bernard."

Perhaps the uses of the St. Bernard dog do not come within the province of this letter, but, nevertheless, I will venture to correct, on the best authority, the erroneous views which are so often expressed. Some people think that the dogs are occupied throughout the winter in grubbing the snowdrifts for lost travelers, and in pouring cognac down their throats when found. Others allege that the dogs were never of much real use, and that, since the St. Gothard Railway has pierced the Alps, they are of no use at all. All these persons are alike mistaken. The St. Gothard Railway being a long way further east, and the St. Bernard Pass having always been crossed in winter almost exclusively by the poorest of the poor, the number of its passengers remains virtually unchanged. As to the rescue of perishing travelers, this is a rare and occasional incident of a Hospice dog's life, but the service which he renders to humanity is quite as real, and far more frequent and arduous. His regular duty is rather to prevent the traveler from falling into danger than to save him from its consequences. To explain. For the last five miles the path to the Hospice on the Swiss side leads up a deep, narrow, and rugged valley, through which it winds from side to side, crossing and recrossing the torrent at several places. In winter vast quantities of snow accumulate in this valley, completely obliterating the path, the stream, and, in fact, almost every landmark.

These drifts are often of immense depth, covering chasms between rocks, the deep bed of the stream, precipices, and other dangers. The position of the drifts is also so often altered by furious gales of wind, which remove them from one spot and heap them up in another, that the most experienced of the monks cannot tell where it is safe to tread. In this emergency the instinct of the dog is found infallible. On every winter morning one man and one dog goes down each side of the pass to escort to the hospice the travelers who have been passing the night at the refuge below. The dog goes in front, the man humbly follows in his steps, and is never led astray. This duty is generally performed by four of the oldest and hardiest dogs (always males), the two most trusty being reserved for the severest weather. The serious state of the kennel at present is most clearly indicated by the fact that only Castor and Barry will be available next winter. Pluto will no doubt be tried, but as two years and a half is ordinarily the minimum age for going on duty, he cannot be expected to do much.

This account of the St. Bernard dog's services will not be complete until I have added that he suffers severely from his exertions, rarely escaping from rheumatism even in his first winter. The bitches and young stock are, as a rule, kept at the Hospice only during summer. This letter has now reached such an unconscionable length that, after all, you will be spared the threatened infliction of my own fads, fancies, and (perhaps) fallacies. I cannot, however, close without hinting to our "smooth men" that an opportunity now offers itself of doing the same service to the breed which was performed some twenty years ago by Herr Schumacher. It should be remembered, too, that almost all the pillars of the St. Bernard stud book came either from Herr Schumacher, or from the Hospice, after its kennel had been regenerated through his exertions. At the same time the monks show little anxiety to obtain fresh stock, being, apparently, more fearful of destroying by admixture of blood the practical qualities of their present stock than they are of losing that stock altogether by the degeneracy which results from in-breeding.—*W. O. Hughes-Hughes, in the Stock-Keeper.*

HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD, Aug. 27.

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTING.—Providence, R. I., Sept. 3.—There is camped out near the Devil's Pond, in Rehoboth, a party of men, including Capt. Rufus Jencks, Albert and Fred Bowen, Bill Ballou and several others, who are enjoying life immensely. All of the members of the party are fox hunters, and yesterday, before sunrise, Sergeant Parker and Officers Slocum and Goodwin started for the rendezvous to join the campers and have a day at the sport. When all was ready the number of the party was found to be eleven persons, with as many guns, and nine dogs, and it seemed as if reynard was to have a day of it. The party started out, and, as a result of the day's sport, obtained four foxes, Sergeant Parker killing one of them, and this, it may be said, is considerable fox hunting for one day.... HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 8.—In the still hours of Saturday morning, in pursuance of a previous arrangement, some members of the Hartford Fox Club, including Dr. Crary, Joe Lane and George and Wesley Deming, slipped quietly out of bed and into their hunting suits, and before they were missed by ordinary risers they were beating the bush out in the vicinity of the reservoir. They were not long in striking a fox trail, and before the dogs had got fairly started Dr. Crary had the luck to bring down a good fat fellow. Later on he had an opportunity to run his eye down along the barrel of his rifle, and, discovering that it covered another fox, he pulled the trigger and of course the animal succumbed to the Doctor's unerring aim. The medal was awarded to the Doctor until the next meeting, and he will cheerfully hand it over to the member beating this record.

STAFFORD SPRINGS DOG SHOW.—The third annual dog show of the Stafford Kennel Club will be held at Stafford Springs, Conn., Oct. 12 and 13, in connection with the Tolland County Fair. A large and convenient building has been erected for the exclusive use of the club, and it is their intention to hold a first-class show in every respect. The secretary's address is R. S. Hicks, Stafford Springs, Conn.

...BABYLON, L. I., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was surprised on my return from Newport to find in your paper a notice signed R. S. Hicks, Sec'y, saying that arrangements had been made with me to judge "all other sporting dogs" at the Stafford Springs show. No such arrangement has ever been made with my consent, and the use of my name is entirely without authority.—JAS. MORTIMER.

A. K. C. METHODS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The latest freak of Secretary Vredenburgh is to call upon delegates to send in their credentials, quoting as his authority the article of the Constitution which refers to representation at the annual meeting. The meeting to be held on the 24th inst. is a quarterly meeting of the executive committee. It seems impossible for our present president and secretary to make even the simplest move without committing a blunder. More incompetent officials it would be difficult to imagine, much less obtain, and when the secretary is being paid at the rate of $100 a month for the few hours' work he does every week, I think it is high time he improved or else gave place to a man possessed of the necessary qualifications.—JAS. WATSON.

ST. PAUL DOG SHOW.—There are over 300 entries for the dog show at St. Paul this week. There are 63 setters, 17 pointers, 25 mastiffs, 22 St. Bernards, 25 spaniels, 44 terriers of the various breeds, 17 pugs, 12 greyhounds, 12 Chesapeake Bay dogs, 11 beagles, 11 collies and 6 Great Danes. The entries in other classes are light.

GRAPHIC KENNELS.—It is rumored that the Graphic Kennel partnership has been dissolved and the dogs have been divided.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nick of the Woods, Naso of Bergen, Louisette and Nanon. By G. W. McNeil, Jersey City, N. J., for pointers, two black and white dogs and lemon and white and liver and white bitches, whelped Aug. 2, 1887, by Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pottigo) out of Temptation (Don—Maud S.).

Empire Robert Bruce, Empire Donald of Dundee and Empire Jim. By N. V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga., for three Skye terrier dogs, whelped July 15, 1887, by Jim (Berkie—Highland Mary) out of Lass o' Gowrie (Jim—Queen Mab).

Brown Dick and Dawn. By Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., for black and tan and black, with white star on breast, cocker spaniel dogs, whelped June 15, 1887, by Oberon (A.K.R. 3315) out of Susie (Kiddlewink, A.K.R. 997—Gretchen).

Wayne Buckellew. By M. M. McMillan, Mahanoy City, Pa., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped May 19, 1887, by Buckellew (A.K.R. 30) out of Minitonka (Don Juan—Petre III.).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dora Gladstone—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Dora Gladstone (Boss Gladstone—Vell) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), Sept. 3.

Rush—Spot Dash. W. H. Beebe's (Lynn, Mass.) pointer bitch Rush (Sam—Nell) to Robt. Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy), Aug. 19.

Dinah—Ligero. W. C. Kimpton's (Washington, D. C.) spaniel bitch Dinah (Jacob—Floss) to H. L. Sprague's Ligero (A.K.R. 5197), Aug. 25.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Mignon. Mignon Kennels' (Cortland, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Mignon (A.K.R. 1002), May 30, four (two dogs), by their Oberon (A.K.R. 3315).

Susie. Mignon Kennels' (Cortland, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Susie (Kiddlewink, A.K.R. 997—Gretchen), June 16, four (three dogs), by their Oberon (A.K.R. 3315).

Nana. W. H. Rose's (Barrington, R. I.) beagle bitch Nana (A.K.R. 3099), Sept. 4, seven (four dogs), by his Rem (A.K.R. 2115); two dogs and one bitch since dead.

Nellie Dale II. W. A. Faxon's (Braintree, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie Dale II. (Dash III.—Nellie Dale), Aug. 27, four (two dogs), by A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel).

Flirt. W. H. Ashburner's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Flirt (Ringwood—Bush), Sept. 2, five (three dogs), by his Domino (Rattler III.—Myrtle).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nick of the Woods. Black and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 2, 1887, by Nick of Naso out of Temptation, by Geo. W. McNeil, Jersey City, N. J., to Wm. Barnes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Spot. Brindle and white bull-terrier dog, whelped June, 1887, by Mack out of Biddie, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to James McKibbons, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kate. Spotted Great Dane bitch, whelped September, 1886, by Markoe out of Bess, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to L. H. Schneider, Gaithersburg, Md.

Daisy I. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May, 1886, by Gem Beaufort out of Minnie I., by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to John Lloyd, Clayton, N. J.

Dick. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped July, 1887, by George out of Lillie, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Chas. G. Harris, same place.

George II. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped July, 1887, by George out of Lillie, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to L. W. Bicase, Charleston, S. C.

Kelpie. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped December, 1885, by Daniel out of Queen, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Julius Trondle, same place.

Daniel. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1885 (A.K.R. 4799), by B. P. Rothrock, Williamsport, Pa., to R. S. Brown, Easton, Pa.

The Baron—Nellie (A.K.R. 4433) whelp. White bull-terrier dog, whelped June 10, 1887, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. S. Fullerton, same place.

Gun—Victoria Lavcrack whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 9, 1887, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to Chas. F. Manness, Scranton, Pa.

Oberon (A.K.R. 3315)—Susie whelp. Black, with white frill, cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 10, 1887, by Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to Wm. A. Darling, Jr., New York.

IMPORTATIONS.

Royal Duke. Collie dog, color and age not given (Rutland—Ruth), by Spratts Patent, for A. R. Kyle, South Norwalk, Conn.

DEATHS.

Fannie Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 1311), owned by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., Sept. 5, from poison.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE BULLARD PRIZES.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The highest team score of five men, thirty shots each, in our match No. 3, which was competed for in June, was made by the National Shooting Club, of San Francisco, Cal., who used military rifles, Sharps-Borchardt, pistol grip, open sights, and 6lb. pull, but according to our conditions they are not entitled to the handicap of 75 points. It was not our intention to exclude any military rifles with 6lb. pull and open sight. In Rule 16 of our conditions we intended to make provision for their use. The military rifles used by this club were not such "as issued by State or Government," they were pistol grip, and it is claimed by some of the competitors that there is an advantage in using such a grip that cannot be had in a straight military stock. While wishing to give the rules their broadest construction, leaving out the question of whether, as a matter of fact, the rifles were actually issued by the State or Government, we must decide that the peculiar shape of the grip on their rifles debars them from complying with the rules of the matches. The next highest team score was made by the Cincinnati Rifle Association, of Cincinnati, O., who used sporting rifles, who complied with all the conditions, and are awarded the prize, which is one of our best detachable and interchangeable barrel rifles.

In Match No. 4 was an individual contest, the highest score to win, number of shots 50, prize Bullard champion off-hand marksman's badge, a valuable gold medal, which must be won by an individual three times before it becomes his private property. The highest score in this match was made by Private A. Johnson, of the National Shooting Club of San Francisco, Cal. (Had we known the military rifles used by this club were not allowable we would have so informed them before Match No. 4 was competed for). Capt. P. A. Chisholm, of Oakland, Md., had the second highest score; he, however, fired his 50 shots on one target, while our conditions only require that 25 shots be fired on each target. The third highest score was made by Private Ed. Hovey, of the National Shooting Club, of San Francisco, Cal., who used the same kind of rifle as Private A. Johnson. Thus the three highest men are barred out for not complying with the conditions, and the prize is awarded to Mat Grindele, of Cincinnati, O., a member of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Mr. Grindele used a sporting rifle. BULLARD REPEATING ARMS CO.

THE NEW BULLARD MATCH.

In view of the many entries and interest taken in the first series of our matches by the riflemen of the country, we desire to call the attention of all rifle clubs and military companies to our match No. 4, second series. It will be an individual match, the highest individual score to win; number of shots, 50; prize, the Bullard champion off-hand marksman's badge, a valuable gold medal, to be won by an individual three times before it becomes his private property, to be contested for twice a year, in May and October. Rules governing the match are as follows: Notice of entries and applications for targets should reach us before Oct. 8, in order that we may make necessary arrangements to supply all with targets in time. Conditions as follows: Open to all riflemen. Distance, 200yds., strictly off-hand, position standing, the elbow may rest against the body. Target, American Standard (Hinman). All practice shooting necessary allowed before match. Scoring shots, fifty. Match may be shot on any of the following days: Oct. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29. Riflemen may select whichever of the above dates is most favorable for making their scores in the match. Twenty-five shots only allowed on each scoring target, and targets and score cards to be signed by the referee and president or secretary of the club, and forwarded by mail to the Bullard Repeating Arms Co., Springfield, Mass., U. S. A., not later than twenty-four hours after completion of match. Practice shots must not be made on the scoring target. No contestant will be permitted to shoot under an assumed name. Any contestant in Match No. 4 using a military rifle as issued by State or Government, 6lb. trigger pull, with same sights as issued for said rifles, will be allowed five points for each score of ten shots. The referee will test the trigger-pull of all rifles before the matches commence. All the rifles must pull 3lbs., except military which will be 6lbs. Maximum weight of target rifles, 10lbs. Ties will be shot off and dates fixed by the Bullard Repeating Arms Co. Any sights may be used for target rifles except telescope and magnifying. Military rifles must use sights issued by the State or Government for military rifles. The president of each rifle club, and commanding officer of each military company will appoint a referee, who shall see that the above rules are adhered to throughout each competition. In case of any dispute arising the referee shall decide in accordance with the above rules, and if still under protest, the referee and the contestant shall submit the matter to the Bullard Repeating Arms Co., whose decision shall be final. Targets will be furnished competing teams and individuals free by the Bullard Repeating Arms Co. on application. The individual making the highest score will be awarded the Bullard Championship Off-hand Gold Badge. The Bullard Repeating Arms Co. will fix the date in May and October of each year for the competition for the championship badge until won three time by the same person, when it becomes his private property.

CONLIN'S GALLERY.—The fall and winter season at Conlin's gallery, N.W. corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway, opened Sept. 12, with new and novel features in revolver shooting, to continue through the season. A new feature of the matches this year will be the introduction of the Wimbledon target. This target was used in the recent revolver matches of the British National Rifle Association to test the quickness as well as the accuracy of marksmen. Very considerable interest was taken in this arrangement for revolver shooting at the Wimbledon meeting this year. The target is fashioned after a rough outline of the human figure and is exposed to view only five seconds at a time, the underlying idea being that the chest is to be taken as the bullseye, while minor points are obtained by hitting the head and limbs. This idea Mr. Conlin thinks very good and practical, since it is the essence of revolver shooting, whenever it be called for in the field of war or upon other and irregular occasions, that it should be done quickly and at close quarters. Some very fair shooting was made by the Englishmen, but their scores do not seem to equal those of revolver shooters at Conlin's gallery last season; though the use of the same target will afford a better opportunity for comparison.

THE MINNESOTA RIFLE TOURNAMENT.

THE programme for the third annual tournament of the Minnesota National Guard Rifle Association, which opens on the 5th prox., has been issued, and offers a good four days' list of events. The shooting will be over the Fort Snelling Range. The officers for the present year, undor whose management the shooting will take place, are as follows: President, Lieut. A. E. Chantler; Vice-President, Lieut. E. W. Bird; Secretary and Treasurer, Lieut. C. S. Williams; Executive Officer, Lieut.-Col. W. Blakeley. The detailed list of matches runs as follows:

First Day—Wednesday.

No. 1—All-Comers' Continuous Match.—200yds., position standing, number of shots, 5, on the Creedmoor third class target, the aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes; entries unlimited; fee, 50 cents for each ticket. Prizes: The entrance money in this match will be divided into twenty cash prizes, the highest amount to go to the competitor making the three highest scores. A special target for this match will be kept open throughout the tournament.

No. 2—Skinner Match.—200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each distance. First prize, military champion gold badge, to be won three times in a similar match before becoming personal property. Ten other prizes, winners' choice. Entrance fee, $2.

No. 3—Pillsbury Match.—Teams of 6 men each from a company, 7 shots each man at 200 and 500yds.; entrance, $6 each team. First prize, the Pillsbury Cup, won in 1885 by Co. D, 2d Regt., and in 1886 by Co. C, 1st Regt.

Second Day—Thursday.

The following four matches are arranged by the State and will be shot under State rules and on State targets:

No. 4—Regimental Team Match.—Teams of 10 men from each regiment of the State, 10 shots each at 100, 200, 500 and 600yds. First prize the State trophy, won in 1885 by the Second and in 1886 by the First Regiment. Entrance free.

No. 5—Company Team Match.—Teams of 7 men from each company, 7 shots each at 200 and 500yds. Three prizes to the three highest teams. Entrance free.

No. 6—Enlisted Man's Match.—Five shots each at 100, 200, 300 and 500yds. First prize gold bar, second silver bar, third bronze bar. Entrance free.

No. 7—Commissioned Officers' Match.—Ten shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds. First prize gold badge, second silver badge, third bronze badge.

Third Day—Friday.

No. 8—Reeve Match.—Open only to the commissioned officers of the National Guard, 5 shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds. First prize an elegant gold badge presented by Col. C. M. Reeve. Three cash prizes. Entrance fee $2.

No. 9—Inter-State Match.—Open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized National Guard of such State, chosen in such a manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof. Each team must be provided with a certificate from the Adjutant-General of the State it represents, certifying that each of its number is a regular member of the uniformed militia. Distances 200 and 500yds., 10 shots each distance, Creedmoor target and rules. Entrance fee $1 each man. Prize—To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze and silver trophy valued at $500, presented by Hon. W. D. Washburn, to be held one year by the victorious team and then returned to the secretary of the National Guard Rifle Association of Minnesota for the next competition. (Teams from other States who intend to compete for this trophy will oblige the association by notifying Lieut. C. S. Williams, No. 327 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., of such intention.)

No. 10—All-Comers' Match.—Open to members of the National Guard of any State or Territory. Distances 200 and 500yds.; 10 shots at each distance. Entrance fee $2. First prize, gold badge and the championship of the Northwest. Ten cash prizes.

Fourth Day—Saturday.

No. 11—Stillwater Match.—Distances 200, 300 and 500yds., Creedmoor targets. First prize gold badge presented by the citizens of Stillwater. Ten cash prizes. Entrance fee $3.

No. 12—St. Paul Match.—Distances 200, 300, 500 and 600yds., Creedmoor targets. First prize, a handsome gold badge (valued at $100, presented by citizens of St. Paul, to be won three times before becoming personal property), and $5 in cash. Ten to 15 other cash prizes. Entrance fee $3.

A bullseye target will be kept open throughout the tournament. Matches Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 12 open only to the National Guard of Minnesota. The entrance money in all matches will be divided into cash prizes. It is expected that four or five States will be represented in the inter-State team match.

A POOR STATE ARM.

NOW that the Snider has been virtually set aside in England the Canadian militiamen are more than ever restive under the regulation which retains it as the State arm. At the recent Ottawa shoot of the Dominion Rifle Association the "grievance" meeting, as the gathering of competitors is styled, went into the topic with vigor. Lieut.-Col. White, of the 43d, was in the chair when Captain Walter Macdonald, retired list, Toronto, brought up the question of abolishing the Snider in all competitions above 500yds. He pointed out the unreliability of the weapon for long distance shooting, instancing as evidence the way the cracks had fallen to pieces in distances over 500. He thought the weapon should only be used in those competitions where it would do the least possible harm. (Laughter.) He moved a resolution recommending the executive to exclude the Snider from any match at a distance over 500yds.

Major Perley (Militia Department) said in view of the complaints made in past years, the council had sought to obtain a better class of ammunition than that of English make known as IX. On inquiry, however, it was found that there were only 33,000 rounds in the country, whereas from 40,000 to 45,000 rounds of Snider were required for the annual matches. He could state as a member of two cartridge commissions that the ammunition made this year was really good. He had recently visited the factory in Quebec and ascertained from Major Prevost that the greatest care was being taken to manufacture cartridges, in fact they could not be better made. The powder now being used was the best obtainable, viz., Curtis & Harvey's. All that was wanted now was to restore confidence in the Canadian ammunition, and this he thought might be done by restoring sighting shots.

Captain Weston (Halifax) said Canadian ammunition was now on the whole fairly satisfactory. He was glad the Government was doing its utmost to remedy the defects which had existed. He thought more attention should be paid to the bullet, as he believed that any defects now existing would be found in it. He hoped the suggestion of Major Perley's that sighting shots should be allowed, would not prevail.

Major Anderson, 23d Ottawa, said no amount of confidence would explain the fact of a bullet falling 6yds. short of the target.

Captain J. Hartt (St. John's Rifles) thought Major Perley's statement was very unsatisfactory because he contended everything in the ammunition was good when the competitors knew to the contrary. He moved that in the opinion of the competitors present the Martini-Henry be in future used at the 600yds. range, owing to the general unreliability of the Snider ammunition.

Lieut.-Col. Beers, 74th Batt., Nova Scotia, said if the resolution were allowed to stand he would move in amendment that the Martini be the sole weapon used at the meetings of the D. R. A. (Applause).

Major Perley said the Snider was the arm of the volunteers of Canada, and he did not see how, with the fact staring them in the face, the resolutions of Col. Beers would have any effect.

Major Tilton believed in continuous agitation, and the following resolution adopted on the motion of Col. Beers, seconded by Lieut.-Col. Gibson: "That in the opinion of this meeting of riflemen representing all parts of the Dominion the time has arrived when the active militia should be armed with the Martini-Henry, and that a committee be appointed to wait on the Minister of Militia to urge the change."

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.—The Creedmoor fall meeting is now in progress, with not very favorable weather in which to carry out the programme. There are some new features in the meeting beyond the old and familiar matches. The revolver has been given a definite place in a match and there is a sharpshooter's match at 800yds., which is novel. Massachusetts is the only State which has sent a worthy team to contest for the commonwealth. The following officers and men will compose this team: Maj. J. P. Frost, 2d brigade; Maj. C. W. Hinman, 1st brigade; Capt. J. B. Osborne, 2st brigade; Lieut. S. S. Bumstead, 2d infantry; Lieut. R. B. Edes, 5th infantry; Lieut. Hussey, 8th infantry; Lieut. Merritt, 2d cadets; Sergt. W. M. Merrill, 2d brigade; Priv. A. C. White, 2d infantry; Privs. M. W. Bull, F. R. Bull, Milton Farrow and L. F. Farnsworth, 2d infantry; Priv. C. Johnston, Jr., 1st cadets. Capt. Chase will act as adjutant. The team is quite as strong as that of last year, and a repetition of the victories then won is again expected. The full records of the meeting will appear in our next issue.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 8.—There was a meet this week at the Broad Meadow Range of the Worcester Rifle Association. The records of the work of each man in detail are as follows:

	At 200yds., Military.	
A C White	5545544445—45	4554445444—43—88
L A Taylor	5444443443—39	4544544343—40—79
M Ferguson	4544533344—39	5353453344—39—78
H Macomber	4434542444—39	4425433435—37—76
J R Cleveland		3434433444—36—36
J B Willard		3452524425—36—36
F S Hoyt		4344333244—34—34
	At 200yds., Sporting.	
T J Leighton	10 10 8 9 9 9 8 6 7 5—81	
	8 8 10 7 10 8 9 8 8 7—83	
	9 5 8 9 7 9 10 5 7 9—78—242	
J R Bernard	6 5 5 6 6 6 7 7 10 5—63	
	7 8 9 7 7 10 6 9 7 5—75—138	
A L Rice	9 6 7 7 7 4 7 6 7 9—68	
	5 5 9 7 6 4 10 5 5 6—62—130	
A C White	9 7 7 10 8 10 10 10 9 7—87— 87	
	At 500yds, Sporting.	
John Jay		2350555454—38
	At 500yds., Military.	
A C White	4555555545—48	5553545534—44—92
J R Cleveland	4344544554—42	4344302554—34—76
H Macomber		4544435435—41—41
L A Taylor		5454255324—39—39
J B Willard		4333554233—35—35
F S Hoyt		5222422453—31—31

BOSTON, Sept. 10.—There was an average attendance at the rifle matches to-day, but the weather conditions were not first-class and many scores were withdrawn unfinished. The date of the fall meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association has been set for Oct. 6, 7 and 8. J. B. Parker has won the bronze badge in the State militia match. Following are the best scores finished to-day:

Decimal Off-hand Match, 200yds.	
J B Fellows	8 9 7 10 10 10 10 8 7 6—85
	10 6 9 9 6 10 5 8 8 9—79
W O Burnite	9 10 5 8 10 7 10 8 9 8—84
	8 8 9 5 6 8 9 7 9 10—79
A L Brackett	8 9 8 9 6 9 6 9 10 7—81
A Law	7 10 7 5 6 6 10 6 7 7—71
	9 6 7 6 7 7 7 7 5 10—71
R Dadman	4 9 9 8 7 7 5 9 7 5—70
	7 7 8 8 7 8 7 7 10 8—67
D L Chase	10 8 8 7 4 8 5 8 10 5—68
S B Read	9 6 5 9 7 6 10 4 4 7—60
Rest Match, 200yds.	
D L Chase	10 12 11 11 9 12 11 10 12 12—110
	11 12 9 12 12 10 10 12 10 12—110
	12 12 12 12 9 11 10 9 10 12—109
J B Munroe	12 11 12 12 12 12 8 10 9 10—108
	11 11 12 10 11 9 12 9 9 11—105
M Willard	10 9 10 10 12 11 9 10 10 12—103
J W Soule	9 9 10 10 11 10 11 12 10 10—102
B G Barker	10 8 12 11 9 11 11 9 12 7—100
Mr Eames	11 9 9 10 12 8 7 11 10 9— 96
M Stone	7 6 8 7 10 4 7 12 8 9— 80

MILFORD, Mass., Sept. 8.—Company M, 6th Regiment, M. V. M., located here, had their annual target shoot this week. There were prizes for the honoraries as well as the actives of the company. The work in detail was as follows:

Honoraries	
C Whitney, of Hopedale	44343—18
E McKay	44342—17
G M Billings	00000—00
Actives	
Wm E Knight	34544—20
Walter C Steele	44343—18
Walter F Mason	22353—15
Sergt Wm J Kelley	00000—00
Thos P Kane	33443—17

The totals of other members were as follows: Capt. John T. Berrell 16, Lieut. J. R. Bennett 17, Sergt. John E. Andrew 9, Sergt. Geo. D. Kendell 5, Sergt. Perry Whitney 6, Corpl. Frederick A. Bishop 12, Capt. John F. Barrett 16, Musician Geo. A. Moore 13; Privates, Geo. E. Thayer, Napoleon E. Togus, 16; Wallace Mader, Frederick S. Wilcox, 15; Oscar F. Eldridge, 14; G. McLaughlin, Edward B. Quinn, Walter L. Togus, 13; Wm. L. Annett, John Sidle, 11; A. B. Montague Wm W. Bixby, 9; Na haniel T. Higgins, 8 George A. Kelley, Charles A. Waterhouse, 6; Joseph H. Ward, Edward Tidd, 5; Geo. McDonald 4, Silas Bradford 3, Albert Fairbanks 2.

THE VETERANS' PRIZE.—There are five organizations of veteran riflemen eligible to furnish rifle teams to compete for the valuable trophy donated by Col. Austin C. Wellington in 1885. These organizations are the 3d Massachusetts cavalry, 8th Vermont, 14th New Hampshire, 26th and 38th Massachusetts Infantry. In the first competition, held at Winchester, Va., in 1885, the trophy was won by the team of the 14th New Hampshire. Last year at Winchester, N. H., Ethan Allen stole a march on Molly Stark, the 8th riflemen winning by just four points, with the cavalry and the "old sixth" close in the rear. The holders of the trophy name the time and place of the next annual competition. Accordingly the match for this fall will come off on the 16th inst., in connection with the reunion of the 8th Vermont at White River Junction. The Green Mountain boys will entertain the teams from the other regiments. A close contest is expected as the team of the 26th has been in constant practice for the past two months and is bent on capturing that beautiful vase. Maj. E. L. Noyes, an old fighter of the 3d Cavalry, leads the team of that regiment; Capt. S. E. Howard, who was shot five times at Cedar Creek, commands the team which now holds the trophy. Capt. F. H. Buffum calls the roll of the 14th sharp shooters. Capt. Geo. A. Reed, who "marched through Baltimore" in the old 6th, is drilling the marksmen of the 26th, while Col. A. C. Wellington captain of the 38th team, but will have to put some one in his place this time as he will be in Philadelphia when the match comes off.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE SHOOT.—Col. Horace T. Rockwell, inspector-general of rifle practice, announced that the annual State rifle shoot will take place at South Framingham, on Wednesday, Oct. 5. It is proposed to have the entries for individual first prizes limited to those who make centers or better in the team contests. Competitors making these records to continue to shoot, after finishing team scores, for the prizes. This will avoid chance records.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 5.—To-day the New Bedford Gun Club went to Acushnet and had a friendly shoot with the club of that place. The score was very close, the Acushnet Club winning by 3 birds. The score:

Acushnets.	
John Whalon	1011011111101111111—17
H C Kenyon	0101011011100111001—12
King Westgate	0110111101100110114
Wm Durfee	1111011111111111111—9
C A Gray	1110101111111001100—14
W B Whalon	0011001110111111110—13
Geo Spooner	0010010101101110110— 9
Frank Powers	1000110110011000001— 8—96
New Bedfords.	
J B Hussey	0000010010000111001— 6
Alfred Sweeney	1011110101111010 1011—13
W C Post	1111101011111011011—16
F A Homer	0101011011111001111—14
L A Plummer, Jr	0101111111011111101—15
Robert Snow	0001010110011011111—11
T D Hooper	1000011111110110010—12
M Stapleton	000.16 "1101000000— 6—93

After the club contest sweepstake shooting was indulged in by the members of the teams.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 7.—The Fountain Gun Club held its regular shoot to-day at Woodlawn, L. I. The attendance was not very large, but the shooting was quite up to the mark. Out of 104 birds shot at but 27 escaped the marksmen's aim. Lake, the winner of the badge, shot in first-class style. He is comparatively young at the business. Following is the score:

J E Lake, 23	1111111—7	Capt Carver, 30	1111111—6
C Cooke, 25	00w. —0	Dr Shields, 30	1111111—7
W Stewart, 26	0111010—4	J Edwards, 23	0010111—4
L Davenport, 28	1111011—6	C Jones, 30	1101011—5

Ties for badge and first prize: J. E. Lake 1, Dr. Shields 3. Ties for second prize: L. Davenport 6, Capt. Carver 5. Referee, Mr. C. Jones. Score of sweepstakes:

Capt Carver	110—2	J E Lake	011—2
L Davenport	111—3	W Stewart	001—1
Dr Shields	111—3	H Blatchmacher	111—3
J Edwards	000—0	C Jones	000—0

Dr. Shields won on shoot off.

BOSTON, Sept. 7.—There was a large attendance of trap shooters at the range at Walnut Hill to-day. A high wind prevailed. Below are the records:

Macomber Badge Match. 10 singles.	3 pairs.	Tl.	Merchandise Match. 10 singles.	3 pairs.	Tl.
*Swift.....7	5	12	Warren...9	7	16—A
*Warren.....6	6	12	Stanton ...9	7	16—A
*Wilson.....6	5	12	Swift.....7	7	14—B
Bailey.....7	4	11	Adams....5	8	13—C
Nichols.....5	5	11	Snow.....7	6	13—C
Snow.....6	4	10	Nichols...3	3	6—D
Stanton.....5	4	9	Wilson ...7	8	15—G
Cross.....5	1	6	Non-Members.		
Adams.....4	1	5	Cross.....6	8	14—H
*Scored one point for badge.			Bailey.....7	6	13

Sweepstake event—Five clay birds, Stanton first. 2. Five clays, Stanton first. 3. Five clay birds, Stanton first. 4. Five clay birds, Nichols first. 5. Five clay birds, Stanton and Snow first. 6. Five clay birds, Snow first. 7. Six clay birds, Swift and Nichols first. 8. Three clay birds, Warren first. 9. Ten Macombers, Swift, Wilson and Bailey first. 10. Five pairs of Macombers, double, Warren first. 11. Ten clay-pigeons, Warren and Stanton first. 12. Five pair bats, double, Adams and Cross and Wilson first. 13. Six clay birds, Swift and Stanton first.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 4.—The range at San Bruno to-day presented an unusually animated appearance, the occasion being the final shoot of the California Wing Club. A better day for pigeon shooting could not be wished for, and as a result, the scores throughout were excellent. In the regular club shoot at 12 birds Coffin carried off the honors by a clean score of 12 birds with only four second barrels. Robinson captured second place with 11 and DeVaull third with 10 kills to his credit. In the average for the season's shooting Coffin won the first place and DeVaull the second. Haas and Slade shot off for third place, the match resulting in the favor of Dr. Slade. Following is the score of yesterday's shoots:

Robinson	112301122111—11	Cross	122010011200— 8
Fay	100111210221— 9	Osgood	101111002000— 6
Coffin	111221121112—12	Liddie	111201100010— 7
Slade	111221100110— 9	Forde	102001000220— 5
DeVaull	112210011111—10	Shaff	210011022100— 7
Haas	011011111201— 9	Parks	112022011101— 9

At the conclusion of the regular match the members arranged a sweepstake shoot at 12 birds, $2.50 entrance, the stakes to be divided into four parts. Robinson, Fay, Coffin, DeVaull, Haas, Cross, Osgood, Fanning, Venet, Smith withdrew before the close of the match. Slade, Ford and Shaff divided first, second and third money. In the freeze-out for fourth money Hass won on the sixth bird. The pigeons supplied were strong flyers. The shooting was judged by Charles B. Smith, of Stockton.

BATON ROUGE, Sept. 5.—Following is the score made between the Manchac and St. Gabriel Clubs in a match at St. Gabriel's to-day:

Manchac Club.	Sin-gles.	Dou-bles.	Total.	St. Gabriel Club.	Sin-gles.	Dou-bles.	Total.
John Terrell	5	7	12	Joe Grassin	7	8	15
Howard Lytle	6	5	11	A A Browne	6	6	12
W B Walker	7	7	14	D D Mire	5	8	13
W S Walker	7	8	15	A J Pritchard	6	4	10
Henry Fuqua	2	5	8	Dr O G Browne	6	7	13
Henry Wolfe	7	6	13	Theo. Hingel	6	4	10
			73				73

Judges—Messrs. Mankey, Matta and James L. Lobdell; scorer, Richard Thomas.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept 8.—At the meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, at Coal Mine Brook Range, there was a large attendance and good shooting. The interest centered in the 100 bird race. The birds were shot in strings of five. The work of each man in detail follows:

E T Smith.....5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—96
Geo Sampson.....3 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—94
W L Davis.....5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4—93
H W Eager.....5 5 4 5 5 4 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 4—92
Jos. Beaudry.....5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 3—92
W D Dean.....5 5 5 4 5 5 5 3 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 3—84
M D Gilman.....5 2 5 5 5 5 5 2 5 4 4 4 4 3 4 5 3 4 5 5—84
Dansereau.....4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 5 3 5 4 3 5—82
W S Perry.....5 5 5 4 5 3 5 4 4 4 2 5 5 3 5 2 2 3 4 5—80
G N Wheeler.....5 5 4 3 4 3 4 5 5 3 5 4 5 4 5 3 5 0 4 4—79

The score of Smith is said to be the best record on the grounds. The remainder of the day was spent in shooting sweepstakes, of which there were eleven events. In the 100 bird race there were two sweepstakes of 21 birds. In the first, Davis and Beaudry were first, Eager and Dean second, Holden, Smith and Whittaker third; in the second, Davis and Smith first, Beaudry and Whittaker second, Eager and Gilman third.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 8.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., to-day. There was a large attendance, but the shooting was hardly up to the mark. Sixteen members competed for the club badge, which was won by E. Vrooman, with a score of 9 out of 11 shot at. The birds were first-class, which probably accounts for the fact that only 85 were killed out of 134 shot at. The score is as follows:

J Rankine (21).....1100111—5 H Meyers (23).....1101011—5
R Stillwell (22).....1001001—3 J Boyle (21).....1010111—5
M Brown (25).....1010110—4 H Lee (23).....0110010—3
W Poulson (23).....1111110—6 A Hass (23).....0011010—3
J Tomford (25).....1011110—5 E Vrooman (25).....1111011—6
H Rathjen (25).....0011111—5 R Monsees (25).....0101110—4
H Van Staden (23).....0001111—4 H Knebel, Jr (23).....0111011—5
I Housman (25).....1110011—5 J Schroeder (25).....1010101—4

Ties for badge and first prize: W. Poulson 2, E. Vrooman 3. Ties for second prize: J. Rankine 9, J. Tomford 2, H. Rathjen 3, I. Housman 1, H. Meyers 1, J. Boyle 0, H. Knebel, Jr., 1. Referee, Mr. Van Staden; scorer, Mr. R. Stillwell.

J. C. H. GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.—The tournament or two days' shoot of the Jersey City Heights Club was the subject of much windy discussion at the club room on Newark avenue Saturday afternoon, at which time many of the boys drop in to look over gun and dog, chaff Old South Paw, and trade fish stories and other lies. If the weather proves fair the boys expect a good time as a fair attendance has been assured from different quarters. Al Heritage has everything arranged to accommodate all who appear. The following is the programme, to be changed to suit the shooters if required. The club has five sets of clay-pigeon traps, as well as every style of the live bird traps that have appeared on the market of late years, and there is plenty of room on the grounds for three sets to work at the clay saucers. Of course when shooting at live birds but one set of five traps can be used. The fun will begin at 10 o'clock, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16 and 17, on the club grounds at Marion, N. J. First event, 10 American clays, second, 5 pair American clays, third, 6 singles and 2 pairs, fourth, 10 single clays, fifth, 10 live birds. Saturday: First event, 10 clays, second, 5 pairs clays, third, 6 singles and 2 pairs, fourth, 8 live birds, fifth, 8 live birds. All ties at 5 clays; J. C. H. G. C. rules on live birds. There may be other sweeps besides the above should time allow.—JACOBSTAFF.

MESSINA SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 30.—A live sparrow shoot was held this afternoon. In the first shoot, at five birds each, Luther killed 5, Ayling 5, McCormick 5, Storrs 4 and Ayers 4. In shooting off the ties Luther and McCormick divided after three trials at three birds each. Howlett and Hookway tied in a match at three birds each. Hookway won in shooting off the tie. In the second five bird match Luther killed 5, Hookway 5, Ayling 5 and Howlett 4. In shooting off the ties Luther won by killing 5 birds straight to Hookway's 4. At ten blue rocks Luther and Howlett divided at 7 birds each, the other entries being Hookway, McCormick, Ayers and Storrs. Hookway, Luther, McCormick, Ayres and Howlett made another match at ten blue rocks, which was won by Luther with a score of 10, Ayers second with 9. Luther, Ayres and Hookway shot a match at ten blue rocks, which was won by Luther with a score of 9, Hookway second with 6. A second match between the same parties resulted in Hookway breaking 9 and Luther 8. The last match between Luther and Hookway resulted in a score of Hookway 10 and Luther 7.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Union Gun Club's shoot at Springfield on Sept. 5 for the club badge resulted as follows: Miller, 19; A. Sickly, Marshall and Haines, 16 each; Sopher, 12; Jobs, 15; Terry, 12; Pudney, 11; Roll, 9; Johnson, 14; E. Sickley, 14; Hooley, 9. Miller was awarded the gold badge, and in the shoot-off for second honors between A. Sickley, Marshall and Haines, the latter won.

....The West Newark Gun Club shot its monthly match on Sept. 5 at Peoria blackbirds, 25 each at 21yds. The result was as follows: M. Ulbright, 21; J. Adelman, 19; G. Densler, 19; C. Doty, 18; F. Hilfers, 15; P. Munn, 14; J. Weber, 14; A. Assman, 13; J. Lamb, 10; M. Adelman, 9; M. Boielmay, 7....The next monthly contest of the Essex County Sporting Association for the Essex county and Woodside trophies, will be held on the grounds of the Woodside Gun Club on Thursday, Sep. 27. An open sweep and a class shoot will follow. The Essex County Association is now composed of the South Side Gun Club, the East Orange Gun Club, the South Orange Gun Club, the Mountain Gun Club, the Nimrod Gun Club, the Mountainside Gun Club and the Woodside Gun Club.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Sept. 8.—The Augusta Gun Club were ably represented at the shooting match in Millen yesterday by Messrs. Allie Berckmans, Sam Denning and Albert Stulb, but Savannah sent up a team which carried off the medal from both Millen and Augusta, making a score of 46 out of 60 birds, while Millen made 43 and Augusta 40 in the principal match. The shooting was pretty and very close all around, but a little nervousness on the part of Mr. Stubb, who usually makes a big score, lowered his record and lost Augusta the prize. Mr. Berckmans led the score and made a fine record all day, getting in all about 36 of 44 birds, not counting ties. In the sweepstake he tied with the Savannah leader so often that they were sent back for a 60yds. rise, and as our boy only had No 9 shot, they could not carry enough force to break the birds at that distance. On some other occasion he will be ready for the big guns, and show Savannah and Millen what Augusta's champion can do. At a recent contest up in Rome he paralyzed the town by a score of 19 out of 20 birds and made a big reputation. Sam Denning made a good record, and the team with a little practice will be able to match any in the State. The delegation reports a good time among the crack shots of the low country.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 10.—The weekly shoot of the Wellington Club had a good attendance to-day, and some good scores were made at clay-pigeons, bluerocks and blackbirds. The following are the first prize winners in the several events: 1. 6 clay-pigeons—Wardwell. 2. 6 clay-pigeons—Wardwell. 3. 6 clay-pigeons—Wardwell. 4. 6 blackbirds—Wardwell. 5. 6 blackbirds—Wardwell. 6. 6 clay-pigeons—Gerry and Sanborn. 7. 6 blue rocks—Snow. 8. 6 bats—Snow and Stone. 9. 6 blue rocks—Snow and Chase. 10. 6 clay-pigeons—Wild and French. 11. 6 blue rocks—Stone, Sanborn and Gerry. 12. 6 bats—French. 13. 6 clay-pigeons—Wardwell. 14. 6 bats—Snow and Sanborn. 15. 6 blackbirds—Wardwell and Snow. 16. 6 clay-pigeons—Gerry and Sanborn. 17. 6 blackbirds—Sanborn and Melcher. 18. 6 blackbirds—Wardwell. 19. 6 bats—Sanborn. 20. 6 clay-pigeons—Snow and French.

CAMDEN GUN CLUB.—Camden, N. J., Sept. 12.—In order to bring the various gun clubs of this part of the East together, and in this manner increase the present interest displayed in amateur trap shooting, the Camden Gun Club will hold its first annual clay-pigeon tournament, Oct. 6, 7 and 8, at the Merchantville Driving Park, Merchantville, N. J. (Pensaukin Station P. R. R.). The grounds secured are roomy and in every way calculated for the purpose, besides being but a few minutes' ride from Market street ferry, Philadelphia, so that visiting teams can compete in the tournament and return to their homes same day. For programme address W. L. FORTINER, Sec., 430 Federal street, Camden, N. J.

NORWICH, Conn., Sept. 10.—The High Rock Gun Club of Norwich, Conn., will hold a two days' tournament on Sept. 27 and 28, open to the world. Clay birds and bluerocks will be used. A guaranteed cash prize of $100 is offered for the best score made on 25 clay birds and 25 blue rocks.—H. POTTER, Secretary.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By J. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakboz. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

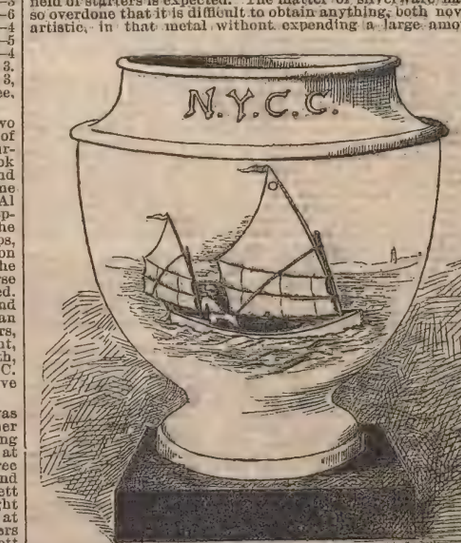
Commodore: R. W. Gibson.....} Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. Mix.....}
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.
Central Div.—Henry Stanton...R. W. Bailey.....E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div.—L. Q. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney....W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div.—A. D. T. McGachen, W. G. McKendrick, S. L. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

NEW YORK C. C. SAILING CUP.

IN order to make a race in good sailing weather, the summer regattas having been failures as far as the wind was concerned, the New York C. C. has offered a handsome trophy for a sailing race over the club course, the winner to be the permanent holder of the trophy. Invitations have been sent to other clubs, and the entries are free to all members of canoe clubs, so a good field of starters is expected. The matter of silverware has been so overdone that it is difficult to obtain anything, both novel and artistic, in that metal without expending a large amount of



money, and as the offering of valuable prizes is discouraged by clubs and the A. C. A., the New York C. C. started to find some suitable substitute for the usual homely and unsuitable pitcher or cup. In this they were aided by Mr. D. W. Granberry, of Maiden Lane, New York, whose art work is widely known. Mr. Granberry suggested an antique cup of beaten copper, and has made for the club a very handsome and artistic trophy of that metal. It is a fact not generally recognized that the baser metals so called, at the head of which stands copper with its richness of color, are far better adapted to artistic purposes than gold or silver, and lend themselves readily to the skill of the metal-worker. The cup shown above is about 5in. diameter and 5in. high, with the inscription on one side and a canoe under sail on the other. The date of the race is Oct. 8.

AN INSTANTANEOUS VIEW ON THE HUDSON.—Scene, upper end of Newburg Bay, a river steamer and a steam launch bound down. Launch passes close to canoe under sail with two men on board; canoe takes the seas broadside on, rolls over to port, then rolls over to starboard, then righted, but with only one man on board. Launch stops to aid the canoe, and the amused spectators in the steamer lose sight of them.

THE CANOES OF 1887.—II.

NEXT to the centerboard the most important detail is the rudder with its accompanying gear, a part of the equipment that has been brought to a very fair degree of perfection. The metal drop rudder is universally used, being made in several different patterns by various makers, but all on the same general plan. Those on the new Albany boats seem to be the best thus far in construction. The rudder is strong and stiff, and the connection to the boat is very good. In some instances the rudder is held far away from the sternpost and large projections of metal are found in place of small and neat castings. The Ruggles boats all have the brass tube hanging, invented by Mr. Barney, and placed by him on the old Ibis. A short piece of brass rod is also carried, to be slipped into the tube when the rudder is unshipped, to protect the tube from injury. The rudder yoke most commonly used now is of brass, with a small sheave for the hoisting line for the blade. Some of these yokes are badly secured, the head of the rudder stock twisting off under strain, but most of them are both light and strong and answer very well. Of course there is the liability to foul the mizen sheet. This is avoided in the small grooved wheel on top of the rudder and taking the rudder lines, such as Pearl and Nautilus were fitted with last year, and several of these were seen this season. The wheel makes a very strong and compact gear, the rudder can be held in backing, and the mizen sheet cannot possibly foul.

The deck yokes now are of brass, with a socket for a tiller. Some of the tillers are fitted with a short handle hinged to the tiller, so as to be in easy reach when the crew is out to windward. A very peculiar arrangement was seen on Mr. Butler's Blanche; the deck yoke was over 2ft. long, the ends being shaped into handles. Sitting on the sliding deck seat, an end of the thwartship tiller or yoke is always in reach, and if required an ordinary tiller can be shipped in a socket.

The usual connection between rudder and deck tiller is by wire rope or small chain, with a turnbuckle in each part for tightening. Some canoes had the rope finished with neat eye sockets of brass, the end of the rope being soldered into the hollow of the socket.

One canoe was fitted with a combination of centerboard and rudder, a balance rudder fitted in a case within 2ft. of the stern. The rudder was held by a vertical spindle by which it could be raised or lowered or turned when below the bottom.

The deck seats have largely gone out of fashion, canoeists now sitting on the side decks or hatch. They were heavy and clumsy and are well dispensed with. Blanche still uses the sliding seat described last year, but only one other was seen this season, and it is not likely they will come into general use.

The cleat board seen on the English canoes last year has been adopted by several this season, and is a good thing. All the cleats are screwed to a board about 4in. wide and long enough to run across the well, being secured by two long brass thumb screws which clamp it firmly at any point on the coaming. On this board are arranged cleats and belaying pins and in some canoes, as the Hornet, a traveler of brass rod for the main sheet is also fastened. In stowing the sail the lines are left on the cleats, the board being detached from the boat and made up with the sail. Of course it is necessary that the fastenings should be very strong, as all the pull of sail and halliards comes on them. It is well in addition to have the usual allowance of cleats on deck in case the board is not used or another sail is set; or if this is not done there should be at least four stout cleats well fastened to the deck frame for making fast painter, etc. This year two new cleats were seen, both of excellent design. The better of the two was made by Mr. Butler; one end forms a hook around which a turn may be taken and the line hauled in, jamming afterward under the other end, which is simply like the ordinary fixed jam cleat. Mr. Barney has a similar cleat but the hook is replaced by a closed eye through which the sheet is passed. Another handy little device is a jam clutch for the mizen sheet, to be placed on the deck tiller.

A very convenient thing is a handle of some kind at each end of the canoe, by which she can be easily lifted and carried. That on the Escowan is convenient but very ugly, disfiguring the boat greatly. Another form is used on the canoes of the Mohican C. C., a bail or handle of stout wire hung in brass plates screwed to the stem and sternpost. The middle part of the handle is covered with a short length of rubber tubing, giving a good grip. The handle is a fixture on the boat and is not ornamental, though little in the way. The Nautilus last year carried four handles with hook ends, and strong eyebolts were fitted on each side deck, forward and aft, by which four men could easily carry the canoe. Something of this kind, a good detachable handle, would be very convenient; it should fit in eyebolts in stem and stern, so that two men could comfortably carry the boat.

Canoe carriages and wheels have never been introduced in this country, though used in England, a very light and compact little vehicle with wheels like a bicycle being made specially for canoes. With them long portages are easily made, but for general cruising in decked canoes where portages are the exception, a very convenient substitute would be a small wheel, say 4 to 6in. diameter, with a face at least 1in. wide, mounted in a light metal frame that could be quickly attached to the forefoot of the canoe. With this in place the canoeist could lift the stern and run the boat wheelbarrow fashion without difficulty. In hauling up on stony beaches or in moving about a boat house such a plan would be far better than the usual method of dragging the canoe on its keel and bilges. This year several canoes were provided with the permanent canvas covers suggested in our comments on the last meet, in which they were quickly laced up for shipment.

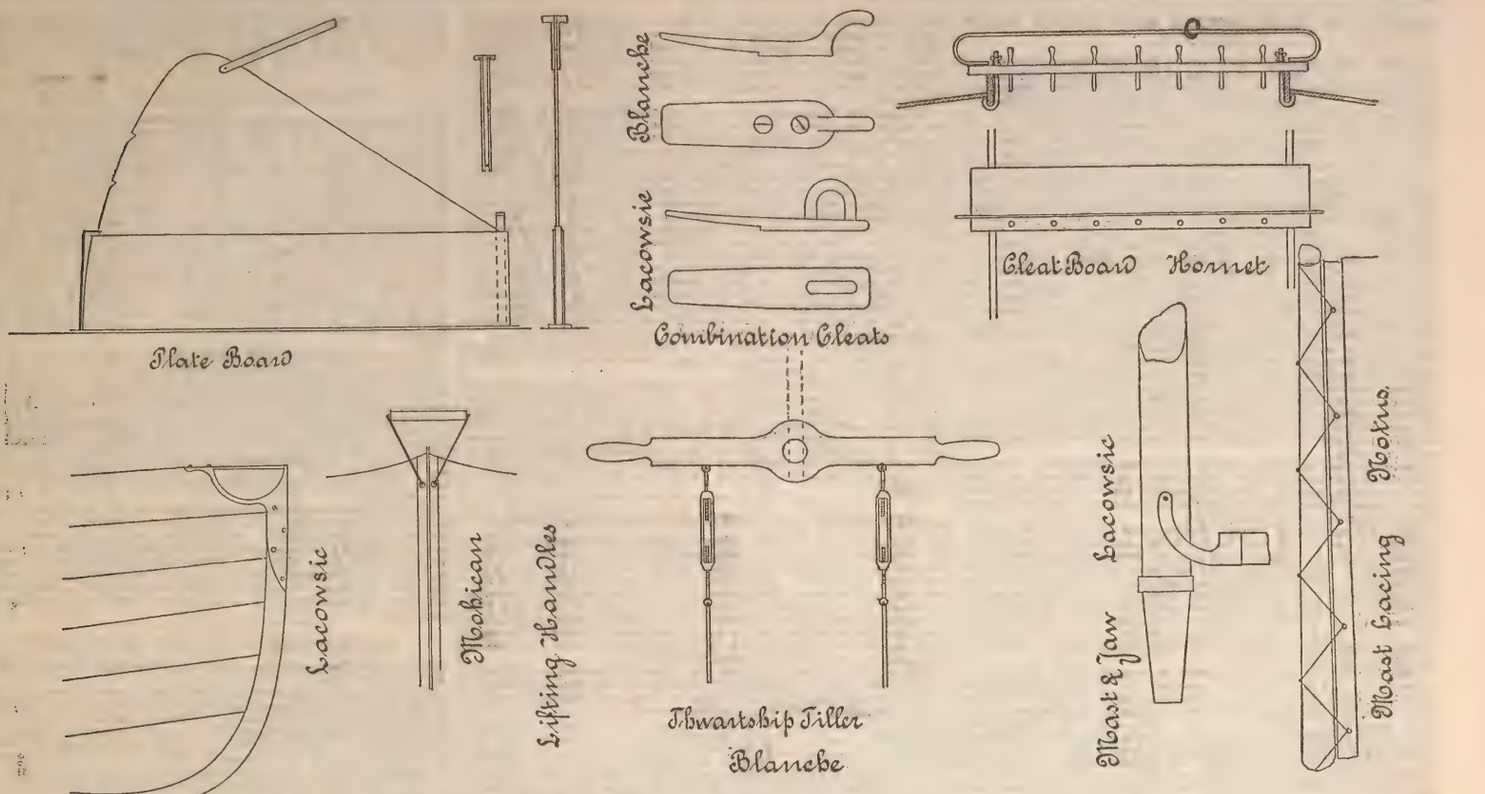
The change in rigs since last season was one of the most noticeable features of the meet. The long bending yard, both of the balance lug and Mohicans has gone, but as yet it cannot be said that any one sail has taken place of either. It will be remembered that the balance lug and lateen together displaced the leg of mutton sail about seven years since, and that later the Mohican superseded the lateen in the inland waters, while the lug still retained its place on salt water. Both of these sails have been lately condemned on the ground that it is best to have all the sail abaft the mast; but this, whether true or not, does not reach the real trouble. Both have always been cut with a wide head that required a very long yard to stretch it, and this yard was unsupported for the greater part of its length. Now to make it at all stiff it had to be heavy, and if moderately light it sagged off to leeward in a disastrous manner, while at the same time the luff could not be kept taut. A long swaggering spar, high up, bending in every direction and failing to hold the peak, is bad in more ways than one; it lessens by its weight and momentum the stability of the canoe and also fails to get the maximum driving power out of the sail. In the Mohican this long yard seems to be a necessity, but in the balance lug it can easily be replaced by a lighter and stiffer spar that shall hold the peak up and the luff taut, both essentials to good windward work.

However, experiment has ceased, for a time at least, while canoeists are now off on an entirely new tack. We have mentioned that each of the old sails was superseded by something definite; but at present, in giving up the lug and Mohican, canoeists have not agreed on any one or two sails to take their place, but are experimenting in several directions. Few, if any, of the rigs at the meet were more than experiments, more or less crude and untested, if we except that on Pecowsic, which seems to have reached the highest degree of perfection and efficiency. This being the case, it is not necessary to describe all the different sails in detail, but to look at the leading characteristics in a general way. All the rigs possess two points in common; the sails are abaft the mast, and all are lighter aloft and the loftier parts of the spars better supported than in the older rigs. As to the points in which they differ, they may be divided as follows:

Sail Lashed to Mast—
- Pecowsic, leg-o'-mutton, with battens.
- Cook's, sprit sail.

Sails Fitted to Hoist and Lower—
- Hoisting on mast.
- Hoisting on gunter yard.
- Hoisting on long yard with short mast.

In the first division are the Pecowsic sails, all leg-o'-mutton in origin, but with the area increased by light battens in pockets. Each sail is permanently lashed to the mast, and can only be taken in by unshipping the mast. The sails are flat, sit well, and are very effective, while their owners seem to use them without trouble, but a sail that cannot be reefed or stowed quickly from the well is certainly not desirable for other than special uses. The rigs of the two Barney boats are simply perfect in their way, light and graceful spars, the sails laced to small eyes driven in mast and boom; and the foot of the mast, only extending about 5in. below deck, fitted with a brass ferrule, so as to turn with perfect ease, all the masts in a set, five in number, being interchangeable. The boom jaw is shown in the cut, a brass casting with a socket for the boom, a pin running through the mast and ends of jaws. Of course both mast and jaw must turn together as the sail is trimmed. The ten sails, the tent, a very good one, by the way, and all the tent pegs and poles stow in a large box which lies by the float in camp, with all sails ready to hand. They differ by about 5ft. each in area, from 20 to 40 sq. ft., so any amount may be set. There are no lines but the sheets, the two or three sails needed are taken from the box and dropped into their proper tubes, and the rigging is completed. Certainly there is much to recommend the rig on the score of simplicity.



CANOE FITTINGS.—1887.

The other rig in this class was shown at Ballast Island this year by Mr. Cook, of Chicago, who invented it. The sails are the ordinary sprits, the only difference being in the method of rigging the sprit. Instead of hoisting on the mast it is carried out about 3in. on the boom. The lower end of the sprit has a gooseneck formed of two screweyes, one screwed into the end of the sprit and the other simply hooked into its eye. The end of the loose screweye slips into a hole in the boom, thus the sprit acts to hold the boom down. The sail has a peak which is, of course, well set up by the sprit, the entire sail is flat and effective, but like the Pecowsic rig, no reefing or stowing is possible; the entire rig must be unshipped or allowed to take charge of the boat in a blow. Only one of this rig was shown at the A. C. A. meet, and that in an incomplete state, so no comparison was possible.

Of the second class of sails the first variety is that of the Notus, a leg-o'-mutton sail with two battens and the ordinary reef gear. The chief novelty in this sail was the method of attachment to the mast, an original idea of Com. Gibson's. All old canoeists will remember the trouble once experienced with the leg-o'-mutton sail and its mast rings, how they would jam in hoisting and lowering, how large they were and how far from the mast the upper part of the sail was. All this has been obviated by a very novel and simple expedient; the luff of the sail is laced to the mast by a double lacing, shown in the cut, something like one row of the meshes in an ordinary hammock or net. When the halliard is cast off these meshes at once loosen and the sail lowers freely, but as soon as the sail is hoisted and the final pull taken on the halliard, the meshes lengthen and bind the sail closely to the mast. All the weight and trouble of the rings is done away with. The rig of Notus is about 108ft. in area, 70 and 38ft., the mainmast being over 15ft. above deck, but as light and tapering as a fishing rod. The weight aloft is reduced to almost nothing, and every ounce of the canoeist's weight on the gunwale goes to balancing the wind pressure alone.

The larger number of the sails present came into the family of gunters, known of old to canoeists before the days even of the leg-o'-mutton, for the gunter rig was the first from which practical results in canoe sailing were obtained by Mr. Baden-Powell. The old gunter brass is now discarded, but the same principle is employed, a short mast with a light spar set as a topmast, the sail being laced to the latter. In reality the Mohican sail with its yard and battens has simply been shifted so that it is entirely abaft the mast, the luff and head now forming one continuous line, the hoisting gear being much the same but with the addition of a jaw of some sort on the heel of the yard to hold it to the mast. The rig may easily be made from an old Mohican sail by cutting the throat of the sail away so that the angle between luff and head disappears, and then adding the jaws to the yard. This makes a very good sail, the yard is held better than formerly and there is properly no peak but a head like a leg-o'-mutton. Reefing is as easy as in the Mohican, the same gear being used.

The third variety under this class is of much the same shape as the last mentioned but has, with the short mast, a long yard extending from the deck to the head of the sail, and hoisted and lowered by a halliard. Of course the sail cannot be reefed as in the preceding, but another method is resorted to in one of these sails, the joint effort of Messrs. Whitlock and Ward. The sail has a batten radiating from the tack where it is hinged to a compound jaw, a special forging of steel that takes the fore end of the boom and batten as well as the heel of the yard. The batten is fitted with reef gear by which it may be hauled down to the boom, making a lateen sail. A second jaw, of the usual lateen form, is placed about 18in. in on the boom, and by lowering the halliard as the reef is taken in sail may be set as a lateen of reduced area. A special feature of the rig is the double halliard. With the usual single halliard and block at masthead the yard cannot be hauled up close to the mast. To obviate this difficulty the halliard is double, with two cheek blocks at masthead, one on each side, and two similar blocks at the deck. The halliard is doubled in the middle, the bight is placed around the yard, and then the two ends are rove one through each of the blocks at masthead and then through the corresponding block at deck. The two parts are hauled on together, raising the yard and bringing it chock up against the mast, where it is firmly held. When set as a lateen the two parts are slacked off together until the yard is low enough. The entire arrangement is very neat and ingenious but the details are not yet completed and the sail has not been thoroughly tested.

Besides the Pecowsic and Lacowsic rigs before mentioned the rig of the Notus is noticeable for its finish and perfection, while with it came the rig of the Rat, not used in the races, though present at camp. This rig was of the second variety, a hoisting yard with reefing battens, the brasswork and all details being worked out by the owner. The rig was by far the most perfect of its kind at the meet, the workmanship of all parts being of the best and highly creditable to the young amateur who built and rigged the boat. One little point is worth special mention, the grommets in the sails for lacing lines were replaced by small brass rings ¼in. diameter, sewn to the hem, through which the lacing lines were run.

The collection of sails and gear at the meet was both interesting and instructive, much was to be learned and many valuable suggestions could be gathered for future work; but those who went expecting to see some perfect sail which they might copy blindly were disappointed. None of the rigs present filled the bill, all had some weak points, but many valuable hints and special features could be had by a little observation; while as a whole the exhibit gave most encouraging evidence of earnest work by a large number and of many substantial improvements, as well as a comprehension of the main disadvantages of the present rigs, which must result in something far better in a short time. Never before were so many men interested in the question of rig. But a short time since nearly all were content to follow the lead of a few, but now is the time for individual experiment and general work by the many for better rigs, and while many are going over old ground and some are wasting time, the main result will be in every way favorable to canoeing.

A HINT IN TOWING.—In towing another canoe or a heavy object when paddling it is sometimes best to make fast the towline to the middle of the paddle handle. All strain and jerking on the canoe is thus avoided and the leverage of the paddle serves directly to propel the tow. With a little practice the painter may be kept taut and almost a steady pull given to the tow, while the unsteady motion of the canoe under the strong stroke necessary is entirely avoided.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—The following named gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: F. W. Burritt, F. B. Hayes, W. H. P. Weston, Toronto, Canada; F. H. Dobbins, F. K. Fee, J. C. Harstone, J. H. Hart, W. C. Herriman, R. B. Sylvester, Lindsay, Canada; H. S. Kisley, R. Kingan, D. J. Lundy, H. Newbald, G. A. Reid, R. J. Stenson, Peterboro, Canada; Alexis Martin, Hamilton, Canada.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP, CENTRAL DIVISION.—The following gentlemen residing in the Central Division have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: James R. Steers, Jr., Wm. M. Brownell, New York; Rev. Frederick B. Savage, Newburg, N. Y.—EDWARD W. BROWN, Purser, Central Division.

TORONTO C. C.—On Sept. 3 a race was sailed over a 7-mile course with six entries. Dawn, W. A. Leys, won, with Dotterell, D. B. Jaques, second; Una, Colin Fraser, third; Isabel, Robert Tyson, fourth; Ripple, W. A. Cooke, was disabled and withdrew; Wanda, W. H. Weston, did not finish.

PHOTOS TO EXCHANGE.—Mr. Louis Sahm, No. 451 North Alabama street, Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to exchange canoe and yacht photos with other amateurs.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50.

THE TRIAL RACES.

INSIDE COURSE, SEPT. 13.

THAT the trial races which in previous years have created hardly less excitement than the Cup contests, should this season be comparatively devoid of interest is probably due to the facts that the competition is limited to but two boats, by the same designer, and that the superiority of the newer of these and the fact that she will in all probability be selected, are both generally conceded. While there are many who are still warm adherents of last year's champion, it is evident that she is not handled to the same advantage as by her first owner, as might be expected in new hands; and her performance in all the meetings that have taken place between her and Volunteer, has shown that the latter is the surest champion to intrust with the defense of the Cup. Indeed after the cruise a selection could safely be made without trial races, but Mayflower's owner was desirous of further trial, the boat having been raced under great disadvantages, and it would not have been fair to him to dispense with the trial races. The owners of the three other boats could see plainly that they had no chance and so declined to enter, but Mr. Morgan at once went to work to put his craft in the best possible shape. Some repairs were made, the bottom thoroughly polished and a new suit of larger sails were made, so that Mayflower came to the line in fine form. She was out last week at the screw dock and was cleaned and potleaded, a piece being added to her rudder at the same time. Volunteer also hauled out at South Brooklyn on Friday and was scraped and smoothed down, being painted on the bottom. Time and the weather did not permit a coat of potlead, so she sailed on a bottom of red lead only. While hauled out she was visited by thousands of people, the piers and streets being crowded all the time she was on the dock. She was launched on Monday afternoon, in readiness for Tuesday's race, though as stated the bottom was not finished. Some delay was caused by the action of the trades union, the ship painters refusing to allow the yacht's regular crew to assist in painting. Her new boom has not yet been slung, and she carried her old mainsail.

The first race was set for Tuesday, over the New York Y. C. course, and at 10 A. M. both boats were under way from their anchorage off Bay Ridge, with clubtopsails aloft and both balloon and ordinary jibtopsails in stops on the double topmast stays. The Electra, with the committee on board, anchored off Buoy 18, and at 10:30 the first gun was fired. The weather had been cloudy all the morning, with a thin haze over the Bay and a very light wind from N. E., and under the same conditions the yachts came for the line. The tide was more than half run out when the starting gun sounded at 10:40, and with its help and the light breeze the two crossed well together, the times being: Volunteer, 10:41:02s; Mayflower, 10:41:37. Mayflower was to the eastward by a couple of hundred yards as the two broke out balloon jibtopsails and started off side by side.

From the first the new steel boat began to leave her older sister, gaining until she was several lengths in advance, though both were moving very slowly. As they crossed the line Thistle, with Mr. and Mrs. Bell and Mr. Watson on board, got her anchor and stood out from Tompkinsville with squareheader aloft and racing mainsail set, but under small jibtopsail and lower headsails only. She approached the racers near the Narrows, but by this time there was a calm, and the three were motionless save for the tide. At length a catspaw sent them away again, Volunteer jibing her boom to port, while Mayflower merely jibed her ballooner and boomed it out to port. Volunteer hauled across for the Staten Island shore for more wind, but failed to find it. At 11:20 she set her spinaker to starboard, but only carried it for a quarter of an hour. Thistle had sailed back and forth, out of the way of the pair, but at noon, when they were well clear of the Narrows, she was as far in advance and going as fast as either of the racing yachts. She evidently did not intend to lead them, and went far over to the eastward, lying motionless for a time. Just at noon Mayflower lowered balloon jibtopsail and set a small one over her jib and staysail, taking a light breeze at the same time from S. E. She began to leave Volunteer, but as soon as the breeze filled the latter's ballooner she too started away, and soon had a lead of 200yds. or more. At 12:20 Volunteer passed Buoy 12, but an hour later the two were still above Buoy No. 10, in a flat calm and barely able to stem the strong flood that was running.

Another hour passed with nothing to note but a little telegraphing with jibs and jibtopsails, a spit of rain that drove all on the attendant steamers under shelter for ten minutes, and a constant lengthening of the intervals of calm that had prevailed all day. The hope of a breeze from southward or eastward was gone, the boats drifted nearly up to Buoy 8½, Volunteer still ahead, and then the strong tide carried them well up toward the Shrewsbury until at 2:45 anchors were dropped when just abreast West Beacon and very close in to the shore of the Hook. The Electra dropped her small launch, which steamed off to the racers and returned, when the signals were broken out, "Race postponed." Each yacht took a tug and hurried away home, and the fleet of steamers followed in the same direction. Thistle had gone down the Swash Channel in company with Atlantic, but started for home before the race was abandoned. The drift was unsatisfactory to the last degree, but as far as any result was evident, Volunteer took the lead on every occasion and showed herself a better drifter than Mayflower. Volunteer was sailed by Captain Haff and Mayflower by Captain Craven. Captain Joseph Ellsworth was on board the latter boat at Mr. Morgan's request.

It was decided not to resail the race, but to continue the original programme with a race to-day, twenty miles out and back from Sandy Hook. The following notice has been issued by the regatta committee:

"In regard to the outside trial race, to be held on Thursday, the 15th inst., we may think it not necessary to sail the entire twenty miles to windward and to leeward and back; therefore, if after the start we should wish to shorten the course, or after a certain time during the race to change the direction of the course, we have adopted for that day the following list of special signals: The numbers 1, 8, 4 and 2 will be large red numbers on a white ground.

"The letters for the points of the compass are copied from the International Code.

"You will greatly oblige the committee if you will hoist your answering pennant as soon as you have read your signals from the Electra, the setting of which will always, of course, be preceded by the firing of a gun.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

"1. Run up to flagship and lay to.
"8. Pass to leeward of flagship when gun fires and steer ——.
"4. The trial is over.
"2. Come within hailing distance of the flagship."

In view of the crowding on the course by vessels of all kinds, which is the same this year as it always has been and always will be, the following touching appeal is rather amusing:

"You will greatly oblige the Committee of the America Cup, and especially the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C., if, through the columns of your paper, you will call the attention of all captains and owners of vessels, and especially of all steam vessels, to the great importance and absolute necessity of keeping a long distance to leeward of the yachts competing in the Cup races. A steamer passing close to a yacht will often give a back draught of wind, together with a wash of sea, both interfering with her speed. The cutting in close ahead or astern should likewise be avoided.

"This appeal would hardly seem necessary if the experience of former Cup races did not warrant it.

"The fairest kind of fair play should be given to both challenger and challenged, and we feel it is but necessary to call the attention of the public to this matter in order to insure that fair play which we so much desire.

"Yours, respectfully,
"THE AMERICA CUP COMMITTEE."

If past experience goes for anything, this is apt to be about as effective as an address to all steamboat captains delivered from the top of Liberty's torch would be. If the inside course is to be retained for any races it should be so changed as to start outside the Narrows, but for an important match even this is too little; the only way to avoid a part of the crowding is to start at Sandy Hook Lightship, where the smaller boats will not follow.

GOELET CUP RACE.—A revision of the official time of the Goelet Cup race of last month makes Volunteer ahead of Puritan by 9m. 38s., and Mayflower ahead of Puritan by 58s. Puritan beats Atlantic by 55s, instead of being 20s. astern of the latter, as at first announced.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND UNCLE SAM'S GUESTS.

IN the wild scramble for news by the American newspapers, which began when the report of the Clyde challenge first arrived, there have been absolutely no limits to the blind ignorance displayed, nor the utter disregard of all courtesies due to the gentlemen who visit us this year in a fair and friendly effort to win the Cup. The attempt to secure the lines of the Thistle and the fictitious drawings published last winter and exposed at the time by the FOREST AND STREAM, stands as a good example, and the ridiculous "air bubble" yarn, given gravely a short time since by an evening paper, was an equal display of ignorance, but both have been capped by the exploit of the New York *World*, which last Thursday night sent a diver down to flounder and grope about in the darkness to get the lines of the yacht. The report of the journalistic exploit was given in last Sunday's *World*. In the four columns which are devoted to the details, more or less imaginary, of this wonderful trip, just ten short lines are given to a description of what was seen of the Thistle. This descriptive matter is supplemented by illustrations, "lines" in fact; two crude sketches that look about as much like Thistle as the pictures of pigs or cats which children draw with their eyes closed are like to the objects they purport to represent. The sheer plan does not even resemble the parts of the Thistle's hull which are now visible above water, while her depth is given as 20ft.

Without placing too much credence in any part of the story, it is at least probable that a diver was actually hired and made a descent somewhere near the Thistle, and that the *World* spent several hundred dollars on the expedition; but as for any results, there are plenty of boys around New York, interested in yachting, who could draw off-hand a far more correct sketch of what the Thistle probably is than the crude scrawl for which the *World* paid so much.

As to the lack of good taste in the whole proceeding there can be but one opinion, and had the intruders been detected and given the reception usually accorded to river pirates they would have had no more than a just reward for a most impudent and unwarranted intrusion on private rights.

Since the arrival of Messrs. Watson and Bell last week the interviewers have been out in full force, and had the two visitors talked steadily ever since their arrival they could not have given utterance to half the stuff that has been credited to them in the daily papers. With a delicacy beyond the comprehension of the average reporter, Mr. Watson has declined to visit Mayflower or Volunteer, but the papers of Thursday and Friday generally described him as hurrying away to Brooklyn to see Volunteer as soon as he landed from the City of Rome. A Boston paper this week revamps the old story as to "copying American models" in the following words:

"Mr. Watson thought that Boston was worthy of a visit, and he came here. He made no announcement to that effect, but made his visit under the guise of a gentleman of leisure and information. Mr. Watson made a call at the office of Mr. Burgess while that gentleman was out of town, went down to Beverly and viewed the Mayflower and visited Lawley's yard at South Boston, where the Puritan and Mayflower had been built and where the Volunteer was afterward built. He walked slowly through the yards without saying anything, 'taking everything in.' He inspected the models of all parts of the big American boats and went away fully prepared to compete with Mr. Burgess in the designing of a cup winner. At New York, too, Mr. Watson had every opportunity for a close inspection of the models of the Puritan and Mayflower, as they are on exhibition in the club house of the New York Y. C. Later on, after it was announced that Mr. Watson had designed the Thistle to compete for the America's cup, Mr. Burgess wrote to Scotland, asking for the dimensions of the Thistle, but Mr. Watson refused to give them or any other particulars concerning his boat. Ever since there has been the utmost secrecy concerning the boat, and it is more than probable that the information gained by Mr. Watson on his visit to Boston was a great aid to him in the construction of the Scotch wonder. What little is known of the Thistle's keel confirms the suspicion that it is more American than Scotch, for it is very similar to that of the Volunteer, Instead of being of wood it is of iron with lead run in for ballast, while the Volunteer's is of wood [steel?] with the same kind of ballast. Many Bostonians think that Mr. Watson has taken advantage of Mr. Burgess and will not therefore be surprised if the cup is lost. If Mr. Burgess had only known beforehand of the unfair advantage which Mr. Watson was going to take of him he would have gone ahead one year, and instead of designing the Volunteer would have designed the boat which he will design next season that will leave the Volunteer as far behind in progression as the Volunteer has left the Mayflower and Puritan."

We only give space to such stuff as a fair sample of much that has of late appeared in many papers, an attempt to hedge on the chances of a possible defeat by making Mr. Watson a copyist of Mr. Burgess, when that sense of fair play which all Americans lay claim to should dictate an open and manly avowal of the truth, that whatever chance resemblance there may be between Thistle and Volunteer is due to the fact that Mr. Burgess has derived his inspirations from the English cutter rather than the American sloop. Forgetting that Thistle was built before Volunteer was yet on paper all are ready to cry, "How much she resembles Volunteer." Referring to the extract above, the writer displays his utter ignorance by comparing the keel construction of Thistle to Volunteer, when Mr. Watson built Vanduara in exactly the same manner, a hollow metal trough filled with lead, seven years ago, or before Mr. Burgess took up his profession of yacht designer.

How Mr. Watson has taken an unfair advantage of Mr. Burgess the writer does not show. The first proposal of the Scotch challengers was that both parties should agree on a common length of waterline, each building its best boat thereon, thus avoiding any chance of either outbuilding the other, but this fair proposal was passed without notice by American yachtsmen; now what right have they to complain if the Clyde yachtsmen keep their dimensions to themselves? Much has been said about the secrecy attending the building of the Thistle, but it does not seem to have occurred to any one that Mr. Burgess is not giving away much more about Volunteer and Mayflower than Mr. Watson has about Thistle. To be sure, neither was built under lock and key; but what reason was there for so doing? Mayflower and Volunteer were both built to meet boats already afloat and well-known, while Thistle was begun with the absolute certainty that a new yacht would be built to meet her, and that this yacht would approach still nearer to the English cutter than either Puritan or Mayflower.

How much authentic information has the public about Mayflower or Volunteer; how much has Mr. Burgess revealed about either boat? Thanks to the omnipresent and inquisitive American reporter some of the dimensions of spars and sails have been wormed out, but the really valuable points—the displacement, weight in keel and inside, area of midship section, area of immersed surface, centers of buoyancy, effort and lateral resistance, and areas of sails—are still as little known as in the Thistle. Mr. Burgess is not to blame for this; it is his private property, the tools with which he works, and it is not to be expected that he will place them in the hands of his business rivals. But why should Mr. Watson be asked to do the same thing? It is in no way discreditable to Mr Burgess that he should adopt a good idea wherever he sees it, but it is a fact that he is indebted to the English cutter for almost every detail of design and construction of his yachts, except in the three points of beam, centerboard and laced mainsail. These are very important points, it is true; but what are the three against the hundred details, many of them fully as important, which are clearly of English origin? And, further, in these three he has departed far from American practice. In beam he has far less than the American sloop; the centerboard he is ready to discard wherever the depth of water permits, and his laced mainsails all have an English outhaul in place of a rigid lacing and fixed clew.

He would not be a Yankee if he did not improve on an idea however obtained, and this is fully shown in his boats. Untrammeled by rules, he has taken more beam than has of late been allowed the British designer; seeing the small need of reefing a bowsprit in ordinary racing service, and the weakness of the English bobstay fall, he has improved on both in his later boats. Appreciating fully the many advantages of the cutter rig he has retained them, but strengthened some of the weak points.

Speaking of copying, we do not know where the idea of the long spans on Volunteer's gaff originated, but it is worth while noting that while they had never been seen on the older Burgess boats, or in fact on any other American yacht, they appeared on Volunteer a short while after the first photos of Thistle, showing plainly the same novel feature, were on sale in America.

It is curious to see the gradual working of the idea so long advanced by the FOREST AND STREAM and so long combatted by every journal in America and by most American yachtsmen, that the keel is at least the equal of the centerboard for speed. Of late the question of a keel boat creeps up wherever yachting is under discussion; and, following Mr. Burgess's lead, that public opinion which has so long stood as a bar to American progress in yachting is now ready to take up the keel boat as the proper thing, provided it be allowed to do so with the assumption that the keel is an American invention. The skill, enterprise and ingenuity which have brought success to Messrs. Paine and Burgess in Puritan and Mayflower, taught them long ago that the lead keel of the English yacht was necessary in modern boats, and further that the possibilities for speed were with the keel rather than the centerboard craft; but had they proposed in 1884 to defend the cup with a keel boat they would have been ridiculed and abused by the same public which to-day is accusing Mr. Watson of copying Volunteer and Mayflower.

We had Mr. Watson's word personally last fall that he did not see either Mayflower, Puritan, Priscilla or Atlantic, though he made a call on Mr. Burgess when in Boston. Further than this, he stated then that he had sketched out a preliminary draft before leaving for America, leaving it in the hands of his assistants to complete the details, and that after all he had learned on his visit it was not likely that he would change this plan. This should set the matter at rest for all time unless something better than anonymous gossip appears to the contrary. If any one still believes that he copied the Burgess boats, let them contrast the yachts themselves. How much does Mayflower's stern, far less Volunteer's shapeless excrescence, resemble Thistle; what likeness is there between the fair, regular sheer of Puritan and Mayflower and the peculiar Watson sheer, familiar before Mr. Burgess designed his first yacht; what is there in the way of workmanship on Volunteer that is not far better done on Thistle? Volunteer may prove faster and better than Thistle, but we would be sorry to see her go abroad as a specimen of American handicraft.

We venture this prediction: If Thistle wins the Cup, the next Burgess boat will resemble her more than it does either Volunteer, Mayflower or Puritan.

The Scotch yachtsmen have shown themselves to be gentlemen sportsmen who are not only fully able but well content to mind their own business; building the best boat they can and sailing her as fast as she will go, without further regard to the boat that may be put against them. As guests of the nation they are entitled to courteous and gentlemanly treatment, and neither a strong feeling of patriotism nor the pushing competition of American journalism will serve as an excuse for a hostile and rude reception.

LARCHMONT Y. C. SPECIAL REGATTA, SEPT. 10.

IT is unfortunate that the liberal offer by the Larchmont Y. C. of a $1,000 cup failed to bring about sufficient entries, but Volunteer and Mayflower were both on the railways preparing for the race of Tuesday, Priscilla was on her way home from Bar Harbor, and neither Atlantic nor Puritan entered; so the race was given up for the present. The offer of two prizes of $250 and $100 for second class resulted in sufficient starters to make a race, but owing to the weather this attempt too was a failure. The race was started on Sept. 10, but failed to finish within the limit of eight hours; so it will be resailed on Sept. 17.

The special course laid out was from off Larchmont, around Matinnicock Buoy, thence around mark-boat off Captain's Island, thence around mark-boat off Eaton's Neck, and home over same course, 38 miles. Only four yachts entered.

Titania	C. O. Iselin	Allows.
Shamrock	J. R. Maxwell	1m. 10s.
Fanny	T. P. Fiske	3m. 56s.
Mischief	Messrs. Auchincloss	7m. 31s.

The regatta committee, Messrs. Willard, Griffiths and Foreman, had as guests on their tug Messrs. William York and Robert Wylie, of the Royal Clyde Y. C., while Mr. Watson sailed on Shamrock.

When the first whistle blew at 11:30 the wind was from N.W. moderate, with tide half up. With booms to starboard and spinnakers on stops to port the four went over as follows, the whistle being given at 11:35, Titania tearing her spinnaker and being obliged to take it in for hasty repairs, resetting it again:

Fanny	11 38 37	Shamrock	11 38 52
Titania	11 38 42	Mischief	11 39 17

Balloon jibtopsails were also broken out and soon did more good than the spinnakers, the wind going to north a little, so the latter were taken in. Titania soon passed from under Mischief's lee, where she found herself at the start, though she was obliged to go astern to do so. When once clear she ran ahead of the fleet, the times at Matinnicock being:

Titania	12 14 15	Shamrock	12 15 05
Mischief	12 14 56	Fanny	12 16 53

Across Captain's Island the wind was dead, but it had fallen so light by this time that the race was a drift, Fanny being badly left by the dying breeze. The times at Captain's Island were:

Titania	1 29 00	Shamrock	1 33 52
Mischief	1 32 12	Fanny	1 51 25

For nearly four hours the quartette drifted about, Fanny working in nearest to the Connecticut shore and dodging the tide, finally coming out second boat when the breeze reached them. The times at Eaton's Neck mark boat were:

Shamrock	5 17 00	Titania	5 29 41
Fanny	5 24 52	Mischief	5 32 00

The wind increased a little and better time was made to Captain's Island mark, which was turned thus:

Shamrock	6 53 52	Titania	7 00 20

The spinnakers while the tug, only waiting to time Titania, ran across to Matinnicock to show the way, displaying red lights when at the buoy. Titania gained rapidly on this run, the times being:

Shamrock	7 35 39	Titania	7 36 49

The other two were not timed, and it is uncertain whether Mischief turned the spar buoy, as it was by this time quite dark. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shamrock	11 38 52	8 15 32	8 36 40	8 35 30
Titania	11 38 42	8 17 13	8 38 31	8 38 31
Fanny	11 38 37	Not timed.		
Mischief	11 39 17	8 18 40	8 39 23	8 31 52

Fanny was not timed and Mischief's finish, so close to the leaders, makes it doubtful whether she did not mistake the course in the dark. Altogether the finish was very unsatisfactory, and as stated before, the race will be resailed.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE annual fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 8 over the regular course, from Port Morris around the Gangway Buoy, in a strong N.W. wind, the smaller boats carrying reefs over part of the course. The club has a fashion of making up a very imposing entry list by including every yacht enrolled as entered for its regattas, and this year the total ran up in the seventies; but when the signal was given only twenty-one yachts started. Dora and Wacondah had some sharp work over the first half of the course, the latter finally gaining a little at the turn, which was timed:

Lizzie R.	12 27 30	Zena	12 41 00
Duster	12 30 56	Undine	12 41 30
Truant	12 34 04	John Demarest	12 43 14
Wacondah	12 35 30	Charles Wilde	12 44 10
Dora	12 35 40	Black Hawk	12 44 35
Adelaide	12 37 12	Rover	12 44 55
Culprit Fay	12 37 45	White Cap	12 48 40
Mayotta	12 38 30	Ariel	12 49 10
Melvina	12 40 00	Gil Blas	12 49 35

Coming home before the wind the Culprit Fay headed both of them and finished first, though losing to Undine on corrected time. The full times were:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 32ft. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Undine	11 11 51	2 18 03	3 06 12	2 48 15
Chas. Welde	11 15 00	2 20 48	3 05 48	2 47 38
Culprit Fay	11 12 34	2 14 06	3 01 32	2 47 59½
Wacondah	11 12 10	2 14 30	3 02 20	2 48 15
J. Demarest	11 11 51	2 24 10	3 12 19	2 51 26½
Melvina	11 14 10	2 30 45	3 16 35	3 16 35
Dora	11 12 22	2 16 24	3 04 02	2 50 54½
Ariel	11 12 51	2 54 10	3 42 09	3 17 09

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 32 AND OVER 26FT.

Rover	11 12 50	2 26 50	3 14 00	3 14 00
Black Hawk	11 11 09	2 24 22	3 13 13	3 20 18
Gil Blas	11 13 27	2 47 33	3 34 06	3 29 28½

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS 26FT. AND UNDER.

White Cap	11 12 10	2 35 57	3 23 47	3 23 47
Swan	11 12 49	2 57 25	3 44 36	3 43 48½
Thisbe	11 12 01	2 49 24	3 37 23	3 29 58
Ianthe	11 12 20	3 03 45	3 51 35	3 41 27½

CLASS 4—OPEN SLOOPS OVER 26FT.

Adelaide	11 06 53	2 21 49	3 14 56	3 14 56
Zena	11 06 19	2 22 38	3 16 19	3 06 09

CLASS 5—JIB AND MAINSAIL UNDER 26FT.

Duster	11 06 53	2 06 24	2 59 32	2 59 32

CLASS 6—CAT-RIGGED 23FT. AND OVER.

Lizzie R.	11 01 32	2 04 22	3 02 50	3 02 50
Mayotta	11 02 53	2 24 27	3 21 34	3 09 40½
Truant	11 03 12	2 14 40	3 11 28	3 57 38

Undine beats Charles Welde 4m. 21s., Rover beats Black Hawk 6m., White Cap beats Thisbe 6m. 11s., Zena beats Adelaide 8m. 47s., Duster had a walk over and wins special prize for fastest time over course, Truant beats Lizzie R. 5m. 13s.

A prize was offered for steam and naphtha launches, but out of eight entries only the Chic, Mr. John Hyslop's new steam launch, came to the line, so the race fell through. The regatta committee included Messrs. A. Varian, W. Alexander and John Allen, and the judges, Messrs. A. A. Briggs, H. C. De Witt and J. C. Summers.

CINDERELLA-ANACONDA MATCH.

THE match mentioned last week between Cinderella, owned by William E. Iselin, and Anaconda, owned by J. G. Prague, 15 miles to windward, for $250 a side, was sailed Sept. 12 in weather such as few yacht races in a season are favored with. The wind blew half a gale from the east, with a very heavy sea, while rain fell all day, but the few that were out had a fine piece of sailing, though seasoned with plenty of salt water. The course was laid out from off Flagler's Point at Larchmont to Lloyd's Neck, 15 miles and return, the first half a dead beat. At 11:51 the start was given from the tug W. Goodwin, on which were Messrs. Willard and Griffiths, of the regatta committee of the Larchmont Y. C. Cinderella, under two-reefed mainsail and No. 2 jib, with Mr. C. S. Lee at the wheel, and Mr. Thomas Power on board as representative of Mr. Prague, went over the line just 43s. later. Anaconda had three reefs and a reefed jib, the representative of Mr. Iselin on board being Mr. F. E. Towle. Above the line her main heet fouled on the spinaker boom on deck, and she did not cross until 1:52:25.

The Goodwin followed the racers as they beat out through the heavy seas, taking them herself fore and aft. A plate finally washed from a bunker hole and flooded the hold to a dangerous degree; so that she had to put back to harbor in a hurry, the water being nearly up to her fires when she anchored. Cinderella made her way through the seas handily, but Anaconda's skipper was evidently not a water serpent. With head paid off under the reefed jib and carrying a strong lee helm, Anaconda bobbed up and down, but failed to get anywhere, and after some four miles of this work she turned tail and vanished in the direction of Larchmont with a celerity that would have done credit to the great original sea serpent.

Cinderella rounded the weather mark at 2:57, as timed by Anaconda's representative, and reached the finish at 4:11:57, her elapsed time being 4:20:14. Anaconda is a boat with a mission, she was not built for pleasure only, but to prove the value of high, or inside ballast, great beam, and the sloop rig, especially the single jib. During the season thus far she has failed to make a record, but after this race it cannot be said that she has not done so in a manner satisfactory to those on one side of the disputed question.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF NEW YORK.

THE following notice has been sent out by the Corinthian Y. C of New York:

"In pursuance of its effort to obtain the most trustworthy data for the adoption of a fair system of measurement and believing with this object in view a series of match races would be more valuable than ordinary races with many competing yachts, the Corinthian Y. C. of New York offers to sail against all comers between 38 and 43ft. on the load waterline, a cutter from among its enrolled yachts. The match or matches to be sailed between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of October, 1887, without restriction as to sail or crew, except that the crew shall not exceed in number one man for every 5ft. length on deck or fractional part thereof, over the course of the Corinthian Y. C. provided for the fourth class yachts and under its sailing regulations, but under the measurement and time allowance of the New York Y. C. The prize to each winning yacht will be a silver cup of the size and design of the Corinthian Y. C. mugs. The owner of any sloop or cutter willing to accept this offer will please communicate with the secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., Mr. Roosevelt Schuyler, No. 55 Beaver street, New York."

The following response has been made:

Mr. Roosevelt Schuyler, Esq., Secretary Corinthian Y. C., New York City:

DEAR SIR—Referring to the offer of the Corinthian Y. C., published in this morning's papers, I would say that the class therein stated prevents my accepting the offer, although I should like to do so. The Fanita is what may be called a typical "American centerboard sloop," load waterline 45ft. 6in. If you will make the offer so as to include boats of Fanita's size, say 38 to 50ft. waterline, it will give me a great deal of pleasure to accept it, and I have no doubt but that the matches would prove interesting to the admirers of both the sloop and cutter type of yacht.

F. H. HATCH, Sloop Yacht Fanita.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD, SEPT. 5.—On Sept. 5 the second championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed over the following courses: For the first and second classes—From judges' line, leaving buoys 5 and 3 on starboard; buoy off Tom Moore's rocks on starboard; can buoy on the outer breaker off Pig rocks on port; Half-way rock on port; buoys 3 and 5 on port, to judges' line; 10 miles. For the third class—From judges' line to buoy on Chappel's ledge, leaving it on starboard; buoy on Gooseberry ledge on starboard; stakeboat one-half mile south of Marblehead rock, leaving it on starboard; buoys 3 and 5 on port, to judges' line; six miles. The start was made at 1:05 P. M. for first class, with 5 minutes between each class. The weather was clear and warm with a moderate southeast wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta, L. R. Thomas	28.01	1 53 48	1 24 51

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Trudette, L. M. Haskins	25 08	1 57 30	1 26 09
Ione, J. S. Poyen	25.06	1 58 51	1 27 19
Echo, E. L. Burwell	25.01	2 01 29	1 29 25
Countess, R. L. Sewall	27.02	1 59 50	1 32 28

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Sprite, H. M. Sears	22.08	2 08 06	1 33 18
Expert, L. Whitcomb	23.03	2 09 12	1 35 07
Petrel, H. H. Paul	21.09	2 15 20	1 39 21

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	23.05	1 59 41	1 25 48
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	23.01	2 07 52	1 33 35
Beth, F. S. Eaton	22.10	2 12 58	1 38 23
Carmita, C. S. Eaton	21.02	2 18 54	1 42 09

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.10	1 12 10	0 48 59
Banshee, H. P. Benson	17.11	1 15 48	0 50 46
Josephine, D. H. Follett, Jr.	18.08	1 15 10	0 50 54
Nerina, R. W. Saltonstall	20.07	1 14 53	0 52 01
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	19.10	1 17 07	0 53 56
Holden, F. Gordon Dexter	20.04	1 17 22	0 54 47
Greta, S. G. Allen	19.06	1 16 06	1 12 36

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Vera, Paine and Randall	20.09	1 17 33	0 54 17
Wraith, J. B. Paine	19.02	1 20 49	0 56 42
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane	20.02	1 21 07	0 58 13

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C., Sept. 5.—The race postponed from Aug. 27 was sailed on Sept. 5, the first part being in a very light breeze, increasing later. The course for first class was 10 miles, second class 9 miles, third class 7 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.09	2 45 23	2 17 56

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Lizzie Warner, Thomas Lutted	25.02	2 49 36	2 17 43

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Volante, J. M. Hall	22.08	2 22 55	2 21 36
Thelga, D. T. Hall	22 01	2 24 10	1 52 12
Oma, Capt. Gibbs	22.08	2 46 04	2 14 45
Fearless	21.04	2 50 39	2 17 47
Wanda, G. W. Griffis	23.03	withdrawn.	
Erminie, John Buckly	21.00	withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Goodluck, J. B. Farrell	23.00	2 45 40	2 13 35

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Joli, W. J. Tilley	16.08	3 16 06	2 45 20

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Minnie, H. Jackson	15.00	2 52 23	2 10 16
Sunshine, E. W. Haskell	20.00	3 07 06	2 40 13
Thrasher, W. J. Higgins	20.04	2 44 20	2 17 48
Etta, John Bertram	20.05	withdrawn.	
Peggy, J. P. Bullard	15.09	withdrawn.	

First class keels—Breeze, championship pennant, a club signal in silk. First class centerboards—Lizzie Warner, champion pennant. Second class keels—Thelga, pennant; Oma, $5; Fearless, $3. Second class centerboards, Goodluck, silken pennant. Third class keels—Joli, pennant. Third class centerboards—Thrasher, pennant; Minnie, $5; Sunshine, $3. Judges; C. McKenna, W. H. Godfrey, G. F. Clark, J. R. Chandler, Frank R. Frizzell. After the race there was a dance at the club house.

LAKE GEORGE Y. C.—The annual race of this club was sailed on Sept. 8, the course being 20 miles. The starters were Coquette, Dr. J. W. Dowling, Jr.; Leila, Henry Hayden; Nahma, L. Chandler. Coquette won in 5h. 22m., with Leila second.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C.—First annual open regatta, Sept. 6. Club course in Narragansett Bay, starting off club house at Pawtuxet to and around buoy of Rumstick Point, leaving same on starboard, then e around stake boat southeast of Warwick Light, leaving same on starboard, and return to starting point. This for classes one, two and three. Distance 20 miles. Weather cloudy and chop sea, wind W.S.W. strong:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS 43FT. TO 30FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corr'ted.
Alice, L. A. Budlong	1 11 13	3 41 13	2 30 00	2 39 00
Mabel F. Swift, C W Anthony	1 11 25	3 38 26	2 27 01	2 35 47
Peri, F. P. Sands	1 12 00	3 41 03	2 28 54	2 25 46
Mignon, C. G. Bloomer	1 13 32	3 50 18	2 36 46	2 30 06
Eleanor, J. T. H. Denison	1 11 42	4 04 06	2 52 24	2 37 06
Jennie, R. B. Bannister	1 13 45	4 07 25	2 53 40	2 39 02
Hardie, A. E. Austin	1 12 43	3 57 11	2 44 28	2 33 36

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS 30FT. TO 23FT.

Frolic, J. E. Brown	1 16 33	4 54 05	3 17 32	3 13 34
Mascot, C. E. Collins	1 16 40	4 13 54	2 57 14	2 52 36
Annie, H. H. Tefft	1 17 27	4 04 22	2 46 55	2 45 41
Arthur Franklin, C Hermann	1 16 48	4 35 59	3 19 08	3 19 08

THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS 23FT. AND OVER.

Windward, T. H. Jenkes	1 22 16	4 21 18	2 59 02	2 48 36
Superior, W. W. Pluminey	1 23 07	4 26 33	3 03 26	2 53 00
Surprise, J. M. Codman	1 21 27	4 16 55	2 55 28	2 46 10
Rowena, J. W. Sayles	Broke down, carried away mast.			
Priscilla, A. H. White	1 25 00	Did not finish.		
Wanderer, Ben Davis	1 22 00	4 16 55	2 54 55	2 47 37
Rhodia, Wm. Wood	1 23 22	4 15 20	2 51 58	2 51 58
Climax, E. C. Stetson	1 21 38	4 12 58	2 50 20	2 45 06
Tramp, C. Aiken, Jr.	1 23 45	Broke down.		
Eagle, G. R. Plummer	1 22 46	4 30 59	3 08 13	2 57 47

Classes four and five start, passing between judges' boat and stake boat off club house to and around stake boat southwest of Bullock's Point wharf; thence around Black Spar buoy off Gaspee Point; thence around Black Spar buoy between Squantum wharf and north end of Starve Goat Island; thence around stake boat off Bullock's Point wharf; thence around buoy off Gaspee Point back to the starting point, turning stakes to be left on starboard. Distance 10 miles:

FOURTH CLASS—CATS 18FT. AND UNDER 23FT.

Elaine, A. P. Ketchum	1 29 05	3 16 04	1 46 59	1 46 21
Rose, E. Stokes	1 26 59	3 04 07	1 38 08	1 36 58
Vision, H. D. Salisbury	1 28 03	3 14 17	1 46 14	1 39 56
Josephine, A. Greene	1 25 32	Did not finish.		
Denzell, Wm. Huntom	1 27 45	3 13 12	1 45 27	1 42 28
Playmate, H. B. Nickerson	1 28 11	3 05 10	1 36 59	1 36 02
Ideal, W. E. Simmous	1 26 41	3 02 01	1 35 20	1 35 20
Arnold, E. A. Rogers	1 27 37	3 15 38	1 48 01	1 42 24
Sunshine, J. C. Pudgett	1 25 48	3 14 37	1 48 49	1 42 31
Echo, A. Baker	1 27 49	3 03 34	1 35 45	1 35 45

FIFTH CLASS—CATS UNDER 18FT.

Glimpse, O. Tafs	1 32 09	3 23 07	1 50 58	1 50 58
Moya, B. J. Potter	1 31 52	3 23 43	1 51 51	1 50 14
Jaunty, J. T. B. Bucklin	1 31 50	3 23 43	1 51 53	1 51 01

Winners of prizes—class one, first Perl, second Mabel F. Swift; class two, first Annie, second Mascot; class three, first Climax, second Surprise, third Wanderer; class four, first Ideal, second Echo, third Playmate; class five, first Moya, second Glimpse, Mabel F. Swift got silk pennant for fastest actual time over course. Regatta Committee, E. Howard Wright, P. Herbert Carver, F. P. Eddy, E. S. Arnold, C. C. Manchester.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—On Sept. 10 the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed a successful race in spite of a drift at the start, as there was a fresh northwest breeze after the first part. The courses were: For first and second classes—From line leaving buoys 5 and 3 on starboard, buoy off Tom Moore's rock on starboard, can buoy on the outer breaker off Pig rocks on port, Halfway rock on port, buoys 3 and 5 on port, 11 miles. Third class—From line, leaving buoys 5 and 3 on starboard, stakeboat one-half mile south of Marblehead rock on port, buoy on Gooseberry ledge on port, buoy on Chappel's ledge on port, 6 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta, J. R. Thomas	28.01	2 50 50	2 21 53

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Ione, J. S. Poyen	26.04	2 52 22	2 21 42
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	26.00	2 53 12	2 27 12
Countess, R. S. Small	30.02	2 55 10	2 28 05

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Sprite, H. M. and P. S. Sears	22.08	2 52 48	2 18 00

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	23.04	2 51 20	2 17 21
Otter, Percy Chase	23.03	2 52 45	2 18 40
Carmita, C. S. Eaton	21.02	2 57 10	2 20 25
Beth, F. S. Eaton	23.06	2 54 40	2 20 53
Echo, Burwell & Isham	24.10	2 57 20	2 25 22

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Banshee, H. P. Benson	17.11	1 25 20	1 00 18
Viva, F. S. Eaton	19.03	1 24 35	1 01 03
Nerena, R. W. Saltonstall	20.11	1 24 55	1 02 39
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	20.01	1 25 15	1 02 10
Holden, Gordon Dexter	20.04	1 26 10	1 03 35
Polly, L. Putnam	20.10	1 34 34	1 12 14
Carrie, Poor & Rice	19.02	1 38 05	1 14 17

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Vera, Everett Paine	19.09	1 26 12	1 02 56
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane	20.09	1 27 00	1 04 36
Wraith, J. B. Paine	19.02	1 28 58	1 05 10

Atalanta wins the pennant in her class for the second time and retains it. Trudette and Ione have each one leg in first class keels, and will sail off the tie shortly. In second class centerboards Sprite wins the pennant. Witch wins in second class keels and holds the pennant. In third class Viva, Mabel and Banshee have each a leg. Vera gets the pennant in third class centerboards. Judges, G. W. Jackson, William Eady and Charles E. Andrews.

COHASSET Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.—On Sept. 5 the Cohasset Y. C. sailed an open race in a moderate east wind, the courses being: First class (sloops) to Chittendon's buoy, thence to Grampus buoy, thence to Davis Ledge buoy, leaving each on starboard, thence to starting point; two circuits of the course; 9 nautical miles. Second class (catboats) around Davis Ledge buoy, leaving it on starboard, and return; two circuits; 8 nautical miles. Third class (spritsails) around Hogshead Rock westerly buoy, leaving it on port; two circuits; 4½ nautical miles:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hermes, Caleb Lothrop	19.09	2 48 55	2 43 59
Annie, Chas. H. Cousens	21.00	2 55 01	2 52 10
Veronica, N. D. Sisbee	22 07	Withdrawn.	
Sally May, E. Buffum	15.07	Withdrawn.	
Frances, H. Nicoll	21.02	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS—CATBOATS.

Heron, E. Cunningham	20.00	2 08 45	2 06 29
Picanini, C. F. Adams	21.09	2 22 27	2 22 27
Toxin, Chas. Sturgess	15.08	2 33 00	2 25 36
Ditt, Furber, O'Keefe & Co		2 11 45	

THIRD CLASS—SPRITSAILS.

Hanover, J. Jansen, Jr.	15.03	1 10 41	1 10 03
Champion, J. J. Grassie	16.01½	1 11 05	1 12 20
Nancy, Thos. Dwyer	16.11½	1 12 38	1 12 38
Polly, M. Vandur	19.01½	1 13 20	1 12 45

Hanover and Nancy have a protest not yet decided.

GREAT HEAD Y. C. FOURTH CHAM., Sept. 5.—This race was sailed on Sept. 5, the courses for first and second class being from judges' boat to red buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on starboard, to black buoy No. 4, northwest from Governor's Island, leaving it on starboard, and return to judges' boat, six miles, and for third class judges' boat to buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on starboard, to buoy No. 6, end of Governor's Island, leaving it on starboard, back to judges' boat, five miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nellie D., E. Dixon	22.05	1 26 19	1 05 15
Etta May, A. H. Lawrence	21.08	1 29 52	1 08 13
Great Scott, C. B. Belcher	25.10	1 29 57	1 11 15
Hector, Thomas Floyd	26.07	1 30 07	1 11 53

SECOND CLASS.

Em-Ell-Eye, P. M. Bond	19.03	1 20 17	0 56 33
Victor, Hildreth & Freeman	17.00	1 25 50	0 59 50
Topsy, J. W. McGlenn	19.00	1 31 05	1 07 08
Evelyn, L. F. Harrington	18.03	1 23 34	1 02 52
Trouble, Mason Bros	20.00	1 24 10	1 10 12

THIRD CLASS.

Mischief, D. W. Belcher	16.10	1 06 25	0 44 36
Thera, George Bryden	15.09	1 10 32	0 47 40
Agnes, J. Osborne	16.10	1 12 27	0 50 38
Flirt, J. W. Hildreth	15.10	1 14 21	0 51 34
Annie, R. H. Mitchell	15.06	1 15 17	0 52 09
Fury, H. Putnam	16.09	1 16 27	0 54 35
Ariel, C. B. Belcher	18.08	Withdrawn.	

QUEBEC Y. C.—On Sept. 5 a race was sailed over a 36-mile course, the result being: Osprey, first prize, $125; Bernardet, second prize, $50. Second class: Montagnais, first prize, $100, and Iolanthe, second prize, $50.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Sixteenth cruise, Sept. 1, from Norristown to Indian Creek and return; distance, 5 miles. Weather cloudy and cool. Wind, strong E.N.E. Current, ½ mile per hour:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Flying Scud, J. Berndt	15.00	9 00 00	10 23 33	1 23 33
Igidious, Wm. Rochell	15.00	9 00 00	10 24 09	1 25 59
Priscilla, E. Stanley	15.00	9 00 00	10 24 15	1 26 05
Ino, W. Sullivan	15.00	9 00 00	10 33 44	1 30 09
Lulu, Jas. Frith	15.00	9 00 00	10 31 10	1 30 26
H. S. Scott, W. Carnathan	15.00	9 00 00	10 32 43	1 31 10
Pennsylvania, J. Adams	16.00	9 11 00	10 31 51	1 32 51
E. C. Potts, Parker Bros	15.00	9 00 00	Withdrew.	
Elsie, E. MacAllister	15.00	9 00 00	Withdrew.	

Winner of champion pennant, Flying Eagle.

This is the first race in which the hiker Pennsylvania has finished and made a record. She carries a mainsail of about 300ft. and has started in five races, and has never shown sufficient speed to overcome her handicap of 12m. over the tuckups with 180ft. of sail. The Frank and Willie Playford, tuckup, was ruled out for carrying a professional crew from the Delaware. Tuckup No. 7, of Bridgeport, was also sailed over the course by an expert skipper from the Delaware. Their times are as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.
Frank and Willie Playford	9 00 00	10 12 04	1 12 04
No. 7 Tuckup	9 10 00	10 23 42	1 13 42

It appears from this record that the professional skippers of the Delaware are ahead of the amateurs of the M. S. C. fully 2m. to the mile. Judge, Joseph E. Boucot.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—A race was sailed on Sept. 10, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nellie D., Ed. Dixon	22.05	1 19 39	0 58 35
Etta May, A. H. Lawrence	21.03	1 21 33	0 59 44
Great Scott, C. B. Belcher	25.10	1 23 17	1 04 53

SECOND CLASS.

Trouble, Mason Brothers	20.01	1 24 00	1 01 02
Idler, H. W. Floyd	18.08	Withdrawn.	

THIRD CLASS.

Agnes, J. Osborne	16.10	1 42 15	1 20 26
Thera, Geo. Bryden	15.09	1 46 17	1 23 25
Elf, A. H. Josiin	15.07	Withdrawn.	

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—The 9th race of this club was sailed on Sept. 10, resulting as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Folly, J. G. Sheppard	25.08	2 30 01	2 11 45
Posy, R. Hunt	22.03	2 40 10	2 11 54

SECOND CLASS.

Diadem, L. Hayward	18.02	2 39 19	2 06 17
Spray, C. F. White		Time not taken.	
Spider		Time not taken.	

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	17.05	2 30 00	1 57 27
Helen Snow, A. Lane	16.06	2 36 51	2 10 56
Nifti, E. F. Linton	17.01	2 46 10	2 19 36
Rocket, H. M. Faxon		Withdrawn.	

ONONDAGA Y. C.—Regatta Aug. 24. Course, start from buoy off Salina Pier, to buoy 5 miles to N. N. W. off outlet Jetties, to Salina Pier, distance 10 miles. Weather cold and cloudy, wind northwest:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Eclipse, Dibble & Schneider	25.05	2 25 00			
Cricket, Jos. Mautz & Co	24.02	2 32 18	4 23 57	2 01 39	2 02 14
Aimee, Klube Bros	23.04	2 32 14	5 15 00		
Henrietta, Thos. Finch	30.00	2 21 50	4 17 20	1 55 50	
Crow, F. L. Steveus	15.08	2 24 03			

Henrietta won by 6m. 24s. The wind was blowing hard and puffy, and the Eclipse and Crow were unable to go over the course. Prize, silk pennant presented by lady friends. Regatta committee: Vice-Com. C. R. Nott, H. L. Kennedy, E. C. Stearm, J. J. Keefe, J. G. Warner. Judges: C. R. Nott, H. L. Kennedy.

HULL Y. C.—The first race of the Hull Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 10, the times being:

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Banneret, J. F. Brown	25.02	1 47 26	1 28 18
Thelga, H. S. Johnson	22.01	1 52 38	1 31 11

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Em-Ell-Eye, P. M. Bond	19.05	1 50 24	1 26 50
Coyote, Walter Abbott	20.03	1 53 40	1 30 50

FOURTH CLASS.

Victor, S. A. Freeman	17.05	1 52 57	1 27 24
Zoe, W. A. M. Field	18.01	1 54 02	1 28 18
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.03	Not taken.	

Banneret wins championship in her class and Em-Ell-Eye is hers. In fourth class Victor wins championship, Zoe wins cash prize of $10.

AMERICAN Y. C.—A race was sailed off Newburyport on Sept. 10 in a light N. W. wind, increasing to a strong blow. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Cloud, Rodigrass Bros	2 40 20	2 38 19
Thorn, L. S. Coffin	2 49 37	2 44 48
Budge, Paul J. Lowell	2 42 20	2 38 44
Freak, W. C. Thompson	2 51 49	2 51 49
Teaser, W. J. Teel	2 45 13	2 44 06
Surprise, Howard and Ellis	2 54 52	2 51 35
Kid, Morgan Bros	Withdrawn.	

Out of the series White Cloud has twice taken first place and twice second; Thorn twice first, once second and once fourth; Budge three times second and once fourth, and Teaser twice third and twice fourth.

QUINCY Y. C., THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP, SEPT. 8.—This race was sailed in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 06 43	0 49 52
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.02	1 06 30	0 50 41
Flora Lee, E. B. Grover	16.09	Withdrew.	

Flora Lee was disabled and withdrew. Rocket, Mirage and Wildfire have each won a leg, so a sail off is necessary.

BAYHEAD CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANT.—In the race of Sept. 8, in a puffy N.S. wind, only four boats started, and one, the Foam, parted main sheet and withdrew. The times were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Snipe	22.08	3 03 33	4 46 28	1 42 55	1 42 55
Edith	20.09	3 03 13	4 45 58	1 42 45	1 40 50
Spray	18.04	3 05 06	4 52 17	1 47 11	1 42 51
Foam	18.00	3 03 38	Did not finish.		

Edith thus takes the pennant.

SHADOW.—Mr. N. G. Herreshoff writes to the New Bedford *Standard*: "My attention has been called to an article in your issue of Aug. 10, over signature of Lewis Temple, in which the invention of the yacht Shadow's lines is claimed for Dr. Sisson. I am not usually swayed by what is printed in newspapers, nor do I think this claim, false as it is, will be credited by any yachtsman; but this seems a case where one's duty to the public and self demands that the truth should be known. I modelled the Shadow in each and every particular, and her then peculiar lines had been in process of development in my mind for more than a year before I knew that such a person as Dr. Sisson existed. One year before the Shadow was built I cut two preliminary ones of her same character—notably a schooner yacht about 90ft. long, which model can now be seen. If I remember rightly her name, Shadow, was suggested by Mr. John B. Hussey, of your city, some time before she was launched. It is true that there was a time of dissatisfaction on the part of Dr. Sisson when the Shadow was finished and about to be delivered. He at first refused to accept the yacht because her builders had departed so far from the usual type, or to use his words as I remember them, 'Were experimenting at his expense.'"

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—The 27th annual race for the Prince of Wales Cup, on Sept. 7, brought out only Aileen and Oriole. The course was from off Exhibition wharf to buoy five miles southwest of bell buoy, thence five miles north by east to buoy off Victoria Park, and thence to bell buoy, off the starting point, two rounds, 34 miles. The wind was strong, west by north, but the two were far behind at the start. 10 A. M., Oriole crossing at 10:15 and Aileen at 10:22. The turn of the Lake buoy was: Oriole, 10:56; Aileen, 11:05; both jibed and ran with wind over port quarter for the next mark under lower sails, the wind on shore registering 42 miles. The time here was: Oriole, 11:32; Aileen, 11:48. Here Aileen withdrew and Oriole sailed the second round alone, making the course in 4h. 15m.

PLEON Y. C.—The sixth and last race of this club was held on Sept. 6 in a fresh S.W. wind, 8 yachts starting over a 5½ mile course. The winners were: First class centerboards, Reba; first class keels, Glide; second class centerboards, Snail; second class keels, Monarch. Reba lost her bobstay and sailed a part of the course under mainsail alone; Annie lost her boom; Brownie went to the rescue of a man overboard from a dory, and Clara was run down by a schooner.

THISTLE.—On Friday last the City of Rome arrived at New York, bringing Mr. James Bell and wife, Mr. G. L. Watson, Messrs. Wm. Yorke and Robert Wylie, of the Royal Clyde Y. C., and Mr. Ratsey, of Lapthorne & Ratsey, who, with two of his men who came with him, will look after Thistle's sails. Mr. Bell was quite ill on his arrival, and went at once to a hotel, but is now better and has taken up his quarters on board the yacht. Mr. Watson has been aboard the Thistle, and on Saturday sailed on the Shamrock at Larchmont. He has declined to inspect either Volunteer or Mayflower, though both were out of water and open to inspection.

CAPSIZE OF AN OPEN BOAT IN ENGLAND.—Some weeks since the cable brought news of the upset of two boats on the English coast and the drowning of a number of persons, which news was elaborated by some American papers into the capsizing of two cutter yachts. The facts of the case, as brought out at a recent inquest, show that a large open sailboat, carrying twenty-three passengers and handled by a crew of two, capsized after a jibe in a strong wind. The boat was wide and of limited depth, and being entirely open, went down stern first on capsizing.

DEATH OF A PHILADELPHIA YACHTSMAN.—Mr. W. J. Walker, who lately died in Philadelphia, was one of the oldest members of the Cooper's Point and Quaker City, as well as the Delaware River and C. P. Cor. clubs. As a local yachtsman he was far in advance of his time, a man of progress and an advocate of low weights, low center of effort, less beam and more depth. He was specially expert in the handling of light canvas. Always active and energetic in the promotion of yachting, his loss will long be felt along the Delaware.

TORONTO Y. C. CRUISING RACE, SEPT. 3.—On Sept. 3 the annual fall cruising race of the Toronto Y. C. was sailed from off the club house, Toronto, to the entrance of Burlington Bay. The starters were Cyprus, Cygnet, Condor, Verve, Escape, Whitewings and Rivet. The wind was strong S.W. at start, but fell lighter later on, finally freshening up at night. Whitewings won easily, the rest of the fleet being becalmed until late. Cygnet was second in.

DALY AND SYRINGE MATCH.—A match for a trophy to cost $100 was sailed on Sept. 8 between the Lizzie F. Daly and the Syringe, the course being eight miles to windward and return, starting from Commercial Wharf, Boston. On the run to the whistling buoy Lizzie F. Daly led by 6min., but beating home in a strong N. W. wind Syringe overtook her. The finish was a drift, Syringe winning finally by 8s.

YACHT RACE AT CANSO.—The race of Aug. 31, which was several times postponed, was sailed on Sept. 7 in a strong S.W. wind. Mayflower won first prize, $50; H. L. F., second prize, $20; Minnie A., third prize, $10. All the prizes were given by the Commercial Cable Co., which also presented $5 to each of the losers.

COOPER'S POINT CORINTHIAN Y. C.—Tenth tri-weekly race, Sept. 6, over the club course, five boats in class started at 2:44. Wind fresh S. W. Wilkins, second class, finished 3:56. Cook, third class, 4:05.

ULIDIA AND FANITA.—A match is reported between these boats, to be sailed from Sandy Hook Lightship around Long Island.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—We have received a copy of the neat little club book lately issued by this young but prosperous club.

GITANA AND AMERICA.—A match will be sailed on Sept. 17 from off Marblehead, 20 miles out and back, for $1,000.

WEST LYNN Y. C.—A race was sailed on Sept. 10 over a 7-mile course, the winners being Inez and Twilight.

COHASSET Y. C.—The race of Sept. 10 was a failure, as there was no wind. It will be resailed on Sept. 24.

BEVERLY Y. C.—A race was sailed on Sept. 5, the winners being Mattie, Mist and Petrel.

BEVERLY Y. C.—A race was sailed on Sept. 10, the winners being Mollie, Mist and Petrel.

STEAM YACHTING.

INSPECTION OF YACHTS AND LAUNCHES.

THE U. S. Treasury Department has lately issued the following circular concerning the inspection of small steam craft:

"In view of the many applications made to this office by the owners and builders of small steam yachts, and persons contemplating building such vessels, for information as to whether they are liable to the provisions of Title 52, Regulations of Steam Vessels, Revised Statutes of the United States, applicants are informed that under Section 4,426, Revised Statutes, the hull and boiler of every yacht, or other craft of like character, propelled by steam, without regard to size of vessel, provided it can be used in navigation, must be inspected, the boiler being subjected to the hydrostatic test required by law. The pilot and engineer must also be licensed, and such other provisions of the law complied with as may be applicable to the particular vessel under examination.

"There must be provided for each person on board a life-preserver, containing at least six pounds of good block cork, adjustable to the body in the manner of a belt or jacket, with shoulder straps.

"All open steam launches or other steam vessels of five tons burden or less, carrying passengers, may dispense with a lifeboat when such vessels are provided with metallic air chambers placed under the seats and in the ends of said vessels of sufficient capacity to float the inert weight of said vessel, including her boilers and machinery, * * * and every such steam vessel carrying fifteen passengers or less shall carry at least two fire buckets and one axe. (Rules and Regulations, Section 23, Rule III.)

"A license as 'special engineer' for small steam yachts or pleasure vessels will be granted to any person of good character who has sufficient experience to manage the boiler and machinery safely. A similar 'special license' as pilot for such vessels will be granted to any person of like good character who is familiar with the navigation in which they are to be employed, understands the pilot rules, and has had sufficient experience in handling this or other similar vessels. The master of the vessel of this class does not require license."

A STEAM YACHT ON THE STAGE.—In the play "A Dark Secret," now running in Philadelphia, one scene represents a regatta at Henley, on the Thames. A tank of water covers the entire stage, in which float canoes and rowboats. The chief feature, however, is a steam launch, built by Mr. Rushton, for the play, which steams about the stage. It is 14ft. long, propelled by an oil engine, "with real smoke."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. G. S.—Take a 12-bore or a 10-bore.

F. A. G.—Try Mount Vernon on the Harlem Railroad.

F. C.—In New York State squirrel season opens Aug. 1; rabbits, Nov. 1; robins on Long Island and Staten Island, Nov. 1; "hig-holders" may not be killed at any time.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE FISHERY QUESTION; its origin, history and present situation. With a map of the Anglo-American fishing grounds and a short bibliography. By Charles Isham, New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887.

This is a historical summary of the subject, tracing the development of the fisheries and their international relations from the time of their discovery to the present. The book forms one of Putnam's Questions of the Day series. Cloth, 89 pages, price 75 cents.

According to the statistical report of the Ministry of Agriculture Austria still offers splendid shooting to Nimrods. There were killed last year throughout the empire 11,708 stags, 58,067 deer, 6,911 chamois, 2,566 boars, 1,319,098 hares, 60,907 rabbits, 455 marmots, 12,764 woodcocks, 9,931 hazel hens, 100,954 pheasants, 1,166,104 partridges, 83,067 quails, 48,150 snipes, 1,165 wild geese, and 55,187 wild ducks. In addition the hunt after animals of prey was no less successful, there having been killed 32 bears, 122 wolves, 27 lynxes, 25,242 foxes, 27,306 polecats, 1,005 otters, 2,459 badgers, 970 eagles, 119,798 hawks, and 1,156 owls. The El Dorado for hunters, however, is Dalmatia, where the chase is open to all, and no claims for damages caused by game of any kind are demanded.—*Paris American Register.*

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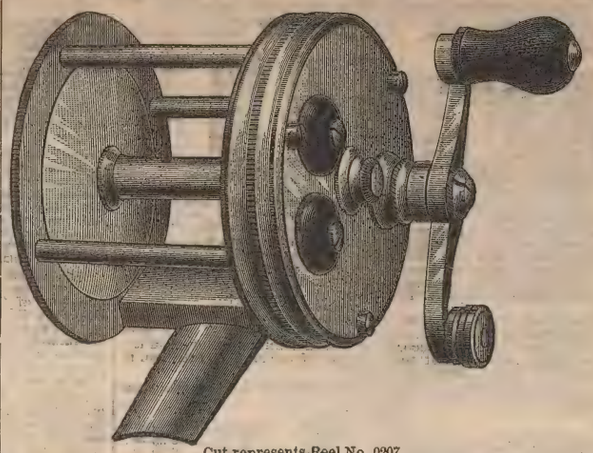
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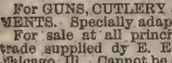


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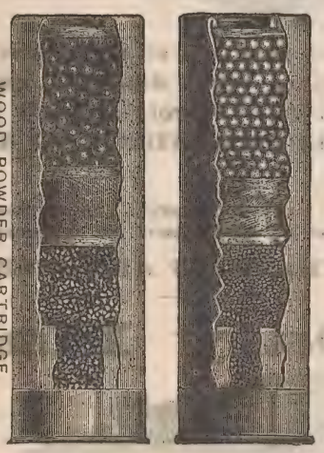
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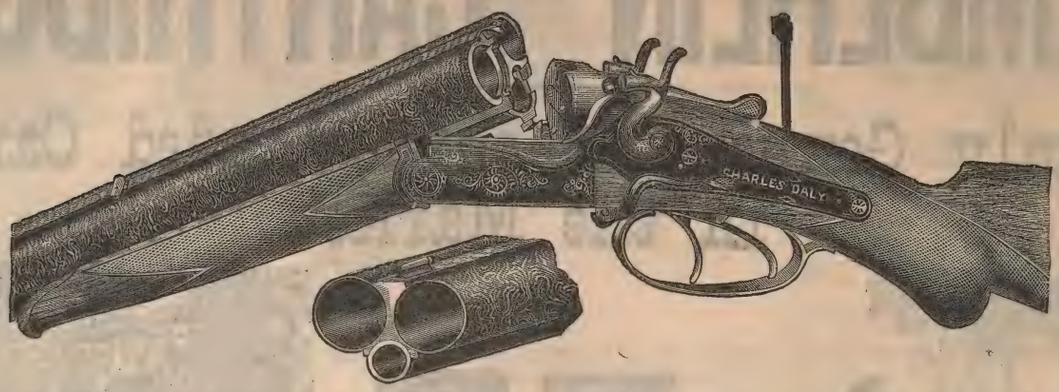
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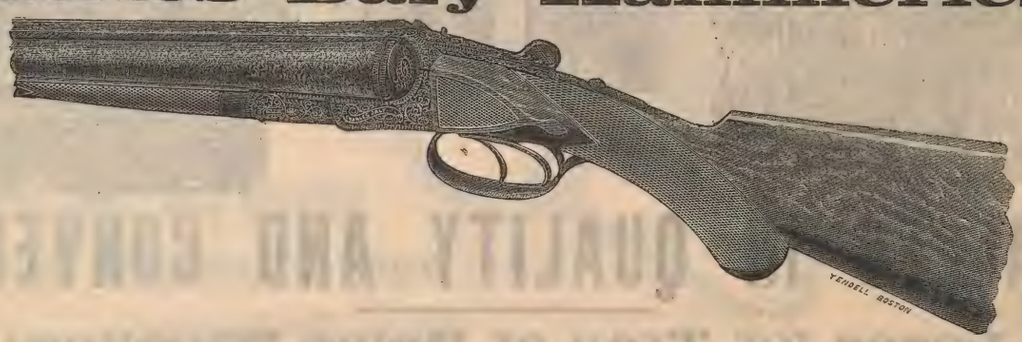


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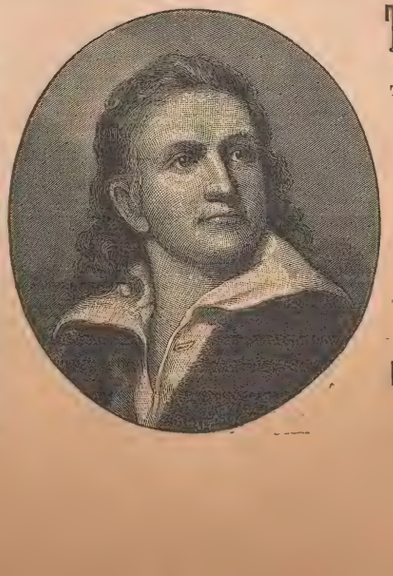
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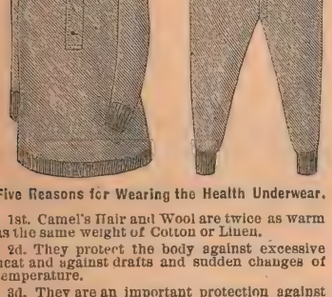
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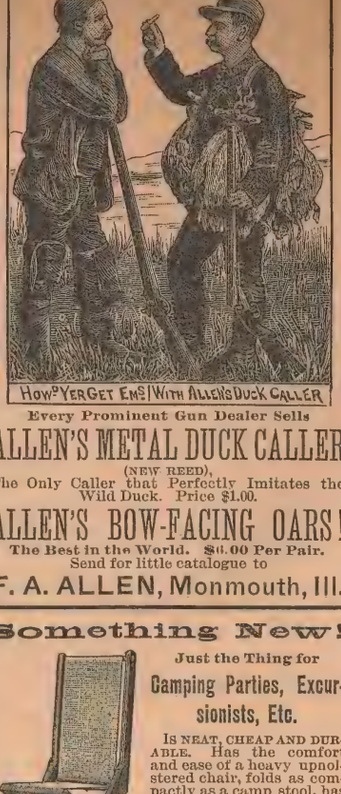
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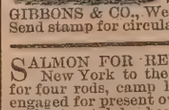
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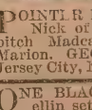
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THE NATIONAL PARK IN 1887.

THE Yellowstone Park Association is a corporation composed chiefly of individuals largely interested in the Northern Pacific Railroad. They have privileges in the National Park which, though not exclusive, enable them to secure the lion's share of the hotel business there. Employed by them is the transportation company, of which Mr. Wakefield is the head and front.

The hotels this year are by no means so well managed as they were last, and with one or two exceptions the managers and employes are very unsatisfactory. Economy seems to be the only thing considered, and the comfort of the travelers is a secondary matter.

As the Y. P. A. is substantially the Northern Pacific Railroad, and as the transportation company is so closely connected with the Association and shares its profits, both unite to discourage any travel except on the "coupon" tickets issued by the railroad. The profits of transportation are not in the stage lines through the Park, but are chiefly in the travel from St. Paul or Portland to Cinnabar. The cost of a ticket to Cinnabar is at present very high, whereas a ticket to Cinnabar and return, with coupons through the Park, is relatively low. Thus, most persons are induced to purchase "coupon" tickets. As a consequence, most of the travelers are hustled through the Park at a rate which prevents them from enjoying fully the wonderful beauties of the region.

In their efforts to discourage independent and individual travel, the Y. P. A. and the transportation company act sometimes in a very high-handed way. A case which recently occurred may be cited as an example. A young man who was passing through the Park tried to get a saddle horse from Wakefield, but was told that he had none. The young fellow did not care to ride in the stage with a lot of people whom he did not know, so got a horse from Clark. On arriving at Norris Basin he had great difficulty in inducing any one to take care of the animal. They finally did so, however; but on his arrival at the Firehole he was unable to get any care whatever for his horse, and was obliged to picket him out and take care of him himself.

This is the account of the affair as it came to us from private sources some little time since. More recently we have the story as told in the *Evening Post* by the gentleman who rode the horse: "I made my trip on a horse; and thereby hangs a tale. * * * The Yellowstone Park is not at present a part of our republic, but it is a monarchy, and the king's name is Wakefield. Mr. Wakefield owns the stage line, and the object of the present arrangements is to make each passenger buy a round-trip stage ticket, no matter how much or how little of the Park he wishes to see. If he endeavors to avoid this compulsion, he is deliberately subjected to various disadvantages and indignities. Having made up my mind to take a horse, I applied for one to King Wakefield, but was told that there was none to be had for a week or two. Then I went to Clark's and got a horse there. But when I arrived at one of the hotels and asked to have my horse fed, I was told that it could not be done because it was not a 'Wakefield horse!' In some places I arranged matters by humbly apologizing for not having a Wakefield horse, and by explaining that I tried in vain to get one. But at one of the hotels even this apology failed of its effect. At the Firehole they absolutely refused to take care of my horse for any price! The visitors all agreed that it was the greatest outrage they had ever heard of."

Strong language, but none too strong; for when a company, which has a lease and transportation privileges, declines to take care of a gentleman's horse, it is about time matters were inquired into. It is impossible to say who is directly responsible for this outrage, but when all is said, the Y. P. A. must be held to account. They have the power to prevent such acts.

Everything is done to prevent people from going in any other way than by the stage on the regular route. Camping parties are very few. In fact camping is practically stopped, simply because it is discouraged in every possible way, and men who could outfit and guide camping parties have been, until within a short time, kept out of the Park. And yet, if the public did but know it, a camping trip is by far the most delightful way of seeing the Park, and it is a wonder that more of the tourists who visit it do not pass through it in that way.

The policy of the Y. P. A. seems to be to drive all business, except that which they are conducting, out of the Park. They regard themselves as able to hire any one to do work of any kind for them, and thus they endeavor to supplant every one else by employes of their own. Even the old Swede, who has coated specimens there ever since the Park has been visited by tourists, is not allowed to conduct any business on his own account. The Syndicate have swallowed him up. They hire him at so much per month and prohibit him selling anything.

There has been great improvement on the hotel terrace at the Springs. All the sage bush has been pulled up, the trees trimmed and the place thoroughly cleaned.

It is reported that in the Upper Geyser Basin sixty green trees have been cut away by the employes of the Y. P. A., because, forsooth, they interfered with the view of some of the Geysers from the hotel piazza. This, if true, is a crying outrage and calls for action on the part of Captain Harris and of the Interior Department. There is little enough green timber in the Upper Geyser Basin, and that these trees should have been cut away just to save indolent tourists a few steps is a crying shame.

From all this it will be observed that while in many respects the Park has been well cared for this year, there are some abuses which require looking after. It seems highly probable that next year there will be more competition in the Park than there has been in the past. The Union Pacific Railroad will no longer be content with sending passengers in by stage from Beaver Cañon as in the past. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, President of the U. P., who was in the Park this summer for the first time, is known to have said that the Union Pacific had been very remiss in their action about the Park, and we may say on excellent authority proposes immediately to have surveys made for a railway to the border, and by the first of next season to have a first-class stage route running from the terminus of the road to the Upper or Lower Basin with good stock. When this railroad shall take hold of the matter with vigor it will be greatly to the advantage of the Park.

A BIG blow, a free course, no fluke, and may the best boat win.

A CAUTION TO SHOAL YACHTS.

THE British yachtsmen now in New York for the international races have been well entertained by Americans, and they have been shown most of the sights about New York, but it certainly was not in the programme that they should witness the capsize of one of the larger centerboard yachts in ordinary weather. That they did not do so, however, is due only to good luck; but Lieut. Henn and those of the Scotch yachtsmen who were at Larchmont on Tuesday will have plenty to tell when they return home. In smooth water and a moderate breeze a yacht of 70ft. waterline came so near to a capsize that all hope of her righting was given up by those on board, and they were undressing for a swim when she finally came up. There was no gale, no "twister," only an ordinary fresh puff that was perhaps unnoticed until it struck. Only one man was drowned, no damage was done to the yacht save the loss of a few sails, and the matter will pass with little notice here, where such occurrences are by no means uncommon; but the effect on the visitors will be different. It would be very unfortunate just now while American yachting is on exhibition before the world, if our visitors should be treated to another Mohawk disaster before their eyes. It is late in the season, the winds are growing stronger, and those who will sail shoal centerboard yachts had better sail them very carefully or leave them at anchor until the visitors have departed.

SNAP SHOTS.

AT the annual meeting of the American Forestry Congress just held at Springfield, Ill., the convention adopted a memorial to Congress urging the adoption of measures to provide for the protection of the forests; the withdrawal of forest land from entry under existing laws; the classification of forest lands; the creation of forest reserves; the sale of timber on Government land; the creation of a Commissioner of Forests in the Department of the Interior and four assistant commissioners; the organization of a force of inspectors, and an appropriation of $500,000.

Hon. Warner Miller has leased for fifty years a tract of 50,000 acres of timber land in the Adirondacks, which he will protect as a game preserve. Senator Miller has not been noted for any abnormally developed squeamishness about jacking deer out of season on public waters; now that he has a game preserve of his own it is to be hoped that he will let his little candle cast abroad its feeble ray, that Adirondack visitors who are not so fortunate as to own great hunting tracts may recognize and emulate his zealous regard for the laws of the land.

The sport of dog swimming races has been carried to a state of high perfection in Canada, where it has been practiced for a number of years. New York once tried it in mid-summer, but the interest proved transient. This year Boston has addressed itself to the pastime with all the enthusiasm of a boy with a new plaything; and the journals of the Hub give long accounts of races in which Newfoundlands, setters, collies and dogs of no special breed whatever contend for honors.

The Montana Legislative Assembly last winter authorized bounties of ten cents per head on prairie dogs and five cents for ground squirrels. Since the law went into effect the Territory has paid over $41,000 for 698,971 squirrels and 153,709 prairie dogs, and the treasury funds having given out, a special assembly has been held to repeal the law. The prairie dog is a comical little creature, but Montana residents do not see the humorous side of him. Neither do those of Wyoming who are in precisely the same fix, being ruined by a similar tax.

Deer hounding in the Adirondacks is practiced to some extent all the year around by natives and visitors. Four Troy "sports" were recently arrested on the south branch of the Moose River, and were find $50 each. That region has been a paradise for fellows of this kidney, and they have gone so long unmolested by the district game protector that they imagined they had reasonable hope of lasting immunity.

The Virginia Field Sports Association is growing rapidly, numbering now over 400 of the leading sportsmen of Virginia. It has a bright future for good work.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

YELLOWSTONE PARK NOTES.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather here is fall-like, reminding me that winter will soon be here. Some of the days are quite hot, with cold rains and wind in the evening, the rain being snow on the mountains. The drifts of new snow on the higher peaks have come to stay until next spring. Some of them are already 5ft. deep. With all the unpleasant weather this is the most enjoyable time to visit the Park and will be for a month or six weeks.

I have little to report about the game in the Park. Antelope are seen every day on Mount Evarts by residents of Gardiner. Porters have reported seeing buffalo and elk in the Queen's Laundry Basin.

The topographers connected with the Geological Survey, whose special work this year has been to make surveys of the Geyser Basins and Mammoth Hot Springs, are camped at the Norris Basin, having completed the survey of the Upper and Lower Basins. The scale on which the work is being done will accurately show the situation of every geyser, spring and pool. These properly named and mapped out will do much to prevent the confusion of names so indiscriminately applied, and if enough of the maps are published, one can be placed in the hands of every visitor, doing away with the unsightly signs that now deface so many points of interest and remind one of advertisements, and the labeled objects in one of Mrs. Jarley's wax work shows.

The geologists of the Survey are at work on the east side of the Yellowstone Lake. This season will enable them to about finish their work in the Park.

A party of specialists, with Prof. Ward in charge have been at work in the East Fork country on the petrified woods and plants to be found there in great abundance. Their work for a short season shows some 800 pounds of specimens. Road Superintendent Lamartine has been out with a party to locate a wagon road from the Upper Geyser Basin, following the Fire Hole River past the Lone Star Geyser, across the Continental Divide to the Shoshone Geyser Basin, along the south shore of the Shoshone Lake to the east end, then recrossing the Divide to the west arm of the Yellowstone Lake, striking the lake at the Lake Shore Springs and Geysers, and following the shore of the lake to the outlet. This road is part of a system contemplated by Captain D. C. Kingman, when he was in charge of improvements in the Park. Congress neglecting to appropriate any money for the purpose, no work has been done at these points. As most of the country over which this road would be built is open parks, a comparatively small sum would be required to do the work, which would open up a most interesting part of the Park scarcely ever visited by tourists.

Travel in the Park by stages is falling off. Travel by wagons and camping parties from neighboring territories is quite heavy. This popular manner of visiting the Park increases in favor every year.

Cooke City and Gardiner, Montana, the two towns close to the northern boundary line of the Park, are almost depopulated by the stampede to Nye City and Castle, two new mining camps in Montana. H.

CAMPING OUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from a summering in the Adirondacks I read with peculiar pleasure your editorial in the current number of FOREST AND STREAM, on the subject of camping out. Those parodies upon woods life—the so-called camps, formed of fanciful, well-built cottages, some of them as costly in their appointments as a town residence need be—are gradually encroaching upon the wilderness until one who is a lover of nature undefiled is compelled to seek other haunts each year deeper in the forest, in order to escape the dude with the skull cap and penitentiary suit, and the novel-reading, be-rouged and be-powdered female, who play at camp, as it were, in a house furnished with luxurious tête-à-têtes and downy beds. Each recurring summer these people journey with their Saratogas to the wilderness, play billiards and lawn tennis, swing in hammocks for a few months, do little fishing and hunting by proxy, clothed in immaculate linen and flashy jewelry, and in the fall return to their city homes to boast of having spent the summer in camp in the North Woods. Very seldom can you find among them one who can appreciate the beauty, grandeur or delight of a broad view from the mountain top, or a pedestrian trip through the virgin thicket with its endless succession of surprises. Not one of them ever experienced, or have the capacity to experience, the subtle pleasures that lie in the rod and the gun, the lonely camp and the bath in the sparkling waters of the brook, the homely meal prepared by the guests who eat and the healthful appetite that is earned by exercise, the song of the nightingale and the cry of the lynx, the dash of the deer and the play of the trout, and the dreamless sleep by the camp-fire and under the shining stars. No, they have no idea of the glorious life a true camper leads. They gather up their dog-carts and four-in-hands and journey to the wilderness merely to be in the fashion. Thank heaven! there are some portions of the Adirondacks yet to be reached only by the stream and the trail.

Mr. Wing in FOREST AND STREAM of July 28, under the caption "Hard Lines in the Adirondacks," gives a touch of the discomforts attending a life in the wilderness. But probably he went in too early in the season to avoid the annoyance of the mosquito and the fly, for I was not greatly troubled with them. I surrendered more blood to the mosquitoes in one night in a hotel at Toledo than I shed during my five weeks in camp.

Another thing: Mr. Wing doubtless pushed ahead too far each day and wearied himself by excessive labor. One should travel moderately at the start, increasing the extent of the day's journeys as the muscles harden to the work, and at the end of a week or two he will be surprised at the distance he can travel and the hardships he can undergo in that bracing atmosphere without fatigue. I mention this because I know that Mr. Wing does not complain under ordinary difficulties. Years ago while I was encamped upon one of the wilder islands of the St. Lawrence, I peeped out from my tent one midnight and saw a pale-faced boy lying upon the ground near by rolled in blankets and sleeping in the moonlight without other covering than the starry vault of heaven. It was this same plucky Ralph Wing, who had paddled along the margins of the great lakes in a little canoe with meager outfit, and was cheerfully roughing it to a degree that would have disheartened many a veteran of the woods. During the years that have intervened since then, in our respective canoebial wanderings our eccentric orbits have several times undesignedly crossed each other and we two have briefly renewed our fragmentary acquaintanceship. This year we missed striking hands in the Adirondacks by probably a day or two.

Western canoeists must cruise more extensively than their paddling brethren of the East. Wherever I go in my canoe, east, west, north or south, I see the flash on some quiet lake or mountain stream of a Western double blade, but to see an Eastern canoeist I must go to the East. The tendency of the East is toward racing, that of the West toward cruising, although there are notable exceptions to the rule. The cruise of the Western man seldom gets into type; the racing of the Easterner is his commonplace event. The perfect canoeist that is to be evolved in the coming years must combine the qualities of a perfect cruiser with those of a perfect racer; but seldom do we see them united in one person in these days of the infancy of canoeing. ORANGE FRAZER.

WILMINGTON, O., Sept. 12.

WACHAPREAGUE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Where the deuce is Wachapreague?" I have heard said more than once. I propose to tell through your valuable journal and also some of the attractions and advantages it presents for sportsmen. Virginia owns two counties on the Lower Peninsula, bounded by the Atlantic on the east and the Chesapeake Bay on the west. Cape Charles is the lowest point on the Peninsula. The New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railroad runs the entire length of the two counties, with two trains daily each way. We have a daily mail, and New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore papers reach us the day they are published. There is also daily (except Sunday) communication with Baltimore by the Eastern Shore Steamboat Co. to Onancock (ten miles) and to Bogg's Wharf (eight miles).

The nearest stations on the railroad are Only (seven miles), Milford (three miles), and Keller (five miles).

Wachapreague is on the river of the same name that runs in from the ocean—the ocean is distant about three miles in a straight line and some six by the river, as the river has many turns. Vessels passing up and down the coast are in plain sight of the town. The tide rises and falls some 5ft.; you can carry 10ft. some three miles up the river at mean tide, I mean above Wachapreague. There are some 300 inhabitants, mostly oystermen and fishermen.

There is not a healthier place on earth. We are not troubled with mosquitoes, and during the past summer, when Long Branch, Atlantic City, etc., were rendered almost uninhabitable by them, we had none. Malaria is unknown.

Wildfowl, *i. e.*, black ducks, blackheads, brant and geese, etc., are plentiful, but difficult to come up with, as the people are not conversant with sinkbox shooting and the waters are too extensive and the tides rise and fall so as to make bush blinds inconvenient. To sum it up, to one accustomed to the convenience of the Chesapeake Bay shooting above Baltimore, as I have been, ducking here is too hard work. However, with scows and batteries, such as they use at Havre de Grace, the wildfowl shooting should be excellent. Quail are abundant, but later in the season, after being shot at, they become wild and take to the woods. There is not a tolerably decent bird dog either in or near the town.

The fishing is unsurpassed on the Atlantic coast, north of Florida. It commences the latter part of April and lasts until late in November. We have weakfish, spots and pigfish, the last the best pan fish in the world, also sheepshead, black and red drum. The sheepshead do not take the hook kindly, but it is great fun to strike them with grains at night with a light. I have killed nineteen of a tide, and others many more. The weakfish, spot and pigfish are taken inside, in the many channels and branches of the river and in the broad water between the islands and the mainland. The black drum are caught principally in the surf.

But from the middle of September until the run of fish south ceases, is the time for our great fun, when we go out on the ocean. I have never caught a tarpon, but there is far worse sport than to be fast to 30, 40 or over 50lb. red drum on a 300yd. 15-thread line. I have sometimes been over an hour bringing them to gaff. They make quite as good a fight as a striped bass, and what is better, drum of that size are plenty while striped bass are not. Of course drum can be caught outside as early as June, but the sharks and dogfish bother you. It is great fun to go after shark properly rigged for it.

In October the big weakfish of 10 and 12lbs. commence to run, and then the man with the rod and reel is in his glory. The people here use the hand line exclusively, as they can catch more, which is an object to them, as they salt them for winter use. Until the Accomac Club bought a place here I had the only rods and reels in the county. You would have laughed to have heard the comments of the natives on the 15-thread line. "Dou you 'spect to ketch a drum on that? Why, he'll tare you up." It so happened the first time I went out, with two companions, I struck the first drum. "Give him line." "let him run," and lots more of advice. I was not a novice with the rod and reel, but it was by far the biggest fish I was ever fast to. I quietly remarked, "My friends, this is my private funeral; please let me alone." After taking viciously some 200yds. of line, the fish circled around the boat, twice making the line hiss as it cut through the water; then he weakened, and in some thirty minutes I had him side up at the boat. One of the men grabbed him by the gills and slid him over the gunwale. To say I was proud but feebly expresses it, and I was made more so by such comments from my companions as "Well, if I hadn't a seen it I'd never believed it," and "it sartinly beats anything I ever seed." I caught two that day, one of 30lbs. the other of 52lbs.

The shore or beach bird shooting is excellent and close at hand, but the birds are not near so plenty as a few years ago. There are no finer oysters in the world, and in any quantity. Hard clams abound, as do scollops; there are very few soft shell clams, and hard crabs are plenty, but not much used except for bait. For some unaccountable reason nearly all the crabs are she ones, the big Jimmy crabs going up the bay shore.

After giving this far from exhausting account of the attractions of this place for persons fond of outdoor sports, I will now tell you what is the principal cause of this communication. My place is about an acre in extent, running down to the river. Next door to me is another place rather larger than mine, with a new house (four years old) on it, and all necessary outbuildings. It is the property of a person nearly eighty years old and his wife, not much younger. Their children are not willing for them to live there by themselves, and the place is for either rent or sale. Now, Mr. Editor, I have not one cent of pecuniary interest in this place, but I do desire, as is quite natural, to have a congenial and companionable neighbor or neighbors. The house has some eight good-sized rooms to it, with porches back and front, it has some really architectural merit. The yard, like mine, runs to the river, and there is an excellent garden of more than an acre adjoining that can be rented with the place, not bought. The drinking water is most excellent.

By thus bringing the place to the notice of your subscribers, I am in hopes that some of them may be tempted to join together or individually rent or buy one of the most desirable places for shooting and fishing I know of. The fishing being mostly in smooth water and inside, is equally as desirable for ladies as for gentlemen. There is still-bathing within 100yds. of the house, and surf bathing a short distance off. The rent asked (also the purchase money) is so ridiculously low to a "city man" that I prefer giving it by private correspondence. Of course after either renting or purchasing they can make their expenses what they please in the way of furniture, table, etc.

There are two clubs in the county now; one the Accomac club of some twenty members, about four miles down the river (Mr. Wood, of tarpon fame, is a member of it), the other is at Revels Island and has some one hundred members, I believe, from all parts of the country. It is very inaccessible, being a long sail to it. Mr. Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, owns, I think, several shares in it, and his steam yacht Manatee is a frequent visitor to our waters for shooting and fishing.

Of course no one would rent or buy simply on my representations and without visiting the property. I assure any proposing renter or purchaser that I have very poorly presented the desirability of the place to those fond of outdoor amusements.

I will be happy to correspond with any one who may desire to know more particularly about it, and give them the price and rent, which is trifling, but I request any correspondent will be so kind as to give me either New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore references. My desire for this must be evident. If satisfactory I will be glad for any proposing visitor while inspecting the place to be my guest.

Any letter addressed to "Wachapreague, Accomac Co., Va.," and inclosed to the FOREST AND STREAM, will be promptly forwarded to me.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE AMERICAN BADGER AND ITS CONGENERS.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, U. S. ARMY.

SIR WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, F. R. S., Superintendent of the Natural History Collections in the British Museum, in his classification of the Mammalia, divides his SECTION ARCTOIDEA into four families, viz.: the *Mustelidæ*, the *Procyonidæ*, the *Ailuridæ*, and the *Ursidæ*. In the present connection we have to do but with the first of these, the *Mustelidæ*, and this family Professor Flower divides into three sub-families with their genera as shown in the following arrangement:

LUTRINÆ.

Lutra—The Otters.
Aonyx—Species from South Africa and Java.
Enhydriodon—Extinct.
Enhydra—Sea Otters.

MELINÆ.

Mephitis—The Skunks.
Arctonyx—The Sand Bears.
Mydaus—The Teledu.
Meles—European and Asiatic Badgers.
Taxidea—American Badgers.
Mellivora—The Ratels.
Helicitis—Species from Asia.
Ictonyx—The Cape Polecat and others.

MUSTELINÆ.

Galictis—The Grison: the Tayra, etc.
Mustela—Martens and Sables.
Putorius—Weasels, Polecats, Ferrets, Mink, etc.
Gulo—The Glutton or Wolverine.

According to this eminent authority we see, then, that Badgers and Badger-like animals fall into the subfamily *Melinæ*, of the Family MUSTELIDÆ, of the SECTION ARCTOIDEA.

Mr. F. W. True, the Curator of the Department of Mammals of the U. S. National Museum, presents us with a somewhat different arrangement from this. Mr. True divides the ORDER CARNIVORA into two suborders, the *Pinnipedia* (with three families) containing the Sea Lions and Seals; and the suborder *Fissipedia* or Terrestrial Carnivores, with five families, the third of which being the Mustelidæ, containing the genera representing in the main the three subfamilies of Professor Flower, given above.

In our United States mammalian fauna we have two species of Badgers, the American Badger (*Taxidea americana americana*), the subject of the present article, and the Mexican Badger (*T. a. berlandieri*), the latter being found upon our southwestern border, from whence it extends into Mexico.

Upon glancing at either of the above schemes of classification, it will at once be observed that the nearest kin

to our Badgers is the European Badger (*Meles taxus*), and certain Asiatic and Japanese species (*M. leucurus, M. chiensis* and *M. anakuma* of Japan). And, more remotely affined to these, we find our several species of skunks (*Mephitis*); the Sand Bear of the mountainous regions of Assam and northeastern Hindostan, where it is called the Bear Pig (*Bhalú-soor*); and those interesting animals from India and south and west Africa, known as the Ratels (as *M. indica* and *M. ratel*).

For a long time, and some writers do still, confound our species (*Taxidea*) with the European Badger (*Meles*), but in reality they are very distinct animals. (See art. "Badger," Brit. Encyclo., 9th ed., for a recent example of retaining our species in the genus *Meles*.) Professor Baird has remarked that, "This genus is so strikingly different from *Meles* as to render it a matter of astonishment that the typical species were ever combined." (Mamm. N. Amer., p. 201). If one will compare the head of the American Badger here given in Figure 1, with my drawing of the head of a European specimen in Figure 2, it will be seen at once how different, both in form and coloration, these parts alone are; and further, these differences are fully supported by the remainder of the economies of the two species.

Our Badgers then are plantigrade carnivora, and the best and most elaborate account of the form, structure, and habits of the American Badger, that the writer knows anything about, is given in that very excellent work, the "Fur-Bearing Animals," by Professor Elliott Coues. Omitting the more lengthy parts of this eminent authority's description, and briefly quoting the essential characters for our purpose here, the American Badger may be said to have the "top of head darker than other upper parts, with a median white stripe; sides of head below the eyes, and its under surface, white, with a dark patch before the ear; limbs blackish; body-coloration above a grizzle of blackish with white, gray or tawny, or all of these; below uniform whitish, shaded or not with gray or tawny. Form stout, thick-set, indicative of great strength and little agility; body broad, depressed; head flattened, conoidal; tail and limbs short; feet broad and flat [five toes on each foot]; fore claws enormous, highly fossorial. Pelage of body and tail [which is short] long, loose, shaggy, and of coarse texture; shorter and closer on the head and feet."

The American Badger is found in this country from Texas, Iowa and Wisconsin to the westward, and used to occur much further east.

Prof. J. A. Allen found marked differences in the skulls of Badgers from specimens collected in widely separated northern and southern districts, and anatomically the animal presents us with much that is highly interesting. Another writer tells us that "the Badger differs from all other mammals in having the lower jaw so articulated to the upper, by means of a transverse condyle firmly locked into a long cavity of the cranium, that dislocation of the jaw is all but impossible, and this enables those creatures to maintain their hold with the utmost tenacity."

We must also note that Badgers vary both in color and size, depending upon the locality in which the specimens are collected; but these variations imperceptibly merge as we come to compare series from all parts of the geographical area over which the species is known to range.

For the past three years the present writer has resided at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and during this time has seen a number of Badgers which were collected in the vicinity, and for a long time had a fine one in captivity. But the largest of all the specimens of the American Badger that I ever saw or read about was a specimen recently captured here (Aug. 14) by Mr. M. B. Miller of Philadelphia. This animal actually measured, from "the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail" 32in., and was a splendid adult male, of correspondingly magnificent proportions. I was permitted to make a photograph of this specimen, and from this, by a method which rendered an absolute accurate copy, I made the drawing presented in Fig. 1, which will give the reader an excellent idea of the general form and coloration of our Badger. It represents him in the very act of commencing to burrow, which captive adult specimens will do at first whenever the opportunity offers, and it is truly remarkable to see how rapidly they will make a sizable excavation in the ground, absolutely making the earth fly with their powerful claws during the operation.

As comparison enhances all study in animal forms, I made also two other drawings (Figs. 2 and 3) for this article; one of the head of the European Badger (*M. taxus*), and the head of an Indian Badger or Sand Bear, alluded to above (*Arctomyx collaris*). These figures show the predisposition to black and white longitudinal banding in all badgers.

This Sand Bear with its long piglike tail and snout, and standing, as it does, higher on its legs, presents us with a very good combination of a bear, a pig, and a badger; but the limitations of space will prevent me from entering upon any description of the habits of this highly interesting representative of our group, from India.

Badgers subsist upon a very varied diet, consuming indiscriminately fruit, birds' eggs, insects, frogs, small mammals, nuts, and roots; our American Badger, however, has been found to be far more carnivorous in its tastes than its European cousin.

These animals spend most of their time during the day in the deep and extensive burrows which they are so eminently fitted by nature to excavate. They come abroad and feed chiefly at night, and it is the rarest thing in the world to find a pair of them together on either occasion; for some reason or other the sexes pursue their avocations usually apart. In sections where they are plenty, however, we may occasionally catch an old fellow away from his stronghold, when he will be seen to literally flatten himself out and endeavor to creep back unobserved to his ho'e. Seven or eight years ago, while hunting through Wyoming, I once surprised a large Badger in this very way, and did not sight him until he was within about 20ft. of his burrow, when, my gun being loaded with buckshot (as I in turn was also being hunted!), I opened upon him, and distinctly saw that he was struck in several places by the balls. He absolutely made the dust and stones fly in his rage, and bit himself as he rolled over and over in his agony; notwithstanding this he recovered himself sufficiently to reach his burrow before I could head him off, or thought it necessary to deliver him another shot.

Sometimes when one runs into his burrow he may in a moment or two suddenly appear at its entrance again to inspect the intruder, and I've seen Indians take advantage of this habit by running up suddenly to the entrance and deliberately kill the animal with a pistol shot as he showed his head. Indians frequently capture them, too, by running upon them mounted on horseback, and dismounting as near them as possible, complete the chase and capture them on foot.

Few animals, however, prey upon or even molest the Badger, and man proves to be his worst enemy; indeed, they are strong and determined fighters, and even wolves and coyotes do not care to interfere with them, and generally offer a wide berth when they chance in their way.



FIG. 1.—THE AMERICAN BADGER (*T. a. americana*).—ADULT MALE.



Fig. 2.

RIGHT LATERAL VIEW OF THE HEAD OF A SPECIMEN OF THE EUROPEAN BADGER (*M. taxus*).



Fig. 3.

SAME VIEW OF THE HEAD OF THE SAND BEAR OR BADGER OF INDIA (*A. collaris*). BOTH FIGURES DRAWN AND REDUCED BY THE AUTHOR.

Our Badger is very fond of young "prairie dogs" (*Cynomis*), and undoubtedly feeds also upon many other small mammals which inhabit the same regions, gophers and mice. Audubon figured his Badger with a horned lark (*Otocoris alpestris*) in its claws, but we must believe that the animal captured, in this case, was a sitting bird, for it by no means possesses the requisite agility to take birds in any other way. It has not been satisfactorily proven that the American Badger is as fond of honey as the European species is long known to be, which latter will dig up bees' nests to obtain the luxury. The taste, however, runs in the family, as the generic name of the Ratel will indicate (*Mellivora capensis*).

So far as trapping Badgers goes, the writer has no experience with it, but I have often wondered how a very ingenious trap the Indians have for the "prairie dogs" would work. The Indians will take a small barrel with both ends knocked out, and stand it up on end so as to include the entrance to the burrow; they then fill it with sand, and continue to do so until it ceases to run down the slanting descent of the burrow, and the barrel itself is full. The "prairie dog" soon wishing to get out, comes up to the entrance, and finding it filled with sand loses no time in scratching his way through it and through the sand in the barrel, but this material immediately fills in behind him as he digs, and upon appearing on the sand on the outside and on top of the barrel the waiting Indian makes a rush for him. The doomed animal quickly turns and endeavors to find his way back through the sand to his burrow, but the Indian wheels the barrel one side, and running his *bared arm* down through the loose sand in it firmly grasps the struggling marmot and drags him once more into the light of day, when he ignominiously knocks him on the head, as the good quality of the flesh of this ground squirrel is well known to most Indians. It would interest me very much to see this tried on some wily old Badger just to see how he would take it, but I would advise the wearing of cast-iron gloves while engaged in fumbling in the sand in the barrel to ascertain "if the bar was thar."

My captive Badger, an old one, soon became quite tame, and when in a good humor allowed one to stroke and even handle him. He was fed principally upon raw meat, but ate nearly anything and everything that was offered him. They are very fond of water and drink a good deal. Incidentally I would like to remark here that I have kept tame "prairie dogs" too, and have a most engaging little pet of one now, and it is a very prevalent and very erroneous notion that they do not drink water, for they are more than fond of it, and at once show the effects when they cannot obtain their regular supply. These little animals will also eat almost everything they can get a hold of, and I have already published in *Science* their fondness for raw meat, but some people would smile to see mine sit up on his haunches and enjoy a slice of oyster pie. But we are digressing, and to return to our Badger, I would, before closing, call attention to some of the economic uses of the animal, and to do this I cannot present the matter in better form than to quote from Coues's admirable account already alluded to; this distinguished mammalogist says that "The flesh of the Badger, like that of the Skunk, is eatable, and doubtless often eaten by savage tribes, though not to be recommended to a cultivated palate."

The specimens I have skinned, even the young one before mentioned in this article, emitted during the process such rank and foul odor as to be simply disgusting. The Badger yields a valuable and at times fashionable fur, used for robes, and for muffs, tippets and trimmings. Thousands of shaving-brushes are said to be annually made from the long hairs, which are also extensively used in the manufacture of artists' materials, one of which is a "badger-blender." In 1873 the London sales of Badger skins by the Hudson's Bay Company were 2,700, at prices varying from one to seven shillings, averaging 1s. 6d. The leading American journal of the fur trade in 1876 quoted Badger skins at $1 for prime, 50 cents for "seconds," and 10 cents for "thirds." The colors of the Badger pelt, though not striking, are pleasing, being an intimate and harmonious blending of gray, tawny, black, and white, the colors ringed in alternation on individual hairs. The gray predominates, the general "tone" or effect being a grizzled gray, which has given rise to the well-known adage "as gray as a Badger." ("Fur-Bearing Animals," pp. 288-289.)

We still stand in great need of concise accounts of the more obscure habits of our Badger, and so far as I am aware, there are no published accounts of accurate and reliable details of the reproduction of the species, nor the periods of gestation and lactation, subjects as yet, I believe, unknown to science.

And, those who may be residing in parts of the country where Badgers are plenty, can make a very acceptable contribution to our knowledge of American mammals by collecting and making careful observations on these subjects and duly publishing them.

SPARROWS DRIVEN OUT BY WORMS.—Sing Sing, N. Y. —Until two or three day since a brood of English sparrows have had their roosting place in a Virginia creeper, just outside a window of the room where I am writing. This year the web caterpillars have been unusually abundant in the neighborhood of Sing Sing. They are found crawling everywhere in the village. After they had stripped a mulberry tree—that grows at the end of the piazza—they seized upon this Virginia creeper. A number of them are now denuding it, and at length have exposed the covered angle of the chimney, where the sparrows had their cosy roosts. Such behavior on the part of the caterpillars has been too much for the sparrows. They have had to give way and move off. This time the sparrows have been driven out by the worms.—A. H. G.

Our extinct volcano has always been the admiration of our townspeople and of the strangers who have come within our gates. Rising by a graceful elevation on one side, from its long cape stretching far out into the western waves, displaying at its top the perfect rim of its crater leaning gently over toward the town, and its other side running abruptly into a ridge of peaks that drop down lower and lower till they are lost in the interminable mass of mountains to the north, it stands a most notable landmark, and beautiful background to the island-gemmed bay of Sitka. We have often heard it compared to Vesuvius, and the bay to that of Naples, by travelers who had seen the glory of the Mediterranean, and we have given our fancies play in picturing the grand effect that must have illuminated these rugged peaks, and the tumultuous billows of the dark Pacific, when Edgecombe was sending forth his volcanic flames.—*Sitka Alaskan.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Addresss all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TIGE.

HOW the changing season brings changing moods! With the soft April winds, with the willows growing green down by the spring came the impulse to get rods and reels in shape; now with the air sharp and keen with September frosts, and the willows withering in the cold winds that will soon leave their long gaunt arms swinging in the winter blasts, rods and reels are forgotten and our twelve-bore is brought from its resting place.

This has been a season of disappointment to me, and bright anticipations have been turned to sad experiences and painful realities. When about ready to start for the Mastigouche Lakes a great shadow filled those June days, and through its darkness I carried a dear friend to her long home. September came, which I had looked forward to for my Canada trip, and found me bolstered up in bed. As I lay there I found pleasure in living over again pleasant days spent in camp; remembering how beautiful were the woods, how bright the waters that hurried down from their fountains hidden far back among the hills to swell the waters of Pine Creek, as it too hastened to the sea.

We had broken camp; a lumberman with his ox team had come to take us out to our new camping place some ten miles away by the roundabout wood road, while across the mountain it was hardly half the distance. Dana and Jake, my companions around many a camp fire, started with the team, while I concluded to go over the mountain, promising to meet them at the lumberman's house, from which we were to start in the morning for our new hunting grounds. I strapped my blanket on my shoulder and taking my rifle started on the tramp, first taking a good look at my compass that was to be my only guide through the pathless woods. A long walk brought me to the summit; a forest fire had killed the timber and it would have been a desolate place only that the fire as it burned the great trees away opened up a vista as beautiful as I had ever looked upon. Away toward the Susquehanna the hills lay dark in their own shadows; to the east, the mountain tops reflected the golden light of the setting sun. I stood on a carpet of crimson and green, where the polished leaves partly hid the bright wintergreen berries, and looked upon the beautiful picture quite forgetful of the long walk before me. At last a great deep shadow came over the mountain and filled the valley; the sun dropped out of sight, no twilight seemed to stand between the day and the night; and before I realized it I was shut in by the darkness. It was too dark to think of going further, so finding a large pine, that after fighting flame and storm had been beaten to the ground, I started a fire, piling against the trunk the limbs that were scattered near. Eating a piece of jerked venison that fortunatly I had in my pocket and for dessert a handful of berries, I wrapped my blanket around me and was soon asleep, tired out with my tramp; it was that full resting that only a tired hunter—one who loves the woods—ever enjoys.

Soundly I slept, and only awoke as the gray dawn told of the coming day. But where was I? In my dreams I had forgotton the experience of the day before; all around me was the ocean; as far as I could see was the slow, still motion of its waves; no shore in sight as it stretched out until it met the sky; here and there were little islands, just such as the one on which I stood. For some moments I gazed and wondered. A little flame started up from the embers of my fire, then I remembered that not long ago, somewhere, I had started a fire against a great log; there was the log nearly burned through; in the flickering flame I saw my rifle covered over with a strip of bark; little by little I unravelled the mystery; as I wound up the tangled thread the sun lighted up the heavens and touched the top of the waves until they burned like fire opals; higher and higher it rose, and as it sent its warm rays deeper and deeper, this great sea of fog lifted and floated away in fleecy clouds; the little islands, on one of which I stood, were the tops of the hills that had lifted their heads above the mist, and all night long had been looking up to the twinkling stars. Along the valley of the big creek the fog lingered, and by these white signal flags I could trace its way to the river. A walk of an hour brought me to the little clearing. "Well, we thougt you were lost" was the greeting of my friends.

While eating our breakfast we discussed our plans and wondered how we would make out with our footsore dogs, whose feet were so tender, running on the frozen ground (for the good name of the party, let me say we only used them for 'ridging;" they were broken to come back after starting the deer and never ran longer than a half hour), and the little tracking snow was fast disappearing. Our host told us he had a good dog, and if we would spend the day with him he would show us a deer in an hour. He was a whole-souled fellow, and the generous way in which his invitation came decided us at once. His long, full-stocked rifle was taken down from behind a pair of great spreading antlers, and we started for the log shed to get the dog. As he pulled the pin a great surly brindle bulldog pushed his way through the door, and only after a cuff from his master did he cover his teeth that he had been showing to the strangers. Our surprise was only increased when, with a laugh, John said, "There, boys, is Tige, the best deer dog in the country." We had our doubts about it, but thought by sundown we would know for ourselves.

Across the creek and into the woods we filed and hastened up the ascent until we reached a bench half way up the mountain, stretching along its side for a long way. North of us, and in a sag of the mountain, was "Dark Hollow," where our guide told us he would start the deer. Dana was to take his place on the other side of the bench; Jake was to stay near where we stood, while I was ordered to go on through a piece of large timber to find a knoll, and there to take my stand. I noticed John was very particular in his instructions to me; and as he turned to leave us there was a smile on his face as he said, "Young fellow, keep your eye out." In a minute he was hid by the bushes, his brindle dog close at his heels.

I hurried on and soon found the grove of great trees, and on the other side the little knoll where I was to take my place. The air was cold and chilly under the shadow of the tall pines, although the bright sunshine came sifting through their tops. Soon I had a fire built; standing against the tree I kept a keen watch. Somehow I had a presentment that a deer was to come that way and he was to be my venison. Far away through the timber I caught a glimpse of something on the move. I hardly had time to reach my rifle before a noble buck came bounding into sight. He kept a straight course toward me until within a hundred yards, when he quickly turned at right angles. I threw my rifle into an open space ahead of him, and as soon as I saw hair, I pulled. As the smoke lifted I saw him floundering on the ground. I loaded my rifle as I walked toward him. Once or twice he rose up on his hindlegs, but could not straighten up in front. I felt quite sure I had broken his shoulder; but what was my surprise to see him jump up, and before he fairly started the brindle dog Tige had him by the nose. The most savage fight I ever saw was between this great buck and the fierce dog; they were so "mixed" I was unable to get a shot, until the deer with his antlers was pressing the life out of the dog as he held him down; a quick shot and he rolled over dead. I took out my knife and walked up to cut his throat, when the dog turned his blood-shot eyes toward me, and with an ugly growl gave me to understand he claimed this meat and to keep hands off. Soon echoing through the woods came the words, "Let him alone, let him alone." I thought there was little need of his making quite so much noise or telling me so often what I had already found out. Soon John came in sight. After cutting a great ox goad he walked up to his dog and ordered him away; but only after using the whip could he make him mind; several times I thought he would fly at his master. This I found to be an old trick, and with every deer he pulled down his master had to give him a like thrashing.

The rest of the party hearing the shots soon found us and the story was told. Dana calls out, "Shot twice, did you miss once?" "No sir!" "Well, there is but one ball hole." There the deer lay stretched out showing the side that was toward me at both shots; I was puzzled. We noticed one of his horns was off, but thought that in the fight it had been broken. We turned him over and there was only the mark of one ball as it passed out. "Here it is," and Jake showed where the first ball had plowed a groove along the skull and cut half the horn away at the very base; so the shot I thought had broken his shoulder had only stunned him and he was getting his senses as the dog came up. We soon had him dressed. John as he brings the pole on which we were to carry our game calls out, "Say, fellers, I s'pose it is pretty late, but I guess I ort to have told you, my dog never barks; he runs swift and orful still." I then brought to mind how swiftly that deer ran when he came into my sight, how every hair seemed to stand on end as I first walked up to him, frightened an hundred fold more by this wolflike enemy than a hound baying on his track. As we hung him up in the shed that afternoon we found he weighed 195lbs., the largest deer I ever killed. I tried to make friends with old Tige as I fed him, and all voted that "he was the best dog in the country." SPICEWOOD.

CENTRALIA, Pa.

MAINE WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

WOODCOCK shooting in Maine is something of a novelty, and yet under game protection there begins to be something of a chance for that best of sport. In locations where twenty or thirty years ago such a bird as a woodcock was not known there is pretty fair shooting to-day. This pertains to portions of the State not more than forty or fifty miles from the seashore, since in the interior and the more northerly portions of the State the climate is thought to be too severe for the woodcock to thrive. My attention has been called quite forcibly to the possibilities in regard to this bird in that State within a few days. The 5th day of September was a legal holiday in Massachusetts, and it was possible for me to get away to the woods. With work finished on Saturday evening, 7 o'clock found me on board the cars on the Boston & Maine, bound for Lewiston, and then up into Oxford county, where the grouse are fairly plenty. No thought had been given to woodcock, though the open season had begun on those birds on Sept. 1, the same as on the partridge. By 2 o'clock A. M. I was at Lewiston. A few hours of needed rest were taken, but shortly after daybreak I had started, gun in hand and on foot, for Hebron, a town fifteen miles to the north of Lewiston. My gun was in the case, for it was Sunday morning, a legal close time, in all seasons, on game in the Pine Tree State. But the beauties of that September morning I shall not soon forget. The weather was perfect. Not a breath of wind, and yet the air was crisp and frosty. All Lewiston and Auburn, cities including some 40,000 or 50,000 inhabitants, was as silent as the morning itself. As I left the town almost a feeling of loneliness crept over me, and I thought perhaps I might see even a social dog, but no dog came in sight. A single Thomas cat made a leap from a front yard fence as I passed, and ran after a rival, catching him astern and administering a drubbing that made a good deal of fur fly, even if it hurt no further.

I had started out for a long walk, though I by no means intended to walk the whole distance to Hebron; for an arrangement had previously been made for Horatio to start with the team at about the same time that I left the town, and to drive toward Lewiston, on the new road, till he met me. But this new road proved to be just what I wanted. It has been built but a few years and for a number of miles there are no dwellings on it. It runs up the valley, beside the pond and mainly through the woods. The first human being I met was a milkman on the road to Auburn with his cans and a quantity of sweet corn and other vegetables, evidently for the Sunday dinner of some of his customers. He saw my gun, though in its case and he accosted me with:

"Going to try the woodcock to-day?"

"No; possibly I may try them to-morrow. But it is close time in your State on Sunday."

"That's so; thought possible that you didn't know it. But seein' it's you, you can really get some woodcock up the valley to-morrow and not go mor'n five miles from Lewiston. The corn canning shops are all running about here just now and the gunners are nearly all at work; so that the birds are undisturbed. I went out only an hour the next day after the law was off and I got four."

"Well," thought I, "that is pretty good for a milkman's shooting." I had hardly gone half a mile further when I met another milkman.

"Going woodcock shooting to-day?" he asked, with a peculiar emphasis on to-day.

"Not to-day," I replied. "May try them to-morrow. Have quite a long walk up the valley."

"Well, you'll see some woodcock at this time in the morning. I saw two coming down."

Soon I came up with a team; not a milkman evidently, for he had no cans in his wagon. But there was something suspiciously covered under the seat. He had met another team. Both were placing their teams outside of the roadway and one had begun detaching his horse from the wagon. I accosted them with:

"Going up the road my way?"

"No," gruffly, "going back."

"I did not know but what you were going my way, and if so, I might be after riding with you; provided we could agree."

"Not by a dum sight! You're out after woodcock, and it's agin the law to shoot them Sunday. I wouldn't carry you, not if I was going up the road!"

But I had discovered what I was sure was the butt of a gun under the old buffalo robe in the bottom of the wagon belonging to the spokesman of the two. I was satisfied that I knew the errand of my two earnest defenders of the game law, and a moment after my convictions were fixed when I saw the old quilt or horseblanket in the other wagon move. There was a dog under it. I had surprised two gunners rather early in the morning. Evidently they had not expected to see anybody till they could get well out of the road with their teams. Then they would "try the woodcock." I resolved to try them further:

"But I have a long walk. Evidently the boy who was to meet me has failed to start. Wouldn't you give me a lift for four or five miles if I would give you a couple of dollars?"

The eyes of the man who had said but little glistened at the mention of a couple of dollars, but the other put an end to the conversation:

"No, we're not particularly anxious to earn money. But you'd better be purty dum careful how you shoot woodcock about here on Sunday!"

My curiosity was satisfied and I bid the men good morning, but they only returned the salutation with a grunt. I learned the next day that there are a number of excellent shots and first-class sportsmen at Lewiston and Auburn, and that they not only respect the game laws of the State, but that they also require it of others. Hence I came to the conclusion that the chaps with the wagons beside the road at 5 o'clock in the morning were really poachers, and that they either thought they had found a poacher themselves, or that they feared that I was on the watch for them, and that the gun I carried in a case was only a ruse to allay their suspicions. I trudged onward. Evidently Horatio had made a mistake, for I was now at least four miles out. But the novelty of this early morning walk, intermixed with a spice of the workings of the Maine game laws, was inspiration enough to keep up my courage. The woods was dense on both sides of the road. There was not a house in sight. Indeed, I had not seen one for three or four miles. There were no teams on the road, and, judging from the tracks, none had been along since the evening before. Should I not see a grouse? These were grouse woods, and the morning was crisp and frosty. Ah! here are ripe blackberries beside the road. One leap and I am across the ditch.

"Whir-r-r! Buzz-r-r! Whir-r-r!" One, two, three, four, five! Actually five grouse were right in the brush before me! I heard the noise of their wings suddenly cease. They had flown only a rod or two to the cover. I could find them in a moment, and I knew it. Was ever a poor fellow tempted to unlimber his gun from its case?

But I moved on a few rods further. Up popped another temptation, straight into the air. "A woodcock, as sure as you are born; but oh, it is Sunday morning!" Besides, those fellows with the wagons, where are they? The bird showed me a chance for a fine shot, only to be followed by another, a moment later. Truly I was in the midst of the game I had been dreaming of for six months, but alas! it was Sunday morning. I was now satisfied that Horatio had failed to come to time, but I was resolved to get a team at the next house, if possible. Soon I came to the open fields and a house hove in sight. At this house the farmer's horse was lame; but at the next house I succeeded in enlisting a good old tiller of the soil, with really a fine mare, for a trip eight miles further on up among the hills of old Hebron. I learned from him that the potato crop was a failure; that the apple crop did not amount to much; that partridges were quite plenty. He had heard about "them 'ere woodcock," but be hanged if he had ever seen one, though he had lived on the same farm for thirty years. Still a couple of fellars came up from Lewiston, the day that the law was off, and with "one of them pesky red setter dogs, be hanged if they didn't get six of them long-billed critters. But it's no use for me; I can't see 'em, and besides I haint fired my old gun for fifteen years, and there she stands loaded, just as I left her. Guess I shall fire her off some day. Don't s'pose that she's rusted, do ye?"

I thought that she might be, but just then I was more particularly interested in admiring several trees loaded down with Baldwin apples, and noting the beautiful picture they made in the glorious morning sun. Eight miles further and I was at my destination. Was that breakfast good? Ask one who has tried fifteen miles of outing on a glorious morning in September, and then sat down to a well-filled table. Horatio had started after me, but at about the same point where I had engaged the services of the farmer he had become disheartened, and thinking that I was not coming, he had turned back, reaching home before me. The boy was a little chagrined, but his atonement in the shape of telling me where there were several flocks of partridges, not yet disturbed, was accepted. We longed for the next day to dawn, but even before that day was done, together with my brother and Frank and Budge, we had visited Streaked Mountain, a walk of five miles out and back. Here are Hebron Heights, Buckfield Heights and Paris Heights, some 2,000ft. above sea level, and yet not more than 50 miles from the coast line, which line is plainly visible on a clear day, even to the extent that the masts of a vessel may be counted with a good glass. On our way, both up and down, the dog Peter, a most beautiful and affectionate Irish setter, but untrained, started flocks of grouse. Still we longed for the morrow. It came at last, and with the early birds we were off with guns and dog. Little Frank, only nine years old, distinguished himself by waking as early as any of us, and insisting upon going with us. He is a chip of the old block. He is famous for a record of some fifty brook trout caught this summer, without the assistance of any one. Still it might be mentioned that his Uncle Rolly did scare all the trout in the brook at Frank's grandfather's in Sumner—scare them all up stream and away from the bridge, against the summer vacation, when Frank should be up there and ready with hook and line. He scared them up the river in order that some other boys might not get them.

We had been out but a short time when the setter put up a flock of partridges, and came to a handsome point, for a green dog. My brother secured the bird, but at the noise of the gun the dog lost interest, not thoroughly gun shy, but it took some urging to make him believe that the noise was not rather loud. Soon another bird sprang from a tree right in front of me, giving me a snap shot in the brush, which only drew a few feathers. But we made a glorious morning of it. My brother secured two birds, with one for myself and one for Horatio. Little Frank, though carrying no gun, was as full of enthusiasm as the best of us. We were home to a late breakfast, fully determined on a full day's sport; but alas for labor that must be done. The express had not come to time with some material, and we were obliged to spend the afternoon upon what might have been completed early in the day, but for the stupidity of a stage driver. But Lewiston was reached in season for the 11:30 train, and the morning found me back to business. Thus I spent Labor Day, my only holiday for many months, and if I have spun a long yarn about it, I have tried to show the readers of our good FOREST AND STREAM how that woodcock are actually on the increase in Maine, and how that the game law is being generally obeyed in Androscoggin and Oxford counties. One thing may be observed in regard to the grouse, and that is that they are more plenty than usual, but that they are remarkably shy for that State, affording, when flushed, only the most difficult of snap shots. SPECIAL.

A TEXAS CAMP HUNT.

ON the 15th of August, Mr. Lusk and myself, with a negro boy, Joe, as cook and driver, left Belton with a two-horse wagon and a two-horse hack, loaded with all the necessaries pertaining to a camping outfit, for a three weeks' hunt, on the head waters of the Llano River in Kimball county, Texas, distant 175 miles. We arrived at the Kuykendall ranch on the head of Cherokee on the third day out, having on the trip killed several squirrels and caught some fish. Here we rested for a day. We were informed by the Kuykendall brothers, who have large pastures inclosed with wire, that there were several bunches of deer in the pastures, so early next morning Alvah K. and myself set out for the top of a high hill one mile distant. The hill is partly open at the top with bunches of live oak, and below the summit is covered with scrub live oak and sumac, about as high as a man's head. We had passed over the top and were looking down into a valley below, which was partly prairie and hammocks here and there, when we saw about 80yds. away four fine bucks, intently looking at us. Alvah was armed with my new Winchester .45-75, and I had a Sharps carbine .50. We both fired about the same time, and as we were shooting down hill, overshot, and both missed. The deer and cattle then ran with a terrible noise over the rocky ground, and I fired at the hindmost buck, but with the same result. To say we felt badly will not describe it, we asked ourselves the question, why did we fire so hurriedly? why did we not drop down and take a rest on our knees? I abused myself more than I did the gun, for I was aware I had fired too hurriedly. There we were looking at the fast receding deer, going south with the wind.

We then made a wide detour to the west, hoping to come up abreast of the same bunch, but after tramping many miles we returned to the ranch to find a good dinner of baked squirrels that had been killed in the pecan grove near the ranch. After a rest James K. McL. and myself started out about 4 o'clock in another direction. Some two miles south of the ranch we came across three bucks that ran off before we got near them; we then divided and followed up until dark, but failed to come up with them or any others; so tired and hungry we returned to the ranch.

The next morning we started to the San Saba River, eighteen miles distant. We left home without a squirrel dog and camp dog, but Mr. Lusk in some mysterious manner went to a window's house on the bank of the creek, who had three dogs, and after talking with her for some time, he was seen coming to the wagons with a fine black dog called Faro. And I must say this dog was a valuable adjunct to the camp in keeping off cattle and running lizards and prairie dogs while on the march. We were sadly disappointed on reaching the San Saba River to find it almost dry; the long drought had told severely on both streams and grass. The fish had gone with the water to deeper holes below.

We remained on the river Sunday and moved our camp to a pond of water some fifteen miles S.W. in the more open prairie, hoping to find deer around the pond; but after hunting one day without success, I sent the wagon back to the ranch and concluded to hunt there for some days and not go further west, as the drought had dried up the streams and burned up the grass. I took the hack and Joe and started for Mason, to attend to some business, distant thirty-five miles. The only water I found on the road was at Barton's Spring, sixteen miles east from Mason. Here we rested for a time, watered our horses and put out for Mason over a hot sandy brushy road. Arrived at Mason we left at daylight the next morning for the ranch, which we reached at dark through a heavy rain, the first for two months. It continued to rain all of the next day which kept us in doors.

The second day Mr. Lovell K. and myself concluded to look up a small herd of antelope that used on the open foothills some miles north of the ranch, and try it on horseback. We had to travel four miles east to get out of the gate, where we turned directly to the north. For several miles the country is very rocky and covered with scrubby live oak and sumac. We had gone about two miles near Hext water hole, when we caught a glimpse of two deer, we could not tell whether bucks or does. I dismounted and gave my horse to Lovell, and followed in the direction the deer had taken, about one and a half miles to the top of a hill mostly covered with rock and cactus. While waiting for my horse, which was coming, I noticed Lovell's horse shy off, and he called to me that there was a large rattlesnake. I went to him and after smashing down a bunch of cactus with stones we killed the snake which had on nine rattles which we cut off.

We hunted the open high rolling prairie until dark, but found no sign of the antelope, and returned to the ranch to find hanging in the yard from a pecan tree a fine spike buck, killed by Mr. Jas. K., south of the ranch. We enjoyed a portion of that deer for supper if we were not at the taking.

The following morning we concluded to hunt singly, three of us after deer, the rest for squirrels. I started south and tramped for miles without seeing anything but jack rabbits until evening. As I was returning to camp a heavy rain set in, and I got under a live oak tree for shelter, and while there saw the caudal appendix of a fine buck which was going on a trail in the direction of the ranch. I followed, regardless of the rain, and tracked him in the soft earth to near camp, when darkness set in, and so I returned as I went, except that I was more tired and somewhat hungry. All had returned before me empty-handed, except Lovell, who had just come in and informed us that, as he was returning, he had killed a fine six-prong buck, and wounded another, about two miles down in the pasture. Joe took sacks to carry the meat and a lantern, and mounting a horse set out with Lovell for the deer. In about two hours they returned with the meat and as fine a pair of antlers as ever graced a buck's head.

The next morning we moved camp further down the creek and camped in a pasture belonging to W. J. Kuykendall, a generous and truly hospitable gentleman, and whose good wife was so mindful of our wants that she sent us butter, milk, tomatoes and peaches enough to last some time. Then several good jovial hunters came to our camp and spent the night with us, and after a splendid supper we sat around a blazing camp-fire made of live oak stumps and dry elm logs, told stories of hunting and camp life, and how the deer were plenty years ago, and when the buffalo were numerous in the winter.

The next morning being Monday we hunted faithfully both early and late, but got nothing, though we sighted several deer. On Tuesday morning while we were packing up in the rain to start home, a man came to the camp and informed us that two deer had been in his corn during the night, not one-fourth of a mile from us. The temptation was too great, and we suspended operations for a while, shouldered our guns, and took a look at the field. We found where they had jumped the fence, and going to the brushy prairie, followed their tracks for some time, but failed to come up with them. We therefore returned to camp and struck out for home in the mud and rain, and reached the Colorado in the evening, to find it booming and very muddy. Great logs were going down with the drift, making it dangerous to ferry, but we crossed in safety, and in looking back saw our Mr. Lusk's dog Faro running up and down the stream; he had failed to get on the boat. He tried the river a short distance and went back, but after we had gone some distance Faro came up to us, perfectly delighted to see us. He had swum the broad swift river. We returned home on Thursday night, the 1st of September, having been gone seventeen days, during which time we had not slept in a house or eaten at a table except at the ranch.

While we were not as lucky as some hunters, yet we were not discouraged. JAMES BOYD.

BELTON, Texas, Sept. 6.

HUNTING IN THE SHOSHONE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What object Mr. Archibald Rogers can have in rushing into print to accuse one of whom he knows nothing, of having violated a most necessary law, I cannot think.

Because I happen to speak of elk steak at Heart Lake, Mr. R. is kind enough to take it for granted that the game was killed in the Park. Almost any sportsman could tell Mr. R. that the only way to secure really eatable meat on a hunting excursion, is to hang it in the sun and then smoke it a little. If strung up in a cool place where the outfit camps, meat so treated will improve in keeping for two or three weeks.

Mr. R. next cries aloud about the cruelty of trapping bear. In the article I refer to, I mention that on my last trip I shot eight, all in the open. My party only trapped two out of twelve. But it seems to me a little late in the day to cry out about the needless cruelty of it. Almost all the fur-bearing animals are trapped in a precisely similar way. The traps used are almost identical with bear traps, only of course they are of all sizes. These animals, too, are often harmless, and if Mr. R. had been much in the West, he would know that the bounty offered for bear skins in all sections of the country indicates the common opinion, a very decided one, that bruin must go.

As to bear trapping entailing more destruction of game than the usual method of hunting. If Mr. R. will allow me to say so, he speaks ignorantly. Let him ask any man who has hunted bear and he will undoubtedly assure him that at least three out of five are shot at a bait, at early morning or evening. All bear hunters kill game in order to kill bear. You do stumble on him sometimes. Four of the eight killed by me in '86 I so shot, but this was unusual luck.

One more correction Mr. R.'s letter requires. Heart Lake is not anywhere near the center of the Yellowstone Park, but eight miles from its southern border.

I trust the next time Mr. Rogers writes to your paper he will be sure of his facts and a little more courteous in his spirit. W. S. RAINSFORD.

SEPT. 14.

THE FISHER'S ISLAND HARES.—Hoboken, N. J., Sept. 14.—In answer to your query whether there are any European hares on Fisher's Island, I am hardly able to give an intelligent answer to-day. Our club members found but few last season, not over a dozen have been shot by us since we put them there. I have bagged two only, and have shot oftener there than any other member, I believe, yet I find they are rarely met with, the reason being that the people on the island insist upon confounding them with the wild rabbit that has done so much damage in Australia, and, in consequence of this, destroy them with every possible means. A few, I suppose; can be again found this fall, and I hope to meet one or two of those noble fellows, if only for the grand sight of their magnificent burst of speed.—MAX WENZEL.

IN THE BRUSH.—II.

"GOOD morning, Domine." "Good morning, Captain, get out and tie, and sit down and let's have a chat." "That's just what I'm going to do."

We fall to work reviewing old times. "Ah me," says the Domine with a sigh that speaks volumes, "what would the Judge and your father think of shooting nowadays."

I know the old man's thoughts are forty years away, so I call on him for an old-time story.

"Well, ah yes; have you heard from the Gov'nor?" By this appellation the Domine means my elder brother, who has gone out for a "tramp in the Rockies" at a time of life when most men would shrink at the bare idea of such a trip. "I hope the grizzlies and the Injins won't get a hold of him."

"Oh no, I guess not," and Dan's face softens at the possibility of any harm coming to his old hunting companion.*

Then the Domine went on: "It seems to me as though it was only the other day with your father and the Gov'nor. How well I remember that day we went over on a tramp round Black Pond. You know, Captain, woodcock were very thick round there then. Jim Bilyou rowed us over, and we struck across lots and over the hills and came in up to the north end of the pond. Your brother had a new single-barreled gun which your father had just given him. He was mighty proud of his new gun and very much in a hurry to fire it off. We started to go across some loose logs that had floated down the stream, and when we got half way across gave it up as a bad job and started to go back. The Gov'nor's gun somehow or other went off like a rocket, jumped out of his hand and went down 'kerchug' into ten feet of water. Here was a pretty how d'ye do. Never expected to see that gun again. The Gov'nor thought he'd lost it sure. The gun was mounted with German silver, and as I looked down in the water I see it shine, and I says to your father, 'I guess I can get it." So I cut a stick with a hook to it, and pokes down and around, and by gracious! I hooks on to her and fetches her up. Hurrah! So we got ashore and took her to pieces and cleaned her out and went on. Only I says to him, 'Don't you get more game than you can get in your bag.' "

"Well, Dan, how about your getting shot: tell us about that."

"That wasn't at Black Pond; that was up to Hairy Face Dave's, up there by Wirtemberg. You know where the schoolhouse stands. Well, we got into the swamp. My! how thick the birds were. I was overseer. You see your father was mighty particular. 'Why,' I says, 'I won't shoot the boy.' 'Oh, I'm not afraid of your hitting him; I'm only afraid he will hit you.' So you see up at the north end of the swamp I had just shot a bird, and was stooping to pick him up, when up gets a bird, and flies right toward me. The Gov'nor he ups and pulls on him, down comes the bird, and bim comes the charge right through my shirt. Gov'nor sings out, 'I've got the bird.' 'Yes, and I've got the charge right in my back." My, how sorry the boy was. Now I says to him, 'Look a here, nobody's hurt, it was only an accident; don't you go for to say a word to your father about this; if you do, he will stop your shooting sure.' So I went circling round toward the wagon and went to work to get my shirt off. You see I felt like as if a swarm of bees had lit on me. Presently up comes your father. 'Dan, what's the matter?' and I'm blamed if the Gov'nor didn't up and tell him all about it! Certainly. However, I explained it all right, though I was dreadful afraid the Gov'nor's shooting was ended; and we went on and filled up our game bags. That's the only time I ever got hit."

"Was that up in Traver's Swamp?"

"Yes! and I'll te'l you a story about that same swamp. There was lots of birds up there. You see the swamp wasn't all cut away and cleared up then as it is now. Why there must have been nigh on to a hundred acres in there. Prettiest ground for woodcock you ever see! So I hired Squire Hinchman's old Buckskin; you recollect the old horse; and I give your father an invitation to go along and have a hunt. You know how very careful he was; he wouldn't go out a shooting with any man but me, cause he knowed I was equally careful. We started off bright and early one morning, for we had a long drive and a lazy horse. I cut a gad for to wake him up, and your father he drove. 'Don't 'pear to mind the whip much, Dan?' 'No, he don't mind nothing 'cept firecrackers,' says I. With that your father puts his hand in his vest pocket, draws out some caps and says to me, 'Try them.' Well, I put one on and snapped it off, and you just oughter seen that old horse go. He put down the road for two hundred yards or more like a colt. By and by he held up a little. 'Give him another, Domine, caps are cheap,' says the old gentleman to me, and I'm blest if that old horse didn't make first-rate time all the way up. As we got up near our hunting ground I kinder got lost, and your father, who was, you know, a very polite man, says, 'Domine, I'll ask the way.' We come up to a man and your father says, 'Can you tell me if you please, sir, where Mr. David B. Traver lives?'

"Man shakes his head, says 'No.' 'Never heard of him?' says your father? 'Never heard of him,' says the man. Well, he asked two or three, so I up and says, 'Let me try.' 'Go ahead.' We come to four or five men a working in a hay field, says I, 'Say! Hello! where does Hairyface Dave live?' 'Turn down that 'ere lane and keep on over the hill and you'll see the house close by.' 'Well,' says your father, 'Domine! Don't that beat the devil! Here these men lived right by him and don't know who David B. Traver is from Adam! Never mind sir, here we are,' and we tied up and got ready to go to work. I says to your father, 'Now he's a cross old chap, for I used to shoe for him; you just put me outside so as to manage him.' The first thing the old black dog comes a pitching into my dog and giving him a terrible shaking. Up comes old Dave limping along with his cane. 'Here! I don't allow no shooting in this swamp!' 'Very sorry, Mr. Traver. I know you!—Didn't think you'd mind it.' 'Well, I don't know you.' 'Well, I'll tell you who I be. I'm the Domine.' So your father comes out of the swamp and I give him an introduction to Dave. I'm blessed if your father didn't turn round on me sharp and quick, 'Oh, Domine, why didn't you tell me this man didn't allow any shooting in his swamp, you ought not to have brought me up here, you ought not to have done it!' I thought I should have died! Now you see, Captain, I knew old Hairy-face Dave much better than your father did, so I steps out to the wagon and brings out a soda water bottle chock full of something I'd mixed up a purpose for the old feller."

History repeats itself; my mind went back to my fishing on old Macedony and the dose I fixed up there for the old fellow, but I knew better than to interrupt Domine in his story and he went on.

"So I says 'Mr. Traver, it's a very hot day, where's there a good spring around here?' 'Why, right by the house, here,' says he. 'It's a very hot day,' says I, 'try a little of this old French brandy.' So we sat down by the spring and had a drink. You see I handed him the bottle first, 'cause I knowed him. Then your father says 'Here's luck,' and I did the same. Well, after a little while I see the medicine was beginning to work and I says, 'Take another nip, Mr. T.' With that he just waves his hand to me and says, 'You and your friend can hunt here whenever you like, I'm a going into the house.' I guess he went in and laid down for a nap," said the Domine, with a most comical expression of countenance, "for we never see no more of him that day. So we went in, and of all the shooting I ever see, that beat it. The birds was that thick you could almost head on them, get up like bees, six or seven in the air at a time; you'd think they was blackbirds; only the day before they said some fellers from Rhinebeck had been in there and got eighty. Well, we quit with birds enough at noon and went up to the wagon for our lunch. I hauled off my game bag and I took and counted out twenty-five woodcock, and your father says, 'Gad, Domine, I guess I can beat you,' and he threw out twenty-six. 'Beat you one bird, Dan.' "

"Well, Domine, you started out to tell me all about your killing so many birds straight, round Delamater's Pond, and you've switched off on to another story."

"Let me see, where was I?"

"Never mind, old boy. I'll come down again and you shall tell me the story some other time." So thinking on the old time sport these hunters had and how little game there was now, I jumped into my gig, clucked to old Blackie and drove off home. CAPT. CLAYTON.

*And lo! as I write my little girl comes trotting in with a postal: "Saturday, Aug. 20, 1887.—My Dear Boy: We arrived in camp last evening. Swan Lake. Thermometer this A. M. 34°. Snow all around on the mountains. Are off in an hour. All well, love to all. Yours affectionately—GOV'NOR." How familiarly this voice from "the Rockies" sounds.

SHOOTING NOTES.

THERE have been plenty of sora rail with a scattering of Virginia rail in the reeds opposite Mauricetown, Cumberland county, N. J., during last week. Although the run of tides were in the morning, the boats averaged from forty to one hundred birds each. Among those who shot one or more tides were: J. Holladay, P. C. Converry, A. Fuller, Chas. Fuller, Wm. Mackay, Harry Hinkle, Gus. A. Muller, J. C. Whitney, John J. Gibbons, George Weaver, M. F. Bonzana, A. Cummings, W. R. Gaulbert, Geo. A. Kroom, Wm. Campion, Merideth Baily, H. H. Wise and Wm. Kates.

As the public is interested in knowing who are the best pushers in the Mauricetown and Port Elizabeth districts, I name a few I can recommend. They are: Edward Elliott, Alex Phrampus, Fred Phrampus, Lincoln Wills, Stephen Reeves, John Lore, Chas. Lore, Wm. Mason, Norman Pinkard, Chas. Compton, John Prichard, Harold Hinson and Frank Vanaman. If there are any birds on the marsh these men, who know where to look, will find them. The reeds are now beginning to be broken down, yet the pushing in some of the best ground is hard work, owing to the stumps.

So little is known of this great inland rail and and reedbird shooting ground, that I will give its history which is seasonable at this time: The great September gale of 1876 swept away much of the bank on the west side of the Maurice River, and although an attempt was made to substantially replace it, it was unsuccessful. Then followed the gale of October, 1878, which permanently opened great breaches all along the west bank, and since that time the meadows, which formerly were either cultivated or used as pastures, have been grown up with wild oats and become the finest rail shooting grounds in New Jersey. For several years after the storms referred to from one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand rail were killed annually opposite Port Elizabeth alone. A party of nine Philadelphians killed two thousand one hundred birds on one tide. The best season's work by one man was accomplished by David Lore, who killed ten thousand rail. The big one-day scores made some years since were: George Bowen, 405; Pete Lane, 365; Charles McAllister, the celebrated amateur pigeon shot, 270; Sam Camp, 220, and Billy Kates, 90. George Weaver killed 126 in one tide three years ago, and boated 302 on four tides. These statements are facts, and can be abundantly verified. For several years after the big storms, before the oats grew up too thick and the meadows began to fill in, the section between Port Norris to above Port Elizabeth was the best rail grounds in the United States. It was shot over almost exclusively by Philadelphians, the most of whom were careful to keep their rail find to themselves. For this reason the shooting public did not know what was going on along Maurice River, and the only sportsmen that I ever met who hailed from these parts were Frank Satterthwaite, of Newark, N. J., and John H. Abeel, Jr., of this city.

Mr. Jules Reynal, of White Plains, N. Y., who is an accomplished and enthusiastic sportsman and the owner of a kennel of well-bred and broken dogs, has just returned from a visit to Cape Vincent. When there he went out shooting one morning without a dog and killed fifteen partridges. He says the birds were quite abundant and in fine condition.

A large flight of black ducks settled in the streams of the South Side Sportsmen's Club of Long Island last week and commenced to gobble up the trout fry. They were doing considerable damage, and some of the angling members of the club wanted to have the ducks killed. As the law, however, prohibits the shooting of wildfowl on Long Island until Oct. 1, and as the South Side members maintain a position of shining examples in the sportsman's world, the ducks have been left unmolested. On Oct. 1, however, the shooting members will wade down the beautiful streams that traverse the grand preserve, and enjoy the sport of killing at close, towering rises, the trout destroyers. Shooting fowl in this way is a most delightful pastime, and beats to death sitting all day cramped and frozen in a blind watching a lot of bobbing wooden stools in front of one.

Mr. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, of this city, is a strong advocate of summer woodcock shooting, which he assures every one is cure for the gout. For my own part I prefer gout to death by sunstroke, nor can I see much fun in being honey-combed by mosquitoes for the sake of killing a few hen birds with eggs in them. I have spoken to a score of representative sportsmen recently who are residents of New Jersey, and we are going to put our shoulders to the wheel this winter to have summer woodcock shooting stopped in New Jersey; at least in the northern counties.

For the information of the Staten Island robin gunners, who are at sea as to when they can pot that quondam bird of sport, I will say they can load their cartridges for Oct. 15. This sort of shooting is chiefly carried on by either young boys or antique relics of sportsmanship. The transition of the latter may thus be versed:

When cruel time bestows
Adipose,
Cock shooting and all those
He outgrows.
Then saunteringly he goes
To where the robins sit in rows,
And them with heavy charges mows
Until it snows.

Speaking of snows reminds me to say that the much lower temperature of last Friday night was anticipated by a small flight of male woodcock to the mountains of Sussex county, N. J. Of course, the two Warwick gunners who report this flight are awaiting the first of next month to be up and at these longbills.

Noticing several reports in the Philadelphia papers of the fine bay snipe shooting in Cape May county, N. J., this season, I asked a friend of mine, who spent the summer there in search of sport, what he had done. Being a truthful man not connected with any of the daily papers, he said that only a few brown and ringtailed marlin, a very few willet and yellowlegs had been shot there this season. He supposed about half a dozen birds daily would be about the average of the bags made. On the Newark and Elizabethtown meadows some small yellowlegs, krekers and oxeyes have been shot by the market gunners, who are continually prowling over this large strip of salt-water marsh land.

Since writing the above I have had word from the Augustine marshes at Port Penn, on the Delaware, that owing to the filling in of the lowlands at that place its once glorious rail shooting has departed forever. Mr. S. Lord of that place now advocates Maurice River. He says that every "old liner" knows that this will be rail week, and those who desire reliable information had better call at John Krider's gun store, N.E. corner of Walnut and Second streets, Philadelphia, where the latest news from the rail grounds on the Delaware River is always on tap. The old rail shooters, however, ask no man for information but get up and go when the moon goes into perigee, at such times they never fail to get good tides. It is only at this time that big bags of rail are ever made.

I am one of a very few in a position to state that within a short time a very fine exhibition will be held in this city of all the different birds of the world that are utilized either for sport or profit. The collection will include the Queen's falcons, and some remarkable fishing cormorants.

There are some English snipe and black ducks on the meadows at Pine Brook, N. J. Two Montclair gunners shot nine ducks and eleven snipe there one day last week.

My prediction that we would have an early fall now turns out to have not been a bad one. THE WISEACRE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.

DUCK SHOOTING WITH THE ABENAKI.

ON the northern side of the St. John River and about sixty miles from its mouth stretches a region of lake and swamp, inviting to the feathered tribes by its vastness and solitude. On a bleak October day the eye wanders over thousands of acres of withered rushes, browned and seared by the first touch of the almost Arctic winter, which is soon to hush all sound of animal life and change the landscape of mere and fen into a carpet of glistening, dazzling white; fit mirror for the rays of a sickly winter sun or the ghostly beams of the Northern Lights.

But in the fall, especially on one of those perfect days of the Indian summer, bird and animal life is plentiful enough. Black duck and teal are there by hundreds, and occasionally that most beautiful of winged fowl, a wood drake, accompanied by his mate, flashes over the tops of the tall aquatic plants, seeking food and shelter. Musquash, too, are extremely abundant, and their quaint calls and cries, while working industriously banking their house against winter and his hosts, serve to amuse and occupy the attention of the lonely sportsman, lying low in his birch bark, awaiting the evening flight.

Toward this sporting paradise I found myself last autumn making my way, in company with an old Indian, one of the few remaining members of the tribe claiming pure Indian blood, for the Abenaki are now but a remnant of what was once a powerful nation, numbering thousands of warriors, in the days when the noble Lady Latour was holding her fort at the mouth of the river against all comers, the Fleur de Lis waving defiance from tower and rampart. Indeed, most of those that remain are Indians in little more than name. Old Noël, however, stoutly claims to be "all Indian," and his high cheek bones, straight black hair and absence of beard would seem to bear him out in his assertion. If so, the mixture of white blood has certainly not improved the race, for a more honest man than Noël it would be hard to find—or greater blackguards than his half-bred kinsmen.

We had paddled quietly along a narrow lane of water for some two miles, called the "Thoroughfare," when we arrived at the camping place. A pleasant bank of greensward stretched to the water's edge, crowned by a growth of alders, with a few rock maple as a background. Here we landed, pitched the little tent well within the shelter of the bushes, and beside a roaring fire proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for the night. As I lay smoking the last pipe of the day, borne on the low evening breeze over the waste came the low cries of distant wildfowl calling to one another and splashing and feeding in the soft ooze. These sounds, coupled with the dreary, desolate surroundings, had a strange fascination for me, as they always have, for often have I in days gone by on the

other side of the "pond," tramped many a weary mile between night and morning, to get a few shots and enjoy the strange weird sounds only to be heard on the saltings of a winter's night. At last a faint light to the eastward proclaims the approaching day, and we quietly carry our canoe over the narrow neck of land which separates the "Thoroughfare" from the waters of lower Timber Lake, and steal slowly along through the rushes propelled by Noël's noiseless strokes, while I sit on the forward bar with gun at full cock, trying eagerly to pierce the gloom, but in vain, and many a vigorous black duck or blue-wing teal do we start out of the reeds without getting a shot, until at last the brightening light gives a better chance, and one unwary bird allows us to come nearer than usual, and presenting too fair a mark, pays the penalty with his life. As the dull boom of the heavy charge breaks the stillness of the scene, hundreds of ducks spring from their feeding ground in alarm, and after circling round the lake, start for some of the distant ponds which stud the back country in every direction; and in some of these most of the fowl pass the day, returning to their feeding grounds at evening. However, we run the canoe into some high rushes, having open water to the eastward and wait, and in a short time a flock of innocent teal, fresh from their northern breeding grounds, give an opportunity to empty the murderous barrels into the midst of them, adding five victims to the list. Then the climbing sun warns us it is time to return to camp and give the lake a rest until the evening flight.

The setting sun finds us, however, once more safely ensconsed under our disguise of rushes, and soon the fun begins. Now a small flock, now a solitary bird, makes a dart at the open water to our front, only to be greeted with heavy charges of single B, delivered at short range, generally causing them to leave some of their number stark and stiff upon the surface of the unruffled water. But all good things must come to an end, and soon it becomes impossible to see the birds through the gathering gloom, and nothing remains but to retrieve the spoils and work our way as best we may through the reeds and lily pads back to the landing, and so to camp. Once there a fry of black duck with "fixings" puts us in an angelic frame of mind, and swapping yarns over our pipes we gradually yield to the drowsy god.

There is also other game in these regions to vary the monotony of *toujours canard*. Snipe and woodcock are to be found, the former on the meadows which surround the lake, the latter in the dense fringe of alders that line the thoroughfare. In fact in most years there is a considerable amount of rough sport to be obtained at and around Timber Lake, but of course like all wildfowl shooting, it varies greatly from year to year. Take it all in all, however, and I think the reader will agree with me, that many a worse way exists of "putting in" a week or two in the fall than to pass that period duck shooting with the Abenaki. C. A. B.

Fredericton, N. B.

LOADING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a 12-gauge gun, 8¼lbs. weight, 32in. barrels, choke bore, from which I secure very satisfactory results with the following charge, using brass shells and No. 10 wads: 4drs. Dupont's FFg powder with one cardboard and one pink-edge wad, ¾oz. shot and one pink-edge wad, the charge compactly placed.

Should this meet the eye of your last week's correspondent "J. H. B." before he has the choke taken out of his 32in. barrels, I hope he will try it and report results.

I load my own shells and with my loading outfit keep a half pint of common dark shellac in a strong bottle with wooden stopper that can be loosened and withdrawn easily, also an empty primer box and a piece of wire 6in. long. After loading shells I pour a couple of spoonsful of shellac in box, and with wire held as a pen dip into it. With the drop adhering I draw segment at angle of shell and shot wad, repeating till circle is complete. Thus a ring is formed adhering to both shell and wad, preventing charge from jarring loose or falling out. Being of an elastic nature it does not endanger shell or gun, and burns at discharge, leaving no trace. Before adopting this method I received many a "kick" from loosened charges, but since I have found the minimum of recoil and uniformity always. I also have an iron rammer turned to fit the shell exactly. With this I start the wad through a Barkly tube following as far as springs will permit; withdrawing it, I insert common rammer and push wads home. Removing, I again insert iron rammer, and a few smart taps of wooden mallet sets wads flat and smooth, leaving no turned up or crumpled edges, as when placed with rammer smaller than shell.

Four drams of powder will doubtless to many be suggestive of enormous recoil, and such would be the result if 1¼ or even 1oz. of shot were used, but as the shot charge is diminished the recoil is also and the penetration increased. It is the theory of strong powder charge, light bullet and flat trajectory in rifle shooting and applied to shotguns and has the advantage that lighter shot can be used and, therefore, closer pattern obtained. Davis.

Duncannon, Pa., Aug. 22.

New York Meadows Alive with Game.—A few days ago, while proceeding with a survey over the Dykeman Meadows, at Kings Bridge, at the extreme upper end of Manhattan Island, where the new ship canal is to pass, we had the pleasure of coming in range and raising three woodcock, five meadowlarks and two snipe. On Sept. 17, when engaged on the line of the old aqueduct, passing through the grounds of Mr. Lewis G. Morris, at Fordham, we marked down fifteen fine, fat, plump meadowlarks within a line of 200yds. of the old aqueduct, which is there quite secluded by a cedar wall environment. Again in various meadows on the river line the like pleasant things occur, with a continuous call note from morn till nightfall, and erewhile the night moon sheds its modest silver rays upon the gloaming, we hear the most welcome call of King Bob White.—Canonicus (Westchester, Sept. 17).

Fredericton, N. B., Sept. 10.—A. A. Nason, of New Maryland, while on his way to Fredericton, Friday morning, came upon a deer by the roadside, about three miles from town. He reports deer quite plentiful in that locality, which, he says, ought to afford some fine sport for some of the city's sportsmen. Two deer were seen the other day grazing in Henry Morgan's back fields in New Maryland. This is the result of better protection in Maine.—C. A. B.

The Man Target.—Chicago, Ill., Sept. 17.—A Laramie, Wyoming, dispatch says: "A young Englishman, A. W. Whitehouse, while out hunting antelope last evening, near Howard Windham's Twin Mountain ranch, shot and instantly killed his companion, George H. Gordon. The two were graduates of Oxford College and the sons of wealthy English parents. They arrived in America three weeks ago and came West to engage in the stock business. Yesterday, while at Windham's ranch, they saw two antelopes, and, with their rifles, started in pursuit. They soon lost sight of one of the animals, but finally located the other in a gulch. Gordon started up one side and Whitehouse crept along the bottom. It was now dusk. Suddenly Whitehouse caught sight of an object moving in the sage brush about 100yds. ahead of him. After watching it for some time he decided that it was a mountain lion and fired. The object fell. Fearing that it was only wounded, and having heard of the ferocious nature of these animals when in that condition, he fired three times more, and then parting the bush approached the spot where the object had fallen. He was struck dumb with horror on finding that one of his bullets had entered the temple of young Gordon and that life was extinct."

Dories for Coot Shooting.—I have just read "S. de R.'s" note in Forest and Stream of Sept. 15 with regard to dories for coot shooting on the New England coast. I have shot coots from dories, small keel rowboats, and on one or two occasions from a two-masted whaleboat. The decoys, which were strung out, were eight in number, and the birds would come down to them as if there was not a boat within half a mile. Moreover, the decoys were not more than forty or forty-five yards from the boat. I agree with "S. de R." that the dory is the best boat to shoot coots from, on the whole, along the New England coast.—J. W., Jr.

North Carolina Game.—Belvidere, N. C., Sept. 12.—The prospect for quail shooting was never more promising than at present, and we hope after the 15th of October to find the delicious little fellows in abundance. The call of Bob White is resounding on every side, and the coveys are generally fine and well grown for the season. Bears have been playing havoc with the cattle, killing from two to five a week, but the water has continued so high in the swamps that we could not hunt them with any degree of success. Hope soon, though, to "hit them a hard lick." Deer are scarce, and growing more so.—A. F. R.

Railbirds are rather scarce on the South River marshes. Poor tides and a heavy growth of weeds, reeds and oats make their pursuit too laborious for pleasure. An easterly storm is needed to remedy this.—J. L. K. (Perth Amboy, N. J., Sept. 19).

QUEBEC CLOSE SEASONS.

47 Victoria, Ch. 25. 50 Victoria, Ch. 16.

Caribou and deer, from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1. Moose (male and female) at any time until Oct. 1, 1890. The hunting of moose, caribou or deer with dogs or by means of snares, traps, etc., is prohibited. No person (white man or Indian) has a right, during one season's hunting, to kill or take alive—unless he has previously obtained a permit from the Commissioner of Crown Lands for that purpose—more than 3 caribou and 4 deer. After the first ten days of the close season, all railways and steamboat companies and public carriers are forbidden to carry the whole or any part of (except the skin) of any moose, caribou or deer, without being authorized thereto by the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Beaver, mink, otter, martin, pekan, from April 1 to Nov. 1.

Hare, from Feb. 1 to Nov. 1.

Muskrat (only in the counties of Maskinongé, Yamaska, Richelieu and Berthier), from May 1 to April 1 following.

Woodcock, snipe, partridge of any kind, from Feb. 1 to Sept. 1.

Black duck, teal, wild duck of any kind (except shelldrake and gull), from April 15 to Sept. 1. And at any time of the year, between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, and also forbidden to keep exposed, during such prohibited hours, lures or decoys, etc. N. B.—Nevertheless in that part of the Province to the east and north of the counties of Bellechasse and Montmorency, the inhabitants may, at all seasons of the year, but only for the purpose of procuring food, etc., shoot any of the birds mentioned in this paragraph.

Birds known as perchers, such as swallows, kingbirds, warblers, flycatchers, woodpeckers, whippoorwills, finches (song sparrows, redbirds, indigo birds, etc.), cow-buntings, titmice, goldfinches, grives (robins, woodthrushes, etc.), kinglets, bobolinks, grakles, grosbeaks, hummingbirds, cuckoos, owls, etc., except eagles, falcons, hawks and other birds of the falconidæ, wild pigeons, kingfishers, crows, ravens, waxwings (*récollets*), shrikes, jays, magpies, sparrows and starlings, from March 1 to Sept. 1.

To take nests or eggs of wild birds forbidden at any time of the year. Fine of $2 to $100, or imprisonment in default of payment.

No person who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, nor in that of Ontario can, at any time, hunt in this Province without having previously obtained a license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is not transferable.

Sea and River Fishing.

WEWAHITCKA.

Columbia, Ala., Sept. 12.—Some time in May last I penned an article for your journal, the object of which was to call the attention of anglers and sportsmen to one of the finest fishing and hunting grounds in Florida, Lake Wewahitcka, or Chipola, Calhoun county, West Florida.

From all physical appearances the lake was formed by a rapid channel, or cut-off, from the broad, deep Apalachicola River, precipitated across the smaller sluggish Chipola River, which for miles runs nearly parallel with and only two or five miles from the larger stream, depositing debris and mud across the broad swamp and forming a levee or dam which has forced the waters of Chipola on itself some four miles wide and twenty miles long. The lake is bordered by a dense growth of cypress, which in places extend 200yds. into the lake. The open water is interspersed with innumerable submerged islets of cypress; these break the force of the waves caused by the constant sea breeze which is ever rippling the open water. Here from October till June the fishing is simply superb. An ardent sportsman is often cloyed by the profusion and variety of the catch. Nature has evidently provided this lake as a great hatching ground for all the species of fishes common to Southern waters. The black bass, trout, pike (or jack), catfish, striped bass (or rockfish), suckers, bream, goggle-eyed perch, shellcracker (a large speckled perch), all grow here to perfection, and are of the finest flavor. The water is clear and pure, fed by clear, limpid streams. I also think that owing to its nearness to the Gulf of Mexico many varieties of the anadromous fishes come here to spawn. Of these there are several varieties of the mullet. Many of the fish take the eel worm, catawba, June or May-fly, with an eagerness which shows that their tastes have not been cultivated. Trout, bass and jack take the troll spinner or bait freely.

Hunting on and around the lakes in season is always good. Deer are plentiful. There are a few bears. Squirrels and smaller game in great plenty. During winter months many varieties of ducks and other water fowl are here in abundance.

Around the lakes at intervals are sparse settlements where the hunter or fisher always finds a hearty welcome, and guides in every direction whose love of sport is sufficient compensation. Board can be had on the lake at from $12 to $15 per month, every comfort at hand; or if the sportsman wishes to rough it, he can do so with only an expense of breadstuff to meet. The days are warm, but always tempered with a cool breeze from the sea; nights cool and bracing. Health is as good as in any lake region in the South; in fact, splendid. Several extensive orange groves along its borders give a pleasing variety to its natural attractions. You will find plenty of good stout skiffs, and in several places sailboats, for lake navigation. Mosquitoes are only troublesome after nightfall, and are always shielded from your person by the ordinary net; in fact I have slept many nights within one-quarter of a mile from the lake without any protection whatever.

I wish to correct an error that your able correspondent, Mr. Charles Hallock, has fallen into, namely, that the lake is landlocked. It has one large and many smaller streams that empty directly into it, and is formed and fed by a deep branch from its larger neighbor, the Apalachicola River.

The ingenuous theory advanced by your correspondent that landlocked lakes can be stocked with the Salmonidæ and other migratory fish is fully sustained in this instance, because if there was no direct communication with the ocean, yet there would be free communication by reason of freshets along the Apalachicola River, which once in every three or four years, and sometimes oftener, submerge many thousand acres of low, swampy lands that lie between the river and lake.

Any information that the sportsman or angler may need can be had of James A. Glenn or Richard McCarty, Iola, Fla., either of whom will show you the characteristic and cordial welcome so common to all lovers of the Forest and Stream. Viator.

CARP AND BUFFALO FISH.

Camden, Carroll County, Ind., Sept. 12.—Oftentimes I see in your paper inquiries about carp and how to catch them, and I desire to give you a bit of my experience in catching carp and buffalo fish.

I was fishing in two ponds, one of which contained scale and mirror carp, while the other only held large buffalo. My tackle consisted of a spool of thread, size 36, and a minnow or fly-hook baited with bread. I held the spool in my left hand so that the spool turned toward me and the thread ran out between my second and third fingers, guiding the thread with my right hand. The first fish I caught was a scale carp, 1lb. in weight, which took the bait from off the bottom of the pond. My next catch was a mirror carp of this year's spawn, and it took the bait just under the surface and in about the same manner as a black bass would, except there was no jerk. It weighed 8oz. At the buffalo pond I caught with this same tackle a buffalo weighing on the scales 7lbs. 2oz. The thread burned my fingers some as it ran out, but I stuck to him and landed him after eight minutes' fight. He fought very well, except there was an absence of the quick, lightning-like movements of our black bass, and it reminded me more of a dogfish than anything else, but gave up much quicker than they will. The carp were much quicker in their movements than the buffalo; and the mirror carp would rise to the surface, but not so with the scale carp nor buffalo, which seemed to feed on the bottom. Of the three fishes, the buffalo is shyest and hardest to catch. I am going to try for the 8 and 9lb. carp, using the same tackle, as it is much lighter than my reel lines, and the hook just the thing if you strike easily and plant the hook in the tough part of the mouth. A very light strike is sufficient to bury the tiny barb. Let some of your readers try it and see how much fun can be got out of a spool of thread and a fly-hook.

Our black bass fishing is good, no trouble being found in taking from fifteen to twenty-five a day. We fish in Deer Creek, a small stream of cold water, along which large boulders prevent much successful seining, and in the deep pools we find many large bass, some 4 or 5lbs. in weight, and lots of them from 1 to 4. J. P. H.

The Dungarvon Hooper.—"What is the Dungarvon hooper?" asked my friend and fellow angler, T., one dark night as we camped on the headwaters of this noble stream. It was a question not easily answered, and I could relate only a few facts noted down from time to time as given by guides on the Miramichi. To begin, I never could learn whether he was a biped or quadruped, feathered or hairy, but I assumed long since that he must be a ferocious animal whose wails have frequently been heard from Dungarvon River to McKeel Bank on the S. W. Miramichi. The veteran salmon fisher, Abe Munn, once caught a glimpse of his tail bounding through the woods, swaying the tall pines from side to side, and his howl deafened him for days. The nearest victims of his fearful wrath were a party of four woodsmen on the Miramichi (the names I have forgotten) who were overtaken one dark night on Rocky Brook by the terrible monster. The horses were lathered to foam in making their escape, and but for a friendly hovel that intercepted his mad career these four men would never have lived to tell the tale. They were never again seen out at night on Rocky Brook. It was the Dungarvon hooper.—L. (Fredericton, N. B., Canada). [The existence of the Dungarvon hooper is firmly believed by residents on Miramichi waters, and is a standing bit of fun to all anglers and hunters frequenting these waters.]

Mackerel in the Great South Bay.—A few mackerel were recently netted in the Great South Bay, something which the oldest fishermen never have heard of before. There never has been such fishing in this sheet of water as they have had this year. One boat went out a few days ago in the morning, and by 2 o'clock had 94 bluefish, and then gave it up, tired out. A boat going through the channel took one on a line carelessly thrown overboard.

FISH AND PROTECTION.

THE wider the extent of territory the more difficult it becomes to make close seasons for the protection of fish found in that territory. Certain edible fish have circumscribed limits, as the whitefish of the lakes, but other fish, such as the salmon, shad and bass, are migrants, and come and go just as do the birds, seeking at particular seasons the open sea and then returning to their first habitat, the rivers. The main reason, paramount to all others, why there are close seasons is to give to the feræ naturæ the chance to propagate their kind and to protect them during the breeding period. It is this, the common sense view of the thing, which outrides all others. By a law of nature it is at the exact time when the salmon or the shad ascend the rivers to reproduce their kind that they are, however, caught. You cannot take salmon or shad, excepting in an accidental way, outside of the rivers. Nature intended these fish to be used at this precise time, for they are then in their best condition. The fish have left the fresh water for a year or more and found in the sea the food requisite for their better development. They have been prepared for that drain on their organisms which comes with the reproduction of their kind. Fish are, then, at that season sent us to be caught and to serve man's purposes for food; but the question is, "How many of them should be caught?" We are not looking at fish which are nomadic, as the mackerel, in regard to which the most stupid of laws and the unfairest have been made by the legislators at Washington. We direct our remarks at the present only toward shad and salmon.

It has been frequently stated in the *Times*, and is repeated now, that if it was thought worth while, 99 out of every 100 shad which ascend the North River could be caught. If it would pay to take all the shad, they would be taken, or, if not taken, could be prevented from ascending the river. Any company of fishermen, freed from legislative restrictions, with sufficient capital, could stretch a series of nets which, for all practical purposes, would intercept the shad ascending either the North River or the Connecticut River. With salmon, if nets were used without let or hindrance, no fish could ascend the Penobscot or the Restigouche. In Oregon, where nets are used on the Columbia River, the effects on the salmon are already discernible in a diminishing supply, and the Columbia is among the largest of American streams.

Mankind, at least a large portion of it, is singularly ignorant of what its true interests, and in gaining a livelihood it gleans all it can to-day, quite indifferent of the morrow. It is exaggerating a natural impulse to call the wholesale capture of fish something actuated by greed alone. The fisherman is no more greedy than the farmer or the man of general business; but the farmer knows what are the limits of production and something about the laws which regulate it. The fisherman does not. If we wish to be precise and accurate as far as fish are concerned, the wisest ichthyologist, even the present admirable head of the United States Fish Commission, would be chary, as to giving the reason why shad are plenty one year and not the next, or why salmon are rare during certain periods. If you were to ask Prof. Goode why bluefish have been present in quantity late this season and menhaden have been wanting, he would answer that "he did not know." He might express the idea that in years to come we may get some inkling about it, that it was among the most important of questions, but that to-day he and all the most learned of men were quite at sea about it. It is probable, however, that if the Fish Commission were consulted, whose interests in regard to the food fishes are of a general kind, looking not to the fish of one section, but of all of them, they would be opposed to any legal restrictions directed toward sea fish, while they would be quite positive that certain enactments should be made and rigorously carried out toward indiscriminate fishing at all seasons in our lakes and rivers. Their argument, like that of all who understand the question, is this, that if the anadromous fish, such as the shad or salmon, are not allowed to ascend the streams to deposit their eggs, the stock of such fish must sensibly diminish and in time disappear. We must, however, catch the fish as they ascend the rivers. Taking that for granted, nevertheless the opportunity should be allowed for some of the fish to escape the toils set for them. It is for this reason that on certain days of the week during the shad season the fish have some twenty-four hours' grace given them. The last Legislature passed a law compelling the taking of shad nets out of the Hudson on Saturdays at sundown, and not to be replaced until Monday at sunrise. Shad can then ascend the stream, at least near New York, but whether they escape the toils higher up the river is not so positive. State Fish Commissioners spend the money of the State for restocking the rivers with shad. Were it not for their labors it is probable that there would be a dearth of fish in the North River, but their work, judiciously carried on though it may be, must be rendered perfectly ineffectual were there not some slight restrictions imposed on fishing.

The difficulties in the way of Fish Commissioners in the State of New York are somewhat lessened because the Hudson runs for the major parts within the territory of the State, but when a stream to be stocked flows through various States it seems as if it were utterly impossible to unite general interests. If it be shad or salmon, the young fry have to be put in the river at its source, A. But those who live at A have no interest in the fish, because when mature it is those who live at B who will catch them. Why should a State at A pay money for the benefit of others who will catch and sell or eat the salmon at B, which is another State? B is delighted with A's endeavors, but will not contribute a penny toward the expenses. Legislatures will not unite for general benefit, and on the question of protection two States divided by a river are often entirely at variance. As an example of this, what is a matter of moment for the State of New York is a subject of utter indifference to New Jersey.

No better instance of this can be given than the law passed in regard to lobsters. It was evident from the catch of lobsters coming into New York and Boston in the past that they were diminishing in size and quantity. The loss in quantity could be accounted for. All the female lobsters, with their eggs attached to them, were being destroyed. It would not have been possible to make laws or to have them carried out prohibiting lobsterers from taking the mother shellfish. What was done, mainly through the exertions of the American Fishcultural Society, was to have a law passed in this State prohibiting the sale of lobsters below a certain standard of size, but New Jersey would not sanction such a law. Jersey City then became the market for lobsters of all sizes, and cargoes were diverted from New York. The New York supply of lobsters was cut off. During the time when the law was operative in New York State thousands of young lobsters under the legal size and liable to seizure were thrown alive into the waters of the bay. This season the lobster men in the vicinity of New York from Hurl Gate to Sandy Hook have caught innumerable lobsters. These are the lobsters which had been taken off the Maine coast or elsewhere. Through some peculiar but misguided influences, in the face of the protest of our Fish Commissioners, the law in regard to lobsters in this State was repealed, and to-day you can catch and sell a lobster of any size in the market. The consequence has been that for the season lobsters too small to eat have been taken in amazing quantity, which are sold at prices which bring no remuneration to the lobsterer or the commission house selling them. Such lobsters as are of good size are reduced in prices as the poorer grades are in such quantity as to bring down the price of the full-sized fish. There is apparently some benefit to the public. We are buying food cheaper than in former seasons, be it good or bad food, but as certainly as the day is followed by the night, next season there will be fewer lobsters; and we will go diminishing our supply until in a few years lobsters will be higher and scarcer than ever they were before.

The beneficial effects of any law, be it for the protection of man or fish, is not appreciable in a single year, or in a few years. As to the lobster law, the good it did would not have been apparent at the beginning, for it was not operative along the whole New England coast. Imperfect as it was on this account, it would have taken fully 10 years, maybe 20, before we could have judged of its effects. But as it is to-day—though all prophecies about fish are hazardous—it is believed by those who have studied the subject, looking at it in a general and not a special way, that the repeal of the lobster law was a blunder.

There are certain considerations in regard to legislative action which should be presented, and these are the claims of the people for food when opposed to the amusement of the sportsman. Stanhope declared that in many of the English shires "the rabbit is now the best ally of the English Radical." Such antagonism has never yet existed in the United States. Trout is a fish which has been very thoroughly protected. It is not only illegal to catch trout out of season, but the dealer placing trout on his stand during the close season is liable to a heavy fine, no matter where his fish come from, whether they had been caught out of the country, or had been taken during the legal season, the fish having been preserved for a year on ice. Though this law has been rigidly enforced, there are many acute lawyers who believe that if a test case was carried to the highest courts local jurisdiction would be worsted. We are only questioning its legality, not the benefits derived from the rigorous carrying out of the law. It is possible, but for the fear of a money penalty that there would be but few streams having trout in them which would not be fished out to-day. Fortunately for the community, trout is rather a luxury than otherwise. Its quantity is too small when compared with other fish, as to not materially affect the supply of fish in any way. If all trout culture were abandoned and the supply not forthcoming, the general price of fish would not be augmented. In the legislative action of the State in regard to fish two influences are felt. One is the essentially ignorant one, clamorous for the right to fish in and out of season, who will not brook any idea of a close season, and who want to catch fish where they please, how they please, and when they please. The river shore, some of the most clamorous represent, has a length of, say, five miles, and they entirely ignore the rights of those who live along a shore which has an extent of 495 miles. It is not that these people are selfish, but their horizon is limited. They are the constituents of some legislator who regards their claims as an important factor in his next election. These representatives consider the whole matter of but little importance whether it can be carried or not; still they do their best for their friends, and they become blocks standing in the way of consistent and general legislation in regard to fish. There are frequently at Albany a dozen members, every one with a particular scheme in regard to fish who knows far less about fish than does his wife, who buys the shad or the striped bass for his table.

A second element, and by no means an unimportant one, is that which represents what is called "the angler rights," if he has any rights which others are not permitted to enjoy. Often legislators are sportsmen themselves, and are none the worse, but all the better for that. These have, however, particular hobbies of their own. They will legislate for a peculiar branch or creek running in the proximity of their own farm or country seat, and will sometimes succeed in passing an iron-bound law for their little rivulet which, because of its sweeping character, affects seriously the food supply of New York. Some years ago an article published in the *Times* apparently hit the nail on the head and, though written in a laughing way, was tak n in a serious light. But its effects were excellent. Of late years, we are pleased to state, the character of sportsmen's and anglers' clubs have materially changed, and they have learned that it was not by special, but by general legislative action that their interests or their pleasures should be respected. The latter influence exerted by these clubs has been excellent, because it has lost its former officiousness. For the real good they have done their smaller errors are to be forgiven. Without them to-day the general public would have remained uneducated as to what are the natural laws governing beasts, birds and fish. They have had for their maxim, "Waste not, want not," and paradoxical as it may seem, they will give lessons of humanity in condemning cruelty to God's creatures.

There is as far as fish are concerned, a third set of men, few in number, who are the Commissioners of the State. They receive no emolument, but devote a great deal of labor to the fishing interests of the State. It is anomalous when one remembers that these persons are appointed by the State to their positions because considered to have the greatest experience in such subjects that their counsel is rarely asked or their admonitions thought worthy of consideration. It is not alone in Albany, but in Washington, that the opinions of leading experts have been overslaughed by an ignorent majority.

A notable case of this kind was that legislation passed to come soon into effect in regard to all mackerel caught on the broad seas. From Huxley, in England, down to the last addition to the United States Fish Commission all were of the opinion that any laws directed toward the catching of mackerel were utterly useless. Huxley showed that in a single day the predaceous fish, with the birds, consumed more mackerel than man could take with all his implements in a season. The highest authority on the subject of mackerel, the present Fish Commissioner, Prof. G. Brown Goode, explained how futile had been these restrictive enactments, and, tracing their history, showed that they were first promulgated in regard to mackerel in New England in the seventeenth century. But legislators of to-day take no heed of the blunders of 1698, and in the face of all those who really know something about it, restrictive measures in regard to mackerel fishing were passed. When this law is carried out it will benefit a few fishermen in Maine, a good many other fishermen in Canada, and will paralyze a great industry in the rest of New England, and must enhance the price of ordinary fish food at the very time when most wanted—that is, at the beginning of spring. Many thousands of dollars expended in fishing smacks will bring no returns. A large sum paid out in wages in former years will no longer be earned, and poor people will go hungry because legislators will meddle with things about which they know less than nothing.

Fishculture and legislation must follow one another. If the State furnishes money to increase the supply of fish it has the right to protect the fish. It may therefore happen that additional legislative action may be directed toward such new fish as are placed in our State waters.

The Hudson River is beginning to be a salmon-producing stream. In 1886 some fifty good-sized salmon were taken. This year there have been 100 fish caught. These fish were placed in the Hudson River some five years ago. The eggs were from the Penobscot River, and were sent by the United States Fish Commissioner to Mr. E. G. Blackford, our State Fish Commissioner, and the young fish were hatched at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. The last Legislature made an appropriation for the construction of a fishway at Troy, so that when it is built there will be no trouble in the adult fish ascending the Hudson so as to deposit their spawn in the upper regions of the river. In order to have a stock of salmon in the Hudson, protection will be necessary.

There is no fish more difficult to legislate about than salmon, because it is an important article of food, which trout, as has been shown, is not. But the trouble about it is that, more than the trout, it is as anglers know the most attractive of all fish to catch. Were supplies of fresh salmon to come only from the Atlantic side the question of protection as far as prohibiting the sale of salmon during the close season might become possible; but to-day as many salmon come from the Western and from the Eastern rivers. Salmon caught in the Penobscot scarcely enter as a factor in the supply which reaches New York. Taking all the salmon sent to this market from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick or elsewhere to be generally designated as Atlantic salmon, the season opens about the 20th of May and closes on the 20th of July. For the sixty days the total receipts are something like 118,000 pounds. When the last of the Atlantic salmon have been marketed in the Eastern States, then from August to April of the next year the California and Pacific salmon come in. The quantity of fish sent during these eight months is close on to 800,000 pounds, and as railroad or other communications are multiplied, the receipts from new and heretofore unfished rivers will be likely to increase the total quantity. Certain kinds of Pacific salmon have not been rated as highly as the Atlantic fish, but of late there have been forwarded Chinnock salmon, from Puget Sound, Washington Territory, which are in every respect as fine as the best Restigouche salmon. Methods of packing have been careful, and by means of refrigerating cars the Pacific salmon reach the Eastern market as expeditiously and in quite as good a condition as Atlantic fish. It is only a question of price which regulates the supply and quality.

We do not see, then, how the same methods of protection as are applicable to trout as prohibiting the sale of salmon during the close season could be carried out. Though there are distinctive traits in the Atlantic and Pacific salmon which to the ichthyologist are at once discernible, to ordinary eyes these could not be appreciated. The only way salmon in the Hudson could be protected would be by means of a close season as regards fishing, and the establishing of certain fixed days during the salmon run when no nets could be drawn in the river. The subject is one, however, of a very complex character because of shad fishing, which takes place in the Hudson at the same time as the salmon are running. How salmon in the Hudson are to be cared for we leave the Fish Commissioners to determine, but we are satisfied that the same methods of legislation as have been directed toward trout could not be used.—*New York Times.*

THE EVENING SMUDGE.

WHEN "Pard" and I were enjoying our annual outing along the trout streams of Sullivan county, Pa., last June, the mosquitoes, punkies, black flies, dumb flies and other pestiverous insects seemed uncommonly numerous, and the pathetic sight of whole families of mountaineers gathered in the gloaming about a dense smudge had such an effect upon us that we resolved upon our return to invoke the muse and endeavor in the realms of poesy to do the subject justice. Here are our united efforts:

MOTHER LIGHT THE EVENING SMUDGE.

The sun is sinkin', mother,
And the skeeter's in the air,
While the punky and the sandfly
Begin to rip and tear.
Fetch a bunch of green ferns, mother,
Then to your chip pile trudge,
Bring an armful of dry kindlin's,
Mother light the evenin' smudge.

The whipperwill is singin',
And the dumb fly's layin' low,
The burdock leaves be bringin'
To make the fire burn slow.
The gnats are tarnal frisky,
Gin the babe they've got a grudge,
While I take a drop of whisky,
Mother light the evenin' smudge.

Remove your corncob pipe, mother,
Lay it softly on the chair,
Inflate your leathery lungs, mother,
With this glorious mountain air.
Blow you spark to swift ignition,
(Thanks, another drop of budge),
Make it hum like all perdition.
Mother light the evenin' smudge.

For I see beyond the clearin'
Them anglers drawin' nigh,
The two with fancy gearin'
Who fish for trout with fly;
They're steerin' for the cabin,
By gosh, or I'm no judge,
Git a match and stop your gabbin',
Or you'll never light the smudge.

Jest 'fore I quit a-choppin'
Down there below the mill,
Darn if they wa'ant a-stoppin'
Their brier pipes to fill.
When from out one feller's basket
There flopped (give Pete a nudge)
A trout. How big? Don't ask it,
But hurry up the smudge.

Well, boys, what luck a-fishin';
Are they bitin' well to-day?
Not much, eh? Well, hec's wishin'
You may ketch lots while you stay.
That's darn good backer, fellers,
Beats my twenty-cent old sludge,
It feels good in my smellers,
Mother light the evening smudge.

In explanation of the foregoing, let me say that to the ordinary observer the last clause of the third line and the whole of the fourth would convey the impression that the fishermen at that juncture had tendered a bottle to the old settler and that before imbibing he had wished them good luck. This is not so, however, and the careful reader will note by the tenor of the rest of the verse that it was only his tobacco pouch that the parson offered. The closing verse is purely ideal, based on an intimate knowledge of mountaineer peculiarities possessed by "Pard" and myself through many years wandering over the Sullivan county mountains.

"A dry crowd for the mountains
Them chaps that just passed by,
They'd rather drink at fountains
Than to rassle with old rye.
But I hear the clock a-strikin'
Eight. To bed let's quickly trudge,
For water now be pikin',
Mother douse the evening smudge." H. W. D. L.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

QUEBEC CLOSE SEASON.

Salmon (angling), from Sept. 1 to May 1. (Ristigouche River, Aug. 15 to May 1.)
Speckled trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.
Large gray trout, lunge and winninish, Oct. 15 to Dec. 1.
Pickerel, April 15 to May 15.
Bass and maskinongé, April 15 to June 15.
Whitefish, Nov. 10 to Dec. 1.
Fine of $5 to $20, or imprisonment in default of payment.
N. B.—Angling by hand (with hook and line), is the only means permitted to be used for taking fish in the waters of the lakes and rivers under the control of the Government of the Province of Quebec.
No person, who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, can, at any time, fish in the lakes or rivers of this Province, not actually under lease, without having previously obtained a permit to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is valuable for a fishing season, and is not transferable.

KEOKUK, Ia., Aug. 31, 1887.

J. F. Breitenstein, President of Keokuk Gun Club:

DEAR SIR—The two boxes of paper shells, "Climax," U. S. Cartridge Co., which you so kindly handed me, have been thoroughly tested, and I, after my long experience as an expert amateur, without hesitation pronounce them the best shells made, being perfection for wet and dry shooting. They cannot be excelled. Knowing perfectly well what I am writing about, I subscribe myself, yours truly, (Signed) H. A. KINNAMAN. Adv.

Fisheulture.

CANADIAN FISHERIES DEPARTMENT.

THE appendix of the report which we noticed last week contains a report of Mr. Samuel Wilmot, Superintendent of Fisheulture for the Dominion of Canada, 1886.

The kind of fish operated upon at the several fisheries of the Dominion includes the following, namely: Of the salt water *Salmonidæ*, two of the *Oncorhynchus* family of the Pacific waters, the "quinnat" (*Chonica*) and the suck-eye (*Nerka*) are utilized at the Frazer River hatchery in British Columbia. In the Eastern or Atlantic Provinces the hatcheries are supplied with eggs of the *Salmo salar*, which is the only description of sea salmon indigenous to the rivers of the maritime provinces. Of fresh water *Salmonidæ*, such as the salmon trout of the great lakes (*Namaycush*), the speckled trout of the streams (*Salvelinus fontinalis*); and the whitefish of the lakes (*Coregonus albus*); these are cultivated almost wholly at the Newcastle establishment in Ontario. Of the Percidæ family the *Lucioperca*, commonly called pickerel (doré), wall-eyed pike, and pike-perch, large numbers are bred at the Sandwich hatchery in Ontario.

In former years black bass (*Micropterus dolomici*) and carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) were handled in a small way at the Newcastle hatchery, with a view to their artificial propagation. The experiments with the former were quite satisfactory; with the later the trials were merely nominal; operations with the bass and carp have been discontinued for the want of properly constructed ponds, which are found to be essentially necessary for the successful breeding and keeping of these fish. It is extremely desirable that arrangements should be made by which bass and carp should be propagated in large numbers at such of the nurseries as may be found to possess the greatest convenience for carrying out the work; especially as the demands are becoming very numerous from persons in various sections of the country where the waters, from high temperature and impurities, are adapted only for these kind of fish, and in which the salmonoid species, from the same causes, cannot now exist

In connection with this subject, and in view of the impending destruction and evident annihilation of the sea or striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) still frequenting the estuaries of some of the rivers in the maritime provinces, it is advisable that efforts should be put forth to maintain, as far as possible in those waters, this highly valuable fish, by an application of the artificial methods of propagation. With the now general use of automatic fish-egg incubators for the hatching of the smaller and lighter descriptions of ova (not dissimilar to those of the striped bass) it might be safely assumed that success would attend the undertaking, more particularly on the Miramichi River, where these fish are yet taken in considerable numbers in the immediate vicinity where the Miramichi salmon hatchery is now established, and in which experimental trials could be readily and economically made.

Pursuing this subject still further, in the endeavor to restore to some of the great rivers in the lower provinces, a portion, at least, of the fisheries wealth, which in former years was so fully developed in them, and witnessing the almost incredible success which has attended the work of Prof. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, in restocking many of the rivers in that country which had become quite depleted of shad (*Clupea sapidissima*) and learning that this valuable commercial fish inhabited the rivers of the Bay of Fundy and other parts of the coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in former years in great abundance, it now becomes a question whether efforts of a like nature as those instituted by the United States to rehabilitate their rivers with this fish wealth, should not be undertaken in Canada.

The breeding of speckled trout has not been entered into extensively hitherto; only moderate numbers of eggs of this fish have been obtained during the past few years. The demand for trout fry has now become very great indeed, and the numerous applications could not be filled. Hitherto a few thousand trout ova have been collected at Tadoussac hatchery in Quebec; these, when semi-hatched, were forwarded to the Newcastle nursery, and when fully hatched the fry have been distributed ratably among the several applicants; but the proportions allotted have necessarily been so small that expressions of discontent have been freely uttered as to why speckled trout should not be more largely cultivated at the Newcastle hatchery, and in such numbers as would bear a more favorable comparison with the many millions of salmon trout and whitefish fry, which are annually turned out of this hatchery.

The invariable reply to this question has been, that as the hatchery is a public or governmental establishment, the main object was to produce from it such descriptions of fish as would be most suitable for commercial purposes, and from which the general public would derive the greatest amount of good, in foreign and home traffic, and for domestic use. That speckled trout, although highly prized for their edible and gamy qualities, did not come up to this estimate for benefitting the country from a commercial point of view, in like manner as the salmon trout and whitefish, which are undoubtedly the standard for fish wealth in the inland lakes, and other fresh waters of Canada.

The rearing and general distribution of the salmon trout and whitefish having now reached a satisfactory position by practical application and systematic arrangements, it should be held advisable to turn attention to the production of other kinds of fish, especially the speckled trout, in order to meet the generally expressed wishes of numerous applicants who desire to restock streams and other waters with this very desirable fish.

Strong efforts were made to collect large quantities of the eggs of the speckled trout during the past season, which have not resulted as satisfactorily as wished for. From the Tadoussac hatchery in Quebec, only a moderate supply was obtained; from the Restigouche, where it was confidently expected a million or more would have been secured, only a few thousand were collected; and from an expedition fitted out to collect these eggs in the Muskoka waters, where it was supposed unlimited quantities could be got, failure was the result; but from causes, which the officer who made the attempt reports can be remedied in getting satisfactory numbers of ova another year. Renewed efforts should be made another season to obtain a satisfactory supply of trout eggs, and in addition to the species, natives of Ontario and the Atlantic Provinces, exertions should be made to procure supplies of eggs of the California and other descriptions of trout inhabiting the streams of the Pacific Slope, as it is now held by many fisheulturists in the United States that these trout are better adapted for the higher temperature of the water in our streams than our own native trout.

DISTIBUTION OF FRY HATCHED IN 1886.

There were planted in the waters of Canada from the several fish hatcheries, in the aggregate 76,724,000 young fish of various kinds during the season of 1886. They consisted of the following species, namely:

Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*).....	7,857,000
Pacific salmon (*Salmo quinnat*).....	2,625,000
Lake salmon trout (*Salmo namaycush*)	7,391,000
Lake whitefish (*Coregonus albus*).....	43,800,000
Lake pickerel or doré (*Lucioperca*)....	15,000,000
Speckled trout (*Salmo fontinalis*).....	51,000
Grand total.....	76,724,000

Mr. Alex Mowatt, the officer in charge of the Ristigouche hatchery in the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, reports the catch of salmon in the Bay des Chaleurs and Ristigouche River to be fully as good as in 1885; 1,470,000 salmon eggs were deposited in the hatchery in the fall of 1885, from which 1,380,000 fry were successfully hatched and planted in the following streams:

Ristigouche and Kedgewick Rivers.....	770,000
Matapedia River.....	200,000
Upsalquitch River.....	200,000
Nipissiquit River.....	200,000
Twelve Mile Lake, in rear of Campbellton..	10,000
	1,380,000

A portion of the fry taken to the Nipissiquit River arrived there in poor condition. I have urged upon the Department several times the fact, gained from long experience, that it is almost useless to transport fry such a long distance with the hope of realizing the anticipated benefits which artificial fisheulture is so fully entitled to receive. Should it be the intention of the Department to continue the system of further stocking the Nipissiquit River with fry from this hatchery, I would suggest that instead of carrying the young fish such a long distance at great risk, as has been evidenced heretofore, that a small inexpensive hatchery be constructed of hewn logs or other material in a suitable place, some fifteen or twenty miles up the Nipissiquit River, and the ova transferred to it in the spring months of April and May. An establishment of this kind would only require to be operated about three months in the year, and the fry hatched in this way could be distributed throughout the length of the river in a fine healthy condition. I am strong in the belief that each salmon river should be restocked from its own fish where found practicable to do so.

The fry for the Ristigouche River, and its branches, were conveyed as usual in open cribs, supplied with a constant flow of pure water, and towed sixty-five miles above the hatchery up river into both branches and deposited in fine condition, as the superintendent (Mr. Wilmot) and many other anglers who were on the river at the time can testify to. Some ten thousand fry were planted in a large lake twelve miles from Campbellton. Numbers of these little fish were seen in the lake later in the fall months. I would urge that a continuation of planting fry in this lake be kept up for some years, as the experiment would afford further evidence of the success of artificial fisheulture.

The department's net was set at Tide Head on the 1st of June last, this date being as early as the freshet in the river would admit. There were 130 fish caught in this net, and 277 purchased from neighboring fishermen. Seventy-six of these fish died after being deposited in the reservoir, having been injured in capturing, and conveying them from the nets to the pond; leaving a total of 331 fish, 170 females, and 161 males, from which was collected 1,700,000 eggs. Spawning commenced on the 20th of October, and ended on the 5th of November. All the females gave sound ova, and were liberated in good condition. At the present time the eggs in the hatchery are looking very well, the embryos being quite visible.

In order that the supply of parent fish for the hatchery may be increased in future; or in other words to obtain 600 or 700 salmon, it will be necessary that a small flat bottomed steam barge or scow, be purchased for this service, for towing the cribs with the parent fish from the nets to the retaining pond. Under the present system the cribs are towed by horses some six or seven miles, and this can only be accomplished at certain times and during favorable weather, while at times of adverse winds, and freshets, it is impossible to reach many of the nets with a horse; whereas a small steam tug could collect these fish at any time, and travel over a much larger field in one-half the time, thereby saving much labor and expense, and preventing the loss of many salmon, which unavoidably takes place under the present system. In fact to make a thorough success in collecting fish from the nets, it will necessitate the procuring of some sort of craft of the kind above referred to. A boat or scow for this purpose could be got for some four or five hundred dollars. In this way we could be enabled to obtain a portion of the parent salmon from stations at and below Campbellton if necessary, and from other stations where it is impossible to get them with our present means.

The new retaining pond at Tide Head was prepared in early spring, and constructed of stakes, the lattice work with bars some 2in. apart, which allows the water to flow through freely. This plan gave perfect satisfaction. The fish did better than under the former system, and the pond, with its great length and current of water, is quite capable of containing upward of one thousand salmon. Complaint is made by certain individuals who, with hidden policy, pretend to be in favor of fishculture, but yet find fault with the whole system as pursued on the Ristigouche. This retaining pond, they say, is situated too low down on the river, asserting that the salt water is injurious to the fish, and that it would be much better if the pond were located at Matapedia. Now, although the tide regularly ebbs and flows into this pond, the water, nevertheless, is equally fresh as the water far up the stream. It is to be deplored that the water is not quite saline, for then the fish would not be subject to fungoid disease, as has been proved to be the case in the pure salt water ponds at Tadoussac and other places. I have merely quoted the above to show the ignorance and envy of certain parties who visited this pond in October last, and decried it in every possible manner, and circulated many falsehoods in connection with it, and even went so far as to put forth the wicked idea that lime could be thrown into the pond, which would quickly destroy the fish. Such malicious expressions coming from parties holding responsible positions, and from whom better should be looked for, are, I fear, forebodings of evil intent.

Mr. Philip Vibert, officer in charge, reports of his salmon hatching as follows:

The ova in this establishment proved very good last winter. The loss was only fifty thousand, or a little over eight per cent. The greatest loss was in the month of May while the fry were hatching. The number of eggs recorded as having been removed or picked out in that month being 15,646. The young fish commenced hatching on the 9th of May. April was remarkably warm and fine, and no doubt hastened the hatching of the fry. The removal of the young fish was commenced on the 9th of June and finished on the 10th of July. The following is the number of fry placed in each river.

Dartmouth River, above Falls.....		200,000
" " below "		106,000
York "		120,000
St. John "		150,000
Total.....		576,000

A young lady, whose home is on Grand Isle, La., has been making a collection of the bright-plumaged birds found on the island, whose habitat, beyond question, is somewhere in the tropics. The theory is that these birds have been blown out into the Gulf during the prevalence of gales and wafted upon the Louisiana shore. It is doubtful if so beautiful a collection of birds could be made at any other point in the country than that of which we speak. A box containing fourteen specimens which were trapped and prepared for mounting by this young lady, revealed when opened a most gorgeous spectacle, the colors ranging from the brightest scarlet—a scarlet beside which that of the cardinal or red bird seems quite dull—down to the palest of pinks and blues. Some of the specimens were of the loveliest shade of yellow—one of them plumaged in black and yellow akin to the oriole. Grand Isle presents a splendid field for amateur ornithologists and collectors.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Fourth Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Waverly, N. J. Percy C. Ohl, Secretary, 44 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. A. M. Grau, Secretary, 552 East Water street.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nippen, Secretary.

Oct. 4 to 7.—Fifth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Th rd Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknell, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5400.**

SAMUEL PRICE.

OF the well-known pointer breeder, Mr. Samuel Price, of Bow, England, who died Aug. 31, the *Kennel Gazette* says:

Those very pleasant reunions of the past in connection with field trials will be recalled to the memory of many by the announcement of the death of one who has not been missed from those gatherings for nearly twenty years. Sam Price, as we have been accustomed to hear him called, was a worthy Devonshire sportsman, of somewhat the old type, as from a lad he had been habituated to the rough shooting of Devon, and to sport in those valleys and along those hillsides for pheasant, woodcock, snipe, or rabbit, or whatever turned up, and the hard work threw a charm into the pastime. To shoot without a dog, in Sam Price's opinion, would have been an infliction, and no matter what modern ideas had to do with the matter, this fine sportsman shot over pointers, and very high rangers, too, from the first of September until close time. He was a capital shot, liked one companion in his shooting rambles, who had as much appreciation of a dog's work as he had, and he liked to see the work done without the restraint of whipcord and whistle and to witness all the beautiful qualities of a dog. Those who have visited his kennels at Bow, near Exeter, have been surprised to see the freedom he allowed his young dogs. They would bound over the first fence and go straight away, and the more pluck or wildness they showed the better their owner liked them. That can all be rectified, he would say, but you cannot put it into them, and when speaking of Mike he always spoke in great pride of his hardness and endurance. He would run from Exeter to Land's End, he would declare, and hunt every field in the way.

Mr. Price's first public appearance was at Shrewsbury in 1871, when he took two puppies to that meeting called Bang and Beppo. They both ran very well, but did not win, and the general impression from their work was that the last named was the best. However, Mr. Price did not think so, as Bang from the first was his favorite, and as time went on the reputation of the owner and dog grew, as it were, together. In local circles it was talked of that Sam Price had a clinking good pointer, and the Devon pointers were coming out just now, as Mr. Francis, of Exeter, had crossed some old Devon blood with up-country strains; and Brockton's Bounce, the first field trial pointer of note, was represented by Sancho to uphold the honor of Devonshire. A bitch called Vesta, sister to Sancho, fell into the hands of Mr. Price, through the late Rev. Tom Pearce (Idstone), and he bred her to Mr. Coham's Bang, a son of Hamlet. This breeding produced Bang and Beppo, the puppies above mentioned, and Bang developed into the famous world-wide celebrity. He ran in the Cornish Trials in 1872, being then a second-season dog, and although a lemon and white dog called Rock, of Elias Bishop's, ran him fairly close, and a pointer of Mr. Coryton's ran well too, Bang won in grand style, and was the talk of the meeting by reason of the grand points he made. Mr. Price confined him to the honors of his county the next season by running him at Newton Abbot, first of all in the braces with a daughter that did not match him, and then in the All-Aged Stake, in which Bang got a terrible beating from Brakenbury's Romp, the dam of Mr. Salter's noted little bitch; and no one acknowledged more heartily than Mr. Price did that Bang on that occasion had found his master. The next year Mr. Price brought out Mike, a son of Bang, and the work of the two at the Cornish trials we shall never forget. Those who saw them declared at once that they were the best brace of pointers in the world, and from the laudations bestowed upon them Mr. Price was induced to take them to Shrewsbury for the great brace stake. This they won, beating the best pointers and setters in England, and for three successive years no brace was found good enough to dispute their supremacy. In the meantime all the greatest bench honors of the day fell to Bang, who was very soon a champion, and in the smaller sized classes Mike also cleared the boards. Two such successful pointers in the field and on the bench have not been known, but both at home and abroad the fame of Bang has been the most marked at the stud. He was the sire of Bow Bells, Bow, Mike, Young Bang, and a host of others that have made names for themselves; and it is not saying too much when we assert that the Price's Bang line of pointers has a greater and more world-wide reputation than any other strain of dog, no matter of what breed.

In private life there was no man in Devonshire more respected than Mr. Price. He was hail fellow well met with every one, the best of company, as honest as the sun, and perhaps one of the best-natured men living. As a Devon worthy he will rank very high, and the Western county has been noted for its sportsmen to include Jack Russell, Charles Trelawny, Otter Davies, *cum multis aliis*. We regret the loss of Sam Price as a friend, as one of the best pointer judges in England, and as a link of the past when we used to look forward to the field trial meetings in a way difficult perhaps now to understand.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

[Special Report.]

THE second annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trial Club took place at Morris, 42 miles southwest of Winnipeg. The trials commenced on Tuesday morning, Sept. 6, and were finished on Thursday morning by 10 o'clock. Birds were numerous and lay well to the dogs. Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., was judge, and to him is principally due the quickness in which the trials were got through. At 6:30 A. M., he would give out the night previous, the first brace must be down—and he meant it—or would put down the next brace. The committee furnished him with horse and rig to ride, but he preferred walking, keeping the handlers close to him, one on each side. He gave an exhibition of his pedestrian abilities in the heat with Paddy and Fanny M. Paddy was seen on a point fully a half mile away. The handler of Paddy (Mr. Thos. Johnson) prides himself on his running powers, although his weight is 220lbs. Seeing Paddy on a point, off he went at a four-minute gait and the judge after him. After a short distance had been traversed the judge got even with him. Nothing was said between them, but from the manner they were going each had evidently made up his mind to "get there." The terrific speed was maintained for about a quarter of a mile, when the weight began to tell on the handler. He was noticed to wobble somewhat similar to a dog with a "slack loin." Paddy was now drawing on his birds, which meant a flush unless his handler could get up in time to steady him. Seeing this he made a last desperate effort, but the pace had been too hot, and down he went. The judge magnanimously stopped and tried to assist him to his feet, but there lay a solid 220lbs. of helplessness, which was too much for the judge in his breathless condition to lift up. He tried to encourage him by saying "Come on, or Paddy will flush." "Let him flush!" gasped the handler, which Paddy did.

The Derby was run first and was won by C. A. Boxer's Duck (Dime—Forest II.). The Manitoba Kennels taking second, third, and fourth prizes with Morris, Birtle and Gretna. The Derby entries were not a brilliant lot; this is, however, not to be wondered at when only six days before the trials you can shoot game in Manitoba, consequently they lacked experience.

THE DERBY.—ENTRIES.

C. N. Williams's Gordon setter dog Kildonan (Turk—Gyp II.).
Thos. Johnson's pointer bitch Birtle (Croxteth—Bella).
Thos. Johnson's setter dog Morris (Cable—Bredna).
H. Galt's English setter dog Great Expectations (Dashing Bondhu—Duchess).
C. A. Boxer's English setter dog Duck (Dime—Flash).
Manitoba Kennels' English setter dog Morden (Mark J.—Bredna).
Manitoba Kennels' English setter bitch Regina (Mark J.—Bredna).
Thos. Moore's English setter bitch Gretna (Mark J.—Bredna).

SUMMARY.

Duck won first.
Morris won second.
Birtle won third.
Gretna won fourth.

The interest centered in the All-Aged Stake for pointers and setters. The entries were as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.

Manitoba Kennels' English setter bitch Manitoba Belle (Pride of Dundee—Jeanette).
C. W. Armstrong's white and black English setter bitch Flirt A. (Dan—Qu'Appelle Belle).
C. A. Boxer's black, white and tan English setter bitch Qu'Appelle Belle (Mark J.—Betsey).
Thos. Johnson's blue belton English setter bitch Cambria (Cambridge—Pet Laverack).
Thos. Moore's liver and white pointer dog Bert (Brandy—Maggie).
S. W. Trott's English setter dog Paddy (Ginger—Duchess Dolly).
Dr. W. M. Evan's English setter dog Pedro (Cambridge—Belle).
Manitoba Kennels' English setter bitch Winnipeg Belle (Rocketer—Manitoba Belle).
Geo. Tempest's liver and white pointer dog Saskatchewan (Bang Bang—Phœbe).
H. Galt's orange and white setter dog Swift (Dan—Qu'Appelle Belle).
D. Smith's orange and white setter bitch Fannie M. (Count Noble—Prairie Belle).
Major Bedson's black and tan setter dog Shot (Dan—Lilly).
Thos. Johnson's orange and white English setter dog Dash B. (Dash Bryson—Lucy).

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Manitoba Belle beat Flirt A.
Qu'Apelle Belle beat Bert.
Cambria beat Shot.
Paddy beat Fannie M.
Dash B., a bye.

Second Series.

Qu'Appelle Belle beat Dash B.
Cambria beat Paddy.
Manitoba Belle, a bye.

Third Series.

Qu'Appelle Belle beat Manitoba Belle.
Cambria a bye.

(Cambria ran a side heat under A. F. T. Club's new rules while the two Belles were running. This rule did not work very well in this case, as it made Cambria have to run three heats in succession.)

Final for First Prize.

Cambria beat Qu'Appelle Belle and won first.

A test heat was now run with Paddy and Shot, as to which should run with Qu'Apelle Belle for second place.

Final for Second Prize.

Shot beat Paddy.
Qu'Appelle Belle beat Shot and won second.

This gave first prize, a W. W. Greener gun and $50 cash by the club, also the championship collar for the year, to Thomas Johnson's blue belton English setter bitch Cambria, by Cambridge (Gladstone—Clip) out of Pet Laverack (Thunder—Peeress). Second prize, a $50 silver cup and $25 cash by the club, to C. A. Boxer's black, white and tan English setter bitch Qu'Appelle Belle, by Mark J. (Druid—Star) out of Betsy (Ranger II.—Princess Belle). Third prize, a breechloading gun and $10 to Manitoba Kennels' English setter bitch Manitoba Belle (Pride of Dundee—Jeanette). Fourth prize, a Vulcan stove, to C.W. Armstrong's English setter bitch Flirt A. (Dan—Qu'Appelle Belle).

The championship collar is a very handsome one, being made from the first silver taken from the Rabid Mountain Silver Mine. It consists of eleven solid silver links, 2in. square, each link engraved with portraits of celebrated dogs, Gladstone being the central one, also Bang Bang, the pointer, and hunting views. It has to be won two years in succession to become the property of the winner. The winner of this collar, Cambria, is no disgrace to her noted grandsires, old champion Gladstone and champion Thunder, being a fine upstanding bitch, with tremendous speed, going at her game straight, and looking about twice her size when on one of her stylish points. Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, Ont., who was present, pronounced her one of the grandest bitches he ever saw.

The winner of second, Qu'Appelle Belle, is a black, white and tan, compact little setter, and winner of this prize last year. She has a splendid nose, is very staunch and stylish on point, but lacks that "get there" vim and dash of the winner.

Manitoba Belle, winner of third, is a very handsome lemon belton and tan bitch, winner of the Eastern Field Trials Club medal at Madison Square Garden this year. She is a grand bitch in the field, and beat herself by her extreme jealousy of the other dogs. Later in the season she would keep Cambria hustling.

Flirt A., winner of fourth, is a black, white and tan bitch, and will make the best of them look to their laurels another year, being one of the most stylish roaders your correspondent ever saw.

At the conclusion of the trials the judge and visitors were invited to stay over for a shoot, the winning dogs being placed at their service. A fusilade was kept up for a couple of days, when the party returned to town loaded with game, everybody satisfied, even the losers, but with a grim determination and a look in the eye that plainly said, "Look out for me next year." MANITOBA.

SPANIELS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is it not time that the cocker breeders of America were making a move to decide what is to be our standard for breeding? Are we to have one type of cocker for the field and another type for the bench? There is no doubt that we are fast drifting away from the English standard. Is this wise? To be sure there is no reason why we should hold to hard and fast rules because they are laid down by our brother fanciers in the "Old Country," but decidedly it is time we took some steps in this matter, either to draw back before it is too late and breed our dogs up to the English standard, or to adopt another for ourselves that we may all have one object in view, and discarding all not approaching this standard from our breeding kennels, thus raise the cocker of this country to a level with other standard sporting dogs. At present we are "a house divided against itself," and we are sure to come to grief sooner or later. The first question to decide and the one on which there is the greatest diversity of opinion is that of height in proportion to the length of the body. Are we to breed dogs for the bench that will be next to worthless in the field, or are we to have two distinct varieties—and we are fast drifting that way—one for show purposes and another for working?

A controversy was commenced in your columns by Mr. Charlesworth's attack upon a Detroit gentleman, because the latter undertook to praise the qualities of a rival breeder's dogs. Surely the gentleman in question had a right to express his opinion and if it savored too much of the "ad.," it was for you to decide. If he lauded this type and a certain breeder he did not do it at the expense of any one else. A discussion opened with so much evident ill feeling can do no good—rather the reverse. What we want is the fair and honest opinion of breeders who have had some experience, given coolly and not written on the spur of the moment or in a temper because we imagine some one has "tread on the tail of me coat" and in a "knock the chip from my shoulder" style. If our breeders will open up through your columns a discussion on the subject and treat it in as friendly a manner as the one going on at present on "Beagles for Bench and Field," I guarantee that the American Spaniel Club will awaken from its lethargy and we will in the end get a standard to breed to that will be satisfactory to all parties and one that our judges will stick to; but as long as judges recognize and award the highest honors to dogs that cannot work—and I guarantee that few of our prize winners would stand many days hard running on the stubble or in the brush—there will necessarily be dissatisfaction. I have to plead guilty to breeding these short-legged cockers, but why; simply because our judges recognize them, and until some rule is given to go by, who can say they are wrong, and as long as they continue to breed them, "for we might as well be out of the world as out of fashion," but at the same time I shall be glad to see a change.

To satisfy myself as to the opinion of the majority of our breeders, I have lately taken upon myself to send to them a copy of the inclosed circular and scale for measurement, to be returned. These are coming in slowly, but those already received show the difference of their views and the necessity for a fixed mark at which to aim in our breeding. For instance, the length from stop to root of tail and the height at shoulder vary all the way from 28in. and 10in. to 25in. and 14in. Now, there must be a great difference in two dogs corresponding to these measurements. Many have not yet returned the scale, and I beg them, through your columns, to do so; others who may not have received the forms will confer a favor by making out a form and forwarding it, and as a result I hope to furnish some interesting memoranda collected in this way, but cannot do so until I get a larger return. I would not ask them to fix the standard at either of the extremes I have given, but to strike a happy medium that will give us a strong, hardy little fellow, which is at the same time beautiful to the eye. I wish some of our breeders would give their opinions; but please do not jump down my throat because I have ventured to open my mouth.

Another point on which we differ from the English standard is the amount of feather. The latter says, "Sufficient feather of the right sort * * * but not too profuse," while our present guide reads, "ears well clothed with long silky hair; chest, legs and tail well feathered." There is no doubt that the very abundant feather makes a handsomer appearing dog, but is it not a drawback in the field? Here again we must decide, are they to be sporting or bench dogs, for do not our judges give the first places to those dogs—other points being equal—which have the longest and most abundant feathering?

Now, we have a spaniel club and it is their place to regulate these things, but by all means let us hear the opinion of all our fanciers. CHAS. M. NELLES.

BRANTFORD, Canada, Sept. 8.

[COPY OF CIRCULAR.]

BRANTFORD, Sept. 1, 1887.—Dear Sir: In order to get the views of the various breeders of cockers in the country as to the proper height, etc., I take the liberty of asking you to fill out the inclosed form and forward it to me. In giving the measurements kindly have in view what you consider to be a "typical cocker." I would also be much pleased if you would add any remarks that you consider essential or appropriate in view of the much-talked-of question of bench vs. working cockers. Hoping that I am not trespassing too much on your time, believe me, yours sincerely, CHAS. M. NELLES.

MEASUREMENTS OF A TYPICAL COCKER.

	Inches.
Tip of nose to stop	"
Stop to occiput	"
Stop to root of tail	"
Shoulder to ground	"
From ear to ear (root)	"
Tip to tip of ear	"
Root of tail to ground	"
Forearm to elbow	"

DEATH OF FAUST.—The well-known pointer dog Faust died recently in St. Louis. He was whelped in May, 1875, and imported from England by the St. Louis Kennel Club in 1879. He was a grand dog, both on the bench and in the field, and has left a large number of descendants to perpetuate his memory.

THE ST. PAUL SHOW.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 17.—The first show of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club was held here Sept. 13 to 16. The club scored a great success. The entries numbered 355. The St. Paul papers were friendly to the show and did much to boom it. A good attendance paid in so much gate money that the exhibition was a financial success. This is encouraging, and the club are in for another exhibition next year. All did their share, but Supt. Chas. Weil deserves a big lot of the credit. His duties were multifarious, but he never for a moment lost his head. Everything was done when it ought to be done, and as it ought to be done. The exhibitors appreciated his work, and got up a generous purse as a testimonial.

The dogs were well cared for. The olfactories of the visitors had due regard, and no bad smells offended the most fastidious. Everything went smoothly. It was just as if St. Paul had had a bench show every year since bench shows were known. But public interest was of the sort given to novelties. They did not get enough of the show in the time allotted, so it was held over until this afternoon.

The judges were John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., for pointers, setters, foxhounds, greyhounds, deerhounds, beagles, dachshunde, Irish water spaniels, Chesapeakes, Scotch, Dandie Dinmont and Skye terriers; and J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., all other classes. No dissatisfaction was expressed with the awards; there was no "kicking."

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap; 2d, H. J. Moreton's Prince Cole. Reserve, G. Markert, Jr.'s Victor Hugo. Very high com., W. G. Whitehead's Marco II. High com., Wacouta Kennels' Corsair. Com., Miss A. Thompson's Turk. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, reserve and very high com., Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose, Phædra, Persephone and Tamora. High com., Dr. R. H. Patterson's Tonka. Com., J. McIntosh's Elfrida and D. Macpherson's Chispa. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, C. E. Thompson's Tiger Royal and King Homer. Very high com., Mrs. S. M. Barnes's Flo. Com., J. J. Ahern's Bruno.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles. *Bitch:* R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Dent's Folko; 2d, Coughcura Med. Co.'s Otto II. Very high com., J. H. Schulze's Bismarck. *Bitches:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Noma; 2d and very high com., R. J. Sawyer's Floss and Priscilla. High com., W. H. Dent's Barrina.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, G. W. Bohn's Elcho.

LEONBERGS.—1st, very high com. and com., Miss M. Wellesley's Monarch, Cæzar and Sultan; 2d, J. H. Schulze's Rab.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Leo; 2d, C. McDonald's Major. High com., C. M. Bunker's Prince.

GREAT DANES.—CHAMPION—Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Wright's Nero; 2d, Osceola Kennels' Alligator. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Osceola Kenuels' Donna Minka and Narka. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Osceola Kennels' Alligator and Nushka.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, W. Staples's Scott; 2d, C. Ammundson's Jumbo.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Abbott Kennels' Sister in Black'—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Abbott Kennels' Rake; 2d, J. O'Connor's Prince. Very high com., A. C. Over's Ormonde. High com., W. F. Peet's Launcelot. Com., T. H. Jones's Max; G. H. Brown's Ned. *Bitches:* 1st, Abbott Kennels' Hawthorne Belle; 2d, Miss Ida A. Jones's La Gitana. Very high com., O. F. Thomas's Pearly. Com., R. B. Bushnell's Maud. *Puppies:* 1st, O. F. Thomas's Don; 2d, E. Marshall's Tip-Top.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—ROUGH—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, G. W. Kirkstead's Monday and Barnum. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, very high com., high com., and com., G. W. Kirkstead's Gympsie, Nan, Wave, Nellie and Shan. Very high com., Osceola Kennels' Misfortune.—SMOOTH—*Dogs:* 1st, B. Beaupre's Seal; 2d, Osceola Kennels' Drake. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Osceola Kennels' Dundee and Traitress. *Puppies:* 1st, J. W. Stevens's Dick; 2d, Osceola Kennels' Waif.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Schmidt's Bow Faust; 2d, Detroit Kennel Club's Fleet. Very high com., J. C. Pratt's Chum. Com., O. Adler's Bello. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, T. Donoghue's Queen and Rose Croxteth. Very high com., W. H. Strickland's Cute. Com., H. A. Hokemeyer's Pluto.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. H. Kraft's Robin Adair.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Donoghue's Vanguard; 2d, W. P. Warner's Don. Very high com., H. A. Wetmore's Chester. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Donoghue's Juno S.; 2d, G. T. Schurmeier's Floss. Com., A. M. Young's Molly Maguire.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, E. S. Burridge's Flash; 2d, A. J. Klofanda's Western Bang Bang. *Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Burridge's Flight.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. S. Hudson's Dan Wilson; 2d, R. T. Kennedy's Prince Royal H. Very high com., W. F. Bickel's Kid, T. G. Davey's Knight of Snowden, T. Donoghue's Duke Gladstone. High com., J. S. Schneider's Spot, T. Donoghue's Druid Spot. Com., W. P. Warner's Prince, D. O'Shea's Brant. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Belle; 2d, T. Donoghue's Blue Cubas. Very high com., A. A. Bogen's Dashing Flora, W. H. Robinson's Lady F., T. Donoghue's Dictator's Queen. High com., E. Edmund's Puppie E. Com., H. A. Hokemeier's Sporty.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Donoghue's Noble Boy; 2d, D. O'Shea's Sport. Very high com., T. Donoghue's Duke Gladstone's Boy. High com. and com., W. R. Burkhard's Bob and Don. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Bogen's Western Queen; 2d and very high com., T. Donoghue's Noble Girl and Blue Hornet. Com., J. S. Schneider's Queen.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—J. A. Sprague's Brush.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. L. Carmichael's Mac; 2d, E. Mahar's Larry S. Very high com., Hanly Bros.' Red River Glencho, W. F. Bickel's Dan. High com., J. Pfister's Spy and Dan, Hanly Bros.' Pat. Com., F. F. Loomis's Grouse, J. H. Naylor's Frank. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Sprague's Megora; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Jessie. Very high com., Hanly Bros.' Red River Jessie, T. Donoghue's Irish Maud. High com., W. O'Brien's Fanny, J. A. Sprague's Lorraine. Com., A. H. Boxrud's Nellie and Osceola Kennels' Fly.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Hanly Bros.' Red River Glencho; 2d, J. Pfister's Jeff. *Bitches:* 1st, Hanly Bros.' Red River Jessie.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* W. L. Hammett's Royal Duke.—*Bitch:* W. L. Hammett's Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. H. Christ's Alp; 2d, Winslow & Klofanda's Rory. Very high com., H. Blackwood's Frost. High com., H. P. Watson's Dot. *Bitches:* 1st, R. Blackwood's Flattery.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo.—OPEN—1st, J. J. Johnson's Dan Johnson; 2d, M. A. Calhoun's O'Leary.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Osceola Kennels' Joe-Joe. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Roche's Fan; 2d, J. Smith's Topsey.

COCKER SPANIELS.—OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, C. M. Nelles's Rufus; 2d and very high com., Osceola Kennels' Brownie and Alta. High com., E. Atwater's Nell II. Com., E. W. Peet's Dora.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Mike; 2d, J. W. Stevens's Black Ben. High com., Campbell & Blake's Nob. *Bitches:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Juno W.; 2d, high com. and com., Osceola Kennels' Night, Darkness and Black Sis. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and high com., Osceola Kennels' Barto, Tannie and Patter.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—D. O'Shea's Rattler.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Bross's Dexter; 2d, D. O'Shea's Tomboy. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Bross's Roxy; 2d, D. O'Shea's Fairmaid. Very high com., J. J. Ahern's Pansy, J. Bross's Flora II. High com., J. Bross's Bell and Reta, D. O'Shea's Music.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, I. S. Haack's Grit; 2d, J. A. Graham's Witch. Very high com., Mrs. L. M. Barnes's Otto.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Ranger; 3d, C. B. Richmond's Heck. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Roxey II.; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Lady Stewart. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Stormer II. and Blossom.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Bonnie Huntroon; 2d, J. A. Long's Clifton Hero. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Spoiled Miss and Luella. High com. and com., J. A. Long's Sparkle and Miss Sooty Scott. *Puppies:* 1st, E. W. Peet's Don II.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Teague's Toro; 2d, J. W. Niblette's The Judge. *Bitches:* 1st, W. W. Silvey's Duchess of Kent. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. C. W. Ryder's Fly.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—F. F. Dole's Count.—OPEN OVER 25LBS.—1st and high com., W. Mariner's Lady in White and Nimble; 2d and high com., F. F. Dole's Young Venom and Countess. Reserve, A. J. Woolley's Turk. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Silly. High com., J. W. Kennedy's Nellie.—UNDER 25LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Barton; 2d, W. Mariner's Cribb. *Bitches:* 1st, W.

Mariner's Nectar II; 2d, A. C. Over's Kit. *Puppies:* 1st, W Mariner's Cribb.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Lever's Little Swell; 2d, E. A. Killett's Dart. High com., W. R. Merriam's Jim. *Bitches:* 1st, I. H. Shepherd's Lady Winnie; 2d, L. F. Black's Minnie IV. Com., E. Lever's Varsity. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Mr. A. J. Lytle's Topsey and Fritz.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., J. H. Naylor's Glenlyon and Lowrie, Dunbar, Glengarry and Glen Glow. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Rosie and Fanny Fern.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Cromwell and Bonnie Briton. Com., Mrs. J. Barbox's Rogie. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Pansy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Drollie and Harrie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. Thomas Race's Jack and Gypsie.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and very high com., C. T. Thompson's Geesela and Bedad; 2d and very high com., H. Paul's Benedictine and Winonah. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Gerry Owen and Fly.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Campbell & Black's Turk. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, E. Lever's Safety and Royal Agnes. Very high com., Campbell & Blake's Nanon. Com., H. C. Noble's Topsy.—UNDER 7LBS.—1st, W. G. Whitehead's Tiny; 2d, H. J. Moreton's Punch. Very high com., J. F. Cumming's Spark.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Bitch:* H. L. Goodman's Bo Peep.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Trondle's Kelbie; 2d, very high com. and high com., Mrs. C. S. Cummings's Little Chubby, Tommy Muggins and Colonel. Reserve, Mohawk Kennels' Bijou. High com., E. F. Warner's Boba. Com., J. R. Richard's Pudgie. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Frankie C. and Tody. Reserve, Mrs. C. S. Cummings's Flossey. Very high com., Campbell & Blake's Rubie F. High com., Mrs. S. M. Barnes's Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Frankie C.; 2d, M. Wood's Punch. Reserve, Mrs. S. M. Barnes's Queen. Very high com. and high com., Mrs. T. G. Davis's Blossom and Colonel II.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. C. W. Ryder's Lady.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, Mrs. M. B. Williams's Gypsie.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shea's Zulu and Sting II.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25LBS.—Equal 1st, E. J. Warner's Ike and Miss Mary E. Morris's Dwight.—UNDER 25LBS.—1st, Miss Ida A. Jones's Topsey; 2d, A. C. Over's Rosie. Very high com., Osceola Kennels' Skipper and Mrs. L. M. Barnes's Martha. Com., Mrs. C. A. McNeale's Doctor.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Largest entry, D. O'Shea; best owned by a lady in Minneapolis, Miss M. Wellesley's Monarch; collection of water dogs, G. W. Kierstead; non-sporting, J. H. Naylor; sporting, T. Donoghue; largest entry by a member of the club, Osceola Kennels; owned by a lady in St. Paul, Mrs. M. B. Williams's Gypsie; collection of terriers, J. H. Naylor; best setter from Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin or Winnipeg, Winslow & Klofanda's Rory; any other State, W. S. Hammett's Royal Duke; collection of setters, T. Donoghue; pointers, T. Donoghue; largest dog, Miss M. Wellesley's Monarch, 172lbs.; smallest, Campbell & Blake's Tiny, 4½lbs.; decorated bench, Miss Cummings; cage, Mrs. Race; trick dog, Osceola Kennels' Skipper; kennel mastiffs, Wacouta Kenuels; best mastiff, Wacouta Keunels' Wacouta Nap; owned by club member, W. G. Whitehead's Mars II.; mastiff puppy, C. G. Thompson's Tiger Royal; kennel St. Bernards (2), R. J. Sawyer; best St. Bernard, R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles; owned by club member, G. W. Bohn's Elcho; Newfoundland, D. O'Shea's Leo; Great Dane, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar; kennel (2), Osceola Kennel; deerhound, W. Staples's Scott; greyhound, Abbott Kennels' Hawthorn Belle; Chesapeake Bay dog, G. W. Kierstead's Monday; bitch, same owner's Gympsie; kennel, same; owned by club member, B. Beaupre's Seal; puppy, J. W. Stephen's Dick; pointer (2), T. Donoghue's Juno S.; kennel, same owner; brace, same owner; owned by club member, W. P. Warner's Don; owned in Minnesota, E. S. Burridge's Flash; puppy, the same; English setter (2), J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson; kennel, divided between T. Donoghue and D. O'Shea; owned by club member, W. F. Bickel's Kid; puppy, T. Donoghue's Noble Boy; owned in Minnesota, A. A. Bogen's Western Queen; Irish setter, J. A. Sprague's Brush; kennel, same owner; brace, same owner; owned by club member also in Minnesota, W. F. Bickel's Dan; puppy owned in Minnesota, J. Pfister's Jeff; black and tan setter, W. L. Hammett's Royal Duke; owned in Minnesota, R. Blackwood's Frost; Irish water spaniel, T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo; field spaniel, A. Roche's Fan II.; cocker, C. M. Nelles's Juno W.; kennel, Osceola Kennels; beagle, D. O'Shea's Rattler; dachshund, J. S. Haack's Grit; foxhound, D. O'Shea's Roxey II.; kennel, J. H. Naylor; collie, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot; pair, same owner; kennel, same owner; bulldog, J. Teague's Toro; bull-terrier, F. F. Dole's Count; kennel, same owner; puppy, W. H. Mariner's Cribb; fox-terrier, E. Lever's Little Swell; owned in Minnesota, E. A. Kellet's Dart; puppy, Mrs. A. J. Lytle's Topsey; Scotch terrier, J. H. Naylor's Glenlyon; Dandy Dinmont, same owner's Pansy; Skye terrier, same owner's Drollie; black and tan terrier, over 7lbs., W. G. Whitehead's Tiny; toy, the same; pug, Mohawk Kennels' Frankie C.; owned in Minnesota, Mrs. C. S. Cummings's Little Chubby; kennel, Mohawk Kennel; Yorkshire terrier (2), Mrs. T. Race's Jack; Mexican hairless, Mrs. M. B. Williams's Gypsy; Irish terrier, C. J. Thompson's Geesela; pug puppy, Mohawk Kennels' Frankie C.; black and tan terrier puppy, W. G. Whitehead's Tiny; Italian greyhound, Mrs. C. W. Ryder's Lady.

THE WAVERLY DOG SHOW.

THE fourth dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, held at Waverly this week, is not nearly up to its predecessors in point of numbers. None of the classes have filled well, although the spaniels are fairly well represented in numbers and are of excellent quality. The attendance on Tuesday and Wednesday was about the same as on the corresponding days last year. Judging began shortly before 12 o'clock on Tuesday and was finished before midnight. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Caumsett Kennels' Pharoah; 2d, J. L. Winchell's Moses; 3d, Dr. S. V. W. Stout's Danger. Very high com., P. C. Ohl's Hilderbert. *Bitches:* 1st, Caumsett Kennels' Mayflower; 2d, P. C. Ohl's Regina; 3d, withheld. Very high com., F. M. Bennett's Juno B.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Winchell's Moses. *Bitches:* No entries.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hermitage Kennels' Duke of Leeds. *Bitch:* Hermitage Kennels' Rhona. *Dogs:* Absent. *Bitches:* 1st, Hermitage Kennels' St. Bride; 2d, Mrs. A. M. Hughes's Lady Alice; 3d, Kamernap Kennels' La Duchesse. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Withheld. *Bitches:* No entries.—SMOOTH—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hermitage Kennels' Don II. *Bitch:* Hermitage Kennels' Leila.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Dunlap's Rigi. *Bitches:* Prizes withheld. High com., R. McKellin's Crevasse.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Peirson's Peter. *Bitches:* W. S. Diffenderffer's Countess Maud.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Lendrum's Pascha. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. Lendrum's Nell II.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Goodrich's Major; 2d, J. S. Moerk's Mayor. *Bitches:* No entries.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* No entries. *Bitch:* C. D. Webber's Mother Demdike.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. D. Webber's Stormy Day. *Bitches:* 1st, D. V. L. Sheppard's Flora.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. M. E. Sheppard's Melnot; 2d, H. C. Scheel's Pique. *Bitches:* No entries.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Wanda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's King of the Forest and Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Brazen and Berga. *Puppies:* No entries.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Highland Kennels' Robert le Diable. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Naso Kennels' Jimmie; 2d, G. F. Jordan's Nip; 3d, H. J. Bennett's Phelan. *Bitches:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Kate VIII.; 2d, J. W. Trantum's Daisy Ranger.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang; 2d, F. H. Hatch's Nick o' Time; 3d, F. L. Lane's Bangso. Very high com., J. M. Tracy's Banjo II. High com., P. C. Ohl's Rap. Com., J. N. Cochran's King Dan. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. R. Hitchcock's Queen Fan and Modesty; 3d, Jas. Mortimer's Flirt. Very high com., Stratford Kennels' Wanda.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Touchstone; 2d, Highland Kennels' Terry of Keystone. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Waite's June.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Absent. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. P. Vredenburgh's Prince Jestor; 2d, H. Pape's Buck II.; 3d, W. A. Poland's Rex Gladstone. *Bitches:* 1st, Naso Kennels' Mavis; 2d and 3d, Rosecroft Kennels' Forest Dora and Passion. Reserve, Delaware Kennels' Idylwoof. *Puppies:* Only entry not for competition.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Prof. L. P. Braives's Buck; 2d, R. B. Cusack's Tony. *Bitches:* No entries.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, F. M. Bennett's Rothermay; 2d, Prof. L. P. Braive's Lady Dora.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Park City Kennels' Gerald. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. W. Rodenburg's Chip; 2d, Redstone Kennels' Jack Malone; 3d, R. H. Coleman's Lancewood. *Bitches:* 1st, K. A. Spalding's Wanda.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Bronx. *Bitches:* 1st, C. J. Miller's Mina.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* A. E. Rendle's Compton Bandit. *Bitch:* Only entry not for competition.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Newton Abbot Beau; 2d, 3d and com. E. M. Oldham's Newton Abbot Laddie, Newton Abbot Lord and Dash II. Very high com. and high com., A. E. Rendle's Compton Monk and Compton Bachelor. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Newton Obo; 2d, E. R. Hearn's Miss Bend Or; 3d, E. M. Oldham's Lady Abbot. Very high com., A. E. Rendle's Lotta.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK OR LIVER—CHAMPION—*Dog:* American Cocker Kennels' Doc. *Bitch:* J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Baby Obo; 2d, A. E. Rendle's Compton Boniface; 3d, American Cocker Kennels' Dixie. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Chloe W.; 2d, G. H. Whitehead's Lady Pluto.—ANY OTHER COLOR—Absent.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, F. P. Smith's Prince S. and Dick T.; 2d, E. M. Oldham's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, E. W. Wilson's Miss Topsy.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—No entries.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. A. Shaw's Rodrick II. *Bitches:* P. G. A. Shaw's Yum Yum. *Puppies:* No entries.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennel's Nullamore. *Bitch:* Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady of the Lake.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Lockgarry and Lochinvar; 3d, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Gilford. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Bonnie Brae.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Alloway; 2d, J. S. Roger's Jim Wayne. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, G. H. Whitehead's Narka; 3d, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Star.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* H. F. Schellhass's Trailer. *Bitch:* W. S. Diffenderffer's Lou.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Springbrook Kennels' Bounce; 2d, W. S. Diffenderffer's Chimer; 3d, G. Laick's Laick's Rattler. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. F. Schellhass's Trinket and Melody.—UNDER 12IN.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, P. C. Ohl's Vixen. *Puppies:* 1st, E. Still's Frank Mohawk.

BASSET HOUNDS.—No entries.

DACHSHUNDE.—No entries.

PUGS.—CHAMPION: No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Fisher's Midget; 2d, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleve's Lillie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Fisher's Midget.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. D. Cugle's Merry Monarch and Tostig; 3d, J. E. Thayer's Quasimodo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Carmen.

BULL-TERRIERS.—OVER 25LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Grabber; 2d, J. Patterson's Judas; 3d, Sunnyside Kennels' Tony. *Bitches:* 1st, Sunnyside Kennels' Lady Tarquin.—UNDER 25LBS.—No entries.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, G. D. Woodhill's Napoleon and Romeo. *Bitches:* 1st, G. D. Woodhill's Duchess of York.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* No entries. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Luke and Raby Jack. *Bitches:* Absent.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Mortimer's Suffolk Trap; 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Sly Mixture and Raby Bounce. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Frauleln Mixture.—WIRE-HAIRED—No entries.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Withheld.

IRISH AND ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, H. Denning's Bounce.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Border Wang. *Bitches:* 1st, J. G. Cleather's Meg.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—No entries.

SKYE TERRIERS.—No entries.

TOY TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Gildersleeve's Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Wellmon's Nellie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Reddie's Donau. *Bitches:* 1st, Royal King Charles Kennels' Browny; 2d, J. B. Reddie's Nellie; 3d, Jennie Bennett's Gipsy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—J. R. Gildersleeve's Ben.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Smart, Sandy, Wallace and Dick.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, C. Kraus's King Pippin II. *Bitches:* No entries.

POODLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, P. C. Ohl's Nap.

MISCELLANEOUS.—No entries.

SELLING CLASS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. D. Buckley's Muggins; 2d, F. M. Bennett's Trix. *Bitches:* 1st, A. J. Loper's Nell.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, Caumsett Kennels' Pharaoh; St. Bernard in open classes, J. W. Dunlap's Rigi; deerhounds, J. E. Thayer's Chieftain; pointers (2), Highland Kennels' Robert le Diable; English setter, Naso Kennels' Mavis; in open classes, the same; dog, A. P. Vredenburgh's Prince Jester; Irish setter in open classes, C. W. Rodenburg's Chip; black and tan setter in open classes, Prof. L. P. Braive's Buck; field spaniel, J. P. Willey's Newton Abbot Beau; cocker spaniel, J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II.; brace, same with Chloe W.; brace field spaniels, same owner's Newton Abbot Beau and Miss Newton Obo; puppy (2), C. W. Wilson's Miss Topsy; collie, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady of the Lake; beagle, W. S. Diffenderffer's Lou; bitch, the same; brace, the same, with Chimer; bull-terriers, Sunnyside Kennels' Lady Tarquin; pug (2), G. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb; Dandie Dinmont, J. G. Cleather's Meg; King Charles, Royal King Charles Kennels' Browny; greyhound, C. D. Webber's Mother Demdike; puppy, Mrs. M. E. Sheppard's Melnotte; American bred mastiff, Caumsett Kennels' Pharaoh.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE first annual field trials of the American Field Trials Club will begin on Monday, Dec. 12, at Florence, Ala. The grounds selected are ample and well-stocked. Three events are on the card. The All-Aged Stake, free to all except winners of any all-aged stake with $300 to first, $250 to second and $200 to third. Entrance $10 with $20 additional to start. Entries close Oct. 10. The prizes are the same for the Derby, which closed with 61 nominations, 44 setters and 17 pointers. Thr Champion Stake, open to winners of first in any all-aged stake, including those of this year. Purse, $200, entrance $50. Entries close Oct. 10 for previous winners and at finish of All-Aged Stake for winner.

The list of entries for the American Field Trials Club Derby, published May 1g, was incomplete, the following having been lost in the mail:

NELLIE B. (W. H. Wallingford), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Sam Sterrit—Zoe W.), July 4.

NELLIE W. (W. H. Wallingford), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Sam Sterritt—Zoe W.), July 4.

OTTO M. (Dr. Otto Mobus), white and lemon English setter dog (Dashing Lincoln—Buck Campbell).

ROMEO (John S. Wise), liver and white pointer dog (Graphic—Seph).

BEAUFORT—PATTI M.

JERSEY CITY, Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly permit me to trespass upon your valuable space by publishing the inclosed open letter to Mr. C. M. Munhall, in answer to his letter in your issue of Sept. 8, and very much oblige, very truly, C. J. PESHALL.

C. M. Munhall, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio: DEAR SIR—Bosh. Very respectfully, C. J. PESHALL.

CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS.—Mr. James Lindsay has resigned his position with the Chestnut Hill Kennels, and will be succeeded by Mr. John Masters, who has had charge of Mr. J. Van Schaick's dogs since last spring. Mr. Masters is undoubtedly well qualified to fill his position, as he was for some time kennel man for Mr. W. R. Dockrell, London, Eng., the breeder of several of the cracks now owned by the Chestnut Hill Kennels, which were raised under the care of Mr. Masters.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the September number of the *American Kennel Register:*

COLLIES.

5297. Berlina, Mrs. S. D. Hamilton.
5298. Cora C., J. P. Covert.
5299. Fritz K., M. Cookingham.
5300. Gyp, G. B. Briggs.
5301. Gypsy Queen, F. C. Evans.
5302. Laddie, Jr., A. McCullough.
5303. Mountain Beauty, C. Van W. Fish.

GREAT DANES.

5304. Augusta, Dr. G. Nicolai.
5305. Gen. Custer, F. W. Fonda, Jr.
5306. Hector, Gen. E. Sutton.
5307. Lady Bess, F. W. Fonda, Jr.
5308. Minerva, J. G. H. Werner.
5309. Paula, Dr. G. Nicolai.

MASTIFFS.

5310. Abel, C. E. Wolfe.
5311. Asia, Richland Kennels.
5312. Beaufort, P. H. Babcock.
5313. Beech Grove Bess, R. R. Bennet.
5314. Beech Grove Fiske, Mrs. M. Fiske.
5315. Bessie II., G. Aguiel.
5316. Bridget of Florine, G. K. Landers.
5317. Bruce III., Mrs. J. M. Donnelly.
5318. Bruce IV., G. Aguiel.
5319. Caution, C. W. Goodrich.
5320. Crown Prince, E. H. Moore.
5321. Donna III., H. Carpenter.
5322. East Lake Queen, C. V. Griffiths.
5323. General Stark, J. G. McCullough.
5324. Geoffrey, E. G. Thomas.
5325. Juno VII., C. N. Babcock.
5326. King Philip, P. Armington.
5327. Mrs. Stowe, E. H. Shirk, Jr.
5328. Rex II., J. O. Low.
5329. Vineyard Queen, C. H. Babcock.

POINTERS.

5330. Alp, Miss Sophia Duke.
5331. Daisy Ranger, J. Trantum.
5332. Fred H., J. M. Sharp.
5333. Gracie Ranger, G. Kissam.
5334. Jack IV., E. B. Wiggins.
5335. Lady Vixen, F. R. Page.
5336. Mable, F. E. Kyle.
5337. Virginia II., G. R. Jones.

PUGS.

5338. Bradford Dot, G. E. Peet.
5339. Bradford Duke, H. Yates.
5340. Bradford Glory, City View Kennels.
5341. Bradford Hero, City View Kennels.
5342. Bradford Leo, City View Kennels.
5343. Bradford Pet, G. E. Peet.
5344. Bradford Rowdy, City View Kennels.
5345. Bradford Teddy, City View Kennels.
5346. Bradford Tony, City View Kennels.
5347. Lady Welch, D. A. Nichols.
5348. Molly, Western Reserve Pug Kennels.
5349. Nan, R. L. Pate.
5350. Narka, Richland Kennels.
5351. Phil, W. L. Prout.
5352. Terror, N. Grecly.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.

5353. Alp, J. A. Morse.
5354. Atala, J. R. Teague.
5355. Beulah, J. Meyer.
5356. Boss, J. S. Coxey.
5357. Chequasset, A. H. Hawley.
5358. Clyte, B. Bernard.
5359. Fraulein, R. L. Pate.
5360. G. G. Howard, A. B. Brown.
5361. Gretchen, J. S. Coxey.
5362. Juno, C. W. Goodrich.
5363. Krön, J. R. Teague.
5364. Lys, Chequasset Kennels.
5365. Mayo, J. Meyer.
5366. Merchant Prince, E. H. Moore.
5367. Nachbar, R. L. Pate.
5368. Prince III., C. W. Goodrich.
5369. Prince Karl, J. L. White.
5370. Princess II., W. E. Metzger.
5371. Robin Hood, J. H. Gault.
5372. Teresa, C. F. Kelly.

SMOOTH-COATED.

5373. Chimborazo, G. H. Larned.
5374. Marvel, Chequasset Kennels.
5375. Mignon, Chequasset Kennels.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5376. Abbie, T. W. Keet.
5377. Belle of Dixie, M. F. Bragg.
5378. Flash, W. W. Brown.
5379. Kate Gladstone, L. Shuster
5380. Paris Maid, W. B. Bowen.
5381. Fan Gladstone, P. Fraser.

GORDON SETTERS.

5382. Donald, G. P. Wetmore.

IRISH SETTERS.

5383. Bronx, J. B. Blossom.
5384. Dittmar, L. Thompson.
5385. K. B., W. W. Terry.
5386. Pat, C. B. Wingate.
5387. Prince Roy, N. McIntosh.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

5388. Bramble, C. E. Shaw.
5389. Brant, C. M. Nelles.
5390. Chloe, O. B. Bates.
5391. Joe Joe, Osceola Kennels.
5392. Skip, J. L. Derby.

TERRIERS—BULL-TERRIERS.

5393. Caper, W. F. Barlow.
5394. Meg Merrilies, T. C. Harris.
5395. Nixey, F. G. Tripp.
5396. Spot Dutch, F. Samuel.
5397. Viscount, W. F. Barnard.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

5398. Don, J. Duncan.
5399. Muggins, J. J. Nussbaumer.

SKYE TERRIERS.

5400. Donald, C. Stevenson.

PHILADELPHIA FIELD TRIALS.—The fourth annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, open to all pointers and setters owned by members of the club, will be held at Frederica, Delaware, commencing Nov. 15. The following stakes will be run: Derby, open to all dogs whelped after Jan. 1, 1886, professional handlers allowed. All-Aged, professional handlers allowed. Members', in which all entries shall be handled by their owners. An entrance fee of $5 will be charged for each entry. Entries close Nov. 1. Rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club to govern. It is the expectation of the committee to give three prizes in each stake, but the committee will be governed by the number of entries in any stake.—WM. H. CHILD, Chairman.

PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the club held this evening, Feb. 28 and 29, and March 1 and 2, were claimed as the dates for our next bench show.—I. H. ROBERTS, Secretary of the Meeting.

NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.—A dog show will be held at New Haven, Conn., early next spring, under the auspices of the New Haven Kennel Club.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Otto, Tom Thumb II. and Midget. By Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., for two stone fawn pug dogs and one golden fawn bitch, whelped June 30, 1887, by Tom Thumb (imported Bogie—Darkey) out of imported Bijou (Dandy—Little Nell).

Pete Obo. By G. F. Willard, Charlestown, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 23, 1886, by Black Pete (Obo, Jr., A.K.R. 1481—Phonsie, A.K.R. 1482) out of Miss Ginger (Obo II., A.R.R. 439—Blackie III., A.K.R. 428).

Gretchen. By A. Perrin, Cambridge, Mass., for white, with black and tan markings, fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 16, 1887, by Mephisto out of Trifle (Raby Tyrant—Judy).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Media—Resolute. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Media (Arius—Nancy Lee) to their Resolute (Result—Diadem), Aug. 29.

Gaunna—Lucifer. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Gaunna (Bacchanal—Delta) to their Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor), Sept. 2.

Warren Spangle—Bacchanal. L. & W. Rutherfurd's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Warren Spangle (Splauger—Wrangle) to Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal (Belgravian—Bedlamite). Sept. 16.

Warren Jingle—Resolute. L. & W. Rutherfurd's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Warren Jingle (Splauger—Jostle) to Blemton Kennels' Resolute (Result—Diadem), Sept. 2.

Regent Virtue—Lucifer. Fred Hooy's (Long Branch, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Regent Virtue (Roysterer———) to Blemton Kennels' Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor), Sept. 15.

Nettie—Resolute. G. W. Bush, Jr.'s (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Nettie (Vicar—Gypsy) to Blemton Kennels' Resolute (Result—Diadem), Sept. 3.

Lillie—Boss. F. B. Zimmer's (Springfield, Mass.) mastiff bitch Lillie (A.K.R. 2981) to J. L. Winchell's Boss (A.K.R. 2218), Sept. 12.

Keno—Tom Thumber. Abbott Kennels' (Pontiac, Mich.) pug bitch Keno to Geo. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey), July 10.

Fussie—Tom Thumb. Marion E. Bannister's (Crawford, N. J.) pug bitch Fussie (Fritz—Tiny) to Geo. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey), July 28.

Juno IV.—Brant. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Juno W. (A.K.R. 2190) to his Brant (Obo II.—Blackie 2190), Aug. 24.

Bradford Lill—Fearnought. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bradford Lill (A.K.R. 4121) to his Fearnought (A.K.R. 5206), Aug. 21.

Pink—Fearnought. E. G. Carleton's (Chelsea, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Pink (Jack—Minnie) to P. H. Coombs's Fearnought (A.K.R. 5206), Aug. 25.

Puss—Baronet. A. Perrin's (Cambridge, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Puss (A.K.R. 4484) to his Baronet (A.K.R. 4480), Sept. 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Flossie. F. M. Shelley's (Sheridan, N. Y.) beagle bitch Flossie (Prince—Maida), Sept. 4, two dogs, by his Speculation (Ringwood—Fannie).

Darkie. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Darkie (A.K.R. 259), July 16, five (four dogs), by J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

Bijou. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Bijou (Dandy—Little Nell), June 20, three (two dogs), by his Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey).

Votary. Ed. Kelly's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Votary (Bacchanal—Delta), Aug. 18, three dogs, by his Earl of Leycester (Spice—Dame).

Diadem. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Diadem (Dugdale Joe—Diamond Dust), Aug. 26, three (two dogs), by A. H. Clarke's Result (Roys'erer—Ruse).

Belgrave Viola. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Belgrave Viola (Belgrave Joe—Viola), Sept. 11, three (one dog), by their Resolute (Result—Diadem).

Blemton Tiara. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Tiara (Result—Diadem), Aug. 24, three (one dog), by J. C. Tinne's New Forest (Splinter—Olive II.); dog since dead.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pete Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 23, 1886, by Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071) out of Miss Ginger (A.K.R. 1470), by J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., to Geo. F. Willard, Charlestown, Mass.

Mike. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1887, by Frank out of Nellie, by J. S. C. Shaw, Kingston, Ont., to C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont.

Zura. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 10, 1886, by Bang Bang out of Zanetta, by Wm. F. Todd, Portland, Me., to F. C. Hume, Galveston, Tex.

Gretchen. White, black and tan markings, fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 16, 1887, by Mephisto out of Trifle, by Alfred Foster, Hyde Park, Mass., to A. Perrin, Cambridge, Mass.

Fairy. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 28, 1887 (A.K.R. 3025), by Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn., to W. D. Baxter, Stoneham, Mass.

Vim. Golden fawn pug dog, whelped May 26, 1887, by Mo out of Flirt, by Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn., to A. S. Bosley, Baltimore, Md.

Daisy. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped Feb. 28, 1887, by Smut out of Susie, by Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn., to A. E. Adams, Clyde, N. Y.

Chris. Fawn pug dog, whelped May 26, 1887, by Mo out of Flirt, by Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn., to Miss Jenny Chaffee, Ansonia, Conn.

Bobby—Fairy (A.K.R. 3024) whelps. White, black and tan head, fox-terrier bitches, whelped March 7, 1887, by Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn., one each to W. D. Baxter, Stoneham, Mass., and J. F. Shea, Holyoke, Mass.

Mo—Flirt whelps. Pugs, whelped May 26, 1887, by Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn., a light fawn dog to Alex. Wiley, New York city; a stone fawn dog to Robert Sawer, Birmingham, Conn., and a fawn bitch to D. A. Nichols, Monroe, Conn.

Otto. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped June 20, 1887, by Tom Thumb out of Bijou, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Kid. Stone fawn pug bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Tom Thumb out of Bijou, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dictator. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped July 4, 1884 (A.K.R. 1503), by John Clary, Westfield, Mass., to F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ranger. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 3, 1885 (A.K.R. 4592), by W. J. Furness, Ogdensburg, N. Y., to W. G. Peckham, New York.

Barney. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped Sept. 4, 1886 (A.K.R. 4603), by W. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Garry. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped Sept. 14, 1884 (A.K.R. 2193), by W. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to H. H. Child, East Walpole, Mass.

Naso of Kippen—Dela whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 8, 1887, by Chas. H. Newell, Portland, Me., to R. M. Hutchings, Galveston, Tex.

DEATHS.

Nora. Gordon setter bitch, whelped March, 1884 (Sport—Clara), owned by J. L. Campbell, Simcoe, Ont., Sept. 6; accidental hanging.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

TREATMENT FOR WORMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I should like your opinion of the following recipes for worms in dogs. On page 229 of "The Management and Diseases of the Dog," by John Woodroffe Hill, are the following prescriptions: "Areca nut, 30 to 60grs., santonin, 1 to 3 drs." Now, when a man buys a book of this kind he does it for a purpose, and when he follows the directions of such a book and kills his dog, I think it is his duty to warn others against doing likewise. From the book I gave the recipe of areca nut to a friend who had a valuable setter. He gave him less than 60grs., and the result was a dead dog. Some time after this my cocker spaniel was troubled with worms, and remembering the effect that the areca nut had, and knowing that santonin was the worm medicine for children, I thought I was safe in giving him the dose prescribed in the book—1 to 3drs. I split the difference, and to be on the safe side, I weighed the santonin myself and gave him 2drs. I followed this fifteen minutes later with 2oz. castor oil. Result, in half an hour the dog had an operation, passing small white worms. Then he commenced to act strangely. He barked, and his head began to shake and his teeth to chatter, just as a person will with a bad chill. I made up my mind at once that I had got to work to save his life. He seemed to be in great pain, suffering very much. I called my wife, and I think she saved his life. She remembered a friend who had a dog poisoned, and the dog got one of her plants called cyperus (more commonly known as umbrella plant) and ate it, and vomited the poison and saved his life. As we had one of these plants we got it, and it would have done your heart good to see the little fellow devour it. He seemed to know that his life depended upon it, and after he had eaten about half of the plant he vomited freely. I then gave him about 2oz. castor oil, and rubbed him and worked over him from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon. All the time he was suffering, and seemed to see visions. This happened in January. At 4 o'clock I took him out in the snow and gave him a run, and the oil began to get in its work, but he did not fully recover for 48 hours.

Here is a clipping from the July *Druggists' Circular*, page 158: "An Excessive Dose of Santonin.—G. R. A., Kingston, Mo., was asked to put up the following for a girl eight years old:

Hyd. chlor. mitis	gr. viij.
Santonin	gr. x.

Make two capsules.

Sig: To be taken 3 hours apart.

He refused to fill the prescription and asks if he was correct. Undoubtedly. As the maximum dose for an adult is set down by recognized authority as 4 grains, no prudent apothecary would think of dispensing the foregoing prescription without further and very strong light as to the doctor and patient." Four grains to an adult, yet Mr. John Woodroffe Hill prescribes for a dog 60 to 180 grains, forty times as much as a child can stand. It is safe to say that 90 grains will kill any dog that stands. At this writing my little cocker lies at my feet, and when I tell you that money would not buy him you can imagine how much I think of him and how I feel in this matter. I think it a good plan to keep one of these plants in the house, as it takes the place of witch grass, which dogs cannot get when snow is on the ground. They will eat it when they feel the need of it just as they do the grass.

I have no doubt that if I had given a reasonable dose of santonin, say 6 or 8 grains, it would have accomplished the desired result.

JOHN HOOD.

Ans. The dose of santonin for an adult dog is from 2 to 8 grains. The flowers are used in doses from 10 to 30 grains, but the active principle santonin is the only preparation used here. Areca nut powered in doses from 20 to 60 grains is a safe remedy. Among other remedies are turpentine, oil of wormseed, filix mas, etc.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—Dog suffered from round worms. Should have been treated for them. An emetic might have dislodged the worm in the windpipe.

J. S. A., Westerly, R. I.—My setter has five raw sores on his lower jaw. I have tried carbolic soap, vaseline and whitch hazel without success. Please advise me what to do. Ans. Apply the following night and morning:

℞ Hdrarg oleat	ʒ i
Balsam peru	ʒ i
Vaseline	ʒ iss

Mix. Sig. External.

W. L. B., Smithburg, N. J.—Will you please tell me what to do for my pointer puppy, 10 weeks old? Appetite is generally very good, at times ravenous, but he is very thin and weak. I think he is troubled with worms, as he will sometimes pass a few. Ans. Give a teaspoonful of castor oil. Follow this in three hours with a santonin troche, and give three troches daily for three days. On the fourth day give two teaspoonsful of castor oil. You can get the troches at your druggist. You may powder or dissolve them.

R. J., Worcester, Mass.—Irish setter bitch about one year old has a discharge from both eyes every night. Is in apparently good health otherwise, coat good, bowels free, fed once a day. Will eat horse manure, which makes her sick. Will generally vomit after. Eyes a little inflamed. Ans. Give a five-grain quinine pill night and morning. You can conceal it in a bit of meat. Give syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses to keep the bowels regular and sponge the eyes two or three times daily with borax and warm water. Look for worms.

W.—My Irish setter bitch, three years old, has had a running of matter from the eyes for about three weeks. I have given quinine with no apparent effect. Her nose is cold and moist, appetite good and she gets plenty of exercise. She has never been sick. Please prescribe. Ans. Give 5grs. calomel, sponge the eyes with borax, glycerine and water morning and evening.

℞ Sodii biborat	ʒ ss
Glycerine	ʒ ss
Aq	ʒ iv

Mix. Sig. External.

A. H. C., Albany.—I have a brown water spaniel dog, one year old, that has occasional fits or is overcome by the heat. I exercise him every evening and Sundays during the day and it is always in the daytime during the heat that he is affected. During the day at home he is kept in a yard. Being a young dog, when he does go out he runs a great deal more than necessary. When I go to let him out he is perfectly crazy. When he has these spells he falls right over, stiffens his legs, sets his teeth. A little salt brings him out all right, makes him throw up and then he is better. I have fed him Spratts dog cake. It may be he does not have exercise enough. Ans. Give a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every morning for a week. Put 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in his food night and morning, and give more exercise.

JO., Wellsville, O.—I inclose you several specimens of an insect which is troubling an Irish setter bitch about seven months old. It eats through and imbeds itself in the skin underneath the coat, causing the hair to come out and gives the bitch considerable suffering. Its attacks are confined principally to the head, but a few may be found on other portions of the body. Applications of carbolic and sulphur soaps and other preparations recommended by druggists, have proved of no benefit. Can you suggest a suitable remedy? Ans. Apply oleate of mercury after having washed with juniper tar soap and dried thoroughly. You can comb the oleate in with a coarse comb. A strong solution of carbolic acid will kill the lice. They are apt to return, so that treatment must be kept up after they have apparently disappeared.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

DURING the past week the fifteenth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was held on the Creedmoor range. The gathering was at once a success and a failure. There were few marksmen and there were tiptop scores. In many of the annual matches the record was beaten, and 1887 stood at the head of the list. The regulars were there, a team of them, but met with indifferent success. Three States sent teams, despite the fact that the big Philadelphia display was drawing to itself every possible man in uniform.

The meeting opened with very stormy weather on Monday and the elements were so rude that the shooting for that day was declared off. The weather for the remainder of the week almost made up the difference, and on some of the days the conditions were very good, and Major H. C. Brown, the executive officer, had not the nuisance of weather-bound matches to bother him. The machinery of the meeting worked well, and Saturday night found the programme completed and each of the nineteen matches out of the way. In some the rivalry was keen and sharp; in others the winners had virtual walk-overs.

The handicapping in the matches to bring the various styles of rifles on an equality at the firing point made much delay in working out the records. It is a question which the directors of the N. R. A., in common with all practical range managers, find forced upon them. How it has worked a glance at the full score record will show. On this point it would be well for the management to insist upon having the score card show all that is possible about the weapon used. "M. B. L." means nothing on Creedmoor range, nor does "Sp. mil." particularly. In the many changes through which military arms are put to improve their shooting qualities, it is a fine question just now to say when a rifle is in the same condition as issued. No doubt there is a good deal of practical infraction of the rules going on, but it would require a gunsmith in many cases to get at the facts.

The meeting brought two protests. The first was in the Inter-State military match, where Sergt. Dolan, of the N. Y. team, fired his 600yds. score from the back position, whereas the conditions required the "prone" position. Much confusion was created by the action of the executive office in deciding that the score of Dolan should be thrown, then by deciding that the back position was in reality a "prone" position and allowing the score, and finally sending a telegram from his house to the range, in which he returned to his original position and sustained the protest of the Massachusetts men. The matter was so simple that it is surprising to think that anybody should have a second opinion on the subject. The several definitions of "standing," "kneeling," "prone" and "any" positions are now well established, and Brown showed himself very green in the whole case.

Another protest was about the revolver score of H. V. Brower He is a son of the range keeper, and his scores were made after first horn sound and before the second horn had given the order to start the firing. Young Brower had charge of the telephone service, and hence he shot at this time when no one was present at the revolver target but the marker and scorer. He recorded two scores of 47 and one of 48, and on an unusually windy day, and as some of the acknowledged best revolver shots of the country were unable to score but 44 in calm weather, the patrons of this match were suspicious that the scores were not genuine, and protests were filed, which were allowed. Mr. Brower has appealed to the executive committee, but it will be surprising indeed if the scores are allowed under all the circumstances.

It will be well if competitors will study the rules carefully and every point in the conditions of each match entered. It would save much wrangling and ill-feeling, while for the directors to permit the least infraction of any condition of a match would be a virtual reduction of the whole meeting to a go-as-you-please skirmish fire.

Under all the conditions of rain and subsequent high winds, and with the careful avoidance of publicity which the directors now so carefully follow, the success of the meeting has been noteworthy. The full record of the meeting stands:

No. 1. Directors' Match.—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A.; rounds, 5; standing; any military rifle, including specials; entrance fee, $1; re-entries allowed. Prize: The Directors' Championship Gold Badge, shot for annually, and held by the winner during the year; 7 entries:

G W Wingate.....5 5 5 4 3—22

No. 2. Judd Match.—Offered annually, open to all comers, any military rifle, including specials; Remington rifles, State model, .50-cal., will be allowed one point on each score; 200yds.; standing; rounds, 7; entries and re-entries, $1 each; only three entries allowed to be shot on each day; match to occupy two days; the aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes, the winners to have the choice of prizes in the order of merit of their scores. First prize, a fine silver watch, value $30, presented by Messrs. Benedict Bros., of No. 171 Broadway; 25 cash prizes, viz., $25, $20, $15, $10, six of $8, seven of $6 and eight of $5 each; 259 entries.

P N Brower, I	4555555+1—35	G L Hoffman, Rem. 50	5435555+1—33
Rem .50	5554534+1—32—67	H R Anderson, Spg.	4544555—32
F J Rabbeth, Sharp.	5554555—34	R B Edes, Spg.	4544555—32
	4554545—32—66	C E Tayntor, Sharp.	4544575—32
C B Pratt, Spg.	5554555—34	C H Gaus, Sharp.	5454455—32
	5554544—32—66	J M Pollard, Spg.	4554545—32
F R Bull, Spg.	4555454—32	W M Merrill, Spg.	4455545—32
	5555545—34—66	W W Bull, Spg.	5445545—32
T J Dolan, Sharp.	5555545—34	WC Johnston, Jr, Spg.	4554545—32
	4545145—31—65	G W Lotz, Rem .50.	4545545+1—32
F Stuart, Sharp.	5555455—34	EF Young, Rem .50.	4544545+1—32
SB Wetherold, Sp Mil.	5445555—33	S S Bumstead, Spg.	5455445—32
J Shepherd, Rem .50.	4544555+1—33	N G Hussey, Spg.	5545445—32
W M Farrow, Spg.	4555525—32	ElieForest, Rem .50.	4445554+1—32
H T Rockwell, Sp Mil.	5555454—33	C W Hinman, Spg.	4554551—32
J G Bodenstein, Sp Mil.	3555555—32		

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States; 1,000yds., 30 shots, any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed. Position, any without artificial rest. Entrance fee, $2. First prize, the Wimbledon Cup. Presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the N. R. A. of America, to be competed for on conditions to be decided upon by the National Rifle Association of America, and to be held by the winner till the next fall meeting, when it will be shot for on the same conditions. Value, $500; 3 entries. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton; in 1876 by I. L. Allen; in 1877 by Dudley Selph; in 1878 by Frank Hyde; in 1879 by C. H. Laird; in 1880 by W. M. Farrow; in 1881 by E. J. Rabbeth; in 1882 by W. Hudworth; in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell; in 1884, 1885 and 1886 by J. W. Todd.

T J Dolan.....0560250404—20 3202545325—32 25345453R3—84—86

No. 4. President's Match for the Military Championship of the United States of America.—First stage, 200 and 500yds, 7 shots at each distance. Open to all members of the army, navy and marine corps of the United States, or the national guard of any State. Each competitor to appear in the uniform worn by the orginization of which he is a member. Remington State model and Springfield .45-cal., three grooved and chambered for 2 1-10in. shell only or any rifle issued by any State to its national guard; .50-cal. Remington rifles will be allowed one point. Twenty-three prizes, viz.: $25, $20, $15, ten of $10, and ten of $5 each. Total, $210. Entrance fee, $3 to both stages. Second stage, open to all prize winners in the first stage; 600yds.; number of shots, 10; position, any; rifles, same as in first stage, but .50-cal. Remington State model will receive one point allowance. Prize, the mid-range championship of America for one year, and cash $25, presented by President Cleveland, to be awarded to the competitor making the highest aggregate score in both stages; 53 entries.

	200yds.	500yds.
T J Dolan, Sharp	5454454—31	5555555—35 —66
J D Mountjoy, Spg.	5544554—32	5545545 —34 —66
T G Austin, Rem. 50.	5455545—32	5555454—33+1—66
J S Shepherd, Rem 50.	4445545—30	5455555—34+1—65
F Root, Spg.	5554444—31	5545555—34 —65
G S Scott, Jr, Rem 50.	5455445—30	4555555—34+1—65
G W Poulton, Spg.	5545545—31	5555455—34 —65
H Weagraff, Spg.	4454445—30	5554555—34 —64
G C Greenough, Spg.	3554444—29	5554555—34 —63
W C Johnston, Jr, Spg.	4544454—30	4555554—33 —63
W A Stokes, Rem 50.	5544353—29	5545554—33+1—63
J F Klein, Rem 50.	5444544—30	5454545—32+1—63
M W Bull, Spg.	4445545—31	5455445—32 —63
S C Pirie, Rem 50.	5454454—31	3555145—31+1—63
W M Farrow, Spg.	5545454—30	5544545—32 —62
C E De la Vergne, Rem 50.	5444554—31	3554555—30+1—62
C W Hinman, Spg.	5454455—32	3545535—30 —62
F R Bull, Spg.	5555445—33	4453445—29 —62
D H Ogden, Rem 50.	4444544—29	5544445—31+1—61
C A Jones, Rem 50.	4454454—30	5454454—31+1—61
H C Brown, Rem 50.	4444445—29	3544555—31+1—61
Geo Doyle, Spg.	5544444—30	3555445—31 —61
Frank Stuart, Sharp.	4535455—30	5554553—31 —61

Second Stage—600yds.

T G Austin, Rem 50.....5555545455+1—49+66—115

No. 5. The Long Range Military Match—Any military rifle, including specials, 800, 900 and 1000yds. Any position. Open to all comers. Ten shots at each distance. Entrance $3. Eight prizes, viz., $20, $15, $10, $8, $7, and three of $5 each. Eleven entries.

	800yds.	900yds.	1,000yds.
J S Shepherd	5534555433—44	5453455555—46	3505545235—39—129
F J Rabbeth	5455435445—44	3345554354—40	4355555454—44—128
T J Dolan	5355444444—42	5554235554—44	5345235553—35—121
J F Klein	5553335355—46	4535544444—40	2344454404—34—124
C W Hinman	4543445454—42	5404545534—37	5553340335—36—115
W M Merrill	5455554445—44	0555333552—26	5054533320—30—100
F Stuart	2344555345—40	0302455535—30	5445034450—36—106
G Joiner	5433350534—35	3235243455—36	r233345525—31—102

No. 6. The Tiffany Match—All-comers' continuous match, 200yds. Number of shots 7, on the American standard target. Any rifle within the rules. The allowance for special military rifles will be 3 points, for other military rifles 4 points, and for the Remington State model, .50-cal., 5 points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military. The first prize will be a silver vase presented by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. Thirty-one cash prizes aggregating $264, viz., $50, $25, $20, $15, 5 of $10, 7 of $7 and 15 of $5 each. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. The allowance for military and special military rifles will be added to the total scores made. In case of ties the tie in each case will be decided in favor of the competitor having the fewest shots of low value. Extra prizes of $5, $3 and $2 will be awarded each day to the competitors making the three highest single scores. Entries unlimited; fee $1 each ticket or three for $2 if taken at one time. Four hundred and ninty-eight entries.

Walther	65 62 59 —186	Betts	60 53 52 —165
Dolan	60 57 56+10—183	Anderson	56 55 53 —164
Ellsworth	61 60 60 —181	Newman	58 53 52 —163
Farrow	62 60 58 —180	Edes	55 48 47+12—162
Joiner	61 60 59 —180	M W Bull	52 51 45+12—160
Munson	61 59 59 —179	Moring	51 49 48+12—158
White	60 59 59 —178	Uhler	53 54 45 —157
Gensch	60 50 57 —176	Duane	53 52 52 —157
Rabbeth	56 56 55+ 9—176	Wetherald	49 49 49+ 9—156
Tayntor	60 59 56 —175	Hussey	47 51 44+12—154
Hinman	60 59 56 —175	Ogden	48 45 45+15—153
Case	58 57 57 —172	Seeds	52 50 49 —151
Cran	56 54 51+ 9—170	Lewis	52 50 48 —150
Hawes	59 56 55 —170	Herrington	54 51 45 —150
Pratt	56 53 48+12—169	O'Donnell	57 49 49 —149
Beardsley	56 56 55 —167	Heinel	54 48 45 —147

Extra Prizes.—Sept. 12.

T J Dolan, Sharp	10	5	7	10	7	10	8	3+4—61		
M W Bull, Spg.	9	10	7	7	10	4	5	5+4—59		
J M Pollard, Spg.	9	4	9	9	3	8	4	4+4—54		

Sept. 13.

G F Ellsworth, Bal.	10	9	7	8	10	8	9	—61		
E Munson, Bal	9	8	10	10	9	8	7	—61		
W M Farrow, Far.	9	9	8	6	10	8	10	—60		

Sept. 14.

W M Farrow, Far.	9	10	7	9	9	8	10	—62		
C W Hinman, May.	10	8	9	10	7	9	7	—60		
T J Dolan, Sharp	9	8	7	8	5	10	9	+3—59		

Sept. 15.

Geo E Betts, Bal.	8	9	9	7	10	10	7	—60		
Geo F Ellworth, Bal.	10	9	9	7	9	6	10	—60		
C E Gensch, Jr., Bal.	7	8	6	9	10	10	10	—60		

Sept. 16.

A E White, Bal.	8	9	9	7	10	10	7	—60		
W M Farrow, Far.	7	8	9	10	8	7	9	—58		
S J Newman, Bal.	6	9	9	6	9	10	9	—58		

Sept. 17.

B Walther, Bal.	8	8	10	10	10	9	10	—65		
T J Dolan, M. B. L.	6	10	10	9	7	10	8	+3—63		
Geo Joiner, Bal.	10	7	7	10	7	10	10	—61		

No. 7. Governor's Match—7 shots at 500yds.; position, any. Rifle, any military, including specials. Open to all comers. Entries $1 each or three for $2 if taken at one time. $200 divided into 25 prizes, viz.: $25, $20, $15, $10; six of $8, seven of $6 and eight of $5 each. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores, and ties in totals to be decided by the next best score (or scores). Allowance for Rem. rifles 50cal, four points, other military rifles two points on three scores, and in the same proportion for single scores; 231 entries.

Stuart	35	35	35	—105	Cavanagh	33	33	32+	2—100	
Hamlin	35	34	32+	4—105	Chase	33	32	32+	2— 99	
Hinman	35	35	34+	2/3—104⅔	Osborn	33	31	31+	2— 97	
Rabbeth	35	35	34	—104	Stokes	31	31	31+	4— 97	
Klein	35	35	34	—104	Detorest	33	31	29+	4— 97	
Bickford	34	34	33+	2—104	McNevin	34	32	30	— 96	
Foot	34	34	32+	4—104	Gaus	32	32	31	— 95	
Joiner	34	33	33+	4—104	Young	31	30	30+	4— 95	
Shepherd	35	34	34	—103	Hoefe	32	30	29+	2— 94	
Merrill	34	34	33+	2—103	Pollard	33	30	29+	2— 94	
Weagraff	34	34	33+	2—103	Doyle	31	31	29+	2— 93	
Scott	35	32	31+	4—102	Finnegan	31	31	31	— 93	
Langley	34	33	32+	3—101						

No. 8. All-Comers' and Marksman's Badge Match—Open to everybody; 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200, prone at 500. Five shots at each distance. Entrance fee, $1, or three tickets for $2 if taken at one time. Rifle, the Remington, 50cal. State model or such other rifles as may be issued or authorized by the State of New York. Members of the N. G., S. N. Y., using the Remington rifle, 50cal. State model, and being in uniform (jacket, cap and belt), may record their scores in this match as qualified for the N. Y. State marksman's badge. 31 prizes, total $340, viz.: $25, $20, $15; eight of $10, and twenty of $5 each. The firing at both ranges must be done on the same day or the score will be considered void; 412 entries.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
C H Gaus	24	24—48	C A Jones	21	24—45
J F Klein	24	24—48	E A Anderson	21	24—45
D Hogden	22	25—47	W A Bryant	21	24—45
G W Joiner	22	25—47	C F Young	22	23—45
G T Hamlin	23	24—47	R McLean	22	23—45
W J Underwood	23	24—47	W M Farrow	22	23—45
W A Stokes	23	24—47	G F Merchant	23	22—45
G W Lotz	24	23—47	J W Hale	23	22—45
G D Burtis	24	23—47	H T Farrell	24	21—45
W H Palmer	22	24—46	H N Hamilton	25	20—45
F L Holmes	22	24—46	A B Van Douseu	19	25—44
J S Shepherd	22	24—46	T J Dolan	21	23—44
G L Hoffman	22	24—46	P Finnegan	21	23—44
F Stuart	23	23—46	J Cavanagh	21	23—44
A D Becker	20	25—45	A McDougall	22	22—44
J Kerr	21	24—45			

No. 9. Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of twelve from the following: 1. The United States of America. A. The army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri (three teams in all). B. The United States Navy (one team). C. The national guard or un-uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory). 2. Other countries. England, Ireland, Scotland, and each of the Provinces of Great Britain, each of the Provinces of Canada, and all other countries, one team each from the following: A. The regular army. B. The militia. C. The volunteers (separate teams may be sent out when the organizations are separate). D. The navy of any country. The members of each team to be officers or enlisted men, and active members of the corps or organization which they represent, and to use rifles of the authorized uniform (full dress or fatigue) thereof. They shall be selected in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities of the country or State they represent, and shall, if required, be certified to by them as being their authorized representatives. 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, 7 at each distance. Position, standing at 200yds.; any at 500 and 600yds. Any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Ammunition, any. Entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize—A trophy, presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor, or such other range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof; value, $3,000; 4 teams entered. Also a medal to each member of the winning team; won in 1876 and 1879 by State of New York; in 1880 by Division of the Missouri U. S. A.; in 1881 by State of New York; in 1882 by State of Pennsylvania; in 1883 by State of Michigan; in 1884 and 1885 by Division of the Atlantic U. S. A.; in 1886 by State of Massachusetts.

Massachusetts State Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total
M W Bull	4454533—31	5455555—34	4454535—30	95
W H Merritt	4453434—27	4545555—33	5455555—34	94
L T Farnsworth	5554543—31	4544555—32	4555435—31	94
W M Farrow	4443554—31	5554554—33	4545435—30	94
F R Bull	4444444—28	5355555—33	4554455—32	93
J P Frost	4453545—30	4555535—32	5554444—31	93
S S Bumstead	5545544—32	4545555—33	4433545—28	93
W G Hussey	5544454—31	4554554—32	5453534—29	92
C W Hinman	5444454—30	3555554—30	3555354—30	90
J B Osborne	4454445—31	5544555—33	3353345—26	90
W C Johnson, Jr	5444544—32	4434445—28	3345452—26	86
A C White	4444544—29	5523545—29	5442344—25	83
	362	382	352	1096

Regular Team.

	200	500	600	Total.
Sergt Doyle	33	33	20	86
Pvt Stamford	29	32	24	85
Sergt Driscoll	31	32	25	88
Sergt Beckford	26	33	27	86
Lieut Miller	30	32	31	93
Lieut Brown	28	31	30	89
Capt Greenough	31	31	33	95
Lieut Anderson	31	34	31	96
Pvt Peacock	31	29	28	88
Pvt Beal	33	28	33	93
Pvt Fuerry	30	33	31	94
Lieut Craighill	29	32	29	90
	361	380	352	1093

State of New York Team.

	200	500	600	Total.
Young	27	31	27	85
Jones	28	30	28	86
Austin	30	32	32	94
Klein	31	31	32	93
Hamlin	30	28	31	89
Pirie	29	32	32	93
Dolan	31	27	20	87
Shepherd	31	33	33	97
McNevin	29	32	27	88
Scott	31	32	30	93
Elliott	29	33	30	92
De Forest	31	30	30	91
	357	372	359	1088

Pennsylvania Team.

	200	500	600	Total.
Pvt MacMillan	31	26	21	78
Pvt Huntington	29	27	21	77
Lieut Coulston	28	34	29	91
Sergt Root	28	29	28	85
Lieut Garley	29	31	25	85
Pvt Mountjoy	29	32	32	93
Lieut Henwood	28	30	32	90
	351	344	329	1024

No. 10. Short Range Team Match.—Open to teams of four, from any regularly organized rifle club or association or military organization, no limit to number of teams from one organization, but no competitor can shoot in two teams. Ten shots at 200yds., position standing. Rifles, any within the rules. Cleaning allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military. Target, the American Standard. Teams using the Remington rifle, State model 50 calibre will be allowed 28 points and 16 points will be allowed to teams using other military or special military rifles. The allowance for military and special military rifles will be added to the total scores made. In case of ties the tie in each case will be decided in favor of the competitor having the fewest shots of low value, according to the principles on which sections 2 and 3 of Article XII are based. Entrance fee, $5 per team, re-entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. Four prizes, viz.: $40, $30, $20, and $10. Each member of a team will be allowed to use any rifle within the rules and will be entitled to an allowance as above noted. Twelve teams entered.

Massachusetts Rifle Association, Team No. 1.

A C White, Bal	7	6	10	9	8	9	8	8	9	10	—84	
C W Hinman, May	10	9	7	8	6	10	8	6	10	6	—80	
G F Ellsworth, Bal	8	5	9	6	9	7	10	7	5	8	—74	
F J Rabbeth, Sharp	8	6	6	9	7	8	9	8	5	7	+4—77	—315

German American Rifle Club.

Geo Joiner, Bal	8	8	9	8	9	7	8	9	7	10	—83	
B Walther, Bal	8	7	6	6	8	9	9	7	10	9	—79	
C E Gensch, Jr., Bal	9	6	7	6	8	7	10	4	10	9	—76	
A H Anderson, Bal	6	7	5	5	8	7	10	8	6	7	—69	—310

New York Rifle Club.

C E Tazutor, Bal	6	9	6	8	7	8	8	13	10		—78	
T J Dolan, Rem. Sp	8	9	7	8	8	5	8	4	9	7	+4—77	
W Herrington, Bal	8	10	9	3	7	8	10	6	7	9	—77	
J S Case, Bal	9	7	7	9	6	8	4	7	8	7	—72	—304

Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers.

W M Farrow, Far	10	8	8	9	7	9	10	10	8	9	—88	
M W Bull, Spg	9	5	6	7	8	6	8	7	6	6	+4—72	
F R Bull, Spg	9	3	6	8	8	10	6	7	5	6	+4—72	
S S Bumstead, Spg	4	7	4	8	10	6	6	7	4	4	+4—64	—296

No. 11. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States, consisting of 12 members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or militia of such State or Territory, chosen in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof. Each team must be provided with a certificate from the Adjutant-General of the State it represents, certifying that each of its number is a regular member of their uniformed militia, in good standing, and was such on the first day of June, 1887. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps; 200 and 500yds., position at 200yds., standing; at 500yds., prone; any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government. In cases where the State has adopted no particular model (which must be certified to by the Adjutant-General), the team will be allowed to use the rifle in use by the regular army of the United States or by the uniformed militia of any other State. Rounds, 10 at each distance. Entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize: To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon," presented by the Commander-in-Chief, on behalf of the State of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor, and to be held during the year by the Adjutant-General of the State whose team may win it; value $350; 3 teams entered; also medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1876 by New York, 1876 by Connecticut, 1877 by California, 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by New Jersey, 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Pennsylvania, 1886 by Massachusetts.

New York State Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	
G F Hamlin	4545545555—47	4555544555—44	—93
S C Pirie	4545554545—46	4555455455—45	—91
F DeForest	4545544445—43	5555455455—44	—89
J S Shepherd	5445445535—43	4554554554—46	—89
T G Austin	4454554454—44	4544554552—38	—82
L J Elliott	4344545434—40	4345555555—46	—86
E F Young	4445454444—42	5455554455—44	—86
G S Scott, Jr	4445444542—40	5445554554—44	—84
R Oliver	4444444445—39	5443455545—44	—83
C A Jones	4544445544—43	4443435444—39	—82
J F Klein	4454444544—42	5535545553—43	—85
T J Dolan	4454454444—42	4324545142—33	—75
	513	515	1025

Massachusetts Team.

S S Bumstead	5554545545—47	4555444455—45	—92
M W Bull	4544445444—42	4445555545—46	—88
F R Bull	5535454544—44	3555445544—44	—88
W C Johnston, Jr	4444535444—41	5545525455—45	—86
C W Hinman	4444454444—41	4454545545—44	—85
J B Osborn	4453444555—43	4505544555—42	—85
A C White	5444445545—44	3354555534—40	—84
R B Edes	3444444454—40	4554544435—43	—83
L T Farnsworth	4544544554—44	4543455243—39	—83
W M Merrill	3444444445—40	2345354445—41	—81
W M Farrow	0545444435—36	3554554545—44	—80
W G Hussey	4444544444—41	5443245434—38	—79
	503	511	1014

No. 12. Inter-State Long Range Match.—Open to teams of four from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States. Members of the various teams participating must at the time of shooting be residents and must have resided in the State represented for at least three months prior to the date of the match; 800, 900 and 1,000yds., 15 shots at each distance, any rifle within the rules, entrance fee $10 each team. Prize a trophy to be held for the year by the successful team, which shall be deposited in some central place in the State whose team may win it. Also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1877 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1878 by Massachusetts Rifle Association; in 1879 by New Jersey State Rifle Association; in 1880 by Empire Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1881, '82 and '83 by Ilion Rifle Club; in 1884 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y. No subsequent entries.

No. 13. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York, each man being certified by his commanding officer to be eligible to compete under the restrictions laid down in Par. 372 of the State regulations. All competitors must appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue), 200 and 500yds., standing at 200, prone at 500yds., the Remington rifle, State model, .50cal., or such other rifle as may be issued or authorized by the State, 5 rounds at each distance. Entrance fee, $1 each man. Prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York, value $300; four teams entered.

Twenty-third Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.	
1st Lieut Shepherd	44545—22	45555—25	—47
Sergt Beeken	44444—20	45545—21	—41
Sergt Stokes	44454—21	34535—20	—41
Private Pirie	45445—22	55555—25	—47
Private Elliott	45544—22	54555—24	—46
Sergt Wells	54445—22	53445—21	—43
Capt Holmes	34343—17	55445—23	—40
Capt De Forest	44554—22	45535—22	—44
1st Lieut Pickett	45455—23	55535—25	—48
2d Lieut Hamlin	44444—20	53455—22	—42
Commissary Oliver	34345—19	45544—23	—41
Private Scott	54554—23	44544—21	—44
	253	271	524

Seventh Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.	
Lieut Young	23	24	—47
Sergt Underwood	20	22	—42
Sergt Thompson	20	22	—42
Private Jones	20	24	—44
Private Foot	18	23	—41
Sergt McDougal	21	17	—38
Private Munson	17	22	—39
Corp Tann	19	20	—39
Sergt McLean	21	20	—41
Capt Palmer	20	23	—43
Private Merchant	21	19	—40
Private Kelloch	21	23	—44
	241	259	500

Thirteenth Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.	
Sergt McNevins	20	25	—45
Sergt Lane	20	22	—44
Maj De la Vergne	21	23	—44
Private Morris	21	21	—42
Private Lotz	23	22	—45
Private Childs	15	17	—32
Capt Cochran	14	24	—38
Private Wilson	18	18	—36
Sergt Constable	22	22	—44
Corp Fahnestock	19	18	—37
Private Werner	17	24	—41
Private Austin	21	21	—42
	230	251	481

No. 14. First Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the First Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York, each man being certified by his commanding officer to be eligible to compete under the restrictions laid down in Par. 372 of the State regulations. All competitors to appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue). Weapon, the Remington, State model, .50-cal., or such other rifle as may be issued or authorized by the State; 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each position, standing at 200, at 500yds. prone; entrance fee, $1 each man. First prize, a trophy, presented by the State of New York; value, $100; second prize, cash $25, presented by the First Brigade Staff N. G., S. N. Y.; 2 entries.

Seventh Regiment Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total
J D Foot	44445—21	55554—24	45
R M Kalloch	44545—22	45454—22	44
C A Jones	44354—20	55445—23	43
G F Merchant	44444—20	55553—23	43
E T Young	45444—21	44545—22	43
R M Dunn	54544—22	55553—21	43
H B Thomson	53444—20	54454—22	42
W J Underwood	53445—21	34545—21	42
J N Munson	34345—19	45445—22	41
V H Palmer	44353—17	55454—23	40
R McLean	45444—19	35445—21	40
A McDougall	43554—21	35234—17	38
	243	261	504

Eighth Regiment Team.

	200	500	T'l
H Rebollo	19	22	41
T R Murphy	17	22	39
R B Simms	17	22	39
M P Ross	20	15	35
O J Mendel	19	15	34
C Johnson	21	20	41
L Haubernestel	18	15	33

W H Dewar	19	11	30
J J Collins	13	13	27
J Freeman	16	9	25
C Allen	20	5	25
D Dougherty	13	8	21
	216	176	392

No. 15. Second Bridgade National Guard Match.—Similar to No. 14, but open only to members of Second Brigade N. G., S. N. Y.; 2 entries.

Twenty-third Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total
1st Lieut Shepherd	44445—21	44454—21	42
1st Lieut Saunders	44344—19	44354—20	39
Sergt Bryant	44445—21	44554—22	43
Corp Cooke	23334—15	54555—24	29
Private Elliott	44445—21	55534—22	43
Sergt Wells	55454—23	55455—24	47
Private Pirie	55444—23	55535—23	46
Corp Hamilton	45344—20	54454—22	42
1st Lieut Pickett	54454—22	54554—23	45
2d Lieut Hamlin	44545—22	55555—25	47
Commissary Oliver	44454—21	33545—20	41
Private Scott	54444—21	44524—19	40
	248	265	513

Thirteenth Regiment.

	200	500	T'l
Sergt McNevins	21	22	43
Sergt Lane	21	22	43
Maj De La Vergne	23	22	45
Private Morris	19	24	43
Private Lotz	22	22	44
Private Childs	19	20	39

Capt Cochran	18	18	36
Private Wilson	19	22	41
Sergt Constable	22	22	44
Corp Fahnestock	19	22	41
Private Werner	21	17	38
Private Austin	21	24	45
	245	256	501

No. 16. General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match.—Open to teams of six from the regular army, navy, marine corps, National guard, volunteer, or militia of any country, State or Territory. Any number of teams may enter from each organization, but no competitor may shoot in more than one team. All competitors to be regularly commissioned or enlisted members in good standing of the regiment, battalion, corps, troop or company they represent, and to have been such on August 1, 1887, and to appear in the uniform (jacket, cap, trousers, belt and cartridge box, or belt) of the organization they represent. Distances, 600 to 200yds. and return. Second class targets. Weapon, the military rifle with which the organization has been regularly armed, unless such be a magazine gun, in which case any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or Government. Entrance fee, $5 for each team. A commanding officer or coach may be allowed in rear of each team, or as a member on the firing line. The first prize in this match is a trophy presented by S. D. Schuyler, Esq. Value $150. This prize is to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. It will be held for a year by the officer commanding the winning corps. Also a bronze medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1884 and 1885 by 4th Artillery, U. S. A., in 1886 by Engineer Corps, U. S. A. Two entries.

Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.	Bulls.	Center.	Inner.	Outer.	Score.
Sergt Geo Doyle	13	18	7	2	164
Corp Burtner	16	10	9	4	155
Corp Boyle	10	14	11	3	145
Lieut Hale	11	16	7	2	144
Lieut Craighill	14	8	9	4	137
Pvt McAllister	8	13	4	7	118
	72	79	47	22	863

No. 17. Revolver Match.—Distance, 30yds.. 5 shots on the American standard target, reduced for 100yds. Position standing, off-hand use of one arm only allowed. Revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight; maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber), 7½in.; minimum trigger pull, 3lbs. Plain open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes. Ammunition, any. Cleaning allowed between scores only. Aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Entries, 50 cents, or three for $1 when taken at one time. Revolvers must not be loaded until the competitor has taken his position at the firing point; the muzzle must always be kept in a vertical position or pointed toward the target; $75 divided into 11 prizes, viz., $15, $10, $8, $7, and 7 of $5 each; 173 entries:

P A Brower	47	47	48	142	Hinman	38	38	38	114	
Collins	44	44	44	132	Moring	39	36	35	110	
Garrigus	44	43	40	127	O'Donnell	36	32	32	100	
Kelly	40	40	40	120	Baldwin	35	35	30	100	
Bruce	41	31	37	117	Osborn	37	31	30	98	
Tayntor	39	38	38	115	Case	36	30	29	95	

No. 18. Steward Match.—Open to all comers, 200yds., Creedmoor targets; number of shots, 5; position, sitting, kneeling or standing. Weapon, any military or special military rifle; an allowance of two points will be given to competitors who use the Remington rifle, .50-cal., State model, the allowance to be added to the aggregate of the three scores. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores. Ties in totals to be decided by the competitors next highest score (or scores) the allowance to .50-cal. rifles, on single scores, to be in proportion as above. Entries 50 cents each, or three for $1 if taken at one time. Entries unlimited, match open every day. The principal prizes are contributed by J. H. Steward, Esq., of London. Cash prizes will amount to at least $50. Two hundred and nineteen entries.

Gaus	25	24	24+2=75		Bodenstein	24	23	23	—70	
Klein	24	24	24+2=74		Rabbeth	24	23	23	—70	
Jones	25	24	23+2=74		Pollard	24	23	23	—70	
Farrow	25	24	24	—73	Hofele	23	25	21+2	—69	
Doyle	21	24	24	—73	Joiner	23	22	22+2	—69	
Ogden	23	23	23+2	—71	Foot	23	23	22+2	—69	
Hawes	24	23	22+2	—71	Craighill	24	23	22	—69	
Merritt	24	22	22+2	—70	Moring	24	33	32	—69	

No. 19. Military Sharpshooters' Match.—Open to all; any military or special military rifle; 800yds.; ammunition, any suitable for service; the bullet must be firmly seated in the shell at least ⅔ of its diameter and no lubricant to be exposed above the shell; number of shots 32, the first two not to count; between the first 17 shots any method of cleaning allowed that will not delay the match. No cleaning or blowing through the rifle will be allowed during the firing of the last 15 shots and competitors must not extract the shell until ordered to load and fire. Repeated violations of this condition will invalidate the score. The firing throughout the match will be under the control and by command of an officer in charge who, as soon as the targets are clear, shall command "load and fire;" at the expiration of one minute he will command "cease firing;" any competitor firing after this order will be liable to be scored a miss at the discretion of the officer in charge. But one competitor will be allowed at a firing point during the firing of a score. No challenging of shots except at the discretion of the officer in charge. No change of ammunition permitted during the match. Prizes $15, $10, and five of $5 each. Entries, $1; 16 entries.

C H Gaus	5550553442—38	3545545554—45	5555555535—47—130
F J Rabbeth	5454555525—45	4555335555—45	4550435545—39—129
C W Hinman	5555454555—46	0545340545—35	5453455545—46—127
T J Dolan	4345555454—44	4355455434—42	4553335545—41—127
T Cavanagh	4553555535—43	5435534435—43	4550343444—37—123
J F Klein	4350334545—36	5544534555—44	3450554455—36—116
Jas McNevin	5355523555—41	5303453555—37	3445303034—29—107

VERNON, Vt. Sept. 8.—The annual meeting of the National Rifle Club closed here to-day. The winners in the various strings of 10 shots each were as follows:

1st String.	Sept. 6.	2d String.
N S Brockway	$7^{6}/_{16}$in.	Wm V Lowe	$7^{10}/_{16}$in.
H W Smith	8 in.	J R Moore	$8^{12}/_{16}$in.
L Park	$10^{1}/_{16}$in.	N S Brockway	11 in.

Sept. 7.

3d String.	4th String.	5th String.
J R Moore	$11^{8}/_{16}$ in.	N Brockway	$11^{0}/_{16}$ in.	R C Cussy	$10^{2}/_{16}$ in.
H Warner	$11^{8}/_{16}$ in.	D A Brown	$12^{12}/_{16}$ in.	J R Moore	$10^{9}/_{16}$ in.
Wm V Lowe	$12^{12}/_{16}$in.	Wm V Lowe	$13^{15}/_{16}$in.	H F Hout	$11^{14}/_{16}$in.

Mr. J. Robert Moore won the medal given for the shortest string for 50 shots, $57^{1}/_{16}$in.

A. M. String.	Sept. 8.	P. M. String.
J R Moore	$11^{2}/_{16}$ in.	Wm V Lowe	8 in.
H F Hart	$11^{4}/_{16}$ in.	J R Moore	$8^{4}/_{16}$in.
H Warner	$12^{11}/_{16}$in.	H Warner	$11^{7}/_{16}$in.

The shooting was all at distance of 40 rods, with heavy muzzle-loading rifles, using a telescopic sight and rifle shot from double rest. The meeting was largely attended and was enjoyed very much. Said one leading marksman: "These meetings are valuable educators for riflemen, and would well repay riflemen to visit and participate in them for the points they would fish up. For the very finest shooting the muzzleloader is ahead now as it has always been. In nine cases out of ten those persons who sneer at the muzzleloader are wholly unacquainted with the muzzle-loader of to-day, and have no adequate conception of what it is like or how accurate they are. To all such the very best thing they could do would be to attend one of these meetings and see and judge for themselves. They may rest assured that they will be treated with courtesy and generosity. There has been considerable talk of breech vs. muzzleloader, and the breechloaders have been given several opportunities to shoot matches with the muzzleloaders, but for some reason these matches have all fallen through; the breechloading men did not have spunk to shoot, probably because they did not have confidence in their guns. To all who are desirous of being posted on rifle matters, it would be well for them to attend the various meetings held by the telescopic rifle clubs through the country. They will be well repaid in the amount of information they will obtain. I hope some time to find a man who has spunk enough and confidence enough to shoot a breechloader in direct competition with a muzzleloader, but from present indications we are likely to all grow gray in the service before such an event takes place."

BOSTON, Sept. 7.—There was a large meeting of riflemen at the range at Walnut Hill to-day, and some excellent scores were completed. During the day a fresh wind prevailed. The fall meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be held at the range Oct. 6, 7 and 8. Appended are the scores: Creedmoor practice match—W. O. Burnite, 43; F. W. Reynolds, 42; M. G. Witham, 42; W. T. Lambert, 40. State militia match—J. B. Parker, 20, 20, 20, 20, 21, 21, 22, 23; W. T. Goodwin, 20, 20, 20, 21, 22, 22, 22; M. G. Wilhelm, 21; G. Rement, 18. Decimal off-hand match—O. M. Jewell, 86; W. O. Burnite, 82; W. H. Oler, 80; A. Law, 75; D. L. Chase, 71; J. P. Bates, 61; S. B. Read, 55. Rest match—D. L. Chase, 114; W. V. Lowe, 113; J. H. Munroe, 112, W. Chester, 111; J. N. Frye, 110; John Gunn, 108; B. G. Barker, 102; Mr. Eames, 89; Hancock, 85, Savage, 83. Standing of the competitors in the rest match:

J Francis	110	111	113	114	116—564	D L Chase	109	109	110	110	110—548	
J N Frye	111	113	112	112	113—560	J Munroe	107	108	108	110	110—543	
S Wilder	109	110	110	112	115—556	Washburn	105	105	106	107	107—530	

The decimal off-hand match will close Oct. 1. Following is the standing of the competitors who have filled the required number of scores:

A. D. Elliot	70	73	77	80	82—382	+30—412
A N Frye	66	70	71	72	74—353	+25—378
William Fisher	67	67	68	70	79—351	+25—376

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.—The California Creedmoor Rifle Team held a reunion at Shell Mound Park to-day. Ten years ago there was a competition in rifle shooting in San Francisco to select 12 men to go East and shoot for a bronze trophy, which was won by the California team against Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. To-day being the anniversary of that event it was celebrated by a shoot of the old team. Eight of the members who went East shot and scored 82 per cent., being 1 per cent., less than when they won the trophy in New York. The members feel jubilant over their successful shooting. The members shot 10 rounds each at 500 and 200yds. respectively. Appended is the grand total of the shots scored, including both ranges: J. H. Warren 80, C. Nash 87, H. Hook 84, T. E. Carson 87, A. H. Hentz 64, A. F. Klose 80, C. P. le Breton 78, C. N. Shook 80, C. F. Waltham 84, S. I. Kellogg 83, W. E. Erben 73, M. Doane 70, W. Wright 84, J. Maher 85, W. Lenaman 87, L. Townsend 78, T. Murphy 81, L. Barrsie 84, H. C. Burns 78, James Welsh 63, T. E. Klein 88, Col. Grannis 38, P. H. McEllinry 58, A. D. Yarrington 50, Philo Jacoby 87, H. H. Burrell 80, S. J. Pembroke 42.

The eleventh annual target excursion and picnic of the Independent Rifles was held at Shell Mound Park so-day. Fifty-eight men of the company shot for prizes, and only four missed the target. For an independent military organization the shooting was fair. Following is the score made by the best shots at 200yds.:

J Tonnermacher	44445—21	C L West	33433—16
Capt Schmallholz	44454—21	H Staude	34333—16
F Staude	44444—20	T Sauer	43243—16
W Gleason	34444—19	P Steadmann	44422—16
Hy Gaetzen	34354—19	R Uther	33423—15
H Fiege	43543—19	G Seyden	44322—15
H Beaverson	33435—18	F Kronn	03444—15
O T Huber	34443—18	C Meyer	44043—15
H Wilkins	24434—17	Dr V A Chaigneaur	22435—14
J Wortmann	33524—17	J Moenichmann	32244—14
C Stauder	33334—16	C A Schultz	25232—14

The company gives prizes for the judges, who scored as follows:

Capt A Huber	45455—23
Capt J F Klein	45545—23
Major A F Klose	44534—20

LYNN VS. CAMBRIDGE.—The telegraphic match at 200yds. between teams representing the non-commissioned officers of City Guard, of Cambridge, and Company D, 8th Regiment, of Lynn, was held Saturday afternoon, Sept. 10, each team shooting on its own range and telegraphing the result to the other. The City Guard team made the highest team score ever made in a match by a Cambridge rifle team, but even that score was not enough to defeat the team from the city of shoes, which rolled up a grand total of 191.

Company B, 5th Regiment.		Company D, 8th Regiment.	
Sergt Chase	5454454—31	Sergt Balmer	4544535—30
Lieut Murray	5545534—29	Corp Henderson	4345544—29
Corp Sisson	4443444—27	Corp Fox	5444353—28
Corp Cowin	4445244—27	Lieut Sinclair	4434444—27
Sergt Hilliker	4334444—26	Corp Caulkins	4324442—23
Corp Thompson	5343434—26	Sergt Henderson	6532324—17
Sergt Smith	3343444—25—191	Sergt Blair	2422334—19—173

GARDNER, Mass., Sept. 16.—The Springfield City Guards, Co. B, 2d Regiment, M. V. M., and the Heywood Guards of this town, Co. F, 2d Regiment, are having a series of telegraphic matches. As the match this week the result was as follows:

Lieut Chas N Edgell	4444545—30	Pvt W E Hosmer	4445544—30
Pvt Frank White	4454444—29	Capt F G Southmayd	3545454—30
Pvt John D Edgell	3345544—29	Sergt J A Sterling	4454345—29
Pvt Goddard	5444435—29	Lieut H McDonald	4344454—28
Pvt Geo W Bishop	3345545—29	Pvt J M Johnston	4545422—28
Pvt Chas A Hinds	4444444—28	Pvt E R Tuft	3444444—27
Musician Warfield	4534534—28	Pvt S Bowers	3345444—27
Sergt B F Thrasher	3334345—25	Pvt W H Daggett	3435443—26
Lieut H J Black	3442444—25	Jergt J C Morgan	3334443—24
Pvt Goodale	2244534—22	Pvt C M Dunn	0454333—22
	274		271

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 10.—The annual shoot of the City Guards for the handsome gold medal given by Mayor Rotch, took place at Bay View range this afternoon. Weather conditions excellent. The scores made by Corporal Charles L. McBay, who has worn the medal for the last two years, and Private Joseph L. Gibbs were very close, as the following will show. The first five shots in each case were at 200yds., the next five at 300yds., and the last five at 500yds.:

Private J L Gibbs	21 16 21—58	Private E F Pope	18 17 7—42
Corp'l C L McBay	21 16 20—57	Sergt H S Swain	20 11 8—39
Priv't T H Bradley	18 20 17—55	Sergt E F Dahill	20 15 3—38
Sergt A P Pope	20 15 11—46	Sergt G H Devoll	13 19 0—32
Sergt A T Howland	18 16 10—44	Priv't F Loomis	16 00 10—26

CREEDMOOR IN OCTOBER.—The range will be open on Saturdays, Oct. 1, 15, and 22, and on election day, Nov. 8, for the regular marksman badge matches and for the qualification match. The last named date will bring the shooting season to a close.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 13.—There was a very large number of sportsmen from all over the State took part in the St. Paul Gun Club tournament on the Fair grounds to-day. Five events were contested, with the following results. First event, ten single Peorias; entrance $1.50: Skinner 7, Shaft 8, Van Slyke 4, Chantler 8, Block 8, Balsom 9, M. F. Kennedy 7, Davis 7, Stearns 9, Jewell 7, Van Saun 8, Clark 8, Catamaran 7, Tuttle 6, Quane 6, Ruble 6, Gordon 7, Rogers 5, Stoltze 6, Blakeley 9, Durant 6, Anderson 9, Stokes 5, Thompson 5, Ensign 9, Noreen 7, James 8, Sisson 7, Thomas 6, Baldwin 7, Hanna 6, Newton 4, Johnson 5, Carpenter 9, Pfister 8. First money divided between Balsom, Stearns, Blakeley, Anderson, Ensign and Carpenter. Second money divided between Shaft, Chantler, Van Saun, Block, James, Pfister and Clark. Third money divided between Skinner, Davis and Sisson. Fourth money divided between Ruble and Curant.

Second event, 15 single Peorias, entrance $2.50: Gordon 9, Noreen 10, Clark 5, Shaft 13, Kennedy 10, Stearns 9, Tuttle 9, Chantler 8, Pfister 8, Stoltze 10, Thompson 7, Stokes 7, Van Slyke 13, Sisson 15, Balsom 15, Anderson 13, Baldwin 9, Black 12, Thomas 10, Skinner 12, Rogers 8, Newton 8, Davis 13, Van Saun 14, Ensign 11, Zincke 7, Catamaran 12, Johnston 12, James 12, Quane 7, Hanna 9, Blakeley 13, Durant 12, Arland 9, Ruble 12, Jewell 11, Carpenter 11. First money, Balsom and Sisson; second money, Van Saun; third money, Shaft, Van Slyke, Anderson, Davis, Blakeley; fourth money, James.

Third event, 6 singles and 2 pair Peorias, entrance $2: Block 3, Balsom 7, Sisson 8, Skinner 8, Tuttle 6, Thompson 6, Stokes 4, Van Slyke 5, Pfister 8, Stearns 6, Jewell 7, Baldwin 9, Hayes 5, Gordon 6, Stoltze 8, Newton 7, Paulson 4, Kennedy 7, Ensign 8, Noreen 8, Lincke 6, Davis 9, Rogers 3, James 10, Chantler 4, Blakeley 9, White 8, Anderson 9, Thomas 6, Johnson 7, Carpenter 8, Shaft 8, Durant 6, Clark 6, Van Saun 6, Ruble 8, Snyder 6. First money, James; second, Baldwin, Davis, Blakeley and Anderson; third, Block and Noreen; fourth, Balsom.

Fourth event, 10 singles, 5 pair, Peorias, entrance $3: Gordon 11, Tuttle 8, Noreen 14, Chantler 13, Sisson 15, Thomas 15, Snyder 17, Van Slyke 14, Anderson 16, Lincke 15, Van Saun 12, Johnson 11, Ruble 15, Skinner 16, Stoltze 16, Pfister 12, Stearns 13, Kennedy 15, Jewell 15, Newton 9, Ensign 10, White 13, James 12, Carpenter 14, Balsom 15, Durant 10, Stokes 8, Arland 16, Block 19, Baldwin 15, Hayes 12, Shaft 17, Thompson 13, Davis 14, Blakeley 15, Marshall 10. First money and special prize of one-half keg of powder, by Austin Powder Company, to Block; second Snyder and Shaft, third Anderson, Skinner, Stoltze and Arland, fourth Jewell.

Fifth event, 10 single Peorias, entrance $1.50: Pfister 7, Ruble 6, Skinner 6, Catamaran 8, Marshall 6, Lincke 7, Van Saun 7, Van Slyke 6, Thomas 7, Block 9, Hayes 3, Tuttle 6, Sisson 9, Chantler 9, Snyder 8, Arland 6, Anderson 9, Ensign 8, Jewell 8, Stoltze 6, Baldwin 9, Kennedy 5, Newton 7, Blakeley 9, Durant 7, James 6, Davis 7, Gordon 5, Carpenter 10, Stearns 7, Noreen 4, Balsom 9, Johnson 6, Shaft 7. Carpenter first, Block and Blakeley second, Catamaran, Snyder, Ensign and Jewell third, Van Saun fourth.

Special prize for best total score on all events of the day—200 shells loaded with Kings quickshot powder, donated by the King's Great Western Powder Co., awarded to Block and Anderson. The scores being poorer than usual may be accounted for by the high side wind prevailing during the entire day.

Sept. 15.—In the gun club shoot to-day G. W. Baldwin won the State championship badge. There is still a great deal of interest in the tournament. The following is the score: First shoot, five pairs Peorias; entrance $2: Skinner 8, Jewell 6. Baldwin 10, Van Saun 9, Block 7, Shaft 6, Durant 6, Carpenter 9, Balsom 8, Kennedy 4, Anderson 8, Blakely 9, Dennis 4, Smith 7, Chantler 4, Thomas 5, Pfister 9, Stoltze 4, Williams 5, Rogers 4, Ensign 1, Ruble 6, Sisson 6, Davis 8. First money, Baldwin; second, Van Saun, Carpenter, Blakely, Pfister; third Skinner, fourth, Block and Smith.

Second shoot, fifteen single Peorias; entrance $2.50: Skinner 13, Jewell 9, Carpenter 10, Block 11, Durant 11, Anderson 11, Chantler 11, Smith 4, Kennedy 11, Sisson 13, Ensign 11, Pfister 13, Balsom 12, Williams 7, Van Slyke 11, Van Saun 9, Shaft 13, Baldwin 15, Davis 13, Thomas 12, Hanson 9, Hay 12, Dennis 7, Ruble 11, Perry 11, Stoltze 10, Blakeley 14. First money, Baldwin; second, Blakeley; third, Pfister and Davis; fourth, Hay.

Third Shoot.—Individual State championship. Chamber of Commerce diamond badge. Twenty-six Macomber metal birds; twelve pairs Peorias. Entrance, $7.50:

	Met'l.	Peor's.	Total.		Met'l.	Peor's.	Total.
Paine	22	17	39	M F Kennedy	18	13	31
Shaft	19	20	39	Davis	21	12	33
Baldwin	19	21	40	Pfister	19	12	31
Smith	13	16	29	Sisson	17	13	30
Anderson	18	20	38	Hanson	15	20	35
Blakeley	18	13	32	Carpenter	17	14	31
Wann	16	9	25	Block	22	15	37

G W. Baldwin, of St. Paul, winning the badge by a score of 40. T. M. Paine, of Bird Island, winner of the badge last year, received $70 of entrance money from this contest, it being the rule to award to each winner of this badge $5 for each man shooting in the next season's contest.

Fourth Shoot.—Thirteenth event, fifteen single Peorias; entrance $3: Corey 15, Kent 11, Shaft 14, Skinner 13, Jewell 13, Durant 11, Van Slyke 13, Pfister 13, Chantler 12, Balsom 13, Stoltze 10, Anderson 13, Jones 5, Ruble 11, Hay 13, Sisson 9, Van Saun 12, Thomas 10, Harrison 8, Hanson 12. Williams 14, Blakely 13, Carpenter 4, Davis 11, Baldwin 13, Kennedy 10, Block 13. First money, Corey; second, Shaft and Williams; third, Jewell, Baldwin and Block; fourth, Hanson.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 14.—Birds very ordinary, second barrel counts ½, live birds, 2 traps, 24 and 26yds. rise, 80yds. bound, sweeps and medal.

Match 1:

J Curtin	1 1 1 1 0—4	W S Thompson	1 0 0 0 0—1
E Godey	0 1 1 1 1—4	Simpson	0 0 0 1 1—2
S Cunningham	1 0 1 1 ½—3½	Tyler	1 0 1 0 w—2
Holmead	1 1 ½ 1 1—4½	J M Green	1 1 1 1 0—4

Holmead won first and medal, Godey and Green second.

Match 2, same conditions:

Mills	1 1 ½ 1 ½—4	Godey	1 ½ 1 1 1—4½
Tyler	1 ½ 0 1 1—3½	Cunningham	0 1 0 1 1—3
Jones	0 1 1 1 1—4	Curtin	1 1 0 1 1—4
Simpson	½ 1 1 ½ 0—4	Holmead	1 1 1 1 1—5
Green	1 0 1 1 0—3		

Holmead first, Mills and Curtin second.

Match 3, Miss and Out, live birds: Jones 2, Tyler 3, Mills 4, Simpson 3, Cunningham 5, Green 1, Curtin 3, Godey 0, Holmead 4, Thompson 0, Cunningham won.

Match 4, clay-pigeons:

Mills	1111110011101111—13
Cunningham	0101111111111101—13
Holmead	0000010000100000—2

Mills and Cunningham divided.

Sept. 16.—Match for a club badge, hereafter subject only to individual challenge, match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons. 5 traps, N. G. A. rules:

Williams	0111101101101011111—15
Cunningham	0111011110011001001—12
Du Bois	1100101111000010011—11
Woodbridge	0111001111101011111—15

Ties on 15:

Woodbridge	01111—4	Williams	01101—3

Sept. 17.—Sweeps:

Cunningham	01111	11111	11111—14
Green	00010	00101	10001— 5
Woodbridge	10100	11110	01101— 8
Sheester	01101	11110	00101— 9

Doubies:

Green	11 11 11 01 11 10—10	Sheester	11 00 11 10 11 01— 8
Woodbridge	11 11 01 11 00 01— 8		

TIM BERDOODLE.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 14.—The regular shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club at Woodhaven, to-day, was better attended than any of the previous ones this season. Seventeen members shot for the club badge and four prizes. Out of 156 birds shot at 118 were killed. J. E. Lake, a comparatively young shooter, made the fine score of 11 straight kills from the 25-yard mark and won the club badge and first prize. H. Eames won the second, F. Lenzer the third and J. Simpson the fourth. Darkness prevented any sweepstake shooting. Score of shoot:

H McLaughlin (25)	1111111—7	G Edwards (24)	0101101—4
A Schwartz (29)	1011111—6	N Zirkel (25)	1001111—5
E A Holland (22)	0111101—5	H Battmacher (24)	0110111—5
R Moore (30)	1011110—5	J Shevlin (24)	10010w—2
F Lanzer (25)	1010111—5	J Simpson (29)	0110110—4
W Stuart (29)	1101101—5	H Eames (27)	1110111—6
J E Lake (25)	1111111—7	E Fesler (21)	1101100—4
L Davenport (29)	1111117—7	J Burgess (25)	0111111—6
C Wheeler (21)	0101111—5		

Ties for badge: H. McLaughlin 2, J. E. Lake 4, L. Duryea 4. Ties for second prize: A. Schwartz 2, H. Eames 3. Ties for third prize: E. Holland 1, R. Moore 2, F. Lanzer 3, W. Stuart 1, H. Blattmacher 1, E. Zirkell 1. Ties for fourth prize: G. Edwards 2, J. Simpson 3, E. Fesler 1. Referee, Mr. H. McLaughlin.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 13.—The regular shoot of the Acme Gun Club, Dexter Park, was somewhat unique. To win the first prize the shooter had to kill a majority of live pigeons and break the largest number of clay-pigeons. This was done by J. Short, after tieing with J. Link. Keppell, 24yds.; rest 21yds. The score is as follows:

	Live Birds.	Clay-Pigeons.
H Keppell	1001000110—4	0000000100—1
J Short	1010111101—7	0011111111—8
G Wassell	0111100110—6	1111110000—4
H Kunzweiler	1110011111—8	1010011010—5
J Kolmar	1111100110—7	0000011011—4
C Schottler	1110011111—8	0010101000—3
J Link	1010011111—6	1011111111—9
W Stuart (29)	1010111—5	0010111101—6
C Carolan	1001111010—6	0010011101—5
J Delthoff	1110100000—4	0010001000—2

Ties for club badge:

	Live.	Clays.	Final shoot at clays:	
T Short	7	8—15	T Short	11111111111—12
J Link	6	9—15	J Link	11111111110—11

Referee, W. Mills.

LEONIA, N. J., Sept. 17.—Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., vs. Leonia Gun Club, on Leonia Gun Club's ground, at American clay birds, 5 American clay bird traps, National Association rules:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.		Leonia Gun Club.	
Capt Coe	1100111111100011—11	Capt Goesser	1110100111111111—12
Vogelsang	1010100100100111— 9	Wells	0111001001011— 9
Lendsey	1111011111111114	Beam	1111111101011110—12
Myer	1011111111101101—12	G Gladwin	1100111000011001— 7
Blauvelt	0111011110111110—11	Litchenberg	1011100011111110—10
Pellens	1110111111111114	Springer	1110010110000001— 7
Collins	1011 1101011111—11	Moore	0010110001001110— 6
Generet	1001111010101101—10	Banta	0100110100111110— 8
	92		71

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Sept. 11.—The Pacific Gun Club held its regular pigeon shoot to-day at Agricultural Park, eleven of the members participating in the contest for the gold medal. Some excellent scores were made, as will be seen by the following record. The figure 2 shows where the second barrel was used, and a * indicates that the bird died out of bounds:

Morrison	1122211221111—12
Damm	121*10110*10— 7
Kunz	1121221212222—12
C Flohr	**101121112*— 8
Gotobed	1011222*1121—10
Reeber	1001211002110— 7
Mannix	0101020210210— 7
Foss	*0011002211— 6
Parrot	1211221122011—11
Vaughn	2122110221*— 9
Nicolaus	1212121220010— 9

Messrs. Kunz and Morrison shot off their tie on twelve straight, and the former won with a clean score, Mr. Morrison losing his first bird, which fell dead outside. As this was the third time Mr. Kunz had won the medal, it became his personal property. After the medal shoot there was pool shooting, in which Messrs. Todd and Gotobed were the most successful.

TAUNTON, Mass., Sept. 17.—Taunton Fish and Game Protective Association shoot at 10 clay-pigeons and 10 bluerocks and 10 bats every Saturday for four weeks for club prizes. Score for first week:

	Blue-Clays.	Rocks.	Bats.		Blue-Clays.	Rocks.	Bats.
I T Hall	7	7	9—23	J Davis	4	8	7—19
E Leonard	6	7	9—22	F S Keith	6	7	8—21
G L Smith	3	6	8—17	W Barstow	6	6	10—22
C T Snow	7	9	6—22	Staples	1	3	5— 9
E Bowen	6	5	7—18	F Scudder	4	5	5—14
P Slater	5	3	5—13	G H Davis	5	8	8—21
A Hardy	6	5	7—16	C Hill	7	5	6—18

PEORIA, Ill., will have a shooting tournament Sept. 27, 28 and 29, live birds and inanimate targets. The committee are H. M. Nash and H. Conner.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 10.—In the contest between the Ridge Hill Gun Club and the New Bedford Gun Club at Raynham to-day the latter team won by a score of 73 to 66 as follows:

New Bedford Gun Club.	Rocks.	Clays.	Total	Ridge Hill Gun Club.	Rocks.	Clays.	Total
Post	5	7	12	A Hall	7	7	14
Plummer	7	9	16	A A Lincoln	4	4	8
Homer	2	8	10	C Robinson	7	9	16
Smith	4	7	11	F L Lowell	6	4	10
Hooper	9	5	14	I Hall	4	7	11
Snow	5	5	10	S A Lincoln	4	3	7

Both before and after the match sweepstake shooting was indulged in to quite an extent. The day, which opened in rather unpromising fashion, proved to be fine, and the visiting club enjoyed themselves very much. A return match will be shot at New Bedford shortly.

THE LATE JOHN M. GILL.—Utica, N. Y. Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Absence and sickness have delayed the announcement to you that Mr. John M. Gill, who died suddenly in Aberdeen, Dakota, Aug. 7, was the well-known amateur wing shot who appeared under the *nom de plume* of "E. M. Hammond," and whose triumphs in the New York Gun Club contests with Col. Butler, in the Brooklyn club shoots, and other events over the country, have been recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM. He had a record of 100 straight birds. Mr. Gill removed from Chicago to Omaha about two months ago with his wife and two children. He was in the employ of the Brush Electric Light Co., of Cleveland, when he was stricken down with heart disease on Aug. 4, and died Sunday, Aug. 7. Brother commercial travelers proved to be good Samaritans, nursed him, performed the last offices for their stranger friend, closed his eyes, had religious services, adopted resolutions of sympathy and condolence, placed a modest floral cross in the casket, and sent the remains to the widow at the home of her mother, Mrs. John J. Flanagan, Utica, N. Y. All the earthly remains of John M. Gill now lie in the beautiful Forest Hill Cemetery in this city. A good man and a true and honorable sportsman is at rest. The deceased was an honorary member of many of the gun clubs of the country, of the Lambs Club of New York and the Oneida County Sportsmen's Club of this city, to which he gave one of his finest trophies.—J. J. F.

ESSEX COUNTY GUN ASSOCIATION.—The next monthly competition for the prizes of the Essex County Gun Association will take place on the grounds of the Woodside Gun Club, North Newark, N. J., on Thursday, Sept. 29, at 2 o'clock. This will be the ninth contest, the first six having been won by the South Side Gun Club, the seventh by the Mountainside and the eighth is under protest. Four club prizes and an individual prize constitute the "day out." Several different names have been given in recent issues of your paper to this organization, whose real title is the Essex County Gun Association. The association was organized Dec. 23, 1886, and is composed of the South Side Gun Club of Newark, the Mountain of Orange Valley, the Mountainside of South Orange, East Orange of East Orange, Nimrod of Newark, and Woodside of Newark. The officers are Lewis Bush (Nimrod) President; J. R. Burnett (Mountainside), Secretary and Treasurer; W. R. Hobart (South Side), Manager. The objects of the association are contests for a silver cup and other prizes, the shoots taking place once a month on the grounds of the several clubs in Essex county. The organizers had in mind the probability of their example being followed in other counties, with the hope of a State Association in the near future. This would make some very interesting contests possible.—W. R. HOBART.

WELLINGTON, Sept. 17.—There was a good attendance of gunners at the grounds of the Wellington club to-day, and some good scores were made at clay-pigeons, blue rocks and blackbirds. Following are the first prize winners in the several events: 1. 6 clay-pigeons, Richards. 2. 6 blue rocks, Evans and Gerry. 3. 6 bats, Adams and Sanborn. 4. 6 clay-pigeons, Gerry, Adams and Wardwell. 5. 6 blackbirds, Gerry and Snow. 6. 6 bats, Edwards and Sanborn. 7. 6 blackbirds, Gerry, Snow and Wardwell. 8. 6 clay-pigeons, Sanborn. 9. 6 bats, Gerry, Wardwell and Sanborn. 10. 6 clay-pigeons, Baxter. 11. 6 blackbirds, Snow and Adams. 12. 6 clay-pigeons, Edwards, Snow and Warren. 13. 6 bats, Snow. 14. 6 blackbirds, Gerry and Sanborn. 15. 6 clay-pigeons, Snow. 16. 3 pairs blackbirds, Adams. 17. 6 bats, Gerry, Adams and Stone. 18. 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Warren and Snow. 19. 6 blackbirds, Baxter, Wardwell and Warren. 20. 6 blackbirds, Melcher. An all-day shoot will be held Sept. 20, when the Climax diamond badge, now held by Stanton, will be contested for.

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 17.—The Acushnet Gun Club was defeated by the New Bedford Gun Club to-day. The score: New Bedford—Plummer 14, Post 15, Homer 13, Snow 12, Bryant 13, Hooper 13, Smith 13, Pierce 12. Acushnets—Whalon 11, Kenyon 14, Gray 9, Job Spooner 6, Durfee 7, W. Whalon 7, G. Spooner 10, A. Whalon 16. A return match will be shot soon. The clubs are now a tie, each having won one match.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

8. New York, Sailing and Paddling.
9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..Henry Stanton...R. W. Bailey.....E. W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div..L. Q. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney....W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen. W. G. McKendrick. S. L. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

THE FIRST BRITISH CANOE MEET.

THE London *Field* gives the account of the canoe meet lately held on the Norfolk Broads, the first of its kind on the other side of the Atlantic. Now that British canoeists have learned how pleasant such a camp may be, and how useful to canoeists, we hope it may become a permanent institution like our own meets. A correspondent writes us of our Canadian friend "Mac" that he "gained the affections of everybody, and it says much for him that nobody kinder hated him for engrossing all the attentions of the ladies' wherry." The *Field* says: Canoeing in England became an established sport long before it was received with favor in America; yet to-day, when the list of canoe clubs in the United Kingdom is but seven, with a gross total of enrolled members of about two hundred and fifty or three hundred, the canoe clubs of the United States and Canada number over one hundred and twenty, with a membership of thousands where we count hundreds. Apart from the greater natural advantages offered by the lakes and rivers of the American continent, one thing that has caused canoeing to make such rapid strides in America has been the formation of the American Canoe Association, promoting meets for cruising and racing, where its members have been able to enjoy the sport in company, to compare types of boats and rigs, and renew their enthusiasm for the sport. For some years past there have been rumors of coming canoe meets each season, but until the present moment the idea has not taken form and practical shape.

This year, through the co-operation of the Royal C. C., the Mersey C. C., the Humber Yawl Club, the Wear C. C., and some unattached canoeists, a combined cruise was held on the Norfolk Broads during the first fortnight in August.

It is very probable that this meet may have a very important influence on the future of canoeing in England. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; and a meet having been held once and all the arrangements having been carried out with success, a new departure has been made and there is practical experience on which to lay the plans for still larger and more successful gatherings in the future.

The question has often been raised, why have we no British

Canoe Association? and probably the correct answer is that there has never been any gathering of a sufficient body of canoeists from different localities and of different clubs at which such an association could be formed.

Very soon after the opening of the combined cruise, it became evident that most of those present were anxious to see a British Canoe Association formed; and at the very first meeting of the whole camp, convened by the officer in charge of the cruise to discuss and vote upon the proposed programme of movements and camps, as soon as that business was over, the formation of an association was mooted and the discussion was taken up with such fervor and at such length that the matter had to be adjourned.

At the next meeting a series of resolutions were passed unanimously, the main points being:

The formation of a "British Canoe Association," of which all present enrolled themselves members, the object of the association being the promotion of cruises and meets similar to the one then in progress. It was decided that the subscription to the association should be 10s. annually, and as there will be no boat houses or other standing charges to support, this sum will probably be found quite sufficient, and no prizes other than flags or other honorary tokens of nominal value will be given as prizes for races, thus following the lines of the American Canoe Association, whose dues are $2, or 8s., annually, and whose prizes are only flags.

It was decided to refer the drafting of a constitution to a committee, in whose hands the conduct of the association's affairs should be vested until the next general meeting, at a cruise to be held on the Clyde during the first fortnight of August, 1888.

Mr. Percy Nisbit was appointed honorary secretary and treasurer, and the following gentlemen were elected to form the committee, Messrs. W. Baden-Powell and E. B. Tredwen for the Thames, Chas. Livingston for the Mersey, G. F. Holmes for the Humber, T. H. Holding for the Wear, H. M. Bromhead for the Clyde, and Mr. Scott for the eastern counties, with power to add to their number should the committee thus formed consider that any other centre required representation on the committee; the meetings of the committee to be held alternately in the different centers, as may be found most convenient.

The formation of this association of canoists, it is hoped, will assist greatly in promoting the sport, by bringing together canoeists who would otherwise never come into contact with one another. The annual cruise and camps will show all the possibilities and advantages of the sport at its best, and thus induce many to take it up who otherwise would not. Many of the men who join the association will probably follow that step by joining the canoe club of the center in which they reside, so that they may have a local rallying point, with the advantages of boat house, etc. In this way the B. C. A. will assist the existing clubs, and will not in any way be opposed to or competing with them.

This was the outcome of the cruise, and now to the cruise itself.

The preliminary arrangements for the cruise had been undertaken by the Royal U. C., and the camp sites had all been prospected and arranged for in advance by Mr. H. Wilmer and Mr. E. B. Tredwen.

It had been decided to charter a wherry (the yacht of the Broads) for the accommodation of ladies, and six ladies availed themselves of this opportunity of joining the cruise. The ladies' wherry proved a most acceptable adjunct to the trip, and many weary canoeists during a long day's run were glad to accept the invitations to tea or dinner on it. The ladies, too, appeared to be having a good time, for there was always great competition for the pleasure of their company by those (and they were many) who had canoes or canoe yawls that would carry more than the one person that the canoe is usually supposed to carry.

The cruise embraced Oulton Broad, with the two days' regatta of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, at which two very handsome prizes were kindly offered by the ladies of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club for a race among the canoes of the fleet, the first prize falling to Mr. W. Stewart's Charm, and the second to Mr. C. Livingston's Daisy; a trip to Beccles and back, Oulton to Acle, via Yarmouth; up the Muck Fleet to those grand Broads, Ormesby, Rollesby, and Filby; Acle to Hickling, where two days were spent, during which a visit was paid to Horsey Mere; Hickling to St. Benet's Abbey, thence to Wroxham; Wroxham to Acle, Acle to Oulton.

On the suggestion of Mr. Day, the whole body of canoeists on several occasions agreed to have a combined "stew" prepared for supper, thus saving each individual the trouble of cooking; and very pleasant these meals were, served in a long tent formed by joining two tents together, where after the meal the whole company held their musical and business meetings. Many were the concerts held on board the wherry, where there was a piano, a guitar, and other instruments, and plentiful was the vocal talent thus brought out. Every one present expressed a determination to join the cruise next year, so pleasant was this gathering.

Every type of canoe that has any pretensions to being a cruiser was represented, from the racing canoe Charm, whose luggage was carried on the wherry and in various canoes of a roomy type, to the largest Mersey yawl, which could carry the stores of two or three men and could accommodate a crew of four or five. These various types deserve some remark, and comment upon them, with descriptions of their various advantages or disadvantages, will be given on a future occasion.

Some men slept in their canoes, ashore or afloat, others had shore tents of various kinds, and these camping appliances, with the many varieties of cooking apparatus, are all of interest to canoeists, and will be treated of in due time.

The number of men present during the cruise from first to last was thirty-six, and there were never less than twenty in camp at one time.

MAST RINGS FOR CANOE SAILS,—Boston, Sept. 16, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been, among others, bothered by rings sticking when used on a light sail, I have devised a ring which I think is very near perfection. The rings are wound up of spring brass and cut off a little long, so that one end may be bent up at a right angle and the other down, the ends being sewed to the luff of the sail. In practice, the instant the luff tautens the rings stick out at right angles and remain so, allowing the sail to slide up and down very easily. Since using these I have not had occasion for a single cuss word, so that the average canoeist will stand a much greater show of reaching the happy hunting grounds than with the old rings.—MUSQUASH. [We have used rings made in this way of wire, and found them to answer, but the rings must be so large that they fit very loosely on the head of the mast. The lacing seems to answer best in all ways.]

IANTHE C. C. REGATTA.—The third annual regatta of the Ianthe C. C. will be held off club house, foot of Grafton avenue, Woodside, N. J., on Sept. 24, at 1:30 P. M. The races will be open to any canoeist. Programme: 1. Sailing, class B. 2. Paddling, class I. 3. Sailing, man overboard. 4. Paddling, class IV. 5. Paddling, standing. 6. Paddling, tandem. 7. Hurry-scurry race. 8. Tub race. The Woodside station of the Erie Railroad is but 30min. from New York. Trains leave Chambers street 12:45, 2:00, 3:20 and 4:20 P. M. Trains leave Woodside for New York 3:52, 5:21, 6:22, 8:02 P. M.

NEW YORK C. C. RACE, Oct. 8.—Owing to the detention of the canal boat with the canoes from Bow-Arrow Point, it has been found necessary to postpone the race for the N. Y. C. C. Sailing Trophy until Oct. 8. The course will be on New York Bay, about 9 miles. Canoes may be shipped to care of New York C. C., Tompkinsville, Staten Island, via Staten Island Rapid Transit R. R. Co., Pier 1, East River. They will be cared for on arrival at Staten Island.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP, CENTRAL DIVISION.—The following gentlemen residing in Central Division have applied for membership in A. C. A.: Wm. McK. Miller, New York.—E. W. BROWN, Purser, C. D.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot Club, Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian.
27. Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—On Sept. 17 the race for the Commodore's Cup was sailed over a course around Execution Light, 17 miles, in a light and variable wind, the starters being Arab, Amazon and Maida. Maida gave up, the others being timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corr'ted.
Arab	11 45 55	6 38 30	6 52 35	6 52 35
Amazon	11 41 05	7 18 35	7 37 30	7 33 35

On Sept. 24 a race for catboats will be sailed.

THE TRIAL RACES, SEPT. 15, 16.

BAD as was the weather on Tuesday, it was still worse on Thursday, when the second of the trial races was to be sailed. On the former occasion there was a little breeze and an attempt at a race, but Thursday was an ideal September day, the most perfect weather of the year, except for yachting. Clear blue skies, warmth without oppressive heat, and a fresh bracing atmosphere, after the close and muggy days of the earlier part of the week. The course was outside the Hook, to windward or leeward, and by 11 A. M. the usual fleet of yachts, steamers and tugs was ready off the Scotland Lightship. The great crowd of the first day was not present, the many small craft stayed inside the Bay, and there was plenty of room for the maneuvers of the racers. Not a breath of air was stirring, however. Hour after hour passed, and the sea still lay calm and unruffled, until at 3 o'clock the signal for a postponement was hoisted on the flagship, and the fleet started for home. Thistle was escorted down in the morning by her consort, the handsome Mohican, and the latter towed her home at night.

During the night there came up a breeze from N.W. that whistled merrily through the rigging of the fleet off Staten Island and Bay Ridge, and tore through the telegraph wires and around the street corners in town, carrying the welcome news of a race on the morrow; and the ones who essayed a third trial after two days of disappointment were well repaid in the end. In the morning the wind was N.W. by N. in the upper Bay, blowing with moderate strength, and the racers started down early in tow of the markboat B. T. Haviland, Electra following at a good jog. Thistle under sail was passed on the way down, and below the Lower Island the sloop Florida passed up, carrying only jib and two-reefed mainsail, and lopping down badly under even this short canvas. This is about her first appearance under canvas since she was built last fall, and from the display she made then, as well as again in the evening when she passed down under the same reduced sail, there seems little probability that the bright anticipations of a fabulous speed that heralded her launch, will ever be realized, or that she will find a place in the racing fleet. The wind at this time was quite moderate, but she staggered along under reduced sail and showed an alarming lack of stability.

At 10 A. M. the flagship was off the Scotland Lightship, a fresh breeze was blowing from N.W. by N., and the two racers were sailing about under mainsails and jibs, with Thistle in company. Never before was the committee of the New York Y. C. so well fitted with all the machinery for conducting a race as this season, and it seems wonderful now they ever made out as well as they did in the past when the contrast between the old-time tugboat and the Electra is considered. The Luckenbach was probably the best boat for the work that the club has ever had, but in no respect could she compare with the fine steam yacht that now does duty as flagship. The difference between the two is well illustrated by one point, in the tug there was always a vexatious delay, especially with a down wind start, while the anchor was clumsily got in by hand, with much noise and bustle and some remarks from the mate. On the flagship, as soon as the last starter is timed, the anchor is off the ground by steam to the pipe of the boatswain's whistle, and all is done without a word or an order being heard. Not only are the yacht and commercial codes utilized to the full extent of their capabilities, but a special set of numerical flags is carried for extra signals adapted to racing needs. The two guns of the yacht are used for all the starts, and this week they were fitted with electrical firing apparatus, by which the starter on the bridge had them under perfect control. The chart room gives such facilities for work as no tugboat can possibly have, down to the very convenient cyclostyle, by which manifold copies of all orders are quickly prepared, while the steam launch at the davits is always ready to deliver orders to the fleet. In this race the importance of such conveniences was fully shown, as it was found necessary to vary the programme at times, numerous orders being given and read by the racing yachts without an error.

Why, when the committee boat is ready at the line and there is a good breeze, the competing yachts will at once get as far away as possible, is a thing that has never been explained, and this was always the case, and Friday was no exception. The committee decided to start the race on a course S.E. by S. 10 miles, or dead to leeward, where the yachts would find the markboat with a red ball displayed, after which the course would be signalled from the Electra. Instructions to this effect were written in duplicate and given to the markboat to deliver to Volunteer and Mayflower, but after running far in toward the Hook to find the former, the tug had to start and run a mile or two Spainward to catch Mayflower, now well out to sea. This took some time, and it was just 11 A. M. when one of the ladies on the bridge of the flagship touched a button and fired the gun.

Volunteer was then on the starboard tack, standing in toward the Hook, having set her clubtopsail and staysail shortly before and dropped her spinaker boom overboard. Mayflower had first a jib-header mastheaded, but following Volunteer sent her clubtopsail aloft over the other, she by this time being near the line, to-windward of Volunteer. Thistle had run down a mile or more to leeward, and was waiting for the start, her spinaker boom being halfway down on port side. At 11:10 the gun gave the start and Volunteer came for the line, breaking out spinaker and balloon jibtopsail and lowering working headsails. The balloon jibtopsail, contrary to the general belief, is not of silk, but of linen the same as always used abroad for light sails until the introduction of the new "Union silk," and is a bright yellow color. Mayflower, a little astern, set the same canvas as she came for the line, the times being:

Volunteer, 11:15:57; Mayflower, 11:16:10.

The two postponements had made the time very short, and the committee was desirous of making a decision on this race rather than risking another day lost by calm weather, so a peculiar course was decided on. For fear of the wind shifting to southward and making a run out and in, as was by no means improbable, it was decided to run 10 miles free while the wind held, then to lay off about the same distance with wind abeam, returning over the same course. Thus a certain variety was insured, and as events proved the boats were seen on every point of sailing. As Volunteer ran down on Thistle there was some question as to what the latter's tactics were, but when the pair were just abreast all doubts were quickly dispelled. The crew of the Scotch boat was gathered about the mast, and as Volunteer came up all walked away aft with the spinaker halliards, the sail came up through its fore hatch, and as soon as it was clear of the coamings the sheet was manned and the sail was drawing to the last inch. Not only was the hard white sail round and full as it could be, a beautiful sight, but the way in which it was set, quietly and quickly and without a hitch, was beyond criticism. Of course the conditions between the boats were not such as to permit any fair comparison. Thistle has not been docked since her trip across, she had both boats at the davits and the dinghy in tow, and she was carrying only working topsail and jibtopsail with small spinaker, compared with Volunteer's clubtopsail and big balloon sail. Furthermore, there is no telling how she was sailed throughout the day, but it is more than probable that while she was able to gauge to a fairly reliable degree the performance of the other two, she did not have no more of her own heels than suited her, leaving the rest for the actual racing. For a time she seemed to hold Volunteer fairly well and then she dropped astern, finally bearing away to keep her spinaker full and at last running to leeward of the mark and waiting to see the others turn.

Mayflower held Volunteer very evenly for a time, but as the wind went a little more to the east the spinakers failed to draw as they had at first. Volunteer and Thistle, too, set the booms well forward until the headsails were becalmed and the spinakers were over the topmast stay, but Mayflower ran by the lee sufficiently to keep hers full, and so held a better pace. Finally Volunteer, at 11:53, took in hers and allowed the balloon jibtopsail to belly out until it appeared to do all the pulling. Just at noon Volunteer set her jib and staysail and Mayflower took in spinaker, but as she did so her balloon jibtopsail went into ribbons, flying out from the stay, seeing which, Volunteer soon took in hers. Mayflower cleared the wreck and set a jibtopsail, while Volunteer continued under working headsails only over the short distance now left to the mark. Meanwhile the flagship had stopped and was signaling for a course W.S.W., 9 miles, thus bringing the wind nearly abeam. The times were:

Volunteer.....12 17 43 Mayflower.....12 20 07

Thus Mayflower had gained 22s. in the run of 10 miles.

Volunteer jibed with jibtopsail aloft in stops, while Mayflower lowered hers as she came on the new course. At the start there had been little sea, but now there was quite a tumble, and all the boats were going into it. Volunteer doing the best. She heeled at times, but carried her sail well and toed and heeled through the seas as though she liked it. The wind was now much heavier and both were lying down at times to a very cuttery angle. At 12:30 Volunteer lowered her clubtopsail and at 12:38 Mayflower followed her example. At 12:45 Thistle struck her topsail and housed topmast. She had been going along at a good gait, but sailing as she was no fair comparison with Volunteer was possible. Volunteer, under working topsail, after lowering the jibtopsail she had hoisted at the mark but had not broken out, went straight on her course for the flagship, now ahead of the lot and running for Ocean Grove. When 8 miles were logged the Electra stopped and took a range with a building on shore, while the yachts came under her stern to tack and return over the same course. Mayflower was luffed out until she was far to windward both of Volunteer and her own course, the result being that she had to case off a good deal to get down to the mark. They turned:

Volunteer.....1 03 23 Mayflower.....1 07 10

Volunteer had added 1m. 23s. to the lead she had at the preceding mark, the distance being 8 to 9 miles, a reach in a strong breeze. Volunteer was able to carry her topsail home, but Mayflower evidently had more wind than she wanted. She luffed out for a time, and took the puffs as easily as possible, but the topsail was too much for her, and at 1:15 it came in, and as soon as possible the topmast was housed. She and Thistle, both under lower sail now, had a rub all the way to the next mark, the sailing being very even. Steadily Volunteer gained, and as she ran through a fleet of dories around a solitary fishing smack, and again passed the Haviland, she had piled up two minutes more to her credit. The times were: Volunteer 1:50:32, Mayflower 1:56:18.

The wind was now blowing dead down the last leg, and there was still plenty of weight in it as Volunteer luffed up at the mark and started on the first tack for home. She held this, the port tack, only for a few minutes, then she tacked in toward the Jersey beach. Meanwhile both Mayflower and Thistle held the port tack out to sea, and Volunteer soon came about again well to windward of them on the same tack. At 2:12 Volunteer went on starboard tack again, making a long leg of it, while Mayflower, now beaten beyond hope, held out on a seaward tack. The leader was still carrying her working topsail and carrying it well, but Mayflower was under low sails and with topmast still housed. There was still quite a sea running, rougher water than most races are sailed in, but it did not trouble Volunteer seriously. Steadily she gained on Mayflower until when the gun from Electra saluted her when she crossed the line she had a lead of 19m. Mayflower and Thistle came up nearly together, though the latter was plainly playing around during the last part of the beat. The times were:

Volunteer.....3 32 46 Mayflower.....3 51 34

Thus Volunteer beats Mayflower 19m. 2s. over a course of 38 miles, and of this 13m. was made in the 10-mile beat to windward. As a test the course and weather were all that could be asked and there is fortunately no doubt as to the committee's decision, made at once after the finish. That Volunteer is faster and stiffer in a blow is beyond doubt, but the exact measure of her superiority has not yet been obtained. Remembering the previous work of Mayflower and Puritan it is too much to expect that she is better by the full amount of the figures, 13m., but it is more than likely that Mayflower paid heavily for her extra sail area, lately added. It was evident last year that she was none too stiff at best, and now she is lugging still more canvas. We have no exact figures as to the force of the wind, but it did not seem any heavier than in the June race at Marblehead, when she did well with topsail set all day, but since then sails and spars have been increased. Again, she was sailed then by her original crew and owner, and before accepting the figures of the present race it is worth while to consider what would have been the relative positions had Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess been aboard Mayflower and her crew aboard Volunteer. Comparisons are odious, but it is generally admitted that none of the large class have been handled at any time in such form as Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer have in succession in the hands of these gentlemen and the able associates they have gathered about them that it is no reflection on Mayflower's owner and crew to lay part of the loss to the handling. Mayflower was sailed, and very well sailed too, by Capt. Louis Downs, an old pilot and skillful yacht skipper, but his hand was new to the wheel. Would Mayflower of last June or September have been beaten as badly by Volunteer? We think not, but even if it were so it is plain that the new boat is the swifter and surer vessel to defend the Cup. This was the prompt decision of the committee and the following letters were at once despatched to the yachts:

ON BOARD FLAGSHIP ELECTRA,
OFF SANDY HOOK, Sept. 16, 1887.

To Gen. Paine, Sloop Yacht Volunteer:

SIR—The America Cup Committee have decided to select the Volunteer as the defender of the America's Cup in the international races, the challenger for the cup being the Thistle.

You are requested to be ready for the races upon Sept. 27, 29 and (if necessary) Oct. 1, 1887. Very respectfully,

JAMES D. SMITH,
Chairman of the Committee.

ON BOARD FLAGSHIP ELECTRA,
OFF SANDY HOOK, Sept. 16, 1887.

To Rear-Commodore Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., Sloop Yacht Mayflower:

SIR—The America Cup Committee have decided to select the Volunteer as the defender of the America's Cup in the international races, the challenger for the cup being the Thistle.

The committee desire to express their thanks and obligations to yourself personally for the splendid display of yachting skill in trial of to day. Very respectfully,

JAMES D. SMITH,
Chairman of the Committee.

After the finish the two were taken in tow, while Thistle sailed home alone. Nothing now remains but to put Volunteer in the best possible shape for the first contest on Tuesday next. Mayflower was stripped Saturday and will lay up at once at Port Jefferson.

KEEP OFF THE COURSE.

THE races of Tuesday, Thursday and perhaps Saturday will be by all odds the most important contests that have ever taken place in the history of yachting, and it is specially desirable that the results shall not be due to anything but superiority in the yachts and their handling. To this end it is most important that attending vessels of all kinds shall keep far distant from the racers. In the past two years instances of serious interference with the yachts by steam vessels have been of too frequent occurrence, but in view of the special importance of the races this year it is hoped that the captains of all vessels, including steam yachts as well as tugs and steamers, will give attention to the following circular:

ON BOARD FLAGSHIP ELECTRA,
SEPT. 15, 1887.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You will greatly oblige the Committee of the America Cup and especially the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. if, through the columns of your paper, you will call the attention of all captains and owners of vessels, and especially of all steam vessels, of the great importance and absolute necessity of keeping a long distance to leeward of the yachts competing in the Cup races. A steamer passing close to a yacht will often give a back draught of wind, together with a wash of sea, both interfering with her speed. The cutting in close ahead or astern should likewise be avoided.

This appeal would hardly seem necessary if the experience of former Cup races did not warrant it.

The fairest kind of fair play should be given to both challenger and challenged, and we feel it is but necessary to call the attention of the public to this matter in order to insure that fair play which we so much desire.

Yours, respectfully,

THE AMERICA CUP COMMITTEE.

AMERICA AND GITANA MATCH.

A MATCH was lately made by Com. W. F. Weld, E. Y. C., and Gen. B. F. Butler between their schooners, Gitana, 97ft. 4in. l.w.l., and America, 96ft., to be sailed off Marblehead for $1,000 a side, on Sept. 17. Both yachts were ready in the morning, but there was little wind. A course was laid out from Halfway Rock to Harding's Ledge buoy, thence 17 miles northeast to a markboat off Eastern Point, and home, 36 miles. The steam yacht Ocean Gem, with the judges and Gen. Butler on board did duty as juages' boat. The wind was light northeast at 11:42, when the start was given, and both carried balloon canvas. America went over promptly but Gitana lost over 7m. in working to the line in a very light wind. The start was timed:

America.....11 44 49 Gitana.....11 51 56

Shortly after the start the wind shifted to south and balloonjibtopsails came in as the two beat in toward Nahant, then made a short leg off shore and a long one for Harding's, turning the latter:

America.....2 43 13 Gitana.....2 46 15

There was trouble on each boat with balloonsails before they were set and trimmed, but at last both were away for the second mark, with wind well aft. The times were:

America.....5 32 00 Gitana.....5 38 00

The finish was in a light wind, America winning. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
America	11 44 49	6 31 49	6 47 00
Gitana	11 51 56	6 39 01	6 47 05

There was no time allowance between the boats.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—The fall regatta on Sept. 14 failed for lack of wind. The larger yachts failed to finish, but Annie Forsythe and Emma made the course in their class, the former winning.

THISTLE'S MIDSHIP SECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York *Herald* shows a great deal of enterprise in publishing the true midship section of the cutter Thistle last Tuesday. The identical section was published in your "Supplement" six weeks ago, and has since been seen and studied by pretty much every living being under the sun. The section has been republished in many foreign papers, with this little difference, that they give credit to the source of their information, while the *Herald* has "just received it from a skilled draftsman." Likely enough the *Herald's* copy of your "Supplement" has been delayed in the mails, as the clerks in the postoffice know a good thing when they see it. Having just come to hand in the *Herald* office, that esteemed journal was on the alert, and at once produced the section and drew upon your "Supplement" for an excellent description, which is naturally enough the best of the kind which has yet appeared in the daily press and much more creditable to the *Herald* than the crazy fake foisted upon a disgusted public by one of its contemporaries. Since it has become the fashion to appropriate all the features of the cutter and pass them off as American innovations in our big "sloops," it is in perfect keeping that the daily press should borrow its plumes from headquarters and dish them up second-hand to a confiding public. The public will in that way get sound information in place of the frightful rubbish which has hitherto been manufactured in the newspaper offices by landsmen who have never been off soundings.

A SPECTATOR.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

THE contests for the America's Cup in preceding years have awakened a wide interest throughout the country at large, and among all classes, but this season the excitement far exceeds that attending any previous event; and the movements of Volunteer and Thistle will be anxiously watched wherever newspapers and telegraphs penetrate.

In 1885 the interest was confined very largely to those closely connected with yachting, and comparatively little was known by the general public about the sport; but the continual successes of the Boston boats, and the renewed attempts to capture the Cup, have made the names of Volunteer and Thistle familiar even in inland places where yachts are unknown. Certainly the coming races will be the most important that have ever been sailed; the continual competitions between the two great yachting nations have led to improvements in models and methods which make the present matches the most equal that have ever taken place, the unequalled records of each boat thus far gives the unchallenged position of champion, while the known skill of the principals on each side makes it certain that the fight will be a close one.

The rest of this week will be devoted to the final preparations, and by Monday both yachts will be afloat in perfect fighting trim. On Monday last Volunteer shipped her new boom, a stick 85ft. 9in. long, and with the new mainsail bent on the previous Saturday she was out for a sail down the Bay. Thistle lay at her moorings on Sunday and Monday, but was under sail on Tuesday, going into the dry dock on Wednesday. On Saturday the Messrs. Clark and Mr. Watson started for a cruise down the Sound in the Mohican, but the yacht, with a pilot on board, grounded in the East River below Blackwell's Island, breaking a blade in her propeller. She at once returned and went into dock to ship a spare blade, going off on Tuesday. She will of course act as consort for Thistle, while Mr. E. C. Benedict has offered his steam yacht Oneida to Gen. Paine, to do similar duty for Volunteer. The sails of both yachts have been thoroughly overhauled, Volunteer's by Mr. John M. Wilson and Thistle's by Mr. Ratsey, who sails with her. The reports of Thistle's sailing on Friday have naturally tended to increase the confidence in Volunteer, and there is considerable betting, but the stories of immense sums sent from Scotland to back Thistle are without substantial foundation. A number of Scotch yachtsmen have lately arrived in New York for the races, among them Mr. Wm. Fife, Jr., designer of Clara, Alida, Erycina and many other racers; Messrs. Grant, of the Lenore, 20 tons, and Mr. George Clark.

The conditions for the races are officially announced as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 17, 1887.

The Regatta Committee have this day been notified by the America's Cup Committee that the yacht Volunteer has been selected by them to defend the America's Cup, and that they have also agreed with Vice-Com. Bell that the races with the Thistle shall take place, barring unavoidable accidents to either yacht, as follows:

Sept. 27—At 10 A. M., over the New York Y. C. course.

Sept. 29—At 10:30 A. M., twenty miles to windward or to leeward and back from Scotland Lightship or from Sandy Hook Lightship, as will be determined on the morning of the race, and if necessary.

Oct. 1—At 10:30 A. M., triangular course of forty miles outside, starting from the Scotland Lightship.

In compliance with this arrangement the Regatta Committee give notice that the races will be sailed as above.

The rules of the New York Yacht Club, except as otherwise hereinafter provided, will govern the sailing of the races.

Yachts while sailing the race must carry their private signals at the main peak.

The signals for starting will be given from the flagship Electra, as follows, viz.:

Preparatory Signal.—One gun will be fired, and at the same time the United States Ensign will be lowered from the foremast, and a blue peter set in its place.

The Start.—Ten minutes later there will be a second gun fired, the blue peter will be lowered and the yacht club signal set in its place, when the time of each yacht will be taken as it crosses the line. Five minutes later there will be a third gun fired, and this time will be recorded as the time of either yacht starting in the race thereafter.

Note.—That before any signal is given the United States Ensign will be flying at the foremast; during the preparatory period a blue peter, and after the starting gun the yacht club signal.

If practicable, a short blast of the steamer's whistle will be given when each yacht crosses the starting line.

In the race over the club course, the yachts in starting will cross an imaginary line drawn from the flagship Electra to Buoy No. 18, opposite Owl's Head, Long Island, thence (keeping outside of Fort Lafayette) to and around Buoy No. 10, passing to the west and south of it, thence to Buoy No. 8½, passing west and south of it, and north of Buoy No. 5, off the point of Sandy Hook, to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, turning it from north and east, and then returning over the same course to the westward of the home stakeboat, which will be anchored abreast of and to the eastward of Buoy No. 15. The yachts must pass to the eastward of West Bank Buoys Nos. 9, 11, 13 and 15, and to the westward of red buoys Nos. 10½, 12, 14 and 16, both going and returning, and must keep to the southward of an imaginary line drawn between buoys 8 and 8½, on Flynn's Knoll, and to the eastward of buoys 1 and 3, on the False Hook outside, going and returning.

In the outside races, at the start and finish, the yachts will pass between the flagship Electra and the Lightship, and in the triangular race, in rounding, will keep on the outside of the tugs used to mark the course.

In the windward or leeward race the yachts round the tug, leaving it on the starboard hand. The tug running off a course will display no signals until she has anchored, when she will hoist a large red ball at the masthead and keep it hoisted as long as she remains anchored.

Further necessary instructions will be given on the morning of each race.

Each race must be made in seven hours.

GOUVERNEUR KORTRIGHT,
STEPHEN PEABODY,
ALEX. TAYLOR, JR.,
Regatta Committee.

A large number of steamers will accompany the races, notices of which will be found in the daily papers. Persons coming from out of town can reach Pier 1, North River, by means of the elevated railways, and steamers for the races will be found there.

LARCHMONT Y. C.

THE postponed race for second class was sailed on Sept. 20 in a moderate N.E. wind, the course being from off Larchmont, around a markboat off Matinnicock Point, thence around markboat off Sheffield Island and home over same course, 33 miles. Only Shamrock, Titania and Gracie entered. Galatea was at anchor in the harbor and Lieut. Henn, sailed on Titania. The start was made at 11 A. M., but the long interval of ten minutes had nearly expired before Shamrock crossed, while both the others were handicapped, the times being: Shamrock, 11:09:58; Gracie, 11:10:14; Titania, 11:10:37. Over the four miles to first mark Shamrock and Gracie carried balloon jibtopsails, while Titania, starting with baby jibtopsail, shifted to a larger one. Shamrock sailed ahead, while Titania and Gracie kept company, the former having the best of it and leaving Gracie to leeward. The times at Matinnicock were: Shamrock, 11:42:49; Titania, 11:47:29; Gracie, 11:48:58.

The next leg of 12½ miles was laid out to windward, but a shift of wind made it so that only one leg was necessary. The wind was stronger, too, but all hung on to clubtopsails. Titania did the best sailing on this leg, overtaking Shamrock. The times were: Shamrock, 1:28:37; Titania, 1:28:51; Gracie, 1:39:14.

Titania was now pushing hard for first place, both she and Shamrock carrying balloon jibtopsails, with a brisk wind on the starboard beam. The steel boat worked out to windward of Shamrock, and at 2 P. M. blanketed and passed her.

Gracie was now far astern, with clubtopsail and large jibtopsail set, when a puff struck her and in a moment she was on her beam ends. The water was up to the cabin house, and the cockpit flooded, but her owner managed to close the doors in time. The jib sheets were to leeward under water and could not be reached, and though the main sheet was eased off, the boom dragged in the water and the sail would not spill. As she went down the new balloon jibtopsail and a spinaker, which were made up in in stops and lying on the cabintop, slid into the water, and one of the crew was also thrown overboard. He clung to the jibtopsail until it sank, when he disappeared, being unable to swim. For over a minute Gracie laid down so far that those on board had given up all hopes of her righting and were preparing to swim, but she finally came up. As soon as the man was missed a life buoy was thrown, while the yacht was put about and cruised for half an hour in search of him, but no trace was found.

The other yachts were too far ahead to render assistance, and continued the race, being timed at Matinnicock: Titania, 2:56:14, Shamrock, 2:57:51. Over the short leg home Shamrock gained a little, the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Titania	11 10 00	3 26 13	4 16 13	4 16 13
Shamrock	11 09 58	3 27 14	4 17 16	4 16 22
Gracie	11 10 00	Withdrew.		

Titania wins by 9 seconds.

The tug ran back after the race to learn what had happened to Gracie. The lost sailor was Charles Wirgen, 26 years of age, a Swede. At the start another of Gracie's crew met with a painful accident, his fingers being crushed by the anchor.

NEWARK Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 13.—The Newark Y. C. has long since outgrown the narrow limits of the Passaic River, the only water near at hand, but it is only within a few weeks that it has made a decided move for larger quarters by the rental of a piece of ground at Bayonne, on Newark Bay, and the erection of a small club house, in addition to the large home house. This gives the club a station on fairly good water, the depth being the only serious drawback, but as all the yachts are centerboarders it does not so much matter. The yachts can be left at the new station, thus avoiding a tedious sail of six to eight miles up a narrow, winding river. The opening of the new station was celebrated on Sept. 12 by the fall regatta, which was sailed for the first time over the new course, from off the club house up to the head of Newark Bay, down to the Long Bridge, and back to club house. The wind blew strong N. E., or directly down the Bay, raising a good sea and bringing grief to many a swift sandbagger, a class of yacht which this club still encourages. Owing to the many capsizes and mishaps, the race was not a success.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Seventeenth weekly cruise. Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return; distance, 5 miles. Wind, light easterly. The start was made at 9 A. M.:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
Josephine, E. Sowers	15.00	11 59 56	2 59 21
Priscilla, E. Stanley	15.00	11 59 55	3 00 32
Gracie, E. A. Leopold	12.00	12 10 00	3 00 57
Igidious, Wm. Rochell	15.00	11 01 44	3 03 34
Bowers, C. De Haven	15.00	12 06 30	3 06 30
H. C. Scott, W. Carnathan	15.00	12 10 03	3 09 03
Pennsylvania, J. Adams	16.00	12 04 00	3 16 33
Lulu, Jas. Frith	15.00	Withdrawn.	
Ino, W. Sullivan	15.00	Withdrawn.	
Elsie, E. MacAllister	15.00	Withdrawn.	
Iola, George Walker	15.00	Withdrawn.	
Princess, C. Wainwright	15.00	Withdrawn.	

Josephine wins champion pennant. Judge, Thomas Rochell.

ACCIDENT TO A YACHT.—On Sept. 16 the yacht Carrie E., of Salem, was in collision with the schooner B. F. Somes in Gloucester harbor, sinking near Ten Pound Island.

SINGLE-HANDED SAILING.—Solitary traveling appears to secure independence more completely than any other, and it has its earnest advocates in these times. The utmost thought and skill have been expended upon schemes for rendering the solitary traveler more and more completely independent of his fellow men both on land and water. Mr. John Macgregor used to be the strongest advocate for the solitary principle. His argument was that the lonely traveler could generally find some one to talk to when he wanted society, and also that conversation with any companion is speedily exhausted when two people are thrown together constantly. These ideas have been apparently accepted to some extent in America, where the type of small yacht known as the single-hand cruiser—the vessel whose owner navigates her entirely by himself—has been very carefully studied and brought to a curious perfection. In the FOREST AND STREAM, published at New York, an intelligent and humorous contributor has well described the repugnance felt by the accomplished yachtsman toward awkward people who come on board his little craft and vex her by their untidiness, leaving the marks of their boat nails for a permanent memorial. He suffers too, morally, from their discontented ways, from their impatience with those delays and small disappointments that the yachtsman takes as part of the ordinary course of things, and from their frequently evident desire to be put ashore. The taste for solitary cruising would, indeed, almost seem to be the result of unfortunate experiences in uncongenial companionship. The same unfortunate experiences may be met with in land traveling also, but they are especially likely to happen to the amateur sailor, because sailing is a peculiar passion requiring the love of water and wind and a natural affinity for sailing boats and their complicated tackle. If the chosen companion has not these instincts by nature, he has been selected without due discrimination, and is the only consequence of his presence will be to beget a desire for solitude. But I cannot think that solitude is anything better than a negative solution of the difficulty, and I can even prove that the lonely man is not always the most truly independent. When in a boat by yourself you are so completely the slave of your vessel that so long as it is in motion you have hardly leisure to eat a crust of bread. Even the American advocate of solitary sailing admits that the lonely yachtsman may sometimes have ten or twelve hours of fatigue and fasting at a stretch. Two companions relieve each other, and so give each other independence. I remember sailing in a boat with a rather stiff old gentleman who was good at the helm but not sharp enough for anything else, so he took that as his specialty, and I attended to the sails and fed the steersman and made his coffee for him. Surely he must have felt more independent than if he had been in a state of constant anxiety about sailing gear and suffering from the pangs of hunger! It is almost impossible to state fairly and truly the degree in which two men are superior to one. It is not simply the multiplication table "twice one are two," for the two can do a hundred things that are infinitely more than twice what the isolated man could accomplish, and, what is most to our present purpose, they can relieve each other, which is all-important to creatures so easily fatigued as we are. The reader may, perhaps, remember one of Mr. Macgregor's books—"The Voyage Alone in the Yawl Rob Roy"—in which he told us how he crossed the Channel from Havre to Littlehampton. Overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep in the middle of the Channel, and lay thus for six hours under the folds of the mainsail while the boat drifted. I need not expatiate on the very considerable dangers of such a situation. Two men in the same boat might have escaped the risk by watching alternately.—*P. G. Hamerton in Longman's Magazine.*

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The final race of the season was sailed on Sept. 17, over the following courses: First and second classes, from judges' line, leaving Buoys 5 and 3 on starboard, Half-Way Rock on starboard, Can Buoy on outer breaker off Pig Rocks on starboard, buoy off Tom Moore's Rocks on port, Buoys 3 and 5 on port, to finish; 10 miles. Third class, from judges' line to buoy off Chappel's Ledge on starboard, buoy on Gooseberry Ledge on starboard, stakeboat one-half mile south of Marblehead Rock on starboard, Buoys 3 and 5 on starboard, to finish; 6 miles. The wind was fresh S.W. at the start, but fell to a calm when the race was half over. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Viola, Horatio Babcock		2 28 37	
FIRST CLASS KEELS.			
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	25.08	2 14 58	1 43 48
Ione, J. S. Poyen	26.04	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	23.04	2 56 11	2 02 12
Beth, F. S. Eaton	23.06	2 37 08	2 03 11
THIRD CLASS.			
Banshee, H. P. Benson	17.11	1 34 37	1 09 35
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	20.00	1 32 53	1 00 50
Nova, C. H. W. Foster	19.03	1 56 48	1 13 18
Nerina, R. Saltonstall	20.11	1 40 41	1 18 25
Pixie, F. W. Chandler	20.09	1 42 26	1 20 02
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane	20.09	1 43 52	1 21 28

The judges were Messrs. Chas. E. Andrews, Wm. Eddy and Geo. W. Jackson.

EM ELL EYE AND COYOTE.—A match was sailed on Sept. 17 between these two boats, the course being from judges' boat, anchored off South Boston pier, to Sculpin Ledge buoy, leaving it on port to buoy 6 on lower middle, leaving on port to line, leaving flagboat on port, thence to buoy 6 on lower middle, leaving it on starboard, thence to Sculpin Ledge buoy, leaving it on starboard, thence to starting line, 14 miles. Coyote allowed 1m. 39s. In the light S.W. wind Coyote took the lead, but Em Ell Eye soon passed her, and gained steadily, passing the judges' boat at 4.17.22, with Coyote 4.17 52. On the next round there was more wind, but Em Ell Eye continued to gain, the finish being timed:

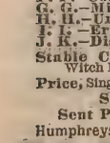
Em Ell Eye ..... 5 29 08 Coyote 5 38 40

Em Ell Eye wins by 11m. 5s. corrected time. S. A. Freeman acted as judge.

YACHT FURNITURE.—FOLD-UP LAVATORIES.—One of the most convenient pieces of yacht furniture yet devised is the folding lavatory seen in some of the imported cutters now in this country. The outfit includes a tank for water, a washbasin and a second tank below for waste water, all in one frame, the dimensions of the largest size being 3ft. 8in. high, 1ft. 6in. wide and 8in. extreme depth. The basin folds up when not in use, emptying the water as it does so. When open the water faucet and dishes for soap and brushes are seen inside. The entire arrangement is compact and convenient. The cost in England ranges from $56 for the largest size in teak or mahogany, including mirror, down to $13 for the small size in varnished pine. They are furnished by George Wilson, 20 Glasshouse street, London.

LLOYD'S REGISTER.—We have received Supplement No. 1, containing alterations up to Aug. 13, 1887.

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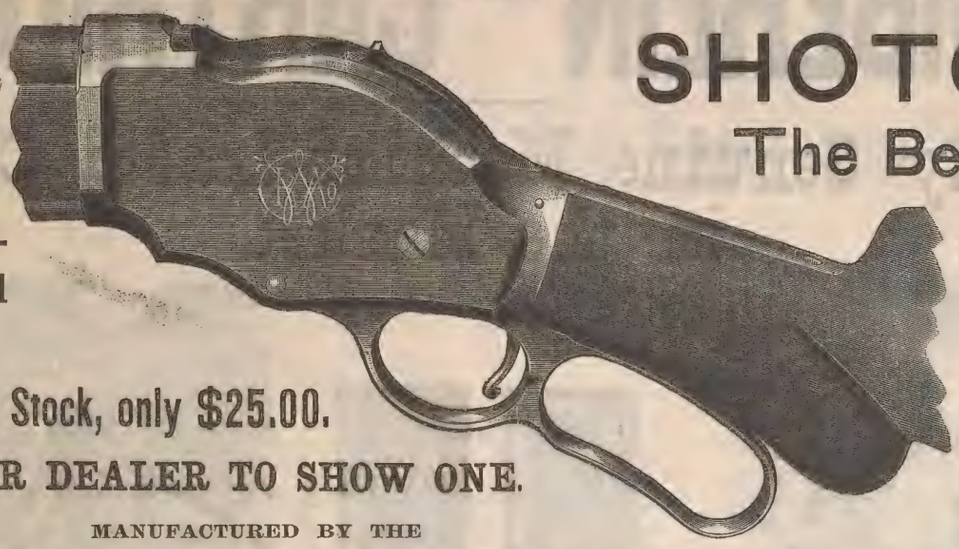
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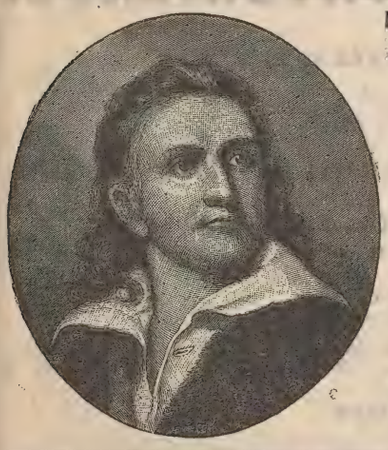
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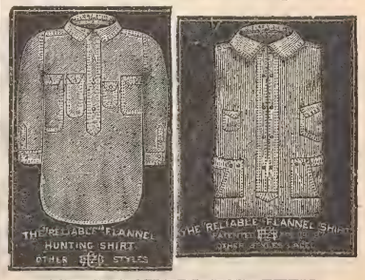
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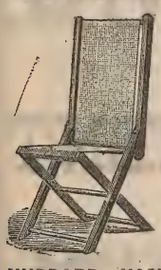
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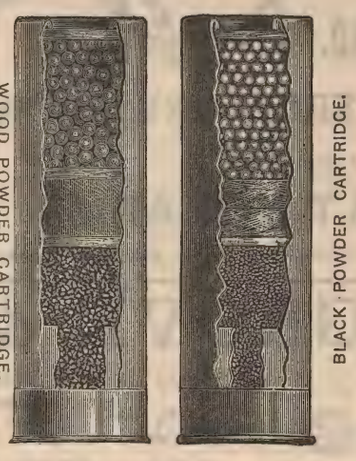
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No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

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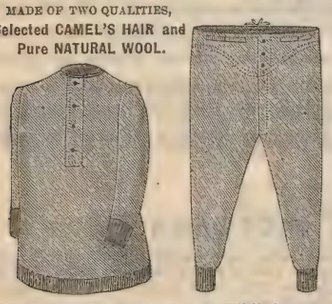
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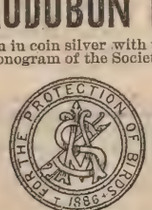
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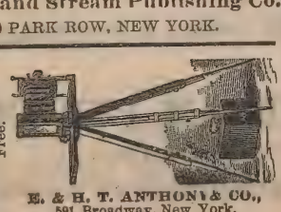
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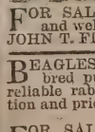
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE full report made in our last issue of the recent fall meeting at Creedmoor left little to add in the way of explanation. The entry list and the score list showed that the meeting was not up to anything like a decent standard in the way of attendance, and showed that, taking the luck of weather, there are marksmen in the militia as well as in the civil matches who can get out about all that a rifle is capable of.

When we hear complaints that the directors of the National Rifle Association do not put forward sufficient inducement to bring marksmen to the meetings, we can point to the disproportion in prizes and entries. Why is it that the Wimbledon cup has only three entries? Is it no honor to take and hold such a trophy for a year? Is all the sport, and pleasure, and bodily profit of long range shooting gone because there is no international match on the tapis with its newspaper notoriety and general parade in public view? If the long-range men, who are supposed to belong to what our English cousins so clumsily and vulgarly style "gentlemen sportsmen," do not care enough for the sport of rifle shooting to keep up a lively rivalry for such a piece of honor plate as the Wimbledon cup, then it must be confessed that rifle shooting is on a decline, and that the pot-hunting, lucre-loving shots are in the ascendant.

Again, if any one shall say that the Creedmoor range has not accomplished anything in the way of making good marksmen, the recent fall meeting will go on record as a contradiction. The range has a proud and a growing record. The scores of to-day beat the scores of yesterday, and each annual gathering find better weapons on hand and more intelligent, more skillful men to shoot them. This is progress, and the National Rifle Association is to be credited with all this advance, and not only on its own range, but on a hundred ranges which have been called into being because a decade and a half ago the Long Island shooting ground was established.

It is to be regretted perhaps that the range has not a capable statistician; by this we mean one who would and could collect all the data which might be of value in the future to those who see the science of fine marksmanship lying behind the art as it is practiced on the range. Each ndividual who shoots profits by his own experience. Each man who would become a shot must travel this path of personal training, but the experience of every one who goes to the range and strives carefully and honestly to reach perfection is worth more to those who make rifles and ammunition, or who study as inventors to improve the present weapons. Creedmoor should furnish an immense amount of data of this sort. It does not, and to that extent is not following its entire mission.

There is nothing to be discouraged at in the past meeting. There are bigger gatherings abroad, beside which the Creedmoor assembly would figure as a corporal's guard against an army corps. Yet the average shooting is far better at Creedmoor than at Geneva or at Brussels or even at Wimbledon. There are many causes which go together to explain why we do not see crowds at Creedmoor; yet, for all that, the range is exciting a wide-spread influence for good, and it would be a national loss of no small moment if the butts there should be abandoned and a real and universal apathy fall upon the sport in the metropolis.

THEY JIGGED THEM.

IN a letter from a Boston correspondent, "Special," in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 15, it was reported that two Maine trout exhibited in a Boston show window were attracting much attention because of their size and beauty. One measured 23in. in length and weighed 8½lbs.; the other was 22in. and weighed 6½lbs. These were two of a total catch of twenty-one, said to have been caught Aug. 31 at the Upper Dam of Richardson Lake, near the Union Waterpower Co.'s works. Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York, had the credit of their capture, and the letter said; "Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York city, is just out with a better record than ever, though previously he has made some good scores in taking the Androscoggin trout with the fly. Mr. Stewart has visited the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, nearly every season for a number of years, and almost always in the fly-fishing season. * * * These are not the largest trout that have ever been taken at that point, but they are very large to be caught with the fly. * * * The many sportsmen who have met Mr. Stewart at the Upper Dam on former seasons, will feel like congratulating him on his good success."

It now appears that there was an error in our correspondent's account of this affair. The weights and lengths of the fish were probably as given and they were caught in the locality and by the person named, but there is no reason to suppose that they were taken with the fly. They were jigged, or doctored with "the silent doctor."

The method is one of which most anglers have heard, but it is to be hoped that not many of those who make pretension to being fly-fishermen or legitimate bait-fishermen, are practically familiar with it. The jig is a very simple implement. It consists of a hook or a number of hooks attached to a pole or to a line with or without a rod. That is all there is to it; no bait, no fly, nothing but just bare hook. This is let down into the water underneath the fish or by the side of it, and jerked upward or sidewise. The hook is driven into the fish's belly or side or head or tail, and there you have him! The jig is sometimes called "the silent doctor." Under either name, as a device for taking trout on their spawning beds, it is just about as infernal an engine of destruction as any abhorred by right-minded anglers and resorted to by poachers, fish-hogs and big-fish-in-the-show-window big-name-in-the-newspaper notoriety hunters.

Jigging has been one of the curses of Maine trout waters. In the fall of the year the big fish gather on the spawning beds, and there, ranged in rows, they lie motionless, utterly disdainful of the most tempting wiles and lures. They are not in striking mood. They can be jigged; "the silent doctor" will take them; and "the silent doctor" it is. Men come from distant cities, appareled in the guise of anglers, equipped with expensive tackle, inscribing on the hotel register names well known in fishing clubs, hire boats and guides, paying those men well to serve as accomplices, and then sneak down to the spawning beds and jig trout, keeping an eye out the while to see that no one detects them. When they succeed in jabbing their jig into a fish, if no one be near to see, they yank it in without any nonsense; or if there be a spectator they "play" the impaled trout, and make a great ado, even to giving the butt, until the victim can be taken in and unjigged without detection. The feat is bragged about as a fly-fishing performance, and if the marks of the jig are not too plain the fish is dispatched to some city show window to be exhibited, after the manner of those jigged by Mr. Stewart, as trophies of their captor's fly-fishing skill.

The jigging abuse is of long standing, and the time has come when an end should be put to it once and for all. At the particular point in question, the scene of Mr. Stewart's jigging exploit, there should be stationed a fish warden to watch this one spot through September and October, or if Maine's parsimonious appropriation for protection will not cover the expense of providing such an officer, an amendment might be added to the law to close this death trap by forbidding any fishing whatever between the Upper Dam and the lake below. This would be a deprivation to those who fish legitimately, but it is an instance where the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

As it is now, the wardens appear to find difficulty in bringing offenders to book. Game and fish warden Geo. D. Huntoon, of Rangely, did succeed last week in capturing two jiggers, Messrs. T. B. Stewart, of this city, and Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, but tardily and not until most of their jigged trout had been distributed around or shipped out of the State. They went before an Andover justice and each put in a plea of guilty, Stewart being docked $25 and Hollingsworth $28.

The psychologic aspect of this case we are quite free to confess we do not understand; the peculiar condition of mind that prompts a professed fly-fisherman to jig trout for brag has never been discussed in the text-books. Here is a man who is presumably a devotee of fly-fishing, for the name of T. B. Stewart appears in the list of vice-presidents of the National Rod and Reel Association. Of that organization the "aims and objects" are stated to be: "The preservation of game fish by every possible means, the cultivation of that fraternal feeling which always exists among the lovers of our gentle sport, and the holding of an annual tournament to compare excellence in the use of rod and reel." At the last tournament Mr. Stewart gave a prize for excellence in the "expert light rod contest" in "single-handed fly-casting." It would be presumed that a public patron of the fine art of angling, associating with fly-fishermen and being numbered among them, would have the utmost contempt for such clumsy fish murdering devices as a jig. Yet Mr. Stewart goes to Maine and jigs trout. He yanks in the big ones in a style emulating the veriest spawning bed poacher that ever skulked out of the way of a warden. How is the personality of the Harlem Mere fly-caster to be reconciled with that of the Upper Dam jig dabber? Have we here perhaps a dopplegänger?

THE YACHT RACE.

ON Tuesday morning the general opinion of all interested in the great yacht race was that Thistle was a sure winner over the inside course, but with no chance in a breeze. By Tuesday night the wind was in another quarter, and Thistle was generally regarded as unable to sail with any of the American boats. To-day another race is to be sailed, and there is no telling what the next move of the popular Volunteer may be.

The wildest fluctuations of the stock market do not equal the quick changes of the public favor. It is not yet clear on what grounds an easy victory for Thistle was expected; all the real evidence pointed toward a very close race, with chances about even. Now that Thistle has been beaten, there is as little reason for pronouncing her to be a slow boat as there was before for extravagant estimates of her speed. Worse luck never met a yacht than she had on Tuesday, and while she lost a place she should have held at the start, in what little show at fair sailing she finally had she did very well, fully holding Volunteer over half the course. As to the race to-day, there is every probability that it will be very close, and reverse the poor opinion now generally held of the boat. Should she win, her stock will rise as quickly as it has fallen, and possibly with no more reason.

Apart from the sport and pleasure of such races, there is a great benefit to be derived from an intelligent study of the results and attendant circumstances; but the present tendency is to exalt or condemn a boat upon the most superficial grounds. Even if she loses, there is ample material for study in the Thistle, but with the present hasty and erroneous conclusions pro and con, the chances for a fair and thorough comparison of the strong and weak points of each boat are very small, and a larger part of the lessons that every prominent boat can teach will be lost to all but a few.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.—I.

AS a preface to this short account of my last year's hunt in Idaho, I think it my duty to thank the FOREST AND STREAM as having been the medium to introduce me to the many pleasures which I have enjoyed in that far-off territory. I happened one day to read a very interesting article in the columns of this journal on "Large Game in Idaho:" this aroused my hunting passions to such an extent that I mustered courage to inquire for details and particulars, which were readily given, and this also introduced me to the writer of the account, with whom I enjoyed, three years ago, the wonders of the National Park and afterward my first hunt in Idaho. But now for my last hunt.

I shipped by freight to Mountain Home part of my camping outfit. This included an umbrella tent, which is my own invention; it is handy to pack on a horse when moving camp, having only one pole in the center, which, being made out of bamboo, telescopes like a fishing rod. There were also my fur-lined sleeping bag, horsehide suit, pack and riding saddles, bridles, ropes, etc., ample ammunition for my rifle and shotgun, and also coffee, tea, condensed milk, baking powder, cigars and tobacco. I started on the 15th at 7 P. M. by the Erie Railroad and got to Detroit next day. Here resides the writer of the article on large game in Idaho, who is known to the readers of your paper as "Prairie Dog." He met me on my arrival, and I spent a happy day with him and his good wife. The next day I took the 1:55 P. M. for Chicago. My "old pard" felt pretty blue when we parted. He knew what sport was in store for me, while he had to return to the dull monotonous office work of his vocation. I reached Chicago one hour too late to make connection, and had to lie over. Next day—Sunday, 18th—left on the Northwestern; made Council Bluffs the 19th, 9 A. M. Had to wait here or at Omaha till 7:50 that night; rechecked my baggage at the last place, and started again, one hour behind the specified time. Had breakfast at North Platte in the morning, dined at Fort Sidney, and supped at Cheyenne. Wednesday, the 21st, reached Green River, where I left the Union Pacific for the Oregon Short Line, and next evening at 11:45 arrived at Shoshone.

Intending to see the falls, I stopped at the Dewey House. Next morning took conveyance to the falls, they are about 26 miles through a monotonous sage prairie. As one nears the falls, a ragged, zigzag line of black marks the edge of the walls of the Snake Cañon, and a dull throbbing sound reaches the ear. Stepping near the cañon wall, I looked down into a broad circular excavation, over 700ft. deep; the river flowing quietly until plunging into a labyrinth of rocks, and tumbling then over a precipice more than 200ft. in depth. Among the islands above the brink are several beautiful cascades: most prominent in view is a colossal upright boulder; a pair of eagles have selected this lofty and secure resort, and have made it their undisputed home for a number of years; and it is accordingly named Eagle Rock. Walking down the steep, dangerous descent, rather than trusting to the wagon, I soon got to the river side; a chain ferry will take one to the other side, and to the hotel. Enjoying a fair dinner, and looking the falls over from below and this side of the river, we left them about 6 o'clock, got back to Shoshone at 11. One hour later I was seated in the west-bound train, arriving next morning 3 A. M., at Mountain Home, the terminus of my long railroad journey. This is a small but lively station, being the nearest railroad point to the Rocky Bar Mining Camp, to which there is a good deal freighting, and a stage runs from here to Rocky Bar, a distance of 72 miles. The next morning after a good night's rest and breakfast, I looked the town over. Two years ago I had been here, but the place looked about the same. I found my freight, which was shipped to this point, in perfect shape, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Scranton, the station agent. Friend Bill McK., of the Bonaparte Mines, was to meet me here with his team, and later in the afternoon he came rattling along accompanied by his young wife. To say that I was only too glad to see his good honest face, would hardly express my feeling.

In the morning we all went to the supply store to purchase the rest of the provision, cooking utensils and other necessaries which I would need on my trip, and the storekeeper, who knew what was wanted, soon had my outfit complete.

Sunday, the 25th, we started to the mountains. One large box and trunk we took along with us in the wagon, the other box, a barrel with No. 3 and 4 beaver traps and a large bear trap, I had arranged to have freighted with the first team coming to Rocky Bar. We were soon spinning along the dusty stage route, glad to leave the station and hot, desolate plains behind us. We drove thirty-five miles to Fred Cooper's ranch on Little Camas prairie; he was an old friend and hunting companion. While Fred was getting supper and Bill was tending to horses, Mrs. McK. and I caught a nice mess of trout in the creek near by in less than one hour. On leaving Detroit my "old pard," who is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, had given me a book of assorted flies; these now came in very handy; Mrs. McK. especially enjoyed this sport, much preferring them to the commonly used grasshopper. Bright and early next morning we were off again, and after a delightful drive along the South Boise River amid beautiful mountain scenery on both sides we reached Rocky Bar Junction. Here we left the stage road, climbing up through a dismal cañon and several times fording the Feather River. Cayuse and Bonaparte creeks, we came at last to the mines, which we made before sundown. Two years ago my Detroit friend and I drove from the Yellowstone Park by way of Beaver Cañon and Wood River to these mines. He had known Mr. McK. for years, but I was a perfect stranger. Our host had treated me so kindly and had made me feel so much at home that now, when I beheld the buildings, outhouses, stamp mills, stables, etc., all seemed to welcome me back. While Mrs. McK. prepared supper, Bill and I unloaded the wagon, placing my goods and chattels in a cosy room assigned to me as my headquarters until going on my long hunting trip. Refreshed after a solid night's rest and nice breakfast I went to look for my horses, which McK. had previously purchased for me. Told where I most likely would find them, I soon came across them grazing with his own band a mile or so above the mine. I was well pleased with the appearance of my ponies and had also been assured of their gentleness and that they were used to riding and pack saddles.

Getting back to the mine for dinner I found Billy Howard and Charles Hopkins waiting for me, both old friends and hunting companions, the first one a relative to McK. and working in his mine, the other working a placer mine claim with his brother Billy Hopkins, five miles below, near Junction Bar. We were soon engaged raking over the good old times and discussing prospective plans for my present hunting campaign.

Charles's, as well as McK.'s camp, being out of fresh meat, proposed a little hunt, to which I gladly assented, and the next morning early found me riding one of McK.'s horses, leading another packed with grub, cooking utensils and camp outfit, bound for Charles's cabin, found him waiting on his handsome chestnut sorrel horse, and with two more pack horses. Billy, his brother, was glad to see me, and wished us good luck. We were soon on our way, following along the picturesque South Boise River to our hunting grounds of two years ago.

On our way we overtook a team, driven by friend Jem Nicholson, bound for Bascomb's Ranch. As we intended to hunt in that vicinity, he insisted that we should put up there, telling us of a lick close by, which was used a good deal by deer. Promising to meet at the old ranch, we parted, as he with his wagon had to go a different route from ours. I had my Parker along, and we killed a number of grouse, fat and plump, and delicious morsels. Out in these wild and sparsely populated regions the butcher markets are far and few between; the people are obliged to depend on game; but in my experience I have never seen any wanton slaughter; on the contrary I have found them extremely considerate in killing only bucks in the close season, and not more than will answer for their necessary wants.

We reached Bascomb Ranch before sundown, and found Nicholson waiting supper for us, after which Charles and I took our rifles to watch at the deer lick, not very far off. We lay in the roughly built blind constructed out of logs placed crosswise, through which we could see all over, until it was too dark to shoot, when we left, hoping to meet with better luck in the morning, as deer never or very seldom use licks in the daytime. But we were doomed to the same bad luck, for no deer made its appearance. Getting back in time for a fine grouse breakfast, we decided to shift quarters, and try further up, on the other side of the river, near an old cabin, where two years before we had killed so many goats.

Intending to be back next day we left most of our truck, only taking some grub and blankets, strapped on the pack horses. As Jem N. was to leave in the morning, to winter in Rocky Bar, we promised to be back before his start. Just before fording Charles saw some ducks in the river, and as shooting a shotgun was something new to him, I left him enjoy it. He crawled behind the bushes until in gunshot, when he fired both barrels into the flock. The report made my horses wild, especially the one I was riding; he began to rear and buck, trying to run away. Unfortunately the pack horses, which I led by their halters, were bound to go in the opposite direction. Having my rifle and bridle in the other hand, I felt that I must let go of something, so I let go the halter ropes of the pack horses. My frisky pony feeling the sudden relief, gave one extra jump for joy, so sudden and high as to send my rifle flying out of my hand, besides testing to the utmost my cowboy equestrianship. Hanging on to the horse like an Indian I conquered at last. Charles apparently had enjoyed the circus, and had just captured the contrary-minded pack horses. I was afraid to look at my rifle, fearing especially for the Lyman sight, but my old reliable Sharps was all right and the sights unharmed.

After this little incident we safely reached our old hunting camp, where we found the old hut, just as we left it two years ago. The horses, after being hobbled, were soon enjoying the rich and plentiful pasture; and after a cold lunch we stretched ourselves in the shade of giant pines and hemlocks, smoking our pipes in *dolce far niente*. When the sun began to sink we thought it time to go to our stations, I to watch a warm spring close by, while Charles went down into a willow meadow to another dry lick, promising to call for me at his return. Taking along my shotgun, besides the rifle, I soon took position in the blind, making myself as comfortable as possible. I watched and waited carefully, but no signs of game appeared. The majestic high pines began to throw long and fanciful shadows, and old Sol after giving one more parting look disappeared behind some mountain peaks. Twilight was setting rapidly, with all its silent mysteries. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of this primeval forest, excepting the hooting of the owl above my blind. Arousing myself out of my lethargy, thinking Charles had forgotten to call or I had not heard him, as it was now quite dark, I gave one more searching look over the lick before taking up my traps; and I thought I distinguished a whitish shadow moving at the spring. It would watch and stop, and then dip down to take a few licks at the warm spring; now it was right opposite from the blind, not 35yds. from me. Oh! how I wished for a little more light. Having my shotgun loaded with a dozen buckshot, I concluded to chance it with that. At the next dip it made I rose silently, and aiming where I guessed to be the deer's shoulder, banged away. I listened intently, as the powder smoke made it still darker to see the result of my shot; but hearing nothing whatever, no swiftly departing feet, nor eagerly hoped-for death struggle, I stepped out of the blind to go nearer for inspection.

Noticing something suspicious lying in the lick, and going closer, I saw that I killed my deer dead in its track; and as it proved later, I had driven the whole twelve buckshot through its shoulder, killing it stone dead, and without a struggle. It was a large 2-year-old buck, with a handsome pair of horns in velvet. Charles came up after a little while, hearing me shoot, but never dreaming that I had shot at a deer, and it was almost pitch dark. We started a fire, carried the deer out to the blind, and soon had it dressed and hung up. Getting back to the cabin we had fried deer's heart, freshly baked bread, with a fine cup of coffee, after which we crept into our blankets.

The next morning, after packing our deer and camp duffle on the pack horse, we started back for the ranch, which we made by noon. We found that Mr. Nicholson had just gone, and on the hot fire-place were awaiting us a fine pot of stewed grouse, hot bread and coffee, which were most grateful, for our appetite was well seasoned by the long morning ride. The weather being warm we jerked our venison so that it would not spoil. The best process of doing this is to cut the deer into medium sized pieces, except the hams, which should have deep incisions. Then make a strong brine of water and salt, in which you leave your meat from two to three hours, then hang it over a smudging smoke (but see that no flies blow the meat), and it will keep for any length of time.

Having finished this task, we concluded to try our luck on Willow Creek that evening. After a rough ride of four miles on a dim, overgrown trail, we came to a little opening and good feeding ground for our horses. Leaving them picketed here we carried rifles and blankets to the blinds not very far off. Installing ourselves within, we were soon watching the lick alternately, but strangely no deer showed itself. Charles especially felt disappointed, as he was sure of getting a deer or two, but trusting to better luck in the morning, we made ourselves as snug as possible in the blind for the night. At the dawn of day we were again at our post, but nothing stirred. Charles assured me that he had never watched this place without seeing from a pair to as many as six deer come in at once, and as the day had advanced too far, we left the blind to see if any deer had been there during the night. We soon found the cause of our disappointment. In one corner of the lick there lay the carcass of a large antlered buck, which somebody had killed and left to rot—a most foul and willful murder. This explained all. Deer will never visit licks where they scent or see the carcass of a victim. Utterly disgusted, we removed the cause of disappointment, went back to our horses and returned to the ranch, where we prepared a good dinner from our jerked venison.

After dinner, taking my shotgun, we had some sport with the numerous grouse, Charles trying to shoot them on the wing. After securing all we needed, we decided to try again on the other side, where I killed my buck. I watched at the same place. No deer came in sight, though I had a glimpse of one and heard the running of two; these must have scented me, as they made off in a great hurry. Charles, who called me on his way back, was more successful, having killed one in the willow meadow.

The next morning we started before day, noiselessly approaching my stand; but seeing no deer here, we proceeded down the meadow, where Charles had killed his the previous night. Sneaking softly through the willows, I saw him motion me to stop, and a deer emerging from behind a willow brush, he took careful aim and made a fine shot, the deer only making three jumps when it fell, never to rise. While he was going to his deer I saw another stepping from behind some brush to look for his companion and to discover the cause of alarm. Before I could get sight on it I heard Charles's rifle crack; he hit it, but unfortunately too far back; it bled freely and we trailed it for some time. Seeing that it had crossed a fork of the river, we had to get our horses to ford. After following it for some distance again to the main river, we there had to leave it to its pitiful fate, not being able to get our horses down the rocky and dangerous incline.

Packing our two deer on one horse, having left the pack animals at the ranch, we took turns riding the other. As we had all the meat needed, we started for home. It was pretty late when we reached Charles's cabin, as he kept up grouse shooting until the ammunition gave out. Here we divided the spoils of our hunt, three deer, thirty-five grouse and three mallards, he keeping the smaller share. My part, with camp outfit, made a heavy load for my pack horse, and it was quite dark before I arrived at the mines. The folks had all retired except friend Bill, glad to see me back, and delighted with our success. Relieving my horses of their saddles and packs, then hanging our game in the cool cellar, I had to relate the particulars of the hunt.

F. B.

ADIRONDACK EXTORTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me give a little note of warning to future travelers over the Northern Adirondack Railway. On going into the North Woods this year I contracted with Paul Smith's agent at the last station on the road to carry our party, camping equipage and canoe to Paul Smith's hotel, a distance of some nine miles, for a fixed sum. On arrival at the hotel, the pert clerk who rules behind the desk, discovering that we intended to camp out instead of spending our time and money loafing at the big hotel, tacked an extra charge of $3 on my canoe above the agreed price. Although the contract was clearly proven by bystanders, and although the contract price was an over-liberal remuneration for the service performed, yet the hotel managers refused to surrender the canoe until the extra amount was paid, coolly remarking that Paul Smith was not bound by any contract made with his agents. This was such a novel proposition in business morals that it quite took my breath, and realizing that, as Paul Smith controlled everything in the surrounding country, I was in a helpless condition so far as righting a wrong was concerned, I paid the $3 bonus under protest and gracefully yielded to the swindle. This was but one of a series of incidents that proved, to my mind at least, that Paul Smith's $4 per day hotel system is now run by his hired men on the "gouging" principle, and that independent camping in that region is to be discouraged to as great a degree as possible by overcharge and all the petty indignities which a monopoly can invent.

A large portion of the provisions purchased at this hotel by our party while in camp near by was thrown away, either on account of being spoiled by staleness or for the reason of its original inferiority. A camper's stomach is not generally qualmish; but odorous beefsteak at 35 cents per pound, mouldy ribs of bacon at 18 cents per pound, and wormy oatmeal, were a little too Paul Smithish for our table; so we fed them to the poor dogs and helpless fish, and eventually subsisted, in so far as was practicable, upon supplies procured from a neighboring farmhouse.

I would strongly advise those who intend to camp in that vicinity to take with them a store of provisions and thereby avoid annoying impositions.

ORANGE FRAZER.

WILMINGTON, O., Sept. 12.

Natural History.

BLACK AND SILVER FOXES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from an extended tour through the Northwest, and on looking over the back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM I notice that two of your correspondents take exceptions to my theory regarding black or silver gray foxes. I wrote the article they refer to for the purpose of obtaining "more light" on that subject, and the opinions of Mr. McD., of McDames Creek (not McDavies), Cassiar, B. C., are gratefully received.

As I have before stated in your columns, I once owned a tame black fox, that was taken when quite young out of a litter of young red foxes; and having heard of other similar instances, and having also seen their skins, one in a place, scattered through the country from Nova Scotia to the Northwest, I became convinced that they belonged to the red fox family, and began to collect facts to substantiate my convictions.

Francois Mercier, Esq., of the Alaska Commercial Company, is a cultured gentleman and interested in natural history subjects. The Mercier collection, now in the Dominion Museum, Ottawa, Can., is a valuable and interesting one. Some years ago Mr. Mercier attempted to procure a female black fox for breeding purposes, but was informed by his trappers that there were no females; that all black foxes were males. This excited his interest, and to learn if this was a fact he offered a reward for a female black or silver gray fox; but everywhere throughout Alaska was met with the reply: No such animal ever seen. During the present season I have visited several Hudson Bay Company's posts and other large fur-buying firms, and have conversed on this subject with men from the extreme northern posts, and they have all expressed to me their belief in the truthfulness of Mr. Mercier's statement. I have during the present season had the pleasure of inspecting several lots of these fox skins—prime ones—caught last winter, and there were among those lots all shades, from perfectly black to almost a pure silver gray. Above and over the mere value of the pelt, I will give a liberal reward for the body, dead or alive, of a female black or silver gray fox sent to my address, Montreal, Can., or Highgate, Vt., or care of John Fannin, Esq., Government Museum, Victoria, B. C. I offer this reward for the "cause of science." If the black and red fox are of distinct families there must be female blacks taken. Has any one ever seen a female cross or bastard fox? (A bastard is a low-grade cross fox; that is, I understand them to be such.)

Regarding the black fox being finer furred than the red, such is the case; and I have also noticed that the occasional black or dark martin found East is much finer in fur than his foxy red brother. The dark martin is quite as rare in the East as the red martin is in the Northwest. Do they belong to the same family?

In northern Vermont the black squirrel is but rarely seen, but as we go west he becomes more plentiful, and in western Ontario the gray is but rarely found.

Will Mr. McD. give us his opinion regarding the black wolf? Is it not heavier furred than the large gray wolf, and do they belong to the same family? Will other of your Northwestern correspondents aid us in getting more light on this subject, for it is an interesting one?

N. PARKER LEACH.

MONTREAL, Canada.

SNAKES AND STINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Talking about snakes, I believe I have a well authenticated case of the killing of a singing snake.

Some ten years ago a young farmer in western Louisiana, the region of centipedes, scorpions, and tarantulas, a young man of apparent veracity, related to me that he had killed a stinging snake, and gave a minute description of it. Still I had lingering doubts in my mind, thinking that perhaps his imagination was inflamed by his very inflammatory surroundings, and associating the stinging snake theory with the mythical hoop snake, the phantom of negro folk lore. Apropos, I have heard many circumstantial recitals of the hoop snake story, from old negroes in different localities, and the circumstances and surroundings were indentical in all of them. In all of these vivacious histories there figures a negro girl at a spring getting a pail of water, when a hoop shake comes rolling down the hill and plumps his horn into her side, from the effects of which she straightway gives up the ghost, and the snake, intent upon fulfilling his destiny, rolls on down the hill until he encounters an oak tree, which in his precipitancy he whacks his horn, or sting, into, and the oak tree incontinently withers and dies in the space of a few minutes.

But recurring to the stinging snake: Mr. William Robinson, a reputable citizen of Coahoma county, a man not likely to provoke the antics of phantom snakes by over-indulgence in the seductive juice of the corn, in other words, a sober-minded man of reputable character among his neighbors, related to me, under strict injunction of veracity, that a month ago or such matter, while engaged with some negro hands in clearing certain woods, they discovered a snake which the negroes immediately pronounced to be a stinging snake. The reptile was killed under his supervision, and he described it as being about 5ft. long, of very slim proportions, jet black on top—a brilliant shiny black—and pink underneath. He said the snake showed a great inclination to hide its head, but kept the tail flourishing around at a lively rate, and upon applying a stick a bristle-like sting was quickly thrust out from the extremity of the tail and as quickly withdrawn. This agrees substantially with the description of the Louisiana farmer. Has Miss Catherine C. Hopley ever encountered such a snake? I have been in the woods and fields the better part of thirty years, and have made the acquaintance of many varieties of snakes, but never had the pleasure of meeting a stinging snake.

A few days ago, while riding through a Mississippi swamp, I fell in with a very interesting specimen of the genus moccasin, I suppose, though unlike any other I had ever seen. He (or she) was three and a half feet long and very nearly six inches in circumference. The skin was composed of scale-like divisions, very similar to that of the rattlesnake, each having a slight protuberance at the lower point, inclined toward the tail, so that a string in the form of a noose around his body would slip readily toward the tail, but not at all toward the head. The general color was dark brown with diagonal marking of a slightly lighter shade. He was a very gentlemanly snake and endeavored to avoid a difficulty with me without exhibiting undignified haste in getting awaw. I pursued him with a stick having a twine string on the end arranged into a noose, which I several times succeeded in getting over his head, but which he succeeded in crawling through.

I secured him at last by tightening the noose just below his neck, and held him up for inspection, and to the great horror of an old negro who was with me, I cut off his head with a pen-knife. This snake showed no disposition to bite at all during the whole quarter of an hour I was "fooling" with him. On dissecting the head I found the fangs only a quarter inch long, or about one-third the length of the fangs of a rattlesnake of the same size. I found the usual contingent of immature fangs, either for periodical shedding or to provide for accidental breaking, I have not learned which. Upon this point I should feel much obliged to Miss Hopley for information.

MEMPHIS, Tenn. COAHOMA.

Through some misunderstanding, or inefficient instructions on my part, the illustrations to my paper on the rattle (FOREST AND STREAM, July 7) are somewhat confusing, and for those of my readers who are interested in the subject the editor kindly spares space for the explanations given below. But while writing I may report on the progress of the new rattle, which only yesterday was inspected for this express purpose. As was surmised, a new link appeared after the casting of the cuticle, about to occur when last writing, May 12, and there is now another link partially developed, and which will be perfect after the next desquamation, should the snake retain its present excellent health. There is therefore quite a respectable rattle again of 5in. and the "button," and it is quite possible that some believer in links may declare this remarkable *Crotalus* to be "seven years old" by the end of the season.

EXPLANATION OF ILLUSTRATIONS GIVEN JULY 7.

Fig. 1. The deformed rattle (enlarged).
Fig. 2. The very long rattle (reduced in size) terminal links worn.
Fig. 3. A perfect and not very old rattle (natural size).
Fig. 4. What remains of the rattle from which the long portion was broken off. (Somewhat enlarged in size).
Fig. 5. The form of one single link detached from the rest.
Fig. 6. Section of rattle, showing how the links run up, each into the preceding one. (Somewhat enlarged, and imperfect at the base).
Fig. 7. An average-sized rattle, the earlier links gone (natural size).

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

LONDON, Eng., July 27.

While clearing out a ditch in an orange grove here, a man named Bryens was up to his waist in water pulling up the "bonnets" and weeds. He forked up a moccasin five feet long from the bottom of the ditch, which exploit made him shiver, but he had grit enough to stick to his work. Only four snakes were killed in the afternoon. This is a good region for the pursuit of ophiology. B.

ORANGE BEND, Fla., Sept. 16.

THE NAMES OF BIRDS.

FORT SIMPSON, British Columbia, Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding Mr. McManus's calling the cheewink "catbird," in his little poem, which appears in July 14 number, and the correspondence relating thereto, may I be allowed to suggest that it is through a local name that the apparent mistake has arisen.

Our cheewink (*Pipilo oregonus*), is known altogether in this country by the local name of "catbird," for the reason that it utters the peculiar cat-like cry. The catbird proper (*Mimus carolinensis*), is not, to my knowledge, found in this province, not at least near the coast. Might it not be, therefore, that Mr. McManus's cheewink calls the cat call and thereby earns the cat name as his own?

It is certainly very confusing to thus have different birds called by the same name, and to have different names given to the same bird. Still, one may argue that as your *Corvus* in Canada is called "Jingo" because he says jingo, why should I not call my *Cygnus* in Patagonia, by the same name, when he plainly rouses me every morning with his jingo! jingo! ? The question of arranging and classifying the various local names in use for identical birds in different parts of the country should, I think, receive more attention than it hitherto has.

Geese are beginning to congregate on our flats. A few marbled godwits, ring plover and redback sandpipers are about. Northern swifts have been darting around for the last week preparatory to taking flight. A few Carolina doves have been seen. Their second summer here. I got a kingbird this summer, the first I have ever seen on this coast; also the first horned lark. W. B. A.

HABITS OF THE BADGER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest Dr. Shufeldt's contribution to your columns touching this curious animal, and beg leave to add a word on some of its habits which seem noteworthy.

The badger is very courageous and is always ready to fight if the avenues of its escape are shut off. I have frequently surprised it at a distance from its hole, overtaken it on foot and had it turn on me in the fiercest manner. It can give a most severe bite and should not be handled without the gloves which Dr. Shufeldt recommends.

It may not be generally known that a blow on the end of the nose will render a badger *hors du combat* for a while. I first learned this many years ago when traveling with the Pawnee Indians. An old chief told me that this animal was easily killed by a blow on the nose, and not long afterward coming upon a badger as I was riding over the prairie I experimented to see for myself if this were true. The badger lumbered along toward home and I galloped up alongside him, and holding my rifle by the muzzle, swung it from before backward and after two or three attempts hit the animal fair on the end of the nose. The blow was not a severe one, no force being exerted, more than the momentum of the weight of the gun swinging like a pendulum. On receiving the stroke the badger turned over, kicked a few times convulsively and then lay quiet, to all appearances dead.

We were in a buffalo country where badgers were abundant, and I several times knocked them over in this way. One day, after having done this, however, it occurred to me that possibly the animal was not really dead and I waited near it for five or ten minutes. At length I saw it get up again and crawl away, apparently not much the worse for the blow it had received. On another occasion, one which had received a much more severe blow on the end of the nose did not recover. G. B. G.

[In this connection comes the following note from the Billings, Mont., *Gazette*: "O. F. Goddard and B. W. Toole, who have been out to Mr. Olden's ranch on Rock Creek on a hunting trip, returned last night. They had quite an exciting time with a badger. Mr. Goddard attacked him and but for the timely appearance on the scene of Mr. Toole, the badger would have got away."]

A NEW SUBSPECIES OF PETREL FROM GUADALUPE ISLAND.—In a paper recently read before the California Academy of Science, Mr. Walter E. Bryant described a new petrel from his collections made at Guadalupe Island, an account of which was published some months ago in FOREST AND STREAM. He says: "A series of fourteen specimens of *Oceanodroma*, collected by myself on Guadalupe Island off Lower California in March, 1886, were assigned to the species *leucorhoa* (Leach's petre'), in my paper on the ornithology of that island. In a footnote, reference was made to the considerable excess in size of the Guadalupe Island specimens over Leach's petrel of the Atlantic coast, but from lack of sufficient material for comparison I was unable to satisfactorily determine their differences, although strongly inclined to consider it a distinct race. My supposition has since been confirmed by several prominent ornithologists, and by comparison with typical specimens of Leach's petrel from Alaska and coast of Massachusetts, which were kindly loaned from the Smithsonian Institution. The Alaskan birds seem to be the same size as those from the Atlantic coast, and of about the same color. A single female from Alaska (No. 102,281 Smithsonian Coll.), is nearly as dark as the Guadalupe birds, but the upper tail coverts are much whiter and the measurements less. For this well marked local variety, I propose the name *Oceanodroma leucorhoa macrodactyla*, subsq. nov., Guadalupe Petrel. Subsq. Char., similar to *O. leucorhoa*, but larger and darker. White of upper tail coverts more restricted, and the ends of coverts broadly tipped with black. Pileum darker than back, lighter anteriorly. Bill broader and deeper at base than that of *leucorhoa*. Wing, 155—171 mm.; tail feathers, 85—99 mm.; depth of fork, 23—35 mm.; exposed culmen, 15.5—17 mm.; tarsus, 22—26 mm.; middle toe and claw, 28—30 mm. Habitat.—Guadalupe Island, Lower California. Types.—Nos. 2567, ♂ ad.; 2565, ♀ ad. Both in collection of Walter E. Bryant.

A COOT STRIKES A HOUSE.—New Castle, N. H., Sept. 24.—My brother, while walking to-day, observed the following curious and fatal freak of a butterbill coot. The coot was flying almost head to wind, which was blowing fresh, and was rapidly approaching a clump of buildings. He came nearer and nearer, and finally, without swerving a foot from his course, struck the side of a house, and broke his beak, and fell down stunned, whereupon my brother despatched him. I have often heard of sea fowl killing themselves by flying against a lighthouse in the night, but I never heard of a duck that in broad daylight flew against the broad side of a dwelling house, with sufficient force to stun him. Perhaps some of your readers can account for this curious performance.—J. WENDELL, JR.

Game Bag and Gun.

HUNTING IN THE SHOSHONE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Rainsford inquires, in his reply to my criticism of the article he wrote in *Scribner's*, why I rushed into print to accuse him of violating necessary laws, etc. Possibly it may be fairer to give my reasons for so doing. I object to his method of trapping bears and then killing them; Mr. R. acknowledges having secured two in that manner. When I called attention to the dinner of elk steak at Heart Lake where Mr. R. was camped, I said the inference was that the elk from which the steak was cut was killed in the vicinity. Mr. Rainsford says that Heart Lake lies eight miles north of the southern boundary, therefore it is entirely in the Park. The laws of the Park very properly forbid having in possession any game (save fish) dead or alive. Hence it is a legal assumption that this elk was killed in the Park.

Mr. R. does not deny that it was killed in the Park but leads one to infer that it was killed outside and packed in as meat. In either case the law was violated.

I have been informed that Mr. Rainsford, or one of his party, did kill an elk in the Park, and that a fine was voluntarily paid for so doing. I have also been told that Mr. R. and his outfit were seen in the Park with a number of bear traps.

Mr. Rainsford objects to criticism, but calls for facts and a courteous spirit. I have given the facts as I know them, and endeavored to be as courteous in spirit as possible. I may be wrong as to facts and courtesy; if I am it will give me pleasure to say so, but the very defenseless position of the Park, and the prominence of the author whom I have ventured to criticise, have led me much against my inclination to thus "rush into print." If Mr. R. and his party did not hunt and kill bear or elk in the National Park it's the simplest thing in the world for him to say so by a manly, straightforward denial, and not split hairs about the exact geographical location of Heart Lake or lecture us on dried elk meat. If, on the other hand, Mr. R. or his party did while camping within the boundaries of the Park, trap bear or kill elk, as may be inferred by his article, it is eminently right and proper for any one to try and deter others from doing likewise by a criticism of author and article.

Mr. Rainsford pleads that because a bounty is offered for bear, and because other animals are trapped in a similar manner, it is too late to cry out about the cruelty. This, if he will pardon my saying so, is a very weak defense of the practice so many sportsmen abhor. As it may be taken for granted, Mr. R. hunts as a sportsman, for recreation and pleasant excitement, and not on the dead level of a professional skin hunter, who cares not a brass farthing about the cruelty, so long as he gets the skins and the money. ARCHIBALD ROGERS.

MOOSE IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 17. There is some moose hunting to be done in Maine as soon as the season opens, on Oct. 1. It is also to be done by about the only two successful moose hunters who go into Maine from outside of that State. Mr. A. P. Kitching has killed several moose there, and he has started on his annual excursion into the Moosehead region and down the Penobscot. He will devote his time to trout fishing in the Moosehead waters, till time to betake himself to the grounds for moose calling. He is in the acquaintance of one or two of the most successful moose callers to be found among the Indian guides. Mr. Kitching is a respected member of the wool trade of Boston. Mr. W. S. Hills, a well-known merchant of Boston, in the flour trade, has also slain his moose in Maine. He will take his departure in a few days for the wilds of the upper Moosehead. He says that he does not expect to see a moose this season on account of the slaughter last winter, but that he shall go prepared. Mr. Hills is a dead shot with a rifle, and has been very successful with the larger game. Mr. Kitching takes no shotgun at all into the woods with him this fall. He is sufficiently keen with the rifle to shoot off the heads of all the partridges he desires to kill, or rather, he says that the partridge that can get away from his rifle he does not want. His shotgun lost him a caribou last fall; for he got within gunshot of the animal, and the charge of buckshot failed to kill. With his rifle Mr. Kitching feels sure that he should have been successful.

Talking with these two moose hunters about the difficulties they have to encounter, the patience required, the amount of experience requisite in the guide, the difficulties of wind and weather, one cannot but believe that the moose hunter who tries to kill the game with the jack-light and the birch horn is by no means the worst enemy of that noble game in Maine. All the moose killed in that State last year by legitimate hunting, or even including all killed before the law was off, could be counted on the fingers of both hands. But about those killed by the lumbermen the story is different. I am much afraid, good FOREST AND STREAM, that the story you had in your issue of Sept. 15, about the large number of moose killed in Maine last winter is too true. I have been in possession of rumors of even worse purport for some time. I have refrained from publishing them in the FOREST AND STREAM earlier, for the reason that I have hoped to be able to confirm them and also to come into possession of the names of the lumber contractors who are guilty of allowing, or worse, of encouraging such slaughter of an almost extinct game animl. Indeed, even worse stories have reached me concerning the slaughter of moose in New Brunswick, and that, too, by the lumbermen last winter, after the close time had begun. I have it from one of the most extensive lumber dealers in St. John that there were over sixty moose killed by the lumbermen in the Tobique region last winter. This gentleman gets his information from the men with whom he deals. He gives it honestly, and like a man who believes exactly what he says. Still, he is not willing to give the names of the lumber contractors who have encouraged such slaughter. Again it comes from sportsmen who have been up the Tobique River this summer, that the Indian guides inform them that moose, deer and caribou are killed, regardless of the law, at these lumber camps every winter. Indeed, some of these Indians are regularly employed to hunt and supply fresh meat for the camps, regardless of the game laws. It begins to be pretty certain that it is just here that the worst enemy of the conservation of the larger game in Maine and New Brunswick exists. It is certain that it was the lumber interest that killed the bill before the Maine Legislature last winter to make September an open month for the killing of moose, deer and caribou, also to make it a penal offense to kill a cow moose at any time. The lumber interest came in and killed the bill at the very last moment of the session, almost, and at a time when it was thought that there was no opposition to its passage. What reason could the lumbermen have had? None in the world, except that they desire the meat of this large game to feed their men on. A few years ago they paid no attention whatever to game legislation in that State. They even laughed at the notion, said in open Legislature that "there was not a dozen moose in the whole State," and as for deer, "why, they are about all gone." That was true at the beginning of protective game legislation in that State, but to-day the case is different. There is now game enough on which to at least partly feed a crew of men. Protection has wrought a wonderful increase in the numbers of deer especially, and these lumbermen want them. They did not desire an extension of the open season for hunting, for it would take away the venison that they might get for feeding their men. It certainly looks that way, and here is a bad enemy to encounter. The lumber interest is one of the most powerful in the State of Maine and the same is true of New Brunswick. What is to be done? Shall the game be sacrificed to the cupidity of these lumbermen? No! There are game laws in both Maine and New Brunswick. These must be enforced. The FOREST AND STREAM and the rest of the newspaper press must be informed against this miserable destruction of the noble moose by these lumbermen. They must be made to see their meanness and cupidity; they must be made to pay for the moose and deer they kill—pay the penalties the law places upon such crimes! I shall try myself that every name of a lumber dealer who permits of or allows of such poaching at his camps shall be made public through the FOREST AND STREAM and other papers. I shall lay every possible plan to become possessed of such information the coming winter. And if A, B, C, or D and down to Y or Z allows his men, or hunters who make his lumber camps their headquarters, to hunt deer or moose in the close season, the public shall know of it.

There is one powerful ally to be looked to for aid in this attempt to stop the poaching of the lumbermen, that is, the railroads. Through sensible men as presidents and superintendents these corporations have come to take a strong stand in favor of the strict enforcement of the game laws, both in Maine and in the Provinces. These men have sense enough to understand the value of this large game alive in the forests. It is one of the most powerful attractions to draw travel. If the lumbermen desire the moose and deer to feed their men on, then the railroad and summer travel interest desires it alive in the woods, as an attraction to draw the stranger in open season. It is possible that the railroad and the summer travel and hotel interest may be stronger than the lumber interest after all. But this is not all. I have it from the best of authority that one of the largest land owners in the State of Maine—timber lands—a man who sells more stumpage than any other man or concern in that State, is a warm friend of game protection. He has rendered the Maine Game Commissioners all the aid in his power, at various times, toward bringing winter poachers to justice. He can be relied upon to help to restrain the lumbermen with whom he deals, to whom he sells the right to cut lumber, or whom he hires to cut and haul lumber. I have not the slightest doubt but what he is a strong friend of game preservation. But at the best there is a work to be done in the direction of trying to stop this winter slaughter of moose, deer and caribou. Will the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM collect all the information bearing upon this subject in their power, and above all get hold of the names of the lumbermen who allow of or encourage the killing of this noble game in close time? As for myself, I have no positive information that such slaughter has been allowed to the extent that was mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 15, but I fear that it may be true. SPECIAL.

GAME ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 3.—The open season for shooting all kinds of game, excepting hen pheasants, began here Sept. 1.

The various kinds of game here on the Island are black-tailed deer, bear, panther, lynx, blue and ruffed grouse, California and mountain quail, ducks, wild geese and English pheasants. The pheasants were imported from England and turned out in the forests near this city several years ago and were protected until the present season. The climate and country have proved suitable for them; they have increased in numbers very rapidly and have often made their appearance in the main thoroughfares of the city. The fact that cocks were to be lawful game to shoot after Sept. 1 set every man and boy here who owned a gun or could borrow a gun, on the *qui vive* to get the first shot at them; and long before early dawn the gunners were away to get some selected stand which the male pheasant was known to haunt. Accidents were numerous. Before daylight one poor gunner got peppered with No. 6 shot. But the bird hunters did not make all the mistakes, for during the day several cows were shot by deer hunters, and one unfortunate knight, who rode into the woods and left his horse tied to a bush, some hours afterward shot it for a deer.

The writer, with Mr. John Fannin, a gentleman who is the champion big-game hunter of this coast, together with two other good shots, Messers. Maynard and Knight, of Victoria, drove out to the Gold Stream Hotel, where, without any extra hard labor, we shot three deer and a quantity of smaller game; and to-day my son and I have, over the same ground, made a fair bag of deer, blue grouse and California quail. Bear and panther signs are not uncommon. The bears found here are the black, and though numerous, they keep well under cover. During the past month three panthers have been shot within a short distance of the city. One was killed with No. 6 shot.

A strong and active game protection society should be formed for Vancouver Island, with headquarters at Victoria. There is no question that hundreds of hen pheasants have already been killed, and unless the game laws are rigorously enforced, this splendid game bird will soon become exterminated. Deer and grouse are shot during all seasons of the year. Hundreds of deer are shot for their skins alone. Every British Columbia reader of the FOREST AND STREAM should assist Mr. Fannin in forming at once such a society. Once formed it would become a good working association, and much good would result from it. Now is the time to form it. Don't wait until the horse is stolen before you lock the door. STANSTEAD.

"Four o'clock, boys," sung out a voice, and I awoke with a start. The voice was that of our genial host of the Gold Stream House, and the morning was that of the 1st of September, the opening of the game season in British Columbia. Springing out of bed I quickly dressed, and having been joined by my brother Sam and an old veteran hunter, by name Jack Knight, we proceeded to dispatch a hasty breakfast before setting out in quest of the wary deer.

By the time the meal was finished the east had put on that grayish hue which heralds the approach of day, and, having filled the chambers of our Winchesters and called to our dog Sport (a cross between a water spaniel and a retriever, but nevertheless one of the best animals to start deer from the timber bottoms I ever saw), we proceeded down the wagon road which runs past the Gold Stream House for about three-quarters of a mile, and, having crossed the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway, struck into the foothills just as old King Sol was warming the top of Branden's Mountain, which loomed up dark and majestic about a mile away.

Rain had not fallen for over four weeks, and the timber under our feet cracked at every step, rendering traveling necessarily slow, as the greatest care had to be exercised where we placed our feet in order to make as little noise as possible. Directly below was a large wooded bottom, on the other side an immense moss-covered rock was visible through the trees. "Wait a minute, boys, till I fill my pipe," says Jack, so we seated ourselves on a fallen tree and proceeded to discuss the prospect of a very hot day, which was already beginning to make itself felt. While we were speaking a low whine drew our attention to the dog, who was looking accross the ravine; following the direction of his gaze, we saw a doe slowly ascending the rock on the other side. Jack quickly raised the sights on his rifle to 300yds. and whistled. The doe stopped right on the top of the rock and looked around; now the golden opportunity presented itself, and raising his rifle, he took a steady aim and fired. The doe gave two or three jumps and then rolled over and over down the rock. Hastily crossing the ravine, we let the dog go, and in a few minutes a sharp yelp told us that he had found the deer. The bullet had passed clear through the neck, a dead shot; and having cut her throat and taken out the entrails, we hung the carcass up in a tree and proceeded to climb the mountain, by no means an easy task, especially with a hot sun pouring down upon us.

About half way up the dog flushed a covey of blue grouse, and one of them perched in a tree, about 15yds. from where I was standing; he offered such a pretty shot that I could not resist the temptation, but let drive and had the satisfaction of taking the head off (by the way the only game your humble servant managed to kill on that day).

After about an hour's hard climbing we reached the summit, and were well rewarded for our trouble by the lovely panorama that stretched before us. Twelve miles away the beautiful city of Victoria was plainly seen, and by the aid of a pair of field glasses we could distinguish several of the principal buildings; beyond, the waters of the Straits shone and glistened like burnished metal, and stretched away for thirty miles to the foot of the Coast Range of Washington Territory, which reared their eternal snow-capped summits far above the clouds. After having gazed on this really beautiful scene to our heart's content, we started down the mountain side, for the purpose of allowing the dog to run the ravine, through which the west branch of the Gold Stream flows. About half way down Sport commenced to show signs, so we let him go, and very soon two sharp yelps informed us that he had started a deer, and we stood still in breathless expectation of obtaining a shot; but the deer was too smart for us. Instead of coming up the hill as they usually do when started by the dog, he ran along the ravine for about 200yds. before showing himself, and then only for a second. I think it was a spike buck.

Continuing down we reached the stream, and refreshed ourselves with a draught from its ice-cold waters. Here we saw several bear tracks, some of them measuring 5 and 6in. in diameter. After leaving the stream we separated, Jack taking one side of the hill, while Sam followed the ravine with the dog, and I ranged along the other side. We had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile before the dog started off and made a detour round a clump of trees which grew in the center of a natural clearing. Sam gave a low whistle to attract our attention, and standing still we prepared ourselves for a flying shot. Presently two sharp yelps from Sport informed us that he had started the deer, and amid a crashing of underbrush he leaped into view, about 100yds. away, and came along a runway across the clearing and almost in a direct line toward where Sam was standing. What a glorious creature he looked, coming along that runway 20ft. at a jump, his head surmounted with a magnificent pair of antlers, laid well back on his shoulders. But his rapid flight was soon to end. Sam brought his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger, and the noble animal dropped on to his fore knees with a crash that might have been heard a half a mile away. The bullet had penetrated his backbone, thus rendering him helpless. After cutting his throat and taking out the entrails we started back with the buck, and when we reached the hotel were pretty much fagged out; but with something solid for the inner man "Richard was himself again."

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we brought in the deer that Jack had killed in the morning. The buck when dressed weighed 184lbs. and the doe 65lbs.

After having partaken of an excellent dinner which awaited us at the hotel, we started for Victoria, and arrived in town about 10 o'clock that night, a little tired, but well satisfied with our day's sport. W. H. W.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 3.

CHAT OF GUN AND GAME.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—My first acquaintance with the FOREST AND STREAM was long ago. It began with the *Rod and Gun*. I have always had it every week since, and it has seemed to me to grow brighter and more interesting every year. Where everything is so good, it is hard to discriminate. There was "Uncle Lisha's Shop." I read and re-read that so much I just about had it by heart. I am pleased to know it is soon to be issued in book form. One of my most valued books is Nessmuk's Poems. As I read the hunting stories in this paper from various sections of the country, my mind reverts to days I myself have passed with dog and gun, and to friends, many of whom have now joined the great majority, but are none the less remembered.

Big game I know nothing about. I have never desired to face the grizzly on his native heath. I have stood at a respectful distance and gazed upon him as he walked to the right and left in the narrow quarters allotted to him by the proprietor of the side show. It struck me if I should meet him in the woods I would not stand upon the order of "getting," but would get at once.

There is no greater enjoyment to me than to pass a few days away from the cares and anxieties of a busy life, away from the smoke and dust of the city. The cosy little camp, the fragrant bed of hemlock boughs, the pure air, the fish and game dinners, the whirr of the ruffed grouse as he sometimes jumps into the air almost from beneath your feet, the whistle of the woodcock as he takes his spiral flight over the tops of the alders, the jump and spring of the gray squirrel as he puts the largest amount of distance between you and himself in the shortest possible time, the big strings of fish and bags of game, the lucky shots and unaccountable misses—all make up the sum total of time well and wisely passed; and the good result manifests itself in the hardened muscles, elastic step and bronzed cheek of one who has thus passed a few leisure days. It has been my good fortune to get a few days for several years, generally in the months of September or October, to enjoy this kind of life. I have had days with the plover and other shore birds on old Long Island's sea-girt shore, and also with the quail in Virginia. I have lain in a dory off the coast shooting coots and other seafowl. In some sections of this State there is generally some fine partridge and squirrel shooting in the fall and some good bags are made. At one time I thought it fine sport to shoot gray squirrels, but since I have kept some for pets it seems to me a little too much like murder.

Most of my friends had bought breechloaders long before I had one. I clung to the old muzzleloader. No argument could convince me that a gun that broke open at the breech to load was any good. About that time a friend of mine showed me the shooting qualities of a 12-gauge Parker gun he had bought. As the result I sold my muzzleloader that cost me over $100 for $30, and bought a breechloader, and I have never been sorry. I remember well the first time I used it on game. A friend of mine living near Alton wrote me: "If you want to have some fun with the gray squirrels, come right along; the woods are full of them." I got there as soon as possible. The woods were not full of them, but there were enough to insure fair sport. The first morning I was there I started at daylight and visited a piece of woods about a quarter of a mile from the house; got back at 9

A. M. with seven large grays and seven empty shells. The trees were high, but 4drs. of powder and 1¼oz. No. 5 shot in the 12-gauge gun seldom fails to kill.

The next morning something happened that brought to my mind my own former prejudice against the breech-loader. I had bagged four or five squirrels in a small piece of woods, and thinking I might see another soon, I sat down on a log to have a quiet smoke, at the same time keeping a pretty good watch on the tops of the trees. I heard the report of a gun a short way off, and then heard some of the shot as they came rattling down through the leaves. I thought I would let the party know there was some one in there, so I whistled, and soon I heard some one coming toward me, tramping heavily enough to scare all game within fifty rods. As he approached I saw, as he appeared to me, the duplicate of "Pelatiah" of the "Uncle Lisha's Shop" stories. His clothes seemed to be mostly tied on with strings, his feet were incased in a big pair of cowhide boots, No. 12s or 14s; into the legs of these were tucked part of the brown overalls he wore. One suspender, carried over one shoulder and tied into a button hole with a string, held them up. An old cardigan jacket, quite ragged and fearfully dirty, did duty as a hunting coat. His headgear was once a straw hat, but badly used up now. He looked as if he might be anywhere from eighteen to twenty-five years old. As green-looking, loose-jointed a specimen as one generally sees. His gun was quite a curiosity, a long singlebarrel, 40in. in length, about 14 gauge, stock homemade, of some light-colored hard wood, and running nearly the whole length of the barrel. The arm might some day have been a flintlock, as there was a plug screwed in on the side. As he fetched up in front of me I said, "Good morning. What luck?"

"Did ye hear me shute jes now?"

"Yes, and some of your shot came over here."

With a pleased look, "Want tu know. Must be nigh on to 40 rods where I shot from here."

"Did you get the squirrel?"

"'Twan't no squirrel, 'twas an ole crow." In a confidential tone, "She was nigh on to 20 rods off, an' I histed her mor'n four feet right off err the limb. She's around dead somewhere, 'cause I know I hit her. You got one of them are breechloaders, ain't ye?" he asked, as his gaze fell on my gun, with a half pitying and half contemptuous expression of countenance. "I wouldn't give ten cents for as many on 'em as you could pile into a hay rack. There ain't no shute in 'em, and you're liable to get your gosh darn head blowed clean off on ye any minute."

I mildly suggested that there were some kinds better and safer than others, and some cheap kinds might be dangerous. Bristling up he settled the question right there. "Don't make any difference 'bout the price. Jonathan Willey's son Bill went to Farmington and paid $18 for one on 'em, and I seen him stan' right in our pastur' and snap twelve times at a bluejay, and the cussed thing wouldn't go. I wouldn't swap this gun I've got here for forty on 'em. How fur do you s'pose she'll carry? Now guess." I gave it up. "Wall, I can kill a fox with her twenty-four rods. Las' winter I done it right on the ice; yes, mor'n twenty-four rods, nearer twenty-five, 'cause I walked it over twice so to be sure. I'd like to see a gray now," he added, as he pointed the arm at an imaginary squirrel, and I instinctively stepped one side to give him room, as I had noticed the hammer was at half-cock, and I did not know but it might accidentally go off. "I think I know where's a gray," said he. "Right down below that fence there's some pastur' oaks. I'm going down there."

"All right," said I, "If you find more than you can kill I'll come down and help you."

He went away, and I resumed my log and pipe. Ten minutes later bang went the old gun. A short time, and bang again. Five minutes more, with a roar like blasting rocks, the old gun belched forth again. Then a yell, "Come down here quick as ye can." I soon joined him, and asked him what he was shooting at. "I reckon the cuss is up that hemlock; he's chock full of shot any way." I said, "You had better load; he won't try to come down right away." He proceeded to load by putting in a good charge of powder out of a glass bottle he carried in his overall's pocket; on that a piece of hornet's nest well rammed down, then a big charge of BB shot, more hornet's nest rammed hard; next a GD cap on the tube. He was now ready for business. We soon located the squirrel about 6ft. from the top of the tree, hugging the limb.

My friend got ready for another salute, and with a roar like thunder the old gun spoke again. The only effect it had on the squirrel was that he moved a little further up.

"Les see you try him," said he, I've had about all I want of him; he ain't a very big one any way." "I think you will get him next time." "No, I wont waste any more powder on him, 'cause I want to go down to Davis's to-morrow, and there's plenty of 'em down there." With a spiteful look up the tree, "If you can't kill him I'll git him some other time." "Well," said I, "get ready to pick him up."

Cocking the right barrel which is choked I covered his head and a part of his shoulder, which I could plainly see. At the report he bounded into the air and struck the ground, dead as a stone. Three No. 5 shot in the head were enough. My friend with the long range fox gun stood for a moment with almost a sad countenance looking first at the muzzleloader, then at the breechloader. Biting off a large piece of tobacco he chewed a moment rapidly, then said, "Kin the other barrel do that?" "Easy." "Does she go every time?" "Never misses." "Probably cost over twenty-five dollars." "Yes, considerable." In a very confidential tone, "That's a better gun than Bill Willey's." Picking up the squirrel and putting him carefully in his pocket, he said, "Wal, I must be going. We live in that red house over on the road by the corner; we've got some good cider; stop some time." And he was gone.

My bag for three days was 29 very large squirrels, 4 partridges, 2 woodcock—quite a fine looking string. This year they say birds are very scarce, so much rain and cold weather here, it has been very bad for the young broods. None comparatively have been brought in to the city as yet. N. H.

PENNSYLVANIA RUFFED GROUSE SEASON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No change in the ruffed grouse season was made by our last Legislature; it will open October 1. —SPICEWOOD.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE MEADOWS.

WHEN the golden summer's over
And a chill is in the air,
And the fields of wheat and clover
Are brown and bleak and bare.
Then the hunter seeks his pointer
Who comes bounding to his call,
For the frost is on the meadows
And the leaves begin to fall.

The air is fresh and bracing
And we rise before the lark,
And the trusty pointer, racing,
Shows his joy with cheery bark,
And the dear old gun is taken
From its place upon the wall,
For the frost is on the meadows
And the leaves begin to fall.

Through the meadows and the tangle
And the woods along their sides,
Where the wild grapevines do dangle,
We walk with sturdy strides,
And we listen almost breathless
To the scattered covey's call,
For the frost is on the meadows
And the leaves begin to fall.

"What do you scent, old fellow?
Ah! steady now; take care."
A twittering so mellow,
Then a quail whirls through the air.
A shot, "Go fetch him. Steady!
Or you will flush them all,"
For the frost is on the meadows
And the leaves begin to fall.

Don't talk of city pleasures,
The joy that money yields.
Keep all your vaunted treasures
Give me the broad brown fields.
The pleasures one can gather
Can't be had at rout or ball,
When the frost is on the meadows
And the leaves begin to fall. F. M. GILBERT.

GAME NOTES.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 17.—More quail here this season than were ever known. We have protected well for five years, and are now seeing the good results. —F. M. GILBERT, Game Warden 1st Dist.

BILLINGS, Mont.—It is thought that the cold last winter must have killed off the prairie chickens, for very few are found by gunners.—SPOT.

TUXEDO PARK is in Orange county, N. Y., near the border of Rockland county, and only a few miles from the New Jersey line. The park has been stocked with English pheasants, quail and other game, which have spread over the country. Quail from Tuxedo are reported in Passaic county, N. J.

RICHMOND, Ind., Sept. 22.—This is a red-letter year for sportsmen in this part of the State, as quail, rabbits and woodcock are plentiful. More woodcock have been killed in this county this year than any one year for a good while. Quail are unusually plentiful as the dry season has helped them finely, and the coveys are large both in size and birds. Rabbits—well, all I can say is what an old farmer said, "Come out and I'll guarantee you 15 rabbits per day for a week on my farm." The teal are coming south, having seen more than usual this year.—PLOVER.

HOPE, Idaho, Sept. 15.—Dr. Howard, Mr. Mount and Mr. Crone returned to-day from a hunt in the Caribou country, but though game was plenty their records of misses was greater, hence no game. Messrs. J. W. Astley, H. A. Piper and The. Allen of Marysville, Mont., guided by the efficient Idaho Lew, returned from a trip up the lake yesterday. They made some fine catches of fish and shot a deer. Bear are not very plentiful this season, and but few have been killed. A large black bear swam from the mountains and landed on a large island about a mile from here, and five of us hunted all day for him, but bruin was too sharp for us. Tex claims he saw him, but as he describes the animal as having long ears and of gray color, I'm inclined to think it was a jack rabbit. Fishing in the lake has just begun, and some fine catches are being made. The hotel will not close this year until December, as several hunting parties are expected here to take advantage of the best hunting.—F. T. A.

HALLOCK, Minn., Sept. 20.—There is a remarkable absence of ducks in localities along the Dakota and Manitoba boundary line, but there is no end to ducks and geese in select parts of the Roseau region known to resident sportsmen. Elk and moose are abundant. One man on the Roseau River has four domesticated and quite tame, also two black foxes. The blacktail deer are quite as abundant as when I first declared their presence in spite of the declarations of unbelief by all the scientists. Mr. L. E. Booker, president of the National Bank of Pembina, has mounted specimens of bucks of this animal, which is thought to be a different variety from *C. columbianus* of the Pacific coast. Last week I sent full measurements and descriptions to Otis T. Mason, curator of the National Museum at Washington. Prof. Warren Upham, of the U. S. Geological Survey under Major Powell, were here last week, being now engaged in locating Lake Agassiz. He thinks there is good coal in places on the branch of Two Rivers, not thirty miles from Hallock. Two lieutenants and a military outfit are at present in the Roseau country on a sort of military survey and pleasure excursion. The departure of hunting parties from Hallock for this remarkable tract has been quite frequent since Aug. 15. The Rainy River and Southwestern Railroad is already surveyed and staked through this country to a point near Argyle, thirty miles south of Hallock, on the Manitoba R. R. Sportsmen will have easy access thereto in the course of a couple of years, but game will be scarce then. There has been a fair showing of chickens in the vicinity of Hallock this fall, and several parties of visitors have enjoyed shooting them.—CHARLES HALLOCK.

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 18.—The first wild geese of the season to fly over the city, so far as we are aware, were en route southward last Thursday morning. It is said, however, that geese appeared two or three weeks ago near Fisherman's Lake, six miles from here, and a number were killed. Last year the first flock flew over the city about 5:30 A. M. of the 12th of September. Following are the dates of their arrival in this city for twelve years: 1876, Aug. 14; 1877, Aug. 31; 1878, Sept. 6; 1879, Aug. 30; 1880, Sept. 17; 1881, Sept. 3; 1882, Sept. 7; 1883, Sept. 12; 1884, Sept. 2; 1885, Sept. 13; 1886, Sept. 12; 1887, Sept. 14. A few days ago some hunters, while quail shooting in Sonoma county, killed two deer. One was killed with quail shot, but the other got a dose of buckshot, the shooter having one barrel of his gun loaded for an emergency of that kind. It is a pity that men will shoot quail while the weather is too hot for the game to keep. Last week thousands of spoiled birds were dumped into the bay by San Francisco dealers. The weather is now cooling, however, and from this on the sport will improve.—W.

NEW BRUNSWICK GAME LAW.

THE following summary is that prepared by the Chief Game Commissioner:

MOOSE, CARIBOU AND DEER.—To hunt, take, kill, wound or destroy moose, caribou or deer between Feb. 1 and Aug. 1 in any year, the penalty is not less than $10 nor to exceed $60. (41 Vic., Cap. 45; 43 Vic., Cap. 21.) To hunt, chase or pursue with intent to kill with dogs, $20 for each and every act; and it shall be lawful to destroy or kill any dog so found hunting, pursuing or chasing, or proved to have pursued, chased, wounded, torn or killed any moose, caribou or deer. (41 Vic., Cap. 45.) No person or number of persons forming a hunting party shall kill or take in any one year or one season more than three moose, five caribou or five deer. (41 Vic., Cap. 45.) All such game must be removed from the woods within ten days after killing the animal. (41 Vic., Cap. 45.)

The fact of any person having in his possession the carcass of a moose, caribou or deer, or any part thereof, or the hide thereof, within the time specified (viz., Feb. 1 and Aug. 1), shall be *prima facie* evidence of his having hunted or killed the same contrary to law, and such person shall be liable to a penalty of not over sixty nor less than ten dollars. (41 Vic., Cap. 45, Sec. 5.)

MINK, OTTER, FISHER, SABLE AND BEAVER.—To hunt, take, kill, wound, trap or otherwise destroy, between the first day of May and the first day of September in any year, a person will be liable to a penalty not exceeding $20 nor less than $5 for each such act. (41 Vic., Cap. 45.)

The fact of any person having in his possession the carcass of any animal mentioned in the preceding section, or the green or fresh pelt or hide thereof, within the time specified (viz., May 1 to Sept. 1), shall be *prima facie* evidence of his having hunted, killed, taken or trapped the same contrary to law; and the fact of any person having been found hunting within the time specified, having in his possession any trap or traps, shall be *prima facie* evidence of his hunting contrary to law, and in either case such person shall be liable to the penalties mentioned in the preceding section. (41 Vic., Cap. 45, Sec. 6.)

PARTRIDGE.—To take or kill between the first day of December in any year and the twentieth day of September in the year following, a person will be liable to a penalty of $4 for each such act, and the fact of having the same in one's possession between the above mentioned dates shall be *prima facie* evidence of the taking or killing contrary to law. (41 Vic., Cap. 45; 43 Vic., Cap. 21; 48 Vic., Cap. 61.)

SNIPE OR WOODCOCK.—To take or kill between the first day of December in any year and the first day of September in the year following, a person will be liable to a penalty of $4 for each such act, and the fact of having the same in one's possession between the above mentioned dates shall be *prima facie* evidence of the taking or killing contrary to law. (41 Vic., Cap. 45; 42 Vic., Cap. 20; 48 Vic., Cap. 61.) The exportation of partridge and woodcock is prohibited by act of Dominion Parliament, 1885.

BLACK DUCK, WOOD DUCK OR TEAL.—To take or kill, or have in possession any wild black duck, wood duck or teal between the fifteenth day of May and the fourth day of September, or to destroy or remove their nests or eggs, a person will be liable to a penalty of not less than $20 nor more than $40. (41 Vic., Cap. 25.)

DUCKS, BRANT, GEESE OR OTHER WILDFOWL OF THE GAME KIND.—To take or catch with a net or nets, or kill with a swivel or punt gun, a person will be liable to a penalty of not less than $20 nor more than $40 for each and every such act. For the setting of any net for the purpose of catching any wild duck or any game bird, the offender shall be liable to a penalty of not less than $10 nor more than $20. For the catching of any wildfowl by artificial light the offender shall be liable to a penalty of not less than $10 nor more than $20. (42 Vic., Cap. 20.) To shoot, kill or otherwise destroy any sea gull at any time within the parish of Grand Manan a person will be liable to a penalty of $4. (48 Vic., Cap. 61.)

THE KILLING OF ROBINS, SPARROWS, SWALLOWS, and other small birds and birds of song which frequent the fields and gardens, and the selling and offering for sale and having in possession such birds when killed, shall hereafter be unlawful, penalty $1. The trapping, snaring, or otherwise taking alive or selling or offering or exposing for sale alive of any of the said birds, and the destroying of the nest or eggs of such birds, shall be unlawful, and any such traps or snares may be destroyed and a penalty be exacted of $1 in addition to 10 cents for each bird. (41 Vic., Cap. 45.)

HOW FINES AND PENALTIES SHALL BE ENFORCED.

Fines and penalties shall be paid as follows: One half to the informer and the other half to the Commissioner or Warden or Deputy Warden prosecuting; but if the prosecutor be any person other than a Commissioner, Warden or Deputy Warden, then such other or second half shall be paid to the Chief Game Commissioner.

The Warden or his deputy, or either of them, are authorized to seize all carcasses, or any part thereof, all hides, pelts or traps found in the possession of any person contrary to law, and shall forthwith proceed before a Justice of the Peace, who will deal with the case as prescribed in Section 12, Act 41 Vic., Chap. 45.

If the owner of the property seized be not known, the Warden or his deputy shall proceed as directed in Section 13 of the same act before a Justice of the Peace.

A search warrant can be obtained on application, under oath, of any stipendary magistrate, police magistrate, justice or justices, whenever any person has reason to suspect and does suspect that moose, caribou or deer hides, or any portion of the carcass of a moose, caribou or deer during the close season, are concealed on the premises of any person, and if found, the same may be seized and dealt with as directed in Section 12.

Any nets set or placed for the purpose of taking or catching any wild duck or other game bird may be seized by any person and the same shall be destroyed under the conditions of Section 18

GAME LICENSES.

No person not having his domicile in the Province of New Brunswick shall be entitled to hunt, take, kill, wound or destroy any moose, caribou, deer, mink, otter, fisher, sable, beaver or other animal referred to herein, or to hunt, take, kill, wound or destroy any bird referred to herein without first having obtained a license, and shall be subject to the enactments of the game laws. The fee to be paid therefor will be $20, and the license shall be in force for one year from the first day of September in each year.

Every such person shall, on request of any person whomsoever within the Province, at all times and as often as requested, produce and show to the person making the request, such license; and if he fail or refuse to do so, he shall forfeit any such license as he may possess, and shall, upon proof of such request and failure, be deemed to have violated the provisions of the preceding section.

The penalty for a non-resident hunting without a license will not be less than $20 nor more than $50 in addition to license fee and cost of prosecution.

Officers in Her Majesty's service, officers in the army and navy, shall be entitled to the privileges of the game laws of the Province on the payment of an annual fee of $5, but shall be liable to last-mentioned penalty for hunting without a license.

Licenses may be obtained at the office of the Chief Game Commissioner, No. 31 Pugsley's Building, corner Prince William and Princess streets, St. John, N. B. Office hours, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., daily.

J. DEWOLFE SPURR,
Chief Game Commissioner.

KEOKUK, Ia., Aug. 31, 1887.

J. F. Breitenstein, President of Keokuk Gun Club:

DEAR SIR—The two boxes of paper shells, "Climax," U. S. Cartridge Co., which you so kindly handed me, have been thoroughly tested, and I, after my long experience as an expert amateur, without hesitation pronounce them the best shells made, being perfection for wet and dry shooting. They cannot be excelled. Knowing perfectly well what I am writing about, I subscribe myself, yours truly, (Signed) H. A. KINNAMAN. *Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

MIRAMICHI SALMON.

THE Miramichi has lately been made much more accessible for sportsmen owing to the construction of a railway from Fredericton to Chatham Junction on the Intercolonial, and cars now run daily from Fredericton, passing Boiestown at a distance of about 48 miles from the former place. Salmon have been more plentiful on the Miramichi and its branches above Boiestown this year than for many previous ones; as the water was high nearly all the season, the fish were enabled to reach their spawning grounds with great ease.

There has been less spearing done this season than commonly; this was no doubt partly owing to the dark color of the water, due to its height, but a good deal of this freedom from trespassers is due to better protection as well on the part of the Canadian Government as on that of individual lessees, who are now becoming numerous. Indeed all of the best trout streams as well as salmon rivers in New Brunswick, are being held under lease by individual owners or by companies. Public opinion is compelling both Dominion and local government to pay much more attention to the subject of fish protection than was formerly the case. In this matter there was much need of reform, and much remains to be done before the fishing interests of the country will have received that attention to which they are entitled.

The first run of salmon above Boiestown took place from the first to the middle of June, the fish were of good size. Owing to high water they were always on the move, and have been found further up stream than ever known before. Some were taken nine miles above the Forks up the North Branch.

There have been about twenty parties of fishermen above Boiestown during the summer. One of these parties secured sixty fish, another caught thirty-seven, while one person caught in one day at the mouth of Burnt Hill nine salmon. Most of the fishermen who have been on this part of the southwest Miramichi returned well pleased with their success, and few complaints have been heard of ill-luck.

The formation of a new sporting club at Fredericton during the past season has given an unwonted impulse to all that is connected with salmon and salmon fishing there. Until within a short period the waters of the lower southwest Miramichi were to be reached only by a long and tedious drive over rough roads; now the sportsman is taken by rail from Fredericton in the fraction of a day to within a few miles of the clear cold pools of the Renous and its branches, which abound in salmon. The territory leased by the club for ten years covers about eighty miles of these streams, all navigable for canoes at the ordinary height of water. With the exception of about twelve miles their territory is bounded by a forest in which there is not a solitary settler.

The protection afforded by the Canadian Government to the numerous salmon which ascend these streams to their sources has been of a very inefficient character, owing to the fact that political partisans were the persons selected to fill the office of guardian. Messrs. M. Tenant and T. G. Loggie, who were appointed a committee of inspection to visit the property of the Renous and Dungarvon Club, report under date of Sept. 1: "Our guardians informed us that some days prior to our inspection they cut away nets placed across the river from bank to bank, and since returning to Fredericton we have been informed of one party below Colepaugh's having nets set in the above manner. At the mouth of the north branch of Renous (a rapid, rough, cold water stream) there is a large pool in which we caught three grilse and lost one salmon. This in our estimation is a fine stream for fish; the banks are high and bold, cold springs rush frequently from the banks, and the descending rapid water, falling over great boulders, form many fine pools in which salmon delight to lie."

Under the new regime inaugurated by the club there are now five competent guardians, the whole of whose time is occupied in patrolling the streams in canoes and seeing that all the laws enacted for the protection of fish are duly carried out; some are occupied at this work during the daytime, others at night.

The attention of Messrs. Tenant and Loggie during their recent visit of inspection, was directed chiefly, however, to the Dungarvon, which they ascended to its head, finding it a first-class salmon stream, their catch being twenty-seven fine fish, two other parties who went up after their return secured twenty-nine more salmon.

The Dungarvon, as well as the other branches of Renous, abound with trout, many of which are of large size.

EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, Canada.

VERMONT TROUT AND PIKE.—John Averill, the veteran baggage master on the Central Vermont Railroad, went fishing for trout the last day of August, and says his experience that day convinced him that the close season for trout should begin the 1st of August instead of the 1st of September. In his catch were several from 8in. to a foot long, and he says many of them were full of well developed sp wn. Some years ago C. F. Orvis, of Manchester, and others interested in trout fishing in the western part of the State, took ground before the legislative committee in favor of closing the open season for trout the 1st of August, and the logic of events has convinced us that they were right. W. E. Green and T. P. Fuller recently caught twenty-four wall-eyed pike at Thompson's Point, on Lake Champlain. The largest weighed 4½lbs. For some years there was a marked and growing scarcity of wall-eyed pike in the lake, but the enforcement of the laws making from the 1st of February until June a close season for these and for b'ack bass, with a prohibition of all net fishing, except seines for about six weeks, has caused these fish to increase again. This increase began to be noticed last year, and was still more evident this year. This is the proof of the wisdom of the legislation protecting fish in Lake Champlain, and there should be no step backward in the matter. In fact, the close season for black bass should be extended until the first of July, as they are not through spawning and protecting their young as early as the first of June.—*Montpelier Argus and Patriot.*

MAINE TROUT JIGGING.—A Camp Bemis correspondent of the Boston *Herald* says: "The first prosecution of the season on the Rangeley lakes for illegal fishing was instituted to-day by George D. Huntoon, game and fish warden of Rangeley. The defendants were A. S. Stewart of New York and Mark Hollingsworth of Boston. Each agreed to plead guilty before a trial justice at Andover, and they paid $25 and $28 respectively. Another man, named Hoyt, who hails from Lynn, will probably settle in a few days rather than stand a prosecution, as the warden has evidence enough to convict him. These cases are of great interest to the hundreds of sportsmen who find keen pleasure in taking, by legitimate means, the peerless fish of these famous lakes. An item in the *Herald*, 10 days or a fortnight ago, told of two handsome trout on exhibition in Appleton & Litchfield's on Washington street. It interested many, but it amused the fishermen here and their guides, for they know that Mr. Stewart, although he is the vice-president of the New York Rod and Reel Club, and professedly foremost among the protectors of fish here and in his own State, was one of a party at the Upper Dam who were knowingly breaking the law every day by taking the biggest trout from a pool below the apron of the dam by means of a "silent doctor." They have taken at least 300 pounds. Their apparatus was not exactly a grapple; it was a line equipped with several large hooks, unbaited, and by "jigging" with this in the pool, they hooked the trout in great numbers. The warden to-day could find but three fish in their possession, but all were hooked in the side or under the mouth. The guides and the real sportsmen have instituted these proceedings for the protection of the fish and the sport. The Oquossuc Angling Association was especially interested.

CAMP FLOTSAM.—Toronto, Sept. 8.—The pegs of the seventeeth annual camp have been pulled—or broken off, the canvas packed and stored at Gravenhurst for another summer's outing; and yet I am not happy. The Muskoka District has enthralled me, I have pursued the bass and maskinonge for eight weeks, and not in vain; have watched the nightly flight of black ducks, and allowed my eyes to follow the deer crossing the lake within gun shot with never an impulse to pull the trigger. In those eight weeks no rain fell; the vast forests were in a sheet of flame, which on Aug. 14 gave us a night fight to save the camp. We succeeded in doing this, but with the loss of one tent, a pair of blankets and a rubber coat. But the bass and *E. nobilior* escaped the blaze, and we were content.—WAWAYANDA.

KEY EAST BEACH, N. J., Sept. 19.—An article on bass fishing at Ocean Beach, in the *Beach Patrol* of Saturday last, calls attention to the increasing interest in fishing for bass in the surf. At Key East, fishermen of note from New York city, Asbury Park and other places line our beach in front of Avon Inn. Superintendent Murray, of the New York police force, and four friends of his, caught twenty-two fine large bass opposite Avon Inn today. Mr. Hertiz at the same time caught six, Mr. Ferry, of Orange, N. J., three, and Mr. Napier, two. Our neighbors across the river are catching some fish, but the palm must be awarded to Key East, as the famous fishermen are found regularly on our beach. Shark River inlet was alive with fish to-day.

CAN FISH SEE IN THE DARK?—I keep a small silver fish in my bedroom. He is a little glutton for flies. Just before retiring the other evening I caught and dropped one into his water, but as he would only make feints at it, I extinguished my light and retired. Shortly after, in perfect darkness, I heard him "strike," and getting a light I found the fly had been taken. Can any of your readers throw any further light on the question?—W. F.

MENHADEN.—Greenport, Long Island.—The Menhaden fishery has been unsuccessful this season, but the fish taken have been of very fat and productive quality, and so make amends by their superior quality for their lesser numbers.—ISAAC MCLELLAN.

AN UNTOWARD EXPERIENCE.

AFTER spending several annual vacations in the same region, however enjoyable they may have been, however good the fishing and shooting, and the natural beauties of the country may be unsurpassed, the sportsman naturally rejoices at seeing a notice of some new section of country which promises all that he has already enjoyed and more besides. So after five excursions into the Maine woods, I read the advertisement of the Northern and Northwestern Railroad in FOREST AND STREAM with delight.

They furnish a guide book upon application, which I promptly obtained. It is a charming little work of fiction containing about 200 pages and nicely illustrated. The same book bound in cloth could be bought in Toronto for 75 cents. I read it with great care and as I had no objection to roughing it a little and wanted the best fishing and shooting the region afforded, I finally settled upon the "far famed Maganetawan River" as the objective point for this year's vacation.

As the trip was not entirely devoid of incidents, and as one sportsman's experience is sometimes of value to others, I offer mine for what it is worth. I first wrote to one of the guides, whose name I found in the guide book, to see whether it would be possible to hire a log cabin in that section to camp in a few days; and received no answer. I then wrote to Croswell's Hotel, Ah-Mic Harbor, and though the proprietor informed me afterward that he answered my letter, I never received his communication. I started, however, with a friend from Brookline, Mass., Saturday, Sept. 3, via Niagara Falls and Toronto.

Our first experience worthy of mention we enjoyed at Niagara Falls. As I have never had any opportunity for gunning more than once or twice a year, I had not bought a gun for previous trips, but used one belonging to a friend. As he had sold his, I hired one of a local dealer. As he called my attention to the fact that the firing pins needed attention, one being broken, I sent the gun to one of the most reliable houses in Boston for repairs, and called for it on my way through the city. They said it was all right, and I had just time to catch my train, so I did not examine it until my arrival at Niagara Falls. It struck me there that it would be well to examine it before going into the wilderness, and I found to my disgust that one of the pins, been before, had not been touched, and was practically useless. To see that the other was all right I slipped a cartridge in, and as I snapped the barrels down into place blew a hole in the side of the room about the size of a man's fist. I told the hotel clerk to bring in his bill for a new house, and bought a gun at Toronto; not a fancy gun, but a good plain English gun for $35.

Here we bought a ticket to Ah-Mic Harbor and return, on the Northern and Northwestern through the "Garden of Canada," so-called. If this region is the garden, may heaven help the man who lives in the wilderness. The road is a new one and runs for miles through a forest of scrubby spruce with once in a while a new settlement of small houses. It may be more attractive, seen under different circumstances, but I could not sleep well, and raising the window curtains, braced myself up in my berth with pillows and inspected the country. It was not a dark night, and as I arose very early in the morning I saw considerable of the scenery before we stopped at Burk's Falls, the head of steamboat navigation on the Maganetawan.

Here our troubles commenced. "Music," whoever he may be, wrote some time ago to FOREST AND STREAM that "the trout have an unlimited range and are seldom disturbed, so that they have a chance to grow." The guide book and Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer" both say, "Speckled trout are caught 3 to 5lbs.; bass, 5 to 8lbs.; pickerel, 8 to 14lbs." I will confess that I was at first a little skeptical about finding trout in such company as black bass and pickerel, but in the face of so many authorities, it was decidedly aggravating to find that there were absolutely no trout in the river. They say there, "Of course it is possible that once in a great while a trout may be caught that gets in from some brook, but no trout live in the river."

We were told that we would find good bass and pickerel fishing at Ah-Mic Harbor, but would probably need bait. As we had come equipped thoroughly for fly-fishing this was a damper. They also doubted whether we would like Ah-Mic Harbor, where the accommodations, we were told, were poor. I asked which place there was the best at which to put up, and they smiled at my ignorance and said there was only one, Croswell's. I mildly quoted the guide book, which enumerated three, besides some farmhouses where boarders could be accommodated. These were evidently myths, fancies of the active brain of the compiler of the above mentioned book of fables.

We were advised to stop at Maganetowan, which the guide book says is a "thriving town," and also "the Great Northern Colonization road crosses the river and a center for surrounding discricts has been formed." It is twenty-five miles down the river, which is really a beautiful stream, winding as it does through the woods for eighty or a hundred miles, I am told; we followed it for forty. We went ashore at Maganetowan and went to one of the two hotels to look for a guide. The hotel and village seemed to us both the most dirty, as well as uninteresting and God-forsaken spots man ever visited. The principal street is made up largely of a villainous light yellow clay which, softened by the light rain which was falling, stuck to our shoes like paint. The pigs seem to be about as numerous as the inhabitants and travel the thoroughfares with the same freedom and I should judge in fully as great a state of average cleanliness.

In due time, near the foot of Ah-Mic Lake, which is an enlargement of the Maganetawan River, we found "Croswell's hotel." To quote our invaluable guide, "Good accommodation for travelers or tourists; the best hunting and fishing in the district, boats and livery on hand; goat's milk for sickly children," etc. We found a small farmhouse, the proprietor of which runs a sawmill. The "livery" mentioned consists of one or two horses which are used for work in connection with the mill. He owns two or three rather poor boats. Both Mr. and Mrs. Croswell seemed glad to see us, and I have no doubt they were, as we were the first guests from the United States they had entertained this year. They both did the best that lay in their power to make our stay enjoyable during our limited stop. The beds were clean and the house generally in the same condition. A few million less flies at the dinner table might have made our meals there more enjoyable, and I have occasionally in traveling struck a rather more appetizing bill of fare; still, in that out of the way place their opportunities are limited, and had the fishing been good we should have stayed a week or ten days.

After dinner we started with Mr. Croswell as guide to some particularly choice spots for black bass fishing, Mr. Croswell taking some minnows for bait, as he had no faith in fly-fishing; he said he had never seen any before, a statement that impressed us with the number of sportsmen we must have been. We fished all the afternoon with the result of getting all told three bass and one small pickerel. One of the bass weighed 2lbs. and the smallest one was certainly less than 3in. long.

The next morning we tried partridge shooting; they told us that ducks were scarce, and I have no doubt they spoke the truth. They might have included partridges without fear of contradiction. Mr. Croswell's nephew, Bill Stanyard, acted as our guide, assisted by a mongrel cur called Snap. The partridges there are accommodating in the extreme; when scared up by a dog they take to a tree and wait for the dog's yelps to attract their murderers. This obviates any necessity for the most indifferent shots missing one. They will allow one to approach so near that care is essential to prevent blowing them to pieces. Before we had been in the woods ten minutes the dog Snap's alarm and we bagged two birds. We may in doing so have killed all the birds of that breed in Canada for all I know to the contrary, for we found no more although we tramped through the woods all the forenoon. After the first half hour Snap evidently thought he had worked enough, and sauntered along before us as though he cared nothing for the fact that we had come 700 miles for this exciting sport. That afternoon we went back to Burk's Falls. Mr. Burk, the gentleman for whom the village was name, keeps a hotel which is at least ten years ahead of the town. The table is fair and the house well furnished throughout. The parlor is quite luxurious, being quite elegantly fitted and boasting a fine piano. The hotel is supplied with electric bells and has a telephone attached. I have no idea what te telephone can be attached to at the other end, but there it is. There are two other hotels in the village, and how they keep alive is a mystery.

Mr. Burk felt really bad that we had found no better luck; he said he never knew but one other party to go away dissatisfied, and he wanted us to take a trip with a guide of his selection. This was the proposition: We should hire a wagon of him and go to a brook some distance away, and he would guarantee that we (guide included) should catch 150 brook trout in a day or he would make no charge. He held out no alluring promises as to the size of the trout—"a great many would weigh a pound." We must have angle worms, which must be imported, as they do not live in their sandy soil, and if successful the charge for team and man would be seven or eight dollars. As we were not fishing for a record we declined.

He then said: "See here, I don't want you to go away feeling that we have no fishing up here; we think that we have got as good fishing and shooting as can be found in the world, and if you will stay one more day I will drive you to Horn Lake, where both brook and salmon trout are caught, and will not charge a cent."

We agreed, and the next morning Mr. Burk took a good pair of horses and drove us I don't know how many miles to a beautiful sheet of water. We were everywhere told that we were too early for anything but bait fishing, and the lake is very deep, 150ft. they say. We fished around the shore with flies, spoons and phantom minnows, and caught nothing. He then drove us to Stirling Falls, a fine looking trout stream, where I am told they catch some fine strings of fish. Armed now with bait and with a resident, who got a chub for bait, to act as a guide, we began our last afternoon's fishing. It resulted in my getting a 6in. trout almost ashore. I am rather glad I did not secure him, and so break the record. Neither of the others got any. Mr. Burk is a thorough gentleman and I wish him heartily the success that his pluck in trying to run such a hotel in such a place deserves.

Almost everybody we met informed us that we had come too early and that October was the great month for lake fishing. As the law goes into effect there on trout Sept. 15, this was confusing to law-abiding fishermen. Everywhere, too, we met people who could tell us just where we should have gone; and yet we selected what we judged beforehand was the best stream in the whole Muskoka district.

I am told that many sportsmen go there year after year and have great luck; but Maine is good enough for me. I have caught many hundred trout and black bass, and I know it was not altogether inexperience that caused our hard luck. I am convinced that the guide book is unreliable, and that the particular region we visited is greatly overestimated.

The urbane and gentlemanly Custom House officer at Lewiston on the Niagara River, charged me $12.95 duty on my gun upon my return. I explained that it was bought to take the place of a broken gun I brought from the States; that it had been used and was purchased for my own use. He was inflexible, and I am just now a violent free trader. O. E. BORDEN.

FALL RIVER, Mass.

The angling season on Lochleven which has just closed has been the most successful for many years past. The total capture of trout has been 17,892, and their total weight 17,24 pounds. Last year 11,938 trout were taken, and 16,558 in 1885. The most productive month was August, with 6,688 trout, and next came June, with 3,285. The heaviest trout of the season weighed 4 pounds, and the best basket was taken by a Yorkshire angler on July 23. It contained 59 trout, which weighed 58 pounds. Lochleven, which belongs to Sir Graham Montgomery, is open to the public on very reasonable terms, and since netting was abolished it has become one of the best angling lochs in Scotland, and the trout not only afford good sport but they are of excellent flavor.—*London World.*

VIC SMITH'S LIONS.—Last Sunday night one of the two mountain lions recently purchased by Vic Smith in the west part of the Territory, became tangled in some manner with the chain to which it was tied and choked to death. The loss is quite a serious one to Vic as he intended to take the animals East with him shortly as a part of a Wild West show he is accumulating. To add further to Vic's troubles he had the misfortune, while reloading shells a few days ago, to have a pound or more loose powder explode so near him that it severely burned one side of his face.—*Livingston (Mont.) Enterprise, Sept. 3.*

Fisculture.

FISHCULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

SOME fourteen years ago Sir James Ramsey Gibson Maitland, Bart., began the culture of several species of Salmonidæ, near Stirling, at a place called Howietown, and, like all those who began at an early day, when but little was known of the process of fishculture as now practiced, he met with many difficulties. He was, however, so systematic that he kept a correct and accurate account of all his experiments, whether they resulted in success or failure, that this report, now published,* makes a valuable addition to the literature of fisculture.

Part I. of this history contains 278 pages, on heavy paper, and is illustrated by 196 cuts. Mr. Maitland has persevered in the face of many difficulties, and has spent a great deal of money in bringing his establishment to its present state of perfection. From the plates on page 33, showing an interior staircase of stone, with ornamental iron railing, we should judge that there was no hatchery in America that approached it in cost of construction and elaborateness of detail.

The table of stock at the Howietown trout farm on Sept. 1, 1886, shows that in thirty-two ponds there are 228,902 fish of different species, varying from six months to five years and a half old. The species are salmon, brown trout, Loch Leven trout, American landlocked salmon, rainbow trout, American brook trout, and hybrids, between several of these species. The oldest salmon were five and a half years, and much dwarfed, the largest being probably not over 3lbs.; but the young salmon fry reared from eggs obtained from these fish the previous winter have thriven better and are much larger than some of the same age hatched from eggs from the river Tay, and from this it seems probable that a second generation of landlocked salmon will thrive better and attain a larger size than the direct produce of wild fish.

Mr. Maitland has been very successful, not only in rearing fish but also in sending eggs to many parts of the world. Eggs which have come to this country from him have been packed in boxes elaborately made, with dovetailed corners and handsomely painted, forming quite a contrast to the rude boxes in use in America, which, however, are as effective; this being cited merely to show the care and system with which everything is done in Howietown. No person could read the history of this place without being impressed by the systematic manner in which everything is done, from the taking of the eggs to the planting of the fish, even though he may think some of the minute directions unnecessary.

It is estimated that 20,000,000 trout eggs can be produced annually at this establishment at a cost of a little over $5,000 a year, and that when the demand has risen sufficiently to absorb this large quantity, eggs could be incubated, packed and delivered in any part of the United Kingdom for about $60 per 100,000 and yet leave a fair margin of profit.

Charred wooden troughs and glass grilles are in use at Howietown, two things that never were popular with American fishculturists, although they have had fair trial. The daily care of the eggs in all the hatcheries at Howietown occupies the time of two girls, but as they also assist in packing, and the annual number of eggs sold is a little under 2,000,000, Mr. Maitland thinks the great economy in the use of grilles is evident. The objections to these in America has been the breaking of the glass rods and the great care required in handling, and they were long ago replaced by wire cloth, which is kept well tarred with coal tar and made with a peculiar long mesh which will hold the eggs, but allow the young fish to drop through as well as on the glass.

The ponds are compactly and conveniently arranged on one side of a stream which is left as a waste and flood-way course, although rather solidly and substantially built. One of these ponds is made very deep in the center, so that saline water of a high density can be maintained at a small expenditure of bay salt, and this is used to correct any epidemic of fungus which sometimes appears in the spring or early summer in a pond of fish in high condition, and these fish are placed in this pond.

Mr. Maitland finds earthenware more suitable than any other material for taking of trout eggs in, because it is a very bad conductor, and the temperature of the water placed in it is very slightly affected by that of the atmosphere. Howietown experiments show that the vitality of the milt is much impaired by exposure to low temperatures, or even to air or light; therefore, the custom prevalent among some fishculturists of mixing ova and milt together, and leaving them together for considerable time, and then washing off the milt and pouring out the eggs into the collecting pail is contrary to common sense, and produces a large percentage of insufficiently vitalized embryos. With earthen plates ten thousand eggs can be perfectly impregnated by the milt of a single fish; and although Mr. Maitland has no substantial reason for it, he has a strong prejudice against stripping several males over one dish of eggs.

*"The History of Howietown," containing full descriptions of the various hatching houses and ponds, and of experiments which have been undertaken there from 1873 to the present time; also of the fishcultural work and the magnificent results already obtained. By Sir J. R. Gibson Maitland, Bart. Published by J. R. Gray, Sec'y Howietown Fishery, Stirling, Scotland, 1887.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Annual Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, at Dayton, O. M. A. Nipgen, Secretary.

Oct. 4 to 7.—Fifth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Th rd Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5400.**

THE WAVERLY DOG SHOW.

THE fourth dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club was held at Waverly, N. J., last week, in conjunction with the fair of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society. No money prizes were offered, and in consequence entries were not as numerous as usual at shows of the club. The quality in many of the classes was much below the average, although quite a number of good dogs were present. The show was held in the building erected by the society for the purpose, the club having contracted to give a show for a series of years. Last year the club lost money and they decided upon a cheap show this year. Some of our prominent exhibitors sent their best animals, mainly, we presume, in compliment to the club, which is certainly deserving of its support for its straightforward course and efforts to please in the past. Let us hope that the average Jerseyman will awake to the importance of the dog question and that future shows of the club will be more liberally patronized. The building is well adapted for benching 500 dogs, the stalls being already arranged, and as the animals were scattered over the space, the many empty stalls did not impress one favorably, and the display did not make nearly so good an appearance as it would had the animals been closely grouped. John Reed was superintendent, and it goes without saying that the management was first-class.

The judges announced were: Mastiffs, C. C. Marshall; collies, J. D. Shotwell; St. Bernards, K. E. Hopf; English setters, black and tan setters, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, foxhounds, basset hounds, dachshunde and miscellaneous, Percy C. Ohl; Irish setters, Max Wenzel; pointers, Geo. L. Wilms; all sporting spaniels, A. C. Wilmerding; Dandie Dinmont, Skye, Bedlington, rough-haired and fox-terriers, King Charles spaniels, poodles and pugs, T. F. Rackham; beagles, A. H. Wakefield; all other classes, James Mortimer. All were present except Mr. Wenzel, and Mr. H. C. Glover acted in his place. Judging began shortly before 12 o'clock on Tuesday and was finished before night. The attendance was a little better than that of last year, but was not nearly so large as it should have been.

There were 237 entries, with 37 absentees; 33 of the remainder were not for competition, leaving 167 in the 149 classes, many of which were not represented. There were 160 awards, leaving but 7 unnoticed; only 2 commended cards were bestowed, 3 highly commendeds and 8 very highly commendeds, with 87 firsts, 39 seconds and 21 thirds. This we believe is unprecedented in the history of dog shows, with the exception perhaps of the Centennial show at Philadelphia in 1876. The minor awards must not be taken in all cases as indicative of the actual worth of the recipients, as in many instances prizes were awarded to specimens that would hardly get them even in moderate company. The first prize winners, however, with few exceptions, were well-known winners.

There were twelve entries in the open mastiff classes, with four absentees. No champions were entered. First went to the well known Pharaoh, looking well. Moses, a seven months old son of Ilford Caution, made a good second. He is one of the most promising youngsters we have seen and if he goes all right he will make some of the good ones take a back seat. He appears to have been properly reared and stands straight on capital legs and moves very nicely. He is of good size for his age, lacking at present in skull, but he will undoubtedly improve in this respect as he gets older. He also won first in dog puppy class. Third went to Danger, not a good specimen, with a sour look. Hildebert, shown very thin, was vhc. In the bitch class first went to Mayflower, a nice bitch of good size and a fair amount of bone. Her head is not massive enough and she lacks depth of chest. Regina, not at her best, came second. Third was withheld and vhc. given to Juno B., a very moderate specimen with a wild eye.

The St. Bernards were a capital lot, all the winners are well known with the exception of Lady Alice, winner of second in the open class for rough-coated bitches. She is a nice big roomy bitch with plenty of bone and stands nicely on good legs and feet. She is off in head and muzzle and has a ring tail. She was in good condition, except that she has just shed her coat. It was thought by some that she should have beaten St. Bride. The latter is the best in head and expression and was in much better coat and is the best mover. In the smooth-coated bitch class Crevasse was the only one shown. The prizes were withheld, but the exceedingly good-natured judge shut his eyes and faintly whispered he.

Only two Newfoundlands were shown, one dog and a bitch. First was withheld in the latter class and the judge, even better-natured than the genial Mr. Hopf, electrified the onlookers by bestowing second prize on a small weedy animal with not character enough to do honor to a commended card.

But two Great Danes faced the judge, the better one taking second honors, probably on account of his bad disposition.

Mother Demdike was alone in the greyhound champion classes, as was Stormy Day in the open dog class. In the bitch class the only entry, Flora, is off in head and ears, light in bone and lacks substance all through, she is also too flat-ribbed. Two of her puppies were first and second in their class, both have the faults of their dam, although the winner is better in bone.

Mr. Thayer carried off all the honors in the deerhound classes with his well known string.

There were twenty-five entries in the two pointer classes, two of them not for competition and one absentee. In the champion class for large dogs Beaufort was absent, and the contest was between Robert le Diable and Nick of Naso. Both were in capital condition, the former winning. He also won the special over Naso of Kippen, who was in good form. We cannot agree with this decision, as Naso is as good at all points as Robert, and decidedly beats him in loin. Naso is not so catchy to the eye as his competitor, but a close examination shows him to be a rare good one at nearly every point that is required for work. In the open dog class the well-known Jimmie had no trouble in disposing of the others. Second went to Nip, a large, strongly-made dog, with plenty of bone and substance and good legs; he is fairly good in head and looks a worker; he is a trifle out at elbow and his feet are not of the best. In the bitch class Kate VIII. was an easy winner. Second went to Daisy Ranger, vhc. at Boston last spring. Polly Varden, omitted from our prize list last week, was third. In the lightweight champion class Naso of Kippen was alone. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class first went to Bang Bang, looking his best. Nick o' Time, winner of second, is a handsome dog with a fair head and body, good quarters and fair tail, which is a trifle coarse. He is a bit light in bone and somewhat too straight behind. Bangso, winner of third, was shown too thin and soft. Banjo II., vhc., has a nice head except that his ears are set on too high. He has good shoulders, legs and feet, and promises to turn out something good. He was shown much too thin which made more prominent his worst fault, a long loin. In the bitch class first went to Queen Fan, a good bitch off in head, muzzle, eye and ear. Modesty, placed second, was not in first-class show form. Third went to Flirt, quite a fair bitch, not good in head and muzzle. Wanda, vhc., won second at New York last spring in the puppy class. She has improved somewhat but is still far from first-class. The two dog puppies were nothing extra. The only bitch puppy is rather pretty with a fair head, good legs and feet and tail, her ears are a trifle high and she is not deep enough in chest.

Of the twenty-six English setters entered thirteen were not for competition, and five of the remainder were absent, leaving only eight in the six classes to face the judge. Both entries in the champion dog class were absent. In the open dog class first went to Prince Jester, looking well. Buck II., winner of second, has a fair head and good legs and feet; he is too shallow and was shown soft. Rex Gladstone, placed third, is a very nice moving dog, with good loin, legs and feet; he is off in head with heavy ears set on too high, and is too wide in front. In the bitch class first went to Mavis, off in coat and a bit tucked up. It was a question whether Forest Dora, looking well, or Passion, shown too fat, was the better bitch, but there could be no doubt that either was better than Mavis. There were no puppies shown for competition.

Two dogs in the open class and two bitch puppies comprised the black and tan setters. The dogs are well known. The winning puppy we did not find. Lady Dora, winner of second, is pretty but off in head and too light in tan.

In Irish setters Gerald was alone in the champion dog class. In the open dog class Chip had an easy win. Jake Malone, placed second, has improved since we saw him last spring. Lancewood, winner of third, is not a show dog. He is off in ears, round in barrel, and his coat is not straight. In the bitch class Wanda was alone; she has rather a nice head, but as she was nursing a litter, no opinion could be formed of her. Two fairish puppies completed the list. They were awarded first in their respective classes.

In champion field spaniels, Compton Bandit had a walk-over. The only entry in the bitch class was not for competition. The open dog class brought out three new ones, all noted English winners. After a careful examination the flag went up for Newton Abbot Beau, a capital all round black and tan with very few faults. He shows lots of character and will undoubtedly prove a great acquisition to the breeders of this country. He has a profuse coat and splendid feather although these were not in first-class condition. He is not clean cut enough under the eye, which is about his only fault. Second went to Newton Abbot Laddie, also a very good dog with a nice head of the cocker type. He is very good in body and has a nice flat coat. He might be improved in hocks and forelegs and does not move quite free. Newton Abbot Lord, winner of third, is also a very good specimen with a good head except that he is overshot, which gives a bad appearance to his muzzle; he is a trifle up on his legs, and might stand better in front; he appears to be able to show a good coat when in condition. In the open dog class for black or liver cockers, first went to Baby Obo, one of the most typical dogs we have ever seen; with the exception of being a trifle straight behind but little fault can be found with him; but he is much too small, not scaling much above 18lbs., and we doubt the wisdom of giving first prize to a toy in what should be most decidedly a working class. In the champion class for other than black or liver, C. V. V. Sewell's Marion was awarded the prize. She arrived too late for the regular order of judging, and did not appear in the list of awards published last week. The puppies were not a remarkably good lot.

Two foxhounds were shown, a dog and bitch; both were of the same type and a racing-looking pair. They look like workers, but would hardly pass muster as typical representatives of the breed.

Eleven collies were entered and there was but one absentee, nearly all of them were out of coat. Nullamore, not in good condition, had a walkover in the champion dog class, as did Lady of the Lake in the bitch class. In the open dog class first went to Lockgarry, a nice-headed dog, well made and with a coat of good texture; he is a bit high on his legs, and a trifle too straight behind. Lochinvar, winner of second, has a fair head, with ears a trifle heavy. He moves badly behind, and for this reason should have given way to Gilford, placed third, a well put together dog with capital shoulders, legs and feet; he is a trifle small, a bit cheeky, and rather soft in coat. Only one bitch was shown, Bonnie Brae, a nicely shaped one with good head and ears; her coat was scant, but of good texture; she moves very well indeed; she is a trifle straight behind, and carries her tail too much like a setter. Alloway, the winning dog puppy, has a beautiful head, is well-formed, of good size, has plenty of bone and a good coat; but alas! his left foreleg is decidedly crooked; were it not for this he would be a very hard one to beat in any company.

Mr. Wakefield made his debut as a beagle judge in public, and handled his dogs very nicely. Bounce, winner in the open dog class, is a very good specimen; he is a trifle short in muzzle and ears, and would do with a little more bone. The only puppy is a very moderate specimen with a suspicion of the basset hound in ears.

Three pugs only were shown. Midget, winner in the bitch class, is too young for the place, to say nothing of the white on her breast and toes. Lillie, winner of second in the same class, should have been placed over her, although neither are good enough for a first prize. The latter is of fair size with no mask or trace to speak of, and she has white toe nails.

The bulldogs are well-known, as are the bull-terriers, except a very moderate lot of puppies in the latter class. The fox-terriers are also well-known. In the open dog puppy class the judge reversed his decision at Newport and placed Suffolk Trap over Sly Mixture. We cannot agree with this, although Trap has taken on a pound or more of flesh which partly covers his faulty loin, and he also showed up better; he is not good enough to beat Sly Mixture, even in the poor condition in which he was shown.

The prize was withheld in the black and tan terrier class from the only entry, a little black bitch minus tan. Bounce, a very moderate specimen, was the only Irish terrier shown. He did well to get a second. There were two Dandie Dinmonts shown. Border Wang, winner in the dog class, shows considerable character, he is off in ears and texture of coat on head. There was nothing in the remaining classes that calls for especial comment.

PUPPIES AND SAWDUST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like through the columns of your valuable paper to place before the public my two years' experience in breeding dogs. I have lost some puppies of every litter bred and nearly all died in their second or third week. As soon as dead I put them under the sod and nothing more was thought of it. Six and a half weeks ago, I had a grand litter of German mastiffs out of my imported Flora by P. Merker's Nero. These puppies when whelped were the largest and finest lot I ever saw, but as usual, at the age of one week they began to droop and lose their appetite; three of them died, one after another, without my knowing what the trouble was. When the last one died I made a post-mortem examination and found that the intestines were full of long sawdust such as is made in a shingle and heading mill, which I generally use for bedding. It was twisted together like a rope, making it impossible for such young puppies to pass it off without assistance. Watching them I found that the sawdust stuck to the wet teats and that they got it in their mouths while nursing and swallowed it with the milk. I at once changed their bed by tacking an old carpet over the sawdust and gave a dose of castor oil to the remaining four. All of them passed more or less of the sawdust and soon began to improve. Since the change I can just see them grow and they are now at 6½ weeks old the largest pups of their age I ever saw. Since my experience as above I have had a litter of mastiffs, now three weeks old. They are a very fine lot with not a sick one among them. Heretofore at this age, when they lay on the sawdust, I lost some from every litter, and am satisfied that the sawdust caused their death. I trust that this will be of service to breeders and I would like to hear if any one has had a similar experience.

R. R. OESTERREICH.

DETROIT, Mich.

IRISH RED SETTER TRIALS.

THURSDAY, Sept. 1, and following day, on Viscount Powerscourt's Moors, county Wicklow.

First Day.

PUPPY STAKE.—First prize a silver cup, value £5, presented by the club; second prize a silver cup, value three guineas, presented by Spratts Patent (Limited).

Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Ginger (Rufus—Mirth), breeder, Rev. P. J. Keene; 18mos.,

beat

Mr. J. J. Giltrap's Kathleen Aroon (Mangerton—Iveragh), breeder, Mr. John McGoff; 18mos.

Mr. D.G. Fitzgerald's Wairoa (Mangerton—Quail), breeder, owner; 17mos.,

beat

Mr, C. C. Ellis's Drogheda (Frisco—Grouse II.), breeder, Rev. R. O. Callaghan; 7mos.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—First prize a silver cup, value £5, presented by Lord Ardilaun, and a cup, value £5, presented by the club; second prize a silver cup, value £5; third prize a silver cup, value three guineas.

Dr. Gogarty's Belle, pedigree and breeder unknown, 2½yrs.,

beat

Mr L. F. Perrin's Hector (Attie—champion Kate), breeder, owner; 5½yrs.

Dr. Gogarty's Sandy Kelly (Major General—Lillie III.), breeder, Mr. J. Harris, 3yrs. 7mos.,

beat

Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's (pointer) Bellona (Ben—Belle Faust), breeder, owner; 6yrs. 7mos.

Mr. C. C. Ellis's Moonlighter (20,439), Cocksure—Quail), breeder, Mr. L. King; 2yrs. 2mos.,

beat

Dr. Gogarty's Rusif (Frisco—Zeta), breeder, Ivatts; 2yrs. 2mos.

The third annual field trials of the Irish Red Setter Club began on 1st inst. under favorable circumstances. Shortly after the appointed time the judges, owners, dogs, keepers, etc., proceeded to Viscount Powerscourt's moors, kindly lent to the club for the occasion. After a march to the top of the hill, the first brace were laid down, with the wind in their teeth. Ginger, the property of Mr. Lloyd Price, worked in first-class style, quartering her ground well. Mr. Giltrap's Kathleen Aroon was slow, and did not cover so much ground, but she worked well under thorough control. Ginger found first, and was well backed. Ginger then roaded out, the bird having gone; then Kathleen flushed, and dropped to wing. Ginger then set, birds having just left. Kathleen made two sets, Ginger backing well, a hare stealing away behind Ginger. Ginger then dropped to wing as a wild bird rose, Ginger dropping to hand, Kathleen backing. Kathleen then found, but flushed, and dropped to wing, while Ginger dropped well to hand. Ginger then ranged in brilliant style, Kathleen going too slow. Kathleen then made a false set to "gone away" birds, Ginger dropping. Ginger then came to call, and ranged away, working very merrily. Both bitches then dropped to hand, birds having risen wild. Ginger then found, and before Kathleen got the chance of backing, the bird rose and was knocked over. Both bitches dropped to shot, the judges giving the heat in favor of Ginger. Kathleen found, while Ginger stood to dead bird, remaining very steady. Both bitches behaved well on this bird, and were capitally handled, Merritt working Kathleen and Michie handling Ginger.

Wairoa and Drogheda were then put down, handled by Merritt and Turner respectively. This was a very short trial. Drogheda made a good set and was well backed by Wairoa. Drogheda ranged the best, and the flag went up in his favor. Belle and Hector, for the All-Aged Stakes, had very little sport, Hector doing what little was to be done, won easily, worked by Mr. Perrin, his owner, Merritt handling Belle. Hector made a set where birds had been and was backed by Belle. Belle then sprung a woodcock, but dropped to wing. Both then made a "blind." Sandy Kelly and Bellona were then put down, after considerable delay, the stewards not having the brace ready. Both ranged well, Bellona finding a hare and Sandy chasing it, the flag going up for the pointer, who was worked by Michie, Dr. Goharty handling the Irishman. Moonlighter and Rusif then started. Both dogs worked well, Moonlighter covering most ground. Both dogs set where birds had been, the judges giving the heat to Moonlighter. A halt was then called, and eventually it was decided to postpone the final trials, as it had been raining for some time, and everybody was thoroughly wet.

Second Day.

FINAL HEATS—PUPPY STAKE.

Drogheda beat Ginger.
Kathleen Aroon beat Wairoa.

AGED STAKE.

Dr. Gogarty's pointer Ida (12,232) (Graphic—Nora Creina); breeder, owner; 3yrs. and 5mos.; a bye.

Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Irish setter Dixie (Roval—Norah); breeder, Mr. T. Armstrong; 2yrs. and 8mos.; a bye.

Mr. J. J. Giltrap's pointer Lord Graphic (20,183) (Graphic—Daphne); breeder, Mr. J. E. Lloyd; 2½yrs., a bye.

Dixie beat Ida.
Hector beat Lord Graphic.
Moonlighter beat Bellona.
Dixie beat Moonlighter.

BRACES STAKE.

Mr. C. C. Ellis's Irish setters Moonlighter and Drogheda, and Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's pointers Luck of the Goat and Bellona, divided.

Mr. L. F. Perrin's Irish setters Hector (5yrs. and 6mos.) and Bess (8yrs. and 7mos.), won third.

Owing to the severity of the weather, it was nearly 1 o'clock before a start was made, the undecided Puppy Stake being the first on the card. Ginger and Drogheda were cast off, Michie worked one and Turner the other. Ginger set a hare and dropped well. Drogheda did not, however, drop properly. A large pack of grouse then crossed the dogs, both dropping to wing. Ginger then dropped to a wild bird rising; Drogheda dropped behind, and afterward made a false set. Two birds then rose, both dogs dropping to wing. The dogs were then ordered on, and the keeper fired in the air, both dogs, wheeling, dropped to hand, when the flag went up for Drogheda, who thereby won the stakes, with Ginger second, and Kathleen Aroon reserve. Dixie and Ida, the next brace on the card in the All-Aged Stake from the previous day, then started. Dixie quickly found. Michie just got up to his dogs when the birds rose. Dixie was then ordered on, and drew up steadily. Ida backed, but went on and stole the set, making a point nearer to where the birds had been, the keeper firing. Ida dropped, Dixie remaining steady to down charge, while Ida broke away and came to heel. Dixie then made a false set, Ida, backing him, stole the set, when the flag went up for Dixie, Michie having worked him in his usual style, while Dr. Gogarty handled his pointer. Graphic and Hector were the next brace cast off, the former standing to a hare. Hector went on and set in front of him. The pointer, moving on, backed Hector prettily. A rabbit then got up in front of Hector, he dropping to hand. Graphic then made a point and was well backed. Graphic then made another point to game gone away. The dogs were then ordered up, no decision being given. Merritt worked the pointer, while Mr. Perrin worked his own setter. Moonlighter and Bellona were the next brace ordered down. Bellona made the first point. Then Moonlighter made a set, and was well backed, which proved a blank. Bellona then made a false point, and was backed by Moonlighter. Moonlighter and Dixie where then put down, Dixie making first set. Pussey being killed, both dogs dropped to shot, when the flag went up for Dixie. Moonlighter and Bellona were then put down, the former making a nice set, and was properly backed, when the flag went up for Moonlighter, first prize going to Dixie, second to Moonlighter, third to Bellona.

BRACE STAKES.—First prize, a silver cup, value £5. Presented by the Marquis of Conyngham; and a silver cup, value £5, presented by the club. Second prize, a silver cup, value £5. Third prize, a silver cup, value 3 guineas.

Lord Graphic and Avondale were the first brace let go, the former taking first point to a hare, Avondale running foot scent a few yards. Another hare then went off, and was chased by Lord Graphic, but he dropped to command; he then went on and flushed a bird. Bess and Hector were then ordered down, Bess making a nice set, and being well backed, birds rising, they both dropped to wing. Lord Graphic and Kathleen Aroon were then put down, Lord Graphic making a point, Kathleen Aroon backing him well. Luck of the Goat and Bellona were then sent on, both making a beautiful point. Luck of the Goat then made a couple of points further on, being backed in fine style. Two birds then rose to right, both dogs dropping to wing. Luck of the Goat then made a point on a single bird, Bellona backing him, a hare going away at the same time. Both dogs then dropped to shot. Moonlighter and Drogheda were the next brace. Drogheda made a nice set, and was well backed by the dog, both dropping nicely to shot.

The judges awarded equal first to Mr. Ellis's Moonlighter and Bellona, with Mr. Lloyd Price's Luck of the Goat and Bellona second, while Mr. Perrin was awarded third for his Hector and Bess. After thanks had been returned to Viscount Powerscourt for his kindness in lending his moors for the trials, a vote of thanks was passed to the judges, and the assembly broke up thoroughly satisfied with everything but the inclemency of the weather. Though the first day was one of the worst ever witnessed on a mountain, the latter part of the concluding day was not disagreable. The judges were Fletcher Moore, Esq., J. P., and Hubert M. Wilson, Esq., the Hon. Henry P. C. S. Monk and W. H. Lipscomb, Esq., acting as field stewards. James J. Giltrap, Esq., is hon. sec. to the club, and is ably supported by an efficient committee.—*Stock Keeper, Sept. 9.*

A. K. C. METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This time it is not to find fault (although it used to be the rule that the faults found us), but to suggest a difficulty that needs remedy. The revised constitution of the A. K. C. abolished the use of proxies, yet made no substitute for them. Undoubtedly proxies in the past have been sources of great mischief, many of the greatest blunders of the A. K. C. have been enacted by the force of proxies. Still something should be done to allow clubs representation, when it is impossible for their delegate to attend in person. It would be preposterous to expect the St. Paul Club, for instance, to send a delegate to New York three or four times a year, and it will be ruin to allow the careless slinging round of proxies that has characterized the past. What we need is a clear indication of exactly what clubs must do to secure their representation when their regular delegate cannot attend in person. Take the late Broadway meeting as a sample case. I appeared as a representative of the Hartford Club; I do not recall the exact words of my letter of authority, but as nearly as I can recall it, it read that I was duly authorized to act for that club, at the meeting of Sept. 22. The delegation of authority by the Cleveland Club was almost the same, except that it said the delegated party was to act as their "representative and proxy." The St. Paul letter directly said that —— was appointed their "proxy." All the letters were the official acts of the clubs, signed by the secretaries, and not by the delegates. Now I think the letter of the Hartford club clearly entitled me to a seat; it said nothing as to my being a proxy, but specifically authorized me to act for the club. The same was true of the letter of the Cleveland Club, if the word "proxy" was treated as simply a superfluity, one that could be stricken out without affecting the sense or force of the letter. The St. Paul one was fatally defective in that it appointed their representative only their "proxy." Mr. Child ruled that the Hartford letter was valid, and that the others were void. On appeal from his ruling all were declared defective and thrown out. The ground taken by Messrs. Peshall and Donner in support of this petition was that as all the secretaries meant the same thing, all must be treated alike, a most singular mistake for a lawyer like Mr. Peshall to make, and one that I warrant he does not go into court on. The only way of knowing what a writer's intent is, is by what he writes. Mr. Collins, of Hartford, made the intent of his club unmistakable by the words he used. So did Mr. Munhall, if the word "proxy" was eliminated as superfluous, while Mr. Drake left us all at sea as to any intent, except that of appointing a proxy, a thing not known to the A. K. C. Constitution. I think that I might have worried my way into a seat, but I thought it of more importance to establish a rule on this subject.

There will be another meeting of the A. K. C. some of these days, and before the regular annual meeting, and it seems to me that the best way out of the difficulty will be for the president to prepare a form, which secretaries shall use, specifying just what they shall do to secure representation if the regular delegate cannot attend in person. Such a proceeding, coming from Mr. Child, would hardly be voted down at any meeting of the A. K. C.

There was a very serious objection to the letters of the Cleveland and St. Paul clubs, that in principle should have vitiated both; that was, that they did not specifically appoint anybody. One was sent in blank, with a request or direction to the secretary to fill in whoever he chose, and the other appointed one of two parties. Either mode is too loose not to be capable of mischief. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Sept. 26.

A. K. C. MEETING.

THERE was a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club, Sept. 22, at 44 Broadway, New York. The resignation of President Elliot Smith was accepted, and Mr. W. H. Child, of Philadelphia, was elected in his stead. Secretary Vredenburgh also tendered his resignation, which was accepted. He was then, upon motion of Mr. Peshall, unanimously re-elected. Upon reading the minutes of the last meeting the statement that it was voted that A. E. Rendle was entitled to the prize withheld from his spaniel at Providence was declared erroneous, and upon motion of Mr. Grosvenor it was expunged. Mr. Watson raised the point that the initial motion for a reconsideration of the Beaufort-Patti M. case was illegal, and was sustained with but one dissenting vote. The application of the Buffalo Kennel Club for membership was refused. That of the Stafford Kennel Club and the Masliff Club were laid over until the next meeting. The erroneous notice of the disqualification of the greyhound Pembroke was referred back to the New England Kennel Club. The secretary was instructed to send notice of the reinstatement of Messrs. L. & J. Backer and their Irish setter Irish Laddie. The standing committees were discharged and new ones will be appointed by the president.

MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.

FOLLOWING is a list of the awards at the second annual dog show of the Wisconsin Kennel Club, held at Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 20 to 23:

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, O. Kitzinger's Reno; 2d, J. Wacouta Kennels' Corsair. Very high com. and high com., Dr. A. Richter's Skobeleff and Storm. Com., F. Schroeder's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose, Phœdra and Tamara. High com., Dr. A. J. Richter's Renee. Com., O. Kitzinger's Flora. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. A. J. Richter's Don.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles. *Bitch:* R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Name not given; 2d, F. J. Mann's Barry. Very high com., Miss H. M. Kilbourn's Jarl. High com., R. J. Sawyer's Tillox Mona. *Bitches:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Noma; 2d and very high com., R. J. Sawyer's Floss and Priscilla. *Puppies:* 1st, F. J. Mann's Barry; 2d and high com., Acme Kennels' Lion and Belle.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Absent. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. K. G. Billing's Rector II.; 2d, R. J. Sawyer's unnamed. *Bitches:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's unnamed. *Puppies:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's unnamed.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Leo; 2d and very high com., H. Niemann's Flora and Peggy.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Abbott Greyhound Kennels' Druid; 3d, O. Kuestermann's Yank. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Abbott Greyhound Kennels' Sister in Black and Hawthorne Belle; 2d and very high com., E. Marshall's Purity and Josephine. High com., F. Leich's Bessie.

DEERHOUNDS.—No entries.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. E. R. Kuemmel's Catch.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* No entries. *Bitch:* Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson; 2d, K. T. Kennedy's Prince Royal H.; 3d, T. G. Davey's Knight of Snowden. Very high com. and high com., T. Donoghue's Duke Gladstone and Druid's Spot. High com., D. O'Shea's Sport. Com., name not given. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, T. Donoghue's Blue Spark and Blue Cubas; 2d, D. O'Shea's Belle. Very high com., W. A. Collin's Pickles. High com., A. Bermann's Toby's Choice and C. Hendee's Lady Pearl.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. Donoghue's Noble Boy and Duke Gladstone's Boy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, T. Donoghue's Noble Girl and Blue Hornet.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—W. S. Hammett's Royal Duke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. H. Christ's Alp; 2d, E. G. Asmus's Bang. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Hammett's Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, E. G. Asmus's Bang.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* I. H. Roberts's Bruce. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. L. Carmichael's Mac; 2d, E. Maher's Larry S.; 3d, J. H. Naylor's Frank. Very high com., J. Welsch's Buncher II. High com., P. Hochstein's Willow. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Schubert's Nellie H.; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Jessie; 3d, T. Donoghue's Irish Maud. Very high com., W. L. Carpenter's Gypsy. High com., E. P. Thomas's Gypsy. *Puppies:* 1st, T. Donoghue's Irish Lass; 2d and 3d, H. Schubert's Gypsy and Feltman.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Schmidt's Bow Faust; 2d, Detroit Kennel Club's Fleet; 3d, Mrs. C. J. Engel's Young Meteor. Very high com., F. Esser's Hector. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., T. Donoghue's Queen and Rose Croxteth; 2d, Mrs. C. J. Engel's Lady Trinket; 3d, A. M. Grau's Birdie.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, name not given; 2d, T. Donoghue's Vanguard. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Donoghue's Juno S.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Duttke's Faust; 2d, F. Esser's Hector. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. C. J. Engle's Lady Trinket.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo; 2d, Excelsior I. W. S. Kennels' The O'Donoghue.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Excelsior I. W. S. Kennels' Patsy. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d, very high com. and high com., Excelsior I. W. S. Kennels' Chippewa Belle, Gipsie, Juda, Mildred O'Donoghue and Hilda O'Donoghue.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—No entries.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, J. N. Nocho's Fan II.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. M. Nelles's Rufus and Mike; high com., F. W. Chapman's Keno. *Bitches:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Juno W.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—No entries.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, very high com., high com. and com., H. E. Cook's Brave, Whoopey, Dan Fraud, Roderick and Druid. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d, very high com., high com. and com., H. E. Cook's Spotty, Rose, Pearl, Fly, Cloud II. and Jet.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—D. O'Shea's Rattler.—OPEN—1st, 3d, very high com. and high com., J. Bross's Dexter, Reta, Flora II. and Bell; 2d and com., D. O'Shea's Music and Tomboy. UNDER 12IN.—1st, J. Bross's Roxy; 2d, D. O'Shea's Fairmaid. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Welsch's Waldman.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and very high com., W. Loeffler's Romeo, Kaiser and Wilhelm; 2d, name not given. High com., L. Seng and's Hirschmann. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Loeffler's Thusnelda; 2d, G. Poppert's Juliette.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Lever's Little Swell; 2d, W. A. Lacy's Rattler. Com., Mrs. A. Gregory's Faxi. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Shepard's Lady Winnie; 2d, E. B. Boxwell's Lotta. Very high com., E. Lever's Varsity. *Puppies:* Absent.—WIRE-HAIRED.—No entries.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Bonnie Duntroon; 2d, J. Watson's Clipper. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Spoiled Miss and Luella. *Puppies:* No entries.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—T. Patten's Romulus.—OPEN—1st, J. Teague's Toro; 2d, W. W. Silvey's Duchess of Kent.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—F. F. Dole's Count.—OPEN—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Marriner's Nimble. *Bitches:* 1st, reserve and high com., F. F. Dole's Miss Norah, Countess and Young Venom; 2d and high com., W. Marriner's Lady in White and Kit. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Lillie. SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Barton; 2d, W. Marriner's Cribb. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Marriner's Nectar II. *Puppies:* 1st, W. Marriner's Cribb.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, E. Lever's Safety and Royal Agnes. Very high com. and high com., Campbell & Blake's Nunon and Turk. Com., W. Meyer's Lady B.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shea's Judy and Sting II.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, 2d, reserve, very high com. and high com., J. H. Naylor's Rosie, Glenlyon, Fannie Fern, Lourie Dunbar and Glen Gow.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, 2d and very high com., J. H. Naylor's Pansy, Cromwell and Bonnie Briton.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, very high com. and high com., C. T. Thompson's Geesela, Mollie and Bedad; 2d and com., D. O'Shea's Garrie Owen and Fly.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—No entry.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, O. Kitzinger's Molly; 2d, F. Collinge's Mollie. Com., H. Jansson's Lisla.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Drollie and Harrie. Very high com., J. Lawrie's Guess.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* No entry. *Bitch:* Mohawk Kennels' Bo-Peep.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Trondle's Kolpie; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Bijou. *Bitches:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Tody; 2d, Campbell & Blake's Rubie F.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Campbell & Blake's Tony; 2d, J. E. Friend's Tiny.

POODLES.—1st, Mrs. G. W. Strohmeyer's Fido.

DALMATIANS.—1st, Withheld; 2d, F. Kulling's Sport.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, D. O'Shea's Ranger and Roxy

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel of mastiffs, Wacouta Kennels; St. Bernards, W. J. Sawyer; English setters, T. Donoghue; pointers the same; Irish water spaniels, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennels; foxhounds, H. E. Cook; beagles (2) J. Bross; dachshunde, W. Loeffler; collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; bull-terriers, F. F. Dole; pugs, Mohawk Kennels. Best mastiff (2), Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose; St. Bernard, R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles; in open class, C. R. G. Billing's Rector II.; Great Dane, Dr. E. R. Kuemmel's Catch; Newfoundland, D. O'Shea's Leo; greyhound, Abbott Greyhound Kennels' Sister in Black; English setter, J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson; in open class, the same; black and tan setter, W. S. Hammett's Royal Duke; in open class, A. H. Christ's Alp; Irish setter, I. H. Roberts's Bruce; in open class, D. L. Carmichael's Mac; pointer, T. Donoghue's Juno S.; in open class, the same; Irish water spaniel, T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo; in open class, Excelsior I. W. S.

Kennels' Chippewa Belle; cocker spaniel (2) C. M. Nelles's Rufus; foxhound (2) H. E. Cook's Spotty; beagle, D. O'Shea's Rattler; dachshund (2) W. Loeffler's Romeo; fox-terrier (2), E. Lever's Little Swell; collie, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot; in open class, same owner's Bonnie Duntroon; bulldog, J. Teague's Toro; bull-terrier, F. F. Dole's Count; in open class, same owner's Miss Norah; black and tan terrier (2), E. Lever's Safety; terrier in open classes, the same; Scotch terrier, J. H. Naylor's Rosie; Bedlington, D. O'Shea's Judy; Dandie Dinmont, J. H. Naylor's Pansy; Irish terrier, C. T. Thompson's Geesela; Skye (2), J. H. Naylor's Drollie; King Charles spaniel, O. Kitzinger's Molly; pug (2) J. Trondle's Kelpie; sporting dog owned by club member, J. W. Olcott's Chippewa Belle; non-sporting, W. Marriner's Lady in White.

NEWBURGH DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A dog show was held at Newburgh, N. Y., Sept. 20 to 24, in connection with the fair of the Orange County Agricultural Society. There were about 150 entries, 118 of which were present. The quality was quite moderate, nearly all the dogs being from the immediate vicinity. They were benched under a temporary shed. The management of the show was not first-class, although it proved to be the leading attraction of the fair, the building being constantly packed with visitors. The dogs were fed on Challenge food. Mr. H. Clay Glover judged all classes. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Ranson's Leo; 2d, I. Legar's Grover.

ST. BERNARDS.—Prizes withheld.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. G. Martin's Rover.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, H. Duffy's Racer. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss Mamie McLellan's June; 2d, H. A. Duffy's unnamed.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Donahue & Kissam's Sport; 2d, G. A. Lamoreaux's Ned. *Bitches:* 1st, Donahue & Kissam's Fly; 2d, G. A. Lamoreaux's Daisy Dean. *Puppies:* 1st, G. A. Lamoreaux's Fly; 2d, M. C. Nichols' Belle.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. M. Carpenter's Trip. *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Carpenter's Gyp.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Whitehill's Jim; 2d, E. Wilkinson's Dash. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Brook's Frank. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, E. Wilkinson's Nell and Dell.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Johnston's Dan; 2d, L. W. Y. McCrosky's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Milford's Glenora; 2d, L. W. Y. McCrosky's Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, T. Stapleton's Ovid.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Hawes's Sachem; equal 2d, I. E. Dawson's Kit Carson and W. Doderer's Rover. *Bitches:* 1st, L. A. Van Zandt's Ruby Glencho; 2d, I. E. Dawson's Flora.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Kemp's Eley. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. Kemp's Faun and Bessie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, W. Gomley's Fly; 2d, Houghton Farm's Max.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, E. W. Deyo's Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Ferguson's unnamed.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Prizes withheld.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Houghton Farm's Davy Lindsay; 2d, J. E. Denniston's Shep. *Bitches:* 1st, J. McDowell's Daisy; 2d, W. C. Brewster's unnamed. *Puppies:* 1st, W. T. F. Balfe's Gaffer; 2d, W. F. Thomson's unnamed.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. F. Kew's Novice. *Bitches:* 1st, C. F. Kew's Nellie; 2d, L. A. Van Zant's Gypsie. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, C. F. Kew's unnamed.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, T. Stapleton's Spark. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, T. Stapleton's Flirt. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, T. Stapleton's Tiny.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* Absent. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Wilson's Nellie; 2d, A. J. Ulley's Jess. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Orr's Fannie.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Minnie Goetchius's Smart; 2d, T. Stapleton's Pocheaux. *Bitches:* 1st, E. K. Shaw's Nixie; 2d, T. L. Nullsfough's Gyp. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, E. K. Shaw's Punch and Judy.

DALMATIANS.—*Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Hallock's Nell.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st and 2d, J. Hyde's Beauty and Grover.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, T. M. Davis's Scotch terrier Rose and A. J. Ulley's wire-haired fox-terrier Clip. C.

A DOG'S GOOD DEED.—A gentleman who lives among the Catskills owns a bright and powerful Newfoundland dog called Rover, of large and commanding stature. Rover has a kindly eye and is one of the most intelligent beasts in the country. One Sunday last winter, when the family returned from Dextertown, where they had been attending church, Rover did not greet them as was his invariable custom. The members of the family were quick to notice his absence. After they had been but a short time in the house they were startled by the low baying of Rover, and on opening the door the dog rushed in on them, and going over to where Mr. Titsworth stood, he looked up appealingly in his face, gave utterance to low sounds of distress and tugged at his master's coat. At Mrs. Titworth's suggestion, a lantern was procured and Rover was followed to the stables, where five cows had been yoked in their stalls. A heavy beam had fallen out of its socket, and the cows were all prostrated with this beam over their necks. A few hours more and the whole number would have perished. They were speedily liberated from thier perilous condition.—*Judge and Jury.*

THE POISON FIEND.—Utica, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer owned a pair of dogs, a spaniel and a setter, both fairly broken, and quite submissive, both thoroughbred. We have lived where we now reside for 14 years, and never until a new neighbor moved next door was there any trouble about our dogs. The gentleman in question kindly prepared for the grave our spaniel and setter, and our neighbors who owned valuable hounds and terriers were kindly relieved from the responsibility of supplying the animals with shelter and food. Some 3 years ago on Sunday afternoon on leaving the house, the spaniel following, I found on the grass between the fence and stone sidewalk four pieces of bread and butter. I kicked the dog away and picked up the pieces, carried them to the laboratory, and on examination found strychnine in quantities sufficient to kill a dozen people. The same friendly gentleman placed that where it was picked up. Is there no redress? Cannot dog murderers be made to suffer?—T. B.

THE SPANIEL CLUB.—A meeting of the American Spaniel Club was held at Waverly, N. J., on Sept 20. The meeting was well attended, twenty-four members being present and represented by proxy. The finances of the club were shown to be in very fair condition, a good balance being in the treasury. The standards for field, Clumber, Irish water and Sussex, as presented by the Standard Committee, having been voted upon favorably by the members of the club, they were duly accepted. Mr. Richardson here on behalf of the Clumber men entered a protest against the Clumber standard as not being full enough, and suited to the modern Clumber. On motion it was voted to appoint a committee on its revision, which was done. Officers for the ensuing year were duly elected as follows: President, S. R. Hemingway, New Haven, Conn.; Secretary-Treasurer, A. C. Wilmerding, New York city; Executive Committee: S. R. Hemingway, A. C. Wilmerding, James Watson, Marmaduke Richardson, Edw. M. Oldham.

FRENCH DOGS.—The *American Register*, Paris, France, Sept. 3, says that the number of shooting licenses has been largely in excess of that of last year. The authorities are said to have received upward of 12 million francs from 428,569 Nimrods, accompanied by no less than 852,000 dogs.

DAN O'SHEA DISQUALIFIED.—St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While our show was a grand success, yet several things occurred which marred the pleasure of the occasion. Three of the visiting exhibitors were guilty of ungentlemanly conduct. The misbehavior of one of these, viz., Dan O'Shea of Loudon, Ontario, was so unbearable that we felt obliged to disqualify him. He is very quarrelsome and was ready to fight at a moment's notice, without sufficient provocation, with visitor, exhibitor or attendant. He appropriated to himself all sorts of articles, dog chains, slips, collars, brushes and pans, crackers, hammers, etc., in fact any article of the smallest value. He has been accused of thieving at bench shows before this; and I believe that Mr. Fellows tried to disqualify him for such actions at the Buffalo show last spring. I trust that by making an example of him we may be able to stop this business.—H. T. DRAKE.

THE STAFFORD DOG SHOW.—The fourth annual dog show of the Stafford Kennel Club will be held at Stafford Springs, Conn., Oct. 12 and 13. Although the club is not yet a member of the A. K. C., we see no reason why their application should not be favorably received at the next meeting of the association. The amount of prize money depends upon the number of entries in each class, as fifty per cent. of entrance money goes to first, thirty per cent. to second and twenty per cent. to third. The club also offer $250 in cash as special prizes in champion classes and for kennels. The show will be held in connection with the fair of the Stafford Agricultural Society, and is sure to be well attended. Entries close Oct. 6. The secretary's address is R. S. Hicks, Stafford Springs, Conn.

QUAIL—PATTI B. WHELPS.—Baltimore, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please state in your next issue that one James Bardwell, of Everett, Mass., is advertising in the Boston *Globe*, seven Gordon setter pups out of his Patti B. by my Quail. I hold his letter dated June 26, 1887, where he states to me he has three bitches and one dog pup only living. He states that Patti B. is imported, when the truth is she was bred by Capt. J. P. Fitzgerald, of Chicago, Ill. and is registered in the *American Kennel Register* as No. 2577. I wish to keep the public clear of fraud, and save my stock from imposition by his selling other pups as bred from mine. Those wishing for any further information can write me.—H. MALCOLM.

GREENSBURG DOG SHOW.—There will be a dog show held at Greensburg, Pa., Oct. 11 to 14, in conjunction with the third annual fair of the Westmoreland County Agricultural Society. The premiums in the more important classes are $5 and $3, with $3 and $2 for puppies. A number of classes have $4 and $2, and a few minor classes $3 and $2. Entries close Oct. 8. The Secretary's address is James B. Laux, Greensburg, Pa.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—Entries for the All-Aged Stakes and Champion Sweepstakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club close next Saturday, Oct. 1.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Merry. By Miss M. W. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 3, 1887, by Rex (Obo II.—Gem) out of Irving's Nell (Ebony— ——);

Huntress and Highland Lassie. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black, white points, greyhound bitches, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of Cassandra (Debut—Dead Secret).

Haidee. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for white, with black head, greyhound bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of Cassandra (Debut—Dead Secret).

Hazelhurst. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black, with white markings, greyhound dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of Cassandra (Debut—Dead Secret).

Highland Laddie. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for fawn greyhound dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1887, by Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of Cassandra (Debut—Dead Secret).

Grace Gladstone and Gay Nell Gladstone. By A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., for black and white English setter bitches, whelped July 13, 1887, by Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Mollie Druid) out of Little Bess (Antic—Dream).

Budd Gladstone and A. H. S. By A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., for black and white and blue belton English setter dogs, whelped July 13, 1887, by Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Mollie Druid) out of Little Bess (Antic—Dream).

Frank Mohawk. By Edwin Still, Philadelphia, Pa., for roan, black and tan beagle dog, whelped May 3, 1887, by Tripe II. (Tripe I.—Rose) out of Nellie (Gunner—Diana).

Viscount. By W. F. Barnard, Philadelphia, Pa., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped June 7, 1887, by Count (A.K.R. 3173) out of White Violet (A.K.R. 3799).

Gypsy Queen.—Editor Forest and Stream: I observe in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM that F. C. Evans has registered a collie bitch (No. 5301 in the A.K.R.) under the name of Gypsy Queen. I wish to protest against his use of said name, as I have already claimed it, viz.: My Gypsy Queen (A.K.R. 3708), by imported Strephon (A.K.R. 2760) out of imported Nancy Lee (E. 14,125). Respectfully, C. VAN W. FISH (Cleveland, O., Sept. 23).

Naso of Bergen.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see that Geo. W. McNeil claims the name of Naso of Bergen in a recent issue of your paper. As I claimed that name in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 6, I would ask him to select another for his dog.—FLOYD VAIL.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lilly II.—Vortigern. A. W. Smith's (Buffalo, N. Y.) black and tan bitch (Lilly II. (Cupid—Lilly) to E. Lever's Vortigern (Viper—Gipsey), Sept. 23.

Jeannie Nettles—David. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jeannie Nettles (A.K.R. 1224) to their David (Strephon or Rex—Mavis), Sept. 4.

Juniata—Robinson Crusoe. Grasmore Kennels' (Manchester, N. H.) bulldog bitch Juniata (Tippoo—Josephine) to John E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe (Monarch—Penzie), Aug. 12.

Mary Dell—Zanzibar. A. S. Hoffman's (Morrisville, Pa.) English setter bitch Mary Dell (Dash III.—Dashing Jessie) to G. F. Clark's Zanzibar (Gladstone—Mercy), Sept. 14.

Nellie Pride—Dundee. L. E. Haag's (Indianapolis, Ind.) collie bitch Nellie Pride (A.K.R. 2319) to R. J. Curry's Dundee, Aug. 1.

Ashmont Bertha—Leo. East Lake Kennels' (West Jefferson, O.) mastiff bitch Ashmont Bertha (Hero II.—Empress) to W. K. Warwick's Leo (imported Lord Nelson—Lioness, formerly Nana), Sept. 16.

Friza—Otho. Wm. Montgomery's (Waverly, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Friza (Duke of Leeds—Dido II.) to The Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483), July 6.

Lakme—Otho. F. Kimball's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme (Merchant Prince—Bernie V.) to the Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483), July 8.

Bellne II.—Alvier. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Bellne II. (A.K.R. 3033) to their Alvier (A.K.R. 5166), July 22.

Abbess—Wotan. O. W. Folger's (Buffalo, N.Y.) St. Bernard bitch Abbess (A.K.R. 783) to The Hospice Kennels' Wotan (A.K.R. 5180), Aug. 31.

Flora—Eiger. P. Kraemer's (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Flora to The Hospice Kennels' Eiger (A.K.R. 5168), Aug. 11.

Duchess of Montrose—Eiger. Geo. T. Schenck's (Burlington, Ia.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Montrose (Duty—Apajune) to The Hospice Kennels' Eiger (A.K.R. 5168), July 31.

Speranza—Hector. T. Burke's (Bridgeport, Conn.) St. Bernard bitch Speranza (A.K.R. 5004) to The Hospice Kennels' Hector (A.K.R. 4425), Sept. 4.

Judith—Otho. J. R. McAlpin's (Morristown, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Judith (Blucher—Madeline) to The Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483), Sept. 15.

Sweetheart—Black Prince. C. V. V. Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) spaniel bitch Sweetheart (Obo, Jr.—Woodstock Flirt) to A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap), Aug. 19.

Chip—Don Quixote. A. T. Currier's (Whitinsville, Mass.) pointer bitch Chip (Prince—Belle II.) to Don Quixote Kennels' Don Quixote (A.K.R. 5066), Sept. 5.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lakme. F. Kimball's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme (Merchant Prince—Bernice V.), Sept. 6, thirteen (seven dogs), by The Hospice Kennels' Otho.

Heather Lass. A. H. Aldrich's (Melrose, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Heather Lass (Jock—Gypsy), Sept. 6, nine (seven dogs), by G. E. Browne's Argus II. (Argus—Beauty).

Lady Mac. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Lady Mac (Faust—Gertrude), Sept. 1, eight (five dogs), by his Bob White (Joker, Jr.—Fussie).

East Lake Flora. Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch East Lake Flora (Bradford Ruby—Flossy), Sept. 6, four (two dogs), by Geo. H. Hill's Joe.

Ferry. T. F. Rivers's (Williamsport, Pa.) pointer bitch Ferry (Tammany—Erie), Sept. 12, nine (six dogs), by J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp).

Dido K. Don Quixote Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Dido K. (Bob—Daphne K.), July 14, four (three dogs), by their Don Quixote (A.K.R. 5066).

Bessie C. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Bessie C. (A.K.R. 5445), Sept. 12, eight (five dogs), by Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Juniata. White and tan bulldog bitch, whelped August, 1884, by Tippoo out of Josephine, by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to Grasmere Kennels, Manchester, N. H.

Little Bess. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 5, 1884, by Antic out of Bartlett's Dream, by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to Wm. S. Rogers, May's Lauding, N. J.

Grace Gladstone. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped July 13, 1887, by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to Wm. S. Rogers, May's Landing, N. J.

Hazel Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 24, 1886 (A.K.R. 4097), by Dr. J. Wheelock, Waterbury, Vt., to Wm. Barnes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prince Roy. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 13, 1887, by Jim out of Nell II., by Onota Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., to N. McIntosh, Providence, R. I.

Phœbe. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped August, 1886, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to W. S. Chambers, Victoria, B. C.

Douglas II. Apricot fawn pug dog, whelped June 1, 1886, by Douglas out of June, by E. A. Pitts, Columbus, O., to Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., and resold by him to A. G. Eberhart, Cincinnati, O.

Lady Isabella. Lemon and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 465), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to H. S. Kearney, New York.

Royal Naso. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 25, 1887, by Naso of Devonshire out of Lady Isabella, by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to Dr. S. W. Clark, same place.

Premier Naso. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 25, 1887, by Naso of Devonshire out of Lady Isabella (A.K.R. 465), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to H. S. Kearney, New York.

Lilly II. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped August, 1880, by Cupid out of Lilly, by E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

Budd Gladstone. Black and white English setter dog, whelped July 13, 1887, by Rex Gladstone out of Little Bess, by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to W. A. Poland, Trenton, N. J.

Gay Nell Gladstone. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped July 13, 1887, by Rex Gladstone out of Little Bess, by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to John Dick, Pullman, Ill.

Glenmar II.—Nell I. whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 12, 1887, by Onota Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., to H. F. Smith, Benson, Vt.

Vortigern—Fortune whelps. Black and tan terriers, whelped May 14, 1887, by E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. Grendall, Baltimore, Md.

Jim—Nell II. whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped April 13, 1887, by Onota Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., a dog to W. K. Patch, Danbury, Conn., two dogs to S. Dru, Lanesboro, Mass., and a bitch to J. D. Gale, Providence, R. I.

Ramona. Blue belton Laverack setter dog, 2½yrs. old, by Tempest out of Lilly, by J. E. Eveleth, Brookline, Mass., to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass.

Dido K. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped June 30, 1886, by Bob out of Daphne K., by Don Quixote Kennels, Worcester, Mass., to C. A. Parker, same place.

Nellie. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 24, 1884, by Bang out of Gypsie, by Fleetfoot Kennels, Delhi, N. Y., to Monadnock Kennels, Peterboro, N. H.

Bang—Flirt whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 1, 1887, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to L. H. Bosworth, Florence, Mass.

Don Quixote (A.K.R. 5066)—Nell (A.K.R. 1354) whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped June 28, 1887, by Don Quixote Kennels, Worcester, Mass., to C. A. Parker, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

Kate Gladstone. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jun 14, 1883 (A.K.R. 5379), by G. DeHaven, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Countess Naso. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by Mort of Naso out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to F. F. Benson, New York.

Lord Naso and Fairy Naso. White pointer dog and lemon and white bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by Mort of Naso out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to Wm. Welsh, same place.

Naso of Bergen. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 25, 1887, by Naso of Devonshire out of Lady Isabella (A.K.R. 465), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J , to Wm. Welch, same place.

DEATHS.

Prince. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped May, 1884, owned by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass.

Daisy. Fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped April, 1885 (Doc—imported Judy), owned by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. W. G., Hinsdale, Mass.—I have a mastiff pup now eight weeks old, perfectly deaf. Don't know but he always was. Can I do anything for his deafness? Ans. If the deafness is congenital, it is doubtful whether anything can be done. You had better consult an aurist or veterinary and have an examination made.

An exciting incident occurred in one of the deer pens at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens Sept. 10. The hog deer, which came from India, has lately become very savage, and he vents his rage upon his faithful wife and infant offspring. He amused himself all day long running at his family with his antlers lowered, and scaring Mrs. Deer out of her wits. At last the buck inflicted two severe cuts on the fore and hind flanks of the doe, causing her great pain and rendering her lame. Head Keeper Byrne then decided to take the ferocious buck's antlers off in order to prevent further injury. Four of the keepers entered the inclosure and succeeded after much difficulty in catching the deer, and his horns were speedily sawed off at the base. After the operation the deer lay down in the corner of the inclosure, as if ashamed of his degradation. Keeper McCadden, who is a famous deer hunter, took up the horns, and, approaching the miserable buck, shook them in his face, saying: "You beggar, this is the result of abusing your wife." The deer, as if understanding the reproof, rushed at the surprised keeper, and with the stumps gashed him on each leg, throwing him down and attacking him furiously. Mr. McCadden climbed a tree and his three companions ran to his rescue. Harrison, the Hercules of the garden, succeeded in holding the infuriated animal until the other animals were safely out of the inclosure. Then he threw the beast down and ran out himself. McCadden now limps about the gardens with his legs in bandages, and the deer, as if feeling the disgrace of the loss of his antlers, is humble and affectionate to his wife and family.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

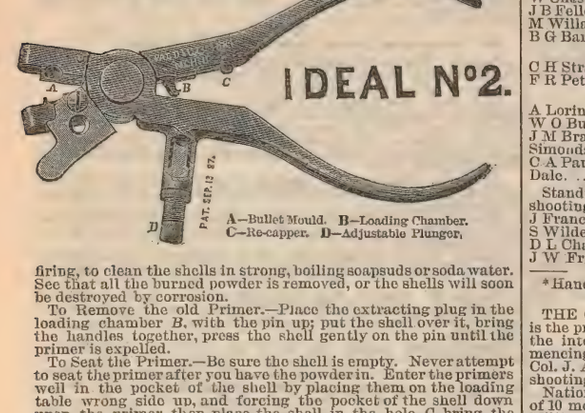
Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE IDEAL PISTOL TOOL.

THE present interest in pistol practice and the demand for a convenient bullet maker and cartridge loader has led the Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, to send out a special device for the use of revolver shooters. It is well shown in the accompanying cut. The model shown is intended for the .32-40 Smith & Wesson or Colt revolver. There is a bullet mould, whence if lead and mould are both properly hot, good missiles should be turned out. The old primer is removed by a single pressure of the handles, and then, with shells properly cleaned, the seating of the new primer is the task of a moment. The instructions which the tool makers send out with the neat little invention are models of conciseness and are worth reprinting:

In Casting Bullets.—Be sure the mould is hot, also the lead, or you cannot get good results. Care should always be taken, after



A—Bullet Mould. B—Loading Chamber.
C—Re-capper. D—Adjustable Plunger.

firing, to clean the shells in strong, boiling soapsuds or soda water. See that all the burned powder is removed, or the shells will soon be destroyed by corrosion.

To Remove the old Primer.—Place the extracting plug in the loading chamber *B*, with the pin up; put the shell over it, bring the handles together, press the shell gently on the pin until the primer is expelled.

To Seat the Primer.—Be sure the shell is empty. Never attempt to seat the primer after you have the powder in. Enter the primers well in the pocket of the shell by placing them on the loading table wrong side up, and forcing the pocket of the shell down upon the primer, then place the shell in the hole *C*, bring the levers together, and the punch will force the primer home. Be sure it is below the surface of the head, or it may interfere with the action of the arm, and cause premature explosion.

To Load.—Put in the required charge of powder, enter the bullet in the shell by hand, place the cartridge in the chamber *B*, adjust the screw plunger *D*, so that it will press the bullet hard on the powder. The charge for the conical or target bullet is 11grs. of fine powder; for the round or gallery bullet, 6grs. fine powder. Shells not crimped.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 22.—The Worcester City Guards, Co. A, 2d Regiment, M. V. M., went to Gardner yesterday, where they were the guests of the Heywood Guards, Co. F, 2d Regiment, M. V. M. In the afternoon there was a visit to the Hackmatack Range of the Gardner Rifle Club, where there was a number of contests. In the individual score the result was as follows:

Co. A.		Co. F.	
Sergt A D Jefferson	23	Pvt G C Goodale	21
Musician G E Sweet	21	Pvt Frank White	21
Pvt H P Hinds	20	Pvt C H Goddard	20
Pvt W R Jacobs	19	Pvt T B Edger	20
Lieut F S Hoyt	18	Pvt G W Bishop	20
Sergt M H Tisdale	18	Musician G R Warfield	20
Sergt E B Barrett	17	Lieut C N Edgell	19
Pvt T W Tainter	16	Pvt B F Thrasher	19
Pvt W E Wilkins	16	Pvt C A Hinds	19
Pvt A J Underwood	16	Capt S T Chamberlain	18
Pvt E W Hinds	15	Lieut H J Black	18
Capt W D Preston	14	Pvt O N Turner	18
Corp A E Eliason	14	Pvt C A Hunting	18
Pvt E A Stone	14	Pvt C H Hartshorn	17
Pvt W H Carrico	11	Pvt A B Pineo	16
Pvt Fred Lurké	9	Pvt D E Sutton	16
Pvt W H Farnsworth	9	Pvt F W Hartwell	14
Pvt F End	9	F L Gillson	13
Pvt M Neiderberger	8	Sergt Greenwood	12
Pvt G Johnson	8	Sergt E E Bates	10
Pvt H S Clinton	8	Pvt J C Strong	10
Lieut W A Condy	7	Sergt A A Fowler	9
Corp Fred Knight	7	Pvt E R Jackson	8
Pvt W Goldsmith	7	Pvt G N Cruse	8
Pvt H H Rogers	5	Sergt A E Kendall	7
Musician C L Sharples	4	Pvt T L Proctor	7
Pvt W C Foote	4	Pvt H H Bolles	7
Pvt A Gale	4	Pvt B D Morse	6
Pvt C L Putnam	3	Pvt G L Holt	6
Pvt H Tisdell	3	Pvt A F Mossey	4
Pvt F Sanderson	3	Pvt C F Boutelle	3
Pvt C A Glegg	2	Pvt E M Brown	3
Pvt C W Leonard	2	Pvt W P Sheehen	3
Pvt A H Morton	2	Corp G W Hunting	2
Sergt Frank Streeter	0	Pvt Joseph Dora	2
Corp J H Lander	0	Pvt J F Stokes	2
Pvt A E Sanders	0	Pvt A F Whitney	2
Pvt E L Hayden	0	Musician L K Gillson	0
	325		438

Field and Staff Contest.

Lieut S S Bumstead, of Springfield	20
Major E R Shumway, of Worcester	18
Sergt-Major John E Lancaster, of Worcester	17

Team Contest.

Co. A.		Co. B.	
Sergt A D Jefferson	31	Pvt C A Hinds	27
Pvt H P Hinds	29	Lieut C N Edgell	27
Lieut F S Hoyt	27	Pvt Frank White	27
Musician G E Sweet	27	Pvt C G Goodale	27
Sergt E G Bowert	24	Musician G R Warfield	27
Sergt M H Tisdell	21	Lieut H J Block	26
Pvt W R Jacobs	19	Pvt G W Bishop	25
	178		187

Gardner Rifle Club: Fred Parker 22, F. E. Nichols 21, C. J. Crabtree 21, Charles Leland 20, H. C. Knowlton 20, L. L. Walker 19, I. N. Dodge 19, W. C. Loveland 17, E. B. Taylor 17, Wm. Austin 9, D. E. Warfield 0.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 18.—The annual target practice of the Third Cal. Infantry Regiment took place to-day at Shell Mound Park. Of the eight companies in the regiment Companies B and G did not shoot, the average for the others being uniformly good. The following was the score at 200yds., 50 being the highest possible, all above 40 securing a silver and all above 25 a bronze medal.

Co. A—P. Gallagher 25, C. H. Becker 31, W. P. Dilney 25.

Co. C—Corp. Maginnis 41, Sergt. Dolan 41, T. Fell 38, Sergt. McBryen 38, A. E. Fake 35, Cor. Vogt 33, Lieut. Ryan 33, Sergt. Yager 32, D. O. Herrick 31, L. E. Braguire 32, Lieut. Crowley 27, Sergt. Jordan 27, J. Cammozzi 26, T. Orlup 26, P. Foley 25, James Crossan 25, T. F. Murray 25.

Co. D—Capt. J. C. O'Conner 23, T. J. Sullivan 29, M. T. Murray 29, J. Garrity 25, J. Cardiff 23.

Co. E—Lieut. H. Kennedy 34, W. J. Burke 31, Sergt. T. Waters 34, D. Hudson 27, G. Hunt 25, E. Lawler 25, M. W. Molloy 25, M. Philips 25, A. Stokes 25.

Co. F—Sergt. Keefe 26, Sergt. Lyman 34, T. McCabe 29, Sergt. Leary 32, L. Barry 32, W. Kearney 29, M. J. Sullivan 30.

Co. H (cadets)—Capt. O'Dell 33, Sergt. Mahone 27, A. Murphy 30, D. O'Leary 25.

Commissioned and non-commissioned staff vs. enlisted rank and file, out of possible 25 (five shots)—Lieut. McAlpine 20, Col. Bendell 19, Sergt. Geary 16, Capt. Smith 18, Sergt. Middleton 19, Sergt. O'Brien 19, Lieut. Lawton 14, Capt. O'Conner 16; total 141. Corp. Maginnis 20, T. Foley 18, Sergt. Dolan 14, Sergt. Waters 13, Sergt. Stewart 13, Sergt. Murphy 18, W. Fell 7, Sergt. McBryan 20; total 133, thus giving the staff winners by 8.

Field staff vs. non-commissioned officers—Major J. F. Barry 21, Major and Surgeon F. B. Kane 33, Lieut. W. D. Lawton 41, Lieut. T. J. Dillon 11, Lieut. A. C. McAlpine 35. Non-commissioned—Quartermaster-Sergeant H. B. Gleeson 7, Orderly Sergeant S. A. Donahue 12, Hospital Steward J. Sheehy 25, Color Sergeant D. Geary 43, J. J. O'Brien, R. G. G., 32, Signal Corps Sergeant Middleton 39.

In the officers' match for the Savage medal, out of a possible 25 (five shots)—Capt. Smith and Lieut. Lawton tied at 20, Lieut. Lawton's shoot, by the Creedmoor rules, being decided the best.

BOSTON, Sept. 24.—A large party of riflemen visited Walnut Hill to-day to shoot in the several matches now in progress. J.R. Munroe and Salem Wilder each made a fine score, which on the old count would have been a "clean" one. Matches F and C will close Oct. 1, and on Oct. 6 the three-day shoot of the fall meeting will commence. The record of shooting is as follows at 200yds:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

G G Franklin	10	8	8	10	6	7	6	10	10	10—85
O M Jewell	9	9	5	10	9	9	9	6	5	10—81
W H Oler	10	6	10	6	9	7	7	8	8	7—75

Rest Match.

S Wilder	10	11	12	11	12	12	10	12	12	12—114
D L Chase	11	12	12	11	12	11	10	12	12	9—112
J R Munroe	12	10	12	11	10	9	10	12	12	11—111
E G Pond	12	12	12	12	11	10	11	8	11	11—110
W Chester	12	11	12	9	11	11	11	8	11	12—103
J B Fellows	10	12	11	12	6	11	11	11	11	10—105
M Willard	10	12	9	9	11	12	10	10	9	12—104
B G Barker	9	12	9	9	11	9	11	11	10	10—101

State Militia Match.

C H Strangman	53444—20	J W Hodgkins	54443—20
F R Peters	44543—20		

Military Creedmoor Practice Match.

A Loring	4454454455—41	C D Lyford	4454434445—41
W O Burnite	4445545444—43	W H Oler	4445444444—41
J M Bragg	5544444444—42	F R Peters	5345454424—40
Simonds	4445445443—41	E W Bettinson	4543434543—39
C A Parker	4444454444—41	Norwell	3523444433—35
Dale	5445534445—41		

Standing of the competitors in the rest match at the close of shooting Sept. 24:

J Francis	116 114 113 111 110—564	J Monroe	112 111 110 110 110—553
S Wilder	115 114 112 111 110—562	*W V Lowell	113 112 108 108 99—540
D L Chase	115 114 112 110 110—561	Washburn	107 107 106 105 105—530
J W Frye	113 112 112 112 111—560		

*Handicap of five points for telescopic sights.

THE CHICAGO MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—The following is the programme of the rifle competitions to take place during the international military encampment, at Chicago, Ill., commencing Oct. 12. The officer in charge of the competitions will be Col. J. A. Shaeffer, inspector general rifle practice, I. N. G. The shooting will commence at 8:30 A. M., Oct. 12.

National Guard Team Competition.—Open to regimental teams of 10 men from the national guard of any State or Territory. Military rifle within the rules. Buffington sights and shades for front sights allowed. Ten shots each man at 200yds., 10 at 500yds., and 10 at 600yds. No sighting shots. Position, standing at 200yds.; any within the rules at 500 and 600yds. Any ammunition. The team making the greatest number of points out of the possible 1,500 will take first prize, $200 cash; team ranking second, $100 cash; third, $75; fourth, $50; fifth, $25. Entrance fee, $10 per team.

All-Comers' Individual Competition.—Open to the world. Any rifle within the National Rifle Association rules. Distance, 200yds. Position, off-hand. Number of scoring shots, 15. Sighting shots, not any. Target, American field. Ammunition, any. Military rifles allowed 5 points. First prize, $150; second, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; fifth, $25. Entrance fee, $1.

All-Comers' Team Competition.—Open to teams of ten men from the United States or any foreign country, including members of the regular army, militia companies and rifle clubs. Any military rifle within the rules of Blunt and the National Rifle Association of America. Buffington sights and shades for front sights allowed; otherwise the same as Blunt (see paragraphs 630-634). All rifles, other than military, handicapped three points at each range. Ten shots allowed each man at 200yds., ten at 300yds., ten at 500yds. and ten at 600yds. No sighting shots. Target A will be used at 200 and 300yds., and target B at 500 and 600yds. Position, standing at 200yds., kneeling or sitting 300yds., and any within the rules at 500 and 600yds. Ammunition, any. First prize $1,000 cash and $500 in badges; second prize, $500 cash; third prize, $250 cash; fourth, $125 cash; fifth, $100 cash. Entrance fee, $10 per team.

Individual Short and Mid-Range Competition.—Open to the world. Any rifle within the rules of Blunt and the National Rifle Association of America. Other than military rifles, handicapped six points. Competitors will start near the 600yds. firing points and advance until near the 300yds. firing points, when they will retreat to the 600yds. In advancing, five halts will be made and two shots fired at each halt; time allowed, two minutes at each halt. The same rule will be observed during the retreat. Position, any within the rules. Target B will be used. First prize, $100; second prize, $75; third prize, $50; fourth prize, $40; fifth prize, $30. Entrance fee, $1 per man.

THE NEW BRITISH ARM.—The special committee on the new army rifle have been conducting a long series of experiments with a view to fixing a standard bore as well as settling the form of magazine to be adopted in the service small arm. It has been decided to fix the diameter of the bore of the new rifle at a point near .3. The exact gauge is to be .31, which means a bullet about the diameter of an ordinary pencil or penholder. This is a considerable lessening of size from the .450 of the present Martini-Henry, and much below the .400 of the rifle of the future that was to be—the Enfield-Martini. Over 100,000 stand of these Enfield-Martinis have been completed, with sword bayonets to fit. The number is actually in the armories, and the re-arming of the forces with these rifles was to have been undertaken at an early date. The adoption of the still newer and smaller bore of .31 renders the unissued Enfield-Martinis obsolete, so that the government will be forced to sell them as useless or unnecessary stores. In the experiments with the new chosen rifle of the British soldier, the .31 bore, it was found, that although the bullet is not much bigger than that of a saloon pistol, it was remarkably efficient in range and destructiveness. At 2,030yds. range the shooting was exceedingly close. Compared with its diameter the bullet is very long. As it is fired with a large charge of compressed gunpowder, it has a high velocity and consequently very flat trajectory. Up to 500yds. range the soldier need not raise the back sight, but firing low, can easily hit his enemy. In order to test the destructiveness of bullets of so small a caliber, shots were fired into the carcasses of dead horses and other animals. It was found that bullets that had a small alloy of copper in them gave most successful results. So satisfactory were these repeated experiments with the .31 rifle that it left the committee in no doubt, and its adoption was recommended. Having settled on the bore of the rifle of the future the committee found less difficulty with the other portion of their labors, namely, selecting the type of magazine. With the use of a small bullet, and as has also been decided, the adoption of the new compressed gunpowder in solid drawn cases, not only is the weight of the ammunition reduced, but a greater number of cartridges can be placed in the magazine of the rifle. For some time the committee have apparently been disposed to take up the improved Lee rifle. The chief objection to this rifle by military men was that the magazine, when of a convenient practical size, could only hold five cartridges. That number, it was argued, was too few, and unless they could be made to carry eight or ten cases, it was not worth while having the magazine, as a soldier could fire five shots almost as quickly by single loading, picking the cartridges from his bandoleer. The new bullet and case will permit of an increase in the number of charges that can be placed in the Lee magazine. The committee are, however, still conducting their inquiry into the question of the best form of magazine for military purposes, and have by no means finally settled to adopt the Lee. It is tolerably certain that the future rifle of our troops will now be a magazine gun, containing not less than eight reserve shots, which, in the supreme moment in assault or repulse, can be almost instantly delivered in a death-dealing shower.—*United Service Gazette.*

THE GENEVA TOURNAMENT.—Many accounts have been published of the big July gathering of riflemen at Geneva. There was no end of outside festivity and a tremendous lot of rifle practice after an antiquated fashion. J. A. Huggins, who was one of the small American contingent there, in talking with a reporter of the Pittsburgh *Post* upon his return, said of the gathering: "I never in my life saw or ever dreamt of seeing such a remarkable affair. When I tell you that there were 22,000 competitors you will have an idea of what the tournament was like. There were 253 targets in operation daily for two weeks, and each target was crowded from morning till evening. Of course there was some remarkable shooting. Every civilized nation was represented. After a careful observation, however, I am of the opinion that the United States is equal to, and probably better than that of any other country. In scoring, however, and also in some minor details, I think we are behind other countries. We are also behind in national enthusiasm in rifle contests. I couldn't begin to describe to you the extraordinary interest that I saw displayed in the tournament. In Geneva all places of business were closed and the city was decorated in a way that eclipsed all previous efforts of decoration in any country. I met an American preacher, who had traveled extensively throughout the world. He told me that he had seen Rome on its most festive day, and also Chicago, and that the decorations of these cities could in no way compare with those of Geneva. Another thing I noticed was that though about 30,000 people were daily on the grounds, I never met a teetotaler nor saw a drunken man. There was plenty of wine and beer, but every one seemed to know when to draw the line. The Swiss competitors as a class seemed to be the best shooters. There was a very large number of them, however. The French showed up well, but displayed their national characteristics of excitability. For instance when any one of them would make four good shots he was sure to become excited at the fifth and make a glaring mistake." Mr. Huggins was among the best prize winners. He made some remarkable records. At a distance of 330yds. he hit a 2-in. bullseye 317 times, winning a handsome gold medal. He also won a gold watch, several money prizes and others that have not yet been determined. It will be a few weeks before all the prizes are awarded, because of the large number of competitors. He shot during eight days and fired 125 shots per day.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CHAMBERLIN COMPANY TOURNAMENT.

THERE was a large attendance at the third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge Co., at Cleveland, O., Sept. 13 and 14, when the ties in the several classes were shot off. Everything went smoothly, and the meeting was in all respects well managed, and proved a bigger success than either of its predecessors. The blue rock targets and traps worked well; of the 35,000 birds thrown, those broken by the trap were so few as to amount practically to none whatever. Below are the scores:

The 90 Class.

C. W. Budd 95, W. R. Huntington 95, H. McMurchy 89, J. R. Stice 88, D. C. Powers 88, Ben Teipel 86, R. E. Sheldon 86, J. C. Hendershot 86, J. E. Miller 85, Ed. Taylor 84, C. E. Verges 83, C. M. Roof 82, J. D. Early 82, H. H. Fleisher 79, Andy Meaders 76, F. L. Chamberlin 72. Ties for first: Budd 95, Huntington 91; second divided; third: Sheldon 49, Teipel 48, Hendershot 43.

The 80 Class.

H. W. Eager 95. Al. Bandle 93, L. S. Carter 92, R. Valentine 91, R. B. Organ 91, Dr. J. G. Parsons 89, H. Phare 88, R. O. Heikes 86, C. A. Calhoun 86, H. B. Hill 85, E. H. Smith 84, D. Auld, Jr. 81, C. C. Hebbard 80, E. W. Tinker 80, M. Loew 78, Geo. C. Luther 75, C. E. Willard 69, W. L. Davis 67, A. L. Smithmight 56, W. J. Kelley 55, L. Stevens 46.

The 70 Class.

J. L. Winston 96, J. Sayle 87, W. Watts 87, T. M. Games 86, I. W. Budd 86, T. A. Peacock 86, S. A. Tucker 85, A. W. Ball 84, A. Hoffman Jr. 84, G. H. Spross 84, O. F. Britton 83, M. C. Funk 82, W. Ackerman 82, Schott 81, A. G. Courtney 81, P. North 79, A. M. Cloak 79, F. B. Brockway 79, T. F. Quayle 78, H. A. Comstock 78, J. J. Wightman 78, Chas. Wagener 78, Q. A. McClure 76, J. M. George 74, W. H. Becher 72, G. W. Given 71, L. O. Jones 69, Frank Wilcox 67, Chas. Richards 66, S. P. Heartt 60, F. J. Snyder 55, A. L. Traeger 52, H. W. Nemoyer 42, A. W. West 41, W. H. Osmun 40, E. B. Cahoon 29, J. M. Taylor 29, P. Bacon 23.

The 60 Class.

F. D. Kelsey 94, E. E. Sample 93, C. W. Hart 91, C. D. Keeney 90, G. Schachtele 89, S. Gay, Jr. 88, A. W. Fehrman 87, A. C. Dick 86, A. Burnison 86, Wm. Gottfried 85, J. N. Whiteside 85, E. Hinds 85, L. A. Croy 85, D. A. Upson 84, Campbell 84, A. A. Walker 84, J. W. Gay 84, C. K. Sober 84, M. G. O'Neil 83, E. Tully 83, G. H. Bodette 83, W. R. Durfee 83, C. Wendt 82, T. W. Hall 82, W. C. Williams 82, T. F. Spencer 81, E. E. France 81, J. Gray 81, W. H. Brumith 80, A. G. North 80, A. J. Brown 79, A. P. Pope 79, L. B. Arkwright 78, T. Goldrich 78, J. P. Hickey 78, W. A. Parmalee 78, F. C. Percival 77, J. G. Messner 77, J. R. Bruner 77, J. McCarty 77, H. Klee 76, E. T. Brown 76, H. T. Smith 76, C. A. Funk 75, J. H. Baumgartner 75, E. R. Page 75, H. J. Martin 75, S. G. Miller 72, T. F. Cummings 72, J. R. Lea 72, W. H. Chader 71, M. Bedell 71, W. S. Stoughton 70, J. H. Ashley 70, D. M. Lefever 70, H. G. Wheeler 69, W. H. Brown 69, F. H. Oakleaf 69, C. H. Kelso 69, W. H. Burl 69, C. N. Brown 68, W. A. Smith 67, Waldon 66, M. F. Silsby 66, J. S. Barnes 64, W. J. McCrickart 63, T. T. Hollinger 63, T. Haycox 62, C. A. Hardway 58, N. D. Hemmenway 58, J. P. Hill 57, F. C. Damm 51, D. J. Deyo 50, W. F. Crosier 50, C. L. West 49, C. W. Kiefer 49, C. K. Patterson 48, H. H. Luck w., James Finnie w.

TAUNTON, Mass., Sept. 24.—Taunton F. and G. P. A.; there were 13 members to shoot for the club prizes: strong northeast wind; 10 L. G. C. P., 3 L. G. C. P. traps, 16yds. rise, 3 angles, N. G. A. rules:

G L Smith	1011001011—6	J Davis	0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—6
J T Hall	0000010100—2	F S Keith	0101101111—7
E Leonard	1100011100—5	W Barstow	1101010001—5
G H Davis	0111101100—6	C Hill	1100010111—6
C T Snow	0011111001—6	Scudder	0010101001—4
E Bowen	0111101111—8	G L Walker	1001010000—3
A Hardy	0101101101—6		

Match at 10 bats, 3 L. G. C. P. traps, 16yds. rise, 3 angles:

G L Smith	0110101111—7	J Davis	1111110100—7
J T Hall	1001110111—7	Keith	1001111111—8
Leonard	1011001010—5	Barstow	1101111100—7
G H Davis	0110101010—5	Hill	1101111110—8
Snow	1010001111—6	Scudder	1110100001—5
Bowen	1101000111—6	Walker	1101100100—5
Hardy	1010011011—6		

Match at 10 blue rocks, 3 blue rock traps, 16yds. rise, 3 angles:

Smith	1111111111—10	J Davis	1111111100— 8
Hall	1010010010— 4	Keith	1011111010— 7
Leonard	1111010110— 7	Borston	0011111111— 8
G H Dover	0101011100— 5	Hill	0000110100— 3
Snow	0101101101— 6	Scudder	1100100110— 6
Boner	1000011111— 6	Walker	0001001111— 5
Hardy	1100110111— 7		

Sweepstakes; first match at 7 clay-pigeons, 3 clay-pigeon traps, 16yds. rise, 3 angles, N. G. A. rules, 3 prizes: J. T. Hall 4, G. L. Smith 5, E. Bowers 4, J. Davis 4, Keith 4, Walker 3, Scudder 2, E. Leonard 4, Borston 3, Hardy 2.

Second match at 7 blue rocks, blue rock trap, 16yds. rise, 3 angles, N. G. A. rules, 3 prizes: J. T. Hall 3, Smith 6, Bowers 3, J. Davis 7, Keith 5, Leonard 7, Borston 6, Hardy 5, Hill 2, G. H. Davis 6, Snow 5.

Third match at 5 blue rocks, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, 3 angles, N. G. A. rules, 3 prizes: Hall 4, Smith 5, Bowers 2, J. Davis 4, Keith 3, Leonard 3, Borston 4, Hardy 3, Hill 3, G. H. Davis 2, Snow 4.

COL. J. E. BLOOM.—There are few names better known to our readers than that of the principal promoter of the National Gun Association, whose rules are now in universal use in this country. It may not be generally known that Mr. Bloom is a graduate of West Point; that he served honorably as an officer of the Fourth U. S. Artillery for six years; he participated in the Sioux campaign of 1876, and the Nez Percé campaign of 1877; and while acting as commander of cadets at the East Tennessee University, Governor J. D. Porter conferred upon him the commission of Colonel. We are pleased to learn that Col. Bloom has removed to New York city for the practice of law, having formed a connection with the law firm of Nichols & Bacon, 71 Broadway. No one has done more than he to elevate and popularize outdoor sport with the shotgun; and we trust our resident sportsmen will give him a cordial welcome.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 18.—The final medal shoot of the Lincoln Gun Club at Alameda Point to-day attracted not only a full attendance of the members but many visitors who were anxious no doubt to witness the last struggle for the club trophies. The shooting, to say the least, was poor, many of the club's hitherto invincible shots presenting a score replete with zeros. The marksmen composing the first class were especially "off," the second class discounting them by a total of eleven birds. The medal in the first-named division was carried off by Dunshee, he having obtained the highest average throughout the season. Incidentally the best shooting of the day was accomplished by R. Wenzel, the winner of the second class medal. He scored twelve kills out of a possible fifteen and displyed remarkable judgment in many instances. His advancement to the first class will undoubtedly make matters lively in that division during next season's shoots. At the conclusion of the medal shoot the members agreed to form themselves into two teams, irrespective of class, the members of the losing team to defray the expenses of a dinner to be served to the club and its guests. The teams were composed of ten men each, with Messrs. Parks and Potter as captains. Following are the complete scores:

First Class, 21yds. rise; Bruns, Parks and Campbell, 18yds.:

Cate, C.	0001001101100111—7	Parks	1011011100100—7
Dunshee	0110001011010110—7	Potter	0010001111100—7
Bruns	1000110100001010—6	Campbell	0001011000101—6
Schendel	0100100001011000—5	Scovern	1001101111101101—10
Ford	0001001001101000—5	Richter	1110000000111001—6

Second Class, 18yds. rise:

Boyce	1001001011010001—6	Cate, F	1000101001000010—5
Holmes	1001001001110011—7	Crandall	0111001110000010—7
Quinton	1101011010001111—9	Brown	1110111001101101—10
Wenzel	1111101111011110—12	Venker	00000w.
Horber	1100000011010000—5	Doane	0100000101011110—6
Karney	1100110101111110—10		

Following is the result of the match between the rival teams of Captains Parks and Potter:

Parks's Team.		Potter's Team.	
Parks	1001111010011111—10	Potter	0100010001001101—5
Bruns	0101101111010111—10	Scovern	0101001110000000—5
Wenzel	0111011101101111—10	Quinten	0010011010000010—5
Brown	0100101000111110—6	Karney	1011001101101100—8
Crandall	1101000101010000—5	Holmes	0000001110011111—7
Cate, F	1100000010010010—5	Horber	0011001011100011—8
Ford	0100000000111000—3	Richter	0100111010100001—6
Campbell	0110011000010010—6	Bovee	1001000100000001—5
Venker	0101011001110000—6	Doane	0000000101000001—3
Cate, C	0000010100101111—6—68	Dunshee	0010111000111000—7—59

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—The Gun Club held its final shoot of the season to-day at Adams Point, Alameda. The birds provided were not a very good lot, and in many instances they could not be made to fly from the traps. Altogether the shooting was very good. Butler made the highest score. Five other members came next, with 10 birds each to their credit. The following is the score of the club's last shoot.

Jellett (30)	1110121101111—10	G Leviston (28)	1011201111120—10
Laing (30)	0111221101111—10	Havens (28)	2102011211100—8
Swett (28)	0221112011110—9	Riordan (26)	2101201020000—6
Golcher (30)	1210211101111—10	Butler (31)	1121111211110—11
Wattles (28)	1100221221211—10	Gillette (31)	0211011212101—9
W Leviston (26)	1200111220200—7	Hamilton (28)	1011011011001—8

Following the club shoot a freeze-out was contested. Wattles, a new man, made some very clever snap shooting. The birds proved to be better flyers than the ones used in the club's shoot, and some difficult shots were registered. Freeze-out, $2.50 entrance, seven men contesting, was won by Wattles with 4 birds. The gentlemen of the Gun Club who made the best average scores during the season's shooting will be awarded four prizes, as follows: Butler, first prize, club's gold medal; Laing, second prize, split bamboo trout rod; Jellett, third prize, a silver pocket flask, and Sweet, fourth and last prize, a Winchester rifle.

WELLINGTON, Sept. 24.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day to participate in the regular weekly shoot. Following are the first prize winners in the several events: 1. Six blackbirds—Gerry. 2. Six clay-pigeons—Sanborn. 3. Six blackbirds—Gerry. 4. Six clay-pigeons—Sanborn. 5. Six clay-pigeons—Gerry. 6. Six blackbirds—Gerry. 7. Six clay-pigeons—Sanborn. 8. Six clay-pigeons—Snow, Adams and Gerry. 9. Six blackbirds—Sanborn and Gerry. 10. Six blackbirds—Gerry. 11. Six clay-pigeons—Gerry. 12. Six blackbirds—Adams, Snow and Swift. 13. Six clay-pigeons—Twift. 14. Six blackbirds—Gerry and Perry. 15. Six blackbirds—Snow and Melcher. 16. Six clay-pigeons—Swift. 17. Six clay-pigeons—Perry and Melcher. 18. Six blackbirds—Sanborn and Snow. 19. Six clay-pigeons—Melcher.

DUNELLEN TOURNAMENT.—The second tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club will be held Oct. 3 to 8. The prizes are $1,000 in purses and a number of merchandize prizes, ranging in value from a $100 gun to ammunition worth $10.35. The club grounds are located at Dunellen, N. J., on the line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and are five minutes' walk from the depot, one hour's ride from New York city, forty-five minutes' ride from Newark, N. J., and one hour and a half from Philadelphia, Pa. The shooting will be at live birds and artificial targets. Full programmes may be had of the following: W. Fred Quinby, 501 Broadway, New York; Charles Richards, 201 Broadway, New York; T. H. Keller, Plainfield, N. J.

MONTGOMERY, Ala.—A grand shooting tournament, under the auspices and management of the Montgomery Shooting Club, will be held on the fair grounds, Montgomery, Ala., during the Alabama State Fair, commencing Monday, Oct. 17. Live birds and clay pigeons.—S. T. WESTCOTT, Sec'y.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

8. New York, Sailing and Paddling.
9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrich Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON.....} Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX.}

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	Henry Stanton	R. W. Bailey	E.W. Brown, 146 P'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div.	L. O. Jones	Geo. M. Barney	W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div.	A.D.T. McGachen	W. G. McKendrick	S. L. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE.—New York, Sept. 26, 1887. To the members of the Central Division of the A. C. A.: Gentlemen: Please take notice that the following gentlemen have been appointed the Regatta Committee of the Central Division of the A. C. A., viz., C. B. Vaux, of New York City, Chairman; P. M. Wackerhagen, of Albany, and C. J. Bousfield, of Bay City, Mich. Very respectfully yours, Henry Stanton, Vice-Commodore Central Division A. C. A.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP—Eastern Division.—Applications to date: J. H. Fitch, Lawrence, Mass; W. B. Emery, Newton, Mass.

A. C. A. MEMBERS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 3, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Executive Committee, Aug. 22, 1887, at Bow-Arrow Point, it was

"*Resolved*, That the secretary be instructed to publish in the FOREST AND STREAM the names of those members to whom statements have been sent and no reply received, and whose correct addresses are not in possession of the secretary."

Below will be found the members (with the exception of Northern Division members) referred to in the resolution. It is believed that a majority of these statements never reached their destination, owing to insufficient addresses.

WM. M. CARTER, Sec'y A. C. A.

Andrews, Geo. E., Painesville, Ohio; Abrams, B. F., Charlotte, N. Y.; Adams, Frank, Marquette, Mich.; Angle, Matt. J., Rochester, N. Y.; Abbott, A. E., Boston, Mass.; Andrews, H. E., Lawrence, Mass.; Adams, Geo. T. (Rev.), Cortlandt, N. Y.; Alexander, Lucien H., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bullock, Chas. E., Canton, Pa.; Berkey, John A., St. Paul, Minn.; Brooks, Will, San Francisco, Cal.; Brewster, Frank, Cleveland, O.; Bowles, H. E., Springfield, Mass.; Borden, W. A., New Haven, Conn.; Baer, J., Boston, Mass.; Bradford, M. D. L., Springfield, Mass.; Buchanan, C. H. S., New York; Bowles, S. W., Jr., Springfield, Mass.; Battershall, F. W., Albany, N. Y.; Baker, Guy E., Albany, N. Y.; Burbank, Rev. W. H., Newburgh, N. Y.; Bain, Dr. A., Clayton, N. Y.; Brock, R. P., New York.

Chase, Dr. Chas. E., Utica, N. Y.; Cassidy, E. R., Albany, N. Y.; Cook, S. C., St. Paul, Minn.; Cobb, Chas. K., Boston, Mass.; Crispell, Harry S., Rondout, N. Y.; Cook, W. W., Jr., Whitehall, N.Y.; Crowell, A. A., New York; Chalfin, Chas. M., New York; Cleveland, Frank E., Canton, N. Y.; Close, H. D., New York; Cowan, Willis, Warren, Pa.

Decker, Chas. V. A., Rondout, N. Y.; Delavan, E. C., Jr., New York; Danforth, W. E., Buffalo, N. Y.; Davis, John C., Lowell, Mass.; DeKay, Chas., New York.

Edwards, John W., Seattle, Wash. Ter.; Elfelt, Chas. C., Minneapolis, Minn.; Erkenbrecher, Albert, Cincinnati, O.; Esseman, Chas., Chicago, Ill.

Farrell, W. R., Jr., New York; Farnham, C. H., New York; Fox, W. L., Detroit, Mich.; Frye, Jas. A., Cambridge, Mass.; Francis, Ed. M., Hartford, Conn.

Geldert, J. M., Halifax, N. S.; Glover, R. Griff, St. Louis, Mo.; Gardner, E. A., Seattle, Wash. Ter.; Graves, M. E., St. Paul, Minn.; Gould, Edwin, Irvington, N. Y.; Girard, Wm. F., Hartford, Conn.; Gray, Geo. C., Rochester, N. Y.; Gilbert, R. W., Buffalo, N. Y.; Goodenough, F. C., Lawrence, Mass.; Greene, Dudley T., Homer, N. Y.

Haines, W. J., Cheltenham, Pa.; Harrison, J. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Hussy, Tac, DesMoines, Ia.; Hankins, Wm., Carbondale, Pa.; Hemenway, H. F., Lowell, Mass.; Hasbrouck, Gilford, Rondout, N. Y.; Haines, J. G., Seattle, Wash. Ter.; Hand, J. K., Westbury, N. Y.; Hitchcock, Chas. C., Ware, Mass.; Hankens, Geo., Middletown, Mass.; Hostetter, F. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hibbard, F. B., Rondout, N. Y.; Hasbrouck, Jansen L., Rondout, N. Y.; Henry, W. F., Warren, Pa.; Hibbard, J. F., Clayton, N. Y.; Hepburn, J. W., Toledo, O.; Hagert, Chas. H., Philadelphia, P.; Hankens, Alonzo, Middletown, N. Y.; Howard, Chas. W. V., Chicago, Ill.; Hitchcock, Ward, Canton, N. Y.; Hasbrouck, Louis, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Hale, Ledyard P., Canton, N. Y.

Judson, A. L., Albany, N. Y.; James, L. E., Cuyahoga Falls, O.; Jackman, D. K., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Jackson, John L., Canton, N. Y.

Kirkpatrick, T., Springfield, O.; Knight, H. B., Goshen, N. Y.; Kernochan, R. L., Titusville, Pa.; Kloman, Chas. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Knappe, Paul A., Springfield, Masss.; Keene, Thos., Chicago, Ill.; Kitteuger, B., Warren, Pa.

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Walker, Wm. S., Troy, N. Y.; Wing, Prof. Chas. E., Westboro, Mass.; Willoughby, H. L., Newport, R. I.; Williams, W. B., Rochester, N. Y.; Wolters, Chas. B., Rochester, N. Y.; Wygant, Dr. F. A., Bath, N. Y.; Wesner, Frank P., Charlotte, N. Y.; Wright, John T. P., Halifax, N. S.; Whitman, H. E., New York; Wilson, C. H., Salem, N. Y.; West, E. W., Glens Falls, N. Y.; Wilson, H. J., Rochester, N. Y.; Webster, A. G., Cambridge, Mass.; Webster, G. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Whately, W. E. C., Detroit, Mich.; Wood, G. Edward, New York; Wilkin, John, Middleton, N. Y.; Warner, Mel O., Fort Madison, Ia.; Warner, W. C., Warren, Pa.; Wetherbee, J. B., Middletown, Conn.; Whiting, H. A., New York; Wood, F. E., Buffalo, N. Y.

CANOE RACING AND CLASSIFICATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you allow me to explain a few points in my letter of Aug. 21, in reply to your comments on it?

First, I ought perhaps to have stated, with respect to starting canoes in sailing races, that the boats I alluded to were always held to the line, head to wind, whether the wind was blowing up or down the course, and even with all sail set, there was no trouble in holding some fifteen boats, each one of which would equal in weight and displacement at least four canoes, so that I think the objection on this score is quite imaginary. In your report of the regatta of the W. C. A., one gentleman at least seems to have made elaborate preparations to secure a good start, and as I have seen some very irregular and delayed starts in the sailing races, I inferred the management was not quite satisfactory to all concerned. Certainly no time would be lost, if the plan I suggested was adopted, the canoes could be paddled at once to their stations on the starting line, hoist sail, and hold on either by their painters, or by a light line until the starting signal was given, when they would all cast off together. The entries for Class I. this year, as far as I am aware, were of canoes that belonged to other classes and were not purely paddling canoes. The object of the association being rather to promote cruising canoes than racing ones and the fact of no purely paddling canoes having been built for members (with one or two exceptions) since the formation of the A. C. A., would seem to show that this class is quite superfluous.

It is certainly right to recognize the existence of a light decked cruising canoe; it is a better craft for the purposes for which it is used, viz., general cruising, than its heavier sister, being easier to portage and lighter to paddle, the difficulties of classification for paddling purposes would be easily got over by fixing a minimum as in Class II. at present. Minimum beam for paddling 26in., minimum depth 7in.; it would be almost impossible to have a narrower range than this, and a canoe 15ft.×28in.×10in. would be very nearly equal in paddling powers to one of 15ft.×26in.×7in. if the latter had the sheer necessary to make it a cruising canoe, it is hardly to be expected that one would be built for paddling alone in this class. I agree with you that handicapping by carrying weight is somewhat unsatisfactory, but there would be very little trouble attending it and unless a multiplication of classes was substituted, I do not see how some way of handicapping is to be avoided. In conclusion, I judged, from the correspondence which went on about paddling races in open canoes against decked ones, from the way in which the classification of the A. C. A. was ignored at some of the meets this season and the few entries there are for the paddling races as compared with sailing ones, that the present arrangement is not as satisfactory as it might be. C. M. D.

[In still water, or with a leg-going tide, the proposed plan would be quite practicable; but this season no trouble was experienced in starting from thirty to forty canoes at one time by a one-gun start, and the reason for any change is hardly apparent. The evasion of the rules mentioned would not be permitted by the A. C. A., as every canoe must be well clear of boats, wharves and buoys, and under sail only at the start. The Class I. race this year brought out but one special paddling canoe; nevertheless it makes an interesting race, and is apparently a desirable feature, as it promotes paddling contests. The present classification works too well to warrant any serious change at present, as it is highly undesirable that alterations in the rules should be made every year. The evidence of the last two years to the effect that within A. C. A. limits beam is of little consequence, has made a change necessary, but it need not be in the rules. It has lately been suggested that, without any change of rules, the sailing programme can be improved by making a class for all canoes under 15ft. length and one for all over 15ft., and as length is a much more valuable factor than beam, the change would probably be found beneficial. At any rate, it would not necessitate nor encourage an immediate change of dimensions, such as would probably follow an alteration in the rules; but would only class evenly the entries at the next meet. There seems no difficulty in the case of the Canadian canoes if they are only raced apart from the decked boats, as originally proposed. Any attempt to force the two classes together would result in the exclusion of one class or the fusion of the two by the incorporation of undesirable features, such as the cutting down of the deck of the one to a degree of lightness that would destroy her for practical use, or the addition of a light deck to the Canadian canoe, thus destroying her best feature. Paddling races never secure the entries that are made for the sailing events, and every inducement should be offered in making up the programme to secure entries in paddling events, but this can be done as well under the present rules as under new ones.]

A MOVABLE CANOE KEEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very evident that no entirely satisfactory canoe centerboard has yet been devised, nor is likely to be. The plan here given has served my own purpose for several years and may be useful to others.

At each end of the well, fore and aft, a piece of brass tube, say ⅜ or ½in. internal diameter, extends from the top of the deck down through the keel, a lock nut at either end holding it in place.

The keel is a wrought iron plate of such length, width and weight as desired, shaped, on the edge touching the bottom of the boat, to conform to its lines. (My own sailing keel is 8ft. long, 6in. wide, and weighs 65lbs.) Two steel rods, ¼ or ⅜in. in diameter, are fastened to this keel, as shown in sketch, by bolts which can be readily removed, the rods being flattened where joined to keel to receive these bolts.

Each rod is of such length as to pass through the pipes inserted in the boat and project sufficiently to receive a nut, which holds them in place.

In use, the canoe, while on shore, is turned on its side or bottom upward, the keel placed in position and held by the nuts on the ends of the rods, which, when in place, of course rest on the tops of the brass pipes.

This plan has the advantages of making no interference whatever with a free well; of permitting the use of as much weight as may be desired and placing it where it best serves the end of ballast; and of offering a hitherto unapproached extent of surface for lateral resistance. It is, therefore, particularly adapted to racing purposes, enabling the user to carry a large spread of canvas with safety.

For general cruising it is a little inconvenient, though to my mind less so than the presence of a centerboard box in the well. For such use, a much thinner and shorter plate of metal should be employed. Heavy sheet brass is most suitable in this case, or even wood. I have found satisfaction in such a keel made of oak, barely larger than would reach from one pipe to the other, and about 4½in. wide. The rods being fastened to the keel by two bolts, the upper one is made easily removable, when the rods fall down and lay alongside the keel, which is stowed in the well. It is, therefore, important that the brass pipes, through which the keel rods pass, should be placed close to the end of the well, that the keel for cruising may be short as possible. This does not prevent having a purely sailing keel considerably longer, as the thickness of an iron keel makes it so rigid that it may extend 18in. or more beyond the rods attached to it. Or the desired weight and surface may be obtained by using a width of 8 or 10in. An advantage of the wooden keel in long cruises is that it can be unshipped while afloat. Simply push the rods downward through the brass pipes with a ramrod or small stick, and the keel will rise to the surface alongside.

Still, with all these advantages, which are self-evident, I should hesitate to advise the owner of a "symphony in cedar" to experiment on his latest and highest priced acquisition. But if he has an old-time and now discarded craft, by all means make the venture. Then, if not wholly satisfied, the pipes may remain with little or no detriment, or be removed and the small holes so left easily plugged. A. T. L.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.

TORONTO C. C. SAILING RACE.—The fourth sailing race of the T. C. C. took place Sept. 16, over the 3½-mile club course, twice round, the following contestants crossed the line at 3:05:

	Sail area. sq. ft.		Sail area. sq. ft.
Mac, W. G. McKendrick	85	Acis, A. H. Mason	103
Dottrel, D. B. Jacques	110	Una, Colin Fraser	95
Dawn, W. A. Leys	100	Werra, H. McLean	50
Ripple, W. A. Cooke	98	Clytie, I. W. Kelly	45

The last three, as well as having a chance for the regular sailing trophy, have the open canoe medal to sail for. The wind, a wholesail breeze, was from the east, veering a little to the south during the race. The canoes got a good start, the light board, unballasted craft all getting under way faster than the heavier craft. The Mac took the lead with Dawn, Dottrel and Una in the order named, and to the finish of the first round this order was maintained, with about a minute between the canoes. On the first leg of the second round Jacques caught up to Leys and a pretty huffing scrap was then engaged in, in which Jacques came out on top. Mac in the meantime was shoving on the lines and increasing his lead while these two were monkeying with each other. The finish was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Mac	3 08	4 29 04
Dottrel	3 08	4 30 25
Dawn	3 08	4 32 07
Una	3 08	4 32 29
Ripple	3 08	4 42 59
Acis	3 08	4 42 50
Clytie	3 08	. . .
Werra	3 08	. . .

Fraser now has scored two wins for the open canoe medal. One of the most pleasing portions of the race was the contest between Acis and Ripple, who had passed and repassed each other during the entire race, and rounded the third buoy for the home stretch together, with the wind square astern. Mason could outfoot Cooke, who always blanketed him and caught up again. About 20yds. from the line there appeared to be not 2in. between them, and they finished a tie, and immediately afterward fouled each other and the Ripple rolled over, while her skipper jumped into Mason's craft, they being side by side. As the regular club events only bring out the same racers every time, a regatta is to be held on the 24th inst. in which cruising canoes will have a better chance, as the regatta committee have made the sailing race "each canoe to carry a passenger."—MAC.

ARLINGTON C. C. REGATTA.—Sept. 10 was the day selected by above club for their first annual regatta, held on the Passaic River, near their club house. Very light wind, and wind and tide same way made the first event. Class B sailing, rather uninteresting, but the paddling races were hotly contested from start to finish and were won by small distances. Time was not taken. The river was in good condition for paddling and the afternoon passed very pleasantly both for the club and its friends who were present. Shortly after 3 P. M., Event 1, Sailing, Class B: Old Ironsides, Geo. Douglass, first; Ignace, I. V. Dorland, second; Union, S. Rogers, Jr., third; Petrel, R. E. Molloy, fourth. Event 2, Tandem Paddling, 1 mile with turn: Regina, C. V. Schuyler and I. V. Dorland, first; Partner, A. C. Molloy and R. E. Molloy, second; Union, S. Roger, Jr., and Richard Molloy, third; Vera, David Miller and F. Place, Jr., fourth. Event 3, Hand Paddling, 300yds.: Redante, I. V. Dorland, first; Partner, A. C. Molloy, second. Event 4, Class B, Paddling, 1 mile with turn: Old Ironsides, Geo. Douglass, first; Redante, R. E. Molloy, second; Regina, C. V. Schuyler, third. Event 5, Class 4, Paddling, 1 mile with turn: Regina, C. V. Schuyler, first; Close, Jno. L. Douglass, Jr., second; Vera, David Miller, third. Event 6, Upset, 300yds: Redante, I. V. Dorland, first; Regina, C. V. Schuyler, second.



STEEL SLOOP "VOLUNTEER."—General C. J. Paine, E. Y. C.—Designed by Edward Burgess and built by Pusey & Jones, Wilmington, Del.

IANTHE CANOE CLUB REGATTA.—On Saturday, Sept. 24, the Ianthe C. C. held a most successful regatta, on the Passaic, fully 300 of their friends were present. Dr. Wm. B. Graves, New York C. C., acted as judge, and Dr. O. F. Coe, of the Hudson C. C., was time keeper. Members of the Brooklyn, Paterson, Rutherford, Musceta of Bergen Point, and Arlington Canoe Clubs were present and participated in the races. Class B, sailing, was called at 2:15, with the following starters: M. V. Brokaw (Brooklyn), canoe Minx; L. B. Palmer (Ianthe), Atlantic; J. L. Douglass, Jr. (Ianthe), Idlemere; G. P. Douglass (Ianthe), Old Ironsides; W. R. Burling (Ianthe), Nilo; W. Smilie; I. V. Dorland (Arlington), Ignace; C. V. Schuyler (Arlington), Regina. This race was twice over a triangular course, the strong northwest wind made much excitement. M. V. Brokaw finally won by 2ft., the others finishing in order named, Regina capsizing. Class I., paddling, was easily won by W. R. Burling, canoe Mabel, I. V. Dorland second, C. V. Schuyler, J. V. L. Pierson. "Man overboard," G. P. Douglass first, J. L. Douglass, Jr., second, W. Smilie third. Paddling, Class IV., C. V. Schuyler, L. B. Palmer, W. R. Burling, M. V. Brokaw and G. P. Douglass entered. C. V. Schuyler won by half a length, Burling a close third. Standing Paddling.—G. P. Douglass first, beating W. R. Burling, C. V. Schuyler and J. L. Douglass, Jr. Tandem Paddling.—There were four crews in this race: Palmer and Burling (Ianthe), Brokaw and Blake (Brooklyn), Magie and R. McLees (Rutherford), Schuyler and Rowland (Arlington). The Brooklyn crew led until close to the finish, when they were passed by the Ianthes, who won by less than one foot; the Rutherfords and Arlingtons, just behind, fought hard for third place. The Hurry-Scurry Race was won by H. S. Farmer, with L. B. Palmer and Wm. P. Dodge second and third. After the races suitable prizes were presented to the winners, after which refreshments were furnished to the visiting canoeists and the evening pleasantly passed with dancing and music. The visiting canoeists from a distance remained in the club house over night, cruising home the next day. On Thursday evening the 29th the Ianthe C. C. will have a parade, the canoes will be dressed with Chinese lanterns, and several of the canoe clubs will participate. Friends of the club are invited to view the parade from the club house.

Yachting.

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FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

NEW CUTTERS.—Mr. C. P. Kunhardt has finished some handsome plans of a cutter of the beamy type for gentlemen in Kingston, Ont. She is 30ft. loadline, 42ft. over all, including a 7ft. fantail and a fashionable clipper stem, with billet head of 6ft. Beam at waterline is 10ft.; draft, 5ft. 4in. Displacement, 11½ tons, with 5¾ tons ballast, a large portion of which will be on the keel. Least freeboard to plank sheer is 2ft. Mast, deck to hounds, 27ft. 6in.; boom, 32ft.; gaff, 22ft.; topmast, cap to shoulder, 10ft.; bowsprit beyond forward perpendicular, 16ft.; lower sail area, 1,000sq. ft. Mr. K. has also in hand another cutter for the lakes of about the same size, but somewhat narrower and deeper. She will also have a clipper stem.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

NEVER since the days of Father Æsop has the fable of the mountain and the mouse been better exemplified than it has in the great mystery that has vexed the yachting world for the past six months and that was only solved last week. The mountain of doubt, conjecture and anticipation that has grown since the keel of the Thistle was first laid reached its culmination on Wednesday last as the water slowly subsided in the great dry dock of the Erie Basin, and disclosed to the gaze of the hundreds of eager watchers—a mouse. Only a plain gray mouse, handsomer and decidedly plumper than its fellows that the same spectators had seen in previous years, but none the less a mouse on that account, and by no means a rat, a cat or a tortoise. As foot by foot Thistle rose from the water, there was seen nothing but the plain ordinary surface of a steel cutter's bottom, until at last she stood revealed, without fins, screw, centerboard or abnormal and unusual proportions, a beautiful and shapely cutter, differing in detail from the cutters that have of late preceded her, but not a whit less entitled to the name than they.

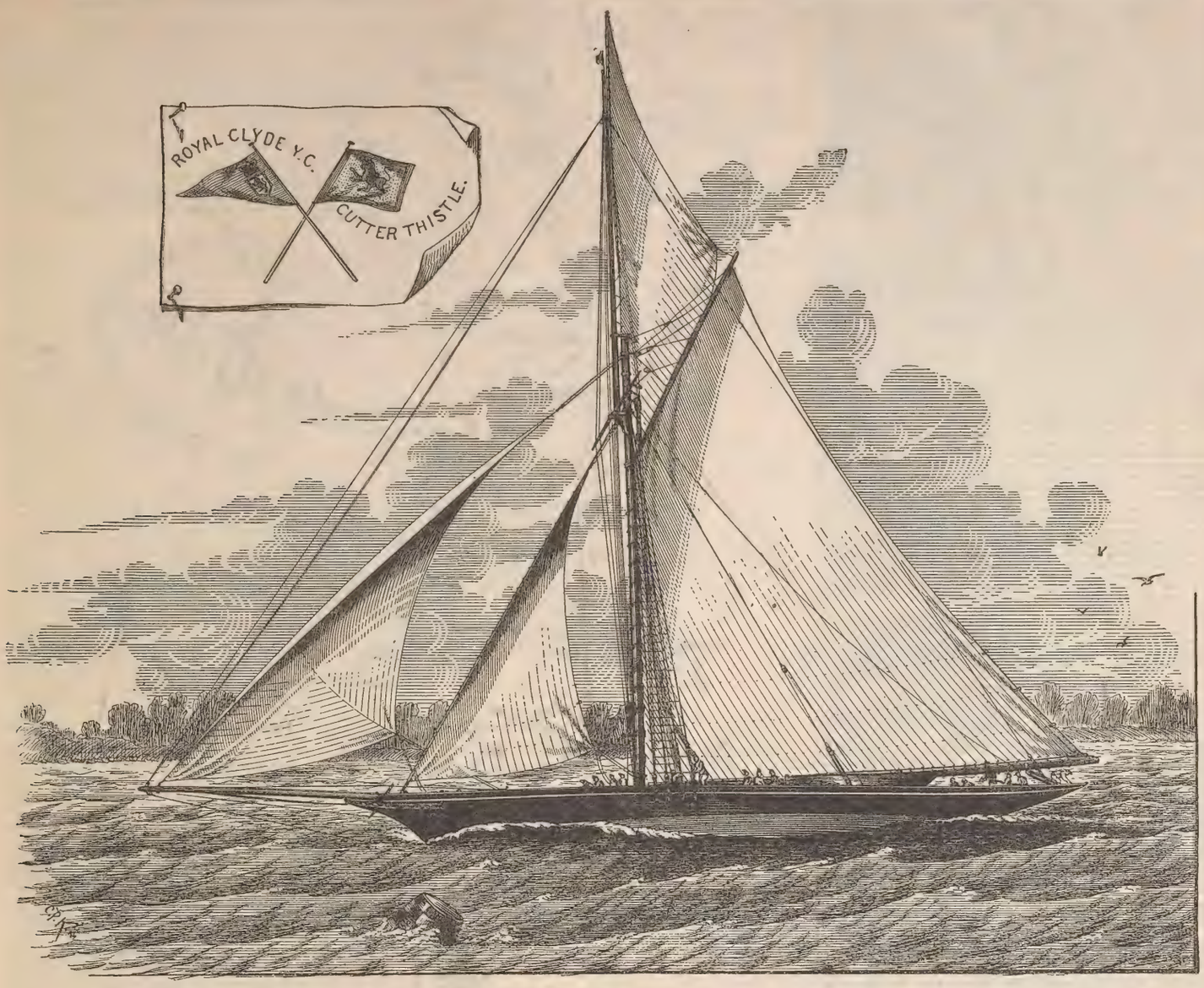
Early on Wednesday morning she towed to the Basin with Mr. and Mrs. Bell and Mr. Watson on board. The keel blocks had been very carefully prepared under Mr. Watson's special supervision, and they alone gave a very good idea of her sheer plan below. For nearly two hours the crowd increased in volume as the dock filled from the waters outside, until at 11 A. M. when the huge caisson was floated out, leaving a clear entrance for the yacht, there was gathered a very large number of yachtsmen, with an addition of a good many idle spectators who took no special interest in the form of the yacht. A watchman was on duty at the yard gate as usual, but visitors generally were admitted freely, though in a number of cases without apparent reason admittance was refused without a pass from the New York office of the dock owner or the Anchor Line. This was effectual in sending some back at once to New York for a pass, but those who waited near the gate were admitted after a few minutes, unless in the meanwhile they had gone through the adjoining property and found a way in through a rear gate. The exact object of this maneuver or who was responsible for it was not apparent, as every one who desired to saw the Thistle out of water, though some were put to much unnecessary trouble.

After the yacht was warped into the dock tackles were made fast to bows and quarters by which she was very carefully adjusted over the blocks. Meanwhile Mr. John Hyslop, measurer of the New York Y. C., was at work in the dinghy, in company with Mr. Watson, who accompanied him at his request, taking the measurement of the yacht by the New York Y. C. rule, under which she must race. Some adverse comment has been made on the fact that the jib was removed from the bowsprit before the yacht was measured, but in any case this would make little difference; in the present instance the two anchors were on the bows, where they would not be in racing, and the capstan in place, and so far as any impropriety or attempted evasion, the jib is seldom on the bowsprit when a yacht is measured, unless it is permanently hanked to the stay. As soon as the waterline was measured the pumps were started, and slowly at first, then faster, the water fell, disclosing the fair and pleasing proportions of the yacht for the first time in public. From 23ft. on the caisson the water fell to about 15ft. before the yacht took the blocks, and as the latter were about 2ft. high her draft was seen to be very near to the figures already given or 13ft., probably 3 or 4in. more. As she ceased to be waterborne, long shores were adjusted from the steps of the dock to her sides, so as to hold her upright, the pumps were stopped for a short time until the adjustment directly over the blocks was made perfect by a final pull on the tackles and then the pumps started up again, never stopping until 2:15 P. M., when the dock was dry. The condition of the bottom was a matter of considerable importance to those who sought some guide for placing money on the boats, but contrary to expectation it was very good, there being no barnacles and only a little scum of soft dirt, quickly washed off with a powerful stream of water from a hose. The dark red paint that covered the bottom up to the "copper line" was hard, smooth and comparatively clean, the only really bad places being near or above the waterline, where the cement was knocked off in spots.

A single look at the yacht as she lay fully exposed to view was enough to settle at once the charge of copying that has been made at random here since it was known that Thistle was wider than her immediate predecessors, and to show at once the wide gulf between her and the sloop family. Differing from Irex, Genesta and Galatea on the one hand, she is totally unlike the Burgess boats on the other, while in all her features she shows a close relationship to the older Watson boats from Wendur, Vanduara and Marjorie, down to Shona and Doris. Naturally the designers of both Thistle and Volunteer have declined to furnish the lines or anything more than the most scanty details for publication, but the accompanying sketches will serve to illustrate the leading points of difference and resemblance with a sufficient degree of accuracy for all practical purposes. The upper outline represents Thistle in sheer plan and section, the dotted line showing the general proportions of Vanduara enlarged to the length of Thistle. The lower drawing shows Volunteer, the dotted outline representing the general proportions of the old centerboard sloop.

Looking at Thistle the first idea that strikes one is that she is in every sense a cutter, then the beam shows out in contrast to the Cup racers of previous years, the reduction of the forefoot is apt to create some astonishment from the degree to which it is carried, but above all one is struck with the harmony of proportions and extreme beauty of form everywhere visible. It is on the question of beam that the claims of relationship to the sloop have been chiefly based, and this demands the first attention. Undoubtedly Thistle is wider than any cutter built for a long time for solely racing purposes, but the reasoning which compares her beam of 20ft. with Galatea's 15ft. on the same length, and hurriedly proclaims Thistle a sloop is entirely false. To compare her fairly one must take the other efforts of her designer, who in yachts above 20 tons has never gone to the extreme limit of narrow beam. The previous Watson boats run as follows in proportion of length to beam: Vanduara, 5 beams; Lenore, Marjorie, Wendur, 5¼; May, 5⅓. Of course this is widely different from Thistle's proportion of nearly 4½ beams, but the only deduction that can be drawn from the latter's increased breadth is, not that the cutter is a failure, but that under a waterline length rule, with practically unlimited sail area, the extreme narrow boats in the larger sizes cannot race with the new compromise type. The recent change of the rule in England, the international races of 1885 and 1886, and the readiness with which every English designer now expresses himself in favor of more beam if he can have it untaxed, all stand in evidence of the fact that the old rule has gone too far in narrowing the yachts; but the mere fact that a wider boat than usual has been built for a special purpose counts for very little. Suppose for a moment that depth was so heavily taxed by the New York Y. C. that no cutter could compete for the Cup; the fact that British yachtsmen were obliged to build a shoal boat in order to compete for it would in no way prove that the national type of deep boat was to be abandoned for a skimming dish. So with beam. Thistle was built for a specific purpose, her dimensions were chosen to meet certain conditions and rules, but this of itself proves little as to the proportions of the coming generation of British yachts. Beyond doubt the extreme narrow boats have had their day, the value of more beam is now generally admitted, but where the limit will be for the next few years no one now can say. Next season will see several new racers afloat on the other side, with probably about 4½ beams to length; but it is very certain that nothing will ever induce the British yachtsmen to adopt the proportions of beam and depth, as well as the other distinguishing features, which have always been associated with the term sloop.

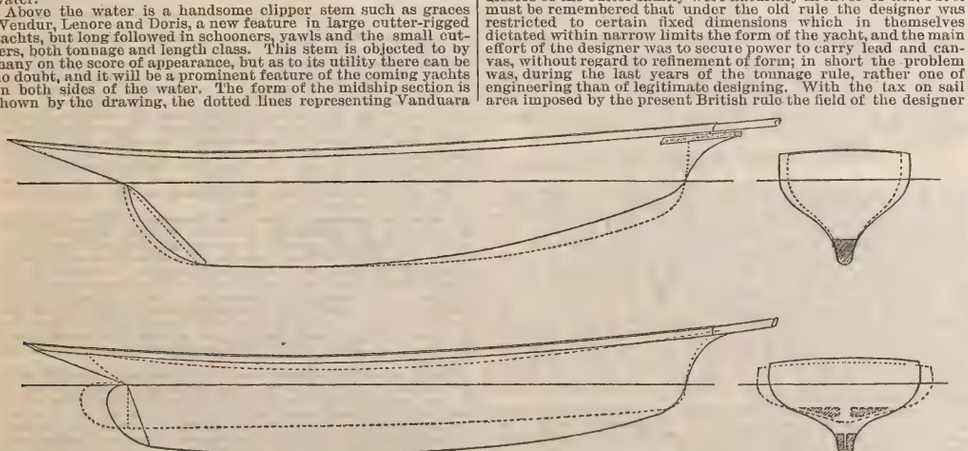
In sheer plan Thistle is much the same as her older sisters, with the exception of the cutting away of the forefoot and keel forward, which is carried to a greater length than usual. The out-



THE SCOTCH CUTTER "THISTLE."——Designed by G. L. Watson and built by D. & W. Henderson, Glasgow, Scotland.

line is shown with sufficient accuracy in the sketch above, the rake of sternpost is a little greater than 45 degrees, to judge by the eye, the overhang and sheer are like all the Watson boats, but the line of keel differs, as shown by the full in contrast with the dotted line. The keel from the heel of sternpost forward some 20ft. is nearly straight and parallel with the waterline; from this point it curves upward for another 20ft., and then runs quite straight to the forefoot, where there is a sharp turn just below the water.

Above the water is a handsome clipper stem such as graces Wendur, Lenore and Doris, a new feature in large cutter-rigged yachts, but long followed in schooners, yawls and the small cutters, both tonnage and length class. This stem is objected to by many on the score of appearance, but as to its utility there can be no doubt, and it will be a prominent feature of the coming yachts on both sides of the water. The form of the midship section is shown by the drawing, the dotted lines representing Vanduara



enlarged to the same waterline as Thistle. The waterline forward shows a barely perceptible hollow, perhaps an inch, while aft it is moderately full. The section lines of the bow for some distance abaft the stem are of a V-shape, the bow being fined away, but by no means hollow. Looking at the yacht from the top of the dock the bow seems unduly small and the part below water overbalanced by the projecting stem and flaring topsides, but this view is very deceptive. From the level of the waterline the yacht looks very small in the whole underwater body, and many who saw her only from this point of view went away with the idea that she was deficient in power, but a look up at the hull from below gives a very different impression. Like all well-proportioned vessels, Thistle does not look her size, and most of those who saw her underestimated her power. This was especially so with those who had just come from a visit to Volunteer, docked but a short distance away. The latter lay low down in a box dock, the ends overhanging, and consequently looked very large, while Thistle, alone in the graving dock nearly 500ft. long, was proportionately dwarfed.

The keel of Thistle is a beautiful piece of flanging, a semi-circular trough about 2ft. in diameter at the largest part and some 50ft. long, diminishing in size from the lowest point to its junction with the stem forging. It is bent from ¾in. plate iron. The garboard is about 3ft. wide, the keel overlapping on the lower edge. The next strake, about 30in. wide, overlaps the upper edge of garboard and lower edge of the third strake, the fourth overlaps the third, while above the latter joint the hull is entirely flush. Every part of the plating is perfect in shape and finish, the only projections being the edges of keel and plating, four on each side, and the chainplates. Thistle's designer has done his work well, in every part the form is beautifully moulded, every line is fair and true for its entire length, and the model is one that an artist or sculptor, though wholly unfamiliar with yachts, might look at with appreciation and enjoyment as a work of art.

The many comparisons made between Thistle and her predecessors of the cutter family were naturally in favor of her, but it must be remembered that under the old rule the designer was restricted to certain fixed dimensions which in themselves dictated within narrow limits the form of the yacht, and the main effort of the designer was to secure power to carry lead and canvas, without regard to refinement of form; in short the problem was, during the last years of the tonnage rule, rather one of engineering than of legitimate designing. With the tax on sail area imposed by the present British rule the field of the designer is expanded and the importance of form as well as power is recognized, but curiously enough, the present tendency in this country, under the New York rule, seems to be in the same direction as of old abroad, to hang on the lead and pile on canvas, the only limit being the strength of spars; rigging and equipment. It looks as though, if a given boat is to be beaten, it must be done by more power, through lead and beam, or depth, and an increased sail area; and this certainly is not yacht designing, but savors strongly of the old sandbag days, when the best boat was the one which carried the most bags to windward, the longest boom—and did not upset until she had crossed the finish line. Under the present Y. R. A. rule the designer certainly has such opportunities as were never offered him before since lead keels came in, and a comparison of his efforts under the altered condition with the older boats is by no means a fair one to the latter.

During Thursday and Friday Thistle was visited by hundreds of people, among them Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess. The bottom was thoroughly cleaned and sandpapered, the defects in the cement were made good by repeated coats until all was dry, hard and smooth as the old cement, the topsides exchanged their dead black for a glossy coat, and the bottom was painted. Mr. Watson was everywhere about the boat, watching and superintending everything and even laying on the cement himself, while Captain Barr and his crew were busy with the gear and rigging. On Friday she was floated and towed to her old anchorage off Tompkinsville.

At the same time that Thistle was docked at the Erie Basin, her rival was towed to Tebo's dry dock, a small floating dock at the foot of Tebo's pier, Twenty-third street, South Brooklyn, and by noon she too was high and dry. The two docks are a couple of miles apart by land, but only a short distance by water, and soon all the idle rowboats in the vicinity of South Brooklyn were busy ferrying passengers from one to the other. The new Boston boat is a large and powerful craft and shows it in every line, but when it comes to a comparison with Puritan in point of model the older boat can well hold her own. Two years of trial and thought have shown some minor improvements over the older boats, but the chief superiority over both Puritan and Mayflower is size and especially depth. The new boat is deeper in actual draft than both, the draft probably being as much as 10ft. 6in. compared with Mayflower's 10ft.; but beyond this the greatest draft is well amidships, the keel having a decided rocker, while Mayflower drew most at the sternpost. Thus the ballast is considerably lower than in last year's boat, while the steel trough keel and the absence of an inside keel of wood, makes all the weight practically in the keel, with no "inside ballast" in the common acceptance of the term. In general features Volunteer resembles her two sisters, the chief points of difference being the clipper stem, the cutting away of the forefoot, the greater depth amidships and the shape of the stern. The stem is different from Thistle's, shorter and not so handsome, the forefoot is cut away considerably more than in Mayflower, but much less than Thistle, while the additional depth increases the apparent reduction. The midship section, besides the extra depth, has a harder bilge than Mayflower, a medium, it is stated, between her and Puritan. The sheer is not as perfect as in the others, but this is probably due to the builders. The responsibility for the stern rests clearly with the latter; seen from below the iron work is in proper shape to make such a stern as Mr. Burgess obviously intended, a counterpart of Puritan and Mayflower as well as the rest of his boats, large and small. The fault is in the wooden superstructure of the stern, which is very clumsily worked, the rail and bulwark turning sharply in, giving a peculiar and most awkward shape to the sternboard and by no means improving the sheer. The bottom of the boat is a poor piece of work, but as far as speed goes it looks much worse than it really is. The seams and rivets show and the plating is unfair locally, but seams and projections have all been smoothed down, the surface has been well painted and then potleaded and polished. The result is a hard smooth surface for a time, at least during the races, and the vessel should suffer little in speed. While on the dock the board was overhauled and strengthened, about 8in. depth being cut from the top side. The withe on the end of the bowsprit was replaced with a new one, and every part of hull and gear thoroughly overhauled. The new boom and mainsail have been sent ashore, the old ones being used for the races. On Monday Volunteer came off the dock and went back to Bay Ridge.

But little authentic information concerning the dimensions and elements of either boat has been made known by the designers, but the following details will serve to give a fair idea of the two. Only the dimensions marked * are official, but the others are approximately correct:

	Volunteer.	Thistle.
*Length over all	106.23ft.	108.05ft.
*Length on l.w.l.	85.88	86.46
*Beam, extreme	23.16	20.03
*Hold	10.90	14.10
Draft	10.50	13.0
*Sailing length, N. Y. Y. C. rule	80.35	8[illegible]
Sail area, sq. ft	9,271.00	8,9[illegible]
Sail area, sq. root	96.30	about
Perpendicular	108.00	
Base of sail plan	171.50	

The displacement of neither boat is known, but Volunteer is probably between 130 and 135 tons, while Thistle is 140 or a little more.

In comparing the two it becomes necessary to include to the old subject, so often discussed in our co[illegible] ship and nomenclature of each, but we shall touch briefly and in only a general way, as it is of relation-question importance

as the reforms so long advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM are being accomplished. The pictures of the two yachts under sail show that both are essentially the same in rig, and consequently are cutters in the original sense of the word. In saying that Volunteer is a cutter in rig we do not mean that she is rigged precisely as the old revenue cutters or even the yachts of half a century since, but simply that she has in all the leading features the rig of the modern cutter yacht; differing in some details, but still the cutter rig and in no way allied to the national rig of America, the sloop. Thistle too is cutter rigged, though the fact that her mainsail is partly fast on the foot has been used to establish her relationship to the sloop. Laced vs. loose-footed mainsail has long been one of the many points of difference between the two rigs, but of itself it cannot make the difference, otherwise the mere cutting of the boom lacing on an old sloop would convert her into the cutter. The results of several seasons of close competition are seen in the minor changes and improvements in the rigs of both boats, but still the distinguishing features of the cutter prevail and even the most enthusiastic friends of Volunteer would not care to claim for her any relationship to the true sloop rig that failed so signally at Larchmont lately on the Anaconda.

While strictly applicable only to the rig, the terms cutter and sloop have by common usage of late years been associated also with certain features of design, ballast and build, and in this connection the hulls as well as the rigs above them demand consideration. It has been claimed that Thistle is a sloop because she is wider than some cutters, and also that Volunteer is a sloop because in addition to beam she has a centerboard. The difference between Thistle and Galatea is certainly very great, a proportion of beam of 4½ in the one compared to 6¾ in the other. The working of the old Y. R. A. rule has been such that for some years the beamy boat has been prohibited from racing under it, and the extreme narrow cutter has taken such a prominent part in all racing that the existence of a wider class of cutter has been entirely ignored by Americans. There are to-day, however, hundreds of yachts of as much or more beam than Thistle that are in every respect cutters, as much so as the narrow racing class. These boats include a number of modern yachts built solely for cruisers, a very large number of yachts once the pick of the racing fleet, and many small cutters that race under other rules than the Y. R. A. Independent of beam all these yachts possess other features thoroughly identified with the cutter; the depth of hull is great compared with the beam, each has a clearly defined keel in which is all or a large portion of the ballast, each above water shows a long overhang and an amount of freeboard far in excess of any American yachts until a recent date. The question of the relative excellence of narrow and moderate beam is one thing; that of the existence of many wide as well as narrow cutters is another. We do not propose to dodge the old issue of wide or narrow beam by any claim that the narrow boats, Galatea, Miranda, and the rest, down to Shona, do not fully represent the modern British racing fleet, for they have done so since sloops and cutters first came together; but we claim that Thistle is in every way a cutter and in no respect a sloop, in spite of beam. The outlines show the difference between her and the older boats to be only in degree and not in kind.

So with Volunteer. Beam and centerboard, the attributes of the sloop, she has; but the great difference between her and the sloop is shown in the drawing. The largest sloops built for many years have been in second class, so there is no individual boat with which to compare Volunteer of 86ft. l.w.l. direct. The dotted lines show, however, the general proportions of the leading second class sloops before the day of the cutter, enlarged to the scale of Volunteer. The sloop on Volunteer's length would have had about 28ft. beam, or 5ft. more than Volunteer; the draft would have been about 6ft. 6in. or 7ft., against 10ft. 6in.; the ballast would have been stowed as shown, high up inside the planking and on each side of the trunk, instead of being entirely of one piece at the lowest point of the hull. The presence of a clearly defined keel, forming a substantial addition to the lateral plane, the features of long overhang, raking post, greater freeboard and less sheer, all go to make up the sum of cutter as distinguished from sloop details, and to throw the boat into the category of cutters in spite of her centerboard.

However, all this is of secondary importance. The question is, Will Thistle win? If not, what will be the form of the challenger which is sure to come next year? If so, what boat will Boston build to retake the Cup next year? Should Volunteer prove victorious, it will be consoling to national pride to dub her an American sloop; but those who do so must at the same time stand father to the escapade of the other American sloop, Gracie, at Larchmont last week. There is no holding to the one and disowning the other.

The fact that Thistle has proved to be considerably over 85ft. has been used by a daily paper to work up a sensational report that she would not be permitted to race, but the matter has been amicably disposed of. A meeting was held on Friday to determine the final arrangements, at which Messrs. Paine, Bell and Watson were present, with the Commodore and America Cup Committee. After the meeting Com. Gerry made the following statement for publication:

"The Cup Committee had its attention drawn to the fact of a reported discrepancy between the waterline of the Thistle as stated by the challenger in his original communication to the club, and the actual measurement reported by the club measurer on the 22d inst. It was contended by the challenger that in his view of the construction of the deed of gift, the waterline was not a necessary dimension that he was compelled to furnish with accuracy.

"The committee is of the opinion that it is a dimension under the deed of gift, and in view of the precedent that would be established by accepting either view of the case at this time, both parties desired to submit the question to the umpire, which was done this evening in writing. At the same time the Cup Committee stated that in the event of the decision of the umpire being that there was an irregularity in the entry of the Thistle which might preclude her from competing under her challenge, a new challenge could be immediately presented based on her present measurement, which would be accepted by them with like effect as if the accurate waterline had been stated in the original communication from the challenger. The umpire now has the matter under advisement, and will render a decision some time to-morrow. In either event it will not affect the present race."

Ex-Com. Smith, of the Cup committee, who was also present, spoke of the matter as follows:

"There never has been any question about the race between the Volunteer and Thistle coming off at the time appointed. The only question that has been raised which has been most pleasantly discussed on both sides is whether the dimensions named in the deed of gift included length on the waterline.

"The reason why it was discussed was that it was the intention of this committee to settle the question that the waterline length was important, and that the precedent should not be established that it was not necessary.

"At the meeting of the committee to-night a letter was submitted from Mr. Bell to the chairman of the committee, and the chairman of the committee, on behalf of the Cup committee, made a presentation of the case in writing at the request of George L. Schuyler, umpire of the facts in the case.

"Mr. Bell also, by the request of the umpire, presented the case from his standpoint, and all the papers were taken by the umpire, who will make his decision to-morrow noon, when it will be delivered to the chairman of the committee, who will authorize full publication of it in the daily press. The whole subject has been discussed in the spirit of the utmost fairness and courtesy, and it is believed that the decision which will be rendered by the umpire will be satisfactory to all parties."

The following letter was sent to Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler, the sole survivor of the donors of the cup, and the umpire in the present races:

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1887.

Mr. George L. Schuyler, Umpire:

The following questions and facts are submitted to you by the America's Cup Committee and Mr. James Bell for your decision:

Does the Thistle, as now measured and offered to sail, correspond with the particulars of dimensions furnished by the challenger within the requirements of the deed of gift?

The deed of gift requires, "Accompanying the six months' notice there must be a Custom House certificate of the measurement and the statement of the dimensions, rig, and name of the vessel."

A letter from the challenger, dated March 16, 1887, inclosed a Custom House certificate of the measurement and the certificate of Mr. G. L. Watson, dated March 14, 1887, as follows: "Length of load waterline, 85ft.; breadth, extreme, 20 3-10ft.; depth of hold, 14 1-10ft. The two last measurements are from actual measurements, but as the vessel is not yet afloat it is impossible to give exactly the waterline length. This, however, is the designed length, and when she is afloat and in racing trim I have no reason to expect it will be more than an inch or two out either way." Signed George L. Watson.

A letter from William York, Secretary of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, dated March 16, 1887, states: "Length per register, 98ft.; breadth, 20 3-10ft.; depth, 14 1-10ft. I send also a statement of the dimensions by Mr. G. L. Watson, her designer, giving, although not required by the formalities of the deed of gift, the length of the load waterline, which is as before stated in Mr. G. L. Watson's certificate."



NEW YORK Y. C. COURSE.

Actual measurement of the Thistle by the club measurer, Mr. Hyslop, on Sept. 22, 1887, shows the actual waterline to be 86 46-100ft. instead of 85ft., as stated in the letter of March 16, 1887, from Mr. William York, Secretary.

Question—Is the variation sufficient to prevent the challenger being entitled to a race for the Cup with the boat named?

Is there a remedy?

By order of the America's Cup Committee,
JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

Mr. Bell also submitted the following statement: In the letter of challenge, dated March 16, 1887, it was stated that the Thistle was in course of construction on the Clyde. She was sufficiently advanced to be measured by the Custom House authorities, and an official certified transcript from the Custom House register was sent with a letter of challenge. This certificate gives the length, breadth and depth of the vessel, and includes, as a matter of course, the name and rig. Conditions of the deed of gift require the Custom House certificate of the measurement and a statement of the dimensions, rig and name of the vessel. Challenger considered the statement of dimensions given in his letter of challenge and the production of the Custom House certificate was full compliance with the terms of the deed of gift; but the challenger supplemented this statement by one from the designers, Messrs. G. L. Watson & Co., giving, to quote from the letter, "although not required by the formalities of the deed of gift, length on the load waterline."

The designer's statement of dimensions is qualified by the observation "as the vessel is not yet afloat, it is impossible to give exactly the waterline length. This, however, is the designed length and when she is afloat and in racing trim I have no reason to expect that it will be more than an inch or two out either way." When launched, however, and with her equipment on board, her waterline length was found to be 86.40ft. As the challenger accepted the measurment and time allowance of the New York Y. C., which adjusts all differences of tonnage, and as the vessel had to be measured in New York, exact waterline length did not seem of any importance.

Under the New York Yacht Club rules, which were mutually accepted, competitors are at liberty to shift ballast up to 9 P. M. of the day prior to the race, subject of course to after measurement, which precludes the idea that in giving an approximate waterline measurement the Thistle was tied down to a fixed load-line length. Were the Thistle claiming to race at a waterline length of 85ft., having 86 46-100ft., there would be grave reason for complaint, but the Thistle is tendered for measurement of length and sail area as per New York Yacht Club rules, under challenger's arrangement with your America's Cup Committee to adjust the time allowance she was to receive or give.

SEPT. 24, 1887.

Mr. Schuyler's reply reads as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1887.

James D. Smith, Chairman America Cup Committee:

My reply to the questions submitted to me by your committee and Mr. Bell is as follows:

The clause in the deed of gift, which requires besides Custom House measurement, a statement of the dimensions of the vessel, is intended to convey a just idea of the capacity of the same, without reference to any rule for racing tonnage which may be in force at the time that the challenge was given. The length of load waterline is an essential element. It was furnished by both the Genesta and the Galatea, and, had it not been given by the Thistle, the committee should have demanded it before closing the terms of the match. Mr. Bell did, however, furnish the load-waterline of the Thistle, notwithstanding his misapprehension of the necessity of doing so, for the reason, as stated by himself, that if the information was withheld it would be impossible to determine with any approach to accuracy the power of the boat, the reason which proves the necessity of load waterline being a factor in giving the dimension of the vessel as well as the desire of Mr. Bell to do everything in his power to make a fair trial between the contestants for the cup.

Your second question refers to the discrepancy between the load waterline of the Thistle, as furnished by letter, March 16, 1887—about 85ft.—and the actual measurement made in New York, 86.46ft. The length of load waterline of a vessel in commission is accurately obtained, but before launching, as the case with the Thistle, there was no course left to the owner but to apply to his designer for the necessary information. This was done, and a certificate of the designer was forwarded, stating that "it was impossible to give exactly the waterline length. This is, however, her designed length, and when she is afloat and in racing trim I have no reason to expect that it will be more than an inch or two out either way."

The importance of accuracy in giving the dimensions of a yacht challenging for the Cup is so great that any decision reached in any one case cannot be used as a precedent in any other which may arise. A great error in any of the dimensions, whether through mistake or design, would vitiate the agreement. A small one should be governed by circumstances attending it and always on the liberal side. Although the variation between the stated and actual load waterline is so large as to be of great disadvantage to the defender of the Cup, still, as Mr. Bell could only rely upon the statement of his designer, he cannot in this particular case be held accountable for the remarkably inaccurate information received from him, and I therefore decide that the variation is not sufficient to disqualify him from starting the Thistle in the race agreed upon. Respectfully yours, GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.

On reading the above Mr. Watson wrote the following for publication:

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. Schuyler's reply to the Chairman of the America's Cup Committee has been made public, and as that reply will doubtless be printed by you, I would venture in my own defense to say a word or two regarding the final paragraph, which reflects, in some degree at least, on myself.

Mr. Schuyler very properly exonerates Mr. Bell from all blame in the matter, placing it, with perfect justice, on "his designer," but as he previously implies that an error has been made, "through mistake or design," it becomes necessary for me to protest against at least half of this insinuation.

While, then, the Thistle has been sailed in Britain, as she will be here, at a line lower than her designed draft, and is consequently, from her great overhang forward and aft, 1ft. 5½in. longer than I intended or supposed she would be, I most emphatically deny that I had any intention that she should be longer or shorter than the 85ft. she was designed for. She is a new type of boat,

built under a (to me) new tonnage law, and after getting her into sailing trim, the Yacht Racing Association's official measurer found her to be 86.40ft. long, or three-quarters of an inch shorter than the New York Y. C. measurer found her to be. The New York Y. C. scale of time allowance is supposed to adjust all differences of length and sail area. It was devised for that purpose. If, under this rule, extra length be an advantage, it would be as unfair to accuse Mr. Burgess of unchivalrous conduct in designing a boat 10½in. longer than the vessel he expected to meet as to blame me for meeting the Volunteer with a boat which inadvertently is 7in. longer than the Volunteer.

While throughout this contest I have maintained such secrecy as seemed to be advisable (as a whist player has every right to conceal his own hand), I would rather lose all chance of the Cup than that one of the many millions of that people which Charles Reade calls "the most generous nation under the sun" should suppose we tried for it except in a strictly honorable way. In their hands I confidently leave the matter. I am, sir, faithfully yours,

G. L. WATSON.

While we agree with Mr. Schuyler that the waterline length is what is really necessary, and in accordance with the spirit of the deed of gift, we cannot see that it is directly or indirectly specified in either the old or new document, in fact, it seems tolerably certain that the waterline should not be included in the term dimensions. The passage reads: "Accompanying the six months notice there must be a Custom House certificate of the measurement, and a statement of the dimensions, rig and name of the vessel. The original deed of gift reads: "This notice to embrace the length, Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel." It is not too much to say that waterline length is a modern institution, and entirely unknown to yachtsmen of thirty years back. Then all measurements were governed by tonnage, the size or class of a yacht was approximately indicated by her Custom House measurement in tons, her "length" was either "length on keel" or "length over all," "for tonnage," and the length on waterline was of little importance. Then, and for many years after, yachts were built of so many tons, or so many feet on keel, from a block model made to the inside of planking, the length perhaps governed by the length of keel stick available. The lateral plane was not taken seriously into account, the stem outside rabbet was often governed entirely by the size of the knee at hand, the length on waterline being left to shift for itself. In short the modern method of designing on paper a yacht of a fixed length and breadth was unknown in the ordinary practice of our yacht builders until a comparatively recent day, and even now there are many of the old time yachtsmen who, if told that a yacht is of a certain waterline, will ask at once her length on keel or her tonnage, referring instinctively to the old standards. Looked at in this light the "length" in the first deed of gift is certainly not waterline length and the "dimensions" referred to in the deeds of gift are the "tonnage dimensions," carrying out the idea of the original deed, framed at a time when waterline length was disregarded. Even so late as 1881, the date of the new deed, waterline length was not the general standard with American yachtsmen. The "mean length" then in general use as a basis for time allowance, being much more commonly used. The old standard of tonnage was retained in the new deed without an intimation that waterline length or any other data than the official dimensions, from which the tonnage was computed, was desired. If it be decided that the "tonnage dimensions" only were not referred to, but that waterline length is also included, the door is at once opened to endless conjecture and possible quibbling in the future, the beam and draft may very properly be asked for, and perhaps other details.

It will be remembered that the first intimation of Thistle's dimensions came by cable through a leak in the Custom House at Glasgow, only the tonnage and "tonnage dimensions" being given, and during the short time that elapsed before the arrival of the formal challenge every one was on the alert to decipher the length of the yacht on waterline from the meagre and indefinite dimensions furnished by the Custom House register. Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess own, we believe, to have spent over a day in the calculation, finally making the length 90ft.

Whether the waterline length is demanded or not by the present deed of gift, it is certain that it should be. The days of tonnage of all kinds for yachts, and of lengths on keel and lengths over all, have passed away, and now yachtsmen recognize but one governing dimension, length on load waterline. Given this, a fair idea of size is had by a comparison with known boats of similar length, and if the unknown boat be the bearer of a challenge, any man who is familiar with the racing fleet will instinctively pick out the vessels she will be expected to meet. Of course it is impossible to say in advance exactly what a yacht will measure in racing trim, especially if she has a long overhang at each end, but the dimensions may be determined within reasonable limits, and it is only in accordance with modern practice that the waterline should be the chief detail of a challenge.

Fortunately the pleasant relations between challenged and challengers in the present races that have existed thus far are not threatened, and it is as well that the question should have arisen now, to be set at rest permanently. Changes and alterations in any such document as the deed of gift are highly undesirable, but considering the great changes in methods of measurement since the first deed was framed and the fact that the original idea has been preserved in the wording of the second deed, it would certainly be well before another challenge is received to clear up any ambiguity, and to interpret the evident intention in accordance with modern yachting usage.

FIRST RACE, SEPT. 27—INSIDE COURSE.

Early on Tuesday the weather was anything but pleasant and promising, a thin dry haze, no wind, and no prospect of any. The flagship, with the America's Cup committee and the regatta committee on board, besides a large number of guests of the Commodore, anchored off Buoy 18 at 10 A. M. Volunteer had come off the dock on Monday, afterward taking a sail in the afternoon to make sure that all was right. She was at her anchorage during the morning, with clubtopsail set and jib in stops. Captain Haff was in command, sailing the yacht all day, while with him were Captains Terry, of the Grayling, Berry, of the Mischief, and Jeffrey, of the Mystery. Besides General Paine and Mr. Burgess, there were on Volunteer Messrs. Richards, Bryant, Fay, Forbes, Willard, Busk and Wylie, the latter representing Thistle. The latter yacht was under way long before Volunteer, sailing about in the neighborhood of Robbins Reef. On board were Messrs. Bell, Watson, Fife and a number of the Scotch visitors, while Mohican carried a large party, including Mrs. Bell. Com. Latham A. Fish, of the Grayling, was on Thistle as Volunteer's representative. At the hour for the start there was a good ebb tide, but barely a breath of wind from the north. Both yachts were at the line with kedges down; Tristle nearly on the line and Volunteer just ahead of Electra to the north of the line. After a tedious wait of nearly two hours a little wind was seen below the Narrows, coming up with the young flood. While the tide was on the last of the slack the yachts began to swing to the wind, and at noon a start was decided on. The steamers by this time were in a solid mas across the line, and it was with great difficulty that a way was finally cleared by the Patrol and the Electra's new naphtha lauch, and even then it seemed as though the line could not be kept clear long enough to start the race. The large steamer Frances lay directly along the line, and was only persuaded to move after much trouble. Finally space enough was made to allow a little maneuvering, and at 12:20 the first gun was fired.

The interval was 10 minutes, but some trouble was threatened by the accidental firing of a second gun but 3 minutes after the first, through some one touching the wrong electric button on the bridge, but the racers saw the blue peter flying and were not misled. Thistle, with small jibtopsail set, reached back and forth along the line, Volunteer following with second jibtopsail. As the time shortened, Thistle wore round, Volunteer still following her, and came for the line on port tack, with the other on her weather quarter. Both were at the east end of the line, Thistle going over very near Buoy 18. The gun fired at 12:30, and the two were timed:

Thistle.....12 33 06 Volunteer.....12 34 58¼

The wind was very light from S. E., the tide just running flood and as the two breasted it they gathered way slowly, Thistle seeming to move the faster at first. Soon, however, Volunteer picked up, being sailed a little freer when well over the line. The fleet at once closed in and left little room for the work that was necessary to get out of the Narrows, with little wind and a foul tide. Standing on for about six minutes, Thistle then made a tack toward the Long Island shore, but instead of tacking with her, Volunteer held on, going under her stern and over toward Staten Island. Thistle held the starboard tack for only a couple of minutes, but she had managed to run out of the wind, while Volunteer had a little breeze and less of the flood tide. When Thistle came on port tack she had lost considerably, and when Volunteer, after tacking at 12:44, approached her with the right of way, Thistle tacked under the other's lee.

Here she was becalmed, while Volunteer had a little wind and made the most of it to carry her out of the trap and into the better breeze of the Lower Bay. Working in toward Clifton she took a good puff over the hills and walked off finely, while Thistle was becalmed in the tide and now well surrounded by steamers. One huge clumsy scow with a wrecking derrick ran directly in her way. Thus far she had been badly outlucked, but the first tack had also proved a mistake, while she frequently had all her headsails shaking in a way that must have hindered her seriously, and which looked as though she were trying the experiment of pointing with the other boat rather than sailing her own course with a good full, which has brought disaster to the cutters in the same place in previous years.

Volunteer outside, with her rival becalmed above the Narrows, it was the old story, the race was finished as far as any sport was concerned. Volunteer, with a clear course before her, and running into a constantly increasing wind, was soon the better part of a mile ahead, while Thistle was working out as she caught the varying puffs, hindered more each minute by the fleet.

At 1:32 the Volunteer went on port tack by Buoy 14, tacking again at 1:39 and standing for Buoy 10, with the wind now freeing and helping her. The wind was shifting continually from the Narrows to the Spit, at one time shortly before 2 P. M. Volunteer and Thistle, now a couple of miles apart, sailing the same course, but with wind on opposite sides.

Thistle tacked as Volunteer had done at buoy 14, and followed her rival for the Spit, shifting to No. 2 jib about 1:55. The times at Buoy 10 were:

Volunteer.....2 21 03 Thistle.....2 36 45

Adding the difference at the start Volunteer had beaten Thistle 17m. 34⅓s.

The great fleet now surrounded the leader, so that a piece of canvas with the words "Keep Astern" was hung over the quarter with a temporary benefit. The buoys were entirely hidden from Thistle by the steamers, while here too her way was impeded. Out went Volunteer, finding smooth water and a better breeze, and after her, pell mell, went the hundreds of steamers, leaving Thistle to do as best she could in the wash of this mighty fleet, with only the faithful Mohican to keep her company.

When Volunteer reached the Lightship there was an immense gathering to greet her, and she luffed around and was soon bound for home. Thistle's troubles from the fleet were now over, and she had the first fair chance of the day from the Hook to the Lightship. The times at the mark were:

Volunteer.....3 42 12 Thistle.....4 01 18

The difference here is 19:06, which added to Volunteer's time at the start, makes her gain 20:58¼. Of this 3:24 was made from Buoy 10 to the Lightship, but even here the odds were all in favor of the leading boat until Thistle had made within 6 or 7 miles of the mark, as she was just in the tail of the fleet from Buoy 10 to Buoy 5.

Of course Volunteer had the race beyond fail now, and she went home easily, carrying only a large jibtopsail, the same as she started with. Now she began to get the washing as she came inside the Hook, and at the Spit she was badly worried by the tugs and steamers, but with a good breeze and a strong flood tide the effect was comparatively trifling. At Buoy 10 she set her spinaker to starboard, carrying it to the finish. Thistle came up with spinaker set long after Volunteer had finished, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer	12 34 58¼	5 28 16¼	4 53 18	4 53 18
Thistle	12 33 06	5 45 52¾	5 12 46¾	5 12 41¼

The times of the runs out and in were:

	To Lightship.	To Finish.
Volunteer	3 07 13¾	1 46 04¼
Thistle	3 28 12	1 44 34¾
	20 58¼	1 29½
	1 29½	
Volunteer's gain	19 28¾	actual time.

Thistle's run in was made in 1.29½ less than Volunteer's, but then the latter was not pushed at all, while she was hiudered by the fleet at the Southwest Spit, Thistle having a clear course on the way home.

Of course no one supposes that Volunteer can outsail Thistle by 20m. in 20 miles, the difference between none of the large class is as great as this; and as far as mere figures go if Volunteer's gain of 21m. over one-half the course was all fairly earned it should have been doubled on the other half, while it is a fact Thistle at the very least held her on the latter run. How much of the race is due to flukes of wind and the interference of the fleet it is not possible to estimate, but a very large per cent. of Volunteer's gain must be laid to chance, and among her adherents the legitimate gain is placed at from 5 to 10 minutes, the former being the more nearly correct. Even this is a very bad beat between such boats, far more than we expected to see on either side. The sailing and handling of Volunteer certainly was such as to merit a win, and she certainly did her work throughout in a creditable manner. To-day a second race will be sailed over a fairer course, and probably under more equal conditions, we hope with the result of a close race, whoever may be the winner.

The force of the wind, as registered at the Signal Service station in New York, was as follows:

7 to 10 A. M.....1 mile an hour.
10 A. M. to 12 M.....Increase to 4 miles.
12 M. to 3 P. M.....4 miles.
3 P. M. to 4 P. M.....Increase to 8 miles.
4 to 4:45 P. M.....Increase to 9 miles.
4:45 to 5:30 P. M.....Decrease to 6 miles.
6 P. M.....6 miles.

While the fact that Volunteer has proved the winner in the first of the great races was a cause of the wildest rejoicing throughout the immense fleet of attending vessels, there was a general feeling of disappointment among yachtsmen that a race from which so much was expected, between two such yachts, with picked crews, should be entirely devoid of incident and excitement, being after the first two miles a mere procession. That Volunteer won by a handsome margin, that she sailed faster than Thistle all day, is beyond denial, but like scores of other races over the same course, the result of this one was practically decided by the flukes of the first half hour in the Upper Bay. As in the races this spring, to quote no others, the yacht first outside the Narrows had the race beyond a doubt, barring serious flukes, though she had then sailed less than three out of the thirty-eight miles. Volunteer would have won on her sailing by a safe margin, but beyond that she was enabled to roll up a tremendous total by the luck which has stood by all the Burgess boats, and by the actions of the crowd of vessels that accompanied the racers over the entire course.

The faults of the old New York course have been so well recognized by every one for years that another instance like the present will have no influence in inducing the club to change it, but it is evident to all yachtsmen that a more unequal course could not well exist. The only apparent reason for declining to improve it to a great extent by making the start outside the Narrows is that it is the old course sailed for many years by the club and associated with many famous races; but if this consideration is to prevail, why not go the whole length and restore the first course of the club, from up the river, opposite Wehawken, around the Southwest Spit. New York yachting has outgrown both of these courses, but many fail to recognize the fact, and race after race is spoiled, as far as sport goes, by the miserable trap between Buoy 18 and the forts. The next of several very necessary reforms in yachting is to settle on a common course for the New York, Seawanhaka, Atlantic and Corinthian clubs, outside the Narrows; a course over which all the races of the club will be sailed and over which the records will have some value. At best this course will be uneven and far from perfect, for the Bay from the Narrows to the Hook is a nest of flukes and foul winds in most weathers, with currents and tides to complicate matters, but such a course will be far more just to every boat than the present and far more in accordance with the increased importance of yachting.

In the present race every precaution was taken by the club to prevent the crowding that on all such occasions adds so much to the natural disadvantages of the course, but the effort was a failure. The appeal of the Cup Committee to steamboat men, published in all the papers, was disregarded by many steamers and tugs. The police Patrol, under command of Inspector Byrnes, was of great service, but she could not be in half a dozen places at once, and even when near an offender, when moral suasion proved useless, there was no possibility of "taking in" the recalcitrant tug or steamship. The Patrol was manned by a special crew, with boats in readiness for instant use in case of an accident and none but the police on board, and through the day she was well managed, doing much good, but in spite of all her efforts as well as the signals and requests from the bridge of the Electra, both the competing yachts were seriously hampered, in many cases the act being deliberate, as in the case of the steamer Sam Sloan, which with charming impartiality first ran close aboard Thistle for some time, washing her badly, later on serving Volunteer in the same way. At the very start the fleet closed in on the yachts, leaving no room for maneuvers, either about the line or later when near the Narrows.

After Volunteer passed the forts she was clear of the crowd, but Thistle was getting the full effect of the wash and interference with her wind. All the way out to Sandy Hook, Volunteer was undisturbed, while Tristle was for a long time surrounded, and finally had to sail in the rear and to leeward of the enormous fleet. From the Lightship in Thistle was undisturbed, while about buoys 8½ and 10 it was Volunteer's turn, and she was washed and blanketed freely. It mattered comparatively little here, as she had a free wind of moderate strength, and a fair tide flowing swiftly, but Thistle was worse hindered at the start, when, working to windward in almost a calm, with a strong head tide, the least wash or back draft was a serious hindrance. There seems to be no remedy for this trouble; boats will push close without regard to the rights of the racers. The matter would of course be much improved if the start were at a distance, as at the Lightship, and in entirely open water. Two other remedies have been suggested, both fatal to the pockets of the offending captains; to go to a distance, say Newport, where the tugs and steamers will not follow, or to keep the dates of the races secret, and go out and sail quietly, without notice being given to the public. The care and trouble which has been taken this year to prevent interference has perhaps prevented a serious collision or the stoppage of the race, but beyond that it was unavailing, and proves more fully than ever the helplessness of any club or even the authorities to control such a fleet.

JUST THE SIZE OF IT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I quote the following from a well written and fair minded editorial in the Boston *Post*, Sept. 20:

"Should the Cup be borne across the water by the Thistle, we shall have left the consolation that from the international contests has arisen the best type of all-round boat yet built; powerful, non-capsizable and fast. It has been a patriotic thing to cling to the centerboard, and wise, so long as it gave the greatest speed to windward; but that it is an element of weakness, and that, other things being equal, no centerboard yacht can equal a keel in seagoing qualities, must be admitted by every yachtsman. And when to the centerboard boat is left the sole advantage of ability to cruise in shallow waters, she will speedily vanish, and our yachtsmen become a hardier set of deep-sea, rough-water sailors."

A few years ago such an expression would have been deemed rank heresy. It would have been impossible from an American source.

Now see how popular sentiment has shifted! The truths and sound views so long preached in your columns are bearing good and plentiful fruit. How graciously we now take to the keel. We dote upon a loaded keel. We love the cutter rig and style all through, and we just revel in the hardy life of the deep, unruly sea!

The Boston *Post* is right. But the *Post* might go further. It makes no difference whether Thistle win or lose. We are learning the lesson in our own waters, with our own boats.

We have the bold, smart little 36ft. cutter Pappoose, fit to knock round the world in and fit to lift a win from any centerboard in existence. We also have the 50ft. Anaconda, sample light displacement sloop, with inside ballast and single jib, unfit to face a reefing breeze and little lop in landlocked waters not five miles wide, unfit to race anything at all, and saved from being sent to the bottom only by turning tail and running for shelter, before the band had settled down to play.

Let Thistle lose if she cannot win. It makes no difference. The cutter is now the standard to which we are all conforming as fast as the old craft drop out and the light of experience filters into dark corners.

C. P. K.

CEDAR POINT Y. C., FALL OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 21.—The triangular course of the Cedar Point Y. C., 15 miles. Weather slightly foggy; wind, strong S. W.; tide, flood and ebb. Summary:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS B.				
Inez, J. H. Cole	38.02	12 26 37	did not finish.	
Nellie, H. C. Eno	33.00	12 26 45	4 18 25	3 51 40
Genevieve, D. S. Warner	34.05	12 30 15	4 22 50	3 52 35
CLASS C.				
Vixen, A. Seaman	25.02	12 29 16	2 54 40	2 25 24
Delphine, J. H. Nast	27.00	12 29 00	2 37 30	2 08 30
Teal, F. Barrett	28.06	12 29 10	2 43 52	2 14 22
Silvia, E. S. Hall	29.08	12 29 10	2 54 18	2 25 08
Ada, W. Meeker	30.00	12 29 32	2 49 30	2 19 58
CLASS D.				
Anna, J. H. Jennings	19.11	12 28 18	3 00 15	2 31 57
Vidette, H. S. Shepard	22.00	12 30 00	3 23 45	2 53 45
Alice, E. W. Smith	21.08	12 28 38	3 00 40	2 32 02
CLASS E.				
Peggy, P. G. Sanford	20.01	12 15 34	did not finish.	
Tilda Jane, L. K. Young	19.10	12 18 03	3 07 15	2 49 12
CLASS F.				
Puritan, L. K. Young	16.00	12 08 37	3 01 32	2 52 55
Daisy, W. R. McCready	17.03	12 07 52	2 44 25	2 36 33

Winners: Class B, Nellie first, Genevieve second; Class C, Delphine first, Teal second; Class D, Anna first, Alice second; Class E, Tilda Jane; Class F, Daisy first, Puritan second. Class B sailed 25 miles, classes C, D and E 15 miles, class F 12 miles. Regatta committee, Francis Burritt, P. G. Sanford, J. H. Jennings, E. Thorne. Edwin Thorne, Judge.

CITIZEN'S CUP REGATTA.—Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 19.—Five miles to windward and return. Weather clear. Wind S.W. Tide ebb, just turned:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hornet	20.02	2 19 20	4 47 05	2 27 45	2 24 04
Grace L	20.04	2 18 30	4 47 00	2 28 30	2 25 00
Tripoli	19.04	2 22 06	4 54 14	2 32 08	2 27 20
Reindeer	18.05	2 21 20	5 03 19	2 41 59	2 35 45
Ida May	18.09	2 18 40	4 57 53	2 39 13	2 33 15
Wave	16.00	2 18 40	5 01 20	2 42 40	2 32 19
Leo	18.08	2 17 55	4 44 40	2 26 45	2 20 45
Gracie	22.05	2 18 20	4 51 21	2 33 01	2 31 46
Brunette	16.07	2 18 55	4 57 00	2 38 05	2 28 15
R. H. Belle	23.01	2 23 18	4 50 35	2 22 17	2 20 42
F. C. Smith	21.00	2 20 25	5 01 13	2 40 48	2 38 05
Boneville	17.02	2 19 35	4 54 38	2 35 03	2 26 57
Dawn	21.06	2 20 50	5 05 20	2 44 30	.. ..
Rescue	23.09	2 16 00	4 41 05	2 25 05	2 25 05

The Alice, holder of the cup from last season, did not enter. Winners—Class 1, 24ft., Red House Belle first, Hornet second, Grace L. third. Class 2, 20ft., Leo first, Tripoli second, Ida May third. Class 3, 18ft., Boneville first, Brunette second. Class 4, 18ft., Wave first. Class 5, cabin sloops, Gracie first, Dawn second. The Leo wins the cup, which is quite an elegant affair, given by the citizens as a perpetual challenge cup. Regatta Committee, Com. A. C. Hobbs, Messrs. A. H. Davis and Wm. F. Brooks, Judges, Capt. I. P. Davis, Messrs. C. M. Foster and F. T. Staples.

MONATIQUOT Y. C. TENTH CLUB REGATTA, Sept. 17.—Course, Fort Point (shortened), first and second classes, 8 miles, third class, 6 miles. Weather fair, light N.E. wind, tide 11 A. M., start 2 P. M.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.03	2 47 21	2 22 37
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.08	Withdrawn.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Diadem, Hayward	18.02	2 48 07	2 19 12
Spray, White	19.02	2 53 32	2 26 41
THIRD CLASS			
Helen Snow, Lane	16.06	2 31 20	2 14 38
Nitti, Lenton	17.01	2 34 43	2 17 27
Snarleyow, Maybury	17.10	2 35 59	2 19 19
Flora Lee, Glover	17.05	2 41 23	2 24 21
Dot, W. F. Maybury	15.00	Withdrawn.	

Winners: Class 1, first, Posy, second, Tony; Class 11., Diadem; Class III., first, Helen Snow, second, Nitti, third, Snarleyow. Wind over first half of course very light, boats finished in a good wind. Judges, E. P. Worster, Henry Gardner, T. D. Bagley.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—Fall regatta Sept. 12. Courses, N. E. around stakeboat four miles and return, S. W. around home stakeboat, sailed twice around for all boats, 16 miles. Weather cloudy, wind N. E. steady. Summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.				
Ida, C. W. Kelly	10 58 48	3 15 53	4 17 05	4 11 27
Alert, Herman Kelly	11 00 23	3 17 47	4 17 24	4 16 17
Emma G., J. N. Wagner	10 55 07	3 11 37	4 16 30	4 16 30
Iolanthe, W. P. Francis	10 53 54	3 21 50	4 27 56	4 22
Bessie, W. C. Sly	10 56 58	Did not finish.		
THIRD CLASS.				
Petrel, F. G. Overbecke	10 57 38	3 27 21	4 29 43	4 16 29
Unique, E. Radder	10 58 32	3 38 27	4 39 55	4 22 05
Eole, C. Richter	10 59 33	3 40 42	4 41 09	4 28 14
Silver Spray, S. Law	10 56 06	3 49 15	4 53 09	4 43 34
Growler, H. D. Moran	10 55 00	Did not finish.		

Winners: Second class, Ida first, Alert second. Third class, Petrel first, Unique second, Eole third. The divisions of classes for this race was: Class 2, under 35ft. and over 25ft. l. w. l. Class 3, under 25ft. l. w. l. Regatta committee, P. A. Mettling, H. D. Moran, S. Law, C. Krause, H. Richter. Judges, Com. Geo. W. Gardner, Vice-Com. Percy W. Rice, Dr. C. C. Arms.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB, Norristown, Pa., Sept. 26.—Eighteenth cruise. Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance five miles. Wind fresh to brisk northly. The start was made at 9 A. M.:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Josephine, tuckup, E. Powers	10 20 25	1 20 20
Igidious, tuckup, Wm. Rochell	10 21 31	1 23 21
Gracie, skiff, E. A. Leopold	10 33 29	1 24 26
Priscilla, tuckup, E. Stanley	10 26 09	1 26 46
Bowers, tuckup, C. DeHaven	10 30 30	1 30 30
H. C. Scott, tuckup, W. Carnathan	10 31 31	1 30 31
Playford, tuckup, Grisdale Bros.	10 30 42	1 30 42
E. C. Potts, tuckup, Parker Bros.	10 32 30	1 30 50
Ino, ducker, W. Sullivan	10 50 08	1 47 16
Lulu, tuckup, Jas. Frith	Withdrew.	
Pennsylvania, hiker, J. Adams	Withdrew.	
Princess, canoe, C. Wainwright	Withdrew.	

Josephine wins champion pennant. Judge, Thomas Rochell. After the race the Bowers, with her crew of four men, attempted to jibe around the point of Barbadoes Island and capsized. The Princess is a decked canoe 15 x 36, and carries 85ft. of sail in main and mizen. She was overpowered by the heavy puffs, and ran for home before reaching the outer mark. The open boat Gracie 12 x 34, carried the same amount of sail over the entire course and shipped less than a gallon of water. She has a 3in. rockered lead keel weighing 25lbs, and carried 15lbs. of lead and 15lbs. of paper packages inside ballast. Her skipper weighs 121lbs.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—On Sept. 24 the New Rochelle Y. C. sailed a race for catboats only, the course being twice around Execution Light, 12 miles, making two legs to windward and two free, the wind being strong N.W. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS VI., 23FT. AND OVER.				
Stream	1 02 20	3 00 14	1 57 54	1 57 54
Adele	1 01 50	2 58 10	1 56 20	1 55 49
La Perichole	12 57 25	Did not finish.		
CLASS VII., 19FT. AND UNDER 23FT.				
Olive N	1 00 30	3 18 20	2 17 50	2 17 50
Marion	12 56 10	Did not finish.		
CLASS VIII., UNDER 19FT.				
Terrapin	12 59 00	3 19 00	2 22 25	2 22 12
Nettie	12 55 55	3 32 02	2 37 07	2 36 17
Gracie L	12 56 35	3 42 00	2 45 25	2 44 52

After the race Perichole challenged Adele to sail at once, one round of the same course, for $100 a side. The offer was accepted, Perichole finally winning by 5m. 23s.

MIRAMICHI Y. C.—An open race for prizes presented by the club, sweepstakes and silver cups, was sailed on Sept. 18 in a stiff nor'wester, with frequent squalls. Only plain sails were carried on the first half of the course, from Chatham to Newcastle, which was a dead heat, but spinakers were set on the return. The schooner Fedora sent up a staysail after rounding the mark and almost instantly had her maintopmast carried away and was unable to get the wreck down. The distance was 12 miles:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.		
Kilbride, J. C. Miller	1 59 00	1 43 31
Kittoch, Jas. Miller	2 04 05	1 48 16
Fisherman, D. McLean	2 04 50	1 52 56
Fedora, J. L. Stewart	2 19 40	2 05 45
Arrow, Geo. Watt	2 30 20	2 11 20
SECOND CLASS.		
Pooh-bah, H. A. Muirhead	2 41 55	2 14 13
Bear, M. Hayes	2 49 45	2 22 03
Annie, W. R. Gould	Lost rudder.	
Terror, D. McEachran	Swamped.	
Daisy, Chas. Wilson	Did not finish.	

SHAMROCK AND TITANIA.—A remeasurement of these yachts was made after the race of last Tuesday, making the official figures as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shamrock	11 09 58	3 27 14	4 17 16	4 15 57¾
Titania	11 15 00	3 26 13	4 16 13	4 16 13

By these figures Shamrock wins, instead of Titania, as at first reported.

WITCH AND BETH.—On Sept. 23 a match was sailed off Marblehead between Witch, B. B. Crowninshield, and Beth. Witch led until her topmast went, when she lost some time clearing the wreck, but finally passed Beth again, finally winning by 7m. 33s.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—A race was sailed on Sept. 17 between Cyprus, Verve, Yolande and Molly, the former winning by 1m. 51s.

QUINCY Y. C.—The sail off of the third class in the Quincy Y. C. resulted in a victory for Wildfire, and she takes the championship.

ORIOLE AND ATALANTA.—Mr. George Gooderham, of Toronto, has written the following letter to Mr. W. J. Eyre, owner of the Atalanta, accepting the challenge of the latter: TORONTO, Sept. 17, 1887.—MY DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of yours of 10th inst., which reads as follows: "I am informed you have made the assertion that your boat can outsail the Atalanta. I hereby challenge you to sail a match race for a thousand dollars a side, twenty miles to windward and back, the race to be sailed one month from date. Yours truly, W. J. EYRE, Brighton, Sept. 10. If challenge is accepted half will be posted with the editor of the *Sporting Times*." In reply to the above I accept your challenge subject to the following conditions: 1. The race to be sailed under the Lake Yacht Racing Association rules, and under the auspices of either the Royal Canadian or Toronto yacht clubs. 2. The race to be an open lake race, and to be sailed off the port of Toronto. 3. The distance to be twenty miles to windward and return, or *vice versa*. 4. The race to be sailed in seven hours, or no race. 5. The Oriole to allow the Atalanta $50 for expenses coming to Toronto. Yours very truly, GEORGE GOODERHAM. In order the more thoroughly to test the sailing qualities of the boats and to guard against defeat through accident, I would suggest that the race be made the best out of three, and if you desire it that the purse be increased.—G. G.

OUTBUILDING IN THE CUP RACES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When Genesta challenged for the Cup, representatives of the N. Y. Y. C. built the Priscilla to meet her, and they deliberately and intentionally made their boat fully 3ft. longer than the challenger, but there was no spasm of virtuous justice developed then. What causes this sudden clamor for "fair play" now that the Thistle has inadvertently taken only half the advantage that we attempted so recently? Is it the trembling of our pocketbooks that has so awakened our sense of justice? Whatever the cause, would it not be well to settle the whole question, and not rest satisfied with deciding what are the obligations of the challenger? It may not be necessary to put it in the form of an agreement, but it certainly would be eminently satisfactory and reassuring to future challengers if the N. Y. Y. C. put on record that it is the sense of the club that a challenging yacht should not be outbuilt by the holder of the Cup.—W. F. H.

FORTUNA.—Ex-Com. Hovey and Mr. C. A. Longfellow have returned from England, having laid Fortuna up at Southampton, where Day & Summers have hauled her up and removed her masts. Capt. Newcomb and the crew are on the way home by steamer.

Answers to Correspondents.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. B.—We do not recommend its use.

C. D., Freeland.—Milford, Pike county, Pa.

W. W. R., Ohio.—The .45-70-500, with Lyman sights.

J. M.—Write to the Springfield Armory, Springfield, Mass.

J. W. R., City.—Robin season on Staten Island will open Nov. 1.

B. L. C., Catasauqua.—We hope to have the full text of the law by next week.

C. D., Pennsylvania.—Go to Tom Chester's, Second Connecticut Lake, New Hampshire.

W. A. S., New Haven, O.—The White River region of Arkansas will probably be better for your purpose than the other.

H. E. A.—We understand that experience with it has shown very satisfactory results. It is claimed to be perfectly safe.

J. J. S.—Send for the special daily Wimbledon edition of the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, No. 121 Fleet street, London, Eng.

F. P., Newark, N. J.—Is it lawful to shoot game in Connecticut in season and take it out of the State with you for your own use or to sell? Ans. No.

F. A. C., Newfield, Me.—You may find a market for the live animals with Chas. Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York. The dobson is the helgramite. The gun is a good one.

G. R. S.—We should not give very much consideration to the mere trajectory in the cases mentioned. Either arm will do capital work and you would do well to select the larger caliber. The single shooter is the one to choose.

H. F. M.—It may be had of the tackle manufacturers, or of the Shipmans, Philadelphia. We cannot say just when you could strike the ducks in New York markets. Write to Drohan & Powell, Washington street, New York.

L. W. H.—1. We do not recommend its use. 2. Ball may be used, if it is small enough, but there is always liability of accident with it. If you use buckshot see that they will chamber in the choke so as to pass through without difficulty.

WARDEN JACK, Toronto.—1. Would you kindly inform me if meadow larks are game birds or not? What is the value of a good golden eagle, well mounted, also bald-headed eagle? Ans. 1. The meadow lark is not a game bird. 2. In the vicinity of $15.

N. E. J.—In issue of 15th inst. H. Holgate asks about wild rice planting among the northern lakes. Has it been attempted successfully in Chesapeake Bay, and under what conditions? Ans. We do not recall wild rice planting in the locality mentioned.

H. K., Madison, Wis.—While shooting Wilson (or jack snipe as they are called here) I saw a snipe spring up before the dog, and, without making any sound, fly slowly away with something that looked like a bunch of feathers between his feet. Do snipe carry their young like the woodcock? Ans. Woodcock do this, but snipe are not known to have the habit.

DORY.—Will you kindly inform me where I can obtain black bass for stocking purposes? They are not bred at the State fish hatchery. The fishing in this immediate vicinity is discouraging. There is a pond here in which I think bass would breed. I should like to put them in without mentioning the fact and let them take their chances of living and breeding. I feel sure that they would survive, and the fact of their being there would become known soon enough. Ans. We know of no one who keeps black bass for this purpose. There are repeated calls for the fish.

J. C.—My shot measure, at the 1¼oz. notch, flush measure, holds just 1oz. 385grs. by careful weight, and the pellets count, No. 7 size, just 363. As 600grs. would be 1½oz., I find the measure 385grs. short, equal to 57 pellets. I find allowed by manufacturer 364 pellets for 1¼oz. Will you please state if I should load 57 more pellets to a charge, giving actual weight 1½oz. Would I be permitted by the National Gun Club rules to shoot them at the trap in a match, or must I be governed by the count instead of weight? Ans. The Dixon powder measure is the standard adopted by the N. G. A. Use that, struck measure, without regard to the weight.

The Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, of Paterson, N. J., has entered on a novel field. It has engaged counsel to certiorari to the Supreme Court the ordinance of that city requiring a registry fee of $2 for every dog owned by a resident. It is claimed that the city's charter contains no authority for the imposition of a tax on dogs; when a tax of $2 was levied this point was raised, and the city then resorted to the subterfuge of requiring each dog to be licensed, the fee being $2. Admitting the right to demand registry, it is nevertheless clear that the charge of $2 is excessive. The Association is sanguine of success in its endeavor to abolish the ordinance.

The penal code of New York porhibits hunting and fishing on Sunday, but the statute is very generally disregarded, alike in town and in the woods. Sunday is the great salt-water fishing day of the week in the vicinity of New York city, and in the Adirondacks a deer is not shielded by the State law if he ventures within shot. A Clinton exchange, of Sept. 7, records: "A party consisting of Dr. Peck, H. B. Vann, Ellery Stebbins and Frank Elliott returned this morning from Jock's Lake with a fine deer which Mr. Elliott shot just before church time on Sunday night."

More coon guns are coming. The change in the caliber of the British service arm leaves a lot of 100,000 Enfield-Martini rifles in the racks of the English government armories. These arms will come in for reboring into cheap shotguns just as the old army Springfield was treated. If the caliber reduction keeps up, a stop will be put to the industry of buying up government rifles at old iron figures and reissuing them after boring as safe shotguns at dirt cheap prices.

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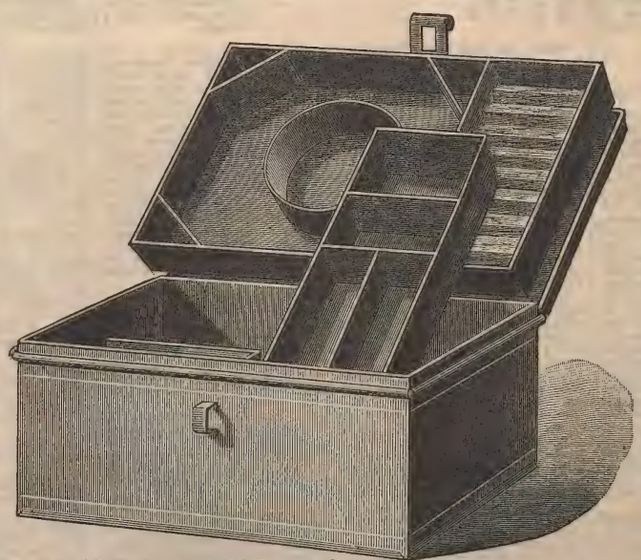
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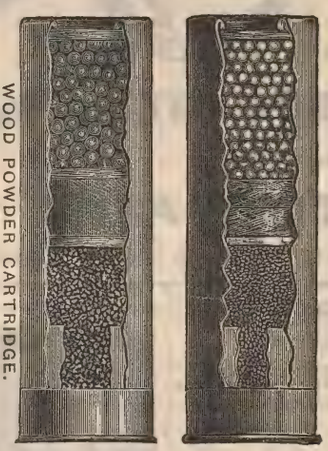
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READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM cannot fail to recollect Mr. Thomas F. Watson's poem entitled, "The Sportsman's Reverie," printed in this journal about two years ago. Later on a few stanzas were added to cover other scenes of typical American sport with the gun. The author depicted vividly the varied visions which come before the view of the veteran sportsman as he sits in easy chair before the fire. Of the author and his poem the *Detroit Free Press* said in an appreciative notice: "The author is evidently a man of the most acute sportsmanly enthusiasm, as well as of nice literary taste. His poem is built upon a very simple plan. Before a cheerful fire—like Ike Marvel's hero—sits a veteran of rod and gun; he grows half drowsy over pipe and fire and the poet has caught—with a nice and sensitive appreciation—the reminiscences of a hundred hunts which flit through his brain. One experience after another is described with graceful pen touches; the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the deer, fall before the crack of the gun; a long day's sport—a glorious day such as no man ever compassed between sun and sun—is described, even the trout, from the clear rapid, paying tribute to the prowess of a dreamland sportsman, until at last, with the fall of the quiet night shadows, the sportsman draws his boat to the shore, his tired retriever crouches at his feet, and, with his ducks, the final trophies of his sport, at his side, he looks back over the darkening water; and then, once again at his fireside, the end of the vision comes naturally and gracefully."

And now these "word pictures" of the poet have been complemented with the actual canvas pictures of the painter. Artist-poet and poet-artist have united to give us the poem in a magnificent setting. Mr. Robert Hopkin, the celebrated artist of Detroit, has painted a series of twelve pictures, each telling in color what the poem tells in words. From these paintings have been made superb heliotype engravings, each having beneath it the particular verse of the poem illustrated. The series is remarkable for strict adherence to nature, fidelity in portraying action, and artistic merit.

THE TWELVE PICTURES:

No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a dull, Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake, bearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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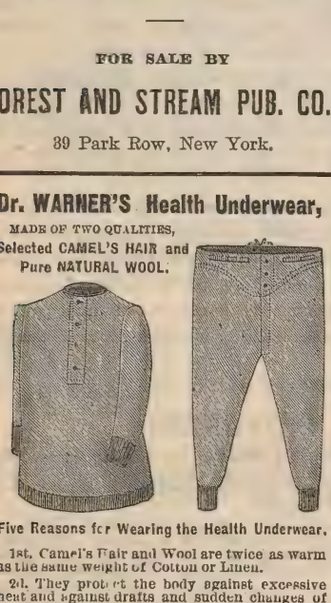
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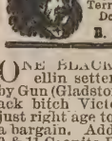
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VOLUNTEER'S VICTORY.

THE excitement which has prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the nation for over a month has at last given place to a wave of enthusiasm which has carried the names of Paine, Burgess and Volunteer to all parts of the globe, in connection with the great international races, which have resulted in such a triumph for America. Only a few years since, these races were sailed quietly in the presence of a few yachtsmen, while the world went about its business without a thought of yachts or yacht racing. Now, for a week at least each year, the races engross the attention of all, land-lubbers and yachtsmen; on salt water and the great lakes, or far inland on the western prairies, the prospects of Volunteer and Thistle form almost the sole topic of discussion and conjecture. In London, in Glasgow, in Boston, in New York, in San Francisco the streets are thronged with thousands watching for the latest yacht race news on the bulletin boards. About the race course, on Sandy Hook, on the Highlands, at Long Branch and along the Long Island shore, were stationed watchers armed with powerful glasses, while from the following tugs swift carrier pigeons bore the news at intervals of a few minutes, to be flashed by wire and cable across the continent, beneath the ocean, and to the eager watchers far and near. In front of one newspaper office a man stood on a platform high above the multitude, a telegraph instrument suspended about his neck and a huge blackboard behind him, on which the latest of news of the race was written so plainly that it could be read on the outskirts of the crowd. After following the race with breathless interest for hours, at last the news came, "Volunteer wins," the suspense was over, and from the throats of the nation went up one great cheer for the boat and men who had again won the day and saved the old trophy. If Volunteer's victory meant only that American yachts were the fastest it would still be an occasion for a national rejoicing, but it means far more now. It is an evidence of improvement, of progress, which is truly characteristic of all Americans. That the Cup has been held in the past is comparatively little, the contests for it then involved few important issues, but that it has been defended so well for three years against worthy antagonists is a far different matter. There was a time when the national fleet was generally open to criticism, when in design, in construction, in sail and in rigging American yachts were behind those of other nations. Now that it is otherwise, the credit is far greater to those who have been chiefly instrumental in this change, to the men whose skill, labor and liberality has placed the national pleasure fleet on an equality with any. The leaders in this great work, Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess, are reaping now a fitting reward in the praise and honors so freely bestowed, but further than this, their names, with those of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, will find a place in yachting history as exalted and lasting as those of Steers, Stevens and the America.

SNAP SHOTS.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE CROOK is an officer whose testimony with respect to any Indian trouble investigated by him will have unchallenged acceptance. In the report he has just sent to the Secretary of the Interior in relation to the Ute "war" in Colorado he fully bears out the FOREST AND STREAM'S characterization of the manner in which those people were treated as unwarrantable aggression, treachery and murderous brutality. A summary of the report is printed on page 208. It makes one blush for the actors in that disgraceful affair, chief of scouts and all.

Last week we took occasion to comment upon the capture of trout at the Upper Dam Camp, Maine, by Messrs. T. B. Stewart, of New York, and Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston. Our angling columns to-day contain a communication from Mr. Stewart, advising us that the information upon which our unfavorable comments were based was incorrect. Mr. Stewart states that the trout alluded to were taken in a perfectly legitimate manner, and that he has never jigged any fish. If we have made a mistake in accepting the reports which have come to us in relation to this matter, Mr. Stewart has manifestly been placed in a false position by our criticisms, and his disclaimer of the conduct imputed to him will be received with satisfaction by all friends of legitimate angling methods.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh is not a Yankee, but he is thrifty, and a Yankee with a white elephant on his hands could hardly do better with it. Elveden Hall is an English estate converted into a vast game preserve, which could be neither sold nor leased. The happy plan has been hit on of letting out the shooting week by week to parties of four or more guns, each gun being charged $30 per day, the game to go to the owner, and keepers' fees to be extra. As the first party in four days killed 500 brace of partridges for the proprietor to sell, he evidently has a profitable thing of it.

They are handy with their guns in New Jersey when private fishing interests are at stake. Coast fishermen have a way of training cannon on menhaden steamers; and last week when the State fish commissioners attempted to destroy a weir in the Delaware River they were routed by the owner, one Brink, a Dutch farmer, who fired on them without any ceremony. They barely saved themselves from the brink of destruction by abandoning their designs on the weir.

Boston takes pride in the increasing hosts of her dogs. The total number licensed this year was 9,463, a total increase over last year of more than 1,400. The city drew into the treasury the snug sum of $23,501 in the way of license fees. The New England Kennel Club ought to be a prosperous institution if this thing keeps up. It certainly deserves credit for improving the quality of Boston's dogs.

The President has appointed William L. Putnam, of Maine, and President Angell to act with Secretary Bayard in the pending negotiation with the British Commissioners in relation to the fisheries. The appointments have been received with much satisfaction, and with confidence that the interests of the country will be ably represented by these gentlemen.

"Uncle Lisha's Shop," in dollar book form, will be ready at once, and orders are now received for it by the publishers, the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A DERELICT PARK SYNDICATE.

THE act of 1883 provides that the Secretary of the Interior may lease small portions of ground in the Yellowstone National Park, on which to erect hotels. The grounds so leased cannot exceed in extent more than ten acres to any one lessee. The Secretary is also prohibited from granting any exclusive privileges in the Park.

The franchises are very valuable, for the travel in the Park is large enough to pay a good rate of interest on the money invested, and is each year increasing. These privileges are to be had for a merely nominal rental, and having been secured on such terms, the parties obtaining them are bound to render to the visitors to the Park—the public, for whom the Government holds the reservation in trust—a service which shall be satisfactory. As this business of accommodating the public is one which requires considerable capital, it has naturally fallen for the most part into the hands of corporations, and these corporations in the past have been very slack in performing their duty toward the public. During the last season matters have been better managed than heretofore, but there are still many points to which attention must be called.

The National Park is under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Lamar, as is well known, is deeply interested in the reservation and has been watchful of its best interests. He has been fortunate in having the advice of men most intimately acquainted with its needs.

The history of the now defunct Yellowstone Park Improvement Company needs no more than a passing reference. This corporation endeavored to secure exclusive privileges in the Park, and having—as they supposed—obtained these rights they entered into possession as if they owned the Park. They cut with reckless hand for their own use the timber owned by the Government, and slaughtered its game to feed their laborers. They "wanted the earth," and imagined that they had succeeded in obtaining it, but they had made one miscalculation. They assumed that the Yellowstone National Park was so far away from civilization that no one would know or care anything about it, but they were wrong. The FOREST AND STREAM learned of the project to wrest from the people the rights which belonged to them, and it protested vigorously against this high-handed outrage. After it had shown up the matter in its true colors, other papers took up the cry, and the result was that the Improvement Company, after a brief struggle, perished. A part of its property passed into the hands of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and then into those of the Yellowstone Park Association, of which mention has recently been made in these columns. We learned during the past summer that this association has in very many respects failed to carry out the terms of its lease, and it is time now to draw attention publicly to this matter, and to call upon the Yellowstone Park Association at once to comply with the conditions. If it shall fail to heed this warning it will be the duty of the Interior Department formally to revoke their leases and to offer the valuable privileges which this Association now enjoys to other persons, who will comply with the terms on which they are granted.

It might be supposed that the Association would have taken every pains to fulfill its contract with the Government. Setting aside any question of justice and right, it would seem that merely as a matter of business policy this would have been the true course to pursue. As we shall show, however, this has not been done. The managers of this syndicate cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for their failure to carry out the terms of their bargain. An extended and laborious search which we have made through the papers of the Interior Department shows that the Secretary of the Interior has more than once called attention to their failure to fulfill the terms of their lease. This, however, does not seem to have influenced them to do their duty. They need some stronger spur.

In his report on the condition of the Yellowstone National Park, made to the Secretary of the Interior in September, 1885, Mr. W. Hallett Phillips calls the attention of the Department to the well-founded dissatisfaction expressed by travelers at the poor accommodations furnished them at hotels of the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company. He stated that while the unfortunate financial reverses of the company had much to do with

the state of things then existing there, yet the interests of the public were to be considered before anything else; that if the travel to the Park was to continue to any large extent, adequate accommodation must be afforded travelers, and that the Department should see that privileges within the Park were accorded to persons of such financial standing that they could carry out at once any agreements that they might make with the Government for the accommodation of the public.

On the third of October, 1885, Frederick Billings, of Vermont; J. D. Perry, of St. Louis; J. C. Bullitt, of Philadelphia; C. Gibson, of St. Louis; T. B. Casey, of Minneapolis; M. D. Carrington, of Toledo; and C. B. Wright, of Philadelphia, applied to the Department for a lease of ten acres of land in the Park. These persons were most, or all, of them men of large wealth and were officers of, or largely interested in, the Northern Pacific Railroad. They asked for two acres of land in the Norris Geyser Basin, two acres in the Upper Geyser Basin, west of Old Faithful, one acre on the shore of the Yellowstone Lake, west of south of the Assistant Superintendents' building, and two acres at the Grand Cañon. The remainder of the land they did not then designate, but proposed to locate it at some time in the near future. Their application was approved by the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park.

In a letter dated Jan. 18, 1886, C. Gibson, in whose hands the management of the affairs of the concern seems to have been from the beginning, states that an accurate description of the sites will soon be furnished, and on March 12 of the same year surveys were filed for the sites at Norris Geyser Basin, and at the Grand Cañon and Mammoth Hot Springs, three of the four locations made in the application. On March 20, 1886, a lease was executed by the Secretary of the Interior, granting to Charles Gibson and his associates for a period of ten years, four sites, the descriptions corresponding with the surveys filed for the Mammoth Hot Springs, Norris Geyser Basin, Grand Cañon and Yellowstone Lake, but it was provided that the lease at the Yellowstone Lake was not to take effect until the site had been definitely located and the plans of the building had been approved by the Department, that the plans for buildings at other sites should be approved by the Secretary of the Interior, and that these buildings should be completed by January 1, 1887, except that at the Grand Cañon, which was to be completed by October 1, 1886.

The only building constructed under this lease up to the present time was that at the Norris Geyser Basin, which has since been burned to the ground.

In 1886, the Department learned that the lessees had purchased the hotel erected at the Mammoth Hot Springs by the defunct Yellowstone Park Improvement Company, and that the same interest had also obtained by purchase the hotel at the Lower Geyser Basin, said to have been erected on the Marshall lease by parties claiming under Marshall. They also purchased from Hobart and others the hotel erected by the latter at the Upper Geyser Basin. The lessees had erected at the Grand Cañon a temporary building. Information came to the Department in September, 1886, that the lessees had assigned their interests in the Park to the Yellowstone Park Association, a corporation organized under the laws of Minnesota, with a capital stock of $300,000, the board of directors being C. Gibson, N. C. Thrall and J. C. Bullitt. This assignment the Department has never approved, and it has no official knowledge of the Yellowstone Park Association, to which it has granted no rights of any kind in the Park.

The Department was now requested by Mr. Gibson to ratify the purchase at the Upper and Lower Geyser Basin. Change of location was asked from that granted to the lessees at the Grand Cañon, the new site being nearer to the Cañon than the original one. This request was refused, the lessee being given to understand that he would not be allowed to build nearer the Cañon or Falls than the site granted by the lease.

On the first of January, 1887, the Secretary addressed a letter to Mr. Gibson. He called his attention to the fact that the hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs, which he desired to have substituted for the one required to be built under his lease, was not on the ground leased to the Yellowstone Park Improvement Co.; that if the new lessee had purchased it, the Department could not ratify this purchase until a correct survey had been made of the site occupied by the buildings, and the formal request made that the new lease be modified to embrace this land, instead of that which had been granted. He also remarked that the new lessee had been operating the hotel at the Upper Geyser Basin, which hotel was not built on leased land, and calls his attention to the fact that his lease did not include any site at the Upper Geyser Basin, but that, appreciating the need of the public for accommodation at that point, the Department would not be unwilling, upon proper application, to grant authority for a building there. In connection with an application to this end, in view of the unlawful location of the building and that it is poorly constructed and inadequate to accommodate the public travel at that point, it would be necessary to consider whether or not it is practicable to remove it beyond the prohibited distance from the Geysers. The letter says, as to the Lower Geyser Basin, that Mr. C. D. Davis had submitted to the Department for approval an assignment to him of the Marshall lease; that the Department had not approved this assignment because it had been represented that the purchase was really in the interest of the lessees (Yellowstone Park Association), and with a view to having all the hotels at the various points under one management. If such were the fact, the approval of the assignment to Mr. Davis would result in an evasion of the spirit of the act of March 3, 1883, which prohibited the leasing of more than ten acres to any one person or corporation, as seven acres had already been leased to them. That in the lease to him and his associates it was agreed that the hotel at the Grand Cañon should be finished by Oct. 1, 1886; that during the season of 1886, at the request of the lessees, the Department had consented to the erection of a temporary building to be built at that point to be removed by Aug. 1, and that the permanent building had not been erected nor the temporary one removed; that the present state of uncertainty cannot be allowed to continue. The Department must be satisfied as to the lessees' right to occupy the buildings erected by the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company, and must also have some assurance as to what they propose to do in regard to other matters wherein the terms of their lease have not been lived up to. The letter concludes by asking that the compliance with the requests of this letter may be prompt and complete, otherwise the Department may feel constrained to give the lessees the formal notice provided for in Article 10 of their lease, in case of default on their part in the observance of the covenants of the lease.

Mr. Gibson replied August 2, 1887, that, as to the Mammoth Hot Springs, the hotel there had been purchased by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company under a foreclosure of mortgage, and that there was an agreement that it should be sold to the Yellowstone Park Association, and that that agreement had been complied with and title papers would be sent on and the approval of the Department asked. That as to the Upper Geyser Basin Mr. Davis had bought the lease for the Yellowstone Park Association for the sum of $6,000; that Hobart claimed some interest in the building, but his claim was unfounded. That as to the Lower Geyser Basin hotel, this had also been bought by Mr. Davis for the Association, for the sum of $6,000, and that a new lease would be submitted to the Department for its approval, embracing the new improvements. About the Grand Cañon he writes: "I have had surveys made of the sites leased to me and Hobart and as to all the proposed sites for the new hotel at this point, they are within quarter of a mile of the Cañon, and are therefore obnoxious to the prohibition contained in the bill passed by the Senate last winter. The parties I sent to survey have selected what they call the compromise site. They affirmed that it is clearly one-quarter of a mile beyond the Falls by any survey that can possibly be made, and that it is as perfectly unobtrusive and harmless as the site leased to me, or any of the sites suggested by any one." "As I understand it the compromise site is only a little way (perhaps two hundred yards down the hill) from the site leased to me." He adds that they must have a place to get water. He further says that the cost of the hotel at Norris which was burned was over fifty thousand dollars, and that the insurance was only eighty-five hundred. That he did not desire to build at the Cañon this season, and proposes to erect a hotel after the season is closed. That the fire at Norris proves that it is undesirable to build large hotels, and that there is great danger to the lives of visitors from such large wooden houses. "I am convinced that it is better for all parties to build a good dining room, kitchen and parlor in one house, with good cottages near by on the old Southern plan. I desire therefore to change the plans at Grand Cañon, and also for a new hotel at Norris, and am having plans prepared, and will submit them for your approval." In a subsequent letter Mr. Gibson excuses his failure to build because the Government had not constructed roads to the localities where the leases were situated. This is of course nonsense, as there was no provision in the lease that such roads should be built.

Such is the history of the Yellowstone Park Association in the National Park from the beginning up to the present time. It appears clear from this, all of which can be established by documentary evidence now on file in the Interior Department, that this Association has not kept faith with the Department, notwithstanding the fact that every allowance has been made for the difficulties which might beset a new lessee. It is clear that if the Association—Mr. Gibson and those whom he represents—wish to retain their rights in the Park they must carry out the contract which they have made.

The first thing to be done by this Association to give themselves a legal standing with the Department is to prove their title to the lands and buildings which they occupy, and to request the approval by the Department of all purchases and leases by which they have acquired rights of any nature from other companies or individuals. Until they have done this the Yellowstone Park Association, as such, has not a vestige of right in the Park and is a mere trespasser. The Government ought not to approve an assignment by a lessee who has not himself complied with the terms of his lease. If this is done it opens the way to speculation in Park privileges, and a lessee may do nothing and sell his right merely to make a profit out of it.

Taking up the different sites mentioned in the letters above quoted, it must be considered that the hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs is large enough to accommodate travel, and there seems no reason why the Yellowstone Park Association should not be allowed to retain it instead of building the one specified in their lease, providing they show their title to the hotel they have purchased. As to the Lower Geyser Basin, there is no reason why the suggestions of the Secretary of the Interior should not be followed. The law provides that but ten acres shall be leased to one individual or company, and if all the Davis purchases are ratified, the Yellowstone Park Association will have more than this. We cordially approve the determination of the Department not to allow any monopoly in the Park. It is true the confirmation of the purchases made by the new lessees would only give them title to the sites and buildings purchased, and would not prevent the Department from granting additional leases in their vicinity to other parties, still it would be a wise policy not to permit any one person or corporation to own hotels at all the points of interest. The Department should encourage competition as much as possible.

If the Yellowstone Park Association can show title to the hotel at the Upper Basin they should be allowed to retain it, but they should certainly make extensive improvements, if they are allowed thus to take advantage of the work already done by others. At the Yellowstone Lake, unless they at once build as required, their lease should be forfeited.

At the Grand Cañon they should not be allowed to come nearer the Falls or the Grand Cañon than the lease granted to them. No buildings must be erected within one-quarter of a mile of any of the objects of interest or the natural curiosities of the Park. Moreover, they must build there at once or else their lease should be forfeited. The hotel at the Norris Geyser Basin recently burned should be rebuilt this winter, so as to be ready for occupancy by the opening of travel next season.

All this may seem hard to the Yellowstone Park Association, but it is just. They have received certain valuable rights from the Government for a merely nominal sum, and must fulfill their part of the contract. No one can expect to go into the Park under a lease from the Government unless prepared to make such expenditures as shall be sufficient for the accommodation of travel, and erect and keep in repair such buildings as the Department can approve. One reason—and the principal one—why the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company came to grief was that it failed to live up to the agreements which it had made with the Government, and the present lessees should take warning by the fate of their predecessors in the Park.

Considering the high position and financial standing of the present lessees, the Government and the public have a right to expect from them better things than they have given us since the Yellowstone Park Association took hold. There has been in many particulars an improvement in the accommodation of travelers in the Park, but much yet remains to be done. We have already waited too long, and the Department should see that a change is made without further delay.

In his report for 1887, noticed elsewhere, Capt. Harris says in relation to these leases: "The rights and privileges conferred by the lease to Mr. Gibson are exercised by a corporation known as the Yellowstone Park Association, and this company is also occupying ground and buildings at the Lower and Upper Geyser Basins. The unsatisfactory condition of matters connected with Mr. Gibson's lease and the operations of the Yellowstone Park Association, as related in my last report and as you have since been fully informed by letter, still continues; but pending the action which has been taken by your Department further comment on this subject is thought to be unnecessary. The other lease-holders in the Park have complied with the requirements of their leases in all essential particulars."

THE meet of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kas., Oct. 17, promises to draw a goodly attendance. It is a great pity that some of the crack bench show winners, owned in the East, should not have an opportunity to pit their skill against the greyhounds of the West. Some of these bench show dogs have made capital records in England, but on this side of the big pond their only exercise has been on the treadmill, and they would doubtless rejoice to catch a glimpse of live game again.

T Adirondack landlord whose treatment of campers has been criticised by correspondents is by no means alone. It is a characteristic trait of North Woods hotel keepers to be disobliging and over-reaching in their dealings with persons who are not guests. They regard the Adirondacks as created expressly for their own individual aggrandizement; and that they do not manifest alacrity to be fairly decent to the independent camper may perhaps be ascribed to the weakness of human nature.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WE MET BY CHANCE.

IF her flour had not become weevily I should never have met her.

A series of accidents had been apparently especially arranged to prevent such meeting, which had it occurred would probably have been a very common-place event; it was the non-occurrence, taken in connection with the subsequent occurrence, which made a rather singular affair of it.

The lady to whom I have referred as "her," is still to me an "unknown quantity," for as though the series of accidents should be completed, I have lost the memorandum book in which, some eighteen years ago, I very carefully noted down either her name, or that of her husband, the name of the vessel he commanded, for he was a whaling captain, and probably their home address; and said names have as completely left my memory as has the memorandum book my possession. Therefore I can in this story refer to the lady only as "her" or "she," unless indeed, excused by the poverty of our own language to meet such an emergency, I borrow a title from another, and call her Madame; this sounds more respectful, and I will.

There is a vague impression upon my mind that the schooner —— hailed from somewhere on Cape Cod, and that between the heel and toe of that boot-shaped peninsula was, and I hope still is, the home of my friend.

In the hope that the far-reaching influence of the FOREST AND STREAM will carry this story to that region, and that it will attract his or her attention, or that of some friend, to whom he or she may have related this story, and that friend, or he or she, will recognize it, and by communicating with the FOREST AND STREAM, supply the missing links, and re-establish the continuity, I will now give my version of it, which will be as true a version as can be expected after so many days.

Early in the morning of the fourth day of July, 1870, the little tug-gunboat Palos, under my command, on the thirteenth day of a voyage from Boston to China, ran into Horta Bay, a harbor of the island of Fayal. As soon after anchoring as possible, I, tired and sleepy from an all night on deck, turned in for a nap, from which, an hour or so after, I was broken out by a messenger, who delivered to me a note, addressed in a lady's handwriting, thus: "The Captain of the American man-of-war, Horta Bay."

As nearly as I can remember, the contents of this note were as follows:

DEAR SIR—I hope you will *pardon* the *liberty* I am about to take in asking of you a *great* favor, in granting which you will render most *valuable* and ever to be *appreciated* aid to a fellow country-woman in *great distress*. *Can* and *will* you lend me a *flour sieve*? The steward has *most carelessly* lost mine *overboard*, and I *cannot obtain* such an article in *Fayal*; and unless you can help me I don't know what I *shall do*, for our flour is so full of *weevils* that I cannot use it. Very respectfully,

MRS. ——, Am. whaling schooner ——.

Fortunately, I was the owner of a very good flour sieve, and, as a matter of course and duty—for in my instructions I was charged to "render all practicable assistance to American vessels in distress"—I sent it. After breakfast I went on deck to take my usual two miles constitutional and my first smoke.

I was never quite sure about having fairly accomplished the two miles of my "stint," for, as my promenade was quite limited, 578 turns were required, and I found considerable difficulty in mechanically counting correctly, at the same time thinking of other matters; but by carrying 578 beans in my outside pocket and dropping one at each terminus, I presume that my reckoning was often tolerably close.

While tramping this morning, my attention was so taken up by the scenery, which included mountains, a pretty white city, fishing and bumboats, that I lost the run of my progress altogether.

Naturally I sought out the schooner from which the note had came; there was no difficulty in identifying her; the four or five whale boats hanging at her davits and astern proclaimed her vocation, and her nationality was so plainly marked by a large and new American ensign, which in honor either of Independence Day or our arrival was floating from her peak.

Another point made identification very easy and sure; excepting ourselves and her the harbor was bare of vessels. Although at times quite a number of the plum-puddingers, as the whaling schooners which go out but for a single season's work are called, make of this harbor a resort for the procurement of water, fruit and provisions, and to enjoy a "gam," as is termed in whaler parlance a chatty ship visit.

As was the case with my friend, these schooners generally anchor well outside, for many of their crew, among whom there is always a large proportion of brand new sailors, never before used, are apt to fancy that they need refreshments other than those which the captain will procure, and they are very likely, if at all handy to the wharves, to give themselves liberty and obtain them. The schooner was a fine-looking craft, and it struck me that it would not be a bad plan for me to go on board of her, call on the Madame, and offer any further assistance in my power. This I proceeded to do, and in a short row my gig brought me and a bundle of latest papers alongside of her. I was received by the captain and ushered into the cabin, where I was presented to his wife, my still unknown correspondent. They were young people, evidently glad to see me as I was to see them, and we passed a very pleasant two hours.

As is the custom when one goes visiting on board some one else's vessel, and too great a strain upon truthfulness is not involved (not so in this case) I complimented the captain on the remarkably clean and tidy appearance of his vessel, and the Madame on the cosy, bright and homelike cabin, in every part of which were evidences of womanly taste.

They were not to be outdone in politeness and assured me that the mate, who had carried the note to me that morning, had returned charmed with my vessel, which he reported to be in most beautiful order, or as he expressed it, "Slick as a parlor." Of this I had some doubts; it was my impression that while that whaleboat was alongside we were very busy hoisting ashes, holystoning decks, scrubbing paint work and in other ways making ready for port. I did not, however, correct him; modest as a man may be, he is not bound to reject compliments, even if not wholly deserved. No doubt the mate enjoyed his visit very much and his views were colored. My mate was a Cape Codder also, and a very hospitable, cheery, nor'wester sort of a man, and they probably had a most delightful "gam," during which exchanges of souvenirs, scrimshawed whale teeth, tooth ivory pie crust crimpers, etc., on the one side, versus navy plug tobacco on the other, added to the enjoyment.

The Madame accepted my compliment as to the cleanliness, but to my surprise did not seem to altogether approve of it. She said that, for her part, much as she loved cleanliness, her happiest times were when the vessel was in a most filthy condition. Seeing that I was puzzled, she explained that she referred to "cutting in" days, which on every occasion mean a goodly sum of money ahead and a shortening of the cruise. At such times the captured whale is secured alongside by slings at each end, so arranged that the body can revolve. The hook of a masthead purchase is inserted near the head, on each side of it a spiral tranverse cut is made, and the strip of blubber, flesh, etc., is hoisted: when high enough, a second tackle hook is inserted, the hoisted strip cut off just above the last hook, and the great slice, perhaps 30ft. or more by 3ft., is lowered to the deck, and there reduced to dimensions suited to the try-pot. During this process the vessel naturally becomes very bloody and greasy, with patches of soot profusely sprinkled.

After explaining to me, the Madame asked: "Did you ever see a whale cut in?"

Fortunately I had. She asked when and where, and this is the story I told her: "It was in March, 1865, that the U. S. S. Connecticut, of which I was executive officer, while making a cruise through the West Indies, went into Bridgetown Harbor, Barbados. We passed, anchored in the outer harbor, an American whaling schooner, alongside of which a dead whale was secured, and the crew were busy 'cutting in.' As soon as we could get a boat a party of us started for the schooner to witness the work. We went on board, and your description of the state of affairs hardly does justice; it was about the hardest-looking place we ever got into. The mate told me that the day before, the captain and nearly all hands being on shore, this whale blew, not more than a mile outside, and that lowering away he, with the cook, cabin boy and a couple of hands, had gone out and captured him."

The Madame listened very attentively, and seemed greatly interested. She asked me, "Were there any ladies on board of that schooner?"

"Not that I know of," was the answer. "I did get a glimpse of a petticoat just vanishing through the cabin door, as I went over the side, but the mate told me that it was a washwoman come for the old man's wash."

This Madame seemed to consider a very good joke, and indulged in a laugh more hearty and merry than I could see that the joke warranted. My surprise can be better imagined than described, when recovering from her laughter she remarked, "That he had no right to say and he never told me that he did; I did tell him not to let you into the cabin, nor to say a word about our being on board."

"Who and what do you mean?" I interrupted, "Who was 'our'?"

Then she told me that she herself and her sister, a young lady, were on board of that schooner, watched our cutter coming toward them, admired our uniforms, but when we rounded to alongside, scud for the cabin, through the window blinds of which they saw us all the time, vexed enough, that arrayed in their "cutting in" clothes, they were not in condition to receive us. And it was the very schooner which I had boarded in Barbados, in which five years after at Fayal, this story, for which I was indebted to weevils, was told me.

The adventure supplied us with quite a stock of conversation. It did seem so strange that we had so nearly met before, prevented only by chance, and that after all this time, a flour sieve, or rather the need of one, had brought us together. Our conversation drifted into other channels and we found ourselves comparing notes as to our nautical experiences. She told me of the hardest time she had ever experienced, a tale of a voyage during which, with almost no luck in catching whales, they did catch fever on the Africa coast, and had dismal times and a gloomy voyage.

I in turn got up as pathetic a story as facts and imagination would furnish, of my dreary life on board of a monitor, dilating on the foul air, darkness, dampness and other discomforts attendant upon being boxed up under water in an iron box.

She was truly and gratifyingly sorry for me; she had "seen one of those horid vessels, and all of the whales in the Atlantic would not tempt her to live on board of one."

I asked her when and where she had seen one, and if she remembered its name.

"Yes, it was the Nantucket. She ran into Provincetown Harbor one day in the winter of 1863, and lay out a gale there. I was visiting friends in Provincetown, and when the blow was over we made up a party and went off to her in a catboat. We meant to have gone on board, but it was too rugged and we had to give it up."

"Do you remember," I asked, "that when your boat first made attempt to go alongside, an officer standing on the turret hailed you and warned you not to attempt it?"

It was her turn now to be surprised. She did "remember very well that a man with a speaking trumpet did warn us off, and seemed quite excited, but he was covered up with oilskins and I don't know whether it was an officer or not."

"What made you think that he was excited?"

"Why, at first he was all right, only when our captain told him that he guessed he knew his own business, and could handle that boat without any of his help, he got very mad and swore at him awfully."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he called our captain a blanked lubber, and"—

"And so I still think he was," I broke in, "the sharp edges of a monitor would be very apt to cut down and sink any boat boarding in a seaway. I was the man who hailed you; I don't remember swearing, but if your captain said what you say, and I heard it, I have no doubt that I did so. I can only say now that I regret very much that I did not then know that you were one of the party, for I would certainly have managed to get you on board, and not have left it for weevils to introduce us."

Two hours after the sieve came back, the schooner sailed, and I have never (that I know of) met them since.

PISCO.

Natural History.

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A WORD ABOUT OPOSSUMS.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D., U. S. ARMY.

Member American Society of Naturalists, Member A. O. U., etc.

IN the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum, Vol. VII., 1884, there is an exceedingly useful contribution entitled "A Provisional List of the Mammals of North and Central America, and the West Indian Islands," compiled by Mr. F. W. True, the Curator of the Department of Mammals in the U. S. National Museum. This List not only presents us with the common and technical names of all the mammals at present known to inhabit the countries specified, but an approved system of classifying them besides. Now the present writer conceived it would be a good idea to republish such an authoratative List and Classification of our animal in the FOREST AND STREAM, and in doing so, preserve the same order and arrangement adopted by Mr. True in his Provisional List in the "Proceedings." Further, it will be my aim to bring this matter out in a series of chapters, and, as the adopted classification refers to and includes animals that strictly belong to our United States mammalian fauna, to offer figures of such animals, and accompany them by short sketches which will endeavor to present our latest knowledge of their habits and their geographical distribution. This, of course, can only be done as my time will admit, and opportunity offers.

In the present article the leading part of this List will be given, carrying it down to a point that includes an animal or animals which will constitute the subject of our succeeding contribution.

It is hoped that if I am permitted to carry out such a plan it will prove to be of service in more ways than one,—it will, as I say, record an authoritative scheme giving the latest classification of the mammals in our United States fauna; by the figures, in many instances taken from life, and even sometimes taken by photograph from the living animal itself, present correct portraits of the animals in some life-like or characteristic attitude; it will give, so far as our present knowledge extends, the geographical range of the subjects; it will, by giving concise accounts of the habits, distribution, reproduction, and similar matters, incite others to carefully note, and systematically record their observations relating to so important a subject.

The Provisional List and Classification of the National Museum takes on the following arrangement:

CLASS MAMMALIA. MAMMALS.

SUBCLASS DIDELPHIA.

ORDER MARSUPIALIA. MARSUPIALS.

Family DIDELPHIDÆ. *The Opossums.*

Chironectes variegatus, Illiger. Water Opossum.
Guatemala to Brazil.

Didelphys murinus, Linné. Murine Opossum.
Mexico to Brazil.

Didelphys derbianus, Waterhouse. Derby's Opossum.
Nicaragua to Peru.

Didelphys cinerea, Temminck. Ashy Opossum.
Costa Rica to Brazil.

Didelphys quica, Temminck. Quica Opossum.
Mexico to Brazil.

Didelphys aurita, Max. zu Wied. Azara's Opossum.
Costa Rica to Uruguay.

Didelphys virginiana, Kerr. Common Opossum.
United States to Guatemala.

SUBCLASS MONODELPHIA.

ORDER EDENTATA. EDENTATES.

SUBORDER PILOSA.

Family BRADYPODIDÆ. *The Sloths.*

Cycloturas didactylus (Linné), Alston. Unau or Two-toed Sloth.
Guatemala to Northern Brazil and Peru.

Cholopus hoffmani, Peters. Hoffman's Sloth.
Costa Rica to Ecuador.

Bradypus infuscatus, Wagler.
Panama to Peru and Brazil.

Bradypus castaneiceps (Gray), Alston. Chestnut-headed Sloth.
Nicaragua.

Family MYRMECOPHAGIDÆ. *The Anteaters.*

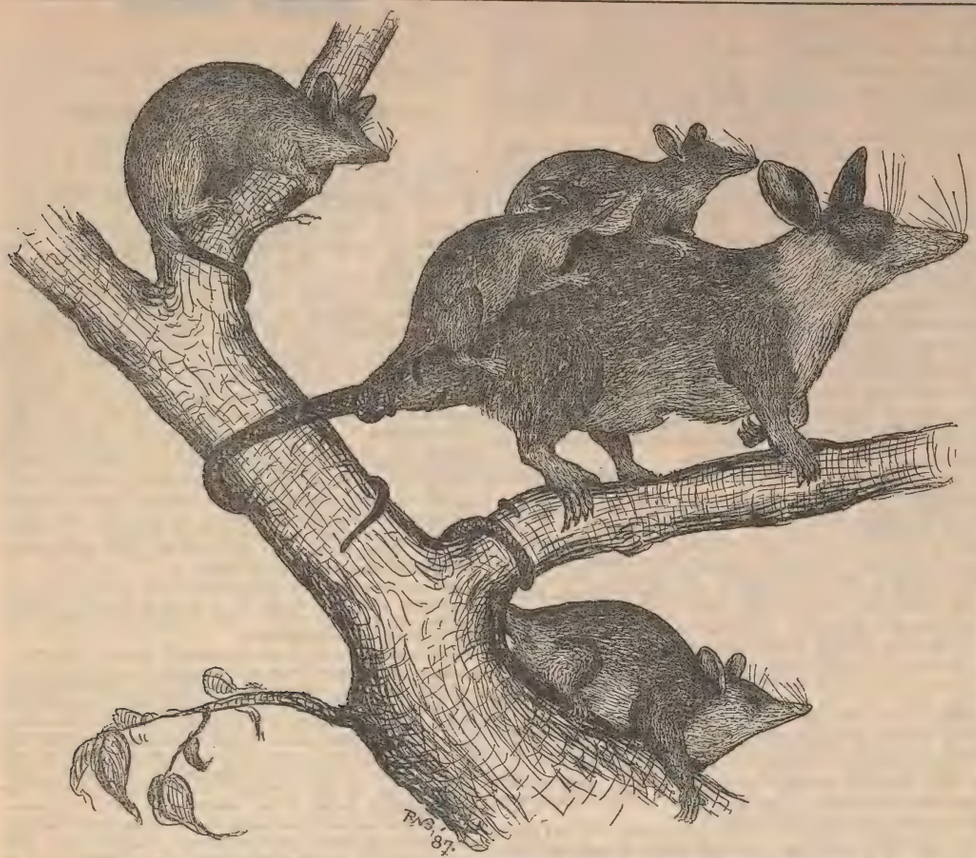
Myrmecophaga quadridactyla, Tamandua-Anteater.
Mexico to Paraguay.

Myrmecophaga jubata, Linné. Ant-bear.
Guatemala to Paraguay.

Then follows the Suborder LORICATA, but as this contains the Armadilloes, and we have an Armadillo in Texas, we will reserve any further publication of the List until we come to discuss those animals in some future contribution.

It will be seen from our classification, as far as now presented, that it contains but one animal found within the faunal limits of the United States, and this is the Common Oppossum, an animal about which much is known, and much has been written, but whose history, find it where we may, is always full of interest, both to the casual observer as well as to the naturalist.

To the Common Opossum then, with a few incidental references to its congeners, the present paper will be devoted; and first it will be observed that our Opossum is a marsupial animal, as is shown in the above classificatory List. Now, although we find a few Opposums in different parts of America, the great stronghold of the MARSUPIALIA is, as we are well aware, in Australia, and outside of these two countries, animals presenting an anatomical structure peculiar to them do not occur. In the earlier history of our earth, however, marsupials enjoyed a very general distribution over its surface. When I say Australia I mean, of course, the Australian region,



FEMALE OPOSSUM WITH FOUR HALF-GROWN YOUNG.—Drawn by the Author.

as some marsupials are found in New Guinea and the adjacent islands, while Opossums as a species do not occur there at all.

The Australian marsupials—and the mammalian fauna of that region is chiefly made up of them—widely vary, both as to their external forms and in many of their anatomical characters, but notwithstanding this fact, zoölogists have, for convenience sake, kept them associated in the same group.

They all more or less agree, however, in the following general structural characteristics: (1), they possess a pair of epipubic bones, peculiar structures surmounting the pelvis in front; ( ), they present a characteristic development of the reproductive organs; (3), their "young are born in an exceedingly rudimentary condition, and are never nourished by means of an allantoic placenta, but are transferred to the nipple of the mother, to which they remain firmly attached for a considerable time, nourished by the milk injected into the mouth by compression of the muscle covering the mammary gland. They are, therefore, as previously remarked, the most typically mammalian of the whole class. The nipples are nearly always concealed in the fold of the abdominal integument or 'pouch' (marsupium) which serves to support and protect the young in their early helpless condition." (Flower).

The several forms of marsupial animals present us with many kinds of variations in their teeth, in our Opossum the canines are very large, while the incisors are small; in all, there are fifty teeth in the two jaws of one of these animals. Their limbs are short, and on each foot there are five complete and distinct toes, armed at their ex remities with sharp and curved claws, except in the case of the first toe of the hind foot, "which is large, widely separable from the others, to which it is opposed in climbing, and terminates in dilated rounded extremity, without a nail."

Those who have had the opportunity of examining these animals will remember the curious tail they possess, which is partially naked, long and tapering, flexible, and prehensile.

Some Opossums, however, have completely naked tails, and as a rule are without pouches for their young to ride about in, and consequently hese latter have to ride on the backs of their mothers, hanging on by their juvenile prehensile tails (*Metachirus*.

Our s ecies has long leafy ears and a pelage of long, coarse hair, of a dull grayish white color, the face and muzzle being pure white, while the ears, on the other hand, are black. Nocturnal and arboreal in its habits, it lives principally upon fruits, insects, eggs, and such small birds as it may be able to capture. Farmers complain that Opossums are no strangers to the hen-roosts, and that they destroy poultry simply for the gratification of sucking the blood from the bodies of their victims; I have never been able to confirm or disprove this trait in their character. Few mammals are more prolific than they, and one of their litters may range all the way from six to sixteen young at a birth, which, when first born, are exceeding small, and still in quite an embryonic state. Their mother places them all in her pouch, and soon succeeds in nosing them into positions where they may at once seize hold of her nipples, where they remain attached until they have attained some considerable size. They develop and grow very rapidly, and at the end of a month's time these engaging and pretty little scamps may be seen peeping out of the maternal pouch, when in a few days more the boldest among them will climb in and out, or even perhaps get around on their mother's back to hang on there by twining their tails about her own. Who among us ever having witnessed the sight can ever forget it—the solicitous dam seems to be absolutely covered all over with her sprawling progeny, and she pulls them along, some dragging behind her, some hanging at her sides, while the remainder are ranged along her back; 'tis thus she leads them along as she endeavors to find sufficient food to feed their hungry mouths—withal a very happy party.

It is said that this prolific marsupial may have a lot of three-quarter grown ones of her own in the tree about her, while a dozen more as large as rats cling to her furry coat, and at the same time attached to her nipples another litter, recently born. Those who have had the opportunity of observing the habits of the Opossum in cold weather state that it is inclined to become torpid, but that it is never known to truly hibernate.

When confronted with any sudden danger, the surprising success with which an Opossum can feign death is generally well known, a trait which has given rise to the common expression of "playing 'possum." In some instances, added to the fact that the animal is wonderfully tenacious of life, this deception may save it from destruction, but to old hunters I fear the trick is too well known.

Many of the readers of Forest and Stream have undoubtedly enjoyed an old-fashioned 'Possum hunt, a treat which the writer thoroughly envies them, for with all my rambles, that have now been made the world over, such an experience yet remains to be mine. Up to the present writing I have participated only in so far as the columns of the back numbers of this journal would permit me—vivid, real pictures oftentimes, but still lacking those bumps and bruises without which no chase can, to me, be a living reality. Yet in many instances they come so near the genuine article, and their reading brings with them such a full measure of pleasure, that I gladly leave this part of my subject to be filled in by others in the coming numbers of Forest and Stream, which we have yet before us to enjoy.

As will be seen by the List at the head of this article, there is one genus of Opossum which has been distinguished by the name *Chironectes;* this curious animal is known as the Yapock, and is characterized by having webbed feet, and a peculiar transverse banded coloration of its fur on the head and scapular region. In many particulars it reminds us of the Otter, as it is almost strictly aquatic in its habits, and subsists on fish, crustaceans, and such similar diet as it chances to find in the marshes where it is to be found. Some Opossums attain a size no greater than that of an ordinary mouse, while the largest of them do not exceed in size a big cat, so that they are to be ranked among the smaller of the mammals of the world's fauna.

Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F. Z. S., of the British Museum, gives us an interesting account of Opossums in the 9th Edition of the British Encyclopedia, and speaking of the extinct types, he says, that "The fossil remains referable to species of the Didelphyidæ are of special interest as showing some of the connecting links in geographical distribution between the Opossums and the Australian Marsupials, now so widely and absolutely separated. They consist of the bones of a considerable number of species from the Eocene and early Miocene deposits of central France, one or two Eocene species having also been found in southern England. The ancient Opossums have been separated generically from *Didelphys* on account of certain differences in the relative sizes of the lower premolars, but as nearly the whole of the species have been formed on lower jaws only, of which some hundreds have been found, it is impossible to judge how far these differences are correllated with other dental or osteological characters. In the opinion of Dr. Filhol, who has devoted considerable attention to the subject, the fossils themselves represented two genera, Peratherium, containing the greater part of the species, about twenty in number, and Amphiperatherium, with three species only. All are comparatively small animals, few of them exceeding the size of a rat.

Besides these interesting European fossils, a certain number of Didelphian bones have been found in the caves of Brazil, but these are either closely allied to or identical with the species now living in the same region. So much for our knowledge of the history of Opossums in time.

Having now given the position of our Opossum in the system; presented a figure of the animal; defined its geographical distribution; given its leading structural characteristics; its habits; its methods of reproduction; its more immediate affinities; and, finally its relation to extinct forms, I will close this account, and on some future occasion present a brief sketch of the Armadillos.

BELATED WRENS.

NORTH NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When running a survey line over the Van Courtlandt estate, near the new Yonkers railroad level line at Van Courtlandt Lake, by the side of the old apple orchard on the proposed "Park Parade and Manhattan Race Course" (then staked out by Chas. H. Haswell, C. E., for the Van Courtlandt Club), on Saturday, August 26 last, in cutting through a thicket for sight, near the south side of the ancient garden, we were met by the bold challenge, plaint and quick hammer chatter or warning chirp of the "hallowed house wren." On examination for cause of this alarm, we found, much to our astonishment, in a chink hole of one of the old post supports of the paling fence surrounding this ancient garden, a nest containing two young fledglings, almost ready to enter upon flight life.

Friday last, Sept. 23, near the neglected and sad to say abandoned graveyard of the old DeVoe family, on Sedgewick avenue, near Shaft No. 22 of the new aqueduct line, we discovered in the dense copse there a golden wren.

"The quick note of the russet wren,
Familiar to the haunts of men.
He quits in hollow'd wall his bow'r,
And tho' the winter's gloomy hour
Sings cheerily; nor yet hath lost
His blitheness, chill'd by pinching frost;
Nor yet is forc'd for warmth to clave
To cavern'd nook, or straw-built cave.
Sing, little bird! Sing on, designed
A lesson for our anxious kind;
That we, like thee, with hearts content,
Enjoy the blessings God hath sent;
His bounty trust, perform His will,
Nor antedate uncertain ill!"—*Mant.*

We watched its movements some time, thinking at first we were mistaken, but there before us was that ever upright tail at an angle of 45 degrees, there indeed was to be seen the quick sprightly movement and nervous action that never belies the smart little wren. This is very late in the year for wrens to breed and live in the chill neighborhood of New York. Canonicus.

PHILO.

PHILO; I fancy I hear the reader exclaim, anything to do with patent medicines? None whatever, fair sir. Philo is simply a woodcock that I have succeeded in keeping in captivity for the last five days, or since the 20th, on which date he, poor fellow, had to change his residence from the dark congenial depths of the alder swamp, to the furthest recess of my game bag, and eventually to an old biscuit box half full of damp earth and covered with a wire fly blind and piece of sacking to create an artificial gloom.

On the opening day for "partridge" I was crossing an alder swale, with a companion, when my pointer Beppo (grandson of Sensation) blundered on Philo, and as I was at half cock he was nearly out of range before he felt the shot, and then he fell, only being tipped. As he was so slightly wounded I made up my mind to try and keep him alive if possible and study his habits, but with slight hopes, I confess, of succeeding.

Arrived home, however, I let him loose in my sanctum, and he immediately walked to the darkest corner and turned his back on me in the most unsociable manner. I refrained from offering him any food just then, as I reasoned that when shot he had only shortly finished his nightly orgies and could not be very hungry. After a few minutes quiet he appeared to become drowsy and gradually the lower eyelid closed until it became horizontal, the upper meanwhile remaining open, but I do not believe the bird could see anything as he took no notice of a stick moved rapidly within a few inches of his head. His body gradually subsided until at last the tip of his beak touched the floor. In this most singular attitude he remained until evening, taking no notice of anything. Before sundown I transferred him to the box above mentioned, having previously covered the bottom with four or five inches of garden mould full of appetizing worms. Then covered him up and left him to his fate.

Next morning with fear and trembling I gently removed a corner of the sacking and peeped in, fully expecting to find Master Philo toes up. Not a bit of it, however, he was looking bright as a button, and the muddy state of his bill and the numerous borings in the soft earth plainly showed that he had passed the hours of darkness pleasantly and profitably. I immediately dug a fresh supply of worms and turned them in (probably some fifty worms). On perceiving them he made a most peculiar sound (something like the wheeze of a bad asthmatic), and on my return in about half an hour not a worm was to be seen. Since that time there has been no trouble, he "puts himself outside" six dozen worms at a sitting, or eighteen dozen a day with the greatest ease, and I think would eat as many more if he had the chance.

This bird has, as far as I am concerned, thrown a considerable amount of light on the vexed question of the migration of woodcock during the moult. He was nearly over his. Now I have two well-bred dogs, one a pointer, the other a cocker; both will pass this bird within six feet and not wind him, if the air is still (as it generally is in a swamp), and he takes no notice of them.

My present belief is that the birds do not leave the swamps, but remain so still and hidden all day that, coupled with the fact of their giving out next to no scent, a big bag is almost an impossibility. We got another cock and put up a third on the same morning Philo was captured, but all were almost trodden on before rising. In a few days, however, the birds will become fairly plentiful, though only for a short time, as they leave their northern regions early, usually about the 25th of October, although I shot one last year on the 8th of November; next day it froze very hard, and I do not think a bird was left in the province. Chas. A. Bramble.

Fredericton, N. B., Sept. 26.

A SEPTEMBER BROOD OF QUAIL.

BEING anxious to know how the quail have increased on my preserve this season, I took my old dog Quail, and for the first time since last winter gave him a run over the most likely ground. He came to a point on a field grown up with weeds. I saw that his nose was very close to the game, and I walked up to within six feet of him, where I plainly saw three quail sitting close together, all facing one way, side by side; there were two males and one female. They did not move, and I thought that very strange, as they appeared to be looking right at me with their bright little black eyes. After enjoying seeing the old dog point, and being satisfied with looking at the pretty little fellows, I stepped up to them so close that they flushed, and to my surprise there must have been two bevies of little fellows (underneath these three quail), that were not over twenty-four hours old. They scattered all over the ground as quick as thought, so that I could not tell how many there were, but I should say there must have been at least thirty. I called the old dog in and backed out carefully, so as not to tread on them, while the female flew around me apparently very unhappy. What is singular is that two males and only one female should be covering these birds. This was on the 14th of September.

I heard of two bevies on Mr. W. Bayard Cutting's place at Islip, that were hatched last week.

To those who sow feed for the birds, I would recommend buckwheat. I have sown this year buckwheat, spring wheat, spring rye and millet, side by side, but I find that the quail stick to the buckwheat all the time. Hereafter I shall not plant anything but buckwheat.

ALFRED A. FRASER.

THE CEDARS, Oakdale, Long Island, Sept. 30.

A RATTLESNAKE AT SEA.—Engineer William Dart, of the steam tug U. Dart, reports seeing a rattlesnake yesterday "coming in from sea." The steamer was near the lighthouse when his snakeship was discovered coming in with the tide, head erect, but with rattles trailing in the water. The rattlesnake usually swims with both head and tail erect, the latter waving from side to side like that of a dog. This one must have been swimming a long time, and was no doubt exhausted, hence allowed his rattles to trail in the water. Now, whence came this land monster? Had he come across from England, or had he undertaken to swim across from one island to the other on the ebb tide, been carried to sea, and was returning with the tide?—*Brunswick (Ga.) Advertiser.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.—II.

THE second day after this Bill and I went to Rocky Bar, we took a trail across the mountains, partly along the Feather River, known to old prospectors as a very rich placer gold region, now climbing up narrow winding rocks, then along an old deserted water ditch, passing dangerous places, where one misstep of our horses would hurl us down to sure destruction, reaching at last, by walking down a terrible steep decline, the stage road, on which we soon made the town. Here I met all my old friends, who were very glad to see me once more, also some New York and Eastern men all interested in mining schemes. The old camp was all bustle, for several mines were booming, principally the Ellmore, which was just getting a new 50-stamp mill. The next few days I spent idling around, visiting the Hopkins boys and putting in some rifle practice. At this I met with a serious accident, which, however, happened to turn out very fortunately.

Shooting, one morning, near the new mill, until all my ammunition was exhausted, except a few cartridges, which, having been reloaded several times, were a trifle expanded and would not enter freely in the chamber, and thinking to force one with the closing lever, I wedged it only tighter, so tight that I tried in vain to push it back with my cleaning rod. Here was a fix, the shell was almost in, and if I could only close the lever I could shoot it out. I resolved to use a little force with sufficient precaution; so cutting a piece of wood and hollowing it so that the primer might not come in contact with the wood, I gave the obstinate shell several knocks. At the last knock, either from the forced contraction, or more probable, contact with the primer, the shell exploded, tearing out the base, the powder burning my face and thumb considerably. The sudden discharge threw the rifle out of my hands, the hammer cutting my chest and bruising it not a little. Seeing the torn shirt and blood I was terribly frightened, but tearing it off and washing the wound at the near creek, I thanked God it was only an abrasion of the flesh made by the hammer. The bullet entered the log on which I was standing, close to my foot. Billy and his wife were as much frightened as myself when I returned and told them what a close call I had. They cleansed and washed my wounds, applying salt pork to draw the inflammation and the deeply burned powder grains out of my face and thumb; Bill succeeded in picking them out almost entirely.

I staid around the house the next few days, busying myself with my deer's head and antlers, which I preserved, intending to take home with me. Tuesday I was well enough again to pay a visit to Mr. Bailey, who is in charge of the stage station on Wood Creek, remaining with him till Friday, hunting grouse and pheasants, and watching for a thieving bear who had inspected Mr. Bailey's primitive ice box in the creek. The bear had cleaned out the meat, butter, etc., indiscriminately, but he was too sly to be caught napping. We never could see him, except once when Bailey went to get some water he caught a glimpse of him just disappearing in the thick brush.

Friday I went over to Willard's, where I saw Bob Pattison, who proposed a trip up Grouse Creek for a few days' hunt. Promising to be on hand, I started for Bonaparte, to get a few blankets and camp outfit. Taking an early start next morning from the mine, I reached Willard's in good time, found Bob and Willard's oldest boy George waiting, and we were soon climbing up the hills back of their ranch. We pitched camp in a beautiful mountain meadow, near the creek. Unpacking our horses, I missed my hatchet, rubber and woolen blanket, and also a lash rope; the last one must have been loosened by the rapid gait I was going in the morning, allowing the other things to slip out, and in spite of the diamond hitch. Jim Nicholson, who followed me in the morning with his team, found the things, and left them at Willard's. We succeeded in killing two nice deer, only hunting mornings and evenings, the rest of the day we laid off or fished; the creek was full of speckled beauties. Still-hunting successfully this season of the year has many disadvantages, the deer feeding principally in the evening, during the night, or early morning, lying off during the day in some shady nook in the thick brush and heavy timber, through which you cannot go without making some noise, and they are ever on the alert, and will be off before you are aware of them.

Close to our camp was also camped an old trapper and squaw-man, having chosen a full-blooded Sioux belle as companion in his roaming and adventurous pursuits; their union had been blessed by four children, the youngest only a six months old pappoose. The man was intelligent and well informed, telling me his life's eventful history, how, as a child, he would accompany his father from St. Louis on his semi-annual fur trading expeditions until he became enchanted with the free and easy border life, heightened by the excitements and dangers connected with it. An old French voyageur and trapper taking a particular liking to him, filled his young mind with wonderful pictures, and persuaded him to run away from his father and go with the old Frenchman on his first trapping tour. In his life among the noble red men, whose customs he adopted, he became partly one of them. Lying around the bright camp-fire in the evening, I listened with deep interest to the relation of his nomadic wanderings, and heard him revive historical events and incidents, from the sad Custer catastrophe on the Little Big Horn to the rebellion of the half breeds under Louis Riel in the far northwest.

An amusing incident, over which we laughed a good deal, happened in this camp. In our outfit was a jackass, or donkey. The Indian woman and oldest boy, who had never seen one, were looking with wonder and astonishment on this freak of nature. Jack, who was of a rather thieving disposition around camp, was picketed, and being unable to follow the horses straying off, he began to bray. This sudden outburst of jack's unmusical voice, was too much for these children of the forest; frightened almost to death, they ran into their lodge, hiding themselves under the blankets, trembling and imagining no doubt this wonderful ass was nothing less than the angered bad spirit.

Wednesday we left our camp, and got down to Willard's by noon. Leaving one deer with them I started, stopping for supper at the cabin of the Hopkins boys, intending to leave some venison, but Billy who had a day before killed a monstrous buck, had all the meat they wanted. At sundown I got back to the old mine. The next few days nothing happened of any importance, I spent most my time in monkeying around the mine, preparing a handsome pair of deer antlers, and shooting grouse, or in rifle practice.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. McK. and myself were bright and early on our way to Willard's, bent on an excursion to the Trinity Lakes. We found this gentleman, with his grown daughter, Emma, and three of the smaller Willards, all waiting on their horses. Leaving our wagon here, in which we came from the mine, saddling and packing our horses with camping utensils, everything was set, Joe Willard as captain and scout taking the lead; and looking at the rather mixed crowd, he could not help pronouncing it a rather promiscuous outfit, a word he was very fond of, using it most indiscriminately. The best known trail to the lakes is by way of Rocky Bar, but Willard had cleared some kind of a rough trail through gulches and cañons, right opposite his ranch, by which we reached the lakes after four hours' hard and continuous climbing. They are located in a wild, magnificent mountain basin, 3,000ft. above the river. We pitched camp at the base of a very high peak, where snow on the north side lay still undisturbed, and near a cluster of small lakes abounding with trout, Mrs. McK. and Emma Willard superintending the grouse supper, while we tended to the horses, some cutting fir boughs for our beds, while I set the tent which the ladies and youngsters were to occupy.

Monday morning Willard and McK. went to explore the surrounding regions, and locate the large lake, while I took the rest of the outfit fishing to the lake near. Cutting poles on our way down, and fastening lines and flies I improvised fishing rods which they were as proud of as if owning the finest split bamboo. Soon I was wanted on all sides. Mrs. McK. needed a longer switch to string her fish on, while Emma Willard called for help (venturing out too far on a slippery log, she got stuck in the soft mud), the smaller fry calling to help them unloosen their lines, or applying for new flies. After two hours fishing we counted 108 victims, all good size trout, from 8 to 12in. in length. As this was more than needed we stopped, and cleaning our fish in a cold creek near camp, had them ready for supper. A while after our two scouts came back, loaded with the hides of two mountain goats which they had killed on their exploring tour, bringing also the news that the large lake was about four miles on the other side of the dividing ridge. Then we sat down to a delicious grouse and trout supper which all hands enjoyed.

The next morning we decided to take a trip to the large lake, McK. to take the menagerie, as he called the woman folks and children, while Willard and I would try to get a shot at the goats and meet them later at the large lake. We saw no game of any account. I could have killed a nice buck but we were not after deer and might frighten the wary goats. Climbing as noiselessly as possible the rough, bare and slate-rock proclivities, we came to a mountain basin, where they had killed the two goats the day before. It was a natural yard, the goats must have used this basin for many years, to judge from the deep trodden paths and leavings. Here undisturbed they fed on the rich and juicy moss and lichens, or drank out of the numerous ice-cold springs. We saw no goats in the basin; and after passing the basin we separated, I to follow a small mountain creek, while Willard would make a circuit, promising to meet me above.

Lying down to take a drink out of the creek, I heard above me a noise of falling loose stones, and looking sharp around, noticed, 200ft. above, on a shelf-like protruding rock, a goat motionless, looking down at me. Fearing to alarm the game, I only changed my prone position to reach my rifle, so securing an excellent rest. At the report of the rifle the goat made one leap in the air, and came tumbling down. It was a kid in search of its mother, which Willard had killed the previous day. I soon had it skinned; the hair was short, but white and soft, like fleece. When I got to my partner I found he had not heard my shot, nor seen any game, but had found the trail where they had been down for their morning nip and returned to the lofty mountains. We followed the fresh signs some distance, but seeing them turn in the opposite direction from our way to the lake, we had to give them up.

Having noticed so many mythical accounts of this rare spec men, *Aplocerus montanus*, and the hunting of it, especially that by Mr. Baillie-Grohman, in the December, 1884, number of the *Century* magazine, I advise any ambitious or would-be goat slayer to visit this region, and satisfy his heart's desires.

When we reached the lake we were pretty tired and were glad to get on our horses McK. had taken along for us; and it was near sundown when we all got back to our old camp. Next day Willard and I hunted down Trinity Creek. We saw several deer, also fresh bear sign, but in spite of all efforts we scored a blank. The following day was our last in camp, while Willard and McK. saddled and packed the horses, the rest of the outfit went for the last time to our trout pond to catch a mess of fish to take home. By noon we had all we wanted and bade adieu to our lovely camp. McK., as well as his wife, killed a number of grouse on our way back, and by 5 P. M. we were once more at Willard's ranch.

After supper Mr. and Mrs. McK. started back in their wagon, while I rode ahead to stop at the boys' cabin, leaving my tent and some camping truck with them. I heard the glad news that they had leased their claim on shares and were ready for our great hunting and trapping trip, so we concluded to start Saturday. Completing the necessary preparations for a rather long and extensive trip in the Sawtooth Mountain range, where we expected to find bear, deer, elk and mountain sheep, and along the Salmon River and its tributaries to do a little trapping, we started well equipped with three saddle and three pack horses.

Our first camp was on Willow Creek, which the reader will remember. Here we found an old acquaintance, our squaw-man, trapping for beaver, and intending to strike the same route we had mapped out for ourselves; but we succeeded in talking him into turning back and going to the Trinity Lakes, picturing that locality in glowing colors, the lakes and creek untrapped and full of different fur.

Sunday we kept on climbing our steep and rough trail and made only ten miles, and camped near the summit, remaining here two days, rearranging our packs and hunting a little. Tuesday we started again, went over the divide, descending through a cañon-like gulch, until we got down to the middle Boise, passing the almost deserted placer mining camp Uba, where a few Chinamen washed over the debris of former minings; and by noon reached the old and well-known mining town of Atlanta. The mines being no longer worked the town looked very dead indeed. We traveled seven miles further and camped near the river. In a drizzling rain we pulled out the next day and began to climb the Sawtooth Mountains; the trail is a very hard one for horses and increased as we went higher, but the scenery on a clear day must be grand and imposing. At the summit it was icy cold, and the low-hanging mist and fog clouds enveloped everything in an impenetrable vail.

These mountains are a noted resort of the goats. We noticed lots of fresh signs and well-marked runways, where they had been in the habit of coming down to drink; but we did not pay any attention to them. Our destination was the celebrated Redfish Lakes, and by sundown we camped close to the shore of the largest sheet of water. These lakes were a great resort and pleasure ground during the Sawtooth mining boom, but they are visited now only by the few surrounding mining camps, and being directly on the Rocky Bar and Atlanta trail are used as camping places for freighters and prospectors. They are located picturesquely in an irregular basin, and are surrounded by a range of mountains, whose lofty peaks linked along one after another, appear at a distance like huge colossal sawteeth. In these lakes we find the rare and singular redfish, a large beautiful fish from 2½ to 10lbs. in weight, a bright red in color with handsome greenish head; and flesh which is excellent eating. They will not be lured with any bait whatever, and are generally captured with a grabhook, speared, or shot on the riffles.

F B.

BEAR TRAPPING AGAIN.

SAGAMORE HILL, Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think that all men fond of large game shooting are under an obligation to Mr. Rogers for protesting against the unsportsmanlike practice of shooting bears in traps. Of course, where bears or cougars destroy stock it may be necessary to kill them by traps or spring guns as vermin, precisely as I poison wolves on my ranch; but as a form of legitimate hunting to shoot a bear in a trap ranks with the old time Adirondack practice of killing a deer in a lake while the guide held its tail so that it should not sink. It is especially to be regretted that men who are otherwise singularly good and keen sportsmen should indulge in such a proceeding; they probably do not realize that the inevitable effect is to convince all outsiders who do not know them personally that they get all of their bears, instead of some only, by trapping. Of course there are occasions when a trapped bear may be dangerous; exactly as I have known a buck in the water to upset a canoe. But that this is not ordinarily the case may be gathered from the fact that many professional trappers kill the bear with a revolver or axe instead of a rifle. Two of my own men caught a large number of black bears in steel traps, and invariably killed them either with a hatchet or diminutive pocket pistol; and a similar feat was performed with grizzlies in the Cœur d'Alenes, except that in this case the trapper used a heavy revolver.

Two or three of our New York and Brooklyn sportsmen have gained most unenviable reputations in the West by their so-called "bear hunts," on which they carry with them a number of huge, exceedingly heavy steel gins—very proper gear for a professional fur trapper, but entirely out of place as adjuncts to the rifle of a true hunter.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

FROM an advance copy of the annual report of Capt. Moses Harris, acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, to the Secretary of the Interior, we take the following paragraphs:

My last report was dated Oct. 4, 1886. The visiting season for tourists was at that time nearly over, all the hotels of the Park Association having closed for the season of 1886 by Oct. 15. A severe snowstorm, which began on the 10th of the month, lasting several days, served to hasten the departure of the summer visitors, and so seriously interfered with the operations of the parties engaged in road construction that work was suspended for the season and the parties withdrawn about the 20th.

Upon the cessation of tourist travel and the closing of the Park roads by deep snow, the detachments which had been stationed at the different geyser basins for their protection were withdrawn, and the services of the men made available for the important duty of affording protection to the large game which was being driven from the mountains by the early and unusually heavy snowfall. The professional hunters who surround the Park commenced their operations in good season, and great activity and vigilance by scouting parties were requisite to prevent them from operating within the borders of the Park. It is the practice of these hunters to locate camps on the tributaries of the Yellowstone River, just outside the limits of the Park on its northern and eastern borders, and thus to intercept the game when, driven out of the mountains by the deep snow, it seeks the lower valleys and the safety afforded by the Park. The boundary lines of the Park never having been officially surveyed or marked, there is a narrow strip of debatable ground on its border which encourages hunters to encroach upon its limits. All parties found near the borders of the Park were warned off, and were so well watched by scouting parties that it is believed little or no game was killed within the Park. Several arrests were made under circumstances which seemed to require investigation, but in no case was the evidence sufficient to warrant action. In one or two instances where the fact was established that the game had been killed outside of the Park and it was impracticable to get the meat to market without taking it through the Park, permission to do so was granted. This concession, however, gave rise to injurious reports, and the transportation through the Park of any portion of the carcasses of game animals will hereafter be discouraged by every legitimate method.

The open season, during which it is lawful to kill game in the Territories of Wyoming and Montana, terminating on Jan. 1, and the great depth of the snow also interfering with the transportation of meat through the mountains, the active operations of the hunters ceased and a period of comparative quiet and freedom from annoyance was experienced.

After the close of the tourist season the trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad on the branch line from Livingston to Cinnabar were run weekly until about Jan. 20 when, in consequence of severe gales and deep snows, they were discontinued, only resuming their weekly trips in the middle of March. Fortunately the stage line from Livingston to Mammoth Hot Springs was operated with skill and energy, the mail being regularly received every day in the week, except Sunday, the entire winter.

A party of travelers, under the leadership of Mr. Frederick Schwatka, of Arctic fame, arrived in the Park in the latter part of December for the purpose of seeing the Park in its winter aspect; but owing to the illness of Mr. Schwatka and the difficulties developed by the light and soft character of the snow, the expedition was only partially successful. Mr. E. Jay Haynes, however, the photographer of the party, with three companions, succeeded in surmounting all obstacles and made a complete tour of the Park, securing many fine views peculiar to its winter aspect. The difficulties of snowshoe travel in the Park are such, however, that it is not to be recommended as a winter diversion.

Although an unusually large quantity of snow fell throughout the elevated area of the Park, the quantity at the Mammoth Hot Springs was not excessive, nor could the winter, when the weather and temperature of the surrounding region is considered, be called a severe one, as may be seen by reference to the meteorological record, which is appended to the report.

During the month of April I had occasion to arrest and expel from the Park one William James, who was in the employ of the Yellowstone Park Association, for trapping beaver on the Gibbon River, near the Norris Hotel. My letter to the Department reporting this affair is appended to this report (marked B). The property found in the possession of James is still in my custody awaiting your instructions. Several other employes of the Park Association who were to some extent implicated in the unlawful acts of James were, at my request, discharged from the employ of the company and ceased to make their home in the Park.

BOUNDARIES OF THE PARK.

The following are the present boundaries of the Park as defined by law:

Commencing at the junction of Gardiner's River with the Yellowstone River and running east to the meridian passing ten miles to the eastward of the most eastern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence south along said meridian to the parrallel of latitude passing ten miles south of the most southern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence west along said parrallel to the meridian passing fifteen miles west of the most western point of Madison Lake; thence north along said meridian to the latitude of the junction of the Yellowstone and Gardiner's rivers; thence east to the place of beginning.

It has been proposed to rectify and change these boundaries as follows:

Beginning at a point on the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude where said parallel is intersected by the western boundary of the Territory of Wyoming; thence due east to its point of intersection with the meridian of 110° west longitude; thence due south five miles; thence due east to the meridian of 109° 30′ west longitude; thence due south along said meridian to the forty-fourth parallel of north latitude; thence due west along said parallel to its point of intersection with the west boundary of the Territory of Wyoming; thence due north along said boundary line to the place of beginning.

While there are some undoubted advantages to the Park in the proposed changes, there would be a very serious disadvantage in permitting a frontier town, with its saloons, gambling houses and disreputable resorts, to approach within two miles of this place, which is, and will of necessity continue to be, the headquarters of the Park and the principal resort of visitors.

The disorders of the neighboring town of Gardiner, five miles distant, which now overflow into the Park, are a constant and serious source of annoyance. Should the town approach to within the distance permitted by the proposed change of boundary and the present lawlessness with the unrestricted sale of liquor continue, it would be well nigh impossible by the present methods of government in the Park to preserve such a degree of order here as would make the place pleasant and desirable to visitors. The constant agitation of the subject of a change of the boundary lines of the Park has probably the effect of postponing the very different measure of an accurate survey of the present boundaries. I have embraced in my estimate of appropriations an amount sufficient to accomplish this purpose and cannot too strongly urge its importance. The present uncertainty is a constant invitation to lawless hunters and others to encroach upon the Park and adds greatly to the annoyance and labors of those charged with its protection.

THE PROTECTION OF THE PARK.

The Park has been protected during the past year by means of the employment of the military force under my command in the enforcement of the rules and regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior in accordance with law. The force at my disposal for this purpose has been one troop of cavalry, the maximum strength of which is three commissioned officers and sixty-four enlisted men, but by the casualties of service the ordinary strength of the command is much below this number. For the quartering and subsisting of this force the post of Camp Sheridan has been established at Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming.

A military post involves the maintenance of a sufficient garrison for the proper care and protection of buildings and supplies by military methods, which in this instance correspondingly reduces the number of men available for distribution through the Park.

Stations have been established within the Park and are occupied as follows: At Soda Butte during the whole year. At Norris Geyser Basin, the Grand Cañon, Lower Geyser Basin and Upper Geyser Basin from June 1 to Nov. 1. At Riverside, on the Madison River, from Aug. 1 to Nov. 1.

The men thus stationed made daily excursions in every direction from their several camps, and the protection thus afforded is supplemented by constant scouting operations, directed by an experienced scout and mountaineer acquainted with all of the trails, and indeed with every inch of ground within the Park. It is believed that the measures thus taken have been reasonably efficient in protecting the game of the Park, its various objects of wonder and beauty and its forests. I am, however, convinced that the force at my disposal is inadequate to the proper protection of the Park during the tourist season. If it should be increased by two additional scouts and by one company of infantry from June 1 to Oct. 15, it would probably be sufficient during the next year, but as travel to the Park increases and the game outside of its limits diminishes a much larger force will be necessary to give proper protection.

In my last report I alluded to the necessity which existed for an established form of government for the Park. That necessity still exists. It may be possible to give the Park sufficient protection by the employment of an adequate military force and a number of experienced scouts. But should this method be adopted it will be expedient to request such legislation as shall define the jurisdiction of the Territorial courts within the Park, so as to permit the same power which they now have with reference to other reservations, and the enactment of a stringent law for a protection of the game.

In connection with the subject of park protection I append to this report copy of an order issued for the guidance of the enlisted men of my command in the discharge of their duties (marked E), and for convenience of reference a copy of the rules and regulations of the Park (marked F).

THE GAME AND ITS PROTECTION.

I am gratified to be able to report that the rules for the protection of the game in the Park have been generally well observed and respected.

One or two isolated instances of unlawful killing have occurred, but immense herds of elk have passed the winter along the traveled road from Gardiner to Cook City with the same safety which herds of domestic range cattle enjoy in other localities. Several stacks of hay which had been placed along this road in anticipation of winter freighting, were appropriated and doubtless enjoyed by these animals. It is difficult to form any accurate estimate concerning the number of elk that passed the winter in the Park; certain it is that the number that wintered in the valley of Lamar River and on its tributaries have been estimated by all who saw them at several thousands. The elk are accustomed, when driven out of the mountains by the snows of winter, to follow down the course of the mountain streams into the lower valleys. For this reason but little efficient protection can be afforded to this species of large game in the Park except upon the Yellowstone River and its tributaries.

The elk which follow down the outward slopes of the mountains surrounding the Park along the tributaries of the Madison and the Gallatin on the west, or the Snake River on the south, pass beyond the Park limits before the hunting season permitted by the Territorial laws has closed, and fall an easy prey to the hunters who are in wait for them.

A small number of buffalo still remain in the Park, but after as careful and thorough an investigation as is practicable I am unable to state their numbers with any approach to accuracy. My impression is that they have been heretofore somewhat overestimated, and that at the present time they will not exceed 100 in number. They are divided into three separate herds. One of these ranges between Hell-Roaring and Slough creeks; in summer well up on these streams in the mountains, outside the Park limits, and in the winter lower down on small tributaries of the Yellowstone, within the Park. If the reports made several years ago can be relied on, this herd has rapidly diminished, and it is doubtful if it now exceeds some twenty or thirty in number. Whether or not this decrease has been due to illegal killing by hunters or to other causes I am unable to say, though I do not believe that many have been killed within the past two years. Another herd ranges on Specimen Mountain and the waters of Pelican Creek. The herd was seen by reliable parties several times last winter and was variously estimated at from forty to eighty. A traveler on the Cook City road claimed to have counted fifty-four near the base of Specimen Ridge. A scouting party which I sent out during the month of May found but twenty-seven head of this herd, with four young calves. It is possible that the herd at this time was broken up and that but one portion of it was found. The third herd ranges along the Continental Divide and is much scattered. A band of nine or ten from this herd was seen several times this spring in the vicinity of the Upper Geyser Basin. It will take close observation for several years to determine with any certainty the number of these animals, or whether or not they are diminishing in numbers. It is practically certain that none have been killed within the Park limits during the past two years, and yet there is an equal certainty that the present numbers do not approach those of past estimates.

Large numbers of antelope are found in the Park. A herd of some 200 passed the winter within a mile of the town of Gardiner, pasturing on the plain between the Yellowstone and Gardiner rivers, south of the town. They were unmolested, though it was found necessary to occasionally drive them back toward the hills, that they might not get beyond the Park limits.

The mountain sheep are found in all of the mountain ranges within the Park. A band of seven or eight spent a large portion of the winter in the cliffs along the traveled road between Mammoth Hot Springs and Gardiner, and they became so accustomed to the sight of travelers as to manifest but little more timidity or wildness than sheep of the domestic variety.

I have heard considerable anxiety expressed by those who profess interest in the Park lest the rule which protects equally all animals in the Park should work to the detriment of the game proper by causing an undue increase of the carnivora. But while it is true that there are some noxious animals that are not worthy of protection, chief among which is the skunk, or polecat, yet I am convinced that at the present time more injury would result to the game from the use of firearms or traps in the Park than from any ravages which may be feared from carnivorous animals.

SHOOTING NOTES.

HEAVY frosts in Canada and along the New England coast, started the woodcock moving, and a number of northern bred birds have resorted to the sidehill covers of Connecticut and New Jersey. The season for these birds opened in both these States on Saturday last. A farmer friend of mine, who resides near Wawayanda Lake, in Sussex county, N. J., tells me that for the last few days past he has started some eight or ten birds every evening when hunting for his cows in a swampy piece of ground near the lake; and that one of them "was all striped with white marks." It was probably an albino.

While albino woodcock are not every-day affairs, although I have seen at least a half a dozen, and shot two. One of these was killed near East Hampton, L. I., and the other in a vineyard on the mountains back of Bordighera, on the Cornice road, in Italy. Of course the latter was of the European variety. I have also seen two albino hens in the Iceland moss lands of northern Norway. There perhaps the most novel way of killing woodcock, of all the many methods, is resorted to. In the land of midnight sun, the birds nest and bring out their young in the Iceland moss. Dogs could have been used to flush the close-lying birds with advantage, but they were not available. The birds lie so hard that the sportsman might tramp through the thick under-cover for a long time but with poor success. He, however, hires two peasants whom he provides with a long rope. Each takes an end, and separating, they begin dragging the rope through the moss as they advance. The sportsman walks between them, just where the rope bags and shoots the birds which are flushed by the scraping of the rope. In this way the sportsman who dines at seven o'clock can go out and shoot until after midnight and kill from twenty to thirty brace of cock, and have as much light to shoot by as our hunters do at noon in the dense covers of our Yankee swamps.

There are now plenty of birds in the covers of Litchfield county, Conn., once the most famous fall woodcock grounds in America. Some forty years ago the grounds about Canaan, Salisbury and Mount Raggy were shot over exclusively by the late Colonel William DePeyster and the late Mr. William Aspinwall, both of this city. They were assisted in those days by Mr. Henry Lawson, of Halifax, N. S., who regularly made one of the party, and by Mr. Herman Bancroft, of Quaker Hill, Conn. The latter was a remarkable shot for those muzzleloading-small-bore-long-barrel days. These four gentlemen once on Oct. 8 shot 108 woodcock and some 40 odd partridges (ruffed grouse). Game was very abundant in those days in this section, grouse being especially so. In November, 1847, so I was told by Colonel De Peyster, Mr. Bancroft killed 382 partridges, his best bag being 39 in one day. To-day, these grounds are shot over by Mr. Chas. Barnum, of Lime Rock, and by his friend, Mr. Arthur Duane, of this city. It is also interesting to note that Mr. Barnum shoots over a pointer that is a descendant of the old Colonel De Peyster strain, which was the most famous breed of dogs in these parts some fifty years ago. Mr. Barnum got the parent or parents of this dog from Mr. Bancroft just prior to his death some seven or eight years ago.

On Saturday last, Oct. 1, duck shooting began on Long Island. William Foster, of Ponquogue, on Shinnecock Bay, tells me that there are a few wild broadbills, black ducks and teal at the head of the bay; just enough to tempt a city gunner to spend his money for an expensive outfit. Since the illegal netting of these ducks began (which the good folks who live near Shinnecock say is winked at by Grandfather Gamewarden Whittaker) the fowl shooting has been very slim on this once good killing water. In Connecticut the shooting season for quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock also began on Saturday. In Pennsylvania deer shooting.

I had a look the other day with my dogs over the Wawayanda Mountains, back of Vernon, for partridges, and knowing the lay of the land, managed to move a large number of birds. In fact, they are well distributed this year, and there is no better range than the mountain district from Greenwood Lake westward to Vernon Valley. The walking is hard, as the country is very rocky and rough, but there is game enough there to pay any one to go after it. Partridge shooting, however, does not begin in New Jersey, under the law, until Nov. 1, but the birds are now being shot as the game laws are a dead

letter in the northern part of the State, as far as grouse and woodcock are concerned.

I hear of several parties that have been to the Hackensack after the rail, but with poor success compared to the sport the rail shooters at the southern part of New Jersey have been enjoying. On the Maurice River the shooting has been good, and the abundance of rail in the Philadelphia markets last week shows some one has been having some fun with them.

From Canada I have several letters from shooting friends that the woodcock and snipe shooting to the west of Quebec has been very fair for some days past. The snipe are shot in the furrowed pasture lots and on the low flat lands, while the cock are found in the covers bordering the many in and lakes.

An old shooting companion who resides in southern Illinois writes me that there are plenty of quail this season in southern Missouri and Arkansas. A good shot with a trio of well-trained dogs can kill from thirty-five to sixty birds day in and day out. The big bags will be made immediately after heavy rains. Two dogs should be used and alternated with the fresh one left at home. The cool snap will hurry the mallards along, and when the West does begin to have rain, the protracted season of drought will be succeeded by some big flights of fowl. For those who like autumn mallard shooting, I would suggest the Illinois River above Liverpool for comfort and fair bags, and the ponds bordering the Wabash River for roughing it and sport. When an overflow occurs at this season there is no finer mallard shooting in the world than the locality I have mentioned.

Mr. Arthur L. Sewell went down to the meadows back of Mantoloking, N. J., on Sept. 20, and bagged six English snipe in two hours. Mr. Sewell is an ardent sportsman and one of the best all-round men with gun and rifle in America. He has had great experience in Canada, and is one of the finest caribou hunters in the Dominion. He is an admirable conversationalist, and camp life in his company is one of the pleasures to look forward to. I know of no one who can more graphically describe the winter pastimes of Canada more agreeably.

Charles F. Murphy, of Newark, famous as the inventor of the split-bamboo rod, is not happy. He has been out shooting twice recently, with poor success. He says that game has gotten so scarce in Essex county, on account of increasing the size of Newark, Orange, Bloomfield and other game destroyers, it is time for men to stop hunting and to sit down and cuss. He went the other day to where he had killed thirteen gray squirrels last year, and only saw one. Then he went English snipe shooting back of East Newark and saw two birds drop in. Just as he was going to do them up he saw a black duck coming along. The duck passed far out of shot over his head, but lowered over the base ball grounds, where an early gunner was standing on the home place, swiping his gun around and making phantom home runs in his mind. The duck came within 15ft. of the baseballist and was pulverized. Then the gunner spied out Mr. Murphy and went over and shot one of the snipe while the old veteran killed the other. Mr. Murphy says he never saw such a fool of a duck in all his life, and he will not go shooting there any more.

Up to the rain of last week Peter Langstaff and his son Henry, who are continually on the Newark and Elizabeth meadows, had only killed ten English snipe up to date this autumn. All the birds pitched inland this season.

On Sept. 30 a large migration of all kinds of birds passed down the New Jersey coast. Some friends who were on their steam yacht to see the "outside" Thistle and Volunteer race, said a number of big yellowlegs and a few grass plover could be heard away out to sea all day beating about in the fog.

The Big Piece at Pine Brook, N. J., has been too dry until the past rainstorm for birds, either woodcock or snipe. There is, however, some very fine ground between the Two bridges and Horseneck bridge in Norris county, along the north side of the Passaic River. It is four miles in length and is controlled by a company who send and receive cattle there to pasture. Until recently no objection was made to those who went there to shoot; but now no one is allowed to go hunting there. This change of affairs was caused by some gunners (said to hail from Paterson) who either shot the cattle because they chased their dogs, or did so accidentally, the stock not being seen in the brush. At all events the cows were badly peppered. Their owners sent for them and got them home to a place of safety, while the company who leases the land has forbidden all shooting in the future. Thus it is that every now and then something is coming up to prevent shooting in the Eastern States, and in the majority of cases the gunners have only themselves to blame.

THE WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.

AN ARKANSAS DEER DRIVE.

BEEBE, Ark., Sept. 18.—On Sept. 1 the season for deer killing begins in Arkansas, but owing to pressing business I was unable to participate in the opening hunt of the season. The day was hot and clear, but because of the long drouth the scent did not lie well, and as a consequence very few deer were killed, although from earliest daylight until dark the woods were filled with hunters; and all day long the air was filled with the music of running hounds and shouts of the drivers, the sharp report of the rifle or the louder boom of overcharged shotguns. So far I have heard of but two deer killed on the day of the opening hunt. In my last article I promised you an account of my first deer hunt. It was the drive of Sept. 15. There were four of us, Walt, Vall and Will Thandschey and myself, Walt and Vall carrying good double-barreled shotguns, Will and myself armed with rifles, all muzzle-loaders, and not high-priced ones either, but I think you will agree with me in saying that they proved as effective as the highest priced breechloading guns usually do in the hands of common hunters like myself and the boys who were with me on the 15th. We had three splendid deerhounds, Sailor, Buster and Bummer, perfect little beauties, and as true of scent and fleet of foot as ever struck a trail, and all thoroughly trained. I don't suppose that they would show to much advantage at a bench show, but as you will see they loomed up grandly on this occasion.

The day was all that could be asked, and before the sun rose above the horizon we were on our way to our day's sport. Will and myself took a stand at a regular crossing, while Vall and Walt followed the hounds. Will and myself were scarcely at our post at the crossing when we heard old Bummer open his mouth on a fresh track. Sailor and Buster soon took up the cry, and we stood and listened to the sound of the music of the running hounds coming closer and then receding as the deer doubled on his tracks. In a short time we heard the report of Vall's gun and the hounds suddenly became silent—sure sign of a dead deer. In about twenty minutes we again heard the hounds, this time closer than ever, and coming straight toward us. Nearer and nearer they come, and soon we hear the crashing of the brush as the deer plunges ahead straight to his death. Both rifles are cocked and held in readiness. I looked at Will and saw that he stood like a rock, not the slightest tremor visible in his frame; to judge from his appearance he was cool as a cucumber in January, while I must confess I felt slightly excited. The crashing of the brush grew louder every second, and at last the largest buck I ever saw broke cover within 50yds. of us, and stopped for a breathing spell. Like a flash our rifles came to our shoulders and the reports blended into one. The buck gave a convulsive bound, staggered a dozen paces and fell dead. Well, I will wager that there were two rifles loaded quicker than they had been for many a day; and striding forward we viewed our prize, just kicking his last, surrounded by the hounds. Vall and Walt came up, and we learned that Vall had shot and killed a large doe. Our buck had received both of the rifle balls in vital parts. We now had plenty of venison for our own use for several days, and I was in favor of going home; but after quite a spirited discussion we concluded to make another drive, as it was not later than 8 o'clock, in order to give Walt a chance for a shot, for he insisted that he could kill as many deer as any of us. We hung up our game, took a new stand and put the hounds at work. Deer tracks were plenty, and before an hour's time the dogs jumped a bunch of deer, a spike buck, a doe and two fawns.

We were all within 100yds. of each other when the dogs jumped the deer and took them past us at a 2,40 gait. Every gun in the crowd was emptied. The spike buck dropped in his tracks filled with buckshot. One fawn came down to Will's rifle, and the dogs pulled down the old doe 50yds. from the spot where I had shot her. The other fawn got away without a scratch. Walt now rode home for a wagon and soon came back. We loaded in our five deer and got home in time to eat venison steak for dinner.

I think that in the course of a month or two I shall have a wolf hunt to describe, as they are numerous in the forks and we are making arrangements to hunt them.

G. J. B.

CHAT WITH THE DOMINE.

AS I said before, not a day passes, as I drive through the village, that I don't catch sight of my old friend, The Domine was in his usual reflective mood when I stopped the other day, and asked, "What became of that fellow you called Birt?" "He fell out of a pear tree and died in consequence." "Was he the man that killed 52 birds in 51 shots?" "Yes." "Ever see him shoot?" "Oh yes, been out with him many a time in Connecticut." After another whiff or two, "Captain, do you believe that story?" "No, Domine, I do not, but I have made one rule, the results of long experience, I never contradict a man when he tells a story." "Spoils the story?" "Yes, and does the man no good. Why, here the other day I ran across an old whaleman, and he began to tell me how to catch whales in the Polar Sea, and about a man jumping into a whale boat and pulling a 26-foot oar. What, said I, 26ft.? 'Yes, sir, and you ought to have seen him pull.' I gave right up. When I asked the man to cut off about a foot from that oar I made him mad at once. See?" "Well, I believe you're right."

Knowing my old friend was a perfectly truthful man I said, "A good shot once told me he killed 22 woodcock straight, and that I am inclined to believe. Dan, you know, is a grand shot, few better; well, he killed 10 straight out of 12. I think the Governor got 12 out of 13, now what's your best; I heard 26. Is that so?" "Yes! round the Delamater Pond." "And you practiced a base deception on the Governor, didn't you?" "Ah me, Captain, that was long ago, and birds were very plenty," said the Domine, laughing quietly to himself in enjoyment of his joke, "you see the Governor had Buff and was up on a holiday, and nothing would do but he and I must go hunting. I had old black Ned, father to the celebrated dog I sold Mr. C., you know. I lived out at Union Corner and had my shop down by the cross road, south end of the pond, and I arranged with the Governor to come out, and we would go round the pond. After dinner we started. 'Now,' says I, 'I will tell you how we will get to the best of the birds. You go up on the east side of the pond, and I'll cross over on the dam and take up the west side, through the brush. When the birds get up they'll be sure to come over your way, and you can nail them as they come across.' My plan seemed natural enough, and away we went, I crossed over by the dam, and your brother went up on the east side."

"I know all that, but Domine, you laid a regular trap for him; he couldn't cross anyhow until he got up to the next bridge and you had all the best ground to yourself, you old scamp. How were the birds to cross over with one of the best shots in the country and one of the best dogs behind them?"

"Now, Captain, I'll tell you all about it. I got in and got to work. My gracious! talk about your birds, the woods were alive with them. Whang! bang! whang! load and fire, until my gun got so hot I could't hold it. Didn't a great many get over to the Governor? Not many! So by and by I heard a clattering across the bridge, and the first thing you know the Governor came running along mad enough to eat snakes. 'You thundering old humbug,' says he, 'served me right; I might have known better; birds cross over and you right behind them;' and curiously enough," added the old man, looking me in the eye with an expression of countenance that would have done honor to Jingle of Pickwick, "there wasn't one of them birds flew across, not one. 'How many have you got?' says he. 'Twenty-six,' says I, 'and the twenty-seventh fell out there by the pond; I think he's dead, but old Ned can't find him. However,' I says, 'Governor, there's more in here yet, go in and get them.' And he did, all he wanted—staving good shot," added the old man. "It was the best day's shooting I ever did."

The old hunter sighed, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and for a few minutes I smoked on in silence. His thoughts were far away. Memory was busy recalling from the long buried past, old faces, old scenes, hunts in the days when young and strong and lusty as an eagle, no day was too long for him; and now he must have felt as did old Pathfinder, the game all disappeared, the country all cleared up, and only one or two left who could in any way recall to him the days of his youth. I could well understand how he delighted to talk over with me the old time shoots and fight his battles over again.

"You got a little ahead of my brother," said I, "as I did with you in the Widow's Ash Swamp once. Do you mind the time, old man, I went in there and lost my shot pouch and went back and found it when least expected?"

"Well, Captain, I can tell you a singular circumstance that happened in that swamp. Lou Pritchard was out with me that day. He was down there by the old stone wall, and his dog was standing on a bird right between us, so was mine. I called out to him to look out, for the dogs were facing us. The bird got up and went right toward me and I struck at it with my gun. The bird turned and flew straight for Lou, and he poked at him with his gun. 'Hold on,' I cried, 'don't shoot, you'll hit me;' and he struck the bird and killed him dead on the spot, and it was an October bird, too."

As I clambered up into my cart and Old Blackey was about to walk off, I said: "Domine, you've killed some large birds."

"Oh, yes! Do you mind that one I showed you, I brought over from the Housatonic?"

"Yes! Most as large as a crow."

"Nearly. Well my friend in Po'keepsie has a stuffed woodcock, which he killed near the Po'keepsie Eastern Railroad track. The bird when shot fell on the track, and the flagman had to run back and signal the train to stop." "G'lang," and I waved my hand and drove off.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

GAME NOTES.

NARCOOSSEE, Fla., Sept. 26.—Snipe are beginning to return to our Florida marshes, and if they become as plentiful as in former seasons we shall have excellent sport. A few ducks also have been seen, and the other evening I heard the well known whir, as a flight passed over my head; but we cannot expect many till the cold weather sets in north. In the meanwhile we must content ourselves with the quail or an occasional shot at a cottontail as he skips through the palmettos.—GENERAL.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 1.—The ruffed grouse shooting is very satisfactory in this quarter of the State this season. Woodcock are not very abundant, but some good bags have been secured. A few gray plover have been shot, and ducks are just coming in.—R.

OAKDALE, Long Island, Sept. 30.—The prospect for shooting on the Island this fall is very good, there being more quail than I have known before, and I have been shooting for the last twenty-one years. Every year brings more protection for the birds. Clubs are constantly forming; three-fourths of the land is posted, and the time is not far distant when Long Island will be one vast game preserve.—A. A. F.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., Sept. 26.—Quail shooting promises to be better this season than for several years. I regret that the crew of the Coot, an account of whose visitation to our little town appeared in a back number of FOREST AND STREAM, fell in with such a poor class of our citizens, and I think it rather unjust that he should form an opinion of us from the plebian few he met in a barroom. Let him come again and meet a better class and his bad impressions will remain no longer than a morning's mist.—M. R. G.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 3.—The ruffed grouse season opened here last Saturday, and though it was a bad, wet day, many shooters were out, and large numbers of birds (seen) were reported. Some fair bags were made. The cover is heavy yet, though the leaves are beginning to fall. It is generally complained that on grounds not posted the grouse broods have been broken up by woodcock shooters, the woodcock season having opened Aug. 1. On the other hand, on grounds that are protected the broods are unusually fine. The woodcock season has been a fair one. The grounds have been so wet that the birds were scattered. No large bags have been reported. The crop of shooters is a full one.—DAVY LEATHERSTOCKING.

LEXINGTON, Va., Oct. 1.—The open season for deer commenced in this State on Aug. 15, and soon thereafter a party was organized, which proceeded to a point some twenty miles from here, where deer are sufficiently abundant, but where the country is rough and stands are difficult of access. In this country we always "drive," as the topography of the country is such that still-hunting can be prosecuted successfully by the mountaineers alone. The hunt was fairly successful, three deer being killed. One of them was a complete loss, as the gentleman who shot took it for granted that he had missed and did not leave his stand to investigate. The carcass was found some days afterward within 50yds. of the stand, spoiled and much torn by dogs. Prospect for birds, quail and grouse good, for the former excellent. I hope to be able to report some good bags.—T. M. S.

GARYSBURG, N. C., Sept. 25.—This place is a beautiful village at the junction of the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard & Roanoke railroads, sixty miles south of Petersburg, Va., seventy-two southwest of Norfolk, and two miles north of Weldon, N. C., on the Roanoke River. My friend, W. T. Kee, the proprietor of the hotel, is an expert hunter and well acquainted with the haunts of game. He has the control of over forty thousand acres of land abounding in many kinds of game, and he is fully prepared to furnish first-class accommodations to sportsmen and their families. This season we have in abundance deer, quail, woodcock, wild turkey, squirrels, sora, ducks and geese. In addition to this, rare sport can be had catching black bass and pike in the many ponds within the radius of a few miles. Our people will give our Northern brothers a cordial welcome to our mild and salubrious county.—J. H. P. L.

HORDES OF HAWKS.—Easton, Md., Sept. 28.—The recent invasion of hawks in Bay Hundred, Talbot county, causes much comment and not a little speculation as to the cause of the flight of the birds from some other region. Mr. Frank G. Wrightson, of Bay Hundred, a very conservative man, says: "I don't like to say it, but I honestly believe there were not only thousands, but a million and perhaps millions of these birds, flying in flocks northward up the eastern shore of the Chesapeake on Friday and Saturday." Mr. Wrightson remembers another but a much smaller flight of hawks, over the same section some twenty years ago. These hawks were somewhat smaller in body than the big hen-hawk that lives and thrives in this country, but the head, plumage and talons were like those of our native hawks. In their flight northward they met about the mouth of the Choptank River a strong north wind, which drove them shoreward. They did not come far into the interior, but hovered about the headlands and shores of the bay and the broad estuaries, and seemed to be ravenous for food. Forty hours covered the period of their visit from the coming of the advance guard to the leaving of the stragglers, and on Sunday not a hawk could be seen. Had the people been prepared for this incursion they could have killed in the various neighborhoods where the birds came afield at least 10,000 hawks. As it is, the number slain will not exceed 2,000, which, at the bounty of 50 cents per head, will take $1,000 in cash from the county treasury and distribute it among a large number of hawk hunters. Mr. Levin H. North, a constable in Tilghman's Island, did the biggest day's work reported thus far. In a few hours he killed 88 hawks, and got his $44 bounty for their heads from the county commissioners to-day. Mr. William F. May, a merchant, of Tilghman's Island, says he missed his opportunity in not having in store a supply of gunpowder. He sold out early in the day his limited stock at regular prices, and could have sold ten times the quantity at "corner" prices. Some people paid as high as twenty-five cents for a charge of powder to shoot a fifty-cent hawk. If the whole million of hawks had been killed the bounty payments would have seriously embarrassed the county. A movement will be made at the next session of the General Assembly to repeal or reduce the hawk's head bounty.—*Baltimore Sun, Sept. 29.*

WILD RICE.—In reply to the inquiries by Mr. H. Holgate, of the Northern and Northwestern Railways, in these columns, Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, of Rice Lake, Ont., writes: "The best time to sow the rice is late in the fall, just before the water freezes up. Sow in water from 6in. to 6ft. deep, in soft mud bottom, low marshy places, in drowned lands where the mud is covered with water the year round. If in lakes, in bays, if in river out of current as much as possible. There is a large river running into this lake called the Otonobee River, and there is a great deal of drowned land with mud bottom. The rice grows all along the river. The drowned land is full as it can stand on both sides of the river for ten or fifteen miles. Put the rice in coarse linen bags, sink it in the water and let it soak for three or four hours before sowing. Sow from a boat. It will sink to the bottom at once. I have experimented with the rice in several ponds. There is a pond about two miles below Port Hope, 300yds. in length and about 100yds. in width, with mud bottom. Three years ago I sowed a few bushels. It came up and seeded the next year. I sowed some more. It was put in on Nov. 20 each year. I passed the pond yesterday; it is an immense bed of rice, standing about four feet above the water and is full of seed. Lots of ducks are there. I sowed in all about twenty-five bushels."

PILLSBURY, MINN.—Several bears have been killed in town this fall; one of them weighed, after being dressed, 362lbs. Several more have been seen, three in one day, within gunshot of the village post-office. Ruffed grouse are very plenty and a wholesale slaughter has already commenced. The nut crop is abundant and consequently the gray and black squirrels are too numerous to mention. As yet comparatively few ducks are seen, owing perhaps to the exceptionally warm, dry weather. A cold northwest storm will doubtless bring them along. To my great disappointment business and sickness deprived me of the anticipated pleasure of joining Charles Hallock and friends in their fall hunt in the Roseau county.—J. F. LOCKE.

THE HORNELL GUN AND GAME CLUB, of Hornellsville, N. Y., are doing good work and will soon be a terror to violators of the game laws. Floyd Nicholson shot five black and gray squirrels June 28, 1886; the club had him arrested, but he appealed to the higher court; before Judge Rumsey he was fined $125, costs $138, total $263. At $52.60 apiece squirrels are dear, and they could not have been good eating at that season of the year. This same Nicholson is a notorious violator of the game laws; he paid $27.70 last fall for shooting a rabbit Oct. 26, but he said the gun club and the law could go to perdition. E. Morrisey and Parsons also paid $27.70 for illegal fishing.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

PENNSYLVANIA LAW.

THE following provision of the Pennsylvania law relating to game are taken from the pamphlet compendium prepared and published by the secretary of the Commonwealth:

DEER AND ELK.—No person shall kill or pursue in any part of this State any elk or wild deer, save only from the first day of October in any year to the fifteenth day of December next following, and no person shall have in his or her possession, or offer for sale or transport any elk, wild deer, antelope, or fresh venison, save only from the first day of October in any year to the thirtieth day of November next following. No person shall, at any time, kill any fawn when in its spotted coat, or have the fresh skin of any such fawn in his or her possession. No person shall pursue any elk or wild deer with dogs in any part of this State, or shall kill in the water any elk or wild deer or fawn which has been driven thereto by dogs; any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a penalty of $50 for each elk, wild deer, or fawn so killed, pursued or trapped, or fresh elk, wild deer, antelope, fawn skin had in his or her possession, and may be proceeded against in any county of the State wherein he may be arrested, having the same in his possession. And provided also, that any dogs pursuing elk or wild deer or fawn may be killed by any person, and constable or other town official may kill any dog that habitually pursue elk, wild deer or fawns, and the owners of such dogs shall be liable to a penalty of $10 for each elk, wild deer, or fawn killed by such dog. (June 27, 1883.)

WILD TURKEY.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any wild turkey, between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October following in any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession. (June 3, 1878.)

WOODCOCK.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock, between the first day of January and the fourth day of July of any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession. (June 3, 1878.)

RUFFED AND PINNATED GROUSE.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between the first day of January and the first day of October in any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession; and it shall not be lawful to hunt pheasant or pinnated grouse during the night time in any manner whatever, under a penalty of ten dollars for each offense. (June 3, 1878.)

QUAIL.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any quail or Virginia partridge, between the fifteenth day of December in any year and the fifteenth day of October next following, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession. (May 23, 1887.)

HARE, RABBIT.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his possession after the same has been killed, any hare, commonly called rabbit, between the first day of January and the first day in November in any year, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every hare or rabbit so killed or exposed for sale or had in his possession. No person shall hunt or cause or permit the hunting of hares or rabbits with a ferret or ferrets, under a penalty of ten dollars for each and every hare and rabbit caught or killed by means of a ferret or ferrets. (June 10, 1881.)

SQUIRREL.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been, killed any gray, black or fox squirrel, between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every squirrel so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession. (June 3, 1878.)

WILDFOWL.—It shall be lawful to hunt, shoot, kill or destroy any web-footed wildfowl only from the first day of September to the first day of May in each year. It shall be unlawful to chase, hunt, shoot, kill or destroy any web-footed wildfowl upon or with any craft or boat propelled by steam or sails, and any person or persons using any said craft or boat for said purpose, or the captain, owner or other person in charge of any such craft or boat who shall allow the same to be used while he or they are on board, shall be liable to the penalties herein imposed [$25]. No person shall at any time kill any wild duck or goose with any device or instrument known as a swivel or punt gun, or with any gun other than such guns as habitually are raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder, or shall use any net, device, instrument or gun, other than such gun as aforesaid, with intent to capture or kill any such wild duck or goose under a penalty of ten dollars. (Acts of June 3, 1878; May 17, 1883, and April 16, 1885.)

PLOVER.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any upland or grass plover between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of July in any one year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in his possession. (June 3, 1878.)

RAIL AND REED BIRD.—No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any rail bird or reed bird, except in the months of September, October and November, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every rail or reed bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession. (June 3, 1878.)

WILD PIGEON.—No person shall kill or take any wild pigeon or squab while on its nesting or roosting ground, or break up or in any manner disturb such nesting or roosting ground, or the birds thereon, or kill or catch with gun, net, or trap, or otherwise take or destroy any such pigeon or pigeons, within one mile of any nesting or roosting ground, or discharge any fire-arms within one mile of any nesting or roosting ground, under a penalty of fifty dollars. Provided, that no person except citizens of this commonwealth shall trap or catch wild pigeons with nets in any of the counties of this commonwealth, unless he shall first have taken out a license from the county treasurer of the county in which said pigeons are found, for which license he shall pay the sum of fifty dollars for the use of said county, under a penalty of one hundred dollars. (June 10, 1881.)

TRAPPING.—No person shall at any time or place within this State kill or take any wild turkey or ruffed grouse commonly called pheasant, or quail or Virginia partridge, or woodcock, or rail or reed bird, any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, with any net, trap, snare or torch-light, nor any such trap, snare or torch-light, for the purpose of taking or killing any of said birds, nor shall any person sell or expose for sale any of the said birds after the same shall have been so taken or killed, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird; and it shall be lawful for any person to take and destroy any such nets, traps or snares, whenever found set. Provided, that nothing in this section shall be so construed as to prevent individuals or associations for protection, preservation or propagation of game, from gathering alive by nets or traps, with the written consent of the owner of the land, quails or Virginia partridges, from the 20th day of December in any year to the 1st day of February next following, for the sole purpose of preserving them alive over the winter. (June 3, 1878.)

SUNDAY.—There shall be no hunting or shooting or fishing on the first day of the week called Sunday, and any person offending against the provisions of this section shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars. (June 3, 1878.)

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.—Any person may sell or have in his or her possession any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, and quail or Virginia partridge, and woodcock, for a period of fifteen (15) days after the time limited for killing the same has expired, and shall not be liable to a penalty under this act.

POSSESSION PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE.—In all cases of arrests made for the violation of each or any of the foregoing sections of this act, the possession of the game, fishes, birds, animals, fowls, nets or other devices provided for or so mentioned, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of said act. Provided, that nothing in this act will prevent any person from killing any wild animal or bird when found destroying grain, fruit or vegetables on his or her premises.

THE "UTE WAR."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—The Secretary of the Interior has received, through the War Department, a report from Brig.-Gen. George Crook, Commanding Department of the Platte, on the recent Ute Indian troubles in Garfield county, Colorado.

The report shows that the trouble arose from attempts made by Colorado officials to serve warrants on certain Ute Indians for the alleged stealing of horses and for violations of the State game laws. It is the custom of certain men living in Garfield county to buy horses of the Indians and then regain possession of the money by playing "monte," or some other gambling game. The horses alleged to have been stolen were either bought from the Indians or won in this way. While stoutly protesting their innocence of the theft, the Indians gave the parties two other horses in lieu of those which they had been obliged to surrender to the alleged rightful owners. Warrants were issued for the arrest of two of the Indians for horse stealing, and for twelve others for violations of the game laws. Of this last offense the Indians were undoubtedly guilty. Game Warden Burgett, to whom the warrants were issued, with a posse of seventeen men, went to the Ute camp on the north fork of White River, and without attempting to explain his object, suddenly seized several of the Indians, who broke away and ran for the cover of the brush. The posse fired, wounding three of the Indians. The posse then retired and united forces with Sheriff Kendall, who held warrants for the arrest of the two Indians for horse stealing. Hearing of an Indian camp on Coal Creek, Kendall sent a party to it. On approaching the camp the squaws and children who occupied it hurriedly left, leaving their tepees and a large quantity of buckskins, all of which the posse burned.

A few days later Colorow sent an urgent message to two prominent citizens of Meeker in whom he had confidence, asking them to come to Coal Creek. These gentlemen went to Colorow's camp, and found the Indians greatly alarmed by these attacks, and asked what it meant and why they were made. Colorow did not consent to give up the Indians against whom the warrants were issued, but said that he would leave the country as soon as possible. He required fifteen days for this purpose, as he had to gather in his herds of horses and sheep, and drive them to the reservation, which was over one hundred miles distant. He would be obliged to travel slowly on account of herds and his wounded. About Aug. 17 Kendall returned to Meeker and reinforced his posse to about fifty men, and again started out, disregarding the assurances that had been given Colorow that he would be allowed the fifteen days in which to reach the reservation. The Sheriff expressed the opinion that Colorow only wanted time in which to gather reinforcements.

On the 22d a force of Colorado militia arrived at Meeker with orders to assist Sheriff Kendall in the execution of his processes. On the same day the Sheriff requested the commanding officer at Meeker to send a hundred men down the White River to the Blue Mountains for the purpose of intercepting the Indians, who were en route to their reservation. The troops were dispatched as requested, and were joined on the 24th by Kendall and his posse, now numbering about eighty men. On this date an interview was had with a son of Colorow, in which it was agreed that matters should remain as they were until the "Big White Chief" should arrive. By this agreement the Indians understood that they would be allowed to continue their march unmolested to their reservation. During a heavy storm of rain and hail which came on during the night, the Indians moved down the river about twenty-five miles to a point, as they believed, on the Uncompahgre Reservation, and went into camp, turning out their ponies to graze on the neighboring hills. The whites started in pursuit and struck the Indian camp as they were preparing breakfast. They had believed themselves perfectly secure; no sentinel or runners were on the watch, and the whites attained a position on the bluffs without alarming the Indians.

Kendall's party at once opened fire. The surprise was complete. The Indians returned the fire from the brush, to which they had retreated, for about three and a half hours, thus covering the removal of their wounded and the women and children. Later in the day they fell back, and the whites soon after withdrew to Rangeley, eight or ten miles distant. In this affair the whites lost in killed a lieutenant of militia and a deputy sheriff. Another man who attempted to run off a small band of Indian ponies was shot and killed soon after the fight. Several others were wounded. The Indians lost one small boy killed; one buck and one squaw were wounded. The whites numbered 180 men; the Indians not more than twenty-five fighting men. The whites justify their attack on the grounds that the Indians broke faith with them in leaving their camp.

The Indians were finally induced by Lieut. Burnett, who had arrived on the scene accompanied by about 150 superbly armed and mounted warriors from the Ouray Agency, and who became wildly excited when they heard of the threatened invasion of their territory and urged him to go with them to learn the cause of the trouble, to go to the agency, although loth to do so without a large part of their stock, which had been seized. When the troubles began they had between 300 and 400 horses and about 2,500 head of sheep and goats. Of the horses, seventy-four were taken by the State to mount their troops. Many more were taken by Kendall and his posse. From the outset, with but one slight interruption, the Indians were pursued incessantly, and in every case the whites were the aggressors and fired first. Colorow has no desire to fight, and made use of his weapons in self-defense only—for the protection of his women and children and his herds.

During the whole time, including the fight of Aug. 25, five Indians died of wounds—one buck, two boys and two small girls. Seven others were wounded, one perhaps fatally. It was extremely fortunate that Lieut. Burnett arrived upon the scene of action as he did, as there can be no doubt that his presence saved the lives of Kendall's entire party and prevented a serious outbreak. There is no question that the warrants could have been served without difficulty had their service been properly undertaken. Up to Sept. 15, of all the stock lost by the Indians 125 horses have been returned to them. This number includes the seventy-five taken for the use of the State. The report concludes by calling attention to the highly meritorious conduct of Lieut. Burnett.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE BIG TROUT OF THE UPPER DAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 28 there appeared an editorial headed "They Jigged Them," which unjustly reflects upon the good names of Mark Hollingsworth, a prosperous and honored citizen of Boston, and myself. It is founded upon a clipping from the Boston *Herald*, which, in turn, is based upon the statements of its Maine correspondent; so, it is a long arm that reaches the real author of the libel.

The gist of the charge is that we were guilty of taking fish at the Upper Dam in a manner prohibited by law, and disgraceful to a sportsman; that we were arrested by the fish warden, taken before a justice, and fined. I pronounce the charge absolutely false. We were not arrested; did not go before a magistrate, and were not fined; and, above all, we were not guilty of "jigging;" and in this I am corroborated by the following statement, signed by some of the reputable gentlemen who were at the Upper Dam:

We, the undersigned, were present with Messrs. T. B. Stewart, of New York, and Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, at the Upper Dam, and saw them catch the trout alluded to in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 28, 1887, and we certify on our personal knowledge that these fish were taken in a legitimate manner, and that no fish were taken in any other way.

(Signed) JNO. R. RAMSEY, Hackensack, N. J.
H. C. ANTHONY, Allendale, N. J.
G. L. COBB, Woburn, Mass.

The above, so far as it relates to Mr. Stewart, is signed by the following, the first two certifying to the trout exhibited in Appleton & Litchfield's window in Boston.

(Signed) SIMEON ADAMS, Waltham, Mass.
JNO. S. DOWDELL, Waltham, Mass.
J. C. BILLINGS, Bethel, Me.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Oct. 3, 1887.—We, the undersigned, were at Upper Dam Camp, Maine, with T. B. Stewart, of New York, and Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, from Sept. 19 to 24, inclusive, and while there saw them constantly catching trout in the usual and perfectly legitimate manner. We have no knowledge of their taking trout in the manner alluded to in the FOREST AND STREAM'S issue of Sept. 28, 1887. (Signed) D. B. HEMPSTED.
F. H. CHAPPELL.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Oct. 4, 1887.—This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was present with Messrs. T. B. Stewart, of New York, and Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, at the Upper Dam at the time alluded to in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 28, and saw their fishing tackle, and in no instance did I ever see but one hook used, nor did I during my stay see a single trout jigged.
(Signed) F. A. WHITNEY.

I never saw a "jigger," and never called in the "silent doctor," but from your description I infer it can only be useful in quiet waters and shallow streams; our fishing ground was the rapid and turbulent waters of the dam.

In order that those of your readers who seek the Upper Dam and its excellent fishing for genuine sport may profit by our experience, let me give you the facts.

The dam has recently been raised some 8ft., thereby backing the waters of the lake, so as practically to destroy the fishing in the upper lake, and above the dam. This has drawn to our locality all the real sportsmen, leaving only those who seek the solitude of the forest for other purposes than fishing to fan the flames of discontent and jealousy.

Rumors of illegal fishing, of false claims to skill, and of coming efforts to prohibit all fishing at the dam, were flying about our ears, and we were not surprised when the warden put in an appearance. But we were taken back when he accused us of "jigging."

Of the nine or ten fish in our possession three were scarred with the hook, and on this simple fact the warden claimed that we were liable to prosecution under the law of that State. Of course, every fisherman knows, and as we stated to the warden, you are liable to bring up a scarred fish, scarred by other fishermen and lost, an every day and common occurrence.

The warden was obdurate, but suggested that twenty-five dollars be deposited with him. I refused until advised to do so by a gentleman present, of larger experience with fish wardens. My adviser suggested that we

would have to travel twenty to forty miles to reach a place where we, strangers, would be unable to give bonds. So we deposited with the warden, but under protest, twenty-five dollars, on condition that he would go with us, at our expense, to the nearest magistrate and enter a complaint against us. I gave him the money and he gave me the following receipt:

UPPER DAM CAMP, Sept. 20, 1887.

Received 25 dollars of T. B. Stewart for violation of fishing. Received as a safety until he goes (Stuart goes) before a magistrate and plead[s] guilty.—GEORGE D. HUNTOON.

Whoever the magistrate may be, please send to me and the part belonging to you will be sent.—GEO. D. HUNTOON, Warden, Rangeley.

We then went to Andover, where the warden consulted with the justice; what advice was given him we do not know; at all events, though we strenuously insisted on being arrested, he refused to arrest us and refused to return to me the money. He still has it and I have his receipt, which I intend to handsomely frame and hang in my store as a picture of "A Fisherman's Luck."

Out of these simple facts the tale hangs.

As an old fisherman who loves the sport, the charge that I have been guilty of taking fish from their spawning beds to hang in show windows of the city, as evidence of superior skill, makes me restive.

Who the originators of the slander are, whether prompted thereto by ignorance or inspired by malice, I do not know, but I shall bait my hook to bring the slimy eels to the surface.

I have fished at the Upper Dam and vicinity for many years; its sport is dear to me. Rather than have it prohibited by law, I now offer to give bonds to the State of Maine to bear the expense of maintaining at that place for the next five years, during the month of September, a fish warden of intelligence and honesty; and I trust such of your readers as appreciate the wonderful advantages of the place, and wish to preserve, for legitimate sport, the finest trout fishing ground yet discovered in America, will aid the efforts of yours truly,

T. B. STEWART.

A STORY OF HORNED POUTS.—I.

DURING the late heated term a select party were comfortably seated in camp chatting, as many a like party have often been before, each telling of his many exploits with rod and gun during past seasons, and all regretting that those precious moments could never return; each vieing to make the present as pleasurable as possible while mapping out the coming week's sport, and each in rotation giving a part of his experience of sporting events, peculiar surroundings and miraculous incidents. All of these were embellished in true woodcraft style, provoking floods of merriment, greatly relieving the oppression of a high temperature and bringing out the sparkling wit of the ingenious narrator, and phraseology peculiar to such democratic gatherings. The evening was passing rapidly away when it was proposed that brother W. should contribute something in this line, and it was demanded much against the protest of our quiet friend from Connecticut. At length he agreed to give us the benefit of his experience at seine fishing for suckers and horned pouts, as bullheads were christened in the land of his birth; they are known only by this name among the oldest residents there. Brother W. was born and for years resided within a few miles of the "Wolf's Den," made famous by the youthful Putnam:

I know it was wicked, he began, to take advantage of fish with a great long seine. I have lived to learn this while associating with you gentlemen—knights of 4 and 5oz. split bamboo rods—but you understand, gentlemen, how willing a boy is to catch a fish as best he can, and I was only a boy then. The art of fly-casting was to me unknown; the nearest approach to it within my reach was the employment of a small sapling, a piece of stout cord, a penny fish hook, and a pocket full of grubs or ground worms for bait. This to me was the *ne plus ultra* of an outfit with which to put in a few hours of solid enjoyment.

Uncle Bill T. of our town was a character, and a real live one. His avoirdupois was, to make a rough guess, about 285lbs. He was short in stature, with a stomach that forbade anything like inspection of his legs by himself, except possibly in a sitting position, when by careful maneuver it was barely possible for him to behold both feet at once if brought well to the front, his legs at an angle of about forty-five degrees with his body. Uncle Bill was a whole-souled, kind-hearted man, liked by every boy for miles around. It afforded him great pleasure to see the town boys enjoy themselves, and many were the good meals of pouts, cooked and served to us lads by Uncle Bill at his own house, and many were the parties organized and conducted for us boys to have a day's fishing by Uncle Bill, to wind up with a feast at his own hospitable board.

It was one of these "spells" of his best nature that influenced him on a bright June day, twenty odd years ago, to harness his horses and hitch to his long wagon, already provided with several boards for seats, and then, with his seine loaded in, to come down the town's principal street, picking up the boys and stowing them away in his wagon, just as he found them; some in their shirt sleeves—having no coat with them—some bare-footed—having no boots—but all brimful of anticipation of a good time. Among these it happened to be my good luck to be numbered. "Now, boys, we will have a good frolic," said Uncle Bill, as he loaded in a fresh recruit; "we will drive to the pond at A. and get fish enough for the whole town, and when we get home we will have such a fry as you and I never had before, and such lots of fun as we will have"—his tongue running at a speed not less than that of the team, until we had covered several miles and the little village of A. was plainly in sight. A few moments more and we were there. The seine was out; and Uncle Bill, divested of his outer apparel, arrayed himself in a pair of overalls of prodigious proportions, much resembling late cuts I have seen of the *World's* balloon. As a matter of course the idle villagers were out, and we were the center of considerable attraction, we boys with pants rolled as high as human ingenuity could raise them, and Uncle Bill with boots off treading around with feet as large as flounders.

The pond lay at our feet, and being a little low, the dam showed well above the water, with the red muddy banks of the pond defining clearly the boundaries of the water, and showing the best favored places for drawing the seine ashore. After a little reconnoiter by our party a site was selected about 60yds. above the dam—the dam being about 50 or 60yds. long, and the pond in front of us to the point opposite about 40yds. wide; and at this point commences the exciting chapter of the day—and here with our wagon for a background stood our brave little band under command of Uncle Bill awaiting orders. At length, all things ready, another boy and myself were detailed to hold the shore end of the ropes; while another detail were to throw stones into the water above at the given signal from Uncle Bill. The moment came and the order "all ready" passed, Uncle Bill with arms full of seine and ropes over his shoulders gave the final "Now you boys hold tight to your ropes until I reach shore again, then walk slowly toward me, as I will tell you in time. At present hold fast to your ropes."

Thus saying, Uncle Bill partly walked and partly floundered through mud considerably above his knees, with water enough to make up a total to near his neck, and in this manner reached the channel of the pond and crossed safely to within a short distance of the opposite shore, when he struck out up stream, and circling to the north, swung in toward the muddy shore from which he started. Uncle Bill, now nearing the shore, begins to loom well up above the mud, to the great delight of the steadily growing crowd of visitors on the bank, which was being greatly augmented from the factory help wending its way to dinner, who could not go by when a seine was being drawn without first being able to number the catch. At length the seine, fish and quantities of mud were well drawn up to the shore, and Uncle Bill, with his kindest expression, calls to his boys, "Now hold tight to the ropes; we've got 'em. Now, boys, this way, slowly, now pull carefully on the ropes, keep the foot rope hard down and a leetle ahead."

These directions were given in true scientific and encouraging terms, until the fish, seine and mud were hard aground, and the difficult task of selecting one from the other was begun. This was soon over, after wallowing nearly knee deep in the mud and becoming well bespattered to the roots of our hair. Another haul was made, and still another, until about six bushels of suckers and pouts lay on the greensward, after throwing back all small fry and reserving only the best. After carefully filling our basket and putting it in the wagon, the balance were disposed of among the crowd on the banks by invitation of Uncle Bill, who invited all to take some of the fish. "Take a good mess," said Uncle Bill; and they did, many taking to them with a very strong liking for fish, if my youthful mind was a correct judge, and my memory has not failed me.

Now this pond lies over the line dividing Connecticut from Rhode Island, within the latter State. The fishing being over, Uncle Bill was busily engaged washing the seine, and washing and coiling the ropes and preparing to stow them in the wagon, when suddenly looking up a commotion in the crowd was noticed, where an animated discussion was going on, a few words of which were wafted on the winds to Uncle Bill's ears, and with his keen senses ever at his command he straightened up just in time to behold the constable of the village approaching and to hear his order, "Surrender to the law, for drawing a seine in the waters of Rhode Island." This, although surprising to our little band, was much short of a surrender, or a capture of our valiant leader. Uncle Bill could not recognize either justice or law in this, both of which he was a good judge of, and no novice with either, for next to serving a good meal of fish to the boys it was his best hold to fight law. To be arrested by word of mouth thus, he could not permit, or recognize any such proceeding without a warrant. As the squire of the village was away no warrant could be procured, as the last half hour of labor by several of the villagers had proven. During pending controversy the horses were attached to the wagon and all was in readiness to start so soon as the seine and Uncle Bill should be loaded in.

The officer not liking to be outdone, concluded to "hook on" to Uncle Bill, warrant or no warrant, so saying, "You must go with me at all hazard," he started to secure Uncle Bill, who waiting at the edge of the mud, retreated at the approach of the officer to the water, and partly by rolling and partly by wading, relieved by a little swimming, succeeded in gaining the opposite shore in safety, where he laid down to rest upon the grass and watch coming events. The officer not liking the complexion of the mud or water concluded to take to the dam and cross in that way to where the culprit lay at ease in defiance of his high authority. At length the dam was crossed and the would-be captor and culprit were near together, when with one long roll Uncle Bill was floating toward the home shore and fast widening the distance between himself and the officer. The home shore being reached a few moments were devoted to further preparing the seine for the wagon. Uncle Bill's weather eye carefully covered the officer on his return by the way of the dam. At length the dam was recrossed, and the officer, who meant business, gathered himself for the biggest effort of his life and with a burst of speed that raised the credit of official propulsion several points, he got just near enough to Uncle Bill to miss him, as he again floated clear of the mud upon the bosom of the water. This disappointment seemed to confuse the officer and much interested the audience gathering on the bank, who cheered the officer on his return trip across his chosen route—by way of the dam—to the opposite shore. He reached it just as Uncle Bill hauled in port sixty yards or more above and lay a few moments in peaceful rest watching the puffing form of the officer approach with a gait which plainly showed the terrible muscular strain upon him and the anxiety of an over-matched brain, which was fast becoming maddened by the tactics of Uncle Bill.

The officer paused a moment and wiped away a profusion of honest sweat, and after duly scanning the field before him, burst forth again at a more terrific speed upon his would-be captive, failing by about three lengths of getting the hand of the law upon Uncle Bill, who was again rolling over the mud and soon floating upon the water like a full rigged "sixty-four" under full sail, fast putting distance between himself and the officer. The officer, thus foiled, again turned to the dam, and if officials are ever supposed to swear, we may suppose that the gestures of this high official meant swear, and to the best of my honest belief I think he cursed his commission and those who gave it to him, in the highest style of the art. At length he gained the home base as Uncle Bill left it for another mud bath in the now well colored water, and again the officer led off to the dam, while Uncle Bill was floating over the waters with an eye covering the officer and this time not leaving the water but waiting until the officer wrs landed and well on his trip up the opposite shore. He then swam up the pond several hundred feet further before landing, much to the dismay of the official, who saw the distance from the base of his former operations becoming lengthened and more annoying. Then, to his dismay, Uncle Bill landed on the home shore near his starting point, and nothing was left for the officer to do but either to retrace his steps or arrest his man in the water, which he deemed imprudent. So back he climbed to the dam and pursued the path which to him was becoming quite familiar.

This crossing and recrossing was repeated several times, with an occasional variation of a swim up the pond, until Uncle Bill had gained time enough in port to get the seine into the wagon, we boys helping to the best of our ability; when, espying the Squire in the crowd, Uncle Bill thought it best to capitulate to the officer, as means were now at hand to produce the warrant. Under these circumstances he allowed himself to be captured with only a slight show of resistance, just enough to wipe off a little of the surplus coat of mud on the officer, who had consented to permit Uncle Bill to wash and change before being led before the justice to be tried for breaking the fish and game law of Rhode Island.

Not liking the situation myself, and having a much more limited knowledge of law than Uncle Bill, I concluded that I could get my person to a place of safety—which I argued myself into the belief was a becoming thing to do. Watching my chance, I was well on my way homeward, treading friendly cowpaths among the bushes, before my presence was missed by the crowd. Long before I reached home the team of Uncle Bill crossed the State line at a rattling pace and overtook me just as I was emerging from the lots to take the pike. He brought the rest of our party and a good lot of suckers and pouts, which we boys did ample justice to, as they were served that evening by Uncle Bill in lots to suit customers.

Having now arrived at home, I move we adjourn until further notice. You know I abhor a story that takes all night to tell.

After W. had agreed at some future time to give an account of that supper and the trial, the party sought repose for the night. SID BROMLEY.

ADIRONDACK EXTORTION.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in this week's FOREST AND STREAM a letter from Mr. Orange Frazer, about Adirondack extortion. I think this is a timely warning, and I will therefore relate an experience of mine. The day before I started camping I wrote out a list of things I needed and handed it to the clerk, receiving a promise that everything would be ready the next morning at six.

The next morning we put all the groceries in a box and started for camp that night. We camped about 20 miles from Paul's, and when we unpacked our box to get dinner we found we were without both eggs and butter, thus making it impossible to make biscuit or fry trout, and rather than do without these I sent my guide back for them, which cost me his services and wages for two days.

I was obliged to return home immediately upon arriving at Paul Smith's, so I went to the head clerk and demanded that he take $5 from my bill (the wages of my guide for two days). He immediately blamed my guide for not checking off the goods. Arguments were of no account, for he just kept talking to pass away the time until the stage started, so I gave up in disgust and paid the bill. I should strongly advise those who intend to go into the woods from that point to have as little need of supplies from Paul Smith's as possible.

T. L. CRANFORD.

A QUESTION OF APPETITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your columns contain many commendable reprimands from sportsmen throughout the country, directed against "pot-hunters," "skin hunters" and "trout hogs;" but by a strange obliquity of vision it seems to be considered that any man who claims to belong to the fraternity of sportsmen may slay and destroy *ad libitum* without entitling himself to those unsavory appellations.

I am led to these reflections by reading the narrative of your correspondent "Shoshone," published in your issue of Sept. 15.

It seems that "Shoshone's" party of five sportsmen camped on Goose Creek, in Nevada, during the latter part of August. "The third day out was devoted to fishing," and three of the party essayed to determine the comparative merits of grasshoppers and artificial flies as trout bait. By midday they had captured 100 trout, and "Shoshone" tells us that two-pounders were so plentiful that fish weighing a pound or less were "insignificant." One of the three went to camp for a "pack horse" to carry in the trout, while the other two continued to fish. The party had a "fat doe and a two-pronged buck" in their larder, killed the previous day, and "Shoshone" had also caught eleven trout, among which two-pounders were "plentiful."

What could these five sportsmen do with 150 to 200lbs. of trout out in the wilds of Nevada, having a larder already well stocked with game, in the month of August? Comment seems unnecessary. COAHOMA.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 25.

LEXINGTON, Va., Oct. 1.—Bass have been unusually scarce this season, no really good catches having been made, due probably to the fact that the waters have been almost continuously muddy. A few fair catches were made.—T. M. S.

"A TWO WEEKS' OUTING."—For "Nahma Sebe" read Nahma Sepe, for "celebrated torrent stream" read celebrated trout stream, for "heavy ruin, not," read hoary ruin, nor.—KELPIE.

KEOKUK, Ia., Aug. 31, 1887.

J. F. Breitenstein, President of Keokuk Gun Club:

DEAR SIR—The two boxes of paper shells, "Climax," U. S. Cartridge Co., which you so kindly handed me, have been thoroughly tested, and I, after my long experience as an expert amateur, without hesitation pronounce them the best shells made, being perfection for wet and dry shooting. They cannot be excelled. Knowing perfectly well what I am writing about, I subscribe myself, yours truly, (Signed) H. A. KINNAMAN. *Adv.*

Fisheulture.

FOOD AND DIGESTION OF FISHES.

THE following article, by Dr. P. Pancritius, is from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission and originally appeared in the report of the Fishery Association of the Provinces of East and West Prussia, being translated for the Bulletin from the German by Herman Jacobson:

At the request of the Fishery Association of East and West Prussia I commenced a series of anatomical and physiological observations of the alimentary canal and the digestion of our fish which will not be finished for some time, but concerning which I am able to make a preliminary report. Any experiments in feeding made on the basis of my results will of course have to be made only in suitably arranged ponds, as in the narrow tanks at my disposal the fish live under too unnatural conditions to draw definite conclusions as to the influence of food and the increase of size and weight.

The alimentary canal of fish begins in the mouth, which is more or less furnished with teeth, to which is joined a wide throat with folds running lengthwise. The throat leads into a cylindrical tube, sometimes straight and sometimes more or less twisted, which opens at the arms. In the lampreys the entire alimentary canal is of an even cylindrical form and entirely straight; in some fish it is somewhat twisted, but no distinction can be recognized between the stomach and the intestinal canal, while in other fish the stomach may be easily recognized as bag-like, or at least as a considerably widened portion of that canal. A microscopic examination of the mucous membrane, which lines the entire alimentary canal, shows that in a large group of fish, to which among the rest the carp belong, the stomach is wanting, so that the intestinal canal commences at the throat. It is a characteristic feature of the stomach of fish as well as of warm-blooded animals, that its mucous membrane possesses pepsin glands. These glands secrete a ferment (pepsin), which, together with a free acid produced by the glands of the mucous membrane, digests albuminous matter; that is to say, dissolves it and makes it fit to be received in the organism of fish. The pepsin of fish is distinguished from that of the mammals by the circumstance that, even at a temperature far below 59deg. Fahr., it possesses an intensely digestive power, which is considerably increased by raising the temperature to 104deg. Fahr., while it is entirely destroyed if the temperature is lowered to 32deg. Fahr. In fish which possess a stomach the mucous membrane of the entire intestinal canal connected with it shows no digestive faculties, but serves only to absorb the albuminous matter dissolved by the gastric juice. The gall secreted from the liver, however, goes into the intestinal canal, as well as does a juice secreted by the pancreas and the appendages of the cæcum. Both the pancreas and the appendages of the cæcum are wanting in many fish. The appendages referred to, which in varying number are attached to the front part of the intestinal canal (3 in the perch, 19 to 150 in the salmonoids, and upward of 200 in the mackerel), are often connected into a glandular mass by a loose tissue.

The gall bladder does not digest albuminous matter, but contains a so-called "diastatic" ferment which transforms soaked starch to sugar, and thus renders it fit to be received in the organism. The liquids secreted by the pancreas and the appendages of the cæcum react in a neutral or alkalic manner, digest albumen, and to a limited extent possess the faculty of transforming soaked starch to sugar. Like the gall bladder, they also possess the faculty of changing fatty substances to an emulsion, and thus preparing them for absorption by the intestinal canal.

Matters are very different in those fish which have no stomach, for instance, in the carp and bleak. Here the entire intestinal canal, from the throat to the anus (though to a much greater extent in the front than in the back part) secretes a liquid which in its effect resembles that secreted by the pancreas, and which, therefore, digests both albuminous matter and soaked starch, as well as fatty substances. These fish have no appendages to the cæcum, but the liver pours a considerable quantity of gall into the intestinal canal, immediately back of the throat. These fish, therefore, are capable of digesting albuminous matter, carbohydrates and fatty substances.

It is well-known that fish do not masticate their food, as the teeth of predatory fish serve only to take hold of and to retain food. Even in those fish which possess strong teeth, worms and the larvæ of insects are only squeezed somewhat. Nor do fish envelop their food in saliva while in the mouth, as is done by mammals, as fish have no salivary glands.

Although the food, therefore, reaches the alimentary canal without any preparation favoring digestion, the alimentary canal in the majority of our fish is comparatively short. While in the cat, for instance, it is three times the length of the body, in man six times, in the horse twelve times, and in the goat even twenty-six times. We find that, according to numerous measurements, the proportion of the length of the body and the length of the alimentary canal is, in the pike, hake, whiting and tench, as 1 : 1; in the bass, perch and eel it is as 3 : 2; in the crucian carp as 2 : 3; and in the wels as 11 : 8. Only in a few species of fish does the length of the alimentary canal exceed that of the body to any great extent. A notable example is the lumpfish (*Cyclopterus lumpus*) of the Baltic, whose alimentary canal is from six to ten times as long as the body.

The rapidity of digestion depends very much on the quantity of food taken at one time. Small quantities are of course digested quicker than large ones. If a pike swallows a fish half its own size, so that in the beginning the tail protrudes from the mouth, the head is of course digested very soon; but gradually there is some delay, as the digestive liquids are only secreted in limited quantity, and the dissolved substances can be absorbed only gradually. Pike are not suitable for making observations relative to the time occupied by digestion, as they are in the habit of throwing up very soon some of the prey which they have swallowed; but I have made experiments with perch and hake which were fed on worms.

A number of perch, measuring each about 6in. in length, which had been kept on very short rations for some time previous, were fed on worms, which they swallowed so greedily that their bag-like stomachs were filled to their utmost capacity. In a perch killed two hours later the food was found only in the stomach, the gastric juices reacting in a strongly acid manner. After eight or ten hours a portion of the worms had reached the front part of the intestinal canal; but even after twenty-four hours the stomach was still very full, while at the end of the intestinal canal balls of feces were already forming; after sixty or seventy hours the stomach was empty; and after one hundred and ten hours the front and middle parts of the intestinal canal had likewise become empty, and only at the end of the canal were there feces, and digestion might therefore be considered as finished.

In hake, which had been well fed with worms, they evenly filled the intestinal canal from the throat to the anus after twelve or fifteen hours, but owing to the stronger secretion of gastric juice in the front part of the intestinal canal they had better digested there than in the lower part. This explains the observation that half-digested particles of food frequently protrude from the anus of fish, and from it the conclusion may be drawn that if fish are to be fed with the view to fatten them, it is better to give them moderate quantities of food at frequent intervals, than to give them large quantities at longer intervals.

The carp-like fish are frequently termed herbivorous fish, in contradistinction to predaceous fish. This term, as I have been taught by numerous investigations, is entirely erroneous. While young fish of all kinds examined by me were found to have eaten small crustaceans and infusorians, the intestinal canal of all fish of the carp kind measuring more than a finger's length, always contained at all seasons larvæ of gnats, dragon-flies, day-flies, beetles, etc. Large quantities of plants (green algæ) I found regularly only in the intestinal canal of *Chondrostoma nasus*, but it remains to be examined whether the algæ or the large quantities of infusorians and other diminutive animals adhering to them, form the principal food of this fish.

Uncooked starch flour was not digested by any of the fish which I examined. Even when, after being stirred with water, it was injected into the intestinal canal and remained there for days, the extracts of the digestive liquids produced in different ways did not in the slighest change it, but when it was boiled or roasted it was easily changed to sugar, and thus rendered soluble. It is therefore evident that of the seeds of some grasses growing in the water, and the young shoots of some aquatic plants which are occasionally found in the intestinal canal of carp, and of the grains of wheat, etc., which I discovered in some, and which Prof. Fric found in large quantities in the stomach of young salmon, it was not the starch which was digested, but the small quantity of albumen, fat and sugar contained in them.

PENNSYLVANIA FISHWAYS.—"Shad, rock bass, white and yellow perch, salmon and eels at the lowest market rates. Have a pound or two? Just caught off Market street!" This may be the cry of fish venders a year or two from now. About twelve months ago a previous fish commission adopted a fishway at the Columbia dam, the patent of Wm. N. Rogers, inspector of fisheries for the Canadian government. Satisfied with his invention, the result of thirty years' experience, he placed two of his simple, yet valuable contrivances in place. Last spring at Newport, Perry county, fifty miles above the dam shad were caught to a great extent. To-day there are eight fishways, six new ones having been constructed by the present active and progressive commission under the same patentee. Yesterday they were so far completed as to be open for inspection and acceptance by the commissioners. They proved satisfactory, and if the statement made in reference to fish is not fulfilled, it will be due to an ineffectual effort to curb the pirates below the dam. Yesterday three Commissioners, W. L. Powell, of this city, H. C. Demuth, of Lancaster, and H. C. Ford, of Philadelphia, accompanied by Eugene Snyder, Esq., of this city, and a *Call* reporter, were taken to the new fishways. They are located on the spot where the Worrall failures, in the same line, were built a number of years ago, and were open to a careful and minute inspection of not only the commissioners, but critics on matters of fish and fishculture who had gathered with the state representatives to fully investigate. The fishway is entirely of solid timber, six feet wide and 80 feet in length with a fall of one foot to every fifteen. The average grade of the fishway is one to every ten feet, but to make these an absolute test of their efficacy the present plan was adopted. In depth they are from two feet at the head to 6 feet at the mouth, which is on a level with low water mark and at that stage in several of the fishways there is a volume of water sufficient to allow the fish to pass up. The arms extend to within 2 feet 9 inches of the side, and form what is called a "bucket." To speak more plainly, it is a pool of dead water to which there is no current. The schute through which the fish pass is fifteen inches wide. The head of the fishway, through which the fish make their egress to the water above the dam, is fifteen inches wide and twenty inches high. As the water comes in it strikes the "rest," which forms a pool, and as it rounds the angle it has lost its force to such an extent that the insignificant fish can pass through. The pools or buckets from the point of the angle are twelve feet six inches, showing at once the quantity of fish that can rest in each on their way above the dam. The partitions that form the buckets, made of two-inch timber, are at an angle of thirty-seven degrees, and so check the force of the water in its downward course that by the time it reaches the last "bucket" it has but little power. Each fishway has eleven "buckets" at an average grade of little over a foot to each. The fishways into which the water was turned yesterday, are somewhat of an improvement over the two near the York county side of the river, because having added to them a horizontal break-water eight inches in length, the tendency of which is to reduce the swirl which would necessarily be occasioned if it were absent. The building of the new way was under the engineering skill of J. B. Kinney, who like Mr. Rogers, the patentee, is a resident of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and reflects great credit on him. Mr. Rogers was present yesterday. He has had thirty years experience in the fishway business. The commissioners were highly pleased with the fishways and they will be approved. They cost $1,000 each. Every effort will be made to see that the entrance is not obstructed, precaution having already been taken. As to the merits of the fishways, statistics show an increase of 50 per cent. in fish above dams where they have been placed.—*Harrisburg Morning Call, Sept. 22.*

LOBSTERS FOR THE PACIFIC.—Ottawa, Sept. 30.—The Fisheries Department has about completed arrangements for the transportation early in the month of November of a carload of live lobsters from the maritime Provinces to the Pacific coast. The car will be especially fitted up for this purpose. Experiments show that lobsters can be kept in a healthy condition for a sufficient length of time to insure their reaching Vancouver, barring accident, without losing life. As an outcome of this the department anticipates a successful propagation of the lobster in the Pacific waters, where none are now known to exist.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 4 to 7.—Fifth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. G. Lynes, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

Feb. 21 to 24.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Nov. 7.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknell, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind. Entries close Oct. 25.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5400.**

THE PATERSON DOG ORDINANCE.

THE Paterson, N. J., *Press* gives the following in relation to the movement against the dog ordinance referred to in our last number: "At a meeting of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association held last night a resolution was introduced providing for the retaining of counsel to certiorari to the Supreme Court the ordinance of this city requiring every dog to be registered at the rate of two dollars. The resolution provoked some discussion. It was suggested by one member that dogs could hardly be considered fish and game, for the protection of which the association was organized and incorporated. On the other hand it was argued that the dog ordinance was an imposition on nearly every member of the club and that the association could not be engaged in better work than looking out for the interests of its members. When the association started into existence the fish and game laws were openly and persistently violated, and when the shooting season opened there was little game left for sportsmen who were anxious to live up to the law. In the first few months of its existence the association instituted about thirty prosecutions against offenders of the law. The result was that the violators saw that there was some authority in this county which enforced the law and further prosecutions were unnecessary. That the game laws are still being violated there is no doubt, but it is done in so quiet a way that the violators of the law escape; the wholesale violations of the law have been stopped and there is now better shooting in this county than there has been for years, and sportsmen who go out on the first day of the open season know that they are apt to find game. Occasionally it is necessary to prosecute some offender, but there is no doubt that the fish and game laws are better observed in Passaic county than any county in this State. The resolution introduced at last night's meeting of the association was finally passed without a dissenting voice.

"Ex-City Counsel Francis Scott was engaged this morning to carry up the case on the part of the association. Mr. Scott was City Counsel for a number of years, and it was thought best to obtain the services of one who had helped make city ordinances for the purpose of breaking them. Mr. Scott is thoroughly familiar with municipal law and the charter of the city, and he has no hesitation in saying that there is every probability that the association will win the suit. The city has the right to levy a tax on personal and real property for the purpose of raising money, but nowhere is the authority given to the city to levy a tax on dogs. The charter gives the city a right to regulate the running at large of dogs. Nevertheless the city some years ago passed an ordinance putting a tax of two dollars on every dog. The attention of the city was called to the manifest unconstitutionality of the ordinance, and so it was changed to read that the city required dogs to be registered and that the fee for registration should be two dollars. This was a mere subterfuge, and many lawyers considered the ordinance at present enforced as no better than the first one. How, it is asked, does registering dogs regulate their running at large? Still, admitting the city's right to require the registration of dogs, the city, it is claimed, would have no right to charge so high a fee as $2 for registration. Twenty-five cents would cover the expenses of registration, and $2 was rather in the shape of a tax. The dog ordinance has created a great deal of bitter feeling, dog owners consider it as an imposition on them; this was especially the case with men who raised kennels of dogs. Still nobody cared about fighting the case, as the money it would cost would pay the registration fees for a large number of years. The case is different with the association; the latter has a membership of seventy-five, and nearly all of these own dogs. Many of those have paid their fees for the present year, others have not. If the ordinance is set aside it will save ever dog owner $2 per year in the future. There are about 2,700 dogs in the city.

"It was at first thought best to await action on the part of the city. There is no doubt that in the course of events a complaint will be made against some member of the association, and it was thought that as soon as this was done the association might undertake the defense. An examination of the law showed that a certiorari might be taken even if the city did not attempt to enforce the ordinance, and advantage will be taken of this fact and Judge Dixon will be asked to grant a writ of certiorari on Tuesday of next week or within a day or two thereafter. If an agreement can be effected with the City Counsel the whole case can be argued before Judge Dixon and disposed of, but should the City Counsel prefer a different course the matter will come up for argument at the next term of the Supreme Court. The only difference will be that the latter course will result in more delay. The writ of course will act as supersedeas and the city cannot continue collecting the dog tax in the case appealed.

"The registering of dogs in this city has not tended to decrease the number of worthless curs, for the number of dogs killed annually by the police is ridiculously small, very few persons taking advantage of the ordinance in that respect. All it did was to make owners of dogs pay $2 per year. It in no way regulated the running of dogs at large. As a method of preventing this the old proclamations issued by the mayors were far more effective than the present arrangement."

ESSEX COUNTY KENNEL CLUB.—Lynn, Mass., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was a meeting of the Essex County Kennel Club, Sept. 27, at the Revere House, Lynn, Mass. The resignation of Secretary Benjamin Phillips was accepted and Mr. Geo. H. Holtham was elected to fill that office. Twelve new members were elected. A committee of three was appointed to report at the next meeting of the club, on a room for the purpose of holding meetings and to be used as a club room for the members. The secretary was authorized to apply to the American Kennel Club for membership. A committee of three was appointed to select a tract of land for the purpose of holding field trials. The meeting then adjourned. The club was organized last May but owing to absence on vacation of members this has been our first meeting. The present officers are as follows: President, Robert Leslie; vice-president, Dr. O. P. Macalaster; secretary, Geo. H. Holtham; treasurer, E. L. Rogers. The objects of this club are to encourage the breeding of setters and pointers, to hold bench shows and competitive trials wherein may be demonstrated the merits of individual dogs of such breeds. Our club now is in excellent condition with a list of twenty-five members, and we intend to protect the game of this vicinity to the best of our ability.—GEO. H. HOLTHAM, Secretary.

WM. TALLMAN has resigned his position with Spalding Bros., and will devote his time to dogs and the selling of kennel goods of all descriptions, making specialties of the Blackstone dog food and a new crate invented by himself for the transportation of dogs. His address is 1203 Broadway, New York.

DOGS FOR LARGE GAME.

HUTCHINSON, Kas., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 7 "Leatherhead," in *Kennel Gazette*, gives us an interesting letter on how to breed dogs for big game. His idea of breeding for the best results in capturing the big game he mentions, deer, antelope, elk, wolves and the "feline tribe below the status of the lion and tiger," is amusing to the sportsmen of any experience. Speed, grit, endurance and size are what we want in a big-game dog, and if they are deficient in either point they are a partial, if not an entire failure. With twelve years experience in the West I have come to the conclusion that the greyhound contains more of these points than any other one breed of dogs. I have tried the cross between the staghound and greyhound, and gave them up, and I have tried the large foxhound crossed with the greyhound with the same dissatisfaction. I consider the deerhound on equal terms with the staghound, but both of them inferior to the greyhound in execution. Whenever the greyhound is crossed with any other breed you loose speed in a vain effort to gain grit, and I have always lost both. If the greyhound is bred pure, from stock that has well-known grit and experience, there is no dog on earth his equal for execution in the forest or field. They will run a hot trail equal to the staghound and if properly trained will catch and kill any game they come across. I may have been more fortunate with greyhounds than some others have that have tried them, but in my experience where greyhounds fail it would be useless to try anything else. It is generally believed that greyhounds are too timid, and I will admit it is often the case. If the same men that have seen them too timid could see my dogs kill a wolf, lynx, wildcat, or deer they would not doubt the grit and execution of the greyhound any longer. I would attack the largest elk in the mountains or the largest gray wolf that loafs on the plains with all the confidence in the world that they would kill it. Two years ago I had the satisfaction of seeing four of them catch and kill a black bear in the Indian Territory, and that too without any assistance from me, and it never even scratched a dog, the first bear they ever saw. It has been my ambition all my life to hunt large game and the distance I had to travel to find it never discouraged me. In the past few years I have used foxhounds in my pack to good advantage in starting the game, and I never owned a greyhound that would not fight his game as long as he could stand up after he saw and helped the pack in a few fights. I claim that a greyhound properly trained never knows fear and is the gamest dog on earth. I never carry a gun or anything to shoot with when I go on a chase and if my dogs can't catch it I let it get away.

M. E. ALLISON.

SPANIELS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just had my attention drawn to a letter in this week's issue of your paper by Mr. C. M. Nelles, it also revealed the fact that I had missed seeing a letter from Mr. Osborne in your issue of Aug. 25. The show season being over and my time very fully occupied I have for some weeks scarcely glanced at your paper, I am ashamed to say. However, I now have both issues before me, and as regards Mr. Osborne I have only to say that my sole reason for taking him to task in the first place was his ill-advised attack upon Mr. Kirk, whom we all know to be competent and conscientious, this carrying with it the insinuation that the dogs from Canada did not win on their merits certainly demanded some attention.

I have so repeatedly met men who "had dogs at home, far superior to any in the show room;" and many times have been induced to go some distance to see these wonderful dogs only to find the most wretched specimens, that I ventured the remark that Mr. Osborne's were probably of this stamp. However, I beg his pardon for so classing dogs I had not seen.

I am willing Mr. Osborne shall breed his type, and I want to be allowed to breed mine, without having them called hard names, as crocodiles, weasels, double-action Skyes, etc.

I think if Mr. Nelles will read Mr. Osborne's first letters again, he will see that he was the agressor, not I, condemning in strong language the style of dogs that won, their only claim, as he would have people believe, being that they came from Canada. However, in answer to a few points in Mr. Osborne's letter of Aug. 25, I would say that it is perfectly true that I have the blood of Beau in my kennels, and I am proud to have it; I have, however, many of precisely the same style without a trace of his blood. I am free to admit that in almost all of our cockers there is an admixture of field spaniel blood, which comes in through grandsires or dams, but this is what we are now seeking to avoid. We aim to retain the cocker as he is to-day, a distinct class; as to whether he is as useful a dog as the larger field spaniel, this must be proved by experience and judged by the particular work required. The cocker as recognized to-day is a handsome dog, hardy, plucky and intelligent, and I do insist that there is nothing in his conformation to prevent him doing hard service in the field.

For mixed work or retrieving from water we should use a different dog, although such work is simply the result of training, but work in field or brush is natural to the cocker and comes to him instinctively. I must decline the test named by Mr. Osborne, not because I would fear the result, but because I have not the time to work my dogs as they ought to be worked; and as I breed cockers purely from love of them, I regret exceedingly that I am so situated that I cannot give them the work they are so able to perform. Now, as to Mr. Nelles, it is quite clear he has no ideal, he is quite willing, he says, to breed any style that the majority decide upon. Well, this may do for one who has no ideas of his own, and only breeds what will sell the best, but it won't do for me, I have my idea of a type and I shall breed that type as long as I own a cocker, and when it ceases to be the type that wins on the show bench, then I shall be quite content to breed them for my own pleasure. I know that Mr. Nelles has two or three of these "crocodile," "double-action Skye" pattern, for I myself sold them to him, but I do regret that while they earned honors for him he has so little love or appreciation of them that he is ready to cast them aside and breed anything that people ask for. I am very much interested in his scheme for creating the new dog which is to be the "happy medium" and please everybody.

He is a reasonable man. "He will not ask them to fix the standard at either extreme," in other words he wants a compromise without a strong characteristic point. Who does he mean by "they," does he propose to direct the work of the Spaniel Club? I think he is not lacking in assurance at all events.

In conclusion I must take exception to this gentleman's statement that the English standard is so different from ours regarding amount of feather. We do not find one word, nor have we found one judge, that demands "profuse" feathering, they want plenty of feather of the right kind and in the right place; we do not believe our best judges, who understand the breed they are judging, will award the prize to the dog "having the largest and most abundant feathering." We believe that it is quite understood here as it is in England that while it is necessary that the feathering shall be full it is quite possible to have too much. After all, have not all our best dogs come from England? At least their sires or grandsires have. And right here I want to say a word to Mr. Osborne; he says the best of the Canadian dogs have been imported from the United States, which is not true; but it is true that their grandsires or sires and dams, both here and in the United States, came from England.

All I claimed in my first letter was that Canadians more than hold their own in the cocker class at every American show, where they are represented, and this cannot be denied. We have tried to breed the correct style, and having a good foundation in Old Tippo, Toronto Jet, and other direct importations, together with the valuable assistance of our friend Mr. J. P. Willey, and the services of his grand dog Obo II., also an English dog, we have to-day in Canada as fine a cocker as there is in the world, and I am not ready to see them abused or mutilated. I will not stand quietly by and see two or three inches taken from the length of body and added to the length of leg, and I am not ready, as my friend Nelles is, to breed to that pattern.

H. G. CHARLESWORTH.

TORONTO, Sept. 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replying to Mr. Chas. M. Nelles in your issue of Sept. 23, I would say that nearly two years ago I sounded the alarm in regard to the breeding of the non-sporting cocker, and have until lately continued to agitate the subject literally single-handed.

My article in FOREST AND STREAM, May 5, was widely copied and commented on by the English sporting press. Mr. Osborne, of Detroit, after trying the non-sporting cockers denounces them, but because he told where he got working cockers a gentleman from Canada accused him of giving my stock a free "ad.", but it looks now as if Mr. Osborne's argument was too much for the Toronto man and that he is afraid to meet the dogs "that require a label" in the field, but I will do better than Mr. O., I will match a 14in. cocker against any brace in America that are under 12½in. The trial must be for three days, as I want to prove how worthless the show cocker is in the field.

The trouble is not in the present standard of the American Spaniel Club, but they are greatly to blame for not making judges adhere strictly to the standard, for a judge selects an exaggerated specimen for first place. Of course breeders who only breed for the show bench follow suit. Some one finds out how utterly worthless such dogs are in the field, but if he has the courage to say so some one is sure to "jump down his throat."

The boys think I am a crank on the subject of working cockers, and when I wrote a prominent judge about it he actually replied "he hoped I would win enough at New York to put me in better humor." But I knew I could not win and only got one second prize with a miserable little sausage-shaped duffer that has not "gumption" or ambition enough to flush a woodcock if it should alight in her kennel. Don't monkey with the standard, but get judges that know the work that the dog is required to do. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 25.

DAYTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fifth annual dog show, held here last week under the auspices of the Southern Ohio Fair Association, was in many respects the best one they have held. There were 172 entries, with only 7 absentees. Many of the animals are well-known winners, and some of the newcomers were very good specimens. Messrs. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., and Geo. H. Hill, of Madeira, O., were the judges. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, G. H. Wald's Rex; 2d, J. Hicks's Lancelot. Reserve, A. E. Pitt's Winning Card.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, J. Gerstle's Peter; 2d and very high com., J. Hicks's Mark Antony and Yum Yum.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, C. Sanders's Rover; 2d, J. Holwager's Jumbo. Reserve, Pretsch & Kolker's Rover. Very high com., W. Neddermeyer's Prince.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. F. Nicholson's Belle; 2d, A. Brechtel's King. Very high com., C. Rogge's Spring.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—R. B. Morgan's Mandan.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson; 2d, J. Moerlein's Bruce. Very high com., R. B. Morgan's Bishop Mandan. High com., C. Mack's Dick and A. W. Hitch's Dude. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan and Pearl Mandan. Very high com., G. Volker's Lady V. Com., W. F. Mann's Lady Twilight. *Puppies:* 1st, A. J. Hussong's Lady H.; 2d, G. T. Grimme's Lady G. Very high com., C. Repp's Tit Willow and R. B. Morgan's Frank Mandan. High com., W. F. Mann's Bix and F. J. Buch's Sport.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—1st and very high com., W. S. Hammet's Royal Duke and Rose; 2d, E. A. Coblitz's Dashing Count. Very high com., G. V. Neal's Prince G. and W. Neddermeyer's Sport Columbus. High com., M. Webber's Printz. Com., P. Collin's Hector. *Puppies:* 1st, M. Webber's Gus; 2d, A. O. Bonnet's Don.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Divided between I. H. Roberts's Bruce and H. E. Chubb's Zella Glenduff.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. N. Kuhn's Mack N.; 2d, E. Maher's Larry S. Very high com., H. E. Chubb's Glenduff. High com., J. McCabe's Muggs and C. Bickham's York II. *Bitches:* 1st, W. W. Sweeny's Ruby Glenmore; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Jessie. Very high com., H. A. Bridge's Glenna and H. F. Carey's Beauty Belle. High com., C. Velten's Gypsy O'More. Com., H. Gebhart's Queen Bee. *Puppies:* 1st, H. A. Bridge's Glenna; 2d, C. Velten's Gypsy O'More. Very high com., A. Miller's Rudolph S.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—T. Donoghue's Juno S.—OPEN—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Schmidt's Bow Faust; 2d, Idstone Kennels' Patterson. Very high com., Dayton Kennel Club's King Shot. High com., L. Hunter's Bow's Boy and J. B. Smith's Quail. Com., T. McCabe's Echo.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, C. G. Stoddard's Count; 2d, Dayton Kennel Club's Rumpty. Very high com., P. E. Snyder's Dick Lemon. High com., A. Hibsenan's Judge and Devonshire Kennels' Devonshire Drake. Com., G. V. Neal's Harrisburg and J. B. Smith's Snipe.—ANY WEIGHT—*Bitches:* 1st and high com., Idstone Kennels' Lilly Bang and Trinket II.; 2d, T. Donoghue's Queen. Very high com., A. W. Hitch's Queen, C. G. Stoddard's Lady Juno and W. Hoyt's My Nora. High com., C. G. Stoddard's Meteor's Maid and W. Neddermeyer's Corsicana Tode. Com., M. Webber's J. I. C. *Puppies:* 1st, Idstone Kennels' Idstone Prince; 2d, R. B. Morgan's Tom Croxteth. Very high com., Dr. W. R. Howe's Susie S. and L. Lang's N. Y. P. & O. High com., C. G. Stoddard's Marmaduke. Com., W. T. Davis's Bodine, Jr.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, P. A. Pickerell's Long and Short. Reserve, L. P. Saub's Bessie S. Very high com., L. Hunter's Daisy H. High com., G. Kling's Ponto and C. Sander's Bob S. Com., B. Kessler's Browny.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, C. Sander's Nickey S.; 2d, Mrs. H. Gillespie's Felice.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, 2d, very high com. and com., G. L. Wakely's Poke, Lead, Dick and Hunter. Very high com. and com., Doherty & Wagner's Bell and Trump and Dandy. High com., J. Marshall's Bessie. High com. and com., J. B. Ankeney's Bounce and Lead.

BEAGLES.—1st and 2d, Mrs. G. H. Hill's Banker and Marjory. Very high com., H. Hanitch's Beauty.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Idstone Kennels' Prince; 2d, Mrs. G. H. Hill's Wallexie.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, Idstone Kennels' Nimrod and Fanchon.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, J. H. Shepherd's Lady Winnie; 2d, E. Howlett's Fussy.

COLLIES.—1st, W. Neddermeyer's Muff; 2d, J. Hick's Sport.

BULLDOGS.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Duchess of Kent.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Miss Nora and Countess. Reserve and very high com., P. H. Wheeler's Young Royal Princess and Gladiator. High com., C. J. Collins's Lady Pilot and Jack Napoleon.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, E. Lever's Royal Agnes; equal 2d, W. Bott's Kid and Miss Lillie Weiffenbach's Daisy. Very high com., F. Buck's Tip.

HARD-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, 2d and very high com., C. T. Thompson's Geesela, Bread and Mollie. High com., J. Bartholomew's Tina.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. G. H. Hill's Tiny; 2d, C. W. Schaefer's Tatters.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—G. Gillivan's Peggie.—OPEN—1st, J. Frondle's Kelpie; 2d, J. D. Smith's Dido. Reserve, G. W. Jackson's Cute. Very high com., E. Sander's Minnie. High com., G. Weisbroot's Topsy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, W. Neddermeyer's Dan; 2d, H. J. Schulte's Elswick Lad II.; 3d, W. Hart's Jim. Reserve, B. McGrew's Beauty. Very high com., Mrs. Carrie S. M. Collins's Bird. Com., O. Wollenweber's Scottie.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best English setter dog, J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson; bitch, R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan; stud dog, same owner's Mandan; puppy (two), A. J. Hussong's Lady H. Irish setter dog, W. N. Kuhn's Mack N.; in open class, the same; bitch, H. E. Chubb's Zella Glenduff; in open class, W. W. Sweeney's Ruby Glenmore; puppy (two), H. A. Bridge's Glenna. Gordon setter dog, W. S. Hammet's Royal Duke; bitch, same owner's Rose; puppy, M. Webber's Gus. Pointer dog, R. Schmidt's Bow Faust; bitch, T. Donoghue's Juno S.; dog in large open, Bow Faust; small, C. G. Stoddard's Count; bitch in open class, Idstone Kennels' Lilly Bang; dog puppy, same owner's Idstone Prince; bitch, Dr. W. R. Howe's Susie S.; dog owned in Montgomery county (two), C. G. Stoddard's County kennel, Idstone Kennels; best in open classes, same owner's Lilly Bang. Largest display of foxhounds, G. L. Markley; brace, same owner's Poke and Lead. Greyhound, J. F. Nicholson's Belle. Deerhound, P. Kern's Sable. Beagle dog, Mrs. G. H. Hill's Banker; bitch, same owner's Marjory; owned in Montgomery, H. Hanitch's Beauty; dachshund (two), Idstone Kennels' Prince; basset hound, same owner's Nimrod; cocker spaniel (two), P. A. Pickerell's Long; bitch, same owner's Short; King Charles spaniel, dog, C. Sander's Nickey S.; bitch, Mrs. H. Gillespie's Felice; fox-terrier, J. H. Shepherd's Lady Winnie; wire-haired terrier, C. T. Thompson's Geesela; black and tan terrier, E. Lever's Royal Agnes; owned by lady in Dayton, Miss Lillie Weiffenbach's Daisy; Yorkshire terrier, Mrs. G. H. Hill's Tiny; owned by lady in Montgomery county, C. W. Schaefer's Tatters; bull-terrier, F. F. Doles's Miss Nora; pair puppies, P. H. Wheeler's Gladiator and Young Royal Princess; bulldog, W. W. Silvey's Duchess of Kent; Newfoundland, C. Sander's Rover; collie, W. Neddermeyer's Muff; pug, bitch, G. Gillivan's Peggie; dog in open class (two), J. Frondle's Kelpie; bitch puppy, G. W. Jackson's Cute; mastiff dog, G. H. Wald's Rex; St. Bernard, dog, J. Gerstle's Peter; bitch, J. Hicks's Yum Yum; smallest toy, Miss Lillie Weiffenbach's Daisy; stud pointer or setter owned in northern Ohio, R. B. Morgan's Mandan.

THE LINDEN BEAGLES.

LINDEN, Mass., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I give you a brief account of our first hunt of the season with the Linden beagles. The morning of Sept. 16 opened up clear and cool, and as my partner and myself had a day off, we concluded to take out the beagles and have a day's sport among the cottontails. The start was made at 6 o'clock A. M., with four of our best hounds. We arrived at the grounds at about 7 o'clock, and it was not long before the fun commenced. The dogs started off well bunched together, and gave him a pretty hard run for about ten minutes, and then he went to burrow without our getting a shot, as we did not see him at any time. It was not long before they had another one going, and such sport I never had before in all my life. It proved to be a young one, not bigger than your fist, and he would not go over 200yds. away. He was a puzzler to the dogs, as they could not seem to drive him; but they knew he was somewhere about all the time. We saw him half a dozen times and could have shot him, but he was altogether too young. After running around about a quarter of an hour he went into a hole in the rocks, and we called the dogs off and moved on.

We had quite a tramp before we started another one, but the dogs found one at last and had a splendid run for over fifteen minutes, and I can tell you the music was grand; I can't tell it as it ought to be told; any one to appreciate it must be there and hear for himself. The dogs brought him right by us, and Mr. Parry had a chance to try his skill with the gun. He made as pretty a shot as I ever saw; he "held ahead" and got his rabbit.

We had five more starts before the day was over and got two of them, and reached home before supper time, tired, but with the satisfaction that one has after having a good day's sport.

It is a little early yet to go out for all day, as it is hard getting through the bushes, for the leaves have not commenced to drop off yet, and you cannot see so much of what is going on as you can in another month.

I still think the little beagle of 15in. or under the best dog for rabbits there is going, but too many make the mistake of running a pack of beagles some 13½ or 14in. high with others 16 to 17in. and then come out and say the little ones can't stand it all day. Why, no wonder they can't, for they have to go at such a tremendous gait in order to keep anywhere near the large ones that they soon get all played out. I have done this same thing myself and know whereof I speak. But run a lot of from 13½ to 14½in. high together and you will find the little fellows are all right, and if well bred will last all day. I hope to see this little dog appreciated more in the future than he has been in the past.

W. S. CLARK.

THE STRYCHNINE FIEND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Wednesday Sept. 28 Mr. T. S. Skilton, Colebrook, Conn., lost a very valuable setter bitch by poisoning. She was very promising, and bid fair to be one of the best of field dogs. On Friday following his other dog, Old Tommo, went the same way. This dog will be remembered by almost every sportsman in northwestern Connecticut as a most remarkable field dog, carrying for four years a standing challenge for $100 to any sportsman in the county to produce a dog that could bring more woodcock to bag than he. But he is gone, and we shall never see his steady point in the woodcock field again. He was an old dog, and his days of usefulness in the field were nearly over, but it is exceedingly sad that so good a dog should be brought to his end in so cruel a way He was the pet of the whole village, and the inquiry of every one is "who is there mean enough to do it?"

—COLEBROOK.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The field trials of this association will be held this year at Carthage, Mo. There is an excellent hotel and good livery, special rates have been secured for each. Carthage is easy of access from all directions, being at the intersection of the Kansas City and Joplin branch of the Missouri Pacific and the St. Louis and San Francisco roads. There are plenty of birds and no sand burrs. Grounds ample in extent and including a great variety of ground. A variety of causes has prevented the selection being made earlier, but the association will doubtless allow more time for the closing of entries in the All-Aged Stake so that those who have held back waiting for a knowledge of the location will yet have time to make up their minds.—R. C. VAN HORN, Sec'y and Treas. Western Field Trials Association.

DEATH OF VICTORIA.—Providence, R. I., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret to inform you of the death of my champion bull-terrier bitch Victoria. She was the winner of one first prize in England, and three firsts, eleven champion and several special prizes in this country. At the last W. K. C. show she won a special for the best bull-terrier in the show of a $50 silver flask, and with my champion Jubilee a club medal for best pair in show.—W. J. COMSTOCK.

PACIFIC KENNEL CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club was held in San Francisco Sept. 21. Following is the list of officers: Col. Stuart Taylor, president; R. E. Wilson, H. T. Payne, C. N. Post, M. E. C. Munday and J. M. Barney, vice-presidents; James E. Watson, secretary-treasurer; Dr. C. G. Toland, J. H. Fritch, S. C. Alexander, H. H. Briggs, E. I. Hutchinson, J. M. Adams and F. C. Zimmerman, executive committee.

MASTIFF TYPE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer has no desire to enter the controversy between Messrs. Wade and Wynn on the subject of mastiff type, but merely to offer a suggestion with regard to one phase of that controversy.

Both Messrs. Wade and Wynn seem to agree on one point, that the type of the original mastiff is involved in great, if not total, obscurity. We are certainly safe in taking as a fundamental proposition a statement in which two such opposing and eminent authorities agree, and it seems to us that their prolonged controversy is of real value only in so far as it has laid down this proposition. And yet after all it is a proposition recognized for a long time past by mastiff breeders.

They have not been breeding back to the original mastiff but forward to an ideal dog, expressing to the mind's eye the uses, the moral characteristics and history of the mastiff. Mastiff breeding both in England and America has been and is not so much from a prototype as toward an antitype. This is the "improvement" in the breed.

The value of the long controversy to which we have been asked to give attention can well be determined by asking whether, if among the monuments of ancient England there was found a sculpture or a carving of a mastiff, together with a duly authenticated declaration that it represented the original mastiff, it would alter the present system of breeding or the effect of the accumulated decisions of the shows. In the Anglo-Saxon ring as in the Anglo-Saxon court the decision of the majority of the judges is the law.

It is a matter of deep regret that the discussion of Messrs. Wade and Wynn has run so much to the merits of one particular dog, Mr. Wade setting all his faults in exaggerated lines before the public and giving place to none of his good points, thus giving, we believe unintentionally, a false impression of that same dog to the general public. We refer to Mr. E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution.

Whatever may be a man's opinion of this dog, we submit that the expressions "disgusting-looking brute" and "snub-nosed beast" are not properly applicable, and savor more of violent prejudice than calm judgment. It must certainly be very discouraging to Mr. Moore to purchase and import a dog like Caution and then to have him assailed in the newspapers by a man who views him from one standpoint only. It must certainly be very depressing to intending importers to see Mr. Moore's efforts so inconsiderately dealt with.

Mr. Wade has given the impression that Caution is nothing save a "disgusting-looking beast." This seems hardly fair and is quite in contrast with the declaration of a well known judge who having placed Caution second remarked to the writer that whatever might be the dog's place on the bench he was, judging from his appearance, admirably calculated to correct the worst and most general faults in American mastiff bitches—an opinion subsequently verified, inasmuch as Caution, in several cases known to the writer, has produced square, broad-muzzled dogs with the staunchest of legs, out of bitches which prior to his importation would have been much reduced in value for the want of a proper stud dog in America. X.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB.—Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 1. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Indiana Kennel Club, held this day, the following officers were re-elected: D. C. Bergundthal, President; E. S. Shultz, J. E. Doherty, J. M. Freeman, First, Second and Third Vice Presidents; S. H. Socwell, Treasurer; P. T. Madison, Secretary. The reports of the treasurer and secretary showed the club to be in a very prosperous condition. The time for holding the first annual field trials at Bicknell, Ind., was changed from Oct. 31 to Nov. 7, and the time of closing entries extended to Oct. 25. The trials promise to be a great success, far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. Messrs. D. C. Bergundthal and P. T. Madison were invited to judge the trials, and the third judge will be selected on the ground. Should anything happen to prevent Mr. Bergundthal or Madison from being present, other competent judges will be selected. Our grounds at Bicknell are well stocked with quail, and are equal to those of the Eastern Field Trials Club at High Point.—P. T. Madison, Secy.

BUFFALO KENNEL CLUB.—Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Sept. 29, a report of a meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. K. C. held in New York Sept. 22, in which you state that "the application of the Buffalo Kennel Club for membership was refused." Will you please inform me when and from whom the application was received? I fail to find anything in the records of the club to show that it has ever applied for admission to the A. K. C., and there is no other kennel club in this city.—A. W. Smith, Sec'y Buffalo Kennel Club.

PEDIGREE WANTED.—St. Louis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you or any of your readers give pedigree of Gypsie, a black and tan Gordon setter bitch, by Col. Ainsworth's (Des Moines, Ia.) Luke Blackstone out of Gypsie Blackstone? I would like to get her full pedigree, if possible.—Ruby.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.—Entries in the All-Aged Stakes of the American Field Trial Club close on Monday next, Oct. 10. The secretary's address is C. W. Paris, Cincinnati, Ohio.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Barry and Mettlehorn. By Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped Sept. 4, 1887, by Grimsell (Rex—Alma) out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018).

Queen Naso. By Greenfield Kennels, New York, for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1887, by Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie) out of Rosalie (Bang Bang—Rose).

Goldenrod. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 16, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Brunette. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for black and white pointer bitch, whelped June 10, 1886, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Bangle. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for black and white pointer bitch, whelped May 10, 1887, by Naso of Kippen out of Della (A.K.R. 1247).

Peggie Bowley. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 6, 1886, by Kobo (A.K.R. 2514) out of Hilla (Obo II.—Clio).

King. By A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., for black and tan terrier dog, whelped May 14, 1887, by Lord George (Burke—Luce) out of Safety (King—Violet).

Tell Tale and Joan of Arc. By Dr. W. F. Spring, West Winsted, Conn., for liver and white ticked pointer dog and bitch, whelped July 15, 1887, by Dr. Bidwell's Don Juan (Elmore's Gay—Grace) out of Belle Winchester (Capt. Fred—Lady F.).

Modle Daisy. By Dr. W. F. Spring, West Winsted, Conn., for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 30, 1887, by Reed's Dash out of Modle Doodle (A.K.R. 4057).

Contoocook Kennels. By W. H. Wallbridge, Peterborough, N. H., for his kennels of St. Bernards.

NAMES CHANGED.

Van to Vandalia. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 15, 1883 (A.K.R. 1356).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Meersbrook Nan—Raby Mixer. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Meersbrook Nan (A.K.R. 4109) to his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598), Aug. 11.

Raby Belle—Belgrave Primrose. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Raby Belle (A.K.R. 4112) to his Belgrave Primrose (A.K.R. 3801), Aug. 16.

Warren Lady—Mixture. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Warren Lady (A.K.R. 2701) to his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), Aug. 25.

Wasp II.—Mixture. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Wasp II. (A.K.R. 5025) to his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), Sept. 4.

Nina—Raby Mixer. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Nina (A.K.R. 3807) to his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598), Aug. 18.

Richmond Myrtle—Raby Mixer. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Myrtle (A.K.R. 5032) to his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598), Aug. 28.

Highland Lassie—Chieftain. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Highland Lassie (A.K.R. 4033) to his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726), Aug. 30.

Brazen—Chieftain. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Brazen (A.K.R. 4723) to his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726), Sept. 4.

Lorna Secunda—Bran. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna Secunda (A.K.R. 4351) to his Bran (A.K.R. 2612), Sept. 25.

Ruby III.—Dash. L. K. Mason's (Hastings, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Ruby III. (A.K.R. 1913) to Geo. E. Poyneer's Dash (Drake—Bell), Sept. 19.

Hermita—Grimsell. Contoocook Kennels' (Peterborough, N. H.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Hermita (A.K.R. 3018) to Upton's Grimsell (Rex—Alma), July 4.

Lady Tarquin—Tony. Sunnyside Kennels' (New York) bull-terrier bitch Lady Tarquin (Tarquin—Luce) to their Tony (A.K.R. 3890), Aug. 20.

Lady Friend—Glenmar II. Onota Kennels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Lady Friend (Bob—Friend) to Glenmar II. (A.K.R. 2881), Sept. 28.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nellie Pride. L. E. Haag's (Indianapolis, Ind.) collie bitch Nellie Pride (A.K.R. 2819), Oct. 1, eight (four dogs), by R. J. Curry's Dundee II. (A.K.R. 4844).

Wasp II. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Wasp II. (A.K.R. 5035), May 24, five (four dogs), by Mr. Raper's Raby Mixture (Mixture—Nosegay).

Richmond Myrtle. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Myrtle (A.K.R. 5032), May 25, one bitch, by Mr. Clarke's Reclon (Reckoner—Rachel).

Raby Susie. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Raby Susie (A.K.R. 2697), June 6, five (three dogs), by his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697).

Lady Mixture. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Mixture (A.K.R. 4596), June 2, four (two dogs), by his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598).

Jaunty. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Jaunty (A.K.R. 2696), June 15, four dogs, by his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598).

Richmond Olive. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Olive (A.R.R. 3699), June 25, five (four dogs), by his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697).

Miss Mixture. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Miss Mixture (A.K.R. 4111), June 23, one bitch, by his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598).

Di. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Di (A.K.R. 2694), July 25, three bitches, by his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598).

Shame. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Shame (A.K.R. 2700), Sept. 2, three bitches, by his Raby Mixer (A.K.R. 4598).

Carmen. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bulldog bitch Carmen (A.K.R. 4971), June 12, eleven (four dogs), by his Robinson Crusoe (A.K.R. 2597).

Lorna II. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna II. (A.K.R. 336), June 15, seven (four dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Thora. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Thora (A.K.R. 4034), June 22, seven (two dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Countess Zina. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Countess Zina (A.K.R. 4031), July 25, four (two dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Thora. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Thora (A.K.R. 3729), Sept. 14, four (three dogs), by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3826).

Hermita. Contoocook Kennels' (Peterborough, N. H.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Hermita (A.K.R. 3018), Sept. 4, two dogs, by John Upton's Grimsell (Rex—Alma).

Marjory. St. Bernard Breeding Club's (Montclair Heights, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Marjory, Sept. 20, twelve (five dogs), by their Apollo.

Whim. Robert Gedney's (Nyack, N. Y.) pointer bitch Whim (A.K.R. 4268), Sept. 19, three (two dogs), by Graphic Kennels' Beppo III.

Nora. Dr. P. H. Renn's (Sunbury, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Nora (A.K.R. 3876), Sept. 21, ten (three dogs), by W. H. Pierce's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.).

Wacouta Bess. Wacouta Kennels' (St. Paul, Minn.) mastiff bitch Wacouta Bess (A.K.R. 4050), Sept. 26, fourteen (ten dogs), by their Wacouta Nap (Morgan's Lion—Morgan's Bess).

Edith. C. E. Gilchrist's (Charlestown, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Oliva), Sept. 26, ten (six dogs), by Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie).

Blemton Lilly. Beverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Lilly (A.K.R. 3463), July 6, five (four dogs), by L. & W. Rutherfurd's Splauger.

Cockney Vixen. Beverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Cockney Vixen, Sept. 17, six (five dogs), by J. E. Thayer's Belgrave Primrose (A.K.R. 3801).

Juno. Beverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Juno, July 24, seven (six dogs), by their Grip II.

Blemton Arrow. Beverwyck Kennels' (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Arrow (A.K.R. 3457), Sept. 4, three (two dogs), by Blemton Kennels' Resolute (A.K.R. 4487).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Barry. Orange tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 4, 1887, by Grimsell out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018), by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., to Geo. Morison, same place.

Sandycroft Beauty. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped April 9, 1887 (A.K.R. 4980), by Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to J. Reis, same place.

Sandycroft Baffle. Mastiff dog, whelped April 9, 1887 (A.K.R. 4979), by Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to John Y. Boyd, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sandycroft Brag. Mastiff dog, whelped April 9, 1887 (A.K.R. 4984), by Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to J. C. McClure, West Fairfield, Pa.

Mora. Orange tawny, correct white markings, smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 25, 1883, by Webb's Rex out of Nellie, by C. W. Bickford, Rochester, N. H., to E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass.

Princess Karl. White, tawny brindle spots, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 24, 1886 (A.K.R. 4775), by C. W. Bickford, Rochester, N. H., to E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass.

Beau Tibbs. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped June 5, 1887, by Bruce II. (A.K.R. 4643) out of Madge III. (A.K.R. 4880, by Chas. H. Pratt, Norwood, Mass., to F. S. Baston, same place.

Juanita. White and tan bulldog bitch (A.K.R. 4015), by John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H.

Hillside. White and tan bulldog (A.K.R. 3696), by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston, Mass.

Romulus. Red smut bulldog (A.K.R. 389), by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to Thos. Patton, Jr., Appleton, Wis.

Hillside Belle. Fawn bulldog bitch (A.K.R. 4316), by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to Thos. Mills, Montreal, Can.

Meersbrook Model II. White, black and tan head, fox-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 4108), by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to W. R. Mack, Rochester, N. Y.

Bran. Fawn deerhound dog (A.K.R. 4530), by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to J. J. Schanwell, New York.

Juno. White bulldog bitch (A.K.R. 4617), by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to Mr. Colburn, Lowell, Mass.

Moses. White bulldog (A.K.R. 323), by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to Mr. Colburn, Lowell, Mass.

Tim II. (A.K.R. 3669)—Nora (A.K.R. 5009) whelps. Black and tan Gordon setter dogs, whelped July 30, 1887, by F. M. Harris, Worcester, Mass., one each to A. L. Young, same place, and Noyes Billings, Dodgeville, Mass.

Bruce II. (A.K.R. 4643)—Madge III. (A.K.R. 4880) whelps. Mastiffs, whelped June 5, 1887, by Chas. H. Pratt, Norwood, Mass., a fawn and light fawn dog to E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass.; a light fawn bitch to Mrs. Kate F. Kimball, Concord, N. H.; a light fawn bitch to L. S. Dow, Boston, Mass., and a fawn bitch to John McConnell, Arlington, Mass.

Van. Lemon white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 1356), by G. H. Bailey, Portland, Me., to J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pluck—Sheila whelps. Red Irish terrier dogs, whelped April 3, 1884, by L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., one each to F. L. Underhill, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., and W. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Pluck—Sheila whelp. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped Sept. 10, 1883, by L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to F. L. Underhill, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Garryowen—Sheila whelps. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped Jan. 20, 1886, by L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., one to H. D. Danford, Dayton, O.; one to A. S. G. Boulton, Toronto, Can., and two to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Garryowen—Sheila whelps. Red Irish terriers, whelped Aug. 28, 1886, by L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., two bitches to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.; a dog and bitch to F. Myers, Oakland, Cal., and a bitch to G. E. Numsen, Baltimore, Md.

Slasher—Sheila whelps. Red Irish terriers, whelped Nov. 22, 1884, by L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., a dog to C. T. Clarkson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and a dog and bitch to Dr. J. W. Streeter, Chicago, Ill.

PRESENTATIONS.

Lundy and Mary Meade. Orange and white English setter dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 12, 1887, by Gath's Mark (Gath—Gem) out of Fly (Grousedale—Forest Fly), by Dr. W. L. Lundy to W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn.

IMPORTATIONS.

Japanese Spaniels. Mr. C. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., has recently imported from Japan three Japanese spaniels, a dog and two bitches.

DEATHS.

Victoria. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped April, 1883 (A.K.R. 1893), owned by W. J. Comstock, Providence, R. I.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T.—My beagle hound, three years old, has been troubled with red mange. Rubbing him with sulphur and lead relieves but does not cure. Shall I give him Fowler's solution of arsenic and how much? Ans. Give five drops night and morning in the food. Keep the bowels clear with castor oil in dessertspoonful doses and use the following ointment:

℞.	Ung. zinc oxid.
	Ung. diachylon ..... ää ʒi.
Mix.	Sig. External.

A. C. J., Mechanicsville, N. Y.—I am bothered to know what to do with my dog, an Irish setter 9 months old. In the morning a thick matter appears in the eyes. He has a peculiar cough, but it don't bother him, for he will hunt as well as ever. He eats but little and grows poor; he is very active. He has a very strong smell, so much so I don't like to let him into the house. Is there anything I can do for it? Ans. Wash with carbolic soap. Give 3 grains of quinine night and morning, and a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every other day.

G. H. C., Boston.—My cocker spaniel, three years old, has a scurfy humor on his back; his coat is harsh and dry. A few days ago I commenced to give him Fowler's solution of arsenic, 5 drops twice a day. A local druggist told me that 10 drops a day was too powerful a dose for so small a dog, and recommended 3 drops twice a day. Will you kindly advise what you should think the proper dose, and also the length of time to continue treatment. Ans. Five drops is the best dose. Continue for 3 weeks, then omit a week and begin again. See answer to "T." this week.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 30.—The Worcester City Guards, Co. A, Second Regiment, M. V. M., had their 47th anniversary this week. They had as guests the Heywood Guards, of Gardner, Co. F, Second Regiment, M. V. M. Also Col. F. W. Wellington, of Worcester, Assistant Inspector General on staff of the governor and commander-in-chief; Major E. R. Shumway, of Worcester, of the Second Regiment; Major S. H. Chaffee, of Grafton, of the Sixth Regiment; Lieut. Sylvester S. Bumstead, of Springfield, inspector of rifle practice, Second Regiment; Lieut. Charles L. Hayden, of South Deerfield, paymaster of Second Regiment; Capt. E. A. Harris, Worcester Light Infantry, Co. C, Second Regiment; Capt. Wm. Regan, of Emmet Guards of Worcester, Co. G, Ninth Regiment; Capt. John E. Merrill and Lieut. Bruso, of Worcester, of Battery B, Light Artillery, M. V. M. In the forenoon there was a shoot at the Peat Meadow range of the militia companies. The totals of each were as follows:

Company F.			
Capt S T Chamberlain	23	G W Hunting	13
G C Goodale	22	A B Mossy	11
G W Bishop	21	C O'Neil	11
Lieut C N Edgell	20	H Greenwood	10
Lieut H J Black	20	A A Fowler	10
C A Hinds	18	F L Proctor	9
F White	18	G L Holt	9
F B Edgell	18	S J Williams	9
B F Thrasher	18	A A Green	8
B D Morse	17	E R Jackson	6
T W Leonard	17	A E Kendall	3
E B Sutton	16	F I Gilson	2
J Strong	16		372
C F Bowtelle	14		
R B Pines	13		

Company A.			
A D Jefferson	21	F Knight	10
C S Perry	20	A Sanders	10
E G Barrett	20	J Nuderberger	10
F Howland	18	E Stone	10
W E Wilkins	18	J Grace	9
E W Hinds	18	A H Morton	9
J W Lapier	18	C H Mann	9
W R Jacobs	18	H H Rogers	8
G E Sweet	17	F End	8
J D McIntosh	17	F Sanderson	6
C L Sharpl s	17	W Farnsworth	6
I T Goodwin	17	C W Leonard	6
M H Tisdell	15	A J Underwood	5
P Milner	15	A Legg	4
F H Lurké	15	E Foot	4
J Leigh	14	W H Carrico	4
H S Clinton	13	J H Lander	3
H P Hinds	13	G Johnson	3
Capt W D Preston	12	E L Harper	3
Lieut F S Hoyt	12	H Tisdell	2
Lieut W A Condy	12		493
A E Eliason	12		
C A Wood	12		

The shooting by the honoraries and guests was as follows: Lieut. Bumstead 21, T. H. Day 21, Lieut. Hayden 19, Major Shumway 18, Lieut. James Earley 18, Sergt.-Major J. E. Lancaster 18, J. B. Cleveland and Lieut. Forbes B. Fay 17, A. E. Brown 16, Major Chaffee 15, Capt. Merrill 15, J. B. Willard 15, Col. Wellington 12, Capt. Hams 12, Capt. G. H. Cleveland 12, H. Mansfield 12. In the afternoon the two companies paraded as a battalion under Major Shumway, Lieut. F. S. Hoyt, of the City Guards, Adjutant, with Lieuts. Hayden and Bumstead as staff officers. The music was by the Worcester brass band. The parade closed with review and dress parade on Central Park. The reviewing party was His Honor, Samuel Winslow, Mayor of Worcester, Col. Wellington, Capt. Harris, Capt. Regan, Capt. Merrill, Capt. Levi Lincoln, Gen. A. B. R. Sprage, Gen. Josiah Piskett and Capt. E. A. Wood. In the evening there was a banquet, followed by speech-making and the presenting of prizes to the following: Sergt. A. D. Jefferson, Sergt. C. S. Perry, Sergt. E. G. Barrett, Priv. W. R. Jacobs, Priv. Fred Howland, Priv. E. W. Hinds, Priv. J. W. Lepier, Priv. W. E. Wilkins, Lieut. W. A. Condy, Priv. Earnest Stone, Corp. Fred Knight, Priv. Henry Tisdell, honorary member T. H. Day, honorary member Lieut. James Early, honorary member Lieut. Samuel Hathaway. Company prize for competition to a company team of 32 men, between the Heywood Guards and City Guards. Won by a score of 377 against 371. Capt. S. T. Chamberlain, of Gardner; Priv. G. C. Goodell, of Gardner; Priv. G. W. Bishop, of Gardner.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rochester Rifle Club is the name of a new organization recently formed in this city for the practice of off-hand rifle shooting. The officers are C. W. Briggs, president; C. R. Richards, vice-president; Daniel Wood, secretary and treasurer. It will practice out of doors during fair weather, and has a 50yd. range under roof for winter use. The first shoot was held this week, at 100yds., and the score was:

Mallory	10	10	7	10	9	9	9	9–72	
Redmond	9	10	6	9	10	9	9	7–69	
Richards	5	9	6	9	9	6	1	19	6–52
Graves	7	8	9	6	9	7	8	8–62	
Belding	8	7	8	7	7	6	10	9–62	
Luetchford	1	2	5	2	8	1	10	4–33	
Porter	5	4	6	9	9	6	10	6–56–406	
Green	9	9	9	9	8	9	8	9–70	
Angevine	7	7	7	9	8	8	7	7–60	
Boyd	9	8	8	8	7	6	7	5–58	
Briggs	10	7	9	10	8	9	9	9–71	
Drake	8	8	6	8	8	10	7	10–65	
Wood	9	8	8	8	10	7	8	0–58	
Miller	8	9	8	10	8	6	7	6–62–444	

The club intends to hold a weekly practice shoot and if it does not develop any phenomenal marksmen will at least afford the members some sport.—R.

CREEDMOOR.—New York, Oct. 3.—The tenth Marksman's Badge Match of the N. R. A. was shot at Creedmoor, Oct. 1. The attendance, owing to the rain, was very slim, but the scores were good. Private S. C. Pirie, Co. I, 23d Regiment, won the gold medal for the second time. Following are the scores, those marked * being the winners:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
*S C Pirie, Co I, 23d Regt	22	25	47
*F Stewart, Co C, 69th Regt	23	23	46
*J P M Richards, Co G, 7th Regt	21	24	45
*C E De La Vergne, Staff, 13th Regt	22	23	45
J S Shepherd, Co D, 23d Regt	22	23	45
*C E Bryant, N C S, 23d Regt	20	24	44
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Regt	20	23	43
G F Hamlin, Co I, 23d Regt	20	22	42
*C C Wallace, Co I, 14th Regt	21	21	42
J McNevin, N C S, 13th Regt	21	21	42
*A McDougall, Co C, 7th Regt	20	20	40
*F R Wiswell, Co A, 7th Regt	20	20	40
*F Van Lenney, Co K, 7th Regt	21	18	39
*H J Dietz, Co B, 7th Regt	20	18	38

J. MANZ, Jr., Ass't Sec'y.

BOSTON, Oct. 1.—The record of to-day's shoot is given below:

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

E F Richardson	9	10	7	10	7	10	7	9	8	10–87
A C Gordon	7	8	7	7	10	7	9	7	10	10–82
W H Oler	8	8	10	9	8	10	7	8	8	6–77

Rest Match, 200yds.

W Chester	12	12	8	12	12	12	0	10	12	12–101	
W H Oler	11	11	12	8	11	11	12	11	12	11–110	
H J Foster	12	11	12	11	9	11	12	12	11	9–110	
B G Baker	12	9	9	8	9	11	10	11	12	6–97	
Eames	6	6	6	8	11	9	7	12	8	6–77	

Creedmoor Practice Match, 200yds. (Military Rifles).

W O Burnite	4544434455–42	J W Hodgkins	4445444444–39
W S Simonds	4445434445–41	Dale	4445434333–37
J P Newell	4445444444–41	Houghton	4444333334–37
E S Dow	4454244454–40	P A Corker	4343435243–35
C A Codman	4345544434–40		

Revolver Match, 50yds., 200yds. Target.

F E Bennett	9	9	9	9	8	10	10	6	10	10–90

Prize Winners in the Decimal Off-Hand Match.

A D Elliott	82	80	77	73	70	—333	—35	—417	
J N Frye	74	72	71	70	66	—353	—30	—383	
William Fisher	79	70	68	67	67	—351	—30	—381	

Prize Winners in the Rest Match.

F J Rabboth	110	114	113	112	111	—560				
Salem Wilder	115	114	113	112	111	—565				
J N Frye	115	113	112	112	112	—564				
D L Chase	115	114	112	110	110	—561				
J R Munroe	112	111	110	110	110	—553				
Theo Schreiber	113	112	108	108	99	—540				
N Washburn	107	107	106	105	105	—630				

WHEELING, West Va., Sept. 24.—To-day the members of the Schuetzen Verein indulged in several practice and match scores, at which some fine scores were made. Quite a number of visitors were there. Among them was Lieut. Kerr, of the United States army, who is quite a good shot and an ardent lover of rifle shooting. Lieut. Kerr shot one score. Following are the scores of the practice matches:

First Score.

R S Stewart	7	6	8	8	6	9	10	8	8	5–75
Otto Jaeger	7	8	8	7	8	8	7	4	8	7–72
Wm Cox	8	6	6	5	4	8	7	8	6	6–64
Prof Scheufler	8	8	10	7	9	3	4	3	6	5–63

Second Score.

Otto Jaeger	6	10	9	8	9	7	9	7	7	7–79
Lieut Kerr	4	10	8	5	9	5	5	8	10	9–73
R S Stewart	8	10	4	7	5	6	7	5	7	8–67
W Cox	6	5	8	8	7	7	7	5	7	4–64
Theo Schreiber	6	7	6	7	7	10	5	7	6	7–62
Prof Scheufler	10	7	8	6	4	6	4	7	5	8–60

After this match was proposed, Messrs. Jaeger and Cox on one and Messrs. Schrieber and Stewart on the other team:

First Match.

Otto Jaeger	10	9	6	9	10	9	6	8	6	10–83
W Cox	8	8	5	5	7	9	5	7	4	8–66–149
R S Stewart	5	8	10	8	7	8	8	4	5	10–73
T Schrieber	8	9	5	7	5	8	5	5	6	6–65–138

Second Match.

R S Stewart	8	9	5	9	9	7	8	5	5	5–70
T Schrieber	10	8	3	6	7	10	4	5	3	8–64–134
Otto Jaeger	10	6	7	7	6	7	7	8	7	7–67
Wm Cox	7	7	6	5	6	5	9	6	7	6–65–134

The second match resulting in a tie, was shot off by shooting one shot each, which resulted again in favor of Messrs. Jaeger and Cox. The Washington Rifle Club has as yet been unable to get six men to shoot against Wheeling's second score in the series of three matches.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 26.—There was a small turnout on Healdmoor range this afternoon. Two members of Troop B were present and took part in the military badge match, which was again won by J. W. Geyer. The members of Troop B used the company's new carbines, which are very accurate shooting weapons when in well trained hands, but as this was the first time either member had shot at 200yds. with any rifle their low scores are not surprising. The scores are as follows on standard American target at 200yds, out of possible 100 points:

First Match—Military Badge.

H Simpson	5	6	5	7	9	4	6	4	7	3–56
E M Clark	4	5	5	3	3	7	4	7	4	4–46
J W Geyer (mil)	4	3	6	6	5	6	5	2	4	4–45
G W Quinn (mil)	1	2	2	0	0	1	1	6	0	2–15
R E Francis (mil)	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	0	4–10

Second Match.

J W Geyer (mil)	10	2	6	3	8	9	10	8	9	4–69
E M Clark	9	2	2	7	2	2	3	10	7	4–48
H Simpson	2	3	3	5	4	0	7	3	3	5–35

Third Match.

J W Geyer	2	4	4	10	5	5	9	9	5	4–54
E M Clark	5	3	8	4	2	10	3	6	5	8–57
H Simpson	5	5	6	4	3	5	3	7	7	5–50

BALTIMORE, Sept. 22.—The State Troop have been enjoying a three-days' shoot, the scores standing at 200yds.:

Tuesday, Sept. 20.

Sergt H B Bell, NCS	4444544—29	Pvt Ford, G	4442433—24
Capt R P Brown	5442553—28	Sergt Weed, G	2334443—23
Pvt J O Scharf, G	4444444—28	Pvt Scott, C	3333433—22
Corp Starr, E	3543344—26		

Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Pvt Scharf, G	5444345—29	Lieut Pennington	3443443—25
Corp Starr, E	544 544—29	Pvt Scott, C	0443433—21
Sergt H B Bell, NCS	4444444—28	Pvt Higgins, G	3444242—23
Pvt Ehlen, H M	3444345—27		

Thursday, Sept. 22.

Pvt von Feldman, C	4545455—30	Pvt Scott, C	4443235—25
Sergt H B Bell, NCS	4544451—30	Sergt Kirk, H	3344334—24
Pvt Weaver, J S L M	4345544—29	Corp Starr, E	3534443—24
Pvt Higgins, G	4333545—27	Pvt Zipprian, G	3323343—21
Sergt Lullybridge, C	4445343—27		

MEDFORD, Sept. 26.—The Lawrence Light Guard, Co. E, 5th Regiment, M. V. M., annual target practice. It has rained on the day chosen by this company for its practice for the last four years.

Pvt Sullivan	35334—18	Musician Clark	45222—15
Capt Clark	54341—18	Sergt Lenox	03443—14
Lieut Mitchell	33444—18	Pvt Perkins	02434—13
Pvt Day	42433—16	Sergt Maguire	02434—13

The first prize, a silver medal, was awarded to Private Sullivan, his previous record being better than that of any of his competitors.

HARTFORD, Ct., Sept. 24.—The annual prize shoot of the Franklin Rifle Club came off to-day and was very successful. Over forty members took part in the shooting at 200yds., and a number of others were present but did not shoot. The Hon. Geo. G. Sumner and Col. Geo. P. Bissell were elected active members, Mr. Dudley Seymour was restored as an active and Mr. S. J. Lyons, of Collinsville, was put on the list of honorary members. The full list of marksmen and their scores, is appended: 10 shots each: T. H. Britten 42, C. F. Tucker 40, E. H. Williams 39, E. P. Whitney 38, Otto Klett 38, H. M. Pope 36, E. C. Henn 35, W. W. Tucker 34, Gen. J. R. Hawley 33, F. K. Rand 32, W. S. Loveland 31, E. J. Hale 30, D. J. Jordan 29, H. B. Woods 29, F. H. Williams 29, Cuno Helfricht 29, L. H. Robertson 26, D. S. Seymour 28, Samuel Hurlburt 27, H. O. Whitney 27, Henry Andrus 26, C. H. Case 25, R. P. Kenyon 24, C. A. Terry 24, O. M. Brown 24, T. C. Nacdele 24, Gen. J. B. Clapp 23, A. T. Leonard 23, Hezekiah Lord 23, E. E. Beach 23, H. M. Jacobs 22, Maj. J. C. Kinney 21, Maj. J. Warner 20, Ned. Lawrence 20, E. Dart 19, E. C. Billings 18, J. E. Duley 18, L. B. Merriam 16, Geo. Grou 16, W. R. Hopkins 14, J. S. Russell 13, Dr. H. C. Bullock 13, Theo. Studley 12, S. A. Hubbard 11. After the prizes were awarded Mr. Saml. A. Hurlburt, one of the original members of the club, recalling the fact that this was the twentieth anniversary, read a pleasant little poem bringing to mind reminiscences of the early days, which were greatly enjoyed.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE DUNELLEN TOURNAMENT.

THE second annual tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club was formally opened Monday, Oct. 3, by Mr. Fred Quinby, chairman of the Tournament Committee, who welcomed "friends, acquaintances and foes" in a pleasant speech. The day was damp and unpleasant until about noon, when the weather cleared. The morning was occupied in shooting sweepstakes until 2 P. M., when the first regular event commenced.

The grounds of the club at Dunellen, N. J., are nicely situated, about twenty minutes from Force's Hotel, Plainfield, the headquarters of the club during the shoot. Everything within the bounds of possibility was done for the comfort of visitors, and the arrangements were most satisfactory. A good dinner was served on the grounds by caterer Chas. Smith, of Plainfield, from 11 to 3.

Among the noted shots present were: C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Iowa; Major J. W. Taylor, of the Chamberlin Cartridge Co., Cleveland, Ohio; R. H. Brientnall, Newark, N. J.; Chas. Richards, of the Atlantic Ammunition Co., N. Y.; W. Fred Quinby, N. Y.; J. R. Stice, representing the Winchester Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.; O. Von Lengerke, Newark, N. J.; R. E. Sheldon, Cleveland, Ohio; Ben Tiepel, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ed Taylor, Cincinnati, Ohio; H. McMurchy, representing the L. C. Smith gun, Syracuse, N. Y.; Q. A. McClure, McKeesport, Pa.; Dan Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; H. W. Eager, Marlboro, Mass.; Chas. Wagner, Pultney, N. Y.; F. N. Evans, Bay Ridge, N. Y.; Enoch Miller, Springfield, N. J.; T. S. Hall, Fall River, Mass.; A. R. Bowdish, Oxford, Mass.; E. W. Yerrington, Norwich, Conn.; Gus. Manitz, Rockaway, N. J.; G. S. McAlpin, Mahlon Fox, Trenton, N. J.; Chas. H. Allen, Trenton, N. J., Richard Stevens, Scotch Plains, N. J.; Chas. Luther, Syracuse, N. Y.; W. E. Willis, Jersey City, N. J.; Wm. Hoey, N. Y. Over 4,500 blue rock pigeons were shot during the day. The first event, Monday, was expected to be the shoot off of ties for the Atlantic Ammunition Co. prizes, but as there were no ties the diamond badge went to H. W. Eager, Marlboro, Mass., score of 97 out of 100; second to Chas. Wagner, Pultney, N. Y., score of 95; third to Q. A. McClure, McKeesport, Pa., score of 94. The shooting is from three sets of traps, all going at the same time, professionals at one, amateurs at another, and impromptu sweep at the third.

Extra sweep No. 1, at 9 blue rocks, 3 traps, 10-gauge guns at 18yds. and 12-gauge at 16yds. rise; $1 entry fee:

Wagner	111111111–9	Cooper	011101101–6
Taylor	101110111–7	T Kay	100100001–3
McMurchy	111011111–8	Leigh	001000101–3
Budd	111101 01–7	Stice	011111111–8
Allen	101110101–6	Williams	110101011–6
McClure	011111111–8	Bowdish	101101111–7

Second and third divided.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 9 blue rocks, same as No. 1:

Stice	111001111–7	Tee Kay	001111101–6
Taylor	111111111–9	Leigh	110100110–5
McMurchy	101111111–8	Fox	110111111–8
McClure	111111111–9	Budd	111111111–9
Wagoner	111111111–9	Quinlan	111010011–6
Stevens	010010011–4	Bowdish	111110010–6
Brientnall	011100111–6	C Smith	101000010–3
Cooper	111101011–7	N Apgar	111111019–7
Allen	110111110–7	O Von Lengerke	001101001–4

First, third and fourth divided. Fox won second.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions:

J R Stice	111101011–7	Budd	111111110–8
Quinlan	101111000–5	Bowdish	111101111–8
Fox	10*110101–5	C Smith	110111101–7
McMurchy	111111101–8	Richards	101111101–7
Taylor	111011111–8	O von Lengerke	010011011–6
McClure	011011110–6	Cooper	101111011–7
T Kay	111110000–5	N Apgar	101101110–6
Wagner	111011101–7	Leigh	001010111–5
Brientnall	110011011–6	Allen	111111110–8

First divided, second divided, third divided, fourth won by Quinlan.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 5 pairs double blue rocks, 5 traps, at 15yds. rise:

Stice	10 11 11 11 11–9	Williams	10 11 11 11 11–9
Budd	10 11 11 11 11–9	Bowdish	11 11 10 10 10–7
McMurchy	11 10 10 10 10–7	Taylor	11 01 11 11 11–9
O Von Lengerke	10 10 10 11 11–7	Quinlan	11 11 01 00 11–7
Fox	10 11 11 10 00–6	Wagner	11 11 11 10 10–8
T Kay	10 10 11 00 10–5		

First divided, Wagner second, O. Von Lengerke third.

Extra sweep No. 5, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as in Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

McMurchy	111111111–9	Budd	111101111–8
Richards	011011111–8	Bowdish	111011111–8
Major Taylor	111110010–6	C Smith	010101110–5
Stice	111111111–9	Taylor	101110111–7
S Smith	001011101–5	Eager	111111111–9
Brientnall	100111111–7	E Miller	111111010–7
Wagoner	111111011–8	Eames	011101110–6
Cooper	111110111–8	Hall	011111111–8
Quinlan	111111101–8	LaRoche	100101111–6
Fox	011101111–7	Stevens	110110111–7

Ties divided.

Extra sweep No. 6, at 5 pairs blue rocks, same conditions as No. 4:

Budd	11 10 10 11 11–8	Bowdish	11 11 11 10 10–8
Stice	11 11 11 11 11–10	O Von Lengerke	11 00 11 01 11–6
McMurchy	10 11 11 11 11–9	Tee Kay	01 10 11 01 11–7
Brientnall	10 10 11 01 11–7	Miller	10 10 11 10 11–7
Fox	11 10 10 11 11–8	McAlpin	01 10 00 11 10–5
Wagner	11 10 11 11 11–9	Eager	10 11 01 10 11–7
C Smith	11 01 11 11 11–9	Sheldon	11 11 11 11 11–10
Quinlan	11 10 10 10 11–7	Eames	11 11 10 11 10–8
Williams	10 10 01 10 10–5		

Ties on 10, 9 and 8 divided. Ties on 7: Brientnall 2, Quinlan 1, Tee Kay 2, Miller 0, Eager 0. Brientnall and Tee Kay divided fourth money.

Extra sweep No. 7, at 12 blue rocks, same conditions as Nos. 1, 2 and 3, $1.50 entry fee:

Eager	111100111111–10	Lefever	111111111111–12
Manitz	011110101111– 9	C Smith	111011111101–10
Budd	111111111111–12	Quinlan	101001011100– 6
McMurchy	011111011101– 9	Yerrington	111111111101–11
Riggott	111011011011– 9	Miller	101001111110– 8
Stice	101101111111–10	Cooper	011101101w.
Eames	001101101110– 7	Bowdish	111111111111–12
McAlpin	101111111110–10	Brientnall	111111111111–11
R E Sheldon	101111111111–11	Fox	101011011101– 8
Wagner	111011111111–11		

Ties on 12, 11 and 9 divided. Ties on 10: Stice 3, McAlpin 2, C. Smith 2, Eager 3. Eager and Stice divided.

Extra sweep No. 8, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as No. 7:

Quinlan	101111111–8	Riggott	111001110–6
Eager	111101110–7	Manitz	100111111–7
Cooper	011011111–7	G S McAlpin	111011000–6
Miller	111101111–8	Taylor	0110111 1–7
Eames	011 11011–7	Lefever	111111111–9
Hall	101111100–6	R E Sheldon	111111111–9
Stevens	111111111–9	Wagner	111001011–6
La Roche	101110101–6	Budd	111111111–9
C Smith	111111011–8	Major Taylor	011111111–8
Bowdish	111111111–9	Yerrington	111111011–8
Fox	11 110011–7	Stice	111111110–8
McMurchy	111111110–8		

Ties divided.

Extra sweep No. 9, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions:

McMurchy	111111111–9	Major Taylor	00010w.
Budd	111011110–7	Eames	111101010–6
LaRoche	100000001–2	R E Sheldon	101101011–6
C Smith	111111110–8	Wagner	111111101–8
Eager	111111111–9	Leigh	100001101–4
Cooper	111111111–9	Bowdish	011111110–7
Manitz	111111101–8	E Miller	111111111–9
Stice	111111111–9	Quinlan	111111011–8
Fox	001011110–5	Hall	101110111–7

Ties divided.

Extra sweep No. 10, at 9 blue rocks:

E Miller	111101111–8	Stice	111111111–9
Quinlan	011111111–8	Sheldon	111111111–9
Budd	111111111–9	Eames	101101110–6
McMurchy	111111101–8	Manitz	111111111–9
E Taylor	101111111–8	Tee Kay	0101111 0–6
Brientnall	111011111–8	LaRoche	00 111000–4
Cooper	111111111–9	Eager	110011111–7
Wagner	111111111–9	Fox	0100001 D.
Bowdish	111111010–7		

Ties on 9: Budd 3, Cooper 1, Wagner 3, Stice 1, Sheldon 0; Budd and Wagner divided. Ties on 8: Miller 3, Quinlan 1, McMurchy 3, E. Taylor 3, Brientnall 3; Miller, McMurchy, E. Taylor and Brientnall divided. Ties on 7 and 6 divided.

Extra sweep No. 11, at 6 single and 2 pairs double blue rocks:

McAlpin	001111	00 10— 5	Sheldon	111101	11 10— 8
McMurchy	111111	10 11— 9	Budd	111111	11 00— 8
Miller	111111	11 11—10	Riggott	111101	11 10— 8
Eames	101101	01 00— 5	Yerrington	111101	10 11— 8
C Smith	011100	00 10— 4	Bowdish	011011	10 10— 6
Force	111111	11 10— 9	Brentnall	101110	10 11— 7
Stice	111111	10 11— 9	Manitz	110111	10 11— 8
S G Smith	101011	11 10— 7	Fox	110100	10 10— 5
Eager	111111	10 11— 9	Tee Kay	010101	10 10— 5
Lefever	111111	11 10— 9	Wagner	011111	01 01— 7
Ed Taylor	011111	10 11— 8			

Ties all divided.

Regular event No. 1, at 20 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $2 entry, open to all:

J R Stice	11101111110101111111–17
F N Eames	11011010000lw.
R H Brientnall	11111111111010111111–19
O Von Lengerke	11001110111011101111–15
E Miller	11101110111111111010–16
M Fox	11011010110101010110–13
G Manitz	00110111111111111111–17
H McMurchy	11111011111101111111–18
E W Yerrington	11110110111111111111–18
H W Eager	11111111 01111111111–19
Ed Taylor	10110110111110111111–16
A R Bowdish	10000110101111w.
C W Budd	11111111111111111101–19
C H Allen	10011111111111111110–17
C Smith	11111011011111101101–15
R E Sheldon	11111111111111111111–20
D Lefever	11110111101011111111–17
G S McAlpin	11101011101111111101–16
C Wagner	11111111111111111111–20

The ties on 20, 19 and 18 divided. Ties on 17 shot off, Allen shooting Stice out with the following score:

Stice	11111111111110–13	Allen	11111111111111–14

Manitz 2, Lefever 3.

Event No. 2, 20 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $2 entry. For amateurs:

E D Miller	11111111111110101111–18
F W Cooper	11101111111111101101–18
McClure	11011111101101111111–15
R H Brientnall	10111111111111111111–19
O Von Lengerke	10111101111111111110–17
R Bowdish	01110111110111111111–17
T S Hall	10100111110061111101–13
Manitz	11101100111011111011–15
J Stevens	11 01111111111111111101–18
Major Taylor	11111110111001110111–16
Chas Richards	10110110111011111111–16
Riggott	10111111111101111011–17
Quinlan	11011101110 00111111–14
Tee Kay	11100101011101111110 –13
Leigh	11111001000000000100– 8
M Fox	10101101101111011100–13
Voorhees	00001110101010100001– 9
McAlpin	11011006010111111101–13
Allen	01110011111111110011–15
D Lefever	11111101111111111101–18
Yerrington	11111101101111111101–16
Williams	11011111111101101111–17
Dan Terry	11111101111111111110–18
Chas Smith	11011111111011000019–13
J H Force	0111 00010111111101–14
S G Smith	11101100111010000111–13
Suhweson	01110111000011001100–11

R. H. Brientnall wins first with 19, second and third divided, and Maj. Taylor and Yerrington divided fourth.

Tuesday morning was bright and clear, with a moderate wind from the northwest, which during the day freshened up and hurried the rocks at a pace that made it difficult to stop. The shooters were early on the grounds to have a try at live birds. One sweep was shot which resulted in ties; they were not shot off, as the birds were poor, so we do not give the score. Better birds are promised for the regular events. The attendance was somewhat better than on Monday. Among the new comers were: F. W. Cooper, Mahanoy City, Pa.; M. Fox, Kingston, N. J.; C. Thorne, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; F. M. Eames, Bay Ridge, L. I.; M. Williams, Elizabeth, N. J.; J. D. Voorhees, Bound Brook, N. J.; S. Riggott, Rockaway, N. J.; W. R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.; Dr. Conover, Springfield, N. J.; D. H. Terry, Plainfield, N. J.; T. S. Hall, Fall River, Mass.; E. Miller, Springfield, N. J.; R. Clayton, Luzerne, Pa.; Wm. Cannon, the champion one arm shot of Newark, N. J.; Tom Eley, Kingston, Pa.; Jim Eley, Plymouth, Pa.; J. C. Clark, Kingston, Pa.; W. Seigler, Montclair, N. J.; P. Fowler, Roselle, N. J.; J. R. Rust, Philadelphia, Pa.; T. A. Peacock, Westfield, N. Y.; Capt. Jones, Bordentown, N. J.; M. C. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., and Al Heritage, of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club.

Few of the new-comers arrived until after noon, and the regular events were delayed until then, the morning being occupied with a series of sweepstakes The scores in many of the regular events are to count on merchandise in addition to a division of the entrance money or purse in each competition.

This week we give only the totals of the winners in the regular events, and will give full score next week.

Regular event No. 3, at 15 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $100 guaranteed purse, $3 entry, open to all. There were 83 entries in this event. Bowdish, Yerrington and Miller dividing first, each with a score of 15 straight; Stice, Brientnall, Thorne and Eley, with 14, divided second money; McMurchy, Sheldon, Cooper and Wagner, with 13, divided third money. There were seven ties for fourth, which were shot off, and Teiple and Budd divided it.

Regular event No. 4 at 15 single blue rocks, sweepstake $100, guaranteed purse, score to count on merchandise, $3 entry, for amateurs. Thirty-five shooters came to the score in this match, only one of whom, A. R. Bowdish, succeeded in making a clean score of 15. He thus took first money alone. Wm. Seigler and C. Thorne, with 14 each, divided second money. Third and fourth money also divided.

Regular event No. 5 at 10 single and 5 pairs blue rocks: $50 blue-rock trophy, a handsome gold watch charm, $2.50 entry, open to all. The trophy to go to winner of first money. Twenty-five contestants toed the mark, the highest score 19, being made by D. Lefever and F. W. Cooper, and in the shoot-off Cooper won the trophy. J. R. Stice, H. McMurchy, E. Miller, C. W. Budd and W. R. Hobart each with 18, divided second money. C. Wagner, E. Taylor, C. Thorn, R. E. Sheldon and T. A. Peacock with 17 each, divided third, and after a shoot-off Capt. Jones and Major Taylor divided fourth money.

Regular event No. 6, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $50 guaranteed purse, $2 entry, for amateurs; 24 entries. First money divided by A. R. Bowdish and Wm. Seigler each with clean score of 10. R. H. Brientnall, Tom Eley, A. R. Hobart, James and Morris, with 9 each, divided second money. The ties on 8 were shot off and C. Thorne and F. W. Cooper divided third. The 7 ties were also shot off and Dr. Conover, S. G. Smith and T. A. Peacock divided fourth money.

Event No. 7 was not finished at sundown and was shot off on Wednesday.

Regular event No. 8, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $1 entry for amateurs. Only 16 entered for this match. A. Manitz and Capt. Jones with 10 divided first, Wm. Seigler, D. Lefever and T. A. Peacock with 9, divided second, C. Thorne, W. R. Hobart and James with 8 divided third, and R. H. Brientnall, E. Miller, A. R. Bowdish and T. S. Hall with 7 divided fourth. There were a number of sweepstakes shot during the day, full scores of which will be given next week.

Wednesday, Oct. 5.—The first thing on the programme this morning was regular event No. 7, at 10 single blue rocks; sweepstake, $1 entry; open to all; 21 contestants: B. Teiple and C. Wagner, with 10 each, divided first money. J. H. Force, R. E.

Sheldon, J. R. Stice, Kay, A. Manitz, A. R. Bowdish and R. H. Brientnall, 9 each, divided second money. H. McMurchy, T. A. Peacock, C. W. Budd, James and S. G. Smith, with 8, divided third money. Tom Eley, C. Thorne, Woolsey and Morris, with 7, divided fourth.

NEW DORP, S. I., Sept. 28.—Emerald Gun Club, of New York city, match at live pigeons, 5 ground traps, 21, 25 and 30yds., 80yds. bound, club rules, 4 prizes:

W Glaccum (21)	1111111110—9	M McMunn (30)	1111011001— 7
R Regan (21)	1110110100—6	T P Mackenna (21)	1101111111— 9
Dr Hudson (25)	0111011111—8	G Remsen (21)	1111111111—10
J H Voss (25)	0111111111—9	J Bade (21)	0100101011— 5
J Maesel (21)	0111000111—6	P J Keenan (21)	0111111110— 8
H Rubino (21)	1100111111—8	C M Grainger (21)	1011111111— 9
Dr Dwyer (25)	1111111011—9	F Schrader (25)	1011110101— 7
N Maesel (21)	0101101111—7	L C Gehering (25)	1111111010— 8
P Butz (21)	0101111111—8		

Ties, miss and out, for second: W. Glaccum (25), 1, and won; J. H. Voss (30), 0; Dr. Dwyer (30), 0; T. P. Mackenna (25), 0. Ties, miss and out, for third: Dr. Hudson (25), 1, and won; H. Rubino (21), 0; P. Butz (21), ½; P. J. Keenan (21), 0; L. C. Gehering (25), ½. For Oseikel Trophy: R. Regan won.

Sweepstake at 5 live birds, 25yds., with the following result:

F Pfleander	11111—5	M McMunn	11111—5
G Remsen	11111—5	L C Gehering	11111—5
C M Grainger	11011—4		

First divided. Grainger received second money and was not pleased, as he considered himself entitled to a portion of third money, it being arranged that there should be first, second and third moneys.

PARKER GUN CLUB.—Meriden, Conn., Sept. 28.—Our season's work at the traps closes to-day. Our efforts to stop illegal shooting of birds out of season, by offering a reward of $25 for evidence that will convict, I am happy to say has had the good effect of saving the lives of many half-grown birds such as were killed every year by thieving scoundrels unworthy the name of sportsman. If other clubs throughout the country would follow suit, I know good results would follow; it would stop this contemptible Sunday shooting that is increasing, and we should have more birds. But to return to the subject of clays, for it may interest some of your many readers, though it is but tame sport compared with starting out upon a frosty October morning with dog and gun. We have, with as little noise as possible and no outside assistance, broken between ten and twelve thousand pigeons this summer. Thanks to the generosity of our manufacturers and merchants, particularly Parker Brothers, the untiring energy of Mr. Soper and the correct calculations of Mr. A. H. Merriman, we have had some valuable prizes, consisting of a Parker gun, ice pitcher, fruit dish, lamps, hunting suit, etc., awarded in the following order for the best average in 25 throughout the season in shooting at 200 or more pigeons each man, from 18 to 24yds., 3 traps and angles: J. Brogden 19, E. Ivery 17.64, F. Brown 17.35, A. Ives 16.90, A. H. Merriman 16.63, E. A. Birdsey 16.50, E. Soper 16.09, I. L. Baker 16, Dr. E. W. Smith 15.22, G. H. Hill 12.50. Many other members of the club shot well, but not enough times to average; while others that shot in good faith for prizes by rather peculiar technicalities had some of their scores thrown out, including your humble correspondent—J. F. I.

ALBANY, Sept. 22.—A large number of sportsmen witnessed the trap shooting tournament at Island Park to-day. The first event was called at 10 o'clock. The first event was 15 bats. Blake took first money in the shoot at the bats, Gardiner, Northrup and Buesser divided second, and Beckwith, Paul and Mills third. In shooting at clay-pigeons Paul captured first, Thorne second, Buesser third. First money in the third event was won by Thorne, second divided between Beckwith, Gardner and Lingenfelter, and Blake third. Thorne, out of a possible 45, scored 44 hits and took first money in the guaranteed purse of $100, Paul and Gardner scored 39 and divided second money, third money went to Beckwith with a score of 38, and fourth prize was captured by Blake, who made 37 hits. The individual match between Hally Gardner, of this city, and Oakley Thorne, of Dutchess county, was won by Thorne, who scored 44 hits out of a possible 50. Gardner made 39. The contestants shot at 25 bats and 25 clay-pigeons. In the live bird match Thorne, Northrup, Campbell, Dunn and Pluckrose killed 5 birds each. In shooting off the tie Pluckrose won, Selkirk took second money, and third money was divided between Paddock, James Patten and Blake. Lord took fourth.

A CHALLENGE FROM GRAHAM.—New York, Oct. 3, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby challenge the winner of the contest between Messrs. C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Iowa, and Smith, of Syracuse, which takes place at Dunellen on Saturday next, to shoot me a contest for the diamond badge and $100 a side, under the same terms as they are there contesting. In the event of Mr. Budd's winning I feel I have a claim that he should give my challenge preference over any others he might receive; inasmuch as our late contest on New Years Day for $1,000 resulted in a dead heat, each killing 87; and I want to find out who is the better man, he being the only man whom I have not defeated in America. I will be glad to meet either him or Mr. Smith at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM, N. Y., at 12 o'clock on Monday next, where we can post forfeit and arrange place to shoot, etc.—W. GRAHAM, Champion Wing Shot of the World.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 28.—The ground at Dexter Park looked very dreary this afternoon when the members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club met there to shoot for the diamond badge of the club. Few members put in an appearance, but those few made the biggest scores ever made, at 27yds. W. Selover, a well-known Long Island shot, won the badge, with a clean score of 25 straight. G. Forbell, D. Edgerton and R. McAvoy each killed 24 out of 25, making a remarkable total of 97 killed out of 100 shot at. In a subsequent sweepstake D. Edgerton won from the 30yd. mark with a score of 9 out of 10.

OMAHA, Sept. 20.—The Penrose and Hardin Rifle Club held their weekly shoot to-day, with the following scores, at live birds: Penrose 22, Brewer 16, Ellis 22, Brucker 16, Parmelee 20, Hethington 11, Petty 20, King 19, Cotter 13, Hughes 13.

CAMDEN GUN CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the dates originally determined upon conflict with those of the Dunellen tournament, it has been decided to postpone our shoot at Merchantville Driving Park until Oct. 13, 14 and 15.—W. S. FORTINER, Sec'y.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON.....} Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX.}
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.

Central Div..Henry Stanton...R. W. Bailey.....E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div..L. Q. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney....W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen. W. G. McKendrick. S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year $3.00. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

NEW YORK C. C. FALL REGATTA.—The fall regatta of the New York C. C. will be held at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, on Saturday next, starting at 2 P. M. The programme will include the race for the trophy, 5 miles sailing, Classes A and B together, open to members of all canoe clubs, no entrance fee. Messrs. Geo. Barney in Pecowsic, Grant Edgar in the Rat, C. B. Vaux in Lassie, M. V. Brokaw in Minx, have entered, and others from the Knickerbocker, Mohican, Brooklyn and Ianthe clubs will enter. There will also be a paddling race, ½ mile, for Classes III. and IV., and a unclassified sailing race. The Staten Island boats leave foot of Hitel s ll street every half hour.

TORONTO C. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 24.

THE evening before the fall regatta was spent very pleasantly by the members of the T. C. C., half a dozen of whom were engaged in decorating the club room with bunting, prize flags, canoeing pictures, paddles, etc., while about twice that number were deeply engrossed in listening to one of the members debating on the best way of applying blacklead to the bottoms of their craft and after applying the lotion retired to their various homes to dream of carrying off at least one of the 22 useful prizes which decorated the club table. At three o'clock on the following day about 90 of the members and their friends were present and the first race, paddling, Class IV., decked, ½ mile, was called: First, Ripple, W. A. Cooke, prize, a painting; second, Dottrel, D. B. Jacques, hunting knife; third, Wanda, W. H. P. Weston, vase; fourth, Acis, A. H. Mason, barometer; fifth, Mac, W. G. McKendrick, 0.

As soon as possible the paddling race, open canoes, single blades, was started, and finished as follows: First, Una, Colin Fraser, prize, a thermometer; second, Mojeska, W. B. Raymond, dictionary; third, Ah-Mic, Major Leigh, flask; fourth, Petrel, G. Sparrow, slippers; fourth, Acis, A. H. Mason, cuff links; fifth, Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, 0; sixth, Ripple, W. A. Cooke, 0.

The next race was the event of the season, I was going to say of the year, as I never remember hearing of such a large start in a club race before. We have about twenty open canoes in the club, and the regatta committee associated with the name of each a member who, in their opinion, would make an even team, for instance, if the owner was a big stalwart paddler he was given for a mate one who either knew little about single-blade paddling or was not very powerful, with the result that ten teams were at the starting line, and as the regatta was gotten up in ten days' notice, most of the teams had had only one or two practices, while some had never been together at all, and no team could say whether they would be in the first or last five. Two neatly stamped leather medals had the desired effect of making every one "whang into it" for all they were worth throughout the entire race, and such an exciting and well contested event it has never been my good luck to see before. The following is the record, but as the judge and time-keeper were both hitting it up for a good place in the race no time was taken: First, A. H. Mason, H. Wright, each a set of razors; second, W. A. Cooke, A. Daniel, toilet brushes; third, W. B. Raymond, W. Wright, smoking set; fourth, E. Rice, I. Kelly, pipe and pipe rack; fifth, W. G. McKendrick, H. McLean; sixth, H. Neilson, D. B. Jacques; seventh, Colin Fraser, Geo. Baker; eighth, — Morphy, E. Sparrow; ninth, Major Leigh, W. H. Weston; tenth, A. Shaw, R. O. McCulloch. Every one was of the opinion that the last pair worked as hard for their leather medals as the winners of the first place, and lame shoulders will be carried by some of us as a reminder of the hard work we had hustling to keep away from the rear end of the show. MAC.

TORONTO, Sept. 26.

A. C. A. AUDITING COMMITTEE.—Oct. 3.—To the members of the American Canoe Association. Gentlemen: Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to request of the secretary-treasurer, I have appointed Vice-Commodore Henry Stanton and ex-member of the executive committee William Whitlock, of New York, as a committee to audit the books, accounts, etc., of Mr. William M. Carter, the retiring secretary-treasurer of the Association. Very truly yours, Robert J. Wilkin, Commodore A. C. A.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

SECOND RACE, SEPT. 30, OCT. 1.

AT last the long suspense of the last three months is over, the race that all looked forward to with the most intense interest but a few days ago has gone into history, the possession of the Cup is again decided in favor of the New York Y. C., and events move so rapidly that before the bustle of the races has quieted down the club is face to face with another challenge. All Americans must feel proud of the work done by their champions, work without parallel in the annals of yachting, and all must acknowledge the debt due in behalf of national yachting to the two individuals who alone have retained the Cup for the third time, and against worthy antagonists. Even if Volunteer were an undesirable type of yacht it would be something to think that her sponsors have made a brave and successful fight against the best racing craft that could be brought against them, but the triumph is still greater when it is considered that in addition to retaining the Cup with honor, Messrs. Paine and Burgess have given to American yachtsmen a boat in many respects admirable, free from all the defects of the old national type, and at the same time the superior thus far in speed.

On purely technical grounds the FOREST AND STREAM has long upheld the claims of keel boats, but as applied to Volunteer and others of Mr. Burgess's creations the old arguments against the American centerboard sloop have lost their force. It is still a most interesting issue whether our position, that the keel is fully the equal to centerboard, can be proved with the large compromise boats as it has been between the narrow skiffs and the skimming-dishes in the sizes up to 70ft., but while in the latter case it was a fight against evils and abuses, against a bad and dangerous type of boat and play yachting, and in favor of safe and able craft and deep-water work, it is now only a question of scientific interest, whether there is a peculiar virture in the board that makes it the superior of the keel to windward.

Earnestly as the battle has been fought on both sides, it is not a vital issue any longer, the fact that Volunteer has beaten Thistle is not likely to lead to the construction of centerboard yachts abroad, while no possible superiority of the keel boat can drive the centerboard entirely from American waters. The many advantages of keel boats have been generally conceded here, a large proportion of the fleets are of that class, while the lessons as to lead keels and cutter rig have been too firmly impressed on all ever to be eradicated. It is natural that the defeat of Thistle should be a severe disappointment to all adherents of the keel boat, but whichever way the final issues of beam and board shall be decided is a matter of comparative minor importance, and contrasting the condition of American yachting to-day with that of ten years ago, looking at Volunteer alongside of Vision and Arrow, at Fortuna besides Mohawk, we can feel that the long battle for safer and abler craft first begun by the FOREST AND STREAM has not been in vain.

After the race of Tuesday an attempt was made by Mr. Watson to secure a dock for the following day, in order that Thistle's bottom might be examined, chiefly in consequence of a feeling that prevailed with Captain Barr and the crew that there was something wrong. He was unable to do this, however, and the idea was abandoned, an examination of the bottom being made as far as possible by sweeping the keel from bow to stern with a rope, no obstruction of any kind being discovered. Thursday morning broke with fog and rain but no wind, the boats were at the Lightship in good time, but after waiting until noon the race was postponed to the following day, the fleet starting for home. It was reported that Volunteer had hauled out and cleaned bottom on Wednesday night, but the rumor was incorrect.

On Friday morning the weather was no better, a thick mist, unusual at this season of the year, a heavy rain at intervals with a drizzle between, and very little wind, what there was being about northeast. When the fleet of Americans arrived in the neighborhood of the Scotland Lightship, Electra anchoring at 10 A. M. both the racers had come out from the Horseshoe under mainsails and jibs, and were working about near the line. The fog had thinned a little but the wind was light, about 15 miles per hour, and nearly due east. The committee decided to start the race and at once sent away the tug Haviland, in charge of Steward Neils Olsen, to log off 20 miles, E. by N., making the course nearly parallel with the Long Island shore. There was a fair chance of more wind and some sea further out, there being little sea at the Lightship, but all that was met was a wind sea of very moderate proportions and that troubled neither boat seriously, though the wind did increase later, the range through the day being from 15 to 25 miles per hour. Whole gales, half gales, and "Channel seas" were absent, only a moderate working breeze and small chop seas, making a very fair sailing day.

A start once decided on, both set jibheaded topsails and staysails, Thistle carrying her No. 2 jib and small staysail. At 10:30 the preparatory gun was fired from the flagship, and a few minutes later the struggle for first place began. The flagship lay a little south of the Lightship, and both racers were on her starboard side. Thistle worked about to windward of Volunteer, and as the time shortened to two minutes she stood off to the westward on starboard tack, with Volunteer a little astern. When but a minute was left she came full for Electra's beam, gather g way each moment, then, when it seemed that she was about run square into the flagship, she paid off, rounded on her heel d ctly under Electra's stern, and ran along so close that one could ch a penny aboard, and then, timed with magnificent precision, he cut the line right in the puff of smoke from the starting gun. A prettier start was never seen, a closer one is not possible, th handling throughout was superb. Her rival, however, was not far behind, right in Thistle's wake and just astern of the flagship, heeling until the garboard was nearly in the air as sheets came in. She rushed past the line but 30 seconds later, and then Captain Hall sent her far out to windward by a bold luff directly under Electra's bow, letting her run well out on Thistle's weather before settling down to the work of the day. Such a start alone was something to remember, to call to mind through the winter, to tell of years hence when other races for the Cup are being sailed, and to boast that one was there to see. The honors were well divided between the two skippers, but though astern, Volunteer had the weather berth; little if she was not able to hold it and foot at the same time, but much if she could do both.

In the two previous years both Genesta and Galatea have gone over the line astern of their rivals in starting to windward, and much has been said about the superior skill of American skippers. This year Captain Barr has led in both starts, but according to the general reports this was done designedly by Volunteer, excellent reasons for starting last being given. We have not learned that yachting practice has changed greatly in this respect within three years, if Puritan outgeneraled Genesta in this respect in 1885 it would certainly seem that Thistle is entitled to some credit for leading Volunteer in 1887, or if it was a smart thing to follow now it was no great blunder then.

Once away, the excitement became intense, as it was evident that all the desired conditions were this time present, and that the battle would be a fierce as well as a fair one. The course was a perfectly fair one, as free as possible from advantages due to local knowledge, out of the broad Atlantic, and with little to gain from tides or currents, plenty of deep water to choose a course in, and no great risk of outside interference. The wind was strong enough to insure a race, varying at times in strength and direction, but as it fortunately happened, favoring neither at the expense of the other to any extent; the sea was not heavy enough to trouble either boat, and while it would have been fatal to a shoal sloop it had no effect on such a deep and heavy boat as Volunteer. We have taken exception to the weather in which all the Cup races of 1885 and 1886 were sailed as fluky and unfair, but this time the conditions were fully above the average of yachting weather, and fair to both yachts. With the two starting so evenly and the fleet following behind there was every opportunity for an hour to compare them, but that length of time was not necessary. The first quarter of the hour told the story, and showed clearly enough that the keel had missed it again.

With two big cutter-rigged boats, similarly built and ballasted, differing little in displacement and carrying sail equally well, the question was narrowed down mainly to one of keel vs. board, and from the start the victory was entirely on the side of the latter. Taking the boats detail by detail as they sailed, each the acknowledged champion of her class, the easy victor over all others of her kind, the final effort of the leaders in design and seamanship, the comparison is by far the most important that has ever been offered, the opportunity for a substantial addition to the stock of knowledge now at the disposal of the naval architect is too great to be sacrificed to any partisan feeling, and we shall try to weigh each boat fairly and impartially.

First, and of the most importance, is the question of windward power, of holding on and going ahead, the quality of all others to be prized in a yacht. In this the odds were all in favor of Volunteer; she held out to windward and footed at the same time in a way that made the result certain in a few miles. While not at her best on this point, Thistle may still be taken as a standard for her class to-day, the equal of Irex to windward, though not quite up to Marjorie. Compared to her Volunteer's ability was undoubted, beyond the chances of change by any alterations of trim or sails. As they stood onward on the same long tack, under the same sails and in the same wind, the distance between the two constantly and steadily widened, until, from Volunteer being a hundred yards to windward by virtue of her luff at the start, she had the better by half a mile at the end of an hour.

Sailing the same course there was not much difference noticeable in the pointing, what there was being in Volunteer's favor, but the gain in this respect was slight. In carrying sail the advantage was the other way, contrary to the general expectation Thistle stood on her pins better than Volunteer. The difference in angle of heel as the two were viewed from astern was slight, but all in favor of Thistle, and if Volunteer had sail enough it seemed that Thistle could well stand more without exceeding the other's angle of heel. Comparing the canvas of the two Volunteer was ahead, excepting her jib, which shook badly while she was on the wind, but for the other sails they were all asleep, each doing its work quietly and effectually, trimmed flat, in fact the mainsheet-leave hard down over the narrow quarter, but each full, round and solid looking. Thistle suffered from a very bad foresail, the leech slatting continually all the way out. The jib was better, while the mainsail was doing its work well, though much has been said about the flapping of the leech. There was at first, for a short time, the flapping that is so often seen in the peaks of the loose linen mainsails, but this soon ceased, leaving only an undulation of the entire lower part of the sail, a rise and fall of the sail that was probably due to the motion of the boom, which was not sheeted in as on Volunteer, and which had more motion as the boat rose and fell. This, however, looked worse than it was, and probably affected the speed very little, as the sail was always full. Taken altogether, however, the whole sit of the canvas on Volunteer was superior to that of Thistle.

As the two reached along seas abeam it was difficult to distinguish any marked difference in the performance, nor was there any more when on the offshore tack they headed the sea. Neither suffered much from the moderate wave motion nor did the speed differ greatly, whether with the sea ahead or abeam. As to speed through the water, there was no perceptible difference. It is very hard to say which of two boats is going the faster when they are some distance apart and the spectator is first astern and then ahead on a swiftly moving steamer, and various opinions were expressed at times; first that Volunteer was overhauling Thistle in the footing, then that Thistle was holding her own, etc. On the way home the general opinion among Volunteer's friends was that she was outrunning Thistle easily, but the times proved to the contrary. All the way to windward Thistle showed as good speed on end as her rival, what best her was the inability to hold to windward. Of course it sometimes happens that the best boat at reaching will travel fast enough to make up for the lack of weatherly power, even on a windward course, but no such disparity exists among the best of the big class, Volunteer, Thistle, Mayflower and Puritan, and a marked inferiority in holding on cannot be made up by going faster through the water.

Shortly after the start the fog closed in a little, but after a time it lifted, and at 11:30 the rain began again, the wind holding about the same. At 11:45 the yachts were abreast of the big hotel at Rockaway, Volunteer now ¼ mile to windward but abeam of Thistle. The sun now showed a disposition to witness the race, and the sky and horizon were comparatively light. The first tack of the day was made by Thistle at 11:49, Volunteer going about at 11:51. They were now heading the sea, and both pitching a little. The difference between them was more plainly seen, and was too great for Thistle to make up with started sheets. At noon a heavy cloud rose in the east, being preceded by a comparative calm, but out of it came a streak of stronger wind from E. by S., breaking the yachts off a little. After this the wind went back to the old quarter, about E., holding there and increasing in force until near the finish of the race, when it went again still further to the south.

The steamers had run up near Thistle, and with the entire Atlantic to steam in some showed a disposition to crowd her, the Sirius being the chief offender. The flagship, setting an example by standing at a distance, whistled until they withdrew, without interfering with the yacht. There was plenty of space for them, and no possible excuse for any crowding.

At 12:48 Volunteer went on starboard tack inshore, with Thistle following at 12:51, the wind then being very light. At 1 P. M. Volunteer was off Long Beach, and over a mile ahead. At 1:25 she sent up the clubtopsail, more in readiness for the run home than because she needed it, and Thistle followed with hers at 1:30. At 1:37 Volunteer tacked again, Thistle going about at 1:41. Volunteer held this tack until 2:00, when she went on starboard, Thistle following five minutes later. Electra was now at the mark and

Volunteer soon came up to her, tacking at 2:25 just at the mark, rounding, and starting sheet, with boom to starboard. Her spinaker boom was hoisted after she tacked and some time was lost in setting the sail, it being sheeted home seven minutes after rounding. Thistle fetched some distance to leeward of the mark, tacking at 2:30 for the last time. She came up with spinaker boom on end, dropping it neatly as she squared away and sending the sail to the masthead and sheeting it home in three and a half minutes.

The times thus far were:

	Start.	Outer Mark.	Elapsed.
Volunteer	11 40 50¾	2 26 40½	3 45 49¾
Thistle	10 40 21	2 41 00	4 00 39

Volunteer's gain was 14m. 49¼s. in a beat of twenty miles. It is a safe rule in yacht racing to mistrust the accuracy of the times when seconds are split, as such close timing is seldom possible; but in the present races, with but two boats and the markboat at anchor, the times were taken with the utmost accuracy, the sights on the Electra's compass being used to mark the line. There were at the mark about thirty vessels—steamers, tugs and steam yachts—all of which gave the usual salutes to the racers, and then started for a race home. Only the faster ones arrived in time for the finish, unless, like Mohican, they did not run all the way out, but watched the turn from a distance, starting home ahead of the yachts.

Volunteer set her balloon jibtopsail at 2:50, then lowered working topsail, leaving club in place. Thistle set her balloon jibtopsail at 3:05. The difference in the setting of the sails on the two boats was most marked. Volunteer had her spinaker set so far forward as to throw the wind into the balloon jibtopsail, the latter being full and round like the spinaker. Thistle's spinaker was closer in to the mast, while the balloon jibtopsail was sheeted well home, like an ordinary headsail, not bellying to the wind as Volunteer's did. As they ran home at a round pace there was much speculation as to which would make the run in the least time, and Volunteer's friends maintained that she was leaving the other, though it was impossible to form any accurate judgment. At 4:07 Thistle took in her spinaker, as the wind had gone a little too far to the south, and Volunteer followed about four minutes after. At 4:15, when Electra anchored off the Scotland, the wind was E. by S. Volunteer came for the line with balloon jibtopsail and both headsails, while Thistle had her balloon foresail set, but jib in stops, beside balloonet. Of course both boats were greeted in the usual manner by whistles, guns, ensigns and cheers. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer	10 40 50¾	4 23 47	5 42 56¾	5 42 56¼
Thistle	10 40 21	4 35 12	5 54 51	5 54 45

The times each way compare as follows:

	Volunteer.	Thistle.		
Out	3 45 49¾	4 00 39	Gain, Volunteer	14 49¼
In	1 57 06½	1 54 12	Gain, Thistle	2 54½

Volunteer wins by 11.48¾

After the race the Haviland took Volunteer in tow and steamed for Bay Ridge, while Thistle sailed on up to Staten Island. The rain was falling again as the fleet started home, but the long suspense was over at last and both sides felt the relief. Volunteer was sailed by Captain Hall, with whom were Captains Terry, Berry and Jeffrey. Captain Elsworth was not on board in either of the races. In the first race Mr. Robert Wylie sailed on Volunteer to represent Thistle, while Mr. Geo. Clark took his place in the second race. Captain Barr sailed Thistle with Captain Gibson as pilot in the first race, but alone in the second. Mr. L. A. Fish of the Grayling, was on board in all the races as representative of Volunteer. During the races the steam yacht Oneida, owed by Mr. E. H. Benedict, did important service as a tender for Volunteer. In the evening there was a jubilee at the rooms of the New York Yacht Club, but Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess were not present.

It is a subject for congratulation that the races have passed off without any hitch or disturbance or ill feeling on either side. That they have been so well managed is due entirely to the spirit and liberality of Com. Gerry, who has turned his steam yacht for the time into a committee and press boat, and to the Cup and regatta committees. This season has witnessed more races than any previous one and the races too have been more important and with larger entries, entailing an unusual amount of work, especially on the cruise. That it has passed off so well without disputes or protests, is due to the thorough manner in which the regatta committee has done its work.

One criticism has been made by the visitors on the conduct of the Cup races which is decidedly unfair. The regatta committe has been blamed for not starting the race at the hour advertised, wind or no wind. The custom in England of starting a race at the advertised time, no matter what the weather may be and then calling the race later if there is no prospect of a finish, has been quoted as a precedent, but the committee had a far better one before them in the races of the last two years. All the Cup races have been sailed with a time limit of seven hours, a matter that has even been objected to on the ground that it unduly favored the latter by preventing a drifting match, and which is certainly as fair for one side as the other. In order to sail the race in this time it has been necessary to have some wind at the start, and the custom has been to be at the line at 10:30 A. M., waiting until as late as 2 or 2:30 and then postponing the race to the next day if there was no wind. In this way it has often happened that a race is made in five hours of the afternoon breeze which is apt to freshen late in the day, when, if started earlier, as per programme, three or four hours would be spent in drifting, leaving but an hour or two in which to sail the race. The English method, if followed here, would be the most certain way of securing a drifting match, and would prevent just what both sides wish to see, a fair race in a breeze. Had the first race been started at 10:30 instead of 12:30 the yachts might have come out of the Narrows with the last of the ebb and finally caught an air outside, but nearly two hours would have been wasted in the drift, and the chances for a race would have been much lessened. Had Thursday's race been started on time there would have been a long and tedious drift, without result, and nothing would have been learned of the boats. In adhering to the present method the committee has merely followed a precedent which thus far there has been no reason and no authority for changing, and which seems better calculated to guard the interests of the challenger which must make an ocean voyage of three weeks than of a possible skimming dish built here to defend the Cup. The present method places much more responsibility on the regatta committee, as the question of the exact amount of wind at any time is apt to be an open one, and their decision is liable to be questioned by either party.

There is no denying the fact that such a defeat of Thistle is a serious disappointment to all friends of the keel boat, the side which the FOREST AND STREAM has so long championed, but if there is any satisfaction to be found it is in the fact that the result on Friday was beyond question, there were no drifts or flukes to make it uncertain, but the best keel boat yet built in the large sizes has been squarely beaten to windward by a boat with a centerboard. Not by a skimming dish, not by an American sloop of light displacement and no draft, but still by a boat in which, in addition to a big keel, the board forms a most important factor in the matter of lateral resistance. We might seek comfort in the fact that the skimming dish is no more, that the days of the American death trap have passed away, that the new boats in themselves embody the great principles of safety and seagoing qualities which we have always fought for, but these points, however important in themselves, do not fit the case just now, for it is through them that the issue of board vs. keel has been divested of outside considerations and fairly decided up to this time in favor of the board. We are not now arguing over the smaller classes, they can take care of themselves. What we have to say relates solely to the great racing single-stickers. No fight between different types could have been fairer than that of last week, the two yachts were the recognized heads of their respective classes, practically equal in length, sail area, displacement, rig, build and method of ballasting, but the one had a centerboard in addition to her lead keel, while the other carried a keel alone, but some 2½ft. deeper. The centerboard boat won, that is certain, and it is just as certain that she won on her merits, that no difference of area or perfection of sails, or any small improvement of trim or handling would have made up for the marked difference in holding to windward that was visible from the start. What little satisfaction is left to the friends of the keel is in the fact that the result was clear and unobscured by side issues, nothing was left in doubt, and we are all now squarely face to face with the question, "What are you going to do about it?" There is no feeling that Thistle is not the best of her kind or that she has not done relatively her best work compared with Volunteer, and as for the possibility that she might have shown better on a different course with less windward work, whatever bearing it may have on the ownership of the Cup it is entirely irrelevant as far as the main point, the superiority of the keel is concerned; that depends solely on windward work. No matter how fast on other points she may be, the best boat must prove her way to windward before the yachting world will accept her.

Hard as the defeat is to American cutter men, it is not entirely without precedent; they have been in the same place before, and propose to keep on until either the luck changes or they get to like it. On the other side, however, it has hit still harder squarely between the wind and water, if we can accept the comments in the British papers as an index of the opinion there. If it goes so far as to open British eyes to the fact that there is some merit in the centerboard, that it cannot longer be denied a place in British races and that any future expeditions for the Cup will be anything but picnics, it will do good, but it is not impossible that it may have a still more radical effect, and that the next step may be a trial of a board rather than a determined effort toward the improvement of the keel, a result we should be sorry to see. The work on Friday morning was a surprise and shock to many who witnessed it; even yet they have not settled just how it all happened, but the point most impressed on all was the work of Volunteer to windward, the power of the 21ft. of draft decreased at will, and the effect has been in no way lessened in the transmission under the Atlantic.

In this sudden awakening to the merits of the centerboard, it is very possible that its advantages may be overestimated, and that some earnest adherents of the keel may turn to the contrary belief, that a centerboard is a necessity for speed, whatever its drawbacks in other respects.

To us, however, familiar always with the good and bad points of the centerboard, and seasoned to defeats as bad as this by many long fights in the past for which we have in time been well paid by substantial successes, the matter wears a different aspect. There is no need of wasting time in idle speculations as to whether Thistle must have a centerboard, or whether the next challenger for the Cup must be a British copy of Volunteer, we are content to acknowlege a fair beating, and without further loss of time to look for a means of retrieving it. What we have to say is in no way an excuse for the past, the keel boat has been beaten by a centerboard boat, we admit it freely, now why was it, and can it be retrieved? The two boats stand to-day the best efforts of the acknowledged masters of the craft, and as such it is admissible to consider whether each represents the highest developement of its type. In Volunteer we believe the highest possible developement of the type, as far as dimensions and elements go, has been reached. On her length it is impossible to see how any refinination of the process of evolution that has wrought her from Puritan is possible. In depth and displacement no further addition can be made without throwing her into the same category with Thistle, but with a board added. One step there is, but this it is very unlikely that Mr. Burgess will take, and it is to be hoped that he will not, a big Pappoose with great beam, light bilge and the huge sail plan which the New York rule would permit of, but with the proportionate draft of Pappoose, somewhere near 18ft., cut down to a practicable limit by the aid of a board. Such a craft would be most formidable, but we should be sorry, in the interests of yachting, to see her built. It may be that Volunteer is good enough to hold her own for at least a couple of seasons without a new boat being built, but this is hardly probable; and if she is to be outbuilt next year by what would seem to be a natural improvement in build and model. As to build, while she is far from perfect in many respects, any possible improvements would not much increase her speed, while in rig and fittings the margin for improvement has been cut down each year, until there is comparatively little left to work on. The only other point for improvement, then, is form, and whatever may be done here it will hardly help her to windward much, though it may off the wind. It would seem, then, that the field for any great improvement in Volunteer is limited. No doubt another season in the hands of General Paine and Mr. Burgess would see her in still better form, or if they were called on to beat her they might succeed; but the task would be a far different one from that of last year in beating Puritan and this year in doing the same with Mayflower.

Looking at the other side, it is more only a question of beating the Burgess boats and taking the Cup with a keel boat, it would probably be possible to do it with a huge Doris, a light steel shell with unlimited draft, ballast and sail, but such a boat would be a most useless machine, far beyond the limits of practical yachting, however fast she might be; and her construction and possible success could serve no good end, and would be time and money thrown away. The value of depth has been already taught by the smaller boats, and such a vessel could teach no new lessons.

Given unlimited depth and the thing can be done, but in hard practice the problem is brought down to much narrower limits. For all the purposes that a yacht must serve, even a racer pure and simple, the maximum draft may be taken at 14ft. If this can be lessened so much the better, but it cannot be exceeded without infringing on a fixed limit, the few available harbors, the courses usually sailed, the docking facilities, even of the larger ports; and if the keel boat cannot do with this draft, then its inferiority to the board in practice must be conceded. Applying this test to the Thistle the question arises, can she be improved in the one point in which she is lacking, and yet retain her good qualities?

With rather less sail area than Volunteer, but carrying her sail proportionately as well, Thistle is faster running and reaching, and fully as fast through the water when on the wind, or even allowing that she profited any by bringing up more wind on the run in, she held Volunteer in the footing to windward, and ran her coming in free. Thistle then is the equal of Volunteer in all respects but one, and though that is the vital one from a yachtsman's standpoint, it may be capable of improvement. Her stability, or speed through the water, and in general performance, Thistle is the equal of her rival; what she lacks is the power to hold on. Her draft has been variously stated as from 13 to 14ft., but the former we believe to be very near the correct figure. Genesta's was 15ft. with 5ft. less length, while Galatea's was 6in. more. Thistle's performance has been such as to demonstrate that in cardinal dimensions, in displacement, she is not radically wrong but that she is a very fast boat, and the question of her possible improvement is narrowed down to one point. A substantial addition to the area of lateral plane is possible, either with a greater draft but still within the limit we have indicated, or by an altered form under water with little more draft. Thistle has one feature carried to an excessive degree, the reduction of forefoot and of the mean draft of the forebody. An increase of lateral plane here, perhaps helped by a straightening of the sternpost, might give the required area without too great an increase of resistance, or if this is not enough, extra draft, to the extent of nearly a foot, might be combined with it. If the required power can only be had by virtue of a greatly increased draft, say 16 or 17ft., then it must be admitted that the type represented by Volunteer is the best for racing, but the time has not come to admit this yet, there is still a wide and clearly indicated field for improvement, and Mr. Watson is not the man which his work thus far would show him to be if he does not soon push into it, without a thought of the adoption of the centerboard.

Already, out of the indefinite rumors that have been afloat for the last few days, comes the certainty of at least one challenge for the Cup and of another series of races for next year. Now, while the holder in the present position of vantage after defending the Cup with credit in the three successive encounters, is the time to consider the conditions under which it is held, and whether any change in them is desirable. Should it so happen that the Cup changes hands and the present holders are obliged to look at the reverse of the deed of gift, it will perhaps appear in another light; but it will then be too late to make any changes.

In the days of the first challenges the old deed of gift was looked upon largely as an instrument devised to keep the America's Cup in the possession of the New York Y. C., and was interpreted accordingly. Year by year, in deference to strong outside pressure, concessions have been made, precedents have been established and the deed of gift itself has been remodeled by the trustees, until the races in the tables in the estimation of the yachting world, as much so as a sister cup now held abroad under restrictions which debar American yachts like Mayflower and Volunteer. As more liberal terms have been made the America's Cup has risen in value, until from a mere relic half a dozen years since, it has become what its donors intended, the emblem of national supremacy in yachting, held for three years in succession against the best that could be sent to take it.

The benefits which have arisen from the late races are beyond question; the awakening from the old delusion that the American skimming dish was invincible, perfect in all respect; the construction of a new and totally different type of vessel, infinitely superior to the old; the extinction of the type whose fatal disasters were a national disgrace, the awakening of a wider interest in yachting, not only among yachtsmen, but throughout the nation, leading as it must to a stronger feeling of pride in the pleasure navy, even in parts remote from the water, and fostering the national interest in water sports. All of these advantages are undisputed, but still it can do no harm to consider whether the Cup is doing all that it is capable of, whether the altered conditions of yachting within the last three or four years are fully met by the present reading of the deed of gift.

As far as the challengers are concerned, the late races have all been conducted on a very fair basis, both sides have entered the contest amicably and in a friendly spirit, and no disputes of any moment have arisen. It is only from a home point of view that the question should be considered in order that the greatest possible benefit should accrue to American yachting. The old idea of a regatta is pretty well exploded among yachtsmen; the conditions of modern yacht racing call for the closest possible matches between picked boats, sailing on perfectly equal terms, in all international contests; and the sooner the last vestiges of the regatta idea are stripped from the Cup races the better for all. Such a steamboat show as the first race is only disgusting and disappointing to yachtsmen, however pleasing to landsmen out for an excursion; what is wanted is such a race as on Friday, a clear field for the best boats; and as long as the Cup is retained by such races American yachtsmen may well feel proud. In order to make the battle what it should be, a fight to the bitter end between equals, it is evident that some arrangement is necessary in order to insure a reasonable agreement in the principal factors of speed. By chance this year the two rivals were of the same corrected length, time allowance was eliminated from the contest, and the interest and excitement were greatly enhanced thereby. Had the Thistle been but 70ft., with a big allowance from Volunteer, the Cup might have been saved as surely, but the race would have lost interest and in value. The tendency has been to outbuild each year, Puritan 80ft., Mayflower 85ft., Volunteer 90in. longer, Galatea and Thistle over 86ft., and the indications are that the same process of outbuilding will continue on each side, until the extreme limit of size of singlestickers shall be reached.

As long as the challenger must give his dimensions six months in advance, the advantage is to a certain extent on the side of the present holders, as they can at once outbuild him by a few feet. This however is an advantage which every true sportsman would despise, as a race won by mere size, or through crudities in rules or allowance tables must bring little honor. To eliminate this, the size should be a matter of mutual agreement, to be settled as long in advance as desirable by the challenger and holder, a plan that is certainly as fair to one as the other. This brings up the question we touched on last week, the waterline length vs. tonnage. It is in every way desirable that such a document as the deed of gift should be free from changes and meddling and as nearly permanent as possible, and after some years of trial it would seem that it meets the case excellently, and that no radical alteration in the wording is called for. If the points we suggest are deemed desirable they can be adopted without any alteration in the deed, as they are clearly permitted by the fourth article. By the provisions of this clause all conditions may be mutually agreed upon by challenger and holder at any time, a proceeding much more in accordance with all modern ideas of sport than the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs, one side waiting for the other to show its hand and then starting in to outbuild, as in 1881 with Pocahontas and Atalanta.

If the present state of affairs continues each nation must maintain the effort to outwit the other in the matter of size, unpleasant consequences are likely to ensue, the value of the races must at times be thrown away in consequence of a marked disparity in size between the competitors, and much of the good results must be lost to both nations. The contest thus far has resulted in the production of a class which we believe is too unwieldy and expensive to be permanent, and in a year or two we shall see still larger and more costly vessels if no measures are taken to limit the size. It is settled that the club will at once have a new challenge on its hands. Before it comes would it not be well to consider fully the points here presented, the mutual agreement in good season on the class to be raced, and the final settlement of the question that has come up for the first time this year, whether the waterline length is required? While for the reasons given last week we believe that the waterline length was not included in the term dimensions, it is perfectly plain that it should be, and now there can be no objection to demanding it, letting the tonnage clause stand as it is, a matter of no consequence either way. Just now this would work to the advantage of the holders, as what they most want to know is the waterline length, but the challengers are little likely to make any objection to such a permanent change. Some day the same thing may work to the advantage of an American challenger, for in spite of many defeats it is tolerably certain that Britain's blood is raised, and that the effort will be maintained until she regains the Cup. However unlikely such a contingency may seem just now, it is easily within the bounds of possibility, and if it does happen the interpretation of the deed of gift by the New York Y. C. must form the precedent for the new holders.

In regard to an agreement to race boats of a certain size only for any specified race, the argument has been advanced that as trustees under the deed of gift the holders have no option in the matter, but it is their duty to meet the challenger with the boat which is most certain of winning, regardless of size, or in other words, if Thistle had been but 70ft. long, it would have been the duty of the club to put Mayflower against her. However true this may be from a legal standpoint it will find little favor with all true sportsmen, as the chances of a fair race would be entirely barred; and further, as a mere matter of policy it would furnish a very bad precedent and offer a premium on outbuilding rather than outsailing, something that no one wants to see.

From the yachtsman's point of view the deed of gift is capable of a far more liberal interpretation, one that is much more in accordance with the spirit and patriotism of the men who first won and then dedicated to its present work the America's Cup. The end for which the Cup was given is the advancement of American yachting; the means to this end is through international contests. To retain permanently its value, it must be raced for on equal terms and won fairly by superior sailing. Further than this, however, it is the most powerful instrument for the improvement of its fleet ever placed in the hands of any club, and however well defended, the club is not doing its full duty until it so shapes the races as to secure the best results to its fleet.

In times past the unstable condition of racing and the absence of clearly defined classes made this point of little importance; but yacht racing here and abroad is becoming more thoroughly systematized each year, and it is already a discredit to the clubs in this country that they do not unite in an earnest effort to hasten and advance the process of improvement that is now going on but in a shiftless and indefinite manner. No better instance of this can be found than in the case in point, the late races for the Cup. It has so happened that, without design or concerted action, a new class has grown up from the Cup contests of the past three years, a class which we believe was uncalled for, and which will not become permanent. The class was called into existence by a challenge from a yacht of 81ft., or larger than any American single-sticker, so that it was necessary to build to that size, and now it numbers five yachts. The necessity for its creation, in view of the size of the challenger in '85, and the reasons for its growth since are apparent enough; but it is time now for yachtsmen to consider whether it is a class that should be maintained, or whether more good to yachting at large will not result from a return to the smaller classes. The immense influence of the international races is seen in the fact that in three years five large and comparatively costly yachts have been built, while since the previous contest in '81 but five additions have been made to the former favorite, the 70ft. class.

The new class is undesirable, first from the expense and time required to race such boats in proper form. It means upward of $50,000 to bring such yachts as Volunteer and Thistle to the line for the first race, and after the expenditure of this or a larger sum, by the end of the season the boats will not realize more than 40 to 50 per cent. There are plenty of yachtsmen who are well able to afford the money, but there are very few who are willing to do so. The older and wealthier are little inclined to give up an entire season to such hard and constant work as Gen. Paine has put into Volunteer this year and Mayflower last, they go into steam as a rule, or they take to a large schooner, in which room and comfort are far more easily had than in even Mayflower or Volunteer and at much less cost, concerning themselves with what racing there is in the schooner class. Of the five yachts now composing the class some are already outbuilt, and not one can hope to win prizes from Volunteer under her present ownership, so they are practically out of the racing. What then is to be done with them? The cost of keeping a trained racing crew, of frequent docking and painting, of new sails and spars, is too great in proportion to the races they are likely to win in a season, and if cut down to cruising rigs and crews they would be better as schooners.

It is becoming generally recognized that the fastest racer is not the best cruiser, but still yacht racing has not yet reached a point in this country where a special racing class can be maintained, and the yacht demanded now is one that can be raced in the regular events of the season, perhaps eight or ten races, without maintaining all the time a large racing crew, and that offers at the same time fair accommodations as a cruiser and for ordinary summer yachting. The favorite yachts for this work have always been from Mischief, 61ft., up to Bedouin and Gracie, 70ft., and it would seem that one of these two sizes or somewhere near to it was the most worthy of encouragement by the clubs. Last year the more chance of a challenge from a boat in this class was the cause of the addition of two new yachts and the refitting of one old one in it, and had the opportunity been seized then there might

have been half a dozen fine yachts added. There are plenty of men to-day who would be glad to build for the trial races, but who cannot afford a first-class boat, even if certain of success, as she would be too expensive for their wants afterward.

It may be urged against the restoration of the Cup races to the smaller classes that the chances of the keel boat are better than in the first class, as depth is much more effective, but as far as winning the Cup is concerned, if depth and draft will do it in one class they will do it in another, though at a greater cost, but in such a case money would be of no importance to the challengers. On the other hand, if it should be agreed on now to limit the race to 70 or 75ft., there would be no lack of boats ready for the trial races. Another consideration, too, comes in here, suppose the next challenger is of 85 or perhaps 90ft., and Gen. Paine gets tired of the sport, who will or can take his place? The possibility is by no means unlikely, he has won for three years in succession and has little left to win, the work he has done has been both arduous and costly, and he can retire at any time with perfect propriety, in fact it would be better for American yachting if he left the defense of the Cup to others and took Volunteer abroad after the two cups there. It is plain to all that but for his efforts the Cup would be on the other side now, there is not another yachtsman in the country who both could and would do what he has done for three successive seasons, and it is too much to expect that he will go on indefinitely. Should he be ready to build for a fourth time it may be best to hold to the big class as far as the safety of the Cup is concerned, but should he withdraw, the advantage of having a large number of boats in a smaller class from which to choose a defender will be apparent.

To sum up then, the proper carrying out of the spirit of the trust confided in them requires that the holders of the Cup take into consideration whether the present influence of the races is the best for yachting, whether the present first class is desirable, and to be retained; if not, which size will be the best. If it be decided that a change is advisable, then the faulty and inadequate classification of the club will need attention, and the selection of one class for the international races will have to be settled. The manner in which the races have been managed this season is a sufficient indication that the New York Yacht Club is alive to the importance of the trust held by it, and that the intention is to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of the deed of gift, and in submitting the above considerations we do so with every confidence that they will at least be weighed by the club and condemned or accepted only after full deliberation and discussion.

THISTLE TO WINDWARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to add a few separate remarks to my review of the Thistle races. Although venturing upon a criticism of her lateral plane and gripe, I do not wish to have my review accepted as even a mild indictment of Mr. Watson's ability, and still less as a direct charge of a palpable error for which he should be held responsible. Nobody realizes more than I do how much easier it is to find fault and issue directions *after* the results have made the case clear. Despite her failure to point and fetch with Volunteer the Scotch yacht must be conceded a masterpiece, second only to the latest Burgess boat, and it is a question whether any one can guarantee superior performance. My object is only to contribute a rational explanation of her sailing according to such light as I possess, recognizing that Mr. Watson is quite capable of paddling his own canoe and that opinions from him to the contrary would be entitled to the fullest weight.

When Thistle was docked the very first impression I received was that she lacked in lateral resistance, and with no gripe and a long flaring bow above water would be apt to sag and fall off, particularly in a seaway. Her tests on the other side were not crucial, since the yachts she met were so much inferior in other respects, that Thistle's own faults failed to appear by contrast. The recent races seem to confirm my first impression, and I have no doubt that Mr. Watson will be able to meet Thistle's deficiency in his next venture. It has been shown in the Thistle races "that it can be done," and despite the enthusiasm of our own people over the Volunteer's victory, British bulldog persistency will yet manage "to do it," unless we meet John Bull with one of his own tools.

C. P. Kunhardt.

AFTER THE RACES.

Messrs. Paine and Burgess returned to Boston on Saturday night, after a reception by the New York Y. C. A grand reception will be given them in Faneuil Hall to-morrow night. Messrs. Bell and Watson have been in New York, some of Thistle's party are preparing for a trip up the Hudson in the Mohican. Most of them sail for home by the City of Rome on Oct. 12. Volunteer left on Tuesday for Marblehead, where she will anchor for a few days, all visitors being freely admitted on board by Gen. Paine's orders, after which she will lay up for the season. Thistle is still off Staten Island, but will probably lay up soon at Manning's Basin for the winter. She is for sale, as the owners wish to clear up accounts. Mohican will stay in New York until spring, when her owners will make a trip to the West Indies in her. There has been an effort on the part of the Larchmont Y. C. to get up a race for all the first class, including Thistle and Galatea, but it is not likely to take place.

A rumor is current of a challenge from Mr. Wm. Muir, of Dumbarton, Scotland, and also of one from the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., but in the meantime the following letter has been received by the secretary of the New York Y. C.:

New York, Aug. 30, 1887.—*John H. Bird, Esq.:* Dear Sir—I beg to inform you, as representing the New York Y. C., that it is my intention to challenge for the America's Cup, and that the formal challenge with the documents and particulars required by the deed of gift will be forwarded as soon as possible. The yacht will be owned by myself and another yachtsman.

As the position of a challenger may be considered antagonistic to the club holding the Cup, I think it right to tender my resignation as a member of the New York Y. C. I do so with much regret, as all my relations with the club have been of a most pleasant nature. I am, very truly, Charles Sweet.

Mr. Sweet is well known as a Scotch yachtsman, a member of several English clubs, and resident for several years in New York, where his business is partly located. He brought out and now owns the cutter Clara, so successfully sailed here by Capt. Barr, and is a member of the Seawanhaka, Corinthian, Larchmont and Eastern, as well as the New York Y. C. While no necessity for his resignation exists, and it is not likely to be accepted by the club, Mr. Sweet has tendered it as above. Nothing definite as to the proposed boat is decided on, but Mr. Watson will design her. A movement is on foot for a testimonial in the form of a cup for Gen. Paine and for a national purse to be presented to Mr. Burgess, the New York Y. C. contributing $500 toward each. A meeting of the club was held on Monday night, at which the following important resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to confer with Mr. George L. Schuyler on the subject of amending the deed of gift of the America's Cup, and with full power and authority to execute in behalf of the club any and all papers and instruments necessary to effect any changes in such deed of gift and the acceptance thereof which may be mutually agreed upon between them and Mr. Schuyler.

Resolved, That $500 be appropriated for the purchase of a suitable testimonial to be presented to Captain Charles J. Paine by this club as a grateful recognition of his unequalled skill and ability in thrice defending its possession.

Resolved, That a dinner be tendered by this club to Captain Charles J. Paine and Mr. Edward Burgess (to take place at such time as may be most agreeable to them) as a mark of its appreciation of their enterprise, talents and genius so conspicuously displayed in the interests of American yachting.

Resolved, That subscriptions to such dinner be open to all members of this club upon such terms and in such manner as a special committee, consisting of the flag officers, the secretary and treasurer and the chairman of the Cup, regatta and house committees, shall determine, and that the arrangements for such dinner be intrusted to such committee, with power.

Resolved, That the thanks of this club are justly due to the Board of Commissioners of the Municipal Police of the City of New York and to their skillful and energetic officers in charge of their patrol boat for the very efficient services rendered by them to the club in keeping the course clear and preserving order during the recent races for the America's Cup.

Resolved, That a reception be tendered to Vice Commodore Bell, of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, the owner of the Thistle, to be held at the club house at such time as he may designate.

Resolved, That the treasurer of the club be directed to contribute in its behalf $500 to the national subscription recently inaugurated as a testimonial to Mr. Edward Burgess, designer of the Puritan, the Mayflower and the Volunteer.

The committee was afterward appointed by the Commodore, as follows: Ex-Commodore James D. Smith, Charles J. Paine, Philip Schuyler, Governeur Kortright, Latham A. Fish and Commodore Gerry.

After waiting to witness the races Galatea will sail for England this week, with Lieut. and Mrs. Henn on board.

AN EXPERT REVIEW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Summarizing and interpreting correctly the recent international matches is fortunately an easy task, for the races admit of clear and incontestible conclusions.

The first trial was over the "inside" or New York Y. C. course, which has been shown time and again to be unreliable, unfair and impracticable, but which will continue to figure in international records as long as the present unenlightened element sways the destinies of the club acting as trustee of the Cup.

It is admitted on all sides that there was a great deal of fluking in the earlier work from start off Owl's Head down to Southwest Spit. It is also admitted that the fleet of nearly two hundred accompanying steamers proved a greater nuisance than ever, and that the two racers were seriously hampered by their reckless interference, which at times amounted virtually to a blockade.

There will be differences of opinion as to the extent to which each of the yachts suffered, but there is only one opinion concerning the impracticability of insuring an unobstructed course over the stretch mentioned.

To reach sound deductions, the work from start down to the Hook must be omitted from consideration, the sailing being too much checkered by the slants and the promiscuous harrassing of the steam fleet, some vessels, I regret to say, acting in a manner which was nothing short of vicious and shameful. And among these vessels were steam yachts flying the burgee of the N. Y. Y. C.

From black can No. 5, off the point of Sandy Hook, out to the Lightship for the turn and all the way home to the finish, the racers were comparatively free from annoyance by steamers, and had something like an even wind. Approaching the finish, however, Volunteer was again badly hampered by the headlong rush made by the steamers to fetch up at the finish in advance. Of this due account will be taken in the following:

FIRST MATCH.

Tuesday, Sept. 27, N. Y. Y. C. course. Wind light and variable with calms at start, settling into light southeasterly breeze during work out to Hook, and veering into southward during last third of race. Sea smooth.

Throwing out the first part of the race, which was no race at all, but a gross travesty, the Thistle having to box about, hunting for the Southwest Spit buoy hidden among the steamer—we will pick up the flyers as they pass buoy No. 5 off the Hook and follow them out and home again. The times at different points were as follows, buoy No. 10 being the Spit.

	Buoy 5, off Hook.	Lightship, the round.	Buoy 5, on return.	Buoy 10, on return.	Finish, Buoy 15.
Volunteer	2 44 30	3 42 12	4 23 30	4 26 00	5 28 16
Thistle	3 03 00	4 01 15	4 40 30	4 53 00	5 45 53
Differences	19 30	19 03	17 00	17 00	17 37

The above table is official only for Lightship and finish. Other times are taken from the most reliable accounts published. They are sufficiently correct for the purpose.

The distance from Hook around Lightship and home is scant two-thirds of the entire course, the first third being disregarded for reasons stated.

We find, then, that at Buoy 5, off the Hook, Thistle was 19m. 30s. astern of Volunteer. Out to the Lightship it was a good rap full, both being able to fetch the mark, so that the demands of extremely high pointing and fetching did not come into play, the stretch being only an issue in respect to "footing." At the Lightship the distance between the yachts was 19.03, or 27s. less. This gain of the Thistle is too slight to be deemed of any practical import and both craft can be set down as *just equal by the wind.*

From Lightship back to Hook it was a broad reach, with big jibtopsails and booms wide to starboard. Thistle reduced the distance from 19.03 at the turn to 17.00 at the Hook, a material gain of 2m. 3s. That is to say, *on a broad reach Thistle was the faster boat.*

From Hook in to Buoy 10 on Southwest Spit, it was again nearly a close haul for both craft. The same distance was maintained, so that once more *by the wind both yachts showed the same speed.*

From the Spit up Ship Channel to finish it was a free run under spinnakers. The distance of 17m. was increased to 17m. 37s. at finish, a trifling loss of 37s. for Thistle, but too small to have any practical meaning. Therefore, *down wind both yachts displayed the same speed.*

The total gain for Thistle in all this work is the difference between 19.30 at Hook going out and 17.37 at finish, or 1m. 53s. But, as above mentioned, Volunteer had her wind split up by the steam fleet to a greater extent than Thistle, and the latter suffered most from the broken water they left in their wake. How much allowance is due to each yacht on this score no one can tell. It goes to show the absurdity of arranging a match over such an unsuitable course. Let us allow the gain of Thistle as an offset to Volunteer's loss of even wind. It is as near an estimate as can be offered. Then there remains these notable facts:

1. From Hook out and home, *by the wind, on a reach and down the wind, Thistle is at least as fast as Volunteer.*

2. *No gain in practice resulted to Volunteer from tricing up her board down wind*, however truthfully such a gain may be argued in theory. There are evidently concurrent disadvantages, whether in the slosh of water in the casing, the tearing apart of such water from the body of water below, or in the form of the vessel herself called for in models adapted to the use of the board.

But "one swallow does not make a summer." Neither does one race demonstrate anything beyond question. Fortunately the foregoing observations were strengthened beyond dispute by the lessons of the second match over the outside course, practically free from fluke and interference.

SECOND MATCH.

Friday, Sept. 30.—Course twenty miles to windward and return; start from Scotland Lightship; turn abreast New Inlet, Long Island, three miles off shore. Sea smooth, with moderate jump during latter half of race. Wind fairly steady, E. by N.; average strength 18 miles.

It was almost a dead beat out and spinakers home until nearing finish, when a southerly vein to the wind compelled them to come in and balloon jibtopsails were set instead. Fair and conclusive race in every respect.

In the windward work from Scotland to the turn Thistle was badly beaten as under:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Volunteer	10 40 51	2 26 40	4 23 47
Thistle	10 40 21	2 41 00	4 35 12
	Minus 30s.	14 21	11 25

The above table is official. Fractions of seconds are not considered in these times. Thistle got away 30s. ahead. At the turn, she was 14m. 20s. astern. She had been beaten in the thrash by 14m. 50s. This is a round beating and deserves careful examination.

All accounts, and there were scores of them published, agree clearly that Thistle *footed* just as well and if anything a little faster than Volunteer. All likewise agree that Volunteer got in her work through *higher pointing and better fetching.* The trouble with Thistle was, then, not lack of *speed through the water*, but lack of "weatheriness." That is, she failed to "hang on" like Volunteer, and fell to leeward hand over fist in comparison.

On the run home, Thistle made up the difference between 14.20 and 11.25. She gained down wind and reaching 2m. 55s. Allowing that this does not truly represent superiority but was incidental to the "safe and sure" policy pursued on board Volunteer, it will be conceded that once more Thistle proved herself at least as good as the Boston flyer with "pointing and fetching" eliminated from the issue. Thus, with free sheets, the results of the first match are confirmed, and:

1. *Thistle is as fast through the water as Volunteer.*

2. *Thistle fails in fetching and pointing.*

Two definite conclusions are warranted from the foregoing:

A. There is nothing wrong about the hull of the Thistle. Considered as a *type* of vessel, she has shown herself capable of attaining the highest rate of speed *through the water* yet reached by any American model, or modified American model like Volunteer.

For, be it remembered, that *type* is not a matter of mere outline, but of main proportions, volumes, weights, and rig. Thistle's sailing with free sheet demonstrates beyond cavil that her hull, her body proper with its moderate beam, large displacement and loaded keel can be driven *at the same speed* as Volunteer's lighter body, and that with *less canvas.*

B. The capacity to "point and fetch" does *not* depend upon the *type* of a vessel, but primarily upon the *plane of lateral resistance and its distribution.*

Thistle is manifestly deficient in the *area* of her lateral immersed plane for one thing, and for another, its distribution is not calculated to attain the best results. This fault is a *specific shortcoming*, which has no connection with *type.* It is a shortcoming frequently noticed in boats of *any* type, and can be found in sloops and half-breeds just as well as in the regular cutter. Had Volunteer been deficient in lateral area, had she been cut up too much from heel of post to forefoot forward, she too would have failed in high fetching just as we have seen Thistle do, and such a fault would have been *purely specific*, and not a vice inherent in Volunteer's type of body proper.

It is not intended here to offer "excuses" for Thistle's defeat, and I trust the reader will not look upon this review in such light. It is sought to obtain a true explanation of the causes which led to Thistle's failure, in order that cause and effect may not be confounded, which would only become a clear understanding for the future and create false standards.

Thistle did *not* fail in looking and holding as high as Volunteer because of her *type*, nor yet because of her *keel.* She failed for want of *sufficient* lateral area and its *best* distribution.

Volunteer did *not* succeed in looking and holding higher because of her *type*, nor yet because of her *board.* She soaks a-weather because she is supplied with *enough* lateral resistance and because it is distributed along her length to *best advantage.*

The difference between the two yachts in respect to climbing to windward is one of *quantity* of lateral resistance and not one of the mechanical *devices* adopted in providing it. Least of all has the question anything to do with the type of the hull. There is no connection between form of body and area of lateral resistance, since the latter is at the command of the designer to any extent he wishes in yachts of any kind.

CONCLUSION.

It appears most likely that in seeking to minimize area of skin exposed to friction, the lateral plane and gripe of Thistle have been cut down below the requirements for "high fetching" in a yacht of her large displacement and roundish middle body.

That skin friction plays a part in resistance no one will deny, but it is the general belief in America that while the skin should be as smooth and slippery as possible, too much stress is laid by British designers upon the area exposed, and they put too much reliance in data which are largely speculative so far as yacht models are concerned.

Thistle is for sale and it is to be hoped she will fall into the hands of a fighting and intelligent person.

Given 6in. more draft—it is now only 18ft. or thereabouts—and carry the keel along further forward, sweeping up with a fuller elbow in the forefoot, in short, follow the usual custom in cutters like Vanduara, and I am confident that Thistle's shortcoming in pointing could be totally effaced, in which case she may yet become the fastest thing of her length ever floated.

POPULAR ERRORS.

Naturally enough the casual observer seizes with great avidity upon the centerboard of Volunteer to explain all differences. It is so much simpler to tell centerboard and keel apart, than to weigh less easily perceived characteristics that the popular critic is just now enthusiastic in behalf of an attribute which has really no more to do with Volunteer's victory than the white paint on her sides.

All manner of prophesies are indulged in, and even our British cousins are depicted upon the verge of clutching eagerly at the board, while cutters are once again presumed to be effectually killed, buried and funeral services closed.

Unfortunately for such prophets, the cutter has been similarly slaughtered upon previous occasions, and all England was to do homage to the golden image, the centerboard sloop. But the grand sommersault backward has never progressed beyond the columns of uninformed public prints. Once upon a time, not many years ago, when the cutter and cutter principle were still in their swaddling clothes in America, danger lurked in the defeat of a big cutter challenging for the Cup. But the cause of cutters survived the critical era when Genesta sailed away empty-handed, and at once grew and flourished beyond expectations. The keel was dutifully killed again when the stately Galatea met with no better luck, and just now, with poor Thistle's defeat totally misinterpreted, there is a fresh installment of vigorous killing underway. It is destined to be as barren of consequences as the desperate assaults in the past. The cutter has been too well established in America by this time to need the coaching of an "organ" nor yet the "moral suasion" which would have followed the loss of the America Cup. Her prosperity is founded upon the solid rock of natural selection.

Practical yachtsmen, who follow the doings of a Clara or a Papoose as positive evidence, and the doings of an Anaconda or a Gracie in negative support, are not likely to lose their heads in premises which admit of such clear solution as the Thistle international matches.

There need be no fear of a step in retrogression. The truth, as set forth above, will prevail in the long run, and the assimilation of the sloop to the normal cutter will proceed without interruption.

A FORECAST.

The progressive development of the Burgess boats is exceedingly instructive, and points the road for the future. His boats have been successful exactly in the degree to which he departed from the sloop and edged over toward the cutter.

Puritan was the first step in this direction, and she vanquished the old order of sloops.

Mayflower followed with a further approach to the cutter in her greater draft, displacement and heavier keel. She in turn defeated Puritan.

Finally comes Volunteer, surpassing Mayflower in her cutter features, being another step nearer the regular cutter, and she out-tops all previous efforts.

No one understands better than Mr. Burgess that the possibilities of the "half-and-half" type have been exhausted in Volunteer, and that "out designing" will have to give place to "out-engineering." More ballast, lower ballast, deeper keel and more rig—the cutter in place of the sloop—such is the only tool by which the brave Volunteer's colors can be lowered. If not a cutter from abroad, then a cutter of home manufacture. It is only a question of time. Until she appears Volunteer is cock of the walk, unless Thistle falls into hands which will know how to get out of her what there really is in her.

C. P. Kunhardt.

ULIDIA AND FANITA.—The season will probably close with a race between these two boats, the one an extreme cutter and the other an old-time sloop. The course is from Sands Point through Long Island Sound, around Montauk Point and to a finish off Sandy Hook Lightship for a $500 cup. The start will be made tomorrow morning, and with equal weather the race should be a most important one, when the position of each boat as a representative of its type is considered, but such long races are nearly always marred by the chances of unequal weather or flukes, and the results over this course in the past have been of little value.

THE "LONDON TIMES" finds in Mr. C. P. Kunhardt's book "Small Yachts" a hint of the proportion yachting and yacht building have now attained in America. It says: "A glance at a work on American yachts and yachting, which has lately been published, will show what immense pains and skill the Americans devote to the art of building fast sailing vessels. The truth is that with them yacht racing is an even more serious and absorbing pursuit than it is with Englishmen, and when an American devotes himself to a task of practical skill he is apt to be hard to beat in it."

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 3.—Montgomery Sailing Club, 19th cruise. Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles. Wind very light at start, increasing to a fresh N.W. breeze before the finish. The start was made at 9 A. M.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Priscilla	11 27 20	2 27 57
Flying Eagle	11 33 10	2 33 10
Gracie	11 45 15	2 36 12
Bowers	11 37 35	2 36 35
Josephine	11 37 50	2 37 15
H C Scott	11 40 25	2 39 25
Lulu	11 40 20	2 40 09
Cocktail	11 43 10	2 42 10
Iola	Withdrew.	
Princess	Withdrew.	

Priscilla wins champion pennant. Judge, Fred Rochell.

Answers to Correspondents.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. J. G.—The robin season on Long Island will open Nov. 1.

Plover, Richmond, Ind.—The bird which you say was sent to us for identification has never come to hand.

W. H. D.—Will the automatic shrapnel shell scratch the barrels in its exit? All the testimonials published are foreign, and if it is in use in this country would like the experience of our own people. Ans. We should not think it would scratch the barrel. Perhaps some of our readers may give their experience with it.

F. B. C., Emerson, Mich.—Of two rifles using the same weights of powder and bullets, which will have the flattest trajectory and the greatest range, a .32cal. or .40cal., which will be the most accurate? Ans. Each caliber of rifle to secure the best work carries its own weight of bullet and proportionate amount of powder. The .40cal. in the above case, provided with additional powder, would have the flatter trajectory and greater velocity.

R. H., Denver, Colo.—1. Are any express bullets made for a .44cal. D. A. Smith & Wesson revolver. If not, where could I get a mould to cast them myself? 2. Have you heard anything more about the Lebel rifle which you wrote about lately? Ans. 1. Write to Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn. 2. No experiments with the arm have been made on this side and the results of the French tests are carefully guarded.

W. P., Newark, N. J.—At a target excursion A plants two shots in the bullseye, each 1in. from the exact center, his third shot is a clean miss. B gets his three shots all in the target, one 8in. and the others 9in. each from the exact center. The target is 20in. in diameter with a 4in. bullseye. A claims to have beaten B, claiming a count on his miss of the distance from center to edge of target—10in.—which, with his two bullseyes make a measurement of 12in., while B asserts that his three shots in the target are better, regardless of the measurement, than those made by A. Ans. Under Creedmoor rules B. wins.

New Publications.

"THE HIDDEN WAY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD," by J. C. Street, is the work of a modern transcendentalist, one of those books that the great majority of men in this busy material age would characterize as spiritualistic humbug and throw aside without reading. It is nevertheless a work which any thoughtful man may read with profit, for apart from its spiritualistic claims, it teaches the profoundest and simplest of all lessons for humanity, a lesson which like a bright silver vein has ramified through all the ages, teaching that man's redemption can only come through self renunciation, and the development of the Divine spark of love within him.

On the metaphysical side it agrees with Spinoza's teaching of an universal world spirit of which man and matter are but visible representations; but on the spiritualistic side the writer claims to teach the existence of a future state, not as a metaphysical speculation not of faith, but according to knowledge acquired by the exercise of spiritual senses, which he claims lie dormant in all men, and capable of being roused into activity.

It would be presumptuous in the inexperienced to deny the existence of spiritual senses, capable under culture and development of apprehending spiritual phenomena, but when we find the writer accepting the phenomena of spirit rapping and table turning as the work of a lower order of disembodied spirits, who avail themselves of material means for establishing communication with mediums, his claims are brought within the sphere of ordinary scientific criticism.

There is a chapter on mind cure which is professedly speculative, but this is a problem which, while it lies very close to "the threshold," is a legitimate and hopeful field of research for the material scientist.

For the rest the volume, which reaches to 586pp., abounds in extracts from the wisdom of Egyptians, Brahmins, Buddhists, Jews and early Christians, indicating that the belief in a Supreme Creative Spirit of light, of which the human soul is a ray, originated with the earliest Aryans, and has been preserved by every great section of the Aryan race. The writer claims that in all ages there have been spiritualistic mediums. It is not a book to interest the multitude; it will be found interesting and instructive to the man who desires to keep himself well informed as to the various phases and direction of current thought; and for the humantarian and reformer it teaches the great lesson that no reforms in social conditions can come from without, that they must proceed from within outwardly, and can have no other basis than the active sentiment of mutual good will. (Boston: Lee & Shepard).

AN AGED TRAVELER AND HIS DOG.—Yesterday afternoon the *Courant* had the honor and pleasure of a call from Capt. Robert W. Andrews, of South Carolina. Fido accompanied him. The Captain was ninety-seven years old on the Fourth of July, this year. Fido will be five years old on his next birthday. They walked up from South Carolina early in the season, and now they are walking back again, talking things comfortably, not hurrying themselves unduly, and seeing the sights as they go along. It is the Captain's seventh visit (on foot) to the North, and Fido's second. It is only justice to Fido to mention that he has also accompanied his master on a Southern pedestrian tour which took him as far as Texas, a long journey for a small dog. The Captain's host of friends in Connecticut will be glad to hear that he is looking well and feeling well—his eyes as bright, his cheeks as ruddy, his laugh as cheery as ever. He has enjoyed his summer North very much, he says. Besides seeing his son in Boston, he has taken a ramble through Vermont and New Hampshire, and has revisited the village up in Maine where he learned the shipwright's trade in 1817—before he went to sea a-sailoring and learned that trade. (Perhaps this is as good a place as any to say that the Captain is also a practical farmer and a horse doctor of 74 years' standing, with army experience as a veterinary surgeon under his good friend, Gen. Wade Hampton.) The mention of his five years before the mast reminded him of a story. When he got home from sea his own mother didn't know him, and liked his looks so little that she was unwilling to harbor him over night. As he was turning away she asked him where he lived when he was at home. "I was raised about heah," he meekly replied. At that his brother shouted, "It's Bob!" and the fatted calf was sacrificed in due form. Unless unexpectedly detained on the way, he and Fido will reach South Carolina about Nov. 1—perhaps sooner if he makes a contemplated purchase of a horse and buggy for the more convenient carrying of his books, etc. Once home, they will take a months or six weeks' rest, and then start on a walk across the continent to San Francisco. "I think now we shall come back around the Horn," said the Captain. Good luck go with them!—*Hartford Courant, Sept. 16.*

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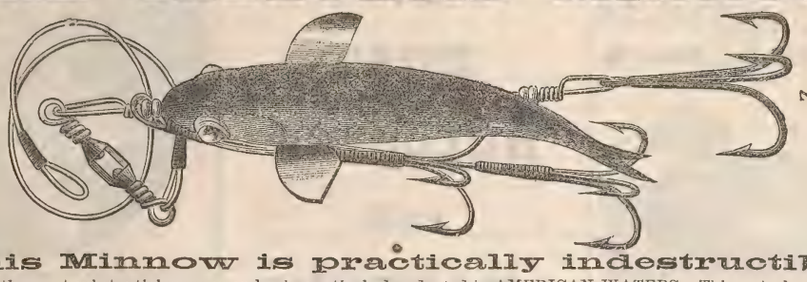
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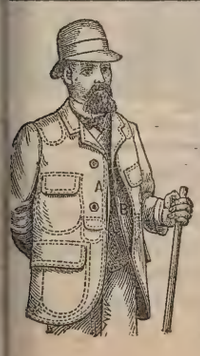
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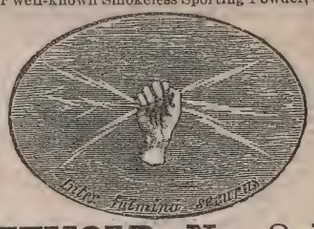
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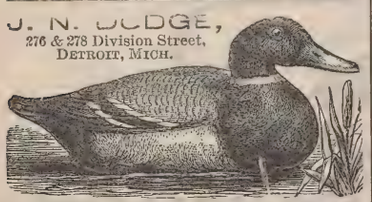
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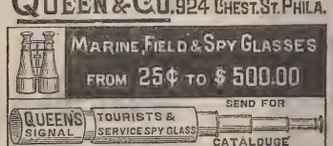
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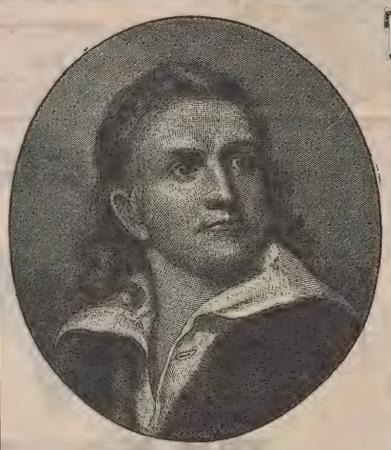
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No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

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No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

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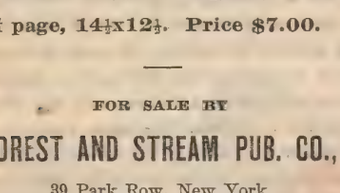
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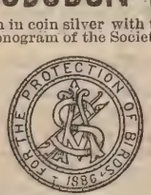
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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

CARIBOU snaring is practiced on quite an extensive scale in the Jacques Cartier district of Quebec. Slipnooses are set in the trails through the thick windfalls. One trapper secured in this manner seventeen caribou last season, and there is reason to believe that many others were equally successful. The carcasses of caribou taken in this way are abandoned, only the hide being saved. The law forbids this; but the snaring is carried on in remote districts where detection is difficult. It is plain that Canada cannot afford to have her large game destroyed in such a wasteful way. In these days when hosts of sportsmen are more than ready to pay liberal sums to transportation companies, guides and others, in quest of large game, it is simply foolishness to sacrifice caribou for the paltry price of their hides.

The change in the weather is very welcome to the sportsman, not only on account of the greater comfort in the field, but also because it will bring the migratory birds from the north. The woodcock will undoubtedly move rapidly now, notwithstanding that, according to the theories of some of our oldest shooters, the moon is not right. The belief that the birds move when the moon is full is all well enough when the birds do move at such time; but their migration also depends upon weather conditions, and if these be unfavorable the wayward wanderers are wont to take their own time, regardless of lunar phases. Clear, frosty nights, although moonless, impel their southward flight.

Railroad and steamship companies interested in attracting tourists to Alaska have hit upon a variant of the sea serpent story. The numerous skeletons of extinct forms of animal life have given them a hint for the manufacture of a mammoth monster. The tale they tell, by reason of novelty, will be a more potent lure than the venerable serpent story. The Juneau correspondent of a San Francisco paper records the discovery of live mastadonic game in the wilds of the Stick Indian country. A native hunter followed the track, which was "larger around than a barrel," until he came in sight of a creature "larger than Post Trader Harper's store," with great shining yellow tusks and a mouth large enough to swallow a Stick Indian at a single gulp. If the public can swallow the story with equal facility, the lure will lead hosts of ambitious hunters to seek the mastadon preserves, and they will naturally fall back for supplies on the establishment of thrifty Post Trader Harper.

The Tombs police court officials were greatly interested last Saturday by the advent of Miles and Henry Conklin, two backwoodsmen from the hoop-pole district of Johnsontown, on the line of Rockland and Orange counties in this State. They were in charge of Game Protector Godwin, and had a basketful of snared grouse, which they had brought to town to deliver to a game commission house which makes a specialty of such merchandise. Miles and Henry were locked up, and Monday another Conklin, John, joined them, also conducted by Mr. Godwin, and bearing thirty snared birds. When they came up before the justices yesterday their quaint ways created much amusement for the Tombs people, and the justice was so touched by their wretchedness that he let each of them off with a fine of $10, and sent them back to their haunts in the woods.

These men blubbered and whined all the time they were in the Tombs, and abjectly begged to be sent home. The judges naturally took pity on them, but such sympathy was misplaced. The Conklins belong to the Rockland county gang of snarers whose illicit booty has been shipped to their accomplices in the commission business here year after year. Caught and brought to justice here in New York, they are humble enough, but at home in Rockland they show a very different bearing, threatening to shoot any sportsman who has the temerity to break up their snares. Not long ago they procured a coffin and left it on the front stoop of a house as a warning of death to the inmate for his part in destroying their lines of snares. Such members of society hardly deserve leniency when a game protector succeeds in nabbing them.

The recent experience of Mr. T. V. Woolrich, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is of interest, because it shows how much a man who is lost in the woods can actually go through before he succumbs. Mr. Woolrich, who is sixty years old, started out the other day to explore a portion of the Mount Uniacke gold district, lost his way in the bush, and existed on water alone for eleven days. When found he could not articulate. He had succeeded in finding the track of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, and there lay down. Attaching a piece of his shirt to the remains of an umbrella, he stuck it in sand as a signal of distress to attract a passing train. This was not noticed until a freight train rescued him after eleven days.

Were the ordinance which forbids the discharge of firearms within city limits disregarded one would not need to leave New York to look for game. Our occasional correspondent "Canonicus" tells us that last Friday, Oct. 7, while in company with a surveying party on the Van Courtland estate in the upper part of the city, he flushed five heavy, strong-winged woodcock. There is more wild life in New York city than careless observers might suspect. A case in point came under our own notice the other day, on the banks of the Harlem River, near High Bridge, where we had an opportunity to study some interesting peculiarities of serpent locomotion.

Striped bass appear to be returning to their old haunts in this vicinity. The beneficial results of restricting net fishing have been demonstrated at Shark River Inlet, New Jersey, as noted by a correspondent, and Mr. F. O. DeLuze reports fine bass fishing at Whitestone, Long Island.

The English pheasants put out in the Tuxedo Park preserves in Rockland county, New York, have spread over the country for ten miles around. There is no law on them now, but one should be supplied, setting apart a proper season for their protection. If only given a chance they will furnish permanent sport.

The FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy prizes have been awarded as follows: The trophy is retained by us to be offered again. The Knoxville and Delhi clubs having tied for it, and the Knoxville club being prevented from shooting off the tie, the value of the trophy was divided between the two clubs, by the agreement of both, $65 going to the Delhi Club and $35 to the Knoxville club. The Fountain (of Norwalk, Conn.), Baltimore, Parkersburg and Wichita clubs divided first money prize; the Solomon City, Kalamazoo and White City clubs divided second; and the Wingohocking and Smith & Wesson clubs third.

The entries for the Eastern Field Trials to be held at High Point, North Carolina, next month, are more in number than have been made for any trials yet held in this country. There are nine in the champion stakes, fifty-two in the all-aged setter stakes, and twenty-eight in the pointer stakes. The dogs are of good quality, many of them have been run at former trials. The large entry indicates that the trial will be an unusually interesting event. The only thing to be feared is that it may be so large as to be unwieldy and prolonged, particularly if the weather be unfavorable as last year.

Last winter the Legislature of New York appropriated a sum of money to build a fishway in the dam across the Hudson river at Troy. We cannot learn that any steps have been taken to begin this work, and the appropriation will not be available a year from now. The bill was passed by hard work on the part of those anglers who are interested in having the salmon and other fish pass the dam and it is now necessary to stir up those State authorities who have the authority to do the work. It is evident that some one needs to be reminded that it is time to begin work.

The Michigan change of woodcock season appears to have been a wise one. Formerly it had been the custom to shoot the birds in July. By a new law this was prohibited in the past summer, and the result was a good supply of game in September, when the season opened. This has been the experience elsewhere when summer woodcock have had a chance. The game sought in the later months is strong of wing, plump, and well worth while bringing to bag; not at all like the half-fledged young and ill-conditioned old birds of July and August.

A new street, which will cut through Trinity Cemetery, will necessitate the removal of the remains of Audubon the naturalist. The street will be named Audubon avenue. It is proposed by the Academy of Science to erect at the head of the avenue a monument in memory of the great ornithologist.

Dr. Henry G. Piffard has invented a method of taking an instantaneous photograph at night by the flash of powdered magnesium sprinkled on gun cotton. When the invention is fully perfected it will be practicable by one pull of the trigger to photograph a coon at night and bag it too.

The Connecticut woodchuck supply holds out well. One Bristol farmer has a score of thirty-seven "varmints" trapped this season; and another Bristol man counts twenty-eight notches on his barn door, each notch tallying a woodchuck to the good.

Mr. Henry Folsom, head of the firm of H. & D. Folsom, gun dealers of this city, died last Monday, at the age of fifty-eight. Mr. Folsom was widely known to users of firearms, and was highly respected by his associates in the trade.

Cape May has had a mass meeting to take action on the menhaden fishing, which is claimed to be destructive of food fish. A committee was appointed to wait upon the President and ask him to refer to the subject in his next message.

The Esoc Quet hunting party have returned and report a successful campaign. An account of the excursion, written by one of the party, will be given in our next issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

OCTOBER.

DOWN from the north they are marching,
The scouts of the Winter King;
Where bright spring flowers were blooming,
Withered and dead leaves they fling.

Their bivouac fires they've kindled,
Sumacs and maples aglow;
Oaks on the hillside are waving
Signals to birches below.

O'er field and meadow are drifting
The smoke and dust of the fray;
In woodlands dead leaves are falling,
This Indian Summer day.

SPICEWOOD.

A BIRD HUNT IN WESTERN KENTUCKY.

I.

LITTLE attention is paid to protecting either game or fish in Kentucky. While there are laws on the statute book providing penalties for hunting game out of season, and for taking fish by net, seine or trap, they are as obsolete as the slave provisions in the State constitution. There are no wardens, no special instrumentalities for enforcing the statute, and any one giving information of infractions of the game laws is looked upon with disfavor. It is, in fact, a disreputable business to "tell on the poor fellows," and public sympathy usually aligns itself on the side of the offender. As a natural consequence, game and fish are scarce and rapidly disappearing. But few deer, turkeys or bears linger in the State, and the only sport left to kindle the blood and occupy the leisure hours of the ardent hunter is to search out the few spots where Bob White whistles his companions to the evening roost after feasting on the fat things of earth.

In search of just such a place the writer, with a companion thoroughly congenial and every inch a sportsman, left Frankfort one afternoon last December on the westbound train. Our destination was Wingo station, in western Kentucky, where report said partridges were plentiful. There were a couple of inches of snow on the ground the day we got off, and a bitter cold wind coming from the direction of Omaha. Yet we had made up our minds to go, and it would have taken something more serious to have broken our resolution.

Besides, we had been laying store by this trip for several months, and to have shown the white feather at the last moment would have cost us a deal of disappointment, besides losing our only chance for a year.

In our hunting box were stored about 700 shells; and our four dogs—Kate, Dyke, Whit and Set—were safely ensconced in the baggage car. Kate is growing in years, but her earnest glance of rare intelligence does not belie the keen scent, the patient industry and the unerring steadiness she possesses still as relics of past greatness. Dyke is younger, but restless, nervous and of dauntless endurance. Whit has the sad notoriety of being bobtailed—the fruit of a luckless fall of 20ft. from a second story. He seemed to recognize by his shy, sheepish glance, the oft-repeated joke that his tail had been driven up in his spine, leaving only the small bit exposed. Set was a long, slender, short-haired white pointer, whose special dread was briers. This quartette of hunters had seen service on many a fruitful field, but of late their education had been sadly neglected and their habits spoiled by sundry chases after "cottontails," under the seductive encouragement of the small boys at home. However, they seemed instinctively to "catch on" to the idea that sport was ahead, and their restless movements gave the baggagemaster no end of concern.

Less than three hours landed us in Louisville, and alighting on its hard frozen streets, with a bitter wind coming across the Ohio River and the mercury dropping toward zero, we felt the prospect of a pleasurable hunt grow dimmer each hour. Passing up Third street, the occupant of a doorway, who had sheltered himself from the wind, laconically ejaculated, as he noticed our dogs —"Been?" Our response, given with chattering teeth, was equally graphic—"No! going." No doubt he felt we were not "going" the right road to Anchorage Asylum.

Finding a hotel, at last, we entered and stumped the clerk at the desk by registering for self and dogs. "Can put you away, but don't know about the dogs," said he, in a puzzled sort of way.

"No dogs, no us!" we replied with emphasis.

Just at this juncture the night porter, with an eye doubtless to business, came up and guaranteed to provide the dogs with comfortable quarters, as he "knew of a good place." With a caution born of experience we went along to see that his guarantee was worth something. The hunter who fails to give a personal supervision over the security and comfort of his dogs will often find that promises are faithless and proper feeding left for "some other time." The quarters were good and warm, but reached only after threading the dark and devious byways, corridors and underground passages of a city hotel.

Next day we again entered the cars and hurried further westward. The snow had increased in depth, and after an all-day journey, as we landed at Wingo, a full 3in. lay on the ground. It was 9 o'clock as we halted at the station, and everywhere and over everything stretched the cold, silent mantle of white. The air was raw and keen, though the stars looked down from a clear sky.

Our advent at Wingo was quite a surprise to the inhabitants of that quiet town. It was a no less cause of disturbance to the genial landlord of the only hostelry as he surveyed our troup of dogs. While we were warming at the big fire in the office, and the dogs were making their presence pointedly noticeable by sundry scratches at the door and speedy intrusions whenever it was opened, Landlord Tartt was in a brown study over the "dog" question. When, at last, after much cogitation, he announced his purpose to turn his own horse from his comfortable stable quarters into the open lot and install the dogs in his place, we had no further doubt that we had struck the right man and the right place for hospitable entertainment. Whether the horse appreciated the exchange is doubtful.

Despite the cold, the usual crowd of villagers had gathered to see the train come and go. Our presence gave them new ground for speculation, and when my companion, whom I shall call M., frankly announced we had come 300 miles to shoot partridges, and proposed to spend a week at the business, a stare of incredulity resulted. There must be some mystery about these fellows, was the popular surmise. Hence, in the next day or two, we were beautifully clothed with suspicion as a couple of "detectives," nosing on the track of some undefined and mysterous criminal. What there was in our composition, or bearing, or the cut of our left eye, to lead a sober citizen to believe we might be two of Pinkerton's men "piping a mystery," or seeking to catch some safe-blower "dead to rights," was never settled between M. and myself. I loaded the blame on M., and he tossed it back to me.

However, by preserving strictly our sportsman pretentions, by the zeal with which we pursued Bob White over hill and valley, and by the soundness of sleep that followed each day's hard tramp, we got the better of Wingo's suspicious citizens, and established ourselves as genuine Nimrods, although a little "off" in the upper story. That 300-mile journey to shoot partridges was too big a cherry to swallow at one bite and taste good.

One incident we cannot forego. We trust our generous landlord will forgive the recital. Just before getting off the train a drummer interviewed us. Finding our destination, he cheered us by announcing Wingo as his own stopping place. We nailed him for information. Dwelling on the features of the place, said he, "You'll find plenty to eat and a good place to sleep. Nice clever people and sociable. Do you love pie? Yes? Well, you'll get plenty of pie—pie for breakfast, pie for dinner, and pie for supper." Modestly we denied the pie possibility. The drummer was obstinate. We ventured a trivial bet that there would be no pie for breakfast next morning. The drummer closed on the wager as a dog would snap a doughnut.

Next morning, as we sat down to a smoking hot breakfast, we had forgotten the wager, when happening to cast our eye down the line of dishes, there sat, in all its sweetness, the inevitable pie. At the same moment, we caught the eye of the drummer across the table. He remarked, with a quiet smile, "I win." I nodded. Conscience, however, compels the confession that while the pie was frequent, it was good. Born with a sweet tooth, we sampled it often, in common with the other good things that bountifully supplied host Tartt's table.

The first day of our hunt opened with forbidding prospects. Three or four inches of snow covered the earth, dazzling the eyes and making travel difficult. The country was new to us. Nobody, "except Captain George," hunted birds at Wingo; and, unfortunately, we had failed to make Captain George's acquaintance. Little definite information could be gained as to the locality where birds were plenty. Those of whom we made inquiry seemed obliging and desirous of extending all possible knowledge, but not being hunters, their information was largely incidental and inferential. Generally, we were told that for years birds had been abundant, but the deep show of the previous winter had starved and frozen them out.

M.—ever ready for the fray—was eager to be off. So, investing in a pair of light rubber overshoes to insulate my feet from the melting snow, we donned our hunting suits, filled our belts and pockets with shells, whistled Dyke and Set over the fence, having tied up Kate and Whit for future use as a reserve, and ploughed through the snow to the eastward of the town. We had levied on the little son of our host as guide.

Several hundred yards travel brought us to the frozen bed of a long gully, beset with bushes and briers. It afforded good cover against wind and cold, and as the dogs rapidly coursed its path and hiding places, we confidently watched for signs of a covey. We were disappointed, for not a track was visible, nor did the dogs betray evidence that they caught a scent lingering on the frosty air.

In a little grove of locusts, off to the right, our guide detected the ears of a "cottontail" peeping above the snow. Getting into position where he could see the body of bunny, he shied, one after another, the apples he had in his pocket for lunch, at the little animal without hitting it or frightening it from its bed. Breaking off the branch of a tree, we handed it to him, and taking better aim, he hurled it with such force as almost to bury the rabbit in the shower of snow. The latter, feeling it was time to say good-bye, went off down the hill at ninety miles an hour.

Crossing a rail fence and getting into a tangle of long grass, briers and weeds, we found the first evidences of Bob White's habitat. A covey had been running through the snow, feeding on the seeds of the rag weed, and their tracks led up the dry run. The scent was cold, however, and the dogs shifted about uneasily. Keeping them well in hand we followed the tracks, momentarily expecting a point or a break away. Our spirits experienced a sudden check as we found in the snow the broad foot-prints of a rabbit hunter, and at the same moment noticed the brush of wings on the white surface, showing only too plainly that our feathered friends had taken flight at his intrusion.

M. now veered to the left, and I hunted a long thicket of briers and bushes ahead, without success. Turning into an old field, I was just climbing a ridge when I caught sight of a covey taking flight out of a swale of matted grass. Going fifty yards, they dropped down again in a copse of green bush. M. had not seen them, although Dyke, working eagerly to his right in the thicket, had flushed them without dropping to point. Hurrying up, I called M., and we moved carefully to where the birds had gone down. The dogs went in ahead. The birds were wild, and one went up before we got near. I let drive, making a snap shot, and he forgot to stop.

Another broke cover just in front and came straight at me, passing to the rear. I wheeled and fired, and he—didn't stop. This was bad. M. was under the brow of the hill, and didn't get a chance. The balance of the covey got up some distance ahead, and went across a field toward a piece of woods. As they disappeared we heard a couple of shots, and clearing the thicket, we found three rabbit hunters, one of whom had killed two of the partridges at one shot as they flew by. Of this performance he seemed exultingly proud. Had he killed his mother-in-law by accident, he could not have shown profounder emotions of pleasure. While we were talking to our new friends, the dogs were nosing around in some light sedge grass. They had not yet found reason to halt, when M.'s quick eye detected a covey in the snow. They had not left their night roost. Here was a good chance for a pot-hunter. Foregoing the opportunity, the birds were flushed, and three quick shots dropped two, and I got another with the second barrel as they crossed an adjacent fence.

Leaving the rabbit hunters we followed the birds into the woods. They were much scattered and most of them we failed to find. M. sighted one that was winging its rapid flight through the trees, and dropped it at full 60 yards. It was a quick shot and well done. Climbing a second fence we bagged a right and left, and missed one that we watched till it again came down in a fallen treetop. Going up together we prepared to close its career. M. took one side of the tree and I the other, and giving the limbs a shake as we went by, we had almost met again when quick as a flash the bird went up behind us, and putting a tree to his rear with quick instinct of escape, he scudded away as two loads of shot rattled harmlessly among the twigs. Returning to the first woods, I was kicking a pile of brush when another rose and was climbing for the sky through the treetops when he was called back at the report of the gun.

It was a long tramp before we found more birds. The snow made it tiresome walking and the air was raw. Several seemingly good places were hunted through without result. Threading a small patch of stubble at the end of which was a thicket, I caught glimpse of a covey running on the ground. They had seen the dogs, which were lower down the hill, and were hastening away.

Calling to M., I moved carefully forward, but before the dogs got in range they went off into a piece of woods. I was fortunate to get two at one shot, while M., who had not yet come up, shortly afterward bagged another, at which I had made a clean miss. When we again got the birds up in the woods they were well scattered and the shooting hard, but in a half hour's work we had dropped seven or eight birds, only a single one getting away. About half the covey we never found after the first rise.

We were now tired and hungry, and, crossing one more field, located ourselves on the sunny side of a rail fence and industriously began the demolition of the lunch our kind landlady had provided. It aided materially in warming up the inner man. When we had finished the dissection down to the bones the lunch was washed down with a draught of cold water, obtained by breaking the ice of an adjacent pond.

The afternoon was almost barren of result. M. took a random shot at a stray bird that rose from a thicket some distance off, but it saved both body and feathers. Later on several more partridges were added to the bag from the first covey we found in the morning, and M. closed the day's sport by showing how long and how far a man can fall when he trusts to appearances in crossing a gully with snow. Taking the full measure, we should judge M. to be about 22ft. high, as that length of snow was torn up, mashed down and displaced from where his feet entered a muskrat hole to where his hands left their imprint.

Seventeen birds were the outcome of the day's sport, a result not bristling with encouragement for five days yet to come.

S. R. S.

FRANKFORT, Ky.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

THE ARMADILLOES.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D., C.M.Z.S., U. S. ARMY.

Corresponding Member of the Linnæan Society of New York City, etc., etc.

IN my last contribution to FOREST AND STREAM, having reference to my series of "Sketches of our United States Mammals," I had something to say about the Opossums, and the Provisional List of Mammals of the U. S. National Museum was carried through the Anteaters in that paper. To continue that List in the order in which it was published, we find the following to be the continuation of it, viz.:

SUBORDER LORICATA.

Family DASYPODIDÆ. *The Armadilloes.*

Tatusia novem-cinctus (Linné), Alston. Armadillo. Texas to Paraguay.

So then, to proceed with the plan as set forth in the Opossum paper, we will in the present connection turn our attention to the Texan Armadillo, and what we know of its life-history, while in our next contribution the Order SIRENA will be dealt with, and this contains no less interesting an animal than the Manatee of Florida.

When a zoölogist, in these days, directs his mind toward the study of any particular animal, or group of animals, one of the first questions he asks himself is, What has been the history of this creature during the past ages of the world; and, during that universal, for all-time development of animate forms, what have been the lines of ascent along which it has come to bring it to its present appearance, and structural state? Now in the case of our reptile-looking Armadilloes there is much, very much, to be discovered and correctly interpreted yet before any such question can be answered. The present richest center in its variety of living species of Armadilloes is the general central region of South America; and it is here, too, that Professor Lund and others have found, more particularly in the bone-caves of Brazil, the skeletal remains of not only existing types of Armadilloes but of those forms which connect the existing ones with armadilline animals of the most recent geological periods. But as I say there is an enormous field yet to be worked up here, which is brim-full of interest and importance. Paleontologists of the future will surely undertake all this and the day will come when men will probably know, through the remains of extinct forms brought to light, the very path along which Armadilloes have ascended from their ancestors of low reptilian stock. Those who have been in the main hall of the old Smithsonian Building, may remember the great cast of a queer, turtle-looking animal, that used to stand by the door that led down to the west basement below, it was the plaster-of-Paris model of a Glyptodon (*G. clavipes*), and the Glyptodons were gigantic ancestors of the Armadilloes

of rhinocerine proportions. They flourished in old tertiary times in that region near where the city of Buenos Ayres now stands; and they were characterized by having a solid armor-like covering for their upper parts (carapace), and a bony dermal plate for the belly (plastron). They rank among the most remarkable of the extinct forms that have thus far been brought to light.

But let us return to our own existing species of Armadillo, which is sometimes met with in the lower parts of Texas, the variety generally known as the Nine-banded Armadillo (*Tatusia novem-cinctus*).

The animals of this group get their name through the Spaniards from a word which means "clad in armor," while the common Brazilian name for them is "Tatou," our animal being known as the Tatou-peba. If I remember rightly the technical term for them is derived from a Greek word meaning "hairy-foot," and, as unsuitable as it is, *Dasypus* is still retained for one of the generic groups.

on each side to the elbows. It is composed of small pieces adhering to one another, and disposed in numerous parallel concentric rings, having the concavity toward the front, the first ring embracing the neck of the animal. The buckler of the croup extends from the back to the origin of the tail, and descends on each side to the knees. It is composed, as in the former case, of small pieces arranged in a great number of parallel concentric rings, passing transversely over the hips, but having their concavity turned in the opposite direction from that of the rings on the shoulder, or in such a manner that the last embraces the root of the tail. When viewed externally, the little pieces composing these bucklers have the appearance of irregular tubercles, but when examined on the under side of the buckler they are found to be hexagons almost as regular as those of the cells of bees, and fitted as precisely to one another. Between the bucklers of the shoulders and the croup are interposed a variable number of transverse movable bands, marked with zigzag lines

to feed upon some worms or roots, for all such things pertain to its natural diet. If you can manage to follow the animal unobserved, it may still pursue its foraging until perchance it may come across some ant-hill or other, whereupon it immediately proceeds to open up the nest with its fore-paws and devour the alarmed insects as they swarm out of their abode. As it feasts upon these it is heard, ever and anon, to give utterance to a faint squeak of satisfaction, a habit to which it is also prone while engaged in digging its burrow or feeding upon carrion, another thing of which an Armadillo is very fond. It has been said also that these animals have been known to burrow into human graves for the purpose of gratifying their appetite in this last-named and more depraved direction. Notwithstanding this fact those people who live in the countries where Armadilloes are found, are very fond of the animal roasted whole in its shell, esteeming the dish a great delicacy.

Let us now suppose that you have alarmed the animal



A PAIR OF TEXAN ARMADILLOES (*Tatusia novem-cinctus*).—From a Drawing by the Author.

To the unthinking, the first sight of one of these animals would convey the idea to the mind that it was a sort of mammalian tortoise, so puzzling is its external structure and appearance. Aside from certain strictly anatomical points, Professor Flower has characterized the present genus as having a narrow head, "with a long, narrow, subcylindrical, obliquely-truncated snout. Ears rather large, ovate, and erect, placed close together on the occiput. Carapace with seven to nine distinct movable bands. Body generally elongated and narrow. Tail moderate or long, gradually tapering; its dermal plates forming very distinct rings for the greater part of its length. Forefeet with four visible toes, and a concealed clawless rudiment of the fifth. Claws all long, slightly curved, and very slender, the third and fourth subequal and alike, the first and fourth much shorter. Hindfeet with five toes, all armed with strong, slightly-curved, conical, obtusely-pointed nails. The third longest, then the second and fourth; the first and fifth much shorter than the others. This genus differs from all the other Armadilloes in having a pair of inguinal mammæ, in addition to the usual pectoral pair."

To this description I would add that the animal has small, weak eyes, although the organs of hearing and smell are both highly developed. Further, the legs are short, and the general form squat and broad. The several parts of the armor are spoken of as "bucklers," and in no existing species are these extended under the belly.

Another authority, speaking of our species, says: "The buckler of the shoulders extends in front over the whole neck, and toward the rear as far as the back, descending forming very acute angles, and in some degree gliding over one another according to the different motions of the animal. It is observed that the full-grown specimens always have the greatest number of bands, which renders it extremely probable that new bands are detached from the bucklers as they are required by the increasing growth of the animal. The buckler on the head descends from the ears to the muzzle, and covers each cheek as far down as the orbits; and there are small detached scales interspersed in various situations over the throat, the under jaw, the legs, and feet, and even on the outer side of the ears."

In most specimens the skin has a leathery appearance, and is but sparsely covered over with hair; we note, too, that when the head of the animal is held in certain positions, the bucklers of the head and body are much more nearly approximated than shown in the figure, and the former being short, additional protection is afforded to these parts. Our Armadillo has simple teeth of a subcylindrical form, and peculiar in standing apart from one another along on the jaw, very much as we see them in some reptiles, and in dolphins. An adult specimen of the Texan Armadillo has a total length of about thirty inches, the body and head alone measuring sixteen, and the tail having a circumference of about six inches at its base. The animal is a great burrower, and being nocturnal by habit spends most of its time by day in its burrow.

Should any of us meet an Armadillo in its native haunts, it would probably be seen to be walking leisurely along, stopping every once and awhile to devour some fruit or other which has fallen to the ground, or perhaps

you have been watching; it immediately pricks up its ears, for its hearing is very good and its eyesight very poor, and most often relying upon the former while it mistrusts the latter, it commences a rapid retreat in the direction of its burrow. The fact flashing upon your mind that this is one of its means of defense, you put after it with your best speed, and you soon discover that an Armadillo as a racer is an eminent success, but being well in the lead of you, and the ground being to its advantage with its home-base still in the dim distance, the brute with marvellous rapidity commences to burrow on the spot, and before you are half aware of it he has put himself fairly under ground. At this stage of the proceedings you arrive at the scene of its newly-made retreat, and are made aware from the squeaking that is going on, and the way the dirt is coming out, that your game will soon be in the regions below.

Off comes your coat, and rolling up your sleeve you reach down the hole after him, and soon have his armor-clad tail in the grasp of your good right hand; but, lo! what is this extraordinary change that has taken place, for either the fellow has thrown all of its spare anchors overboard, or else it has suddenly been transformed into some creature as big as an ox, that is if you may judge from the resistance it offers to being pulled out. Extraordinary stories are told of how Armadilloes can resist almost any force exerted to haul them out of such a hole, and one "traveler" goes so far as to say that he actually had the tail of the animal come off in his hand, the "case-hardened wretch" parting with the appendage rather than give up to his efforts to extract him.

This species is very abundant in southern Mexico, and especially in Nicaragua, where I am told that the people hunt it at night with dogs, much as we do our Opossums in the Southern States. The Mexicans often keep a tame one about the house, it making not a disagreeable pet, and having the additional advantage of keeping the premises free from ants.

Normally, the general coloration of an Armadillo is a reddish-brown, but it usually appears much darker from the fact that, owing to its habits, a good deal of dirt adheres to its armor and hide. Its cleaned shell, too, by no means makes an unsightly ornament when hung up in one's study, as it is not an uncommon thing to see in houses in those countries where the animal abounds.

The "Tatou-peba" rarely has over three or four young at a birth, and very curious-appearing little fellows they are, if we may judge from the admirable figures of them in Professor W. K. Parker's well-known work upon the "Structure and Development of the Skull in the Mammalia."

In various parts of South America, our Armadillo has some very interesting, not to say rare, relatives; there is the little-known Pichiciago, only five inches in length, with its silky white hair, and its shell of a pinkish tint; there is the six-banded Armadillo, which can roll itself up in a ball, and tumble down among the rocks, as an additional means of defense; there is the giant of them all, the Great Armadillo (*P. gigas*), of northern Brazil and the forests of Surinam; and, finally, there are the three-banded Armadilloes, of which the Matico is a prominent example (*T. conurus*).

The Bibliography of the Order EDENTATA, to which our subject belongs, is not, as yet, very extensive, and a great deal still remains to be learned and written about them. Those who may chance to be on our southern Texan border, can render valuable and lasting aid to science by making accurate record of observations upon these animals, and duly publishing the same; noting their exact geographical range, their more peculiar habits; their period of gestation and reproduction; and, finally, their uses to man. Such persons as are engaged in the study of the structure of the animals which are known to inhabit our country, will be very glad to get spirit specimens of Armadilloes, more especially the fœtal young.

CAPTIVE GROUSE AND OSPREY.—Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 6.—Last week a very fine specimen of the ruffed grouse flew into a house near the State reformatory, near this city, and was captured without harm. I have him now in a coop made especially for him, and he eats and drinks and seems to get along fine'y. He is a fine male bird and full feathered. I have had another fine bird presented to me. It is a fine young male American osprey (*P. haliaëtus carolinensis*). He was picked up last night in the heart of the city by a gentleman and handed to me for identication. It seems that while flying over the city he struck a telegraph or telephone wire and was stunned for a moment and fell to the pavement; while fluttering he attracted the attention of his captor and was immediately picked up. Both of my birds are in fine condition, and I expect to find out a few interesting facts concerning their nature and habits.—EDWARD SWIFT.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—Five rhesus macaques (*Macacus erythræus*), three green monkeys (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*), two common macaques (*Macacus cynomolgus*), one sooty mangabey (*Cercocebus fuliginosus*), one weeper capucin (*Cebus capucinus*), two prong-horned antelope, male and female (*Anticopra americana*), twenty-seven prairie dogs (*Cynomes ludovicianus*), one male zebra (*Equus burchelli*), one Cayenne rail (*Aramides cayennensis*) and one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*). Received by presentation—One flying squirrel (*Pteromys volucella*), one woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*), two reed birds (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*), one blackbird (*Turdus merula*), one American robin (*Turdus migratorius*), one mockingbird (*Turdus polyglottus*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*) and two box tortoises (*Cistude clausa*).

Game Bag and Gun.

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RAIL AT WILMINGTON.

IT is useless to attempt to find marsh hens or clapper rail unless the tides are high enough to cover nearly all the grass in the salt marshes. The idea prevails that this favorable condition is more likely to exist at the autumnal equinox, or at the full moon in September. Being so advised, and tired of the long close season, my friends Teceel and Mud—the man who did not swap his premier Scott for a cheap gun—and I, went to Wilmington on the 27th of the last month, with an abundant supply of shells. The Rev. Mr. B., of Wadesboro, preceded us by a day. After reaching the sound we were assured by the weatherwise that good tides would greet us. We tried it for three days, but the water did not rise high enough, and the birds which we sought were invisible. If we had gone a week earlier we should have found all the sport which the marsh hens afford, and could easily have had fifty or sixty shots on a tide. But the trouble is that, living in the interior, we never know when the tide will be high, and in consequence nearly always miss the favorable time. I took 180 shells, and brought back 179, getting one shot and one bird. Our clerical friend killed six, Teceel six, two yellow legs, and several willets, while Mud got three marsh hens and five willets. The preacher killed a few squirrels besides.

Our host furnished us with a Flobert rifle, with which we amused ourselves shooting at a target. All of us beat Mud.

We have planned a duck hunt on Topsail Sound, about the first of December. Crickett will be with us, but Mud will not be. We hope to get mallards, teal and black-ducks; and possibly a goose and a deer. Oysters will come in also. WELLS.

A YOUTHFUL MOOSE SLAYER.—George Sutherland is a lad of fifteen years, and lives with his parents on the road leading from Ashland, Me., to Fort Kent, a few miles from the former place or village. As he was returning homeward from the village at about 9 o'clock P. M. Oct. 4, he was confronted at about two miles out by a large bull moose. The ugly brute's charge was met by a shot from the lad's pocket revolver, which felled him with a hit square in the pate. While lying stunned he received six more shots from the tiny gun which laid him out. The meat dressed out over 500lbs.—WARFIELD.

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH.

THE mild October has begun
(The Fall, in other words),
And soon each man will grab his gun
And go to hunting birds.

The bright-skied "fifth" is here to-day,
The "opening day" is near,
For when ten days have passed away
The fifteenth will be here.

Each morning now the hunters rise
To see if it is fair;
They eager scan the morning skies,
And sniff the morning air.

Oh glorious, glorious, *glorious* Fall!
Take Winter, Summer, Spring—
And you can knock the spots off all
For shooting on the wing.

Some men there are who cannot know
The joy that fills our souls
To see our pointers bounding go
O'er meadows, dales and knolls.

Our pity falls like gentle dew
Upon the poor, poor wretch,
Who never yelled "I knocked down two,
Here Bang, good boy, go *fetch*."

We've had our share of earthly sweets,
We're getting old and gray,
But Heaven's the only thing that beats
The Fifteenth—Opening day.

OCT. 5. F. M. GILBERT.

IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.—III.

NEXT morning the sun rose bright and clear; and we spent a most delightful day in fishing. We had the good luck to chance upon an old boat, or rather scow, in which we navigated over this beautiful lake.

Friday morning Charles and I rode over to the town of Sawtooth for flour and other needed supplies, and to make inquiries about our further route. Returning early in the afternoon with the supplies and desired information, the rest of the day we spent with the redfish. Early on Saturday we left those remarkable lakes for the Sawtooth Valley, having been informed that as soon as the trail leaves the woods we would notice a new white house down the valley; and taking this as our guide mark, we made a bee line for it. In Mr. White, the owner and occupant, who keeps a hay ranche here in the valley, we found a very pleasant gentleman, who, after hearing what we were after, advised us to go to the head of Fourth of July Creek, about eight miles, where we would find deer and possibly sheep. A Norwegian who was at White's and prospected at the creek, went along with us, but it was dark before we reached his cabin. Pitching camp across the creek, where we found better pasture for our horses, we soon busied ourselves with our own supper, after which we paid a visit to our neighbor. Here we found three nationalities, an American, a negro and our Norwegian friend, whose cabin was not finished, so he chummed in with Mr. Blackman, the colored gentleman, and whose name deserved to be Whiteman, as he was clever and intelligent, as well as kind and obliging.

Blackman showed us in the morning the lay of the country, and also where we would most likely find sheep. We hunted through a steeply encircled basin of most fantastic shape, Blackman and Bill going around the lower oblong basin, while Charles and I hunted through the upper half until we would meet; so that whoever started any game would drive them to the other party. We came together without seeing anything, but Blackman and Billy saw a small band of bighorns, which were disturbed by a bear. Blackman had shot at the bear, but missed him on account of the brush behind which he was sulking. They had also seen a second bear, but he was at a safe distance and soon out of sight. Hunting homeward for deer, as our camp was without meat, we killed two good-sized fawns, also several blue grouse.

It is remarkable how sudden the temperature will change in these high altitudes. The wind blowing southeast, jumped at once to the northwest, the sky showing the threatening look of a storm, beginning with a slushy hail, which the cold wind soon turned into beautiful snow. Reaching camp at last, we found things in a decidedly uncomfortable condition, for, not expecting such an early snowstorm, we had left everything lying loose around camp; but a blazing camp-fire and a fine venison supper quickly elevated our sunken spirits. We slept not any too warm that night, the mercury falling to 20 above zero; but in the morning the sun rose warm and bright, and soon all signs of the snow had vanished. Our colored friend assured us that a snowstorm up here (the altitude being at least 10,000ft.) was nothing uncommon in any month of the year: last Fourth of July they had celebrated the day in one which lasted all day.

The next forenoon we hung around camp, drying and cleaning our wet garments and rifles; in the afternoon we inspected the boys' mining claims, principally of silver, some of galena containing silver in rich quantities. Tuesday we made a more extensive tour after bighorn, but though we ran on a small band, they heard or scented us. We fired a volley at long range after them, but with no more damaging results than wounding one, but which escaped with the rest, over the almost perpendicular and impassable rocks. That night we decided to pull up the next morning, and go down to the river, following the valley. I felt rather disappointed, as I wanted a nice pair of bighorns to perfect my selection of antlers. Our Yankee friend who came to see us, drew a rough map of our trail, which we were to follow to Stanley Basin, known as a fine game country. Wednesday we bade farewell to our friends and the mountains. Reaching the valley, we followed the Salmon River until we came to some hot springs, our day's camp. Our next day's camp was to be Stanley Lake, fifteen miles further on our improvised map. Traveling pretty fast that day, finding good roads, we soon came to a creek where some prospectors were taking their midday lunch; they told us that we had passed Stanley Lake five miles back. This news was not very pleasant, as our ride was through a mountainous prairie, through which a fire had raged shortly before and was still burning in places. The main fire had crossed the river, and was carrying everything before it; the long stretching line of flame, fanned by the wind, leaping sometimes 20 or 30ft. into the air, was a terrible fear-stirring sight, the black voluminous smoke almost darkening the sun by its density. Returning about five miles we found our lake hidden in the dense forest.

Scouting around the lake in the morning we found nothing but a few deer and some old bear signs. The next day we hunted and searched through the neighboring cañons and gulches, but with no better results. We found another lake a few miles above our camp containing redfish. I also shot on this lake a bird which was a rare specimen and a curiosity. Finding a roughly made boat left by some hunter and trapper, we paddled around after some ducks, which were feeding in an upper cove of the lake, when I noticed a flock of birds swimming, and looking to me more like snipe than ducks. Discharging one barrel of my Parker, I succeeded in killing three out of the flock. They are of a delicate light gray or dove color, except the tips of wings black, and neck and breast pure white, resembling a large yellowleg snipe, only three times as large in body, twice as long legs, which were half webbed, also the bill as long as a woodcock's, but more slender, their meat dark and rich and of delicious flavor. Finding not much game around these lakes we moved further down and camped on Valley Creek.

Examining our supplies we found we were running short on flour and several other important articles, and concluded to go to Bonanza, the nearest mining town, to replenish. So Sunday early, with one pack horse in tow we started. Meeting an old pioneer and rancher, Mr. Challis (the founder of the town of that name), who was looking for some lost horses, we were informed about our route; we were to follow the river five miles until coming to a large creek (Yankee Fork), and following the trail on this creek would bring us to town. Parting from him we kept riding until coming to a large bridged-over creek. Thinking we had come five miles, we thought this Yankee Fork and took the trail alongside, but we were wrong, as it proved later, to our sorrow; we were on Basin Creek; and our Yankee Fork was the next creek.

Owing to this mistake we kept on traveling until dark, hoping to strike some town or mining camp, but had to camp at last. Our situation was not a cheerful one. We did not know where we were; besides we were very hungry, as all we had eaten being a light lunch, for we had expected to make Bonanza before evening. The night was cold, and our saddle blankets were the only covering to keep us warm. We were glad enough when morning came; and we determined to push ahead on the trail which must lead to some destination. It was about noon when at last, from a clear and elevated bluff, we noticed a cabin in the valley below us, and emerging entirely out of the woods, we soon saw the long looked-for town lying before us.

We pushed down the hills in great hurry by the loudly clamoring inner man; we tied up in front of the little hotel, and were soon punishing a nicely prepared breakfast, after which we went to Pfeiffer's supply store, where we replenished our exhausted provisions. Mr. Aleck Pfeiffer, owner of the handsome store, also part owner of the principal mine here (Custer) and the great bear hunter, gave us good advice and accurate directions for our home trail. By our own mistake, we had traveled about thirteen miles out of our way.

Well supplied with provision, and encouraging hopes, we left Bonanza in the afternoon, camping that night under more comfortable conditions. In the morning we set out, taking a short cut across the mountains. Leading our horses, and tacking down a dangerous steep bluff, I noticed a black bear, jogging lazily along the opposite ridge. Calling Charles's attention quietly, we tied our horses. We had to make quite a detour to get the wind and above Mr. Bruin, and Charles saw him lay under a black pine whose lowest branches were spread on the ground, making for him a soft and comfortable bed. Charles, who gave him the first salute, shot him through the ear. He jumped on his feet surprised, and shaking his head, when I put a bullet through his shoulder. He fell, but roused himself to get away, when another ball out of Charles's Marlin doubled him up, and he went rolling down the hill until a fallen tree stopped him. While watching him tumbling down, Charles cried, "Hurry, Frank, there goes another one!" Both of us ran around the hiding point and saw about 150yds. below us another bear, making time for the safe underbrush. Being behind Charles, and somewhat out of wind, I waited for his shot. The first shot made the bear yell, but the second one stopped him never to rise again. They were both large yearling cubs, very fat and with beautiful fur, and we were soon busy with their hides, keeping an open eye for any sudden surprise from their ancestors. This unexpected encounter delayed us somewhat, and it was dark when we got back to our old camp on Valley Creek. Billy was waiting with a fine venison supper; he had killed a fat doe, and also shot at a large brown bear, wounding it badly, but getting away from him.

The next few days we hunted faithfully through all the surrounding cañons and gulches, and had moved our camp nearer the lake, seeing a great many signs around the shore, some of them evidently of game of immense size, but we could not see any "bar." We could have killed plenty of deer, but Billy had brought one hind-quarter of the large doe; besides our larder was well supplied with birds. The foolhens were very plentiful, but we would never waste any powder or shot on these well-named birds. They would hardly fly out of our way, but sat stupidly looking at us, and we pegged at them with stones, aiming for their heads, and in this perhaps not sportmanlike, but quite exciting manner, secured all we wanted.

Friday, all of us hunted at the upper end of the lake, through a wild desolate cañon, and being near where Billy had hung up his doe, we intended taking some of the venison into camp. But coming to the spot we found old Eph had preceded us; and not satisfied with the entrails, he had torn down the deer and covered it up with dirt, leaves and brush for another visit. We held a council of war on the spot and decided to "lay for" the thief. Billy and Charley were to go to camp and bring out a few blankets, some grub and a few large beaver traps, which we intended to plant under and around the tree, on which we hung the half-eaten carcass; and then, lying in ambush, we hoped to give him a warm reception. I was to remain and watch for "his nibs," should he contemplate an early visit.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the boys left me. I established my lookout on a large isolated boulder

from which I could see all around and not 75yds. from the bait. Having fallen into a half doze on my observatory I felt a cold chill run over me when I heard some cracking of brush restore me to my full senses. At first I thought the boys were coming back, but I knew they would come from the opposite direction; and then I saw the cause of the disturbance as an immense cinnamon bear emerged from the thicket and stopped and scented the air suspiciously. The wind was in my favor and I did not move a muscle. Satisfying himself that all was serene he cautiously moved toward his feast. Carefully reaching for the rifle I held it in ready position; and thanks to the ivory Lyman front sight I could just see the dirty brown monster looking my direction. Steadying my nerves I pulled the trigger, and the express ball, driven by 120grs. of powder, crashed into his skull. Uttering almost a human cry of pain and despair he rose on his hindfeet and fell down like a log. Quickly inserting another cartridge in my "Old Reliable" I made doubly sure; but it was not necessary; the first bullet had done its deadly work. It is simply wonderful what a hole the express or hollow bullet will make.

I waited fully ten minutes before I inspected my victim. He was indeed a monster; and sitting down on his huge body, I was the proudest mortal of all humanity. Lighting my pipe, laying my trusty rifle across my knee, in this position I waited for the boys, and it was dark when at last I heard Bill's well-known signal hoot. He was alone, as Charles had remained in camp, thinking it useless to watch for a bear or try to trap him in a beaver trap. Billy was loaded down with blankets, traps and cold grub. He had left his horse at the foot of the mountain. Asking me if I had seen or heard anything, I replied, trying to speak carelessly, "I got him." "Got what?" "Our venison thief." We made a blazing fire, which showed the ugly fellow in still larger proportions. While Billy examined the monster I enjoyed my cold supper which he had brought from camp. Taking a nightcap and lighting the last pipe, we were soon rolled up in our blankets, and I slept as only a happy hunter can sleep. At daylight we skinned the bear, and took only the pelt, as as we had all we could pack, until coming down where Bill had left his horse. We got into camp in a few hours. Charles had gone out, but Billy and I quickly had some venison on the fire, the coffee boiling, and, finding some beans which Charles had cooked, we sat down to a fine breakfast. I had had nothing warm for twenty-four hours. Charles came in by noon, looking surprised and well pleased with my success. The afternoon we spent in stretching the hide on a frame made out of four large poles and cleaning rifles and shot-un, while Bill went to look after some traps he had set for beaver and foxes.

The next morning, Sunday, we decided to move camp fifteen miles further down the valley, near Cape Horn cabin. Here the valley opened to a considerable extent, and Mr. Pfeifer, of Bonanza, had recommended it a favorite resort for bears. Around the springs and boggy flats abundant camas root was growing, a great attraction to them. Monday, before day, Charles and I were on hand, carefully scouting along the meadow valley, but came upon no sign. After the sun was high we left this and went into the opposite mountains. Coming out from a rough cañon upon an open clearing I noticed two deer picking the tender shoots near a little spring, at least 200yds. away. Aiming a little high at the shoulder of the nearest, I fired. At the report of the rifle both stood looking paralyzed, when one, without stirring, fell in his tracks. His companion gave two or three jumps, stopping and looking for his mate, and only ran off when I showed myself. Charles, who heard my shot, came up and we went to the deer. It was a sleek two-year-old doe. We dressed and hung her up. On our way home we met Bill, who had set a number of traps in the Salmon for beaver, and some for foxes and land fur along the trail.

In the morning we took a stroll down the valley to Cape Horn cabin, the tumbled-down ruins of a former cabin, which a daring speculative fellow had erected during the Wood River boom. He was killed by the Bannock Indians, when they took the warpath in 1878. Returning to camp by noon, after lunch we saddled two horses, took grub and blankets, and went back the trail to some flats, where we had seen fresh signs on our way down. Reconnoitering until too dark to see, we turned in, hoping for better luck in the morning. Substituting an old tomato can for a coffee pot, we had an early breakfast and were again on the look out. But no sign of bruin rewarded us. The bears did not come down to the flats. Either the ground was too hard and dry, or they preferred the plentiful berries nearer their mountain home.

Saddling our ponies, we rode across the valley, to bring in the doe I had killed. Taking the horses as near as possible, to the gulch, we cut her in half, bringing down only the hind quarters. In the morning Billy took up his traps, bringing in three beavers and two foxes, one handsome crossfox got away, pulling out the stake; it must have been a beauty, to judge from the long silken fur we found, but in spite of all searching he could not be found. We left the Cape Horn country, and camped several miles below the cabin. Friday we had a steep climb, and went down to Bear Valley, where, at the upper end, we established camp. It is a beautiful valley, very wide, and about 15 miles long, cut in two by a fork of the Salmon River, and inclosed by sloping mountains.

Saturday we started on our tour of exploration, Billy to examine the rivers and creeks for fur-bearing animals, while Charles and myself were in search of large game. We followed the fresh tracks of a band of seven elk. Coming to the south branch of the river, where they had crossed, we had to construct a bridge by throwing trees and logs across, when it began to hail, and a heavy storm was approaching. We thought it wise not to follow the elk, but to get back to camp, as our tent was not set and our things were lying around loose. We returned and had our tent up, and had just finished a windbreak, when the storm came upon us. The next morning the air was pure and fresh, and we all started for a roundabout trip. Billy helped us to construct a bridge across the river, he remaining on the camp side to look after his traps; while after balancing ourselves across the slippery logs, we separated, Charles taking a high ridge, and I keeping lower down the sidehill. Coming above a small grove of quaking asps, I noticed fresh deer signs, and the next minute a noble buck jumped up and put off down the hill. He stopped within easy rifle range, looking back at me. Forgetting all my good resolutions of respecting the Sabbath, and being out of meat and out of lard, I put my rifle up in an instant. Remembering the express bullet, I sighted at his neck, which was partly bent back. The ball struck his shoulder, and glancing along, cut a deep furrow; but the scattering pieces, which will always break from a hollow bullet, cut a fearful hole, acting like dynamite. He made two or three frantic leaps, when he collapsed, painting everything crimson with his life blood. It was a very large and fat animal, with magnificent antlers. I dressed and hung it partly on a tree. Going to a creek to wash the blood off my hands, I saw another one standing not 50yds. away. I drew a fine bead between his eyes, but did not shoot; and he suddenly scampered off into the brush, not knowing what a close escape he had for his life. I sat down to eat my lunch and wait for Charles to come; but being on the other side, he had not heard my shot. He felt sorry when he came in camp, as he also had killed a very large buck.

F. B.

MAINE DEER HUNTERS HUNTED.

THE deer doggers are occasionally brought to justice, but it has to be done in Maine, and somehow it takes the energy of Commissioner Stilwell to put the thing through. Three men, termed Boston sportsmen, though there is at present no evidence that they belong in Boston, have lately come to grief for the illegal hunting of deer in Maine, both in close time and with dogs—they have come to grief in a way that they will not like to repeat. The thing happened in the vicinity of the famous Nicatouse Lake, about the only section of that State where the dogging of deer is rather aided and abetted by the inhabitants. The newspaper accounts are very glowing concerning the affair; one paper claiming that the game laws have given the State more trouble than all the rest of her statute book, but never once remarking that the simple way for the poacher is to let the deer alone in close time, and in the open season not to hunt them with dogs.

In a true statement of the case it appears that Commissioner Stilwell became convinced the last week of the close time that parties were killing deer, and with dogs, in the near vicinity of Nicatouse Lake, and accordingly he dispatched wardens French, of Calais, and Pond, of Princeton, to look up the matter. The wardens adopted the Indian plan of camping on the track of the sportsmen. They followed a party of three, with their guide, into the woods, and they reached the hunting grounds at about the same time, though the sportsmen had not the slightest idea that they were being watched. On Wednesday morning, on the borders of Cassabeus Pond, the wardens first discovered their men. They came up within 200ft. of their camp and hiding in the woods, they heard the conversation of the hunters. They were preparing for the hunt. They had with them two valuable dogs. They were heard to remark that there was no danger from wardens, and said that they would carry out the following week three deer each. They started out early and the wardens followed them all day, covering themselves by the trees and bushes. The dogs got on the track of several deer, but lost them in the water, and the men shot none. They returned to camp, followed by the wardens. The latter slept with no covering but boughs, only a mile from the men they were watching. The next morning at daylight they again made their way to the sportsmen's camp and repeated the programme of the previous day, but the Boston gentlemen were more fortunate. About noon one of their dogs got on a deer scent and soon ran him down. French and Pond were in at the death, but were unseen. One of the sportsmen dispatched the animal by a fine shot, amid great excitement.

That night the wardens camped again only a short distance from their men. The night was intensely cold, but wardens Pond and French are not men to flinch when there are deer doggers to be caught. They had no blankets, but there was promise of more sport the next day, and that kept them warm. In the afternoon the hunters got on the trail of more deer. A noble buck, scared by dogs, turned and came back in the direction of the wardens. The latter, standing on the bank of a small stream, heard him coming, and dropped into the bushes to let him with his pursuers pass, but the deer was brought to bay in the stream and the sportsmen came up at once. Warden Pond found himself in direct range, and scrambled for a pile of fallen logs. Then came a regular shower of bullets, and the two volleys fired by the men went plump into the logs in front of the warden's body.

In this place of ambush the wardens soon saw another deer killed, but the bullets came altogether too near for comfort. They now had two cases of deer dogging and killing in close time, and they thought best to communicate with the commissioners. They started on foot fourteen miles, and by canoe twelve miles to the town of Weymouth. Here they stopped for food, being nearly starved. But that night they again started on foot for Winn, twenty-three miles away, and reached there at 4 o'clock in the morning, tired and footsore. They then went to Bangor by rail, but as the offense had been committed in Hancock county, they had to go to Bucksport for warrants. These they obtained, and started back for Cassabeus Pond to find their men.

The wardens again came upon them early Tuesday morning, just as they were breaking camp. They arrested them, after some fussing and fuming by the hunters, but by the time they reached Bucksport, where they were taken for trial, they had concluded to surrender. On the way the wardens had also drawn into the service Warden McLane of Mattawamkeag, so that there were three rather formidable men against the Boston sportsmen, should they offer any resistance. At Bucksport they were arraigned before Trial Justice Ames. There were penalties recoverable upon all the charges for which the offending parties were liable, to the amount of $1,600, but as they made no defense, they were only mulcted upon two charges each, in the sum of $200, making the entire penalties and costs up to $900. Hon. T. W. Vose appeared for the State. Under the new law, evolved from the intelligence (?) of the last Maine Legislature, the penalties now all go to the county where the offense is committed, and hence the worthy wardens in this case do not get half, as formerly. The wardens have the credit of a masterly piece of detective work, done in the woods and under extreme difficulties. The sportsmen did not know of their presence till they were arrested. Neither did Jack Darling, the famous Nicatouse landlord, know that the wardens were in the woods. It is a facetious remark of one well posted, that if all the cussedness going on in Hancock county—breaches of the game laws in particular—"could be cashed in the form of penalties, the County Treasurer at Ellsworth would have about money enough to pay the national debt." The names of the offenders above mentioned have not been given to the public; they called themselves Richard Roe, John Doe and Mr. Poe.

SPECIAL.

SHOOTING NOTES.

SOME six years ago a great spring tide rolled in upon the marshes in the eastern Virginia broadwater, and strange to say destroyed hundreds of clapper rail, (mud hens). These were washed from the great Matulican marsh, and were found dead along the mainland shores of Accomac and North Hampton counties. A similar tide visited the coast of Georgia on Sunday, Sept. 18. It was caused by a terrific northeaster. Fourteen miles south of Savannah the marshlands were inundated and on it hundreds of rail were shot. The birds were pushed for and some of the gunners boated as high as seventy rail.

Prairie chickens are very scarce this season in southern Kansas. I have a friend who resides near Osage Mission, who writes me that there is not one bird there to where there were one hundred three years ago. This diminution was caused by the great snows and severe cold of the winter of 1884–5, which compelled the birds to migrate to the Indian Territory and Texas. The same winter destroyed the quail in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana. It will take many successive mild winters to restock these sections. In northern Indiana the quail are very scarce. The shooters there, however, enjoyed wonderfully fine snipe shooting there last spring, and the birds have just returned to the same ground to give the sportsmen their second innings.

About this time of year the boundary line between New York and New Jersey becomes obliterated in the minds of many New Jersey shooters. For this reason hundreds of ruffed grouse (partridges) are illegally shot in New Jersey. The season for these birds does not open in New Jersey until Nov. 1, while in New York they can be killed on Sept. 1. Thus a mere unmarked boundary line divides the season by two whole months.

I have just come from northern New Jersey and found the swamp lands in good order for woodcock and some few birds scattered over the best ground. This especially applies to the bog meadow lands in the mountains of Sussex county. On Greenwood Lake there are a few wild ducks, each of which has been shot at over fifty times. A few teal are knocking about Newark Bay and the Elizabethtown meadows.

On Saturday, the duck shooting begins on Barnegat Bay; at least I am told so by a Point Pleasant bayman. The rail shooting on the Raritan and Hackensack proved a fizzle. Bay shooting, however, on the snipe marshes of the first named river has been as good as the average. Already three have been made "cripples" this month. The last case was on Monday, when Peter Jones, of Newark, had part of his thigh removed by a New Brunswick friend named George Nolan.

From Connecticut I hear very discouraging accounts of the quail crop. Even those who preserve lands are complaining. This will make the sportsmen fall back on the partridge (ruffed grouse) and woodcock. A friend of mine has just been telling me something about the new Marlborough Gun Club, whose object is the leasing of lands and waters for shooting, fishing and hunting purposes; also the restocking of the same. It has secured 5,700 acres of land in the southeastern corner of Hartford county, adjoining Middlesex and Tolland counties, Connecticut. The land is leased direct from the farmers. The tract is in Marlborough township, which is about ten miles square, with only an inhabitance of 500. The character of the county is rough and hilly, with some farming land devoted to the raising of grain and buckwheat. The members stop with a farmer by the name of Samuel J. Coleman, who looks after their interests. The officers of the club just elected are: President, Wilson De Peyster; vice-president, James M. Bloomfield; treasurer, Gustave Walters: secretary, ———; trustees, officers *ex-officio:* W. B. Putney, B. B. Hopkins and Edgar De Peyster. Among the members are: John D. Cheever, A. W. Belding, M. M. Belding, Edgarton Bynner, J. G. Dettmer, Wm. G. De Witt; Dr. Z. T. Emery, Jas. W. Fellows, E. M. Le Moyne, J. C. Monroe, Duncan K. Major, Wm. B. McKean, Jas. R. Michael, Dr. Henry G. Piffard, Wm. J. Swan, R. S. Sinclair, John B. Wallace and J. P. Walters. There are plenty of partridges on the tract, some woodcock and a few quail. The club ordered several hundred birds in the winter for re-stocking purposes but the shipment failed to reach the club as promised last spring. The club is not an expensive one to belong to.

An easterly wind brings news from what is going on at Shinnecock Bay, Long Island. The warm weather of the latter part of last week checked the flight of fowl. But later on there should be plenty after every rough storm, as there is an abundance of feed in the bay. This is in deep water. A succession of high tides and the closing up of the inlet are much against shooting, however. Windy weather will drive the birds on the flats and make some shooting, but the water on the shoals will be too deep for the batteries. The best place in the bay to go will be William A. Lane's. Mr. Lane is well posted and the men from his house get the best of what is going on. The snipe shooting on his island has been the best this season in ten years. There are birds to come yet, but the water is getting too high to do much with them.

THE WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Number Four, N. Y., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season for hounding deer, which closed yesterday, has not been a very successful one, not many deer having been killed in this section. The Beaver River Club, who are bitterly opposed to hounding deer, have by their influence and example nearly abolished that cruel and destructive mode of hunting throughout the entire Beaver River country, and the good results are apparent. Deer were never known to be so plentiful as now. If there is any one who does not believe that a strict non-hounding law is the best measure for the protection of deer, let him visit the Beaver River country this fall and he will go back a wiser and better man.—MUSSET.

MISSISSIPPI QUAIL.

ABERDEEN, Miss., Oct. 3.—The open season for quail in this county began on the first day of this month. The weather was very warm and dry, but notwithstanding the writer, with a friend who has not missed shooting on the first day of the season for many years, was out for an hour or two on the afternoon of the first. We were by no means successful; the dogs could not hunt, the thickets were in full leaf, the birds exceedingly wild, and some of the bevies found were too small to shoot; however, we managed to bag sixteen birds and each had a toothsome dish for Sunday morning's breakfast.

Quail are reported as unusually abundant, and most assuredly the past spring and summer have been more favorable for nesting and rearing the young than for many seasons past. Our season opens at least a month too early, and should not begin before Nov. 1. On returning from a visit to my place in the prairies a week or two ago I received additional proof of the fact that quail sometimes rear two broods in one season, as I saw a covey composed of birds fully grown and others which could scarcely fly, there being but one pair of old birds with them.

We have had some fine sport shooting doves in the wheat stubbles during the past summer. The best shooting was had on the first day of the season, when a party of twelve made an average of thirty-two each. Dove shooting is to me the most difficult I have ever tried; and, if a man can kill one-half of his shots, taking every reasonable chance, he is above the average. WILL.

SNARES VS. DOGS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being a lover of dog and gun, and a hater of snares and all illegal devices for taking game, I feel like raising my voice against farmers who snare partridges (ruffed grouse) for money. In the town of West Monroe, Oswego county, northside of Oneida Lake, live men having a few acres of ground too poor to raise white beans. By the first of September they have built miles of brush fences with a slip-noose set every few feet in the fence, for the purpose of snaring partridges.

To insure utter immunity from sportsmen, the supervisors and other influential men of the town of West Monroe have recently passed a law prohibiting all hunting with dogs for birds or rabbits. They know by experience that every sportsman who comes into the town with a bird dog will take considerable pains to destroy all the snares they may find. It certainly appears as if they meant to guard against it. I saw thirty-seven snared partridges brought to Syracuse and offered for sale. Mr. J. H. Mann refused to buy them; and later in the season, being offered so many snared birds as to disgust him, he gave up buying them entirely. Would there were more like him in Syracuse.

It is impossible for me to find words to express the condemnation I feel. I would like to hear from others on this subject. G. ALBERT KNAPP.

GAME REPORTS.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Oct. 3.—Woodcock shooting has been fairly good this fall. The great opposition heretofore existing to making the close season extend until September and do away with summer shooting, using as an argument that birds would leave here, and there would be no woodcock shooting at all if it was put off so late, has been largely done away with, as birds seem to have been as plentiful in September as they formerly have been in July. Very little ruffed grouse shooting has yet been done on account of the leaves not being off from the trees, but birds are reported plentiful. Several good bags of jack-snipe have been reported. They are evidently home birds, as the northern flight has not yet begun. Duck shooting is "no good"; so many railroads and sawmills along the Saginaw River have about driven out these birds, and do what they can toward protection, the shooting never will be as good as it used to be. Next Monday night a party consisting of E. N. Briggs, Ferd. A. Ashley, Geo. Moores, Jack Morley and myself leave for the Indian Territory, and will be present at the annual round up at the Saginaw Cattle Co.'s ranch. We shall take our dogs and guns along as quail are reported to be there in abundance. Jack M. also has heard that "Section 37" is to be found somewhere in the Territory.—W. B. MERSHON.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 3.—Our county papers publish that the deer season will open Oct. 1; are they right? A party of our best citizens have started deer hunting with dogs. This is a common practice in Lycoming county, and unless stopped will result ill. We have enough true sportsmen in our county to crush the practice out of existence. All that is lacking is a "starter." A few words in your valuable columns may be all that is required. Squirrels are very scarce this fall, but pheasants are unusually plentiful. A fair day's sport can be had with the game of our county.—FAIR PLAY [The deer season for Pennsylvania opened Oct. 1. Hunting with dogs is forbidden. "Fair Play's" duty is to make complaint to proper officials.]

PORTLAND, Ind., Oct. 5.—The quail shooting opens here on the 15th inst., and the prospects for bagging the toothsome Bob White have not been as favorable in many years. The long dry summer has been very propitious to the young birds. The early or first broods are full grown and the second brood will be nearly so when the season comes in. A serious obstacle to the sportsman's pleasure is a determination on the part of a great many farmers to protect the birds, and the ominous sign "No hunting or shooting allowed on these premises," confronts the hunter at almost every turn.—D. S. W.

MAPPSBURG STATION, Va., Oct. 10.—As anticipated in a prevous article, I find the crop of quail to be quite abundant. I came across a bevy to-day near the house. Rabbits (hares), squirrels and foxes were never more plenty. My friend F. S. Smith has just completed a beautiful light-draft yacht, and is anticipating knocking brant and black duck right and left this autumn and winter.—T. E.

A HINT TO THE LONG ISLAND PROTECTOR.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to call attention to the manner in which the game laws have been violated for years here in the vicinity of Flatbush with no apparent attempt to prosecute the infringers or to enforce the law. What little game there is is hunted the year round, and on Sundays there is one incessant booming of guns right within hearing of the village church bells. It does not require a ten minutes' walk from the heart of the village any Sunday afternoon to find some city murderers crawling and sneaking along the edges of groves with heavy muskets or shotguns, looking for song birds sitting on the trees, to blow them to pieces. Outside of the song birds there is or would be sufficient game to warrant protection, and an enforcement of the game laws. There are a few woodcock and rabbits, but they get shot off early in the summer. Some of the Flatbush sportsmen planted a number of quail the past winter but they were shot off by outsiders in the spring and early summer. The game laws are enforced, or at least, more or less so, in the thinly settled parts of the country. Surely, where so openly and barefacedly violated for years in the very hearing of the metropolis of the country, the law should be enforced to a certain extent at least. The principle is just the same as though the case referred to a North Woods deer or a Maine moose.—PIOUS H.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE RESORT.—Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 3.—Sportsmen in the vicinity of Boston who have only a day or two to spare can find good fishing and shooting at Gumwood Lake, situated at Kingston Plains, N. H. Information can be had by writing to the proprietor of the Kingston House, Kingston Plains, N. H.—CLINGSTONE.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME LAW.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Oct. 4.—Below I give you the substance of the game laws of this State. They are not applicable to the counties of Johnston, Tyrrell, Dare, Onslow, Carteret, Jones, Columbus, Clay, Graham, Jackson, Swain, Macon and Transylvania. The law relating to deer does not embrace the counties lying on and east of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. No deer can be killed in parts of Burke, McDowell and Mitchell before Jan. 1, 1891.

The open season for birds is from Oct. 15 to April 1.

For deer begins Aug. 15 and ends Feb. 15.

No Bob White can be exported from the State. It is unlawful to destroy their nests. No ducks, geese, brant, etc., can be killed or sent off from Currituck county between March 10 and Nov. 10.

The bird law includes robins, larks, doves and ruffed grouse. The predatory birds, such as hawks, eagles, crows and owls, can be killed at any time.

The law protecting marsh hens, or clapper rail, applies only to the county of New Hanover, and is open from Sept. 1 to April 1. WELLS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A STORY OF HORNED POUTS.—II.

YES, I did promise to give you an account of that supper, and I do not believe in flinching, but I tell you, you ought to have been there to get anything like a true picture of it. This supper was at Uncle Bill's own house. His wife was sent out of the kitchen, and his "gals," as he called them, four buxom lassies, were also given to understand that they were no part of this occasion, it being for the boys only. We soon had full control of that old-fashioned Connecticut kitchen, with its big fireplace, smooth oaken floor, and a family table capable of seating ten or twelve. One end of this table was at all times reserved for Uncle Bill, and I might add, it was seldom spread except to its fullest extent, for his own family numbered an even dozen. We all turned to and helped to clean the pouts, aided by Uncle Bill's six boys, ranging from five to twenty years. By the time the fire was well going, Uncle Bill was in front of it with a griddle, full of pouts spattering and spitting away in a manner appetizing to us boys, who had been kept away from the pantry all day. At length the order came "all take seats," which was obeyed on the double quick. Uncle Bill played the double part of cook and waiter, waddling back and forth on about 2-minute trips from stove to table, and expressing much anxiety as to our appetites. Our plates were soon filled, and sooner emptied, and refilled and re-emptied of as crisp a lot of pouts as ever tempted any living man. The roaring laughter of Uncle Bill spiced the occasion, as he halted over his beaten track and pointed with pride to another full griddle of pouts. Being a hungry crowd, it made it quite lively for Uncle Bill to keep our wants supplied, but at length not even his urgent invitation could encourage us to eat more, and then he himself sat down.

"That old squire," he said, "knew full well he had no case; he knew my arrest would not hold me, so he says, 'Bill T., you can go, and I will see to it that you don't go far;' and at it he went to make out a warrant. Well, it makes me laugh. At the rate he wrote I calculated I had time to cross the State line into good old Connecticut. I plead my own case, and the squire let me go; and some of those same men who carried away pouts enough for half a dozen meals were there making a formal complaint, and when the squire said, 'You can go,' I said to myself, 'Now, legs, do your duty,' and I made lively time to the wagon and got under way at once and headed for old Connecticut. We drove fast, and when we were near the line that officer was in sight and gaining on us lively by running his horse. The calculation was a 'leetle' close for comfort, but we got there, and I had the pleasure of telling that fellow that I would settle with him for trying to steal me; and, boys, we will do him yet; what say you?" It was agreed "to do him."

Then, turning from the table, Uncle Bill invited his recruits to the open air of the yard, where the plan was perfected for the capture of the officer in case he visited the State. And this was the plan: We were each to act as a special detective, and if either of us set eyes on him we were to report to Uncle Bill, who was to have a warrant out for his arrest and manage the rest of the case.

For weeks we kept on the lookout for that officer; and the weeks lengthened into months, until one day some of our party saw the individual at the depot with his team shipping grain. This was duly reported to Uncle Bill, without the loss of a moment's time, followed up and the warrant made out and placed in the hands of an officer; with instructions "to levy on the individual and team upon his return, at sight." The following day, upon his return, the service was made, and the enemy was brought to bay. Then he sought the aid of friends and was busy nearly all the afternoon, skipping about for somebody to receipt for his team and become responsible for his appearance before the judge on the day agreed upon to answer to charges set forth in the voluminous legal document "in the name of the people for imprisoning one Bill T., a citizen of Connecticut." (And I supposed we were the people, at least our interest in the case led us to believe we were an important factor among them.)

The day arrived for trial, and all hands were there early, Uncle Bill with his counsel—the Hon. ex-Gov. Cleveland and Squire Graves—whom he had secured to look after his interests, all were promptly on hand at court when the defendant with counsel arrived, and the Judge being punctual, court was opened at once. The first and probably the only case on the calendar was Uncle Bill's, so the court at once proceeded. Uncle Bill took the stand and gave a detailed account of the pursuit and the capture, detailing his flight across the water and the return, repeated several times; and the "persistent pursuit of the prisoner at the bar," to the great annoyance of himself and his young friends, "some of whom are present as witnesses in this case in behalf of the people." He set forth the great danger liable to himself "by long exposure in the water," which, although a solemn fact, created occasional smiles from the crowd in court, especially when he recounted his trips and those of the officer in pursuit. He next dilated upon his being deprived of his liberty, "that liberty so dear to every citizen, and so much appreciated by myself, through the persecution of the prisoner at the bar" (particular accent being placed upon "the prisoner at the bar," each time repeated). His testimony being in, the defense cross-questioned Uncle Bill at great length, and to each question Uncle Bill detailed the act of "seeking the water for safety," and the necessity of so doing "to protect his person from unlawful seizure," until the court and all within hearing were fully acquainted with the minutest detail of the arrest, and fully comprehended the great wrong done to a citizen of their own commonwealth. Uncle Bill being excused from the stand the boys were, each in turn, called to take the stand, and each in his own simple way gave his account of what he saw, all agreeing as to main facts, but differing in their description and classification as to the particular class of aquatics Uncle Bill's system of propulsion belonged; some called it "wallowing through," others called it "floating," others called it "wading," while one said he "swam in his effort to protect himself from the assault of the prisoner at the bar," giving quite an imitation of Uncle Bill describing the party who pursued him.

It was a great trial, and when the defense were putting in testimony Uncle Bill was prompting his lawyers; and many of the witnesses had to acknowledge having eaten of the fish caught by Uncle Bill and his little party, each admission being accompanied with an "I thought so" from Uncle Bill.

At length the testimony was all in, and the court concluded to hear the arguments, which were begun by Uncle Bill's lawyer, Squire G., who entertained the court and spectators with his account of the great wrong perpetrated upon the people of this commonwealth, "the great danger inflicted upon a citizen whose avoirdupois made it extremely hazardous to his life to be forced to such extreme measures to protect himself from unlawful seizure; a measure which was the studied plot of the prisoner at the bar, that by it something awful to contemplate—death—might happen to the complainant, that he, the prisoner at the bar, might be the beneficiary of such a calamity, a calamity that would be shared by every good citizen for miles around us; a calamity that would cause a whole community to mourn over the loss of one of her most respected members. May it please your Honor, such high-handed outrage calls for the direst extent and severest penalty of the law, and the people of the community, one and all, from the oldest to the youngest, are clamoring among themselves at this great outrage, and as to the fittest punishment for him, the prisoner at the bar. Why, your Honor, is such interest manifested? See the great number of good people present, who have left their work and their homes to be present at this trial, to witness the punishment of the prisoner at the bar; people who have been born and raised neighbors to the complainant, and who are here to testify (if need be) to the many good deeds of this much wronged man; to his sterling character, and the love they bear him; and I might very properly add these sterling qualities of the complainant were well known to the prisoner at the bar, and would not justify him either morally or officially to jeopardize so valued a member of our commonwealth. Revenge of a jealous people, not law, was what actuated this onslaught upon our worthy fellow citizen, the complainant. Official dignity and official duty were set aside, and the prisoner at the bar, unclothed with authority, gave heed to the howls of a mob, who partook freely of the fruits of the labor of the complainant, as sworn to by themselves. We therefore ask of you, in the name of the people, to pass such sentence upon the prisoner at the bar as you in your own mind consider adequate to the great injustice done my client, in accordance to the testimony presented by and in behalf of the people."

The defendant's counsel followed, after unloading a bag of big books upon the table and brushing his hair well back. "Your Honor, may it please the court, we are called upon to present the case of the defendant, in which we claim a great wrong had been done to the people of Rhode Island, the laws of the State had been grossly broken and set at defiance by a party of trespassing people, led by the complainant. During this trespass the proper official was appealed to and his protection asked by the people, and under the circumstances all had been done by the defendant in his official capacity that any man could do. He found the complainant openly defying the law, and demanded his surrender. But he did not obey. He did no surrender. Instead, he, to evade the heavy hand of the law, took to the water in a manner betraying a studied plot to escape in case he was interfered with in his nefarious calling; for once in the water he seemed as much at home as would a duck, and he put on an amount of assurance satisfactory to his aiders and abettors and among whom no doubt of successful escape was expressed. This prudent officer, not daring to bring on an encounter in the water, did the next best thing in his power; he took to the dam. For the purpose of better fixing the true state of affairs in the mind of the court, let us suppose the defendant in pur-

suance of his duty had gone into the water and arrested the complainant when about midway between the shores of that lake, do you, sir, for one moment think that the defendant could have landed him? Your Honor, it was a work impossible for one man. Look, sir, at his size [and here Uncle Bill stood up to the gaze of the court, and looking several times his usual size to me]. Your Honor, it would have taken many times the power of this single-handed man to have effected a capture of that culprit; hence it became a necessity to follow on in the only way left to where the party landed and might be reached in personal safety. That my client did a very wise thing and one wholly legal, I will read, may it please Your Honor, from Parsons, Greenleaf and other cases pertaining to arrests."

Having read the court and nearly a dozen of the spectators to sleep, as nearly as I can recollect, he again took up that portion of the testimony relating to the passages across the dam, after which he made a masterly appeal to the court "to discharge the case under rulings number so and so, as laid down in volume —," names long since forgotten by me. Following this Uncle Bill's "reserve"—as he used to call him in speaking of the case—the ex-Governor, called the attention of the court to several cases from Blackstone and other authorities, which he quoted and applied to the case of Uncle Bill's being deprived of his liberty with such telling effect as to cause the moisture to appear in the eyes of many of our young band, and as he referred to the evidence of the people, "Not a single link in the whole chain presented a flaw, or a question raised against its truthfulness during the entire testimony of the people's witnesses" (nearly all of whom were well filled with Uncle Bill's pouts and cider on the eve of that great dinner and had sworn allegiance to Uncle Bill on that occasion). Why! to talk of eloquence. His eloquence rose higher and higher as he reached the eventful points of his case, until Uncle Bill and his whole band, myself included, were standing and on tiptoe before we knew it; and when he pictured the flight over mud and water to the various points of safety sought by Uncle Bill, we would look around to see if Uncle Bill got there safely. Then with pathetic appeal he would say, "Your Honor, can you conceive of a more aggravated case of imprisonment or a more villainous plot to deprive an honored citizen of his liberty?" Then with soft and tender strains he pictured Uncle Bill "at the bar of justice a prisoner, and a prisoner in the hands of the prisoner at this bar without authority of law. And awful as it might have been had he, my client, been so disposed, your Honor, he could have forced with personal violence his freedom from the clutches of this officer and openly defied the court that held him. This he did not do, as it was not in harmony with the kind heart beating in that manly breast. Your Honor, what did he do? He placed himself under protection of the court and boldly awaited its decision in a most complacent manner and becoming to a liberty-loving citizen like my client; in answer to whose appeal justice heeded and set him free."

After this burst of eloquence he drew his ponderous watch from his pocket and took its standing, then facing the court he said, "It is getting late, and we do not desire to go over more matter, or repeat again and again that which to your Honor must be well understood; so we will submit the case on its merits, believing that you will place the damages sufficiently high to satisfy the people who bring this case before you, for your learned decision."

The case, after dragging through nearly the whole day, was thus submitted to the judge, who after a few moments' deliberation and a short review of the statutes (during which time Uncle Bill was walking around shaking hands, and stiffening up the doubting ones among his friends, who had great confidence in his legal opinion), called the court to order, and in a very appropriately delivered verdict placed the damages at about $200 and cost against the defendant, which the lawyers soon settled up and Uncle Bill and the boys were soon seated at the hotel table ordering the best the house afforded. Uncle Bill paid the bill and promised to divide the chink after the expenses were all paid, which he did afterward with this advise to us boys, "Now that we have the chink, let each one put away his little nest-egg as profit realized for the first sale of pouts to those people living over the line," and it was so put away.

That's all, I now move we retire. It was moved and seconded, and after thanks to brother W. for the part he took in the drama, and his acknowledgment of the wrong in seining, we all adjourned for the night, to meet at early light for our morning sport. SID BROMLEY.

BASS IN SHARK RIVER INLET.

OCEAN BEACH, N. J., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your note from Key East, N. J., in issue of Sept. 29, your correspondent seems very particular in giving your readers to understand that the striped bass fishing is on the Key East side of Shark River Inlet. I admit that the fishing is generally better on that side, but there have been a number of days this summer when the Ocean Beach side was preferable. We will however award the palm to Key East as claimed, but were it not for the Hon. Geo. I. Ferry, Messrs. Napier and Seeley and your humble servent (all summer residents of Ocean Beach), there would hardly have been any better fishing at Key East this year than heretofore. We have been to the expense of having large signs made and set up, advertising in local papers for upward of seven weeks and having two men patrol the beach nights, all to prevent the seiners from hauling; with what success those that have fished can most favorably testify.

Oct. 1 being the end of the season we had the signs taken down. Now mark the result. The enemy swoops down like a hawk on his prey and captures at one haul over 2,500 pounds of striped bass (it sickens one to think of it). Now of course you may fish all day without success, for those that were not caught have been frightened away. I trust that although Key East must be awarded the palm for being generally the best ground, you will in justice let it be known to your readers that the cause was entirely the result of the interest taken by the few gentlemen beforementioned, and who also hope that next summer the same causes will produce like effects. This is a fine bass ground and we suggest that if those who come to enjoy a day's good bass fishing would agitate this question of seining, thus assisting us greatly, the feeling would then soon be such that an attempt to haul would hardly be thought of before Oct. 1, when most people have returned to their winter homes. E. HURTZIG.

ON AN OLD TIME STREAM.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—I have done about all my angling in your columns this summer, but have picked up a few trout, entirely with "the festive worm," and have rigged up a fly-cast but once, and even then unsuccessfully.

I had tramped for a couple of times down what in old times was called the "Big Brook," catching perhaps a dozen fingerlings, all of which were returned to the water, and not catching as many more, for the simple reason that I used so large a hook, a No. 1 Limerick, and so generous a bait, that the little chaps usually missed getting hooked—when I met my companion, who was to have fished down from a point below, coming up to meet me, saying that he found other parties ahead of him, and could find no fish worth saving. After a short confab on the subject we decided to eat our luncheon and then drive over to the small river into which the brook falls on its way to the Connecticut, and in which, below a milldam, one or two quite large trout were reported to have been taken a day or two before.

Reaching the river we separated, and I put on a leader with a yellow hackle and a coch-y-bonddu, and tried every available or probable pool, hole or rapid, for over a mile, without a rise. The fact was there was nothing for the trout to live on, the bed of the river was simply clean washed rock and stones, exposed to the sun, with no shelter for insects or worms or any other food.

Such is the case with about all of the streams in southern New Hampshire and Vermont where there is room to cast a fly; they are merely the ragged and exposed beds of the mountain torrents which filled them in the spring, and the smaller brooks are in most cases so overgrown with alders and willows as to render the use of the fly impossible.

This is the case with the "Big Brook" referred to. When I began to fish it, some half a century ago, there was a long open meadow for half a mile above the old farmhouse, where I always started, and an equally open stretch of pasture and corn land below, until the brook reached a long, narrow, deep millpond a mile below, where I was sure of a half-pounder or two on any good fishing day.

How it is changed now! The old farmer and his sons are all gone, the old sawmill has resolved itself into dust, and a few huge stones too heavy to be washed away are left to mark the sight of the old dam. Meadow and pasture are alike overgrown with alders, and there are scarcely a dozen places in the whole long stretch which are accessible to any one but the ubiquitous small boy, who can crawl under the branches of the bushes with a 6ft. pole and a 2ft. line and skin the brook of the few fingerlings that are left. There are long stretches of open hill pasture above and below, where the bushes are not so thick, which I tried with the result above noted.

I have had one day, however, which gave me trout enough for a breakfast, and a tramp over old haunts which I enjoyed. I determined one morning in June to try a once favorite brook across the river in Vermont, which I had not seen for many years, but from which, in days long past, I had filled many a good basket. Having secured a boat the day before, I went down to the river to cross, to find out that I had mistaken the mooring, and that the boat was half a mile up the river. Up the bank I went, to find out when I reached the boat, that I had got the wrong key; and leaving my net and basket, I climbed the hill to the village, about a quarter of a mile off, and getting the right key, finally reached the landing on the opposite side of the river about ten o'clock, or a little later. I saw some one standing on the bank above me as I made fast the boat, and on climbing the bank was accosted by an elderly individual of bucolic appearance, with the query "Goin' fishin'?" I told him I thought of it, when he picked up an ancient rod out of the grass, and informed me that he "would go with me." He said that he had brought down his grand-daughter with him, from somewhere, within a few miles to get her father, who was working for the man who owned the farm at the landing, to take him home for Sunday, and as it was too early to go home, he would go "a-fishin'" with me. I did not think it worth while to offend the sociable old chap by declining his company, so off we started, the old man, the little girl, and I, up the steep hill, which there separated the river from the brook, which empties into it about two miles below.

The girl luckily found her father at work in a field nearly at the top of the hill, and left us, and we kept on until, on reaching the little valley of the brook, the old man made a rush for the bridge, unwinding his line from the top of his rod as he went as actively and eagerly as if he was only ten years old. I turned up the brook about an eighth of a mile, through what was once a good stretch of open pasture, where I have formerly caught many a trout, but I now found it so overgrown as to be impracticable, and finally reached a meadow which was in old times the "bonanza" of the brook. Here I sat down in the grass, put my rod together, and had basketed two or three pair trout, when by me came the old granger, post haste to get ahead of me—which he did, and kept there. I caught two or three more trout before reaching an alder tangle, which utterly covered three-quarters of the lower meadow. Giving up the brook here I went around the alders, and on reaching the upper meadow, which had been ditched, and all the old "holes" spoiled, I missed my companion, but not for a long period. I had scarcely got at the ditch, and found a deep spot in which I got another trout, when by me he went again! either coming up through the alders, or going round on the opposite side from the corner I took.

Then I let him go ahead, merely working up through the meadow and the pastures beyond, until I reached a sidehill, once covered with wood, down which the brook came, and where there used to be some good holes. I found the wood all cut off and the sidehills bare and open to the sun, and came to anchor against a big stump, and lighted my pipe. I had gone up the brook much further than I intended, and missed the lunch which I forgot to bring with me, but the pipe had to answer the purpose, and after a good smoke I turned back over the ground which the old chap had fished coming up, and getting one or two more trout for the basket, and throwing back some little ones, until I reached the upper meadow, when by me came old "Rusticus" again like a race horse, and took the lead and kept it, for I did not see him again. I worked quietly down to where I started and then came back to the river.

As I reached the farmhouse at the landing, the farmer, an old acquaintance of mine, came out as I sat down by the spring for a drink, with the greeting of "What luck?" "Not much," said I, "about a dozen." "Why," said he, "that other man got thirty-five!" "All right, he ought to, he has kept ahead of me all day." Meanwhile the farmer opened my basket, which I had taken off at the spring, and holding up his hands said, "Well! I'd rather have your string than his, by a long chalk." My No. 1 Limerick and a big bait had secured me fifteen trout from 7 to 9in. long, and a good breakfast, while the old granger had been pocketing the fingerlings. VON W.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

THE season for hook and line fishing along the coast of New Jersey is about over. Drum and sheepshead fishing has been a comparative failure. A few years ago, from the 10th of May to the 1st of June, from Barnegat Inlet to Cape May and in the Delaware Bay, drum were numerous and could readily be taken with the hook and line, especially off Fishing Creek. There with an old fisherman, Hugh Holmes, well known to many sportsmen, we caught 28 drum in one day; their weight were from 25 to 80lbs., averaging about 40lbs. The largest one weighed 105lbs.; it was the largest I ever caught. This season very few have been caught there or along the Jersey coast, almost all have been caught in the surf. Formerly they were numerous in the sounds.

I have found only two kinds of drum along this coast, the light colored drum which are the big kind, and the small drum weighing from 10 to 15lbs., sometimes called sheepshead drum from having bars across them like sheepshead. Whether they are young drum or a small race I cannot answer. I never found roe in them. There are black drum which I have only found in the lagoons of southern Florida. They are found mostly in the Mosquito Lagoon, are jet black and appear very nasty and dirty, and are not used for food.

The fish that are called red drum are not drum; they do not make the drum sound from which drum takes its name; do not even croak or make a gutteral sound, nor do they resemble a drum; but in shape they are more like the striped bass. In Eastern Florida they are called channel bass. They are really the spotted redfish of the South. They are red on the back, white on the belly and have from one to three black spots on the butt of the tail and sometimes on the sides, resembling the spot on a peacock feather. They have upper and lower rows of very fine teeth and readily take fish bait, which is not the case with the drum. I have caught them weighing from 2 to 50lbs. They give good sport with the rod and reel.

Why drumfish has disappeared from the coast is a question. Whether it is that there must be a change in the waters or in the state of the bays where they used to come in the season to spawn, or have taken some other course more congenial to them or have been gobbled up by the purse-net of the fish factory we cannot tell. I have been informed that 25 tons of drumfish have been caught at one haul by those nets off Little Egg Harbor, about spawning time. If such netting has been continued the parent fish must have been destroyed or there would be some offspring; certainly no drumfish have been caught in those bays for some years. This may account for their disappearance. The people living on the southern coast of New Jersey will regret the disappearance of drum. Although not the best fish, they are good and cheap food, and salted down for winter use are much better eating than snowballs or icicles. PURVES.

PHILADELPHIA.

A RANGELEY LANDLOCKED SALMON.

PHILADEDPHIA, Pa., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to learn that on Monday, Sept. 26, I took a landlocked salmon in the Rangeley Lakes (near the end of the lake at Greenvale) which weighed 7¼lbs., a profile of which I send herewith. I used an ordinary 7oz. fly-rod, small linen line, 6ft. leader, dark Montreal, and a light-colored fly, the latter being the drop, which he took in a manner that showed that he meant business.

I was alone in the boat with anchor out in about ten feet of water. Near the stern of the boat was an old stub which projected above the surface of the water, which together with the anchor rope and shallow depth of water, compelled me to land the fish without giving him much line, although he called for more several times in his frantic leaps to get clear of the difficulty he seemed to be in.

Knowing that I had him well fastened, I proceeded to hoist anchor, in order, if possible, to give him more sea room. Having got the anchor into the boat, I found the wind was taking me toward shore, where the water was even more shallow, and I was therefore obliged to land my fish at once, which I proceeded to do safely.

I do not know long I was in getting the salmon into the boat, as I had no opportunity of measuring time after he took the fly. Several gentlemen were present, also a lady, in company with her husband, and they may have noted the time.

This is said to be as large a salmon as was ever taken from the Rangeley Lakes with fly. A fish of the same size and kind was taken a few days before in the Kennebago Lake by a young gentleman from Massachusetts, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, and upon comparison of profiles of the fish, we concluded them to be of the same age.

This salmon made more business for me to attend to in a short time than any fish ever did before. L. A.

MR. T. H. CHUBB of Post Mills, Vt., manufacturer of fishing rods, etc., appeared in New York last week with a full line of samples, the first time he has shown any in twelve years. Mr. Chubb's specialty is the jobbing trade though he makes fine goods for retail trade. His line of samples comprised rods of all kinds, brass and wood landing nets, brass rod trimmings, camp chairs, etc., etc. Mr. Chubb has a large factory 120x32 with an ell 24x30, beautifully located on the Onpompanusic River at Post Mills, Vt., employs about sixty hands and is not troubled with a lack of orders. He is something of a politician, having represented his district one term in the Legislature, but his ambition does not lie in this direction. He prefers to be known as Chubb, the rod maker, and we believe has already attained fame in this direction.

BLACK BASS FOR STOCKING.—Camden, Carroll County, Ind., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My memory is singularly defective, or else it is unusual to find black bass full of spawn at this season of the year. Is it my memory? My last catch found all the female fish with spawn. Is there an established price for black bass for stocking purposes? Parties desiring some can receive information from me on how to get them and where. I ask nothing.—JOHN P. HANCE.

Fishculture.

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LOBSTER CULTURE.

MR. RICHARD RATHBUN, Curator of the Department of the Invertebrates of the National Museum, contributes the following to the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission:

The partial completion in August last of the new laboratory building at the marine station of the Fish Commission at Wood's Holl, Mass., with its convenient system of salt-water piping, permitted the necessary experiments being begun at that time with respect to the artificial hatching of lobsters, a branch of fishculture the great importance of which has long been felt, in view of the rapid decrease in abundance of that valuable food product. Unfortunately the hatching season had then closed, but it was deemed advisable to ascertain the best methods of handling the eggs, in order that there might be as little delay as possible in starting operations next spring.

Unlike most fishes, the lobster carries its eggs until they hatch. The eggs are fertilized while yet in the ovaries, and are soon afterward extruded, but the length of the period of development is not known. As they issue from the body of the female they are coated with a viscid substance that soon hardens into short, tough and very flexible threads, by means of which they are attached in bunches or clusters of variable sizes to the swimmerets and under surface of the abdomen or tail, the hinder feet, it is said, being used to aid in carrying them back and distributing them as they come from the apertures of the oviducts. The eggs are comparatively large (about one-twelfth of an inch in diameter) and hardy, and each lobster carries from about 12,000 to 24,000, according to its size.

The problem of lobster hatching on a practical scale is one that the Fish Commission has long had in view, but all of its marine laboratories up to the present time have been temporary structures, with insufficient accommodations and without the means of obtaining continuous supplies of water in suitable quantities. It was hoped that the new building would be finished early enough in the spring to permit of the beginning of hatching work in June, but the hinderances which are inevitable to all such projects interfered to delay actual operations for another year. The hatching of small quantities of lobster eggs, as well as the eggs of other species of crustaceans, had been successfully accomplished from time to time by members of the Fish Commission party interested in embryological studies, and the possibility of conducting hatching operations on a small scale, and of carrying the young through at least the first few stages of growth, needed no further proof; but the question of how to care for large masses of eggs, and especially for the young after hatching, was yet to be approached.

In the fall of 1884, soon after the inner fish basin at Wood's Holl had been completed, Capt. H. C. Chester, in charge of the station, transferred to it several hundred female lobsters, with spawn, thinking that some of the eggs might hatch during the winter, but if not, feeling certain that something might be done with them in the early spring. Unfortunately for his experiment, the work on the outer basin necessitating the employment of a large steam dredger, which kept the water constantly loaded with sediment, and the frequent blasting of rocks, caused the destruction of his entire stock before any results had been reached. The method of continuing the work in the summer had not yet been decided upon, when an opportune letter, received from the Norwegian fish-culturist, G. M. Dannevig, announced the successful hatching of lobster eggs of the European species, detached from the body of the parent, and the rearing of the young through the three earliest stages. The manner of conducting his experiments was not described, but the fact that he had accomplished good results with detached eggs gave us a basis to work upon. His letter was as follows:

FLODEVIG, near Arendal, Norway, July 14, 1885.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries:

DEAR SIR—I hereby take great pleasure in informing you that the experiments with the hatching of detached lobster eggs is progressing very favorably, that the young are doing well, and that some of them have attained what Prof. G. O. Sars calls the third stage. The length of the young lobster soon after hatching is about 9mm. After eight days, when the second changing of the shell or skin takes place, it has attained the length of 12mm., and after sixteen days, when the third change occurs, it is about 15mm. The mortality was rather large for some days, but is now only one to three in twenty-four hours, so that ninety-five still remain out of two hundred which were picked out for an experiment. They are very greedy, but not so bad in killing one another as they were in the beginning. I feed them principally with the soft parts of our crab. They like it well, but their slender legs sometimes get entangled in the soft mass, and then they die. Five hundred newly-hatched individuals are now in a separate apparatus for further experiments. I wish to find out at what stage the greateet loss takes place. I have great hopes now that I shall master this question during the season, so that I can proceed upon a large scale next summer. Very respectfully, G. M. DANNEVIG.

If a few eggs are cut from the swimmerets of a lobster and dropped into a jar of water they will rapidly sink to the bottom, showing that their specific gravity is considerably greater than that of water. The knowledge of this fact led to the selection of the McDonald automatic hatching jar, which has long been in use in shad propagation for the first experiments, and a trial of about two months has demonstrated its superiority for this purpose over the other appliances that were tested. The principle on which the McDonald jar works has been fully described and we need only mention here, for the purpose of showing its adaptability to the eggs in question, that the water entering through a long glass tube, reaching nearly to the bottom of the jar, causes an upward current of water through the jar, the force of which is regulated by the amount of inflow; the outlet is by means of a short tube passing only a little way into the upper part of the jar. The inlet tube is connected by rubber tubing with a supply pipe, and the outlet tube in the same manner with a waste pipe, and these connections being made the movement of the eggs is entirely controlled by means of a stop-cock and the longer tube, the latter by being raised or lowered changing to a certain extent the force and character of the current. The flow is continuous and regular and the jars need to be examined only occasionally, perhaps twice each day for the purpose of forcing out the accumulation of sediment as explained further on.

The eggs are readily cut from the swimmerets and under surface of the lobster by means of small, sharp scissors, the curved kind used in dissecting being especially well adapted to this purpose, although most any kind will answer. By taking ordinary precautions no harm is done to the parent, the small threads joining the eggs to the body having no organic connection with it. Most of the eggs come off in bunches of variable sizes, some containing two or three hundred, and others less, down to a very small number; but more or less of them become separated in the cutting, and in every bath there are many free eggs. This lack of uniformity in the composition of each lot of eggs is a source of great annoyance in handling them, the free eggs floating up more readily than the bunches, and tending to escape through the outlet pipe; but it is not detrimental to the success of the work. In preparing the eggs, they were transferred as rapidly as detatched to the hatching jars, previously filled with water, the eggs of each lobster being placed in a separate jar, as there is more or less variation in the specific gravity of the eggs of different individuals.

As soon as each jar had received its allotment, the cap with its tubes was fastened on, and a connection made with the salt water supply pipe. The specific gravity of the eggs was not determined, but they require a relatively strong current of water to raise them above the bottom, the average amount allowed to pass through the jars having been nearly a gallon a minute for each. The flow was so regulated as to give the larger bunches of eggs a gentle rotary motion, but this caused the smaller bunches and the free eggs to rise sometimes to more than half the height of the jar, and kept them quite strongly agitated. Although the eggs are very very hardy, and in nature, while attached to the swimmerets of the parent lobster, are given but little motion, this greater activity appears to be essential to their well-being in this artificial hatching apparatus, for without it they soon die. Such fate befell most of one lot contained in a McDonald jar, through which but a gentle current was allowed to pass, and in one of the hatching boxes, where the supply of water was very much greater, though distributed over a much larger surface, so that no motion was given to the eggs, they all died inside of a week. The accumulation about the eggs of impurities from the water may have been the principal cause of this mortality, but as the eggs are well able to endure active motion, and thrive best in a strong current, there can be no objection to pursuing that method. An illustration of the hardy character of the eggs is furnished by the fact that a small quantity left over night in a watch glass of sea water were alive and apparently in good condition in the morning, although the density of the water had been greatly increased by evaporation.

The chief annoyances to hatching work at the Wood's Holl station this summer were, first, iron rust, and second, sediment from the harbor. The supply mains in use when the laboratory was first opened consisted of iron pipes without a protective lining. They had been down a year, and gave off such a large quantity of rust, which often appeared as a dense reddish cloud of exceedingly fine suspended particles, that the hatching jars would become strongly stained inside of a few hours, and the eggs themselves become perceptibly coated. After the cement-lined pipes had been substituted, this trouble ceased for the most part, but a great deal of sediment was observed in the sea water the remainder of the season, and notwithstanding the strong current passing constantly through the jars, a very perceptible deposit was formed over the lower-lying eggs in the course of every twelve hours. The lighter particles of sediment also collected to a large extent on the sides of the jars and tubing, and often adhered to the more buoyant eggs. Cloth filters were used to strain out these impurities, but they proved unsatisfactory, and the course finally pursued was to force out the sediment every morning and evening by momentarily increasing the flow of water to its utmost capacity and then shutting it off, repeating this operation at intervals for several minutes. The effect was thoroughly to stir up the sediment, which, being lighter than the eggs, remained longer in suspension, and was carried off when the flow was again made normal. The eggs were transferred to clean jars every four or five days, and the old jars thoroughly washed.

By constant attention to all these details, the eggs were kept in a healthy and tolerably clean condition as long as the experiments were kept up. A neglect of these precautions always resulted in the destruction of many eggs, although in the first lot of eggs prepared, which suffered greatly from iron rust, and was frequently left without care, sometimes for days at a time, until they were well covered with sediment, fully one-third were living at the end of eight weeks, when I left the Wood's Holl station.

It does not seem practicable to keep the eggs of more than one lobster in each jar, as the eggs of different individuals differ more or less in specific gravity, and it is impossible to regulate the flow of water so as to give them all the required motion; but as the number is considerable in each, there is not sufficient excuse for attempting economy in that direction. The number of fertilized eggs carried by lobsters during the spawning season has been ascertained by careful computations in several cases, and varies from about 12,000 to 24,000, the latter number being rare. The most common number noticed during late years has been from 15,000 to 18,000.

The question of the amount of motion to which the eggs should be subjected is one deserving much consideration. The females with eggs contained in the aquaria at Wood's Holl remained very quiet most of the time, and the swimmerets and eggs were scarcely ever observed to be in motion. Confined within the narrow limits of an aquarium, with a strong light entering from all sides, it was not to be expected that their movements would be altogether natural. In nature, whether or not their swimmerets are kept moving regularly backward and forward, which is probably the case to a greater or less extent, the act of moving about in search of food or for change of ground must bring constant change of water. With the Clark hatching boxes, which are very successful for certain kinds of fish eggs, no good results were obtained, although the flow of water was much greater than in the McDonald jars. These boxes were tried in two ways, with a downward and an upward flow of water, but the eggs remained perfectly motionless, and at the end of a week were in such bad condition that they had to be thrown away.

The experiments above described merely indicate a method by which lobster eggs detached from the parent may be successfully kept alive for a considerable length of time with sufficient economy to commend the process to future practice. Had the experiments been made during the hatching season, more satisfactory results would undoubtedly have been reached. It is not expected that in actual practice the eggs will have to be kept very long in the jars. The extensive storage basins in front of the laboratory will afford accommodations for large quantities of "berried" females, which can be so arranged as to permit of their being readily examined from time to time, and the condition of the eggs observed. As the eggs approach the last stages of development before hatching—a condition that is easily determined almost by the unaided eye—they can be transferred to the hatching jars, and the final changes allowed to take place under constant observation. As the hatching is limited to a period of about two months, it is probable that the eggs of many individuals reach maturity at about the same time, and a large number of jars can be manipulated together.

The principal object in hatching the eggs in jars is to have the embryos under control immediately after hatching, but the best methods of caring for the young have yet to be decided upon, and furnish an interesting problem for investigation next spring. It is probable that the embryos cannot be kept in the McDonald jar, as they swim at the surface and would soon all escape through the outlet tube. They can, however, be transferred to large aquaria, to the large wooden tanks now rigged on the lower floor for the keeping of fish, or to floating cars in one of the basins. The last plan will probably answer best when working on a large scale, as the embryos will thereby obtain some food from the surrounding waters, while in both of the former cases food would have to be supplied them.

A floating car suitable for the purpose has already been constructed and now contains a number of "berried" lobsters, which it is proposed to keep over winter if possible, in order to observe whether any hatching takes place during that season. This car is constructed on the plan of the ordinary fish cars, the openings being covered with a fine mesh brass-wire cloth to prevent the escape of the young, but with meshes large enough to permit of the entrance of such small life as the embryos would be likely to feed upon at the surface. The dimensions of this car are 5ft. long, 3ft. wide and 2ft. deep, but larger cars will be used if necessary. It is now moored in the outer basin, opposite one of the openings of the wall, where it receives the full force of the current. A few McDonald jars will also be kept in operation with lobster eggs during the entire winter, for purposes of observation.

It is not known how long the young can be kept in confinement, nor at what age it would be advisable to turn them over to the care of nature, but it will probably be possible to transport them alive to any other portion of the eastern coast, as the distances are nowhere great.

THE NEW YORK SHELLFISH COMMISSION.—At a recent meeting of the board of shellfish commissioners Hon. E. P. Doyle was appointed clerk of the board. The commissioners are meeting in New York city on the first of every month, and are arranging to lease a portion of the oyster territory before the year closes.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Nov. 7.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind. Entries close Oct. 25.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5400.**

MASTIFF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although "X." desires to avoid controversy with either Mr. Wynn or me, I must ask him to prove some of the things he says. If mastiff breeders are breeding forward to an ideal dog, what is that ideal? The standard says "square muzzle, forming a right angle with upper part of nose" and "bent hocks," yet Crown Prince, all the "lady" lot of Dr. Turner's bitches, Ilford Caution, Rosalind, etc., have or had undershot muzzles and straight hocks! This must be a Pickwickian ideal. What is the present method of breeding? Is it that which drove Mr. Hanbury, Rev. Mellor and Col. Garnier out of the O. E. Mastiff Club? Listen to what the oldest living mastiff breeder says: "I do not wish to be identified with those who go in for the bulldog, goggle-eyed type, with straight stifles, narrow chests, hollow backs, and who require keepers to lift them on a two-foot show bench. We have very few real mastiffs now; they seem to have lost all intelligence and sagacity, and are fit for nothing but eating and sleeping."

"X.'s" "well-known judge" showed his incapacity in the most marked manner, if we are to understand from "X." that this judge gave Ilford Caution any place whatever, first or last, from a consideration of what his stud value might be. A judge passes on a dog as a specimen, pure and simple, and allowing such considerations as his probable value in the stud to enter into consideration, is simply swindling the exhibitors. A show is not one of stud dogs, but of specimens. If my "violent prejudice" against Ilford Caution was what impelled Mr. Moore to import that almost perfect specimen, Minting (I lack the conceit to hope that it was), then American mastiff interests owe me more for this than for all else I ever did, or may be likely to do.

"X." forgets that underneath all discussions as to mastiff type, lies the question of what this type is. What the standard of the O. E. Mastiff Club says, suits me well enough, and if judges would only honestly interpret it, there would be no cause of complaint, but to set down in black and white that such and such characteristics are requisite in a perfect mastiff, and then deliberately ignore them because a few followers of fashion, trying to lead it, have exalted snub noses above everything else, is something that does not go down well with the man of average common sense.

If fanciers will only openly admit that fashion is their only ruling star, that all they care for is what Mrs. Grundy will say, we can smile at their vagaries, but when they tell us that the direct contradiction of their own standard is "the real thing," "the correct type," etc., it is time to rebel. Would "X." undertake to establish by any number of shows, judges, etc., what is "the correct type" in bustles?

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Oct. 8.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The executive committee of the Western Field Trials Association has extended the time for receiving entries for the All-Aged Stake to Oct. 22.—R. C. VAN HORN, Secretary.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

FOLLOWING is a list of the entries for the All-Aged and Champion Stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club:

All-Aged Setter Stake.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

KEYSTONE (Washington Kennel, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, June 27, 1885 (Gladstone—Sue).

LADY ROCK (same owner), lemon belton bitch, April 24, 1884 (Royal Rock—Nellie).

ROGER (L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.), black, white and tan dog, Dec. 13, 1885 (Count Noble—Queen Meg).

ROY MONARCH (C. C. Gray, Providence, R. I.), black and tan dog, 4yrs. (Dashing Monarch—List).

GLOSTER (J. L. Breese, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.), black, white and tan dog, 3½yrs. (Dashing Rover—Trinket).

MANDAN (R. B. Morgan, Akron, O.), blue belton dog, 4yrs. (Count Noser—Lola).

BREESE GLADSTONE (W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Gladstone—Sue).

KING LEO (E. F. Thomas, Denver, Col.), black, white and tan dog, July 25, 1885 (Count Noble—Ruby).

DAD WILSON (J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky.), black, white and tan dog, Aug. 9, 1884 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

DAN (Gen. W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.), liver and white dog, Aug. 9, 1884 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

DOT (same owner), black, white and tan bitch, Sept. 25, 1885 (Gladstone—Dido II.).

LATONIA (same owner), black, white and tan bitch, May 21, 1886 (Count Noble—Dido II.).

DAISY F. (Dudley & Fisher, Nashville, Tenn.), liver and white bitch, 4yrs. (Gleam—Dean).

FRED W. (Sanborn Kennel, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Spark).

COUNTESS POPPET (same owner), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lil).

ROYAL ALBERT (C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black and white dog, 3¾yrs. (Sir Alister—Novelty).

FOREMAN'S LASS (same owner), black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Foreman—Grace B.).

NELLIE II. (same owner), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Rosalind).

BELLE OF PIEDMONT (E. Dexter, Boston, Mass.) black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 12, 1883 (Dashing Rover—Ranee).

JACK MODOC (same owner), black and white dog, July 25, 1886 (Buckellew—Ida).

ROYAL PRINCE (F. Leonard, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan dog, 3¾yrs. (Sir Alister—Novelty).

RONA (C. F. Loudon, Cincinnati, O.), black and white bitch, Feb. 2, 1885 (Ben Hill—Zoe W.).

CORA OF WETHERALL (F. Windholz, New York) blue belton bitch, 3½yrs. (Sir Alister—Mina).

BOB H. (A. J. Crovatt, Athens, Ga.) black and white dog, 2¾yrs. (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

CAN CAN (Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga.), black, white and tan bitch, 2¾yrs. (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

SWIFT GLADSTONE (M. B. Downing, Middleport, O.), blue belton dog, Aug. 29, 1883 (Rush Gladstone—Clara).

MAVIS (J. S. Clarke, New Brunswick, N. J.). black, white and tan bitch, May 1, 1885 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

BRIDE (J. Hunter, Westchester, N. Y.), black and white bitch (Sam—Brick).

RUBY BUCKELLEW (T. W. Stoutenburgh, Davenport, Ia.), orange and white bitch, 2yrs. (Buckellew—Brimstone).

KING NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton dog, Aug. 28, 1883 (Count Noble—Rosalind).

KING'S DAN (same owner), blue belton dog, July 26, 1885 (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

DIXIE BELTON (same owner), black and white bitch, March 27, 1885 (Dick B.—Belle Belton).

KING'S MARK (same owner), blue belton dog, April 12, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

QUEEN NOBLE (same owner), blue belton bitch, April 12, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

DASHING NOBLE (Pittsburgh Kennel Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, 3½yrs. (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

DAN NOBLE (same owner), lemon belton dog, 2½yrs. (Count Noble—Lewis's Nellie).

ROYAL VICTOR (same owner), blue belton dog, 3½yrs. (Sir Alister—Novelty).

WATERFORD (same owner), lemon belton dog, 15mos. (Pembroke—Queen Alice).

DAISY FAIR OAKES (same owner), lemon belton bitch, 18mos. (Count Noble—Daisy Queen).

NELLIE STING (same owner), black and white bitch, 2½yrs. (Sting—Novelty).

GALATEA (E. E. Pray, Glenwood Springs, Col.), black, white and tan bitch, 3yrs. (Mack B.—Chica).

DASHAWAY (J. W. Lawson, East Providence, R. I.), blue belton dog, April 28, 1883 (Duke—Niobe).

JOE B. (O. H. Boyden, Salisbury, N. C.), dog, age and pedigree not given.

JUNO A. (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black and white bitch, 5yrs. (Druid—Ruby).

CASSIO (same owner), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

CHANCE (same owner), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

NAT GOODWIN (same owner), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

JEAN VALJEAN (same owner), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Mingo—Twin Maude).

ALLIE JAMES (same owner), lemon and white bitch, 2½yrs. (Mingo—Twin Maude).

CINCH (same owner), black, white and tan dog, Jan. 2, 1886 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

ROD'S ROWDY (same owner), black, white and tan dog, Jan. 2, 1886 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

DASHING GRACE (Como Kennels, Como, Miss.), black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Gladstone—Dixie).

IRISH SETTERS.

GROUSE (C. P. Lasalle, Manchester, N. H.), dog, 3yrs. (Redcoat—Clay).

GERALD (F. S. Parrott, Bridgeport, Conn.), dog, 3½yrs. (Glencho—Zelda).

All-Aged Pointer Stake.

DON'S DOT (J. E. Gill, Lancaster, Pa.), liver and white bitch, 23mos. (Vandevort's Don—Beulah).

LADY ZEAL (same owner), description not given.

SACHEM (Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, N. J.), liver and white dog, 2yrs. (Beaufort—Zuba).

SPRING (R. M. Hutchings, Galveston, Tex.), June 10, 1885 (Mainspring—Curfew).

BESS (J. Shevlin, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white dog, 4yrs. (Bob— ———).

LALLA ROOKH (Col. C. H. Odell, New York), lemon and white bitch (Sensation's Son—Grace).

SHANDY GAFF (J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.), dog, March 7, 1886 (Naso of Kippen—Malt).

TAMMANY (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white dog, Aug. 25, 1883 (Tory—Moonstone).

SPRINGBOK (same owner), liver and white dog, June 12, 1885 (Mainspring—Curfew).

DUKE OF HESSEN (same owner), liver and white dog, May 9, 1885 (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

MARS (same owner), black and white dog, April 10, 1886 (Bang Bang—Modesty).

MATCH II. (Dr. H. G. Preston, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Bang Bang—Bellona),

KING OF KENT (E. Dexter, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, Jan. 12, 1886 (Priam—Kent's Baby).

POULTICE (same owner), liver and white dog, Jan. 9, 1886 (Milton's Bang II.—Climax).

NANON (C. A. Painter, Pittsburgh, Pa.), liver and white bitch, May 10, 1886 (Ike—Fannie).

PAP SMIZER (Wheaton & Sanders, Dayton, O.), liver and white dog, July 24, 1884 (Meteor—Diana).

MALITE (Highland Kennels, Red Bank, N. J.), liver and white bitch, 4yrs. (Meteor—Belle).

DEXTER (same owner), liver and white dog, 18mos. (Nip—Tuck).

BOWDOIN (F. F. Harris, Portland, Me.), lemon and white dog, 2½yrs. (Beaufort—Zuba).

FLOTSAM (Pittsburgh Kennel Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black bitch, 3½yrs. (Sambo—Diana).

JETSAM (same owner), black bitch, 3½yrs. (Sambo—Diana).

DONA (G. J. Gray, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white bitch, 15mos. (Cornerstone—Nellie Drew).

CORNERSTONE (A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Meteor—Accident).

NICK OF NASO (C. J. Peshall, Jersey City, N. J.), liver and white dog, 3½yrs. (Naso II.—Pettigo).

JIMMIE (same owner), liver and white dog, 6½yrs. (Start—Maude).

NEVERSINK (Neversink Lodge Kennel, Guymard, N. Y.), liver and white dog, Oct. 16, 1884 Croxteth—Lady Gwendoline).

FLIRT (James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.), liver and white bitch, 2yrs. (Graphic—Ina).

VANDERBILT (J. M. Aldrich, Manton, R. I.), liver and white dog, 2½yrs. (Dean—Nancy).

SPOT (J. B. C. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo.), liver and white dog, 4yrs. (Drake—Fan).

Champion Stake.

RICHMOND (J. E. Gill, Franklin, Pa.), lemon and white pointer dog, 4yrs. (Vandevort's Don—Beulah).

MAINSPRING (J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white dog, 6yrs. (Mike—Romp).

FOREMAN (C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 7yrs. (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.).

GATH'S MARK (Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3yrs. (Gath—Gem).

TRINKET'S BANG (W. Titterington, Wyanet, Ill.), liver and white pointer dog, 4yrs. (Croxteth—Trinket).

ROBERT LE DIABLE (Highland Kennels, Red Bank, N. J.), liver and white pointer dog, 4yrs. (Croxteth—Spinaway).

DRAKE (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.), liver and white pointer dog, 5½yrs. (Croxteth—Lass).

BOB GATES (Whyte Bedford, Blythe, Miss.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3½yrs. (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

RODERIGO (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 4½yrs. (Count Noble—Twin Maude).

Derby.

Following entries in the Derby were lost in the mails and are additional to the list published May 12:

QUEEN OF HEARTS (Major J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 24 (Sportsman—Sweetheart).

BELLE OF STANTON (Major J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.), orange and white English setter bitch, May 21 (Count Noble—Dido II.).

BELLE OF MONTEBELLO (W. T. Barnard, Baltimore, Md.), lemon and white English setter bitch, April (Royal Albert—Beauty Queen).

ALBERT OF MONTEBELLO (W. T. Barnard, Baltimore, Md.), blue belton English setter dog, April (Royal Albert—Beauty Queen).

QUEEN OF MONTEBELLO (W. T. Barnard, Baltimore, Md.), black and white English setter bitch, September (Count Howard—Sandal).

RACHEL (John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.) liver and white pointer bitch, July 8 (Dean—Floy).

TWO UNNAMED (Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.), particulars not received.

BRISTOL DOG SHOW.

BRISTOL, Conn., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An inaugural dog show was held in connection with the Bristol Park Agricultural Society's first annual fair, and was an improvement over some where they have had more experience. The benching was done in a very thorough manner, and the stalls were large and comfortable. The dogs had excellent attention and were fed on Challenge food. Great credit is due to J. S. Barnes, the superintendent, who was very attentive to all. There were about sixty entries. Although the show was small some of the finest specimens were present. Mr. E. K. Sperry judged all classes. The following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st and 2d, E. A. Carley. Very high com., D. P. Barnes.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—1st, Mrs. A. Fatkins; 2d, Dwight Barnes. Very high com., W. F. Kenney. *Puppies:* 1st, D. P. Barnes.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, James Barnes; 2d, F. E. Lee. Very high com., W. Barnes. High com., J. E. Bair. Com., B. Wallace. *Bitches:* 1st, Fred Stengling; 2d and very high com., W. B. Martin. High com., F. E. Lee. *Puppies:* 1st, W. B. Martin; 2d, F. E. Lee.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. J. Lee Southington; 2d, Mrs. A. F. Atkins. Very high com., J. E. Hair. High com., Jas. Miles. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d and very high com., A. J. Pierre. High com., J. E. Mills.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. F. Nason; 2d, F. E. See. Very high com., J. F. Hines. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Hines; 2d, Watkins. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Watkins and Cheney.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, J. J. Casey.—*Puppies:* 1st, J. J. Casey.

BEAGLES.—1st, Wallace Muzzy; 2d, G. M. Strom.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Sames; 2d, H. Whalen. Very high com., W. H. Atwood. High com., J. B. Brown. *Puppies:* 1st, W. G. Manchester.

BULLDOGS.—1st and 2d, C. D. Cugle. Very high com., E. Grace. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. D. Cugle. Very high com., T. M. Atwood. *Puppies:* 1st, C. D. Cugle.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, A. H. Norton; 2d, J. M. Farris. Very high com., A. H. Norton. *Puppies:* 1st, A. H. Norton.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, John Coulon.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—1st, G. M. Strong.

COON DOGS.—1st, J. Fairclough. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Fairclough.

[The above list is given for what it is worth, its merits as a record being impaired by absence of dogs' names.]

SKYE TERRIER IMPORTATION.—Mr. German Hopkins upon his recent visit to England purchased a pair of Skye terriers and brought them to this country. The dog Benmore is a light blue drop-eared, was whelped May, 1884, and is by Lochiel out of Jean. The bitch, Highland Mary, is a dark stee lgray, prick-eared, was whelped Jan. 6, 1886, and is by Prince Charlie II. out of Tottie. Both have done a lot of first class winning in England, their last score being a first for each in their respective classes at the recent Jubilee show at Barn Elms. We understand that they were not purchased for the purpose of exhibition, but it is to be hoped that their owner will gratify lovers of the breed by entering them at some of the spring shows.

IRISH SETTER CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will the members of the Irish Setter Club kindly forward their dues for 1887 to the undersigned in order that the stakes for the field trials of 1887 may be arranged. A good start was made last year, but unfortunately the deep snows prevented the running of the trials. The club hopes for better luck this year and a larger entry even than last, as the stakes will be well worth competing for. Now let every admirer of an Irish setter put his shoulder to the wheel and the trials of 1887 will be brought to a successful termination.

WM. JARVIS, Sec. and Treas.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Oct. 7.

TRANSPORTATION OF DOGS TO TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with most sincere pleasure that I forward you a copy of the letter sent in answer to my request to accord the club the same privileges for 1887 as in the past in the free transportation of dogs. The letter is as follows: "Piedmont Air Line, Washington, D. C., Oct. 4.—W. A. Coster Esq., Sec'y E. F. T. Club: Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge your favor of 30th ult. and to say in reply that we will take great pleasure in extending over our system the same privileges of free transportation that we have previously accorded; and will also bring the matter up in the Southern Passenger Association, which covers the territory south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers and east of the Mississippi, to obtain if possible the same from all the lines within that jurisdiction. We take a great interest in the success of your club and will be pleased to do what we can to forward its interests. Very truly, Jas. L. Taylor, G. P. A." The roads to which this applies are Richmond & Danville, Atlanta & Charlotte, Virginia Midland, South Carolina, Columbia & Greenville, Western North Carolina, Washington & Ohio. I regret to add I am in receipt of a communication from the Pennsylvania Railroad, and they refuse to grant us a continuation of these privileges as in past.—W. A. COSTER, Sec'y E. F. T. C.

SPANIELS AT MILWAUKEE.—Brantford, Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An error occurred last week in your published list of prizes won at the late Milwaukee bench show. In the cocker dog class you give Rufus first and special, and Mike second. It should have been Mike first, Rufus second and Juno W. first and special. Kindly make the correction to avoid any misunderstanding in the future.—CHAS. M. NELLES.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—President Child of the American Kennel Club has appointed as committee on credentials Messrs. N. Seabury, Providence, R. I.; J. O. Donner, and T. H. Terry, New York; on Stud Book, Messrs. C. J. Peshall, Jersey City, N. J.; T. H. Terry, New York, and J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.—Cincinnati, O., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Field Trial Club have decided that entries to the All-Aged and Champion Stakes shall close Nov. 1 instead of Oct. 10.—C. W. PARIS, Secretary.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. John W. Munson, Theodore Mosher and Louis Kunz will judge the Western Field Trials.—R. C. VAN HORN, Secretary.

PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES.—The *Sporting Life* announces that the Philadelphia Kennel Club will open sweepstakes for puppies of each of the prominent breeds to be decided at their show next spring.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nat Taylor. By A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black and white ticked English setter dog, whelped May 20, 1887, by Latchstring (Gus Bondhu—Donna) out of Kate (Cambridge—Bessie).

Flossie Dale. By A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped March 8, 1886, by Frank Dale (Grousedale—Lady Thorn) out of Bessie (Jim—Dot).

Little Nat, Poppy, Dot Homer and Bessie Jenkins. By A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black cocker spaniels, one dog and three bitches, whelped July 26, 1887, by Earl (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie) out of Maud St. J. (Sandy—Liversweet).

Sam Bird, Reta Bird, Dave Bird, Harry Bird and Kitty Bird. By A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for liver and white ticked pointers, four dogs and one bitch, whelped May 7, 1887, by Beaufort II. (Beaufort—Nellie Bird) out of Hazel Bird (Fritz—Bird).

Albert F. By Benj. A. Gage, Pawtucket, R. I., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1887, by Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty) out of Fortuna (Foreman—Grace B.).

Kelp's Trump, Kelp's Beauty and Kelp's Doll. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white, black and blue belton English setters, one dog and two bitches, whelped July 25, 1887, by Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid) out of Kelp (Prince Rob—Kate Jewell).

Kelp's Pride, Kelp's Girl, Kelp's Jewell and Kelp's Pet. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for blue belton English setters, one dog and three bitches, whelped July 25, 1887, by Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid) out of Kelp (Prince Rob—Kate Jewell).

King Bow's Boy, King Bow's Dot, King Bow's Dawn and King Bow's Lass. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for liver and white ticked pointers, one dog and three bitches, whelped July 20, 1887, by King Bow (Bow—Taffee) out of Ruby Croxteth (Croxteth—Seltner's Lass).

Foreman's Nathan and Foreman's Nora. By C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., for black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped May 29, 1887, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.) out of Nellie II. (Count Noble—Rosalind).

Foreman's Naboh and Foreman's Ne-Paul By C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., for lemon and white and blue belton and tan English setter dogs, whelped May 29, 1887, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.) out of Nellie II. (Count Noble—Rosalind).

Albert's Flash, Albert's Fairy and Albert's Fancy. By C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., for English setters, one lemon and white dog, one lemon and white and one blue belton bitch, whelped July 8, 1887, by Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty) out of Fairy Belle (Plantagenet—Fairy III.).

Albert's Flirt, Albert's Fame and Albert's Fern. By C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., for black and white English setter bitches, whelped July 8, 1887, by Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty) out of Fairy Belle (Plantagenet—Fairy III.).

Bross. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 11, 1887, by Prince (Ringwood—Roxy) out of Reta (Rolf—Katy).

Ethan Allin. By S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., for white, slate and tan Ethan Allin setter dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1887, by Bogue out of Nelly.

Roxy III. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 19, 1887, by Dan (Rattler—Katie) out of Roxy II. (Prince—Spider).

Queen Naso.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your last issue the Greenfield Kennels claimed the name Queen Naso. That name was claimed in FOREST AND STREAM nearly eighteen months ago for a bitch puppy by champion Nick of Naso out of my bitch Devonshire Queen, and won a prize at Waverly show, 1886, under that name. To avoid confusion, I would suggest to the Greenfield Kennels that it would be better for them to select another name for their bitch.—FLOYD VAIL (New York, Oct. 7).

Irvington Kennels. By V. E. Macy, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y., for his kennels.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Princess Novel—Royal Albert. Eugene Austin's (East Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Princess Novel (Count Bondhu—Nellie B.) to C. Fred Crawford's Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty), Sept. 21.

Bush—Little Duke. Irvington Kennels' (Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.) beagle bitch Bush (Flute—Queen) to their Little Duke (Racer—Dolly), Oct. 2.

Clythia—Black Jack. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Clythia (Harry Obo—Reta) to Sinclair's Black Jack, Sept. 12.

Jipsey—Blondy. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) greyhound bitch Jipsey to Renick's Blondy, Sept. 15.

Sue—Fleet. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow) to their Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth), Sept. 1.

Belle II.—Mack D. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Belle II (Nixey—Belle I.) to L. R. Taylor's Mac D. (Count Noble—Spark), Sept. 7.

Bow Queen—Landsdown. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Bow Queen (Sleaford—Dawn) to H. Barnes's Landsdown (Bang—Olivette), Sept. 19.

Pet H.—Brag. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Pet H. (Col. Stubbs—Beauty) to their Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup), Aug. 9.

Nellie—Brag. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (Brag—Gypsie) to their Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup), Aug. 3.

Flirt—Rover J. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Flirt (Col. Stubbs—Beauty) to their Rover J. (Dash—Daisy B.), Aug. 12.

Kit—Count. Walter Oser's (Toronto, Can.) bull-terrier bitch Kit to H. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), Sept. 22.

Chase—Trailer. G. B. Maguan's (Babylon, L. I.) beagle bitch Chase (A.K.R. 2520) to H. F. Schellhass's Trailer (A.K.R. 2525), Oct. 3.

Smut II.—Earl. F. W. Lockwood's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Smut II. (Brahmin—Rosa Bonheur) to A. McDonald's Earl (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie), Oct. 19.

Bijou—Earl. W. H. Walton's (Lynn, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Bijou (Obo II.—Darkie) to A. McDonald's Earl (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie), Oct. 3.

Dolly Dale—Foreman. E. R. Johnson's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Dolly Dale (Waters's Grouse—Daisy Dale) to C. Fred Crawford's Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.), Oct. 8.

Miss Norah—Count. F. F. Dole's (West Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Miss Norah (Dutch—Norah) to his Count (A.K.R. 3178), Sept. 18.

Sis—Count. W. Bright's (Lexington) bull-terrier bitch Sis to F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3 78), Oct. 1.

Young Venom—Count. F. F. Dole's (West Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Young Venom (Old Prince—Venom) to his Count (A.K.R. 3178), Oct. 3.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nellie. Monadnock Kennels' (Peterboro, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (Brag—Gypsie), Oct. 9, four (one dog), by Fleetfoot Kennels' Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup).

Hazel Bird. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) pointer bitch Hazel Bird (Fritz—Bird), May 7, nine (four dogs), by Beaufort II. (A.K.R. 3389).

Maud St. J. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) cocker spaniel bitch Maud St. J. (Sandy—Liversweet), July 26, six (two dogs), by his Earl (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie).

Duster. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) foxhound bitch Duster (Rake—Belle), Sept. 5, fourteen (eight dogs), by his Grover (Ranger—Fannie).

Yuma Yuma. Mrs. C. Wheatleigh's (New York) pug bitch Yuma Yuma (Stingo Sniffles—Countess), Oct. 2, six (four dogs), by Mrs. E. A. Pue's George (Muggins—Coquette).

Jess. W. G. Young's (Ottawa, Can.) Clumber spaniel bitch Bess (Jack—Jill), Sept. 29, eight (three dogs) by Clumber Kennels' Johnny (Ben—Joan).

Jipsey. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Jipsey (Don Juan—Foxey), Sept. 7, seven (four dogs), by their Duke (Ferry's Duke—Smith's Judy).

Judy. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Judy (Trim—Sybil), Sept. 28, seven (four dogs), by their Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth).

Flash. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Flash (Trojan—Fannie), Sept. 28, eight (four dogs), by Walker's Avenger (Flipper—Rose).

Sweet Brier. W. T. Payne's (New York) pointer bitch Sweet Brier (A.K.R. 2748), Aug. 17, nine (two dogs), by Wm. Stoddart's Don (Donald—Nympher).

Suzette. W. T. Payne's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Suzette (Sport—Suwanee), Sept. 27, by W. H. Tuck's Othello (Obo, Jr.—Darkie II.).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ethan Allin. White, slate and tan Ethan Allin setter dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1887, by Bogue out of Nelly, by Ethan Allin, Pomfret Centre, Conn., to S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass.

Barton. White bull-terrier dog, whelped June 3, 1887, by Count out of Young Venom, by F. F. Dole, West Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. E. E. Spencer, St. Paul, Minn.

Bross. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 11, 1887, by Prince out of Reca, by John Bross, Dexter, Mich., to Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Roxy III. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 19, 1887, by Dan out of Roxy II., by John Bross, Dexter, Mich., to Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Bush. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1881, by Flute out of Queen, by A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., to Irvington Kennels, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Little Duke. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 8, 1882, by Racer out of Dolly, by A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., to Irvington Kennels, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Twinkle. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 7, 1884, by Dorsey's Lee out of Juliet, by A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., to Irvington Kennels, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Leader. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped May 21, 1885 (A.K.R. 1709), by A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., to Irvington Kennels, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Albert's Fern. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped July 8, 887, by Royal Albert out of Fairy Belle, by C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., to P. F. Gavin, South Boston, Mass.

Foreman's Nathan. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 29, 1887, by Foreman out of Nellie II., by C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., to C. Sprague, New York.

Foreman's Ne-Paul. Blue belton and tan English setter dog, whelped May 29, 1887, by Foreman out of Nellie II., by C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., to P. F. Gavin, South Boston, Mass.

Ramona. Blue belton Laverack setter bitch, 2½yrs. old, by Ward's Tempest out of Ward's Lilly, by J. E. Eveleth, Brookline, Mass., to G. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass.

Royal Artinur. Orange belton English setter dog, whelped June 9, 1887, by Royal Albert out of Maida, by G. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to J. P. DeSaussure, Charleston, S. C.

Royal Naso. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by Mort of Naso out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to John T. Andaricse, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

M. F., Albany.—My dog, aged two years, for some time past has had a hard wart-like substance on the elbows of both fore legs. It does not seem to bother him very much, but looks very bad. Ans. Consult a veterinary and see if it can be removed.

W. S. G., Red Cloud, Neb.—Will you please direct me how to treat my pointer puppy, 6mos. old. Appetite good, but puppy is thin; lively and active most of the time, but at times in distress, evidenced by outcries and rolling upon the ground. It often assumes the position—forelegs extended with chest upon the ground, hind parts erect. Have treated it for worms, using areca nut and santouin. Got an abundance of the tape worm after first dose. Two weeks after gave another dose, don't think any were passed. That is now two weeks ago and the pup is still subject to attacks of depression and abdominal pains. Ans. The pup still has part of the worm in his intestines. Diet with milk and try 10 drops turpentine in teaspoonful of olive oil. This may be repeated for three days. After this give stimulants, a little brandy or whisky and build up with generous diet.

LYNCH'S STATION, Va., Oct. 6, 1887.

U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

DEAR SIRS—After a thorough test of your shells, *I find their primers* better suited to develop *Schultze Powder* than any shells made in this country, and shall use them exclusively in my shooting. Yours truly, (Signed) W. T. MITCHELL. —*Adv.*

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE SHOOT.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Oct. 6.—The annual rifle contest of the State militia took place yesterday at South Framingham under excellent conditions. Almost 700 militiamen took part in the various contests, representing every branch of the service and every battalion and regimental organization was represented. Even that non-combatant organization, the ambulance corps, was on hand, and for the first time since rifle shooting has become a part of the State military duty the Governor's staff sent up a team, but owing to the modesty of its members their score does not appear in the list of competing teams.

At 8:30 o'clock, when Col. R. T. Rockwell, inspector-general of rifle practice, arrived from Boston, there were nearly 100 men on the ground, and the targets and firing points were found to be ready for the work. The day was clear and a brisk wind from about 3 o'clock blew across the range, promising trouble for those teams that were to shoot first. With Col. Rockwell came a large number of officers who were to assist in carrying out the details of the contest. Among them were Col. A. N. Sampson, Maj. C. W. Hinman, Maj. J. P. Frost, Capt. J. B. Osborn, Capt. A. A. Hall, Capt. F. H. Briggs, Capt. W. L. Chase, Lieut. R. B. Edes, Lieut. S. S. Bumstead, Lieut. W. A. Hayes, Lieut. J. F. Parker, Lieut. J. P. Reardon, Lieut. W. G. Hussey, Lieut. H. G. Wood, Lieut. W. H. Merritt, Lieut John Bellamy, Sergt. W. M. Merrill.

As promptly as was possible trigger pulls were tested, the men were mustered and assigned targets, and at 9:35 the first shot was fired. It was a bullseye, and strange to say, the last shot fired on the range also brought out the white disc. The conditions of the match were:

Each company team will consist of seven members and one substitute (officers permitted on the team), and will be under command of a commissioned officer. The staff teams will consist of five members and one substitute (officers and non-commissioned officers attached to any headquarters being eligible). No person will be eligible unless mustered in previous to Aug. 1, and unless he has performed at least one-half of all State duty to which he has been liable during the year.

In the team competition the number of rounds to be fired per man will be seven, without sighting shots. Competitors will provide their own ammunition. The rifles must be those used by the State, with sights properly pertaining to the piece. No person may use a rifle not belonging to his headquarters or company. Rifles must not be wiped during the competition. Minimum trigger pull, 6lbs., to be tested. Position, standing. Violation of any rule, or any act of carelessness, will debar the offender. Any team or competitor aggrieved by a decision of the executive officer may enter a protest with him, and he will forward the same to the adjutant-general. No challenges of marking or non-marking will be permitted, except at the discretion of the executive officer.

The conditions were closely lived up to, and during the day not a single growl was heard. The result was a grand victory for the second infantry, the three leading teams being from that organization, the leading team scoring beating the record of last year four points, while its second team also went one point above that record. The line officers' match was also scooped by the second, Lieuts. Edgell and McDonald taking respectively first and second prizes in that match. The first prize in the soldier's match was won by Gibbs of Co. E, 1st regt. The improvement prize, given to the company team that improves its score the most of the record made by it the previous year, was won by Co. K of the 6th infantry. In the staff match Maj. Hinman and Lieut. Merritt were the winners. Co. G, 5th infantry, took fourth prize in the company match, and Capt. Coun of that regiment won third prize in the officers' match. The cavalry match was won by Co. F, cavalry, on a score of 163. Second and third prizes in the soldiers' match was won by Private Dalton, B, 2d cadets, and F. H. Bull, G, 2d infantry. The prizes for the best scores in each organization, after the first three winners, were won by A. A. Hills, signal corps, 1st brigade; H. S. Dewey, Co. C, 1st cadets; Corp. J. F. Barrett, M, 6th regt.; Private F. White, F, 2d regt.; Sergt. Bacheller, H, 8th regt.; Sergt. Battles, I, 1st regt.; Sergt. Darmody, D, 5th regt.; Private C. Frost, F, 9th regt.; Sergt. Shaw, F, cavalry. The 2d brigade staff won the staff team match, on exactly the same number of points (139) as was made in 1886 by the staff of the 1st brigade. The scores in the various matches are appended:

Company Team Match.

Co. B, 2d Reg.		Co. F, 2d Reg.	
Lieut McDonald	4554544—31	Lieut Edgell	5454445—31
Sergt Sterling	5354544—30	Pvt Goodale	4435444—28
Pvt Bull	4444455—30	Pvt Hines	5344444—28
Pvt Hosmer	3545345—29	Pvt Bishop	5444444—27
Pvt Daggett	3444454—28	Mus Warfield	4434354—27
Pvt Bowers	4554432—25	Chamberlain	4554443—27
Pvt Johnson	3534944—24—197	Lieut Black	4245444—27—195
Co. G, 2d Reg.		Co. G, 5th Reg.	
Pvt F R Bull	5444451—30	Capt Conn	4454455—31
Pvt Perkins	4344544—28	Sergt Darmody	4555444—29
Pvt Kimball	4434544—28	Pvt Fowle	4354444—28
Pvt Adams	4443544—28	Corp Wright	3554443—26
Pvt Farnsworth	4443444—27	Pvt Durward	4433544—25
Pvt Blackford	3442444—25	Pvt De Luce	5434443—25
Pvt Wilson	2434434—24—190	Corp Conn	2352444—25—189
Co E, 1st Regt	189	Co L, 1st Regt	155
Co E, 2d Regt	187	Co G, 6th Regt	153
Co B, 5th Regt	183	Co C, 2d Regt	153
Co A, 6th Regt	182	Co L, 8th Regt	151
Co B, 6th Regt	182	Co G, 1st Regt	150
Co I, 1st Regt	181	Co B, 1st Cadets	150
Co F, 9th Regt	180	Co A, 2d Cadets	148
Co D, 2d Regt	179	Amb Corps, 2d Brig	146
Co H, 2d Regt	179	Co D, 6th Regt	146
Sig Corps, 1st Brig	177	Co H, 1st Regt	144
Co D, 8th Regt	176	Co F, 1st Regt	143
Co F, 6th Regt	176	Co K, 1st Regt	143
Co C, 5th Regt	176	Co I, 6th Regt	142
Co B, 1st Regt	174	Co M, 1st Regt	140
Co M, 6th Regt	172	Co H, 6th Regt	139
Co E, 6th Regt	171	Sig Corps, 2d Brig	136
Co C, 6th Regt	169	Co A, 9th Regt	136
Co B, 2d Cadets	169	Co K, 6th Regt	130
Co D, 1st Cadets	166	Co H, 5th Regt	129
Co D, 1st Regt	165	Co G, 1st Regt	127
Co A, Cadets	163	Co D, 9th Regt	125
Co I, 8th Regt	162	Co B, 9th Regt	123
Co F, 5th Regt	162	Co C, 9th Regt	122
Co A, 2d Regt	162	Co H, 9th Regt	122
Co K, 8th Regt	161	Co A, 8th Regt	106
Co A, 1st Regt	160	Co A, 5th Regt (2 men short)	102
Co M, 8th Regt	158	Co L, 6th Regt	99
Co C, 1st Cadets	157	Co D, 5th Regt	96
Co H, 8th Regt	156	Co C, 8th Regt	68

Staff Match.

2d Brig. Staff.		5th Inf Staff	137
Sergt Johnson	4434545—29	2d Reg Staff	134
Capt Parker	4445454—28	1st Brig Staff	133
Sergt-Maj Merrill	4544434—28	1st Reg Staff	127
Maj Frost	4544444—27	8th Reg Staff	125
Capt Hall	3445443—27—139	6th Reg Staff	123
		9th Reg Staff	94

Staff Match (Carbines).

Cavalry Staff	105	1st Artillery Staff	84

Cavalry Match (Carbines).

Co F, Cavalry.		Capt Fletcher	4403344—22
Sergt Shaw	4335444—27	Corp Hall	0444450—19—163
Corp Weston	5444333—26	Co A, Cavalry	155
Priv Hayes	4343554—24	Co D, Cavalry	142
Corp Fisher	3325433—23	Battery A, 1st Artillery	119
Priv Keyes	3333344—22		

Line Officers' Match.

Lieut Edgell, F, 2d	4445545—31+31—62
Lieut McDonald, B, 2d	4445453—28+31—59
Capt Conn, G, 5th	3444451—28+31—59
Capt Ward, A, 8th	3344551—28+30—58
Capt Southmayd, B, 2d	4444444—28
	4443444—27—57
Lieut Sinclair, B, 5th	5444444—29+28—57
Lieut Darmody, G, 5th	5344444—28—29—57
Lieut Joubert, F, 9th	4444435—28—29—57
Lieut Shea, D, 6th	4444444—28+29—57

Staff Match.

Maj Hinman, 1st Brig staff	4445544—30+31—61
Lieut Merritt, B, 2d Cadets	4513554—30
	4345455—30—60
Lieut Edes, 5th Regt staff	4444444—28+31—59
Maj Clark, 2d Regt staff	4444444—28+30—58
Lieut Hussey, 8th Regt staff	5335551—29+28—58
Capt Parker, 2d Brig staff	4544444—29+28—57
Lieut Foster, 5th Regt staff	4454344—28+28—56
Col Bridges, 2d Regt	5545524—30
	4443435—25—55
Lieut Nelson, 8th Regt staff	4434443—26+28—54

Enlisted Men's Match.

Priv W Gibbs, E 1st	4455455—32+30—62
Priv Daulton, B, 2d cadets	4555454—32—29—61
Priv F R Bell, G, 2d	4555444—30+31—61
Sergt Battles, 1, 1st	5544434—29+31—60
Priv White, F, 2d	59
Priv Farron, D, 2d	59
Corp Barrett, M, 6th	59
Corp McBey, E, 1s	59
Priv Foster, H, 6th	59
Priv Frost, F, 9th	59
Priv Hinds, E, 2d	58
Sergt Sands, F, 9th	58
Priv Daggett, B, 2d	58
Priv Babbitt, A, 6th	58
Priv Fowle, G, 5th	57
Priv McCann, C, 2d	57
Sergt Gowing, E, 2d	57
Sergt Harris, D, 2d	57
Priv Buxton, B, 6th	57
Sergt Bridges, H, 2d	57
Priv M W Bull, B, 2d	57
Priv Hapgood, E, 2d	57
Priv Hosmer, B, 2d	57
Corp Dickson, F, 5th	56
Priv Kimball, G, 2d	56
Prof Hayden, C, 5th	56
Priv Creighton, A, 1st	56
Sergt Dewey, C, 1st Cadets	56
Priv White, C, 2d	56
Sergt Stephens, 2d Regt Staff	56
Priv Hinds, F, 2d	56
Priv Dillaway, B, 1st	56
Sergt Pierce, H, 2d	56
Priv Sullivan, F, 9th	56
Corp Hosmer, B, 2d	56
Sergt Sterling, B, 2d	56
Priv Ayers, B, 2d Cadets	56

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—The fall meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association came to a close to-night, and the shooters separated after having three days of pleasant competition in the various matches. The meeting in a pecuniary sense has not been so successful as in other matches of this kind, but the standard of the shooting has been very high. It was unfortunate that the State shoot came on the first day of the meeting, as it took many away that otherwise would have attended Walnut Hill, and the 500yds. Carton match would not have been a failure. As it was the prizes went begging, as the scores will testify, only that of Edes being of any merit, except to fill in the gap between the first and fourth places. Following are the positions taken in the prizes lists:

Decimal Off-hand Match, 200yds.

E R Foster	67 64 64 64 64—323	C A Joslin	57 57 56 55 55—280
E Munson	64 64 63 60 60—311	C N Edgell	56 56 55 55 55—277
O M Jewell	64 63 62 60 60—309	F A Whitney	57 55 55 55 54—276
C M Hull	63 62 62 59 57—303	C G Zettler	59 55 53 53 56—276
J A Huggins	62 60 60 60 59—301	*W Johnston Jr	53 51 49 49 49—276
F Graves	62 60 60 39 59—300	J N Frye	57 55 54 54 54—274
A C White	63 61 60 59 59—300	E J Crapo	61 57 52 52 52—274
M F Willard	64 61 59 58 58—300	*R B Edes	52 51 50 49 46—273
G G Franklin	61 61 59 58 57—296	J A Frye	56 55 54 54 52—271
H E Tuck	60 59 58 58 57—293	G W Foster	55 55 54 54 53—271
W O Burnite	62 61 58 57 55—293	A Loring	56 55 55 53 52—271
H Felix	60 60 58 58 56—292	D Howard	58 55 54 52 52—271
A Edgerly	61 59 57 57 55—289	G H Pierce	55 55 54 53 52—269
A C Adams	60 57 57 57 57—288	H Withington	56 50 49 48 47—250
Prevear	60 59 58 57 54—288	*E L Dorr, Jr.	50 46 40 39 38—238
E B Taylor	62 59 57 56 54—288	W T Goodwin	59 46 46 45 40—236
A B Dodge	58 58 57 57 56—286	W Fisher	50 50 46 44 43—233
C E Berry	60 56 59 58 53—286	Vining	53 52 43 43 41—232
C D Palmer	60 57 56 55 54—282		

*25 points allowed for military rifle.

Rest Match, 200yds.

Salem Wilder	82	79	79	78	77—395
John Gunn	79	78	78	78	77—390
J R Murnan	82	79	77	76	76—390
J N Francis	78	78	78	77	77—388
J N Frye	79	78	76	76	76—375
H A Smith	76	75	74	73	73—371
H J Foster	75	75	74	73	71—368
G W Whitcomb	76	74	73	72	72—367
B G Barker	69	68	67	66	66—336
J A Wilson	69	68	67	66	65—335

Revolver Match.

F E Bennett	48	45	45	40	44—227
O Howard	43	42	41	41	41—208
J Francis	42	41	41	41	41—206
J N Frye	42	40	40	39	39—200
M F Willard	42	38	34	33	32—179
A Clark	41	34	34	33	32—174
B G Warren	36	35	34	32	26—163

500yds. Military Carton Match.

R B Edes	40	39	36	35	34—184
F J Lounsbury	26	25	25	24	23—123
J M Bragg	27	26	25	24	18—120
J P Nowell	27	24	22	22	19—114

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Oct. 6.—At the recent field day and dedication of the new house of the Leominster Rifle Club many friends were present and entertained in a very hospitable manner. The weather was the only drawback and good scores were almost impossible.

Visitors' Match.

H Rockwell	63655—25	A W Allen	23421—12
F J Whitney	44474—23	C W Burbank	00174—12
G H Cook	42247—19	D Garland	10107— 9
J W Wetherby	03315—18	C G Brown	12302— 8
W A Putnam	52352—17	C L Joslin	20021— 5
J C Chapin	52215—16	C Kenney	01012— 4
W F Stiles	60711—15	C A Hunt	00010— 1
W F Lawrence	21133—15	G F Morse	00000— 0
T H Bates	00232—13		

The silver cup went to Henry Rockwell, a revolver to F. J. Whitney and the leather medal to Geo. F. Morse.

Visitors and members then divided into two teams, and had a friendly match with the following results:

Team No. 1.

G F Ellsworth	7	8	5	7	9	9	8	9	9	9—80
	9	8	7	10	6	6	9	5	10	7—77—157
E M Rockwell	7	7	8	10	6	7	7	9	7	8—76
	8	7	7	9	8	6	6	9	6	8—74—150
G F Prevear	8	7	4	6	4	9	7	4	9	7—66
	7	6	8	8	5	6	10	8	6	6—70—136
C A Joslin	5	4	7	6	7	5	6	7	5	7—59
	5	7	7	8	9	6	6	7	9	8—72—131
H S Lawrence	7	6	4	7	3	7	4	6	8	6—58
	6	5	7	9	6	6	8	8	8	6—69—127
										701

Team No. 2.

F A Whitney	7	8	6	6	8	3	7	9	5	6—65
	7	9	9	7	6	6	9	9	6	8—76—141
A J Rugg	8	7	7	4	6	10	9	7	9	5—72
	5	7	3	8	7	3	6	4	8	7—58—130
G W Foster	5	10	7	6	5	10	7	5	7	5—67
	8	6	6	4	6	9	6	4	6	6—61—128
J W Elwell	6	4	4	7	10	3	5	4	8	9—57
	8	6	7	3	10	8	5	10	4	8—50—136
C C Foster	5	4	4	3	2	7	5	3	3	4—40
	5	6	1	6	4	8	7	6	5	0—54— 94
										619

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 4.—The weekly shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club took place at Schuetzen Park this afternoon. The event of the day was the badge match, which was won by C. Heinel, Sr., on a remarkable line score, and far the highest by which the monthly badge has yet been won. This makes the third time the badge has been won by Mr. Heinel, and the second time in succession. The scores are as follows on standard targets, at 200yds. out of 100 point:

First Match. Record.

C Heinel, Sr	7	4	6	9	10	9	7	8	8	6—74
S J Newman	4	10	10	8	9	6	6	6	10	5—74
J E Newman	4	4	7	10	7	6	4	6	7	7—62
H B Seeds	9	6	6	3	6	7	4	7	4	7—59
J F Gibson	3	8	3	3	5	8	3	4	5	7—49
W A Bacon	7	5	4	3	4	3	4	4	9	4—45

Second Match. Badge.

C Heinel, Sr	8	10	10	9	6	6	8	5	10	9—81
S J Newman	3	6	6	3	5	7	9	8	5	9—66
H B Seeds	6	3	9	3	7	5	5	7	10	6—66
J E Newman	5	5	5	5	8	4	9	5	9	8—63
W A Bacon	5	4	3	6	5	7	6	6	3	5—50

Third Match. Record.

H B Seeds	8	8	6	9	2	6	7	10	8	7—73
C Heinel, Sr	7	9	5	10	7	8	4	7	6	9—72
J E Newman	5	4	7	9	6	4	8	9	6	6—64
S J Newman	6	8	7	3	8	4	7	6	8	7—64
W A Bacon	3	5	4	3	7	7	5	7	9	7—62

MANCHESTER, Oct. 1.—The following scores were shot at the Manchester rifle range this afternoon:

A B Dodge	9	7	9	10	9	9	9	7	10	7—86
J B Anthony	10	7	9	7	10	10	8	9	7	6—8
J L Niven	9	7	6	5	4	9	7	7	9	7—7
C W Lyman	6	5	5	6	9	6	9	8	5	5—6

HARTFORD, Oct. 4.—The postponed 24 regiment rifle match for teams of the field and staff, companies F, H and K, took place at the range to-day, and company K again captured the medal. The day was rather bright for good shooting, but some was done nevertheless. After the team match pool shooting and for bulls-eyes began and lasted all the afternoon. The full score of the rifle match is appended:

Field and Staff.				Company K.	
	200	500		200	500
Col Cone	26	14—40	Lieut Jarman	26	23—49
Lt.-Col Thompson	26	16—42	Corp Case	29	25—54
Major Howe	28	27—55	Serg Kimberly	28	29—57
Capt Houston	24	26—50	Corp Redfield	23	23—46
Lt W T Fenn	25	28—53	Corp Saunders	21	23—44
Lt M Penrose	25	17—42	Priv Davidson	27	21—48
Q M S Quiggle	24	24—48	Capt Prentice	25	18—43
Sert Maj Green	21	17—38	Priv Judd	23	34—47
	199	169 368		202	180 388
Company F.			Company H.		
Capt Newton	26	29—55	Capt McLean	24	28—52
Sergt Ripley	24	21—45	Sergt Thompson	23	18—41
Priv Johnson	26	24—50	Lieut Chapman	28	25—53
Sergt Newton	24	18—42	Lieut Patterson	39	23—43
Priv Lloyd	16	14—30	Priv Dougherty	27	16—43
Priv Bolles	15	15—30	Priv Gabriel	23	12—35
Sergt Hovey	17	24—41	Sergt Collins	18	16—34
Sergt Bluehorn	25	18—43	Priv Hopkins	19	21—40
	173	163 336		182	159 341

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE DUNELLEN TOURNAMENT.

(Continued from last week.)

DUNELLEN, N. J., Oct. 4.—Regular event No. 3, 15 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $100 guaranteed purse. Score to count on merchandise; $3 entry; open to all:

C W Budd	101011111111101—12	R H Brientnall	101111111111111—14
J R Stice	111111111111011—14	C Wagner	110111111101111—13
B Teiple	111000111111110—12	M C Smith	111010011111010—10
H W Eager	010111111111011—12	O Thorne	110111111111111—14
T Peacock	111111111010011—12	Chas Richards	000111001111w.
H McMurchy	111101011111111—13	Tom Eley	111111101111111—14
R E Sheldon	111100111111111—13	S G Smith	011101111010111—11
A B Bowdish	111111111111115—15	F M Eames	111101101010111—11
Ed Taylor	010011111101w.	Al Heritage	011001111111112—12
C Yerrington	111111111111—15	M Williams	101110110011011—10
F W Cooper	101111011111111—13	Wm Siegler	111110110111112—12
C Smith	110010100111w.	J D Voorhees	101101101101010— 9
M Fox	100100110w.	J Force	101111101111011—12
Capt Jones	0100110w.	J Riggott	101000111110w.
D Lefever	11010l0w.	W R Hobart	001111011111l0w.
E Miller	111111111111111—15	Dr. Conover	111000111010w.
A Manitz	010111000—w.		

Bowdish, Yerrington and Miller divide first, Stice, Brientnall, Thorne and Eley divide second, McMurchy, Sheldon, Cooper and Wagner divide third. Ties on 12 birds: Teiple 6, Eager 3, Peacock 1, Heritage 0, Sigler 0, J. Force 0, Budd 6. Teiple and Budd divide fourth money.

Regular event No. 4, 15 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $100 guaranteed purse, score to count on merchandise, $3 entry, for amateurs:

C Richards	101111010011110—10	W Seigler	111111111111101—14
C Smith	101111111101111—13	R Brientnall	011110111111111—13
J M Taylor	110110010011110—11	Al Heritage	111111010101111—12
T A Peacock	111111111001111—13	J Riggott	101110110101011—10
E Yerrington	111001111111111—14	Greer	000101111101101— 9
Williams	110101110101110—10	D Lefever	011111011111010—11
D H Terry	011101111100001— 9	R Clayton	100001100w.
Capt Jones	111011110111011—12	O Thorne	011111111111111—14
F W Cooper	011011111 01110—11	S G Smith	00111010w.
A R Bowdish	111111111111111—15	Dickens	101101011011010— 9
T S Hall	111110101111101—12	J D Voorhees	011001100w.
G Manitz	00110111w.	Quinlan	011000111111100— 9
E Miller	101101111111111—13	W Cannon	011101110011111—11
M Fox	111101011110000— 9	J H Force	111101111011101—12
M C Smith	101010101111111—11	Forrest	001000110000110— 4
Harvey	100110010011101— 9	W R Hobart	111111100110111—12
J G Clark	111110011101010— 9	Dr Conover	011110000w.
Tom Eley	111111111011011—13		

A. R. Bowdish wins first with a clean score. Second, third and fourth money divided.

Regular event No. 5, at 10 singles and 5 pairs double blue rocks, $50; Blue Rock Trophy; $2.50 entry, open to all, the trophy to go to the winner of first money:

H W Eager	1110101011	11 11 10 10 10—14
C Wagner	1111111011	11 01 11 11 11—17
Capt Jones	1 01111111	10 11 11 10 11—16
J R Stice	1111111111	10 10 11 11 11—18
H M McMurchy	1111111111	10 11 11 11 10—18
M Fox	1111110011	11 11 11 11 00—16
R H Brientnall	1111011111	11 00 11 11 01—16
B Teiple	0111001111	11 11 10 11 11—16
E Taylor	1101111111	11 11 10 11 10—17
D Lefever	1111111111	11 11 11 10 11—19
O Thorne	1111111111	11 10 11 11 00—17
E Miller	1111010111	11 11 11 11 10—18
C W Budd	1111111111	11 10 11 11 10—18
F M Eames	0110111101	10 11 11 01 11—15
R E Sheldon	1111111110	10 11 11 11 01—17
T A Peacock	1111011111	10 11 11 10 11—17
W R Hobart	1111111111	11 10 01 11 11—17
E W Yerrington	0011110010	10 11 11 10 10—12
F W Cooper	1011111111	11 11 11 11 11—19
Maj Taylor	1111011111	10 10 11 10 11—16
A Manitz	1011011101	11 11 10 00 11—14
J Eames	1111011101	11 11 11 00 10—15
Woolsey	0101101001	11 00 11 00 11—11
Morris	1011111011	11 01 00 00 01—12
Tom Eley	0011110010	11 11 10 10 11—13

Ties on 19: Lefever 1011—3; Cooper 1111111111—10. Cooper wins first; second and third divided; Capt. Jones and Major Taylor divided fourth.

Regular event No. 6, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $50 guaranteed purse, $2 entry. For amateurs:

Harvey	1111111001— 8	C Smith	0101111111— 8
E Miller	1011110111— 8	M Fox	1101101010— 6
R H Brientnall	1111111110— 9	O Thorne	1111111100— 8
Tom Eley	1111111110— 9	A Manitz	0011111010— 7
W R Hobert	1111011111— 9	A R Bowdish	1111111111—10
Morfey	0010110 w	S G Smith	0111011110— 7
Capt Jones	1100111101— 7	T A Peacock	1011111110— 7
F W Yerrington	1001111111— 8	Al Heritage	1110111001— 7
W Forest	0100110101— 4	James	0111111001— 7
Dr Conover	1111110100— 7	W Ross	0111111001— 7
F W Cooper	1111111010— 8	Morris	1111111011— 9
Wm Siegler	1111111111—10	T S Hall	1111110110— 8
J H Force	1110001101— 6		

First divided by Bowdish and Seigler, second divided by Brientnall, Ely, Hobart, James and Morris. Ties on 8: Shoot-off won by Thorne and Cooper. Ties on 7: Conover, S. G. Smith and Peacock divide on second tie of 3.

Regular event No. 8, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake $1 entry, for amateurs:

A Manitz	1111111111—10	Tee Kay	1000111001— 5
Capt Jones	1111111111—10	W R Hobart	1011011111— 8
R H Brientnall	1011001111— 7	C Smith	0011100110— 5
Forest	000000 w	A R Bowdish	1100110111— 7
O Thorne	1010111111— 8	T A Peacock	1111110111— 9
E Miller	0111011110— 7	T G Hall	1111110010— 7
Wm Siegler	1111111011— 9	J H Force	0110011100— 5
D Lefever	1111110111— 9	James	1101111101— 8

First second third and fourth divided.

Extra sweep No. 12, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as previous sweeps:

J Force	100101011—5	C W Budd	111111011—8
A R Bowdish	111101011—7	C Smith	010011101—5
Tee Kay	001100011—4	N Apgar	010111000—4
S G Smith	111101101—7	R E Sheldon	111111101—8
H W Eager	110111011—7	C Wagner	111111100—7
E Miller	111111101—8	J R Stice	101111111—8

Ties on 8: Miller 0, Budd 3, Sheldon 0, Stice 0. Budd wins first. Ties on 7 at 3: Bowdish 0, S. G. Smith 0, Eager 2, Wagner 1. Eager and Bowdish divide; third and fourth money divided.

Extra sweep No. 13, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions:

H W Eager	111111111—9	C Wagner	111111111—9
R E Sheldon	111111111—9	H McMurchy	111111111—9
J R Stice	111111111—9	Quinlan	100011 01—5
E Miller	011011011—6	A Manitz	110011101—6
D Lefever	011111011—7	E W Yerrington	111110111—8
C W Budd	111111111—9	G S McAlpin	0011101 1—6
A R Bowdish	101011111—7	C Smith	111110101—8
M Fox	011000101—4	S G Smith	010111111—7

Ties on 9: Eager 9, Sheldon 7, Stice 0. Budd 1, Wagner 0, McMurchy 2; Eager wins first. Second divided. Ties on 7: Lefever 7, Bowdish 5, S. G. Smith 9; S. G. Smith wins third. Ties on 6: Miller 2, Manitz 1, McAlpin 1; Miller wins fourth.

Extra sweep No. 14, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions:

H W Eager	111111111—9	J Force	0000111104
J R Stice	111011111—8	C Smith	110111111—8
R E Sheldon	111111111—9	C W Budd	111111110—8
E Miller	101111111—8	McMurchy	111111111—9
J Riggott	111111111—9	A Manitz	111111110—8
C Wagner	111011111—8	S G Smith	103101111—6
D Lefever	101011111—8	Mulford	101111110—7
A R Bowdish	101011001—5	Quinlan	101110010—5

Ties on 9: Eager 2, Sheldon 3, Riggott 0, Wagner 3, McMurchy 3, Sheldon, Wagner and McMurchy divide first. Ties on 8: Stice 2, Miller 1, C. Smith 2, Budd 0, Manitz 3. Manitz wins second, Mulford wins third, S. G. Smith wins fourth.

Oct. 4.—Extra sweep No. 1, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as previous sweeps:

J R Stice	011111111—8	T A Peacock	010111111—7
A R Bowdish	110110111—7	H W Eager	111110111—8
D Lefever	101111111—8	C W Budd	111111111—9
R E Sheldon	111111111—9	T S Hall	110100111—6
C Smith	001011111—8	R H Brientnall	111111111—9
E Taylor	111101110—7	M Williams	111111011—8
Morfey	110110110—6	N Apgar	110000111—5
F W Cooper	101111101—7	Tee Kay	010110010—4
S Lyon	001101011—5	Major Taylor	101111011—7
B Teiple	110110111—7	C Richards	111110010—6
H McMurchy	011101111—7	C Wagner	101111110—7

Ties for first divided. Ties on 8: Stice 1, Lefever 1, Eager 3, Williams 3; Eager and Williams divided second. Ties on 7: Bowdish 0, E Taylor 2, Cooper 5, Teipel 4, McMurchy 2, Peacock 3, Major Taylor 1, Wagner 4; Bowdish wins third. Ties on 6: C. Smith 3, Morfey 3, Hall 1, C. Richards 0; C. Smith and Morfey divide fourth.

Extra sweep No. 2, at 9 blue rocks; same conditions as previous sweeps:

E Taylor	111110111—8	A R Bowdish	111111111—9
H McMurchy	111111111—9	Capt Jones	111100111—7
J R Stice	111111111—9	Quinlan	111111011—8
H W Eager	111101111—8	T Peacock	111011111—8
C Smith	001111101—6	C Wagner	111011111—8
C W Budd	111111111—9	M Williams	011010101—5
R E Sheldon	011011111—7	A Manitz	011110110—6
R H Brientnall	111111111—9	S G Smith	111010111—7
S Lyon	101101011—6	E Miller	111011111—8
C Richards	110111011—7		

Ties on 9: McMurchy 6, Stice 5, Budd 6, Brientnall 0, Bowdish 3. McMurchy and Budd divide first. Ties on 8: E. Taylor 3, Eager 0, Quinlan 3, Peacock 2, Wagner 0, Miller 3; Taylor, Quinlan and Miller divide second. Ties on 7: Sheldon 2, Richards 1, Jones 3, S. G. Smith 3; Jones and Smith divide third. Ties on 6: E. Smith 2, S. Lyon 0, Manitz 0; E. Smith wins fourth.

Extra sweep No. 3, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions:

D Lefever	111101011—7	C W Budd	111101101—7
T A Peacock	111110111—8	R E Sheldon	011011011—6
E W Yerrington	111101011—7	S G Smith	011001111—6
M Fox	001101011—5	McMurchy	111111111—9
Capt Jones	111111110—8	C Smith	111101100—6
B Teiple	111110111—8	Quinlan	011111111—8
H W Eager	100010w.	Morfey	101000w.
C Wagner	111110011—7	M C Smith	111111110—8
A R Bowdish	111011111—8	O Thorne	111111111—9
E Miller	111011011—7	R H Brientnall	011001101—5
A Manitz	111111111—9	Ed Taylor	111011111—8
J R Stice	111111011—8	F W Cooper	110111011—7

McMurchy, Manitz and Thorne divide first. Ties on 8 birds: Peacock 2, Jones 3, Teipel 2, Bowdish 1, Stice 3, Quinlan 0, M. C. Smith 3, Ed. Taylor 3; Jones, Stice, Smith and Taylor divide second. Ties on 7 birds: Lefever 5, Yerrington 2, Wagner 0, Miller 1, Budd 6, Cooper 6; Budd and Cooper divide third. Sheldon and C. Smith divide fourth.

Extra sweep No. 4, at 5 pairs double blue rocks, same as previous double bird shoots:

Quinlan	10 11 00 10 10—5	E Miller	11 00 11 11 11—8
Capt Jones	11 10 11 01 11—8	M C Smith	11 11 10 11 10—8
D Lefever	01 11 10 11 11—8	H W Eager	11 11 11 10 10—8
E Taylor	11 11 11 10 11—9	B Teiple	11 11 11 11 01—9
J R Stice	11 10 11 11 11—9	M Fox	10 11 10 11 11—8
C Wagner	10 11 10 11 11—8	Tom Ely	10 11 11 10 00—6
R E Sheldon	10 10 01 11 11—7	McMurchy	11 11 11 11 00—8
C W Budd	11 11 10 11 11—9	Wm Siegler	10 11 11 11 10—8
A Manitz	10 11 10 11 00—5	F M Eames	11 10 10 11 01—7
O Thorne	11 00 10 01 11—6		

First money divided. Ties on 8: Jones 1, Lefever 6, Wagner 3, Budd 6, Miller 3, M. C. Smith 1, Eager 3, Fox 1, McMurchy 6, Siegler 5, Lefever, Budd and McMurchy divide second. Third divided. Ties on 6: Thorne 5, Ely 3. Thorne wins fourth.

Extra sweep No. 5, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as previous sweeps:

Capt Jones	101111101—7	F W Cooper	111101001—6
C Richards	110101000—5	N Harvey	101011001—5
E D Miller	111111111—9	M Fox	110011100—5
R H Brientnall	111111111—9	G Manitz	010011100—4
H W Eager	111011111—8	R E Sheldon	111111110—8
H McMurchy	111101111—8	C Wagner	110101001—5
T Peacock	111110100—6	C W Budd	111111111—9
D Lefever	111111101—8	J R Stice	111111111—9
A R Bowdish	111111111—9	Quinlan	001011110—5
T S Hall	000111111—6		

Ties on 9: Miller 1, Bowdish 0, Budd 3, Stice 3; Budd and Stice divide first. Ties on 8: Eager 3, McMurchy 1, Lefever 0, Sheldon 1; Eager wins second. Jones and Brientnall divide third. Ties on 6: Peacock 10, Hall 0, Cooper 8; Peacock wins fourth.

Extra sweepstake No. 6, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as previous sweeps:

J R Stice	111101011—7	F W Eames	111011110—7
C W Budd	111111111—9	F W Cooper	111111111—9
R E Sheldon	111111111—9	R H Brientnall	111111111—9
J Riggott	111111111—9	A R Bowdish	111011111—8
Al Heritage	111101101—7	C Smith	111100101—6
O Thorne	010111111—7	E Miller	111111111—9
E Taylor	111000101—5	H W Eager	111010111—7
Capt Jones	111010101—6	Fowler	000010111—4
E W Yerrington	111111011—8	S G Smith	111010111—7
T A Peacock	011111101—7	Wm Siegler	011111011—7

Ties for first and second divided. Ties on 7: Stice 6, Heritage 5, Thorne 2, Peacock 0, Eames 9, Eager 9, S. G. Smith 8, Siegler 1; Eager and Ames divide third, Jones and C. Smith divide fourth.

Extra sweep No. 7, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as previous sweeps:

B Tieple	010011111—6	Harvey	110011010—5
C W Budd	111111111—9	M Fox	001111001w
C Smith	111111111—9	E W Yerrington	111111111—9
A R Wagner	111111011—8	Turner	111111011—8
H McMurchy	101111111—8	F W Cooper	111111011—8
C Von Lengerke	110100111—5	R H Brientnall	111110001—6
H W Eager	111111111—9	T A Peacock	111111111—9
J R Stice	111111111—9	A R Bowdish	110111111—8
F M Eames	111111111—8	Capt Jones	101111101—7
M C Smith	111100111—7	R E Sheldon	101011111—7
E Miller	010111111—7	D Lefever	111111111—9
A Manitz	111101111—8		

Ties on 9: Stice and Peacock divided first. Ties on 8: Wagner, McMurchy, Eames and Thorne divided second. Ties on 7: Sheldon wins third, Tieple and Brientnall divided fourth.

Extra sweep No. 8, at 9 blue rocks, same conditions as previous sweeps:

H W Eager	111111111—9	C Von Lengerke	011111111—8
B Teiple	111111111—9	A R Bowdish	111011111—8
J R Stice	111111111—9	M Fox	001101010—4
C W Budd	101111111—8	T Peacock	111111111—9
R E Sheldon	011111111—8	H McMurchy	001111111—7
F M Eames	111110111—8	Wm Seigler	001111111—7
Major Taylor	011011100—5	C Thorne	111111111—9
A Wagner	111011111—8	W R Hobart	111011111—8

Ties on 9: Eager 3, Teiple 0, Stice 3, Peacock 1, Thorne 1; Eager and Stice divide first. Ties on 8: Budd 6, Sheldon 3, Eames 1, Wagner 3, C. Von Lengerke 2, Bowdish 0, Hobart 4; Budd wins second. Seigler and McMurchy third. Major Taylor wins fourth.

Extra sweep No. 9, at 6 single and 2 pairs double blue rocks:

Dr Conover	111101 10 10—7	H W Eager	111101 11 10—8
E Miller	111110 10 11—8	J R Stice	111111 10 11—9
F M Eames	111010 01 11—7	B Teiple	111111 11 10—9
A R Hobart	101111 11 10—8	C Smith	011111 10 10—7
C W Budd	111001 11 11—8	Capt Jones	111111 00 10—7
C Wagner	111010 10 11—7	McMurchy	111111 10 11—9
O Thorne	111011 10 11—8	T A Peacock	111101 11 00—7
R E Sheldon	011111 10 11—8		

First money divided. Ties on 8 birds: Eager 2, Miller 0, Hobart 1, Budd 2, Thorn 1, Sheldon 5. Sheldon wins second. Third divided.

Wednesday.—Regular event No. 7, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $1 entry, open to all:

H McMurchy	1111111011— 8	C Smith	010°01w.
Tom Eley	1110011011— 7	R H Brientnall	1111111011— 9
T A Peacock	1011111101— 8	Greener	1110010100— 6
C W Budd	1011111101— 8	James	1111111010— 9
J H Force	1111111101— 9	Woolsey	0111111001— 7
R E Sheldon	1111111101— 9	Morris	1110011110— 7
B Teiple	1111111111—10	C Wagner	1111111111—10
Eames	0001111101— 6	A R Bowdish	1110111111— 9
O Thorne	0110111110— 7	A Manitz	1111011111— 9
J R Stice	1111111011— 9	S G Smith	0011111111— 8

Ties divided.

Regular event No. 9, at 15 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $75 guaranteed purse, score to count on merchandise, $2.50 entry, open to all:

Eager	111°111111111—15	James	011110111101101—11
Jones	111111011111110—13	W White	0100100010w.
Manley	110111111101110—12	Fox	101011110110w.
Miller	101111111111111—14	Hobart	111111011111111—14
Yerrington	101100111111111—13	Brientnall	100111011111101—10
Bowdish	111110111101111—13	Appleby	110111010111101—11
Cooper	111111111011110—13	Lyon Longerke	111111111011111—14
Lefever	011111101111011—12	Seigler	111101110101111—13
McMurchy	111111111111111—15	Budd	111111111101111—14
Wagner	111111111111101—14	Manitz	001111011111111—12
E Taylor	111101111111111—14	Riggott	110111011111111—13
Sheldon	011111101111111—13	Tee Kay	111100101110w.
Peacock	111111111111001—13	Wyckoff	111101011111111—13
C Smith	111110111101111—13	Quinlan	011111011111100—11
Stice	111011111111111—14		

Ties on 15, 14 and 12 divided. On 13: Capt. Jones 3, Bowdish 0, Cooper 3, Sheldon 3, Peacock 2, C. Smith 0, Seigler 3, Riggott 0 Wyckoff 0: ties on 3 divided.

Regular event No. 10, at 15 single blue rocks, sweepstake $75, guaranteed purse, score to count on merchandise, $2.50 entry, for amateurs:

Miller	111111011111010l—12	Von Lengerke	111111111011111—14
James	101111101111100—11	Riggott	111110111111111—14
Peacock	111111011101111—13	Lawrence	100110101010111— 9
Appleby	101111000 w.	Major Taylor	111011111110010—12
Hobart	111111111111001—13	Pack	111111011111110—13
Cooper	111111101111111—14	Manitz	011111011111111—13
Yerrington	111111011111111—14	Williams	011011100 w.
Manley	101111001101111—11	J Forge	111010111010001—10
Jones	10111000110 w.	Lefever	111111111111111—15
Richards	101011010010101— 8	Terry	10 111001011111—16
Fox	101111111111110—13	Apgar	001000011 w.
Brientnall	111110101101111—12	Tee Kay	111010101010111—10
Hall	0011110000 w.	Quinlan	111111011111111—14
Bowdish	111111111111111—15	M C Smith	011110111111111—13
Seigler	111111111111011—14	Dr Conover	101111010111001—11

Ties on 15, 14, 13 and 12 divided.

Regular event No. 11, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstakes $50, guaranteed purse, $2 entry, open to all:

Budd	1111111111—10	C Smith	0000 0w.
Peacock	1111111100— 8	J Von Lengerke	1111011111— 9
Wagner	1111111110— 9	Sheldon	1010111101— 7
McMurchy	1110011111— 8	Lefever	1011110111— 8
Miller	1111111100— 8	Seigler	1111111011— 9
Jones	0111111111— 9	Manitz	1110111110— 7
Manley	1100101110— 6	Stice	1111111111—10
Cooper	1111010111— 8	Quinlan	1011111111— 9
Eager	1010011111— 7	Bowdish	0111111101— 8
E Taylor	1111101110— 8		

Ties on 10, 9 and 7 divided. Ties on 8: Peacock 3, McMurchy 4, Miller 0, Lefever 3, Bowdish 1, Cooper and Taylor 6 each and divided.

Regular event No. 12, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake $50, guaranteed purse, $2 entry, open to all:

Miller	1101111111— 9	Brientnall	1111011111— 9
C Smith	1111111111—10	Van Sickle	0111010101— 6
Cooper	1111110111— 9	Peacock	0111111111— 9
J von Lengerke	0011111011— 7	Dr Conover	1101011111— 8
Bowdish	1111011111— 9	Maj Taylor	0001101100— 5
Manitz	0111111011— 7	Yerrington	1110101111— 8
Hobart	1111101101— 8	Quinlan	0111111111— 9
Seigler	1111100111— 8	W Terry	0101010101— 5
Fox	0100111011— 6	Force	1011111010— 7
Jones	0111011010— 6		

Ties divided.

Regular event No. 13, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $1.50 entry, open to all:

Stice	1111111011— 9	Cooper	1010111111— 8
J von Lengerke	1111110111— 9	Peacock	1111011111— 9
McMurchy	1111111111—10	Manitz	1111111010— 8
Miller	1111111110— 9	Sheldon	0111111111— 9
Budd	1001111111— 8	C Smith	1001111101— 7
Wagner	1111111111—10	Yerrington	1111111011— 9

Ties on 10 and 8 divided; on 9: Stice 6, Von Lengerke 6, Miller 9, Peacock 1, Sheldon 4.

Regular event No. 14, at 10 single blue rocks, sweepstake, $1.50 entry, for amateurs:

Manitz	1111011110—8	Conover	1111111111 -10
Bowdish	1111111101—9	Seigler	1111111011— 9
Hobart	1111011011—8	Cooper	1111111111—10
Peacock	1000 0w.	C Smith	1111111011— 9
Lawrence	0111110111—8	J von Lengerke	1011011111— 7
Miller	0100111111—7	Maj Taylor	0111100101— 6
Lefever	000110w.	Tee Kay	0110010110— 6
J Force	1111000111—7	Quinlan	1011111001— 7
Jones	1111011111—9		

Ties on 10, 9 and 8 divided. On 7: Miller 3, Force 0, Seigler 3, von Lengerke 2, Quinlan 1; Miller and Seigler divided.

Extra sweepstake at 5 live birds, shot on Tuesday, and ties shot off on Wednesday. The figure 2 means second barrel:

R E Sheldon	10212—4	S G Smith	12111—5
Quinlan	11002—3	J R Stice	21121—5
C W Budd	11101—4	B Teiple	11111—5
H W Eager	22121—5	C Smith	12121—5
H McMurchy	11111—5	R H Brientnall	11111—5
T A Peacock	10110—3		

Ties on 5, miss and out:

Eager	211112211—11	Teiple	122111111111
McMurchy	111111111—11	C Smith	11112 0
S G Smith	221112111—11	Brientnall	211111111—11
J R Stice	111112111—11		

Second ties divided; other classes divided.

Extra sweep at 6 blue rocks:

Crammer	111111—6	E H Rob	001100—2
J H Force	101000—2	Williams	011110—4
A Manitz	110111—5	Dan	110010—3
C Smith	011111—5	Craft	101011—4

Ties divided.

Oct. 5.—Extra sweep at 4 live birds:

R E Sheldon, (31)	1212—4	C W Budd, (35)	2211—4
Quinlan, (29)	1110—3	T A Peacock, (29)	2121—4
E W Yerrington, (28)	2202—2	C Smith, (30)	1110—3
M C Smith, (29)	2112—4	H W Eager, (31)	1111—4
Dickens, (29)	0103—1	J R Stice, (31)	1111—4
H McMurchy, (31)	1122—4		

Ties on 4 birds, miss and out: Sheldon 4, M. C. Smith 5, H. McMurchy 5, Budd 5, Peacock 1, Eager 1, Stice 5; ties on 5 divided. Other ties divided.

Oct. 5.—Extra sweepstake No. 1, at 9 blue rocks:

Sheldon	001011111—6	J R Stice	111111111—9
Brientnall	111101110—7	C Richards	110111110—7
A R Hobart	011111011—7	James	101111111—8
Fox	101111101—7	Morris	101111011—7
McMurchy	110111111—8	E Taylor	011111111—8
C W Budd	111111111—9	W White	110111110—7
H W Eager	111111111—9	C Smith	111100101—6
A R Bowdish	111111111—9	Major Taylor	101111111—8
Cooper	111111101—8	Quinlan	101101110—6
T A Peacock	110111111—8	Miller	111111111—9
C Wagner	111111111—9	Capt Jones	111101111—8

Ties on 9: Budd 3, Eager 3, Bowdish 6, Wagner 4, Stice 6; Bowdish and Stice divided. Ties on 8: McMurchy 0, Cooper 3, Peacock 3, James 0, E. Taylor 1, Capt. Jones 3; ties divided. Ties on 7: Brientnall 3, Hobart 3, Fox 1, Richards 0, Morris 2, White 0, Miller 0; ties of 3 divided. Ties on 6: Sheldon 3, C. Smith 0, Major Taylor 2, Quinlan 3; ties on 3 divided.

Extra sweepstake, No. 2, at 6 single and 2 pairs blue rocks:

T A Peacock	111111 10 11— 9	Cooper	111111 10 10— 8
R E Sheldon	111111 11 10— 9	D Lefever	110011 10 11— 7
J R Stice	111111 11 01— 9	Taylor	010111 11 11— 8
H W Eager	111111 10 11— 9	Capt Jones	111111 11 11— 9
Miller	111111 11 11—10	H McMurchy	111100 10 10— 6
C W Budd	111111 11 11—10	C Smith	111000 10 11— 6
C Wagner	111111 10 11— 9	James	111111 10 10— 8
A R Hobart	111111 10 11— 9	R H Brientnall	011110 11 11— 8

Ties on 10 and 7 divided. Ties on 9: Peacock 1, Sheldon 1, Stice 1, Wagner 1, Hobart 1, Eager and Jones 5 each and divided. Ties on 8: Cooper 4, Taylor 5, James 4, Brietnall 1; Taylor won.

Extra sweepstake No. 3, at 5 pairs blue rocks:

Sheldon	10 11 00 10 11— 6	Budd	11 10 11 11 11—9
Peacock	10 10 00 10 10— 4	Wagner	11 11 11 10 11—9
Miller	11 11 11 11 11—10	Maj Taylor	00 10 10 11 10—5
McMurchy	11 11 11 11 10— 9	Jones	10 11 11 11 11—9
Eager	11 10 11 10 11— 8	Fox	10 10 11 11 11—8
E Taylor	11 11 11 11 10— 9	Stice	11 11 11 11 10—9
Cooper	10 00 00 10 11— 4		

Ties on 9: McMurchy 1, E. Taylor 1, Wagner 1, Stice 2, Budd and Jones 4 each and divided. Ties on 8 divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 4, at 12 single blue rocks, $2 entry:

Stice	111111011111—11	Peacock	101111111101—10
Hobart	110001111001— 8	Wagner	101111111101—10
Miller	111111111112—12	Bowdish	110111111111—11
McMurchy	111101110111—10	Jones	111111111112—12
Eager	111111111112—12	Yerrington	111001111100— 8
Sheldon	111111111112—12	Cooper	110111111111—11
Budd	111111101111—10	Morris	011101101111— 9
Brientnall	111111111112—12	James	011111111101—10

Miller, Eager, Sheldon, Brientnall and Jones, with 12 each, divided first money. Ties on 12 and 11 divided. Ties on 10: McMurchy 1, Wagner 0, Peacock, Budd and James 3 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 5, at 12 single blue rocks, $2 entry:

Budd	111111111112—12	Jones	111111110111—11
Sheldon	111111111011—11	Lefever	110110111111—10
Eager	111111111101—11	Brientnall	111111101111—11
Stice	111111111112—12	Cooper	111111110111—11
Hobart	111111101111—11	Bowdish	111001111111—11
Peacock	111111111010—10	Fox	111101101010— 8
Wagner	111111111101—11	Peck	111001001111— 8
McMurchy	111111111111—12	E Miller	111111111111—12

Ties on 12, 10 and 8 divided. Ties on 11: Hobart 8, Wagner 0, Brientnall 0, Cooper 7, Bowdish 3; Sheldon, Eager and Jones 9 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 6, at 9 single blue rocks:

Quinlan	111111111—9	Sheldon	111111111—9
C Smith	101011001—6	Wagner	111111111—9
Manley	011111111—8	Miller	111111111—9
Peacock	111011111—8	McMurchy	111111111—9
Appleby	110101011—6	Yerrington	111101111—8
Eager	111111111—9	Cooper	111110011—7
Jones	111010111—7	Stice	011111111—8
Budd	111111011—8	Brientnall	101101100—5
Fox	110101110—6	Williams	111111001—7
Bowdish	101111101—7		

Ties on 9: Quinlan 2, Eager 2, Sheldon, Wagner, Miller and McMurchy 3 each and divided. Ties on 8: Manley 11, Budd 11, Yerrington 0; Peacock and Stice 12 each and divided. Ties on 7: Jones 0, Bowdish 2, Cooper 3, Williams 0. Ties on 6: Appleby 1, C. Smith and Fox 3 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 7, at 6 single and three pairs blue rocks:

Peacock	111111 11 01 11—11	McMurchy	111110 11 10—10
Sheldon	101111 11 11 11—11	Wagner	111111 11 10 10—10
Eager	011111 11 10 11—10	Fox	101000 00 11 11— 6
Budd	111111 11 01 11—11	J v. Lengerke	111011 11 11 10—10
Cooper	001111 11 11 11—10	Lefever	101111 11 10 11—10
Stice	111111 10 11 11—11	Brientnall	111111 11 11 10—11
Miller	111111 11 11 12—12	Hobart	111111 11 10 10—10
Jones	111111 11 10 11—11		

Ties on 11: Peacock 2, Sheldon 1, Jones withdrew, Brientnall 1, Budd and Stice 5 each and divide. Ties on 10: Eager 1, McMurchy 2, Wagner 0, Lefever 4, Hobart 5, Cooper and Von Lengerke 10 each and divide.

Extra sweepstake No. 8, at 9 blue rocks:

C Smith	110011100—5	Budd	111111110—8
Bowdish	011100110—5	E Miller	111111110—8
Peacock	111000111—6	Seigler	001011111—6
Cooper	111111011—8	Stice	111111111—9
James	000101111—5	E Taylor	011111111—8
Wagner	111111111—9	Manly	110111010—6
McMurchy	111111111—9	Appleby	111011011—7
Eager	111111111—9	J H Force	110101011—6
J von Lengerke	111111111—9	Fox	001111101—6
Riggott	011110101—6	Sheldon	101101111—7
Brientnall	111101111—8	Capt Jones	001111101—6

Ties on 9, 8 and 7 divided. Ties on 6: Riggott 2, Manly 0, Force , Jones 2, Peacock and Seigler 3 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 9, at 12 blue rocks:

Eager	111000111111—10	Lefever	111111111101—10
Manitz	011110101111— 9	Fox	101011011101— 8
Budd	111111111112—12	C Smith	111011111101—10
McMurchy	011111011101— 9	Quinlan	101001011100— 6
Riggott	111010110111— 9	Yerrington	111111101111—11
Stice	101101111110—10	Miller	101001111110— 8
Eames	001101011010— 7	Cooper	011101010w.
McAlpin	101111111010—10	Bowdish	111111111112—12
Sheldon	101111111111—11	Brientnall	011111111111—11
Wagner	111011111111—11		

Ties on 12, 11 and 9 divided. Ties on 10: McAlpin 2, C. Smith 2 Eager and Stice 3 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 10, at 9 blue rocks:

Miller	111101111—8	Stice	111111111—9
Quinlan	011111111—8	Sheldon	111111111—9
Budd	111111111—9	Eames	101101110—6
McMurchy	111111101—8	Manitz	111111111—9
E Taylor	101111111—8	Tee Kay	101011111—6
Brientnall	111011111—8	Le Roach	001110000—4
Cooper	111111111—9	Eager	110011111—7
Wagner	111111111—9	Fox	010 01w.
Bowdish	111111010—7		

Ties of 7 and 6 divided. Ties on 9: Cooper 1, Stice 1, Sheldon 0, Manitz 0; Budd and Wagner 3 each and divided. Ties on 8: Quinlan 1; Miller, McMurchy, E. Taylor and Brientnall 3 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 11, at 9 single blue rocks:

Stice	111111101—8	Eager	111111111—9
Miller	010111101—6	McMurchy	111111111—9
Cooper	111111111—9	Sheldon	110111111—8
Wagner	101111110—7	Brientnall	011011111—7
Budd	111111111—9	J von Lengerke	111111111—9

Ties on 9: Cooper 3, McMurchy 5, von Lengerke 2, Budd and Eager 6 each and divided. Ties on 8 and 7 divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 12, at 6 single and 2 pair blue rocks:

McAlpin	001111 00 10— 5	Sheldon	111101 11 10— 8
McMurchy	111111 10 11— 9	Budd	111111 11 00— 8
Miller	111111 11 11—10	Riggott	111101 11 10— 8
Eames	101101 01 00— 5	Yerrington	111101 10 11— 8
C Smith	011100 00 10— 4	Bowdish	101 011 10 10— 6
Force	111111 11 10— 9	Brientnall	101110 10 11— 7
Stice	111111 10 11— 9	Manitz	110111 10 11— 8
S G Smith	101011 11 10— 7	Fox	110 003 10 10— 5
Eager	111111 10 11— 9	Tee Kay	010101 10 10— 5
Lefever	111111 11 10— 9	Wagner	011111 01 01— 7
E Taylor	011111 10 11— 8		

Ties on 9: McMurchy 0, Stice 2, Eager 2, Lefever 1, Force won with 4. Ties on 8: Budd 1, Riggott 2, Yerrington 2, Manitz 1, E. Taylor and Sheldon 5 and divided. Ties on 7: S. G. Smith 2, Wagner 2, Brientnall 5 and won.

This ended the shooting at inanimate targets. It was the first tournament of the Middlesex Club at which they were used and the result was most satisfactory. The programme drew a large number of the best shots at these targets, and many thousands of them were flown. Some remarkably good scores were made, particularly among the amateurs, two shooters, E. W. Yerrington, of Norwich, and E. Miller, dividing the merchandise prizes in both the amateur and expert classes. A. R. Bowdish, of Oxford, Mass., made the highest average in amateur class, 47, and won a 10-gauge Clabrough gun.

R. H. Brientnall and Dan Lefever, each with average of 44, divided the second prize, a silver mounted split bamboo fly-rod, 1 Peoria blackbird trap and 250 birds, 6½lbs. Dupont's eagle ducking powder and 100 Chamberlin cartridges.

E. Miller and E. W. Yerrington, each with average of 43, divided the third prize, 100 Eley's shells, 100 Chamberlin cartridges and 6½lbs. Dupont's chokebore powder.

In the expert class, C. Wagner, with an average of 47, won the first prize, a M. H. & Co target revolver, with 100 cartridges, 6½lbs. Dupont's powder and 100 Chamberlin cartridges.

R. E. Sheldon, H. W. Eager and H. McMurchy, each with an average of 46, divided the second prize, a Spalding horse hide hunting coat, 1 American clay-bird trap and 200 birds, and 100 Chamberlin cartridges.

J. R. Stice, E. Miller, E. W. Yerrington and C. W. Budd, each with an average of 45, divided the third prize, 1 target pistol, 2 6½lb. kegs Dupont's powder and 100 Chamberlin cartridges.

Thursday, Oct. 6.—The first day at live birds drew many of the old pigeon shots. Among them were Dr. Smith, Lafayette, Ind.; J. Van Brackle and Jas. Lamberton, Mattawan, N. J.; Frank Class, Pine Brook, N. J.; W. Graham, of England; Hugh Leddy, Montclair, N. J.; W. Lever, Elizabeth, N. J.; Frank Creeley, Somerville, N. J.; C. R. Heddon, Newark, N. J.; Joe Camp, Lawrence Station, N. J.; Jack Brewer, F. Kleinz, Geo. Heft and H. Harris, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miles Johnson, Robinsville, Pa.; M. F. Lindsley, Hoboken, N. J.; E. Thompson, Jr. and J. Thompson, of Yonkers, N. Y.; Frank Harrison, Newark, N. J.; L. B. Campbell, Little Silver, N. J.; Geo. Givens, F. M. Fine and W. S. Lawall, of Easton, Pa.; Wm. Hughes, Jersey City, and many others.

Capt. Thos. A. Peacock, of Westfield, N. Y., who goes in every shoot and holds a position with the best of them, was accompanied by his accomplished wife, who was a daily attendant. She is the pet of the Western shooters, and attends all the principal shoots of the country. The Captain and his wife are proverbial for their hospitality, which they are able to indulge to an unlimited extent. The Captain distinguished himself on Saturday by an unbroken run of 95 birds killed.

The shooting was good, but rather slow, and only one regular event was shot, with a few extra sweepstakes at live birds and blue rocks.

Regular event No. 15, at 7 live birds, tournament rules, entrance $5 and the birds, handicap rise, open to all:

McMurchy (31)	1111111—7	Lever (30)	1212121—7
Sheldon (30)	0011221—5	Jones (29)	1112111—7
Stice (30)	1110121—6	Van Brackel (30)	1100111—5
Graham (30)	1211010—5	Seigler (30)	1111001—5
Budd (30)	1211121—7	F Kleinz (31)	1121121—7
Brientnall (28)	2111211—7	J Brewer (30)	0202201—4
Clark (27)	1112101—6	Manitz (28)	2011211—6
Brientnall (28)	0120011—4	Miller (29)	2201111—6
Peacock (28)	0121110—5	Quinlan (28)	2111012—6
S G Smith (28)	0122111—6	M C Smith (30)	1201111—6
J Lambertson (30)	1122110—6	Creeley (29)	0011111—5
F Class (28)	1121121—7	C Smith (28)	1222011—6
Leddy (27)	1212111—7	B Clayton (27)	1220211—6
Teiple (31)	1201111—6	J H Force (28)	1111001—5

Ties on 7 and 4 divided. Ties on 6: Stice 10, Clark 1, S. G. Smith 2, J. Lambertson 12, Manitz 2, C. Smith 10, B. Clayton 11, Miller, Teiple, Quinlan and Smith 13 each and divided. Ties on 5: Sheldon 15, Van Brackel 3, Seigler 5, Creely 7, Force 11, Graham and Peacock 21 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 1, at 9 single blue rocks:

Wagner	111111111—9	Sheldon	111100111—7
Peacock	010111111—7	Teiple	100011111—6
Cooper	011111101—7	Tee Kay	101 0101—6
E Taylor	111011111—8	Lefever	011110111—7
C Smith	010001111—5	Miller	111111101—8

Ties on 8 divided. Ties on 7: Cooper 1, Sheldon 0, Peacock and Lefever 3 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake at live birds, miss and out. The figure 2 denotes second barrel:

Quinlan, (28)	11111112110 —10	McMurchy, (31)	1110 — 3
C Smith, (28)	012 0 — 4	Eley, (31)	0 — 0
Dickens, (27)	112221220 — 8	S G Smith, (27)	112111112212—12
M C Smith, (30)	111222210 — 8	Cores, (29)	211111111120—11
Budd, (30)	2121111112—12	Stice, (30)	111111111112—12
Peacock, (28)	122110 — 5	J H Force, (28)	112111110 — 8

Ties of 12 divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 3, at 6 singles and 3 pairs blue rocks:

Stice	11111 11 11 11—12	Lefever	11011 10 10 11— 8
Teiple	00111 11 10 11— 9	E Taylor	11011 11 11 10—10
Thorn	11111 10 11 11—11	Cooper	11111 01 11 01—10
Eames	11110 10 10 10— 8	Fox	01010 11 11 00— 7
Maj Taylor	10111 10 11 11— 9	Wagner	00110 10 11 10— 8
Budd	11111 00 11 10— 9		

Ties on 10 and 9 divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 4, at 12 single blue rocks:

Wagner	111111011111—11	Cooper	101111111111—11
C Smith	010000w.	Campbell	110011011111— 9
Willis	000001w.	Lefever	011101111111—10
Williams	111110011011— 9	Maj Taylor	001111111111—10
Tee Kay	100011100011— 6	Teiple	001011111110— 8
Heft	011101100011— 7	Clark	010101010001— 7
Stice	111111111112—12	Voorhees	000000111000— 3
Thorne	010111111100— 8	Miller	111101111111—11

Ties divided.

Friday, Oct. 7.—Regular event No. 16, at 10 live birds, tournament rules, $100 guaranteed purse. Entrance $10 and the birds. Open to all. No handicap rise. Score to count on merchandise:

F Class	2121112011— 9	Brientnall	2201212121— 9
Budd	1111121101— 9	Quinlan	1111111102— 9
Peacock	1111112211—10	Dickens	1111111100— 8
Jones	1122012122— 9	Teiple	0101221111— 8
Eley	202 2111111— 9	S G Smith	1111212121—10
Sheldon	21010000w—	Camp	1111112301— 9
Thorne	2121111111—10	W Cannon	0002121110— 7
Cooper	2111122212—10	Seigler	1111111111—10
Graham	2110111111— 9	C R Hedden	1111022102— 8
Stice	1121122111—10	Clayton	1112112020— 8
Kleinz	1121111212—10	Creeley	1112111020— 8
Leddy	1222212112—10	J Force	1101121221— 9
Dr Smith	0011021210— 6	Lever	2121212221—10
McMurchy	1211221101— 9	Manitz	1201121002— 7
O von Lengerke	1211111000— 7	Brewer	11220 2212— 9
Miller	2111221112—10		

Ties on 10, 9 and 7 divided. Ties on 8: Dickens 7, Teiple 7, Hedden 1, Clayton 3, Creeley 8.

Extra sweepstake No. 1, at 9 single blue rocks:

Heft	111010011—6	J R Day	110111011—7
C Smith	011111100—6	Young	001111011—6
Williams	111011111—8	Tippett	001011110—6
Dickens	010001101—4	English	010101000—3
J Thompson	011111101—7	Willis	000111000—3
E Thompson	000011110—4	Fox	011110111—7
Cooper	011110111—7		

Ties on 7 and 4 divided. Ties on 6: Young 2, Tippett 0, Heft and C. Smith 3 each and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 2, at 3 live birds, $2 entry:

Heft	111—3	Thorne	111—3
Dr Smith	111—3	Quinlan	111—3
Hedden	111—3	Tee Kay	100—1
Peacock	111—3	Manitz	011—2
Cooper	121—3	Vornees	111—3
Thompson	111—3	Smith	011—2

Ties on 2 divided. Ties on 3: Heft 3, Dr. Smith, Peacock, Cooper, Thompson, Thorne, Quinlan and Vorhees, 6 each, and divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 3, at 3 pairs live birds, 21yds. rise, $3 entry:

Cannon	00 10 11—3	Davis	10 00 10—2
Collins	11 11 10—5	J D Vorhees	10 00 11—3
George	11 11 00—3	Seigler	11 11 11—6
F Smith	11 10 10—4	S G Smith	11 01 10—4
Hedden	10 01 11—4	Stevens	10 00 10—2
Lindsay	00 11 10—3	Creeley	11 10 11—5

Ties divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 4, at 9 blue rocks:

O von Lengerke	111111111—9	Lindsey	000011111—5
Brientnall	011111111—8	E Collins	010111111—7
W S Lawall	110311000—4	C Richards	001101111—6
Givens	101111111—8	M Williams	001111110—6
Teiple	10111 0111—7	Thorne	111111111—9
Sheldon	100011011—5	Gardner	101111111—8

Ties divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 5, at 9 single blue rocks:

Lindsey	110100011—5	Teiple	111011111—8
Seigler	111111101—8	Thorne	111011111—8
Sheldon	111011101—7	Gardner	111101100—6
Wagner	111 011111—8	O von Lengerke	011110111—7
Brientnall	111101011—7	Richards	011100001—4
Givens	111111111—9	Cooper	111111111—9
Roll	110111101—7		

Ties divided.

Extra sweepstake No. 6, at 3 pairs live birds, $3 entry:

F Smith	01 11 10—4	Collins	11 10 11—5
George	01 11 10—3	Creeley	11 11 11—6
Davis	10 10 10—3	Day	11 10 10—4
Vorhees	11 11 10—5	Thorne	11 01 11—5
Force	00 11 00—2	Seigler	10 11 11—5
Dr Smith	11 11 10—5	Sheldon	11 00 11—4
Lindsley	01 10 01—3	Hedden	00 11 00—2

Ties on 5: Vorhees 1, Collins 1, Thorne 1, Seigler 1, Dr. Smith 2. Ties on 4: F. Smith 2, Day 0, Sheldon 3. Ties on 3: George 1, Davis 1, Lindsley 2.

Regular event No. 18, at 7 live birds; tournament rules; entrance $5 and the birds; $100 guaranteed purse; handicap rise; open to all. This score to count on merchandise:

Budd, (30)	2111122—7	J C Clark, (28)	1122111—7
McMurchy, (31)	1112112—7	Williams, (28)	1112121—7
M C Smith, (29)	2222121—7	Clayton, (27)	1021120—5
Stice, (29)	0111212—6	J Force, (28)	1111101—6
Thorne, (30)	1212221—7	Peacock, (29)	1111221—7
Brientnall, (27)	0122002—4	Davis, (30)	0221001—4
Holt, (29)	1111021—6	Day, (28)	1111210—6
Eley, (31)	1111102—6	Graham, (30)	1221111—7
J Miller, (29)	2222121—7	Yerrington, (26)	1121111—7
S G Smith, (27)	1221211—7	Teiple, (31)	1121111—7
Kleinz, (31)	1112222—7	Quinlan, (28)	1112021—6
Cooper, (29)	1221112—7	Class, (29)	1211101—6
Sheldon, (30)	0221111—6	Lever, (30)	1210101—6
Brewer, (30)	2111200—5	J Thompson, (29)	1122111—7
Camp, (30)	1210001—5	Leddy, (27)	1110022—5
Dr Smith, (27)	1211111—7	O von Lengerke, (27)	0122011—5
Capt Jones, (29)	1212212—7	E Thompson, Jr, (28)	1112212—7
Manitz, (28)	2010010—3	Hedden, (27)	1120221—6

Ties on 7: McMurchy 7, M. C. Smith 8, Thorne 5, E. Miller 13, S. G. Smith 14, Cooper 9, Dr. Smith 10, Capt. Jones 1, Clark 6, Williams 0, Yerrington 0, Teiple 17, E. Thompson 8, J. Thompson 2, Budd, Kleinz, Peacock and Graham 18 each and divided. Other ties divided.

Event No. 19, grand sweepstakes, open to the world, 25 single live birds, Tournament rules, entrance $25 and the birds; $300 guaranteed purse.

F Kleinz	1211111111111111012211 22—24
Peacock	1111211111211211211212 12—25
McMurchy	1101111121111112121211 11—24
Stice	1111111121111111011211 11—24
J Thompson	1211120212112211112112110—24
Thorn	001111210w. — 6
Brewer	1122211221121111102211 22—24
E Thompson	1110 21110011 2120w. —15
S G Smith	2111121210202021 0w. —14
Eley	1111021 0121112 110102—21
Miller	1111121210120211211211 11—24
Camp	2111111122122 10010220221—22
Budd	1211122211211211211112—25
Heft	2211112021100122 1222122—22
Class	1121111221120011221211 11—23
Capt Jones	2212121211111111 0 01212—23
Cooper	2111021112111211211211 11—24
Quinlan	1211111222121122210121212—24
Stewart	1122211 11 0111112111112—24
Lever	2211202211220111211211 11—23
J Force	0011210111212212222111122—22
W Cannon	0220110110 2110w.

Budd and Peacock divided. Ties on 24: Kleinz 5, Stice 3, Stewart 2; McMurchy, J. Thompson, Brewer, Cooper and Quinlan, 6 each and divided. Ties on 23 and 22 divided.

Saturday, Oct. 8.—So much time had been occupied with the live birds that it was necessary for some of the advertised events to be left out, and events 19, 20 and 22 shared that fate, only those matches on the scores of which the merchandise prizes depended were shot out. The ties of match No. 19 were shot off in the morning and then events 21 and 23, originally at 7 birds each, were consolidated into one at 10 birds.

Regular events 21 and 23 shot in one at 10 live birds, entrance $10 and the birds, score to count on merchandise, open to all:

Peacock (30yds)	2111121122—10	Dr Smith (27)	1111122110— 9
Budd (29)	1222111112—10	Lever (30)	1211112111—10
Stice (29)	1210122111— 9	Heft (28)	1201120110— 7
Cooper (30)	0211211111— 9	Seigler (30)	1120111110— 8
Kleinz (31)	1101111110— 8	Force (29)	1212012111— 9
McMurchy (31)	1101112111— 9	Tom Eley (30)	1112111211—10
Teiple (31)	2112022221— 9	Creeley (30)	1110122211— 9
Brewer (22)	2221111122—10	Quinlan (30)	1112201121— 9
Class (29)	1021212121— 9	Manitz (28)	1111102101— 8
Miller (30)	1112221121—10	D Terry (28)	1211121210— 9
Jones (30)	1211112111—10	M Williams (28)	1111111111—10
Camp (30)	1122111011— 9		

Ties on 10, 8 and 7 divided. Ties on 9 shot off and divided by Stice, McMurchy, Cooper and Smith.

Regular event No. 24, miss and out, single live birds, entrance $2 and the birds, open to all. There were 12 entries for this match, which was shot down to 13 birds and divided by Brewer and Smith.

The merchandise prizes offered on live birds were won, first, a 10-gauge Parker gun and 6½lbs. Dupont's powder, by E. D. Miller and Capt. T. A. Peacock, each with a score of 27 birds straight.

Second prize, a Quimby corduroy suit, to order, 6½lbs. Dupont's powder, and 100 Chamberlin cartridges went to F. W. Cooper, with 26 out of 27.

Third prize, 250 cigars, 6½lbs. Dupont's powder, and 100 Chamberlin cartridges were divided by H. McMurchy, Frank Kleinz and T. J. Ely, with 25 each out of 27.

At 4 o'clock a match between C. W. Budd, of DesMoines, Ia., and Monroe C. Smith, of Syracuse, N. Y., was shot for the championship of the United States and the diamond badge, held by C. W. Budd. The match was at 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules:

C W Budd	1102121111111112111112111211211211211111—48
M C Smith	0110110111112111111211111111111102111012111221—45

Budd killed 8 straight drivers, 1 right driver, 23 right quarterers, 6 left quarterers, 7 incomers, 2 towerers and 1 hoverer; missed 1 straight driver and 1 towerer; used second barrel 10 times; dead out of bounds, 0.

Smith killed 8 straight drivers, 3 right drivers, 2 left drivers, 14 right quarterers, 9 left quarterers, 7 incomers, 1 towerer and 1 hoverer; missed 1 straight driver, 1 left quarterer and 3 incomers; used second barrel 7 times; dead out of bounds, 1, the 39th bird.

Budd thus retains the championship and the diamond badge, which now becomes his property, as the time for which it could be challenged expired by limitation Sept. 28.

This ended one of the most successful tournaments held in this country, or in any other, in the opinion of many old shooters present. The arrangements were most complete at blue rocks, three sets of traps were in motion almost constantly and the regular events and extra sweeps were rattled off at a lively pace. This meant hard work for the tournament committee, W. Fred. Quinby, Chas. Richards and T. H. Keller, but they went at it with a will and everything ran along smoothly and without any hitch.

The Middlesex Club is a live and wide-awake organization. Their grounds are handy to New York and are very complete in their appointments, including a good club house, grand stand, and last but not least, quiet and commodious quarters for the press. May they always have as good success in their ventures as in this one. Biz.

At the Dunellen tournament last week, two matches were made, one between C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa, who holds the championship diamond badge, and Jack Brewer, of Philadelphia, Pa., for $250 a side at 100 birds, London Gun Club rules, to be shot at the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club at Dunellen, Oct. 12.

The other match is between Wm. Graham, of England, and Jack Brewer, for $100 a side at 100 birds, Hurlingham rules, to be shot at Merchantsville Driving Park, near Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 24.

A challenge was also issued by Messrs. Frank Kleinz and Jack Brewer, of Philadelphia, and Wm. Graham. They three, Kleinz with a 10-gauge gun and Brewer and Graham with 12-gauge, offer to shoot any three men in the world using same gauge guns for $300 a side at 50 birds; or $600 a side at 100 birds, Hurlingham rules.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With reference to the challenge of Mr. Wm. Graham, in your last issue, I will say that although the time for which the championship badge could be challenged has expired, I am willing to accept any reasonable challenge backed by a forfeit from Mr. Graham.—C. W. Budd.

NEW BEDFORD, Oct. 4.—A match was shot in this city to-day between the New Bedford Gun Club and the Bay Ridge team, of Raynham. Each man shot at 10 clays and 10 blue rocks. The Raynhams were defeated for the second time:

New Bedfords.		Raynhams.	
L A Plummer, Jr.	1100010110—6	F Lowell	1100101100—5
	1010111011—7		0011000 011 —4
R Snow	1111111011—9	A D Hall	0000110111—5
	1101111001—7		1111111011—9
T D Hooper	0010101000—5	A A Lincoln	0101100001—4
	0111111011—7		0000110003—3
F A Homer	1100101110—7	F Bearse	1100111110—7
	1010111100—6		0001110000—3
W C Post	1101111110—8	C Robinson	0010010000—2
	1111111110—9		1110011000—5
E H Pierce,	1001101011—6	I Hall	1101100100—5
	1100000110—4		1110111111—9
	81		61

CLEVELAND, Sept. 29.—The day was too dark for good shooting from most of the members of the Cleveland Gun Club who attended the regular shoot of the club to-day. Keys, however, did not seem to mind the darkness and he broke 20 straight birds in fine style. The expert shooting of Keys was matched by Mr. Auld, a visitor at the shoot, who also broke 20 straight birds, and in the team shoot which followed Auld added another run of 10 birds to his remarkable score. First badge, Class A, was won by Keys, and F. Henry won the second badge, Class B.

Club Shoot.

L O Jones..1100101111111110111—14 Calhoon...1111111110110011101—16
Roberts...1111111111011011100—13 Silsby.....1101100111011001111—12
F Albert..0101111 1011111011110—15 Glidden...1100110101001000111—11
F Henry...1110111001 11010111—14 Bassett...1101101100111111111—14
Stoneman1110101111101111110—16 Johnson...1111110111111110001—16
Keys.....1111111111111111111—20 D Auld....1111111111111111113—20
Tamblyn..1001110110101000011—10 Wherry...0110100101110010111—12

Auld and Keys were the chosers for the team match, which was shot at 6 singles and 2 pair doubles. The team chosen by Keys won the match by two birds. The score follows:

Keys	11111 11 01—9	Auld	11111 11 11—10
Roberts	01110 11 01—7	Johnson	10111 10 11—7
Albert	10100 10 10—3	L O Jones	00001 01 11—5
Bassett	11111 11 11—10	Silsby	01101 10 10—6
F Henry	10001 10 11—5—36	Wherry	11001 00 11—6—34

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 4.—An informal shoot was held at the Cosmopolitan Club under the auspices of Mr. Wills at live birds, 3 traps, 21 and 26yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

First match, second barrel count ½:

Cunningham	1 1 0 1 1—4	Holmead	0½½ 0 1—2
Green	0 0 0 1 1—2	Schroth	1 1 1 1 1—5
Jones	0 1 1 1½—3½	Wagner	½ 1 1 1½—4
Godey	0 0 0½ 1—1½		

Cunningham and Wagner second.

Second match, one barrel:

Green	00111—3	Scannell	00111—3
Cunningham	11011—4	Godey	11101—4
Holmead	10113—3	Schroth	10111—4
Jones	11111—5	Wagner	11111—5

Jones and Wagner first, Cunningham and Schroth second.

Third match, one barrel:

Cunningham	11111—5	Holmead	10011—3
Green	11100—3	Wagner	10101—3
Jones	11111—5	Schroth	01100—2
Godey	01001—2		

Cunningham and Jones first, Holmead and Wagner third.

Miss and out.—Jones 2, Cunningham 5, Godey 1, Bartlett 2, Woodbridge 0, Green 2, Schroth 2, Holmead 4, Wagner 3, Doyle 2, Talbott 0, Simpson 0; Cunningham won.—TIM BERDOODLE.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 5.—Fountain Gun Club.—Borden found the birds, and they were of the best possible description, preventing any large scores. The tie was not shot off, as Lake, having won a first prize, was not eligible to take another; it went to McLaughlin, and Lake took second:

Dr Shields (30)	0111101—5	J Beacham (23)	1100110—4
W Stuart (26)	1011110—5	H Thorpe (25)	1111011—6
J E Lake (25)	1111111—7	H McLaughlin (26)	1111111—7
E H Madison (30)	0100100—2	L Davenport (28)	1101111—6
J H Sawyer (21)	1011010—4	C Wheeler (21)	0011010—3
R Wells (21)	1111011—6	C Carlos (27)	1011011—5
A Crooke (21)	1110011—5		

Kearney, Cooke and Lange withdrew.

BROWN'S SHOOTING PARK, Long Island, Oct. 8.—The great match for the Livingston Cup, presented to the New York Club, in 1880, by Ellis Livingston, came off to-day and was won after an exciting struggle by Mr. Allan Nichols. Never before were so many Indians on the grounds; fully two score occupied the vine-covered portico of the new club house, with their escorts. The New York clubs were well represented and many famous names were registered on the club's guest book. The weather was perfect. The occasion was one of rare interest to the New York Club, and nearly one hundred gentlemen were present to extend a welcome to their comrade, their "old reliable," just returned from a three months' yachting cruise—Mr. Allan Nichols, who has four times defended successfully the Club cup, the genial traveler and sportsman. To win the match of this morning, heavily handicapped by lack of practice, Mr. Nichols had need of the "nerve reserve" that has made his name familiar to lovers of sport throughout the world, for, be it known, he has shot game, large or small, in every country on the globe. Opposed to Mr. Nichols was the crack shot of the Huntingham Club, of London, the great hunting man and well-known artist, "Lightning Harry" Trevor, whose face is familiar to many American sportsmen. Gordon Gordon was selected as referee. The birds were furnished by Capt. Brown and were strong and swift. The conditions of the match were: Fifty birds each, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, both barrels. Both gentlemen shot with hammerless Scott guns (7lbs. 10oz.) and used 4drs. powder, 1¼ shot. (The figure 2 indicates second barrel.)

Mr Nichols.....1111111111112*12111111111201111111211201111121111—48
Mr Trevor.....1211111111122*2210011111111122220011111212111122—45

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1.—The shooting season was brought to an end this afternoon at Adams' Point by the members of the Blue Rock Club. Being the final shoot, a much larger number of marksmen were in attendance than at any of the previous club gatherings. W. J. Fox won the first prize, a Winchester rifle, having the highest average during the year. Second prize, a gun case, won by Charles D. Laing. Third prize won by S. T. Kellogg. Fourth prize, 200 shells, won by W. G. Crandall. Following is the score of to-days' shoot, 20 birds each: Kellogg 12, Golcher 11, Laing 14, Tubbs 12, Crandall 9, Kellogg 13, Leviston 5, Golcher 9, Beaver 5, Kellogg 14, Crandall 3, Fox 16, Abbott 8, Harris 12, Putzman 6.

CANTON, O., Sept. 26.—The third in the series of three matches between the Canton and Kent gun clubs was shot on the grounds of the former here this afternoon, with teams of 12 men on each side, 25 single birds. Canton won with 186 to Kent's 169.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DRIFTING.

IN a quiet way we of the Y. C. C. have been having a very enjoyable summer in our boats. While the warmth of spring was still grateful, and its fresh green verdure still a novelty, we were smitten most by the charms of Nature. So Saturday afternoons found us, with camp kit packed, drifting for the lonely Jersey shore under the Palisades at the enticing spot called Egg Beach. There, leisurely and undisturbed, we cooked the simple, frugal repast of a canoeist (usually eggs, bacon, toast and coffee), smoked a quiet pipe, and when the mosquitoes insisted upon it, left. Then a lazy drift home with the tide, for we of the Y. C. C. were then a philosophic set, never paddled when we could avoid it, and always arranged to have the tide with us. Aye, verily, in those days we loved best to imitate the peaceful calm of the good old Dutchmen whose drowsy influence still lingers along the Jersey coast hereabouts.

But some Yankee skippers up river a bit held what they called a "meet." Inasmuch as the tide was that way we naturally thought it mete for us to be there, so thoughtlessly drifted up. There we found them trying to see which boat could go the fastest. It seemed a most absurd idea, but we were off for a lark, so took a hand. There's no tide in Sing Sing Bay, however, and we couldn't get any headway on.

But we got bees in our bonnet, nevertheless. The treasury, for which we hitherto had had no use, was scooped dry to buy medals; and thereafter Saturday afternoon found the Y. C. C. sailing and paddling around two or three red tin cans, like a dog chasing its tail. True, some of us more conservative members occasionally sighed for a drifting match, but we were quickly silenced by the young and progressive members (especially that wild young Irishman Patsy, who sails every race in his bathing suit and is always glad of it). But still we put our heads together and concocted a cunning plan. We managed to prohibit the use of centerboards; and as we still, from force of habit, calculated the tide, we who didn't like racing enjoyed the drifting part immensely. Some said the prohibition was because there was only one boat that had a board, but we who fixed it know better. At any rate it takes away the main objection to this racing business—the speed.

On Labor Day, thinking we ought to do some work, we decided to take a drift up river, as the tide was up. So in the morning a fleet of nine red dolphins, with sails spread to dry, was slowly drifting up stream. It was like old times: but *die schrecklichen Kuaben* wanted to race again, so they calculated the tide, and drifting on the Jersey side where the tide runs fastest beat us all up.

But on and on we drifted, past Greystone, Hastings, past the Jersey line into the Tappan Zee, past the rusty little hamlet of Rockland (*Mein Freund*, if you ever go to Rockland and sit down on the ghostly timbers of the old sloop on the beach, you'll fall asleep in five minutes), but the tide turned then and we had to go home—home, the sometime dwelling place of Yoncker Phillipse.

YONKERS.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE below named gentlemen are hereby appointed Regatta Committee for the ensuing year and will be respected and obeyed as such: Chairman, C. B. Vaux, New York; Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; W. A. Leys, Toronto, Canada. And the below named are hereby appointed Committee on Camp Site and Arrangements: Macomb G. Foster, New York; C. M. Shedd, Springfield, Mass. These gentlemen will add to the committee a member of the Northern Division. The committee will meet at the Delavan House, Albany, Nov. 12, at 10:30 A. M. The Executive Committee will receive reports of the other committees at 11 A. M., or as may be arranged. The Mohican Club extends a cordial invitation to all members of the A. C. A. on that day and the following.

ROBERT W. GIBSON, Com. Elect.

ALBANY, Oct. 6, 1887.

NEW YORK C. C. FALL REGATTA, OCT. 8.

THE best and most successful canoe race ever sailed on New York Bay was that of Saturday last, the race for the sailing trophy of the New York C. C., lately illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. The conditions were unusually favorable, a strong wind up the Narrows and an ebb tide, thus giving the benefit of the tide on the windward work, while the fleet of 13 canoes was a representative one, including Pecowsic, Rat, Minx, Sunbeam and Essex, each with at least a local reputation. The first event of the day was a sailing race for unclassified boats, over the same course as the canoe race, but only one round, 4 miles, starting at 2:21. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tern, H. R. Averill, Brooklyn	3 07 45	46 45
Vixen, J. Johnson, Brooklyn	3 13 25	51 25
Terrapin, J. B. Fosdick, New York	3 16 00	55 00
Coquette, M. V. Woodworth, New York		Withdrew.

Tern is a Jersey beach boat, 38x5ft., with balance lug, Coquette an open rowboat, Vixen a Barnegat cruiser, and Terrapin a sneak-box.

The race for Classes A and B together was started at 2:45:30, by which time a strong wind was blowing up the Bay. The course was as in the international races of last year, from club house to a buoy in midchannel, thence to buoy near Staten Island shore at Clifton, and home, the first leg being to windward, the second a close reach, and the third free, two rounds, 8 miles in all. The times were:

	1st Round.	Finish.
Pecowsic, Geo. H. Barney, Springfield	3 20 45	4 11 30
Essex, Geo. W. Cox, Essex	3 33 50	4 12 20
Rat, Grant Edgar, Jr., Newburg	3 33 00	4 12 30
Latona, Wm. Whitlock, Brooklyn	3 32 30	4 13 10
Sunbeam, H. E. Ward, Brooklyn	3 35 26	4 13 45
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	3 37 05	4 20 20
Nile, W. Burling, Ianthe		4 20 50
Traup, C. J. Stevens, New York	3 36 50	4 22 10
Puritan, Clarence Eagle, New York	3 39 12	4 23 30
Idlemere, J. L. Douglas, Ianthe	3 38 00	Not timed.
Natchez, E. H. Platt, New York	3 39 05	Not timed.
Minx, M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn	3 35 20	Withdrew.
Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal, New York		Withdrew.

The elapsed time of the leaders was: Pecowsic 1.26.00, Essex 1.26.50, Rat 1.27.00. Minx and Sea Urchin, overrating the force of the wind, started with small sails and were unable to keep up. Pecowsic carried two sails of her well-known rig, and sailed as fast as usual.

In the tandem canoe race the starters were:

Minx, Blake and Brokaw, Brooklyn	1
Atalanta, Palmer and Burling, Ianthe	2
Lassie, Rice and Nickerson, Springfield	3

The race was a close one, Atalanta leading nearly to the finish, when Minx by a hard spurt won by 2ft.

The last race, paddling, single, Classes III. and IV., brought out but three starters:

Pecowsic, H. E. Rice, Springfield	1
Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	2
Hermit, W. P. Stephens, New York	3

The course had two turns at right angles, which hindered the long, narrow Pecowsic somewhat, as she used no rudder, but on the straight courses out and in she ran away from both the wider boats, winning by three lengths from Atalanta, with Hermit last. A large number of spectators were present, while quite a party of canoeists camped in the club house over night, sailing for home next day. The prizes, besides the cup, were silk flags. Through the kindness of the Corinthian Y. C., the guests of the N. Y. C. C. were enabled to view the races from the balcony of the C. Y. C. house.

PITTSBURGH C. C. FALL RACES, OCT. 5-8.

THE Pittsburgh C. C. held two sailing races to wind up the season on Oct. 5 and 8, the first being unlimited, and the second a handicap based upon the result of the former. The course was on the Alleghony between bridges—about ½ mile and return, the number of rounds to depend on the weather. As many of the canoes are still at Conemaugh Lake, several of the craft entered were sailed by members other than their owners; in some instances by men who had never been in them before. Wednesday was a cold, blustering day, with a strong N.W. wind coming in puffs and a feeling of snow in the air. Close reefs were the order of the day, and owing to the discomforts of the cold wind and flying spray it was decided to sail one round only, a half mile to windward and return. The starters were G. H. Singer, Marguerite; J. K. Bakewell (the attorney for the defense), Lorna; W. W. Lawrence, Edith Adele; C. F. Holdship, Amaryllis; A. K. Nimick, Nirvana "B", and W. N. Murray, in the old Nirvana "A" of 1885 fame. A very fair start was made with all on starboard tack except Lorna, who was caught on the wrong tack and compelled to pass astern of the other five. She was caught again on her return by a passing towboat, so that her real start was almost three minutes behind the rest; and as her gear was out of order and an experimental false keel hindered her handling she retired a little later. Meanwhile the others were stretching over toward the Pittsburgh shore, Marguerite, to leeward at the start, was first to come about, and after a short leg to starboard was forced around again by the same towboat that discomfitted Lorna. She was doing well in the choppy water (she was designed for New York Bay) and on next stretch managed to cross the bow of Amaryllis by a very scant margin; but when she reached Edith Adele she could not quite make it, and as the skipper of that craft was too busy watching the puffs to look under his boom, the result was a pretty smart bump; Marguerite catching the other's stem on her lee bow, abreast of the mast. This of course ruled out the port tack boat, but she kept on to the end of the race for the fun of the thing. The two Nirvanas were having a private fight all little time, in which the smaller, with a new brass blade in place of her former Atwood board, was steadily gaining; the new one being probably too strange to her owner to do her best to windward. The little Class A canoe went on, gaining on every tack, until the bridge was reached, when to avoid a gibe she turned the pier the wrong way, and ended her chances of winning, though she finished first. Marguerite worked into second place near the bridge, but being compelled to make a short tack to weather the pier lost it again, and turned just astern of Nirvana B. Once before the wind, which was falling a little, both shook out reefs, in which operation Marguerite lost her main sheet overboard, and was obliged to come around head to wind to recover it, which decided the contest for first and second place. The other two contestants were having a most interesting race between themselves, Amaryllis beating on the wind, but losing her advantage by tacking in place of gibing at the pier, and Edith Adele managed to beat her out by just 10 seconds at the finish. The elapsed times were as follows: Nirvana A, 22m, 15s.; Nirvana B, 23m. 25s.; Marguerite, 25m. 15s.; Edith Adele, 28m. 20s., and Amaryllis, 28m. 30s.

The day for the handicap race was very different; warm and pleasant, with so little wind that it seemed like folly to attempt to sail over the course, and both Marguerite and Nirvana A declined to start. In addition to the entries of Wednesday, Eurylda, W. E. Woodwell, and Notus, R. W. Bailey, appeared and were started at scratch, the handicap being arranged after the fashion of a sprint race for the sake of novelty, and as this was to be twice over the course, the allowances were double the intervals between finishes in the former race. Thus Amaryllis and Lorna were first sent off together, then Edith Adele 20s. later, then Nirvana B 9m. 50s. later, and after 2m. 20s. more, the scratch canoes. As a matter of fact, however, the calm completely spoiled the allowances, for Eurylda, favored with a slant, got actually a better start than Nirvana; and the first starters were less than 200yds. away when the last crossed the line. Then the wind went round to east, making a reaching race of it, and blew in very mild streaks and puffs. Notus seemed most favored by these, and after starting at scratch, and last to cross the line, slipped through Lorna's lee just at the bridge, and was first to make the turn. Nirvana also managed to work through the doldrums at the bridge, and get away on the return just ahead of Lorna, while Edith Adele next drifted under the lee of a pier and was completely becalmed while all the rest passed and got well away for home. The wind headed off Nirvana and Lorna, and drove them clear over to the Alleghony shore, and then came back and gave Eurylda a lift that brought her close up to Notus's stern before that craft got it at all. The leaders carried this puff up to and around the home stake, and Notus was well started by it on her second round; but then it failed her, and both Eurylda and Nirvana, the latter once more in second place, almost overtook her at the lower turn. In fact, all three were under the bridge at the same time, but Eurylda was on the wrong side of the pier, and before she could work around it, Notus had picked up a breath, and drew away, finally finishing first in 1h. 2m. elapsed time, for a race of two miles only, with no windward work. Nirvana finished 30s. behind, and Eurylda third by about same amount. Lorna and Amaryllis sailed almost a dead heat, and Edith Adele, after her sad experience on first round, did not attempt a second.

Woodwell promptly challenged "Nervy Anna" as he called her, to sail a match on Oct. 12, and both agreed to let in Notus on an allowance of 5m. per round. Then the regatta committee rose up in their might, and announced that, as the weather had prevented a satisfactory race, the whole thing would have to be sailed over on the 12th, so weather permitting, the fun of the season is not yet ended.

BRITISH CANOES OF 1887.

THE collection of canoes of the first British canoe meet, though small in point of numbers, was most interesting as an index of the coming types of canoes in British waters, especially so when the influence of the international matches of last year are considered. For the past ten years, while there have been canoes of all types in use, the representative British canoe has been the Thames racing craft, the wide and heavy boats like Pearl and Nautilus. Other types have existed, the small hack paddling canoe, the long and narrow canoes of the Humber, the keel canoes of the Clyde, but the racing has been confined mainly to a few heavy canoes built under the R. C. C. rules. That they could not hold their own in point of speed with the smaller and lighter American craft was clearly proved last year, and as might be expected, the new boats have been largely modified in accordance with American ideas. The deck sitting pounder, smaller and lighter hull, finer lines, and an abandonment of much of the ballast are the main points in which the influence of American ideas are shown. From the following description of the canoes at the meet, taken from the *Field*, it will be seen that two widely different classes of canoes are coming to the front, and that the comparatively small but heavy lead ballasted canoes of the R. C. C., with large and complicated rigs, are likely to give place, as far as general canoeing goes, to boats more like the American craft, while in addition a class of larger boats, the so-called "canoe yawl," is rapidly springing up. These boats are from 16×4ft. to 20×5½ft., the larger boasting quite a cabin, and capable of really serious work in open water. There is plenty of room for such boats in America, and while they can never supersede the canoe proper, they are well suited to the wants of many who have outgrown canoeing and wish a larger craft, or who are located on waters too open and exposed for safe and comfortable work in a small canoe. The *Field* says:

Every variety of canoe and canoe-built boat was represented at the meet on the Norfolk Broads, and a comparison of their merits and demerits was a point of interest.

The Charm naturally claims attention first, because she is the representative of the last development of canoeing, and because, in point of speed, she surpassed every canoe at the meet, whether large or small. She is 15ft. 4in. by 2ft. 6in., with 10in. moulded depth amidships. Within these dimensions it is certainly possible to build a very wholesome cruiser, but this, the Charm, certainly did not prove herself to be. Her bow is very long and sharp, with very little flare aloft, and she has very little round in her deck, so that she has nothing like the stowage accommodations that might be provided within her dimensions. There can be no manner of doubt that her under-water shape is very nearly perfection—the nearest to perfection that has hitherto been attained—for speed through the water, and, although she has considerable dead rise in her floor, the turn of her bilges is so sharp that she has very nearly her full beam at the waterline and a midship section that gives her great stability. If she had more sheer, more freeboard, or more round to her deck, she would then be capable of carrying a reasonable amount of stores and equipment, whereas she now can carry only a small proportion of her owner's outfit. Her lug mainsail was as good, if not better, than any other sail at the meet. A comparatively short mast, with long boom and high peak, made a very effective and driving sail. She had reefs fitted with "Pearl" gear. She is certainly well handled by her owner, who seems to be able to make her do anything but talk and carry stores.

The Mac, belonging to Mr. W. G. McKendrick, of the Toronto Canoe Club, arrived just after the commencement of the cruise, too late to compete in the races; but she is certainly a very fast boat, and an example of the influence Pecowsic is having on canoeing in Canada and America. She has the same fine lines and rising floor as Charm, and is even less steady to set, but having plenty of sheer and freeboard, she was able to carry her owner's tent and camping outfit. Her length and beam are about the same as Charm's, and she is rigged with high peaked sails that are entirely abaft the masts. A specially noticeable feature in her outfit was a tin box shaped to the boat, that was carried amidships, and served both as deck seat and store box. In the head of her sail was the red circle, the "totem," or signal of the Toronto Canoe Club. She was roughly built compared with the canoes of Turk's or Bond's workmanship, but her gear was all strong and serviceable. On a reach or a run she is extremely fast; but when it came to a turn to windward in narrow waters, she was not up to the form of either Charm or Daisie, and her owner always preferred paddling under these circumstances. One peculiarity about her was that she was always paddled with the crew sitting on a seat placed across the combing, and with an extra long paddle she traveled in a wonderful way.

The second boat in point of speed was Mr. Livingston's canoe Daisy, built by himself. She is about two feet shorter than Charm, but, having no hollow in her waterlines, and plenty of body above water, she carried easily everything necessary on a trip of this kind, and she is at the same time a handsome, well-built boat, that would take the eye directly it was looked at; all her outfit was strong and suitable, without being heavy. In a heavy blow she went very well under a small mizen set on her mainmast, and looked, as she no doubt was, a most comfortable cruiser. All the Mersey canoes present were good, wholesome cruising canoes. Mr. Williams's Gipsy, 15ft. x3in. (also from the Mersey), is a very different type. She is all boat from end to end, very flat floor, and plenty above water, and, with a boat tent, her owner slept on board, and seemed to be very comfortable. Mr. Madan's Carmen is built from lines of cruising Nautilus, given in "Yacht and Boat Sailing," and she certainly combined to a great extent ease in paddling, with very fair sailing capabilities. This pretty well finishes the list of noticeable second class canoes.

The double canoes, Irene and Buttercup, proved very good cruisers. They are about 17ft. x2ft. 6in., and 11in. moulded depth. They were rather too crowded when carrying the gear and effects of a double crew, but when used as Irene was by Mr. Nisbet alone, there was plenty of room, and the extra length of these boats enabled them to hold their way in lumpy water; they paddled easily, and sailed very well, except when the wind was from before the beam; but even then, under sail and paddle, they would pass the whole fleet. These canoes were always hauled out on the bank at night, and the sleeping arrangements of the Irene were most comfortable, and well deserved the prize awarded in the competition at Teddington last year.

The boats which ran second and third to Charm and Daisy in the regatta at Oulton were of quite a different type. The Brownie and Doris are 16ft. by 4ft. and 17ft. by 4ft. respectively, and have every feature of the Pearl type of canoe, but with extra beam. These large canoes are likely to become popular; they are as easy to sail as a Pearl, and, propelled by sculls, will go as fast as the smaller canoe under paddle—their disadvantage being that they are too heavy to be hauled about and handled on shore like their smaller prototypes: but their larger size makes them the better suited for being slept in lying afloat. These boats will sleep two on board, and carry with the greatest ease all the luggage and stores for two on such a trip, and during the day two can sail on board very well. The Doris and Brownie have hatchways 6ft. long and 2ft. broad, and the hatches, which are hinged in breadths of about 18in., in two sets, stow under deck when not in use. In the well are two boxes, each 2ft. by 12in. wide and 12in. deep, the lids fitting over with very deep coamings, so that no water can get in, and these serve as seats at fore end and aft end of well, one making a steering seat, the other a rowing thwart, and carry the bedding and other dry stores. Their masts lower, a great advantage where bridges have to be encountered. These boats will go

through a great deal of "weather," as proved by the Brownie having been sailed round from the Thames, and on the passage she ran from Harwich to Lowestoft under eight hours. Their draft of water is only 9in. with centerboards up, with all stores on board. Either can be hauled about on shore by two men; that is their ordinary crew, and, therefore, they are at no disadvantage on such a cruise compared with the smaller boats, the Doris having been hauled over the Dyke and taken up the Muck Fleet by her crew without assistance when prospecting camp sites for the cruise.

The Cassy has already been described in *The Field*, and her lines appear in "Yacht and Boat Sailing." She was at the cruise with others of the same build. The disadvantage of this type is that it is not large enough to carry two men with stores, etc., while it is large enough and heavy enough to be more awkward, in fact, impossible for one to haul about except on wheels. It is a half-way stage between Pearl and Brownie, or Doris, like the goose, "an awkward bird, too much for one, and not enough for two." Of course this was written with special reference to the cruise that has just taken place, and without any desire to disparage the good qualities of the Cassy, which make her so suitable for the use to which she was designed, single-handed sailing on the Humber and the neighboring coasts, where something larger than an ordinary canoe of R.C.C. dimensions is necessary for comfort and safety. Sabrina and Muriel are very much alike. Two powerful boats, about 15ft. long, and a little over 3ft. beam. Sabina was built for Dr. Paul this spring, by Bond, and is about as large a boat as one hand can put afloat or haul up at the M.C.C. slip, and the proof of their sea-going quality is, that after the meet they sailed round to the Thames.

Of the eight Mersey boats present, seven were new this year, and six of them were built by Bond.

Of the second class canoes that went the cruise, Mr. Cox's Lita, 14ft.×33in., built by Bond, is a very good example of what can be made of an R. C. C. cruiser. She has her faults, no doubt, but want of pace is not one of them. She did her work well, and was sailed all through the bad weather, when a good many other boats took to the paddle and towline. She has a little too much rise of floor for most people, but carries her lead well, and always seemed to sail better with her duffle on board.

Any account of boats at the meet would not be complete without a mention of Mr. Scott's old cruiser Jacare. Not by any means a handsome boat, and with no centerboard, she paddled extremely well, and was nearly always first in camp. Where her owner managed to stow everything that came out of her was surprising, and as far as having everything necessary on board was concerned she was certainly a marvel.

There were some Humber yawls, notably one belonging to Mr. Holmes, and one to Mr. Jacobs, which exceeded in size any of the boats already mentioned, being about 19ft.×6ft., fine, able boats that would live through very rough water. These boats had no centerboards, and only about 6in. of keel, their draft being about 15in., and the rig being the canoe battened balance lug mainsail with sprit mizzen. They could carry a crew of four with ease, and were very comfortable boats to cruise and camp in, but, of course, they could not be hauled about and taken up the shallow waters of the Muck Fleet like the smaller boats.

OAKLAND C. C.—On Sept. 25 the Corinthian Y. C. gave a reception at their club house, Point Tiburon, to the Oakland C. C. Early in the morning thirteen of the club canoes were taken in tow by a tug and proceeded to Point Tiburon, where a race was arranged for a silk pennant offered by the Corinthian Y. C. The course was triangular, two rounds, making three miles. Ten canoes started, the finish being timed Bonita, 12:53:32; Gipsy, 12:55:15; Alista, 12:56; Mystic, 12:56:30; Flirt, 12:57; Zoe Mou, 12:59. After the race a dinner was served at the club house, followed by a sail in the yachts of the club, Spray, Ripple, Freda, Thetis, Pilgrim and Windward. At 5 P. M. the tug started home with the fleet, only Bonita going back under sail.

BUILDING NOTES.—Mr. H. M. Sprague, whose boat shop at Parrishville, N. Y. was burned out entirely last August, has erected a two story building, 50x22ft. on the old site, and is better equipped for work than before the fire.

Yachting.

THE REVISION OF THE DEED OF GIFT.

IN commenting last week on the deed of gift and its interpretation, we touched on the desirability of permanence in such a document, and suggested that any needed improvements might be made by such action of the club as would establish a precedent without recourse to anything so radical as a second alteration of the deed of gift itself. While the article in question was in type the New York Y. C. held a meeting, at which a committee was appointed for the purpose of amending the deed of gift in co-operation with Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler; so that the entire question may be considered as open for argument, pending a decision which we hope may be both satisfactory and final. It is a most difficult matter for any body of men, however well informed, to frame conditions which shall be permanent and binding, and yet which will stand the test of time and of the constant change and improvements that are found everywhere. The vital importance of protecting such a trust as the Cup from any unauthorized tinkering, or even from too frequent changes, good as well as bad, is too plainly evident to need proof; but at the same time yachting is constantly changing, boats, methods and rules must improve with time, and some provision must be made for the natural process of growth. To meet these two conditions, then, but one plan is possible; the deed of gift must be framed broadly and must be based only on the general principles of fair play which govern all sports, while as to the minor details they must be left largely to an interpretation of the general specifications in a liberal and sportsman-like spirit, and to the establishment of such precedents as will insure an adherence to these principles on the part of all to whom the temporary guardianship of the Cup may fall.

The history of the deed of gift is briefly as follow: After remaining in the hands of the original owners of the America from the time it was won in 1851 until 1857, the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup was presented to the New York Y. C. in the latter year, with the following conditions attached:

"Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this Cup with any yacht or other vessel of not less than thirty or more than three hundred tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

"The parties desiring to sail for the Cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent; but in case of disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the Cup, and subject to its rules and sailing regulations—the challenging party being bound to give six mouths' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start. This notice to embrace the length, Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel.

"It is to be distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the club, and not of the members thereof, or owners of the vessel winning in a match; and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries upon the terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries."

The gentlemen who gave the Cup were John C. Stevens, Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beekman Finley and George L. Schuyler.

It is a fact generally overlooked that the manner in which the Cup came into the possession of the gentlemen has not, and never had, any bearing on the international races, the Cup was simply their property, no matter whether won by them or purchased for this purpose, and it was dedicated by them to the promotion of international yacht racing. It was originally offered as a prize for an open race and was won by the America from a fleet of fifteen yachts, a comparatively easy task then when the rigs and models of her opponents, as well as the state of yacht racing at the time are taken into account. With the yachts of to-day, however, a large number of boats fairly equal in speed, it would be almost an impossibility for one yacht, however speedy, to win from a dozen or more boats of a different nation, all sailing not to beat each other, but her alone. Were such conditions adhered to all international competition must cease at once as far as the America's Cup is concerned. It sounds well to say that as America won it from a fleet it should be defended, as in 1870, by a fleet, but the fallacy of this reasoning is apparent to every fair-minded sportsman. Further, when America sailed for the Cup every one of her fifteen competitors was also sailing to win it, but when Livonia sailed against twelve yachts at New York every one of the twelve was sailing, not to win the Cup herself, but to prevent the British yacht from winning it, a vastly different matter.

Under the old deed of gift four series of matches were sailed, the last being with a yacht of American type that was towed to New York through the canals on her bilge, being fitted out here. In order to prevent the bringing of a challenger by rail, by canal or by an ocean steamer, and to confine the challenge to seagoing craft, the Cup was returned by the club to Mr. Schuyler, the only survivor of the five donors and by him was again presented to the club with the following new deed of gift:

"Any organized yacht club of a foreign country, incorporated, patented or licensed by the Legislature, admiralty or other executive department, having for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea or on an arm of the sea, (or one which combines both), practicable for vessels of 300 tons, shall always be entitled, through one or more of its members, to the right of sailing a match for this Cup, with a yacht or other vessel propelled by sails only, and constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, against any one yacht or vessel as aforesaid, constructed in the country of the club holding the Cup.

"The yacht or vessel to be of not less than 30 nor more than 300 tons, measured by the Custom House rule in use by the country of the challenging party.

"The challenging party shall give six months' notice in writing, naming the day for the proposed race, which day shall not be later than seven months from the date of the notice.

"The parties intending to sail for the Cup may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the date, course, time allowance, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations, and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case also the six months' notice may be waived.

"In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the terms of a match, then the challenging party shall have the right to contest for the Cup in one trial, sailed over the usual course of the annual regatta of the club holding the Cup, subject to its rules and sailing regulations, the challenged party not being required to name its representative until the time agreed upon for the start.

"Accompanying the six months' notice, there must be a Custom House certificate of measurement, and a statement of the dimensions, rig and name of vessel.

"No vessel which has been defeated in a match for this Cup can be again selected by any club for its representative until after a contest for it by some other vessel has intervened, or until after the expiration of two years from the time such contest has taken place.

"Vessels intending to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place.

"Should the club holding the Cup be for any cause dissolved, the Cup shall be handed over to any club of the same nationality it may select which comes under the foregoing rules.

"It is to be distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the club and not of the owners of the vessel winning it in a match, and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by organized yacht clubs of all foreign countries, upon the terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a Challenge Cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. "GEORGE L. SCHUYLER."

The principal changes were the limitations to clubs having deep-water courses and to vessels coming under sail only to race; a id while in a general way there is little fault to be found with the conditions here laid down, it is evident that they do not fully cover the ground, and that many loopholes are left for misunderstanding and disagreement, and one such question has come up this year—the waterline length.

To any one who studies the original deed and bears in mind the general practice of yachtsmen and builders thirty years since, it is evident that no reference to waterline length was intended, nor is there any information in the revised deed that a change in this respect was inforred, though not specified. To-day the load waterline is the common standard of comparison among all yachtsmen, whatever their local rules may be, and that only should be required of the challenger, the obsolete tonnage and Custom House measurement clause being dropped entirely.

Another point on which the deed is not explicit is that of more than one challenge at the same time, or the right of one yacht to challenge while a match with another is pending. If a challenge were received now for a match in April, there is nothing in the deed of gift to prohibit a second challenge later for a match in July and a third one in October. The only case of the kind that has yet arisen was that of Galatea's challenge in 1885, when the club agreed to sail her if Genesta failed to win the Cup. As to the desirability of more than one race in a season, it is probable that all future defenders will be fully satisfied with a single match, certainly one each year is enough for the New York Y. C., and we believe that by all sporting precedents the holders would be justified in declining any challenge for something that may not be in their possession when the time for the race arrives. The champion is always guaranteed a certain time in which he is free from challenge after a contest, and this general rule should apply here. The matter should not be left open, however, until the club is confronted with two or three simultaneous challenges, but should be decided now, either to recognize or to specifically prohibit more than one challenge in a season.

There is another question that may arise in the event of the Cup going abroad that is certainly worthy of some attention just now. The races are said to be under the rules of the club holding the Cup, and by means of the cast iron provision in the fifth clause of the new deed a refractory challenger may be forced into almost any terms, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. If, for instance, the Cup were held by a British club and it should lay down such terms as those imposed on Mayflower by the owner of the Arrow, terms that no centerboard yacht should in fairness submit to, in the event of the challenger refusing to agree to the terms the holders could fall back on this clause, offer one race over their club course under their club rules, and under the latter they could at the same time refuse to admit any centerboard yacht to a race, as such vessels are prohibited by the British racing rules. Whether or no this would be done, it is possible under the present conditions, and it is by no means improbable, in view of the stand taken by a prominent British yachtsman and by forbidding centerboarders in Great Britain to race against Mayflower this year, that if the Cup should go abroad an attempt would be made either to debar centerboard yachts entirely from efforts to rec pture it or to cripple them so effectually as to prevent any chance of their success. There is little fear of this happening at the hands of such gentlemen as have come here thrice of late to race for the Cup, but it is not so certain if those who have stayed at home and written about it have any voice in possible contests, and the point should be settled at once that competition for the Cup shall be open to all vessels propelled by sail only and capable of crossing the ocean alone, whatever their construction or mechanical features. It is impossible to prohibit racing machines, it may be that some future challenger will be even less of a yacht and more of a machine than anything yet seen, but such a risk cannot be avoided. It is hardly essential, however, that the races be open to all types of yachts and that no protection of the national type be possible with any challenger.

In connection with the fifth clause another idea suggests itself, there is now nothing to prevent a change in the rules of a club after a challenge has been received, in fact we believe that this has been done in the past. Such a course is obviously unfair, and the provision should be made that any changes made in its rules by the club holding the Cup after a challenge has been accepted, should not apply to the Cup races unless with the consent of the challenger. Changes in rules are frequently made and are for the most part for the better, but it might easily occur that a wise and good rule passed by the club in good faith during the winter or spring would work to the detriment of a challenger then building, and the rules in vogue at the time of sending the challenge should be held to govern the race, unless the change is agreeable to the challenger.

There is a vital point, however, in which the deed of gift is lacking, and which demands a remedy now, before it is open to further abuse; the course over which the races are sailed. It is full time now that the New York Y. C. concedes this much to modern yacht racing, that important races shall be sailed over fair and open courses where interference and obstructions of all kinds are reduced to a minimum. Every year gives additional evidence of the utter worthlessness of the present club course for testing yachts. This spring the faults of the course were fully shown, as they have been year after year in both Cup and club races, and yet the club persists in retaining it, in spite of the serious risks involved and the protests of all unprejudiced yachtsmen, both American and foreign. If the club persists in making at least one of the races a penny show in a puddle for the benefit mainly of steamboat owners, there is no power to prevent it, but if it has any conception of the importance and dignity which international racing has now attained since Boston has taken it in hand, it will at once give up the inside course forever, and further will stipulate that all future races must be sailed on open sea courses, free from shoals and headlands, such as outside the Hook, at Newport and at Marblehead. It must not be forgotten that there are courses about England as bad or nearly so as the New York course, and the New York Y. C. has given a precedent for adopting them that is not likely to be forgotten should the Cup go abroad. Now is the time to formally repudiate this precedent, and to provide that all future races shall be sailed only over open and deep courses.

There is still another point that demands attention, the prearrangement of all future matches between two yachts of approximately equal size and rig. Holding the Cup by a victory of a fleet against a single yacht, of a cutter against a schooner, or of a large yacht over a small one is something repugnant to the instincts of every true yachtsman, who values the excitement of sailing or seeing a good race far above the ownership of the prize attached to it. Under the deed of gift all of these things are possible, and it is time that a change be made. There is little danger of two of the points being raised, but the last one is found in all the late races, the competition of one side or the other to have the largest boat. Nothing could be more absurd than the proceedings over last year's challenge, the refusal to settle preliminaries in advance, the long siege of doubt over Thistle's dimensions or even her class, the sparring for points during the long interval between the notice of a challenge last October, and the receipt of the challenge in March, and then the hurry to build a little larger boat than the challenger. Now the club is in exactly the same position as before, with an intimation of a challenge for next season, and common sense as well as a knowledge of ordinary business methods suggest a plain and simple course that must be more satisfactory to both parties than that of last year. In any ordinary transaction, either of sport or business, the parties always meet and discuss the terms which both will agree to, and there seems no reason why the races for the Cup should be conducted in a different manner. It would certainly seem reasonable that both parties should agree now on the length of yacht to be raced next year, as well as on other details, by which means the holders of the Cup will have all winter in which to construct a fleet if necessary from which to pick a single boat, while the challenger is limited to but one boat throughout. Certainly this is not unfair to the present holders, nor do they give up any advantage in entering into such an agreement. As far as the deed of gift is concerned, this is now possible without any change; but it is full time that the principle be laid down that yachts of approximately equal size shall be raced. This was not possible in the past, as challenger and defender have generally been selected from the existing fleet, but the time has come now when both are especially built for the Cup races, and as such is the case, it should be recognized in the conditions that govern them.

We submit then the following general conditions as essential and at the same time perfectly fair to all, while they seem well calculated to guard the interests of international racing for an infinite time:

First—The races shall be open to all legitimate sailing craft capable of proceeding to the point of racing without aid.

Second—The races shall be sailed only over open water courses, free from shoals and headlands.

Third—No change in the rules made after a challenge has been accepted shall apply to the races without the consent of the challenger.

Fourth—The waterline length shall be given in the challenge, the tonnage being omitted.

Fifth—The question of accepting more than one challenge at a time shall be definitely settled.

The above suggestions are only in a crude form, and a thorough discussion of the subject may develop points of equal importance. In regard to outbuilding and the prearrangement of size, all may perhaps be settled as well by such action of the club as will establish a precedent, as by any formal restriction in the deed of gift. In one way or the other, however, it should receive the earnest attention of the club, as well as of the committee on the deed of gift, as by its means much may be done to advance the waning fortunes of New York yachting.

FROM BAY RIDGE TO BOSTON.

THE great races of the year and the repeated victory for the Boston boats have so engrossed the general attention that events of the first importance to yachtsmen are allowed to pass without notice. In the universal jubilee over the triumph of the new compromise boats all else is swallowed up in the one matter, that Britain has failed again to capture the America's Cup; but if New York would, for her own good, take time to look quietly at her domestic affairs, she would find but little cause for pride or boasting. Everything in yachting from the victory of the Volunteer downward, tells the same story of the overthrow of the old idols once worshipped by New York yachtsmen, and the failure to supplant them with anything new or modern. The failure of Pocahontas was a surprise to nobody, but as this was not enough, another old time sloop was built to demonstrate the fallacy of modern ideas, and that the world does move backward. Fortunately these laudable efforts met with a signal failure when Anaconda turned tail and ran home at Larchmont. Following close on the heels of this miserable exhibition of the national type came the collapse of another of New York's champions, the disaster to Gracie, the drowning of one man, the peril to the lives of many others, and the narrow escape from a fatal capsize of one of the larger yachts. It seems, however, that even this was not the end, that the dying season had still more in store, and the last blow of all has now fallen when Grayling goes to Boston to be modernized, to be Burgessized, to be Bostonized, to an extent that will enable her to keep up with the fleet.

Grayling's history is an interesting one. Built four years since in the height of the battle between the old and new schools, she was the supreme effort of the defenders of the skimming dish, and the upholders of rule o' thumb methods. Before launching she was heartily condemned by many and as lavishly praised by others, including nearly all the New York papers, and on her trial trip she vindicated the position of her opponents and covered her friends with confusion by quietly capsizing in the Bay in a puff of wind and sinking to the bottom. The daily papers which to-day speak so loudly for depth and lead ballast, then rushed to her defense with ridiculous excuses and lame attempts to bolster up the wild theories that upset and sank with her. Raised and refitted at heavy cost, and ballasted far below her intended waterline, she has proved very fast in her class for three years, but after one trial with the new Sachem last year she dropped from the ranks, and this year has left the new boats, Sachem and Iroquois, to fight alone. In a racing boat with a racing owner this of itself is a sufficient confession of inferiority, but it is further corroborated by the fact that last week Grayling sailed with Volunteer on Boston, where she will go into the hands of Mr. Burgess for extensive alterations in hull and rig, a new stern, a deepening of the hull, and a lead keel of 25 tons. Whether or no she will be able to keep up with the procession when she re-enters the racing ranks is a matter of doubt, but this much is certain, she will be anglicized and Bostonized to a degree that will separate her forever from Bay Ridge, and if she should prove a success it will be but one more for Burgess and Boston, and one less for New York and rule o' thumb.

Side by side at Poillon's yard in 1883 were Grayling and Fortuna, centerboard and keel; and the criticism passed on Fortuna by one of the great admirers of Grayling was, that she might make a good boarding house, but never would be a yacht. After five seasons it is amusing to see how this dictum has failed. Fortuna has won a place at the head of the keel fleet, and has hurried the fastest centerboards more than once over American courses; she has carried the American flag with credit in foreign waters, and this year has found none of the British fleet able or willing to face her on equal terms. Grayling began her career by an escapade that brought wide disgrace to American yachting, her exploits otherwise are confined to races in light and moderate weather, in which she has proved very fast, but at last she goes over to the enemy, takes to the lead keel that once would have made her "logy," but now is relied on to make her safe and fast. Boston's record is written at home and abroad this season, Volunteer, Sachem, Pappoose. What is New York's for the year? Palmer, hauled out for conversion to a keel boat; Pocahontas and Anaconda, dead failures as racers; Gracie, narrowly escaping a fatal capsize; Grayling, sent to Boston for a lead keel and English counter. At this time of rejoicing over Volunteer's triumph, New York may be excused for wasting a little time in self-congratulation over the second-hand victory that Boston has won for her thrice in succession, but the sooner she settles down to a thorough consideration of the above hard facts, the better for the future of her yachting interests.

CYTHERA AND NONPAREIL.—On Oct. 5 a match was sailed between the two yawls Cythera, W. A. W. Stewart, and Nonpareil, S. B. Pomeroy, the course being from the Narrows around Sandy Hook Lightship. The wind was light from the westward, increasing a little later on. Nonpareil led at the start, but Cythera passed her inside the Hook, leading by 3min. at the Lightship, and increasing the distance to 7min. at the finish. Nonpareil won, however, on allowance. The steam yacht Hinda, Mr. F. P. Osborne, accompanied the yachts

DORA AND CHAS. WELDE.—A match was sailed on Sept. 30 over the Larchmont Y. C. course around Execution, Matinnicock and Captain's Island, 20 miles, between the sloops Dora, owned by Rudolph Oelsner, and Chas. Welde, owned by Chas. Welde, for $150 per side. The wind was blowing very strong with a good amount of sea in the Sound, and the Welde was soon so badly disabled that she put back to Larchmont. Dora sailed the course in 3h. 48m.

FANITA AND ULIDIA.

IN consequence of the challenge of the Corinthian Y. C., lately published in FOREST AND STREAM, a match for $250 per side was arranged between sloop Fanita, J. D. Hatch owner, and cutter Ulidia, Admiral E. M. Padelford owner, to be sailed from Execution Light around Long Island, finishing off Sandy Hook Lightship, a distance of about 200 nautical miles. Fanita is a centerboard sloop of the old type, modeled by Mr. Philip Ellsworth, and is 44ft. L. w. l., 17ft. beam and draws 5ft. with all ballast inside, and sloop rigged, though this year she has replaced her single jib by a double head rig. Ulidia is an extreme cutter, designed by Mr. Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, 42ft. l. w. l., 7ft. 2in. beam, and draws 8ft. On Oct. 7, at noon, both were off Execution Light, with an ebb tide and light southwest wind, the day being clear and warm and water smooth. The start was made at 11:48, the two being timed:

Fanita.....11 51 30 Ulidia 11 52 30

Both set spinakers to port, Fanita also carrying a balloon jibtopsail. For awhile the two ran very close, but Fanita finally drew ahead. Capt. John Van Buskirk, who was sailing her, held close in to the Long Island shore, while Ulidia, under Captain Harry Craven's pilotage, went further out into the Sound, meeting more of the flood tide that was by this time running. At 2:30 Fanita was off Eaton's Neck, at sunset she took in spinaker, the wind heading a little, and at dark, as it freshened from S.W. again, the ballooner and clubtopsail came in. After some light airs and calms Fanita made Greenport Light at 10 P. M. The wind now came from N.E. and helped her through Plum Gut, and at 2:40 she was off Montauk Point with very little wind, being becalmed for some time, during which Ulidia gained on her. In the morning the wind was N.W. and at 9:15 A. M. Shinnecock Light was passed. With more wind Fanita made Fire Island Light about 3:50, and Ulidia passed it two hours later. At 10:14:30 Fanita reached Sandy Hook Lightship, Ulidia finishing at 2:27 A. M. The times are:

	Start. Friday, A.M.	Montauk. Sat., A.M.	Finish. Sat., P. M.	Elapsed.
Fanita	11 51 30	3 00 00	10 14 30	34 23 00
			Sun., A. M.	
Ulidia	11 52 30	3 30 00	2 27 00	38 34 30

While such long races are apt to prove little, the present one seems to have been favored with very even weather for both boats, though the conditions throughout were those under which Fanita has always been most successful, smooth water and a fresh breeze. The record has been broken by both boats, Fanny's time in 1884, being 43h. 27m. 10s., but that race was a drift nearly all the way.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE VISITORS.

THIS week will be the last of the visit of the challengers of 1886 and 1887, as all will sail for home. On Tuesday Lieut. Henn and his wife sailed from Bay Ridge at noon in Galatea, after a visit of over a year, in which time they have won the regard and kindly feeling of all who have met them. The ship was fitted with short canvas for the voyage, all her spare gear and racing outfit being stored at South Brooklyn. Lieut. Henn has declared his intention to return next year, though he may not bring out Galatea, in which case the gear will be shipped home by steamer. Before leaving there was some difficulty with the crew, who demanded a passage home by steamer, but it was satisfactorily settled. Capt. Bradford is still in command, and he and Lieut. Henn will navigate the yacht. The Scotch visitors, including Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Messrs. Watson, York, Wylie, Fife, Ratsey and others, left on the City of Rome, on Wednesday. On Tuesday night a dinner was given at the New York Y. C. house in honor of Messrs. Bell and Watson. Com. Gerry welcomed the guests in one of his witty speeches, to which Vice-Com. Bell replied as follows:

COMMODORE AND GENTLEMEN: I can assure you to-night that I feel in a very difficult position. The kindness we have received has been overwhelming. Everything has been done to make our stay here a pleasant one. From beginning to end all the negotiations have been marked by a spirit of fairness. Everything that has been done has been done in the most liberal spirit. Your ways are different from our ways. Probably our ways are worse than your ways and yours are better than ours. If we have done anything that has given offense to any one it has been done in ignorance of your customs, and I hope that our ignorance will be deemed a sufficient excuse.

We appreciate the kindness we have received from you. Although we did not capture the Cup we feel that we have captured your hearty good will. When we came here the first thing that we were offered was the hospitality of every club connected with yachting. One and all placed their club houses at our disposal.

Will you now allow me to thank you Mr. Handren, of the firm of Handren & Robins, who came forward in the kindest way and said: "Gentlemen, if you will use our dock I shall consider it a privilege if you do so free of expense if you will accept it in the name of the New York Y. C." Gentlemen, we appreciate the courtesy which prompted the offer more than the value of the money. We appreciate all these things, and when we go back to Scotland and tell all that has been done we can do so with a feeling that we have been received in a way we hardly expected.

I wish now to say something regarding Captain Gibson, of the sloop Gracie. I have been deeply pained by the report that Captain Gibson was responsible for the short tack inshore. There was a short tack, but allow me to say that he did not advise this, and did nothing but what met our hearty approval from beginning to end, and we are very grateful for what he did that day.

I have now to thank you again for the many little acts of kindness, and can assure you that they have touched our hearts deeply. We have been treated liberally, and if anything has been given it has been against the New York Yacht Club and not against ourselves. I can only say that if we ever win the Cup we shall not alone do our best to defend it gallantly, but will do our utmost to return all kindnesses.

Here is a model of the Thistle. It is not the custom in our country for owners to possess a model of their yacht, but Mr. Watson begs that the club will accept this as his gift.

I have been requested by Commodore Clark to express his regret at not being able to accept; he also is the recipient of too boundless hospitality.

Messrs. Paine and Burgess were present at the dinner, but Com. Clark, of the Royal Clyde Y. C., was absent. Thistle has shipped her cruising spars and will sail to-morrow for Glasgow, in charge of her original crew. Captain Barr will be in command, with Captain Donald Kerr as navigator.

THISTLE TO WINDWARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since writing the "Review" published in your columns last week, I have had the pleasure of discussing the subject with Mr. G. L. Watson. Before he had read the "Review," and without intimation on my part, he volunteered the statement, that in his desire to secure light-wind footing, he had cut down lateral resistance below the amount requisite for hanging on to windward. He furthermore agreed that too much stress is laid upon wet surface among British architects, and the anxiety to keep down Thistle's skin to the smallest area possible was the cause of her deficiency in lateral resistance. Mr. Watson mentioned a case in his own experience. He once added materially to the keel and wet surface of a yacht, and so far from footing slower, she actually went faster through the water with same area of sail.

No doubt the theory of skin friction, as accepted abroad, needs revision in its application to yachting practice, and the Thistle's defeat will in that respect be of direct benefit to the "doctrinaires" across the big pond. We in America have never accepted the theory except as a theory, the exact value of which in yacht design is still speculative, and events seem to show our doubts well founded.

Even Volunteer is a case in point, for she has more skin in proportion to sail than Mayflower without showing appreciable difference in light wind footing.

"I think we will show them something yet," were Mr. Watson's last words. In these I fully concur, being convinced from Thistle's speed through the water, that it is only necessary to produce a cutter free from specific fault, to effectually abolish the centerboard vagaries in the largest class, as they have already been abolished by the success of cutters in the smaller classes.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

HONORS TO GEN. PAINE AND MR. BURGESS.—On Friday last a public reception was held in Faneuil Hall in honor of Messrs. Paine and Burgess. A very large number were present, and speeches were made by some of the leading men of Boston. Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess as well as the crew of the Volunteer were present, but Captain Haff was too ill to attend. On Saturday evening a welcome to Volunteer was given at Marblehead, where she had arrived on Friday afternoon. She had left New York on Tuesday, lying at Whitestone all night and sailing at 9 A. M. on Wednesday, in company with Grayling. Wednesday night was passed at New Haven and Thursday night at Holmes Hole, being finally taken in tow off Boston by the Boston *Herald* tug. On Saturday night all Marblehead was illuminated with lanterns and huge bonfires, while on the water was a procession of dories in tow of the steamer Brunette, all of them illuminated with Chinese lanterns and colored fire. Cannons and mortars were mounted on Fort Sewall and along the rocks, from which salutes were constantly fired. A band on the Brunette played as the procession passed around the harbor and by the Volunteer. A series of resolutions passed by the town was presented to Captain Haff, on board Volunteer, and copies were sent Messrs. Paine and Burgess, together with two handsome ivory paper knives of Indian manufacture. The subscription fund for testimonials to Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess is growing rapidly. Invitations to a public banquet in New York have been declined, but Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess will be present at the dinner given by the New York Y. C. in their honor, at Delmonico's this evening.

DELAWARE RIVER TUCKUPS.—The mention of these peculiar boats in the FOREST AND STREAM this year has attracted attention to them outside the locality where they are used. A correspondent asks for the address of a reliable builder, and another asks at what angle the boom should be trimmed in sailing free. Perhaps some of the Delaware River sailors will answer both questions.

AMERICAN Y. C.—On Oct. 5 the American Y. C. gave a dinner to Messrs. Bell and Watson, with others of the Scotch yachtsmen, at Delmonico's. The new steam yacht challenge cup, costing $12,500, was exhibited for the first time.

A NEW CATBOAT.—Messrs. Wallin & Gorman have lately completed a deep catboat for Capt. G. P. Wilcox, of New Bedford, a cabin boat 26ft. long, with square stern, 12ft. beam, 3ft. 6in. depth, and 3ft. draft.

VERVE AND CYPRUS.—On Oct. 1 the final race for the Lansdowne Cup was sailed between Verve and Cyprus, in a good breeze, Verve winning easily. Her time over the 21 mile course was 4h. 15m.

VERA.—This fast little keel boat is for sale, as advertised elsewhere. She has been remarkably successful as a prize winner about Marblehead.

TORONTO Y. C.—The postponed race for third class was sailed on Oct. 1, with five entries, Mischief finally winning.

PALMER.—This schooner was hauled out at Poillon's last week for alteration from centerboard to keel.

DECOY, sharpie, has been sold by John H. Dimon to Henry S. Wood.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

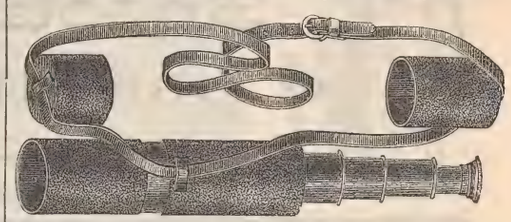
G., Huntington, Pa.—We have no record of the dog mentioned. Perhaps the breeder of your puppy can inform you.

IRISH.—1. In what kind of a place can I keep a bitch when in heat, so as to avoid annoyance? 2. How many times has England tried to win the Cup? Ans. 1. Keep her in a room up stairs with plenty of sawdust on the floor. 2. England has made four attempts to win the Cup, Canada two and Scotland one.

SUBSCRIBER, Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 4.—Every Sunday for two or three months past regularly parties of gunners infest the point at Tremley, near Tremley station on the Long Branch R. R. Could you not send a representative of the New Jersey Game Protection Society to arrest such offenders? Ans. Report to W. L. Force, Secretary New Jersey Game and Fish Protection Society, Plainfield, N. J.

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MESSRS. JAMES W. QUEEN & Co., of Philadelphia, manufacture a spyglass of very superior quality. We have recently had an opportunity to test the instrument and have found it to be most satisfactory in power and clearness. The glass is readily carried,



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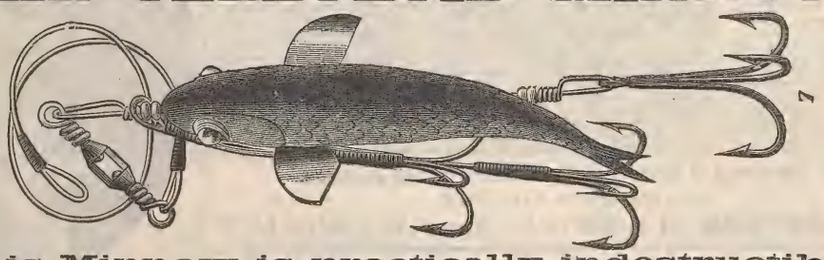
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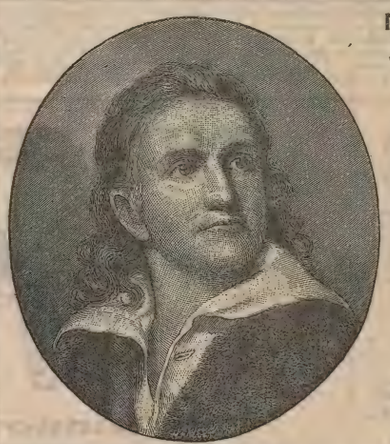
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THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE

The October number contains the following.

CHARACTER OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON—I.
THE BROWN THRASHER.
HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS—V.
BYRAM AND GHOPAL—VI.
CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY—V.
ECONOMIC ORNITHOLOGY.
THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK:
Membership Returns
As Bad as English Sparrows.
The American Humane Association.
Effect of the Eclipse on the Birds.
Sparrows and Robins at the Bath.
A Man, a Sparrow and a Surprise.
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—:o:—

Messrs. Polk Miller & Co.:

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I regard this Pill as the surest, most prompt and efficacious medicine I ever used in cases of distemper.

It will make a dead dog eat. In mange, scratches and skin diseases of all sorts it acts like a charm and drives the disease away. It has superceded with me altogether the troublesome use of Fowler's solution. It leaves no bad effects and combines in one formula all the different things which, under some veternary books will occupy a man half a day dosing a sick dog. I am sure that whoever uses it will give you all the testimony you want. There is no quack about it. You have begun to prepare it for the public, because, in our private experience, we have found it better than anything else we have ever tried. Yours respectfully,

JOHN S. WISE.



PITTSBURG, Pa., May 12, 1887.

Polk Miller & Co.:

DEAR SIRS—Please find enclosed $1.00 for one box of your "Condition Pills." Give me price for taking half dozen at once. I think the last box has done my dogs very much good, and I would take half a dozen boxes at once if given at reduced rates. Yours truly,

A. STUCKY.

YARDVILLE, N. J., Aug. 28, 1887.

Polk Miller & Co.:

DEAR SIRS—I promised to let you know what effect, if any, "Sergeant's Pills" had on my dog; I will fulfill the promise now. I gave him 26 of the Pills altogether. Could see no change for the first four days, but after that he began to have some relish for food, and I could see that what he ate did him good, as he began to gain in flesh. His nose is much more moist, and for longer at a time than before he took the Pills, and he is seemingly in good spirits. I do not say, as does the Hon. J. S. Wise, that the Pills "will make a dead dog eat," but I do say that they seem to have helped my dog, and I believe that any one having a dog left weak by distemper, with no appetite and no disposition to put on flesh or gain strength, will find these Pills an excellent remedy, and I can recommend them for that fully. Is it your opinion that I best give the remaining Pills? If you see fit, you are fully at liberty to make use of this note in your advertisement, or to refer inquirers to me.

Very respectfully yours,
THOS. C. ABBOTT ("Recapper").

LYNCH'S, Va., Aug. 25, 1887.

Messrs. Polk Miller & Co.:

DEAR SIRS—After a thorough test of your "Sergeant's Condition Pills," I find them by odds the best tonic I have ever used on a dog, and shall keep them on hand hereafter, and discard all of the liquid tonics that I have heretofore found it necessary to use; as, while the Pills act better, they are also much easier administered, and I am satisfied as they become known they will be used exclusively by dog men. Yours, etc.,

WM. TELL MITCHELL.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 7, 1887.

Messrs. Polk Miller & Co., Richmond, Va.:

GENTS—For enclosed $5.00 please mail me five boxes "Sergeant's Condition Pills" for dogs. The two boxes you sent me some time ago have done first rate; one box I used on one of my dogs for some skin trouble, the other I gave to a friend whose dog was in a low condition and off his food.

Very truly yours,
PAUL FRANCKE.

LYNCH'S, Va., Aug. 21, 1887.

Messrs. Polk Miller & Co., Richmond, Va.:

GENTLEMEN—I have tried different remedies, and I now say that your Pills are the best canine medicine I have ever used; they put new life in a dog, and give him an appetite that it always pleases his master to see him eat. I recommend them to all who have dogs, and will further say that after they try them they will use no other. Accept my thanks for the Pills you sent me; I found them to be what they were recommended to be. Hastily, but very truly yours,

E. TAYLOR.

Testimonials:

—:o:—

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 12, 1887.

Messrs. Polk Miller & Co., Richmond, Va.:

GENTLEMEN—On a recent visit to my farm in Virginia, I found my old dog Dash and my one-year-old puppy Cobham very much out of condition. Cobham was almost a skeleton. Their hair was bunched up, rough, and they would eat nothing—could scarcely get on their feet. I treated them for worms, without result, and, as I told you in Richmond, I decided on my return to kill the puppy. You told me of "Sergeant's Condition Pills," and asked me to try them first. I agreed to do so, but I am free to confess that I had no faith in them. I am now glad to say to you that on Saturday last I saw Dash and Cobham; they were both in as good condition as any two dogs on earth. My colored man says they certainly did eat after I gave them the Pills you left; all of which tends to assure me that you have a good thing. Send me two boxes.

Yours very truly,
H. W. FULLER,
Gen. Pass. Agt. C. & O. Ry.

DAYTON, O., May 11, 1887.

Messrs. Polk Miller & Co.:

Enclosed find $1.00 for another box of Pills. The one box has improved my dog Pat Snuzer wonderfully. For a year the dog had no life, acted more like a dog ten years old (he is only 2½ years old); since giving him your Pills he jumps and is cheerful, like a pup. I will always have a box of "Sergeant's Condition Pills" on hand. I think another box will bring him out all right. He has something like the mange; have used —— Mange Cure.

Yours truly,
GUSTAV SANDER.

WHITE POST, Va., Sept. 5, 1887.

Polk Miller, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—You ask for my experience with the "Sergeant's Condition Pills." In a few words I will say, honestly, that I do not believe their equal has ever been invented, for I consider them a panacea for every ill to which dog flesh is heir. I have tried them in distemper, in broken down constitutions from distemper, in mange, in cases when the hair upon the dog was turned wrong side out, fits, and the devil knows what else, and have found them good every time. I have never tried them on a mad dog, but have no doubt if you could get a fellow to administer them, that they would cure him. In time, I would just as soon think of being without dogs as without the Pills, and hope never to be without either.

Very truly,
WM. C. KENNERLY ("Old Dominion").

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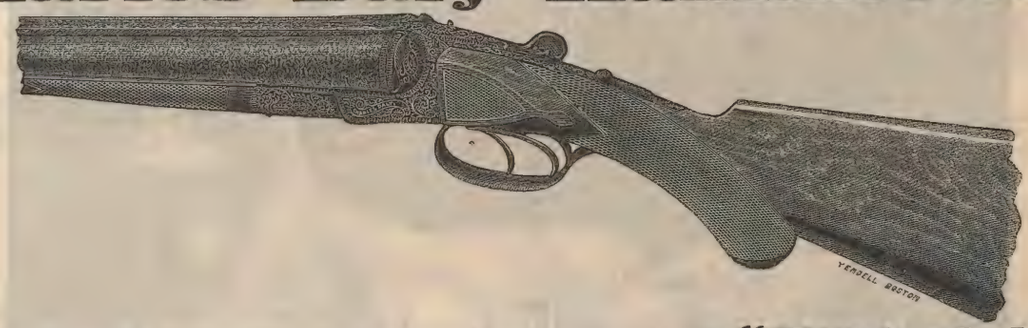


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CHICAGO, April 28, 1887.

F. P. TAYLER, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: The Hammerless Diamond Daly ordered herewith is to be the same weight, drop and trigger pull as my old gun purchased of you in the spring of 1881. The old hammer gun and I will never part company if it can be avoided, and I only hope the new one will prove as good in every respect. I do not expect to get a better one, because I do not think a better one can be made. This gun has been shot in the field and at the trap during the past seven years more than falls to the lot of half a dozen ordinary guns, and it is still solid and good for many years more hard shooting. It carried off the $500 Diamond Badge, representing the State championship of Illinois in 1885, when, owing to a gale of wind and strong birds, very close, hard shooting was required to stop a bird within bounds. In this contest many of the guns (57) on the grounds did not do justice to the men who held them. Now, I want as fine a gun as you can turn out. If it is too pretty to shoot with I have the old one to fall back on. I can only say in conclusion that I am wedded to the Daly gun, and intend to own one as long as I can carry it.

Very truly yours,
GEO. T. FARMER.

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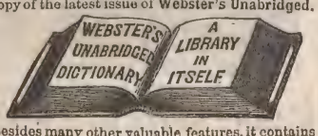
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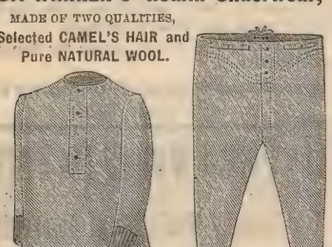
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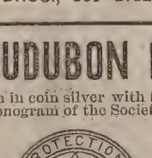
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A WORD FOR THE DOG.

PERHAPS he has not been hunted before this season; it may be that he is just off from chain, and not in what one would pronounce field trial condition. His muscles are flabby, his flesh is soft, and long continued work will not only tire him for the present day but will be quite apt to incapacitate him for the next day. Unless old and steady, his spirits will be exuberant, as well as those of his master; and on this account he will be deserving of quite as much forbearance and patience on his master's part as his master will require of his own conscience. A short preparatory run where there is no game will often tone down a dog under such conditions and fit him for work.

If one be away from home on a hunting expedition, the first care should be to see that the dog has proper quarters for the night; and the care of him should not be delegated to the hotel servant, but the master should by personal inspection assure himself of the comfort and proper feeding of his dog. For hunting a dog should be fed very sparingly in the morning. Give him a bite or two of your lunch at noon, and let the full meal be given at night after the day's work is finished. A dog will not hunt well on a full stomach, nor will his food digest while he is working in the field. If you have a brace of dogs work them alternately; let one do the hunting while the other is resting at heel. Do not permit a dog to lie in water for any length of time while afield; though an occasional plunge will do no harm.

The first care upon returning at night should be to examine your dog to see if any harm has befallen him. A slight hand rubbing all over will discover if he has met with any accident from thorns or briers; if any of these are found they cannot be removed too quickly. Special attention should be given to the feet. If these are inflamed and have the appearance of being made tender by his work, they should be bathed in beef brine, which can be procured from any butcher or at almost any farm house. If the skin be much worn, or the foot wounded, vaseline should be applied; and if very badly off, the dog should be laid up until in condition again. Here, as elsewhere, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Slight attention paid to these matters will insure a dog's good condition, while neglect will often cost dear.

So much for the physical well-being of our brute field companions. It might be added that their efficiency and good performance will be increased if they have a good example in their masters. Nothing is more conducive to a dog's unsteadiness and flightiness than the unsteadiness and flightiness of the human being who is handling him. No man who cannot control himself should attempt to control a dog.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AT the Boston meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, last week, a letter was read from Mr. William Lloyd, of Texas, telling of his observations in the arid region of western Texas to determine what birds indicate proximity to water and at what distance. The observations extend over four years and Mr. Lloyd gives the following list "as certainties," with the greatest distance at which each occurs from water: "Cardinal, one mile; warblers (including chat), one mile; vireos, two miles; mocking birds, two and one-half to three and one-half miles; blue grosbeak, the same; orchard oriole, Bullock's oriole, and nonpareil, each three miles; Carolina dove, three to five miles; black-capped titmouse, four miles; Texas cardinal, six miles. This only applies to summer, and will not hold in winter or during migrations." The letter further states that Mr. Lloyd has put the result of his observations to practical use; three times during the past summer he made camp, choosing the locality because seeing certain birds there, and finding the water indicated by their being there.

The passing of the buffalo is a phase of wild life extermination that appeals to the imagination, and scores of writers have treated it from the sentimental standpoint. The passing of the lobster is not nearly so sentimental a topic, and the magazines have given it no attention. Commercially the lobster is of vastly greater importance than the buffalo, and it is going just as surely. The buffalo we can do without; the plains, once their feeding ground, now pasture vast herds of cattle. But there is nothing to take the place of the lobster; when once that is exterminated from the coast by fisherman's greed we cannot restock the waters with a substitute. Why is it not the better plan to limit the catch by wise statutes and their enforcement? What excuse is there for the backward step taken in this State last winter when, at the dictation of a saloon keeper, then representing this city in the Legislature, the short-lobster law was repealed, and the gates were opened for the reception and sale in the New York market of "baby" lobsters from Massachusetts and Maine? It appears to be much easier to get a good law repealed than a new one enacted at Albany, and there is no doubt enough at stake among the dealers to make it worth their while to insure for themselves continued license to deal in immature lobsters so long as they last. When the mischief has been done and there are no more crustaceans to protect some one will rise up at Albany to go through the farce of legislating for lobsters.

There are some gunners who have not much else to do the year around except to crack away at whatever game happens to be in season; but the average man of the thousands afield in October is not of this class. Nine out of ten who go shooting are limited to a few days, or at the most a week or two, of sport; they come from office, workshop and counting room, and the chances are ten to one that in their eagerness to make the most of the brief opportunities of their outing, they come in at night in fit condition to realize what a blessed thing it is to be thoroughly tired out. The fatigue that comes of tramping fields and climbing fences and lugging eight or ten pounds of gun is what the Indians call "good medicine."

The number of applications received by the Interior Department for permits to hunt in the Indian Territory has been unusually large this season, coming from all over this country, and many from Great Britain. The Department has also been in receipt of numerous complaints from the Territory, where sportsmen and Indians manage to find something to quarrel about; and as a last recourse Secretary Lamar has decided to issue no more permits.

There must be a tremendous interest in robin shooting if we are to judge from the number of inquiries at this office about the open season, which will begin Nov. 1 on Staten Island and Long Island. The robin is the favorite game of many New York citizens of foreign descent, who shoot whatever comes along. These gunners have been potting robins and other birds all along, and bringing them over the ferries in the most open and unconcerned manner. Sunday is their favorite day for robin shooting, and it is then that they swarm out into the suburbs of Brooklyn and adjacent towns and make the day hideous with their racket. The Staten Islanders found a partial remedy some years ago in a local law forbidding shooting by non-residents except upon payment of a license fee. This plan might be adopted on Long Island with beneficial results so far as this particular abuse is concerned. The end accomplished by such a provision is good, though the constitutionality of the law itself has been questioned.

In these days stories of new projectiles and new explosives come thick and fast. The nations of Europe are eagerly rivaling one another to see which shall equip itself with the most terrible armaments. The latest reported novelty is a gunpowder invented by a Russian chemist. It is called "Sleetover," and its merit is said to be in the peculiar mode of explosion. Says a published account of it, "The peculiarity of the compound is that it explodes by expanding in one direction only, and that the direction in which the projectile is to be carried forward." In other words the Russian inventor has discovered a way to overcome and reverse the laws of nature hitherto governing the expansion of gases. Now he ought to devote himself to lifting himself by his bootstraps to the moon.

Mr. C. C. Goodrich, general agent of the Hartford and New York Transportation Company, has given strict orders to all persons in his employ to refuse to receive any game for transportation from Connecticut; and when Herbert Banning, of Hadlymé, Conn., attempted to ship a box of ruffed grouse to a New York dealer, the box was seized. This stand taken by Agent Goodrich entitles him to the respect and gratitude of the sportsmen of Connecticut; and it is to be hoped that other public carriers will adopt the same attitude toward market hunters. There is an extensive traffic in snared grouse; hundreds of them come to New York; and this will continue until some due provision is made for enforcing the Connecticut statute.

A Vermont farmer's inquiry about silver foxes brought out responses from a Montreal merchant and a British Columbia fur trader. A Berlin manufacturer's amusing story of the odd ways of German hunters prompted an American lady in Corfu to write of the ways of gunners in Greece. These are by no means extreme examples hinting of the FOREST AND STREAM'S breadth of horizon. Its good things come from the remote corners of the earth not less than from nearby American woods and waters.

One of the members of the Esoc Quet expedition has many wonderful things to relate of his experiences and adventures; but nothing on the entire trip appears to have impressed him so much as the naked honesty of his Indian guide, who, having shot half a dozen times at a deer and missed it, frankly said so, when a "true sportsman" relating such an occurrence would have made at least four of the balls wound the game.

The air is full of rumors of challenges for the America Cup. Canada, Ireland and Scotland talk of sending competitors. It is not probable that any definite challenge will be received before the revision of the conditions shall have been completed.

The New York Fish Commission has approved the plans for a McDonald fishway at the Troy dam, and it is said that the work of constructing it will be undertaken at once unless high water interferes.

The FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy will be offered again, but under revised conditions, so drawn as to insure a speedier result than before, and avoid the vexatious delay.

The Virginia Field Sports Association will convene at Richmond next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A BIRD HUNT IN WESTERN KENTUCKY.

II.

TUESDAY morning, the second day of the hunt, broke clear, crisp and cold. The snow still sheeted hill and valley, and even held its own on the housetops of Wingo. The only apparent signs of melting were in the crystal fingers of icicles that hung pendent from the edges of the shingles.

Quite a little group, attracted by our presence and mission, had gathered in the cosy hotel office the night before, and in the ruddy firelight joked and chatted and marveled at M.'s tales of adventure by field and flood. The admiring audience added greater zest to his recital, and provoked a livelier coloring to his broad fund of suggestive humor. To say that under the inspiring influence of the frequent "you don't say," and "is that so," and the lively sallies of laughter that frequently broke forth, M. fairly "let loose" is but drawing it mild. At any rate, to his majestic influence we attributed our good luck in inducing one of Wingo's hunters, named Wooten, to agree to join us in our sport and show us the country.

The dogs appeared none the worse for their previous day's work, and exchanging Whit for Kate, as a reserve, we turned loose the trio—Set, Whit and Kate—and got ready for the field. Expecting a longer hunt and harder work, we engaged a team from a livery stable to meet us several miles in the country about sundown and bring us in.

Under advice of Wooten, we were to exchange the high grounds we had hunted the day before for the creek bottom that lay southward of the village. A brisk walk of half an hour along the railroad track brought us to our starting point. Going along as honorary escort were Tartt, our host, and a loquacious vender of sadirons who had dropped into the village over night. Tartt had yet to see a bird shot on the wing, and was now resolved not to let another day pass without encompassing that event.

Turning into a cornfield, M. took the right and I the left. Skirting a worm fence, I was soon out of sight in a ravine that melted away into the bottom. The ground seemed favorable, and Kate was working industriously, when a couple of shots in M.'s direction drew my attention. A moment later a covey of birds came in view, skimming up the hill and disappearing over the ridge. Calling off the black setter to more promising work, I started in pursuit, being joined by M. at the summit. Just beyond the brow of the ridge was a low depression, covered with sedge grass, weeds, and small patches of briers. Several brush piles were scattered about. Evidently the birds were close at hand.

It was only a moment before Kate's penetrating nose caught the scent along a little ridge. She suddenly halted, crept forward a step or two, her muzzle slightly elevated and her tail motionless, and stood rigid as a statue. Whit, a little higher up, backed her in fine style, and Dyke held another bird lower down. Taking the right and M. the left, we walked in to flush. Both birds went up together, mine circling high across the hollow, and dropping dead to the shot. M. was not so fortunate, though a bunch of feathers floated down the air. He scored a hit immediately after on a bird that flushed in the bottom. A third was joint property, as it fell at the report of both guns, that sounded almost as one shot.

Tartt was delighted, and had he been twenty years younger would at once have begun training as a champion wing shot. His enthusiasm received a slight check at our next display of skill. Dyke found something in a pile of brush; Kate and Set agreed in the point. Kicking into the pile, out went two birds that scudded over the hill unharmed by the whistling spheres that followed after. M. added one more bird to the bag that got up on the edge of the next hill, and following another to the mouth of the copse, I caught the sun in my eye as the bird rose over the bushes, and scored a miss at the same time. We found no other birds of this covey.

Crossing the bottom, M. got over the fence into a cornfield, which we afterward learned was posted ground. In a few minutes he had a covey up and driving through the standing corn. They scattered along a rail fence in some clumps of weeds and briers. Before I could get up M. had dropped one in front, and wheeling quickly, scored a second that got up in his rear. Throwing in another shell, he had a third fluttering on the ground before one could say Jack Robinson. Tartt, who was watching the shooting, was absolutely astounded.

"Don't that beat Jerusalem!" said he. "He killed that one going that way and this one going this way, and one more makes three, without movin' or missin'. Never saw the like before."

That night when we returned to Wingo we found a hot dispute going on among the boys over M.'s shots. One fellow insisted that all three birds were bagged by M. without reloading, and nothing but M.'s word would settle the dispute.

The last covey we did not hunt further, as one of the party proffered the information that the land was posted, and "that fellow on the hill would come a-tarin' when he heard the shootin'."

Most of the corn in the valley was yet uncut, and the broken and bent stacks lying here and there on the ground put the ears in easy reach of the hungry birds, deprived by the snow of their usual supply of ground seeds. In a thick patch of grass and weeds, in the middle of a cornfield, a fine covey was started, wheeling on the flush and driving straight for a patch of woods. Three or four fell to our bag for reminders before the covey left the corn. These birds were unusually wild, and though we followed them some distance among the trees, they refused to lie to the dogs, running before them and flushing before we got within fair gunshot. An immense brown owl, scared from his sleep by the noise, flew into a big oak, and, at the urgent request of a farm lad who had joined the party, it received a load of No. 8s and came flapping to the ground. The lad claimed there would be more chickens next spring as a tribute to his owlship's demise.

Keeping up the creek, which was now little more than a dry run, with scattered pools of water hard frozen, we finally struck the country road at a log bridge. Beyond this the bottom was covered with standing corn, extensive copse of briers and brush, with clumps of weeds and heavy grass. It was a royal place for birds, but a bad place to shoot, as the results showed. I was the first to cross the fence, barely landing on the other side when a small covey rose almost under my feet. Though startled, I managed to drop one bird. The covey scattered, several crossing the road and one alighting in a tree in plain view. Thinking to drop him easily with my left barrel, I hastily raised and fired a snap shot. To my amazement he flew off unharmed. The laugh was on me, and M. suggested to catch a bird and tie it and give me a chance to practice.

During the remainder of the afternoon birds were plentiful, no less than half a dozen coveys being flushed; but the unfavorable ground made shooting hard, and after the first rise the birds went straight to the thickets, where it was almost impossible to follow. The dogs fared badly among the briers and burrs, Set finally refusing to go in at command. The red streaks showed plainly through her thin coat, telling how roughly she was being punished.

About sundown the wagon came to the bridge, and we were glad enough to jump in, being thoroughly wearied with the day's tramp through the snow. We counted out on the office floor that night thirty-two partridges as the fruits of the day's hunt, besides several rabbits knocked over to supply our friends.

Wednesday we planned to begin our hunt where we left off the day before, and to go further up the valley. Dyke, Whit and Kate were uncoupled, and Set left at home to nurse her wounds and rest for future work.

Entering the cornfield near the bridge, where I had failed to make an impression on "a bird up a tree," we had scarcely gone 200yds. when Dyke, by too eager trailing, ran into and flushed a large covey. I saw and marked down "about" where they dropped near the edge of the creek. Approaching the spot cautiously the dogs were sent in. Every inch of ground was hunted, and every patch of weeds and grass thoroughly examined. The dogs roaded eagerly over the frozen ground, but not a bird rose. We were nonplussed, until finally Dyke crossed the creek, and mounting the opposite bank, flushed a bird on top. The other dogs crossed at once, and we hastily scrambled after them.

We found Kate, Dyke and Whit frozen to a point on almost barren ground. Kate's lips were opening and closing as if the scent were strong enough to taste. Moving in, half a dozen birds arose, M. dropping one, scattering feathers from another, and I getting in a miss. The climb up the bank had blown me. Behind us Whit began to run the furrows of some plowed ground. There was no cover, and the birds were running. M. got a shot at and wounded one that kept up a zig-zag flight until it crossed the top of a farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. He scored a miss on a long shot at another that went to the thicket. The balance of the covey flushed out of range and scattered badly.

Most of the day the sport was dull, as, with the exception of one small covey and a few scattered birds which we got up along a drain, we found nothing. At several points tracks were seen in the snow, leading here and there, backward and forward, as they fed and followed each other in tortuous mazes, but the rabbit hunters, with which the country seemed well supplied, had driven them off to the bushy coverts. Nor was the pot-hunter altogether absent, as at one place we saw three or four farmers on horseback threading cornfields, searching for coveys to bring to the net.

Late in the afternoon, on a grassy plot, beyond a thicket of young trees, we found in the snow a maze of tracks, indicating a large covey. The scent was cold, but the tracks evidently made in the early morning. Tracing them some distance through some heavy swamp grass, they finally turned abruptly to the right, and led toward a cornfield on a hillside. In a fallen treetop, near the edge of the corn, Kate, who had been industriously nosing among the weeds, suddenly drew to a point. Dyke and Whit honored her challenge a second later. Two birds rose to M.'s flush, one of which he bagged, and W. the other. The treetop interposing, I failed of a shot. No other birds were found, but numerous tracks leading into the cornfield. As the scent was now warm, the dogs were sent forward to cut out the hunt. The field was almost crossed, when Dyke ran into and flushed a single bird, giving an ineffectual side shot through the standing corn. A moment later Whit anchored his stub tail on a point near a rail fence. At the rise M. dropped two birds and W. and I one each.

Most of the covey were further up, trailed by Dyke and Kate, but they took wing at our shot and went off to the woods. Noticing several tracks trending to the right, I took Kate and followed. They grew more numerous until a hundred yards away, Kate came to a point. I got near enough to put in one successful shot as a dozen birds rose over the corn and scudded away.

It was now near sunset, and abandoning the hunt we started homeward. As I crossed the fence near the thicket I heard a partridge whistling in a weed field to the right. Taking Dyke I hurried to the spot. The bird was evidently running, as Dyke would point, then go forward a dozen steps and point again. I ran into a flush and bagged it as it rose over the weeds. M. and W. had driven several into thicket. Marking them down I bagged two more before the others could get up.

The boys who brought the wagon out were now whooping to let us know they were at hand, so with twenty-two birds only we ended the day's sport.

That night, after cleaning our guns and partaking of a hot supper, M. entertained a group of villagers, before the glowing reflection of the office fire, by explaining the mysteries of his hammerless Greener, a novelty in that section, where muzzleloaders and hammer guns held sway, with few exceptions. No reflections, of course, were intended for my little Parker, whose working qualities and record stand unchallenged for perfection and execution.

Tom W., a beardless youth, whose stores of knowledge had recently received accession by a visit to the branch penitentiary at Eddyville, then constructing, contributed to the humor that flew fast around the circle, by numerous inquiries as to convict life at Frankfort. M. finally turned the laugh on Tom by assuring him that he should have a nice cell all to himself, the walls padded and a bed without springs on his next visit to Frankfort, and to make assurance doubly sure, that he would see the warden of the penitentiary immediately on his return in Tom's behalf.

Thursday we shaped out a hunt down the creek. Leaving Wingo early, a brisk walk of half an hour brought us to an opening near a cornfield. A ditch drain ran through the center and on its edge M. and W. flushed a small covey. One bird fell to M.'s share. The covey scattered on a hilltop in the edge of a thick piece of woods. Following, the party unitedly did some very ungraceful shooting among the trees and saplings on the second rise. The birds went further in the woods and we "left them alone in their glory."

A second covey flushed in some sedge grass on low ground, also went to the woods. With these we did better, bagging three or four birds and crippling one that fell among some dead leaves near a decayed log. Kate pointed it, and kicking it out it fluttered through the group and hid again so deftly it was several moments before it was discovered and captured.

In a thick piece of stubble we got up two coveys within 50yds. of each other. Here we had some excellent shooting, a dozen birds being bagged. I lost one, badly crippled, in a drift of logs and brush. Later on we killed half a dozen from a covey that scattered in a rough piece of oak woods. Under the shadow of an abrupt headland we got up a covey in a neck of meadow. M. did the flushing, getting a bird. Risking a long shot as they crossed the bottom I dropped a second at full 70yds. It was a chance at the bunch. On top of the hill we got two or three more in the heavy undergrowth, closing the day's count with twenty-seven.

Friday morning W. was unable to accompany us, and M.'s feet were so sore from the chafing of his heavy shoes he seemed indisposed to go out. As the weather was fine, M. was at last persuaded to risk his chances by a solemn pledge on my part to do most of the walking, and to drive the birds where he could shoot 'em easy. Dyke had behaved so badly by flushing unnecessarily, we concluded to leave him at home a second day all by himself. Kate had distinguished herself the previous day by attempting to walk on the sash of a glass flower-pit belonging to Tartt, leaving sundry jagged holes in the glass to show how easy it was to fail. So she was taken along.

Luck seemed to favor us at the start, as we found a nice covey shortly after entering the field. At the second rise, the dogs having driven it from cover, M. and I got two birds each, with a fifth to M.'s shot a second later. We marked down two in an open stubble, which we divided between us. The eighth bird fell to my gun along a deep gully. This was encouraging work in less than twenty minutes.

It was about the only interesting feature of the day, however, excepting a little incident in which M. displayed some marked adroitness. We were told a piece of corn land, having excellent cover, was posted only against tobacco trespassers and fishermen, and M., who has an adventurous turn, concluded to invade its sacred limits. I was not far behind. In five minutes we had up a covey, and the banging of our guns made music in the air. I was some thirty paces from M. when I noticed two natives pushing rapidly through the corn, heading for M. They had not seen me, though I was nearest. Stepping behind a dead tree I waited till they bagged M., and then, taking a short circuit, I mounted the fence in front on the skirmish line. The group were only a short distance away, and the first words I caught were M.'s vigorous praises of the virtues of a hammerless gun. The truth was, as soon as the farmers came up and notified M. of his trespass, with keen craft he diverted their attention to his hammerless gun, taking it to pieces and explaining its wonderful mechanism. They were filled with curiosity and surprise, and before five minutes were apologizing to M. for their apparent madness, while M. in turn extended them an invitation to come to Frankfort to see him. As he retired from the cornfield there was a twinkle in his eye that meant more than a volley for my taking post on the skirmish line. "Didn't I manage it nice?" said he; "all you have to do is to keep pullin' the trigger and she keeps a-shootin'," and his shoulders shook with laughter.

Saturday morning, the last day of our stay in hospitable Wingo, broke cloudy, warmer and foreboding rain. The quartette of dogs were loosened for the final tramp, M. exchanged his hard shoes for my rubbers, an excellent swap as it proved.

The Jersey wagon was engaged to take us out and come after us at sunset. Tumbling in, we drove several miles west of town, intending to hunt new territory. Our plans were slightly altered by Dyke, who was skirting the fields by the roadside, dropping to a point over the fence. Hastily dismounting, we put our guns together as Kate, Whit and Set drew a rigid circle about Dyke. Three birds were bagged, of which I was lucky enough to get two. Following them up down the hillside, we got two more on the second rise, and I afterward scored another on a cross-fire as it was darting for the woods. M. bagged a seventh before we quit the covey. Concluding to continue the hunt from this place, we ordered the wagon back. Going over the next hill into a brushy ravine, M. and W. took the bottom and I the top, keeping Kate in my front. She pointed a covey on a ridge, but owing to the trees, briers and saplings, I only got a single snap shot, bagging one bird. M. fired at one or two that crossed the bottom, but without success. A light, misty rain now began to fall which continued at intervals during the day. The snow had almost disappeared. Dyke seemed a new dog entirely. His two days' confinement had evidently revolutionized his notions of duty. He was strictly obedient to word and gesture, and never made a flush during the entire day. No doubt he had reasoned the matter over, solved the cause of his temporary retirement, and resolved to be a better dog in future.

Several fields were hunted over before another covey was put up. M. and W. were again in luck in getting the first shots. They bagged several, when the remainder were frightened to the bush by a wagon passing an adjacent road.

Descending into a long bottom M. flushed a covey in some heavy sedge grass, killing two birds at the rise. They scattered in a small patch of standing corn, where we brought several more to bag. Further up, I started a fine covey near their night's roost, dropping three plump fellows on the rise and winging another that fell over the fence. M. promised to watch the wounded bird, but taking his eyes off for an instant it disappeared and was lost. Most of this fine covey went to a wooded hillside, where we marked them down. Following a few scat-

tered birds up the valley, M. left us for a moment to hunt an adjacent weed field. He shortly stumbled on another covey that came driving over the fence, one or two going into a pile of rails and the balance scattering on the same hillside as the birds I started. W. and I routed a bird from the rail pile that flew toward M., a couple of hundred yards distant. Both of us pulled loose, and while the bird was missed the dropping of shot about M. evoked a volley of ejaculatory praises from him touching our eyesight in taking him for a bird. We warmly assured him we were only making trial to see how far our guns would carry. The explanation was totally unsatisfactory.

On the hillside, where the two coveys had settled, we had rare sport, bagging twelve or fifteen birds, though the shooting had to be quick and sharp, on account of the trees. W. made one or two splendid shots that gave promise of excellent skill in the future. This was his first bird hunt.

Kate, whose age and infirmities had secured several lifts over high fences, got on the wrong side of an 8ft. stake and rider just here, and appealed as usual for help. Thinking she would find a convenient hole to get through, we went on. This apparent neglect evidently gave her mortal offense, as she forthwith abandoned our company and made for Wingo. Or, drawing it milder, she may have heard the big dinner bell that rang out about that time and promptly gave attendance.

Our day's sport was continued till sunset and netted us forty birds, giving a total for the week of near 160. They had been kept by Tartt in his smokehouse, tied up in bunches of a dozen each. Packing them in our hunting chest, we left next morning for home, with pleasing remembrances of Wingo, of our hospitable host and his excellent wife, whose contributions to our comfort neither M. nor myself are likely to forget. No less kind were the attentions of W., who gave his services to our pleasure and constituted a most genial companion in our tramps. S. R. S.

Frankfort, Ky.

ESOC QUET.

DURING last spring I had frequently heard of a large hunting and fishing party, that was being organized for the purpose of visiting the far West. Upon investigation, the only information I received was, that they were going to Esoc Quet. I had not the least idea of ever becoming a member of the party, that was beyond my wildest hopes. I heard them talk about Indians and cowboys, blacktail deer and big trout, with a fair show of outward indifference. When it suddenly came to pass that I was to join them, my delight knew no bounds, for who does not envy a sportsman bound on a great hunting and fishing trip to the wild West. It hardly seemed possible that I was really to visit the boundless prairie, alas now almost destitute of game, to see the ranches and cowboys so well described by Roosevelt; Medora, the home of that famous ranchman the Marquis de Mores, and Custer, Big Horn and many other places made famous by the bloody Indian battle of only a few years ago. All the books I could find touching this country were immediately read with care and attention, Van Dyke's "Still-Hunter" particularly so; and no one going after blacktail deer can give this volume too much study.

Gen. Rodney C. Ward, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the man at the helm when I was invited to join, and never did one work harder for the success of a trip and for the comfort of a party. He corresponded with very many people in the West, and most of the correspondence led him to believe that Esoc Quet was the desired spot. Big game and big trout were said to abound in that region, undisturbed by white hunters. Arrangements were made with a celebrated hunter to furnish us Indians and horses. Provisions, tents and supplies of all kinds were purchased in St. Paul and sent on ahead, so that on our arrival every thing should be in first-class order. Lieut. Abercrombie, of the U. S. A., who had surveyed the region, spoke in glowing terms of the country and promised to join us. Arrangements were also made to have that famous sportsman and surgeon, Dr. Merriam, U. S. A., with us to look after our physical welfare.

Our arrangements were all completed by the 1st of July. Arms and ammunition were purchased in sufficient quantities to kill all the game in America, and there was fishing tackle in proportion. (Bless that dealer who sent 10-gauge ammunition for the 12-gauge gun.) From that time until Aug. 25, the date of our departure, appeared to us a useless blank; and though we seemed to perform our accustomed duties in the usual manner, a close observer could have noticed that we carried our heads higher and seemed filled with an inner consciousness of superiority over ordinary fellow mortals not bound for the trackless forests to hunt grizzlies.

The evening of Aug. 25 found us at the Grand Central Depot. The magnificent private car Wanderer, well stocked with creature comforts and placed at our disposal by kind friends, was a scene of great confusion; boxes of guns, bundles of rods, cases of wine, baskets of fruit, valises and bags of all kinds, were piled in every room and corner. Outside were many friends bidding us farewell and giving us much valuable advice how to preserve our scalps from Indians and our bodies from bears. At last the gong sounds and we hustle aboard the train, which moves gently off on time. We begin to feel, as the General remarks, that we are going West. While the party are stowing away baggage and drawing lots for staterooms and berths, I will give the reader a list of the company. Gen. Rodney C. Ward, of Brooklyn, the father of the expedition and on all occasions a man of great weight with us, heads the list, followed by Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, Dr. C. W. Hoagland, Col. Wm. Hester, Baron F. Loesener, Messrs. Chauncy Marshall, Eugene Underhill, Murray Boocock, Geo. Marsters and Wakeman Holberton. Later we were joined by Lieut. Abercrombie and Dr. C. K. Merriam, both of the United States Army. Our creature comforts on the Wanderer were ably attended to by cook Brown, assisted by steward Patterson and head waiter Dan. How they managed to keep up the wonderful bill of fare they did, and where they kept their endless and varied supplies, will ever remain to us an unexplained mystery. With lots of books and vocal and instrumental music in the evening the time passed quickly. After leaving Chicago we were ordered to put off "boiled shirts" and substitute flannel; those who dared disobey were court martialed the following evening and promptly convicted and sentenced by the Judge.

We were treated with great courtesy by the officials of the Northern Pacific R. R. all along the route, and they did everything in their power to make the trip pleasant. While waiting for the train at St. Paul the general passenger agent, Chas. S. Fee, gave us a very pleasant drive through that beautiful city. We bought some bright-colored picture books for the Indians, and the red men were greatly pleased with them, particularly those containing the representations of animals; they never tired of talking about the great beast with two tails, as they described the elephant.

We left St. Paul in the evening, and awoke the next morning to find ourselves in the boundless prairie. Here the General remarked that he now felt without doubt we were going West.

To the majority of our party the country was entirely new. We did not know which most to admire, the wonderful scenery of the Bad Lands, with its curious and richly-colored formations, petrified trees and slowly smouldering seams of coal, the marvelous buttes of Montana, or the snow-clad Rockies. The people, too, attracted their share of attention. Cowboys, with broad-brimmed, leather-banded hats and jingling spurs; and Indians, real wild Indians, with gay blankets and blanket leggings, long, black, braided hair and vermillion-streaked faces. But when we saw the track walkers carrying Winchester rifles we began to feel that we were indeed going West very rapidly. At some of the stations we noticed vast piles of buffalo bones and skulls, collected from the prairie, brought in to be ground up for fertilizer. The prairies themselves appeared to be destitute of game, excepting in the ponds and sloughs, where our sight was gladdened by flocks of wildfowl, snipe and plover. Along the Yellowstone the scenery was superb. The Indian lodges with their bands of cayuses added to its wild beauty. The cayuse is an Indian pony descended from the wild stock and generally distinctly marked with white spots, some are entirely white and very handsome.

On the morning of the fifth day we found ourselves speeding along the magnificent Clarke's Fork. Great was our desire to stop the train and try the trout which they say are plentiful in this lovely river. The bright green waters rushed and boiled among the rocks or glided quickly along the white sand beach, where was unlimited room for back casts; beyond the giant cottonwood trees stood out in strong relief against the towering rocks which resembled ruined castles more than natural stone. But even now we are approaching our journey's end, Pend d'Oreille Lake (pronounced Pend de Ray), with its green waters and background of purple mountains glistens in the distance like an Alpine picture, and in a short time we are at Sand Point, Idaho, where our car is switched on a side track.

Here we put off our "store clothes" and emerge in what each individual considers the most appropriate dress for the woods. The result is bewildering. Instead of the sober dress of respectable citizens we present to the astonished Sand Pointers the appearance of a cross between a Wild West show and a circus. Fringed leather suits, corduroy suits, velveteen suits create a great sensation, judging from the expressions of the crowds of Indians and Sand Pointers who surround us.

Under the kind guidance of Mr. Murphy, a local angler and expert fly-fisherman, we manage to secure a boat and row over the lake to the nearest fishing ground. Our efforts are rewarded with considerable success and we make our first acquaintance with the new variety of the Salmo family. Great confusion seems to exist in this region in regard to the names of the fish and the grouse. The so-called mountain trout, cutthroat trout or speckled trout of these waters are magnificent fish; in Pend d'Oreille Lake we caught them weighing from ¼lb. to 1½lbs. They are called in the Government reports the black-spotted trout, and are, I believe, the young of the steel-head salmon. They spawn in the spring and commence quite young. As they grow in size and weight they drop down into larger waters until they reach the sea, where they are caught up to 30lbs. The female is colored very much like a bluefish, green on the back, with bright silver sides. They are spotted with black spots, very close together near the tail, and the dull orange dorsal and caudal fins are also profusely spotted with black. The male is very different in color and much darker, with olive back and sides, shading in bright carmine toward the belly, the spots are the same as on the female. I found that on this lake the jungle-ibis, Howard, jungle-cock, royal-coachman, jungle-Abbey and professor seemed to be the most taking flies; and the anglers here prefer the fluttering fly, size of hook No. 6 and 8. These trout take the fly in a peculiar manner, and I missed quite a number before I succeeded in hooking one. When they first rise they take the lure gently in their lips, then turn and swallow it as they go down, so that if the angler strikes before the fish turns, he invariably jerks the fly out of its mouth. They are exceedingly brave and fight more like black bass, making long runs and ending with a jump out of water. The flesh is pink, firm and delicious eating.

The following day proved so stormy that we decided to remain over in our comfortable car. Some tried the trout again, while others devoted their time to the grouse and wild fowl. It cleared off in the afternoon, affording superb views of the lake and mountains; the ever changing colors wrought by passing showers and gleams of bright sunshine are impossible to describe. The storm, we afterward heard, was very severe, particularly along the line of the railroad; seventeen bridges were washed away by a cloud-burst, and there was no communication with the East for five days. At last comes a clear day. We vacated the dear old Wanderer, and moved our plunder across the creek to where our guide was encamped with his men and horses. We expected to make an early start, but though the herder had gone for the horses at daylight, it was noon before he drove them into camp. They had been stampeded and were found nine miles off in the woods. Because of our needlessly large supply of baggage, we had to hire a squaw, who owned several horses, to help us out of our trouble. Mary proved to be a trump, and worked like a beaver. It was nearly two oclock before we started, and we made a long and interesting looking train, with our party on horseback leading, as we filed out of camp, down the banks of the Pend d'Oreille River, past the Indian lodges with their queer bark canoes and other belongings. It was six o'clock when we reached our first camping place. Of course it is impossible to camp with so many horses except where there is an abundance of grass and water. Fire is soon started, the horses turned loose and sleeping bags made ready. These sleeping bags, by the way, were quite an institution. The inner bag is of linen, then comes a bag of sheepskin dressed with the wool on, and over all a heavy canvas bag made to button up and inclose the whole thing like a mummy. They are warm and comfortable, and as rain poured all night and they were quite waterproof, they did good service, for unfortunately we had no tents. Matters looked pretty glum in the morning, and we were a damp, uncomfortable looking party, though we managed to get a cold bite and a cup of hot coffee.

As soon as the horses could be caught and saddled we were off; and lucky were those who were well provided with rubber clothing, for it rained the whole day, and the bushes through which we pushed our way as we followed the narrow blazed trail added more than their share of moisture. The trail led us through the roughest possible country, it could not have been worse and been practicable for horses; it led up and down slippery ravines, so steep that it was with great difficulty we could keep in our saddles, fording streams up to the horses' bellies, and slipping and sliding over wet rocks. It was a wonder that no one was injured; only one horse fell; but fortunately his rider escaped. We pushed on ahead of the pack train, hoping to reach the lake before night, but one of the party gave out so we stopped at a beautiful meadow through which ran a lovely trout stream. We were ahead of our pack train, and without any shelter but our sleeping bags; no axe and food. Dr. Merriam here proved what a good woodsman could do. With nothing but his hunting knife he succeeded in making a good lean-to, before which we soon had a roaring fire. He then fished out a loaf of very damp bread and a piece of raw bacon, so that we managed to make ourselves comparatively comfortable, though it was not quite up to the Wanderer.

I put my rod together and tried the brook in front of the camp, but caught only a very few small rainbow trout. Signs of deer and bear were plenty, and every bit of sand was tracked up by them. We slept by "fits and starts" that night, accompanied by the occasional yelp of a coyote or prolonged howl of a big wolf. At daylight I made my breakfast of a piece of lemon and a cracker. Then I cooked a couple of little trout and a bit of bacon on a stick to take along as a lunch, but thought better of it and ate it up at once. Away we go on the last stretch. The trail improves, the sun breaks through the sullen clouds and our spirits rise in proportion. One of our party left Sand Point with a bad cold and fully expected the rough treatment he received would bring him to an early grave, but to his great astonishment he found himself that morning completely cured, in fact none of us felt a bit the worse for our rough experience on that trip.

Toward noon our eyes were gladdened as we were riding through the dark forest by a glimpse of the silver sheen of the lake through the big trees. "Kunusku at last! Hurrah for Esoc Quet!" we shout, and as we ride out on the beach we see the welcome sight of white tents glistening three miles up the lake. In a short time we were at our camp, which was beautifully laid out on a white sand beach, 50ft. back from the water's edge. Half a dozen enormous pines shaded the tents and close behind them was the dense forest. At one end the Indians had their lodge and kitchen and at the other we had a very comfortable dining room built of cedar slabs and covered with a blue striped fly. A secure log house, just back of our tents, held the stores, and these with a bark kitchen for the cook completed the camp at Esoc Quet. This is the Siwash name of the locality and the meaning is the "Perfume of the Pines." The people in northwestern Idaho never use the word Indian, it is always Siwash. Fortunately our cook, Kiffy, and waiter Julius, soon followed us, and presently the appetizing smell of broiled venison penetrates our camp and we are gladdened by the "first square meal" since our departure from Sand Point. Our pack train did not arrive until the following afternoon. Such looking guns and such damp clothing. It took all the next day to get things into shape. The hot sun dried out the cartridges and blankets and a liberal use of "elbow grease" and Ferguson's rust preventer got the firearms into decent shape again.

Dr. Merriam was the first to try the deer. We left camp early in the morning with one of the Indians, crossed the lake, hunted over the hills on the opposite shore, near the mouth of Vermillion or Priest River, and returned that evening with the magnificent head of a black-tailed buck. He had a very laborious hunt and did not sight the deer until late in the afternoon; after following him some time, without being able to get near, he took a long shot at the game as it stopped to look back from a high ridge. By good shooting and good luck combined the first shot struck the huge deer between the eyes. The distance afterward paced was about 250yds. It was impossible to get the meat home that night, so they left a hat hanging over it to keep off the wolves and returned with the head and liver. The liver, when cooked with bacon, was equal to the finest calf's liver. As the doctor related his experience that evening by the campfire, while its light played fantastically on the branches of the tall pines that towered toward the bright stars overhead, we all felt fired with enthusiasm and wanted to kill a deer immediately. But before planning another hunt it was necessary to get the venison into camp. By daybreak three Indians, with two boats, started from the slumbering camp, and I volunteered to go with them. The air was sharp and cold as we pulled across the lake in our canvas boats, but it was warm enough when we began to climb the hills. We went along slowly and carefully, for the Indians said we might see a deer. The branches were dry and brittle and it required great caution to prevent making any noise. I imitated the Siwashes in the matter of dress, and left my coat and vest in the boat. On my feet I wore Indian moccasins, for heavy shoes are too noisy and slippery. Even our hats were in the way, and we soon stuck them under our belts. My Indian and I were some distance from the others when we heard four shots in quick succession. My Siwash whispered, "Him shoot deer." We saw plenty of fresh signs, and on meeting the other two men on the crest of the hill, learned that the chief had missed a deer at short range, though they believed it was slightly wounded by the last shot.

We soon found the big buck killed the day before; the Indians skilfully quartered him and adjusted their heavy loads with thongs cut from the hide. It was a hard pull up the steep hill (I could barely climb it with only my rifle), and they had to rest frequently before reaching the top. Then

we had a couple of miles to descend to the lake. Reaching the shore and leaving their heavy loads, the Siwashes took up the trail of the deer they had started in the morning; they followed the faint trail with great skill, much like setters following a bevy of quail and with the rapidity and stealthiness of a cat. After going perhaps a mile, I was startled by seeing a big blacktail deer jump up from the tall ferns and start off on a smart trot directly away. I threw up the Winchester and blazed away. On it went, turning into some thick bushes. I fired again, much as I would at a bird, aiming about a foot in front, and was gladdened by hearing the big beast go down with a crash. With a yell of triumph we dashed after it and my big hunting knife was plunged to the hilt in its throat; and I had killed my first blacktail.

While two of the Indians skin and break up the deer, the chief and I make a fire, and he lights a cigarette. My pipe and tobacco are in my coat pocket in the boat and I long for a smoke, so I make signs to indicate that I would like a cigarette also. The big chief nods his head and grunts, which I take to mean all right, and proceeds to roll one in the most approved manner. I am rather taken aback though, when, with what he considered a great compliment, he puts it in his mouth and lights it before handing it to me. I accept with the best grace possible, and, while I enjoy the smoke, make up my mind not to ask a Siwash again for a cigarette.

It was a wild and picturesque scene; the great dark forest with its big trees, the wild, bareheaded Indians, with sleeves rolled up and long hunting knives, cutting up the deer, while the big six-foot chief, with his long black braids hanging down each side of his face, squatted complacently before the fire enjoying his smoke. There was no doubt but that I was in the West. It was late in he afternoon before we reached camp, where I received the congratulations of the party; and a good supply of fine venison was assured for some days to come.

It is impossible in a short article to describe all the incidents or give all the particulars of our three weeks' stay on this beautiful lake. I can only state in a general way that we had superb weather and an abundance of trout and venison, varied occasionally by a few ruffed and spruce grouse. We had venison three times and trout twice a day while in camp. Some sportsmen think that the blacktail are not as good eating as the whitetail deer, but we could not find much difference. I want nothing better than roast saddle of blacktail deer and currant jelley.

The Indians, of whom we had five, belonging to the Kalespell tribe, were splendid hunters though indifferent shots, and we found them in every way trustworthy, truthful and reliable. Personally I prefer them to the majority of white professional hunters. They never lied about a miss nor indulged in profanity, and never spoke unless we asked them a question. I found them perfectly honest, which is more than we could say of some of the white gold hunters who hung about our camp. I was surprised to find the Indians so clean. They used soap and water freely, and brag about their superiority in that respect to the white man. The sweat-house is quite an institution with them, and they indulge very freely in this wild substitute of the Russian bath.

The only trouble we had on the whole trip was with one of our white guides, who got drunk one night, broke into our storehouse and opened fire on us with his Winchester. The Siwashes took to the woods and did not appear until the next morning. They dislike to get into a row with the whites or "Boston men" as they call them, for no matter how little they are to blame, they have to shoulder it all.

We were disappointed in one particular, we expected to find this region unvisited by white men, but the report had got abroad that there was gold in the land, and we found the country already overrun with prospectors. As these men live on the game, to say nothing of the blasting going on with giant powder, naturally the big game had left the lake shore and gone back into the mountains, making the hunting exceedingly difficult and packing the venison into camp a very serious matter. Only one of our party succeeded in killing a caribou, a fine fat cow with the horns still in the velvet. Our score for the trip was 23 blacktail and two whitetail deer and 1 caribou, besides grouse of three varieties, hares, ducks, beaver, coyotes and trout. We did not waste any game or fish; every bit killed was eaten or given away.

They call the spruce grouse fool-hens, and right well do they deserve the name, for their stupid tameness is beyond belief. The sharptail grouse, which they call prairie chickens, are said to be common near the beaver meadows, but we did not happen to see them. Of the famous Dolly Varden trout, which somewhat resembles our lake trout, we took very few, as they were spawning. The largest killed weighed 9lb. We tried them with all sorts of lures, but the mottled pearl bait seemed decidedly the favorite. The black spotted trout before described would take anything; spoons, phantom and fairy minnows, grasshoppers, venison and artificial flies, nothing came amiss. I was surprised to find these fish so very shy. The water of the lake was as clear as crystal, and one could see the big fellows cruising around in schools, but at the slightest movement of the boat, or motion of the rod, they were off like a flash. As they had never been fished for, I attribute their shyness to the fish-hawk (ospreys), which were daily seen fishing in the lake. They would drop into the water like a stone, often reappearing with a big trout struggling in their talons. Toward evening, just at sundown, superb sport could be had with the trout, when they came to the shallows to feed. I would let my boat drift along shore, and, when they rose within casting distance, dropped my flies over them, and rarely failed to hook one. When fast they seemed crazy with fright and rage. As the water was too shallow for them to dive or sulk, they would tear off with the line like a race horse, making it hiss as it cut through the water, while the reel buzzed like a rattlesnake. Several times I had trout that only weighed a couple of pounds (on the scale, not estimated) run off my line until I could see the spool, and I carried 40yds. on the reel. The rod I used on this trip was an eight-section bamboo, weighing 5oz., and about 9ft. 3in. long. So the angler can imagine the sport I had. I have killed hundreds of black bass and thousands of speckled trout on a fly-rod, but I never had fish to fight so hard or so long as these young salmon did. I suppose they could hardly be called grilse.

We found the following the best flies, and the list is a good one for any locality where the black spotted trout are found, viz.: General-Hooker, brown-hen, yellow-May, ginger-palmer, jungle-cock, jungle-Abbey, jungle-Montreal, jungle-ibis, jungle-professor, royal-coachman, great-dun, dusty-miller, beauty, grizzly-king and black-gnat. Hooks, 6 to 8 Sproat, excepting in the small streams where a No. 10 is better. The fluttering fly, properly manipulated on the still surface of the lake, I found to be very deadly, and those that used it had a big advantage. Sometimes, in the lake, these fish would rise to a bright-colored salmon fly.

These trout had the peculiar habit of almost always taking the upper or hand fly, and if they missed it once or twice, would get very much excited and jumping clean out of water, take the fly as they went down head first. The reader can imagine what a beautiful picture this made to the angler's eye, as they showed their bright colors and glistening sides for a moment in the air. During an evening's fishing, it was indeed rare to kill a fish under 1½lbs. and the chances were that many of them would turn the scales at 2lbs. and over.

A species of chub called the squaw fish was frequently caught on both fly and spoon; very good eating, though rather bony, and averaging about 2lbs. in weight.

We noticed the usual variety of wildfowl on the lake, but not in any great quantity. I saw no swans, and only one sandhill crane. The magpie, Idaho jay and raven were new birds to me. The pine squirrel, resembling in size and color our red squirrel, but much darker and with a tail almost black, was very common and rather a nuisance about the camp. They would climb the great pines and throw down the big solid cones by the dozen. These cones were full of nuts and weighed about a quarter of a pound each. It would have been no joke to be hit by one coming from that height. Bears we sometimes started, but owing to the dense underbrush we could not get a shot at them. Wolves, though quite common and often heard at night, are rarely seen.

Our head guide was quite a character, a New York gentleman by birth and education, who, after a romantic career, married a Kalespell squaw and settled down in Washington Territory, where he has a fine ranch and plenty of hunting.

Our return to Sand Point was better arranged than our trip out had been. We kept three or four pack horses and the cook right with us, so that at night we had our tents pitched and a comfortable time generally; besides, we were in much better trim and enjoyed roughing it.

At Sand Point we found large delegations from the Kalespell and Kootenai Indians, the latter a rich tribe from British Columbia. They were purchasing their winter supplies of flour, sugar, coffee, etc. They were a fine-looking lot of Indians, with long, black hair hanging in braids, gay-colored blankets and beeds, and faces colored with vermillion, and made a lasting impression on us "Boston men." It is to be regretted that Uncle Sam does not make it more difficult for them to obtain firewater. Their great weakness, however, is gambling. They spend days at their favorite game of "chelalak," not even stopping to sleep, and make night hideous with their monotonous tapping and howls. They stake anything and everything, even the clothing on their backs. I saw one buck in the street at Sand Point who had nothing on but an old black frock coat; a comical and startling object he was.

We tried the trout once more with good success in beautiful Pend d'Oreille, and then bade farewell to our wild tent life, reluctantly put away the comfortable garments of the woods, and returned to the stiff "boiled shirts" and hideous clothing of civilization.

W. HOLBERTON.

Natural History.

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THE MANATEES.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M.D., C.M.Z.S., U. S. ARMY.

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HAVING dealt with the Armadilloes in my last contribution, they being the representatives, as we remember, of the Suborder Loricata of the Order Edentata, we now arrive in this Provisional List of the Mammals, as authoritatively arranged by the U. S. National Museum, at another very distinct order of animals, known to zoölogists as the

ORDER STRENIA. SEA-COWS.

Family TRICHECHIDÆ. *The Manatees.*

Trichechus manatus, Linné. South American Manatee.
Trichechus latirostris (Harlan), True. Florida Manatee.

My personal knowledge of the Manatees is principally based upon having carefully studied the skeletons and other material afforded by the Museums, and having seen a live one once on the west coast of Florida, and another, some twenty-seven or eight years ago, about half a mile up the Coatzacoalcos River on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, southern Mexico. This last one I saw from the deck of a steamer, and I remember very well that it was in shallow water, and that it had drawn itself partly out on the muddy ooze of the bank, so that its form was very fairly exposed to my view.

Nevertheless I am quite familiar with this Order of mammals, and it will be my aim in the present article to review some of the more important parts of the history of them so far as it is at present known to naturalists.

Geology goes to show that the early Pliocene and Miocene seas of Europe swarmed with several species of animals, which zoölogists have good reason to believe were the latter extinct ancestors of existing Sirenians (*Halitherium*). But the intermediate forms which connected our living types, such as the Manatee, with the ancient ones, to which I refer, have not as yet been discovered. Zoölogists have also held, and I think it is very probable too, that the Manatees and their kind are in some way related links, remotely affined to the Cetaceans on the one hand, and the Ungulata on the other; but even of this kinship the evidence is as yet not satisfactorily demonstrated. Various other extinct sirenian species have received different names at the hands of paleontologists, but it is not our object to further pursue this part of the subject here; one form, however, recently exterminated, fully deserves a word of passing notice, and I have reference of course to the Northern Sea-cow (*Rhytina stelleri*). Of it, Professor Flower has said, "Only one species of this genus is known, *R. stelleri*, the Northern Sea-cow, by far the largest animal of the order, attaining the length of 20 to 25ft. It was formerly an inhabitant of the shores of two small islands in the north Pacific, Behring's and the adjacent Copper Island, on the former of which it was discovered by the ill-fated navigator whose name the island bears, when, with his accomplished companion, the German naturalist Steller, he was wrecked upon it in 1741. Twenty-seven years afterward (1768), as is commonly supposed, the last of the race was killed, and its very existence would have been unknown to science but for the interesting account of its anatomy and habits left by Steller, and the few more or less perfect skeletons which have recently rewarded the researches carried on in the frozen soil of the islands around which it dwelt. There is no evidence at present of its having inhabited any other coasts than those of the islands just named, though it can hardly be supposed that its range was always so restricted. When first discovered it was extremely numerous in the shallow bays round Behring's Island, finding abundant nutriment in the large laminariæ growing in the sea. Its extirpation is entirely due to the Russian hunters and traders who followed upon the tract of the explorers, and who, upon Steller's suggestion, lived upon the flesh of the great Sea-cows. Its restricted distribution, large size, inactive habits, fearlessness of man, and even its affectionate disposition toward its own kind when wounded or in distress, all contributed to accelerate its final extinction."

Professor Nordenskjöld has claimed and in the writer's opinion upon too insufficient evidence, that living specimens of this sirenian were known to exist in the locality above referred to as late as the year 1854. This matter has been more carefully examined into by Dr. Stejneger, who it would seem has very successfully refuted this erroneous notion.

We now pass to the existing types of these interesting animals, and find that there are but two genera of them, viz.: *Halicore* and *Manatus*, the first contains the famous Dugongs, sirenians very distinct in their structure from our Manatees, but as they are denizens of "the shallow bays and creeks of the Red Sea, east coast of Africa, Ceylon, islands of the bay of Bengal and the Indo-Malayan Archipelago, ranging from Barrow Reefs on the west to Moreton Bay on the east," they cannot properly claim our time and space here, as interesting as they are in many particulars. Even our own Manatee has a closely related African cousin (*M. senegalensis*), and of which form I have given a view of the skull in the present paper (A), as I had not one of the American ones at my hand.

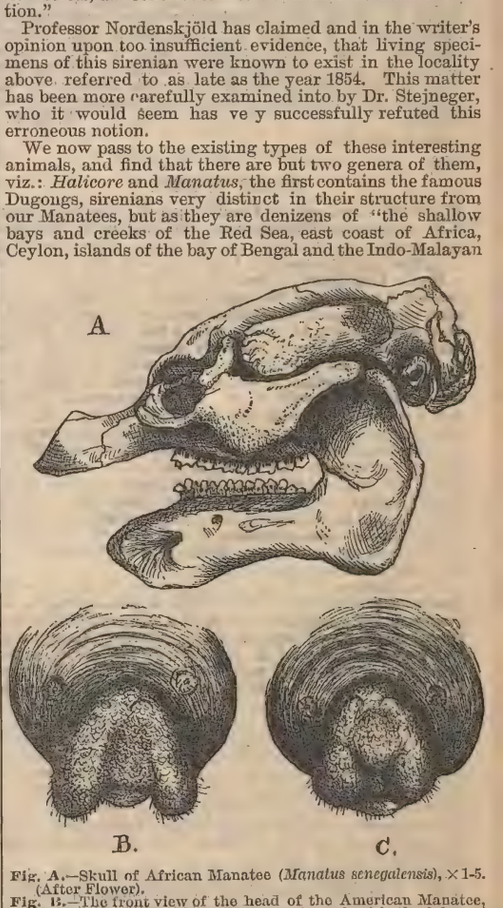


Fig. A.—Skull of African Manatee (*Manatus senegalensis*), ×1-5. (After Flower).
Fig. B.—The front view of the head of the American Manatee, showing the eyes, nostrils and mouth, and with the lobes of the upper lip divaricated.
Fig. C.—The same, with the lip contracted. (After Flower, from Murie.) These figures all copied by the present writer.

As will be seen by the classification in my leading paragraph above, there are two species of American Manatees, but only one of these belong to our United States fauna, the Florida Manatee, a form that so far as this country is concerned, is now confined to the coasts of the peninsula from which it takes its name. Owing to the fact that most of the specimens of Manatees that have reached Europe are the South American animals, and further, as it was very natural that they should figure that form in the "Transactions," this will account for my presenting here a group of those animals in lieu of our own species; however, when reduced to this small size they would be hardly distinguishable in the drawing which illustrates the present paper.

Manatees are enabled to use the paddles formed by their forearms with considerable facility, and this is undoubtedly the way in which they originally came by their name, it being derived from the Latin word for hand. *Manatus*, moreover, is the technical name applied by some zoölogists to the genus that has been created to contain them. According to True, Mr. W. A. Conklin, director of the Central Park menagerie, in New York city, gives the following dimensions of a specimen kept alive in that establishment in 1873, these being the only reliable measurements of a Florida Manatee, under its proper name, on record: "Length, 6 ft. 9½ in.; circumference around the body, 4 ft. 9 in.; length of flipper, 1 ft.; width of same, 4½ in.; width of tail joining body, 1 ft. 6¾ in.; greatest width of tail, 1 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 450 lbs." It is very likely, however, that the animal may attain to a length of at least 8 or 9 ft., as trustworthy authorities so state, in which case they would come to weigh something between five and six hundred pounds.

My figures so thoroughly portray the general form of the Manatee, that it hardly seems necessary to enter upon any very extended description in this place; we are to especially note, however, the fish-like form of the body, terminating behind in the broad, somewhat rounded and horizontal tail; the constricted neck connecting this body with a rather small, oblong head; the complete absence of hind limbs, with the fingerless paddlelike forelimbs, the latter tipped on either side with three small nails; the total absence of all fins; the wonderful minute eyes and ears, the latter being without any external pinna; the great tumid upper lips overarching rather a large mouth, the former having a sparse growth of stiff bristles growing upon them; the wrinkled skin, which is of rather a deep gray color, and having a few scattered hairs growing over it in some specimens, more especially in the younger individuals. But of all the external characters of a Manatee none are so noteworthy as the fleshy pads, one on either side, that go to form the extraordinary upper lip.



GROUP OF SOUTH AMERICAN MANATEES.

Adapted from a drawing by Henry W. Elliott from the "Transactions of the Zoölogical Society of London," by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. Army.

Professor Garrod in alluding to these says of them that, "These pads have the power of transversely approaching towards and receding from one another simultaneously (see figs. B & C). When the animal is on the point of seizing (say) a leaf of lettuce, the pads are diverged transversely in such a way as to make a median gap of considerable breadth. Directly the leaf is within the grasp the lip-pads are approximated, the leaf is firmly seized between their contiguous bristly surfaces, and then drawn inward by a backward movement of the lower margin of the lip as a whole."

It is said that Manatees have the power of carrying their young about within the grasp of their forelimb or limbs, and that their appearance at these times has given rise to the fabulous mermaid of nursery tale renown, but so far as the writer is concerned, if these mythical maids of the sea, which so often filled my dream-head in boyish days, or my fanciful reveries of perhaps riper years, bore any resemblance to the beauty that sits up on the tip of her tail in the group herewith presented, I beg to be excused an introduction, and, well, perish the thought in a mind thus so rudely disappointed, I fain would remark, "Not for Joseph." Certain it is, however, that these animals can make considerable use of these paddles of theirs, for with them they assist in tucking their food into their mouths, and in moving about on the bottom of the river or lagoon where they may be feeding, they use them in conjunction with the tail, in assisting their locomotory acts.

Manatees avoid getting into the open see, but habitually resort to the shallower waters of rivers, bays and lagoons, where they move sluggishly about on the bottom, browsing much in the same way that the terrestrial herbivora do upon land, their food consisting exclusively of the aquatic plants which so abundantly grow in such situations. In quiet weather, they sometimes seem to enjoy getting into deeper water, where by the assistance of their lungs, they are permitted to float at the surface, which they do arching their body in a peculiar manner. Indeed, their lungs seem to act very much in the same manner as the swim-bladder of fishes is known to operate, and while Manatees are feeding they may be seen to rise every few minutes to the surface to breathe, but instances of their getting completely out on the land remain yet to be proven, and when placed there, their acts are in the extreme most awkward. So far as their senses are concerned, these creatures have fair eyesight, acute powers of hearing, and the other powers probably well developed. They are not known to be possessed of the ability of emitting any voice-sound. They seem to bear captivity well, and living specimens have been studied with great interest and advantage at the Zoölogical Gardens of London, where they have been successively kept. In behavior, they always seem to be gentle and inoffensive, exhibiting on all occasions great concern and affection for their young. Indeed, man has proven to be their greatest enemy, and they are forever pursued and captured for their flesh and skin and the oil which they yield. Thus it is that Manatees are on the road to extinction, which, everything considered, in time is sure to come about. The methods of capturing the Manatee are many; (1) they may be shot as they rise to the surface to breathe, an operation that requires great skill and quickness; (2) they are taken in some localities by means of an ingenious kind of net; (3) finally, they are captured by the various modes of spearing and the use of the harpoon.

So far as the breeding habits of the Manatee is concerned, but little or nothing is known; the best authorities have it that the period of gestation lasts eleven months, and the young follow their mother about for six months or perhaps longer. It is a well known fact, of course, that the dam suckles her young at her breasts, there being two mammæ, which are post-axillary in position.

In concluding, it gives me pleasure to state that in my account of this animal, I have been much assisted through my perusal of True's history of it in that admirable work, recently published by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, entitled "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States." Mr. True in closing his article in that work, says, "In the Manatee, then, we have an animal of great size, of gentle disposition and apparently of rapid growth, which lives in places readily accessible to man, and is easily captured, and which furnishes meat which is not inferior, oil which is remarkably fine, and leather which possesses great toughness. From these considerations it would seem evident that, with the proper protection, it would furnish no small revenue to the people in those portions of our country which it inhabits, for centuries to come." (p. 128).

Finally, to those interested in the progress of science in Florida, I should say that we have not as yet by any means a complete history of this animal, and accurate reports upon the following subjects are very much to be desired: (1), an accurate observation giving all the circumstances of a Manatee voluntarily coming ashore to feed or for any other purpose; (2), the manner of coition, the period of gestation, the mode of delivery, the number of calves at a birth, how the latter are suckled, their size and appearance, and how long they remain with their dam, and a great deal of their structure and anatomy, are all subjects almost unknown to us.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association gathered together its members for the first time this autumn on Tuesday, Oct. 11, and by general consent the meeting was pronounced a decided success. Fifty members and their friends, among whom was Mr. A. G. Faye, Jr., editor of the new Boston sporting journal, *Judge and Jury*, as a special guest of the association, sat at the tables of the Tremont House. It being the first meeting since June there was very little business to be transacted; the only new members were H. M. Daggett, Jr., and W. M. Bunting, and the major portion of the evening was given up to social chat. President Samuels first called upon Mr. Walter M. Brackett, who gave an account of salmon fishing in Canada, and following him Mr. Samuels gave some very entertaining and amusing reports of his own experiences in Cape Breton, where he had spent the summer months. Mr. Faye gave a very practical talk upon methods for furthering proper protection of game, and suggested that the association should extend its correspondence and make affiliation with all sporting clubs in the State, both for the good of all and for its own interests, especially in forwarding the good work.—Hub.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

AN OCTOBER BAG.

ON the afternoon of October 31, 1883, I started up into the country for a fortnight's shooting, and reached my destination, the residence of my cousin Jim, an ardent sportsman, just in time for supper. We discussed the game prospects, which were finally decided to be quite favorable, taking into consideration the comparatively short distance from the city to the ground over which we were to shoot. We then loaded shells until bedtime. On awakening in the morning I heard the clear *ha-onk, ha-onk* of wild geese on their way to a small lake a few miles away. Was down and out in short order, although in the east were only seen the first faint tinges of dawn, and the moon had just gone down behind the western trees. I let loose the setters, Dash and Tillie, and we three took a short walk down the road, and upon returning found the household aroused. A pair of beagles were to be brought along in the rear, in charge of a boy, to be used on rabbits.

After breakfast we started, Jim H., Tom J. and the writer, and came to a big brown buckwheat stubble, bounded on two sides by bog meadows, thickly grown with rank weeds—a favorite roosting place; on another by a dense thicket, and on the remaining side principally by three sportsmen, two breechloaders, a muzzleloader and two English setters, with the boy, Kaiser, and the beagles in reserve. The dogs were waved on, quartered the field over, and in the corner toward the bogs Dash suddenly caught on and pointed handsomely, Tillie backing. We stood still contemplating the scene for some few moments, it being the first point of the season, and I noticed that my hands were trembling with buck fever in a mild form. We moved up, Tillie leading the way until even with Dash, who jealously took a couple of quick steps in, when with a rush up whirred a good-sized bevy of full-grown birds, fifteen or eighteen in all, and notwithstanding the care we had taken to keep between them and the thicket before mentioned, six or seven rose over our heads and made for it, the majority of the bevy, however, going into the bogs. Jim and I paid our respects to those going for the brush, Jim getting a double, while my bird, struck in the brain, started for a hole in the clouds about five miles up, when I got in the left and he stopped. Tom had added the two reports of his Scotch muzzleloader to the general hubbub, blanking with both and was wondering how it happened. In justice to Master Tom, I must say it was his first and up to the present time last attempt at wing shooting, and I afterward learned that he disposed of his gun and accoutrements the following week at a raffle.

After the dogs retrieved we started into the bogs, and then the battery opened, and in a short time we added eight more quail to our bag, three birds getting back to the thicket. We started in, but got only one more bird out of that bevy, the brush being too heavy. Further on we started a cottontail in some briers along the edge of a large swamp, so, calling in the boy who took charge of the setters, the beagles were put on the track (being with us on Tom's account), and Tom was stationed on a bridge into the stonework of which the rabbits were accustomed to run. We were now in a position to salute "Brer Rabbit" upon sight without grace. The hounds' merry music was awakening the echoes, Jim occasionally catching a glimps of the dogs as they pushed the rabbit along the swamp's edge.

Suddenly he called out to me that he had seen the beagles flush a woodcock, so leaving Tom to guard the bridge we started in. Jim had marked him down in a long, narrow and very dense thicket; so, without dogs, Jim walked along one side and I along the other, expecting the bird to get out wild, which he did. I heard the flap of his wings, called Mark, and as he topped the brush about 25 or 30yds. ahead pulled, and was very much surprised at the cloud of feathers which drifted away at the loud report of my gun, the shell being loaded with wood powder. "I've got him," I called out; "So have I," came the answer. We had both got him, and as Jim remarked after we picked him up and inspected him, "it saved one the bother of picking." He certainly did look rather bald. Just then a shot from Tom announced that he had seen bunny, and a prolonged shout that he had stopped him. The beagles came up and were taken care of by Kaiser, who turned the setters over to us again.

We went along for some time through a swampy piece of woods, with thick underbrush in places; the dogs were ranging rather more freely than the nature of the cover warranted, when, through an opening I saw Tillie stop and draw off to one side as though she had winded something. I hurried up, but out from a big pin oak some 30yds. away, boomed an old cock partridge which I reached for with the left barrel; got a number of feathers as a memento and Jim's sarcastic comment, "That it was all right to pick them but not to do it for some one else's benefit," (and some rabbit hunters found the bird dead in a field just outside the edge of the woods.) I have worried about that bird ever since, and generally look up very closely any birds which leave feathers behind. We put up and knocked down six woodcock in a big patch of alders further on, and by the look of the droppings and borings there had been a great many more there only a short time previous. We now crossed over into a large brush lot, where we expected to find some more quail. I presently walked right into them, killed the old cock, which rose high, the rest going off low through the brush. On looking around, I saw Tillie at a charge; she had doubtless been pointing when I stumbled upon the bevy. It was almost impossible to shoot the birds in that place, our object was to drive them out. At my call of Mark! Jim had jumped upon a stump and saw the birds leave the lot, some alighting in a field of high weeds while the rest kept on to a bog meadow. We crashed along through the brush in their direction, and a woodcock got up some distance ahead of Jim; I caught a sight of him but too far away. He went in much the same direction as the quail, a little off to one side in a clump of white birches.

As we came out into the weed field we saw the quail which had lit in the weeds and run together, rise and go on to the dogs, so that we now had the whole bevy in them. Jim now declared his intention of having that woodcock, which was an unusually large one. I kept on for the bogs, on the edge of which Dash pointed, the bird rose, and at the report, slanted down into the bog grass, wing-tipped, and although we tried for some time to work him up, failed to find. Finally gave it up disgusted, as it is a great shame to wing or wound a bird severely and have him get away and become food for vermin. Just then I heard "snap, bang, bang, bang;" and glancing quickly around at Jim's cry of "Mark," I saw the woodcock crossing behind me at 30 or 40yds. distance, and as Jim said afterward, and it seemed to me at the time, "he looked as big as a hen." But he shrank considerably before he came to bag, which was not to my gun, for, as Mr. Peggotty says, "I'll be corned" if I didn't pull both barrels and never moved him; that capped the climax. I told Jim about where I had marked him down and he went on alone. I sat down meanwhile to get into a better state of mind, as it always made me angry to miss such an open shot. I thought the matter over; it must must have been the fault of the shells, which, from knocking around in my pocket, had lost the shot. I finally decided it must be so and began to feel better. Tom now came up and we sat on a stone fence waiting for Jim to come, when we all intended to get square on the quail in the bogs. Tom now told me that he had flushed the woodcock and had a beautiful shot, but his first barrel missed fire, and he had a very easy shot at a rabbit which jumped out in the bush lot, but had another misfire, and for the balance of the day he had misfire after misfire with that right barrel, although he picked the nipple clear, and re-primed it with fresh powder, and snapped his cap regularly at every opportunity.

Jim got a point on the woodcock which had gone back to the brush lot; the bird jumped up, got tangled in the heavy brush, and Jim cut the top of his head off with a snap. He had now joined us, and we were just about to charge into the bogs, when I heard the sharp yelping of the beagles out in the meadow, and out came the whole bevy (which we had marked in and which had run together) like sparks from an anvil; Jim killed an incomer, I got a long left quarterer, and the game was up. We found that Kaiser, not having heard anything of us, had for his own amusement let the beagles loose, in consequence of which we lost that bevy, as they were scattered to the four corners of the earth.

We had engaged to be back by three o'clock, so started, coupling the setters and letting the beagles run, and on the way home, over much the same ground, picked up a brace of partridges, a gray squirrel and a number of rabbits, which Mr. Kaiser had to carry as a "reward of merit." Reached home in time, and upon examining Tom's gun, found the right barrel to be empty. He had omitted to reload it, and had put a cap on, thinking it already loaded. This ended one of the most pleasant days I ever had. Every fall since, Jim and I have been afield together (Tom having renounced hunting as a delusion and a snare) and expect to have some good times the coming season. Jim and myself hope it is not too late to express jointly our sincere thanks for a kindness rendered us by your valuable paper. We wrote you some time ago in regard to a case of dog sickness, and your prescription effected a complete cure. RAGWORT.

IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.—IV.

MONDAY we took horses to pack our deer in, and had quite a time on account of the steep hill and fallen timber, getting down at last to the trail, where we left my buck with one horse until we should return with Charles's deer, which was on the same trail only a good deal further. On our way we met a party of prospectors, the first people we had seen in three weeks; they promised to visit our camp the next morning. Getting to Charles's deer, which was still larger, but lying in such an impassable wilderness we only took the hind parts, but as the antlers were so large and beautiful I packed out the head for preservation. We were a long way from camp, the trail, through miry meadows and marshy bottoms, was a dangerous one for our horses, and we felt very glad when we caught sight of our cheery camp-fire. The next day we rested, as we had been traveling or hunting since we started. Our prospectors paid us a visit; we told them the latest news we knew, and received directions and information of our further route. According to their description the country they were coming from must be a perfect hunters' paradise, deer, elk and moose abundant, and not hunted; so tame that they killed almost all their meat from their cabin door; no trapper ever visited there; on one stream they counted one hundred beaver dams, besides plenty of martins, foxes, fishers and wolves and other varmints. They were leaving the country for fear of being snowed in, and knowing the dangers they warned us that to enter it now would be a desperate, mad and daring adventure.

Commenting on our horses and outfit, they noticed a rather striking pack saddle, which I had shipped with the rest from the East, but which had ruined every horse's back; I offered to exchange it for one of theirs, and both sides felt satisfied with the bargain. I had my eye on a fine-looking dog in their outfit, and after a little persuasion, and a sociable smile, we secured Pedro for a small consideration.

Wednesday the 19th we were early in the saddle, going five miles above where we had built the bridge to follow the elk. Picketing our horses in a suitable spot, we hunted faithfully but in vain for elk or bear. A singular incident happened to me that day. Hunting back in the afternoon toward our horses I jumped a buck with large, tempting antlers, giving me a fair but running shot. At the crack of the rifle the buck dropped. Pedro, our lately acquired dog, was with me, and at my command went bounding to the deer, which got up again, and with Pedro in close pursuit, soon out of sight. I expected the powerful dog would soon catch the wounded deer, but Charles, attracted by my shot, told me that Pedro was running far down the river. We looked for blood, but not a single drop could we detect, neither where he fell nor in his tracks. I must have creased, or, the bullet striking his antlers, knocked him down, paralyzing him for an instant. Getting back to the horses we made for camp, Charles going ahead, while I helped Bill take up his traps, he had caught some foxes but no beaver; a trapper who shortly preceded us had cleaned them out.

Thursday we packed and struck for Deadwood. Made it next day by noon in a drizzling rain. This fitly named town consisted of half a dozen deserted log shanties, which we took possession of; putting our camp duffle in one, cooking in another, and sleeping in a third.

Half a mile down we found an old pioneer, who kept a few supplies; he owned a placer claim, but being without sufficient water had some men engaged digging a ditch, leading Deer Creek with its plentiful watershed to his claim. He told us the town sprung up in 1867 and had quite a boom, the population increasing to 150 men, but all had deserted when the next excitement was boomed.

We moved our camp next day down to the Payette River, where we were told of beaver, but they were trapped out, or had become too wise for us. Billy noticed considerable sign up the river, and concluded to leave us for a few days, to find out. Giving him a few cooking utensils and grub, and telling him that we would keep on the trail to Garden Valley, he started up the river, while we went in the opposite direction, and camped at night at the foot of the divide. In the morning our horses had a hard time to get down; the descent was so rough and steep that the packs kept slipping forward. At last we got down to Onion Valley and camped.

After setting our tent and a cold lunch, we took a stroll through the small valley, and found camped not far below us an old packer, with his mule team. He was taking his midday meal, and being invited to join him we took a cup of coffee, hot bread, and fresh butter, a luxury we had no tasted since our start.

In the morning Charles and I went in different directions, but did not see any game, though plenty of sign that indicated bears been feasting on the wild ripe rosebuds. That night at supper time Billy made his appearance, he had again been disappointed and hurried on after us.

Thursday we pulled out early and had to cross Lightning ridge, the meanest trail we had traveled, sometimes up large smooth and slippery rock, actually pushing the horses which could get no footing, or through narrowly hewn paths, where they had to perform goat acts of jumping, climbing and sliding. It was specially rough on the pack horses, but at last we overcame the worst and came to some springs, but not finding feed for horses here we pushed on to the foot of the Garden Valley amid a lively snow flurry, thanking Providence it did not snow in the morning, for this would have made it impossible to cross the divide. We quickly set our tent on the creek near the river, and no sooner had it up with our things inside than the snow changed into pouring rain, which lasted all night.

In the morning the mountains around us were covered with a deep mantle of snow. Billy straightened things out in camp while we went out to reconnoiter. A mile below camp we found a well-kept and well-stocked ranch and in the owner (Mr. Pinney) a sociable and hospitable gentleman. Telling him from where we came and what we were after he advised us to stay; to turn our horses, which needed rest, in his pasture. In regards to game he spoke very favorably, but recommended us to see and get acquainted with D. Bunch, the "boss hunter of Idaho."

The next day Charles and I rode down through the beautiful and well settled Garden Valley to find this mighty hunter, stopping at the post office to mail some letters. Mr. Mills, the postmaster, who keeps a kind of road house and a store of all trades, sent his son along as guide to Bunch's, who lived at the lower end and a few miles up on the south fork of the Fayette. We met him on his way to the river, where he was hauling lumber for his new house. We soon imparted to him the nature of our visit; he was sorry not to be able to go along with us, having to finish his house, but willing to give us good advice and information. After a longer chat and a little more persuasion, his hunter's blood got up, and he promised that if we would come up to his place with our outfit he would manage to go three or four days with us. Highly pleased with our success, we thanked him, and promised to be on hand. It was dark when we returned to Pinney's ranch on the upper end of the valley. We left our horses in his pasture, and as our camp was on the other side of the river, we had to use a foot log, shinning it across, and feeling greatly relieved reaching again *terra firma*. In the morning we packed up and moved down the valley in a pouring rain. At the post office we met Bunch's oldest boy, Lee, and Alex. Carpentier, a neighboring chum; and, after purchasing a few needed supplies, they piloted us to the hunter's cabin. We did not set our tent, but slept in the cabin. It was well we did, for it rained great guns all night.

Next morning it cleared, and after breakfast we assorted our camp duffle, leaving all unnecessary truck, antlers, skins, etc., and in the afternoon started for Bunch's old hunting grounds, following the fork up until we came to a high, steep mountain, which we climbed, tacking down the other side, equally as steep, and camping at the base on Big Creek. Next morning we started out in pairs; Mr. Bunch and the scribe for the higher ridges in quest of elk or bear, Lee Bunch and Charles, while Alex. Carpentier took Billy in tow. We ran across several deer, but our object was larger game; we knew the boys would kill some venison in a better locality for packing out, and we soon heard them turn loose. Reaching the top of a high overlooking mountain, commanding a magnificent and extended view, we sat down to watch. Bunch soon saw a black bear on the next ridge, bending down the bushes, and feasting on the ripe berries. We sneaked down and got within 200yds. unnoticed by him, when both of us fired together. One of the bullets must have struck him; he turned to run for the next gulch, when Bunch stopped him again; he was the most nonplussed bear I ever saw; he changed his course and came straight for us; then discovering his mistake stopped, giving me a splendid shot. This bullet finished him; he fell and rolled near the creek. It was a large bear, with beautiful glossy fur, and very fat. Though we noticed plenty of fresh sign, we saw no more bears that day. Reaching camp by sundown we compared notes. Lee had killed a nice doe and wounded a buck. Charles had hung up a buck and a doe, Billy had killed a doe, but Felix had not run on anything.

In this splendid game locality we hunted for a week with various results, Lee succeeded in killing a large cinnamon bear; the rest of us brought in several deer, and a great many grouse. One day when Bunch, Felix and I were coming home from an unsuccessful drive, hunting along an extended sidling mountain, Bunch on the top kept rolling down large rocks and boulders, thorugh the intervening thickly grown gulches, Felix being at the base of the mountain, while I kept between the two, on the side. Bunch kept sending down perfect avalanches of rocks and logs, but nothing showed itself. We had come

together after exploring the last gulch and were blaming our luck, when Bunch suddenly exclaimed, "There goes a bear up the ridge." He was too far to shoot, so we watched him. Aroused by some of Bunch's missiles, he evidently felt very uneasy, sometimes getting into a clump of brush, but never remaining long, now he came near, or into Bunch's former tracks, which he feared to cross. We watched his capers with great interest, when at last Felix suggested to try to scare him with my rifle at long range. Turning my Lyman sight to the highest notch I lay down and blazed away. The first two shots went low, Bunch through the glass seeing them strike. Holding a little higher my fifth shot must have hit him, for he jumped very suddenly from a burnt log, and limped toward the nearest thicket. We did not go after him, it was getting dark and we were a long way from camp; besides we thought him only slightly wounded. But this proved different to my greatest surprise, when a week later, hunting grouse one morning on the ridge, where I had seen him disappear, the dog found him dead. When Bunch, Felix and I reached camp, we found that the other boys had returned from the Deadwood fork, where they had spent a few days after elk. They reported plenty of sign, but the warm spell had driven the game back to their mountain fastnesses. Mr. Bunch and Felix pulled out for home the next day.

Charles, Billy, Lee and myself, with some horses soon had the deer in camp, and the following day leaving tents and camp outfit, we started, loaded down with venison, for Bunch's house. Monday Lee and I went to Placerville, where he found a ready market for his venison, while I replenished our supplies.

The boys decided to build a good cabin and smokehouse at our last hunting grounds, to spend the rest of the winter in hunting and trapping in that vicinity. We all pitched in and helped carry lumber from the river to finish Bunch's house. Charles, Billy and I, loaded down with saws, axes, and other building tools, went back to the old camp, the boys to begin to build their cabin, and I to hunt and supply them with meat. I killed few deer but principally practiced on grouse, shooting their heads off with my rifle. One morning I went out early with my shotgun after a mess of grouse to take down to Bunch's next day, I went along the ridge, but became pretty near lost. My gamebag, a gunnysack tied knapsack fashion, well filled with grouse on my back, weighed me down considerably and darkness overtook me before I knew it. Trying a short cut across some ridges to the main ridge, which led to camp, I became puzzled, and as it was pitch dark, I was completely turned around. I fired my gun and listened for an answer, which came, I thought from the wrong direction. Climbing and groping my way up a steep hill, I shot again, when I heard a faint answer in a different direction. At last after several more shots, Billy came up to me relieving me of my load, and soon we saw the bright welcome campfire. I was hungry and pegged out. The boys had waited supper for me, which never tasted better in my life, and after a consoling pipe, I was soon comfortably hidden in my sleeping bag. F. B.

AN ARKANSAS OUTING.

HAVING just returned from a two weeks' trip in the wilds of Arkansas, I encroach upon your space, not to herald my wonderful exploits, but to present a few suggestions which may be of service to others in visiting that country in pursuit of game. That there is a variety and fair abundance of game in most sections of the State is beyond question. Deer and turkeys in sufficient numbers to make hunting them of pleasurable interest, can be found in every county of the State, and on Grand Prairie below Brinkley, prairie chickens are quite plenty. Quail are abundant everywhere outside of the heavy timber lands, indeed more so than any country I ever visited excepting California. Later in the season ducks and geese can be found in great numbers in all the bayous, sloughs and lakes, and those who like that sport can certainly be satisfied.

And here let me offer my first suggestion. If any are disposed to visit that country for the purpose of shooting, either in September or October, permit me to say to them in the imploring words of the refrain to an old song the Hutchinson family used to sing—"Don't go! don't go!" The first of November is early enough for several reasons—the weather is too warm before then for the comfort or pleasure of yourself or dog. If you get game it will soon spoil on your hands. In hunting quail you will find the ground so dry that your dog can not scent the birds, and, besides, your faithful friend will suffer almost intolerable thirst in an hour's run, and you will be forced to take him a mile or more to some spot where he can at least wallow in the mud mixed with a little water. My dog actually came up and barked in my face one day, which told me plainly, "I must have some water," and he had not been out an hour. Again, if you look for deer or turkey in the timber you will find the leaves on the underbrush and trees so thick that you can scarcely see fifty yards in most localities, and the moment your game starts it is lost to sight entirely. I am confident we started from seventy-five to one hundred turkeys and only succeeded in getting four, and I am sorry we got those, for they spoiled before we could get them to a depot to ship them home. Our quail and small game we took the precaution to have cooked, and thus enjoyed a share of it ourselves and divided with others who chanced to sit at our table.

But with all of these untoward circumstances my trip was a pleasant and profitable one. I left home almost sick, and though tramping from fifteen to twenty miles almost every day while there, I returned feeling like a new man; in fact I think the trip renewed my youth from five to ten years: so that it is not all of hunting to get big bags of game. I enjoyed beyond expression wandering amid those magnificent forests which shut me out entirely from the tread-mill drudgery called business, and I revelled in a moral, mental and physical atmosphere that dwellers in brick walls surrounded by paved streets know not of. It is strange to me that those who have the time and means at their command do not oftener take such life-giving trips.

We spent most of our time at and within six or eight miles of Wiener, Poinsett county, which perhaps is as good a point for all varieties of game as there is along the route of the St. L., A. & T. R. R. on which we traveled south from Cairo. On our return we met on the train Mr. J. B. Fordyce, who gave us much information in regard to the game localities in the State, and being a reliable gentleman and a true sportsman he would no doubt cheerfully aid any who are intending to visit the State in pursuit of game by imparting the knowledge he has gained by several years' experience in that country; in fact he said he would be glad to do so; his address is at Malden, Ark., or Gatesville, Texas; he spends most of his time between these two points along the line of the St. L., A. & T. R. R. From what I saw and heard I do not hesitate to say that this State is an excellent one for an outing when taken at the proper season. There are immense tracts of dense forest and thousands of acres of open prairie, scarcely disturbed by the settler, where game abounds in fair quantities and a party need not return with empty bags when visiting that section in the proper season. A.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 5.

SCHULTZE GUNPOWDER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The present waterproofed granulated Schultze gunpowder is the most perfect practical outcome of the endeavors to utilize the discovery of the effect of nitric acid upon cellulose (converting it into an explosive) for small arms.

It was early found that gun cottons, the cotton forms of these nitro-compounds, though giving such tempting results in total absence of smoke and solid residue, were far too violent and sudden in their combustion for use in ordinary firearms.

Attention was then turned to other forms of woody fibre, and the actual woody portions of trees were chosen as giving the most pliable compounds with nitric acid.

The first Schultze gunpowder (so called from the name of its introducer), after having given satisfactory results in the home of its invention, Germany, was offered to the English public about twenty years ago; it was rapidly appreciated by English shooters and a company was at once formed to manufacture it in England, which company continues at the present day as the oldest and most experienced of the makers of nitro-compounds and smokeless powders for small arms, having succeeded in overcoming difficulties and prejudices, and in making their manufacture a commercial success. Their latest form of Schultze gunpowder, which they wish now to bring before the shooting public of the States, has been generally acknowledged as the perfect nitro-compound for shotguns.

When first manufactured in England, nineteen years ago, the Schultze gunpowder was in the form of little particles or cubes of wood, cut transversely from the trunks of selected trees, and treated with the chemicals necessary to render them capable of burning with sufficient rapidity to act as a gunpowder. And in many respects this cube gunpowder was very satisfactory, the great drawbacks being the want of regular density in manufacture, and the special loading—hard ramming—required to develop good shooting results.

To overcome these difficulties, the granulated form was introduced ten years ago, and this, being of even grain, and regular density, requiring no ramming or special loading, giving as great facilities for loading as does black powder, marked a great advance on the cube form, and the granulated Schultze gained ground everywhere as a safe, reliable gunpowder.

It was, however, to a certain extent subject to the effect of atmospheric influences, damp weather weakening and dry weather strengthening it. These drawbacks were completely overcome about three years ago by adopting a process by which, at one stage of the manufacture, every separate fibre is waterproofed before being formed into grains, and the rapidly increasing demand for the waterproofed granulated Schultze gunpowder for trap and general shooting, and the perfect safety to users of it, warrant the manufacturers in calling their gunpowder perfectly safe, reliable, effective, smokeless and cleanly in use.

The company's factory is kept in a high state of efficiency, and the processes are carried out with the greatest care. In evidence it may be mentioned it is now ten years since the slightest accident occurred in the manufacture, an excellent record for a powder factory.

The shooting ranges, with the testing apparatus, are very complete, and no expense is spared on this head to adopt every known method of any value for arriving at the true force and behavior of the gunpowder made. In writing (*Field*, Nov. 10, 1886) on a visit to the factory, the editor of the London *Field* made these remarks: "These works contain the most perfect and complete set of instruments for carrying out experimental investigations connected with sporting guns that it has ever been our fortune to meet with."

The process of manufacture is briefly as follows: Soft timber of clean growth is selected, and after being torn to fragments is treated chemically until the whole of the resinous and soluble matters in the wood are extracted and the pure, finely divided cellulose remains. This is carefully dried and treated with the usual acids. A long course of purification then commences; it is washed with cold, warm and boiling water successively, continued for a month, until the nitro-compound is perfectly free from every trace of decomposable matter, so that it may pass the very stringent test for purity imposed by the English authorities on all explosives in the British Isles.

This test insures perfect safety in storage and handling, and is a guarantee that Schultze gunpowder is a pure stable compound; and that the authorities are satisfied with the way in which Schultze passes the tests is evidenced by their annual report, in which they state the whole of the samples of Schultze gunpowder tested passed the test for purity very satisfactorily.

The nitro-compound so formed is then ground to a minute state of division, and at that stage waterproofed. Chemicals to regulate the rapidity of combustion are then added and the whole mixture is formed into grains. These are subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure to regulate the exact density of the grains, and finally dried and sifted. But one quality, strength and size of grain is made, and this is known throughout the shooting world as Schultze gunpowder, granulated and waterproofed. When finished the powder undergoes exhaustive tests for its strength, bursting force, rapidity of ignition and combustion, etc., and if satisfactory, is passed to magazines, where it is kept three months. Again it is exhaustively tested, and if quite up to the mark, packed and issued. This second testing is adopted to make assurance doubly sure. It is made in very large batches, each one consisting of many thousands of pounds—a most important point in all gunpowder making to secure perfectly uniform results.

And now as to the properties of Schultze gunpowder. Those which the public requires in a nitro-compound are in the chief place (1) safety and (2) smokelessness: for, given these with (3) good strength, no one would be satisfied to use the black with its smoke and dirt. Among the minor points required are (4) cleanliness, (5) no action on gun barrel ("pitting"), (6) less gun recoil, (7) quick ignition, (8) perfect regularity. A word or two on each of these points.

1. Safety.—The measure of pressure on gun barrels is a point always carefully tested, and the total absence of accidents in England with Schultze gunpowder is the best proof the powder is rendered safe. Many elaborate experiments have been carried out to show actual bursting pressure on gun barrels; none of them perhaps give the exact figures in pounds pressure, but they give comparative results perfectly.

The method adopted principally at the company's factory is described in detail in the London *Field*, Nov. 20, 1886. This is too long for reproduction here, but the results show Schultze to give less pressure on the powder chamber than black gunpowder (taking No. 4 as the standard), measure by measure. But on this point an outside opinion would carry weight, and we are happy to find the gentlemen who form the Proof House Guardians of Birmingham and London have largely experimented in this direction, and have found Schultze gives less pressure charge by charge on the gun barrel than No. 4 black powder, and even Messrs. Curtis & Harvey admit, in a recently issued pamphlet describing experiments carried out by themselves, that Schultze gives less bursting pressure on the powder chamber than does their own No. 4 black gunpowder. In neither case were these experimentalists likely to be biassed in favor of Schultze gunpowder. The editor of the London *Field*, a veteran experimentalist, recording the result of his experiments in the issue of the *Field* of Feb. 14, 1885, reports the Schultze gunpowder to be safe, and to give less pressure than No. 4 black powder, even under varying conditions of temperature and dryness, even when dried to absolute dryness, and reporting upon the crusher system of taking pressures in the issue of Nov. 20, 1886, he says: "Black invariably shows a greater strain than Schultze at the first crusher gauge."

2. Smokelessness.—This the Schultze possesses to a marked degree, being of all gunpowders offered to the public the most smokeless.

3. Strength.—Schultze is always issued giving a trifle greater propelling force than double the weight of black gunpowder, or measure by measure with black No. 4. The strength is measured by various methods, but the crucial test adopted is the velocity given to the body of the charge of shot pellets; these are collected on a specially designed sectional target and the velocities of the pellets measured by electrical chronograph. The general acceptance by the shooting public of Schultze as the hardest hitting powder, especially where money is depending on the result, is the best proof that the manufacturers are not wrong when they claim for their Schultze gunpowder "greater penetration" than black.

4. Cleanliness.—In this also Schultze is in the van, the solid residue (amounting to 25 per cent. of the charge against that from black powder amounting to 65 per cent.) is white or nearly so, and condenses into dry particles which roll from the gun or are driven out by each discharge, and there is no greasy residue nor accumulation in the barrel nor hard incrustation.

5. Pitting in Barrel.—There is a total absence of this with Schultze. The residue is alkaline and dry and never corrodes the gun barrel. It is therefore not so necessary to clean a gun when using Schultze as when using black gunpowder. It is noticeable in guns in which Schultze is fired from the first and black gunpowder from the second barrel, after some months of usage, that the Schultze barrel is perfectly bright, though the black barrel may be and often is corroded.

6. Less Gun Recoil.—The manufacturers do not aim at making a powder which gives a very low gun recoil, knowing that is incompatible with good propelling force and safety in use, but as a matter of fact Schultze does give about 7lbs. less recoil in a 12-bore gun and 11lbs. less in a 10-bore gun, using corresponding charges, than black. This is principally owing to the fouling being so much less with Schultze than with black; the friction and dead weight of the solid residue is therefore much less with Schultze; for instance, 4drs. of Schultze in a 10-bore gun, the usual charge, will give a solid residue of 14grs., while the corresponding 4drs. of black will give a solid residue of 73grs., giving 59grs. more of residue to be moved in the case of black than in the case of Schultze; this is equal to an extra ½oz. shot. This explains the seeming paradox that Schultze with equal propelling force to black gives less recoil.

7. Quickness of Ignition.—There are two distinct operations performed when a gun is fired, the ignition of the charge of powder by the primer and its subsequent combustion when ignited; the quicker the combustion the greater the strain on the gun barrel, while the quicker the ignition the greater the comfort to the shooter. Schultze is therefore made to ignite readily and to burn comparatively slowly, the whole time taken by the two operations from the fall of the hammer on the primer and the leaving the muzzle of the gun of the shot, occupying with the standard English Eley primer and Schultze gunpowder about .0090 of a second. This is regularly tested so as to guard against any tendency to hang fire. Experiments carried out with American shells and primers show these to have a strength compared with Eley's standard primer and Belgian primers as follows: American No. 2, 6; Eley's ordinary, 9; Eley's stronger, 12; Belgian, 15 to 17. As it is possible therefore that the American primer is hardly strong enough to do justice to the Schultze, and to obviate the necessity for any priming with black powder, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. and the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. are kindly experimenting with a view to issue a shell with a primer of the same strength as Eley's ordinary, and this, if carried out, will give satisfaction to users of black as well as nitro-compounds, as with a stronger primer even black powder gives more satisfactory results.

8. Lastly, perfect regularity is attained by great care in manufacture, and by making in very large quantities at the time, so that any small differences are lost in the great body of the batch.

In conclusion allow me to state, we have opened an

agency for the sale of Schultze gunpowder at No. 8 Murray street, New York, as will be seen from your advertising columns; and all necessary information as to loading, etc., will be gladly offered. It may be, however, as well in general terms to give a few simple rules for the loading of Schultze, so as to give satisfaction. Too large a charge should not be used; 3drs. (42grs. by weight), in a 12-bore, and 4drs. (56grs. by weight), in a 10-bore are good charges and generally sufficient. Load exactly as with black, placing a tight-fitting card or cloth wad over the powder, seating it firmly. Do not ram the powder. Allow sufficient shell for a fair crimping in, but not too much. By following these rules, cartridges will be loaded to give the excellent results arrived at by the large English cartridge loaders, whose Schultze cartridges now bear a large proportion to the black cartridges issued, and are used by the bulk of the customers of the chief houses in London and Birmingham, with entire and growing satisfaction.

Schultze gunpowder is issued of one density and strength, exactly one-half density and fully double strength of black No. 4, so for use take one-half by weight or equal in measure to the charge of black No. 4.

R. N. S. GRIFFITH.

EYEWORTH LODGE, Lyndhurst, Hants.

SHOOTING NOTES.

THERE is a big crop of quail and some partridges (ruffed grouse) in the vicinity of Green Pond, Morris county, N. J. The abundance of quail is due to the constant re-stocking of the perserve owned by Mr. Kinney, of cigarette fame, which is located not far distant. Mr. Kinney also planted some English partridges on his place, several of which have been recently killed by local gunners.

Samuel Castles and Charles Hedden, of Newark, shot a few hours at Pine Brook, N. J., one day last week. They moved six snipe and two or three woodcock on the flats; and got several of them.

There are quite a number of quail on Bradford and Upshur Necks in Accomac county, Va., but land owners will not allow strangers the privilege of shooting, and save the birds for their friends. Before the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad made its ways down the eastern peninsula, this was the choice shooting ground of Bob Robinson and Ben West, of Brooklyn; the late Frank Palmer and the late Ben DeForest, and William Parks of this city. In those days thirty-five quail could be killed by one gun every day.

The Doughty boys on Hog Island, Va., are making preparations for a big season. There are more blinds stuck this season in the Virginia broadwaters than ever before known. Already the ducks have begun to come. Some one is baiting for black ducks in Cherry Creek Harbor, and as several strange boats have been noticed off Brant Hill, it is thought the Maryland night shooters contemplate a raid on the fowl, prior to working their way south. I have seen these fellows following their nefarious calling several times, and have seen how disastrous night shooting is in its effect to drive away fowl. The Hog Islanders are wild on the subject and threaten all sorts of things if they catch the "night shooters." It is my private opinion, publicly expressed, that they need not go far from home to catch some of the culprits who are engaged in the same low-lived business. I have seen some remarkable looking reflectors in several of the houses on the island.

It is rather unusual at this time of year to see so many jack curlew and willet as are now congregated on the bald marshes off the coast of Accomac county, Va. They make morning and evening trading flights, going north at daylight and returning about sundown. There are also some sandpipers and black-breast plover on the shoals at low tide, with which the oyster rocks are crowded at rising tides. Occasionally a flock of sickle-bill curlews string their way across the sinks to some favorite muddy creek bank in some wild and secluded marsh. As a rule the birds are wild and pay but little attention to stools. Two friends of mine have just returned from Burton's Bay, and they did not average over fifty birds a day between them. This is bad work for these marshes, and I have done much better myself in the same place in the dead of winter, when the majority of the birds had moved south. I remember seeing on Dec. 14, 1881, the day before the big freeze, more curlews and willet on Trout Channel Marsh than I have ever seen before or since in all my travels. It was too cold to lay in a battery, and I went on the marsh to walk black ducks up out of the little drains. The tide came up very high toward night and all the oyster rocks and bars were submerged. Birds coming from northean marshes began to collect on the big bald marsh. They were very restless and circled over the marsh in immense flocks. At last they all got together in one big gang, which, in the distance, looked like the rising of a great sea fog. The flock was over two miles in length. Capt. John Ed. Mears, of Locust Mount, was with me, and although a gunner for many years on these waters, he never saw the like. One tail end of the flock swept by Bill Doughty, who was in his blind brant shooting, and he killed forty-four curlew out of the gang with his big 20lb. goose gun.

A little boy, name unknown, sold a woodcock to a friend of mine up in Rockland county the other day that had but one leg. People whose business it is to know where birds' legs ought to grow say the bird never had but one, the other was probably lost in the shuffle. I wanted my friend to allow me to publish his name and full particulars, but he was afraid, so he said, of having the boys down in the street get on to the story, and being called the "one-leg woodcock" by them for some time to come. This woodcock freak reminds me of the three-legged one now in the possession of John Sutherland in Liberty street. It was shot some six years ago in Westchester county, N. Y. Unfortunately the bird was picked before the extra leg was discovered. It was attached to the bird near its vent. Instead of having four toes, three front ones and one hind one, as is customary with all well regulated woodcock, it had an additional toe in front. The nails on the toes of the extra leg were half an inch in length. Mr. Sutherland has the bird preserved in spirits.

The Chesapeake Bay duck shooting this season promises to be unusally good. From Havre de Grace I learn that there are a great many redheads and canvasbacks bedded on the flats. There is an abundance of feed, so that by the first of November when the season opens the lucky ones who own rigs in these waters will have some birds to shoot at. It is a great misfortune that the fine shooting of the upper Chesapeake should be so much disturbed by night gunners. In spite of what every one says to the contrary, I know there are big-guns at this time not far from Spesutia Island. It's about time the owners of the ducking shores made another raid.

It is not very often that Long Island affords good English snipe shooting, but on Saturday last a friend of mine killed eighteen birds in one cornfield adjoining Mecock Bay, near Bridgehampton.

On Friday last there was a big flight of yelpers in Shinnecock Bay and Moriches; about 200 of these birds came to the Robbins in Fulton Market.

There are plenty of woodcock now in Connecticut, while the crop of grouse in Rockland and Green counties, in this State, seems to be even larger than was first anticipated.

Thousands of migratory ducks passed Barnegat Light on Sunday last bound for the waters of the sunny South.

THE WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.

CONNECTICUT SNARING AND EXPORTING.—Hartford, Conn., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Are there any sportsmen in New London county, Conn., who will try to punish the violators of game laws? One party attempted to ship some ruffed grouse from Hadlyme, Conn., the last of September and was caught at it, and I have been trying ever since to find some one who will try the case. The violating being in New London county, I am handicapped. In 1883 the following law was enacted: "Sec. 1. The selectmen of every town shall appoint two or more persons to be game wardens, who shall assist in detecting and prosecuting offenses against the game laws, and shall be paid the same fees allowed grand jurors in criminal cases. Sec. 2. Game wardens shall hold their offices for the term of two years from the date of their appointment, and shall have the same powers as other officers to arrest for the violation of any law relating to game." Now snared birds are being shipped from New Haven, Stafford Springs, New London, Stamford and other towns, and nothing is done. We have a law prohibiting carrying game out of the State. If you know of any game wardens outside of Hartford, kindly give me their address. Since my appointment (about six weeks ago) I have had several letters from weak-kneed milk-and-water sportsmen, who say Mr. A. and B. are selling birds out of season, but "don't you mention my name, I will help you all I can." If you can assist me in finding out how a person can be prosecuted in New London county, Conn., it will oblige me, and any sportsman in this State that wishes to co-operate with me in trying to enforce our game laws kindly write me.—A. C. COLLINS, Game Warden.

POSSESSION OF VENISON IN NOVEMBER.—Norristown, Pa., Oct. 17.—In your issue of the 6th inst., I read the law about deer and elk. What is meant by "No person shall kill * * * any wild deer, save only from the first day of October * * * to the fifteenth day of December * * * and no person shall have in his or her possession or offer for sale * * * deer, save only from the first day of October to the thirtieth day of November." I cannot understand why we are allowed to shoot deer for fifteen days and yet dare not have them in possession?—ROUND KNOB. [The law as printed in the FOREST AND STREAM was credited to the pamphlet compilation prepared by direction of the Legislature. For the printer's convenience we used also as copy the law as printed in the Pennsylvania Fish Commission report. The word "November" is there given, but it must be a misprint for December, since in the pamphlet the last month is named.]

CAPE COD, Mass., Oct. 10.—The prospect for quail shooting in this part of Massachusetts is good. Quail have bred well, but there are many broods of young scarcely able to fly; in fact, I think there is an unusual number of small quail this season. A man found a nest containing ten eggs about Sept. 20, and on looking for the eggs one week later found that all but one had hatched. About Harwich we find as many coveys as usual. Have not heard from lower parts of the Cape. Oct. 8 your correspondent and two gentlemen, who intend to have several weeks' fun with the quail as soon as the law is off, took a few hours' tramp in the vicinity of Yarmouth to see how birds were in this locality. We found several coveys of large birds and one of very small ones. We also started quite a number of partridges. The law goes off Saturday, and we expect to be up bright and early ready to give the brown beauties a try.—CHESTER.

MICHIGAN WARDENS.—Central Lake, Antrim County, Mich, Oct. 14.—The Board of Supervisors has allowed the deputy game and fish wardens $2 per day for services rendered the past season. This is gratifying to us, as there was a chance at least that their bills would be thrown out altogether. A good deal of honest work has been done by these gentlemen, and there is evidence of a gradually increasing public sentiment favoring the enforcement of the laws for the better preservation of our fish and game. —KELPIE.

HOULTON, Me., Oct. 13.—J. H. Carlisle, of Houlton, and several other sportsmen of that place, have just returned from a successful hunt at St. Croix Lake, bringing in the fattest caribou ever seen at that town. A few days since two deer were seen herding with domestic stock within two miles of the center of the city. Some thoughtless children drove them from the field or the sportsmen would have bagged them.—WARFIELD.

WOODCHUCKS.—Dryden, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Those Connecticut fellows are "no good," so far as numbers of woodchucks slain are concerned. I have, since the 15th of last April, killed 103. I killed them with 330grs. lead, thrown with 70grs. of powder from a single-shot Winchester rifle, .40-cal., and at from 30 to 175yds. Who can beat it?—O. J. H.

REELFOOT LAKE.—The hotel at Reelfoot Lake, Tenn., formerly known as Idlewild, is now the Kentucky Club House, and is open only to members.

NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

THE game and fish protectors and their districts are as follows, the list being furnished to us by Secretary H. H. Thompson:

First District—Geo. W. Whitaker, Southampton, Suffolk county. District: Counties of Suffolk, Queens, Kings and Richmond.

Second District—Jos. H. Goodwin, Jr., King's Bridge, New York county. District: Counties of New York, Rockland and Orange.

Third District—Matthew Kennedy, Hudson, Columbia county. District: Counties of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, Greene and Ulster.

Fourth District—Francisco Wood, Schoharie, Schoharie county. District: Counties of Albany, Schenectady, Schoharie, Delaware and Sullivan.

Fifth District—Seymour C. Armstrong, Riparius, Warren county. District: Counties of Rensselaer, Washington, Saratoga, Warren, and the town of Indian Lake, in Hamilton.

Sixth District—John Liberty, Elizabethtown, Essex county. District: County of Essex, all of Clinton except the towns of Clinton, Ellenburgh and Dannemora; the town of Harrutstown, and so much of Brandon and Dickinson, in the county of Franklin, as lies south of an extension of the northerly line of Harrutstown, through the said towns of Brandon and Dickinson to the west branch of the St. Regis river, and thence to the east line of St. Lawrence county.

Seventh District—Peter R. Leonard, Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence county. District: All of the county of St. Lawrence, all of Franklin except the territory included in district number six, and the towns of Clinton, Ellenburgh and Dannemora, in Clinton.

Eighth District—Thomas Bradley, Rockwood, Fulton county. District: The counties of Montgomery and Fulton, and the towns of Wells, Lake Pleasant, Hope, Benson and Arutta, in Hamilton.

Ninth District—John L. Brinkerhoff, Boonville, Oneida county. District: The county of Lewis, all that part of Herkimer lying north of Moose River to the north branch of that stream, and north of the said north branch to the west line of Hamilton county, and the town of Long Lake, Hamilton county.

Tenth District—Nathan C. Phelps, Remsen, Oneida county. District: All of the county of Herkimer lying south of the north line of Moose River to where the north branch enters the main stream, and of the north line of the said branch, and the town of Morehouse, Hamilton county.

Eleventh District—Frederick P. Drew, Washington Mills, Oneida county. District: The counties of Oneida, Otsego, Chenango, Broome, Cortland and Tioga.

Twelfth District—William N. Steele, Clayton, Jefferson county. District: The counties of Jefferson and Oswego, except the waters of Oneida Lake in Oneida and Oswego.

Thirteenth District—William H. Lindley, Canastota, Madison county. District: The counties of Madison, Onondaga, Wayne, and the waters of Oneida Lake in Oneida and Oswego.

Fourteenth District—John Sheridan, Penn Yan, Yates county. District: The counties of Cayuga, Seneca, Schuyler, Yates, Chemung, Tompkins, Steuben and Allegany.

Fifteenth District—George M. Schwartz, Rochester, Monroe county. District: Monroe, Livingston, Orleans, Ontario, Wyoming, Genesee and Orleans.

Sixteenth District—Stephen A. Roberts, Buffalo, Erie county. District: Erie, Niagara, Chautauqua and Cattaraugus.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

IN THE LAND OF THE MICMACS.

HOW anxiously we gazed up the broad Miramichi to catch the first view of Red Bank, the village home of the Micmacs, among whom we expected to get our guides and canoemen. Presently the arms of a huge wooden cross rose slowly above the hilltops in the distance and stood out in bold relief against the clear Canadian sky—an unfailing sign of an Indian settlement. Columns, too, of pale smoke were soon observed stealing upward from out the groves and melting away in the thin blue air, as the red race itself melts away before the tread of the white man. As we rounded a point in the river we saw the bank and shingle in front of the encampment thickly dotted with bright yellow bark canoes, drawn out and turned over as is the Indian custom; but no other sign of life met our eyes as we dropped anchor abreast the village. Commodore James reached for the cord of the whistle, and the wild scream soon peopled the bank with a motley crowd of Indians, squaws and pappooses, who rushed from their bush-hidden wigwams at the first echo of this unusual noise, and stood jabbering away to one another in excited tones.

Pushing off from the yacht, we went ashore in our tender. At our approach the women and children quietly withdrew, but, womanlike, the curiosity of the former kept them within sight and hearing. Some of the men advanced and received us kindly, calling us by the familiar name of "brothers." We were struck with their appearance. The majority of them were of pure Indian descent, strong, stout, sturdy fellows, with rich brown complexions, tinged somewhat with yellow, with long, straight, black glossy hair and broad, strongly-marked features. No admixture of foreign blood has destroyed the splendid native physique of the red man in this locality. They are as they were when, two hundred and fifty years ago, their forefathers welcomed to their shores the indomitable Nicolas Denys, the first white man visiting this region.

When we had made known the object of our visit a pow-wow was held, nearly all the men at home at the time taking part, though only a few did much talking. One especially, called Sâk, speaking English quite well for an Indian, and assuming an air of superiority among his fellows, was foremost among the speakers; and we observed, too, that the rest had a very high opinion of him, for they listened attentively while he addressed us on the difficulties of the proposed trip, assenting to his views in the usual Indian manner by a long drawn ă ă. The end was sooner reached, no doubt, through the kindly influence of a timely treat of booktawichk, which roused the drowsy nature of the red man, when unemployed, and brought him out on the jibboom of business. Six canoemen and three canoes were hired. Our camping outfit and provisions were soon transferred and stowed away, and about 1 P. M., in our light craft, each manned by two canoemen, we were stemming the strong current of the Little Southwest Miramichi.

Just above the Indian village the river makes a sudden turn, thence sweeping around in a great semi-circular curve. The bank on one side is composed of reddish clay, is 60ft. high and void of vegetation. This is known by the name of Red Bank. Thither, tradition says, the red men of Acadie came ages ago to procure material for the manufacture of their tumakums (pipes), especially the calumets or pipes of peace; at least so said our friend Sâk, the Indian philosopher of the party.

The current increased in strength, and an occasional rapid added to the labor of the men, but that stock of native patience and endurance of which we were to have many proofs on this excursion, now began to show itself. Either because they expect too much, or are ignorant of the character of the work being done, many sportsmen

are wont to belittle the staying powers of the Indian, and represent him generally as an overrated man. This is a great mistake. He is certainly gifted with remarkable powers of endurance and a mysterious supply of strength, besides his patience and coolness in difficulties is proverbial. As we sat beneath a shade in the middle of our canoes, and watched these sturdy fellows plying their poles, stroke after stroke, for long weary hours, forcing the canoes upward through the rushing water, sometimes scarcely moving, though all their strength was being exerted, not a word of complaint, not a sign of weariness, with the perspiration flowing down their swarthy cheeks and falling from their beardless chins, we could not but wonder at the admirable manner in which nature had fitted these sons of the forest for hardship and toil.

An Indian would almost lose caste were he not to use "tumawa" (tobacco), and they begin to smoke it when very young; for sly, bead-eyed pappooses of a few summers are frequently seen at this manly pastime, when their jaws, though strong by nature, require the help of the tiny hands in holding the pipe. When working, however, the typical Indian does not smoke, he chews; and what an amount of black jack he consumes! The harder he works and the more he perspires, the larger and more frequent are the quids of tumawa.

Toward the middle of the afternoon my canoe, which had started a little behind the others, gradually drew up, and seeing this I urged my men to pass their companions, promising them in the event of their succeeding an extra drink of booktawichk. They responded with alacrity and made a gallant dash for the lead, but their competitors hugged the shore, keeping well in, thus obliging my canoemen to struggle with all the force of the current. It was, however, a beautiful race. For ten minutes every nerve and muscle were taxed to their utmost. The poles rose, flew through the air, flashing in the sunlight, and with a sharp "clink" upon the stony bottom; the brawny voyageurs threw their whole weight upon them and the canoe rose and shot through the water with a gushing noise that was music to my ears. With the greatest interest I watched my brave fellows struggling against heavy odds, but their antagonists still hugged the shore and forced them into the stream. How much tumawa was eaten during these ten minutes I cannot say. What concerned me most was the manner in which the cuds reached those grinding jaws. As the poles went flashing through the air on the recover stroke, one hand would fly into the "poochnagun" or tobacco bag, grasp the plug of tumawa, carry it to the eager jaws, which closed upon it like a steel trap and back again it went to the pouch, the hand being upon the pole again as the iron point sunk upon the pebbled bottom. Not a stroke was lost, not a moment wasted by the operation.

My fellows, however, lost the race, but they had made such a brave fight that I declared they had fairly won their booktawichk, and rewarded them accordingly. Later in the afternoon, however, we came to a long reach of still water, and my red men again made a dash for the lead, winning it this time and an extra draft of gentle firewater.

Much of the country passed through that afternoon was very beautiful. The hills on both sides sloped gradually to the river, and were covered with dark evergreens intermingled with the paler green of the maple and silver birch. Many little intervale islands, too, were seen, natural meadows without a bush covered with short grass and spangled with flowers—the nodding blue bell, the gaudy lady slipper, the wild honeysuckle and quaint pitcher plant being seen in profusion.

Toward sunset we encamped on a level terrace in the midst of leafy maples and tall balm of Gileads, the latter exhaled their not disagreeable fragrance, which grew stronger during the night, and was very marked in the morning. Our canoemen were very tired. The first day or half day is always the same—harder than any subsequent one. It was, however, surprising how soon our tents were spread, provisions stored and supper made ready. But we were now destined to see their Indian nature manifest itself in a manner that caused us much surprise, nay apprehension, for the future well-being of the party. To say that these six were merely hungry, and ate a good "square meal," would convey but a shadow of the reality. They literally fell upon our provisions with the appetites and capacities of ravenous animals, and did not desist until they had actually gorged themselves. The six sat upon the grass around a little fire, a few yards from where we were seated at tea. Something caused us to look in that direction, and then we stopped eating, and with open mouths and tea cups half raised, gazed in wonder for a minute or two at their gastronomic feats; then we looked dismally at one another.

James was the first to break silence: "We had better go back in the morning, boys; they'll clean out our week's supply in two days and then what?"

"Let them starve the rest of the time," replied Walter, "as they certainly have been doing for the last week."

"Tell me now, if ye plase," observed Davy, our cook and *valet de tenté*, lately from the old country, "air thim ridskins onyways oncivil whin vittels air scarce?" The speaker had no liking for Indians, and if looks are to be believed, had silently protested against our employing them.

"Not so long as dogs can be had," I replied, "they have a sweet mouth for dog meat."

"Dogs!" said cookey in amazement, "arrah sure ye're talkin' now. The brutes don't ate dogs, do they?"

It's their way," said James, with a sly wink at the rest of the party, "and if a stray cur can't be found when their stomachs are empty and blood up, it may go hard with some of us."

Cookey took another look at the Micmacs. Hands, knives, fingers, mouths and grinding jaws were hurriedly doing the terrible work of destruction. A bright idea seemed to strike him, and turning toward us he said with an air of relief, "Sind one o' the boats fur more vittels in the mornin'."

"A capital suggestion, my good fellow," returned James; "we shall certainly have one to spare if they hang to it much longer."

In about half an hour they showed signs of "letting up," as we say in Canada, and soon the tumakums were filled and lighted. Then began some general conversation, and the quaint, jerky laughter of the red man was borne to our ears. That meal had worked as great a change in their spirits as it had in our larder.

After tea we joined the motley crowd, and attempted to draw them into rehearsing some of their legends and traditions. Soon, to our disappointment, all relapsed into silence but Sâk; for we soon learned that the average Indians on such occasions leave all the talking to one, who has won his respect either by wisdom or oratorical powers. Sâk was an acknowledged authority among them. As I have said, he could read and write, talk learnedly in broken English of the past and present, and was either full of Indian traditions, or perhaps, blessed with a fertile imagination. Presently the hooting of an owl was heard in the direction of a dark clump of trees on the right bank. Almost simultaneously the six red men uttered the word "Kookoogwes," and glanced at one another.

"Sâk, can you tell me why that owl is hooting over there?" queried James.

"Kookoogwes," began Sâk, "come long 'go from moon. Berry wise un, was kookoogwes. He foolum all birds. All um birds come seeum big-eyed kookoogwes from moon. Thinkum fine bird. Kookoogwes cunning as one ole fox. Tellum wee uns he likum berry much, come seeum. Chugeeges, that's im chickadee, little chugeeges go seeum, but they seeum little chugeeges no more, thinkum gone hunting. Tētēes, that's im bluejay, tētēes go showum kookoogwes how much fine bird him is. He no come back 'tall. They thinkum kookoogwes keepum for squaw, haveum in wigwam all time. Some day, little numutkulnāās, you callum wren, little numutkulnāās on moss walkum all round, hunting wechâk (flies). Hearum one big noise. Lookum up. Seeum kookoogwes killum an' eatum chipchowech (robin). Numutkulnāās he tellum pules (pigeon), and pules he walkum fast all over an' tellum all birds how chipchowech kookoogwes he eatum. Spec chugeeges an' tētēes kookoogwes doum all same. All holdum one big pow-wow. Makum tedâkilkoone (kingbird), chief, caus'um brave. All takum warpath on kookoogwes. Huntum all round. Kookoogwes berry much afraid. Hidum in tree, sometime creepum in hole all day. Kookoogwes come out in dark, berry mad, an' say all time koo-koo-kookoogwes, to no letum sleep, cause they huntum kookoogwes all day. Kookoogwes he doum all same now."

Thus we passed the evening, listening to many quaint but beautiful legends, nearly all told by Sâk, which to be fully appreciated should be heard at the camp-fire with the silvery leaves trembling above your head, your eyes upon your dusky companions, and the gloom of night settling down on the silent forest.

We withdrew about 10 o'clock, leaving the red men to prepare for "turning in." We sat in our tent and discussed the events of the day for half an hour or more, but before retiring paid another visit—a short, noiseless one, on tiptoe—to the Indian camp-fire. There silence reigned. Without blanket, bark, or even brush to shield them from the night air, they lay twisted and bent in every conceivable form around the smouldering embers. Some were snoring lustily, others sleeping the death-like sleep of infants. We gazed at the unconscious forms, while a feeling of pity or rather melancholy crept over our hearts, and a few minutes later, as we rolled ourselves in our blankets and the sound of murmuring waters fell on our ears, we asked ourselves the vexed question, "Is life worth living?" CHICKTECK.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., Oct. 8.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DULY SWORN TO.

STATE of Wisconsin, County of Dane, *ss:* William Dunn, being duly sworn, on his corporate oath, deposes and says he is a resident of the city of Madison, in said county and State, and that he has resided therein for more that twenty years, and that he is now employed in the post l service of the United States, and that previous to entering such service this deponent had been engaged during his said residence in the city of Madison in the vocation of a fisherman.

This deponent further states that he is acquainted with the different species of fish to be found in the waters of the lakes adjacent to the city of Madison and particularly to be found in the waters of Lake Mendota.

This deponent further states that on the 8th day of October, A. D. 1887, he accompanied Grover Cleveland, then and now the President of the United States of America, as this deponent is informed and verily believes the same to be true, upon a fishing ex edition on said Lake Mendota. That the Hon. William F. Vilas, Postmaster General; the Hon. Daniel Lamont, one Dr. Bryant and others accompanied the President as a part of said fishing expedition, but that the said President and this deponent, during all the time they were fishing, were in a boat by themselves, and that on said occasion the President showed himself to be a good and skillful fisherman, nearly as good a fisherman as this deponent is, and that the said President caught eight good black bass, one of which weighed four pounds and four ounces and the other four pounds and eight ounces; that this deponent, fully realizing the gravity and importance of the statement, deliberately avers and states that the said eight fish were of the species known to fishermen and naturalists as fresh-water, small-mouthed black bass, and that two of these weighed as hereinbefore stated respectively.

This deponent further and solemnly states, upon information and belief, that his long experience as a fisherman has not disqualified this deponent from stating truthfully the number and weight of fish, when such fish are caught by persons other than this deponent.

This deponent further states that if any person or persons doubt or question the weight of said two fish as herein stated, this deponent is ready and hereby offers to produce in evidence whenever required so to do the scales upon which said two fish were weighed, which said scales are still existing and wholly unreversed and unappealed from.

This deponent further states that all statements, reports and rumors that said eight bass had previously been caught by Charley Bernard and this deponent and anchored out in the waters of said lake ready to be attached to the presidential hook, or that they had previously been caught by Alf Merrill and Con Kruez and by them placed surreptitiously in the President's boat while he was partaking of the hospitalities of the Rex Magnus Club, and that while under the delusive influence of the "Sauterne" furnished by that club he was made to believe that he had caught them himself, are silly, mean, and cowardly lies, like those that every day are found in the columns of certain newspapers, which violate every instinct of American manliness, and in ghoulish glee desecrate every sacred relation of private life, and that said false and unjust accusation and malicious slander were invented for the purpose of undermining the people's trust and confidence in the President's ability as a fisherman.

This deponent further states that he does not make this statement, and that he is not influenced in making it, nor has he added a single ounce to the weight of either or any of said fish, for love, fear, favor, affection or hope of reward, but that he presents things truly as they came to the deponent's knowledge, and this deponent expressly denies that the statements herein contained were inspired by the said Dan Lamont or that he has been unduly influenced in making said statements by the said Lamont or Vilas.

This deponent further states that he is ready to prove and maintain at all times that said eight black bass at the time they were so caught by the President as aforesaid, were under no duress, actual or constructive, but were each and every one of them free to accept or reject the bait offered to them by the President, and further this deponent sayeth not. WILLIAM DUNN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of October, 1887. C. K. TENNEY, Justice of the Peace.

LONG ISLAND FISHING.

GREENPORT, Long Island, Oct. 11.—On the 8th inst. two of our amateur anglers had remarkably fine sport with the hook, off this place, on the Sound. Messrs. Adams and Hart on that day in their rowboat caught in five hours fishing the good number of 262 fish, using only bunker bait. All of these were sea bass, with the exception of a half dozen of snappers. They caught no bluefish, weakfish nor porgies, as these fish do not bite, and they have probably left these shores for milder climates. The fish averaged nearly 1lb. each, twelve of them weighing 50lbs. The fish were yet eagerly biting when they abandoned the sport, but as the bottom of their boat was filled with the spoil and they had had enough of sport and pastime, they returned home, distributing the fish among some thirty hungry and thankful recipients.

The season for fishing is now near its close, and probably the first stormy and cool weather will cause the fish on this coast to migrate. The fishing for bass and bluefish has been remarkably good this season on the Sound and eastern coast of Long Island, and the handline committee are well content. ISAAC MCLELLAN.

MASSACHUSETTS TROUT.—Worcester, Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the proper time of closing the trout season, mentioned in your last issue, from my own experience Aug. 1 would be none too early. On Aug. 19, this summer, in a catch of 31, 2 females that weighed ¾lb. and ¼lb. respectively, contained very far-developed spawn, and in the remainder nearly all the females contained some spawn, at least. I have also to announce a praiseworthy action of some gentlemen of the city. I refer to the organization of a sportsmen's club for amateurs and beginners. Its main object is to secure a better enforcement of the fish and game laws. I hope to record its complete success. There is a large field for work.—PEMIGEWASSET.

SOUTH BRANCH OROMOCTO.—St. John, N. B., Oct. 10.—Messrs. R. W. W. Frink and R. O'Shaughnessy have returned from the lake, after three days' fishing, with over 100 beautiful fish. Fifty or more of the largest fish were on exhibition in Mr. Shaughnessy's store this forenoon and elicited words of admiration from all who saw them. There were 120 lake trout: the largest two three days after being killed, 3¾lbs. weight; ten over 3lbs., twenty-five between 2 and 3lbs., the rest from 1lb. to 2lbs.—J. N. B.

BASS FLIES.—Herr Von dem Borne has been experimenting with black bass flies in German waters, and has tied a taking lure of red and yellow. This was the combination hit upon by Mr. A. N. Cheney, after three months of experimenting in 1882, and known as the Cheney fly. The bass are like men, they change their skies but not their tastes.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

LOBSTER CULTURE.

LAST week we gave a portion of Mr. Richard Rathbun's article on the artificial propagation of lobsters, from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission. He further says:

In a report to the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries on the lobster fishery in the United States, the writer gives an account of what is know regarding the habits and abundance of both the American and European species, which differ but slightly from each other structurally. The investigations on which that report is based confirmed the fact, previously well known to those acquainted with the industry, that the abundance of lobsters, as well as their average size, has been rapidly decreasing from year to year on many portions of the coast ever since the fishery has been vigorously pushed. A study of the habits of lobsters indicates that such a decrease is far more possible with that species than with the true fishes, which are, as a rule, more secure from the attacks of man. That a decrease has taken place, and that in some regions it has amounted to a serious loss, is attested by the statements of numerous fishermen and dealers, which are quoted at some length in the report above mentioned.

All the States interested in the lobster fishery, excepting New Jersey, whose fishery is small, have enacted protective laws; but either because these laws are inadequate or are not properly enforced, they have failed to stop the decrease, though they may have checked it more or less. As a result, the fishery is falling off in the United States, and we are even now dependent, to a greater or less extent, on the British Provinces for the supplies of our larger markets. The same trouble exists in Europe, where the lobster fishery is, of course, of much older date than in this country, and where it has been controlled by legislation for many years. Many elaborate reports have been published upon the European fishery by experts appointed to investigate its condition and needs, but they are apparently at as much loss there as we are here regarding the methods and benefits of protection. In Norway, which country possesses the most important European fishery, they have, as a last resort, sought relief through the aid of artificial lobster culture, and experiments to that end have been carried on for several years. In the

United States, where the methods of fishculture are best understood and have been most productive of beneficial results, it is natural to suppose that the same course would have been often suggested, and such has really been the case. None of the trials have, however, been made according to the most approved methods of fish propagation, and inefficient means for carrying on any such practical experiments with respect to salt-water species of fish have alone prevented the Fish Commission from engaging in this work before.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this paper, to cite even a portion of the evidence bearing upon the decrease of lobsters which has been collected, but following are a few of the remarks with which this subject is introduced in the report already referred to:

"An illustration of the rapidity with which the lobsters of a small area may be caught up is furnished by a salt water inlet on the coast of Maine, in which lobsters were at one time very abundant. This basin opens directly into the sea, and is sufficiently large to have afforded a remunerative fishery to several lobstermen. Two years' time was sufficient to reduce the supply of lobsters to such an extent that fishing became unprofitable. After an interval of about five years they again became abundant, and the supply was once more exhausted. Had this inlet not been so situated that it readily received supplies from without it is probable that it would have required a much longer time to become replenished.

"On a much larger scale has been the depletion of the once noted grounds about Cape Cod, which at one time furnished nearly all the lobsters consumed in New York city. In the early part of the century this fishery was entirely in the hands of fishermen from other States, principally Connecticut, who came to Cape Cod with their smacks, and after catching a load carried it to New York or Boston. As early as 1812 the citizens of Provincetown realized the danger of exhausting the grounds about their town and succeeded in having a protective law passed by the State Legislature. More or less stringent regulations respecting the lobster fishery of Cape Cod have been in force from that time down to date, and they have probably done good service in prolonging the fishery; but the period of its prosperity has long since passed, as continued over-fishing has so exhausted the grounds on almost every portion of Cape Cod that they are no longer profitable even to the few men who still set their traps there. From the sketch of this region, given further on, it will be seen that the decrease has not been a temporary one, although an entire rest for a long period of time might possibly allow it to recover more or less of its former abundant supplies. As it is, no large catches are now made, and but few lobsters are carried away from the Cape.

"The immediate vicinity of Provincetown has suffered most in this respect, but scarcely more than any portion of the coast from that town to Boston on the one side and to New Bedford on the other. Vineyard Sound proper and the vicinity of Wood's Holl, Mass., have afforded but poor catches for a number of years; but the region about Gay Head has continued to attract the lobstermen down to the present time. Each succeeding year, however, lobsters have appeared to be less plentiful, and during the spring months and June of 1885, scarcely anything has been done. The fishermen are discouraged, and are forced to attribute the scarcity to over-fishing, the possibility of which many of them have all along denied. At Cuttyhunk Island the catch for 1885 was less than one-fourth that for 1880, and the same was reported of the remainder of the Elizabeth Islands, No Man's Land and Gay Head.

"In the waters of Rhode Island and Connecticut a large decrease of lobsters is reported by many of the fishermen, and the increased catch for the few years preceding 1880 was obtained only by the use of a much larger number of traps than was employed formerly. Although the fishery in those States was begun very many years ago, it is only within comparatively recent times that it has been extensively carried on.

"On the coast of Maine the evidences of decrease are very strong, especially as regards the shallower areas, but the rapid extension of the grounds into comparatively deep water has made the actual decrease less apparent. The rocky bottoms of the coast of Maine are also supposed to afford the lobsters greater protection than the sandy ones to the south, and in many places the traps cannot be set as closely together, nor is it possible that the lobsters in such localities move about as much in search of food.

"The greatest decrease has occurred within the past fifteen to twenty years, or since the establishment of numerous canneries and of the perfected methods of transporting fresh lobsters to all parts of the country. The demand being so much greater than the supply, there are no restrictions on the amount of the catch beyond those imposed by the State laws or resulting from the scarcity of lobsters. Fish are among the greatest enemies of the lobster, and cod are known to consume enormous quantities; but nature has provided against their extinction by such means, and it is man alone who has disturbed the balance."

The above remarks were based mainly upon the fishery investigations of 1880, since which evidences of continued decrease have been constantly received. About a year ago a prominent Boston dealer wrote that he was receiving large quantities of lobsters from Nova Scotia, as the Maine fishery was totally inadequate to supply the demand, the amount obtained from that State having been less than in previous years.

One of the strongest evidences of decrease in abundance is afforded by the continuous decrease in the average size of the lobsters sent to the markets. The exact amount of this decrease is not determinable, as no records bearing upon this subject were made prior to 1880, but the fact was granted by the fishermen and canners, even in those regions where a perceptible decrease in numbers was not admitted. The average weight of the lobsters marketed in most places in 1880 was estimated to be about 2lbs. each. A New Haven correspondent stated that the average length of the lobster sold in the markets in that place in 1880 was about 10½in., and the average weight about 2lbs., against an average length of about 13½in. and an average weight of about 3½lbs. twenty years ago. In Boston the market lobster ranged but little above the limit in size permitted by the State laws, and that seems to be the case nearly everywhere. In Portland, Me., the average length of the lobsters marketed in 1880 was about 10½in., and in Boston 11 to 11½in., while in New York city the range in size was from 10½ to 15in.

The facts above stated apply only to the larger distributing centers, where custom had prescribed the minimum limit in size of the lobsters marketed, before protective laws were enacted. At that time there was an abundance of large lobsters, and the smaller individuals were regarded as of little account for the fresh trade. They have, however, been used for a long time by the canneries on the coast of Maine, by the fishermen as bait, and to supply local demands. The quantity of lobsters consumed, measuring less than ten inches in length is, therefore, very great, and on some portions of the Maine coast the canneries make use of only those that are too small for the fresh-market trade. In fact the greater proportion of the lobsters now canned are less than ten inches long. From these statements it will be seen that there is a steady demand for lobsters of all sizes, and that but a limited protection is afforded either by laws or custom.

The American lobster has been taken as far south as off Cape Hatteras, N. C., where a single medium-sized individual (13in. long) was dredged from a depth of forty-nine fathoms by the Fish Commission steamer Albatross in 1884. Two or three examples have also been recorded from the northwestern part of the sea coast of Virginia, but the Delaware Breakwater may be regarded as practically the southern limit of its range, although it is not at all common at that place and is rarely fished for. Lobsters are somewhat more abundant off Atlantic City and Long Branch, N. J., where they afford a limited fishery, and in New York Bay and the adjacent regions they were at one time quite plentiful, but over-fishing and the pollution of the waters have almost entirely exterminated them there. Passing eastward through Long Island Sound, they gradually increase in abundance as we approach the Block Island region, and from there to the extreme northern limit of the coast of Massachusetts, wherever the bottom was suited to them, they were formerly exceedingly abundant. The first important fishery originated along this section of the coast, Cape Cod at one time having furnished New York city with nearly all its supplies. The sandy shores of New Hampshire are not so prolific in lobsters as are those of either of the adjoining States. Maine is now the principal source of supply for all the larger markets of this country, the yearly fishery of that State greatly exceeding in quantity and value those of all the other States combined.

Most of the British maritime provinces abound in lobsters which are especially plentiful on both the ocean and gulf coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, these two countries now affording the most extensive lobster fishery in the world. They appear to be much less common in Newfoundland and Labrador, possibly because they have been less fished for there. Lobsters are not known to migrate except very short distances, mainly in the spring and fall, when they change their grounds, moving into deep water on the approach of cold weather, and returning nearer to the shore in the late spring. The fall migrations are solely for the purpose of escaping the cold of winter, the shallower summer grounds probably furnishing a better supply of food. The extent of the movements depends more or less upon the character of the coast, for where the bottom slopes off very gradually they will need to go a much greater distance to reach a shitable depth of water than where deep holes occur near their summer grounds. The summer fishery is mainly in depths of a very few to 15 or 20 fathoms, the winter fishery in 25 to 60 fathoms. On the coast of Maine the traps are sometimes set in such shallow water that they lie partly exposed at low tide. Formerly some fishing was done along the shores by means of gaffs and dip-nets, but lobsters rarely occur in such favorable localities now.

It is supposed that lobsters do not travel much along the coast though they probably change their grounds from time to time in search of food. On some portions of the coast the fishermen claim to have good evidence of the schooling of lobsters, and state that the schools appear and disappear suddenly, indicating the possession of certain migratory habits, but there is no proof that their migrations extend far, and they are very different in character from those of the true fishes. We have no evidence to prove that any one region has been directly benefited by large accessions from an adjoining region, and the extent to which some districts have been depleted by over-fishing without subsequent recovery indicates that the supplies of one region are but little dependent upon those of another, at least not for immediate relief. The Cape Cod lobster fishery has been at a low standing for many years, and although but few men have engaged in the fishery of that region for a long time, there are, as yet, no signs of improvement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 17 to 22.—Second Annual Meeting of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. G. I. Royce, Secretary, Topeka, Kan.

Nov. 7.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind. Entries close Oct. 25.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5492.**

ELMIRA DOG SHOW.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was judge and superintendent of the Chemung county fair, held at Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 4 to 7. For the first attempt the show was good; about 125 entries. The awards in many instances are no good as a record, because the names of the dogs were not given.

Foxhounds were the best class I have ever seen. The winner in the bitch class was C. W. Robinson's Lady Naylor. Spot, who won first at Hornellsville in English setters also won first at Elmira, a good dog of the right type. Irish setters were quite a good class, Mr. Gaylor's pair, Mr. Arnot's pup and Mr. Gallagher's Peggy O'More would be in the money at any show. Mr. Gaylor also showed an extra good brace of pointer pups, Graphic—Clover; if nothing goes wrong they will be heard from later. There were two good Yorkshires, the winner in dog class also won first at New Brunswick and second, Boston, 1887. The Hornell Spaniel Club entered sixteen for exhibition only. In spaniels Mr. Eustace's Mack won first in dogs and Mr. Nashe's Sister in Black, first in puppies; she is the best I have ever seen. Mr. Van Ness, of Hornellsville, won first in beagles with his pretty little basket beagle Mignon.

The dog show proved to be one of the greatest attractions of the fair, the building being crowded with visitors all the time. They will form a kennel club and ask for admission to the A. K. C. next year and will offer premiums large enough to bring out the crack dogs of the country.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

SPANIELS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg leave to take issue with your correspondent, Mr. H. G. Charlesworth, when he says "I will not stand quietly by and see two or three inches taken from their bodies and added to their legs," and in the sentence above he gives the names of dogs that he has evidently never seen as types, Old Tippo and Toronto Jet. Old Tippo was by no means a "sausage," but a dog that stood on fairly long legs, if I may use the term to distinguish it from what is now the fashion, *i. e.*, short legs. Toronto Jet was a good bitch, but would not be looked at now as she was not made on the modern mould, still these two dogs were able to do an amount of work, as our good old friend Mr. Kelly, of Woodstock (since dead), has often told me of the work they have done and the number of birds he has killed over them, and that, too, after the ground had been thoroughly hunted over by setters and pointers and drawn blank. What we want to get are dogs of the Tippo stamp if we want to use them for the field. I may say I have had all types of cockers, from the old liver and white to the most modern black, and this I can say from daily experience that the long-bodied, short-legged dog cannot hold out and do his work as well as his shorter-bodied, less fashionable ancestor did.

Cannot we strike a happy medium and possess both a fashionably made and useful dog for the field? The original standard of the American Cocker Spaniel Club is about right—*i. e.*, have the dog from tip of nose to root of tail rather more than twice the height, and given as weight under 28lbs. This will give a dog about 13 to 14in. at shoulder and about 28in. long for the maximum. And of course the smaller dog will be less length according to weight and height. An 11in. at shoulder should be about 23in. long. Any great divergence from these measurements will give a dog out of proportion to the standard. I do not like, in a correspondence such as this is, to see an animus such as Mr. C. displays to every one who does not think with him (and, at the same time, he does not give his own ideas as to size and shape). What really animates Mr. Nelles, I should say from his correspondence, is to get what is the right standard, and I think he is on the proper course.

The modern cocker is drifting into unknown waters where the soundings have not been taken, and I fear if Mr. Nelles and others interested do not use the lead the "bark" of the cocker will be wrecked among the crocodiles, weasels, double-action Skyes, etc. "Uncle Dick" is right; the standard is right, but judges and the public are wrong, and are taking away both symmetry and usefulness from the cocker spaniel.

M. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If, as Mr. Charlesworth says, his sole reason for attacking Mr. Osborne was to take him to task for his attack upon Mr. Kirk, I should have been the last one to make any mention of it, or at least only praised him in so doing, as all who know our gentlemanly judge are aware that he conscientiously makes his awards to those he considers deserve them, without fear or favor. But as nearly half of Mr. Charlesworth's letter—and that the first half—consisted in a personal attack upon Mr. Osborne because he ventured to praise his own dogs in particular and Mr. Fellows's in general; his reason was not very apparent.

I am with Mr. Charlesworth that "the cocker as recognized to-day is a handsome dog, hardy, plucky and intelligent," but the question I am agitating and to which I beg him to confine himself is: Can they work? Mr. Charlesworth says they can. I say they cannot and I have proved it and can prove it again, not on paper, but in the field. I have frequently gone out for a day or two with a couple of my prize winners, together with one or two leggier dogs and if the ground has been rough and the brush thick the former have invariably been found at heel before the day is half over and so fagged out that one could not have the heart to force them on again.

Mr. Charlesworth says: "For mixed work, or retrieving from the water, we should use a different kind of dog." I would direct his attention to "Stonehenge," and he will find in the description of the dog we are now discussing: "This dog is now expected to be the servant-of-all-work to the shooter, and takes his turn at rabbits, pheasants, or even partridges, when he is called upon, with the greatest zest." Could any one find more mixed or varied work than this? I am sorry Mr. Charlesworth finds himself unable to accept Mr. Osborne's challenge, not that I would care to have our Canadian dogs beaten by the Detroiter, but because it would be the surest and quickest way to show him his error, and win one more to our side. But I was forgotting he "breeds cockers simply for the love of them," and he would no doubt be another example of the "man convinced against his will." But this love of his must have grown amazingly within the last six months, when, in reply to my asking if he would sell a certain dog, he said, "Yes; I will sell anything I have if I get my price."

Most certainly I alluded to the American Spaniel Club, and as a member of that institution I consider that I have a perfect right to speak on the matter, and shall continue to do so, notwithstanding any man's opinion that I am "not wanting in assurance."

I am accused of being "ready to cast aside my prize winners and breed anything that people ask for," whereas it is simply this—I always have, and always will, endeavor to have the best dogs in the country, and as our shows are held for the purpose of deciding the merits of our dogs, the judges having the power of placing one strain or type above another, their decisions being considered final by the public at large, therefore I shall endeavor to keep pace with them, and as long as they champion the cause of our short-legged dogs, just so long will I continue to breed them. But should they see fit to recognize a leggier dog then I shall feel in duty bound to alter my strain until it again meets with their approval and comes again to the top. But how a man can consistently charge me with being mercenary for advocating a change that will clearly throw my present kennel—or a part of it—out of both the market and the ring, thus wasting the time and money I have already spent in bringing them to their present high standard, is more than I can understand. I cannot agree with Mr. Charlesworth that I have no ideal, most certainly I have one, but it is not the modern show cocker. My former letter showed that I had most decided ideas of my own on the subject and was not afraid to say so.

As regards feather I say again that the American standard allows more scope in this direction than the English, for while the latter distinctly warns us against its being too profuse the former gives no such warning, thus leaving a loophole which many are abusing by breeding dogs with too much feather, which in the field is anything but an advantage. And over and over again at the shows during the past season have I seen judges laying stress upon this point and allowing profuse feathering to count for the dog, and vice versa. But it is not a question of one standard against another, but simply this, is the cocker of the future to be a working dog, or a house dog and a pet, or are we to have two types, one to fill each bill?

The object of my former letter as I stated was purely to improve our present type of dog and bring him into the field again, which is his proper place. But if Mr. Charlesworth wants to continue to breed a house dog let him do so by all means, but he need not play the dog in the manger by trying to prevent our bringing about a change, for he tells us he is quite content to breed for his own pleasure and no doubt he will in a few years give us the fruits of his labor and present us with a "Charlesworth spaniel," thus handing his name down to doggy posterity. I have no objections I am sure to

his following his own heart's desire in this respect, and when he has attained this end will be proud of him as a brother Canadian breeder.

If Mr. Charlesworth can abstain from personalities and discuss the merits and demerits of the dogs, he will be doing them good, but as long as he continues to attack any one raising their voices he is only doing himself and them injury.

I know Mr. Fellows called the attention of our breeders to the state into which we were drifting some time ago and without much effect. But I think that now there are more who are willing and anxious to see a change, unless they are afraid of the effect such a change would have upon their pockets. And unless something is done and that soon the cocker will be unknown in the field and his usefulness gone.

CHAS. M. NELLES.

BRANT COCKER KENNELS, Brantford, Oct. 10.

STAFFORD DOG SHOW.

STAFFORD SPRINGS, Conn., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth annual dog show of the Stafford Kennel Club was held last Wednesday and Thursday in connection with the fair of the Tolland County Agricultural Society. There were 156 entries and nearly all of them were present. The quality in many of the classes was excellent, and take the show all through it would compare favorably in this respect with any of its size that I have attended. The English setters were especially good. The pointers were also above the average, and there was a nice lot of spaniels. Mr. Thayer's exhibit was greatly admired, many of the visitors never having seen a well bred deerhound or bulldog before. The Blackstone and Rosecroft kennels made a fine showing of English setters. Mr. Tallman had charge of the feeding, using the new Blackstone prepared food, which the dogs appeared to relish and thrive on. Mr. Taliman was also of great assistance in running the show, as in the absence of Mr. Hicks there appeared to be no one to attend to many of the necessary details. Mr. H. Clay Glover, of New York, judged the pointers and setters; Mr. Thos. Dawson, of New York, the remaining sporting classes, and Dr. Geo. Walton, of Boston, the non sporting classes. The latter gentleman also acted as veterinarian. Rather a queer incident was the disqualification for mange of a dog owned by a veterinary surgeon. The judging was generally satisfactory, although Dr. Walton made a mess of it in placing the bulldog Remus over both Britomartis and Robinson Crusoe, to say nothing of his awarding prizes to brindle and brindle and white bull-terriers. The judging was done outdoors without any ring, and so great was the crowd that it was only by hard work that the judges could get at the dogs. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Robert's Moses. *Bitches:* No entries

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, H. S. Pitkin's Prince Barry; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Monte Rosa. *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* Withheld.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Lodi. *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Norman and Nora.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, 2d, very high com. and high com., J. E. Thayer's Bran, Lorna II., Duncan and Thora.

POINTERS.—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, S. T. Colt's Rob Roy II. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Trantum's Daisy Ranger; 2d, S. T. Colt's Phyllis. Very high com., S. Ferry's Snap. Com., Don Quixote Kennels' Roxy Vera.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Leslie's Spot Dash; 2d, Don Quixote Kennels' Don Quixote. High com., F. L. Nichols' Snyder. *Bitches:* 1st, T. H. Terry's Modesty; F. L. Nichols' Black Bessie. Very high com., Don Quixote Kennels' Nell. High com., J. O'Neil's Fan. *Puppies:* 1st, Don Quixote Kennels' unnamed; 2d, very high com. and com., S. Ferry's Snap, Monarch and Mack.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION.—Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rosecroft Kounels' Fairy King; 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Don Petrel. *Bitches:* 1st, Blackstone's Kennels' Foreman's Lass; 2d and very high com., Rosecroft Kennels' Forest Dora Passion and Alice Gray. High com., W. Perrall's Flora. *Puppies:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Pirate.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION.—F. M. Morris's Tom.—OPEN—*Dogs:* W. G. Drew's Heather Jock. *Bitches:* 1st, G. E. Browne's Jessica.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. W. Rodenburg's Chip; 2d, H. A. Fisher's Arrowwanna. Very high com., E. L. Rogers's Lord Elcho. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Watkins & Cheeney's Perdita and Nora V. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Watkins & Cheeney's Teddy and Molly.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, W. O. Partridge's Rob and Critic.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. A. Segar's Single Sin and Balfour of Burley. *Bitches:* 1st, W. O. Partridge's Bessie; 2d, E. S. Bird's Dolly Obo. *Puppies:* Prizes withheld. Com., E. S. Bird's Had Had.

FOXHOUNDS.—Not for competition.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—Spring Brook Kennels' Bounce.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Linden Beagle Kennels' May Belle II. and Norah.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—J. E. Thayer's Belgrave Primrose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Raby Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Myrtle. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Fraulein Mixture and Raby Bounce.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—J. E. Thayer's Remus.—OPEN—1st, 2d and very high com., C. D. Cugle's Soudan, Merry Monarch and Tostig.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Remant's Jim; 2d, D. H. Parsons's Sport. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Mack's Fan. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Bill, Jr.'s two unnamed.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—Absent.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Myra Smith's Pet.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Chequasset Kennels' Young Toby.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Chequasset Diamond. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Tra-la-la and Victory.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Absent.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel St. Bernards, Chequasset Kennels; pointers, Don Quixote Kennels; English setters, divided between Blackstone and Rosecroft Kennels; spaniels, E. S. Bird; fox-terriers, J. E. Thayer; pugs, Chequasset Kennels; deerhounds, J. E. Thayer; Irish setters, Watkins & Cheeney; bulldogs, J. E. Thayer.

SPECIAL.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—Mr. D. C. Bergundthal has consented to judge at the coming field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club. Quail are reported to be more abundant on the grounds of the club than on any previous year and trials will not drag from lack of birds. Many of the trainers have already taken their dogs south and others will soon follow. We should be pleased to have every handler send his address to this office with a list of the dogs under his care.

THE COLLIE CLUB ANNUAL MEETING.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the members of the Collie Club of America will be held at the office of Thos. H. Terry, Esq., 44 Broadway, New York, on Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1887, at 3:30 P. M. All members are requested to be present. —MARTIN DENNIS, Secretary, pro tem.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB.—Several valuable special prizes have been donated to the Indiana Kennel Club for the winners at their first annual field trials. The prospect is good for a very interesting meeting, many of the best dogs in the State will compete and a large attendance of visitors is expected.

THE COLLIE CLUB SWEEPSTAKES.—The competition for the semi-annual sweepstakes of the Collie Club will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1887, at the Chestnut Street Rink, Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Judging will begin promptly at 2 P. M.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The usual dog show was held in connection with the fair at Danbury on Oct. 4 to 7. The entries numbered close upon two hundred, and were well benched and looked after by Mr. Herbert Mead, the well known breeder of mastiffs. The exhibits were of a very superior character, and but for the lack of publicity given the show and the premium list, the show would have taken much higher rank. The judging was done by Mr. James Watson, of Philadelphia, who gave very general satisfaction. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. E. Sear's Kaiser; 2d, P. Hornig's Sultan. Com., E. J. Hawley's Bruno. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. Mead's Aydah and Fairy. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, H. Mead's two unnamed, by Minting out of Aydah.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Jack and Belgrave Primrose. Com., Dr. C. I. Bailey's Handy Mixture. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Lyra and Richmond Myrtle. *Puppies:* 1st and com., Dr. C. I. Bailey's Mt. Toby Flirt and Mt. Toby Primrose; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Bounce.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Lothian Kennels's Lothian Chief; 2d, T. Aitkin's Clyde. *Bitches:* 1st, A. R. Kyle's Clio; 2d, Lothian Kennels' America. Com., A. R. Kyle's Juno II. *Puppies:* 1st, A. R. Kyle's Clio; 2d, Lothian Kennels' Lothian Maid.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Capital City Kennels' Merry Monarch and Tostig. *Bitches:* 1st and com., Capital City Kennels' Soudan and Beatrice; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Carmon. *Puppies:* 1st, Capital City Kennels' Beatrice.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st withheld; 2d, Sunnyside Kennels' Tony.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. W. F. Lacy's Bounce.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. B. C. Lynes's Cosette.

POODLES.—1st, W. Scott's Fido.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Brazen.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. Scott's Ned; 2d, F. Fellon's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Coughlin's Bessie; 2d, J. R. Borraclough's Flycatcher. Com., J. C. Tautcay's Belle. *Puppies:* 1st, E. S. Treadwell's Dark; 2d, H. D. Collins's unnamed. Com., F. E. Hyde's, J. Coughlin's and J. R. Barraclough's unnained.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Neal's Pride of Orleans; 2d, J. G. Whitney's Governor. Com., Warwick Kennels' Shot. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman; 2d, Miss H. Tracy's Midget. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Warwick Kennels' two unnamed.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, R. B. Pierce's Nip. *Bitches:* Prizes withheld. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, T. H. Robinson's unnamed.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Scott's Pearl Lake Obo; 2d, C. Phillip's Ned. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Scott's Black Flash; 2d, L. H. Harboch's Belle. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, W. Scott's unnamed.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, American Cocker Kennels' Doc and Dixie. *Bitches:* 1st and com., W. Scott's Susie and Flirt and Jennie; 2d, American Cocker Kennels' Queen Obo. *Puppies:* 1st and com., W. Scott's unnamed; 2d, Warwick Kennels' unnamed.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Baldwin's Frank. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Woodruff's Minnie.

BEAGLES.—1st, withheld; 2d, G. Laick's Rattler.

DANBURY.

WOOSTER DOG SHOW.

WOOSTER, O., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show held at this place last week by the Wayne County Agricultural Society was a very good one for a first attempt. There were over 180 dogs entered and some of them were very good specimens. So much interest was manifested in the show that the society will probably make it a regular fixture at their annual fair. The dogs were exhibited under a large tent and were constantly surrounded by an admiring crowd. Mr. John Bolus had charge of the show and performed his duties in a manner most satisfactory to all. Mr. Carl E. White, of Cleveland, judged all classes. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. Bolus's Blue Dick and Briton. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. Bolus's Bennie and Blue Dick's May.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, F. J. Hayden's Nankipoo.

IRISH SETTERS.—Prizes withheld.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Bolus's Lincolnshire Lad; 2d, J. H. Law's Royal Croxteth. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. Bolus's Trinket and Lady Osborn.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Bolus's Trinket's Champion; 2d, C. Gearing's Clyde. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. Bolus's Bondine and Lady Coin.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. Atkins's Dime; 2d, J. Brant's Piper. *Bitches:* 1st, C. B. McFarland's Belle; 2d, J. Kepfer's Lucy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. M., Shafer's Prince; 2d, C. B. McFarland's Spotted Belle. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Kepfer's Ruth; 2d, C. B. McFarland's Sis.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Hollywood Kennels' Bugler. *Bitches:* 1st, Hollywood Kennels' Bonnie.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Mullin's Custer.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Long's Denver.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Jones's Bill; 2d, F. Frank's Roger. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Jones's Spry; 2d, J. Thomas's Belle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Frank's Snipe; 2d, J. Jones's George. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Jones's Flirt; 2d, F. Frank's Shep.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, Dr. E. V. McLean's Tartar; 2d, S. Bell's Spot.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Johnson's Turk. *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Shafer's Sis.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Hollywood Kennels' Dandy.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, J. Bolus's Dixey.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best English setter, J. Bolus's Briton; pointer puppy, same owner's Trinket's Champion; kennel foxhounds, Kilbuck Fox Hunting Club; kennel collies, J. Jones's.

WOOSTER.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.—Entries are coming in satisfactorily for the first annual field trials of the American Field Trial Club, a larger number having already been received than were entered at the National last year. Twelve States are represented in the list, Arkansas, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Wisconsin. The platform of the association is worthy the support of every dog owner throughout the country, and in no better way can this support be given than by making the list of entries convincing proof that the endeavors of the gentlemen composing the organization "to put field trials upon a higher plane" are appreciated, and that their hands will be held up by right-minded sportsmen in the good work of reform which they have undertaken. Entries close Nov. 1 and should be sent to the secretary, Mr. C. W. Paris, Cincinnati, O.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW SWEEPSTAKES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our club proposes to hold, in connection with our spring show, a series of sweepstakes open to all dogs whelped in 1887 in following classes: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, English and Irish setters, pointers, fox-terriers, collies, spaniels, and probably one or more other classes. Entries for these sweepstakes will close Dec. 1. Entry blanks, etc., can be had of WM. H. CHILD, Sec'y.

MR. H. B. WILSON, the well-known secretary of the New Brunswick Kennel Club, has left his home in St. John, N. B., for a permanent residence in Los Angeles, Cal. His many friends will join with us in wishes for his prosperity.

COLUMBUS DOG SHOW.—Columbus, O., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual bench show of the Ohio Poultry and Kennel Association will be held in Columbus Jan. 10 to 12, 1888. From present indications this will be one of the best ever held in this county. Our premium list, which is a good one, will soon be out. Major J. M. Taylor will judge sporting classes, Mr. H. C. Goodwin non-sporting, Geo. A. Hill, Superintendent, H. A. Bridge, Secretary.—W. F. KNELL.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Eloise. By C. G. Wheelock, Arlington Heights, Mass., for white and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by Hector (A.K.R. 3249) out of Bessie (Barnard's Prince—Nelly).

Glen Tempest, Glen Mack, Glen Monarch and Glen Duke. By G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., for three lemon belton and one black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Sept. 8, 1887, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Countess Flirt (A.K.R. 3040).

Glen Dart, Glen Fairy, Glen Flirt and Glen Ruby. By G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., for two lemon belton and two black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped Sept. 8, 1887, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Countess Flirt (A.K.R. 3040).

Collier. By E. S. Bettelheim, Bath Beach, N.Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped April 18, 1887, by Gunner (A.K.R. 3637) out of ——.

Nydia. By Dr. Geo. B. Ayres, Omaha, Neb., for fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped July 5, 1887, by King of Ashmont out of Ashmont Queen (Major—Clio).

Berran Kennels. By E. S. Bettelheim, Bath Beach, N. Y., for his kennels.

NAMES CHANGED.

Violet to Nellie Bly. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1887, by Stoddard's Bodine (Bow—Jaunty) out of Dubois's Fleet (Dash—Spot), owned by E. K. Leffingwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Maude to Maude M.—Editor Forest and Stream: When claiming the name Maude some time ago for Clumber spaniel bitch by Johnny out of Jess, I forgot that Capt. Viette had already claimed that name for bitch by Johnny out of Madge. I would like to change the name to Maude M.—F. H. F. MERCER (Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 15).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nettie B.—Belthus. John E. Long's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) English setter bitch Nettie B. (Mark—Belle) to H. F. Schellhass's Belthus (Rock—Meg), Sept. 24.

Busy—Brant. J. D. G. Shaw's (Kingston, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Busy (Mike—Nancy) to Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant (A.K.R. 5389), Sept. 25.

Belle Reta—Spot Dash. E. B. Eames's (Reading, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle Reta (Baronet—Rita Croxteth) to Robert Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsy), Aug. —.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bizorena. Onota Kennels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Bizorena (A.K.R. 2876), Oct. 13, eight (four dogs), by Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231).

Red Belle. John Hitchcock's (Sing Sing, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Red Belle (Gleneho—Tara), Sept. 3, ten (five dogs), by Wm. H. Pierce's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Belle II.).

Maud. Mill Brook Kennels' (Waverly, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Maud (Dirk—Abra), Oct. 3, seven (three dogs), by J. H. McHenry's Leo (Hero—Lucy).

Friza. Mill Brook Kennels' (Waverly, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Friza (Duke of Leeds—Dido II.), Sept. 6, two (one dog), by Hospice Kennels' Otho (Rollo—Lady Abbess).

Bertha. Mill Brook Kennels' (Waverly, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Bertha (Bruno, A.K.R. 417—Elsa, A.K.R. 411), July 18, six (one dog), by St. Bernard Breeding Club's Apollo (Medor—Blass).

Portia. John Coles's (Linden, Mass.) mastiff bitch Portia (A.K.R. 3563), Oct. 9, six (three dogs), by Tiot Kennels' Bruce (A.K.R. 4649).

Fairy II. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Fairy II. (A.K.R. 4387), Oct. 10, nine (five dogs), by W. Crawford's imported Pilate (Lord Sefton's Bang—Lord Sefton's Nora); one since dead.

Topsey Logan. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pug bitch Topsey Logan (A.K.R. 4271), Oct. 7, four (two dogs), by Geo. H. Hill's Joe (A.K.R. 925).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Grant. Brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Berg out of Friza, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to W. A. Sudduth, Flemingsburg, Ky.

Guard. Fawn and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Berg out of Friza, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to C. S. Husted, Rye, N. Y.

Moselle. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 22, 1886, by Rudolph II. out of Heidel, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to Miss Lillian Olcott, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ajax. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May 15, 1886, by Verone out of Nellie, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to W. C. Freeman, Cornwall, Pa.

Granit. Brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Berg out of Friza, by Mill Brook Kennele, Waverly, Md., to Arnold Thayer, Roslyn, L. I.

Frair. Tawny white St. Bernard dog, whelped March 15, 1887, by Rudolph II. out of Maira, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to J. C. Berry, Shreveport, La.

Hasty. Red sable and white collie dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1886, by Gordon out of Thule, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to Dr. A. Cumie, Englewood, N. J.

Twinkle. Seal brown collie dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1886, by Gordon out of Thule, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to E. C. Freeman, Cornwall, Pa.

Shepperd. Black and tan collie dog, whelped Nov. 13, 1885, by Laddie out of Jean, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to H. L. Sherman, Lake George, N. Y.

Asa. Light orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped May 15, 1886, by Verone out of Nellie, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to H. A. Thomas, Scranton, Kan.

Dwight. White and tawny St. Bernard dog, whelped May 11, 1886 by Verone out of Bertha, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to Samuel Nave, St. Joseph, Mo.

Belle Reta. Liver and white pointer bitch, age not given, by Baronet out of Rita Croxteth, by Frank Killain, Topsfield, Mass., to E. B. Eames, Reading, Mass.

Busy. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1885, by Mike out of Nancy, by Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., to J. D. Shaw, Kingston, Ont.

Guy and Ferrol. Orange and white St. Bernard dog and bitch, whelped Nov. 30, 1886, by Colonel out of Lady May, by Mill Brook Kennels, Waverly, Md., to G. B. Earl, Englewood, N. J.

Darkie (A.K.R. 1000)—Flo whelps. Field spaniels, whelped May 12, 1887, by Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., a liver dog to W. C. F. Gill and a black dog to R. Bland, both same place.

Flirt. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 15, 1887, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391) out of Nan (A.K.R. 355), by James P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y., to Albert L. Rountree, Kinston, N. C.

Gipsey. Lemon and white pointer bitch, June 15, 1885, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391) out of Nan (A.K.R. 355), by Jas. P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y., to Dr. Chas. W. Sanders, Jr., New York.

Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391)—Nan (A.K.R. 355) whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 15, 1887, by Jas. P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y., to Chas. J. Peshall, Jersey City, N. J.

PRESENTATIONS.

Darkie (A.K.R. 1000)—Flo whelp. Black field spaniel dog, whelped May 12, 1887, by Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., to J. T. Macbeth, Cleveland, O.

DEATHS.

Aileen. Wheaten Irish terrier, 6yrs. old (Dash—Kitty), owned by Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. K., Brooklyn.—My four puppies when trying to walk shake all over, standing only on their toes, then fall flat on the ground, ise up again and try to walk further with the same result; open heir mouths wide, tongue protruding. Attacks last from two to

four minutes. After about ten days the worst case became so bad as not to be able to walk, and crying with pain. I have given them a solution of quinine, nux vomica and port wine, from 5 to 10 drops three times a day. Ans. Your puppies have worms. Give each a teaspoonful of castor oil, and four hours later a teaspoonful each of olive oil and 5 drops of turpentine. This may be repeated the following day if necessary.

T. C. A. Morristown.—Bull bitch snores very much, and seems to breathe with an effort; this has been the case since she was a pup. She is not fat, and except for his breathing is in perfect health. Ans. It is impossible with the meagre details you give to say. Consult a veterinary.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—The day at the National encampment was devoted to rifle competitions, and all interest was centered in that. The rifle range has been put up in excellent shape, considering that it is only for temporary use. There are eight targets of the improved Laidley pattern, and the distances are 200, 300, 500 and 600yds. There are five competitions, and some of the best shots in the regular army and National Guard are entered. Besides this there are teams from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark entered in the all-comers matches. The States represented by teams are, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, New Jersey, and Minnesota. The opening contest consisted of ten shots for each man at each of the three ranges, and the result shows the number of points out of a possible 50 at each range, or a possible 150 for the three ranges. The total team scores are points made out of a possible 500 at each range, or 1,500 for the three ranges.

There was a team of Indians, and while nobody but a dime-novel reader expected, or rather hoped, that there would be a genuine scalping bee, everybody looked forward to yesterday, the beginning of the rifle practice, hoping to see some marvelous rifle practice fr m the "original inhabitants." The latter are members of the National Guard of New Mexico, and are armed with carbines of Springfield make, but of an old pattern and with short barrels. When the team shooting began—ten shots each man at 200, ten at 500 and ten at 600yds.—the Indians had the left flank of the teams. There was but a small crowd of spectators, but inasmuch as these were all more or less versed in rifle practice, one can easily imagine the surprise when the red flag kept almost constantly waving in front of the red men's target, indicating that they were missing even the target of generous size. For the 200yd. range standing was the position described; any other position was permissible for the longer ranges. The Indians did not complete even the 200yds. range shooting. They dropped out before their hundred shots were fired. This left four teams in the field—the First Minnesota, Fifth Iowa regiments, First Michigan State Troops and Second Maryland Regiment, the famous Haymakers. The team alleged to be from the Second Massachusetts Regiment was ruled out because it was discovered that the men had been selected from eight different regiments. The score made was as follows:

Second Maryland, Prize $200.

	200	500	600	T'l
Pvt M Chisholm	39	37	41	117
Capt P Chisholm	42	40	35	117
Capt R Browning	28	50	35	93
Lieut S Jamieson	37	43	36	116
Lieut J E Bell	40	44	39	123
Priv A Browning	38	35	29	1 2
Priv A Chisholm	56	43	33	112
Serg J H Painter	26	40	40	106
Corp W Steyer	42	42	33	117
Priv H L Friend	36	42	33	111
	364	396	354	1114

First Minnesota, Prize $100.

	200	500	600	T'l
Lieut G F Cowie	41	40	27	108
Lieut F A Tarr	34	36	30	100
Lieut T C Clark	34	43	36	113
Sergt J H Bacon	41	36	37	114
Corp D Moreland	28	41	35	104
Priv W G Cook	39	50	39	118
Priv N C Martin	38	35	39	112
Priv S G Falk	37	41	34	112
Lieut C Williams	22	39	29	90
Lieut S Chantler	41	39	39	119
	335	390	345	1090

First Michigan, Prize $75.

	200	500	600	T'l
Capt J Gaebelein	39	39	31	97
Lieut P H Holbert	38	34	26	98
Corp W D Stewart	37	32	26	95
Pvt G W Swigert	31	39	29	99
Pvt W H Wilson	38	38	29	111
Pvt F Dana	38	35	31	104
Pvt W Soper	39	32	29	10
Pvt B O Bush	37	43	39	119
Pvt G H Wolcott	36	34	34	104
Pvt A Spencer	38	39	33	110
	368	350	313	1037

Fifth Iowa, Prize $50.

	200	500	600	T'l
Sergt P H Davis	30	39	15	84
Sergt G Hardwick	32	17	30	79
Sergt W Walters	33	34	24	91
Corp W Yates	31	31	24	84
Sergt H G Mace	36	37	23	96
Sergt A Overman	34	26	35	92
Lieut J Williams	40	37	37	114
Lieut W H Evans	25	33	20	78
Capt F W West	34	28	32	94
Capt C V Mount	40	40	42	122
	335	322	279	936

Lieut. Jackson, U. S. A., was in charge of the range, assisted by Lieut. Defrees. The latter is captain of the regular army rifle team from the Department of the Missouri, which will come into play in the remaining part of the programme. Then the Haymakers will have to face the crack shots of the army as well as the Massachusetts men, who have some of the best riflemen in the world in their ranks. Colonel Wardwell of the Marylanders, is a sight to see at the range. He hovers over his men as a chicken does over her brood, and every mediocre shot—poor shots the Haymakers scarcely make—can be discovered by a glance at his face, so to speak. No member of the team can feel a "two" or "three" as keenly as the good-natured Colonel does.

Most of the men took the "Texas grip," which is a perfectly recumbent position, and recoil of the gun being moderated by the left leg resting in the gun strap and the rifleman having the butt on top of the right shoulder. But one of the men, a member of the Michigan team, shot "prone," that is, lying on his breast with his face to the target. A Minnesota man shot lying on his back, but with the butt of his gun hard on the shoulder. One of the Haymakers had just prepared a nice little artificial rest for his legs by doubling up his overcoat under him, and another rested his left foot against the range stub. In both instances Colonel Wardwell promptly ordered the men to comply with the rules which prohibit any artificial rest.

The Iowa men have rifles of a pattern which is five or six years old, which, in view of the rapid improvements of firearms, may be termed an ancient patttern. The regular army is not much better off. The fact that no warming shots are allowed is another matter of great importance, and even the position at the range counts. The Haymakers had the Blaine position, that is, the one to windward, so that the smoke of their rifles was carried across the shot line of the other teams, while they themselves had a clear range.

Oct. 14.—The rifle contests continued all day at the West Side encampment. There is very little of the encampment left, but the marksmen cared little for that, and kept blazing away at the targets from 9 o'clock in the morning until sundown. There was only a very small crowd in attendance, although the rifle practice is the only part of the big show which has not fizzled out. The contests were for the individual competition and the all-comers' team shoot.

In the individual competition there were 102 entries. It was at 200yds., off-hand, 15 shots to a man, and open to marksmen from all the world. Several of the Scandinavians shot, but failed to make much of a showing. The first prize was won by W. M. Farrow, of Massachusetts, and one of the celebrated American team which went to England. He is a member of the Massachusetts volunteer team, and so are A. C. White, C. W. Hinman and M. H. Bull, who captured the second, third and fifth prizes respectively. A. W. Stray, of the United States Army, slipping into fourth place. Following is the complete score:

W M Farrow, Mass	122	J F Cowie, Minn	71
A C White, Mass	112	J P Frost, Mass	71
C A Hinman, Mass	109	J C Ytter, Chicago	70
A W Stay, U S A	108	C S Williams, Minn	70
M H Bull, Mass	102	E H Wardwell, Md	69
E G Falk, Minn	101	W E Cooke, Minn	69
J W Weeks, U S A	100	R O Bust, Mich	68
W G Hussey, Mass	99	V Jacobson, Chicago	67
T Feeney, U S A	99	Corp Hagen, Norway	67
S S Bumstead, Mass	98	W H Wilson, Mich	66
E H Stevens, U S A	98	M Chisholm, Md	63
R D Garden, Chicago	98	John Schuntz, U S A	62
G H King, U S A	97	J Kjarrstrom, Sweden	62
C Michel, U S A	97	P Olsen, Chicago	61
P A Chisholm, Md	97	Sergt Mindrebro, Norway	59
D S Cole, Iowa	93	J F Browning, Md	58
H S Ogilvie, U S A	93	J Morgan, U S A	57
N C Martin, Minn	93	W Stewart, Mich	56
A W Jarvis, Iowa	92	J Machon, U S A	56
C H Johnson, Ill	92	Capt Ihle, Norway	56
W Hazenzahl, Ohio	92	R S Jannieson, Md	56
J J Wolford, U S A	90	W Boehmer, Chicago	55
F R Bull, Mass	90	J L Price, Chicago	52
A E Chandler, Minn	90	L E Wyner, U S A	52
S M Tyrrell, Chicago	89	J F Edberg, Sweden	52
H Griffiths, U S A	89	Lieut Sand, Denmark	51
H Chisholm, Md	88	J Young, Chicago	51
W M Merrill, Mass	88	G A Lindstrom, Sweden	50
J L Moring, Va	88	A Strudli, Chicago	49
S P Crow, U S A	87	Sergt Jorgensen, Denmark	48
W Steyer, Md	87	Capt Haskell, U S A	47
Jas Kerr, U S A	86	Ed Thielpape, Chicago	46
C W Cole, Ill	86	J H Painter, Md	46
W Mason, Md	86	H M Davis, Ia	46
F A Tarr, Md	85	T C Clark, Minn	46
W H Soper, Mich	85	Dr J Hobbs, Chicago	44
Schutte, Chicago	84	R Weber, Chicago	44
L C Crossman, Ia	83	R T Browning, Md	44
M W Burns, Chicago	81	Sergt Hemmingway, Denmark	42
J J Ambler, Ia	80	J Gaekelsin, Mich	41
J E Bell, Ia	78	H H Griffith, Ill	41
D Moreland, Minn	78	Corp Nas, Norway	38
Corp Glomsaas, Norway	78	O Glen, U S N	37
W H Merritt, Mass	76	W Wilkins, U S N	36
J T Zander, Ill	76	H S Scott, Chicago	34
J M Garratt, N Y	75	A Spencer, Mich	34
N C Browning, Md	75	H L Friend, Md	32
J Dana, Mich	74	C O Bjorn, Chicago	28
H C Hansen, Chicago	72	J Rutledge, Ia	25
J H Bacon, Minn	72	P Herrington, U S N	16
W H Thurston, Wis	72	P Korf, Chicago	14

The individual shoot was finished by 12 o'clock, and then began the all-comers' team shoot, open to teams of men each from the United States or foreign counties, provided each team in the United States was made from men from one State. Ten shots were allowed each man at 200, 300, 500 and 600yds. The shooting was finished only at the 200 at 300yds. ranges. Part of the 500yds. range was shot, but darkness put a stop to the contest.

Seven teams engaged in the competition, which will result in the winning team taking $1,000 in cash and $500 worth of badges; second $500, third $250, fourth $125, and the fifth $100.

Oct. 15.—Following is the complete score in the All-Comers' rifle team competition begun at the military encampment yesterday:

	200	300	500	600	Total.
Massachusetts 2d Brigade	451	414	450	438	1704
U. S. A., Dept. Missouri	437	451	436	352	1676
First Minnesota	430	438	417	341	1628
Maryland Haymakers	414	415	432	322	1583
Twenty-third Infantry U. S. A	401	383	439	336	1559
Fifth Iowa	402	386	419	350	1557
First Michigan	414	395	386	297	1492

ALBANY, Oct. 7.—The tenth annual fall meeting of the Third Division Association which ended at Rensselaerwyck to-day was the most successful ever held in the history of the organization. To the efforts of Secretary Buel C. Andrews and Major C. H. Gaus, as executive officers, much of the success of the affair is due.

The scores in detail are given below. In the team match the local Tenth Battalion came off with flying colors, overcoming the Twentieth Separate Company, of Binghamton, the Sixth, of Troy, and the Eighteenth, of Glens Falls. A year ago they beat Binghamton's crack shots by a single point, but this year the majority was increased to five. Thursday a strong wind prevailed and the light was fair, while to-day the wind was light and the smoke hung on the range. Under these conditions the shooting occurred.

The Tenth Battalion team, who won the brigade championship match, received a trophy valued at $100 from the State. In the first match the prize was $10, in the second a costly bronze, in the third the champion marksman's badge of the Third Brigade, in the fourth a gold medal, in the sixth a gold medal, and in the seventh a Smith & Wesson revolver.

Match No. 1.—Short range continuous military match, open to all comers, 200yds., shots seven, the aggregate of best two scores to count; standing and off hand; military rifles; 101 entries. Following leading scores were made:

Col W E Fitch	5445454—31	4544555—32—63
J J Mills	3445555—31	4545554—32—63
B R Spelman, Jr	5444545—31	4544455—31—62
A Donner	4545544—31	5445454—31—62
W T Miles	4445454—30	4444555—31—61
E Gaus	4444545—30	4445545—31—61
B C Andrews	5444454—30	4544445—30—60
C H Gaus	4554444—30	5444445—30—60
S Schreiber	4544544—30	4544544—30—60
D H Ogden	5445444—30	5444445—30—60
A Ryan	4435434—27	5444345—29—56
A H Rennie	5534353—28	4454434—28—56

Match No. 2.—Standard American target, re-entry match, open to all comers; 200yds.; number of shots, ten; standing and off-hand; any rifle; 63 entries:

J J Brooks	9	9	9	7	10	10	7	5	6	6—78
Wm C Gomph	8	8	7	8	9	9	7	10	6	6—77
B C Andrews	9	9	8	6	9	8	7	5	9	6—76
S Schreiber	7	5	9	8	10	7	10	5	6	9—76
Wm E Fitch	10	8	5	9	5	8	6	7	8	8—74
A Ryan	6	8	4	9	6	10	10	5	6	8—72
H M Thompson	8	5	4	6	9	7	8	7	9	7—70

Match No. 3.—Champion marksman's badge match, open to members of the national guard; distance 200 and 500yds.; rounds, five at each distance; position, standing at 200yds. and prone at 500yds.; Remington State rifle; 142 competitors.

	200yds.	500yds.
Pvt S Schrieber	54444—21	55355—25—46
Ord Sergt J I Miles	55444—21	54555—24—45
Pvt W H Ogden	55534—22	54545—23—45
Q M S B R Spelman, Jr	44444—20	45555—24—44
Capt E V Denison	45434—20	54555—24—44
Major C H Gaus	54435—21	54554—23—44
B C Andrews	54545—23	45354—21—44
Sergt I M Congden	53454—19	45555—24—43
Pvt H Niklewicz	43454—20	55355—23—43
Pvt A Bevier	54444—21	44545—22—43
Sergt C H Hitchcock	44544—21	53554—22—43
Lieut W T McMahon	44344—19	44555—23—42
Pvt J E Smith	34444—19	35555—23—42
Col W E Fitch	44445—21	33545—21—42
Lieut D S Burr	44434—19	34555—22—41
Pvt S G Zimmerman, Jr	44544—21	54344—20—41
Pvt W S McKinney	44434—20	54434—20—40
Pvt F B Streeter	44445—21	52553—20—41

Match No 4.—Marsh and Hoffman rest match, open to all comers, American target, 200yds., 10 shots, position shoulder and muzzle rest.

W C Gomph	10	10	10	10	8	9	9	10	10	10—96
E Gaus	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	9	9—95
L Geiger	10	10	9	10	10	8	10	8	10	10—95
S Schrieber	10	10	9	10	10	9	8	9	10	9—94
C H Gaus	6	10	9	9	8	9	10	8	10	10—92
B R Spelman, Jr	10	9	8	9	9	9	8	9	10	10—91
A Ryan	9	10	9	8	9	10	8	10	10	8—91
H Starkweather	9	9	8	8	9	8	9	10	8	7—85
J H Brooks	9	8	7	9	8	8	8	8	7	7—79
G J Osterhout	8	9	6	6	8	9	9	7	9	7—78

Match No. 5.—Third Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., open to teams of 6 commissioned officers or regularly enlisted soldiers; 200 and 500yds.; rounds, 5 at each distance; standing at 200yds.; prone at 500yds.:

10th Bat. Team, Albany.	200	500	T'l
Q M Sergt Spellman, Jr	19	20	39
Priv J E Smith	20	14	34
Lieut W F McMahon	19	22	41
Ord A H Rennie	20	21	41
Ord Sergt J I Miles	20	22	42
Lieut-Col W E Fitch	10	20	30
	117	119	236

6th Sep. Co., Troy, N. Y.			
Sergt W H Stillman	18	17	35
Pvt W B Madden	17	19	36
Pvt T W Hislop	18	21	39
Pvt R M Townsend, Jr	22	14	36
Pvt J W Sherrerd	14	18	32
Pvt J S Zimmerman, Jr	23	21	44
	112	110	222

20th Sep. Co., Binghamton, N.Y.			
	200	500	T'l
Lieut D S Burr	16	23	39
Pvt W S McKinney	19	13	32
Pvt A Bevier	18	23	41
Sergt T M Congden	19	18	37
Sergt C H Hitchcock	20	19	39
Pvt D H Ogden	21	22	43
	113	118	231

18th Sep. Co., Glens Falls, N. Y.			
Capt J S Garrett	4	19	23
Lieut F B Streeter	21	23	43
Lieut J W Reed	13	14	27
Sergt E D Joyner	17	16	33
Corp C M Lent	12	12	24
Pvt F Davis	16	18	34
	83	101	184

Match No. 6.—Richard Oliver and Bloomfield mid-range match open to all comers, distance 600yds., shots 10, position any without artificial rest, weapon any rifle, 20 entries:

L Geiger	5555555545—49	J J Miles	5455545555—46
C H Gaus	4555555455—48	W C Gomph	3452255525—38

Match No. 7.—Smith & Wesson revolver match, 50yds., to all comers, shots 5, 3 re-entries allowed, 24 entries. Following were the scores:

C H Gaus	31	W C Gomph	28
B C Andrews	29	G B Osterhout	26
Ed Gaus	29		

LONDON, Ont., Oct. 13.—The Western district rifle matches opened at the new cove range this forenoon. The attendance of marksmen was good, but the shooting was poor owing to a strong wind. The nursery and all-comers' matches were completed and the volunteers' commenced. Following is the result of the day's shooting: Nursery match, 5 shots, possible 25.

J F Clark	18	L Meredith	12
W F Buchanan	17	E Hutchinson	12
C McKenly	16	Pvt Gregg	11
H McGregor	16	A Barker	10
W Revel	16	Sergt Ironsides	10
D McAlpine	15	H D Arthur	10

All-comers' match, 200 and 500yds., five shots at each, possible 50:

C J Armstrong, Guelph	39	Lieut Young, Clinton	34
M Buchanan, Ingersoll	37	John Ogg, Guelph	33
Capt R Dillon, 7th Fusiliers	37	Lieut Mitchell, 32d Bat	33
Col O'Malley, Wardsville	37	George Hayes, London	32
Goodwin, London	36	Pvt Robertson, 21st Bat	31
H Elliott, London	35	Capt Moore, 25th Bat	31
Capt Bradley, 25th Bat	35	Pvt Gregg, Clinton	30
Lieut Elliott, Essex Center	35	John Goldie, Guelph	30
Sergt Gordon, 22d Bat	34	Col Lewis, retired list	30

Oct. 14.—The Western District rifle matches closed to-day.

In the Volunteers' match, 400 and 500yds., 5 shots each: Staff-Sergt. Wilson and N. Robson, of the 23d, took first and second, with 42 and 41; Capt. Moore, of the 25th Batt., was third, with 39; Corp. Crowe, Guelph F. B., fourth, with 39; Surgeon Corliss, of the 25th, fifth, with the same number of points.

The affiliated match, 500 and 600yds., 5 shots each, was won by John Worden, of Stratford, with 39; J. Crowe, Guelph, second, with 38; John Ogg, Guelph, third, with 38; Lieut. Mitchell, Port Elgin, fourth, with 36, and Sergt. Wilson, 33d, fifth, with 34.

The team prizes were won by the following: First, Guelph F. B., 173 points; second, 23d Batt., 153; third, 25th Batt., 138; fourth, St. Thomas Rifle Association, 133.

The aggregate match was won by C. Armstrong, Guelph, who took the D. R. A. medal with a score of 104; second, J. Ogg, O. R. A., 103; third, Lieut. Mitchell, 103; fourth, Capt. Moore, St. Thomas, 101; fifth, Col. O'Malley, 25th, 101; sixth, Lieut. Elliott, 7th, 101.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 11.—The Williamsport Rifle Club turned out to-day, fourteen members participating in the sport. Following is the score at 500yds.:

Whitehead	9	5	6	9	5	7	9	9	6	8—78
Hughes	8	5	8	5	7	8	5	8	5	8—66
Colkett	6	7	5	8	5	8	9	6	4	8—66
Millspaugh	4	6	8	5	6	6	7	4	9	8—63
Barker	4	5	5	8	5	8	5	8	5	9—62
Piatt	5	5	4	7	5	7	7	5	3	10—58
Harder	8	9	5	4	4	4	9	2	6	0—57
Johnson	7	9	3	4	5	4	4	3	7	9—55
Smith	3	6	5	6	5	7	7	7	4	3—53
Hunn	6	8	3	6	4	4	6	7	2	4—50
Nielson	4	5	4	3	6	6	6	3	7	7—46
Parker	3	3	4	7	7	4	4	5	3	6—46
Rothrock	2	4	3	3	3	4	4	5	3	6—37
Wheeler	1	4	4	3	3	1	1	4	3	3—27—760

Average, 54 2-7.

At a meeting held by the club at their rooms in the evening there were sixteen new members added to their roll, making the full membership about fifty. To-day being the end of the yearly shoot, the captain of the club, Mr. N. A. Hughes, was presented with the Harder gold badge, he being the fortunate one, having carried the gold club badge the greatest number of weeks during the year.

CREEDMOOR, Oct. 15.—The 11th Marksman's Badge match was shot to-day; the attendance was very large, and the weather was good, although the heavy wind in the morning somewhat bothered the shooters, some good scores were made. S. C. Pirie, Co. I, 23d Regt., was again the winner of the gold medal, and it virtually becomes his property, he having won it three times. Following are the scores of 42 and over, the winners being marked thus *:

	200	500	T'l		200	500	T'l
*S C Pirie, I, 23d	23	24	46	*S F Fahnestock, I, 16th	18	24	42
*O E Dudley, F. 7th	20	25	45	G P Brower, B, 23d	19	23	42
*T J Dolan, N C S, 12th	21	24	45	A McDougall, C, 7th	20	22	42
*F A Wells, B, 23d	23	22	45	G S Scott, Jr, A, 23d	21	21	42
*W Greenland, staff 23d	21	23	44	G F Hamlin, I, 23d	21	21	42
*J M Maconnell, H, 9th	22	22	44	T G Austin, G, 13th	21	21	42
*A D Beeken, N C S, 23d	23	21	44	A Stein, C, 7th	21	21	42
*McCoskry Butt, D, 12th	20	22	43	H D Hamilton, I, 23d	22	20	42
*J McNevin, N C S, 13th	21	22	43	A C Saunders, K, 23d	22	20	42
*D Bacon, K, 7th	23	20	43				

The two last Marksman's Badge matches this season will be shot on Saturday, Oct. 29 and Tuesday, Nov. 8 (election day) entries for which can be made at the office of the N. R. A., room 55, Temple Court, 5 and 7 Beekman street, New York city.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 7.—This afternoon two teams of 7 men each, competed at the Franklin rifle range for a supper. The men were members of the Foot Guard, the distance was 200yds., and each man was allowed 2 rounds of 5 shots. The scores were as follows:

Glazier	34304—14	02244—12
F Bill	42434—17	44403—15
Goodell	00000— 7	30040— 7
O Griswold	00002— 2	02223— 9
Thompson	00000— 0	30404—11
Watkinson	00020— 2	32000— 5
Clarke	32422—13—55	23424—14—73
Prutting	45453—21	33430—13
Wheeler	24350—14	33000— 6
O'Bill	00035— 6	20002— 4
Lawler	34000— 7	53423—17
Richmond	00002— 2	30223—10
Wilson	00000— 0	34334—17
Lincoln	00224— 8—58	43043—14—81

MANCHESTER, N. H. Oct. 8.—At the range this afternoon N. Johnson made a 72 card out of a possible 100 in the running prize event. He also defeated W. Graham in a match of 25 shots each, as follows:

Johnson	2 6 6 3 4 4 6 9 5 9 9 6 10 7 9 3 6 8 8 4 5 8 7 8 8—160
Graham	4 10 6 8 5 7 5 6 4 4 6 9 8 2 6 5 5 9 3 8 1 9 4 5 4—148

The proposition to hold a field day for members of the Manchester Rifle Association only, at which the present prize event, which has been running several months, shall be supplemented by half a dozen additional prizes, and terminate on that day is being discussed and is quite likely to be brought about.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—The fall shoot of the Miller Riffle Club will be held at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., Monday, Oct. 24. Shooting to commence at 8 A. M. and to close at 5 P. M. The well-known rules to be in force.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE CALIFORNIA TOURNAMENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6.—The annual tournament of the California Sportsmen's Association opened to-day and a very large attendance of sportsmen from this city and State contested for many beautiful prizes offered, on Cunningham's pigeon grounds. The shooting began promptly at 10 o'clock. The wind was blowing pretty stiff from the north during the forenoon and toward evening it increased to a gale. It was almost impossible in the afternoon to stand in a steady position before the traps, and as the pigeons, in the majority of instances, positively refused to fly, trap-shots found it a difficult task to make anything like clean scores. The birds that did fly shot from the traps with the speed of an arrow and were in only exceptional cases stopped short in their hurried flight toward the oyster beds. The first match was at 15 live birds, 21yds. rise, regular boundary, plunge traps, use of one barrel only; 29 entries. The first prize was won by John de Vaull, Jr. The young gentlemen grassed 14 birds in grand style. Five contestants scored 13 birds. Rice handled the strings in good style and Mr. Cate gave general satisfaction in his judgments as referee of the meeting.

Biggs	1000010011111101— 8	W Golcher	0111011110111110—11
Cross	0011110111111111—12	H A Bassford	0101111011111011—11
Sherry	1110011001101111—10	A Donaldson	0111111011111111—13
Dunshee	1101111111111110—13	De Vaull, Jr	1111111111111101—14
Fay	1111111001101111—12	F Bassford	1100110111111011—11
Lane	1110010111110011—10	Walsh	0110101111111110—12
Haas	1111111010111110—12	Coykendall	1111111100111111—13
West	1111101111111110—13	Delmas	1110111111101110—12
Merrill	1101111111011111—13	Blankin	1011111010101011—11

De Vaull, Jr., won first prize, $58 and 250 standard cartridges. A. Donaldson and West divided second and third money, $36.50 each. Dunshee, Merrill and Coykendall shoot off at blue rocks for

fourth, fifth and sixth prizes. Fay seventh prize, D [illegible] prize and Walsh ninth prize.

It was growing late in the afternoon and the president decided that the second match would be at 8 birds instead of 15 as advertised. The shoot, or race, as it is now termed, was 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, ground traps. The following is the order of the shooting:

Slade	11212000—5	West	11112121—8
Fay	11111211—8	R Wilson	11001110—5
Pixley	10210201—5	Kellogg	22022002—5
W Burnett	01220001—4	Hinman	22011100—5
Merrill	01111223—7	Delmas	21111223—8
Jellett	11012202—6	Coykendall	11012111—7
Haas	11022020—5	A Donaldson	12122122—8
Golcher	11200120—5	Dunshee	12111101—7
J B Burnett	11111202—7	Eyre	11110120—6
F Bassford	11111120—7	Cross	21110220—6
E Donaldson	12121111—8	Walsh	02122212—7

There was quite a number of even scores in this race, and the lucky ones, Fay, West, A. Donaldson, Delmas and E. Donaldson, divided the cash prize, $149, between them, and were to shoot off for fifth prize, a handsome Smith gun. The six contestants that scored 7 birds each will shoot off for the sixth and seventh prizes this afternoon. F. Bassford won eighth and Coykendall ninth.

Oct. 8.—The gathering of sportsmen at San Bruno to-day was very large. A more favorable day could not have been wished for. The heavy cold wind that prevailed through the latter part of yesterday had died away and in its place came a refreshing breeze just stiff enough to make the day a most pleasant one. In the morning the performance opened with a blue rock shoot. The race continued up to noon. The second contest began after noon and owing to the very large entry it did not terminate until about half an hour before sundown. The live bird contest was very spirited. The pigeons provided for the occasion were a remarkably fine lot and darted from the traps with great rapidity. The shooting was acknowledged to be the best ever witnessed on the San Bruno grounds. Rice manipulated the strings and the referee, H. H. Briggs, gave general satisfaction. First score was at 20 blue rock targets, 18yds. rise, 5 screened traps, entries 26:

Dunshee	11111111111111111111—20
Coykendall	11000010111010111110—12
Kellogg	10111101100111110111—15
Walsh	01110101101101111100—13
Delmas	11000100111011111111—14
H Bassford	11101010111111101011—15
F Bassford	10011111111101111111—17
C H Cate	11001011010001111111—12
S Donaldson	11111001100000101111—12
E Donaldson	01111111111111111001—17
West	01010111111111111101—15
Campbell	01111110110101001111—14
Bruns	11001101011111101101—14
Pixley	00101000010001011111—10
Coffin	01110101101010111000—11
Smyth	01101011011111011100—13
H C Golcher	11101101101111011001—14
A Schwerin	111 11111100111111111—18
W Burnett	10J1101011111101001—13

E. Dunshee made a clean score and took first; A. Schwerin came second; F. Bassford and E. Donaldson divided third and fourth; Kellogg, H. Bassford and West tied for the fifth, sixth and seventh prizes, and divided them; Delmas, Campbell, H. Golcher and Bruns tied for the eighth prize, and, on shooting off for same, J. Delmas won.

The next and last shoot of the day was at 12 live birds, 30yds. rise, ground traps, Hurlingham rules; entrance $5. The figure 2 shows second barrel:

Coffin	11110111001— 9	Kellogg	10111212212—11
Fay	12211110102—10	Ford	21212020000— 7
J Burnett	22112001210 2— 9	F Bassford	11120121011—10
Captain Eyre	01111201211—10	Coykendall	21101101111—10
F Maskey	21011212021—10	Dunshee	21102111110—10
Dr Cross	11112010110— 9	Haas	11110102111—10
Merrill	11221111112—12	Smyth	10200211021— 8
Delmas	12101122202— 9	Schwerin	10211222111—11
Pixley	12101121201 1—10	Cate	20210111112— 9
De Vaull, Jr	01121012221— 9	Wilson	20111101110— 9
A Donaldson	22112202121—10	Kerrigan	22112211102—11
Sperry	11010020 1122— 8	Lane	02212020201— 7
H Bassford	20210120211— 9	E Donaldson	21101012010— 8
H Golcher	12211200211— 9	W Burnett	01112110201— 9

The above contest was very cleverly won by Mr. Merrill of Stockton. His cash prize was $72. Kellogg, Coykendall, Schwerin and Kerrigan, with clevens to their credit, took second money, $27 each.

Oct. 9.—The third and last day of the State Sportsmen's Tournament ended under most successful auspices. The attendance was quite large. The pigeons were an excellent lot; in fact, they were voted to be the best-flying birds that were ever produced at a trap shoot in San Bruno. In the live bird contest Merrill made a clean score and won the handsome diamond badge of the association. Donaldson and his competitors shot off for the Smith gun. It was won by Donaldson.

First contest, for the diamond badge, association match, at 20 live birds, ground traps, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules; prize, a diamond badge, presented by the vice-president. The conditions of this shoot were that the winner must hold the badge for one year, until won three times by any member, when it shall become his personal property, the winner at each meeting to surrender the badge at the succeeding meeting and to receive the entrance money at such last-mentioned meeting. Open to members of the California Sportsmen's Association only, 26 entries:

Sperry	01102001010022011 1—12
Haas	12211210121122211110—18
Mackey	02222112111210110111—17
De Vaull, Jr	11111221021121111111—19
Fletcher	01010001101012111222—12
Kellogg	01111122102071320021—14
Fox	11102121011010202111—15
F Bassford	00011100121111112101—14
Delmas	00100222212212021111—15
A Donaldson	11212021111202122212—18
Coykendall	02122211202111110111—17
E Donaldson	11110221111212121111—19
Slade	11212122200112111012—17
W Golcher	21101111111101010101—16
Merrill	12112121212121111111—20
F E Lane	01010101202222122201—13

The next feature was a fusillade on the blue rocks. This contest was very spirited, and was watched with keen interest.

Twenty singles and 5 pairs blue rock targets, singles at 18yds. and pairs at 15yds.:

Delmas	11110111101111111011—17	01 11 10 10 11—7—24	
Coykendall	10101000111101111110—13	10 10 10 11 11—7—20	
Fox	11011111101111111011—17	11 10 00 11 11—8—25	
Kellogg	11011111111111111011—17	01 10 11 11 11—8—28	
W Golcher	01111101111111010001—14	10 10 11 10 10—6—20	
Fanning	11110111111010110110—15	11 10 10 11 11—8—23	
Jellett	01111011111111101111—16	11 10 11 10 10—7—23	
Campbell	11110110011100011191—13	10 11 00 11 11—7—20	
H Bassford	00110001110110011111—12	11 10 10 10 11—7—19	
Dunshee	11003111111001010010—11	10 10 00 10 10—4—15	
Mellish	11110011111101101111—16	10 10 11 10 11—7—23	
A Donaldson	11110001110001101111—13	11 10 10 10 11—7—20	
Brown	01111010101110000011—12	00 10 11 01 11—6—18	
Pixley	11101111111101101111—17	11 11 01 11 11—9—26	
Jones	01010000100101101111—10	10 00 00 10 11—4—14	
Cate	11101011101111001011—14	11 11 10 11 10—8—22	
Bruns	11101101111100001011—14	10 11 01 10 11—6—20	
F Bassford	11111010111111111111—18	11 11 10 11 10—8—26	
Dobbins	11001101111000110111—13	10 11 10 11 10—7—20	

The wind-up shoot of the day and the tournament was at live birds. 12 live birds, 30yds. rise, $5 entrance:

Fay	11111100011— 9	Freer	20001111211— 8
Haas	11111110210—10	Dobbins	12211011112—11
Golcher	12012111111—11	Delmas	02211121111—11
Merrill	12111211111—12	Cate	11221121010—10
Fox	11101011111—10	Osgood	02001010111— 7
Coykendall	12110111011—10	Fanning	11111111111—12
Ingalls	20001111211— 9		

Merrill made another clean score, which speaks well for the young Stockton marksman. He did not miss one bird for the entire shoot. The first and second prizes were divided between Merrill and Fanning, both having made clean records. Golcher, Delmas and Dobbins divided third, fourth and fifth money.

This shoot ended the State Sportsmen's Tournament, the most successful meet that has ever been held on the San Bruno Pigeon Grounds.

BUDD VS. BREWER.—Dunellen, N. J., Oct. 12.—Sportsmen from all over the country are gathered together to-day on the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club to witness the match between C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., the American champion, and Jack Brewer, of Philadelphia, Pa., the best man the East has produced. The match is at 100 birds from 5 traps, strict Hurlingham rules, for $250 a side. Mr. Budd used an L. C. Smith hammerless, 7lbs. 12oz., with 3¾drs. FFG powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 trap shot, loaded in Climax shells by Chamberlain. Mr. Brewer shot a W. W. Greener, 7lbs. 14oz., using 4½drs. of new American wood powder and 1¼oz. No. 8 chilled shot in his first barrel; in his second he had 4drs. of Dupont's diamond grain and 1¼oz. No. 7 trap shot, loaded in Ely shells. The day was raw and cold, with a strong wind blowing across the traps from left to right. The birds were a good lot, some lingered on the trap, only to start off like shot from a gun. Previous to the match several sweepstakes were shot, the scores appearing below. Promptly at 2:15 Referee Mr. W. Fred Quimby called the men to the score. Brewer led off, killing his bird, Budd following suit. Budd was first to miss, losing his third bird, a towering incomer, that fell dead just back of the dead line, he then started in and made his big run of 32 kills, missing his 36th, a hard straight driver, also his 40th, finishing his first 50 with 37 to his credit. Brewer missed his 4th, a strong right quarterer, his 11th, 20th, 24th and 28th, a towering driver that was hit hard, finishing his 50, two birds behind. A recess of ten minutes was taken and Brewer started in to reduce the Western man's lead; at the 69th bird he tied the score and was loudly applauded; the 78th round he was one bird ahead with the remarkable run of 42 kills. He missed his 78th, a right quarterer, and the score once more stood even. The little Western man now started in and at the 81st round had the lead by a bird, but slipped up on an incomer and the score, amid the greatest excitement, once again was a tie. Brewer lost his 89th and 92d, both right quarterers. Budd killed his last 18 straight and thus ended one of the most interesting matches ever witnessed in this section.

Budd	1101112211— 9
	12121111122—10
	22122221211—10
	22111012 20— 8
	12112212221—10
	12271011 2— 9
	12212221201— 9
	11201212212— 9
	11201201222— 8
	12112222111—10—92
Brewer	2110121111— 9
	01121121 20— 8
	11201212221— 9
	22222221011— 9
	12212122221—10
	21221111221—10
	11221112212—10
	21222121201— 9
	01202221101— 7
	20212122222— 9—90

Second barrel to kill, 20 times; on the ground, 23 times. Second barrel to kill, 29 times; on the ground, 18 times.

Brewer killed 18 straight drivers, missed 3; 4 right quartering drivers, missed 1; 6 left quartering drivers; 14 hoverers; 17 left quarterers; 21 right quarterers, missed 4; 6 towering drivers, missed 2; 4 incomers.

Budd killed 17 straight drivers, missed 2; 9 right quartering drivers, missed 1; 6 left quartering drivers; 7 hoverers; 12 left quarterers; 30 right quarterers, missed 1; 3 towering drivers, missed 2; 8 incomers, missed 1; incoming towerers, missed 1.

Sweep No. 1, Hurlingham, 5 live birds: Quinlan 5, Budd 5, Peacock 3, Seigler 5, Dickens 5, C. Smith 5, Tec Kay 4. Ties on 5 shot off in next sweep.

Sweep No. 2: Quinlan 4, Budd 5, Peacock 3, Seigler 5, Dickens 4, C. Smith 5, Tee Kay 3. Ties divided.

Sweep No. 3: Quinlan 4, Budd 5, Dickens 5, Seigler 4, C. Smith 5, Peacock 5, Tee Kay 3. Ties divided.

Sweep No. 4: Lindsley 4, Graham 5, Class 4, Budd 3, Seigler 3, C. Smith 5, Mamtz 5, Brewer 5, Peacock 2, Williams 4, J. Day 3, Quinlan 5, Kleinz 4, J. H. Force 4, Creely 5. Ties divided.

Sweep No. 5: Peacock 5, Class 3, Brewer 4, J. H. Force 4, C. Smith 3, Kleinz 5, Lindsley 4, Manitz 5, Hcft 5, Graham 5, Seigler 5, Williams 5, J. Day 4, Quinlan 4, Creely 5. Ties divided.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 12.—Regular shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club to-day at Woodlawn. Most of the best wing shots of Long Island competed. Besides the competition for the "Donnelly" gold badge, six prizes were shot for. There were five ties for the badge, each man killing seven birds straight. The other prizes, in which there were ties, were divided. Out of the 182 birds shot at only 47 escaped:

H McLaughlin (25)	1111011—6	Capt Mattair (24)	1101110—5
H P Donnelly (24)	1111011—6	G Wilson (21)	0010110—3
A Schwartz (29)	1111111—7	G Wheeler (21)	0111110—5
H Minck (22)	1000100—2	W J Stewart (29)	0110101—4
F Lanzer (25)	1111111—7	H Meyer (25)	1100010—3
J Smith (30)	0111010—4	J E Lake (25)	0111011—5
A Rockfellar (25)	0111011—5	H L Fesler (21)	0011110—4
R Monnesbe (25)	0111110—5	F Anson (28)	0111111—6
C Wise (27)	1111111—7	E Williams (22)	1100000—2
Kerry (29)	1111111—7	C W Jones (30)	1110111—6
G L Edwards (24)	1111111—7	J Ennis (21)	1111110—6

Ties for first: A. Schwartz 2, F. Lanzer 1, C. Wise 9, Kerry 10, G. L. Edwards 3.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.—New York, Oct. 15.—A very enjoyable shoot took place on Thursday, Oct. 13 at New Dorp, S. I., when 12 members of the New York German Gun Club stepped up to the traps to compete for the gold medal of the club. The occasion was particularly honored by the presence of Mr. Fountain, president of the Washington Heights Gun Club. After the club shoot at 10 live pigeons, in which Vice-Pres. Schmitt carried off the prize (the second time this year), a number of sweepstakes were arranged and Mr. Fountain scored several victories in a sportsmanlike manner, each successful shot of the honored visitor being vociferously cheered by all present. Inclosed please find score of the club shoot, in total not a very good one, but very fair in consideration of the really extraordinarily strong and wild birds and a stiff wind.

Match at 10 live pigeons, H. and T. ground trap, 21 and 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, club rules:

Boessennecker (25)	1101110001—5	Lucas (21)	1110010100—5
Spregade (21)	0111011101—7	Sauter (25)	1010111011—7
Schlicht (25)	1011101101—7	Greitner (21)	1011111011—8
Schmitt (25)	1010111111—8	Bonden (21)	0100001110—4
Hemmer (25)	1100111011—7	Breen (21)	1001011001—5
Muller (21)	1110011010—6	Klein (25)	0110110011—6

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 15.—The tie match some weeks ago between Gustav Freche and Thomas Rudden, of this city, when both killed 20 birds out of 25, led to another race being shot this afternoon. The match came off on John Erb's grounds on the Bloomfield road, a number of old time shooters being present. The conditions were 50 birds each, 25yds. rise, for $100 a side. Freche bet considerable outside money. The match was very close, and although Rudden led on the first score of ten by two birds, Freche won the contest by one bird. O. Von Lengerke acted as referee, and with satisfaction, although one decision gave rise to some kindly criticism. This was when a bird shot by Freche alighted on the rail fence, and being gathered was scored as a "dead bird," many of the spectators claim it was a "lost bird" from having sat on the boundary. Figure 2 signifies second barrel. The following is the score:

Gustav Freche...0110111102110102111111212111112022122202102—40
Thomas Rudden.1012221011222021002122001112101111210211010122—39

NEWTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 11.—North Side Gun Club of Long Island. Seventh average match of the year for $50 gold badge, best average of one year to win it as property. Match at live pigeons, five King's patent traps, handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, no back, club rules, 7 birds each:

Dr Franz	0111010—4	A Eberhardt	1110111—6
J Kroger	1101100—4	A Duryea	1111011—6
G Sims	0101110—4	W Bohmcke	1001011—4
E Barlow	0111111—6	T Tapken	0111001—4
M C Manning	0111001—4	J. Grau	1111000—4
J Winholz	1111011—6	W Krumbeck	1110100—4

Ties on 6 for first at 3 birds: E. Barlow (28yds.) 3, J. Winholz (28) 2, A. Eberhardt (28) 3, A. Duryea (29) w. Second tie: E. Barlow (30) 2, A. Eberhardt (30) 3. In a sweepstake match, ten entries, miss and out, two moneys, Messrs. Barlow and Kroger divided.—AUGUST H. EBERHARDT, Secretary.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 13.—Regular shoot of the Unknown Gun Club. The birds, supplied by Chris. Duerler, were of the best possible description, and gave the outsiders a chance to kill. J. Rathjen won the club's championship badge for the third time this season. In a subsequent sweepstake Rathjen and Pfohlman killed all their birds and divided first and second money. The quality of the birds is shown by the fact that no less than 66 birds escaped out of 128 shot at.

J Rankin (21)	0000101—2	J Tomford (25)	1000100—2
E Vroome (24)	0100111—4	H Van Staden (23)	1001111—5
R Stillwell (23)	1100000—2	J Rathjen (24)	1111111—7
R Moore (25)	0101110—4	C Plate (24)	1110001—4
W Gilman (23)	0010010—2	H Knebel, Sr (25)	0001101—3
G Pfohlman (25)	1111011—6	C Ring (21)	0001000—1
J Boyle (21)	1101101—5	H Knebel, Jr (23)	0110000—2
H Blohm (21)	0011011—4		

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10.—West Newark Gun Club, match at 25 bats, 18yds. rise, National Gun Association rules:

Botelmau	1011101011111111111101101—20
J Adelmann	1110101111111111001111111—21
C Doty	1111111111111111011111111—24
F Hilfers	1111111011111111111111111—24
M Mumm	1111111010100011101101111—19
M Ulbricht	0101010111111111111111111—21
G Deissler	1101110111111111111111111—23
M Adelmann	1111001111111111111101011—21
C von Lengerke	1111111101111011101011111—21

GREENBURG, Pa., Oct. 11.—The tournament conducted by the Greenburg Gun Club at the fair grounds was a decided success. The following are the scores: The first match was for 40, 20, and 10 per cent. of the entrance fees, at 10 birds: Dick 7, Gessler 2, Shaner 4, Ehalt 1, Overholt 5, Cochran 3, Thomas 2, Donohoe 3, Sexton 4, Chain 4, Brunot 3, Cummings 3, Householder 4. Dick took first money and Overholt second. Chain won the "miss and out" and third money by shooting at four birds and breaking two.

The next free for all match was on same terms at 10 blue rocks, 18yds.: Cochran 6, Overholt 4, Gessler 4, Donohoe 2, Thomas 2, Brunot 6, Dick 7, Shaner 8, Cummings 7, Fretts 6, Ehalt 4, Chain 6, Sexton 7. Shaner won first by breaking 8 out of 10, Dick second, Chain won third by breaking 4 birds.

This finished the advertised matches, and everybody joined in to get up several extra contests. The first was at 5 blue rocks: Overholt 3, Cummings 5, Dick 2, Chain 2, Sexton 2, Cochran 3, Holsinger 2, Fretts 3. The next special match was at three single, and won by Cummings. Another match at ten birds followed: Dick 7, Cochran 3, Cummings 8, Shaaner 5, Ehalt 4, Chain 6. In this Cummings got first and Dick downed second. This finished the shooting, part of which was done in a rain while a high wind prevailed all day, and the sun failed to show itself even at intervals. The match was pronounced a success by the visitors from Johnstown, Scottdale, Larimer and other near towns, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The rather deficient scores were undoubtedly caused by the bad weather and chilly wind.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 11.—Acme Gun Club regular shoot for the gold badge to-day at Durler's Park, Jamaica Plank Road, 20yds.:

C Wiessel	11011101111101011100—14
C Munck	00101001000000000000— 3
C Debtloff	10100010100100010000— 6
M Schoettler	11001111101011110110—14
G Kollmann	00100110010001011000— 7
J Link	11110011111011100001—13
C Carolan	00011110100000001001— 8

Ties: C. Wiessel 2, M. Schoettler 0.

SOLOMON CITY, Kas., Oct. 9.—On account of the sultry weather in this section the club has done but little shooting, but at this meeting decided to hold its first hunting tournament at Cheyenne bottoms for ducks, brant and geese. The result you shall hear in the future. Match shot Oct. 8:

J Kraenchi	01101010000010001101— 8
T J Epworthy	00001111111111011001—13
C H Smith	10111101011111111101—16
E E Crooks	01111110110110001111—14

TAUNTON, Mass, Oct 1.—Taunton Fish and Game Protective Association. Eleven members met and shot for the club prizes. Match at 10 clay-pigeons, clay-pigeon trap, 16yds. rise, 3 angles, N. G. A. rules: G. L. Smith 7, J. T. Hall 7, G. L. Davis 9, F. S. Keith 5, A. Handy E 6, Leonard 7, C. Hill 4, W. Barstow 8, J. Davis 8, C. T. Snow 3, E. Bowen 3.

Match at 10 bats, clay-pigeon trap: Smith 8, Hall 8, G. H. Davis 10, Keith 6, Handy 9, Leonard 5, Hill 8, Barstow 10, J. Davis 9, Snow 8, Bowen 8.

Match at 10 blue rocks, 3 blue rock traps: Smith 5, Hall 8, G. H. Davis 7, Keith 5, Handy 7, Leonard 6, Hall 7, Barstow 8, J. Davis 6, Snow 7, Bowen 2.

Match at 10 clay-pigeons: Smith 6, Hall 7, G. H. Davis 8, Keith 5, Handy 5, Leonard 8, Hill 3, Barstow 7, J. Davis 6, Snow 9, Bowen 7.

Match at 10 blue rocks: Smith w, Hall 7, G. H. Davis 6, Keith 4, Hardy 5, Leonard 8, Hill 3, Barstow 7, J. Davis 7, Snow 10, Bowen 9.

Match at 10 blue rocks: Hall 7, G. H. Davis 8, Keith 6, Handy 7, Leonard 7, Hill 3, Barstow 10, J. Davis 3, Snow 7, Bowen 5.

W. Barstow first, 92; G. H. Davis second, 85; C. T. Snow third, Hall and Leonard fourth, 80; J. Davis fifth, 79; Keith and Handy sixth, 74.

BLACKBIRDS FOR THE TRAP.—At a recent Kansas City tournament blackbirds were used. The birds, says the Kansas City *Times*, were supplied by J. C. Caldwell, of Norburn, Mo., who nets them in the marshes in that vicinity. He uses a net 24ft. wide and 90ft. long. He finds one of the flyways of the birds, and sets the net on its route, the two edges touching the ground and the net forming a canopy, open at either end. It is made of No. 18 thread, with inch meshes. A clever contrivance enables Mr. Caldwell to drop the net in a twinkling. Decoys are placed under it, and millet, hemp and sunflowers are used to entice the wild birds on. A flock once under the net, it is dropped, and the birds can't even struggle. Five hundred and twenty birds is the greatest number ever made by Mr. Campbell at one haul. Once captured the birds are stored in a house 30ft. square by 8ft. high, made of wire netting. "They can be kept six months if they are handled right," he says. "They must be fed carefully and kept in as much a state of nature as possible." The birds are not crated loosely together when shipped as are pigeons, but each blackbird has its separate little compartment. Blackbirds are about as different from pigeons in size and flight as could be imagined. There is a gamy twirl of the tail of the blackbird as he comes out of the trap, a challenging flutter of the wings, and a dart and "away all" in a twinkling. He doesn't wait to see where he came from, and apparently cares not whither he goeth. It takes quick shooting and good shooting to kill. Where there was single bang at pigeons on Tuesday, the order yesterday was bang! bang! for both barrels were the rule, not the exception. This made the sport all the more interesting and exciting, especially as the wind blew away from the traps and sent the birds generally in that direction. With blackbirds it is the tailer which is hard to reach effectively. The scores were good ones, but not up to the scores at live pigeons, as was to be expected. The blackbirds were a good lot, fresh and strong. In the very first shoot at the little fellows a surprise developed, as the two big professionals, Stice and Budd, were shot out of first place, and the latter completely out of any money. Mr. Budd laid it to the shells. Mr. Stice is not at all partial to blackbirds, and was satisfied with a division of second money. It was surprising how few of the visiting marksmen had shot at live blackbirds. They are by no means a common target, and such men as Mr. Crabill had never pulled a trigger on one. Their vitality is much greater than that of the pigeon, and when hit they struggle to fly just as long as they can flap their wings. Birds with two or three shots in their body often get out of bounds. Some of the marksmen were pleased with the target, others were not. Few had the proper shot for the birds, and this accounted for the disappointment of several.

PLUNGE TRAPS.—"The use of plunge traps exclusively in the live bird shooting," says the Kansas City *Times*, "was condemned by the professionals present, who at first declared they would enter into no such matches. Others also objected. 'Why, sir,' said Mr. Stice to a reporter, 'I've shot all over this country, from Michigan to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and Missouri is the only State in the country where plunge traps are used with the gun below the elbow. The sportsmen here are fifty years behind the times. I will shoot any man in Missouri, I to use ground and he plunge traps, and he can put his gun to his shoulder before he calls 'pull' if he wants to. Plunge traps are away behind the age.' 'That is the size of it,' put in Mr. Budd, emphatically. 'The great objection to plunge traps,' went on Mr. Stice, 'is that soft birds can be used—birds which wouldn't rise from a ground trap. Just as well put big potatoes in to throw up and hoot them before they come down. A bird has no chance to get on the wing before he is shot at. Now, a ground trap gives a bird his natural flight.' 'I don't think much of the plunge traps, either,' remarked F. S. Crabill. 'They have gone out of use almost everywhere. They give a bird no chance to gather himself before he is killed. He is thrown up and knocked down before he can get his wings well in motion. Now, a proper ground trap, you see, gives a bird his natural flight. It is much more like field shooting and is much better sport.' The Missouri State Sportsmen's Association adopted the plunge trap years ago. At the last State tournament a resolution was introduced to change to ground traps. Enterprising and advanced sportsmen have been agitating the question since, and urging the adoption of the ground trap with such success that it is thought that plunge traps will be a thing of the past after the next meeting of the association."

Hon. H. M. Seely has been passing his summer's vacation in the Adirondacks, devoting his time mainly to fishing. While out with a guide, in a boat on Chateaugay Lake, Franklin county, N. Y., a few days since, indulging in his favorite pastime, he met with a hunting adventure that rarely falls to the lot of a sportsman. They noticed something swimming toward them, but at some distance. Gradually it drew near, when they discovered that it was a buck. Being destitute of firearms they were at somewhat of a loss how to proceed; but as delay might prove to be dangerous to themselves, or give the deer an opportunity to escape, Judge Seely hastily grasped a piece of board lying in the bottom of the boat, and when the animal came within reach gave him a sturdy and stunning blow over the head, killing it. They carried their trophy in triumph to the hotel, and it furnished a most toothsome repast.—*Honesdale Citizen.*

Yachting.

KEEL BOATS AND FALSE PILOTS.

THOUGH the defeat of Thistle was by no means pleasant for yachtsmen on the other side of the water, it might at least have been made highly profitable to them had they chosen to consider it carefully and thoroughly; but the entire effort now seems to be in the direction of false conclusions and baseless statements and excuses. Carried away at once by the fact that Volunteer had a centerboard, some of the British papers have declared outright that their boats must have centerboards also to retake the Cup. Some allowance must be made for non-technical journals which grasp only at the most obvious features and waste no time in going beneath the surface, but it is surprising to read the following in such a journal as the London *Field*: "It appears likely that there will be some clamoring that any future British challenger should make use of our invention of the centerboard. The Americans have now had an almost exclusive monopoly of this British contrivance for more than half a century, and have become to regard it of purely American origin. With this amiable foible we will not quarrel, nor do we think they can quite blame us if we again take up with a long discarded notion. It is quite possible that if Thistle had been fitted with a type metal 'fin' in her lead keel, to drop 4ft., that she would have held Volunteer on a wind in the second race."

The part which the *Field* took only a few months since in the proposed Mayflower-Arrow match, is still fresh in the memory of all, how it then proposed to force an unjust and arbitrary penalty on this "British contrivance" which it now feelingly alludes to as "our invention." Time works wonders, but we hardly expected to see such a great wonder in so very short a time; that such a conservative journal as the *Field* should tenderly take under its care that abominable, mischievous and altogether reprehensible device, the centerboard; a device proscribed by British yacht clubs and not recognized on British courses. Only a short half year since, and the *Field* was foremost in the effort to penalize Mayflower's centerboard to an extent that would have crippled her materially, and now we find it seriously speculating over what might have been, had Thistle only been provided with a centerboard.

No one can blame British yachtsmen if they decide to adopt the centerboard permanently after being convinced of its merits, but the present position in which some of their representatives have placed them is by no means a creditable one to their fairness and good sense. On the one hand the centerboard is condemned and prohibited, no test of its merits or defects is possible in British waters; British yachtsmen know nothing of it and do not want to learn. On the other hand, now that Volunteer with a centerboard has beaten Thistle with a keel, the newspapers, from the *Field* down are ready to pave the way for the national adoption of this "British contrivance," and a termination of the American "monopoly" of the board. Had a fair and liberal stand been taken years ago by the Y. R. A., admitting centerboard boats to its races, the centerboard would have been tested beside the best keel boats, the shortcomings of the latter might have been remedied long since, the defeats of the last three years might have been avoided and the weak-kneed cowards of the keel who are now ready to throw it over for the board might have been spared much screw and mortification. The system of protection which has been pursued by British yachtsmen has fostered a delusion which only succumbed in the late outside race, that any of the large keel cutters can hold to windward with such a powerful combination of keel, lead and board as Volunteer. Genesta, Galatea, Thistle, have all tried it and failed, and it is beyond question that neither Irex nor Marjorie would be much, if any, better.

Why they have failed, and what the remedy may be, are questions which involve the existence of the present keel racing fleet, questions of the first importance to yachting, but those to whom yachtsmen might look in this emergency have entirely failed. For the "why" they are told that the lessened immersed surface and skin friction of Volunteer made her faster, and that the board held her to windward; for the "what" they are advised to "copy a leaf from their rival's book," to put centerboards in their keel yachts. The excuses and explanations quoted below are amusing, and to a certain degree interesting, as showing public opinion among British yachtsmen, but there is one prime error which is of far more importance. As long as the large cutters sailed alone, or even sailed against the old sloops in this country, they were considered invincible to windward, but unfortunately for them, the rule against centerboards made any preliminary trials with the latter impossible until the grand contest came in 1885. Lacking any direct comparison, it was only natural that the powers of the cutter to windward should be rated very high, and that the serious defect which has resulted in three defeats should have been unsuspected until too late.

The weak point of Genesta, of Galatea and later of Thistle, has been the deficiency of the lateral plane, either in form, area, or both, and the consequent failure of the yachts to hold on. The responsibility for this defect must rest largely with the theorists and scientists, headed by the *Field*, who pose as guides for the designer and naval architect whose opportunities for personal research and elaborate investigation are hampered by the demands of business. For the dozen years that centerboards and keels have came into direct rivalry these authorities have held up one point as paramount to all others, the immersed area and skin friction. Year after year the deep keel boat in American waters has beaten the shoal centerboard of far less immersed surface when running free, but in spite of such practical demonstration the doctrine based on tank experiments and pure theory has remained unaltered abroad. Madge beat Schemer, Genesta outran Puritan, Galatea held Mayflower better when free than to windward, Thistle is beaten 15m. to windward and beats Volunteer 3m. in running, but the grand old theory remains unshaken, and compels a certain admiration for the colossal obstinacy and and blindness of its adherents.

This spring the *Field* said: "Mayflower will still have some advantage by the reduction her immersed surface can be made to undergo when her board is lifted some three or four feet. The main advantage of a centerboard is that it can be housed when sailing on a broad reach, or down wind." * * * "So far as sailing by the wind is concerned, the board does not appear to hold the yacht to more advantage than a fixed keel does a modern yacht of deep cross section." * * * "Where the centerboard has the advantage is in lifting the board for sailing off the wind. By housing the board in a yacht like the Mayflower, a reduction of 10 per cent. is at once made in the area of the immersed surface, and the effect of this is always manifest, especially in light winds or low speeds."

Since this was written the races of the season have added fur ther proof of its error, but now, after Thistle has beaten Volunteer under the conditions when according to theory Volunteer should have beaten her the worst, the same false beacon light shines out clear and bright. "This superiority in sail, spread and diminution of wetted surface, due to the shifting centerboard, were quite sufficient to bring about success with any decently designed vessel." * * * "The latter (Volunteer) although drawing less water than Thistle, is owing to her extra 3ft. breadth, the stiffer, and carries probably 5 per cent. more canvas. This fact, taken in conjunction with the small wetted surface of Volunteer, and the efficiency of the centerboard in holding a boat to windward, will account for Thistle's defeat."

The same "amiable foible" of skin resistance is made to shoulder most of the blame, though now a part of the beating is laid to the power of the board to windward. Volunteer is taken as the standard, her reduced surface, and her shifting centerboard won the race, the possible defects of Thistle are of little account, and the way is paved for a further perpetuation of the old errors and for further defeats of the keel. The main point, the whole gist of the matter is left untouched, though it appears in one single sentence in the *Field*'s comments, as follows: "The necessity of having the vertical longitudinal section so pared away at the ends to reduce the wetted surface for light weather sailing, would obviously reduce the resistance to leeway."

That such a cutting away was a necessity is the doctrine that the *Field* has always preached, with what results is seen in all the late Cup races. The importance of a reduced surface has been exalted above all other considerations, and the question of obtaining adequate lateral resistance has been left unnoticed. It is this question that alone concerns the designers of keel boats to-day. All the experience in this country goes to prove that the importance of skin friction and reduced area has been vastly overrated, and that instead of being the first and great consideration, it may be left in a great measure to take care of itself.

What designers now want to know is the required area of lateral plane, the best disposition of this area to secure the maximum lateral resistance, and the effect on lateral resistance of the various plane and curved surfaces and angles which make up the side of a yacht. Such data is as yet unobtainable; if science and theory can give it to the designers, so much the better; if not, science had better take a back seat. Theory dictates curved surfaces everywhere—at joining of keel and garboard, at bottom of keel—but where this is done the waste of holding-on power is so immense that it must be compensated by excessive draft. Race after race has proved this, and offers a sufficient justification for a refusal to accept the theory as complete and of practical application in its present form.

We do not wish to deny the great value and importance of the experiments made of late years; they have thrown light on many dark subjects, widened the sphere of research, and placed new tools in the hands of the naval architect; but that there is great danger of their results being overestimated or misinterpreted is shown in the present instance. The tank experiments of the late Mr. Froude on the subject of skin resistance are in themselves of the greatest value, but we cannot forget that in the Cup races the yachts are not towed in a tank, but sailed in broad waters, and if the facts in these races contradict the theories, so much the worse for the latter.

The result of the Volunteer-Thistle race is to put the keel boat in a position of defense, it rests with it how to prove its quality with the board. What help is it getting from its old adherents and friends? No investigation as to its weak points and possible improvement is made, only the bald conclusion, the centerboard and reduced surface did it; hence, build centerboard boats. The excuses in the British papers are simply laughable to those who know both boats and have seen them sail. *Land and Water* lays the defeat to the board, and at the same time echoes the cry about square courses. "Although the defender of the Cup was not so fast through the water as the challenger, she ate to windward, probably by the aid of the mechanical contrivance under water, in such a wonderful way that after reaching for five minutes she could have easily headed the Scotch cutter." * * * "As the winner scuttled away to the 'Hub of Creation' soon after her victory, the respective merits of the two boats on a broad reach or with the wind on the quarter remains untested." * * * "General Paine would not consent to sail his vessel against the Thistle over a triangular course." * * * "On the third point of sailing the Americans interested in the Thistle have not given an opportunity of testing the two types of vessels."

As these statements will possibly be accepted by British readers, it is but fair to correct them. Thistle was beaten so thoroughly to windward as to satisfy all her American friends that Volunteer was the better boat by the standard set up long since by British yachtsmen, that a yacht's power to windward was the measure of her good qualities, and that even a haystack would go to leeward. Even if reaching powers were in question, and they were not, and never have been where cutters and sloops raced in America, Thistle was so easily held by Volunteer when off the wind that she could not have won on even a square course. As to Gen. Paine shirking a triangular race, and Volunteer "scuttling off," the facts are that no definite proposal for such a race was made, and all who saw the second race, even though friends of Thistle, had all they wanted.

A correspondent of the *Field*, a "Dundee yachtsman," after lamenting that Thistle is both too wide and too deep, continues, "There is no doubt whatever that any other shape of course than a square one is not a fair test for a seagoing yacht." His further complaint against the New York course is just enough, but he has surely forgotten that two out of three races were set for the open sea, and also that when some years since Vanduara beat Samoena solely in windward work, though slower at reaching, all Scotland stood firmly committed to a windward course as a proper test.

Another correspondent, an "Ex-commodore," drops a sigh over the "hollowness" of Thistle's defeat, and then continues, "If it is to be always a contest between a skimming dish with a centerboard and a deep-keeled vessel, it seems to me we had better cave in for good and all. It is not within the compass of human skill to deviso a heavy ballast-carrying vessel which shall under ordinary circumstances defeat one of light draft but of sufficient stability to carry an equal or greater amount of canvas in proportion to tonnage. The Americans can, of course, impose what conditions they like. They are cute enough to know that, no matter what the size and power of the English yacht may be, they can build a skimmer to beat her. We admit the unfairness of the competition by not allowing it. Why are we fools enough to engage in it? Nearly every yacht race is won by superiority in getting to windward, and in this the centerboard is and will be matchless."

How it would astonish this worthy "ex-commodore" to stand beside Volunteer on the dry dock and see this "skimming dish" in her true proportions, a yacht of greater draft, depth and displacement than many a famous cutter of not so long ago, a boat little inferior to Thistle in size or displacement, and to the eye a more powerful craft. When it is considered how well informed generally in regard to the British fleet all American yachtsmen are, it is wonderful what ignorance prevails in England in regard to the leading American yachts. The doings, dimensions and possibilities of Irex, Genesta, Marjorie, Clara, Tara and the rest, have been familiar to American yachtsmen for years, while abroad such a boat as Volunteer is gravely held up as a mate to Fanny, Gracie and the American sloops.

Another correspondent of the *Field*, Mr. W. D. Gainsford, after finding comfort in the thought that some of the Cup races would have been won under the old Y. R. A. rule, continues: "Now, a fixed keel holds no brief against the centerboard. Then why do we not have centerboards? Because they would not be of any use outside the Solent. Americans do not cruise. Their boats, however big, are practically what we call day boats, and a centerboard is good enough for that purpose. Our yachts are ships, and naturally and properly our racing yachts are ships too. They are not the fastest craft in the world, but they are the fastest ships. If not, why do not the Americans send over a centerboard to sail here? Simply because they are a good deal cuter than we are. They know too well that no boat that could get across would stand much chance of winning in our waters."

Mr. Gainsford is partly right, no centerboard would stand any chance of winning in British waters as long as any way of crippling her in the interests of the keel could be devised, as in the case of Mayflower this spring. British yachtsmen have reaped a full reward for their prohibition of the centerboard; had a centerboard boat crossed a year or two since, the defects of the keel would have been discovered sooner, and might have been remedied in Thistle; had Arrow's owner made such fair conditions that Mayflower and Mr. Burgess would have crossed and spent the summer abroad, the forces would have weakened to an extent that would have made a victory for Thistle easily within the limits of possibility. That Volunteer cannot cross the Atlantic in perfect safety, or cannot hold her own in British waters anywhere outside the Solent, is a fiction that can harm no one but British yachtsmen.

Still another writer finds the cause of the defeat in the fact "that Volunteer sailed more or less on her keel and Thistle sailed more or less on her side, "his conclusions being favorable to the former. It has been a noticeable fact for three years that the wide American boats have sailed at as great an angle very frequently as Genesta and Galatea, at times even exceeding them in heeling; while this year Thistle undeniably stood straighter than Volunteer, so the bottom drops out of this idea.

In nearly all the comments that have appeared abroad there are the same condemnations of American boats, American courses, and American methods, the demand for reaching rather than windward courses, the admission that the centerboard did it all. In none is there any serious attempt at a fair comparison of the two boats, any suggestion that Thistle's shortcomings rather than Volunteer's excellence contributed to the result, or any earnest effort to improve the keel boat; in fact, the friends of the keel abroad are making but a sorry showing.

That the case is not as bad as they make it, that the time has not come to follow their weak-kneed counsels and build centerboard yachts or give up racing, is plain enough to those who have seen the course of events in America since Genesta came here. There is much that points to a great future for keel boats, even in this country where they must be in constant competition with centerboards, but the work will be no child's play; to build a perfect keel boat is no easy task, but there is no reason as yet to consider it an impossibility. The ability to alter the lateral plane within wide limits by raising or lowering the board, or even by permanently altering its size or shape after trial allows the designer of the centerboard boat to correct errors of trim or sailplan to an extent not possible with the fixed keel, and makes the work of beating a really good centerboard boat like Volunteer with a keel boat a difficult matter, but there is no reason as yet to believe that it cannot be done.

The first step toward such an improvement in Thistle seems to be to discard, as fully as the leading American designers have done, the theory of skin friction, and to devote all the labor to improving the efficiency of the lateral plane. How this is best done, what area is necessary, how it should be distributed fore and aft, and in what form its bounding surfaces should be, the designer may properly look to the scientist and investigator to show; but until both have gone further into the problem than has yet been done, it is too soon to condemn the keel and to formally adopt the centerboard for all racing craft.

THE DEPARTURE OF THISTLE.—On Oct. 14, at 7 A. M., the anchor was quietly weighed and Thistle sailed out of the Narrows on her return trip to Glasgow. But few were on hand to see her off, only the yachts Vision and Hinda firing salutes as she left. She is under the same rig with which she crossed—short topmast, bowsprit and boom—and has the same crew, Captain Barr sailing her, with Captain Kerr as navigator.

THE DINNER TO PAINE AND BURGESS.

THE dinner given by the New York Y. C., in honor of Messrs. Paine and Burgess, on Oct. 13, was attended by a large number of yachtsmen, mostly members of the club. Delmonico's large ball room was gaily decorated with yachting colors, while the tables were covered with prize cups. In the center of the main table, opposite the Commodore's chair, was the America's Cup. Lander's orchestra and a vocal quartette furnished music during the evening. Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess were seated on the right and left hand of Com. Gerry. After a short speech from the Commodore the Song of the Cup was sung, and then, in answer to the Commodore's toast, "Charles J. Paine—our thrice victorious champion; our antagonists always follow his memorable order, 'Keep astern;'" General Paine responded as follows:

I beg to thank you as heartily as I am able for the honor that you do me here to-night. I wish I could thank you as deeply as I feel for the cordiality and heartiness of this reception. But I must beg that you will believe that my feelings are deeper than I can express, and take for granted what I wish I could say to you.

I think, gentlemen, that we ought all of us to recognize the great debt that we owe to challengers that come here for this Cup. They not only encourage yacht building and thereby give us more yachts, but they develop a most amazing enthusiasm for yachting all through the country. And when they have gone away they have left a very comfortable feeling of satisfied patriotism. I only hope that our next friend who comes on the same errand will leave us with the same feeling.

I have been asked a good many questions since the late races about the speed of the Thistle—the amount by which she was beaten seemed not at all compatible with her record on the other side, and when she goes back she will be used in all probability to measure the speed of any new yacht that comes over for the Cup. I think it will be very important to have as near as can be a correct judgment as to her speed here, and I wish to put on record my very strong opinion that we have never truly measured the Thistle in this country; that the speed that she is really capable of has not been ascertained here. In my opinion she is a great deal faster than many people here credit her with being. I wish, gentlemen, before I sit down, to thank the members of this club for all the courtesies that I have received from them, and to record my obligations to the owner of the Oneida for the assistance received from him during the races.

Mr. Burgess spoke briefly in response to the following toast; "Edward Burgess—our model American yachtsman, who designs only to surpass himself."

Other toasts and speeches followed, and the old song of the America—

"Where did she come from?
New York town.
Who's her skipper?
Old Dick Brown,"

was sung by Mr. Frank Robinson, followed by other songs, after which the meeting broke up.

JO, AN OLD TIME CRUISE.

"MORNIN', boss. Wat's name told me to tell you that him and wat's callem and the other feller'd be 'board de Mercy as soon as they git fit with life'severs. Guess Jo hain't got no call fo' dem t'ings zackly, fur de curds say I be choked with a rope, spec it be froat halids," and diving into the forepeak Jo was lost among the sea stores.

The trio having arrived, the Hercules got under way. Our crew, Budd (broker), avoirdupois 97lbs., wiry, quick as a cat and perfectly fearless; Lyons (college), splendidly formed, up in the classics, and one of the very best of very good fellows; Chrystell (theatrical), witty, gay and full of music and dance; Jo (cook), active, amiable and obedient; the writer (drygoods), and the least said about him the better.

We had a continuous fair wind (where the Hercules loves to romp and enjoy herself) up to the evening of the fourth day, and were abreast of a little creek at sundown, when the wind hauled in S.E. and got up a bubble. We put the "old gal" at it without avail, and were obliged to run back to Mahone's for a harbor.

We had made about sixty miles in the four days and were happy. While waiting for another fair wind I will introduce you to our ship. She is not beautiful but powerful, as stubborn as Bob Fitch's mule, and twice as independent. She goes rooting about in lumpy water like an "old sow in a tater patch" (I borrow from Jo), then turns tail and sails off down wind like a school girl with ribbons flying. She came near drowning us once in her tantrums and we gave her away to an oysterman at Squan, on the Jersey coast, but she came back in a week all the same, "by herself." A river pirate stole her but she was home next day, head up and pert as a blooded pup.

The storm lasted two days, and cleared up with the wind N. W., and from over Hawk's Nest and swamped, bailed out and proceeded. "Laws a-mighty, boss, how cum dem crazy birds to build a nest way off yar in de bottom of de hocean," said Jo, rather bewildered. Sailed two days and nights with a quartering wind and smooth water. Sighted the sand hills at Cape Henlopen morning of the third day, and ran into Lewes 5 P. M.

I want to put our ship on record. The run from Camden to Lewes, 100 miles, was made in ten days gross and seven net. Hired a little bull team and went over to the lighthouse on the cape. Chrystell went through some dangerous gymnastics on the iron rod running at right angles with the top of the tower, used as pilot signals, and was reprimanded severely by Lyons for his foolhardiness. As we approached the ship on our return saw something strange at the masthead. Explains, "Caught dat young mole in de grub locker, filteren, so I gist sent 'im up dar on froat halirds to sweat the grease out on 'im. All de folks in town's bin yer. I told his mudder I was gwine to make soup or hash out on 'im, and you ort to see de old gal git cross that bridge." Jo got double rations for his faithful performance of duty.

Went over to Rehobeth and had good beach bird shooting; walked a mile inland and saw the place where the mythical brig was stranded years ago and recently exhumed. While we were knocking about the cape Jo had been attending to a little business outside of the general routine, and had become such a favorite with the ladies and a terror to their lovers that we deemed it prudent to leave. Started with a fair wind for Cape May. When nearing land the wind flew around to the eastward, and the ship became nervous under crowded sheets and seemed determined to take the back track for the Breakwater. But we kept the cotton on her, with the boom off a trifle to humor her; and after a deal of coaxing and driving ran into Fishing Creek, around the cape.

"Poor old Hercy, she groaned and slobbered worse ner dat old tonger you gin der terbackey over dar among the crows." And Jo, grinning, pointed across the bay. Clear weather and fair wind once more; doubled the cape and ran into Cold Spring Inlet. Took in the town and started for Atlantic City, running the inside passage, with Jo as pilot, who claimed to know every inch of the way. But he hasn't been quite right since we left Lewes and is clean daft now.

"You see, boss, dat water takes yer to de Cow Sheds, and dis is Frog Gut dat runs roun' and roun', and dis yer goes n'war' 'ticular, and dis de fort han' jines the fas' land, den—lem me see—by gosh! now I strike 'im shu'." And so we spent a week in the mud feeding mosquitoes and getting nowhere. Lyons and Christell were nearly dead, and even Jo, who boasted he had lived a month in a muskrat hole, was getting thin and cross-eyed. At last we fell in with a native in a small scow, who for a consideration, mixed probably with a little compassion, took us back to Cold Spring. Here the sick ones left for home, and it was many days before they entirely recovered.

"Never node a poor little 'skeeter to get away wid a lion befo'; dey sucked all de big talk out of 'im, 'cept when he used 'fanity words about de uncertainty of 'uman 'vents and de 'skete: dem be blooded, boss; gosh almitey, how dey made Mars Chrystell dance; arter dey feasted on him dey roosted on Mars Budd's nose (Roman at large) and sing him ter sleep. I like um; used to raise um in a hothouse to fight hornets wid ——" a green head struck Jo on the lower lip and ended the palaver. His mouth is also cross-eyed now.

Rove off cloth lines in place of stranded halliards, scraped mud off the bottom and got the ship in shape for a run home at the first suspicion of a fair wind. "Reservoir Boss," jist leave Jo in de mash where he was born." The poor fellow, sick as he was, could not refrain from getting off a joke as a "masher," remembering perhaps the reason we left Lewes so suddenly.

Many incidents occurred to break the monotony of a long and tedious trip up the bay. Two of our comrades had left us, our ship every day was getting more obstreperous, while Jo, our best man, became helplessly sick, leaving "uhbs," of man and a left-handed boss to run the ship and nurse the cook. Arrived home safe after five weeks' absence. We were all in our teens, and as will be seen novices. All are dead now save the writer, even Hercules (a late stayer) succumbed to the inevitable, stubborn and strong-headed to the last. Poor Jo; he was a noble-hearted fellow, true as steel, and in all our many cruises together he was always the same honest, obliging, good-natured Jo.

R. G. WILKINS.

COOPER'S POINT, Camden, N. J.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would seem of but trifling weight, in view of recent events, whether Volunteer and Thistle are called cutters or sloops. Their rig is practically identical, each type having borrowed something from the other, until, so far as their rig goes, it appears that perfection is nearly reached.

The vital question is why does Volunteer show such a very decided superiority in windward work and staunchness over Thistle?

Regarded from a purely artistic point of view, Thistle is perhaps the most beautiful and fairest piece of naval designing ever seen in our waters, and the man who could produce such a work deserves something other than bitter disappointment. Yet, she has been very badly beaten, and not only this, but everything indicates that in heavy weather her defeat would have been far more thorough, for on last Friday it must have been evident to even the most prejudiced adherent to heavy displacement that Thistle was sailing in the weather that best suited her, while Volunteer just rollicked along, making mere play of what to Thistle was a tough struggle for that which was way beyond her power of reaching.

Here we have two boats of same length and rig. For the purpose of argument we will call one a cutter, the other a sloop.

The first has lines as beautiful as the eye or brain can imagine. She draws about 14ft. of water, and her ballast is, say, 13ft. below her waterline. Her beam is 20ft., and the admirers of her type have, fortunately, in advance indorsed her as a perfect sample of what a cutter ought to be, when the designer is untrammeled by any restrictions whatever.

On the other hand is a sloop, 3ft. wider, of 4ft. less draft, and with her ballast 4ft. nearer the level of her waterline. But the radical difference between the two is, that the sloop has a centerboard and immense buoyancy, lifting power, in a bilge close to the water's surface. And, my deluded cutter friends, it was simply exhilarating to see the way in which that high bilge and that big centerboard were lifting her out to windward on every surge, while the cutter was hopelessly sagging a-lee, and not going through the water so fast as the sloop either.

I hear that the thorough little yachtswoman, Mrs. Bell, honestly admitted that "the centerboard did it."

Gentlemen, will you be as candid as this lady?

Thistle has done all that is in her to do. Volunteer has not. Give the latter her large mainsail, and in the weather of last Friday she will beat Thistle three-quarters of an hour over the same course. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Oct. 2.

[Volunteer did carry her largest mainsail, but the old boom, in both races. Our correspondent is probably in error as to the difference in draft of the two, the figures being approximately 13 and 10½ft., instead of 14 and 10.]

FRAME IT BROADLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to indorse the sentiments expressed in your last issue relative to the proposed revision of the deed of gift. The writer is one of the many who have been hoping that the N. Y. Y. C. would take some action in the adoption of amendments such as you suggest. I trust the near future will see them in force and that the new rules will be broadly framed with a view to the best interests of yachting.

An open course for a seagoing vessel should be one of the conditions. The experience of the past three years is almost a guarantee that one of the changes made will be in this particular, and for such let us be thankful. An annual parade may be a good thing in its way, but the occasion of an important match should place it in the background.

The third count you offer might be amended to state that the sailing rules under which the Cup is now sailed for shall at all times govern contests for it. They are fair enough for any one and should another club win the Cup why not hold it subject to the same sailing rules as those under which it was won. Should time and experience make it advisable for the N. Y. Y. C. to alter these rules while the Cup was in custody of another club, allow a proviso that the revised rules may be accepted subject to the consent of the club holding it.

The fourth count I cannot accept as it now reads. In making the waterline length an essential an injustice may be done a challenger. No one will deny that had Volunteer not turned out as good as she was when first tried, alterations in her sail and trim would have been made without regard to measurements, and every expedient would have been resorted to in order to improve her. To compel a challenger to sail on a fixed waterline is to debar him from this privilege, and his vessel might not appear at her best. The idea you offered two weeks ago is a vast improvement, namely that classification is a better guarantee of fair play. Let the deed of gift name various classes and rigs, as 1st, 2d, 3d, etc., of given waterline lengths, within which the possessor of the Cup may be contested, the challenger to elect in which class he will race, the challenged guaranteeing to meet him with a vessel of the same class, and I think the difficulty would be done away with. Each party could experiment at will within the class limits, no hindrance to any chances of victory would intervene, equal privileges would be given to both, a fair field afforded and no favor asked. SPERA.

THE SIZE OF CUP CHALLENGERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late issue, speaking of the beating of centerboards, you say, "Given unlimited draft and the thing can be done." Soon after the races Mr. Burgess was reported as saying that he did not see how keel boats, unless given greater draft than they had been given so far, could compete with centerboards to windward, or words to that effect. If enough draft cannot be had in the first class, why risk another defeat there, but why not try the second or third classes, where enough draft can be had? The FOREST AND STREAM has given many reasons for having the Cup races in the second class, which seem to apply with more force to the third. In this class a boat of the Pappoose type might be built, with plenty of beam, draft, ballast and sail on a moderate weight. What such craft can do has been shown by the wonderful beatings which the Pappoose, sailed by an amateur, has given the fastest centerboards in Eastern waters, sailed by an expert. A boat of this type, of about 50ft. waterline, would probably be just over 30 Y. R. A. tons and might draw 11ft.

Cannot the challenger build to any class they wish over 30 tons and would not the defender probably be of the same waterline as the challenger? STERNPOST.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.

[It has never been decided that a challenging yacht will be matched only by a defender of her own length, and it is at least possible that if a second class yacht were sent out she would be met with Volunteer, in spite of her size. The third class yacht proposed above would be too small, the limit being 30 tons, Custom House measurement, not Y. R. A. It is probable that in view of the success of the Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer in the large class, the holders of the Cup will prefer to retain the competition in this class, and that a challenger building a smaller yacht will have to take the risk of being matched against a large one.]

SPEEDWELL.—Mr. Henry Bryant has selected this name for his new schooner yacht, now building by Smith at South Boston, from the owner's designs. It will be remembered that the Speedwell was the first vessel from England after the Mayflower. The new yacht will be 107ft. over all, 90ft. l.w.l., 23ft. 6in. beam, 13ft. draft. The freeboard at bow will be 9ft. 6in., and least freeboard 3ft. 11in. The ballast will be 55 tons, of which 35 will be on her keel. The mainmast will be 63ft. deck to hounds, topmast 31ft. above cap, mastheads 9ft., main boom 65ft., gaff 37ft., bowsprit, outboard, 36ft. The frames will be of oak, double spaced 22in., and the planking of 3in. yellow pine, with garboards and two strakes above of oak. The yacht is intended solely for cruising.

DEATH OF LADY BRASSEY.—This lady, the wife of Sir Thomas Brassey, so well known to yachtsmen through her interesting books, the "Cruise of the Sunbeam," "Sunshine and Storm in the East," and other yachting cruises, died on board the Sunbeam on Sept. 14, and was buried at sea. The yacht was then on a voyage from Australia to England. Lady Brassey was a most enthusiastic sailor and had visited nearly all parts of the world in the Sunbeam.

THE "BURGESS" FISHERMAN.—This new craft, which will be set afloat in a few weeks, will differ in many respects from the old fishing schooners. She will have steel wire shrouds in place of iron, a single round stick for a bowsprit, with one jib, spreaders to the bowsprit shrouds, quarterlifts on the main boom, and a double mainsheet. The keel is also double the depth of the old boats.

CHALLENGES FOR THE CUP.—In addition to Mr. Sweet's notice of a challenge it is reported that Mr. John Jameson, of Dublin, owner of Irex and formerly of Samoena, has sent to the New York Y. C. a notice of a challenge. Nothing further is reported in relation to a challenge from Nova Scotia.



THE LEWIS TENT VENTILATOR.

THE "LITERARY WORLD" says of Kunhardt's "Steam Yachts": "Now that the yacht races are over and the yachting season is drawing to a close, the practical yachtsman, whether he owns a sailing vessel or belongs to the already large and rapidly growing class of steam yachtsmen, is beginning to make his plans for next season. The latter class particularly will be interested in this new book just published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. It is, to the best of our knowledge, the only practical work on steam yachts that will be comprehended by the beginner, and at the same time hold the attention and teach something new to the oldest veteran in the art of constructing and managing a marine engine, and of building a hull for it to propel."

TUCKUPS.—In answer to the inquiries as to these boats a correspondent sends the address of James Wignall, opposite Cramp's dry dock, Philadelphia, as a reliable builder. In sailing free the peak is dropped 2 or 3in., and one man is stationed to tend topping lift, which is double. He sets up as the boat rolls so as to keep the boom out of the water, at the same time being careful not to raise the boom too high or it is apt to lift and allow the sail to wrap around the mast, making what tuckup sailors term a "gafftopsail."

JULIA.—This steel schooner building for Mr. C. W. Chapin, will be launched at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, Wilmington, at 5 P. M. on Saturday. About 45 tons of her lead has been cast in the trough keel while on the stocks.

A NEW STEAM YACHT.—Mr. Henry Piepgrass has lately completed a design for a large seagoing steam yacht for Messrs. Woodward and Stillman, who will sell their present yacht, Wanda.

GRAYLING.—The new railway at Lawley's will be completed shortly and Grayling will be the first vessel hauled on it. Her tanks and ballast have been removed and she now lies at Lawley's.

SHAMROCK.—Mr. Maxwell's yacht was out on Mumm's ways last week for more lead, 5 tons, on keel, increasing her draft about 6in.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. J. B., Saratoga, Cal.—See our advertising columns.

F. L. R.—Do not use shot in the rifle. The Lyman sight is the best.

C. D., Freeland, Pa.—There are hotels at Milford, and you can find guides there.

B. F. M.—Use a cast net or dip net. Write to any one of the fishing tackle dealers, and they will furnish what you need.

M. O., Carrollton, O.—Go to some of the stations on the Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette Railroad, in vicinity of Munising or Ishpenning.

P. D.—How much does a bullet rise, with the usual charge of powder and lead, at Creedmoor at a 1,000yds. distance? Ans. About 35ft.

O. H.—There is a wide diversity of tastes, as shown by extended discussions in our gun columns. Something about .40cal. will give satisfaction; and you may decide for yourself whether to have a repeater or a single shot arm.

G. W. R., Yale University.—1. Stalking and still-hunting are synonymous. 2. The English and the European partridge and the American quail are distinct. 3. Elk and wapiti are different names applied to the same animal, *Cervus canadensis*.

F. W. G., New York.—Will you kindly give me the names of some of our swiftest swimming fish, such as trout, black bass, etc.? Ans. We know of no data to base any estimate of the speed of fishes on. The lobster can move about as rapidly as anything in the water.

C. R. V., Penn Yan.—The dimensions of the Creedmoor (National Rifle Association) targets: First Class, up to and including 300yds.—Bullseye, circular, 8in. diam.; center, circular, 26in.; inner, circular, 46in.; outer, remainder of target. 2. Second Class, to be used at all distances over 300 to and including 600yds.; target 6×6ft.—Bullseye. circular, 22in. diam.; center, circular, 38in.; inner, circular, 54in.; outer, remainder of target. 3. First Class, to be used at all distances over 600yds.; target 6×12ft.—Bullseye, circular, 36in. diam.; center, circular, 54in.; inner, square, 6×6ft.; outer, remainder of target. The count and circles of the Massachusetts decimal and the standard targets are:

Count	Mass. Decimal. diam. of circles.	Standard.
10	3 in.	3.36in.
9	5¾in.	5.54in.
8	8 in.	8.00in.
7	10¼in.	11.00in.
6	12¾in.	14.80in.
5	16¼in.	18.68in.
4	20½in.	26.00in.
3	26 in.	34.22in.
2	33 in.	41.96in.
1	41¾in.	4×6ft. area.

We cannot supply the specimen copy.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1886-87.

Commodore: R. J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: WM. M. CARTER, Trenton, N. J.

OFFICERS-ELECT 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }

Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div..Henry Stanton...	R. W. Bailey.....	E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div..L. Q. Jones.....	Geo. M. Barney....	W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen.	W. G. McKendrick.	S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

THE LEWIS TENT VENTILATOR.

THIS new device, invented by Patrick Lewis, of Quebec, Canada, has been brought to our notice by J. U. Gregory, Esq., of that city, well known to our readers as a sportsman; and he sends us the accompanying printed description of the new device, as seen by a reporter at the Provincial Exhibition: "Those who from necessity or pleasure have used tents have had a realizing sense of the trouble, discomfort and often worse which this inexpensive invention is designed to obviate. There is nothing more disagreeable and frequently more dangerous to the health in tent life than for the inmates to have to turn out in stormy weather or in the dead of a cold rainy night to slacken the halliards of their canvas abode. This job, as every camper-out knows, is anything but a pleasant one; but it cannot be shirked. At least such has hitherto been the general experience. All the tightening, slacking or readjusting have had to be done from the outside and, as already said, only too often under conditions as to weather which make the duty a pain, if not a danger. By means of Mr. Lewis's simple contrivance, however, all this may be done away with in the future without moving out of the tent, without touching a single rope, the inmates can at any moment tighten or slacken the canvas from the interior. This desideratum is effected by the tent pole, which is made in two sections, telescoping into each other and carrying a screw and nut, by means of which the pole can be raised or lowered and the canvas tightened or loosened as required. It is needless to point out to *connoisseurs* the immense advantages of this improvement, and we therefore say no more on the subject except to invite personal inspection of it in actual operation. By this admirable invention Mr. Lewis also realizes another great desideratum of tent life, namely, thorough ventilation without exposing the inmates to discomforts attending the present unsatisfactory modes of ventilation. By means of his simple contrivance, which consists of two movable hoods that can be wholly or partially opened or closed from the interior of the tents, the most complete circulation of fresh air is secured, the exterior hood also acting as an awning to exclude sun or rain, and as windows to shoot from or to supply a view of the surroundings. Both these important inventions are adjustable to any form of tent, and certainly deserve the widest adoption.

"If the halliards of a tent slacken or if the canvas becomes loose, the tightening and readjusting have hitherto been done from the outside. In stormy weather or on a cold rainy night, it is far from pleasant to have to turn out and expose yourself to the weather while slacking the halliards of the tent. The tent pole shown in cut furnishes the means of tightening or slacking the tent from the interior. The upper section of the pole telescopes into the lower, carries a screw and by means of a nut bearing on the top of the lower section of the pole it can be raised or lowered as required. A jointed handle is pivoted to the nut and is held by a spring in a position at right angles to the pole or parallel with it. This keeps it stationary in either the working position or out of the way as desired.

"The ventilator consists of two movable hoods that can be opened or closed from the interior of the tent. The inner one by an endless cord can be opened or shut or kept partially opened as desired, while the exterior hood acts as an awning to exclude the sun or rain. With this ventilator occupants of the tent may smoke without giving offense, as there is always a current of fresh air. When cold the ventilator can be entirely closed.



SAIL PLAN OF CANOE "NOTUS."

THE SAIL PLAN OF THE NOTUS.

THE accompanying cut shows the sail plan of the canoe Notus, designed by Com. Gibson and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 19, 1887. The sails are those used at the last meet in all the races, including that for the A. C. A. trophy, won for the second time by Com. Gibson. The material is bleached muslin in one width, the edges being bound with wide tape. The battens fit in pockets in the usual manner. The spars are very light, the masts 2in. square at deck, tapering to ¾in. diameter at head, the main boom 1½in. diameter, battens ½in. thick. The dimensions of sails and spars are:

	Main.	Mizen.
Mast, deck to head	13ft. 9in.	6ft. 4in.
Sail, on foot	9ft.	6ft. 9in.
Along first batten	8ft. 8in.	6ft. 6in.
Along second batten	8ft.	
Luff	13ft.	10ft. 6in.
Leech, total	14ft. 7in.	11ft. 8in.
Leech, above batten	10ft. 3in.	9ft. 6in.
Spacing of battens, fore end	1ft. 11in.	1ft. 11in.
Spacing of battens, after end	1ft. 1½in.	2ft. 1½in.
Area, square feet	69ft.	39ft.

The first reef leaves 52ft. in main and 26ft. in mizen, the second reef leaves 35ft. in main. The mizen can be stepped forward and a storm mizen added. The luff of the mainsail is roached 4in. in 13ft. and the luff of the mizen in the same proportion. The usual reefgear is added. The sails are hoisted by halliards and lowered with downhauls, the attachment to the mast being by a lacing, as shown. This lacing is similar to the ordinary hammock or netting stitch, the loop or mesh loosening as soon as the halliard is cast off, but as the latter is hauled taut the meshes lengthen and draw the luff closely to the mast. Notus has just been sold to Rear-Com. R. W. Bailey.

THE SENECA IN COMMISSION.

IT'S so long a time since I read of a single-handed cruise in the FOREST AND STREAM that I begin to wonder if everybody has given up that sort of amusement and has taken to racing. What's "Nessmuk" doing? Have rheumatics laid the old fellow up? And Bishop's cranberry plantation has taken all his time, I suppose, although I hear he is going Florida-way this winter. For myself, I've boxed about the Lower Bay, the Upper Bay and the Hudson on five-day cruises, four-day cruises, three-day, two-day and one-day cruises ever since the ice broke up last spring, to very small satisfaction, because as soon as I got anywhere I had to 'bout ship and come back. But now I can see about two weeks coming along in October during which no civilization cares will bother me, and I propose to put in those two weeks aboard the Barnegat cruiser Seneca in a quiet, lazy way, hunting a little, fishing a little, crabbing some, sailing a good deal, and cooking and eating and sleeping a heap, so that I will get nice and tough before I have to encounter a cold winter in Jersey. I'm not going far, and I'm not going fast. I shall coast along the north shore of Monmouth county, New Jersey, exploring every river and creek as far up as a draft of 5in. will allow; shall halt at Navesink Highlands, where there's a big wood with big fat gray squirrels living in 'em, for a few days; shall lay close to Sandy Hook for awhile to shoot some snipe and plover for a broil over hard wood coals, and I may ship the Seneca from Branchport to Bay Head, and cruise about Barnegat Bay to look for ducks. At any rate,

Blow high or blow low,
Rain, shine, sleet or snow,

I'll have a good time, away from railroads and unventilated houses, and table-cloths, and boiled shirts, and mirrors, and people whose highest thought is the "pinching" of the dollar of their neighbor.

The Seneca rides in front of honest old Pop Applegate's inn on Cheesequake Creek, her stern anchored out and her nose tied to a stake ashore. She is "in commission" from April to December, provisioned and fitted for weighing anchor and cruising away for a month at a moment's notice. There's no anticipatory "getting ready" for a cruise in her, because she's always ready. I have only to haul her ashore by the bowline; slide the two hatches off her cockpit; lift out of her interior, mast, sail, boathook, rudder, tiller and oars; put the aft hatch on the stern deck, the fore hatch on her floor inside; haul out the clothes bag from the port side of the centerboard and exchange shore apparel for cruising togs; take the two water jugs to the spring and fill them; put a few extras like vegetables or canned goods in the stern cuddy; haul up anchor and drop down stream under two bridges and out into the broad bay for a week, or a month, or longer if circumstances permit. And there isn't another craft of her size afloat that is handier, safer, pleasanter under sail or oars, or so comfortable a cruiser altogether as my little 14ft. singlehander.

It may interest FOREST AND STREAM readers to describe the arrangement of the outfit of the Seneca when afloat. Beginning at the stem, she is decked over 5ft. 10in. The centerboard trunk begins 3ft. 1in. from the bow and ends at the fore end of the cockpit. Between the stem and the centerboard trunk are an extra coil of rope and an extra coffee-pot and tin pail. A shrimp net with handle and a jointed fishing rod also occupy part of this space, and extend part way alongside the starboard side of the trunk aft. To the starboard of the trunk, in easy reach of the cockpit, are two small oil stoves and a can of kerosene oil, also a brass rod which is used to shove down the centerboard. On the port side of the trunk are the clothes bag and the granite-ware cooking utensils, kettle, coffee-pot, three cups and three plates. The cockpit tent is folded up on the floor close to the after end of the trunk, and next comes a tin water-tight box with the rubber bag of bedding atop of it, which is used as a seat when rowing.

The box is divided into compartments. No. 1 compartment contains awl, gimlet, screwdriver, nippers, oyster knife, cartridge loading tools, brass screws, screweyes, brass and galvanized blocks, safety-pin hooks, nails, rings, spare cleats, tacks, etc. No. 2 compartment contains unloaded shells. No. 3, loaded shells. No. 4, fishing tackle of all kinds, small mirror, comb, thread and needles. No. 5 contains gun-cleaning tips, waste, rags and a bottle of gun oil. In the cover of the box a jointed cleaning rod is held by springs. In the rubber bedding bag are mosquito netting, two blankets, a quilt and a thick carriage robe, and perhaps an extra flannel shirt or two that can't be crowded into the clothes bag. Between this seat and the after end of cockpit is a clear space in which to "work ship."

The after deck is 3ft. long, covering a 2ft. cuddy and a foot of room below decks. In the latter space are stowed the two water jugs, a rubber inflatable mattress, a rubber coat and a macintosh-covered basket containing bread, pilot biscuit, cheese, etc. In the stern cuddy are canned soups, canned plum puddings, sardines, and other tinned edibles, potatoes or other vegetables in water-proof muslin bags; a candle lantern, riding light, and odds and ends of all descriptions. Underneath the side decks on either side of the cockpit are little shelves between every two deck braces. There are seven of these shelves on each side, which, numbered from the stern, are occupied as follows:

	Port.	Starboard.
1	Bag of shot	Bag of shot.
	Can of powder	Revolver.
	Soap, sponge	Pipe, tobacco.
2	Whisk broom	Box of matches.
	Scrub brush.	
	Monkey wrench	Hatch padlock.
3	Can opener, big	Case-knife, fork.
	Spoon, pliers	Three tea spoons.
	Coffee can	Sugar can.
4	Salt can	Condensed milk.
	Pepper box	Bottle chow-chow.
5	Generally vacant, the bedding bag preventing easy access.	
	Spare rowlocks	Hatchet.
6	Spare blocks.	
	Candles.	
	Towels	Grub in general.
7	Slippers.	

The gun lies on the floor under starboard side deck and the skipper's artificial aids to walking under port side deck. On deck, between stem and mast, 2ft. 9in., is coiled the anchor cable, with Chester folding 12lb. anchor. On side decks, where the 6in. high washboard prevents their rolling off, are the oars, boathook, mast and sail when not in use. A stern cable is coiled on after deck.

In sailing a long handle tiller is used, so that steering can be done from the cockpit, but under certain conditions the skipper steers from the after deck, with the tiller put on the rudder head "stern foremost," the handle sticking out astern like a boomkin. The cruising sail generally used is a spritsail, which can be stowed below, the hatches put on and locked, and the cruiser left at any port with everything in her, while the skipper takes the train home to spend Sunday with his family.

With such arrangements as the above the skipper lives aboard his boat, sometimes not touching shore for three or four days. Sitting on her oilcloth-covered floor to cook a meal, he can reach everything necessary without moving his position; sitting there at night with the tent up he has 4ft. of headroom in a waterproof cabin, which can be made warm and cosy in December by keeping one of the oil stoves alight; and anchored at night in a cove he sleeps like a top on a soft "air mattress," rocked gently by the waves.

Who wants a yacht when he can have as weatherly, comfortable and good sailing a craft as the Seneca for a tenth of yacht price? And who wants a canoe for cruising on open waters when he can have for equal cost a Barnegat cruiser, which is safer and more comfortable, as fast a sailer and as easily propelled with a "spruce breeze?"

I have had both canoe and yacht, and I prefer the SENECA.

OLD-TIME PLEASURE BOATS.

THE interest expressed in my "old-time sailboats" prompts me to record the doings of the early rowing clubs.

Happening to be in New York city in the spring of 1835, on an evening I wandered down to the Battery, where I saw the boat clubs rowing in their light and elegant barges, but of substantial build—the shells had not then come in. Around the circular outer wall of Castle Garden was a row of iron cranes, to which were hanging several barges, and from others dangled the tackles for hoisting similar boats to their places. These boats were a new revelation for me. I already had a small sailboat, but the sight of this fleet of light rowboats created a new want. At Holt's marble hotel, then new, where I stopped, were several Portland young men, one of whom was James Appleton, Jr., a watchmaker. The next evening I took him down to the Battery to see the boats, but could not raise much enthusiasm in him except a promise to take a share if I would build a boat.

In a day or two some four or five of us left for home in the steamboat President, Captain Comstock, then by courtesy styled Commodore. With the Providence, Captain Thayer, the President formed a daily line to Providence, where numerous stage coaches took the passengers to Boston, forty miles. While on board the boat on the Sound, an agreement was made by several of the party to build a light barge like those of the New York clubs. After our arrival home the writer waited for some one to move in the matter of the rowing club. On inquiry he soon learned that the interest expressed on board the President had cooled off. There was one who was determined to have a club barge and trust to a revival of the interest on seeing the boat in the water for assistance in the project.

The first move was to find a builder who would undertake the job, and to be under the direction of the writer, who had made measurements and drawings from the New York boats. William Wallace, the boat builder, who died a few weeks ago at Cape Elizabeth, at the age of 85, then had a shop on Portland Pier, and undertook the job. The barge was to be of the lap-streak build, but no cedar boards like those of which the New York boats were built could be had here. Half-inch pine boards from small trees, they being tougher, were used. The boat was to be 35ft. long and a little over 3ft. beam, with thwarts for eight oarsmen. I did not

like the click of the New York men's oars in the rowlocks at each stroke, and substituted brass rowlocks to turn in the gunwale fitting the oar, which effectually prevented the disagreeable click.

After the same kind of discouragements which Noah probably experienced in building the ark, the barge was ready to paint. This was done by Wm. Capen, the sign painter of "log cabin" memory, who was the first to encourage the owner in his undertaking. Capen had his choice of the colors and style of painting, and chose pea green for the outside with a narrow black and gilt stripe. Capen's shop was in the third story of the "Insurance building," then on the site of the present Bailey & Noyes building in Exchange street. Judge Mellen had his law office in the second story, directly under the paint shop. The year before, the Judge had attained to the age of 70 years and had become constitutionally disqualified to hold the office of justice of the Supreme Court. This undoubtedly caused him to be irritable. The noise made in turning the boat in the process of painting, and that made by those attracted to look at it, very much disturbed the Judge, who frequently went up stairs and opened the door to complain. Finally, when the stripes were on, the burnished brass rowlocks and the showy stern cushions were in place, the Judge came up one morning to complain, but his eye caught sight of the barge and he stepped in to examine, and was so well pleased with the barge that all his bitterness died out, and he apologized for his impatience and told us to make all the noise we liked.

There was now no difficulty in forming the club and getting the shares taken. The barge was named The Eagle, and when finished was launched out of a three story window into Exchange street and hauled to Ingraham's, now Commercial wharf, and placed in the water. We were all there, with our oars, intending to make a trial trip, but as there was rough water outside of the dock, and the boat looked so frail, and set so light on the water, we hesitated to launch away. Much to our relief at that moment, Captain Green Walden, of the revenue cutter Morris, came into the dock in his barge. We asked the captain to put his oarsmen into the new barge and try her, which he readily did, and to assure us of her safety he got in himself as coxswain. He put the boat into every possible relation to the sea in the harbor, with a sweep that overcame our timidity, and a half dozen of the new Eagle Boat Club took their places in the barge, and this was the first rowing club afloat in Portland harbor. Some of us could row, but some of the crew were powerless to keep stroke, lifted their oars high and awkwardly out of water, and often "caught a crab." Feathering was an after accomplishment, which was soon learned.

The Eagle was not modelled for speed only, but for a comfortable boat to take our lady friends for an evening's excursion in calm weather, where the singing of the Canadian boat song and kindred productions could be enjoyed. As we became proficient in rowing, a desire for something to row with developed. The only boats that could approach our speed on a trial were the revenue cutter's and the port barges, with those of an occasional man-of-war that came in. The ownership of the barge was changed after a year or two, and she was finally shipped for Cuba and was lost off the deck of the vessel in a storm.

I commenced to write this sketch with many pleasant recollections, but when I come to try to recall the members of the club at its formation, I find not one alive but myself. Of the original members I recollect Abner Lowell, James Appleten, Jr., Wm. Capen, Charles F. Little. All have passed away, and, like Job's servant, "I alone am left to tell of it."

The next rowing club after the Eagle, as I recollect, was composed of Neal Dow, Abner Lowell and others, who obtained a boat in Boston, a white barge, which they named the Nautilus. They went on an excursion to Bath, where she was maliciously damaged by having a hole cut in her bow in the night, which caused much excitement in that town. The passage home was made in a steamboat.

The purchasing of the Nautilus in Boston caused an ill-feeling among boatbuilders and boatmen here, and a club was formed of which the following were some of the members: George A. Churchill, Amos Warren, Joshua and Charles Safford, E. M. Patten, Thos. O. and John F. Gould. They employed Thos. F. Roberts to build them a barge 40ft. long and to row ten oars. True to their home pride, she was called the Portland. This was in 1838. The Mechanics' Association held their first fair that year, filling the three stories of the present much-abused Old City Hall. The splendid barge Portland with two hand fire engines, one from Philadelphia and one from Boston, occupied the lower story. A silver medal was awarded to Roberts for his barge. The Portland was taken to Boston by her owners and was entered for a race with several Massachusetts boats. She was leading the fleet with her builder steering, when a pilot boat came across her bow and obliged her helmsman to alter her course or be run down. By this she lost the first, but took the second prize. With the advent of the Portland came bitter spirit of rivalry among oarsmen, and the championship of the harbor was warmly contested.

The Wave came next after the Portland and after her all is blank to me.—*Hon. Wm. Gould, in Portland Daily Press.*

PASSAIC CANOEING.—The Ianthe C. C. lately held a water carnival, the fleet turning out by night with Chinese lanterns on each canoe. A number of visitors were present at the club house to view the procession, in which members of the Essex, Rutherford and Arlington clubs took part.

A craft, the description of which equals anything to be found in the pages of Jules Verne's eccentric writings, is at present under construction in this city. The craft may be described as a "catamaran," or steam launch built of steel, with two cigar-shaped hulls, each about 65 feet in length, with a deck binding the two hulls together. Each hull is built in two compartments, one of which is to be used for water ballast and the other as a reservoir of coal oil—the latter being used for fuel. The motive power is obtained from two vertical engines and two propellers, the shafts of the latter being so arranged as to lift themselves out of the way on striking floating ice or any other obstacle. The boat is intended for whales, walrus, and seal hunting in the Arctic, and will be furnished with a Gatling gun as well as a powerful electric battery, sufficiently strong to paralyze any aquatic mammal extant. The boat is said to be a copy of a German invention. It will be taken apart when finished and packed for transportation on board the whaler to which it is an accessory.—*Montreal Witness.*

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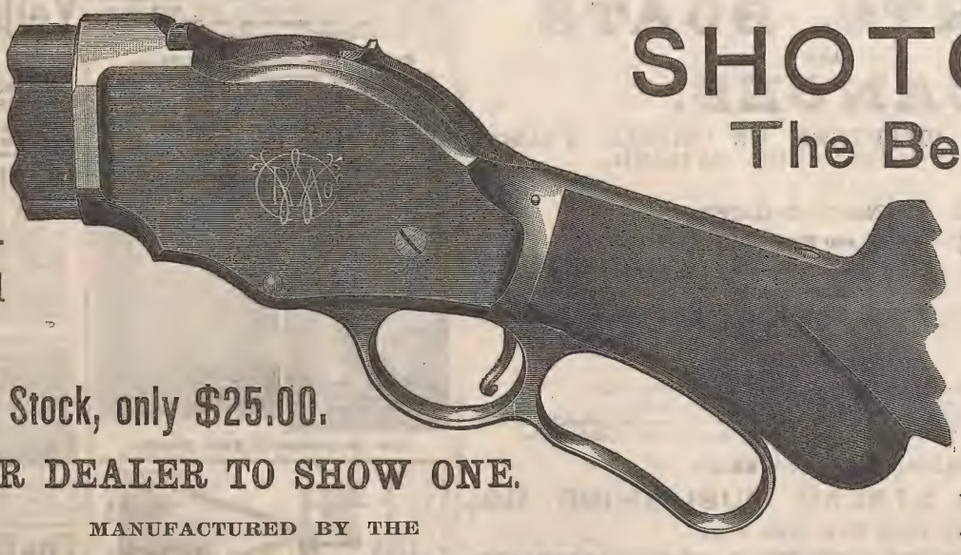


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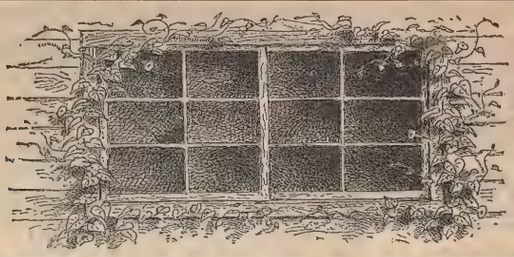
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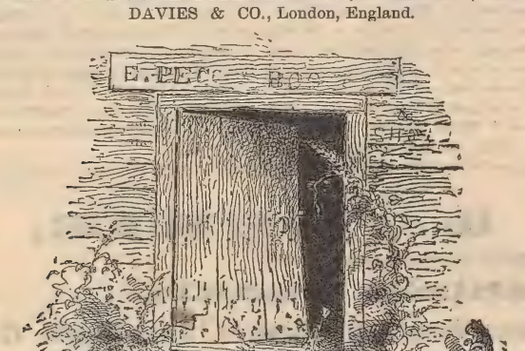
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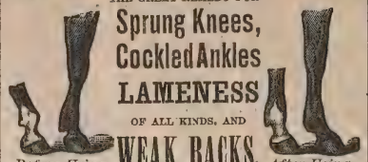
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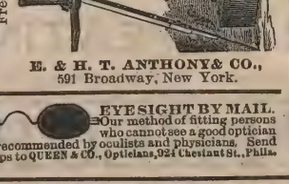
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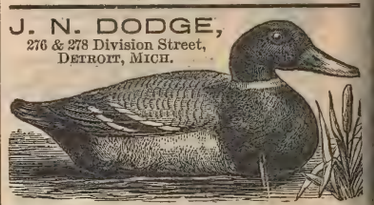
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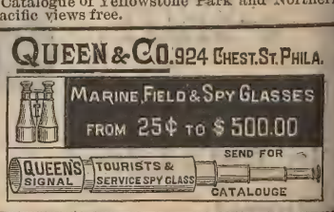
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READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM cannot fail to recollect Mr. Thomas F. Watson's poem entitled, "The Sportsman's Reverie," printed in this journal about two years ago. Later on a few stanzas were added to cover other scenes of typical American sport with the gun. The author depicted vividly the varied visions which come before the view of the veteran sportsman as he sits in easy chair before the fire. Of the author and his poem the *Detroit Free Press* said in an appreciative notice: "The author is evidently a man of the most acute sportsmanly enthusiasm, as well as of nice literary taste. His poem is built upon a very simple plan. Before a cheerful fire—like Ike Marvel's hero—sits a veteran of rod and gun; he grows half drowsy over pipe and fire and the poet has caught—with a nice and sensitive appreciation—the reminiscences of a hundred hunts which flit through his brain. One experience after another is described with graceful pen touches; the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the deer, fall before the crack of the gun; a long day's sport—a glorious day such as no man ever compassed between sun and sun—is described, even the trout, from the clear rapid, paying tribute to the prowess of a dreamland sportsman, until at last, with the fall of the quiet night shadows, the sportsman draws his boat to the shore, his tired retriever crouches at his feet, and, with his ducks, the final trophies of his sport, at his side, he looks back over the darkening water; and then, once again at his fireside, the end of the vision comes naturally and gracefully."

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No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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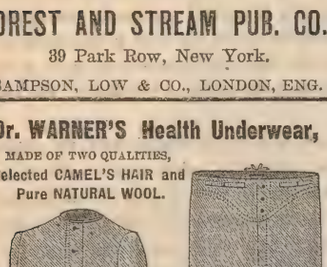
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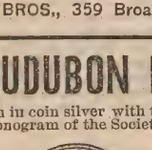
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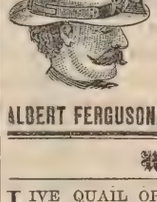
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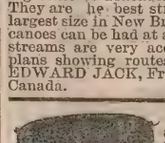
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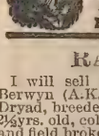
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FOREST AND STREAM

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO AUDUBON.

AT the recent meeting in New York of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the fact that the remains of the great naturalist Audubon lie in an obscure and little visited portion of Trinity Cemetery, New York city, and that his tomb is unmarked by any distinguishing monument, was brought to the attention of the members. The demands upon the time of all in attendance at that meeting were so great, that no action was taken by the Association, although the most lively interest was expressed by individual members, and the propriety of marking the resting place of the founder of American ornithology by a suitable monument was appreciated.

The Audubon plot in Trinity Cemetery will probably be disturbed by the continuation westward of One Hundred and Fifty-third street. The trustees of the cemetery have with commendable liberality assigned the Audubon family a new lot close to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, in full sight of Audubon Park, and near the end of Audubon avenue, when this shall be continued from the north; and they are in hearty coöperation with the monument enterprise.

At the first autumn meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, a committee was appointed to solicit funds, and make all arrangements for a monument. Vice-President Trowbridge then appointed as the committee, Prof. Thomas Egleston of the School of Mines, Chairman; Prof. Daniel Martin of Rutgers Female College, and Dr. N. L. Britton of Columbia College. This committee has organized with Dr. Britton as secretary and treasurer, and is now ready to receive subscriptions, which will be properly acknowledged, Checks should be made payable to N. L. Britton, treasurer; and post office orders should be drawn on Station H, New York city.

The committee estimates that between $6,000 and $10,000 will be required to erect and engrave a shaft worthy the memory of America's great naturalist, and while confident that this amount will be forthcoming, desires to have interest taken in the project by scientists in all departments in all portions of the country.

LOCAL AND NATIONAL SHOOTS.

THE Chicago rifle meeting, of which the final report appears in our present issue, is significant in that it drew together marksmen from the East and their fellows from the West. It had the appearance of a Creedmoor of a few years ago, and the results are highly gratifying from a shooting point of view. The Massachusetts team showed what persistency of practice and intelligent study of the science of fine shooting can do, while these Bay State shooters found when they reached the West that there were others than themselves who were experts in holding, had given time and patient study to the captivating art and were very satisfactory rivals. It was a good and profitable experience for all who took part and is particularly encouraging to those who rightly think that a strong love for and proficiency with small arms is a great national safeguard.

The Chicago meeting is interesting in another aspect. It truly deserved the name of a national gathering. There have been many attempts to make some sort of national gathering of marksmen, either with the rifle or the shotgun, an annual event. These endeavors have not been very satisfactory and their promoters have not been much encouraged. The fault seems to lie in a misconception of the motives which lead men to go into contests of this sort. Apart from the "boodle" hunter who would go to the end of the earth if the "pot" was large enough, there is the great company of truly amateur shooters. These do not expect to pay their way from the proceeds of their sport. They shoot from love of the sport, because they feel better after a good day's hard work before butts or trap; and then they love to come together in meetings to gratify the pugnacity which is at the bottom of every rightly constituted human organism. Man is a fighting animal and the score makes a capital battle ground.

Why, then, do we not have frequent national meetings? Why do not the trap-shooters come together in grand conflicts and enjoy their combative bent to the top? Simply because in these wholesale struggles almost all the keen enjoyment of the conflict is lost. Local matches are fought out day after day, dozens of them every day in various parts of the country. It is more pleasure for the crack shooting squad of Squn Point to beat the crack squad of Squn Centre, and to do the fighting right then and there with their respective admirers about to enjoy the fight and applaud the winners, than it is for either of the teams to get lost in a rift of shooting groups at a National meet. It is easy to get up a shoot between company teams in the same regiment, while it would be difficult to get up a regimental team to go off a hundred miles to meet a stranger foe.

As we have said, the great bulk of the shooters are amateurs, and the money question involved in the preparation and carrying out of any participation in a national shoot is an important one; but even with the same outlay we think that the popular preference is so strongly shown for these local shoots that they will always hold their own, while the national or international gatherings will come only at rare intervals, and be brought about by some special circumstances.

It is a favorite notion of some that the United States should show such an annual gathering as that at Wimbledon. That each State should have its own State meeting, and that then there should be a rush of team and individual shooters to the central gatherings. If there is to be such an institution as Wimbledon in the United States, it will not come for a long time, if ever. The geography of the country is against it. A man may pack up his traps after dinner and find himself ready for work on the London Common the next morning, and this from any part of the kingdom. Not so in the United States. Then there is a large leisure class there, and one intensely fond of sport of any sort. As yet we have not that class in America. Moreover, the English Volunteer movement came into being under the pressure of a grand national scare, and it has been kept up by careful nurture. In the United States our free and easy indifference to the possibility of any national trouble is against the formation of a militia, and the Government does next to nothing in the way of encouragement or support. Hence it is that our National Guard is a most fragmentary sort of an organization. Now and then there will be spasmodic efforts toward a national tir or general shooting festival but the conditions are not yet favorable for making it in any wise a permanent institution.

There is no lack of opportunity for those who would enjoy the rivalry of bullseyes and blue rocks. Let any dozen men get up a club in any village of the United States and issue a challenge to their next neighbor village, and we think it safe to wager that a match will be the result. So the old rivalry between California and Nevada is kept up. The Gulf States sustain a series of tournaments. Through the Western States there is a standing and well sustained struggle, while in New England minor matches come with more than weekly regularity. All this means that there is a wide and widening circle of men, who year by year know more of shooting. They demand a better class of arm. They point out from their own experience the faults of the present weapons and thus keep the inventive talent in continuous working order, and when the time ever comes with a demand for marksmen, Uncle Sam may rely upon a generous response from every part of his domain.

EXPERIMENTS WITH VENOM.

A VERY interesting series of experiments has been instituted by Dr. H. C. Yarrow, of the Smithsonian Institution, with a view to discover an antidote for the venom of the rattlesnake. Some years ago, it will be remembered, Dr. J. B. de Lacerdo, of Brazil, published an account of experiments made by him, which had shown the antidotical efficacy of permanganate of potassium injected into the bite. Subsequent experiments in France, based on those of Dr. de Lacerdo, failed to give the results expected; and now Dr. Yarrow is to repeat the tests in this country. His experiments will not be confined to the permanganate of potassium; but he has collected all available herbal preparations and other cures reputed to possess curative virtues, not omitting a "madstone." All these will be thoroughly tried. The experiments will be made on pigeons and rabbits; the subject will first be poisoned by a hypodermic injection of rattlesnake virus, and then the antidote to be tested will be given in the same way. For his virus supply Dr. Yarrow has secured a number of large snakes; they are made to strike at a bit of cotton wool saturated with glycerine; when the wool is saturated with venom the poison is soaked out in glycerine, and in this way the experimentalist has already secured enough to kill thirty men. The result of Dr. Yarrow's tests will be looked for with a great deal of interest.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WE recently commented on an illicit mode of trout fishing practiced at the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, Maine. The names of two individuals were mentioned. From one of them a disclaimer was received and promptly published in the next number. To conclude from printed comments and innuendoes on our course in this matter, it would seem that there is held to be by some people only one important question involved here. It is not "were the trout jigged?" nor "was the vice-president of an angling association wrongfully accused?" but "will the FOREST AND STREAM be sued for libel?"

A new postal regulation restricts the writing or printing which is permissible on the wrappers of packages of fourth class mail matter. Books are third class mail matter. A copy of the book "Training vs. Breaking" recently sent by mail fully prepaid to a Boston purchaser reached him with a demand for nineteen cents, due on the ground, as explained by the Boston office, that the book was fourth class matter and the printing on the wrapper subjected it to first class rates. Evidently somebody in the Boston office blundered in this. If other recipients are called upon for any extra postage on matter sent from this office we will undertake to find out where the fault lies, provided a statement of the facts is sent to us, accompanied by the wrapper of the package.

American fishing rods are acknowledged by Englishmen to be superior to those of British make. The London *Times* of Oct. 1, in its comments on the international yacht race, expressed this opinion when it said of us: "The truth is that, with them, yacht racing is an even more serious and absorbing pursuit than it is with Englishmen, and when an American devotes himself to the task of practical skill he is apt to be hard to be beat in it. Americans have not so many outdoor pursuits as we have, but such as they have they take very seriously. They have given us the best fishing rods and their skill in casting a fly would put our best anglers on their mettle."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.—V.

I ROSE early after my long rest. Charles, who was stirring up the low camp-fire, suggested that I might try to get a deer along the river to take down to Bunch's that afternoon. So, after a sip of last night's coffee and a bite of bread, I started, promising to be back early. It was a dark and hazy autumn morning; a heavy mist hung over the river and its banks, on which I leisurely sauntered down to an old deer lick. Having crawled through a patch of thick underbrush, and as I was turning a short bend of the river, I looked back and caught sight of some large animal fording the stream near where it forms an almost right angle, but the overhanging mist and heavy fog obscured my sight so much that I could not c'early see what it was. First I thought it might be one of our horses strayed from the rest. Walking slowly along and keeping my eyes on the straggler, the suddenly increasing light enabled me soon to see that it was no pony, but an immense bear. Meditating a moment, if I had lost any such ugly-looking customer, then studying the unfavorable surroundings and seeing no friendly tree, nothing but brush, willows and a few thin, quaking asps, I thought it wise not to interfere.

The bear had crossed over to my side and shook the water out of his thick fur. I saw now plainly it was a monstrous grizzly.

Though I often wished to meet one I must confess that I did not feel very comfortable at the sudden sight of this bear.

The wind was blowing in my favor and I was almost certain that he had not seen me. I expected to see him put for the nearest gulch as soon as he should get into my tracks, but imagine my surprise when, coming upon my trail he stopped, smelling, then following them as close as a dog would scent a bird. Disappointed in my calculations and peaceful resolutions, I felt quite a little embarrassed, but angry as well; so I made up my mind to shoot at any rate. The old fellow was very cautious and on the *qui vive*. Coming to a stop at the other side of the thicket he gave me a good chance. Taking deliberate aim a little back of his shoulder I turned loose. My aim was true, down he went, but up again in an instant, and jumping into the thicket which separated us. I now began to feel a little nervous, seeing the brute meant fight. Once more I cast a hasty glance for some friendly tree, but there was none near. The bear was working through the brush, as I could plainly see by the swaying and moving branches, but was too much hidden for another successful shot. Seeing a large boulder in the river, an idea struck me. I jumped into the water to hide behind this large rock. The water was only 3 or 4ft. deep, but it was very swift; in fact, the current was so rapid that, trying to get from above behind this boulder, it took me off from my feet, obliging me to wade from below to my shelter. Here I got into pretty deep water, up to my waist. Laboring and straining against the current, I had no sooner ensconced myself in my refuge behind it, than I heard my ugly pursuer plunge in after me, and I must admit I felt scared. Clutching my rifle in one hand and holding on to the boulder with the other, I saw the brute slide by me within 5ft. making for the other side. I could see his wicked bloodshot eyes, and almost feel his hot panting breath. I don't know what prevented him from seeing me. Was he too eager to reach the other shore, where, after hearing me plunge into the water, he expected to find me, or was his sight so impaired by my shot that he could not distinguish me, or was it a providence which saved me? I will never, in all my life, forget those fearful moments.

While he made for the other shore I somewhat recovered and got into shooting position. He was wading up the bank when I fired for the other shoulder. He again broke down with a raging scream, but rising quickly and now seeing me he jumped down the bank and came for me again. I felt that this meant war to the knife. Hastily inserting another cartridge, I fired the third time. He slipped on some stones, and my bullet struck a little too far back. He was evidently getting weak and sick, but his anger and fury increased in wickedness; he rose on his hind feet (as proved later, both of his shoulders were broken), opened his fearful mouth, showing the glittering teeth, as if to swallow me, and dragged himself along with supernatural strength. He was within 15ft. of me when I fired again, and he dropped like a log, clawing, pawing and throwing the water purpled with his life blood all over me. The last bullet had broken his neck, and thanks to my trusted old Sharps I was saved. Hurriedly leaving my watery position for the dry land, I cast one more glance at my vanquished enemy and muttered a threat of relief, "There, you brute, if you don't die now you'll drown sure."

During all the time this deadly encounter lasted I kept pretty cool, never lost my presence of mind, and was fully aware of my perilous position; but after the excitement was over the reaction set in, my nerves, strained to the utmost, began to relapse; and being wet through and through, I reached camp in a pretty high fever. Changing my soaked garments and taking a cup of tea, I managed to relate my adventure. At the mention of "grizzly" an incredulous smile stole over their faces. But when later on in the evening I took them to the field of battle, had my satisfaction when I asked if I had exaggerated. They both pronounced him a regular "California grizzly," and a perfect monster; in all their time in the Territory they had never seen one before.

I regret that we had no facilities to weigh the old fellow. Having read so much, pro and con, on the weight of grizzlies, and as I am not exempt from the proclivities of a sportsman, I think it safer not to express my opinion; but suffice it to say that three of us were not able to get him out of the water. We managed to move him into a shallow spot and were obliged to skin him there. His skin with the head attached made quite a formidable load for one of our ponies.

It is simply incredible what tenacity of life this animal possessed, all my shots were fatal, the first through his right, the second through his left shoulder, one of them piercing the lower part of his heart; the third was through the intestines, and the *coup de grace* dislocated his neck. On skinning his right foreleg we found that he had been in battle before, for it had been broken by a bullet, but had knitted together again and was twice the size of the other leg. After removing his hide we looked with amazement at the carcass, almost startling in its resemblance to the body of a human being. His wide breast and body muscles were spread out like whip cords, and on his arms they stood out like an athlete's. He was a perfect grizzly Sullivan.

The next morning we packed up and in the afternoon went down to the cabin of Bunch, who had promised to go with us to the middle fork of the Payette for elk. We took provisions to last a week. Getting to Pinney's ranch by noon, we stopped to see the old gentleman; he was out, but finding the larder well supplied we invited ourselves to lunch. He came in before we had finished, and expressed himself as glad that we had made ourselves at home. Promising to bring him some elk, we continued our travel along the fork to Boon's logging cabin, where we camped. We spent a most pleasant evening, enjoying the recital of his numerous adventures in the forests and mountains.

He had just had a narrow escape. Coming home from some logging inspection, as he was making his way through a thicket, he rode plump upon a feeding brown bear and a cub. The frightened horse reared and threw Boon, who landed right in front of the bear, which was also greatly surprised. He carried a short carbine in his hand, with this he gave the astonished brute a terrible whack over the head, stunning him momentarily. Then Boon skinned up the nearest tree in great haste. The weight of the blow had broken the stock of the gun; and though he tried to doctor the damage to use it from his lofty position, he could not make it work. Old Eph after arousing himself put off for the nearest gulch, without inquiring what or who had struck him.

Sunday we left Boon and camped nine or ten miles higher up the river, where we noticed fresh elk sign. Monday and Tuesday Bunch, Charles, Billy and myself hunted around the vicinity but with no success. The two brothers decided to go back the next day to finish their cabin, while Bunch and I were to go into a high mountain valley which he had prospected the year before and where he had seen a great many elk. We were fully aware of the risk we ran if a snowstorm should overtake us. The valley was almost unknown; there was no trail to it, and we had to feel our way amid the cañons and gulches to the summit, and then down the steep and dangerous decline, on which we started a small band of elk, but as we were paying all attention to our treacherous decant, they got away unmolested. At last we were down and camped near a large sulphur hot spring. In the morning we went up the valley to look for elk, finding perfect cattle yards of signs; but we did not run on any until afternoon, when, coming upon an opening, we saw a large bull going with swinging gait up the next ridge. How his magnificent antlers showed in the light horizontal background when he reached the open summit. Stopping to look back from the knife-blade ridge he presented a most striking picture, for a moment, then disappeared on the other side. Bunch and I now hurried to the next ridge, and on the summit we separated, I to go down a park-like meadow, while he kept on the side of the mountain. Crossing a little creek I noticed very fresh signs; following those with noiseless steps I soon saw the large bull, not a hundred yards away, going up the side of the ridge. At the crack of my rifle he gave one sudden bound and kept going, and I managed to get another shot before he disappeared in the timber. He was heading right in the direction of Bunch, who must have heard my shooting, and put himself on the alert. But not hearing his rifle after some waiting, I followed the tracks to see if I had hit the elk. Yes! here was blood, he was bleeding pretty freely. Trailing him up, I heard Bunch's hail and query if I had killed. I told him I had wounded one severely and to be on the lookout. Suddenly he shouted, "There he goes!" and sure enough, driven back out the timber by Bunch came the elk. He gave me a splendid opportunity, and after two more bullets rolled over. It was a fine specimen of our noblest game, American elk or wapiti deer (*Cervus canadensis*), but his antlers were smaller than I anticipated.

Dressing the bull I was somewhat puzzled at finding only two bullet holes. My last two shots were not fired at more than 60 or 70yds. distance and could not have missed him, and I was also positive I hit him with one of my first, as the bloody trail surely indicated. To convince myself I followed the first track of blood, going into a network of brush and low-branched pines, where to my greatest surprise I found another elk lying dead before me. This one was by far the larger of the two. His immense antlers were the longest (56in. from base) and the most graceful and symmetrical I ever saw. He is looking down at me now while I am writing this, a cherished trophy of my last hunt.

We managed to pack out the antlers, intending to come after the meat the next day; but rising early we found everything covered with snow which was still coming down in great flakes. This kept us in camp, through the forenoon, and in the afternoon Bunch set out to explore down the valley to see if he could find a better way out than the way we had come. I crossed the fork and went to the opposite ridges until I came to the upper end, but without seeing any game, though there were numbers of fresh signs in the snow. The snow had turned into a drizzling rain, making tracking difficult and disagreeable so I make direction for camp. Having recrossed the fork, I was on the side of our camp and on which we had come down the day before.

Remembering distinctly a creek we had crossed I was positive that I was going in the right direction, but when I came to the fork to my utter astonishment I found that instead of running down it ran up the valley. Puzzled and bewildered I sat down to reflect. Something was wrong. It was raining hard now and a heavy mist hung like a veil all over the valley, enshrouding the sun, mountains or other landmarks, entirely with its gloom. Deliberating carefully I came to the conclusion that intending to cross that tributary creek, I had got too far down to the fork, which in some places was not much larger than the creek, and mistaking that for the creek, had crossed it and walking up instead of down. I found out my mistake when getting on an overlooking ridge, and weather clearing for a little I discovered the blue smoke from our camp-fire on the opposite side.

Bunch had not returned, so I went to work to get supper, preparing a white moccasin rabbit, the only meat we had, and making bread in the frying-pan from our last flour. When he came in it was snowing furiously, and we had to eat inside the tent.

Our position now became rather serious, and we came to the conclusion to get out of this dangerous encampment the quickest and best way we could before the snow should prohibit it entirely. We went to bed with heavy hearts, but hoping it might clear in the morning. Rising before day we were sadly disappointed; the snow was coming down thick and fast. Having only one alternative, we hurriedly finished breakfast by candle light; then packing and saddling up, we started, going down the extreme lower end of the valley before we took to the precipitous ridges which lead to the summit. Leading one horse, with the other three tailed up behind each other, we began the climb.

Bunch explored ahead to find a passable way, going sometimes through almost impenetrable brush, then up some fearfully steep and now awfully slippery ledges. The snow came down in sheets, darkening all about us and shutting out the view. Bunch, as pathfinder, would often be gone for some time, while I waited with the tired animals for his signal to come on. Thanks to his woodcraft and mountain knowledge, he found our old trail; but we often had to clear patches of snow for signs of our old tracks. At last, after tremendous labor and perseverance, we felt the air getting colder as we neared the summit. One more effort, and we reached the divide with greatly relieved feelings. My flask contained some whisky, which never came more appropriate; it revived our exhausted nerves and put new life into us.

We still had a hard task until we came down to the forks of the river; it was very tiresome traveling in the two or three feet of snow now melting fast; and man and beast rejoiced when at last Boone's cabin came in sight. The kind good-hearted fellow was glad to see us; he had contemplated going out to look after us the next day if we did not come. He quickly had ready a red hot supper. Sunday morning we left our hospitable friend, describing to him as near as possible, where he would find our elk. We made Pinney's for dinner. The old man listening to our accounts, said he and Boone would go after the meat, as soon as the weather allowed it. It was night when we reached Bunch's home.

I remained home the next day, still feeling the effects of the terrible strain of the past days; but Bunch went out to hunt, as there was no meat in the house. The boys and Lee had gone to finish their winter cabin. In the evening they came down with three deer; the senior Mr. Bunch had killed the same number and Bess Bunch, quite a youngster, had killed two, making eight in all for that day. Two days later we made for the boys' cabin, taking along flour and other provisions for their winter use; and putting in the door and window, bunks, finishing with a table and a few benches. They had a very comfortable log cabin.

Hearing one day that elk were plenty on Deadwood Fork, or rather in the "big timbered flats," Charles and I, with a few days' grub, set out. It was a short day's journey from the cabin, and we made a cut across the hills until we got to the regular river trail. Climbing up a steep hill we noticed on the opposite side of the river a band of goats, and prominent among them a tremendous large ram, which would not mix with the rest, but go ahead or else straggle behind; now standing on a commanding rock looking over at us with contempt, he dared and provoked us so much that we concluded to give him a trial. We took the horses near to the river, hoping to find a place possible to ford, but were doomed with disappointment, the river was too deep, swift and dangerous, so we had to give it up. Getting again to our trail, we saw the old patriarch on a high cliff, the wind blowing his venerable long whiskers and with a satirical grin in his face. This incident had considerably delayed us, and we were obliged to camp on Elk Creek.

In the morning we climbed to the summit, and, wending our way down the rocky decline not far from the flats, discovered a band of elk going up a little ridge about a mile away. Waiting until all got over, we hurried down to the flats, unloading the horses, then picking up our rifles we were soon after them. Following in their tracks cautiously to the top, and peeping over, we saw the band not 75yds. away, some lying down and some browsing. At our first fire the two largest rolled over, the rest jumping up, undecided which way to escape. Charles, with his repeater, having the advantage in rapid firing, shot eight times to my five, when we had them down, seven in number, and all cows, yearlings and calves. I felt almost ashamed of our slaughter. It was dark when we had finished dressing and covering them up securely. This wound up my active hunting on the trip, and I had to think of my return.

In the morning we left loaded with some of the meat, Charles going only part of the way, then cutting across to notify the boys to pack in the rest of the elk, while I followed the river trail down to Bunch's cabin.

Thursday I spent mostly in packing my hides, heads and antlers, and had them taken by team to Myers's store in Placerville. Mr. Myers's freight team was going to the railroad, so I availed myself of the offered opportunity to ship all my stuff to Mountain Home. I was obliged to go back to my starting point, Boneparte mine, to get my civilian attire and other things I had left, also to say good-by to Mr. and Mrs. McK. Wednesday, Nov. 10, I had to part from friend Bunch and his kind family. Playing a few parting airs on my flute, at their request, I left this happy family promising soon to come again. Bill remained to go back to the new cabin, to which Charles intended also to return, after seeing me safely back. At Placerville Mr. Myers had kindly attended to my antlers and hides. In the evening I entertained at Mrs. Steckler's hotel the little community with some music, and spent a most happy time.

In the morning we started on our homestretch and camped that night at a deserted cabin. Next day we made Boise City; here I found letters from home, the first since leaving the mine. Sunday we left this beautiful and lively town and got to Slater's ranch on Indian Creek in a severe snowstorm. We slept in the corral with our horses, which we had fed, as there was no pasture. We hoped it would stop in the morning that we might cut across the mountain to Long Tom's, saving thereby fifty miles, but the storm increased so much that we had to go back to the wagon or emigrant road. We came to Hoist's ranch on Cañon Creek, where we partook of Mrs. Hoist's hospitality. Mrs. Hoist's brother went in the morning to Mountain Home, only eleven miles distant. As I did not need any of my hunting or camping

outfit any more he offered to take the things along in his wagon, and we relieved our pack horses almost entirely of their burden, thereby enabling us to travel a great deal faster. That night we made McGinley's store on the foot of Wood Creek, a distance of thirty-five miles, where we made ourselves at home.

Next day I expected to get back to the old mine in good time, but meeting so many friends along the river, it was pretty dark when we got to the Rocky Bar Junction and Charles's cabin.

Charles advised me to stay with him that night and go up to the mine in the morning; but I was too anxious to get back to my old friend McK. I wish I had followed his advice, for the snow lay deep and cold in the dark cañons, the creek was overflowed and frozen, and to complete my misery my saddle horse broke through the ice of the largest stream, was imprisoned perfectly helpless, and obliged me to break an opening for it to get out. Then I had to return for my packhorse, which had bolted. Soaking wet, I was now obliged to walk; the way never before seemed so long and dismal. At last I came to the New Mill, and resting the tired hores a moment for the final steep hill, at last I beheld a light and distinguished the outlining of the buildings of the mine.

McK.'s dog had announced my arrival; Bill, glad to see me back, tended to my horses, while his kind wife was getting dry garments for my stiff, frozen ones. Then I sat down to a nicely prepared suppor, and had quickly forgotten my last sufferings. It was late in the night before turning into my cosy quarters, as I had to give a full account of our eventful trip.

Wednesday I was occupied in packing and arranging my traps to take along on the stage. Next day after dinner I took leave from Mrs. McK. and Howard's folks; friend Bill accompanied me down to Charles's cabin, with whom I spent the last night to be near for the early morning stage. When parting here with Bill McK. who had to go back to the mine, I felt more like going with him back to the old place which had become so dear to me; promising him to come again, he mounted his pony, and was out of sight.

Charles had supper ready, but I did not have any appetite, for I felt as blue as indigo. In the morning we took breakfast at the junction; the stage came rattling along, and thanking Charles, who had become as dear as a brother to me for all his kindness, I took my seat on the box with the driver, and away we went into the crisp cold morning. At passing Willard's I had the chance of saying good-bye to our friend Joe. The stage trip proceeded without any notable event, only it was cutting cold on Camas prairie, and we were glad when the lights of Mountain Home came in sight.

Saturday morning I went over to the station agent and found all my shipped articles in proper condition. Concluding to send all my trophies and camp outfit by freight, I had a large box made resembling Noah's ark. To let the interested reader form his own opinion about the size, I give a summary of the spoils of my hunt, which consisted of one large elk head and antlers, five beautiful blacktail deer heads, eight bear skins, three mountain goats, twenty-four beavers, thirty-five foxes (among which were one handsome "silver" and several beautiful crosses), and divers fishers and martins. Having all securely packed and the box well fastened I stepped on the east bound train, which came steaming along at 11:30 P. M. and reached New York in due season. F. B.

Natural History.

CETACEANS OF THE UNITED STATES.

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WHALES constitute the marine mammalian fauna of the coasts of our country, and few people, I think, unless they have paid especial attention to the subject, realize how many of them we have, and the numerous species we may lay claim to as properly falling within that category. To continue with our list of animals as published by the U. S. National Museum, we find the following to be the arrangement of this highly interesting group of mammals, viz.:

ORDER CETACEA. CETACEANS.

SUBORDER DENTICETE. TOOTHED WHALES.

Family DELPHINIDÆ. *The Dolphins.*

Sotalia pallida, Gervais. Florida (?).
? Steno fuscus, Gray. Cuba.
Steno compressus, Gray. Gulf of Mexico (?).
Delphinus bairdii, Dall. Baird's Dolphin. Coast of California.
Delphinus delphis, Linné. Common Dolphin. Atlantic Ocean.
Delphinus janira, Gray. The Janira. Newfoundland (Gray).
? Prodelphinus euphrosyne (Gray), True. North Atlantic Ocean.
Leucorhamphus borealis (Peale), Gill. Right-whale Porpoise. Pacific coast of North America.
Lagenorhynchus acutus, Gray. Eschricht's Dolphin. North Atlantic Ocean.
Lagenorhynchus albirostris, Gray. White-beaked Bottlenose. North Atlantic Ocean.
Lagenorhynchus obliquidens, Gill. Striped or Common Dolphin. Pacific coast of the United States.
Lagenorhynchus thicolea, Gray. West coast of North America.
Lagenorhynchus gubenator, Cope. Skunk Porpoise. Coast of New England.
Lagenorhynchus perspicillatus, Cope. Atlantic coast of the United States.
Tursiops tursio (Bonnaterre), Van Ben. & Gervais. Bottle-nosed Dolphin. North Atlantic Ocean.
Tursiops gillii, Dall. Cowfish. Pacific coast of the United States.
Tursiops erebennus, (Cope) Gill. Black Dolphin. Atlantic coast of the United States.
Orca gladiator, (Bonnaterre) Gray. Atlantic Killer. Atlantic Ocean.
Orca atra, Cope. Pacific Killer. Pacific coast of North America.
Orca pacifica, (Gray). North Pacific Ocean. (?)
Globiocephalus melas, (Traill). Blackfish. North Atlantic Ocean.
Globiocephalus brachypterus, Cope. Short-finned Blackfish. Coast of New Jersey.
Globiocephalus scammoni, (Cope). Scammon's Blackfish. Pacific coast of North America and southward.
Grampus griseus, (Cuvier) Gray. Grampus. North Atlantic Ocean.
Grampus stearnsii, Dall. Mottled or White-headed Grampus. Pacific coast of North America.
Delphinapterus catodon, (Linné) Gill. White Whale. Arctic and Subarctic seas.
Monodon monoceros, Linné. Narwhal. Arctic seas.
Phocæna communis, Lesson. Puffing-Pig. Herring-Hog. North Atlantic Ocean.
Phocæna lineata, Cope. Striped Porpoise. Atlantic coast of the United States.
Phocæna vomerina, Gill. California Bay Porpoise. Pacific coast of the United State.

Family ZIPHIIDÆ. *Bottle-nose Whales.*

Berardius bairdii, Stejneger. Baird's Whale. Bering Island.
Hyperoödon rostratus, (Chemnitz) Wesmael. Bottle-nose Whale. North Atlantic Ocean.
Ziphius cavirostris, Cuvier. Temperate and tropical seas.
? Ziphius semijunctus, (Cope). Atlantic Ocean.
Ziphius grebnitzkii, Stejneger. Grebnitzky's Bottle-nose Whale. Bering Island.
Mesoplodon sowerbiensis, Gervais. Sowerby's Whale. Temperate North Atlantic.

Family PHYSETERIDÆ. *The Sperm Whales.*

Physeter macrocephalus, Linné. Sperm Whale. Temperate and tropical seas.
Kogia breviceps, (De Blainville) Gray. Pygmy Sperm Whale. Temperate and tropical seas.

SUBORDER MYSTICETE. WHALEBONE WHALES.

Family BALÆNIDÆ.

Rhachianectes glaucus, Cope. Devil-fish. Gray Whale. Pacific coast of North America.
Agaphelus gibbosus, Cope. (?) Scragg Whale. North Atlantic.
Megaptera longimana, (Rud.) Gray. Humpback Whale. North Atlantic Ocean.
Megaptera beliceosa, Cope. Carribbean Humpback Whale. Carribbean Sea.
Megaptera versabilis, Cope. Humpback Whale. North Pacific Ocean.
Physalus antiquorum, (Fischer) Gray. Finback Whale; Razor-back. North Atlantic Ocean.
Physalus sibbaldii, Gray. North Atlantic Ocean.
Balænoptera rostratus, (Muller) Gray. Piked Whale (?Grampus of New England fishermen). North Atlantic Ocean.
Balænoptera davidsoni, Scammon. Finback Whale. Northeastern Pacific Ocean.
Sibbaldius laticeps, Gray. Rudolphi's Rorqual. North Atlantic Ocean.
Sibbaldius tuberosus, Cope. Mobjack Bay, Virginia.
Sibbaldius veliferus, (Cope). Finback Whale. Pacific coast of North America.
Sibbaldius tectirostris, Cope. Coast of Maryland.
Sibbaldius sulfureus, Cope. Sulphur-bottom Whale. Pacific coast of North America.
Balæna japonica, Gray. Right Whale of North Pacific. North Pacific Ocean.
Balæna biscayensis, Gray. Black Whale; Right Whale of the North Atlantic. Temperate North Atlantic.
Balæna mysticetus, Linné. Bowhead Whale. Arctic Seas.

It will be observed of the species enumerated in this formidable list, that the vast majority of them actually occur upon our own coasts, so that in a paper of a length that the present must of necessity be, it will simply be out of the question for me to give even the briefest history of the several types, as much as I would like to do so, as the limitations of space would be greatly exceeded, and even, perhaps, the main object of my contribution in the present instance, somewhat interferred with, not to say, defeated.

In the group of Cetaceans which I have chosen to illustrate this article, those United States types have been designedly selected by me which I deemed would best convey to the general reader an idea of the various forms assumed by the species representing this Order; and in the text it will be my aim to present in a general way the habits common to the group, and as far as possible, the charactertistics of the several genera.

So far as the fruits of Geology have to this time been enabled to indicate it for us, we are obliged to confess that the ancestry of the Cetaceans in time is still involved in much obscurity. Huge, serpent-like Whales (*Zeuglodon*) have been found in a fossil state in certain parts of Alabama, which have thrown some light on this perplexing subject, and in other parts of the world fossil forms have been discovered which have helped us to a better solution, but, as I say, we are still a long ways from being in possession of an exact knowledge of the origin of this group, as we are in the case of many other animals. One thing, however, must be borne fully in mind, and that is, the Whales are just as truly mammalian in all respects, as are such animals as seals, pigs, or bears. Indeed, they are nothing more nor less than monster marine mammals that have become specially modified in time to lead strictly an aquatic life in recent epochs.

The general external characters of Whales can be readily appreciated from the several drawings of the species accompanying this paper; the fish-like form is to be noted, with the enormous head in some of the species, and with the total absence of anything like unto a neck in all the forms; the peculiar pattern of the horizontally placed tail with its diverging, lateral "flukes," posteriorly divided by the median notch; the form of the anterior paddles, and the entire absence of a hinder pair; that a few of the species may have a showing of scattered hairs on the body, more especially near the mouth; the small eyes, the simple aperture of the ears, the valvular openings of the nostrils situated on top of the head; and a number of other points. Whales also possess immediately beneath the skin a thick layer of fat known as the "blubber," from which the oil is manufactured, and for which men hunt and capture them. As in the case of the topographical anatomy, the internal structure of these ponderous creatures is highly interesting and instructive, but our space will admit of none of it here. But it will be proper to note, however, that all Whales have teeth, with but few exceptions, and that these vary greatly in number; never being preceded by a milk set, while in the adult right whales, in which family the teeth are absent, the well-known whalebone is seen (baleen). It would be as well to remark, too, that the mammæ in the female Whales are situated on either side of the genital fissure, being two in number, and each being under the control of a special compressor muscle by means of which the milk of the mother can be injected into the mouth of her young one (there being rarely two), and the latter is thus enabled to nurse under water.

Whales of all species subsist on animal food of some kind or other, such as for example, fish, squids, crustaceans, and the medusæ. The killers (*Orca*) alone prey upon the species of their own Order, and upon such other warm-blooded animals as seals and their kind.

During a year that I spent at sea in the Gulf of Mexico and the South Atlantic, I had many opportunities to observe the various kinds of whales and porpoises, which I availed myself of to the fullest extent, and have seen an old Sperm whale blow many and many a time. Professor Flower well describes this act, and according to this eminent authority, when speaking of what a helpless creature a whale is on shore, he says that when in their element, the sea, "they have, however, to rise very frequently to the surface for the purpose of respiration; and, in relation to the constant upward and downward movement in the water thus necessitated, their principal instrument of motion, the tail, is expanded horizontally, quite unlike that of a fish, whose movements are mainly in straightforward or lateral directions. The position of the respiratory orifice or nostril on the highest part of the head is very important for this mode of life, as it is the only part of the body the exposure of which above the surface is absolutely necessary. Of the numerous erroneous ideas connected with natural history, few are so widespread and still so firmly believed, notwithstanding repeated expositions of its falsity, as that the *Cetacea* spout out through their blowholes water taken in at the mouth. The fact is, the 'spouting,' or more properly 'blowing,' of the Whale is nothing more than the ordinary act of expiration, which, taking place at longer intervals than in-land animals, is performed with a greater amount of emphasis. The moment the animal rises to the surface it forcibly expels from its lungs the air taken in at the last inspiration, which, of course, is highly charged with watery vapor in consequence of the natural respiratory changes. This, rapidly condensing in the cold atmosphere in which the phenomenon is generally observed, forms a column of steam or spray, which has been erroneously taken for water. It also often happens, especially when the surface of the ocean is agitated into waves, that the animal commences its expiratory puff before the orifice has quite cleared the top of the water, some of which may thus be driven upward with the blast, tending to complete the illusion. In hunting Whales the harpoon often pierces the lungs or air passages of the unfortunate victim, and then fountains of blood may be forced high in the air through the blowholes, as commonly depicted in scenes of arctic adventure; but this is nothing more (allowance being made for the Whale's peculiar mode of breathing) than what always follows severe wounds of the respiratory organs of other animals."

The refined oil known as "spermaceti" is manufactured from that oil which is found in the great cavity above the skull in the Sperm Whale, while "ambergris," so extensively used by perfumers in their art, is found in the intestines of the same animal, and sometimes floating on the surface of the seas they inhabit.

By the aid of modern appliances, the chase and capture of these huge mammals has within recent times been reduced almost to a science, but an account of such matters would, in the opinion of the writer, be out of place in the present connection, dealing as we are more particularly with the life histories of these Cetaceans; it will be as well to add, however, that their constant pursuit and destruction by man must in due time tell markedly on their numbers, if it does not lead to their actual extermination.

Glancing again at our List above we find that these Cetaceans are primarily divided into Families of TOOTHED WHALES, BOTTLE-NOSE WHALES, SPERM WHALES and WHALEBONE WHALES. Among the first of these we find the Common Dolphin (*D. delphis*), and who that has ever been out for an ocean voyage over the seas that he inhabits, does not know him. Suddenly a "school" of them will appear under the very bows of your vessel, plunging in and out of the water in graceful curves, and in a manner most fascinating to the observer, who never wearies of the sight. Their powerful, tooth-armed beaks are the very terror of the small fishes upon which they habitually prey, and it is an extraordinary thing to see the agility with which they effect such captures.

Captain Scammon speaking of the Common Porpoise of the Pacific coast, says, "They are seen in numbers varying from a dozen up to many hundreds tumbling over the surface of the sea, or making arching leaps, plunging again on the same curve, or darting high and falling diagonally sidewise upon the water with a spiteful splash, accompanied by a report which may be heard at some distance. In calm weather they are seen in numerous shoals, leaping, plunging, lobtailing and finning, while the assemblage moves swiftly in various directions. They abound more along the coasts where small fish are found. Occasionally a large number of them will get into a school of fish, frightening them so much that they lose nearly all control of their movements, while the Porpoises fill themselves to repletion." This species is the *L. obliquidens* of our List. On our New England coast the best known form is the "Skunk Porpoise," shown in Fig. 2 of the present paper, and its habits are fully as interesting as those of the Dolphin of which we have just been speaking. Even at the present time, it is by no means a rare thing to discover a new species of this group, and undoubtedly there still remain a number of forms as yet unknown to science.

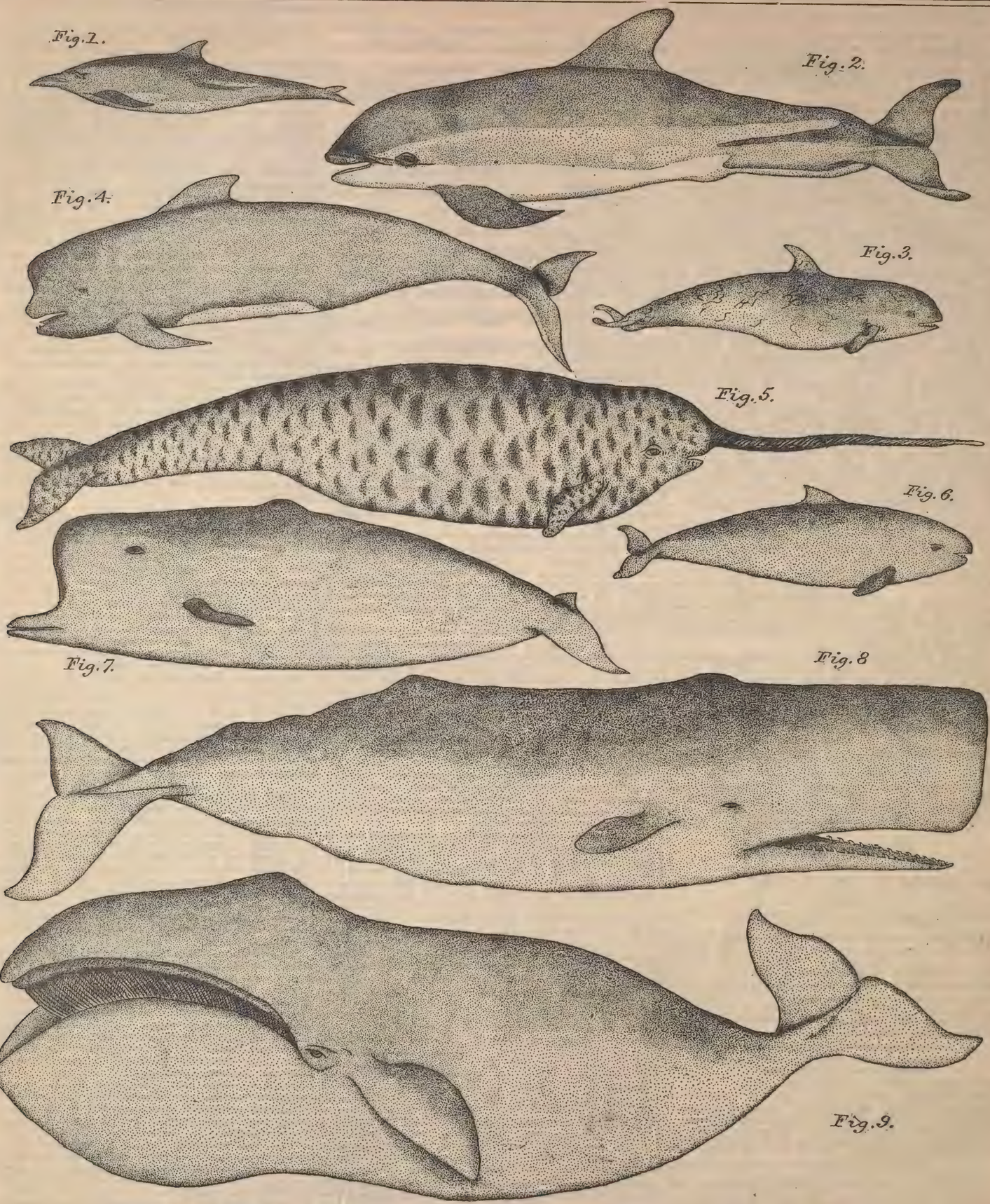
The Orcas or Killer Whales constitute another genus of this family, and they are only too well known to the whalemen as the veriest wolves of the high seas, often robbing them of their hard-earned spoils. They are possessed of enormous strength and speed, and even at a distance at sea they can be easily recognized by their lofty dorsal fins, an appendage which, in the High-finned Killer, attains to the enormous height of six feet. These merciless animals will ravenously attack and kill the biggest whale that ever plowed the ocean, and devour the carcass afterward, piecemeal; they are also very destructive of the seals about the islands inhabited by those valuable animals, and according to Professor Goode, Eschricht says that thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals were found in the stomach of an Atlantic Killer, sixteen feet in length.

The Blackfishes (Fig. 4) are a medium-sized whale that range over their oceanic habitat in schools sometimes numbering several hundreds; they are not especially valuable to the whalers, but are mercilessly preyed upon by the Killer Whales.

Rarer than the last mentioned species, though often associated with them, are the Grampuses (Fig. 3), a smaller whale than they, though with very similar habits, and we are told that they make their appearance in our waters only about once in ten years. Professor Flower has proved beyond all manner of doubt that the fantastic markings on the body of this animal are normal and are not due to scars from conflicts with their fellows or other species. A fine cast of a Grampus may be seen and studied at the Smithsonian Institution, where it used to surmount the doorway of the main entrance, down-stairs.

One of the most interesting of all Cetaceans is the Narwhal (Fig. 5), an animal which stands responsible for the Unicorn of fancy, and which is now restricted in its range to the northern shores of our Alaskan territories. The spiral tusk growing from the left side of its upper jaw is a modified tooth which may attain a length of eight or ten feet. It is absent in the female, the sex being practically toothless, or at least the teeth are concealed in the jaw as is the case on the right side in the male Narwhal. This tusk is without enamel, and a single one is valued at $50.00, the ivory being put to a variety of purposes. Occasionally both tusks are developed, in which case the spirals each turn the same way, or the twist has the same direction. Narwhals feed upon small fish and crustaceans.

Herring Hogs (*Phocæna*), are representatives of another very interesting genus (Fig. 6); these animals are also known as the harbor porpoises or "puffing pigs," they



REPRESENTATIVE SPECIES OF UNITED STATES CETACEANS.—Copied by the Author.

Fig. 1.—Common Dolphin (*Delphinus delphis*). After Flower. Length of adult 10ft.

Fig. 2.—Skunk Porpoise (*Lagenorhynchus gubernator*). From Goode, after Cope. Length of adult about 10ft.

Fig. 3.—The Grampus (*Grampus griseus*). After Elliott. Length of adult 20ft.

Fig. 4.—The Blackfish (*Globiocephalus melas*). From Goode, after Trans. Zoöl. Soc. of Lond., Vol. 8, Pl. 60. Length of adult 18 to 25ft.

Fig. 5.—The Narwhal (*Monodon monoceros*). After Elliott. Length of adult 10 to 14ft.

Fig. 6.—The "Herring-Hog" *Phocœna communis*). From a photograph by the U. S. Fish Commission. Length of adult rather more than 4ft.

Fig. 7.—The Sperm Whale Porpoise (*Hyperoödon bidens*). After Blake. Length of adult 25ft.

Fig. 8.—The Sperm Whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*). From Goode, after Scammon. Length of adult male 84ft.

Fig. 9.—The Bowhead Whale (*Balæna mysticetus*). From Goode, after Scammon. Length of adult male 47ft.

have earned this last name from their habit of puffing and grunting as they disport themselves in the surf or as they roll in the breakers at the mouths of harbors and rivers. These Herring Hogs are very destructive of several species of the small edible fish, and of oysters, but they in turn are often attacked and killed by the Porpoises.

To represent the next Family, the Bottle-nose Whales, I have given a figure of *Hyperoödon bidens*, but very little is known of these forms and the nomenclature of the group is not in a very satisfactory condition.

Passing next to the Family of the true Sperm Whales (*Physeteridæ*), we find them represented by the Giant Sperm and the Pigmy Sperm Whales.

The Sperm Whale or Cachalot (*P. macrocephalus*) is a very well-known Cetacean, one of wide distribution and of great commercial importance (Fig. 8). In this species the male may attain the enormous length of 84ft., whereas the females are not more than one-third as large, and are slenderer. In color these animals are of a blackish brown above, paler on their sides, and grayish on the under parts; very old ones are gray on top of the head and about the nostrils. They feed on small fish principally, and squids; it is related that several hundred mackerel have been taken from the stomach of a third grown one. All times of the year is the breeding season for them, and one at a birth is the rule, never more than two. The female nurses her young by reclining quietly on her side, as she floats passively on the surface of the ocean. The period of gestation is said to be ten months.

Its actions and habits under various circumstances are familiar to the most of us, and have been well described by Scammon; the "blowing" of this whale, and the useful products it yields, I have already alluded to above.

Turning to the Suborder Mysticete of our List, we find a splendid array of species representing the animals known as the Whalebone Whales, all of which are creatures of great size, and valuable for the products they yield to men. Of no little importance among these is the whalebone of commerce, but this is principally obtained from the Bowhead Whale (Fig. 9) of the Polar Seas. The habits of the Bowhead partake of the habits of whales generally, with a number of very interesting ones peculiarly its own. Professor Goode remarks that "The food of the Bowhead consists of floating animals, classed by the whalemen under the names 'right whale feed' and 'brit.' Many kinds of invertebrates are, of course, included under these general terms, one of the most abundant of which is, perhaps, a kind of winged or pteropod mollusk, the *Clio borealis*, which occurs in the northern seas, floating in great masses. When the Bowhead is feeding it moves with considerable velocity near the surface, its jaws being open to allow the passage of currents of water into the cavity of the mouth and through the

layers of baleen at the sides. All eatable substances are strained out by the fringes of the baleen and are swallowed." Much more could be said about these whalebone whales, but I find my space already nearly exhausted, and I still have a few concluding remarks to make of no little importance.

My studies of the Cetaceans and my reading about them have both convinced me that the Order has by no means received the attention at the hands of descriptive zoölogists and anatomists that it so justly deserves. This neglect can be atoned for in many ways, and more especially by such persons as reside the year round either upon the Atlantic or Pacific seaboards, or by capable observers who lead a seafaring life. Lighthouse keepers and whalemen both have excellent opportunities to thus powerfully aid science in such work. Whalemen should be encouraged by some means to systematically capture specimens of the smaller Cetaceans when the opportunity is afforded them, and from these to take accurate measurements of the specimens at the time of capture. Skeletons could also be made, and viscera placed in crude spirits, both being brought home and turned over to the proper authorities for description. And, when it so happens that somebody chances to be on board who can make a serviceable sketch of the animal, this essential aid should never be overlooked; the habits of whales in their normal habitat should also be constantly recorded, and particularly as soon after the observation as possible. Lighthouse keepers and other seashore observers can effect all this, and much more besides, for where any of the whale tribe are driven ashore in their vicinity, they can, in addition to what is suggested above, often be enabled to take a good series of photographs of the specimen, as well as a very complete set of measurements. When within a reasonable distance of Washington, they can, too, immediately send a telegram to Mr. F. W. True, Curator of the Department of Mammals, U. S. National Museum, that such and such suspicious looking specimens have gone ashore at such and such a point, thus giving the proper authorities the opportunity to dispatch a responsible person to the spot should they desire to do so. There are undoubtedly a number of the smaller species of Cetaceans in our waters as yet undescribed.

Those of my readers desiring to further inform themselves upon the subject which of necessity I have been compelled to deal with so briefly in this contribution, can do no better than consult some of the following works:

Bibliography of Cetacea: D. F. Eschricht, "Untersuchungen über die Nordischen Wallthiere," 1849. "Ostéographie des Cétacés," by P. J. Van Beneden and P. Gervais, 1868-79. C. M. Scammon, "Marine Mammals of the N. W. Coast of North America," 1874. For the structure of whalebone, see Hunter, "Observations on the Structure and Economy of Whales," Phil. Trans., 1787; Eschricht and Reinhardt, "On the Greenland Right Whale," English translation by the Ray Society, 1866, pp. 67-78; and Sir W. Turner, in Trans. Roy. Soc. Edin., 1870, Thomas Beale; "Natural History of the Sperm Whale," London, 1836, Andrew Murray; "The Geographical Distribution of Mammals," London, 1866, p. 212. T. N. Gill; "Sperm-Whales, Giant and Pigmy," Amer. Nat. iv, p. 738, fig. 167. Capt. David Gray; *Land and Water*, Dec. 1, '77, p. 468, and many other special monographs.

Game Bag and Gun.

HUNTING THE ELK.

BY the older writers the elk was called the wapiti or wapiti deer, this being the Iroquois name for the animal. The term is employed now only in books and by Europeans. The elk of Europe is almost identical with our moose, which name is derived from a Cree Indian word, *moosŏă*. It is unfortunate that two such magnificent animals, inhabiting different continents, should bear the same English name, but the appellation elk is now so firmly settled in America as belonging to *Cervus canadensis*, that it can never be changed.

The young elk are born in May or June and, like young deer of most species, are at first spotted. The coat is bright bay, like that of the Virginia deer, but the spots are neither so numerous, so regular, nor so well defined. At the first shedding of the pelage, which takes place in September, the spots are lost and the animals assume the yellowish gray which is their winter coloring. The calves are usually born in pairs, male and female, and during the summer the mother and her young keep by themselves. In the early part of August they begin to collect in scattered companies, and early in September the rutting season begins.

Meanwhile, the bulls have been keeping apart. Late in the winter, their superb horns dropped off, and in the early spring the new antlers began to appear, through the summer they have been increasing in size and by the middle of August have reached their full development. They are still covered with the "velvet," however, and although they have ceased growing and are quite hard, the tender skin, beneath which the warm blood still courses, clings to them for a little while longer. At this time the elk are found in bands, more or less numerous, according as the country which they inhabit is much hunted or not. The time for freeing the horns from the velvet varies somewhat.

Most of the bulls begin to "shake," as the mountain men term it, about the first of September. The older ones are usually the first to set about this, and some of the yearlings carry the velvet until the late fall. Soon after the horns are fully grown and hard, the flow of blood through the arteries which supply the horns and the velvet, is checked, and the skin begins to itch. The bull now rubs his horns furiously against bushes and trees, and the velvet is torn off and hangs from the horns and about his ears in bleeding strips. Usually he seeks some low stiff-branched shrub, like the willows in a stream bottom, or a young pine on the mountainside, and thrusting his head among the branches, moves it vigorously up and down and from side to side. This, of course, causes the bush to wave to and fro, and it is from this movement that the term "shaking" is derived.

It is just at and immediately before this time that the bull elk are in their very best condition. They are now enormously fat, and the flesh is delicious, though elk meat, like that of most other animals, should always be kept a few days before eaten. Immediately after being killed it is a little coarse, and in the bulls sometimes tough, but, after hanging four or five days, it becomes tender and very palatable. It has a flavor of its own, which is not found in any other wild meat with which I am acquainted, except in a less degree in that of the mule deer, and is moreover extremely rich and nutritious.

During the time that the bulls are "shaking" they are very easily approached, for with their heads hidden in the brush they can neither see nor hear, and the hunter, provided he has the wind in his favor, finds little difficulty in creeping within rifle range. This is more true on the plains and in an open country than in the mountains. There the elk is as likely to do his shaking in the midst of a dense forest as anywhere else, and in such situations he is not easily discovered until one is quite close to him.

As soon as his horns are free from the velvet, and are hard and polished, the bull elk begins to gather about him all the cows he can. He searches for them in the thickets, along the streams, in the ravines and among the timber, and this search is conducted in a very systematic manner. A year ago last fall, while hunting in Wyoming Territory, I witnessed very satisfactorily the method in which they operate. I was out on foot four or five miles from the camp, and was sitting on a high mesa scanning the surrounding country with my field glass, when I saw a fine bull elk emerge from a ravine, which ran up into the plateau on which I was, walk along over the plain below to the next ravine, enter that and presently come out at its head on to the mesa, and then walk to the head of the next ravine and proceed down that. When he reached the plain he again kept along the foot of the hills until he reached the mouth of another ravine, and then he came up that. In this way he proceeded, systematically searching through these hiding places for any cows that might be lurking there. As the cows have now come together, a bull that finds one is likely to get a dozen or perhaps fifty at the same time. The particular bull mentioned was, when first seen, perhaps a mile from me, but he traveled so briskly that I tried in vain to get within shooting distance. Although he covered more than twice the distance I had to go, he kept far ahead of me, and finally, having followed the edge of the mesa down to where it sloped off into the plain, and the ravines ended, he turned briskly to the right, crossed a broad valley where some cattle were feeding, and disappeared in a narrow mountain valley which ran into the hills two or three miles from the camp.

The next day, however, I had the pleasure of seeing him, in fact, of making his intimate acquaintance. There were three of us in the camp, and all the fresh meat that there was under the wagon was one antelope ham. We had been hard at work for several days sinking a prospect hole in the hillside, high above the camp, and we all of us felt like taking a day for rest. So we started out after breakfast, and went back into the hills to try and get some blacktail. We only saw four, one of them a doe, which walked out on to the hillside within seventy-five steps of us, and which we could easily have killed. But there were three bucks following her, and as the bucks are so much fatter in September than the does, we let her go, hoping that the bucks would come out of the green timber, so that we could see them distinctly enough to shoot. Instead of doing that they kept under cover until they had passed us, and then one of them must have caught our wind, for on a sudden they all stampeded, and we saw no more of them. The rest of our hunt was fruitless, and about three o'clock we started down the valley, which was the same one the bull elk had entered the day before, and followed it down, intending, when we came to a point opposite the camp, to cross the low spur of the hills just below where the mine was. I was riding ahead, Bill next, and Ike bringing up the rear. Suddenly I heard Bill call to me in a low voice, and knowing from his tone that he saw game, I had slipped off my horse and thrown a cartridge into my rifle, before I looked at him. Then following the direction of his rifle barrel, I saw in the bed of the stream among the willows about 200yds. away, the heads and bodies of a dozen cow elk walking up out of the creek.

The shots flew pretty fast for a few seconds. The band, which numbered about forty in all, did not wait to investigate the noise, but dashed out of the stream bed. It was a bad place for them, however. Before they could cross the ridge they had at least 600yds. of steep open ground to cover and all this time they were exposed to our rifles. The last elk to emerge from the willows was the bull, who had stayed behind to hurry up the laggard cows and who now brought up the rear of the fleeing band. Before they had got in motion a calf had fallen, and ere they had gone 50yds. two cows dropped. We had more than meat enough and I shouted at my companions, "Fire at the bull." He was now between 300 and 400yds. distant, but on the smooth slope over which he was passing it was easy to gauge the elevation. My first ball struck a little under him, the next just beyond, and at the third carefully aimed shot I saw him flinch, bend down, and then suddenly turn at right angles to the course he had been pursuing. I gave a little cheer of triumph, for as he was running I felt sure that the ball, if it had hit his body at all, had made a fatal wound. And so it was. After going 100yds. further he slackened his trot and began to walk with his head down, and presently he laid down beneath a solitary pine tree that stood near the top of the slope. We mounted our horses and rode down the hill, across the stream and up to where the elk lay. Near the cows we left the ponies standing and walked up the steep ascent to where the bull was. As we approached him we could see the great antlers tossing in the death agony, but when we reached him the struggle was over and the monarch of the forest was dead.

I had longed to possess that great head when I had first seen it, and had felt a savage satisfaction as I saw the lead strike the bull, for I remembered the exhausting labor that I had undergone on the previous day in my efforts to come up with him. But now, as I stood over him on the mountainside, and beheld his beauty and his strength and his symmetry, I wished that we had not killed him. It seemed a cruel wrong to take so grand a life, except in case of absolute necessity. I suppose that every man who has killed much large game often has these remorseful moments, but usually the feeling that he experiences is nothing more than remorse, and does not reach the height of penitence. So the next time he goes hunting he tries with all his might to do exactly the thing which he had previously regretted doing. Some of us there are—old hunters—who have reached a point where we try to kill only enough for our requirements. One deer or antelope or elk a week is enough for a party of two or three when traveling through the wilds, but it is difficult—almost impossible—if you have young and ardent hunters with you, to keep them down to anything like this limit. I have traveled for weeks through the mountains where, without hunting, a dozen shots might be had each day at antelope, elk and deer, and have only fired two or three shots a week, killing meat only when it was absolutely required for the camp, but I can remember well enough that years ago, when I was new to the mountains, I used to shoot at pretty nearly everything that I could see.

When a bull elk has got together a band of cows he guards them jealously. The younger bulls, which have not been able to accumulate any wives, often loiter about the harem of their more successful brothers, and try to steal away some of the cows. The old bull is kept pretty busy during the season of the rut, chasing away intruders and keeping his cows together. He treats the latter with scant courtesy, and does not hesitate to prod them viciously with his horns if they are slow in moving in the direction in which he desires them to go. If an alarm takes place he rushes about, starting each one of the band in flight, and not until all are in motion does he himself take to his heels. Even then he always brings up the rear, threatening the last animals with his great antlers and urging them to greater speed.

Just before the rut begins, the bull, as has been said, is enormously fat and at his best. But now he begins to get out of condition. His neck swells, his fat turns yellow, and he has a strong and disagreeable odor. Moreover his arduous labors soon cause him to lose flesh, and, by the time the season is at an end, he is gaunt and poor. It does not take him long to pick up again, however, and often by the middle of the winter the bulls are again in fair order, though by no means as fat as the cows.

Down on the plains in years gone by I have had many a good run after elk, on horseback. This is a delightful method of pursuing them, but a fast, quick horse is needed for success. Speed is required to overtake the game, and quickness to avoid the obstacles met with in the very rough ground where the chase must often be made. The natural gait of the elk is a trot, and it takes a very good horse to overtake him while in this gait. He can keep this trot for hours if not for a whole day, and the amount of ground that he can cover at this pace, without tiring, is astonishing. He also runs, but his run, while faster than the trot, is also more exhausting, and, therefore, the man who is running elk always tries to push them as hard as possible at first, so as to make them break their trot, in which case he will be likely, if his horse is a good one, to overtake the fattest of the band. In a country where the going is good it is by no means difficult to run elk in this way, when the sport becomes very much like buffalo running, but in a rough or mountainous region, there is little opportunity for a chase of this kind. When alarmed they always make for the roughest ground, choosing rocky hillsides, ground covered with fallen timber, or the densest forests. I have seen a band slide, roll and tumble down an almost vertical precipice, where it would be utterly impossible for a rider to follow at all, or trot smoothly and easily along a steep mountainside, rough with huge blocks of stone, among which a horse would have broken his neck or legs at almost every stride.

It is very exciting sport to get a band of elk on just the right ground, and with a horse in which you have confidence, dash out from behind some hill, and, almost before they have taken the alarm, find yourself close to the outskirts of the band. They get together hastily and start off, at first in a close bunch, then gradually stringing out in a long line, the cows and calves ahead, the bulls bringing up the rear. If you are chasing them just for the ride, and without the desire to kill, perhaps you will pass the last of the herd, and as you do so, they will turn off, and running a few hundred yards to one side or the other, will stop and stare at you for a few moments, and then throwing back their horns over their hips will trot off over the hills, and out of sight. I have a hunting mare, a swift, beautiful animal, which is very fond of this sport, and has more than once carried me into the very midst of a band of elk. G.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

KEENE VALLEY, N. Y., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps you would like a report of the deer shooting in this section this season. Fewer deer have been killed here than in any year in my remembrance; and the advocates of hounding, who insisted last year that the deer were more plenty than ever, this season admitted that there was little use in hunting here. The Au Sable Lakes are closed to them, from the fact that they are included in the tract recently bought by a number of gentlemen, who forbid all hunting and fishing on it for a time: and the fact that their orders are obeyed by the men who have hunted there all their lives, shows, to my mind, how easy it would be for the State to enforce its laws for the protection of game if this was seriously attempted.

Some half dozen deer have been killed up John's Brook, a stream that rises on the northern slopes of Mt. Marcy and empties into the Au Sable River at this place. They were driven by dogs and shot on runways. The same men have brought in deer from other localities, and without doubt have exceeded the limit of three to one hunter. Quite a party went from here to Catlin Lake, in the town of Newcomb, and returned with two bucks and three does. They were enthusiastic in their praise of that section for hunting, saying that they had to keep the dogs tied till they got a mile or so from the lake, as they could "jump them up" at any point near the shores. There had been no hounding done there to amount to anything; the deer were so plenty and so tame that they could be killed at any time by still-hunting in summer. Yet that is the home of a family of noted still-hunters, beginning with old John Cheeny, ending with his descendants of the third generation. His nephews, Caleb and John Chase, are quite as skillful as Cheeny was in his best days. If it is the still-hunters that exterminate the deer, and the hounds that save them from the panthers and all other dangers, how is it that they are yet so plenty there, in a still-hunting district, while in this place, where ten or fifteen years ago the deer were more plenty and where hounding is the rule, they are now too few to pay to hunt? I think there is here a conundrum for Dr. Ward to "put in his pipe and smoke." The one good thing about this hunt was, that the party left five hounds there. They said there was no use in wintering them here. If the still-hunters of that section will think the same, and put them out of existence, the hunt will prove to have been a very successful one. AU SABLE.

SHOOTING NOTES.

ALL sorts of reports have been coming in about the woodcock shooting during the past week. That there are plenty of birds somewhere is attested by a stroll through the New York markets. Mr. Robins, one of the oldest and most reliable game dealers, whose stand is in Fulton Market, tells me the majority of the birds come from Connecticut. The observance of a close summer season is no doubt responsible for the excellence of the shooting now to be had in many sections of the Wooden Nutmeg State.

Mr. Harry Leavitt, of Wall street, who is about as good a game shot as the East can produce, had a couple of days' shooting last week near Great Barrington. He bagged about a couple of dozen cock and a nice bunch of partridges. If what the farmers say is true, Mr. Leavitt never misses. I have not seen Mr. Leavitt in the field for several years, but when I did he was a past master in the art of bringing birds down. Once I saw him make some very clever kills in the mountains of northern New Jersey that convinced me that he had trained in a good school and knew how to handle his birds in dense cover remarkably well.

Mr. Frank Cummins, of this city, has been picking up some birds this autumn. One day last week he shot fourteen cock near Croton Lake. Mr. Cummins is a great enthusiast, and shoots this winter in Florida.

Mr. Gilbert Speir and Mr. Gus Walters, both of this city, shot one day last week near Ramapo, on the Erie Railway. They got seven cock and one of Tuxedo Park's English pheasants. Mr. Speir is another first-class shot. He will shoot ducks at Havre de Grace on the opening day.

The glory of the once famous Wallkill region seems to have departed. Although the ground both in the swamps along the alder-arched streams is in prime condition, and the mountain swales shaded by chestnut sprouts and white birch are in order to receive the birds, woodcock were never so scarce as they were last week. A friend of mine who knows every hole and corner in this section took in the whole country and saw but two birds. I nearly experienced the same ill luck in the Pequest lowlands. There the clearing off of the timber and a great forest fire has destroyed the best of the unpreserved woodcock cover. The ground was too dry prior to the rains last week. From the old markings it was evident that there had been some birds about the time of the frosts a week before, but they had evidently gone on their way rejoicing. Mr. F. Satterthwaite, of Newark, was up there at the same time, shooting on his preserve. He was out two mornings and only got eleven woodcock. Of these only one was a hen bird. He said he found every one of them in the spice bushes along the banks of the creek, and not on the outside edges as formerly. There are quite a number of much-shot-at partridges in Warren county. They have about cleaned up the wild grapes in the swamps and have adjourned to the mountains to await the opening of the season. Quail are in fair abundance, but many of the bevies are of small birds unfit to shoot for several weeks to come. But what between posted lands, irate farmers and bull-brier thickets, the quail have got the budge on both local and city gunners.

In Sussex county, N. J., quail and woodcock are scarce as compared with former years. Mr. Theo. Morford, of Newton, tells me that, in fact, there are very few quail. Mr. Morford no longer fruitlessly walks his legs off in his own State in search of sport, but goes to Tennessee next month where it is assured. There he has a host of warm friends, and with good dogs enjoys a blissful holiday.

More encouraging reports come from central and southern New Jersey. Harry Height—the veteran Hart Height's hopeful—says a good shot can average about a dozen birds early in the season in the southern part of Monmouth county. Quail about Allair are only in fair numbers. Mr. R. von Ohl, of Jobstown, N. J., however, informs me that there are more quail in Burlington county than he has seen for the past three years. He says they are very small, however, and that on Monday last he started some that could scarcely fly. As compared with last season the crop is better this year.

Glancing westward we find that the members of the great ducking clubs near Toledo and on the St. Clair Flats are having but poor shooting at the ducks. Mr. William B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., who has just returned from a very successful shooting trip to Manitoba, writes me that up to Oct. 20 fowl were scarce on the Canadian side of the marshes.

Still further west I hear of Mr. Elliott Smith, of the Westminster Kennel Club, having fair sport at many kinds of game in Dakota. There are a number of Eastern men out there this season, among whom Mr. John Illingsworth, of Newark, and some Boston friends.

Mr. J. Fred Titchenor, of Newark and New street, has just returned from a five months' visit to California. On his way home he stopped with his friend Mr. Bob Woodward, of San Francisco, at the North Belle Isle Mine Ranch, on Chicken Creek, in northeastern Nevada, close to Idaho. Mr. Titchenor tells me this is the greatest game country left in the United States, that during his short stay he and three friends killed about nine hundred sage hens, prairie chickens and fool hens. They shot the sage hens and chickens, and thumped the fool hens on the head with their guns.

Mr. James L. Anthony, of this city, has gone for two months' shooting to his preserve at Lynch's, Va. He will be joined there later on by Mr. Chas. Heath, of Newark, who is Mr. Anthony's partner in the Graphic Kennels.

Mr. Arthur Livingston Sewell, of Pleasure Bay, N. J., accompanied by Mr. Ben West's pointer dog, went to Mantoloking, N. J., on Saturday for a morning's outing. Mr. Sewell moved fourteen English snipe, of which he killed twelve without a miss. He also secured a fat yelper, which he says he shot a mile high. Lots of wild yellowlegs were on the meadows.

While the majority of places in this country are troubled from a scarcity of game, that is not now the case in Oregon. Six years ago a number of Chinese pheasants were planted in several localities in the State. They were at once protected by a law which forbade their being shot for a term of ten years. I am informed that the foreigners have multiplied in such numbers in the Willamette Valley section that the farmers will endeavor to have the law repealed this winter. They say that the pheasants are destroying their wheat and assert that one pheasant will eat and scratch up more grain than four healthy wild geese. While the cock birds fight like game fowl and occasionally kill one another, the hens overbalance this by raising two full broods every year, and are said never to lose a chick. My informant has just returned to this city from Lane county, and he says there are thousands of pheasants there.

The experiment of raising foreign game in America is a very interesting one. We have seen the success made by Mr. Pierre Lorillard on the Rancocas Farm preserve with both English pheasants and partridges, and the good results secured by the Fisher's Island Club in introducing ground game.

There are a number of gentlemen owners of big estates in this vicinity who have also imported through Chas. Reiche & Co., of Chatham street, this city, large quantities of foreign game. When properly cared for the birds have been found to thrive and increase. I am looking this matter up and may some time give a detailed account obtained from headquarters. The season is now at hand for the importation of the pheasants. They are netted in Germany and shipped in low crates to this country by steamer. These birds are very hardy and afford good sport.

From Connecticut and South Jersey I hear of several rows between sportsmen and farmers. It seems impossible in these days for any stranger to enjoy shooting in these States. For this reason I kill all my quail West, where there is no one to bother me and where I can find more birds in a day than I can possibly move in a week in the Eastern or Middle States. While I respect the rights of the actual landowner I must say the ignorant squatting farmer makes me very tired. There are agriculturists residing on mortgaged farms or on leased property for which they have not paid the rent, who will leave their dinners of cake and pork, run miles in stiff cowhide boots, through green brier swamps, and by their horrible profanity endanger every chance of Heaven, to be in time to see a city sportsman shoot the tail off his pedigreed pointer, such is their enthusiastic desire to assert their authority. Then after driving the sportsman off a neighbor's land or accepting a fee for granting permission to shoot thereon the farmer sneaks home and abuses "down country folks." It is therefore obvious to most people that shooting under such circumstances ceases to be sport, and those who want their fun sandwiched between peace and quiet go and spend their money in the South or West where game is abundant and every petty lessee of land is not a skinflint or a madhouse candidate.

The fact of the matter is there are thousands of crusty farmers who do not shoot themselves, and whose only stock in trade is ignorance, a second-hand collection of farm implements and half a dozen live quail, who are ready to "bite the noses off their faces" to spite some stranger, who, if treated even decently, would open his purse for far more than all the birds were worth. On the other hand, it is the farmer's own neighbors, not the city sportsmen, who tear up stone walls and cut down trees for rabbits. Now, just fancy a city sportsman lifting a ton of rock for a bunny or cutting down a tree. Even if he wanted to do so, he could not handle the rocks, and it would take him a month to learn how to handle an axe before he could chop the bark off the butt. Yet it is the gentleman sportsman who commits all the havoc in the country. At least so says the average farmer. The antagonism, therefore, between the sportsman and the bumpkin of this vicinity is very great and equally senseless. Every one knows that any sportsman who owns more than one dog is usually bowed down with enough care without being pestered by some rustic. The stumbling blocks in the path of sport are too many without having to bump up against every owner of half an acre of ground. To stagger under the all-pervading difficulty of the chase is about all one man can successfully accomplish. Dogs will point cats and go home; boots will gall holes in ankles; briers will assert themselves in the epidermis; game will be *non est;* guns won't hit anything, and tired hunters will sit on snakes or on yellow jackets' nests. Whimsical exaggeration will fill capacious game bags, too, but those who spend their time in figuring on events, say that from careful calculation it is found that the sportsmen of the world, all told, average a walk of two miles for every bird within a radius of thirty miles of any city, and that the average cost of every bird killed under such circumstances is exactly $1.37½. Yet, there are some people who speak sneeringly of the markets where game can be bought. Let these unsophisticated people try a day's shooting anywhere within thirty miles of this city. They will jeer no more. In South Jersey the farmers are angry enough to do anything to the non-resident shooters. Those of Cape May county propose to test the law which gives power to the West Jersey Game Protective Society to issue passes to Philadelphia and New York sportsmen to shoot on their farms. The farmers should remember that the society has spent a great deal of money in re-stocking, and that such farmers who were sportingly inclined reaped the benefit by having good shooting and exorbitant board paid them.

This suggests to me to say that there is one remarkable feature of the shooting around New York, and that is the famous sport always said to be on tap in the immediate vicinity of country hotels. Already has the proverbial partridge bumped his head against each of them this season. The barrooms, as usual, have been invaded by bevies of quail, and the manure heaps in the barnyards have been stamped down level with the ground by the rabbits. But though the sportsman may learn to his disgust that all these signs fail and game is not in sight, yet there is one creature that is never scarce in the locality, and that is the guide. These men are the sand burr of the city sportsmen's existence. There is no getting rid of them. They will rope in for drinks with better success than any race of human beings under the sun. Every man in the hotel bar is a farmer on whose land there are stacks of game. Each one has a team to hire to drive you there. This is always done, for guides are never known to walk except at their own expense. I have heard at least a dozen guides in my life brag how they enjoyed leading city sportsmen astray, where there were no birds, and subsequently killing the game themselves. Warren county, N. J., is full of such men. To beat this business the only way the sportsmen should do is to agree to pay the guide according to the quantity of game shown and shot. So much for guides and farmers.

THE WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 24.

THE CANVASBACKS.

GUNPOWDER RIVER, Md., Oct. 16.—The canvasback shooting season is now opening, and already the shrill whistle of the thieving baldpate, herald of the coming canvasback and redhead, makes itself heard above and below the long bridges of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad across the Gunpowder and Bush and Back rivers; and the sounds of preparation are heard at the projecting points of these rivers, where blinds are being erected and made ready for the coming season. The Gunpowder, Bush and Back rivers and the coves are all more full of duck feed (*valisneria*) than has been known for years. This is what gives to canvasback and redhead the delicious flavor which the gourmet can appreciate.

The whole of Gunpowder and Bush rivers with the many coves and inlets form a paradise for duck shooters. Carrol's Island at the mouth of the Gunpowder stretches in a long narrow point across, and ducks flying from the bay to their feeding grounds up the river cross this bar in rapid flight. Here J. Swan Frick, P. Norris and F. C. Latrobe, of Baltimore, know how to stop the flying birds, which cross the bar at a rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour.

Higher up the river comes Grace's Quarter point, where John Gill, of Baltimore, and Wilmot Johnson reign. Opposite is Maxwell's Point, the old home of Gen. Geo. Cadwalader, now owned by John Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, a home the gunner may envy and where sport and comfort is combined.

From Maxwell's Point to Gunpowder Bridge, with an equal length of shore on Bush River, is the home of the San Domingo Ducking Club. Their club house, about one hundred yards from the water on a rising ground, overlooks the whole river, and with them the season will open on Oct. 18. Of this club H. T. Weld, of Mount Savage, Md., is president and Charles H. Raymond, of New York, vice-president. Robert Sewell, Geo. F. Baker and Warren Delano, of New York, Dudley Olcott, of Albany, R. G. Hoffman, Jesse Tyson, Seth Holmes, John Ridgely, and last but not least, the veteran John Stewart, are the executive committee.

At Havre de Grace, in the head of the Chesapeake, the season does not open till Nov. 1, but the tributaries are alive with ducks long before. Great are the anticipations for this season. Last season was a failure for want of duck feed in the rivers. At San Domingo a lovely little pack of seven beagles makes the whole air ring to the music, and there, too, are setters of unblemished lineage, children of Pride of the Border and Guy Mannering, all owned by Charles H. Raymond, to make up deficiencies of sport when ducks do not fly. X.

OUR FOURTH DAY OUT.

WE had killed a large buck during the previous day and were in fine spirits over our success. Two of the runouts to be watched were quite a distance from camp, and the men delegated to stand at these points started out half an hour ahead of the drivers.

There was frost enough in the air to chill one's blood, but the weather was delightful for a November morning. Our dogs had been of so little use before that we placed no confidence in them, except a small cur with which the first deer was secured. The section to be driven was a long brushy hillside sloping to a stream, while here and there narrow ravines led to higher ground on the opposite side. At the mouth of one of these ravines Doc stationed himself and the balance of the watchers occupied positions along the brow of the hill, advancing as circumstances required.

Down on the point where the drivers started in, an old buck had been lying keeping vigilant watch for the safety of his hide, for no doubt he knew the surrounding dangers, as this was not his first year in the woods.

It was not long until the music of the cur came ringing through the frosty air, and we knew full well it betokened something of interest to us. More and more distinctly the yip, yip, of the little fellow was heard, and in a few moments the glittering antlers and glossy coat of the deer came into view as he fled before drivers and dog. Before venturing across the creek and within several hundred yards of Doc, he stopped to take in the situation. What must have been his thoughts, if deer do think? He had been forced to a guarded inclosure and his pursuers were close on the trail. Not long to decide, however, so at a venture he breaks for the stream. Cautiously approaching the dark ravine and once amid its tangled undergrowth, he again stops to listen. Oh! cruel sentinel crouched behind yonder tree, here where I ran for safety from your murderous hand, outwitted and entrapped. A shot rings out followed by a second and third, the deer plunges through the laurel and crosses higher up stream. We call our party together and hear the story of the man who did the shooting. Of course, the deer had been mortally wounded and could not go far. This we were inclined to believe and took the trail, thinking a few minutes' time would bring us to our game. Alas! the deer kept far enough in advance and flagged us after about an hour's tramp. It was then decided that he had not been so severely wounded as first supposed, but we were determined to have him.

One of the dogs was a sheep killer, and his owner being desirous of getting rid of the animal, recommended him as a good deer dog. When away from camp he followed the drivers very closely and always looked as if he had done something mean when spoken to. The buck kept a respectable distance ahead, and thinking it useless to lead the dog on his trail we concluded to loose him and take the chances. In a little while the barking of all three dogs indicated that they were in close quarters with the deer and we lost no time in reaching the scene. Sure enough, they had surrounded him and a battle seemed imminent. At this juncture a shot brought him to the ground, when the sheep dog immediately began an exhibition of his skill by taking hold and holding on until relieved by the party. This was not our first deer by any means, but we never knew until then what it was to have hold of a wounded buck which we would rather be released from, but were afraid to let go of. After several unsuccessful efforts to regain his feet the poor fellow lay there panting, and without ceremony his throat was cut, and until the last drop of blood ebbed away the lustre of his eye remained undimmed.

Doc occupied an elevated position when he shot and felt positive that the ball had entered the deer's back and passed down through his body; but no wound could be found in that locality. Turning him over a broken and

shattered shoulder was disclosed. The buck ran on three legs, but although his track was seen frequently we were all under the impression, "from the manner in which he ran," that all four legs were in use. Clark volunteered to dress the deer, which he completed in fine style.

The day was not far advanced when we headed for camp, but after a tramp of two miles through briers and over rocks with the buck swinging from a pole borne on our shoulders we decided to call it a day, and right well we could with two noble bucks hanging against the old pine beside our cabin. F. G.

Tyrone, Pa., Oct. 22.

MOOSE IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 24.—Mr. W. S. Hills, who has killed his moose in Maine, has just returned from his annual hunt in the upper Moosehead region. His departure was mentioned some weeks ago in the Forest and Stream. Mr. Hills is a believer in the protection of moose and deer, but he also likes to try for one in the open season. He took a friend, a Mr. Dewey, of Boston, with him. Mr. Hills did not kill a moose this season himself, but his friend did, though it was a small one—only a two-year-old. They did not get him by the usual method of calling in the night time, but they happened upon him, or rather they heard him in the stream at Poland Pond, near one of those lakes of a hard name, and they worked up to the animal and shot him. Mr. Hills himself killed a caribou, a small one, though it had a pretty set of antlers. He says that he is satisfied—did not care so much for killing his moose this year, but is pleased that his friend succeeded.

Mr. Hills gives rather a gloomy account of the future of the moose in Maine. He believes that that noble animal is fast being exterminated. It is the Indian that is the worst enemy of the moose. Next follows the guide that traps in the woods all winter, and last comes the sportsman from out of the State, who must hunt in the open season or subject himself to very severe penalties. The Indian and the white trapper locate themselves within easy distance of the camps of the lumbermen, and the morals of the lumbermen are weak enough to purchase all the moose meat the hunter will furnish, provided it can be had at a low price. The Indian and the trapper has the hide, and possibly the horns, and he manages to smuggle them out of the State some way and thus to sell them. Mr. Hills is positive that the destruction of moose, deer and caribou by that class of men is something frightful for the sportsman who is fond of legitimate moose hunting to think of. The worst hunting is done on the crust late in the winter. Then the hunters kill all the moose and deer they can approach, and they manage to approach about every one, provided they know the section well and the location of the yards. Why, the officers of the law have been after an Indian this very fall, known to have killed moose in close time. They found him and they searched for moose meat, since he had sold some to other parties only a few days before. But they did not find it. They then searched his cabin for hides. These they did not find, though the Indian has since made his brags that there were ten moose hides in the hut at the time, the results of his hunting this fall and last winter. The hides were under his squaw as she sat on the edge of the bed. The officers dared not molest her. This Indian is already for the woods again this winter, and the lumbermen buy all the moose meat he will furnish. Yet he is only one of hundreds who infest that State and the province of New Brunswick. The Indians are both cunning and dangerous, and it takes a good deal of courage in a game warden to attempt to bring one of them to justice. Indeed they can only be restrained by enlisting the lumbermen, and the lumbermen are not very likely to enlist in the work of stopping their supply of cheap beef. The Yankee trappers are less harmful than the Indians, but they do hunt moose in winter, and in the summer close season. A year ago, Mr. Hills remarks, it was well known to the hunters who went into Maine for moose in the upper Moosehead region that four moose had been killed on a certain stream, before the law was off. It was generally supposed that it had been done by a low class of guides who follow trapping in the neighborhood of the lumber camps in the winter, but just how they met with such success was a mystery. There were the parts of the moose killed, that were too heavy or too worthless to be taken away. This year it has all come out just how the moose were killed. The three guides were paddling up the stream, when they heard moose in the water ahead. By carefully working their way up they came within shooting distance. There were seven moose—four bulls, a cow and her two calves of the two seasons previous. The bulls were evidently following the cow, it being near the rutting season. The guides each shot his moose at the first volley. But curious enough the cow and calves did not start, and the remaining bull, now that his rivals were down, would not desert her. One of the guides, more fond of killing than the rest, shot down this bull also. They now had more moose than they knew what to do with, and, to cap the whole story, the cow and the two calves frightened away by the last shot, soon came back and stood near their fallen companions. The story goes that the guides would not shoot these moose.

Mr. Hills believes in the protection of moose in Maine. In fact he is anxious that they should be protected, in order that a sport very attractive to himself shall hold out. He says that he is ready personally to obey any law that the State may make for the protection of her game, but he believes that the enforcement of the law has been going on at the little end of the trouble. It has assumed a sort of a desire on the part of the Commissioners to persecute the "gentleman sportsman from Boston," and to mulct him in all the damages possible. The Commissioners cannot but be aware of the wholesale slaughter of moose and deer that is being carried on in the winter, yet how many cases are there on record where a lumberman has ever been troubled in the taking of all the moose he desired on which to feed his men? If they have it has not been published in the papers. Yet the sharpest wardens are stationed in the fall to watch the sportsmen who come into the State and leave hundreds of dollars. If they are caught breaking the law by so much as killing game on Sunday, which by an old relic of blue laws is made a close time, even in the otherwise open season, such sportsmen are made to pay all that can be exacted of them. It is all right to enforce the law with a just and even hand, but the lumberman and his accomplice in the crime, the winter trapper and crust hunter, should each be made to feel the force of the statute. That this has not yet been done is plain, if the records of the game law enforcements in Maine are worth anything. If the noble moose is to exist in Maine, this winter, hunting for the mere hides and meat must be stopped. In the neighborhood of Kineo there is a notable growth of the right sentiment among the guides. They talk of forming a sort of society among themselves to prevent the destruction of moose and deer in the close time, and they are agreed that if the State will grant September, or even a half of it, as open season, that they will do all in their power for the enforcement of the law, or at least to prevent the unlawful killing of moose, deer and caribou. They begin to understand, the more intelligent of them, how great the value of a single moose, alive in the woods, is to them, and this value they mean to follow up. This is the proper sentiment, and it is possible that a little missionary work, paid for by the State, might do more good than the whole amount of fight which has been put heretofore into the work of game protection. The territory to be covered by the fighting system is something enormous, and it would require a small army of officers and wardens, and even then they could not enforce the law except partially. But once get the ideas of the guides up to the value of these animals to be hunted for by those both able and willing to pay for the sport, and the work of game protection would be done. Game Laws.

The Jumbo Moose.—For over ten years a moose of gigantic proportions has been the wonder and the pride of trappers and hunters who have lived or hunted in that part of Maine known as the Seven Pond, or Dead River, country, located in the northwestern part of the State and along the Canadian line. In all these years this moose, which finally became known as Jumbo, has been in pretty close quarters with huntsmen seeking his life, but he has always succeeded in escaping from impending danger. Rewards have been offered for him, dead or alive, by prominent naturalists, and stimulated by this hunters have put forth extra efforts to secure him, but without avail, until last Saturday, when he met his doom. On that day Augustus Douglass, Albion Savage and one other person, all residents of that section, were out hunting, when they suddenly came upon Jumbo, quietly grazing about fifteen rods from them. He was accompanied by a cow and a young moose, and was apparently wholly unaware of danger. This was an opportunity which these men had been awaiting for years. Douglass was armed with a .38-cal. Winchester rifle, and, taking steady aim, he fired one shot, which took effect behind Jumbo's shoulder. The monarch of the forest merely raised his head, sniffed the air, and made no effort to get away. Four more shots were rapidly fired by Douglass, and it was not until the fifth shot had entered his body that he yielded and fell to the ground. He was dead in a few moments, and the carcass was at once conveyed to the home of the hunters and found to weigh 1,500lbs. The body was skinned, except the head, and the hide and head were shipped to E. M. Messenger, of the Bromfield House, No. 55 Bromfield street, where it is now on exhibition. The distance from the base of the skull to the tip of the nose measures 27in.; from the burr to the tip of the horns or antlers is 31½in., while the entire length of the horn, measuring along its course, is 3ft. 2in. The widest space in the palm of the horn reaches 7¼in., and the ears measure 12½in. The stretch of country along which this moose traveled generally is along the Canada line, and from this fact Jumbo was also known as "the boundary line moose."—*Boston Herald, Oct. 21.*

ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed clipping from the Boonville *Herald* came under my notice this morning, and having just returned from the woods, know that the facts stated are only too true, and as my views are so nearly in accord with those expressed I could not refrain from sending the same to you, hoping that you could use it or make some pointed remark on the subject, or both. By so doing it will be brought more to the notice of true sportsmen, and in the near future I hope something may be done to do away with the evil practice. C. B. P.

The *Herald* says: "The capture of the four sportsmen from Troy, in the region of the south branch of the Moose River, is a feather in the cap of State Game Protector Drew, who is to be congratulated upon his successful efforts. That there was an open running of dogs before the season opened (the crime of which the Trojans paid the penalty) there is no question, and it is to the credit of Protector Drew that he kept watch of parties and was rewarded by bringing them to justice. The Troy party was composed of a clever lot of fellows, it is said, and might have thought running dogs no worse than floating, but the game laws should be observed to the letter, and it is useless to the interests of game protection to permit the violation of the law in one section and enforce it in another. From Blue Mountain to Raquette Lake guides have brought their parties to the Moose River region and encouraged them in defying the law, or for a paltry sum allowed them to hunt in season or out, according to methods which the law forbids. It is time a stop was put to this practice and the guides and sportsmen should rise up in arms against the poachers who unlawfully rob the woods of the game that is none too plentiful. If the game protectors appointed by the State cannot attend to the law-breakers, it devolves upon the sportsmen and guides to use every means for game preservation. A few more protectors like Mr. Drew would do much toward arresting guilty parties and make it so warm for others that they would not dare to continue their violation of the law. The place for every game protector during August was in the woods on duty, and if such had been the case there would have been fewer dogs run out of season and less violations of the law. Another evil agency of game extermination is the going into the woods of a lot of ignorant unprincipled persons to act as guides, and who will stoop to any mean device for money. They attend a lot of would-be city sportsmen and by fair means or foul get their fish and venison. One of the most honored sportsmen who goes to the North Woods recently penned the following: 'My views about the loyalty of guides have undergone a material change the past year. I have heretofore defended them as a class against the accusation of many good friends of the law who have no faith in them. I am prepared now to join the latter in classing them not only as aids and abettors of poachers, but as poachers themselves. They have become, under the heavy feeding of cockney sportsmen, as ready to break the law as the most unscrupulous pot-hunter, when they were paid for doing it.' Such language is strong, but as it relates to some of the guides of the Adirondacks, it is too true. Would that these pernicious poachers, be they guides or others, could be driven from the forest preserve. It is said that the hardest thing Mr. Drew had to encounter in his recent raid was the treachery of guides. Such guides should be scarce in the Adirondacks, and are by their own acts killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

WHAT wonders time will work. What a change a few years will make in the appearance of a place. How vividly some of the "good old days" contrast with some of the present. Almost everywhere one can note the change. The finger of time or the busy hand of progress shows itself to the hunter and lover of the forest where he was before only accustomed to find the woods in her primeval state. When one stops and compares ten years ago with the present it comes home with full force that the good old hunting times are fast disappearing. Ten years ago the woods here were teeming with game of all kinds, especially bears and deer. When one went in the early morning the silence would only be broken by the "music" of the hounds driving a deer to the water or the sharp crack of the hunter's rifle. But now? Oh, what a change! On every hand, in every one of the old haunts of the hunter, your ears are filled with the noise of wood choppers, the hum and sing of the sawmills, and in the distance the sharp, shrill whistle of the railway engines. All go to make up not the most agreeable sounds in the world to the hunter when he is watching the banks of the river for a deer as it seeks the water. Then, there was abundance of sport with comparatively little labor; now, there is any amount of work with sometimes but little sport. But this is digressing. I must to my story of our day in the woods and what it amounted to.

The deer hunting season opened in Ontario on the 15th, and on the preceding night five of us prepared to have a hunt. There were Allan, Ed, Will, Fish, as we had named Bill H., to distinguish him from Will, myself, and Zip and Bugle, our two dogs. The morning of the 15th came around, and with it, Allan's voice on the fence outside roaring in stentorian tones, "Get up you sluggards; it's daylight an hour ago." At that Fish and I bounded out of bed, dressed ourselves and rushed down stairs, only to find Will seated by a nice hot stove, and the hour only half-past four. That didn't bother us though, for we set about chatting what each of us were going to do that day. By and by Ed came down, looking pretty sleepy, and intimating that he wouldn't mind staying in a while longer. That he couldn't do, for it was breakfast time for us if we wanted to get into the woods early. That finished, Allen came along and we made a start, a little while before old King Sol made his appearance on the horizon. Zip and Bugle seemed to know there was fun ahead, for we could hardly restrain them. Allan and Fish took the dogs to put out, and Will went along with them to watch a runway or two. Ed and I took our boat and went a couple of miles up the river. Ed stayed on the left bank to watch two runways that came in on the opposite side, and I took the boat and went a little further up to watch a small stream and runway above.

Now everything is settled. All the inlets are guarded. All that we have to do now is for the dogs to bring the deer down for us to shoot.

The morning was sharp and frosty, and I whiled away the time by tracing in fancy the hunting scenes I could see in the wreaths of smoke as they rose up in the clear, still air. This lasted until my toes began to get cold, which necessitated my moving around somewhat, but not enough to make any noise.

Hark! What was that? The baying of a hound, as true as I live. Now the blood begins to tingle in anticipation of fun ahead. Now the hand closes with a tighter grasp on the rifle. Now the eye flashes with a keener light. The wreaths of curling smoke and cold toes are forgotten, for the hunter's reward is almost to him.

Oh, pshaw! The deer has circled and is going away. Wait! The hounds have turned and are coming this way again. Now we will have a shot anyhow. But hardly is the thought formed when—bang! bang! The tongue of the hound ceases, and all is still again.

Has some one cheated us out of our game, or is the deer in our party? As these meditations run through my mind, crack, crack, crack, three shots, ring out sharp and clear, a signal that the deer is dead and killed by one of our party.

Ed and I cross the river and push through the belt of woods about a mile in width, where we come upon marks that show where a deer has been dragged. This we follow, and only catch up with the boys as they reach the house we had started from a few hours before. To Fish belonged the honor of the day so far, and he bore his part well, though a sly glance would once in a while find his face wreathed in exultant smiles of pardonable pride, for the deer was a nice buck that dressed something over 150lbs. We all took a hand in dragging him to the station, where he was shipped off to some friends.

This was not enough for Allen and myself, as the hands of our watches only showed 9 o'clock, so Allan, Fish and I started out for more glory. We all went back to the same part of the woods, and after agreeing that Allan and Fish were each to start a dog, I went to hunt up an old shanty from which I could watch a runway. I shall never forget the search I had, over hill and down dale, through green woods and burnt slash I tramped, but no shanty rose into view. I was getting somewhat tired of that kind of work, so I perched myself up on a high log to take a short rest. I had not been long there when suddenly I heard the light footfalls of some animal approaching me.

Now for a shot, says I. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, came by the sounds rustling in the leaves and the gun was already at my shoulder, when Bugle rose into view instead of my expected deer. This was a surprise and a disappointment to me, for I longed for a shot at a whitetail. Crack! went a rifle in the direction where I had left the others. Crack, crack, crack went three more, the signal agreed upon. Surely, said I, they cannot have another deer

already. Still I tarried, but three more shots decided me and I hurried back as best I could and found the boys seated upon a log. "Not much this time," greeted Allan. "Well, then, what in the dickens is all this fuss about? Where is your deer if you have one?"

"Oh, it's only a little fawn; go and look at it." I went and looked at it and there lay as pretty a buck as I ever saw. This one was Allan's deer.

Whether it was asleep or not I don't know, but he got within 20yds. of it before he discovered it, and there it was lying where it had been all night before. A bullet through the head had laid it low forever. Perhaps it was not a tug to get him out of the woods, for he was no plaything. Dressed he tipped the beam at 258lbs. After hanging him up in a safe place we concluded that we were too tired to do any more. So ended our first day in the woods. TCTEL.

CASSELMAN, Ontario.

MR. GARETT'S GAME PRESERVE.—At Uplands, Mr. Robert Garrett's country residence, at the junction of Edmondson avenue and the old Frederick road, the owner has established a miniature game preserve. Up to the present the only game on the preserve are English pheasants, of which there are about two hundred. The eggs were imported from England about one year since. The first lot, numbering seven hundred, failed to hatch, but a second lot, that were packed under the directions of Mr. Garrett's gamekeeper, produced good results. The eggs were placed under common hens, and when the birds were hatched they were hand-raised and then turned loose on the preserve, which consists of about twenty-five acres of wood and open land, inclosed with a wire fence about four feet high. The birds, though nearly grown, have not taken to the woodland, but disport themselves in the open. The male birds are very beautiful, and present a tempting sight to would-be poachers as they run along the ground. But the only poachers that the big stalwart gamekeeper has had to contend with so far have been what he termed "varmints," which include coons, opossums, bats, rats, weasels, etc., with now and then a bird hawk. The gamekeeper, who was imported from England with the birds, is a typical English keeper. A Yorkshire man himself, he brought with him a Yorkshire terrier, which assists him in his labors. The birds all know him, and do not appear much frightened when he approaches them, and he is careful not to let strangers go near them unless he is in the lead. Immediately adjoining his lodge he has enormous wire coops, in which he has a number of old birds, that have to be viewed from a distance, as the keeper fears they would rise on the wing at the approach of a stranger and kill themselves against the wire covering. To avoid accidents of this kind a fine specimen of the English bull-terrier is stationed near the coops, where he can keep guard in the absence of the keeper. The little Yorkshire terrier is thoroughly broken to his work. He is the constant companion of his master, and if any of the birds leave the inclosure he finds them and cautiously assists to drive them back. He will not let a stranger pick up even an acorn from the ground, much less handle a young bird. Scattered around in the neighborhood of the birds are a number of coops, in which are confined common hens with broods of young chickens. When these chickens reach the proper age they will be used for the purpose of hatching out pheasants. When the day for the shooting arrives the birds will be scattered as much as possible, and then the gamekeeper and his assistants will beat the cover, and as the birds fly over the sportsmen the air will be filled with shot holes, and the gamekeeper will probably be instructed to bag enough game for the lunch which follows the shooting. At least that is the programme as interpreted by a gentleman who claimed to know all about the shooting business as conducted on game preserves.—*Baltimore Sun.*

DELAWARE GAME LAW.—The late Legislature passed a game law which provides that it is unlawful for any person not a citizen of this State to hunt, kill, take or destroy, sell, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any partridge, quail, woodcock, grouse, rabbit or hare, reed bird, ortolon or rail, unless he shall have first obtained a license from the Delaware Game Protective Association. Under the provision of the amendment the licenses are to be issued upon the payment of $25 each, which, however, will not permit the killing of any game bird mentioned above for market or sale. One-half the license money is to be paid the game association and one-half to the school fund to be divided be ween the three counties. The hunting of any of the game above mentioned while the ground is covered with snow is also prohibited under a penalty of $5. The quail season does not open until Nov. 15.—V. M. H. (Milford, Del.).

LATIMER, Iowa, Oct. 18.—Prairie chickens are quite plenty now, and are packed in large coveys. The shooting is better than it was in September, as the birds are more readily found in the cornfields. About the 1st of September, G. W. Myers, a farmer living near this place, was out hunting chickens with an Irish setter. The dog came to a point on a small knoll in a stubble field. Mr. M. being back under the hill, but within shooting distance, saw a covey of seven birds standing up in the short stubble near the dog, and what was the most remarkable part of all, he fired seven times and killed the seven chickens, none of them moving or taking wing. Cranes are moving now, but no ducks or geese yet; a few cold rains will bring them down from the north. We do not have any fall jack snipe shooting, but always get some golden plover. The FOREST AND STREAM is eagerly looked for here, and the older it gets the better it is.—RAND.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 15.—To-day the season opened on quail and nearly all other game in this county. The weather is yet too warm and dry for successful shooting and much will not be done until after a rain. Although the August freshets drowned out many of the swamp birds, yet the crop of highland birds are reported quite plentiful. We are expecting great sport in about two weeks.—J. M. W.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., has a number of Sunday gunners who regularly drive out on that day with dog and gun. Where is our game protector?—STORM KING.

THE AUTOMATIC SHELLS.—Salmon, Neb.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "W. H. D." asks about the automatic shrapnell shell scratching the barrel in its exit. It will. I fired one from a new and bright gun and the marks are plainly seen. They shoot well but I should not like to use them in a fine gun.—J. F. LAYSON. FORT SHAW, Mont.—"W. H. D." wants to know if John's patent automatic shrapnell shell would scratch gun barrels. As far as I have tried it I do not think it will. I have fired six rounds out of a 10-gauge Remington and fail to find a scratch. The way I load is to use paper shell, 4½drs. powder and one Winchester pink edge wad; take expelling pin out of crimper, crimp shell good. At a target at 100yds. 9x9in. I put in 36 pellets No. 5 shot; penetration fine.—R. H. W.

SALEM, Richardson County, Neb., Oct. 15.—Quail are more plentiful here this season than last. Few have been killed since the hard winter of 1884-85, and the past season has been very favorable for hatching. Prairie chickens did well, but the city sportsmen got them in August before the law was off. It makes me "red-headed" to locate a few broods of chickens and then hear the guns of the "city chap" knocking them over while I am waiting for the open season.—J. F. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

Addresss all communicattons to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE fishing in Long Island Sound north of Greenport is always good, especially for sea bass and blackfish. Those fish coming in from the ocean, first reach the rocky coast west of Orient Point, and there find abundance of their natural food among the sunken reefs and rocks for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, as far as Horton's Point. Beyond that point, further west, the shore is sandy and the bottom free of rocks, so that fish are not found there. The in-shore west of Orient Point is lined with rocks; and outside in the Sound, for a considerable distance, lie submerged reefs, where fish resort in great numbers.

The fishing here this season in the inside bays, Peconic and Gardiner, has been unually good, especially for sea bass, blackfish, weakfish, bluefish and porgies, and also in the waters around Montauk Point. Some two weeks since we passed three days in a yacht near Bostwick Rock, Gardiner's Island, where we enjoyed excellent sport with the sea bass and blackfish, taking also in the creek plenty of round clams and hard crabs. It was then too early for fowl, and we saw but few flocks of coot and no black ducks; but late in this month there will be abundance of coot, sheldrake, old squaws, etc., in these waters. Many of these fowl are shot by sailing on them, and this practice is allowed by a special act of the last Assembly.

Several years since the fishing in these bays was unsurpassable, but the placing in them of countless numbers of fish pounds has almost spoiled the sport. The fish, coming in from sea, follow the line of shore instead of the deep channels, and so are captured by those set nets that extend from the edge of the shore outward for twenty or thirty rods, and this plan is most injurious to the hand line committee, and is the occasion of strong protest and fearful condemnation. The fish so taken are iced, boxed, and sent to New York markets, where they supply food for the million, but leave but little sport and spoil for the resident anglers of these shores. ISAAC MCLELLAN.

SHEEPSHEAD.

SHEEPSHEAD, which are considered the best salt water fish along the coast come into the inlets and bays of New Jersey about the 1st of June, are most numerous in July and are found in those waters until October. In years past they were numerous in all the inlets and bays from Barnegat to Cape May. This season, as with the drum, very few have been found; and most that have been caught were taken at the wrecks outside of the beach. A number of years ago a good many men alongshore made a good part of their living fishing for sheepshead in the season, which were readily sold from 6 to 10 cts. per lb. Myself and Kale Parker, no doubt well known to some of you readers, caught 105 in two tides in the channel of Barnegat Inlet with hook and line. I speak only of hook and line fishing. They weighed from 6 to 12lbs., average about 9lbs. There I caught my largest sheepshead, 16½lbs.; I showed it to some of the fishermen who came alongside, as being the "boss" fish. One man, Criss, showed one that he had just caught weighing 22lbs.; it was the biggest sheepshead I ever saw.

At the cross channels of Manahawkin Bay many were caught; in the channels and at the Anchoring Island of Little Egg Harbor sheepshead were plenty and readily taken. Just outside of the Inlet was about the best ground, called the Sods. Years ago these Sods were a low island, and at low water a famous place for shooting sea birds. The island was washed away leaving only the Sods in some 12ft. of water upon which black mussels grew and sheepshead gathered there to feed. It was not unusual for from 20 to 40 to be taken by one boat when the weather was such that boats could lie there. I have counted 62 boats at one time. Since then the beach has made out and covered that part of the Inlet. At Great Egg Harbor, Hereford and Rio Grande Inlet very many sheepshead were caught formerly. This season there were very few.

The disappearance of sheepshead must cause a considerable loss of revenne to the people alongshore. What has become of the fish? have they disappeared from some physical cause in their usual places? Perhaps some of your scientific readers can explain. In Barnegat Inlet there are now none of the black mussels that sheepshead used to feed on there, and this may account for so few fish being there; but at Little and Great Egg Harbor the black mussels are taken away by the hundreds of tons for manure; the sheepshead were not there; perhaps like the drumfish they have been gobbled up by the purse-nets of the fish factories and their race that used the coast are nearly exterminated.

Sheepshead have given the most interesting fishing in these waters because they are real game and the most valuable of any fish caught there. Every one taken is of so much value to the fishermen, hence the great interest and sport. There is no pleasure for sportsmen to catch fish simply to kill; they must be of use to make the pursuit interesting.

The bait for sheepshead in the channels is open soft shell clam or black mussel, but at the wrecks or where small fish are bad on the open bait whole soft shell clams or small sand crabs are used, sometimes fiddlers or surf bugs, but they are not of much account. I fish out of a small boat with a 9ft. rod and reel and 18 thread line. The man with me (there is no fun fishing alone) fishes from the stern with a hand line, so our lines do not become tangled, and I can fish over 18ft. of space, which cannot be done with hand lines in a tideway. In all my fishing I have never found sheepshead to bite on both flood and ebb tide. I think they feed on one tide and on the other sleep and digest their food. PURVES.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14.

FISHING NOTES.

PICKEREL seem to be not only abundant this season in the lakes and ponds of New Jersey, but unusually hungry, considering the large amount of feed in these waters. On Saturday last "Curly" McCracken, of Hackettstown, caught a fine lot of fish in Allamuchy Pond, in Warren county. A few days previous a local fisherman took the largest pickerel ever seen in the pond. It was an old-timer and weighed over 8lbs. Instead of making a great talk over his catch the successful angler had a level head, kept his mouth shut, and went back the next day and yanked out a lot more of big fish and had the pond to himself.

While it is said that black bass have stopped biting in the Delaware River, Lake Hopatcong and Greenwood Lake, such has not been the case in the Allamuchy Pond, Decker Pond, on Pochuck Mountain, or the Wallkill. Some fine pickerel are being taken in the two last named waters, as also in Double Pond, on Vernon Mountain, in Sussex.

There has been and is, as far as I know, some quite good black bass fishing in several of the feeding ponds of the Morris Canal between Waterloo and Hacketts-town.

The striped bass fishing has been remarkably fine this autumn everywhere. The catch at West Island has exceeded that of many previous years. The run of fish was very large. Plenty of bass have been taken off the Newark Bay bridge, many of good size. At Gifford's, Staten Island, at Ettingville, at Hell Gate and all along the shores of the Hudson, anglers, with sand worms for bait, have had sport. Between King's Bridge and Dobb's Ferry I counted from the car windows eighty-three bass anglers the other afternoon.

In the Shrewsbury a week ago there were plenty of biting bass, as there were also in Barnegat Inlet two weeks previous. The fishing in the former place has now ceased. Off Long Branch and down the Jersey coast and off Montauk, L. I., many big bass are being taken in nets. South, the fishing for "rock fish," as the striped bass are called, continues to be very fine in the Potomac River. W. A.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.

QUEBEC TROUT FISHING.

DURING the month of September last Mr. Bucke and I spent a few days very pleasantly with the trout in the townships of Clarendon and Thorne in the Province of Quebec.

We left Aylmer on the evening of Friday, Sept. 23, by the Pontiac and Pacific Junction train passing north at 6:15 P. M.; arrived at Shawville at 8:25, and drove to the residence of Mr. R. McJanet, postmaster at Yarm, about 2½ miles distant, where we arrived about 9:30 P. M. Mr. McJanet did not expect us as we had written to him a few days before saying that we could not go at present; but he did not take long to show us that we were welcome and that he intended to make us feel at home and enjoy our visit, which we certainly did, thanks to the hospitality of himself and his energetic and kind wife and family.

The next morning we drove to the River Quyon, about four miles distant, and afterward visited two small lakes (names not known to me), near there, where we managed to basket about thirty nice, though not large, brook trout. The scarcity of water in the river, owing to the dryness of the year, and the approach of the breeding season, had the effect of causing the trout to seek the deeper water of the lakes. Had we been able to get a boat on the small lakes I fancy that we should have had some excellent sport, as the fish were rising almost incessantly about 150yds. from the shore.

During the day, Mr. Bucke was successful in bringing down a wild pigeon and a partridge.

The next day being Sunday we strolled over to Green Lake, about a mile from Yarm, and called upon Mr. Judgsen, whose house is beautifully situated among the trees on the hill just above the lake. Mr. Judgsen kindly lent us his canoe, and we took a short paddle down the lake—a lovely sheet of clear and evidently very deep water. Certainly one could not wish for a more beautiful situation for a house than that occupied by Mr. Judgsen. It is in every respect charming. They said there were trout in the lake, but of this fact we were not able to satisfy ourselves. In the evening we all went to hear a learned divine hold forth in the schoolhouse at Yarm and were struck by the zeal and earnestness of the worshippers (Methodists, principally, I fancy), and I think they must have been struck at our "fishy" appearance, as we had only one suit of clothes each with us.

On Monday we tried the Quyon River, about seven miles from Yarm, and met with fair success, but the fish as before were not large. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we started for Phillips's Lake, about three miles further north. In this lake, casting from the shore, I took six nice trout in about an hour. Mr. Bucke and Mr. McJanet tried trolling, but did not get anything, nor did they take any trout with bait. It is evident from the appearance of the water in this lake and from what we heard, that during the proper time of the year, the trout fishing must be excellent, and we are determined to pay it a visit during the spring of 1888. The scenery about Phillips's Lake is beautiful and one might get accommodation at the house of Mr. Trudeau, not more than 100yds. from the spot where I caught the trout in the lake. He has a large punt which only requires a few repairs to make it watertight. It

seems to me that this is just the place for a party to spend a few weeks during the fishing season, as it is very accessible and by no means an expensive trip from say Ottawa. However, I hope to be able to write more fully on the subject after my next visit.

WALTER GREAVES.

OTTAWA, Oct. 17.

THE VERMONT TROUT SEASON.—I noticed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29 an article taken from your paper in which you say, "Some years ago C. F. Orvis, of Manchester, and others interested in trout fishing in the western part of this State, took ground before the legislative committee in favor of closing the open season for trout the 1st of August." That is a great mistake, and I wish you would correct it, as I do not wish to be on record as advocating what appears to me to be a very foolish idea; I have always urged extending the open season for trout until at least the 15th of September. In 1882 I was requested to draft a new law by one of our Fish Commissioners, who wrote me he knew very little about the matter, which statement I believe was true then and now. He invited me to meet him at Montpelier, to confer with him and go before the committee. I went to Montpelier, but found the Commissioner was in Boston, and no one appeared to know whether he would ever come back or not. I then endeavored to go before the committee, but they did not meet while I was there. I left in proper hands a draft of a bill from which I now quote as follows: "Amend Section 3,872, page 751 Revised Statutes of 1880, fourth line, in place of 'first day' to read fifteenth day." That does not look much like August 1st, does it? Mr. Editor, you must have forgotten a long argument I had with you on this very point, in which I endeavored to prove to you that no trout in a natural state ever spawn before Oct. 1 in Vermont, and I urged very strongly the extension of the open season to Sept. 15. The fact that the trout have spawn in them in August only proves that fact, and nothing more. Many people suppose because they see trout in schools in August, that it is for spawning purposes. That is a mistake. If it is necessary I can show by the best authorities on the subject that I am correct. My own observations have extended over forty years. I once took great interest in the fish and game laws of this state, hoping some good results would come from them, but I must say that I believe nearly all the legislation has been a damage instead of an advantage, so far as trout are concerned. Now, Mr. Editor, please put me right before the public in this matter, and let me say again; extend the open season for trout to at least Sept. 15; cut off the first half of May, if you choose; repeal the "obnoxious posting law"; make a law against selling or purchasing trout under 5in. long, and establish a State hatching house.—*C. F. Orvis in Montpelier Argus and Patriot.*

MESSRS. S. ALLCOCK & Co., of Redditch, have been awarded the first order of merit for their exhibit of fish hooks, fishing rods and fishing tackle at the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

LOBSTER CULTURE.

BY R. RATHBUN.

(Concluded from page 250.)

LOBSTERS are found with spawn attached to the abdomen during the entire year. This fact is recorded of both the American and European species, but the length of time they are carried before hatching and the limits of the hatching season are not precisely known. As regards the European crayfish, a fresh-water crustacean, closely related to the lobster, Professor Huxley states: "The process of development is very slow, as it occupies the whole winter. In late springtime or early summer the young burst the thin shell of the egg, and, when they are hatched, present a general resemblance to their parents. This is very unlike what takes place in crabs and lobsters, in which the young leave the egg in a condition very different from the parent, and undergo a remarkable metamorphosis before they attain their proper form."

The smackmen of the southern New England coast claim that the eggs hatch in the wells of their smacks in the greatest abundance, from some time in May until late in July, but that at other seasons they have never seen any embryo lobsters, although the smack trade in lobsters is kept up during nearly the entire year. During the season mentioned the surface of the water in the wells of the smacks often becomes perfectly alive with the young, and they may be scooped up by the hundreds of thousands. This evidence is tolerably conclusive as to the duration of the principal season, and determines the period when experimental work in artificial propagation can best be undertaken. The fact that a few of the eggs contained in the jars at the Wood's Holl station of the Fish Commission hatched during November of this year, indicates, however, that some hatching may take place at other seasons, as the conditions under which the eggs were kept were perfectly normal, the water being of about the same temperature at that of the harbor outside. Hatching is supposed to begin somewhat later further north.

The writer was, at first, inclined to believe that the hatching continued to a considerable extent through the entire year, basing his conclusions upon the fact that, during the months of August and September last, eggs were found in various stages of development, from the fresh-laid and totally opaque ones to others in which the dark greenish yelk sack occupied scarcely more than one-half of the area of the egg, the remainder being transparent and clearly showing the structure of the embryo. Some of these eggs preserved in the hatching jars were carefully examined from day to day, and although they exhibited a certain amount of progress, development was slow. It finally became evident that the development of the eggs was being retarded by some cause, presumably the lower temperature of the water, and this result, coupled with the statements of the fishermen, that embryos are seen only in May, June and July, makes it probable that the hatching of lobster eggs at other seasons is only an accidental or occasional occurrence. It is also not at all improbable that the young hatched during cold weather perish soon after they leave the egg, as they did at Wood's Holl in November last.

The hardy character of the lobster eggs, before referred to, favors the idea of a long period of development, and they appear to be well adapted to endure the hardships of a long winter. The rough handling to which they were sometimes subjected, in connection with the experiments of last summer, did not seem to harm them in the least. It is also probable, from this quality of the eggs, that they are not destroyed to any extent in nature, unless actually eaten from the swimmerets of the parent by predaceous fishes, and that the chief assistance which artificial culture can give, in an attempt to increase the supply, must be directed toward protecting the embryos from the period of hatching.

Embryo lobsters are seldom seen at the surface in the open waters about our coast, and have rarely been taken in the towing net. Prof. S. I. Smith, who has studied the younger stages, obtained his specimens during July, mainly in Vineyard Sound, near Wood's Holl, Mass. Nothing positive is known respecting the habits of lobsters during the spawning season. It has been stated with reference to lobsters marketed in Boston, that berried lobsters are seldom seen measuring less than about 10½in. in length, and it is probable that they rarely begin to spawn before attaining that size. However, a few smaller ones were observed at Wood's Holl during the summer of 1885. In a lot of fifty-two berried lobsters, examined at that place in September, three measured less than 10in., the smallest having been 9½in. long; eight were between 10 and 10½in.; ten between 10½ and 11in.; fifteen between 11 and 12in.; eleven between 12 and 13in., and five between 13 and 14in. The measurements were made from the tip of the rostrum to the end of the telson, not including the hairs.

The development of the younger stages of lobsters has been studied by Prof. S. I. Smith for the American species and by Prof. G. O. Sars for the European. The eggs, when first emitted, are entirely opaque, and of a dark green color, sometimes almost black. Prof. Smith examined the well-advanced eggs at Wood's Holl in May. They were not perfectly round, measuring a trifle more than two millimeters (about one-twelfth of an inch) in their longest diameter. One side was still dark, due to the unabsorbed yelk mass, and the other more or less transparent, showing the eyes as two large black spots and the outlines of the carapax and legs. All of these features are readily made out under a low-power objective. Soon after hatching they measure about one-third of an inch in length, and resemble in appearance and structure a low group of shrimp, called the schizopods, which are common on some portions of our coast. The eyes are bright blue, while portions of the body and its appendages are marked with orange of different intensities, rendering them very conspicuous objects. The swimmerets are not yet developed. In the second stage, which resembles the first, they have increased somewhat in size, and have obtained the rudiments of a portion of the swimmerets. In the third stage they measure about half an inch long, and the shell has become firmer than before. In the next and last stage observed, the embryo is about three-fifths of an inch long; it has lost all of the characters in which it resembles the schizopods, and has assumed the more important features of the adult. It still retains the free-swimming habit, and is very active in its movements, frequently jumping out of the water by means of its caudal appendages. This stage was frequently taken from the 8th to the 20th of July, and Prof. Smith thinks that the larva passes through all of these stages in the course of a single season. The stages immediately following the above were not observed.

The young, like the adult lobster and the crabs, increase in size by moulting or casting off the shell covering the body, a new shell rapidly forming in place of the old one. During the first season, as above described, the molts are frequent and the embryos remain at the surface of the water as free swimmers, but how long the young, after reaching the lobster-like form, retain this free swimming habit was not ascertained. As the lobsters increase in size it is evident that molting occurs less frequently and in the adults probably only once a year.

The rate of growth of lobsters has not been determined, and at present we have no means of telling the age of a lobster measuring 10in. in length. A few measurements have been made, showing the amount of increase at certain molts, but it is not always constant, even for lobsters of the same size, and not knowing the frequency of molting or shedding we have no way of computing the rate of increase. One lobster measuring 8in. before shedding was said to measure 10in. after shedding; another 10in. before and 12in. after shedding; a third 10½in. before and 11¾in. after shedding; a fourth 10½in. before and 12in. after shedding. Ten-inch lobsters are probably at least five or six years old, but such estimates are only the result of guess-work and may be very far out of the way.

In the United States the only practical attempts that have yet been made toward the artificial propagation of lobsters have been in connection with the so-called "parking" of lobsters—that is to say, their protection in large inclosed natural basins, primarily for the purpose of protecting them for market, and of retaining conveniently at hand at all seasons a large reserve stock. In these parks the young lobsters taken by the fishermen are allowed to attain adult size, the soft-shelled individuals to become hardened, and injuries to be repaired. Under such natural conditions, it is reasonable to suppose that the breeding habits would continue normal, and that large quantities of spawn would be hatched; but whether the young would survive, and increase in sufficient numbers to render the scheme profitable, if carried on for this purpose alone, has not been determined, though none of the projects had been continued long enough to give satisfactory results at last accounts. Two such parks in the United States have been specially called to our attention. The first was established on the coast of Massachusetts in 1872, and was afterward abandoned, though for what reasons we do not know. The second was started in 1879 or 1880 on the coast of Maine, and is, we believe, still in operation.

The latter is a small inclosed bay, with a narrow entrance, through which the passage of all objects above a very small size is prevented by a screen of wire netting. The bay had previously furnished good lobster fishing, and was much resorted to by fishermen. It contains an abundance of food suitable for lobsters, and toward the center has sufficient depth of water with soft bottom, to afford some protection to the lobsters during the colder part of the year. Into this park large quantities of soft-shelled lobsters, of lobsters minus one or both claws, as well as of young individuals under the legal size of 10 or 10½in., have been placed for growth and repair, and it is claimed that the results have been very satisfactory in that particular. At the beginning of cold weather the lobsters retire to the deeper parts of the bay, and at times when the water has been calm and clear, they have been observed almost completely buried in the mud, with only thin feelers, eyes, and a small portion of the front of the carapax exposed. Many of the injured lobsters first placed in the park were females with spawn, and since then berried lobsters have been purposely added from time to time. Young individuals of different sizes were said to have been abundant at last accounts, but in an experiment of this character a considerable lapse of time is required to test its merits. As such parks do not depend for their practical success solely upon the rearing of the young, but rather upon the perfecting of market supplies, which come from the traps in poor condition, it is possible that they may be made to pay if carried on economically. Their effect upon a general increase of supplies would probably never be very great.

So far as we are aware experiments upon the propagation of lobsters in Europe have been confined mainly to Norway and were commenced there in 1873; the first report upon this subject was published in 1875. The berried lobsters were kept in boxes, constructed so as to retain the embryos after hatching. The young remained alive for several weeks and their habits and the causes of their destruction were carefully studied. The results of these experiment will be of great service in the treatment of the young at the Wood's Holl station next summer. Mr. Dannevig's more recent investigations in the same line have been noticed above.

Of great interest in connection with the artificial propagation of lobsters bearing upon the same subject is the question as to whether lobsters can be successfully transplanted from one region to another. This experiment has already been tried two or three times, but so far without success. The transportation of live lobsters long distances, even by railroads, has been accomplished, and they have also been carried from this country to England. Mr. Livingston Stone made three attemps to introduce the east coast lobster on the coast of California; and on the last trial succeeded in planting a number of living individuals near the north of San Francisco Bay. As full accounts of these experiments have already been published by the Fish Commission* we do not need to repeat them here.

The successful transplanting of lobsters must depend upon the new region affording conditions sufficiently like those of the old to favor the growth and reproduction of the species; but the relative conditions of different regions have never been carefully studied with this object in view, and we are to-day unable to state precisely in what manner the Pacific coast waters agree with, or differ from, those of the Atlantic coast. Neither the temperatures nor the specific gravity of the waters of two coasts have been compared, and it is only through incidental experiments that the fact has been ascertained that a few species from each coast are able to live and thrive upon the other. The conditions that are essential to, or control the existence of a species in a new region undoubtedly vary, more or less, according to its organization, and the effects of changes of location upon the higher crustacea have been but little studied, if at all. Above all the new-comer must have the power to sustain itself in the struggle for existence with those forms which already occupy the ground and have been accustomed to it from long habit. Careful studies and experiments in this line of research, with reference to marine forms, would be of great practical benefit to the aims of the Fish Commission and would probably lead to the transplanting of many kinds of marine products to regions which are now poorly supplied with edible forms.

A sort of transplanting of young lobsters has been going on along the New England coast, and especially the southern portion of it, ever since the well-smack lobster trade began. The fact was mentioned above that immense quantities of embryo lobsters appear at the surface of the wells in the carrier smacks during the hatching season, and as the smacks journey along they work out through the holes in the bottom of the well, and are thus constantly adding to the supply of the regions through which the smacks pass. It is unquestionable that the abundance of lobsters on the southern New England coast has been partly kept up, and probably increased at times in the past, by this transplanting of the young, and this fact was noticed and referred to over thirty years ago. The fishermen have the greatest respect for the embryo lobsters that appear in the wells of their smacks, and take great pains that no harm shall come to them.

Numerous accounts have appeared in the newspapers, from time to time since this transplanting occurred, to the effect that many young lobsters, supposed to be the progeny of those brought over by Mr. Stone, had been taken by the fishermen in the vicinity of San Francisco. Careful investigation has failed to substantiate these reports, and the few small lobsters, so-called, that have been referred to naturalists have proved to belong to another related genus, quite common on the California coast, but the species of which never grow to a length of more than 3 or 4in.

*Report U. S. Com. of Fish and Fisheries, Part III., pp. 259-265 1873-75 (1876); Part VII., pp. 637-644, 1879 (1882).

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind. Entries close Oct. 25.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5492.**

DOG SHOWS IN THE SOUTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Never in the history of the South has such interest been manifested as at present in dog shows. Last year the inaugural show was held at Atlanta, Ga., and this winter three shows will be held alone in this State. Atlanta opens early in January, to be followed the next week in Macon, and then the Augusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association of Augusta will hold its first show from Jan. 23 to 27. There are some very fine dogs here, and two regularly organized kennels for breeding.

Among the noted dogs are several imported pointers, several of the Sensation, Beaufort and Graphic strains, one of the celebrated Bravo, and a number of fine native pointers.

There are a goodly number of the Laveracks, by Harry S., of the old Dash II. strain. There are also of the setter family, several of the Gladstones, and native stock on the imported Llewellyns. Also, of the Elcho stock of Irish setters. Of the Scotch collies there is a brace here which we think *par excellence* one of them having been shown but once, and then taking first prize.

We expect our show to be quite successful as an inaugural enterprise, and to attract much stock from abroad as well as near home. We can get up quite a creditable exhibition if only the home stock was shown. J. M. W.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 15.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE coming trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club will undoubtedly prove to be the most interesting as well as the most important yet held in this country. The large number of entries in the several stakes is unprecedented in the history of field trials, and the interest manifested by dog owners throughout the country in the coming meeting speaks well for the management of the Association and is an assurance that the future of field trials in this country is secure so long as they are properly managed. We are advised that on the club grounds quail have never been more plenty, and that they will be fairly well grown when the trials begin. Many of the handlers have already gone South with their dogs and are hard at work preparing them for the contest. T. M. Aldrich, with his string, is at Progress, N. C.; John White, with Tammany, Springbok, Mars, Peach, Dagobert, Birdo and several youngsters, is at his old place, Thomasville, N. C.; S. C. Bradford and J. H. Phelan are at Concord, N. C., with Sachem, Match II., Flash R., Lucia, Queen Bow, Kent Queen, Queen Naso, June, Bob Clifford and several puppies, twenty-two in all. They report an abundance of birds. F. Windholz and J. T. Miller will soon leave for Brown Summit, N. C., with Rockingham, Cora of Wetherall, Princess Phœbus and five youngsters. W. Tallman will also leave this week for Progress, N. C., with Foreman, Royal Albert, Dan Petrel, Foreman's Lass, Galatea, Nelly II., and several youngsters. We have already received the names of several sure winners, but, as they were given in confidence, we cannot divulge them. We regret this enforced silence, as we are sure that our readers would be very much gratified to get a straight tip.

SPANIELS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. H. G. Charlesworth, writing in a recent issue of your paper, says he "will not stand quietly by and see two or three inches taken from their (the cockers') bodies and added to their legs." The same writer also says, "We like the long, low, strong-built little fellows such as we breed here, and we think we can produce them of this style," etc.

Without wishing to hurt the feelings of any friends of the cocker I must say that it is very improbable that any man who has seen a typical cocker would suggest taking two or three inches from their length. The cocker spaniel proper is not the long-bodied animal some people would suppose, and to reduce his length two or three inches and add to his length of leg would be to produce a short, tucked-up, stilty-looking brute of the milking stool order. My lamented friend, Mr. Langdale, as good a judge of spaniels as ever went into a ring, said that the cocker is a "small cobby-made spaniel." The word "cobby" is not so elastic as to allow of its being twisted into meaning "long." The cob is not a long-backed horse, neither is a cobby fox-terrier, for instance, one that is long in the back. Mr. Langdale was a horseman as well as a dog man, and nobody knew better than he did the meaning of the word "cobby." There need be no doubt about it that when Langdale said the cocker should be "cobby" he meant it.

I would respectfully ask those gentlemen, who appear to be getting things very badly mixed up on this cocker question, if the best cockers that have been exhibited have been long-backed dogs. Was Dr. Boulton's truly celebrated Rhea a long-backed animal or was she one of the compact and cobby sort? It is fifteen years or more since I first saw that beautiful little bitch at the Birmingham show, but her almost perfect lines still live in my memory. No, gentlemen, she did not bear any resemblance to "crocodiles, weasels or double-action Skyes." She was a charming little bitch, stout, compact, strong in bone, straight in limb, merry and active. She had neither the bandy legs of a Beau, the slab sides of a Brahmin, the poodle coat of a Master Shina, the cut up flanks of a Brant or the snake-like head of a—well, there are a thousand of them, too many to antagonize, and I don't want to get into a fight. Because I and others have awarded prizes to the dogs just named does it follow that we consider them modern cockers or typical cockers? We give the dogs the prizes because we cannot find anything better, not because we consider them typical. Pray do not understand me as wishing to defend my awards or those of others. Some of the most peculiar decisions ever made in this or any other country have been made in the spaniel classes at our shows. I know an exhibitor who took a dog into the ring and was told by the learned judge to "chain him up—no good." Instead of chaining him up the owner took a pair of scissors and clipped all the feather from the dog's legs and belly and then marched him into the ring again to compete in the puppy class. "Good dog," said the judge, and gave him the prize. The learned judge in question is now "special reporter" for a Western paper, and he doesn't forget to tell his readers what he knows about dogs. Just so long as you spaniel men palliate such work by maintaining sphinx-like silence and testify to your belief in the competency of such chaps by entering your dogs to be passed on by them, just so long must you and I expect to find our shows flooded with a lot of worthless brutes of every size and shape imaginable.

Instead of fighting the standard, quibbling in the papers and blaming your dogs for what may easily be traced to yourselves, how would it be for you to ask yourselves the question: How many of us have availed ourselves of the stock at our disposal, and used it intelligently to produce typical dogs? In this question, gentlemen, you will find the secret of your troubles. I have generally noticed that when a man wishes to produce spaniels for the bench, and of course for the field as well, he starts out about in this fashion. The first step taken is to purchase three or four brood bitches, some of which are very long in back, short in head and light in bone, the others short in back, long in head and heavy in bone. The next step is the purchase of a stud dog, this means a dog that has won prizes. No matter whether he be long or short, high or low, light in limb or heavy, snipy or stumpy in head, curly or straight in coat, long or short in ear, good or bad in feet, it is all the same thing, and he is bred to every bitch in the kennel. What is the result? Look down the benches of one of our shows and you will see for yourselves. I do not wish to be personal, but in order to insure myself against contradiction I will ask you how Mr. Rendle, for instance, could ever expect to breed cockers from a dog like Brahmin crossed on all sizes and types of spaniels under the sun? It is impossible; but if it were not so, and a good looking dog should come of such reckless mating, what would the worthless brute be likely to accomplish for posterity? This sort of work is going on right under your eyes, and as a remedy some of you want a new standard and no wonder.

It seems to me that there is a desire on the part of certain owners, who evidently cannot breed typical dogs, to belittle the stock of those men who, by perseverance and greater intelligence, have succeeded in bringing their kennels into prominence. It is the last-named that will eventually succeed in producing the type of dog that Boulton and Langdale loved and prized. Don't blame your judges and don't blame your dogs; there is the blood in this country to produce cockers second to none in the world, but it must not be splashed around in the reckless manner it has been. Newspaper quibbles will not assist you. Mr. Nelles's idea of having measurements taken will do no earthly good, but rather tend to mix matters worse. Study the standard, be sure you know what it calls for, and then go to work—carefully, slowly, intelligently. Select the best qualified judges, and let those exhibitors who cannot breed good dogs take a back seat. Do not alter the standard to fit certain dogs, but fit your dogs to the standard. Which of us can say the standard is defective until we have succeeded in breeding a dog such as the standard calls for? When the dog our standard requires shall have been produced and found wanting in those qualities which all sportsmen insist upon his having, by all means let us revise the standard, and as quickly as possible; but I, for one, as a member of the American Spaniel Club, strongly protest against any tinkering with the standard until I have seen my *beau ideal* of a cocker, and also seen it practically demonstrated that he cannot outwork the milking-stool brigade.

CHARLES H. MASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would be well for Mr. Charlesworth to post himself on spaniels before he attempts to tell us how he is going to breed cockers, for Old Tippo and Toronto Jet were just the opposite style from what he is trying to breed now. Old Tip was a great dog in the field, but he stood 14½in. at the shoulder and Jet over 15in., she was remarkable for nothing except legginess, still I think that a better foundation to build on than the double-action Skye style, because Tip and Jet could work.

THE SHOW COCKER MUST GO.
(He's too long and too low.)

The short-legged cocker can sit on a bench,
And display his fine feather all day;
But he can't hunt grouse nor the royal woodcock,
Because he ain't built that way.

Who told Mr. C. that the sires and grand sires of our best dogs came from England, and how does he know any are good without testing them in the field? I bred prize winners, their sires, grand sires, and great grand sires for many years before Mr. C. was ever heard of as a breeder.

If Mr. C. is "proud of the blood of Beau, and has others of precisely the same style," I am satisfied, but Beau never weighed less than 40lbs. while we owned him, and we were glad to sell him at $50, the price of a pup two months old.

What nonsense to say "we should use a different dog for mixed work, retrieving from water, etc." Why, the cocker was used for all kinds of work before Mr. Charlesworth's grand sire was born, and the dogs did not require a label either, as their action spoke plainly for them. If Mr. C. is not ready to join us in the march of improvement then let him be wedded to his crocodile Skyes, and when we have a field trial for spaniels he will get badly left.

The long body and the short leg,
And the dog that loves the house,
Have had their day and must give way
To the dog that can hunt the grouse.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the October number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

5401. Ellis's Victor, W. E. & H. L. Ellis.
5402. Lady Vixen, R. M. Darrach

COLLIES.

5403. Cairo, Tower Grove Collie Kennels.
5404. Clio, J. F. Ryan.
5405. Clipaway, J. Watson.
5406. Collie Joe, J. Collett.
5407. Della Glenlivat, C. Hinckley.
5408. Donald VII., E. Bradbury.
5409. Earl of Warwick, G. Drape.
5410. Fancy Maida, J. DeForest.
5411. Flitaway, J. Watson.
5412. Glen Athol, G. A. Drape.
5413. Glen Cairn, J. Watson.
5414. Glendale, J. Watson.
5415. Glen Rosa, J. Watson.
5416. Glen Ruadh, J. Watson.
5417. Glenwood, J. Watson.
5418. Jack, C. E. Lockwood.
5419. Keeper, Jr., S. B. Roberts.
5420. Lady Eclipse, G. C. White.
5421. Lady Watson, C. Hinckley.
5422. Palmetto, J. T. Wells.
5423. Strephon's Rex, N. B. Reid.
5424. Trifle of Trefoil, H. E. Alvord.
5425. Tunstall, B. W. Lacy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

5426. Dandy, D. W. Wing.

MASTIFFS.

5427. Ashmont Suwanee, E. H. Palfrey.
5428. Beau Tibbs, Tiot Kennels.
5429. Bess, H. Falconer.
5430. Chester, W. B. Smith.
5431. Groesbeck's Pluto, H. J. Groesbeck.
5432. Ilford Czarina, H. J. Groesbeck.
5433. Trust, Hugh Falconer.
5434. Vermont Gypsy, G. W. Hoffman.
5435. Wacouta Nap, Wacouta Kennels.

POINTERS.

5436. Beauty L., T. H. Little.
5437. Betsy, Stiver & Comfort.
5438. Bracket II., Floyd Vail.
5439. Bruce III., Alex. Barr.
5440. Clifton Kennels, J. P. Cartwright.
5441. Dark II., E. D. Treadwell.
5442. Devonshire Countess, Barnes Brothers.
5443. Frank M., J. P. Cartwright.
5444. Fred Mac, J. P. Cartwright.
5445. Geo. R. Eager, J. P. Cartwright.
5446. Grenade, W. H. Beasom.
5447. Hairspring, W. F. Gillman.
5448. Joe, James P. Swain.
5449. Lou III., Henry W. Smith.
5450. Nick, James P. Swain.
5451. Nick of the Woods, Barnes Brother.
5452. Shot Croxteth, Ernest M. Bassett.
5453. Topsy, E. D. Treadwell.
5454. Westmoreland Bessie, Barnes Brothers.

PUGS.

5455. Bradford Midget, W. B. Woodward.
5456. Daisy V., A. E. Adams.
5457. Nellie II., Homer S. Bowles.
5458. Pansy Blossom, C. G. Hinckley.
5459. Port, A. E. Adams.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.

5460. Barrina, W. H. Dent.
5461. Countess Minnie of Woodstock, Louis A. Congdon.
5462. Czar II., Walter Raynor.
5463. Czarina, Walter Raynor.
5464. Folko II., W. H. Dent.
5465. Gerda, W. H. Dent.
5466. Helen, Dr. C. R. Whitcomb.
5467. Hilda II., W. H. Dent.
5468. King, Weimer & Lincoln.
5469. Nellie Bly, D. Pettigrew.
5470. Prince III., J. I. Geddes.
5471. Prince Hal, J. O. Stevens.
5472. Thora III., W. H. Dent.

SETTERS.—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5473. Banjo II., J. F. McKee.
5474. Countess Blitz, E. Maher.
5475. Duke of Richmond, E. Maher.
5476. Gun Gladstone, J. Bunting, Jr.
5477. Ivanhoe Dr. W. P. Paxson.
5478. Queen Esther, J. Bunting, Jr.
5479. Sparkle, G. M. Johnston.
5480. Yum Yum, L. H. Gardner.

GORDON SETTERS.

5481. June, J. B. Blossom.
5482. Vic, J. B. Blossom.

IRISH SETTERS.

5483. Bruce II., R. A. Kirsch.
5484. Connaught, G. Dana.
5485. Dalco, Wm. Rodgers.
5486. Green's Gypsy, T. P. Green.
5487. Mona III., J. B. Blossom.
5488. Prince N., J. M. Weigle.

SPANIELS.—FIELD AND COCKER.

5489. Chippy, T. W. Yates.
5490. Gipsey M., G. Krause.
5491. Josie, G. Krause.
5492. Ober K., G. Krause.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.—Cincinnati, O., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen have been appointed to judge for the American Field Trial Club: All-Aged Stake, T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.; Harry W. Fuller, Richmond, Va., and John H. Gilbert, Lexington, Ky., with H. M. Markley, of Eaton, Ohio, alternate. For the Derby, H. M. Markley, of Eaton, Ohio, and T. M. Brumby, of Marietta, Ga. The third judge will be announced in the immediate future.—C. W. PARIS, Secretary.

THE STAFFORD DOG SHOW.—Worcester, Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your last issue in the account of the Stafford Dog Show that the first prize in heavy weight pointer dogs was given as S. T. Colt's Rob Roy II. This is an error as the first prize was won by the Don Quixote Kennels' Punch. Will you please be kind enough to make this correction, and greatly oblige FRED W. WHITE, Prop., Don Quixote Kennels.

THE EDINBURGH DOG SHOW.

[From the London Field, Sept. 24.]

HAPPILY, northward there has been a brief return of summer weather, which will allow the ingathering of the large quantities of grain which we saw after leaving Beattock Junction. The country on all sides still looked lovely, for the rivers full of water made one dream of trout and salmon, and the moors and rough land, with their varied shades of coloring from golden yellow to the darker chocolate brown caused by the withering bracken and the fast-fading purple heather, made one long for a tramp along the hillsides behind a brace of good pointers or setters. This was not to be, and, speeding onward, the Waverley Market, where the Scottish Kennel Club were holding their eighth show, must be our destination. We have on previous occasions descanted upon the excellencies of this building for a dog show, and exhibitors evidently agree with us, for on the present occasion an entry of 959 was obtained, which will probably be found to form the largest dog show ever held in the Scottish metropolis. The quality, too, was throughout excellent, and with the experience the secretary, Mr. Tennent, has gained, and perhaps the more matured knowledge of management possessed by other members of the committee, exhibitors might be assured that the welfare of the dogs was looked after properly, and the exhibition generally conducted as it ought to be. The benching was done excellently by Messrs. Spratt.

The judging commenced about 10:30 o'clock on Wednesday in four rings in the main building, and this important portion of the proceedings was not concluded until late in the afternoon. The judges were: For pointers, setters, retrievers, and other sporting dogs, Mr. G. Hellewell; St. Bernards, mastiffs, and large breeds generally, Mr. J. F. Smith; fox-terriers and Scotch terriers, and fancy breeds, Mr. L. P. C. Astley; collies, Dr. James; Dandies, Mr. Stordy Carlisle, and Mr. D. Cunningham took the Skye and Clydesdale terriers. The great feature of the show lay undoubtedly in the collies, their uniform excellence throughout being particularly apparent. Dandies, too, were great classes; so were St. Bernard dogs. Setters of all varieties were more than fair, and the Skye and other fancy terriers were likewise strongly represented. Fox-terriers were but moderate, the wire-haired variety especially so.

St. Bernards came the first in the catalogue, and Plinlimmon, looking just as fit and comfortable as he always does nowadays, had about a walk-over in the challenge class; but in the one for open dogs his kennel companion, Burns, was easily defeated by Duke of Marlborough, whom we take to be the better type of the two, and he beat the younger dog in pretty nearly all respects. Burns, who also took the special for the best of his variety under 16 months old, was not in full bloom, though he appears to have improved in head, and Mr. Royle's dog was in nice coat and form. Behind these notabilities came two or three fair second-rate orange and white dogs. Edgar, third prize, with fair markings, a son of Pouf's, is a little curly in coat, which may become still worse, as he is but young; he has a fairly characteristic head, moves nicely, and his bone is good. There was not much to choose between Beauvale and Lord Collingwood, the latter being perhaps better in ribs and body. Raymond, vhc., is too small, and Carl Rosa, the Scotch dog who has done a great deal of winning, did not move so freely as we have seen him, nor does he improve in head and expression; he had only the reserve, but, after the winner, the four animals which followed him were peculiarly close in merit, one excelling in one particular, another in another. Indeed, it seemad a pity that some of the prizes awarded to the bitches could not have been handed to the dogs, for the softer sex were here poor, the winner, Yorke, being far from a good one; her head is too long, and her expression soft and uncharacteristic. Norah, next to her, though badly marked, is the better of the pair. The remainder were not worth a great deal. Nike, an excellent and well-known brindled and white dog, won in the smooth class, while behind him came Rustic, a fawn dog, whose head and general appearance, possibly from his color, denote something of the mastiff cross, though he is in reality a well-bred young dog.

In challenge mastiffs, Victor Hugo looked none the worse for his long journey from Kensington, and justly was placed over Prince of Wales, a dog we have often had a good word for. The open mastiff dog class had St. John, a great, heavily-bodied dog, at its head; his face is not quite the thing, but he moves moderately well, and has excellent bone Rudolph, second prize, has possibly the better head of the two, but his expression is marred by sadly villanous-looking light-colored eyes, and on this account Sultan, who is as good in body as the winner, might have been placed rather higher than third; and Halifax Nero, on the small side, when lying at rest reminded us very much of Earl's picture of the late Miss Aglionby's Wolf. A grand bitch is the brindled Zillah II., who had second prize to Mr. Clarke's young bitch, Queen of Scots, the winner at Barn Elms, and who has improved much in body since that show. Then Lord Nelson beat the beautiful little dog Alliance for the Newfoundland championship, and there was a numerous entry, though poor in quality, in the open division. Waterman had first in dogs, but Bismarck is quite as good in tpye, coat, movement, and head and ears. Norton, too, excelling in coat, style, and head, was shown in good condition, and was as big as any dog in the class. Young Zoe, though her ears are over-sized, was well ahead in the bitch class. Miss Jummy, second prize, is small and out of coat, and Duchess of Aberdeen, who followed her, is too much of the retriever type. A mixed class of puppies included two or three promising St. Bernards that won the money; and the team prize of that variety was won by Mr. Smith with Plinlimmon, Burns, and Rustic, who later on took a similar special for the best team of non-sporting dogs in the show.

A fine big blue dog, Dane, who did not move very well, won in Great Danes, a very much smaller black bitch, in Sheila, coming second.

Triumph, looking, for all the knocking about at shows he has had, very well, won over Hector II. in bloodhounds; the merits of both are well known, and next them on the benches were two couple of good-looking foxhounds from the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt, not for competition.

The deerhounds, as a group, looked remarkably well on the bench, but off it would scarcely stand pulling to pieces. Dr. Haddon won with Wolf II., a big dog, on the coarse side, but possessing excellent legs and feet, good front, nice shoulders, and strong loins. Buscar II., of similar stamp, had second; while Volthos, an equally good though smaller hound, was third; and Donavoura Bran II., not in such good coat as we have seen him, was fourth; his kennel companion, Ossian, deserved a card, which might have been taken from Gruiam, a bad-headed hound we did not like at all. A fawn bitch, Countess, rather heavy in ears, won in the next class, but Beatrice, though a little shining in her coat, should have beaten her; the latter is a well known winner at Glasgow, Birmingham, and elsewhere, and bears her years gaily. Ebony, second prize, is a smallish blue bitch, wonderfully typical in head and excellent in coat. Brora, fourth prize, is well known; and in Argyle Cissy, third prize, we failed to find much excellence, excepting in her coat and shoulders. The greyhounds were nice classes, well judged, the leading winners all being known on the bench.

In the wavy-coated retrievers, challenge class, Cypress won, a lovely bitch in every particular, and shown in fine condition. In a good class for open dogs, Mask won, a heavy-headed one, straight in jacket, but on the big side for work. The Palace winner, Goldstone, who had won at Warwick also, we preferred; Talisman, who took first at Darlington, now had third. Mr. Whitelaw had all his own way in bitches with three

beauties, though Faith, but hc., with her nice useful size, excellent feet, good coat, and style, we liked as well as anything in the division; Ivy then scored another win; and in the curly-coated division Astley Sultan, a well known winner, unfortunately died on his bench prior to the judging. Black Pearl of Kinnoul, a pretty bitch, good in curl and other particulars, but oversized in ears, was placed at the head of a good class. Our selection would have been Black Prince II., a dog excelling in body, coat, legs, and feet, and style, though the judge put him back on account of his stern, which was carried rather gaily; still he can beat all in the class, this defect thrown in. Gloom is another good dog in body, curl, and other respects, in head being least perfect; Lord Nelson is being overshown, and requires a rest; and Nina perhaps owed the rather more backward position than she is accustomed to to deficiency in bloom.

Naso of Upton beat Nan and Barton Belle in champion pointers, though the latter might have been placed over Nan for the reserve, as showing the more quality. Carlo III., a lemon and white dog, who won at Darlington in 1886, came first now in open dogs, and he is a good-looking one, though he has grown thicker at his shoulders; behind him came Squire of Upton, a leggy, light-eyed dog, who took third; the orange and white Forest King second, and others well known on the show bench. Forest Lilly, a lovely old lemon and white bitch, showing age, and very wide in front, won in her class justly, for those behind her possessed as bad faults as she, and were not as good in other respects, notably Lady Longsdale, third prize, who has very bad feet; Nannie, second prize, who is very low at her shoulders; and Isabel, who is smart and full of quality, but still wide in front, and not nearly so good in head as the winner.

The challenge class for setters was an unusually strong one, containing as it did Count Howard, Belmont, Sir Tatton, Old Sting, Nellie, and Young Rock. There is no denying the fact that the first named was the smartest, gayest, and, on Wednesday at any rate, the best dog in that ring—indeed, we never saw him look so well. Sir Tatton did not move by any means brightly; Sting seems to have gained a new lease of freshness; Nellie, the Irish bitch, was all out of coat; Young Rock has gone all to pieces as a show dog, and we took the Gordon Belmont to be the second best dog in the ring. Mr. Chapman won all the leading prizes in Gordon setters with two and a half brace of beauties, though the winning dog, Heather Boy, is at present thin, flat-sided, and short of muscle behind, though no doubt, when fully developed, he will require an extraordinarily good dog to beat him. On Wednesday, Bang was the better animal of the brace. The open English dog class was chiefly notable for general and uniform excellence rather than for any great merit possessed by any individual. King Mac with his wide front, was lucky to win, and our choice was Saxony, a nice all-round dog, good in every way, and with no really bad feature about him, and about the best legs and feet of any animal in the class. Blue Dash II., a well known dog, was second; and Osman IV., who has gone off considerably, third; while Barton Ranger was quite out of coat. The winning bitch Min, though small and in bad coat, abounds in quality, so she won, with Allie, well known, next, and others not so good further back. The Irish setter dogs were again an equal lot, a son of Frisco, Meddler, winning; he is a fair color and just a fairly average dog. Derry II. showed badly; Robin II., second prize, is almost the counterpart of the winner; and Rash is the rather coarse dog that won at Darlington; Rory is notable for his great length of leg, and he was in thin condition, as was Mr. Wilson's young dog, who is rather too much of the English setter style in all but color to please us. Mischief, the winning bitch, who appeared full of life and go, is sister to the winning dog, and both the other prize winners here have, if we mistake not, previously appeared in prize lists. Solus met and beat Glencairn in challenge spaniels, a division we could not find fault with; but in the Clumber class we did not like Duke V., second prize, who is wide in front, and lacks type; the winner, Keber, was rightly placed, though he is dark in his markings; still his bone, length and style were better than anything else in the group. Clover was second best, though certainly not in show form. A good bitch is the black Belona, and she beat Darkie in all but coat and the latter is not quite nice in her head; Victor has grown too curly in coat. The class for Sussex or liver-colored spaniels was a fairly good one, though Victoria, third prize, appeared to be nearest to the type of the old Rosehill Sussex strain. Two prizes for teams of sporting dogs were won, the one confined to members of the Scottish Kennel Club by Mr. Whitelaw's wonderfully even lot of wavy-coated retrievers, and the open one by Mr. C. H. Beck's three pointers.

The collies, 190 entries, were, as we have already hinted, a remarkably good collection, and Dr. James took infinite pains to place the prizes correctly; and on going carefully over his awards, congratulations on the excellence of his judging may well be given. In the absence of Mr. Panmure Gordon, he awarded all the prizes. The first in the catalogue was the 15-guinea medal offered by Mr. Gordon for the best dog that had never won a first prize at a kennel club show, and owned by a Scotch exhibitor, a member of the Scottish Kennel Club, and this, in an even class, went to a dark sable three-year-old Scotland Yet. He is not a big one, but of a nice working size, good in quality and amount of coat; there is not too much of it, and his legs and feet are capital; his look-out and expression are those of a true collie, and although in the open class he only came third, he is a better dog than either The Scott or Stout, placed over him. The latter is a wonderful animal in the way of coat and frill, but for ordinary purposes as a sheep tender he would be useless, and The Scott, rather of the stamp of Scotland Yet, is not nearly so good in expression. Stout never placed his ears well when he saw him. Mr. Gordon's valuable medal, for the best bitch belonging to a Scotch exhibitor, went to Moonlight, sister to the winner in the dog class. This bitch is one of the best we have seen, excelling in head and ears and feet; her coat is fairly good, and again not too profuse; and she is a big strong bitch, combining both show properties and working characteristics. We do not know whether she has previously won, but have not the slightest doubt she will be at the head of many a class in the future.

The champion collies were nothing particular, but the open dog class was a fine one of twenty-eight entries. The best have already been mentioned, and, after them, Tyneholm, a handsome black and white, with an excellent coat and beautifully intelligent look-out, should have come; indeed, before Stout his place might have been, and he is an old strain which modern crosses are driving out of the land, excepting perhaps where work is required more than actual color. Flock, fourth prize, is an enormous black and tan, often a winner; and though Lord Rosebery, who had the reserve only, is rather curly in coat, his type and character are sufficiently good to counterbalance such a comparatively slight defect. Young Flockmaster is light in eyes and heavy in head, and his sire, though looking well, was quite outclassed. Don Pedro is a nice sable dog on the small side, and the breeding of Clydesdale Trumpet, by The Squire—Bertha, should denote some excellence, which he undoubtedly possesses. He is rather light in bone, and his coat is perhaps a trifle open, but he is another shepherd's dog who looks like being able to gallop around a flock of wild Scotch sheep. In bitches, Moonlight again won, with Coila Lass second; just a fair sort. The puppy Sweet Mermaid next, and followed by Sweet Lassie. Cinderella, now in good coat, a wonderful bitch in many ways, but just lacking galloping appearance, should have had second. In the next class, for dogs that had never won four first prizes and confined to Scotland, Clydesdale Trumpet was placed too low with hc., as was Tweed VIII., another old-fashioned black and white of the proper type throughout. The winners here, as in the corresponding class for bitches, have already been noticed, excepting Gorgie Lily, a nice orange and white bitch, and followed the previous awards. The class for smooths was a fairly good one, the winners being pretty well known, and there were two well-filled classes of puppies, which contained many that had won earlier in the day.

Fox-terriers were numerous enough, but of no great quality, and all those in the challenge classes looked more or less seedy. In the open one for smooth dogs, which had twenty-five entries, Brokenhurst Risk, wearing fairly well, won over Raby Hazard—the latter a terrier we always liked, and one that, we fancy, will not deteriorate with age, as many do. Ebor Jewbilly, third prize, is a common sort, with a long head and fairly straight limbs, but he lacks dash and character. We prefer the white dog Douglas Jester far before him; indeed, the latter ran the two leaders hard. He is narrow in front, has nice bone, is sprightly, and possesses small ears and a good coat; his slight fault lies in some bull-terrier appearance about the skull, which a larger dab of color than that on one ear would take off. Tyneside Lad is a big-eared dog of fair quality; Holmfield Wonder is over-sized and leggy; Ebor Star has a coarse, thick head, and, though a terrier and game-looking enough, he does not possess the class of Pickpocket, who was placed below him. Mr. Scott's two sons of Darkie's are fair terriers, but too full in the cheeks. Richmond Splice, the winner in bitches, is undoubtedly of high class when in form, which she was not on Wednesday; so that she should have been placed down, even out of the prize list; her coat stared, and was rough-haired; her beautiful little ears were never carried straight at all. Still, the class was not a good one. Douglas Bloom, a fair white bitch, was second; a white ticked, rather commonish sort, Inchcape Belle (*sic*) being third; a black-headed, weak-jawed, light-boned bitch, Ebor Enchantress, having fourth. The tan-headed Bridle IV., though rather short in head, was one of the best fox-terrier bitches on the benches, and she should have had third prize; Silhouette, with vhc., has ears like those of a hound—worse we never saw on a fox-terrier. Radical, who won in rough dogs, is a tan-marked puppy, with an excellent coat and a long punishing head; he is good, too, on his leg, but will, we fancy, grow too big, for he is quite size enough now, though but a little over ten months old. Barton Broome, late Darky Broom, who is not so good as once, and Bedford Bob, followed, with more moderate ones still behind. Ebor Wyke, the winning bitch puppy, possesses a nice head, but her body might be transferred to that of a smooth terrier, and no one would dream that it had belonged to a so-called wire-hair. The puppy class awards followed much those that had been made in the all-aged ones, excepting that the winning puppy at Manchester, Richmond Nymph, again scored, and she was far ahead of all her opponents.

Bulldogs are much better than are generally found in Scotland. In dogs, the well-known Rabagas just won from Ginger II., a very good bodied dog, quite heavy enough behind, and not deep or wide enough in bottom jaw. Earl of Haddington is pinched in face and nose, and he is still a bit light in bone and body, but considerably improved since we saw him at Newcastle. Young Baron requires rest, as he is now in poor condition and form. In bitches, Rustic Model, who improves with age, won very easily from Young Rocket, who is plain in head and lacking wrinkle. Priestless is very leggy and plain in face, and therefore should have been beaten by Angus Doddie, who is lower on the leg and much more typical in body; her head is faulty, no doubt, but no more so than the bitch placed over her.

In bull-terriers the winning bitch, Dinah, is fair in body, but has not an extraordinary long head, still it is typical, and she won well from White Chief, whose defects are large eyes and a long back. Khedive we almost liked better, for, although a bit weak in jaw, he has the correct eyes and a better shaped skull, and in body properties he beats his more fortunate rival. Satyr, well-known, is showing age, and has grown very coarse in skull, and lippy. Edinburgh Bob, hc., is moderate, he falls away very much under the eyes, and his skull is wrong in form; he has fair bone and body. Sir Michael II., is too long in back, and his light eye further detracts from his character.

In black and tan terriers, Halifax General, although a bit coarse, was no doubt the best dog in the class; he is, or would be, thickly breeched, but to all appearances part of his hindquarters have been trimmed. Lord Clyde has improved very much since he was at Newcastle: he is not yet quite straight in front, otherwise he is a well built little dog, and there is not much fault with his head, which is both long and typical in form. Old Wallace, who wears very well indeed, was placed third, the reserve going to Emperor, who has a long, well-shaped head, though it lacks substance, and would better grace a dog of 4lbs. less weight. Kenwood Queen, now returned to her wonted form and color, easily secured the head honors in her class, and also the special. Leonora, a well-made bitch, fairly well marked, but a little faded in color, won second. Esmeralda, a small but typical bitch, should have been noticed. Halifax Rose is a bit cheeky, and has open feet; her color is good, and she is well divided in markings. Of white English terriers, White Rose, notwithstanding her plain skull, won well, beating Evol in muzzle, body and bone. Juno is much too large—a remark equally applicable to Diamond, who has a short, thick head.

In the pug dog class, Swagger, who is not good in coat or condition, won, though Loris is, to our mind, better, being larger in skull and neater in ear than his more successful opponent. Stately, a typical-headed one, took third honors; he is deep and square in muzzle, well defined in stop, and has a good-shaped skull; he lacks wrinkle. Lindon, a good-shaped dog, lacking substance before the eyes, held reserve. Halifax Jim is much too large and coarse; and Peter II. possesses a similar fault. Dr. John, with the exception of color, was much the best of Linton's trio. In bitches, Set just won; she has a slight pull in head over Queen Rose, both of which are well known. Laurette, the next best, is pinched in face. The others were outclassed.

In Bedlington terriers, dogs, Taxman, a new blue dog, perfect in size and color, is probably a little better in body than Humbleton Blue Bay, who has a longer and rather more typical head than the winner, whose eyes are placed rather wide apart, and his skull is a little too flat at the base. Judge Day, a large, coarse-headed dog, had no right to beat either Barshaw Piper or Stonehouse Fiddler, both of which are much smaller and more typical. But for his very light eyes, which considerably detract from his character, the liver Cullercoat Lad is quite a nice one. Langside Queen, a fair stamp of bitch, won in her class, but Danley Queen must be considered lucky; she is too large, and her coarse, flat skull should have prevented her beating Vendata, the second best in the class. Border Queen, placed third, was in her right place; she is out of coat just now, otherwise a capital stamp.

In the first class of Irish terriers the cropped Garryford should not have beaten that beautiful bitch Norah Tatters, with her lovely ears and fine expression, especially as the dog is developing, or rather has developed, width of chest with increasing age. In the open dog class some fair quality was forward, and an excellent uncropped dog, Ballyhooley, by Bachelor, from the bitch that should have won in the challenge class, separated Mr. Graham's brace. His coat, head and ears are all good, but, as at present he is only seven months old, he may become too big, and a well-furnished puppy is never a favorite of ours, and this is one. Barney II. is terrierlike; Remotion particularly long and good in head, but not of great excellence elsewhere. And in bitches we were treated to a winning bitch, sheeted; this was Lottery, and, as the dam is said to be Linen, her owner perhaps had a liking to patronize something of the same kind. Graceful and Breda Tiny won rightly enough, and both have recently been critised in these columns. In the puppy division Ballyhooley, mentioned already, scored, and it was pleasing to see Mr. Graham coming second with a fair dog, Breda Czar, who had won third in the open class, and excels in his small, well-carried ears.

These classes of Irish terriers were fairly good, and the Scotch terriers were about the same, though the natives would scarcely care about seeing the leading prizes monopolized by Southern admirers of the breed, especially as an Englishman was the judge. It was no fancy that led us to see a tendency to breed these terriers with long narrow jaws, and some of those that received honorable mention here were far from as varmint-looking as they should be. Dundee was absent, and Ailsa II. had a walk-over in the challenge class; while Highland Chief, who has lost his puppy coat, and is thereby considerably improved since we last saw him, won in open dogs; still he is not quite low enough on his legs, for the Scotch terrier is now required to be as near the ground as the Dandie or Skye terrier. Dumbarton, equally well-known, was second; and Athole, rather too full in the eyes, came next; still the coat of the latter is good. Kildarry, reserve, has nice ears, and we liked him as well as the winner of third prize. Thorn is not straight in front. Many of the dogs in these divisions which had received cards of honor were without them over the benches. Glen Guin, the successful bitch, is a dark-colored one, with a long head and weak jaw, not at all the right type; and Brenda, second prize, is again weak in jaw, and not so good in terrier expression as Glengyle, third prize, whose jacket is too glossy. The reserve, Uddingston Beauty, has a fair coat, but her ears are too big, and she lacks jaw power. Mr. Astley was all astray in the semi prick-eared division, for the best in the class was Blair Athole, a grand one all round, in body, coat, character, ears and other essentials; he got hc. The winner, Dirk, is a very moderate sort, and Young Bon Accord II., third prize, is worse than ever—wide in front, a great white chest, and of no type at all. Glen Leven is a huge, overgrown puppy, with a big, good head; he had second prize, though he was not accorded a card of honor in the open class; Scotia has drop ears, and Cora crooked forelegs. A good puppy won in the young division, and he was claimed at 10 guineas, a brother to Highland Chief coming second to him.

Skye terriers were throughout fair classes, and the awards appeared well made. No great wonder in any of the divisions was forthcoming, and a strange absence of fawn-colored specimens prevailed, hard grays of different shades now being all the fashion; and the drop-eared division was not nearly equal to the prick-eared ones as far as quality was concerned. The Clydesdale or Paisley terrier classes filled fairly well, and the type of this new variety is fairly well established, though Lorne of Paisley is much darker in color, and not nearly so straight in coat, as Bannockburn, first prize, and Nelson, who had second honors.

As usual the Dandie Dinmonts formed one of the great features of the show, but there was nothing present of extraordinary merit that had not been out before, and Mr. Stordy astonished some exhibitors by the way he upset previous decisions. Tweedmouth was in full coat, and had no opponent in the challenge class, and in open dogs the little weak-jawed Otter won, and also took the special for the best Dandie in the show; he is of nice type but too small throughout, and by no means fitted to compete successfully with his namesake. Thorwald, second prize, is of much similar type, low on his legs and with a well-shaped back; and Cracker, third to them, is well known—a fair little dog. Little Pepper, c., the Barn Elms winner, is a grand dog thoughout, bigger than those already mentioned, but by no means oversized; his jaw is strong and powerful and his body well shaped; he is just a little soft in his jacket. Then the reserve went to a bigger dog in Bruce, a very good-headed one, with excellent eyes and a proper coat; but, if he be right, the winners are wrong, for they are not a bit like each other. Hatterick is a nicely shaped dog, with a soft coat; Pincher is tan marked and of a bad type; and Tiger, vhc., appears to be a better dog than ever he was, excepting, of course, his mouth; both Prince John and Lad o' Kyle were worth cards. The bitches were a rather ragged lot, most of them being out of coat. Moray Lass, the successful one, stands on unusually short legs, and evidently being in pup makes this even more apparent; she is fairly typical, but we dared scarcely have selected her for leading honors, which would better have graced Newton Lass II., who, the stronger in jaw, was her equal in body, shape, and a most sprightly looking bitch withal. Village Queen, third prize, was out of coat; Rachel, vhc., looking bleary and Bedlingtonlike about her eyes; and My Mary, the Warwick winner in 1886, was best in the lot had her coat been harder.

The mustards were quite a fair turn-out, the winner being Hero, a dog with a white breast, and certainly not at all the same type as Otter. Heather Sandy was perhaps the best colored dog in the class, and the commended Edenside the best all-round specimen. Heather Peggy, second prize, was in the prize list at the late Kennel Club show in London. The puppies were rather notable for their numbers than their quality, and Sandy III. had a fair win, second going to Fritz II., who had received a simple c. in the open dog class. Several specials were awarded, they being mostly confined to the club and to Scotch exhibitors, Mr. J. Clarke taking that for the best brace, and Dr. Haddon the one for the second best brace of either peppers or mustards.

The toy classes for both terriers and spaniels contained nothing choice after the winners, generally well known; but Mr. Bruce, as usual, showed some beautiful Italian greyhounds. The dachshund class needs no comment, this being a dog the canine Scotchman has evidently no fancy for. The variety class was a poor one, the Pyrenean dog Biloba dividing leading honors with a good black Pomeranian. There were selling and several puppy classes, the latter for litters, the whole of which obtained a good entry; and the exhibition throughout, including the attendance of visitors, and everything else, must be pronounced the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Scottish Kennel Club. The official awards will be found in the November A. K. R.

RETRIEVING WOODCOCK.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Is there anything disagreeable to a puppy in the taste of a dead woodcock? I have no trouble in making my young dogs retrieve a partridge, but they will only carry a woodcock a short distance without dropping it, or else drag it gingerly along by the head or feet.—C. [Many dogs do not like the taste of a woodcock, and it is only after a number have been killed over them that they take kindly to them. When your dog finds the dead bird walk away from him as though you were unaware that he had found it, and he will probably bring it all right. Reward him with plenty of praise and petting when he brings it and he will soon do the work cheerfully.]

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The New England Kennel Club at their last meeting, held Oct. 13, elected the following gentlemen to serve as a bench show committee for 1888: Messrs. F. B. Fay, E. H. Moore, J. W. Newman, Jean Grosvenor, F. M. Curtis and J. H. Long. The first four named were of last year's committee. At the first meeting held by the committee Mr. F. B. Fay was elected chairman, E. H. Moore treasurer and J. W. Newman secretary. It was also decided to hold the next bench show of dogs in Boston, April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1888.—J. W. NEWMAN, Secretary.

WINSTED DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The third annual dog show in connection with the exhibition of the Western Connecticut Poultry Association will be held this year at Winstead, Conn., under the auspices of the Winsted Kennel Club, Dec. 14 to 16. The club has recently organized and applied to the American Kennel Club for admission. The following are the officers: President, Allen H. Norton; Vice-President, G. L. Foskett; Secretary, Frank D. Hallett; Treasurer, Geo. S. Rowe.—FRANK D. HALLETT, Secretary.

DANBURY DOG SHOW AWARDS.—We have received complaints from owners that mistakes occur in the list of awards of the Danbury dog show published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is stated that in English setter dogs, Warwick Kennels' Rock won second instead of Governor. In cocker spaniel bitches, Queen Obo was absent and second was won by Lucy. In bull-terrier dogs, Tony, reported as winning second, was absent. We published the list as sent us, and regret that these mistakes should have occurred.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Maude M. By Clumber Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., for lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped June 11, 1887, by Johnny (Ben—Joan) out of Bessie (Jockey—Romp).

Glenlee. By McEwen & Gibson, Ottawa, Ont., for black, white and tan collie dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1887, by Scotson (Dublin Scot—Flurry) out of Madge (Highlander—Hasty).

Hilo Jack. By F. C. Rochester, Logan, O., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 25, 1887, by Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Marjory (Duke—Midget).

Diana. By John A. French, Andover, Me., for black and tan Byron foxhound bitch, whelped April 24, 1887, by Bugle (Drive—Daisy) out of Fanny (Leader—Lady Gay).

Clumber Kennels. By F. H. F. Mercer and W. B. Almon Hill, Ottawa, Ont., for their kennels of Clumber spaniels.

Bismark Setter Kennels. By H. H. Sherwood, Germantown Junction, Pa., for his kennels of Bismark setters.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Scottish Queen—Teddie. N. V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) Skye terrier bitch Scottish Queen (A.K.R. 3616) to his Teddie (A.K.R. 3332), Oct. 11.

Bella—Teddie. N. V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) Skye terrier bitch Bella (A.K.R. 3331) to his Teddie (A.K.R. 3332), Oct. 12.

Brownie—Obo-crit. N. V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) cocker spaniel bitch Brownie (A.K.R. 3072) to his Obo-crit (A.K.R. 4100), Oct. 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jess. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Jess (Heather—Madge), Oct. 16, eight (five dogs), by their Gilderoy (Charlemagne—Hasty).

Madge. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Madge (Highlander—Hasty), Aug. 14, six (two dogs), by Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dandelion. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped April 23, 1887, by Dinks (A.K.R. 1077) out of Daisy, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Henry Henking, same place.

Duke. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped April 23, 1887, by Dinks (A.K.R. 1077) out of Daisy, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to Mrs. C. W. Mutell, same place.

Dahlia. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped April 23, 1887, by Dinks (A.K.R. 1077) out of Daisy, by Calhoun Kennels, Springfield, Mass., to W. H. Meeteer, New York.

Blue Cap, Jr. White, black, tan and blue ticked beagle dog, whelped June 27, 1887, by Blue Cap II. (A.K.R. 4008) out of Constance (A.K.R. 2911), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md.

Glenlee. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1887, by Scotson out of Madge, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to I. D. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J.

Red Rover. Sable collie dog, whelped March 17, 1886, by Red Gauntlet out of Brenda, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to I. D. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J.

Bradford Dot. Pug dog (A.K.R. 5338), by G. E. Peer, Rochester, N. Y., to G. H. Lah, Allentown, Pa.

Laddie G. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped November, 1886, by Montrose (A.K.R. 891) out of Maida II. (A.K.R. 1021), by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to N. Geoffroy, New York.

Countess. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 2, 1886, by Count out of Young Venom, by F. F. Dole, West Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. John P. Gray, Utica, N. Y.

Miss Norah. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped June 12, 1883, by Dutch out of Norah, by F. F. Dole, West Philadelphia, Pa., to Leo Breisacher, Detroit, Mich.

Shot. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, age and pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to J. Dennis, same place.

Lad. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree not given, by Geo. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Will Gaffney, Gloucester, Mass.

Paris Dan. Blue beiton English setter dog, whelped July 10, 1887, by Count Gladson (A.K.R. 3769) out of Paris Queen (A.K.R. 3779), by Geo. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Will Gaffney, Gloucester, Mass.

Paris Pet. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped July 10, 1887, by Count Gladson (A.K.R. 3769) out of Paris Queen (A.K.R. 3779), by Geo. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Dan'l Riggs, Essex, Mass.

Little Dandy. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 5, 1887, by Little Ned out of Spangle, by Geo. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to G. M. Poland, same place.

Little Dude. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 5, 1887, by Little Ned out of Spangle, by G. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to F. Macintire, Essex, Mass.

Jingle. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 5, 1887, by Little Ned out of Spangle, by G. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Henry Smith, 3d, Gloucester, Mass.

Solo. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 27, 1887, by Blue Cap II. (A.K.R. 4008) out of Constance (A.K.R. 2912), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to Calhoun Kennels, same place.

Bass. White, black, tan and blue ticked beagle dog, whelped June 27, 1887, by Blue Cap II. (A.K.R. 4008) out of Constance (A.K.R. 2912), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to Calhoun Kennels, same place.

Montrose—Tibbie whelp. Sable collie bitch, whelped Dec. 3, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to J. W. Sterling, Bridgeport, Conn.

Montrose—Lady Edgecomb whelp. Sable, black and tan collie bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to J. M. Sterling, Bridgeport, Conn.

Nick of Naso—Patti M. whelps. Liver and white pointers, whelped Aug. 8, 1887, by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., a dog each to H. Comfort, Huron, Dak.; J. N. Lewis, Ramsey, N. J.; C. B. Jefferson and J. Polk, New York, and a bitch to W. Thomas, Kansas City, Mo.

Little Ned—Spangle whelps. Four white, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped July 5, 1887, by G. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Count Gladson (A.K.R. 3769)—Paris Queen (A.K.R. 3779) whelps. English setters, whelped July 10, 1887, by Geo. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lothian Chief—Lothian Lass whelps. Collies, whelped Aug. 1, 1887, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., a black and white dog to Samuel Tileson, Sandy Hook, Conn., and a sable dog to J. M. Treadwell, New Fairfield, Conn.

King Macbeth (A.K.R. 2535)—Midlothian Lassie (A.K.R. 2124) whelps. Sable collies, whelped July 2, 1887, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., a dog to J. W. Teets, New York, and a dog and bitch to Dwight W. Sparks, Hartford, Conn.

PRESENTATIONS.

Nick of Naso—Patti M. whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1887, by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., to C. K. Munson, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

POCAHONTAS.—Give the bitch an aloes and iron pill morning and evening for a few days.

T.—I am treating my beagle as directed in your paper of Oct. 5. He is already better. How long shall I continue to give Fowler's solution? Ans. Continue for a month from the time you started the medicine. After an intermission of two weeks, commence again.

J. E. C., Bolivar, N. Y.—My setter dog has a sore eye. It first started by water running from the eye, and now it is all raw just like it was scalded, and somewhat swelled. He keeps rubbing it with his paw all the time. Ans. Get the following:

℞ Sodii biborat..... ʒi.
Alumen..... grs. xii.
Glycerin..... ʒiii.
Aq. qs. ad..... ʒvi.
Mix. Sig. Sponge eye three or four times daily.

B. D. N., Baltimore, Md.—Bull-terrier bitch puppy, six months old, about six weeks ago began losing hair on body and legs in spots, size of from one-half inch to an inch in diameter, and where the flesh showed and on the belly and breast the skin was of a brick red color. I used Glover's mange cure, which stopped the hair falling out, and now it seems to be growing; but the red color of the skin remains, and she feels hot to the touch. He nose is moist, and she eats well and is very lively, but she looks thin. Ans. Give Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food morning and evening, four drops at a dose. Continue for a month and stop.

L. A. L., Saylesville, R. I.—I have followed your advice very closely, and as a result, while it has greatly improved the condition of my bitch, yet it has not cured her of having those spasms; indeed, they are more frequent than ever, and I think she now averages two or three a week, though, as a rule, I think they are not severe. She usually has one when she exercises briskly and becomes heated, which is usually when I go hunting. I dislike to trouble you again, but I cannot depend upon her for work unless she is cured; and I have confidence in your ability to improve if not cure her if you will again kindly prescribe. Ans. Follow the same general treatment previously suggested. In addition get the following:

℞ Ferri et strychnin citrat grs. 30, div. in pil. No. 15.
Sig. One three times daily concealed in a morsel of meat.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CHICAGO TOURNAMENT.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The last two competitions on the programme at Camp Sheridan was completed to-day in good order. The first competition was for individual short and mid-range shots, and was a splendid exhibition of rifle shooting. The first prize was won by J. J. Wolford, of the Department of the Missouri team, who made the creditable score of 180 out of a possible 200 at the four ranges. The complete scores are as follows under the conditions:

Open to the world. Any rifle within the rules of Blunt and the National Rifle Association of America. Buffington sights and shade for front sight allowed. Ammunition, any. Military rifles allowed 3 points at each range. Ten shots each man at 200, 10 at 300, 10 at 500 and 10 at 600yds. Position, standing at 200, kneeling or sitting at 300, and any within the rules at 500 and 600yds. First prize, $250 cash and a watch valued at $250; second, $250 cash; third, $125 cash; fourth, $75; fifth, $50 cash.

	200	300	500	600	T'l.
Sergt J J Wolford, U S A	46	40	49	45	180
C W Hinman, Mass	41	45	45	45	176
Sergt G U King, U S A	41	43	45	40	169
Ben O Bush, Mich	41	39	44	44	168
W M Merrill, Mass	41	41	43	42	167
W G Hassey, Mass	38	44	42	43	167
Lieut James Kerr, U S A	39	43	44	40	166
W F Hentzel, U S A	37	40	44	45	166
Sergt E H Stevens, U S A	36	42	42	42	165
Sergt H S Ogilvie, U S A	40	44	43	38	165
Capt P A Chisholm, Md	41	43	43	38	165
E G Falk, Minn	38	42	45	40	165
Sergt T McLean, U S A	39	41	45	40	165
*S M Tyrrell, Chicago	40	46	48	43	165
*W M Farrow, Mass	44	42	47	44	165
*A W Jarvis, Iowa	38	40	49	49	164
Sergt Hugh Griffith, U S A	37	40	46	40	163
A Chisholm, Md	40	40	45	38	163
S S Sumstead, Mass	43	41	43	36	163
Lieut Scott, U S A	43	43	42	35	163
James H Painter, Md	44	42	41	35	162
W H Wilson, Mich	43	41	35	42	161
A E Chandler, Minn	40	40	42	39	161
Sergt A W Stay, U S A	46	41	42	32	161
Corp C Michel, U S A	39	40	37	44	160
F R Ball, Mass	41	41	40	38	160
M W Bull, Mass	42	38	40	40	160
W Driscoll, U S A	40	41	37	42	160
J B Jackson, U S A	49	38	42	31	160
J H Bacon, Minn	41	38	43	36	158
Sergt S P Crow, U S A	41	40	37	39	157
N C Martin, Minn	37	38	43	36	157
Pvt H L Friend, Md	40	38	44	35	157
Sergt W J Weeks, U S A	40	40	40	35	155
J F Cowie, Minn	38	40	41	35	154
J L Moring, Va	38	39	40	47	154
Jas Morgan, U S A	35	39	40	39	153
C S Williams, Minn	41	40	39	32	152
L C Crossman, Ia	38	37	41	36	152
Pvt J Feency, U S A	39	37	40	35	152
H M Davis, Ia	32	35	48	48	151
D C Cole, Ia	39	41	43	39	150
Pvt Milroy Chisholm, Md	36	39	39	37	151
Joseph Machon, U S A	38	37	39	36	150
Lieut.-Col E H Wardwell, Md	42	33	37	36	148
Corp Wm Steyer, Md	42	39	33	32	146
F A Tarr, Minn	36	39	40	30	145
H H Griffith, Ill., N G	36	35	39	33	143
*J J Ambler, Ia	35	38	42	42	143
*J O Hobbs, Chicago	33	37	43	41	142
Lieut J E Bell, Md	36	41	24	36	140
J M Garrett, N Y	39	30	35	34	138
L E Writer, U S A	35	35	27	36	133
W Hazenzale, O	39	41	38	25	131
A Gilberts, Chicago	34	35	34	36	127
M W Burns, Wis	40	41	13	43	125
J C Utter, Chicago	36	32	6	38	100

From the 11 scores marked * 3 points from each range, making a total handicap of 12 points, were deducted for the use of non-military rifles.

In the individual skirmish firing, which is of more military value, the regular army showed up still better, taking six out of the first ten scores and leaving one for each from Massachusetts, Minnesota, Michigan and Maryland. The score of competition No. 5, the last of the programme, was as follows:

Open to the world. Any rifle within the rules of Blunt and the National Rifle Association of America. Other than military rifles handicapped six points. Competitors will start near the 600yd. firing point, and advance until near the 300yd. firing point, when they will retreat to the 600yd. point. In advancing, five halts will be made, and two shots fired at each halt; time allowed, two minutes at each halt. The same rule will be observed during the retreat. Position, any within the rules. Mid-range target used. First prize, $100; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $40; fifth, $35. The following scores were made, it being possible to score 100 points:

Sergt H Griffith, U S A	91	W M Merrill, Mass	75
M W Bell Mass	91	Lieut A E Chandler, Minn	74
Sergt G N King, U S A	90	W H Wilson, Mass	74
Pvt E A Partridge, U S A	90	S S Bumstead, Mass N G	74
Sergt W Driscoll, U S A	89	Sergt J H Bacon, Minn	74
Corp C Michel, U S A	87	Pvt J Morgan, U S A	73
Sergt J J Wolford, U S A	87	J J Ambler, Ia	72
Lieut F A Farr, Minn	85	J S Moring, Va	70
B O Bush, Mich	84	Sergt E H Stevens, U S A	68
Pvt A Chisholm, Neb	83	Sergt H S Ogilvie, U S A	67
Sergt I P Crow, U S A	82	Pvt T Feeney, U S A	66
W G Hussey, Mass	81	Lieut J B Jackson, U S A	62
Sergt J H Pointer, Md	80	Lieut-Col E H Wardwell, Md	64
Lieut Scott, Ia	80	Pvt M Chisholm, Md	62
Sergt J W Weeks, U S A	80	Pvt M C Martin, Union	60
L C Crossman, Ia	80	J Machon, U S A	58
Sergt A W Stay, U S A	80	Lieut J F Cowie, Union	57
Maj Hinman, Mass N G	80	Pvt H L Friend, Md	56
Capt P A Chisholm, Md	79	Corp W Steyer, Md	38
Pvt E G Falk, Minn	77	*W Hasenzahl, Ohio	31
Lieut J Kerr, U S A	76	*M W Burns, Wis	29
A C White, Mass	76	Capt H H Griffin, I N G	17
Lieut J E Bell, Md	75	Maj S W Scott, Ill N G	15

Scores marked * were handicapped 6 points on account of the use of sporting rifles.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 8.—The third State shoot of the Minnesota National Guard has been in progress at the Fort Snelling range for several days past. Good scores, bad weather and fine soldiery competition have marked the meeting, and to-day Gov. McGill presented the trophies to the winners. The prize winners in the several matches contested during the four days' shooting are as follows:

Skinner Match.

	200	500	600		200	500	600	
Lieut Cowie	38	27	31	86	Pvt Grimmer	23	24	28—75
Capt Skinner	38	26	28	82	Pvt Carpenter	24	26	25—75
Pvt Martin	31	27	24	82	Lieut Shandrew	25	27	21—73
Lieut Bird	38	26	27	81	Pvt Moreland	24	22	25—71
Lieut O E Lee	27	28	22	77				

Regimental team match:

First Regiment.

	100	200	300	500	Total.
Lieut Cook	49	42	46	43	180
Lieut Cowie	48	43	47	40	178
Lieut Clarke	46	46	47	42	171
Sergt Bacon	48	41	41	40	170
Pvt Martin	46	42	47	34	169
Lieut Williams	44	40	46	38	168
Pvt Cook	44	39	44	41	168
Pvt Falk	44	43	44	37	165
Pvt Moreland	43	38	44	40	165
Lieut Farr	43	38	44	40	165—1,702

Second Regiment.

Lieut Bird	49	44	48	47	188
Lieut Chase	48	42	46	40	176
Pvt Carpenter	42	37	46	47	172
Sergt Shanks	46	43	47	43	170
Pvt Lewis	43	40	39	28	150
Corp Fowler	44	34	45	26	149
Pvt Chandler	44	41	45	15	145
J V I Dodd	48	42	46	3	138
Pvt Bird	44	28	28	37	137—1,425

(Only nine men.)

The Third regiment made 1,364 with ten men.

Reeve Match.

	200	500	600	Total.
Lieut Chantler	20	20	24	64
Lieut Shandrew	20	21	18	59
Lieut Glenn, U S A	19	20	19	58
Lieut Farr	19	17	21	57
Col Blakely	20	18	17	55
Lieut Richards	15	22	17	54
Lieut Clarke	22	15	17	54
Lieut Bird	21	19	14	54
Capt Graham	21	11	19	51
Capt Cheney	20	16	15	51

Interstate Match.

Minnesota State Team.	200	500	T'l	Wisconsin Team.	200	500	T'l
Lieut Chantler	41	44	85	Tracy	41	40	81
Sergt Bacon	39	44	83	Grimmer	34	43	77
Sergt Carpenter	40	43	83	Basford	41	34	75
Pvt Falk	42	41	83	Phillips	42	42	84
Lieut Bird	38	44	82	Stumpson	37	37	74
Lieut Farr	38	44	82	Blakeslee	39	56	75
Lieut Williams	42	29	81	French	44	32	76
Lieut Clarke	36	44	80	Thompson	41	39	80
Pvt Martin	36	46	79	Richards	38	39	77
Capt Skinner	42	35	77	Erwin	38	40	78
Lieut Chase	35	37	72	Warriner	39	31	70
Lieut Cowie	43	29	72	Warren	35	33	68
	472	487	959		469	446	915

Stillwater Match.

	200.	300.	500.	Total.
Lieut Chantler	42	48	47	137
Lieut Clark	42	48	47	137
Lieut Cowie	46	45	44	135
Sergt Bacon	40	47	47	134
Pvt Falk	41	45	45	131
Lieut Glenn, U S A	41	48	41	130
Capt Skinner	42	48	40	130
Pvt Moreland	37	48	43	128
Lieut Tarr	30	41	46	126
Pvt Pray	42	46	38	126

St. Paul Match.

	200.	300.	500.	600.	Total.
Pvt Falk	45	40	47	44	176
Sergt Bacon	43	42	42	45	172
Lieut Chantler	44	41	43	40	168
Lieut Farr	37	32	46	44	161
Lieut Shandrew	40	38	38	43	159
Col Blakeley	36	40	46	36	158
Pvt Martin	39	36	49	33	157
Capt Skinner	44	36	39	36	155
Lieut Clarke	40	39	38	37	154
Lieut Cowie	43	43	42	25	153

At the annual meeting of the association officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Lieut. A. E. Chantler; Vice-President, Capt. Graham, of Wisconsin; Secretary, Capt. C. M. Skinner; Treasurer, Lieut. C. S. Williams.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 17.—Various causes prevented an expected good turn out at the regular weekly shooting on Healdmoor rifle range this afternoon. Those who took part, however, got in full time and some good scores were made. There was a large attendance of visitors to see the sport. The scores are as follows on standard target out of possible 100 points:

At 200yds.

H Simpson	3	8	9	7	8	5	7	9	4	8—69
J W Geyer	3	6	7	7	4	7	3	5	8	7—57
W A Ruthven	10	7	3	5	6	5	4	7	5	3—55

At 100yds.

W A Ruthven	8	7	5	9	8	9	7	8	7	7—75
J W Geyer	5	6	7	7	7	8	9	10	7	6—70
W A Siegrist	4	2	5	2	5	2	2	6	6	6—40
A Edwards	8	5	5	2	5	2	5	8	3	8—51

The Wilmington Rifle Club held its regular weekly shooting at its new range this afternoon. The new range is in "Forty Acres," back of St. Anne's new church, and the members are delighted with their new acquisition. They have been trying to secure a new range for some time, and in view of their success the Schuetzen Park range has been abandoned. The new range is within three minutes' walk of the Middle depot, and will allow shooting at 500yds. The land is high and dry, and is far superior to any range in this vicinity. It has a natural abutment, although an artificial one has been added. There is good light, as the sun will shine on the target all day long. The scores are as follows on standard target, at 200yds. out of a possible 100 points:

First Match.

S J Newman	5	6	9	5	8	9	7	8	7	6—70
C Heinel, Sr	4	7	6	10	8	4	9	5	6	5—64
E M Clark	10	6	9	5	3	5	7	7	5	3—60
J E Newman	4	5	2	4	9	4	3	7	4	10—52
Maiser	5	1	2	3	5	5	7	6	2	6—42
W A Bacon	3	2	4	5	2	5	5	4	4	6—41
C Frederick	8	3	3	2	3	2	2	4	3	6—36
W Mahler	4	1	3	1	0	2	0	2	2	3—18

Second Match.

C Heinel, Sr	8	8	6	8	5	6	6	7	8	5—66
S J Newman	7	9	6	8	5	9	5	5	5	7—66
E M Clark	4	6	6	5	5	5	6	8	5	5—55
W A Bacon	3	4	8	4	4	4	10	5	4	4—50
J E Newman	6	5	5	4	5	5	4	7	6	2—49
C Frederick	4	5	6	3	4	8	1	1	5	9—46
Maiser	8	4	3	6	6	5	4	4	7	4—45
W Mahler	7	2	2	6	5	2	6	2	2	3—37

WATERDOWN, Ont., Oct. 18.—The annual rifle matches of the Waterdown Rifle Association took place to-day at Waterdown at the Landsdowne ranges. The wind and light were variable. The following is the score; 7 shots at 200, 500 and 600yds. (Snider rifle):

T. O. Page, medal	26	26	14	—66	J Kentner	14	23	14—51
E F Rymal	29	22	12	—63	P T Mullock	25	19	7—51
Dr J O McGregor	29	19	14	—62	P W Gallin	23	20	6—49
Capt McMoines	28	15	16	—59	W Ryckman	24	11	10—45
Geo Baker	28	16	13	—57	W Cuckow	22	17	4—43
T W Innis	29	13	10	—52				

BOSTON, Oct. 22.—The riflemen had a windy day for their shoot, and although the number in attendance was large, but few scores were finished. The result of the day's shoot is given below:

Decimal Practice Match.

W O Burnite, Mil.	7	7	10	7	10	8	9	8	10	9	—85
A Johnson	8	8	8	10	10	8	4	9	6	10	—81
D L Chase	10	8	7	9	7	10	10	9	4	4	—79
Eastman	6	9	9	8	5	10	8	7	6	5	—73
H Felix	8	7	6	8	8	7	10	6	6	6	—72
W H Oler	7	6	7	8	8	10	5	6	9	6	—72
Bennett	3	6	7	5	6	6	5	3	5	5	—51
Barker	2	0	2	2	3	5	5	3	6	1	29

Creedmoor Practice Match—Military Rifles.

W O Burnite	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	—46
T F Lounsbury	4	4	5	3	5	4	4	4	5	—42
J Q Fowle	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	2	4	—42
M G Witham	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	5	—40
W H Oler	5	5	3	4	3	4	4	4	4	—40
Simmons	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	5	4	2—37
Mullaley	4	3	4	4	4	4	2	4	5	—37
Cabot	4	2	3	4	4	4	4	3	4	4—36
Boynton	4	2	4	4	3	3	5	3	4	4—36
Nowell	3	4	3	5	4	0	4	3	4	4—34

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	12	10	10	11	10	11	10	12	11	10—107
W Chester	0	11	11	9	9	10	11	10	12	9—101
W H Oler	11	12	9	10	9	9	9	9	11	11—100
John Gunn	11	10	8	10	8	11	11	10	10	9— 98
B G Barker	11	11	11	0	8	7	9	8	8	10— 89
J Hurd	9	9	7	7	12	9	8	7	8	12— 88
J Cutts	0	7	7	6	6	11	9	8	8	5— 73

Revolver Match.

F E Burnett	7	7	8	10	9	8	8	10	8	7—82
J B Fellows	6	6	10	9	9	8	7	5	6	7—77
R E Volver	8	5	7	5	9	5	10	6	7	8—71

500yd. Match.

Maj J H Whitney	5545344554—44	W H Oler	4222445444—35
Barnes	3544544545—43		

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 12.—The second shoot for the Brown & Hirth medal took place at the Fourteenth Regiment rifle range, at Ingraham Station, this afternoon. It resulted in Adjutant Robb, who won it last year, having to surrender it to Quartermaster Patterson, who won with a score of 79. Following is the detailed score of all participants:

200 Yards.

E Remmel	4508503444—32	Maj Glenn	0235234433—20
S Hill	3544403324—32	B McMillen	4234434435—36
O C Coon	3443443444—37	H J Smith	4300344335—30
T Keep	5343444338—38	J F Robb	4244444434—37
W Duncan	4344003440—26	W Hingley	0402000022—10
J Glenn	2044222302—21	G Kingin	4333443443—35
W Strain	4445445144—42	C E Davis	3303322222—22
C S Lower	4432304453—32	R C Patterson	0433444444—34
J K Whipps	0334543454—35	E A Robinson	4032033401—23

500 Yards.

E Remmel	4240323040—22	G Kingin	4303354432—31
S Hill	0003002080— 8	R C Patterson	4554545544—45
J K Whipps	2422240320—21	T Keep	0040243242—21
B McMillen	0200200253—14	W Strain	0253345454—35
H J Smith	2203040500—16	C S Lower	3003053300—18
J F Robb	3333434445—36		

TORONTO, Oct. 17.—A very interesting rifle match took place at the butts, Aurora, this afternoon, between home team and Scarboro'; 20 shots off-hand. The following is the score:

Home Team.		Scarboro'.	
J W Crossley	88	J Clark	89
R Mosley	81	R McCowen	69
D Eade	80	J W Kennedy	68
J C B Jones	78	Geo Chester	65
Eli Braund	75	J F Davidson	59
A Petch	69	Thomas Hood	59
W Petch	67	S Rennie	57
W Capell	50	J Whitesides	53
C Lyons	42	J Walton	50
W Mitchell	42—672	A McPherson	41—610

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11.—Despite the weather, which was the most balking, the A1 Bandle shoot at the Independent Gun Club grounds began at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The opening shoot was at ten single and five pair American clay birds, for the Bandle twin team rings, valued at $50, between H. Hill and J. C. Small, of Aurora, Ind., and P. Nose and W. Small, of Miamitown, Ohio. This was won by the Aurora (Ind.) team, they scoring 37 out of a possible 40 to the Miamitown team's 31. Hill, of the winning team, scored straight.

Match No. 2, at 10 single clay birds, entrance $1, opened with sixteen entries. Nose and Cole divided first money on straight. Bandle and McPhee took second money, and Hill won third alone.

Match No. 3, at same number of birds and entrance, opened with fourteen entries. Nose won first money on straight score. Bandle, Hill, J. C. Small and McPhee divided second money on nine each, and Lark won third alone.

Match No. 4, conditionally, same as No. 3, opened with fifteen entries. Bandle, Lark and Cole tied on ten straight, which was won by Bandle after scoring 19 to Lark's 18 out of 20 in the shoot-off. J. C. Small won second on nine, and Harris, Henry, Murphy and J. Small divided first money on 8 each.

Match No. 5, five birds, 30yds. rise, five ground traps, English rules, entrance $3, opened with twenty-eight entries. First money was won by McPhee, Jackson and Strobel by winning straight. Bandle, Murphy, J. M. G., Shott and Bing divided second money, and Goldrick, Bemis, Nelson, Hill and Jones divided third.

Match No. 6, five live birds, conditions same as previous match, opened with twenty-two entries, but after shooting at three birds each the contestants agreed to withdraw their entrance owing to lack of birds to finish the match. Bandle, Bemis, Murphy, Nose, J. M. G., Hill, McPhee, W. C. H. and Bing had all killed straight at the time the match was called.

Match No. 7, ten single American clay bird, entrance $1, opened with twenty-nine entries. Bandle, Lark, Jackson and Bemis scored nine each, which in the shoot-off was won by Bandle by scoring nine out of ten again. Maynard, in the shoot-off, after scoring eight, won second money by scoring five straight, and J. M. G., after a good shoot-off, won third on seven.

PROFESSOR SMITH.—Newark, N.J., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In perusing the columns of your paper from time to time I have seen a few items in regard to rapidity shooting, but have never seen any particular test of 100 or 1,000 shots. I inclose you an account of what I accomplished on Oct. 22 with three repeating rifles ,22cal., distance 30ft. I shot 1,000 shots in 21m. 35s. at a target with a center 1½in. in diameter. Nine-tenths of the shots were inside of a 3in. circle. I would like to hear from some others that are interested in this matter.—PROF. LEVI W. SMITH, Teacher and Practical All-round Shot.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 20.—The 2d regiment (C. N. G.) rifle tournament was held at Quinnipiac range to-day. The scores in each team match (200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each target) were as follows: Co. K, Wallingford, 409; Co. E, New Haven, 399; field and staff team, 286; Co. D, 312; Co. I, 309; Co. F, 359; Co. A, 327. The individual match was won by Lieut. Walker, with a score of 32, Lieut. La Barnes second, with 31. The officers match was also won by Lieut. Walker, score 32, Lieut. La Barnes, second, score 31.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 22.—Score made by the Our Own Rifle Club, of Newark, N. J., at their last shooting night, Oct. 20: Team 1: Weeks 104, Bertram 100, Kuothe 98, Weider 95, Fred. Freiensehner 106, Steutler 110, Hahn 90, Laute 92, F. A. Freiensehner 109—904. Team 2: Snellen 105, Drexler 92, J. M. Kiefer 100, Condit 98, O. A. Kiefer 106, Bander 88, Kroeplin 94, Bayer 101, Willms 103—887.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 20.—There was a fair attendance at the regular shoot of the East End Gun Club at Blue Rock Springs this afternoon. The sky darkened early in the afternoon and very good shooting was therefore not expected, although the members spent an enjoyable afternoon at the sport and some of them made good scores. The targets used were blue rock pigeons. C. C. Hogan won the first badge with a score of 18 at 18yds. rise and D. Auld won the second badge with a score of 17 at 18yds. rise. It was the second shot of the club under the handicap rules and the change from class shooting meets the approval of all the members. The usual team shoot which followed the badge shoot was at live birds. The match was not close enough to be very exciting. Stoneman and Dr. Craft were visitors at the shoot. The score is as follows:

The Badge Shoot.

A B Jones	0101111001010100111—12	Calhoun	1100101101101001111—13
Sweetman	1010110001010010111—12	D Auld	1111101101101111111—17
Wherry	0010111111111101111—16	Conger	0111101011111110101—15
Elfred	1010001011011010111—11	P North	0111011110100111111—15
C H Kilby	0101100001011001111—10	Stoneman	0100110101001011111—12
C C Hogan	1110111111011111111—18	Dr Craft	1110010011000000011—10

Team Shoot.

Paul North	1111111110—9	Stoneman	0110011101—6
A B Jones	1111111010—8	Wherry	1101111111—9
Elfred	0010101111—6	Conger	1001111110—7
W L Calhoun	1100111110—6	W L Calhoun	0000010000—1
C C Hogan	1010111111—8	Auld	0010101101—5
Sweetman	1111011101—7—44	Kilby	0100110110—5—38

NEW BEDFORD, Oct. 18.—The Acushnet Gun Club shot to-day for the last time this season at its grounds in Acushnet. The members expected to meet the New Bedford Gun Club once more before the season is closed, but the latter seemed to hold off. To-day's scores are given below. Twenty birds apiece were allowed. The first ten against each marksman represents clays and the next ten bats:

C A Gray	0110111110 1111111111—17
J G Whalon	1111101011 1101110111—16
C H Keyon	0101011101 0111111111—15
W Durfee	0111111110 0101110010—14
Job Spooner	0011101100 1110111011—13
C A Gray, Jr	0110101011 1101101111—13
J H Lowe	1100110110 1111001010—11
G H Spooner	1010100000 0011111011—10—109

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—There was a fair attendance of shotgun men engaged in shooting for prizes at Walnut Hill to-day. Snow won the gold Macomber badge and Smith headed the list of prize winners in the merchandise match. E. J. Neal secured first prize in the visitor's part of the latter match. Appended are the names of the winners in the sweepstakes event. Six clay-pigeons, Adams first, Smith second, Stanton third; 6 clay-pigeons, Nichols first, Adams and Stanton second, Jones and Warren third; 6 Macomber birds, Stanton and Snow first, Nichols and Adams second, Smith third; 10 Macombers (badge sweep), Adams first, Snow second, Warren and Jones third: 5 pairs Macombers (badge sweep), Snow first, Nichols second, Stanton third; 10 clay-pigeons (merchandise sweep), Smith first, Warren second, Stanton and Snow third; 5 pairs bats (merchandise sweep), Warren first, Smith second, Adams and Nichols third. Walkup match—Three pairs clays, Smith first, Neale second, Warren third; 6 clay-pigeons, straightaway, 35yds., Stanton first, Smith and Nichols second, Neale and Snow third; 5 clay-pigeons (Arkenson match), Nichols and Adams first, Smith second, Neale and Stanton third; 5 clays straightaway, Nichols first, Stanton and Snow second, Warren and Neale third; 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton and Nichols first, Snow second, Smith third; 5 bats, Stanton and Smith first, Snow second, Adams third; 6 bats, Stanton first, Adams and Nichols second, Neale third; 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton first, Snow second, Warren third; 6 clays, straightaway, Stanton first, Snow second, Warren third. Macomber badge match—Snow, singles 8, doubles 9, total 17; Nichols 8, 8, 16; Adams 9, 6, 15; Stanton 8, 6, 14; Smith 8, 6, 14; Warren 5, 3, 8. Merchandise match—Smith, singles 10, doubles 8, total 18; Warren 8, 9, 17; Stanton 7, 8, 15; Snow 7, 6, 13; Jones 5, 8, 13; Adams 5, 7, 12; Nichols 5, 7, 12.

WELLINGTON, Oct. 22.—The wind made shooting rather difficult this afternoon, yet Perry scored one point for first in the Merchandise match, Sanborn, Gerry and Snow a point each for second, and Bradstreet one for third. The other events were won as follows: 10 pigeons Sanborn, 10 blackbirds Gerry, 6 blackbirds Gerry, 6 pigeons Snow, 6 blue rocks Gerry, 6 pigeons Gerry, 6 blue rocks Snow, 6 blue rocks, Snow, Dan and Adams, 6 pigeons Pratt, 6 blackbirds Gerry, 6 pigeons Warren, 6 blackbirds Snow and Perry. There will be a tournament of the Wellington Gun Club at the range, Oct. 27, shooting to begin at 10 A. M. The leading contest will be for the Climax diamond badge now held by H. G. Wheeler.

PIQUA, O., Oct. 14.—Dr. Hyde was declared the winner of the gold medal at the Gun Club shoot here, beating in the final shoot Racine and Vogt, who were in a tie with him. The contest was a 25 bird match, 5 traps, 14yds. rise. Dr. R. L. Hyde broke 20, Ed Racine 20, C. H. Vogt 20, John Franz 17, Aug. Schneyer 14, John Long 14 and A. B. Vandervecr 14. Hyde wears the medal until his score is beaten.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY shot a match Sept. 30, at Nunhead, Eng., at 50 blue rocks, 5 traps, 25yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, using a 20-bore gun, 3¼oz. shot. She scored 41 out of the 50.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1886-87.

Commodore: R. J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: WM. M. CARTER, Trenton, N. J.

OFFICERS-ELECT 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON, } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX, }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div. Henry Stanton R. W. Bailey E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div. L. Q. Jones Geo. M. Barney W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div. A. D. T. McGachen. W. G. McKendrick. S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

CANOEING AT DUBUQUE.—Beside their regular weekly trips the members of the Dubuque C. C. made a cruise of 183 miles on Decoration Day. The club is now incorporated in the new Dubuque Boating Association, which will build a $3,000 club house this winter. The club now numbers 140 active members.

CANOEING AT FALL RIVER.—The Massasoit C. C., of Fall River, Mass., was organized on Oct. 17, with the following officers: Com., Nathan C. Drool; Vice-Com., J. B. Richards; Rear-Com., Howard Jackson; Sec. and Treas., Wm. O. Anthony, 142 North Main street.

NOTUS SAIL PLAN.—The height of mizenmast should be 11ft. 4in., not 6ft. 4in., as given last week.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE amendments to the constitution given herewith will be presented at the meeting of the executive committee, which will be held in Albany on Nov. 12. The two weeks which intervene will give time for a discussion and explanation of the various points involved through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, and we hope to hear fully from canoeists before our next issue. By this means every member, though unable to attend the meetings, may have a voice in the legislation of the A. C. A., though there are few, we are sorry to say, who avail themselves of the privilege. The proposed changes are all for the purpose of strengthening and improving the Association, and the officers who are actively engaged should receive the aid of all members to the extent of a careful criticism of all proposed measures and the suggestion of any possible improvement. The main question of the meeting will be that of next year's meet, where it will be held. In this all are interested, and as a decision must be made at the meeting now is the time for suggestions and criticism, not after the matter has been finally settled. As the Eastern Division has declined to hold the meet this year, as they were entitled to, it remains in the Central Division again. A number of sites have been mentioned, some very good, but none possesses such an evident superiority that it can at once be decided on, and the question will no doubt be thoroughly discussed in the meeting before a decision is reached. The St. Lawrence, Lake George, Shinnecock and Peconic Bays, Lake Champlain and the lakes of central New York have all been proposed, the choice at present being in favor of Lake George. The committee will be glad to hear of eligible sites and to have all possible information concerning them, as well as the ones mentioned above. We hope to hear from those who are interested in the meet, and our columns are open to them for suggestions and a discussion of the subject.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

GENTLEMEN—Pursuant to the provisions of Article XI. of the Constitution, which requires that proposed amendments to the Constitution be published in general terms in the official organ two weeks before they can be submitted to the Executive Committee, the undersigned gives notice that at the Executive Committee meeting to be held in November, 1887, he will move that the Constitution be amended in the following particulars, viz.:

I. That the provision in Section 2 of Article V., that the Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer shall hold office for one year from the first day of November following their election, or until their successors are elected, be amended by providing that if they are elected before the first day of November following the camp, they shall hold office for one year from said first day of November, or until their successors are elected; but if elected after said first day of November they shall hold office from the time of their election to the first day of the following November, or until their successors are elected.

The point of this proposed amendment is, that as the Constitution now reads, if the Commodore for any reason should not be elected at the camp he could be elected at the Executive Committee meeting in November, and if elected in November, the present provision of the Constitution might bear the construction that he would hold office for one year from the 1st of November following, in other words, for two years.

II. That Section 1 of Article VI. be amended by striking out the provision that the Executive Committee at its meeting held at the A. C. A. camp shall determine the locality of the next A. C. A. camp, and by inserting instead thereof a provision that the locality of the next A. C. A. camp, each year, shall be determined by the Executive Committee at it annual meeting in November.

III. That the provision in Section 2 of Article V., that the Commodore shall be elected from each division in turn, and that the A. C. A. meet shall be held within the territory of the several divisions in turn, be repealed.

IV. That Article VII. be amended by striking from the list of the duties of the Commodore the provision that he shall pass on the qualification of names whenever published for membership, and by inserting a provision that he shall pass upon appeals from the decisions of the Vice-Commodores, and by inserting at the end of Article IX. a provision that any member feeling aggrieved by any decision or a Vice-Commodore upon the subject of admission to membership, may appeal to the Commodore.

V. That Article XI. be amended by providing that the Constitution may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at a meeting of the Executive Committee or by a writing signed by the Commodore and two-thirds of the members of the Executive Committee, provided the proposed amendments be published as provided in the Article.

VI. That a new article be inserted in the Constitution as follows, viz.:

Article —. The ex-Commodores of the A.C.A., so long as they are members of the A. C. A., in good standing, shall have the right to attend meetings of the Executive Committee, and when attending and present at such meetings shall have all the rights of, and for the time being be, members of that Committee.

VII. That a new article be inserted in the Constitution as follows, viz.:

Article —. Any officer of the Association may be removed from office, and any member of the Association may be expelled from the Association by the Executive Committee, for cause, in the manner to be prescribed in the By-Laws and after having had an opportunity to be heard.

Very respectfully,
HENRY STANTON.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.

MY PARTNER GETS TIPPED OUT.

IT was the frisky canoe that gave my partner the tip. In canoeing, some, if not all, pass through phases of feeling something like this. If the very first venture is successful there is a liability to over-confidence and consequent carelessness. A canoe is sensitive and will not put up with any indifference to its claims for affectionate attention. Hence in an unguarded moment it reminds its human freight that it is a very agile craft and exceedingly slippery on the bottom. The result is a wet and humble man. There follows a stage of timidity and extra carefulness, when the canoeman does not stand up any more to cast his flies, and feels like parting his hair in the middle when he sits down. With practice, however, he soon emerges from this into a comfortable state of both confidence and carefulness.

My partner was a thorough novice in canoeing and was highly pleased, as every sensible man must be, with the bird-like qualities of the canoe. He was also delighted with its steadiness and general good behavior, and wondered at reports he had heard of the crankiness of such craft, not perceiving that I was balancing and looking out for him all the time. I told him a canoe was good enough and safe enough, only a man must be properly careful and be careful all the time. It would not do for him to take a vacation and go sitting on the gunwale. I could see that my admonitions had little effect, but I chuckled to myself and bided my time. I knew his time would come.

We left Kinco one afternoon, paddled north about ten miles and into Duck Cove at the head of which we were to camp that night. As soon as we touched shore I struck into the woods to locate a road we wanted to use next day to reach Duck Pond. When I returned to the landing I found the wettest man I had seen since leaving home. He had undertaken to unload the canoe. He lifted a bundle, gave a mighty heave, when the canoe like a live thing greased and in a tremendous hurry, went from under him in a wink's time, and he was lying down all under in 18in. of water. It surprised my partner a good deal. Before that he did not know a canoe was so sudden. It also for a time seriously damaged his good feelings and confidence. The affair was rather unheroic and I credit myself with phenomenal self-control for not making game of him, which I did not. For a few days he was in the timid stage, but by natural development soon came to the ease and address of a well-regulated canoeman. But that overturn did him a power of good.

PITTSFIELD.

A SPRING MEET ON NEWARK BAY.

THE following notice explains itself. The camp this year was very badly located, and the proposed site will be far better, though it has some serious objections. Nothing has yet been done toward a local meet about New York and the Hudson, but it might be well to unite in a meet with the Passaic canoeists. Newark Bay is near New York, the ground and water are good for camping and racing, the only objection being the beach. Many upriver canoeists would be glad to come down, and a very large meet is probable:

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Passaic river canoeists propose to make the meet on that river a permanent fixture. For that purpose a committee composed of members from the different clubs on the river, have already met and selected a site for the camp.

The meet next year will be held on Newark Bay. In holding it there it is expected that a greater number of New York and Brooklyn canoeists will attend, a better course can be obtained, and the mosquitoes—well, they couldn't be much worse than at Dundee. A date has not yet been settled, and probably will not until early next spring.

RICHARD HOBART.

59 HALSEY STREET, Newark, N. J.

THROUGH THE WYOMING VALLEY.

CANOEING, although a sport that is still young—in its infancy, in fact—is making rapid strides forward. There is a charm about these dainty little boats that no other craft possesses. They are so light and graceful. The slightest touch of the paddle seems to endow them with life and send them flying over the water. It is a fascinating sport, and those who enjoy it are not few. The approach of summer heralds the opening of the canoeing season and witnesses the departure of many canoe clubs on their annual tour. The St. Lawrence, with its tempting rapids and thousand isles, is a favorite resort, while the lakes and rivers of northern Maine possess charms for some. But there are numerous other beautiful streams which present to the canoeist attractions almost as great.

In the summer of 1886 three of us came down the north branch of the Susquehanna. We each had a canvas canoe and carried a complete outfit. We started in at Towanda, which point we reached by rail. Our first camp was on an island a mile below, where we pitched our tent beside a canoe club from Philadelphia. They had started at Cooperstown on the lake which gives birth to the Susquehanna.

Our experience the first night was rather trying. A violent storm came up about 10 o'clock, and, after excavating a small canal under our tent, the rain loosened the stakes and down came tent and all. We crawled out into the black darkness and pouring rain. Our new acquaintances, who with wisdom aforethought had made themselves secure, were powerless to help us, as their tent was already packed to its utmost capacity. The prospect of spending six hours in the rain stared us gloomily in the face, and there seemed to be no other alternative.

Our courage was at its lowest ebb, when some one called out from the tent: "Why don't you fellows go over to that old house?" Our spirits rose on the instant. We had noticed on landing a deserted house across the island, but had never given it another thought.

With difficulty we lighted a lantern, and after splashing through small lakes and wading ankle deep in mud, we were fortunate enough to strike the house. An inspection of its one room brought to light an old bedstead, two or three broken chairs, and a large seine. The place was evidently frequented by fishing parties. With the aid of an old box we soon had a roaring blaze on the fireplace, and in the course of an hour we were fairly dry again.

At dawn the clouds broke, and with the promise of fair weather before us we left our retreat and prepared breakfast. We found our canoes all right, with the exception of a little rain which had penetrated the canvas covering. The other party intended to remain in camp here a few days. They gathered on the bank to see us off, and amid a chorus of good wishes we paddled out into the stream. We struck a strong current and were soon carried out of sight of our first camp.

For the first eighty miles of our trip the river flowed in a serpentine course through Bradford county, thence into Wyoming county and through the whole length of the lower Wyoming Valley, which Campbell has gifted with more than historical interest, by his beautiful poem "Gertrude of Wyoming."

The scenery was grand and of such a varied nature as to excite our highest admiration. Wild and rugged mountains gave place to gently sloping fields and forest, dotted here and there with farm houses or perhaps some pretty village nestling in among the hills. Frequently a thicker cluster of trees than usual, and the distant sound of falling water, marked the spot where some mountain stream mingled with the river. Sometimes the resonant peal of the ferryman's bell, which called him to his post, awoke the echoes. We ran across these sleepy old boats every few miles. Some of them were in the last stages of decay, and appeared ready to sink at any moment. One day, while paddling backward watching a trolling spoon I had thrown out, I ran into one broadside. I was considerably shaken up, but the copper plate bow saved the canoe from injury.

Every place we stopped seemed to be connected in some way with the early history of the country. "Here was the spot," one old farmer told us, "where Sullivan's army had encamped." Another pointed out the place where a battle had been fought, and showed us a couple of old skulls and tomahawks he had ploughed up at different times. Nor are the present occupants of the Wyoming valley ignorant of the horrible scenes of bloodshed and cruelty which were enacted there in 1778. Many of them are household traditions to which we listened with great interest, and at night when we had pitched our tent along the mountain and gathered around the camp-fire, our imaginations used to run riot with us until we fancied we could hear the shriek of the savage echoing through the valley.

The first day from Towanda we lunched at Standing Stone, not the so-called village, but the stone itself, two miles below, which at a distance presents a very striking appearance. It is a huge slab, rising thirty or forty feet in the air. It stands just at the foot of a steep mountain, partly on land and partly in the water, and has stood there for centuries. One side of it reflects in rude carving and paint the names of many who have paid it a visit. The dates run back many years. One ambitious person, filled perhaps with the spirit of George Washington, has outstripped all his competitors, and placed his name three feet above them all.

The river pursues a very crooked course, and is wide and sluggish at some places, at others swift and narrow. You paddle idly along through deep, calm water. The river is wide and you hardly realize that you are moving. But almost imperceptibly the current has become swifter, and a distant roar strikes your ear. And now away below you a line of white foam appears, glittering in the sunlight. The river is getting narrow and the shores seem to be closing in. You are moving so rapidly that the bottom appears to be flying from under you, and suddenly you dash into a mass of foam and spray, splashing waves and black rocks, that rise up around you like grim spectres. You dart recklessly on, just missing that sharp rock, scraping your keel on another, and cleaving a path through waves that threaten to submerge you. The worst is over, and before you realize that you are safely through, the swift current has whirled you round a bend, the river widens again, and you are floating calmly along, with the distant roar of the falls still ringing in your ears. A few miles further and you repeat the experience. The rapids are numerous, but, as a rule, are not dangerous. We were very fortunate in meeting with few mishaps, though we had some very narrow escapes. On approaching rapids no opportunity was afforded us of picking a channel, as the swift current always carried us right into them at breakneck speed.

We usually avoided the heat of the day by making an early start, paddling until the sun was well up, and stopping off until the afternoon.

At daybreak the river seemed to be alive with bass, leaping out of water and dashing themselves almost on shore in reckless pursuit of small fish. We caught a great many by trolling as we floated along. Black bass and yellow perch were very plentiful and once in a while we were fortunate enough to get a salmon. Yellow perch are very gamy fish, and we had a great deal of sport catching them. They frequent deep spots along shore where patches of grass and weeds grow in the water. They bit voraciously and struggled so hard that we invariably thought we had hooked much larger fish. Most of them were about the size of large sunfish, but we caught a couple of splendid fellows that must have weighed a pound and a half apiece. After leaving the Wyoming Valley they disappeared, and we did not catch another one.

Starting out early in the afternoon we would travel until 5 or 6 o'clock, and then camp for the night, picking out some grassy spot with a spring close by if possible.

One night darkness overtook us before we could find a suitable camping place. On one side the mountain sloped abruptly into the water. The other shore was simply a gravel bed extending from the river some yards back to a tangled thicket of young trees and dense undergrowth. We chose the gravel bed, and as it was impossible to drive stakes through the rocky soil, we stretched our tent over two canoes and slept on the pebbles. Our dreams that night rather resembled nightmare, and morning found us fully convinced that some of the pebbles had penetrated us, an impression which a plunge in the cool depths of the river could scarce eradicate. We were very careful after that to avoid a similar experience.

We would have remained longer in the lovely Wyoming Valley, but the greater part of our journey still lay before us. We had spent a few days at Skinner's Eddy where we found the fishing the best along the river, and had camped a while near Tunkhannock, and now we were near the end of the Valley. Late one afternoon, we rounded a bend in the river and saw below us Pittston with its smokestacks and huge coal breakers. We did not stop, but passed by the city and camped that night on an island a mile below.

The following day we made an early start, and stopped at the Wyoming monument which marks the scene of the dreadful massacre. Many of the victims are buried under it though some lie in Forty Fort cemetery, which is about two miles below. Near the cemetery, and right on the bank of the river, a flagstaff marks the site of old Forty Fort. The last trace of the fortification disappeared a few years ago. We wandered over the ground, and after diligent search picked up a couple of flint arrow heads and part of a tomahawk. At noon we reached Wilkesbarre.

We stayed here until late in the afternoon, and then to avoid the nine miles of back water from the Nanticoke dam, we put our canoes on the deck of a steamboat and went down to Nanticoke. The boat touched half way at Plymouth, which was still suffering from the epidemic. We were very careful to drink no river water in that vicinity. That night we camped along the river near Nanticoke.

A regular vendetta appears to exist between canal boatmen and the miners here. We went into the town a while but our stay was short. The English language actually seemed to be at a discount here. The streets were thronged with Poles, Russians, Hungarians, Italians, and various other nationalities. Every other house appeared to be a saloon. On our way back to camp we got sandwiched in between a number of boatmen and a pursuing party of miners. As neutrals we were allowed to withdraw, and we had hardly reached camp when we heard the sounds of conflict behind us. The next day we took our canoes around the dam via the canal, as the chute was closed.

We had a stiff up-stream breeze that day which prevented us from getting any further than Shickshinny. The following day, which was Saturday, we reached Berwick about 12 o'clock.

The river just below seemed to be a mass of rapids. We were warned not to attempt to go through them. Several persons told us they were impassable and advised us to carry our canoes around. But with recklessness born of self-confidence we determined to trust to our usual good fortune to carry us through in safety.

At the very beginning my canoe struck a rock and was instantly turned broadside and whirled over and over. I was hurled out, and grasping the canoe I with difficulty succeeded in reaching shore, half swimming, half wading through the furious water. My companions seeing what lay before them had jumped out and reached the shore as best they could. I found the keel torn nearly off of my canoe, and the afternoon was consumed in drying off and making repairs. We finally got off about 4 o'clock, and with the aid of a swift current we soon paddled down five miles and stopped to spend Sunday near Creecy. We were fortunate in finding a beautiful spot to camp with a spring of ice cold water pouring out of the ground right beside our tent.

We left here Monday morning, and passing Bloomsburg and Rupert, we soon reached Catawissa. Toward evening we passed Danville and camped a mile below.

The next day was the hottest of the season. The extreme heat combined with an up wind so retarded our progress that it was nearly sundown when we reached Sunbury and paddled out into the waters of the main river. We struck across and pitched our camp at Shamokin Dam. While preparing supper we were surprised by a visit from a friend who was spending a few days here for the fishing. He dropped down on us with a box of cigars and a package of papers containing home news. He was as welcome as the flowers in spring, for his was the first familiar face we had seen.

This was Tuesday night; we pushed straight on all day Wednesday, passing through a great deal of rough water, but fortunately without any serious accident. At noon on Thursday we passed through the beautiful Kittatinny Gap at Rockville, and entered on familiar water again. We stopped on an island where we had often camped, for general repairs, throwing away our useless articles, and packing up all our baggage.

About 4 o'clock we floated round a bend and Harrisburg lay before us, the dome of the Capitol glittering in the rays of the setting sun, as if bidding us a welcome back to the trammels of civilized life again.

We had derived an immense amount of enjoyment from our trip, and, with a view to the future, had made ourselves well acquainted with the river. The approach of summer will no doubt find us preparing for another canoe trip, and inclined to exclaim with the poet:

> Bring us the air of hills and forests,
> The sweet aroma of birch and pine;
> Give us a waft of the north wind, laden
> With sweetbrier odors and breath of kine.
>
> W. M. GRAYDON.

A SNEAKBOX ON THE POTOMAC.

I HAVE just finished reading "Seneca's" article in the FOREST AND STREAM of this date (Oct. 20), and aside from the pleasure it gives me to read one of the dear old fellow's breezy articles, I appreciated it more because a recent experience of mine in another fellow's "box" has verified to my mind nearly everything he says about the comfort and convenience of the style of boat he advocates.

I have long thought that it was about the sort of craft that would suit me, but as I had never seen one I hesitated about buying, fearful that after all I might get something that I wouldn't like. You see I'm a Benedict, and wish to share my pleasures with my wife and babies, and a canoe can hardly be considered just the thing for that purpose. Besides, when you've piled all the stuff that "Seneca" mentions into a canoe of the A C. A. dimensions, you are inclined to the opinion that you had better take along another canoe for yourself.

Canoes are jolly things for a race or a paddle, but when it comes to a cruise you will generally find some big-hearted and big-boated fellow taking along a good deal of the duffle necessary to the comfort of the boys in the smaller boats. At least that has been my experience and observation on the few cruises that I've made. On the 3d of this month our club inaugurated a week's meet some fifteen miles down the river, at a beautiful spot near the home of the immortal George. On the morning of that day six boats with a man in each left the club house at Georgetown for the chosen spot. One of them was a large canoe, almost a yawl. Another was a racing machine, with room in her cockpit for an immense centerboard trunk and a small portion of the anatomy of her skipper. Three others were canoes of the conventional type, and the remaining one was a sneakbox.

It is safe to say that the "Sneaky" as the boys called her, carried as much of a load as any three of the others put together. Added to that she was soon forced to take on board the occupant of one of the canoes, who couldn't sail, and to tow his heavily laden boat in the bargain. The consequence was that she reached camp about an hour after the others, but during the trip her crew were able to move about, stretch out, prepare for a meet, and do divers and sundry other things that couldn't have been accomplished in a canoe without imminent risk of a bath.

We were in camp a week, during which time the Sneaky was in almost constant requisition by the boys who would go duckling, or rowing, or sailing, or take out some visitors or something else for which their canoes were unsuited. During that week I was never once worried about her getting bumped or scratched or left ashore with the tide, or anything else, while the others were constantly going down to the landing at all times of the night and day to see about their boats.

One day after returning after an early ducking trip, and while I was at breakfast, three of the boys quietly sneaked down to the Sneaky, and went out for a sail. After finishing my breakfast I started down to the landing when I found one of the liveliest little southeast gales "a-blowin'" that I ever met with. I was told about the boys and the Sneaky, and must confess to a little apprehension, for I didn't know what she could stand. There were only two sails in sight and they were both under double reef, and were too large at that for the sneakbox.

For an hour I scanned the river without seeing anything of her, but at the end of that time I saw her coming around Mt. Vernon wharf under a "spruce breeze." The boys came in jolly and wet, said that they had found a heavy sea on outside in the channel, and while all three were seated on the weather deck holding on to the boom (just to try her), the boom snapped and they came near going over. For a moment I wished they had. Think of three stout young fellows holding a small spar not 2in. in diameter. No wonder it snapped. However, they came off with no worse damage than a broken boom and the loss of the rudder, which became unshipped in the heavy sea. They had a wholesome regard for Old Sneaky after that, as not one of their boats could have stood up in that blow.

Well, to make a long story short, she was the most useful boat at the meet during the entire week, and at the end of it I rowed her thirteen miles (I sailed two when the wind died out) heavily loaded, and with a loaded canoe astern, and felt no ill effects from it afterward. She was as easy a rowing boat as I want to handle for a long pull, and barring one other canoeist who paddled light, I was the only one of those who started that day to reach our boat house that night.

I shall be glad to once more follow in the footsteps of the father of canoeing in these waters, "Seneca," who can do anything but roast a pig, and if I don't have a cruiser by next summer, it won't be for lack of determination.

SKIPPER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IANTHE C. C.—On election day many of the Passaic River canoeists will gather in the neighborhood of the Ianthe C. C. house to take part in a series of scrub races for prizes offered by different members of the club.—IDLEMERE.

Yachting.

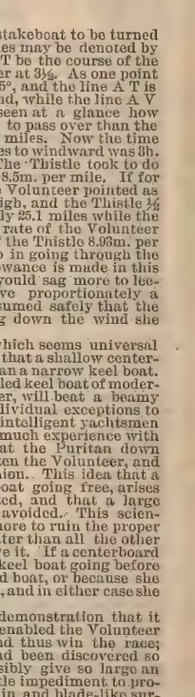
VOLUNTEER AND THISTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was evident, as the result of the first race between the Volunteer and the Thistle, that the former out-pointed and out-sailed the latter. It was different with the second race, and many of those who were capable of judging were of the opinion that the cutter, although she did not point as high as the sloop, actually went as fast or even faster through the water. It would seem as if this belief was well founded.

Let us suppose that the Volunteer was able to point only ½ point higher than the Thistle. The best that Volunteer would probably do would be 3½ points from the wind. This is good pointing from even the best of boats and was probably not surpassed on this occasion, when the sea was disproportionately high for the wind. This would make the Thistle point 4 points from the wind.

The shortest distance over which the Thistle could pass in going 20 miles to windward would be, at 4 points, 28.3 miles, while the Volunteer, by pointing ½ point higher, would only have to sail 26.1 miles or nearly 2¼ miles less than the Thistle. This will be made clearer by a glance at the accompanying diagram, in which for simplicity we will suppose that the boats each make but a single tack. This is all the more allowable, since each boat did in fact tack within two or three minutes of each other except just at the stakeboat, thus getting about the same slant of wind.



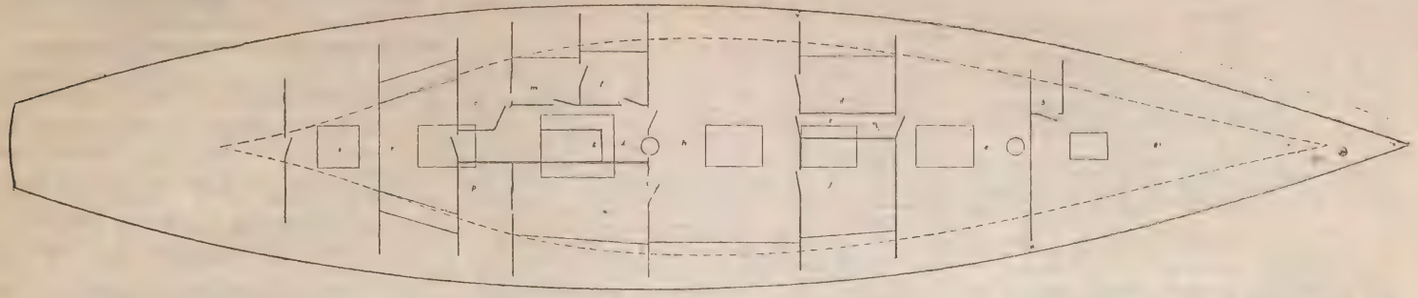
Let A be the starting point and B the stakeboat to be turned twenty miles dead to windward. These miles may be denoted by the intervals on the line 1, 2, 3, etc. Let A T be the course of the Thistle at 4 points, and A V that or Volunteer at 3½. As one point of the compass is 11.25°, four points will be 45°, and the line A T is 45° with the line A B, the direction of the wind, while the line A V is one-half point less or 39.38°. It will be seen at a glance how much greater distance the Thistle will have to pass over than the Volunteer, amounting, as said above, to 2.2 miles. Now the time which the Volunteer took to do her 26.1 miles to windward was 3h. and 46m., or at the rate of 8.6m. per mile. The Thistle took to do her 28.3 miles 4h. and some odd seconds or 8.5m. per mile. If for the sake of the argument we allow that the Volunteer pointed as high as 3¾ points, which is phenomenally high, and the Thistle ½ point less, then the Volunteer would sail only 25.1 miles while the Thistle would have to sail 26.87 miles. The rate of the Volunteer would then be one mile in 9m. and that of the Thistle 8.93m. per mile, so that the rate of speed of the two in going through the water is about as equal as possible. No allowance is made in this calculation for leeway, but as the Thistle would sag more to leeward than the Volunteer, she would have proportionately a greater distance to sail. It may then be assumed safely that the cutter did sail as fast as the sloop; going down the wind she actually beat her 2m. 54s.

This brings up for discussion an opinion which seems universal abroad and very prevalent here and that is, that a shallow centerboard boat will sail faster down the wind than a narrow keel boat. The reverse is true; that is to say, a well modeled keel boat of moderate beam, so as to get the requisite sail power, will beat a beamy centerboard before the wind. There are individual exceptions to this rule, but nevertheless it is a rule, as all intelligent yachtsmen on this side of the water, who have had much experience with both kinds of boats know. The Genesta beat the Puritan down the wind and the Thistle has twice beaten the Volunteer, and would always do so, in the writer's opinion. This idea that a centerboard must necessarily be at a keel boat going free, arises from the fact that the board could be elevated, and that a large amount of friction, or "skin resistance," be avoided. This scientific dogma of "skin resistance" has done more to ruin the proper shape of a boat on the other side of the water than all the other scientific contributions have done to improve it. If a centerboard boat beats, to any considerable degree, a keel boat going before the wind it is because she is a better modeled boat, or because she can carry a disproportionate amount of sail, and in either case she would have beaten her, board or no board.

It would seem to follow from the above demonstration that it was the board, and the board alone, which enabled the Volunteer to beat the Thistle in going to windward, and thus win the race; and it would certainly seem as if nothing had been discovered so far in naval architecture which can possibly give so large an amount of lateral resistance, with so little impediment to progress in close sailing, as a deep-reaching, thin and blade-like surface. For this reason the belief is very prevalent that all the skill and all the money in the world will not enable the best designed keel boat to go to windward with the best designed centerboard, and that so long as the contest is a windward one, so long it will be a waste of time and money for the keel to try to beat the sloop.

There are many who think differently, however, and these, especially the English, point to the undoubted fact that time and again the centerboards have been beaten by the cutters, and they furnish as a most notable example of this the career of Clara. This has certainly been phenomenal, and the Clara is, in the estimation of the writer, the most perfect specimen of modeling he has ever seen. She is as beautiful as she is fast. But the question comes up whether she has ever met a boat which is on the same plane with her. The Clara is the result of an evolution of a large number of boats of about her size, to produce which everything which skill could devise or money procure was employed. This is by no means the case with her competitors. The Cinderella is the only boat that pretends to represent the modern element of designing in a first-class sloop, and she is certainly far from a perfect specimen. She is too broad and too shallow, and does not carry her sail as she ought, or rather this was her condition when she met the Clara in the first year of her existence. She has been very much improved since then and is much faster, so that on one occasion she was beaten by the Clara when it blew hard only a couple of minutes. It has not been shown yet what the pick of a lot of Burgess boats of the same waterline would do against the Clara; and it is precisely the same thing with the Pappoose. No fair judgment can be formed until a larger number of modern centerboard boats have been built in this class and a larger number of races sailed.

Now, as to the size of the boats for the Cup races. When the competitor was chosen a few years ago by our English friends, the Genesta, a large-sized cutter, was selected, and as we did not possess any sloops large enough to contend against her we were compelled to build one. The following year a still larger boat was sent, and we were forced to build again to meet this increased size. Since the defeat of the Thistle, however, our English friends think, and have expressed the opinion in their journals, that the larger sloops do comparatively better against the larger cutters than the smaller sloops against the smaller cutters. It has therefore been suggested by them that the smallest boat allowable under the deed of gift should be built. This would be a boat of thirty tons, and their writers seem to be convinced of the fact that the regatta committee would follow their inclinations in this matter all through the scale of boat building, from the lowest to the highest. It is not at all sure, however, that the committee would do that. They might justly say that as the Cup races have assumed a national aspect it is only right and proper that the contestants should be of the first class, and should be the fastest and best examples of naval architecture, and this is best represented by the larger class of vessels. All the more would this



INTERIOR OF SCHOONER YACHT YAMPA—DESIGNED BY A. CARY SMITH, ESQ.

a, Forecastle.
b, W. C.
c, Galley.
d, Stateroom.
e, Passage.
f, Breakfast room.
h, Main saloon.
i, Passage.
k, Companion.
l, Stateroom.
m, Stateroom.
n, Owner's room.
o, Toilet.
p, Owner's toilet.
r, After saloon.
s, Captain and mate.

seem to be right and proper as it was our antagonists who selected the class. The committee might then well say, you may send a thirty ton boat if you choose, but we think it our duty to defend the Cup with the ablest exponent which we have, and this we have found in the larger class.

If, in answer to this, our English friends did send a 30-tonner, they would be assuredly beaten, for no 30-tonner that was ever built could save her time off the Volunteer. The Clara did not do it off the Mayflower in the Goclet Cup race of 1886; and what would she, or any other 30 or even 50-tonner do, against the Volunteer?

We know, as yet, little or nothing of the proper penalty which these large boats ought to pay for size, as they were at once elevated into a class of their own. It would, however, appear that they are, under the present ruling, taxed far too little.

The only way, then, for our transatlantic friends to get the Cup would appear to be to build a still larger cutter, and here they would be met at once with a still larger sloop.

Both the FOREST AND STREAM and one of its able correspondents have expressed the idea that in the Volunteer the acme of perfection in that class of boats has been reached, while the development of the keel can be carried still a good deal further. It would appear to the writer just the reverse, and that the possibilities of the centerboard are just in the beginning of their development. Of course, the limit must be reached pretty soon where the beam can be lessened and the draft increased; but it is a question whether even that has been reached in the Volunteer. It may well be that it has not, and the writer believes that a foot less beam and a foot more draft would make a boat which would be as fast in going to windward and more speedy before the wind. This can only be told by experiment. Moreover, the construction of the Volunteer is very faulty. She is a thing of bumps and billows from stem to stern. There is one on her starboard bow and one on her starboard quarter, and when one stands directly in front of her one sees nothing but a series of receding scollops formed by her frames and plates. All this might be rectified in another boat on the same lines. Then, again, it has not been shown that she will not carry a larger amount of sail. At any rate, if no improvements are made in her, she will be as all boats are, several minutes faster the second year than she was the first.

The trouble with our generous rivals is that they have been building boats for many years all on one plan without any comparison with other styles—indeed deliberately shutting their eyes even against such a suggestion. They have said to themselves, and pretty loudly too, to the rest of the world, "The Irex is the fastest boat in these waters and therefore in the world, and as the newly-built Thistle is faster than the Irex she must be by far the fastest boat in the universe." It ought to be said here, in justice to the boats themselves, that so far as the international series of races is concerned the poor things have all been badly—sometimes wretchedly—sailed.

The problem then which the English designers have before them, since the Irex is their criterion, is to build a keel boat of 85 or 86ft. waterline, which shall be able to give the Irex 20 to 25 minutes in a beat to windward of 20 miles; or if they take the Thistle from 15 to 18 minutes. This is not an easy problem; to many it would seem a hopeless one.

In conclusion I would say that it would appear as if the time had arrived when we are compelled to draw the line between a cruising and a racing boat. The future cruising boat will probably be a finely modelled keel with light spars and a moderate rig—a stronger, safer and on the whole a faster boat than the centerboard, because in cruising there is on the average more free sailing than windward work. The future racing boat, or if it is preferred, racing machine, will probably have moderate beam, deeper draft and more outside ballast. In other words a keel boat plus the board. This, I am aware, is contrary to the opinion of Mr. Bell, who frequently repeated before the race the opinion, that "the centerboard must go;" and go she did, and very fast, too.

X.

AN ENGLISH OPINION of Kunhardt's "Steam Yachts and Launches" is given in the London *Nautical Gazette*. From the notice, which is highly complimentary, we take the following: "The facilities for amateur navigation on the vast inland waters of the North American Continent, and along its extensive seaboard, are so great that it is not surprising to find yachting in all its forms flourishing vigorously in that part of the world. We know, to our cost, that in the matter of sailing yachts the Americans have managed to retain the international cup for many years by the superior racing craft they have, from time to time opposed to our best yachts, and wealthy United States merchants spare no expense in the construction and fitting out of commodious steam yachts, on board of which they, their families and friends, can voyage with comfort on their comparatively smooth and magnificent internal waterways. In connection with this special development of yachting enterprise in America, the publication of a work, such as this before us, may reasonably be expected to be of some value. The volume comes to us with a sort of prestige, and we certainly expect to find it complete and serviceable. In the case of Mr. Kunhardt's book, we may at once say that such an expectation is amply realized; it is a thoroughly good book; it accomplishes its author's object in being 'sufficiently comprehensive, and elementary at the same time, to suit the yacht owner's object of acquiring a general understanding of the whole, with specific information and data covering the most recent practice.' In view of the present extent and probable expansion of steam yachting, it is most desirable that those who employ such vessels should be possessed of some knowledge concerning the motive power and the mechanical arrangements by which their conveyances are propelled, and those who desire to make themselves acquainted with such matters cannot do better than read Mr. Kunhardt's book."

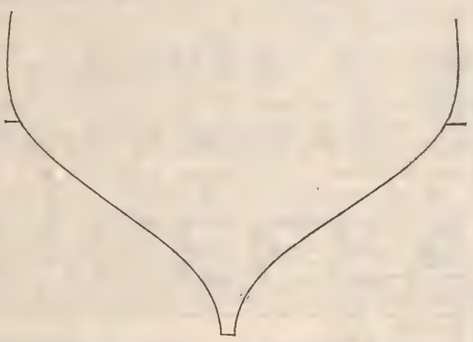
HOW VOLUNTEER WAS SAILED.—A great many things have come to the surface since the international races which prove that the American sloop was handled immeasurably better than her Scotch rival. On the Volunteer in the first race little schemes were being worked continually to get all the speed possible out of the yacht. First all the crew would be to windward, then as the wind lightened half of them would shift to leeward, and at times when the breeze was lightest all the crew were to leeward. This accounts for the angle which the Volunteer took going down to the Narrows, when every one thought she had more wind than the Thistle. Then again, after she got through the Narrows and caught the freshening breeze, it was the weight of half the crew to leeward that gave her such a list and made it look as though she had a fine breeze. Men were stretched along by the tackles which were secured to the sheets, and as the breeze lightened the sheets were eased a trifle to give the boat life, and were flattened again whenever there was a little more air. An outrigger was used to trim the jibtopsail. So many were the contrivances used for getting a little more speed that Mr. Wylie, the representative of the Thistle, was amazed, and declared after the race that he "had no idea the Americans sailed their yachts so well." On the Thistle, on the other hand, nothing at all was done after the start. Sheets were trimmed flat, the crew were assigned a fixed position, and all maneuvering thereafter was confined to the helmsman. This accounts in great measure for the "deadness" which characterized the Thistle's movements, as contrasted with her lively antagonist.—*Boston Globe*.

THE LAUNCH OF THE YAMPA.

TO the casual observer who has followed the season's yachting and read only of the doings of Volunteer and Thistle in the papers, it may seem as though cruising was of little importance to yachtsmen and that racing only engrossed the attention of all. That this is not the case, however, and that cruising is receiving its full meed of favor, and advancing hand in hand with racing, is shown by the recent additions to the cruising fleet and most of all by the latest, the steel cruiser Yampa, launched on Saturday last at Wilmington.

Throughout the entire season some fine little cruisers have been launched, only last week we chronicled the commencement of a cruiser of large size, but the yacht just launched is not only the largest, but the finest of the late additions to the fleet, a vessel that will be a credit to American yachting in every sea she floats on.

Like Fortuna and Intrepid, the two finest yachts which America has sent abroad for many years, the new yacht is from the drawing board of Mr. A. Cary Smith, the birthplace also of Iroquois, Oriole, Norna and Whim, each with a record already made. The step from the latter, a little wooden boat of 50ft., to the staunch and stately Yampa, is a long one, and yet the two are very closely connected. In 1885 the Whim was designed by Mr. Smith to the order of a gentleman not then known to yachtsmen, in fact a tyro, who desired to do some yachting about the Florida coast in company with his wife, and who named his first boat very appropriately the Whim. The little vessel took her stores and water in New York in the late fall and ran down the beach, encountering some very bad weather, but arriving safely in Florida. Lightened



SCHOONER YAMPA—MIDSHIP SECTION.

of her stores, she drew but 30in., and so was able to run into many interesting places from which most boats of her size are debarred, while her excellent seagoing qualities enabled her to do an amount of coasting and sea work which most very shoal boats are not capable of. Her owner, Mr. C. W. Chapin, found yachting to be so much to his taste that he determined to make it more than a whim, and on returning to New York in the spring the little boat, which made the trip up again in safety, was offered for sale, and an order placed with Mr. Smith for a far larger craft for the following fall, the owner's business taking him away from the water during the regular yachting season.

The new vessel, first christened Julia, but so well known since as Iroquois, was a steel schooner of 81ft. l.w.l., a centerboard boat drawing 9ft. Leaving New York late in the season Mr. Chapin spent the winter on board with his family about the Florida coast and the West Indies, the passage from Key West to Havana being made several times in very bad weather. The yacht not only proved herself an excellent seaboat, being both dry and easy, but she showed such indications of speed that Mr. Chapin determined to race her, and ordered an entire new outfit of spars and sails. Before these were ready, however, he sold the yacht to Mr. T. J. Coolidge, of Boston, who raced her this season. Another yacht was at once ordered from the same designer and builders, and this one will be ready in the course of another month for far longer voyages than either Whim or Iroquois.

The Yampa is a deep water cruiser in every sense of the word, the main object of her designer being to secure comfort and safety. The leading dimensions are:

Length over all	134ft.
Length on l.w.l.	110ft.
Beam, extreme	27ft. 1in.
Draft	13ft. 6in.
Ballast	95 tons.
Displacement	235 tons.
SPARS—	
Foremast, deck to hounds	65ft. 6in.
Head	11ft.
Foretopmast, heel to hounds	33ft. 6in.
Fore boom	33ft. 6in.
Mainboom	70ft.
Foregaff	30ft.
Maingaff	37ft.
Bowsprit, outboard	17ft.
Jibboom	16ft. 6in.
Squaresail yard	56ft.

In model the new boat is much like her predecessor, except that a deeper keel replaces the centerboard of the Iroquois. The Yampa has the same overhanging stem and the same stern as the other, in fact above water there will be little but size to distinguish the two hulls. Below, the sternpost has a draft of 13ft. 6in. with a moderate rake, about 20 degrees, the keel rising from the heel of the sternpost. The forefoot is moderately cut away, the draft all being in the form of drag aft. The form of the midship section is shown in the accompanying diagram. The least freeboard is about 4ft., with an 18in. bulwark and 3in. rail on top. The breadth is shown in the accompanying cabin plan. The hull is of mild steel throughout, the plating running from bottom of keel to rail without a break, all being flush. The keel contains 45 tons of lead cast solid between the floors, besides 50 tons of pigs stowed on top, so that she practically has a lead keel of 95 tons, or all "outside" ballast. The planksheer and deck are of white pine, the latter 2¼in. square. The side plating is carried up to form the bulwark, the rail above, 3x6in., being of teak. The hatch coamings and deck fittings are also of the latter wood.

Below the hull is divided by two full bulkheads, one abaft the galley and the other abaft the after saloon. The hold is of course quite deep, allowing plenty of room for water and stores, the deck above it being of 1⅛in. matched pine for the whole length of the vessel. The forecastle is nearly 30ft. long, with 8ft. headroom. The galley takes 13ft. of the length of the yacht, the space next abaft it being divided into a breakfast room 9x12ft. in extreme dimensions, a passage, and on the port side a stateroom. The main saloon is a fine appartment, 14ft. 6in. long and of the full width of the yacht, nearly 26ft. inside. Abaft it is the owner's room, 13ft. long, with bathroom adjoining, while on the port side of the passage are two smaller staterooms and a second toilet room. The passage and companion are very wide and roomy. The after cabin is 7ft. 6in. long and of the full width of this part of the ship, and abaft it, on the other side of the steel bulkhead, are the quarters for the captain and mate. The finish below will be in white pine, with furniture of mahogany especially designed for the yacht. Everything will be rich and elegant but there will be no attempt at shore decoration in the form of marble and stained glass. Deadlights are provided in the side for all the cabins. The spars are of Oregon pine, 20 and 21in. respectively, and are two of the handsomest sticks ever put in a vessel. They are perfectly clear from heel to head, with but little taper, while the mastheads are considerably reduced in size above the peak halliard blocks. The work about the mastheads is very fine, good oak cheek pieces, cross and trestle trees of locust, iron collars for the eyes of the shrouds and very well-proportioned hangers for the throat and peak blocks.

The yacht was built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, builders of Mischief, Priscilla, Electra, Nourmahal, Susquehanna, Iroquois and Alva, and as in all their boats the workmanship is excellent. The plating is very smoothly laid, and the woodwork, from the rail and hatch coamings to the joiner and cabinet work below, is all of the best. The sails will be made by Sawyer, and Philip Low will rig the yacht.

On Saturday last she lay on the ways, the cradle running the whole length and being very accurately fitted. The water, Christiana Creek, is so narrow opposite the yard that great care is necessary in launching, and the building ways are all laid at an angle with the shore line and the course of the river instead of at right angles to the bank, so as to give as long a run as possible to the vessels in launching. A heavy snubbing line is always used, rove through a compressor, so as to stop the boat as soon as she is fairly afloat. At 5 P. M. the tide was high and all was ready, and a few minutes later Mr. Chapin arrived from New York, in company with his little daughter Pauline. The word was given to rally up as soon as they were on board and the wedges were quickly sent home. Owing to the rocker of the keel no splitting of the keel blocks was required, the after part of the keel only resting on trip shores that dropped as she began to move aft. As soon as she was wedged up the planks holding the bilgeways and groundways together were sawn off and the yacht rushed swiftly into the water. As she made her bow to the land little Miss Chapin broke the bottle over the bows and christened her "Yampa," an Indian name for bear. The yacht will be completed in about a month and will then come to New York for a short time before sailing for a winter cruise in the West Indies.

CHALLENGES FOR THE CUP.

THUS far none of the rumored challenges from Ireland, Scotland and Nova Scotia have materialized, and there seems little likelihood that they will. Mr. Sweet has written to Secretary Bird of the N. Y. Y. C. stating that he will build a yacht of 69ft. l.w.l. to challenge for the Cup, according to the notice given in his previous letter. The subject of the revision of the deed of gift will come up at the meeting of the club to-night.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB, Oct. 23.—Twenty-first weekly cruise. Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles. Weather clear and cool, wind very light S. E., afterward fresh from the same quarter, making it a run to the buoy and a beat back. The start was made at 9 A. M.:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Priscilla, tuckup, E. Stanley	11 14 38	2 15 15
Gracie, skiff, E. A. Leopold	11 25 50	2 17 47
Josephine, tuckup, E. Powers	11 19 00	2 18 25
Flying Eagle, tuckup, J. Berndt	11 25 53	2 25 53
Lulu, tuckup, James Frith	11 28 20	2 28 09
Igidious, tuckup, Rachell Bros.	11 26 29	2 28 19
Princess, canoe, C. Wainwright	11 38 05	2 30 48
Bowers, tuckup, C. DeHaven	11 33 41	2 33 41
Iola, ducker, Geo. Walker	Withdrew.	

Winner, champion pennant, Priscilla. At 10:24:30 the entire fleet were grouped within 100yds. of the outer mark. They were so closely bunched that each boat was overlapped by several others. At this time the wind freshened, the Gracie catching the first puff, jibed around the mark at 10:25, the others following about ten seconds later, nearly all of the eight boats being in collision while rounding. No damage was done and no protests were made. The windward work soon scattered the fleet with the above result. Judge, Thomas Rochell.

YACHT DESIGNING AND SUPERINTENDENCE.—We call attention to the advertisement on another page of Mr. William Gardner, who has lately returned to New York, where he will follow his profession of designer and naval architect. Mr. Gardner, after graduating in 1881, at Cornell University, spent some time in practical work at Roach's shipyard, Chester, where he gained a thorough knowledge of practical construction. The following three years were spent under the instruction of the professors of the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, Eng. On leaving there Mr. Gardner visited and inspected the leading shipyards of England and Scotland. We have had the pleasure of inspecting several designs and models, among them a keel yacht of the first class, and one for a war vessel of 4,600 tons, with a speed of twenty-one knots, which will be submitted to the Government after a further appropriation for new cruisers has been made. Another design is for a high speed steam yacht of 200ft., embodying some points entirely new in steam yacht construction, and giving an unusual amount of accommodation. Mr. Gardner is prepared to design and to superintend the construction of vessels of all kinds, for pleasure, commerce or war purposes. He is also the agent for the cement used on Thistle, as well as several other important specialties little known in this country.

"WASSERSPORT."—The number of *Wassersport* for Oct. 4 comes to us in an enlarged form and with a new heading, as the paper has lately been consolidated with "*Ahoi!*" the other yachting weekly of Germany. The prosperous growth of *Wassersport* and its present condition speaks well for the interest in yachting throughout the German Empire, as well as for the energy and enterprise of the gentlemen connected with it. Mr. Fritz Grunbacher, the present editor, is well known as a rowing man and writer on rowing and training. Canoeing is sharing the general prosperity of water sports in Germany, and a department of the paper is devoted to it. The present number contains very good illustrations of the leading American canoes.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE DEED OF GIFT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your comments on the revision of the deed of trust of the international yacht cup won by the America, which appeared in your issue of Oct. 13, were very timely and to the point.

The various rules of measurement, which from time to time have been in force for measuring yachts for allowance of time in yacht racing, have been the primal cause of bad models, besides a fruitful source of contention in challenge races.

In regard to the rules to be laid down in the new deed of trust, I beg to offer two or three suggestions which will leave no room for contention in the future, and will prevent the Cup from being won by unfair rules of measurement or by a fluke.

Let the measurement be the total dimensions of a yacht, by adding together the length over all, extreme beam and depth of hold. It is plainly evident that this is the only rule which will not tax the model of a yacht or cause designers to go to extremes in the dimensions not included in the rule of measurement, such as the extreme overhang fore and aft of the Volunteer and Thistle.

No race should be made unless the winning yacht averaged eight statute miles or more per hour over the course. This would prevent the Cup from being won by a fluke in a drifting match and without a test of models.

No single-masted vessel should be allowed to compete for the Cup which measured less than 100 nor more than 150ft. in total dimensions, and no two-masted vessel measuring less than 130 nor more than 180ft. in total dimensions should be allowed to compete for it.

A limit to the total dimensions of yachts competing for the Cup should be made, because the total dimensions of the America is 132ft., and a 30-ton yawl should not be allowed to capture a prize won by such a noble specimen of marine architecture as the schooner yacht America.

The foregoing rules should govern in all future contests for the international cup, no matter on which side of the Atlantic it may be, because some of our yachtsmen have gone nearly daft on cutter models, and would sooner see the Cup lost than won by a centerboard boat.

Total dimension measurement, however, should govern in future contests for the Cup, more particularly because under other measurement rules we have not improved the model of our yachts since the America was built in 1851.

The Volunteer, with all the wind she wanted from start to finish, was not able to average ten statute miles per hour in her second race with the Thistle, and her time has been beaten several times over the New York Y. C. course by yachts not as well rigged and ballasted as she.

Unquestionably we have improved in rig and ballast but not in models.

The total sum of the dimensions of the Thistle is 142½ft., the Volunteer 140ft. and the America 132ft. In a 20-mile race to windward and return the Thistle should allow the Volunteer 50 seconds and the America 3⅘ minutes. If the America was sloop rigged and ballasted equal to the Volunteer, she would undoubtedly prove to be the best model either on or off the wind. O. F. B.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 19.

[We cannot agree with our correspondent in his views as to measurement; the first result of such a rule as he proposes would be to cut off practically all the overhang of both Volunteer and Thistle, at once destroying all their beauty without improving them in any way. Until it is proved that an overhang at either end is a detriment no rule should be passed which would prohibit it. The direct tendency of such a rule, too, as long as most races are sailed in light weather, would be to encourage the old skimming dish, certainly a most undesirable type of boat. On the measurement given for Volunteer, 140ft., it would be possible to design an old sloop, say 100ft. over all, 95ft. waterline, 10ft. hold and 30ft. beam. Of course in any moderate weather no honest yacht would have any chance against the sail spread this craft would carry, her depth of keel being left unrestricted by the proposed measurement of hold. It is impossible to frame any rule with a reasonable certainty that in a few years it will not be out of date and working to the detriment of yachting. Looking back ten, fifteen, twenty years, the faults of the various rules then in vogue are plainly seen, and who can say that another dozen years may not witness such advances in yachting as will make the best of the present rules obstructive and bad. While it now seems probable that a length and sail area rule in some form will be the rule of the future, it is still a question which one, and as to the present rule of the New York Y. C. there can be no doubt as to its faults and disadvantages. The extent to which oversparring is encouraged is becoming more and more evident each season, and the rule itself will have to be modified sooner or later. To lay down a fixed and permanent rule, however good it may seem now, which shall govern all coming Cup races, is such an absurd and impossible undertaking that there is little likelihood of it receiving any serious consideration from the committee on the revision of the deed of gift. The action of every rule depends more or less on circumstances and conditions which are constantly changing, and which cannot be relied on from one year to the next. Improvements in construction, greater perfection of model, new ideas as to sparring, increased excellence in sailmaking, the many advances and discoveries in naval architecture and engineering all lead to constant changes in yachting; and any attempt to limit this advance by fixed rules can only result in robbing the international competition for the Cup of the value that has accrued to it of late years. There are some points which can be settled permanently now, before any further races are sailed, but the question of rules and measurement is one that must grow and expand with the development of yachting.]

THE INVENTION OF THE CENTERBOARD.

THE English papers are still discussing the centerboard, and there seems little doubt that some centerboard yachts will be built abroad this winter. Whether the board will be tried on a large scale is doubtful, considering that the Y. R. A. will not admit such a yacht to its races, but the report is current that Mr. Geo. Clark will build a large centerboard yacht, probably of Volunteer's size, from a design by Mr. Wm. Fife, Jr., and that should Mr. Sweet's challenge fail, Mr. Clark will challenge with the new boat. All things considered it does not seem likely that such a boat will be built in the face of the Y. R. A., nor is it at all probable that the rule prohibiting centerboards will be altered at present. Should such a yacht be built, then in Scotland or England she would be barred from all regular events, while there is little likelihood that she would be able to get any private matches with the keel boats. It is probable that the centerboard, thus far confined to small catboats (Unas) and cruising and fishing craft, will be tried more thoroughly than ever before, perhaps in connection with a heavy keel and depth, and such trials may be attended with some valuable results. Should they come into competition with the smaller keel cutters the results cannot fail to be interesting, but there is little likelihood that the keel will ever be superseded by the board in British waters, or that the board will ever be used other than as an auxiliary, a makeshift for shoal water. Just now a strong movement in favor of the centerboard is evident among British yachtsmen, and if it leads to a recognition of centerboard craft as legitimate yachts, and their admission on fair terms to the races, it will be good for British yachting. Should it lead to the adoption of the centerboard, instead of a further improvement of the keel fleet, it will work harm rather than good in the future.

Concerning the propriety of the claim of the British origin of the invention, the following extract is conclusive. There is a link still missing, the early development of the board in America, which some of our readers may be able to supply. Mr. H. A. Schank, a grandson of Captain, afterward Admiral John Schank, writes as follows to the *Field:*

"From the manner in which Volunteer thrashed Thistle, there can be little question that centerboard yachts are the fastest, most weatherly and handiest vessels in existence; then why do we not build a centerboard and fight the Americans with their own weapons? (which to my mind is the only way of bringing the America Cup back to this country). There would probably be an outcry if we adopt and make use of the invention; but by saying let us fight them with their own weapons, I do not admit that the centerboard is American, although, as you remark, they have had an almost exclusive monopoly of this contrivance for more than half a century and have become to regard it as of purely American origin; so with apologies for any plagiarism, it may be of interest to many of your readers to know that it was in America during the fatal contest between the mother countries and her colonies that Admiral John Schank, in a conversation on the art of shipbuilding with His Grace the Duke of Northumberland (then Earl Percy), who was on service there with his regiment, that the idea of sliding keels first suggested itself to the former. His Grace observing that 'if cutters were built much flatter, so as to go on the surface and not draw much water they would sail faster and might still be enabled to carry as much sail and keep up to the wind by having their keels descend to a greater depth; and that the flat side of the keel when presented to the water would even make them able to spread more canvas and hold better wind than on a construction whereby they present only the circular surface of the body to the water.'

"Admiral Schank coincided in this opinion, and observed that if this 'deep keel was made movable and to be screwed upward into a trunk or well formed within the vessel, so as that on necessity she might draw little water, all the advantages might be obtained.'

"After mature consideration of the principle thus suggested, Admiral Schank, in the year 1774, solicited Lord Percy, then at Boston, to permit him to build a boat for his lordship upon that construction. He did so, and it was found to answer in every respect. This boat was built with a single sliding keel, which reached almost her entire length. In 1789 he built a boat at Deptford with three sliding keels, and the following year the Trial cutter was built at Plymouth. Several other vessels were built on the same construction, and were in the service of the Government at the beginning of the present century, among them the Cynthia, sloop of war of 22 guns, which, from a portrait I have of her, appears to have been built with top sides, much after the style of the third-rate frigates of those days, ship rigged, with single topsails, topgallant sails, but no royals. The Lady Nelson, a brig of 60 tons, was also built with sliding keels, and in January, 1800, left the Thames on a voyage of discovery to Australia, and after a safe and rapid passage discovered and named the land between Cape Northumberland and Wilson's Promontory, her log being the most interesting I have ever read. There is a model of this vessel in the Naval Museum at Greenwich. The papers and certificates relating to these vessels are rather voluminous, therefore I will not trespass upon your valuable space with long extracts; but there is no doubt they were all smart, handy craft and most seaworthy.

"The Trial cutter was for many years engaged as a revenue cutter on this coast, and had to take the 'rough with the smooth;' all her officers and men were most unanimous in their praise of her seagoing qualities. She had a large keel amidships, 6ft. wide, a smaller one forward and another aft, each 3ft. wide, and all dropped 6ft. Lieut. M. Mabton and her officers certify that they were never in any vessel of her size that sailed faster or carried a greator press of sail; that she held a good wind, was very stiff, and could tack and wear away very quickly; also that none of the King's cutters ever beat her. It is sometimes held as a reason that we do not have centerboards because they would not be of any use outside the Solent. I do not think that is so, as, from the evidence of the vessels I have named, they proved themselves very seaworthy; and I should say centerboards would be found most suitable for cruisers. After the Trial had been inspected at Woolwich Yard, she left that place, and was proceeding to her station at Plymouth. Mr. James Templer, of Stover, Devon, who had given much of his attention to the improvement of naval architecture, was desirous of seeing the operations and effect of the keels in working the ship. He went on board and sailed in her to the coast of Devon, and on landing wrote that he was more than ever convinced of the great utility of sliding keels. During the voyage the Trial ran into shallow water, and the keels rose and fell without the aid of the winch and without damage. It would, therefore, be a very great advantage to yachts to be able to get into shallow or bar harbors, or to be able to run over rocks, shoals, etc., without coming to grief. Sir Samuel Bentham seems at one time to have been impressed with the advantages of sliding keels, and adopted them in the sloops Arrow and Dart, also the Netley, schooner; but they were afterward taken out on account of the wells leaking; however, this slight difficulty might easily be overcome nowadays with all our modern skill in naval architecture. With the wonderful qualities of the Volunteer before us, I cannot see how we can go wrong in building centerboards, so hope to see them ere long among our yachting navy."

HAMILTON NOTES.—Yachting promises to look up next year about Hamilton, Ont. The yacht club has given new signs of life and will take an active part in the Lake Association races. A new steel cutter from designs by G. L. Watson is to be added to the fleet, also one by Burgess on lines similar to the Pappoose, and the plans of a third cutter have already been received, concerning which Yard, take the following from the Hamilton *Spectator:* "The design and plans of the cutter to be built for Councillor Kilvert and several friends have arrived. They are beautifully finished and complete in all details. The cutter will have a waterline of 32ft. with 10ft. beam, and the lines give an idea of a boat of great stability, comfort and speed. The lower sail area will be 1,100 sq. ft. It will also be provided with a commodious cabin. The gentlemen who propose to build the yacht are very well pleased with the plans. C. P. Kunhardt, of New York, deserves great credit for his work."

AN EXPLOSION ON A STEAM LAUNCH.—On Oct. 23 the small steam launch May lay at the foot of 116th street, East River, the owner Carl Schmidtke being busy getting up steam for a trial trip, though hull and boiler were both old. John and Patrick Cunningham, were in the stern of the boat. When the boat was nearly ready to start the boiler exploded with great voilence, throwing the men into the water. Schmidtke was not seriously injured, but both the others were instantly killed, the bodies being almost cut to pieces by fragments of the boiler, the force of the explosion being principally backward. The boat at once sank.

NEW STEAM YACHTS.—Mr. N. L. Munro has sold the Now Then and it is reported that he has ordered from the Herreshoff Co. a seagoing steam yacht of 135ft. over all to be built of mahogany on the firm's double skin system. The yacht will be designed for great speed. Mr. Munro will also have a smaller boat from the same yard. Mr. John L. Frisbie, of Boston, has lately designed a steam yacht 100ft. long for Mr. Secomb, of New York. She will be built of wood, by Story, of Essex, Mass., at an East Boston yard.

THISTLE AND GALATEA.—Nothing has been heard of Galatea since she was reported a few days out from New York, but on Oct. 18 Thistle was spoken by the schooner Martha A. Bradley, lately arrived at Gloucester. The two were then in lat. 42deg. 44min., and long. 57deg. 46min. A dory from the schooner boarded the yacht and received a supply of water. All were well on board and a good passage thus far was reported. On Oct. 19 the schooner encountered a heavy southerly gale.

ATALANTA.—Mr. Jay Gould's steam yacht sailed from South Brooklyn on Oct. 25, her ostensible destination being Gibraltar, with a stop at Fayal for coal. She will wait at some Mediterranean port for her owner, who proposes to cross by steamer, leaving New York about Dec. 1. The Atalanta is in charge of young Captain Shackford, while her regular commander will cross with Mr. Gould.

ANOTHER CUTTER FOR AMERICA.—Daisie, one of the Clyde 3-tonners, will be brought out next year by Mr. William Clark. She is a Watson boat 28ft. l.w.l. by 4ft. 8in. beam, and has been quite successful in Scotland.

NAPHTHA LAUNCH RACING.—A second race between the naphtha launches of the Electra and Corsair took place on Oct. 25, from Tebo's pier around Buoy 18, Corsair winning by 30sec.

CARRIE E. PHILLIPS.—This name has been chosen for the new Burgess fisherman, in honor of the wife of the principal owner. The boat will be launched this week.

PAPPOOSE.—It is reported that Pappoose has been sold to a New York yachtsman, and that Mr. Adams will build another yacht from Mr. Burgess's designs.

The city contains a goodly number of enthusiastic sportsmen, and already they have made the best record by far of any season for many years. Prominent in this line are A. P. Barrows, J. G. Belrose, Henry R. Conger, W. L. Stone, J. Van Sicklin, W. F. Hendee, and Frank Dunbar. Wildfowl along the lake shore have been and are extraordinarily plenty, and sportsmen are having immense luck. As an example, Messrs. Stone, Conger and Dunbar brought in from "the Sandbar blind," north of the city, as a result of only a few hours shooting last week, five geese and fifteen black ducks and mallards; and Messrs. Belrose, Barrows and Van Sicklin, five geese and two ducks. The geese averaged nearly eleven pounds each, and were splendid specimens. The ducks also made a fine showing. Since then large bags of this variety of game have been brought in every day, and the sport is at its height. The marshes and bogs all along the lake are full of birds that stop over for a day or two on their way south. Over sixty plump geese and five hundred ducks have been brought into the city by local sportsmen thus far this fall, and the season has hardly begun. The lake has unlimited attractions for fall shooting, and is beginning to be appreciated by sportsmen from a distance.—*Burlington (Vt.) Correspondence Argus and Patriot.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

X., New York.—Madge won 6 races out of 7 sailed in America.

H. S. W., Larchwood, Ia.—Write to Dr. Van Hummell, Caldwell, Kan.

G. W., Concord, N. H.—The gun you name is a good one for the price.

F. L.—We have learned of no accidents in connection with the use of the gun.

A. N. O., Newburyport, Macs.—We have no record of the dog, write to his former owner.

F. V. W., Dardanelle, Ark.—"Training vs. Breaking" is the book you want, for sale at this office, price $1.

C., Linden, Mass.—Turk is by imported Rajah and out of imported Brenda. Countess is by Turk and out of Jule (Pierce's Grip—Baby).

F. E. T.—For lice on dogs use Persian insect powder, or a decoction of quassia wood. See full instructions in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 27, 1887, page 11.

C. P. O., New York.—There are few such boats about New York. A small cruiser would cost $400 to build and there are few second-hand ones to be had.

K., Eau Claire, Wis.—Marco (A.K.R. 2477) is by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) and out of Chic (Croxteth—Vinnie). Vinnie was by Dilley's Ranger and out of Corcoran's Bess (Taylor's Shot—Bevin's Nell).

W. E. B., Bristol, R. I.—So much depends upon the rearing of dogs, especially of the larger breeds, that it is impossible to give the average weight or height that puppies should attain at any given year.

B., Earlville, N. Y.—It is impossible to give an intelligent criticism of a dog from a photograph. Distemper is contagious, use Glover's distemper cure. Would not advise you to dock your dog's tail.

J. P. C., Leonia.—A, B, C and D are shooting clay-pigeons, the money is divided in two parts, first and second. A, B and C each break 21 out of 25. D breaks 19. Who is entitled to second money? Ans. If class-shooting, D.

W. S., Fruit Vale.—Hunting rail with a setter or pointer is very apt to seriously injure the dog for hunting other game, as it unsteadies him, and he is liable to acquire the habit of rooting up his birds instead of pointing them.

DEW. P., Salem.—Could a man train a bird dog so that it would be good for anything after studying a book on the subject? Ans. Yes, if there is any material in the dog to work on. Thousands of dogs have been trained by Hammond's book, "Training vs. Breaking," and thousands more will be. We publish it and the price is a dollar.

W. G. V., New York.—We do not know of any fishing places within two or three miles of the City Hall except from the wharves and piers, where boys and some men take a few fish. Occasionally a fair sized bass or other good fish is taken off the Battery. For better fishing go to Staten Island or to Coney Island Creek or down to Jamaica Bay.

L. D. C., New Orleans.—Lloyd's Register would be of little use to you, the price is 15s. per year, about $10 in this country. The term "three beams" signifies only that the length is three times the beam, and refers simply to proportion and not to absolute size. The "Cruise of the Coot" ran through 30 numbers and the "Cruise of the Pilgrim" through some of the same numbers and also through six numbers in 1887. These issues can be had at 10 cents each except a few which will cost 25 cents.

New Publications.

A CANADIAN BOOK ON SPORT.

CHASSE ET PECHE AU CANADA. Par J. M. Le Moine. Quebec: N. S. Hardy, 1887. Paper, 302 pages. Illustrated.

Mr. Le Moine is an industrious and painstaking writer, who delights to delve in grounds overlooked by others, and to bring forth rich treasures of historical and legendary lore. His contributions to the history of Canada have given him a permanent place in the literature of the Dominion. Strange as it may appear, our author has had an opportunity to gratify this penchant for labor in fields neglected by other literary workers, even in the preparation of a work on so common a subject as "Hunting and Fishing." If we are not mistaken, "Chasse et Peche" is the first book on this topic that has come from the French press of Canada. Considering the wealth of that country in game and fish, the great number of ardent sportsmen and the size of the French-speaking population, it is remarkable that when Mr. Le Moine came to prepare a comprehensive sportsman's manual in French for Canadians he should have found the field unoccupied. This, too, might be reckoned by any author a bit of good fortune, for in these days it is difficult to find a pathway of literary endeavor which has not already been trodden.

"Chasse et Peche" is designed to be for Canada in scope and mode of treatment what Mr. Hallock's "Gazetteer" is for North America at large. The first part (dedicated, by the way, to Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec) relates to the hunting of large and small game, treating of the natural history of each species, the methods pursued in its capture, equipments of the chase, dogs, expedients, etc., and the resorts where game is found. These chapters are plentifully besprinkled with incident, anecdote and bits of curious information, and the reader is constantly made mindful in a pleasant way of the author's antiquarian tastes. Here, for instance, is the account of the great game preserve of Gouverneur Montmagny in 1646, which our readers will remember as described by Mr. Le Moine in the columns of this journal some months ago.

The second division of the work treats of fish and fishing, and is supplemented by a series of chapters reviewing the literature of Canadian sport, being a valuable resumé of the works of English, Canadian and American authors, among them being R. B. Roosevelt, Chas. Lanman, Chas. Hallock, A. M. Mayer, H. P. Wells and Geo. M. Fairchild, Jr., whose portrait we recognize as the caribou hunter on page 84. For his labors in their field as contained in this volume, the hunters and anglers of Canada are under obligation to Mr. Le Moine, and we hope that "Chasse et Peche" may be rewarded with the recognition it deserves. It is a pity that the publisher did not see fit to put the book into the board covers it was worthy of.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A MANUAL OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. By Robert Ridgway. Profusely illustrated by 464 outline drawings of the generic characters. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Royal octavo, cloth, gilt. Price $7.50. Deferring for the present our review of this work, we quote from the prospectus: "The object of this work is to furnish a convenient manual of North American Ornithology, reduced to the smallest compass by the omission of everything that is not absolutely necessary for determining the character of any given specimen, and including, besides the correct nomenclature of each species, a statement of its natural habitat, and other concomitant data. The analytical keys are unlike any previously used for any ornithological work in America, and are a model of simplicity, conciseness and utility. They answer exactly the purpose for which they are intended, all the essential characters being given, while their strictly dichotomous and antithetical arrangement is so entirely free from the confusion of headings and various complications of the older synoptical tables, that the merest tyro is able to at once understand and use them with absolute certainty of satisfactory results. Not only are the essential characters of every species and subspecies given, but the various plumages of each, depending on sex, age and season, are carefully distinguished. The nest and eggs are concisely described, the measurements of the latter expressing the average dimensions of a number of specimens selected for the purpose, and from which all abnormalities have been excluded. Measurements of the birds themselves are, whenever desirable for greater exactness of comparison with allied forms, made, whenever practical, from large series, in which case not only the extremes but also the averages are given. The geographical limits of the work also conform to those adopted by the American Ornithologists' Union; but it has been deemed advisable, for the special benefit of observers or investigators along our southern border, to include in the synopses all Mexican Cuban and Bahaman species of each North American genus, and also, in the keys to the genera, additional Mexican genera. Special exception to geographical limitation has been

made in the case of the petrels and albatrosses, pelagic birds whose fortuitous wanderings render it possible for almost any species to occur in our waters as an accidental visitor."

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS: a Practical Treatise. By Chas. L. Flint. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 398 pp. Price $2.

PARLOR GAMES FOR THE WISE AND OTHERWISE. By H. E. H. The O. M. Hubbard Co., Rochester, N. Y. Boards, 96 pp. Price 50 cents.

READY ABOUT; or, Sailing the Boat. One of the Boat Builder Series. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 333 pp. Price $1.25.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIVISION OF FORESTRY FOR 1886. B. E. Fernow, Chief of Division. Washington: Department of Agriculture, 1887.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW; His Life, his Works and his Friendships. By George Lowell Austin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 419 pp. Price $2.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FOREST COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK FOR 1886. Prepared by the Secretary. Transmitted to the Legislature April 13, 1887.

A LIST OF THE MAMMALS OF MANITOBA. By Ernest E. Thompson, formerly of Carberry, and a corresponding member of the Society. Transactions of the Manitoba Scientific and Historical Society, No. 23. This is a new edition, reset and printed in better style than the first edition. Manitoba Historical Society. Price 25 cents.

FORESTRY DIVISION BULLETIN NO. 1. Report on the Relation of Railroads to Forest Supplies and Forestry. Together with appendices on the structure of some timber ties, their behavior, and the cause of their decay in the wood-bed; on wood preservation: on metal ties, and on the use of spark arresters. Compiled by the Chief of the Forestry Division. Washington: Department of Agriculture, 1887.

It was reported that a son of Baring, the English banker, was lost in the West while on a hunting expedition. A dispatch from Lethbridge, Northwest Territory, says the young man has returned there. He was snowbound ten days.—*Ottawa (Canada) Free Press.*

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

Perhaps it may be interesting to your readers to hear how Mr. Ira Waterman got the best of the proverbially sagacious and crafty crows. I will try to tell the story as he told it to me. Although he is chiefly interested in raising big corn and rare kinds of grain, yet he enjoys a tilt with the woodchucks and crows; and has a happy way of setting off his prowess with the gun. After looking over his fine farm one day and listening to views upon the comparative merits of Russian and Japanese oats, I ventured to inquire if he was ever troubled by crows pulling his corn. "No, sir," he replied, "the crows don't trouble as much as they did. The crow families about here have dwindled a good deal since last year. George and I got a snap on them last spring that discouraged them some, and they havn't visited us much since." "You poisoned them I presume," said I, remembering my own experience and recalling the painful fact that the crows had not been much discouraged on account of my own efforts with a gun. "Yes, sir, I poisoned them with lead, cold lead. I'll tell you how it was. We had been troubled for several years by crows and they had got pretty plenty about here. Well, last spring we had a dead calf and kept him until he got just right, then we took him out in the gully there back of the barn and left him on the snow about six rods in front of that bank you see there. The snow had drifted over and made a steep bank about 10ft. high. We commenced well back toward the barn and dug underneath the snow till we got to the bank, then we made a room several feet long and high enough so we could stand up and move about comfortably. We had two port holes arranged so that we could see the carcass and know what was going on. If you had stood three rods from that bank you couldn't hear what was going on inside. We could talk as much as we pleased and the crows could not hear it. George had a double barrel gun and I a single one, and when the crows got to coming we went down and entered our fort. We could see dozens of them, cawing and strutting about; we could not see our calf; nothing but crows as thick as they could stand. I told George to take the right hand side and I would the left. I counted one, two, three, and we fired. You never saw such a fluttering and jumping; crows everywhere. Some flew and dropped more than half a mile away. We got sixteen at that one blast. Two or three times after that we got fifteen at a lick in the same way. I killed ten at one shot with my single barrel, and once we knocked over fifteen at once and one hawk. My son stuffed him, I wish you could see him; he is a big one." How many did you kill in all, I asked. "One hundred and ten in sixteen days. Can any of your breechloaders beat that?" I admitted that I was generally satisfied if I got one down at a time, and that I frequently failed to do even that. But didn't they get shy at last, I inquired. "No, sir, a crow isn't afraid unless he can see something, and don't you see there wasn't anything to be seen, so they kept coming till the snow melted and then our jig was up."—*W. in Lake Grove (N. Y.) News.*

Canvasback duck shooting will begin on the Havre de Grace flats in Chesapeake Bay on Nov. 1. The migration of wildfowl from the north during the past few days of cooler weather has been unusually large. On Monday an almost unbroken flight of coots passed down the Jersey coast. Old gunners watched them flying by all day. Already the flats at Havre de Grace are covered with fowl, mostly canvasbacks and redheads. It is greatly to be deplored that means cannot be taken to stop illegal shooting of the night gunners, who, with their big punt guns, drive the fowl away.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner, Oct. 19.*

Several of the largest landowners in West Prussia have formed a society to promote the breeding of wild turkeys, which are not only very good game, but they are also excellent at table. There was a flock of wild turkeys, which was estimated at 2,000, in Richmond Park up to the reign of George II., and the Duke of Cumberland bred them in Windsor Great Park. There was also a flock at Holkham early in the present century, and it was there discovered that a brown Norfolk turkey may be made to resemble the wild bird by fattening it with walnuts soaked in water some days before killing.—*London Truth.*

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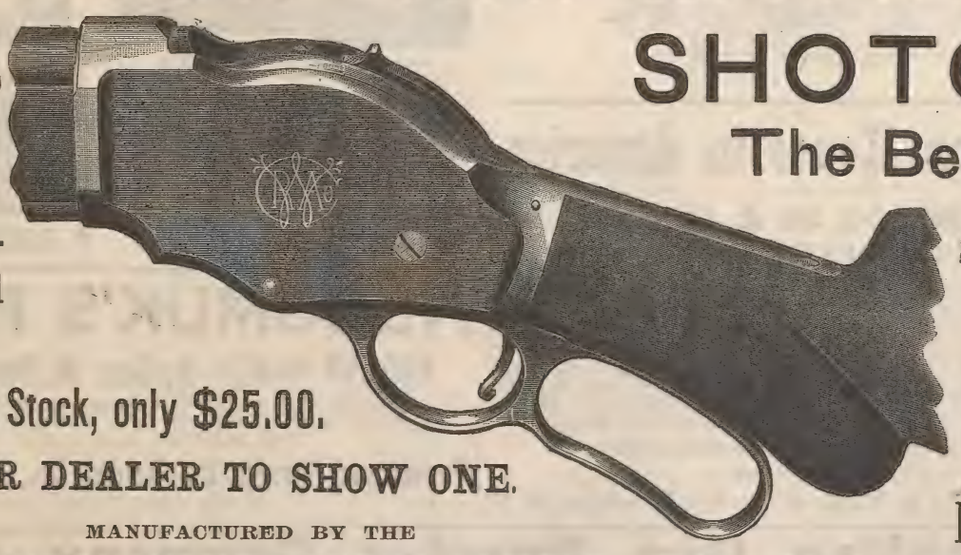
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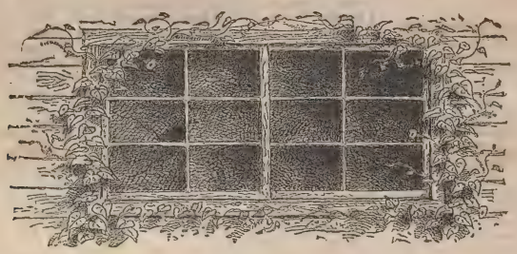
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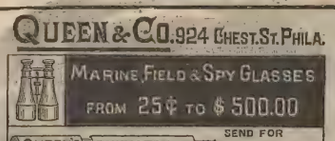
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No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

Nos. 11 and 12 represent the hunter retiring from the marsh and at home, and these two are among the strongest of the set.

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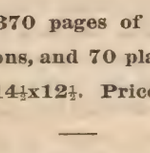
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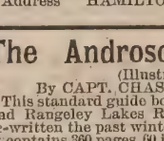
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IT MAY SOLVE THE BAIT QUESTION.

UNDER the terms of the present treaty, American fishermen are forbidden to purchase bait in British ports. Cod-fishing crews going out from Gloucester and other ports of the United States take with them supplies of herrings and clams for bait; and it sometimes happens that by reason of stress of weather or some other cause the bait is spoiled before it can be used. As we are living in the nineteenth century, it would be the most natural thing in the world, when the bait gives out, to put into the nearest Canadian port and buy a new supply, paying therefor in good United States money at current rates of exchange. Such a transaction, involving the exchange of money for herring, it would appear, ought to satisfy all parties, and it would certainly save to the fishermen the time consumed in sailing back to the United States for bait and returning to the fishing grounds. But the treaty forbids the Yankee to buy his bait in Canada; and it is quite clear that if some improved method of preserving fresh fish were devised, so that the bait taken from the United States would remain fit for use until actually put on to the cod hooks, one grievance of the American fishermen would be mitigated.

There is now in this country an agent of the Roosen process of preserving fish, which has been tested with great success abroad. The method is thus briefly described in the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission:

For many years the value of boracic acid has been recognized as a preservative agent, but it has been left for a German scientist to discover how properly to apply it and rid it of all obnoxious properties or effects. This end is accomplished in the following manner: A strong cask of iron with an adjustable lid is provided, something like the well-known cans for carrying milk, but considerably larger. In this galvanized iron barrel are placed a certain proportion of water and a quantity of boracic and tartaric acid. The latter chemical has the effect of removing the slightest taste of the boracic acid, which, by the way, is perfectly harmless and even health-giving. The fresh fish are then placed in the liquid, as many as the cask will conveniently hold. The lid, which is fitted with a large india rubber ring, so as to make it perfectly air and water-tight, is now adjusted and secured. A small portable force-pump is next fixed to a hole in the lid, and the water is pumped into the cask, expelling all air, which escapes at another little hole in the lid. As soon as the cask is completely full and the air expelled the water begins to flow through the little aperture. An air-tight cap is then screwed tightly on this hole to prevent any further escape. Then the pump is once more set to work forcing in water, until a gauge affixed to the pump shows a pressure of 90 pounds to the square inch. By an ingenious contrivance the second hole in the lid is now hermetically closed, and the force-pump removed. The effect of the enormous pressure on the water is to drive the chemical right into the veins and tissues of the fish, and so prevent organic change in any part. So well is this done that the fish will keep for any length of time, and may be sent with perfect safety to any part of the world.

If the Roosen process be adopted it this country, it will not only have a vast influence on the trade in fresh fish, but it will render practicable the preservation of fresh herring for cod fishing, and make the Yankee skippers independent of British bait; and the occupation of the Capt. Quigleys will be gone.

DITCHERS AND DREDGERS.

THE improvement which has befallen a famous marsh in Mason county, Illinois, is the subject of complaint among the gunners who have grown gray in annual campaigns against the wildfowl that once resorted to that ground in multitude innumerable. The marsh lies, or did lie, along the Illinois River, on the western border of Mason county; and covered something over 200,000 acres. It was a grand shooting resort for ducks and other game. But all its glory has departed. The farmers whose property lies conntiguous have joined with the owners of the marsh lands in an organization called the Mason County Ditch Company; and intent on making wheat and corn grow where only ducks grew before, they have undertaken at an expense of $200,000 to drain the great "waste land," as they call it, and to "reclaim" it, just as if a territory which yielded its yearly crops of ducks was not highly productive instead of wasteful; and as if anybody else had any claim on a piece of land designed by nature for duck hunters. The work has been in progress for some time, and the glory of the Mason marsh has already departed; and they who once knew it shall know it no more. This "improvement" of a good hunting ground into wheat and corn land is of a piece with what is being done in every State in the Union, where ditchers and dredgers are at work and where game resorts are growing beautifully less. This is especially true of many of the Western shooting resorts. The Chicago *Tribune* complains that "the area of duck shooting is gradually retreating in circles around Chicago." It bewails the sport once to be had on the marsh between Englewood and Grand Crossing, on the river at South Chicago, and on the north branch of the Chicago River, from the limits of the city to its source. Stores and dwellings have supplanted bush-blinds and goose-pits. Even Calumet Lake has come to a pass where the hunters outnumber the ducks ten to one.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

IF the ditchers and dredgers are to persevere in their work of reclamation, if marshes are to be converted into populous villages, if fashionable summer and winter hotels are to rise on beach and waste land, if forest lands are to be cleared, if pleasure steamers are to ply on lake and river, if railroads are to gridiron the wilderness, where is it all to end? "Nessmuk" has said "the game must go." Is there any other alternative?

The answer is found in books like the "Guide Book of the Megantic Fish and Game Club," which has just come to hand. This club has acquired the hunting and fishing privilege of a vast extent of territory in the Megantic and Spider Lakes and Upper Dead River region of Maine and Quebec, comprising in all one hundred and twenty square miles. This club is only one of numerous similar organizations already formed or about to be formed, to secure for their own members exclusive rights in fish and game.

Some of these clubs have leased stretches of marsh, mountains and swamps and points, some have taken possession of lakes and rivers and mountain streams. They hedge in their possessions with barb-wire, board fences, trespass signs; they equip game constables and policemen to warn off intruders and eject trespassers; and they answer this question of perpetuity of a game and fish supply by thus setting to work in an efficient way to insure it.

Are these clubs to be denounced as monopolists and their methods to be condemned as monopolistic? Such a charge has been brought against them; but can it be sustained?

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE game law of this State occupies a very hazy position in some of the northern, eastern, southern, western, upper, lower and middle counties. Where the fault lies we do not profess to explain. In some districts it is held that there is no law whatever to protect game birds; and this view is hinted in one of the game law compilations put forth from Albany.

It is said that some of the State game protectors have taken the stand that the song bird section of the act repeals the game bird sections, and these officers accordingly refuse to arrest game bird snarers; and some district attorneys take a like view of the subject. These opinions are local. However sound may be the stand of the non-arresting protectors and the non-prosecuting attorneys in certain districts, it is worthy of note that the laws are still held to be in force in this county, as three grouse snarers learned by practical experience in the Tombs the other day. If officials were disposed to do their duty the law would probably be found to work satisfactorily wherever actually tested.

There is only one district where the model game protector's work is to be seen in perfection. That is the vicinity of Flatbush, Long Island; and passing strange as the paradox may be, the FOREST AND STREAM has received repeated complaints of the raids of Sunday song bird shooters in this locality; it is, in fact, in response to such complaints that we have been advised, by the game protector in person, of the delectable condition of affairs there prevailing. The protector asserts with mild emphasis that no complaints can be made about Sunday shooting there by city hoodlums, because in the first place the Audubon Society has protected the song birds, and in the second place the birds have now all gone south.

The season for newspaper bear stories opens very tamely this year. In place of the ferocious monster that for a number of years has made his appearance in the daily press, reeking with the gore of devoured infants, we now have a mild-mannered brute, which climbs trees to elude defenseless yonng women. Something is clearly at fault: either it is the weakened imagination of the newspaper man, or else the bears themselves are changing their nature; in either case the times are degenerating, and bruin must soon lose his attractions for the reading public.

The Florida shark is a healthy substitute for the bear for all legitimate newspaper purposes, and if duly cultivated it will afford much instruction and entertainment. Here, for example, is a harrowing recital of the fate of a mail-carrier, whose route was from Miami and Lake Worth on the coast. He was crossing an inlet in his boat when the man-eaters beset him, assailed the boat, chewed up the oars, bit out chunks of the gunwale, and having thus made away with the craft, captured the mail-carrier himself. "Another blow on the frail boat and he was thrown headlong into the masses of the fierce seawolves. One shriek of agony and all was over. The sea was dyed for yards around with his life blood. Searching parties were sent out, but nothing found."

At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, held at Washington, a committee was appointed to act in concert with the committee of the New York Academy of Sciences to secure funds for the erection of the proposed Audubon monument, to which reference was made in our last issue. The members of the A. O. U. committee are: Geo. Bird Grinnell, Wm. Dutcher and G. B. Sennett, of this city. It was the feeling of the meeting that all ornithologists and others interested in birds would be glad of an opportunity to contribute to the fund.

Mr. J. E. Bloom has severed all connection with the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., and will enter upon the practice of law in this city.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SHOOTING A LEOPARD.

THERE is no more difficult animal to shoot successfully than the little blue buck (*Cepalophus pygmæus*) of southeastern Africa. It was some time before I could succeed in bagging one, as they frequent only the densest parts of the bush, and are excessively shy and wary, but after a long study of their habits, etc., I managed to become an expert pot-hunter. If in rambling through the bush I heard their shrill whistle, I knew the animal would be found in the same locality on the following day, either at sunrise or sunset, their feeding hours. Selecting a tree as a focus, I would roughly trim out some three or four diverging paths through the thick undergrowth, and my preparations would be complete for a murderous act on the next afternoon, when I would seat myself at the foot of the tree with a ready-cocked, close-shooting gun in hand. So soon as a shadowy form would cross one of the paths the gun would be trained for the next, and the instant it reappeared the trigger would be pulled, and the result would be the death of a small mouse-colored antelope, about 15in. in height. It was simply cold-blooded murder, as I frequently killed them when they were so close to the muzzle of the gun that their heads would be completely blown off.

I had one favorite ambush, about 150yds. from my house, which was within the corporate limits of Durban, Natal, where I was sure of potting one or two a week, but this was some twenty years since, and I doubt if one can be now found within miles of it. While sitting there one afternoon I had quietly amused myself watching the ants cutting up and carrying away a large caterpillar which had been placed in their path, when the low Virginia quail-like call of the Natal bush shrike (*Lanarius quadricolor*) caught my ear, and he soon made his appearance, accompanied by the female, in the lower branches of a small tree, just in front of me.

The retiring habits and bright coloration of the male make him eagerly sought by all bird collectors, and I longed to secure the skin of this one, but wanting a bit of venison for supper, I refrained from firing. They were soon joined by a pair of the lesser puff-backed bush shrike (*Lanarius cubla*) which flitted about in the upper portions of the same tree, thus giving me a fine opportunity of observing the habits of the two species. Quiet *quadricolor* and his mate kept down below, occasionally coming to the ground and turning over the dried leaves in their quest of insects, while the more noisy *cublas* kept above, frequently clambering, tit fashion, along the lower sides of the branches. After watching them for a while, a feeling of drowsiness began to steal over me, no doubt hastened by the monotonous song of the little tinker barbet* (*Barbatula pusilla*) in the topmost branches of the tree against which I leaned. Just then I was aroused by a crash of boughs, followed by the hoarse bark of the revret monkey (*Cercopithecus lalandii*). Slowly recovering consciousness, I began to inwardly swear at a supposed wandering Kaffir, who would interfere with my chances for a pot shot, when my feathered visitors showed signs of alarm. *Quadricolor* and his mate darted into the thick cover with a low quarrelsome note, while *cubla* sounded his harsh stridulous cry, and sailed away over the tops of the undergrowth, looking precisely like a ball of white floss silk with a black spot in its center. They were followed by a troupe of chattering, barking monkeys, swinging and leaping through the trees in every direction, and I began to accumulate an extra supply of Billingsgate Kaffir to launch at the intruder, when a large male leopard stepped into one of my rough hewn paths and suddenly crouched, head on, viciously switching his tail, indicative of a charge. I instinctively leveled the gun at his eyes, hoping to blind him with the contents of both barrels while in the act of leaping, and the instantaneous mental work I performed was something wonderful. I thought of a dozen different ways to get out of my dilemma, and dismissed the lot as impracticable in a twinkling. At the same time it seemed as if my entire body was a huge telegraphic instrument, every infernal click of which seemed to say, "Go home! Go home!" But my suspense was soon ended by the brute rising up and slowly stepping out of sight. Getting up and standing with my back to the tree, I was mentally debating about paying attention to the telegraphic warning, when there was a crash just in front of me, followed by the sharp whistle of a buck, from which I concluded that my late visitor had not only cheated me out of my game supper, but had missed his own also, and I quietly withdrew in the opposite direction, keeping on the alert for "sign" until clear of the bush.

On reaching the house the Kaffirs were started for my neighbors with the information that there was a tiger† in the bush, and all pigs and poultry had better be shut up for the night, while I busied myself in housing and securing several living antelopes in my collection. During the evening while sitting and chafing over my afternoon's experience, the persistent howling of the Kaffirs in their huts, just in the rear of my house, made me wrathfully spring up, with the intention of ordering a cessation of the row. Opening the door, my pettishness turned into mirth on discovering the precautions taken by them to prevent a nocturnal visit from the leopard. It was one of those steaming muggy nights, so frequent in semi-topical climates, but the temperature did not prevent them from having a roaring fire, which cast broad bands of light round about, through openings which they had made in the lower portions of the thatch of the bee-hive shaped structure. They were seated in a circle close around the fire, and singing one of those peculiar Kaffir songs, which consists more of deafening grunts than aught else. Judging that the uproar and light would serve not only as a protection to the Kaffirs, but the antelopes also, I concluded it would be best to stand the infliction, which I had to undergo until morning. We were all stirring early, and the Kaffirs soon found the spoor of my yesterday's acquaintance in the moist sand, but a short distance from the antelope pens. Not being willing to undergo a second night's annoyance, and surmising that the leopard was still in the neighborhood, messengers were dispatched with directions to notify the boys in the vicinity to come up in the afternoon with their dogs, and we would endeavor to force the brute into a tree, so that I could get a fair shot at him.

While engaged in putting the finishing touches on a bird skin, the house was invaded by about a dozen eager youngsters and about an equal number of curs. Stopping my work, I directed them to start the dogs into the bush, promising to join them as soon as the skin had been placed on the drying board. While in the act of hanging the board up beneath the oil cups, to keep off the thieving ants, the yelping of the dogs and shouts of the boys informed me that the game was afoot, and in a few moments an excited lad dashed in, exclaiming, "Hurry up! we have him treed." Picking up my rifle, I followed him out, and in passing the carpenter's bench picked up a hammer and nail which were dropped into one of the pockets of my shooting jacket. On reaching the edge of the bush I found the boys assembled, none daring to venture further, with the exception of my young scout, who had wormed in far enough to see the animal. Placing him just behind me and giving directions to the others to follow "Indian file" with as little noise as possible, we slowly pressed through the undergrowth but a short distance, when a nudge from my little guide caused me to stop, and on looking in the direction pointed, it was with difficulty that I made out the leopard, so well did his spotted skin harmonize with the speckled sunlight playing through the foliage. He was lying at full length on a large limb, some twenty feet from the ground, with his head projected from a fork, snarling at the yelping pack of dogs beneath him. As we approached him from behind, a slight detour was stealthily made, and on reaching the cover of a large tree on his right I found that a fair shot at his head was afforded. A sharp blow with the hammer sufficed to drive in the nail to serve as a rest, and pinching off a few leaves which interfered, I drew a fine sight for the base of his ear. At the crack of the rifle he convulsively sprang upward and fell sprawling among the raging curs, one of which he almost disemboweled and two others severely maimed in his dying struggles.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

*Called "blacksmith" by the colonists, from its ringing, metallic note.

†Colonial name for the leopard.

CAMP LIFE ON DIAMOND POND.

IN the northern part of New Hampshire, about ten miles from the Canada border, among the rear guard of the White Mountains, are two ponds. They are fitly named Little and Big Diamond, for though differing in size they are gems and "gems of purest ray."

This is the location as given on the maps and they lie at a healthy elevation above sea level. Our experience of life there, however, places them at a much higher altitude; above the turmoil and unrest of business and society life, and we should define the limits of the place by bounding it on one side by Elysium, on another by El Dorado, on the third by Utopia; the fourth lying open to a debatable tract by which paradise or Boston are easily accessible.

Tourists may reach this place by different routes, all of which have their merits. A favorite route from this point is by the Sound steamers from New York to Fall River, thence to Boston and from there through the Crawford and Franconia notches in the White Mountains to Lancaster. At this point the tourist will take the Grand Trunk road, under Canadian management, and at once become conscious of a down grade as to comfort and convenience, and by the aid of two senses, become acquainted with the Canucks.

This is the way to go to Diamond Pond, but do not go unless you are a true lover of nature and can find "Tongues in trees, books in the murmuring brooks, sermons in stones," and beauty everywhere in the wild wood. If you are thus qualified, and are sure you will not sigh for beefsteak and vegetables, ceiled walls and carpeted floors, and can fight a good fight with black flies and mosquitoes, you will be safe in going, and we predict for you the best time you ever had in your life. You will need but little baggage; "biled shirts" and bustles, silk dresses and swallow-tailed coats are not "the mode" on the shores of Diamond Pond. As to dress, lightness, warmth and the free use of every muscle of the body are the things to be secured.

Leaving the cars at North Stratford, a drive of twenty-four miles over a good road, through a partially cleared country, will bring you to Little Diamond Pond and to Camp Diamond, consisting of two rude frame buildings and several tents.

On the opposite shore of the pond stands the cabin, as it is styled, where the writer and family have spent many pleasant weeks.

If you feel inclined to go over and take a peep inside, you will be furnished with a boat by the proprietor of Camp Diamond, formerly one of the "Boys in Blue," now a sturdy backwoodsman with a shambling gait, a good face, a slouched hat, brim straight up in front, and keen blue eyes that will "take you all in" while you are walking down to the boat house. You will probably be rowed across the pond by Jimmie, the little lad of all work, and if you have not put your trust in him by the time you have reached the other side, your knowledge of human nature is not worth much. The cabin, standing about 300 or 400ft. from the shore of Little Diamond, on the side of the mountain, is nothing more than a shanty of spruce boards, 30ft. long and 12ft. wide, lighted by three windows. The furniture is simple, and the different pieces not too numerous to mention. A small cook stove, a few camp stools for the boys and two chairs for the old folks, a table of spruce boards roughly nailed together, three bedsteads of domestic manufacture, a shelf serving as china closet and baking board, enough cups and saucers and plates to "go round," water bucket and tea kettle, frying-pan and grid-iron, dishpan and lantern, were about all we found necessary to a life of luxury and true enjoyment. No; one thing has been omitted—the rolling pin. Pie was necessary to this life of luxury, and to make it we must have a rolling pin, so one of the boys was sent out to get one. He soon came in with a section of a young tree a little over a foot long, and when the bark was peeled off and the ends whittled down we could compete with any pie crust in the market.

We learned one thing in this rudely furnished little shanty, how little besides health and a well-stored mind is really necessary to a true enjoyment of life. We do not condemn fine houses and elegant furniture, works of art and due attention to personal adornment, but it is consoling to know that if, in the mutation of fortune, we find ourselves deprived of these things, wretchedness is not inevitable; we may still be happy.

Six weeks of camp life proved to us that "man wants little here below," except in the matter of griddle-cakes and maple syrup, and here we found that quantity was very necessary, a little would not go far.

This reminds us to say a few words in reference to our bill of fare, which was as follows: Brook trout, varied occasionally by ham and salt pork, baked beans and bread. On Sunday morning, eggs, and plenty of them, milk, gilt-edged butter, cream that would hold a spoon upright, wild strawberries, tea and coffee, and all for the moderate cost of one dollar and twenty cents a week per individual.

It may now be interesting to know what we did all day. To sum it all up in a few words, life was one long delightful "loaf." We were virtually proprietors of an immense estate, and the resourses of forest and lake were at our command.

If we felt very energetic we were off to the woods, with tin cups and staffs to climb some breezy height and enjoy the view, or to search for a particular wild flower or fern. As in more cultivated regions we found it advisable and pleasant to take the boys along, and if we rambled far they would "blaze" a path, that is, cut notches in the trees that we might find our way home more easily.

Big Diamond Pond lay about three-quarters of a mile from our cabin, and as lovely a wild wood path led to it as ever our feet have trodden. This was a favorite resort, and with lunch basket, fishing rods and a good book, a day on these bright waters was a day well spent. Reading aloud or story telling beguiled the time while the boys lay in the boat waiting for a bite. Suddenly, as William Black expresses it, we would hear the "long shriek" of the reel, as the fish seized the bait and swam off with it, and so suddenly the boy that owned the rod was on his feet, eyes sparkling in anticipation of the fun, and the landing of that fish was for the moment more important than the balance of power among the nations of the earth, and required better judgment and nicer manipulation than a nominating convention before a presidential election. At noon we would land, select a spot near one of the fine springs which abound in this region, make a "smudge" to keep blackflies and mosquitoes at a respectful distance, spread our lunch and eat it with a relish unknown to the fashionable loiterers on a hotel piazza.

We recall one such occasion when a cracker spread with dried apple sauce, and a scorched trout, were more delicious than a "swell" dinner at Delmonico's, and that is saying a great deal for crackers and trout. Sometimes we were in the mood, particularly at sunset, to row or float idly over the quiet waters of Little Diamond, enjoying the beauty of the surrounding mountains and the cloud scenery which was sometimes marvelous in glory.

Once in a great while a little excitement would be thrown into our quiet life; a wagon would come into camp, or once in a greater while deer would come down to the shore of the pond to drink, and a prettier sight is seldom seen than these graceful creatures cropping the grass and splashing in the water, unconscious of the approach of a horrid man with a gun.

Generally, however, they are smarter than their foe, and, with a snort and snuff, are off to the mountains to take a little longer lease of their free woodland life.

Once or twice we were awakened in the night by the clanking of their little hoofs on the stones, and the scraping of their horns on the side of the cabin.

Cold or stormy days were spent in tent or cabin beside a crackling wood fire, with books and fancy work, cleaning guns, mending fishing tackle and telling fish stories.

Pleasant excursions may be taken from Camp Diamond to many places of interest. The drive through Dixville Notch to Errol, about twenty miles, is said to be one of the finest in the country. A ride of eighteen miles to Connecticut Lake is very enjoyable, and if your pluck is good, a short drive further over a road not paved with feather beds will bring you to Second Lake, where you will meet Uncle Tom Chester, who entertains city boarders, doing all the cooking, washing, ironing, etc. The stillness and grandeur of the forest at night are awe-inspiring, and as the shadows deepen, and the stars brighten, go out under the open sky and learn the lesson the ethics of the sky will teach; the great facts of gracious Omnipotence, and the soul's immortality.

In the foregoing we have tried to give some idea of camp life in New Hampshire, but the half has not been told.

If you would prove the truth of all that has been told, and realize a great deal more, go to Camp Diamond. You will have a pleasant trip, lots of fun and

"The cares that here infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

NORRISTOWN, Pa. C. L. S.

ADIRONDACK PLEASURE SEEKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is probably no popular resort in any of the Eastern States which, though ten years ago little frequented by summer pleasure seekers, is now visited by such numbers, from far and near, as the Adirondack region. This is naturally much deplored by the many who annually spent their spring or fall vaction there, year in and year out, and never tired of the place, as it abounded with both deer and trout, and was a sportsman's paradise in every sense of the word. But should they complain, when they see the hundreds of puny, sickly-looking people who go into the woods and in the course of a month or so return to the city, brown, healthy-looking and in the best of spirits? No. Of course it is hard for men who have enjoyed the beauty and wildness of the Adirondacks for years to see new hotels spring up in every direction, new roads cut through, and, worst of all, the clearings which are taking the place of woods in so many localities; but it is impossible that any place with the numberless attractions which these mountains have should remain the pleasure ground of a comparative few.

Five years ago I was in delicate health and was asked by friends to accompany them to the Adirondacks, where they had been for four successive years. They were sure it was the place to build any one up, no matter what the ailment might be. I went up and spent nine weeks, partly in camp and the remainder of the time at Blue Mountain Lake or off on short trips.

While there I did some hard work, but not too much at first, and I weighed (the day that I left for home) exactly

19lbs. more than the day I arrived. I have been there three years, and my smallest gain has been 10lbs. in three weeks. This may sound like a very pretty fairy tale to those who have not been there, but I have resisted the temptation to tuck on a pound or so, and have stuck to the bare truth.

Every season you hear from the guides that the deer are thicker than they have been for fifteen years; but this is all bosh, as they are slowly but surely on the decrease. I do not mean to say they are scarce, as there are yet many places where good sport may be had, and also an abundance of trout, when you have a thoroughly good guide. My advice to all those who go to the shore year after year without deriving the slightest benefit is, try the Adirondacks. C. N. B.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Natural History.

THE GILA MONSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the military post where I spent a short time collecting in southern Arizona I heard many accounts of the monster from the soldiers. It was thought by them to be very dangerous, and several went so far as to say that they had known of men and mules killed by having the breath of the animals breathed on to them. This was said occurred near the Gila River, where the men were encamped and where the monsters are known to be very numerous. I questioned many scouts, hunters, cowboys and settlers, and could learn of but one case that proved fatal, and that one was described by your correspondent "G. H. K." in your issue of Aug. 25. The Gila monster is common in the State of Sonora, northern Mexico, and is very much feared by the Mexicans. From what I could see and hear it is seldom found to measure over 21in. in length, although some have been found 26in. Several that I saw did not measure over 18in., and one only went 8in. Men in Tombstone, Arizona, near which place they are often found, have offered as high as $1 per inch for every inch over 21. A very large Gila monster preserved is on exhibition with numerous other Arizona curiosities in the Occidental Hotel, in Tombstone.

The tarantula I did not see in Cochise county, Arizona, nor in Sonora. I found many scorpions in the Sierra Madra Mountains, and in the towns below, but I did not see any answering to the description of the whip-tailed. Those found in the towns were small and light-colored, and those in the mountains larger and dark-colored. They are called by the Mexicans allecrants. Doctor M., with whom I was stopping in one of the Mexican towns, informed me that many children die from the bite of the scorpion, which in nearly every case proves fatal. They are very numerous in the houses after the rainy season commences. The scorpions I took in the mountains were got by displacing rocks and old logs; and sometimes under one rock scorpions and centipedes were found in company.

Mexico is very rich in its varied insect and reptile life, and at some future time I may write about some of the beautiful and curious lizards that I saw on the mountains.

JOHN C. CAHOON.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I hear it sometimes remarked by friends or associates that it seems to them that animals (such as dogs and cats) are able to reason. The very form of the assertion, however, indicates a doubt and a consciousness that the opinion runs counter to a theory and popular belief. Now it appears to me passing strange that any intelligent man should have a doubt in this matter, for a little observation of the lower animals, coupled with appropriate reflection, will convince him that they reason as sharply as man, although not always so well nor in so wide a range. I venture to offer a few rough examples and observations on the general subject.

Reasoning consists in drawing a conclusion or deduction from two or more facts or premises. Thus, if I perceive a man fire a pistol at another who at once falls to the ground there are two facts from which I am justified in concluding that the one man has killed or seriously wounded the other. If then the one who fired the shot should fire a second at the prostrate man I should be further justified in the opinion that the first shot was not accidental, but intentional. The first deduction is mainly from two facts or premises, namely, the firing and the fall; and the second deduction is from three facts, namely, the firing, the fall and the renewed firing. Again, I get in a perspiration from physical exertion and then sit in a cool draught. A severe cold results. I readily deduce from the two premises involved that it is not safe to sit in a draught when perspiring, or that a sudden cooling of the body is not conducive to health.

If I see a strange track in the woods, and following up the trail come upon a lynx, the conclusion will follow that that animal made it; but this conclusion would be negatived and another substituted, if I should discover a panther in a tree near by, and upon shooting both the panther and the lynx find that the feet of the former exactly fit the track, while those of the lynx do not. Here opinion changes by adding to the facts constituting the premises.

If a dog follows a certain track and comes upon a rabbit, and by following a certain other track comes upon a panther; and if on another occasion we observe him show not only interest but pleasure and zeal when following another rabbit track, but exhibit hesitation and fear when following another panther track, we readily perceive that from the two premises in the one case he has drawn a very different conclusion from that drawn from the two premises of the second case.

If we note that a certain dog fears and hates pedlars carrying packs, and find by inquiry that the first pack-pedlar the dog ever saw had struck or kicked him, we should perceive that the one brute had drawn a too broad conclusion from the appearance and act of the other. If, later, we should find that the same dog had lost both fear and hate of pack-pedlars in general, and by inquiry discover that he had been fed and generally well treated by some pack-pedlars, it would be clear that the dog had reasoned himself into a modification of his first deduction.

If a horse trembles when his owner approaches, but exhibits confidence and pleasure upon meeting his groom, we know that the animal has reasoned from a very different set of facts in the one case from what he did in the other. In the one case the horse said to himself, "Here comes that man who beats me so often, I am afraid he will beat me now, because he has done it so often before under like circumstances." In the other case he says, "Here comes the man who feeds me good things every morning; it is morning now, so I think he is going to feed me again and I am glad."

A cow burns her mouth in attempting to eat hot mush from which steam is escaping. Thereafter she will refuse to eat mush which is steaming, thus drawing a sound conclusion from her first and only experience in mush eating.

Poultry comes flying to be fed when they see a dish set down in a particular place. They reason thus: "Previously when a dish has been set there we have found food in it. From those two facts we are sure in our opinion that there is food in it now."

It is needless to multiply examples, even if space permitted. These suffice to demonstrate that the lower animals form opinions from facts, and that those opinions vary as the facts do, within certain limits, and that they therefore reason precisely as men do. The difference obviously lies in the scope and range of mental action, not in its essential character. POTOMAC.

HINTS ON SPARROW DESTRUCTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

American fruit growers, and agriculturists generally, are beginning to discover how great an error has been committed in the introduction of the English sparrow, under the impression that its insectivorous habits would render it valuable to the farmer and gardener, and now a general cry is raised for its extermination, to which end various modes of destruction have been proposed. Poison, the shotgun in the hands of boys, netting and trapping have been proposed, but the two former means, while far from adequate to the end proposed, would involve in unmerited annihilation many of our most beautiful and useful native birds. Netting and trapping would not pay unless a high bounty were offered for their capture.

The protection of hawks, owls, butcher birds, weasels, and other birds and beasts of prey has also been advocated and might be advantageous if they could be persuaded to feed exclusively on the sparrow, but unfortunately these carnivora will dine quite as readily on a goldfinch or a woodthrush as upon a sparrow. From my knowledge of the habits and fecundity of the bird, and I had forty years' experience with them in England, I am fisatised that any or all of the above methods will be quite inefficient in securing their extermination, or even in materially reducing their numbers. The only effectual way of preventing their increase and confining their depredations within endurable bounds is to pull out their nests during the breeding season and destroy the eggs and young. This, if carried out over the whole of the infested area, will limit their increase, while the host of those which have reached maturity will be diminished by the attacks of their furred and feathered enemies and by the shotgun of the ubiquitous boy. In my native county, Northumberland, when the sparrows became too numerous in any locality the farmers of the neighborhood would form a "sparrow club" and offer a bounty of three cents a dozen for the eggs or callow young, and six cents (3d. sterling) for the heads of the old birds; this policy would, in the course of a single season, effect a very appreciable reduction in the number of the birds and in the extent of their depredations.

A very good way to bring the shotgun into play is this: On a piece of level ground in front of a barn door or window or other cover, sprinkle a narrow train of small grain and seeds from the cleaner of the thrashing machine or fanning mill, beginning about twenty paces from the cover and carrying it on for forty or fifty paces. when the birds assemble, as they will do, to enjoy the feast, a light charge of powder and half an ounce of No. 8 shot aimed at the ground about one-third of the length of the train will sweep it from end to end. when the dead birds can be picked up and and the cripples caught and killed. I have myself got twenty-six from one discharge and I know others who have made even better shots than this. This should be done occasionally during the winter, the snow being swept or shovelled from the track previous to laying down the seeds. Besides the sport it might afford a source of revenue to the farmers' boys, as the birds would bring at least a cent a piece at the restaurants, where "sparrows on toast" is becoming a fashionable dish; and believe me, for I have tried it, that a well-made sparrow pie is a dish by no means to be lightly esteemed. JAMES T. BELL.

ALBERT COLLEGE, Belleville, Ontario.

MUD WASP AND HOUSE SPIDER.

AMONG the singular things that came under my observation during the past summer was a fight between a mud wasp and a house spider.

I was in the barn one morning in July standing near a broken window, when I heard a buzzing sound against the glass. This led me to look down, and there, almost under my nose, was a mud wasp in a spider's web. I was not surprised to see the wasp in the barn, for they are very fond of sticking their nests around any outbuilding, nor would I have been surprised had I seen a wasp carrying a spider to store away in his mud tunnel for his young grub to feed upon. The spider, however, that as a general thing they use for this purpose is what is called the wolf spider, the one that spreads its net in the crevices of stone walls, or where he has a hole to retreat to. But what surprised me most was to see a wasp caught this time, and that by a moderately-sized spider.

When I first discovered them the spider was working away for dear life to prevent the wasp's escape. He had fastened the wasp's wings so securely over his back that he could scarcely move them, and two of the captive's legs were entangled. The spider was working at one of these legs when I looked down. As fast as it was bound the wasp would bite off the web. But, of course, I could not see the web as plainly as I could see the insects. Had the wasp been able to turn his head he might have freed his wings in the same way that he freed this leg. But here was the difficulty. The spider had him suspended by his wings, his body hanging down and all the legs on one side free.

Of course I was interested at once, and I must say my sympathies were with the plucky spider. As I said, the spider was at work on one of the wasp's legs when I discovered them. I had only watched them for a minute or more when I saw a quick movement on the part of the wasp, and in an instant the spider was on the wasp's head —or so it seemed to me—and appeared to be biting him. But in this I was wrong. I only had to wait half a minute, when the spider drew back, and to my astonishment the wasp had one of his front legs in his mouth. On this the spider crawled slowly away to the upper corner of his web. He acted as though he had been injured, and yet he ascended quite lively considering that one of his climbing legs was gone.

Meanwhile the wasp seemed to take particular pleasure in biting this leg. I could see it move. He appeared to be passing it backward and forward through his mouth, much as a cuckoo does a tent caterpillar before he swallows it, or a robin an angle worm before it disappears.

But now more efforts were made by the wasp to free himself. I thought for certain he would get away. It did not seem possible that a spider's web could stand such struggles. This went on for two minutes or more, when all at once the wasp was still. Tired out, thought I, and so no doubt thought the spider, for down he came and commenced to weave again the cords that had been broken. He was near the wasp's head now, and appeared to be throwing his net over that portion of his victim's body.

The wasp's rage meanwhile was seemingly tremendous. He had waked up. He kicked and squirmed, and drew his body up and threw it back again, and exhibited every passion of which we can imagine a wasp capable, when quick as thought I noticed him make an unusually desperate effort, and again the spider was on the wasp's head; or so it looked to me. He appeared to have jumped upon him, just as when a small fly is entangled in a web and does not require to be bound, the spider bounces upon him. And now all was still for half a minute. The spider appeared to be on the wasp's head and sucking his blood. I thought for certain he was doing so and was about to congratulate myself on the spider's victory, and thinking, "I never knew before that the bite of a spider would kill a wasp" (for wasp and spider were perfectly still), when the wasp drew up his hinder parts, which were free, and three different times I saw his stinger pierce upward in rapid succession into the spider's body. And now said I, "it is all up with the spider," for I know the paralyzing influences of a wasp's sting on any insect. But no, the spider drew back slowly again and this time the wasp had one of the larger weaving or hind legs of the spider in his mouth. It now seemed hard work for the spider to retreat. He did so though and again seated himself in the corner of his web. The wasp gradually worked himself free, scraped the net off from his wings, and went away.

For several days after the battle I saw the spider minus two of his legs, crawling slowly over his web or sitting in the corner of it. He did not die from the effects of the fight, though, so far as I could discover. A. H. G.

SING SING, N. Y.

GROUSE AND LAWN TENNIS COURT.—Sing Sing, Oct. 26. —While crossing the lawn tennis court of Mr. Archibald Rogers, at Hyde Park, N. Y., one morning last week, we were surprised to find a ruffed grouse lying on the ground dead. It was hardly cold and the feathers were perfectly dry, although it had rained during the night and the ground was damp. What had caused the death of the bird was the question. But it was a question very easily answered. At each end of the tennis court is a piece of wire netting, tacked up to stakes that stand about 4ft. high, thus forming a light fence that prevents the balls from going very far out of bounds. The grouse had struck one of these fences and broken its neck. There was a dent in the netting some 8in. deep where the slack of it was driven out as though a heavy stone had been thrown against the wire. Only three or four feathers lay on the ground. The bird's neck was bent aside and turned somewhat under the breast. Death must have been instantaneous. We have heard of partridges flying against houses and telegraph wires, but never before against wire nettings on a lawn. Will some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM tell us what they have observed? —A. H. G.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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IN the fall of 1868 when I was visiting professionally the reduction works of the Cook Mine in the ninth concession of the township of Marmora, in the county of Hastings, Ontario, a bear one night killed a fat hog on a farm about two miles down the river, and took the carcass to a neighboring piece of woods, where he made his supper. The next night two men, armed with guns, went to watch what was left of it, but the listeners in the farmhouse heard no report up to the time when they went to sleep. In the morning, when the watchers were asked as to whether they had seen the bear, they answered no; the only thing they saw was that about 10 o'clock two black calves came and smelled around piggy for awhile and then went away into the woods. But when the farmer went to see whether any of the slain hog might be convertible into salt pork he found that the "black calves" had taken the remains with them.

BELLEVILLE, Ontario. J. T. B.

SCHULTZE POWDER.—Centralia, Pa., Oct. 25 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can not some of the readers of your paper who have used the Schultze gunpowder give their experience with it whether good or bad? If facts bear out the eight recommendation given in your issue of the 20th, it is what every sportsman needs. My experience with some of these "new fangles" has been far from a satisfactory one, and I am a little suspicious.—SPICEWOOD.

"SPORTING TOPICS" is the new name of our Boston contemporary formerly known as *Judge and Jury*. The change of title is greatly for the better, and there ought to be room in Boston for *Topics* to flourish.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE "SPOTTED" CURLEW.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE WARY NINE-INCH SICKLE-BILLER, LATE OF ALAMEDA MARSHES, BY J. G. B.

Pipes.

"I'M safe—I'm safe; from dan-ger free;
Oh, who would not a C-u-r-l-e-w be?"

Fowler's Soliloquy.

There on the sand-spit you repose,
Comporting yourself as if to doze;
When I could "raise" you, if I choose,
From even here.

If you wish to raise my ire,
Cross within my line of fire,
And see if I don't "knock you higher
Than a kite."

I have that at my command
That in your vicinity I could land,
Were I disposed to raise my hand;
But I forbear.

By and by will come along
A flock of curlew forty strong,
And around you they will throng
Over there.

Soon after some obliging cuss
Away beyond will raise a fuss;
Only making matters worse
My "pip" for you.

Your attention will be distracted,
A tragedy will be enacted;
But this too long has been protracted,
And all for you.

You will rise with uproarious clamor
(Simultaneously with my hammer),
And vociferously you'll stammer
Apologies profuse.

But I shall not them accept;
And beg, my friend, that you'll reflect
On the "rattling" charge you'll intercept
When I "cut loose."

You rise at last; with breezes toss'd,
My whereabouts, alas! you've lost;
Escape you must, at any cost,
But how, and where?

You are egged on well now from behind
By officious friends to danger blind;
My whereabouts at last you find—
Too late.

With visage grim I rise and poke
A glistening barrel; "Fire and smoke,
It must have been a double choke
To pierce so far."

Pipes.

"Why does experience come too late;
Did not I deserve a better fate
Than flying foul of Number Eight?
Farewell."

A DAY'S GUNNING.

IN common with many other subscribers of your paper, I read of exploits with rod and gun by old veterans who have became used to looking on big bags with a calm indifference, but experiences of a real novice, a beginner, are rather rare.

Now, I think there must be others who, like myself, are much interested in outdoor sports, but who have not as yet done much in that line.

If this account of my first experience of shooting over a dog interests any one half as much as I have been interested by some articles in your paper, I shall feel amply repaid for writing it.

Two weeks ago according to agreement the Doctor drove up to the door of our house, and soon after, being joined by me, we were rolling along toward our destination, about six miles out in the bush. The air was bracing, and after a pleasant but rather chilly ride of about an hour, we tied up at a cosy-looking farmhouse near the locality we proposed to hunt over.

It being early for the birds, we spent half an hour or so looking for "grays," but found none, quite a number having been shot there this season. Working our way round we entered a likely looking piece of woods, and not 50ft. inside Nat, the Doctor's setter, pointed. She did look beautiful, her head stretched forward, her nostrils dilated and her jaws moving slowly, "drinking it in." The Doctor approached and flushed the bird, but by putting a pine shrub in line of fire it escaped unhurt.

We worked that piece of ground pretty thoroughly and had three fair shots, but with no result. The birds did not lie well to the dog and flushed wild, plainly showing that they "had been there before." One old bird played a pretty neat trick on us in this manner. Nat came to a point in rather rough ground, but soon broke it, and made another a few yards further on. The Doctor called me to his side, and I soon saw the reason; the bird would run a few feet and then stop, so that the dog could not keep a steady point. We let the partridge run, not wishing to shoot her on the ground; but she ran under a ledge, and when fairly out of sight rose, not even giving us a glimpse of her. For the rest of the morning until 10 o'clock we saw no game whatever. They weren't there, for if they had been I am sure Nat would have found them. Nat is a beautiful, intelligent black, tan and white setter bitch, about four years old, a very thorough and rapid worker and staunch as a rock when on a point.

Finally, seeing some brush which he thought promised well for woodcock, the Doctor motioned Nat into it and followed himself, leaving me to do outside work on a road parallel to the woods. Hardly were they inside when Nat stood a bird. The Doctor advanced, flushed it, and at the report of his gun (a W. & C. Scott hammerless) I thought I saw the bird plump down in the underbrush. I told the Doctor, and he sent the dog in to retrieve. The dog couldn't find her, and we thought that I had been mistaken and the Doctor had missed his bird.

We had worked along through the tangle for some time when Nat "pinted," broke and pointed again. On going in to flush the bird the Doctor saw her on the ground, and when Nat retrieved we found the bird to be the same one the Doctor had fired at away back. She had one wing broken and had traveled between an eighth and a quarter of a mile in that state. Crossing the road we flushed a partridge, who got off with a whole skin, though the Doctor did his best to convince her that she had better stop with us.

The next hour was spent in laboriously traveling through young scrub oak, a tiresome occupation, and we were by no means disappointed when we reached some more promising and also more open ground. Nat pointed a bird very soon and the Doctor missed a rather difficult shot.

With one bird brought to bag, at 11 o'clock we thought we weren't quite doing what we ought, so we made a break for perhaps half a mile until we struck a place that had the "real look" to it. Before we had been in these woods five minutes Nat pointed, and flushing the bird the Doctor scored a miss. Finally we separated, the Doctor taking the dog and working the high ground, while I did outside duty in the meadow below.

As I followed the course of a small brook which ran through the meadow I came upon three birds at one of its numerous turns, and being startled made a miserable miss with the first shot, but scored a bird with my second.

I had heard the Doctor's gun several times and was not surprised when he met me with a partridge and a woodcock to his credit. Nat coming up, retrieved my bird from the brook in great style.

We now crossed the brook to the edge of the meadow where a thick growth of alders presented a good retreat for woodcock, and Nat soon pointed in her usual style. The bird flushed wildly and we could not put her up again but being ahead of the dog I soon flushed one and missed, walked 10ft. further, flushed another and missed as usual, but he was dropped by the Doctor at my cry of Mark!

As it was now noon the Doctor and I returned to the wagon with our morning's bag of three partridge and two woodcock. After eating our lunch under the shelter of a stone wall, we again sallied forth to the same place and to resume our interrupted sport.

All the afternoon or until four o'clock we got no birds. they were very wild and strong, hard flyers, not to say that we got no shots for if I remember rightly I made three bad misses. Along toward four we found ourselves in the same meadow mentioned before. Nat pointed a woodcock and in spite of repeated attempts on the Doctor's part to induce the dog to flush the bird himself, she budged not an inch and the Doctor flushed it himself. We both missed that bird.

On our way up the meadow the Doctor made one splendid shot, taking a towering bird just when I thought she was lost. And five minutes after we got another, that is he fired and hit her and as she passed me she got another charge in the neck, bringing her down like a stone. These two brought the result of our day's sport up to five partridges and two woodcock. Just enough for a good day's sport. To finish my nearly completed score of blanks I missed a bird which flew directly across the open in front of me, flushed by the Doctor, and that after I had been fully prepared by a cry from him. Although the day was on my part a "chapter of misses," I never spent a pleasanter day afield in my life.

And so it goes. A day's gunning is not complete unless there is an ample sprinkling of misses and other incidents. It gives one something to think on, and what is one of the chief charms of such a sport but as a constant furnisher of mental food.

PEMIGEWASSET.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 22.

TEXAS NOTES AND NOTIONS.

SO far this fall we have had an exceptionally good shooting season. Migratory birds have not arrived in any considerable numbers as yet, but all the conditions for plenty of them later on are good. A heavy live oak mast with plenty of water in the creeks and bayous are never failing indications of a good supply of waterfowl during the winter. The prairie chicken season opens here Aug. 1—a month too early—the weather being too warm for either men or dogs to hunt with any comfort. A few misguided, unregenerate individuals, however, will insist on tempting Providence by rushing out at the opening of the season. They are of the class of hunters who shoot game on the wing, on the ground, or club it to death; any way to get it. Happily this class has few representatives here. Quail have not been so numerous for years as at present. Our last Legislature passed laws prohibiting netting and snaring and extended the close season to Oct. 1. This, I think, in a great measure accounts for the increase. Bags of seventy-five to eighty-five for a day's shooting to two guns have been reported during the past week. Deer are (as the market reports in papers say) in moderate supply and firm; that is firm in their determination not to be hauled out of the bottom if they can prevent it. So far this season have heard of but two having been killed; one by the writer early in September and one by a hunting companion a day or two since.

This last deer was killed with a 22-cal. Winchester single shot rifle. The cartridge contains 15grs. powder with a 45grs. naked bullet. I became an early convert to the capabilities of this gun as a weapon for large game. I tested it thoroughly for range, accuracy and penetration with the most surprising results. Four one-inch yellow pine boards were stood on end against a rifle butt. Against these a 3x6 scantling was placed, making 7in. of solid yellow pine. Any one acquainted with this timber knows it is by no means soft—it is fully as hard as well seasoned ash. The gun was fired at about fifty feet from the target, and on examination the bullet was found to have passed entirely through the 7in. of pine and into the butt. We dug the bullet out and found it had upset and spread out for about half its length, so that the front end of bullet was at least double its former diameter. The holes through the boards were of a size that easily admitted my little finger up to the first joint. For range and accuracy, I tried the gun with target sights at 200yds., Hinman target. After getting sights adjusted I made five successive tens without cleaning, shooting with a rest. The advantages of this gun as a hunting weapon are its small size and weight, the ease with which 50 or 100 rounds of ammunition can be carried, together with a remarkably flat trajectory, which, taken altogether, obviates the danger of taking the wrong gun when you go hunting with a rifle.

Another new gun that is rapidly gaining favor with sportsmen here is the repeating shotgun manufactured by the above firm. There are about a dozen in use here and the owners appear well pleased with them. I am rather sorry to see them coming into use, as I fear their effect on small game may be akin to that of the repeating rifle on the buffalo.

A few reasonably disposed sportsmen from a distance could find first-class shooting in this vicinity during the months of December, January, and part of February. By "reasonably disposed" I mean those sportsmen who are satisfied with a fair bag to show for a day's outing and will not shoot more game than they can possibly use just for the sake of seeing it drop, nor kick themselves to death if they fail to fill their bag every day they go out. If they feel desirous of trying bigger game they can go further west and hunt train robbers. They are worth $3,000 each to the man that shoots them, which makes them about as big game as can be found in any country.

GUADALUPE.

VICTORIA, Texas, Oct. 24.

SHOOTING NOTES.

GRAY squirrels are very abundant in certain localities in New Jersey this autumn, big bags have been killed in Salem county, and in Warren county the woods are well stocked with them. A good squirrel hunter could go to the vicinity of Waterloo and kill from a dozen to twenty squirrels. Red squirrels are not as numerous in northern New Jersey as they used to be.

Considering the great number of foxes that at this time infest the mountains of northern New Jersey, it is astonishing that there are so many partridges alive in that locality. While a few of the reynards are shot by the local hunters, the foxes have it pretty much their own way, and it is full time a bounty was offered by the townships for their destruction. They are greatly on the increase in both Sussex and Warren county, where rabbits are uncommonly numerous this season. In fact there is excellent rabbit shooting in New Jersey this season, and I am told a sufficient number of big hares in the Catskill Mountains to insure some very jolly and exciting sport. Several years ago I used to go up there every winter and run these big white long-legged fellows with some fast-going hounds. When the snow is on the ground it is a winter sport not to be despised. It necessitates some hard walking, but the novelty and excellence of the shooting was always found to compensate the fatigues and inconveniences of the trip. There is a lot of fun to be had in the Catskills in winter time, and many comfortable places to stop at, with warm fires and good tables.

The full moon has come and gone, but woodcock are still scarce outside of Connecticut. The flight there is nothing to brag of compared to that of some years ago. Big bags were killed last week in New Jersey. One that is reliable was made by Mr. W. Fred. Quimby and his brother on Tuesday last near Mendham, in Morris county. It consisted of ten birds out of fourteen moved. Fifteen years ago the country was a great find in the autumn for longbills, and I remember once seeing a very large bag made in three days by the late William Hinds of Newark, Theodore Tappin of Hanover Neck, W. S. R. Ogilby of Staten Island, and Harvey Day of Mendham. It consisted of some eighty cock, half of which were killed in one day. Besides the woodcock, the party got a lot of partridges and a few quail.

Mr. Frank Dunning, of Florida, Orange county, N. Y., has been killing some woodcock and partridges this autumn. He is well posted as to the grounds and is a very good shot.

Mr. John E. I. Grainger, of this city, has been out several times at Guymard, Orange county, N. Y. Like all the rest of us he found woodcock very scarce. He has killed about a dozen cock and partridges.

Mr. Joseph Earle, owner of the yacht Gracie, has been shooting at Tuxedo Park with fair success. He will try his luck there again this week. Among the other sportsmen at Tuxedo are Mr. John G. Heckscher and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr. The latter is shooting pigeons at this time in his best form. He in a recent shoot for a cup killed 38 hard birds straight: 28 of these were in the ties. It was a remarkably clever performance, and is the talk of Union Club men.

Mr. Howard W. Hayes, of Newark, has been shooting some broadbills in Barnegat Bay. While ducks are not plentiful as yet this season, there are a few black ducks and small ducks trading about, and a few snipe yet left on the marshes.

Mr. Samuel Camp, of rail-shooting fame, writes me from Morristown, N. J., that he has never known more quail than there are at present in South Jersey. He says he can recommend the quail shooting at his place. Mr. Camp is the proprietor of a good hotel.

Wild geese are reported to be very abundant in Stump Lake, Dakota. These combine several varieties: the Canada geese, snow geese and "prairie brant." In California all the different varieties of brant are called "geese." I have shot in Dakota and know about the immense number of fowl there in the autumn, but I must say I never saw geese until I visited Lake Tulare, in California. There the geese roost in the lake, flying from it and back twice a day, early in the morning and late in the afternoon. They feed in the grain fields close to the base of the Sierra Nevadas. When they leave their feeding places, owing to the clear atmosphere, the great flocks can be seen many miles away. Under these conditions more fowl can be seen at one glance than any other place in the world. The fowl, as a rule, are tame, and can be easily killed as they fly over. On foggy mornings the hunters stand on the edge of the tules and have great fun. While a large wagon can be loaded with geese by two men in a day's shoot, there is no way of disposing of the birds. It is impossible to give them away even in the surrounding villages. Shooting, therefore, in this locality ceases to be a legitimate sport, and as the geese cannot be disposed of but few men follow shooting there.

There is some wonderfully good shooting at ducks, ibis and snipe in the lagoons south of Acapulco, Mexico, this season. For some reason the northward flight from South and Central America has been earlier than usual. Sportsmen traveling on the Pacific coast during the next few months would do well to stop over a steamer at Acapulco and try the shooting in the mangroves. My information

is derived from a friend at present residing there, with whom I shot last winter.

While the Czar is having the measles, the German Emperor, Kaiser William, has been enjoying a hunting trip at Count von Stolberg's Wernigerode Castle, familiar on canvas to frequenters of the old "Black Crook." From all accounts the aged sportsman, now in his ninety-second year, had a high old time. In Wernigerode every man and boy plays the drum. After each had prepared the Kaiser for the hunt by playing him a tune, the sport began. Each hunter stood behind a screen of evergreens. The game, which consisted of deer and wild boars, was driven by dogs and beaters through two big gates. It was prevented from heading back by nets and fences. The Emperor faced one of these gates and Prince William the other. They blazed away at the game as fast as their Leibjägers could hand them loaded guns. The Emperor shot in form from away back, and dropped one pig in its tracks. The Kaiser, who is a great shot, fired very often. Finally, when all the cartridges gave out, the hunt ended with twenty-six pigs and deer lying around. That evening the fastnesses of the Hartz Mountains were illuminated with flaming torches, and the Kaiser said he "wanted to go home." Gentlemen in full dress and ladies with bare shoulders came out of the castle and are said to have viewed the dead trophies of the chase. Altogether the hunt was a quaint reminiscence of mediæval times. In this country when people want to see pigs "done up," they step into a Chicago or Jersey City abattoir, which are acknowledged to take the cake in hog killing time.

Several deer are said to have been killed in South Jersey. Some hunters from Cumberland county have killed two in Cape May county, and a party from Philadelphia have shot one.

The farmers of Somerset and Middlesex counties, N. J., have organized a protective society to prevent shooting on their lands this season.

For some weeks past robin shooting has been the rage on Staten Island. Thousands have been shot and brought to this city. THE WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.

ARE THEY WORTH THEIR SALT?

PERMIT me to inquire through your columns where, within a few hours' journey of California's metropolis, good wildfowl shooting may be obtained, if not free, then where for a fair remuneration. By "good" I refer more particularly to fowl that, after bagging, are fit to bring to table.

I endeavor, sir, to think and speak fairly of every country or portion of a country in which it may be my privilege to reside: and I was always most emphatically assured that California was *the* place, *par excellence*, for wildfowl, and for a sportsman-naturalist it may be abounding, as I believe it does, in fowl both novel and innumerable. But where, after time and trouble in acquiring specimens of these aforesaid fowl that in other States are found delicious, one finds them (from a culinary point of view) not worth their salt, it causes a man's feelings to yearn toward a land where things are at least what they seem.

To be specific, my complaint is this: That in spite of intelligence in cooking all the specimens of fowl acquired in the vicinity of San Francisco (say from Alameda to Alvarado) have a rank, sedgy, fishy flavor, that totally unfits their ever being rendered a desirable acquisition to the table of those with a knowledge and vivid recollection of the quality and flavor of fowl procurable in adjoining States and Territories.

I am not so narrow-minded as to complain of the absence of many noble game birds in California that are extremely plentiful a few hundred miles north (too far to go often), it is rather of the glittering counterfeits of honest fowl that I complain.

Will some one of your generous (and more fortunate readers) kindly enlighten J. G. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 15.

GAME IN THE PASTURE LOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in last issue of your paper that a gentleman in this State shot 103 woodchucks between April 15 and Oct. 15, and wants to know who can beat it. I cannot beat it in total but in average I can.

Last August I spent a couple of weeks in the Berkshire Hills, Mass., and as I always do, took my rifle, a Ballard .40-63-285. I had only three days while there to try the woodchucks. I started out about 3 o'clock P. M. each day and bagged fourteen, an average of 4⅔. Had I had from April to October to go after "chucks," judging from the number and my usual success, I would not be afraid to challenge our friend for a woodchuck match.

My yearly vacation is usually spent among the Berkshire Hills (my old home), and one of my pleasures is helping the farmers exterminate the woodchucks.

I have a fine Maynard and Ballard, the latter seems to be more effective owing to its large caliber. A woodchuck is not easy to kill and even when mortally wounded is not always secured. It is a good plan to reach into their holes if you do not find them after a shot. I began that practice this year and the result was encouraging, as four out of the lot had jumped into their burrows and had I not tried to reach them I would have counted my shots misses.

I find my .40-63-285 about as effective as anything for woodchucks. Care has to be used as bullets of this size with heavy charge of powder are dangerous to send flying around at random, but when such a bullet hits a "chuck" he is usually demoralized and cannot travel far. I find there are other advantages in using a large caliber. Woodchucks are very shy and they don't allow one to get too near. If you have a rifle that can be depended upon at 150yds., plenty of shots can be had and I find more satisfaction in trying them at a fair distance.

I had quite an experience with a woodchuck this summer. I was walking over the hills on the lookout; a big black fellow ran behind a rock and to satisfy his curiosity peeped around the corner. I could see his head as far back as the eyes, and thought by a carefully shot I might get him. After the shot I ran to find him. He was standing about three feet from his original position and appeared stunned. Upon seeing me he suddenly jumped for his hole between the rocks; but I was too quick for him and got my foot on his hindquarters, holding him fast until I could insert a cartridge in my rifle. I then caught him by the tail and gave him a sudden jerk throwing him about 20ft., and before he could recover himself I had got in the second shot. The first shot had cut away almost the entire upper jaw. That afternoon I shot three that weighed 15lbs. each. W. P. U.

FLIGHT BIRDS IN PIKE.

THE season for flight woodcock in Pike county has been and will be a phenomenal one. The 90°-in-the-shade gunners had the slim bags they merited. Late snow and ice storms played havoc with the nesting birds and the local broods were very slim in numbers. The results of the 4th of July hunting were about thirty-three per cent. of more favorable years, and after the 15th of July the young ruffed grouse had a rest until the fall flight came—the first bunch of birds appeared on Sept. 10—for the most callous of the hunters could not face the gibing that was rife when the announcement was made that so and so was going after summer "woodcock." One result was a fair sprinkling of ruffed grouse when they were legitimate targets. As to fall woodcock ,the third, and probably the final, flight came on Friday, Oct. 28. It was a large one, and the indications are that the birds will remain until Nov. 12 or 13. The second flight, which appeared to be thickest at about Oct. 10, was a glorious one. Here is what a local paper, the Milford *Dispatch*, says about the exploits of two gunners, whose total share of the flight was sixty-two woodcock:

"Who can beat this? In the palmy days of Pike county hunting—more than a decade since—our local sportsmen, more than once in a season, came home with a backload of game. Ed. Quick, Bub and Halstead Wells and others made big records of big bags, notably one of 19 woodcock, killed in two acres of willows near Aunt Mary Van Gorden's in 1876. Such luck is now rare, but on Friday and Saturday George M. Quick, of Shockapee, and G. B. Taylor, of New York, killed to their dogs Shamrock and Joe 24 woodcock and 8 ruffed grouse, 16 of the woodcock falling to their guns on Saturday."

Other sportsmen did equally well. Quick and the writer, without making hard work of their recreation, found it easy to average a dozen head of game—ruffed grouse and woodcock—a day, with plenty of time thrown in for a comfortable lunch, a start with the sun and a ride or walk home by daylight to Quick's hunters' home on the Sawkill, a mile and a half from Milford Village.

Those who like to shoot squirrels will be disappointed this year. There is so much food for them in the woods that they are scattered and there has been no migration from less favored places. There are yet many deer on the range over the Delaware from Carr's Rock to Port Jervis, but there is at least one bear for every deer. Never were signs of bruin so plentiful. There has been a good deal of hounding done already, but only half a dozen deer have been killed, of which at least four were shot in the water, a flagrant violation of the law. Quick does not hound. He will hunt woodcock and grouse for the next fortnight and when the first tracking snow comes he will be prepared to stalk and knows where to look for big game. Rabbits, both gray and white, are legion, and there will be fair quail shooting along the Delaware both on the New Jersey and Pennsylvania side. The Blooming Grove Park Association has increased its territory and is crowding the Greenings and other gentry of "The Farms." What a glorious place Pike county would be were summer woodcock shooting abolished and deer hounding stopped. AMATEUR.

ROADS IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has just been called to the leading editorial article in your issue for Sept. 15, in which you reflect rather severely and very unjustly on my administration of the roads and bridges in the Yellowstone National Park.

I am not a stranger to newspaper criticism of my official acts, and generally pay no attention to it. Your paper, however, has displayed such an interest in the affairs of the National Park, and has generally stated facts so accurately, and based thereon judgments so sound, that I feel I cannot afford to let your remarks pass uncontroverted.

You say "a hasty and superficial examination of the roads leads to the conclusion that they are by no means so well constructed as were those made under Capt. Kingman's direction." I am surprised that a journal of the high standing of the FOREST AND STREAM would be so very unfair as to condemn the work of a public officer on "a hasty and superficial examination."

Now, I desire to make the following assertions fairly and squarely.

First—The work of the improvement of the Upper Missouri does not occupy almost all my time. During the past summer the Park affairs have occupied most of my time, and I have taken more interest in them than in all the rest of my works combined.

Second—The care and extension of the roads has not been left wholly to my superintendent. I have personally explored by riding or walking over it, in advance, every foot of the ground where roads have been constructed, and have indicated where they were to go, and how they were to be built; and afterward have carefully inspected their construction, and in many instances ordered changes.

Third—My superintendent has not spent most of his time at the Hot Springs Hotel. He has spent most of his time on the road or at the camps of the road parties. The office and headquarters of roads and bridges are at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and this would naturally be the place where the superintendent might be found. He had a team, fast and tough, that could land him anywhere accessible to wheels in six hours. The limit of the range of the working parties was thirty miles from the Hot Springs. Lamartine, the overseer, would doubtless often be seen at the latter some time during the day, and yet on the same day he may have been forty miles away inspecting work. He attended closely to his duties. If your executive officer attends as closely to the interests of your paper as Lamartine does to his work, I congratulate you. Moreover, Lamartine was Captain Kingman's right-hand man, and it was on the latter's recommendation that I made him overseer.

Fourth—The roads built during the past summer are in every respect fully as good as any ever before constructed in the Park over similar ground and out of like soil.

Fifth—More miles of complete road have been built the past summer than have been built heretofore in any one working season.

Sixth—The full force took the field July 1, the day the appropriation became available. This is the first time this has been done.

These assertions are not intended in the slightest degree to reflect on Capt. Kingman. He did very good work—considering his limited means, remarkably good work. I know of no one who could have done better, but he would be the last one to claim that there are no other Engineer officers who can do as well.

Unless my assertions can be disproved I think an apology is due, and I ask you to at least give this letter the same prominence in your journal as was given the editorial in question. Very respectfully,

CLINTON D. SEARS, Captain of Engineers, U.S.A.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE, St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 27, 1887

NOTES FROM THE PARK.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Another season has ended. The association hotels have been turned over to those who will care for them during the long winter months to come. The stages have been withdrawn from the Park and every point of interest looks quiet and deserted. The wild animal can soon travel the roads and trails undisturbed by tourists, excepting a few who do not follow the beaten paths, but seek the Park to enjoy its wonders in solitude. The weather is pleasant, and except for the cold nights this is the best time to visit the Park. No flies, mosquitoes nor gnats.

Only the topographers belonging to the Geological Survey are at the Mammoth Hot Springs; a few days will finish up their work here. Mr. Hague and the geologist of the survey have been at work most of the season to the east and south of the Yellowstone Lake. Mr. Hague has been to the head of the Yellowstone River, where it has its source in an immense snowbank. This is on a very high peak in an amphitheatre near the summit of the mountain; it is over 12,200ft. high, and has at least three large rivers rising in its springs and snowdrifts—the Yellowstone, Buffalo Fork of Snake, and one supposed to be the Gray Bull. This is an unexplored region, only a very few prospectors and trappers have ever been to the head of these streams—they have left no record. Mr. Hague is the first one connected with a survey to have penetrated these wilds; he found good traveling up the Yellowstone in a trail made by elk and other game. He was also at the head of Thoroughfare Creek. This heads in mountains drained on the east by Stinking Water River. In the mountains at the head of the Yellowstone head the south fork of Stinking Water, Gray Bull, Wind River and forks of Snake River, five large rivers, whose exact sources are yet unknown. The country abounds in game of all kinds and the finest mountain scenery in Wyoming. Looking at this country from high mountains to the north, it is but a broken sea of peaks, hundreds of them 9,000 to 12,000ft. high. Its rivers rush through cañon, from 1,000 to 3,000ft. deep. Mr. Hague has returned to Washington more interested in the Park than ever.

The running season for elk has commenced; their whistle can be heard throughout the Park. It is the most exciting sound a hunter can hear. Recently Ed Wilson the scout brought in a man found killing elk in the southern part of the Park. His camp and stock was outside the Park, only his saddle horse and rifle was captured with him. H.

THE GAME CAMPAIGN.

LEXINGTON, Va., Oct. 25.—Saturday, the 15th, dawned clear, dry and warm, perhaps hot were the better word. Nevertheless, many sportsmen were out; but—in consequence of the heat—no good bags were made. Twenty birds, two hares and a mallard constitued the largest of which I have heard. The mallard, a male of this year's brood, was large, fat and juicy. On Thursday, the 20th, we had a fine rain, with lower temperature, which added infinitely to the pleasure and profit of shooting. Birds are unsually well grown, only two coveys of small birds having been flushed so far. On Saturday, the 22d, two of us were out with poor sport until the afternoon, only seven being bagged up to 2 o'clock. After luncheon we entered a field of fine cover and in less than two hours bagged twenty-one; the bag for the day numbering thirty. On the following Monday the same two men out from 1 P. M. to 3:30, at which hour we were driven in by the rain; the bag for the two hours' shooting being seventeen. We two have bagged from Saturday 15th to 24th inclusive, eighty-one. Ducks are flying southward in considerable numbers, heralding colder weather.—T. M. S.

NARCOOSSEE, Fla., Oct. 24.—With the advance of the season quail on being flushed are beginning to fly fast and far; but in spite of it the coveys are getting perceptibly thinned, though there is a fair amount of birds left to give us some good days yet. Cocks are unusually predominant this season; so far we have averaged, as a rule, two males to every hen. Yesterday with four guns we bagged thirty-six and one-half brace, and five couple of doves. The latter being very numerous, gathering in flights of a hundred or more, but uncommonly shy, it is hard to get within range. Driving is the easiest way, and gives one good sport as they come by, being no sluggards in their flight.—GENERAL.

I HAVE a letter from A. B. Smith, High Point, N. C., in which he writes: "Farmers all say there are more quail this season than usual, and of better growth; sportsmen who visit this section can have all the shooting they want." I go to North Carolina on Nov. 6 for two weeks' shooting before the field trials commence. I have written a friend near High Point, on whose lands there are many wild turkeys, asking him not to allow any one to disturb the turkeys until a representative of the FOREST AND STREAM gets there.—GEO. T. LEACH (New York).

CONCORD, N. H.—Partridges (grouse) are scarce here this fall and very few have been shot. One of the best shots around here only killed two woodcock this season. Ducks are as plenty as usual. There are a few teal and pretty fair black-duck shooting all through the marshes along Turkey River, a small tributary of the Merrimac. I have seen but one quail and two or three flocks of snipe and one flock of upland plover.—G. W.

AN ELECTRIC BOAT FOR DUCKS.—Alameda, Cal., Oct. 14.—A friend of mine, somewhat of a sportsman and somewhat of an electrician, is building an electric motor duck boat, in which he proposes to hunt ducks the coming season. His intention is to propel the boat by a small screw propeller jutting outward and slightly downward from behind, while a current sufficient to run the motor is supplied by a series of batteries located in the bow, the wires connecting battery and motor running along under the gunwale of the boat out of sight. The appliance for starting and stopping the motor are of his own invention. As every sportsman is aware great advantage would be gained in a boat of this description, especially when getting up to a large flock of ducks, the great drawback heretofore being the noise of the oars even when muffled; and as all this is obviated in his scheme he hopes to be able to get up to the game. Later on he intends building larger boats for bay excursions and fishing.—S. G. McB.

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been out several times with poor luck in woodcock. Country very wet, and birds scattered. Went out on a tramp yesterday and got nothing, my fine dog having taken it into his head to decamp to the happy hunting grounds, and the substitute not amounting to much. A man went out the same day over ground not a mile from me and killed 2 partridges and 16 woodcock. He wounded a woodcock, and a hawk flew down, grabbed it, and went away. Birds are beginning to move.—CAPT. CLAYTON.

THAT there are quail left in Augusta county, Va., is shown by the following note from a friend to Mr. E. S. Young, Division Ticket Agent of the Northern Central Railway Co., at Baltimore: "Staunton, Va., Oct. 18.—Won't you be able to get up this season? You will find game quite plenty. Rhodes killed a fine buck at the Gap last Friday. I brought in 95 quail last Saturday, and won the silver cup given by our District Fair Association with a score of 47 out of a possible 50. Match shot to-day at 2 P. M.—W. F. SUMMERSEN."

CONNECTICUT GAME.—Meriden, Conn., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am more than pleased to read that such men and true sportsmen as Mr. A. C. Collins of Hartford, who expressed his sentiments through the columns of your paper recently, are waking up to the violations of our game law. I am happy to learn that it is doing great good for the bird cause, and it is only by the united efforts of such men that this illegal traffic can be stopped.—J. F. IVES.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE MAINE JIGGING CASE.

ON the 20th of last September we received from a correspondent at Camp Bemis, Rangeley Lakes, Maine, a letter telling us that trout were being jigged at the Upper Dam. "Jigging or hooking a fish on the outside," wrote our informant, "is now openly practiced by men who are old enough to be setting a better example for the many young men and sportsmen now visiting this well-known resort."

The next week, on Sept. 27, we had an interview with a gentleman who had just returned from the Upper Dam. He confirmed the statements of the Camp Bemis correspondent, and told us that he had personally witnessed the jigging of trout at the Upper Dam. He gave us the names of Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, and Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York, as men whom he had there seen engaged in this mode of taking fish.

The same day we received a copy of the Boston *Herald* reporting that the two individuals mentioned had for this offense "agreed to plead guilty before a trial justice at Andover, and they paid $25 and $28 respectively."

When information of such a nature comes to a journal professedly concerned in the correction of abuses and the advancement of angling interests, there is but one course of duty for it to pursue. It may not shrink from exposing the evil and by exposure and censure striving to reform it.

Being satisfied of the entire good faith of our informants, one of them an eye-witness of the fishing, we printed in our issue of Sept. 29 the newspaper report, and made comment on the case in our editorial columns, using the names of Messrs. Hollingsworth and Stewart. Neither one of the gentlemen implicated was personally known by us. Reference to the programme of the last fly-casting tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association showed that Mr. Stewart was one of the vice-presidents of that society of anglers, and in consideration of this fact his reported participation in the practice of trout jigging seemed to call for no uncertain censure. From the words of indorsement which have come to us since the publication of our remarks, we have reason to believe that few anglers who have a regard for legitimate angling methods would dissent from what was said—providing, of course, that the facts were as stated.

The following day Mr. Stewart called at this office to say that so far as Mr. Hollingsworth and himself were concerned, the charge of jigging was groundless; and he expressed himself as deeply aggrieved by the publication. He was invited to make such a disclaimer as he might see fit in the FOREST AND STREAM; and accordingly, on Oct. 5, he brought to us a written statement for publication. This was printed the next day. In it he said:

In your issue of Sept. 28 there appeared an editorial headed "They Jigged Them," which unjustly reflects upon the good names of Mark Hollingsworth, a prosperous and honored citizen of Boston, and myself. It is founded upon a clipping from the Boston *Herald*, which, in turn, is based upon the statements of its Maine correspondent; so, it is a long arm that reaches the real author of the libel.

The gist of the charge is that we were guilty of taking fish at the Upper Dam in a manner prohibited by law and disgraceful to a sportsman; that we were arrested by the fish warden, taken before a justice and fined. I pronounce the charge absolutely false. We were not arrested; did not go before a magistrate, and were not fined; and, above all, we were not guilty of "jigging."

* * * * * * *

I never saw a "jigger," and never called in the "silent-doctor," but from your description I infer it can only be useful in quiet waters and shallow streams; our fishing ground was the rapid and turbulent waters of the dam.

* * * * * * *

Of the nine or ten fish in our possession three were scarred with the hook, and on this simple fact the warden claimed that we were liable to prosecution under the law of that State. Of course, every fisherman knows, and as we stated to the warden, you are liable to bring up a scarred fish, scarred by other fishermen and lost, an every-day and common occurrence.

The warden was obdurate, but suggested that twenty-five dollars be deposited with him. I refused until advised to do so by a gentleman present, of larger experience with fish wardens. My adviser suggested that we would have to travel twenty to forty miles to reach a place where we, strangers, would be unable to give bonds. So we deposited with the warden, but under protest, twenty-five dollars, on condition that he would go with us, at our expense, to the nearest magistrate and enter a complaint against us. I gave him the money and he gave me the following receipt:

UPPER DAM CAMP, Sept. 20, 1887.—Received 25 dollars of T. B. Stewart for violation of fishing. Received as a safety until he goes (Stuart goes) before a magistrate and plead[s] guilty.—GEORGE D. HUNTOON.

Whoever the magistrate may be, please send to me and the part belonging to you will be sent.—GEO. D. HUNTOON, Warden, Rangeley.

We then went to Andover, where the warden consulted with the justice; what advice was given him we do not know; at all events, though we strenuously insisted upon being arrested, he refused to arrest us and refused to return to me the money. He still has it and I have his receipt.

* * * * * * *

The letter embodied this statement signed by Messrs. Jno. R. Ramsey, H. C. Anthony and G. L. Cobb:

We, the undersigned, were present with Messrs. T. B. Stewart, of New York, and Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, at the Upper Dam, and saw them catch the trout alluded to in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 28, 1887, and we certify on our personal knowledge that these fish were taken in a legitimate manner, and that no fish were taken in any other way.

Modifications of this were also given, signed by Messrs. Simeon Adams, Jno. S. Dowdell, J. C. Billings, D. B. Hempstead, F. H. Chappell and F. A. Whitney, to the effect that the writers had been with Messrs. Hollingsworth and Stewart at the Upper Dam, at the time alluded to, had seen them angling in a legitimate manner, and knew of no trout taken by jigging.

Our comments on Mr. Stewart's letter, in the same issue, Oct. 6, were as follows:

Last week we took occasion to comment upon the capture of trout at the Upper Dam Camp, Maine, by Messrs. T. B. Stewart, of New York, and Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston. Our angling columns to-day contain a communication from Mr. Stewart, advising us that the information upon which our unfavorable comments were based was incorrect. Mr. Stewart states that the trout alluded to were taken in a perfectly legitimate manner, and that he never jigged any fish. If we have made a mistake in accepting the reports which have come to us in relation to this matter, Mr. Stewart has manifestly been placed in a false position by our criticisms, and his disclaimer of the conduct imputed to him will be received with satisfaction by all friends of legitimate angling methods.

It must have been obvious to the most casual reader that this brief paragraph was not to be taken as our final disposition of the matter. Accusations of a grave nature had been preferred against two well-known anglers, and it was clearly the duty of the FOREST AND STREAM either to show that there had been reasonable ground for making the charges, or, failing in this, to make such reparation as might be made by a full and frank avowal of its mistake. No other course would be consistent with our own self-respect, or just to the paper, its readers, or the parties implicated. We accordingly communicated with those who were presumed to have knowledge of the affair, and the statements received in reply to our letters of inquiry are here printed.

The writer of the Camp Bemis letter was Mr. Leonard Atwood, of Philadelphia, a native of the Rangeley Lakes region, who has fished those waters annually from boyhood. Mr. Atwood called at this office Thursday, Oct. 6, and was asked to put in writing the information then given us. His statement is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I make the following statement, in answer to a letter of Mr. T. B. Stewart, published in FOREST AND STREAM of October 6, 1887:

I visited the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, Maine, on Sept. 15 and 16, in company with a gentleman of this city. We arrived at the Dam by steamer from Bemis Stream about 2 o'clock P. M., and went immediately down the steps to one of the piers at the side of the head gates. I found there two men, one of whom I was informed and whom I now believe to be T. B. Stewart; he was on a boat which was fastened to the side of the pier, and about 5ft. below the head gates. The head gate that I refer to is marked A on the accompanying plan, being the southerly one of the group of five gates. Stewart was on the bow of the boat, alone, and was using an ordinary fly-rod, the butt end of which was resting well back toward the stern of the boat. He was using a line not more than 4 or 5ft. in length, the hooks used by him might have been the ordinary fish-hooks, or fly hooks, but were weighted down sufficiently to cause them to sink readily in the water, as it boiled up from the bottom of the gate. The rapid movement of his hand and rod, up and down and sidewise, led me to infer that he was not fishing in the usual way of angling, but was hooking trout upon the outside of the fish or catching them by a process known as jigging. I saw him take one trout on the 15th of September in the manner above described. I again saw him engaged in taking one trout on the afternoon of the 16th of September, and plainly saw him take the hook from the outside of the trout at a point below the gills.

The water at the lower side of the head gate when Stewart was jigging, was not more than 4 or 5ft. deep, the water on the up stream side was in my judgment at least 18 or 20ft. deep. The leakage at the bottom of the gate caused the water below the gate to boil up like a large boiling spring; the water was not feather white, on the contrary it boiled up smooth and glassy. The trout in their endeavors to get up stream, particularly during the spawning season, try to find a passage under these gates; the space being so small as to prevent their passage, they are cut off and obliged to remain in the tail water below the gate. These gates are about 5 or 6ft. in width, and are partitioned off in one group of five gates, one group of ten gates and three large gates, the latter being used for sluicing logs through in the spring. Photograph of gate house and gates herewith submitted. The water in the photograph is shown to be about 4 or 5ft. lower than it was on the 15th or 16th of September.

Mr. Stewart was not the only man that I saw engaged in this process of taking fish, but I take his case up separately, as the others have made no public denial of taking trout by this method. I asked a gentleman, while he was engaged in the same process of taking trout at this same time (*i. e.*, Sept. 15), if he was using the silent-doctor, and he nodded his head in the affirmative. I saw trout in a car anchored or fastened to the north pier, which bore evidence of having been jigged. On Sept. 19 I saw a large trout in a car fastened to the same pier which bore unmistakable evidence of a jig-hook, as the side of the trout not only showed the hook mark, but chafing caused by the gut of the hook, which left a large white chafe mark.

I reported what I had seen Stewart and others do by writing to George D. Huntoon, fish warden at Rangeley. I also caused a letter to be sent to the Hon. H. O. Stanley, Commissioner of Fish and Game. I also wrote, under date of Sept. 16, to FOREST AND STREAM, stating in each case that fish were being unlawfully taken at the Upper Dam. I did not use the name of Mr. Stewart in my report at that time. On Sept. 19 I called personally on Mr. Huntoon at Rangeley and stated to him what I had seen and requested him to visit the Upper Dam and verify my statement. He informed me that he would go the next morning and make an examination of the fish and get any further proof of my statement. What transpired between the warden (Mr. Huntoon) and Mr. Stewart I am not able to state, not being present, but I emphatically assert that T. B. Stewart, of New York, was engaged on the afternoons of Sept. 15 and 16 in taking trout by jigging them in the manner and place above described. LEONARD ATWOOD.

Personally appeared before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, residing in Philadelphia, the above named Leonard Atwood, who being duly affirmed according to law did depose and say that the facts contained in the above statement are just and true to the best of his knowledge and belief. A. HOWARD RITTER, Notary Public.

To his letter of Sept. 15 Mr. Atwood received this reply from Warden Huntoon:

RANGELEY, Sept. 18, 1887.—MR. ATWOOD—*Dear Sir:* In reply to yours of the 15th, will say I had a letter from a friend saying there were some parties who were jigging trout. I reported it to Stanley; hoping to get a letter from him to-morrow in regard to the matter. You very well know that it would be hard to catch them if they think they were watched. But if you or any one else have seen parties fishing in the manner you say, and will give me the parties' names, I will attend to them surely with pleasure. I wrote Stanley hoping he would send some one from Andover, as I have Kennebago Stream, Cupsuptic Stream and South Bay, also Rangeley Dam, to look after. But if I don't get word from Stanley soon I shall be to the Dam. But if you can give me clue to parties fishing illegal and the names, please do so. A warden gets cursed if he does his duty and if he does not. But if I see myself, or if you give me names and proof, you may surely depend on my looking after them. Yours very truly—GEO. D. HUNTOON.

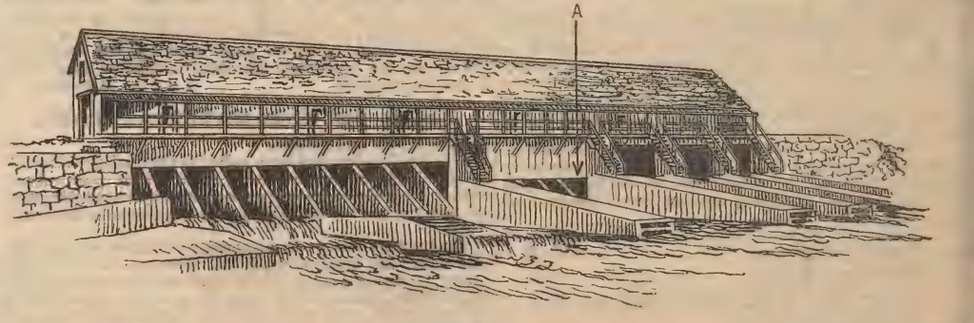
The game warden, Geo. D. Huntoon, writes from Rangeley, Me., under date of Oct. 15, relating the action taken by him in the affair:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I received word at Rangeley that there was illegal fishing going on at the Upper Dam, and the names of Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York; Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, and Mr. J. Hoyt, of Lynn, Mass., were furnished me as the ones that were doing it. I took a man from Rangeley with me, David Haley, and went there.

On my arrival I found the three gentlemen before named, and accused them of fishing illegally and having fish so taken in their possession. Mr. Hoyt said he had no fish in his possession, as he had sent them out. When I said to him that the law did not allow that, he said that he gave them to a friend who was going out. Mr. Stewart denied having any trout in his possession. He said he had given them to different parties. Mr. Hollingsworth admitted that he had trout in the ice house, and went with me there. Mr. Stewart and William, the man who did the outside work about the house, went along too. When we got to the ice house, Mr. Hollingsworth told William to dig out the trout. This he did, digging them from the sawdust and passing them to me. I wiped the sawdust from them and laid them on a plank. He dug out four fish, and said that that was all there were. I then went to digging and found four more, making eight in all. Three out of the eight had plain hook marks on their sides. Two more had marks in their back fins, which, I was very sure, had been made by a hook, but I could not swear to it. They also had marks in their mouths, which looked very much more as if they were made with the blade of a jack-knife than with a hook.

I proceeded to weigh the trout, thinking there was over 50lbs.,



THE UPPER DAM.

From a photograph by E. R. Starbird. The gate or "stall" on the extreme right of the group of five is indicated by the arrow (A). Four of the stalls are partially shown, the fifth is hidden by the pier.

I asked a gentleman, while he was engaged in the same process of taking trout at this same time (*i. e.*, Sept. 15), if he was using the silent-doctor, and he nodded his head in the affirmative. I saw trout in a car anchored or fastened to the north pier, which bore evidence of having been jigged. On Sept. 19 I saw a large trout in a car fastened to the same pier which bore unmistakable evidence of a jig-hook, as the side of the trout not only showed the hook mark, but chafing caused by the gut of the hook, which left a large white chafe mark.

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Editor Forest and Stream:

I received word at Rangeley that there was illegal fishing going on at the Upper Dam, and the names of Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York; Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, and Mr. J. Hoyt, of Lynn, Mass., were furnished me as the ones that were doing it. I took a man from Rangeley with me, David Haley, and went there.

On my arrival I found the three gentlemen before named, and accused them of fishing illegally and having fish so taken in their possession. Mr. Hoyt said he had no fish in his possession, as he had sent them out. When I said to him that the law did not allow that, he said that he gave them to a friend who was going out. Mr. Stewart denied having any trout in his possession. He said he had given them to different parties. Mr. Hollingsworth admitted that he had trout in the ice house, and went with me there. Mr. Stewart and William, the man who did the outside work about the house, went along too. When we got to the ice house, Mr. Hollingsworth told William to dig out the trout. This he did, digging them from the sawdust and passing them to me. I wiped the sawdust from them and laid them on a plank. He dug out four fish, and said that that was all there were. I then went to digging and found four more, making eight in all. Three out of the eight had plain hook marks on their sides. Two more had marks in their back fins, which, I was very sure, had been made by a hook, but I could not swear to it. They also had marks in their mouths, which looked very much more as if they were made with the blade of a jack-knife than with a hook.

I proceeded to weigh the trout, thinking there was over 50lbs., the amount allowed by law for one person to have in possession. Mr. Stewart hereupon stepped up and said, "If you are going to weigh these fish, I claim half of them." I said, "You are too late. Mr. Stewart, you have denied having any trout in your possession." He then said, "Half of these trout belong to me; I am as much in for it as Mr. Hollingsworth." I weighed the fish and they weighed 39lbs.; they were dressed.

They then asked me what I was going to do about it. I told them that they would have to pay for them and settle it. They wanted to know how much the fine would be; and I told them not less than $10, nor over $30 for each of them, for the attempt to fish illegally and a dollar apiece for each trout so taken; and three of the lot out of the eight trout I should consider so taken. I told them that this was an aggravated case and their fines, if they went before a justice and were tried, would not be less than $25 apiece, besides the $3 for the three trout which were hooked in the side, making $53 in all. This sum they willingly paid me, agreeing explicitly at the same time to go to Andover with me two days later, plead guilty to the charge of fishing and taking fish illegally. I gave them the following receipts:

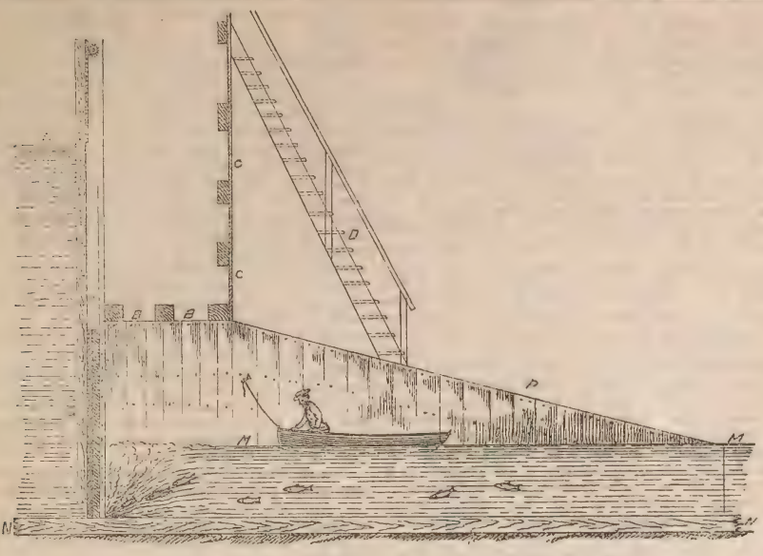
UPPER DAM, Sept. 20, 1887.—Received 25 dollars of T. B. Stewart for violation of fishing. Received as a safety until he goes (Stuart goes) before a magistrate and plead[s] guilty.—GEORGE D. HUNTOON.

Whoever the magistrate may be, please send to me and the part belonging to you will be sent.—GEO. D. HUNTOON, Warden, Rangeley.

UPPER DAM, Sept. 20, 1887.—Received of Mark Hollingsworth twenty-eight dollars ($28) for illegal fishing; received as a deposit until he (Hollingsworth) shall go to Andover and plead guilty before a trial justice.—GEORGE D. HUNTOON (Rangeley, Me.).

After I had got through with the trout in the ice house at Upper Dam, I asked them where the car was where they had kept their fish when alive. Mr. Hollingsworth went with me to the car, which was in the water below the dam. I opened it and found a 9lb. trout in it alive. There was a very plain mark of the hook in the throat just back of the gills, and no mark of a hook in the mouth. Mr. Hollingsworth denied having anything to do or knowing anything about this trout.

Two days later I went to Andover with them, they paying my bills down and back as they had previously agreed to do. When we arrived there they both refused to plead guilty, as they had before agreed to do, but said if I arrested them they would give bonds. After they talked together for some time Mr. Stewart took me to one side and said that he did not want to be arrested and did not want to plead guilty. It was not the money that he cared about; it was his reputation; and he told me to keep the money for myself, saying that he would make me a present of it. I told him that would not do; but they had better come up and do as they had agreed to, and if they did not they would be further



SECTIONAL PLAN OF FIFTH "HORSE STALL," SHOWING ELEVATION OF GATES.

A, water level in the dam. *B B*, top of gates. *C C*, line of gate-house wall. *D*, steps leading to pier. *G*, gate. *M M*, smooth water level in "horse stall." *N N*, apron of dam and gates. *P*, pier. *B B* and *C C* extend over the "stall."

dealt with. He said that he would take his chances on it. There the matter stands; for reasons best known to myself I did not arrest them.

About the middle of September, 1886, I found Mr. Stewart fishing at the dam with two large bait hooks on his line, one six or eight inches above the other. On the upper hook he had a minnow, which was hooked on so it would revolve. On the lower hook there was no bait at all. I told him that he had no right by law to fish in this way, and requested him to stop it. GEO. D. HUNTOON.

It appears that Huntoon's course in demanding the amount of the fines was in accordance with the Maine practice in such cases. When a person has been detected in a violation of the game law, or is charged with violating it, the officer may at his discretion, instead of arresting the party, receive from him a sum of money equal to the fine provided, to be held as a surety for the appearance of the individual before a justice, either to stand trial or to plead guilty. If the officer pursues this course, offenders are given the privilege of going before a justice and paying their fines without having been subjected to the indignity of arrest. In reply to an inquiry on this point, Commissioner Stilwell writes as follows:

STATE OF MAINE.—COMMISSION OF FISHERIES AND GAME.—Bangor, Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a general rule, an officer is never armed with a warrant unless when looking for a known party who has committed an offense. If while on a tramp through the forest, or on a stream, he detects a man or men in the commission of an offense, he arrests them on the spot, without a warrant, that he may take them before the nearest trial justice and obtain a warrant and trial or commitment. If the men wish to avoid going out under arrest, or wish for time, they can give a bond with a penal sum and sureties. In the wilderness boudsmen are not always accessible, and the warden does precisely what honest Huntoon sought to do and did, viz., he made them deposit in his hands a sum of money equal to the penalty for the offense, gave them a receipt stating the sum deposited and the condition that they were to appear before a trial justice at a certain place and "plead guilty." Not appear for trial, but to plead guilty. Huntoon caught them in the act, and even Mr. Stewart must confess that, according to his own statement, he was *particeps criminis*. Huntoon did not even exact full penalty, which should have been $50 instead of $25 each. The Commissioners have the fullest confidence in the fidelity, integrity and truthfulness of Warden Huntoon.—E. M. STILWELL.

In his conversation with us on Sept. 30 Mr. Stewart mentioned, as among those who had visited the Upper Dam while he was there, Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., and Mr. Franklin E. Taylor, of this city. We wrote to Mr. Cheney, and on Monday, Oct. 3, called on Mr. Taylor, who had just returned from Maine. Mr. Taylor told us that while at the Upper Dam he had seen Mr. Hollingsworth fishing in one of the gates of the dam in a manner which left no room for doubt in his mind that the fisherman was trying to take the fish by jigging them. Mr. Taylor is an angler of long experience and a member of the influential Oquossoc Angling Association, whose club house is at Indian Rock.

Mr. Cheney is well-known to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as an angler and a writer of repute on angling topics. His reply to our inquiry was received on Oct. 4. It read as follows:

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your letter asking what I knew about Mr. Stewart's and Mr. Hollingsworth's fishing operations at Upper Dam, Maine, is received. As Mr. Stewart mentioned my name to you as one of the anglers who were at Upper Dam while he was there, I take it that he is not averse to my explaining to you what I then learned.

I was at Upper Dam while Mr. Stewart was there, and I left Upper Dam most thoroughly disgusted with the manner in which big trout are potted at that place.

On the evening of Sept. 14, Mr. W. D. Cleveland, Rev. Mr. Beckwith, both of Houston, Texas, and myself arrived at Upper Dam on our way home from John Danforth's camp at Parmacheene Lake. Among others at the Upper Dam hotel were Mr. Stewart and Mr. Hollingsworth. Mr. Cleveland was anxious to get a big trout to bring out and show to his friends, and offered to buy such a fish if it could be had for money. Failing in this he accepted as a gift from Hollingsworth a trout that he had alive in a fish car. This fact, that a member of the party with whom I was had accepted a fish from Mr. Hollingsworth, made me loath to criticise the peculiar style of fishing of Mr. Stewart and Mr. Hollingsworth, for if my informant is correct, which I do not doubt, this peculiar style is what I was brought up to call "jigging."

After our arrival and during the evening, Mr. Stewart, in reply to Mr. Cleveland, said the big trout were taken with a fly. Later in the evening Mr. Freeland Howe, of Norway, Me., intimated to me that the big trout were not even taken with bait; but he was then quite careful not to commit himself as to the exact manner of their taking off, although he told me that if I was near the "horse stalls" in the morning I might see how the thing was done.

In the middle of the dam the water issues from four or five gates, when they are open, and the gates are separated by partitions, making openings on the lower side, say about 5ft. wide and 12ft. long, with a wooden floor not unlike horse stalls in a stable; hence the name which is applied to these death traps. The water in the stalls, which are four or five in number, was at the time I inspected them, I judged, about 2ft. deep. On either side of these stalls are narrow inclines of woodwork, running from the dam structure down into the water. Some distance above the water the structure hangs partly over the stalls. Beyond the incline, at either side, water issues from other gates on a higher level than in the stalls, and runs down over aprons to the pool below. The leakage from the side gates causes a current to set up into the horse stalls between. The pool is 75 to 100ft. down stream from the stalls. You will see from my rough description that if a trout runs from the pool up into one of these stalls there is no way for it to get out except to return the way it came, and you know that in September trout show great determination to get up stream at any cost, and when once in the stalls they are not easily turned back.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 15th Mr. Cleveland and I went on the water below the dam, where there were several other boats, and cast our flies in the pool and river. When the fog lifted we saw that Mr. Stewart's boat was in one of the "horse stalls," and there he remained until he went to breakfast, two hours later. His fishing seemed to be done by peering into the water over the side of his boat, and I was curious to know what his actions meant. After breakfast time all the fishermen except Mr. Cleveland and myself went ashore, and then we pushed our boat into the stall at the extreme right, just vacated by Mr. Stewart, and found it as I have described above. We both pronounced it a death trap for any trout which might get in there and be jigged for.

One angler, a clergyman, had a guide, and the two went into the stall at the far left and remained for a short before the guide put his employer on shore. The guide returned at once alone to the stall and was there when we arrived. As we pushed out of the right hand stall, after looking it over, the guide in the left stall was seen to be fast to a trout and he motioned to us to wait. His fish soon ran down into the pool, and there he "played it," and finally made several ineffectual attempts to net it. I called to him that I would help him; and while pushing my boat toward his I asked Mr. Cleveland to let me see the trout after he had netted it and before passing it over to its owner. Mr. Cleveland put my net under the trout and swung it around into the boat in front of me, when we saw that the trout was hooked under the tail with a bare hook of large size, without even an apology for a bait of any kind. The guide said he was fishing with bait, but I should imagine that when trout seize a bait with the "tail holt" they would not swallow the bait. To me it seems absurd to expect a trout in one of these stalls in September to take either fly or bait except under the tail. At the breakfast table we informed the gentleman that his guide had taken a trout in the stall and he informed us that before coming in he had seen two trout in the same stall. After breakfast we found that the guide had taken the second trout, so both were accounted for.

I went with others on the footway of the dam after breakfast to see the water let on from one of the gates (I will speak of this later), and looking down into the stalls saw Mr. Hollingsworth fishing with what appeared to my eye to be a bare hook with a fly fastened to the leader just above it. Later I was told by Mr. Howe that I had hit the tackle exactly. Mr. Hollingsworth was jerking his rod and short line as a man does who is trying to jig trout. While I was getting ready to start on the steamboat, Mr. Hollingsworth came down into the pool from his stall fast to a big trout. I watched the struggle for a few moments from the hotel, but the fish escaped. Later, while talking with Mr. Hollingsworth on the dam, he said as if in apology for his style of pot-fishing, "I did not think I ever would engage in this, for it is not very sportsmanlike, still it is exciting once a trout is hooked." He left me to translate "this" according to the knowledge that I might have gained.

The same morning Mr. Stewart caused the water to be let on from one of the gates (not one of the horse stall gates, for that would disturb the "preserve," but a flanking one) to "stir up the trout in the pool" below. He then announced that it would be a good time to fish above the dam with bait, prepared himself accordingly, and quietly took himself to one of the stalls *below* the dam. I think that any one who understands the habits of trout will surmise that the water was let on to create a current to draw the trout, strong with the breeding instinct, up stream in the hopes of finding an outlet to spawning grounds. Of course, when they were "stirred up" and came into the stalls they were in a pen, so to speak. Mr. Stewart fished in the stalls before and after breakfast, but I did not see him fish the pool or stream below while we were there.

When we left on the steamer for Middle Dam Mr. Freeland Howe came with us, and we talked of the fish murder going on at Upper Dam. Mr. Howe then told Mr. Cleveland and me that Mr. Stewart took trout out of those stalls by hooking them foul on the outside, and that he, Mr. Howe, sat in Mr. Stewart's boat and saw him do it. You may call it jigging or hooking or whatever you choose. Mr. Howe said that a bare hook or fly, or both, were used, and the trout were first seen in the stalls, and then with the line shortened on the rod they were hooked at until the fly or hook fastened them somewhere. Sometimes the fly hooked the trout, sometimes the bare hook did it; but the dead minnows seen in Mr. Stewart's boat were only a blind. Mr. Howe made the above statement without reservation or pledge. I carefully made a memorandum of what he said and read it to Mr. Cleveland, who will confirm the accuracy of it if you wish. A. N. CHENEY.

On Oct. 5, the day following the receipt of the above, when Mr. Stewart brought us his disclaimer, he told us that Mr. Howe was one of those to whom he had sent for signature the statement signed by Mr. Ramsey and others. We then wrote to Mr. Howe as follows:

"We have been told that you have personal knowledge of the trout fishing methods employed by Mr. T. B. Stewart, of this city, at the Upper Dam Camp, Me., having been with him when he caught trout. The FOREST AND STREAM has accused Mr. Stewart of having jigged trout, *i. e.*, caught them by striking a fish hook into them somewhere in the body other than the mouth. Mr. Stewart denies having taken fish in this way, but claims always to have taken them in a perfectly legitimate and sportsmanlike manner. Our only desire is to get at the truth in the matter, and if we find that we have wronged Mr. Stewart we will gladly do him justice by saying so. Will you kindly tell us whether we have made a mistake or not?"

To this in due time came the reply:

NORWAY, Me., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your favor of the 5th is received, and I have seen the correspondence by Mr. Stewart, and I beg leave to be excused from saying anything upon the subject.—FREELAND HOWE.

Capt. Fred. C. Barker writes as follows:

CAMP BEMIS, Me., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your note inquiring about the reported illegal fishing at the Upper Dam, Maine, in September last, by Mr. T. B. Stewart of your city and Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, I will state that I have never seen Mr. Hollingsworth fish otherwise than fairly; but of Mr. Stewart I cannot say the same. On the afternoon of the 15th or 16th of September last, in one of the deep gates of the Upper Dam, or rather just below the gate in the compartment in which the gate stands, which is planked on the sides and bottom, and covered over head by the bridge of the dam, making a space about 18ft. long or deep, 7ft. wide, and 15ft. high, with the water about 4ft. deep, I saw Mr. Stewart fishing from a boat, which was hitched to a spike driven into a plank on the side and near the mouth of the compartment. The bottom could not be seen, as there was quite a current in the water, owing to the gate being hoisted a little. Mr. Stewart had an ordinary fishing rod and was fishing up near the gate. He drew his tackle from the water and dropped it back again as many as three times while I stood within eight feet of him, and I plainly saw two ordinary-sized bait hooks attached to his leader, one six or eight inches above the other. Neither one of the hooks was baited. He was yanking these hooks up and sideways, the same as one would yank a grapple through a sucker pool, where the bottom could not be seen. I don't know that he called that jigging, or an attempt to jig; perhaps he has not the word in his fishing vocabulary; but it could not be called fishing by the "ordinary mode of angling." I did not see him hook a fish, but I was told by two or three persons that he hooked one very soon after I went away, but whether in the side or the mouth I did not learn. Just before Mr. Stewart went to fishing there, a gentleman came from the same place leading a large trout. The fisherman was standing up in his boat with his rod in his left hand, and the trout led like a horse. In his right hand he held the oar with which he paddled the boat along. There was plenty of room to take the trout in just below the apron of the dam, in sight of perhaps a dozen ladies and gentlemen who were standing on the bridge of the dam; but after a turn or two in the pool, he paddled up to a pier of the dam; a friend of his stepped in, took the oars and rowed about ten rods away from the dam; the boat stopped, side toward the dam; the fish was brought up on the opposite side, and the landing net was slipped under him. Perhaps the hook was in the right place; no one but the fisherman and his friend saw where it was.

F. C. BARKER.

What is to be understood as a "jig" and as "jigging" in this connection must depend upon the words as they were employed in our article of Sept. 29. The explanation then given was this:

The jig is a very simple implement. It consists of a hook or a number of hooks attached to a pole or to a line with or without a rod. That is all there is to it; no bait, no fly, nothing but just bare hook. This is let down into the water underneath the fish or by the side of it, and jerked upward or sidewise. The hook is driven into the fish's belly or side or head or tail, and there you have him!—FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 29.

The correspondent who first alluded to the trout shown in Boston has thus replied to our inquiries:

Editor Forest and Stream:

So far as Mr. T. B. Stewart's big trout are concerned, I do not feel that it would be just to myself or to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to let the matter drop without explaining my position, since I wrote the account of the trout in the show window, the same that were treated editorially in the number of that paper issued Sept. 29. I have not the slightest ill-feeling toward Mr. Stewart, and I would not do him even the smallest injustice.

The first intimation I had that the fish were taken in any other manner than the one I reported to you, came in this letter from Mr. Stanley:

"STATE OF MAINE, COMMISSION OF FISHERIES AND GAME.—Dixfield, Me., Sept. 28.—*Friend* ——: I notice an article of yours in FOREST AND STREAM, under date Sept. 15, entitled 'Maine Waters.' In the article is mentioned Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York, as a very successful fly-fisher at the Upper Dam for large trout. Now, a few days ago I got several letters from sportsmen at the Upper Dam saying that parties were hooking the large trout on the way to their spawning beds, at the Upper Dam, by means of two or three hooks one above the other. I wrote George D. Huntoon, our warden at Rangeley, to go down there at once and catch them if he could. He did so, and caught T. B. Stewart, of New York, and a man from Boston by the name of Hollingsworth. They acknowledged the offense; and they deposited with Huntoon $75, he giving them a receipt therefor, and they agreeing to meet him at Andover last Friday, plead guilty, and settle the case. When they got out to Andover, they declined to plead guilty, but wanted him to keep the money and say nothing more about it. He would not arrest them at Andover, as he did not have the evidence, etc., that he could get at. * * * I recollected the article of yours I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM, and thought I would write you the particulars, as I get them from good authority.—HENRY O. STANLEY."

The day after receiving this letter the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29 came to hand, containing your editorial comments, in which you said the fish had been jigged.

In my account of these trout I stated that they were caught with a fly. I also congratulated Mr. Stewart on his success as a fly-fisherman at the Upper Dam, at which celebrated fishing resort I have been well aware of his being a good part of several trouting seasons. I have always, till within a couple of seasons, heard him spoken of as a fly-fisherman, one who would not care to stoop to taking a trout with a worm even. I am quite sure that I have heard Mr. Stewart declaim against the practice of taking trout by any other means than with the fly. What I said in the FOREST AND STREAM about Mr. Stewart's taking those show window trout with the fly, I said because the story of honorable gentlemen to me was to the effect that they were taken with the fly. Mr. Appleton, of the firm of Appleton & Litchfield, owners of the show window where the trout were when I saw them, told me that they were taken with the fly. Mr. Appleton says that he understood it distinctly from Mr. Stewart himself that the trout were taken on the fly, and even the name of the particular fly was mentioned. Mr. Appleton also says that the trout were entire when he showed them in his window; for he dressed them himself, and he is sure that there were no marks of hooks on the fish. The large trout caught by Mr. Hollingsworth was handled by Mr. B. F. Nichols, of split-bamboo rod fame. He made a plaster cast of the fish. This fish was minus the intestines and gills when it came under the hands of Mr. Nichols; he saw no marks of hooks. So much for the fish as they appeared in Boston. Mr. Stewart says, in his disclaimer in the FOREST AND STREAM, or rather brings the written statement of witnesses to show that they were caught in "a perfectly legitimate manner." But just what this manner of fishing was Mr. Stewart does not state, neither do his witnesses. The section of the Maine law bearing on this, reads:

Sec. 51. Whoever at any time catches, takes, kills or fishes for any sea salmon or landlocked salmon, trout, togue, black bass, Oswego bass or white perch, by means of grapnel, spear, trawl, weir, net, seine, trap, spoon, set line, or with any device or in any other way than by the ordinary mode of angling with a single-baited hook and line, or with artificial flies, forfeits not less than ten nor more than thirty dollars for each offense, besides one dollar for each fish so caught, taken or killed. And all set lines, grapnels, spears, trawls, weirs, nets, seines, traps, spoons and devices other than fair angling as aforesaid, are prohibited in all fresh-water lakes, ponds and streams; and when found in use or operation in said waters, they are forfeit and contraband, and any person finding them in use therein may destroy them.

But there were other witness to the fishing of Mr. Stewart than those who have given their written statements. Some of them were gentlemen whose word is unquestionable. Col. Nutt, president of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, saw him fishing. Mr. J. Parker Whitney, well-known as the owner of the beautiful Musquito Brook camps, saw him fishing at the Upper Dam more than once. Mr. Freeland Howe, of Norway, Me., a sportsman well-known in these regions, saw him fishing there. I have understood that Mr. Howe now declines to make a statement, though at first expressing considerable indignation at the way fishing was being done there. But the testimony is amply sufficient to prove that Mr. Stewart fished otherwise than with the fly in the usual manner, and to show that my former statement in the FOREST AND STREAM, that Mr. Stewart is a devotee of fly-fishing only, admits of some question.

Col. Nutt says that he has seen Mr. Stewart fishing under conditions that would hardly indicate fair angling with a fly, though he never saw him actually take a trout with a jig. Col. Nutt says: "One occasion I especially remember. Mr. Whitney, whose guest I was at the time at his camp at Musquito Brook, and I went one afternoon to the Dam to try our success with the fly. It was in September last, about the time there was so much excitement about Stewart's big trout. Mr. Whitney was casting a fly below the Dam, but I was not fishing, only watching him and admiring his casting. Mr. Stewart was fishing at the raceway in his boat. I don't know as he saw us. The water was making a good deal of noise and he certainly could not have heard us. Mr. Stewart was near enough for me to recognize him, but neither of us spoke, if, indeed, he saw me at all. His boat was propelled up into the

'horse stalls,' as I term the flume ways where Mr. Stewart and others have done so much of their fishing—not a very good place to cast a fly at least. I am not sure that Mr. Stewart had any rod in his boat at all; certainly not a very long one. He went to peering very earnestly down over the side of his boat into the water, and I saw him working about with his hands and bobbing as though jigging with a hand line. He staid in there something more than half an hour, and as soon as he left somebody else took his place. They seemed to be taking turns at that kind of fishing in the 'horse stalls.' I want none of it, but it evidently suited Mr. Stewart and the crowd of sportsmen at the Upper Dam at the time immensely, by the way they followed it up. I am under the impression that some of the very persons who declare that Stewart's trout were caught in a perfectly legitimate way, were among the persons that indulged in this style of fishing in that flume way. I did see men fishing with great hunks of spawn, in netting, half as big as my fist. I have nothing against Mr. Stewart, but the kind of fishing that was carried on at the Upper Dam this fall I do object to, and I hope a stop may be put to it, as it destroys the sport that actually belongs to other fishermen."

Mr. J. Parker Whitney, who has owned and occupied his elegant camps at Musquito Brook, four miles down the lake from the Upper Dam, for more than 25 years, also saw Mr. Stewart fishing at the time mentioned by Col. Nutt. Mr. Whitney has not given me permission to use his name, but he has said to me, that though he never saw Mr. Stewart take a trout with a jig, he has seen him repeatedly fishing over the side of his boat, down on his knees or stooping very low, and peering earnestly in the water. Mr. Whitney also expresses a good deal of indignation at the way fishing has been going on at the Upper Dam the past season or two. He says that he believes that the poor fly-fishing there this season is the primary result of the fishing from the spawning beds at that point, and that the secondary result will be the depletion of trout in the lake below. Mr. Whitney is one of the foremost fly-fishermen in the country. He is an ardent lover of the sport. He has discharged guides, in one or two instances, whom he found with jigged trout in their possession. It is related of him that he rowed one night four miles, to the mouth of Metallic Brook, for the sake of turning loose a car of trout some miserable fishermen had left there to die. He is a man of ample means, and might have called upon any of his half dozen guides to do the work, but he preferred to do it himself, because he could do it quietly and no ill feeling would be created.

Mr. Herbert Kempton, of the Boston *Herald* editorial staff, says that he saw Mr. Stewart, in the fall of 1886, fishing over the side of his boat at the Upper Dam. He was peering down into the water. He had only a hand line, or a line on a rod so short that it was not noticeable at a distance of a few rods.

But the curious feature of the whole case is that Mr. Stewart and Mr. Hollingsworth were not arrested. The justice at Andover wrote me as follows:

"ANDOVER, Me., Oct. 17.—*Dear Sir:* Yours of 11th did not reach me until Saturday night, hence delay in reply. I replied to yours of 6th, wherein I stated all I knew about the matter, but should infer by yours of 11th that you did not receive it. The parties you mention came before me on 22d ult., and said they did not plead guilty to the charge of jigging at the Upper Dam, but had paid George D. Huntoon, fish warden, $53 (Huntoon said for said offense); and why they were not arrested is certainly no fault of my own. But if you will write George D. Huntoon, Rangeley, Franklin county, Me., he will give his reasons for not making the arrest. If they are guilty of violating a law they can be arrested at any time and held to answer for the same and punished if proof can be obtained. Shall be pleased to hear from you in relation to this matter any time.—C. A. ANDREWS."

When in Andover I attempted to find Justice Andrews, but he was away. One story told at Andover is that the justice did not have the requisite blanks and that the warden applied to another lawyer to furnish them, but that in the interim Messrs. Stewart and Hollingsworth had engaged this lawyer as counsel, and of course he would not let the justice have the blanks. There were no other blanks nearer than 20 miles. SPECIAL.

In their certificate Messrs. Adams and Dowdell testified directly as to the trout shown in Boston; but in the certificate signed by Messrs. Ramsey, Anthony, Cobb and Billings, those gentlemen testify to having seen Mr. Stewart and Mr. Hollingsworth catch in a legitimate manner "the trout alluded to" in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29. The "trout alluded to" were of two lots, first those shown in Boston, and second those examined by the warden and by him pronounced to have been jigged. The trout shown in Boston were, we are told, fish from two lots of the lawful weight of 50lbs. each taken to that city by Messrs. Stewart and Hollingsworth from the Upper Dam, 30lbs. being left behind; and the second fish, said to have been jigged, were of another lot of eight found in the ice house when the warden made his search. It appears from this that an extraordinary number of trout—extraordinary for the time and place—were taken at the Upper Dam by Messrs. Stewart and Hollingsworth. With a view to identify the fish certified to in their signed statement, we have addressed notes of inquiry to the gentlemen named, but have as yet received only these two replies:

WOBURN, Mass., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to yours of the 15th, I would say that my knowledge of the trout caught by Mr. Stewart relates to the fish taken at the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lake, and it was in relation to these fish that I made affidavit. As to whether they were the same fish that were on exhibition in Boston I am unable to state absolutely, as I did not see the fish while on exhibition, but I have reason to think that they were the same fish.—G. L. COBB.

BETHEL, Me., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours received, and in reply will say I did not see the trout that were on exhibition in Boston. I will say, however, that I was with Mr. Stewart at the Upper Dam several days, and I know that the trout he caught while I was there he caught in a lawful manner. I stood within 10ft. of Mr. Stewart and saw him catch a dozen or more trout at different times, weighing from 4lbs. to 8lbs., and I know he only used one hook, sometimes with bait and sometimes with fly. The water where he caught the most of his fish is very quick and is boiling, so that no living man could jig a trout or even see one, unless the trout came to the surface.—J. C. BILLINGS.

This comprises the correspondence received by us for publication. Letters addressed to several other parties, to whom we had been referred by Mr. Stewart and others, have elicited no response. Additional evidence that trout jigging was practiced at the Upper Dam has been given us verbally, but on condition that the names of our informants should not be used.

The testimony is published as it has come to us. In it we find nothing to call for a modification of our editorial remarks of Sept. 29, except in the following particulars: (1) The evidence here presented does not show that the two trout exhibited in Boston were among the large trout which were jigged at the Upper Dam. (2) The trout jigging at the Upper Dam was not done on the spawning beds, as our remarks intimated, but in the "horse stalls" of the dam. (3) Messrs. Hollingsworth and Stewart did not plead guilty before an Andover justice, but they paid the stated sums to the game warden before going to Andover; their reason for paying the money is left to be inferred from the tenor of the receipt and from the statement of Mr. Stewart and that of Warden Huntoon as printed above. These modifications are for the most part on points which are immaterial. Beyond them the case is shown to be essentially as we stated it in the issue referred to.

The evidence, so far as gathered, proves that trout were jigged at the Upper Dam, and that Messrs. Hollingsworth and Stewart took part in the jigging.

As we have said before: "The jigging abuse is of long standing, and the time has come when an end should be put to it at once and for all." If the discussion of this case shall aid in the attainment of that end, the amount of space we have given to the subject will be justified.

TROUTING ON THE PASSADUMKEAG.

WHOEVER enjoys trout fishing should not fail to visit the Passadumkeag region, Maine. Any time between June and October will be in season for the best kind of sport, either with the fly or baited hook.

My first trip to that region was in 1867, in company with five other sportsmen. We left Bangor the first day of June, at 8 o'clock in the evening, taking the European & North American express to Enfield, where we arrived at half-past 9. There we found Pettengill, whom we had previously engaged to take us across the country to Pettengill's Landing, about twenty miles distant.

Our team was a heavy three-seated, thorough-brace wagon, drawn by a pair of large gray horses. We passed through Lowell and Burlington, then entered an unbroken forest of nine miles, reaching Pettengill's farm, two miles from the landing, at 4 o'clock A. M. Here we took a rest of three hours, after which we refreshed the inner man, and while our host was looking up the oxen we transferred our luggage from the wagon to the ox sled, to be taken down to the landing, two miles distant. The road from the farm being only used in winter, was very rough; indeed, we had to cut away many fallen trees before the team could get through. We reached the landing after four hours' hard work. It was the first party ever known to visit that region for trout fishing. The Passadumkeag is, at low water, from 40 to 60yds. in width, but at this season its banks are full, and the roar of the water as it ran over Grand Falls, two miles below, was tremendous.

Here we caught our first trout, and they were beauties too. We found the gray and yellow hackle to be the most enticing bait. We took ten in about twenty minutes, averaging 1¼lbs. each. Our guides, Pettengill and Lord, soon had them dressed and done to a rich brown. When dinner was announced, there was no need of a second call, five of us were there simultaneously. Our guides, although hungry themselves, refused to eat until all were well helped. Trout after trout disappeared, until the Doctor ordered a halt for consultation, and as he had secured the last trout from the frying-pan it was unanimously decided that we must either stay proceedings or catch more trout. The vote to stay proceedings until we arrived at the camping ground three miles up the river prevailed, and packing our outfit into bateaux we proceeded up the river to the mouth of the Nickatous, and pitched our tent on the west end of a horseback which divides the two rivers and runs nearly parallel with them for some four miles.

Just in front of our tent was an immense granite boulder overhanging the river, which at this point is very deep. Along the banks of the river on the side next to our camp were numerous springs of ice cold water, here the trout seemed to congregate. Never shall I forget the sensation as we cast our first flies. The water seemed literally alive with trout, and after a few casts we stripped our leaders of all but one fly, lest in the excitement of the sport we should catch more than we could use.

The basin at the mouth of the Nickatous, twenty-five rods below us, is also a favorite resort for trout, here in 1873 I landed at one cast two trout weighing 7¼lbs., one of them, 5⅜lbs., was the largest I have ever known to be taken from these waters. While we were enjoying an hour's fishing our guides had pitched our tent, covering the ground with a thick carpet of fragrant meadow hay taken from a stack near by, cooked trout for supper, and we then partook of our first meal in camp.

Our table was rustic in the extreme, being made of cedar splints laid on poles and supported by crotched sticks driven into the ground, but it served our purpose well enough, our appetites were sharpened by the invigorating air of the forest.

We had agreed to catch only what fish we needed to eat while in camp. We had fished less than one hour, and after we had finished supper we found we had twenty-three trout still remaining. These we dressed and laid in a large basket made of birch bark and carried back some twenty rods from the camp, and set them over a cool spring which flowed from the side of the horseback.

The Doctor looked glum, the fact that we could do no more fishing until these were disposed of weighed heavily on his mind. Fortune (or at least bruin) favored us, for on visiting our basket the next morning we found it empty; the tracks in the soft ground plainly indicated that they had been appropriated by a bear, and a big one, too. We gave three cheers for the bear and hoped he would call round again when we had a surplus of trout, which he did not do, however.

The second day we divided our party, part going further up the Passadumkeag, myself and two comrades, with Lord as guide, going up the Nickatous, intending to go as far as the falls, some six miles up, but on reaching the timber we came to a rocky tumbling stream, which Lord informed us was the Pistol, the outlet of a chain of lakes some three miles above. The view up the Pistol from our boat resting at its mouth was grand, the stately forest on either side, the huge boulders lying in every direction, the water foaming and dashing past them and forming into deep eddies afforded most enticing lurking places for trout.

We decided to land here and explore this stream to the headwaters, so drawing our boat well up on the south bank we proceeded to try the trout in the first eddy at the mouth of the Pistol. Our first cast proved our predictions to be true; we each landed a fine trout weighing about three pounds. These we turned over to Lord and proceeded up the stream, only occasionally stopping to make a cast, which invariably proved the stream to be literally alive with trout. After following up stream for half a mile or so, myself and Heald decided to take a trail which we found a little way back from the south side of the stream, concluding that it led to the lakes, leaving Hunter and Lord to follow up the stream and intersect us at the outlet of the lower Pistol lake. We loitered along for an hour or more enjoying the strange wild scenery and wondering at the strange stillness, when suddenly we heard way off up the trail a growl that dispelled our reveries, and nearly paralyzed us for a moment. The growl was repeated at frequent intervals, and we thought we could distinguish a human voice. Thinking our comrades must have been assailed by some savage beast (although unarmed, save a hatchet and hunting knife) we rushed forward to the rescue. As we approached the snarls and growls became more frequent, and the voice more distinct; we distinguished words which sounded like "Oost yer black varmint." Just as we were rounding a bend in the trail we heard two shots in rapid succession, followed by a gruff voice saying, "Thar, darn yer picter, yer miserable varmint, yer wanted me ter drag yer out didn't yer." Arriving at the spot we found a dead bear and an old man trying to remove a heavy trap from the bear's foot. The old hunter at first seemed disinclined to be communicative, but after assisting him to remove the trap and drag the bear out a little further into the trail we elicited from him the facts concerning the outcries we had heard. He had trapped the bear some rods from the trail and had probably been in the trap several days or until, as he expressed it, "the varmint had been caught long enough to become suple." He wanted to get him out to the road (before killing) and had driven him as one would drive a pig. To the trap was attached a heavy wooden clog, which catching in the brush from time to time would make the bear cry out with rage and pain, and by the time they had got to the trail both man and bear were thoroughly exasperated. He had attempted to kill him with his axe, but on coming near enough he showed so much fight that he was obliged to settle him with a couple of shots from his old gun, the stock of which was tied on with rope yarn and wire. We judged the bear weighed about 400lbs. We secured some of his claws as trophies and proceeded on to the headwaters of the Pistol. We found Hunter and Hall already there; Hunter had just struck a large trout, which engaged our attention for some thirty minutes.

Lower Pistol Lake is two and one half miles in length and about one mile wide. On the south side and extending out into the lake, half a mile or more, are hundreds of huge granite boulders reaching above the surface, the north and west sides are bordered by high bluffs of granite.

These lakes with the Nickatous, four miles above, are favorite resorts for deer; we saw one noble buck with large spreading antlers (now just in the velvet) quietly nipping the lily pads near the outlet and about forty rods from us. He fed on and allowed us to look at him with apparent unconcern for several minutes. At last, raising his head and sniffing the air, with a loud snort bounded away up the rocky shore and out of sight.

Sportsmen from Boston and New York now make annual visits to this region. Most of them are entertained by our old friend Joe Darling, whose camps on the Nicktous are noted for their luxurious appointment.

At 2 o'clock our guide invited our attention to a dinner of boiled trout, hardtack and hot coffee. Our table was a broad, flat stone close to the water, and shaded by the branches of an immense oak. After dinner we took an inventory of our luggage and found we had 34lbs. of trout to carry to camp. On our return we found in a ravine near where we left our boat a considerable quantity of clear blue ice. With our hatchet and knives we soon broke off as much as we could carry in the boat to camp, which we reached just at sunset. As our friends had not yet returned from up the river, we set to work getting together some dry logs for our evening camp-fire, while Lord prepared supper. Just as the shades of evening began to deepen around our camp we heard the voices of our comrades in jubilant tones far up the river. As they approached we concluded that something quite unusual had elated them, and as they reached the camp landing we saw at once the cause of their noisy demonstrations, and we added our voices to theirs in three rousing cheers for the Doctor as he stepped from the boat with a scratching, struggling cub in each hand. They had killed a bear, and captured her two cubs. Enough sport for one day at least.

THE STRENGTH OF TROUT.

SALMON fishing became very dull on the Moisie River by the middle of last July. As we were fixed there until the 21st, we turned our attention to the sea trout. Not till the 18th did we strike them in numbers, but after that they were sufficiently abundant to satisfy the most grasping.

It may not be amiss to state, in view of what follows, that I am of those who believe the sea trout and our brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) to be one and the same fish.

Upon the occasion hereafter referred to the trout averaged rather even in point of size, by far the greater number ranging within half a pound one way or the other of two pounds. Our largest was three pounds and five ounces, while very few ran so small as one pound. All were taken with the fly, the "Parmachence Belle" being the apparent favorite. A moderate current of between three and four miles an hour aided the efforts of the struggling fish to escape. All were fine active fish.

On the 19th the fish were so abundant that it was quite a matter of indifference whether they escaped after taking the fly or not. The idea then suddenly occurred to me that no better opportunity could present itself to determine by actual experiment how much a trout really could pull. Many, myself among the number, had theorized about this, but no one, so far as I then knew or now know, had ever subjected his theory to the touchstone of actual experiment.

I was provided with a tested spring-balance graduated to read to two ounces, and by which a pretty accurate determination to one ounce was possible. My first attempts were made as follows: After fastening a fish, the line was attached to the hook of the spring-balance between the reel and the first ring. But it was soon perceived that any result so obtained was modified by the friction of the line through the rings and tip-end of the rod, and that by this method the object in view—to ascertain the amount of strain which a trout of a given size could impose on a leader—could be but imperfectly attained.

The following method was then adopted and persisted in. After fastening a fish the rod was at once passed to the bowman of the boat, while my gaffer and I seized the line beyond the tip, one holding the fish so that there would be enough slack line near the tip to enable the other to fasten some part of this slack to the spring-balance. After the connection was made the line was released so as to bring all subsequent strain directly upon the spring-balance.

The results were most provoking. Trout are proverbially perverse, but it seemed to me as if I had never in my experience seen any so thoroughly imbued with this abominable characteristic. To make connection with the spring-balance required time, and by the time it was made the fish would either stop pulling altogether, or

would pull with but a portion of the vigor it had displayed while the line was being made fast. Then we would try to stir them up by jerking on the line. This generally produced the desired effect, but by no means in the desired degree before the line had been hauled in to such an extent as to make a fresh connection with the spring-balance necessary. This again took time, and by the time we were ready the fish would again become comparatively quiescent. Then we disconnected again, hauled the fish in hand over hand, fastened on the spring-balance once more, and then proceeded to stimulate the fish by poking it with the handle of the landing-net. When fortune seemed to smile on us it was in a but half-hearted fashion. Just as we thought we had a result, the fish would break away so that we could not complete the experiment by determining its weight. With all the larger fish either this was the case, or we could not induce them to do their best when we were in a position to record it.

For two days every fish I fastened, to the number of a hundred and more, was subjected to this experiment. The indicator of the spring-balance was never at rest for an instant when the fish were pulling against it, thus showing an incessantly varying strain. They seemed to pull their best during some portion of the time when the line was held while being attached to the spring-balance for the first time. Rarely indeed could one be induced even by the most savage treatment to pull as hard again. The greatest effect was produced when the fish darted off sidewise.

Of the many trials intimated above, in but four instance were the results satisfactorily conclusive. The following gives the strains in these four cases during the most violent paroxysm of the fish, and as far as I was able to judge measures quite accurately all that the individual fish described could do:

A trout of	1 pound	9 ounces	pulled	1 pound	4 ounces.
" "	1 pound	1 ounce	"		12 ounces.
" "	1 pound	11 ounces	"	1 pound	5 ounces.
" "	1 pound	9 ounces	"	1 pound	8 ounces.

But though these four cases were all that were sufficiently conclusive to merit detailed report, many of the others were more or less suggestive. From the whole series of experiments I concluded that I had underestimated the power of trout. I now think that an active and enterprising trout can impose, and that during some part of its struggle for life it may for an instant impose on the leader which holds it a strain equal to the trout's own weight. But this I am inclined to think is the extreme limit of its power.

It was my intention to refrain from printing these experiments until with self-registering indicators and other specially devised appliances I could continue the investigation with salmon as well as with trout, and in such a manner that every fish fastened which did not break away would yield a definite result, instead of, as was the case, but one out of every thirty or forty. But I am persuaded to do otherwise. HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.

FLORIDA.—A gentleman writes us that he would like to join a party in camping in Florida where the fishing is good and the cost of living not too great. He would like to spend about three months there. We will take pleasure in placing such a party in correspondence with him.

LAKE ERIE BASS.—Cleveland, O., Oct. 29.—For some unexplained reason the inshore fishing in the lake in this region is very poor. It is so poor that very few go out after bass at all. Usually the fishing is good at this time of the year, but this is an exception.—HOMERUS.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

LIST OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

FOREST AND STREAM presents its annual list of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Fishery Officers of the different Provinces, States and Territories of North America, revised and corrected to Oct. 30. Those marked with a * have not been heard from, and the names there given are those of last year:

THE UNITED STATES—
Prof. G. Brown Goode, Washington, D. C.
Maj. T. B. Ferguson, Assistant Commissioner, Washington, D. C.
Col. M. McDonald, Chief of Division of Distribution, Washington, D. C.

ALABAMA—
Col. D. R. Hundley, Madison.
Hon. Charles S. G. Doster, Prattville.

ARIZONA—
J. J. Gosper, P. O. address, Los Angeles, Cal.
Richard Rule, Yuma.
J. H. Taggart, Business Manager, Yuma.

ARKANSAS—
H. H. Rottaken, President, Little Rock.
J. W. Calloway, Little Rock.
W. B. Worthen, Little Rock.

CALIFORNIA—
Joseph Routier, President, Sacramento.
Thos. J. Sherwood, Secretary, Marysville.
J. Downie Harvey, Los Angeles.

DOMINION OF CANADA—
John Tilton, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, Ottawa, Ont.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK—
W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, St. John.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA—
W. H. Rogers, Inspector, Amherst.
A. C. Bertram, Assistant Inspector, North Sydney.

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—
J. H. Duvar, Inspector, Alberton.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC—
W. Wakeham, Inspector Lower St. Lawrence and Gulf Division, Gaspé Basin.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—
Thos. Mowat, Inspector, New Westminster.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA AND NORTH WEST TERRITORIES—
Alex. McQueen, Inspector, Winnipeg, Man.
(S. Wilmot, Supt. of Fishculture, New Castle, Ont.).

*COLORADO—
John Pierce, Denver.

CONNECTICUT—
Wm. M. Hudson, Hartford.
Robert G. Pike, Middletown.
Jas. A. Bill, Lyme.

DELAWARE—
Elwood R. Norny, Odessa.
Dr. E. G. Shortlidge, Assistant and Superintendent of Hatcheries, Wilmington.

GEORGIA—
Hon. J. T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Atlanta.
Dr. H. H. Cary, Supt. of Fisheries, LaGrange.
(Under the laws of the State these constitute the Board of Fish Commissioners.)

ILLINOIS—
N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago.
S. P. Bartlett, Secretary, Quincy.
Maj. G. Breuning, Centralia.

INDIANA—
Enos B. Reed, Indianapolis (Term expires in 1887).

IOWA—
E. D. Carlton, Spirit Lake.

KANSAS—
S. Fee, Wamego, Pottawatomie county.

*KENTUCKY—
Wm. Griffith, President, Louisville.
P. H. Darby, Princeton.
John B. Walker, Madisonville.
Hon. C. J. Walton, Munfordville.
Hon. John A. Steele, Midway.
W. C. Price, Danville.
Hon. J. M. Chambers, Independence.
A. H. Goble, Catlettsburg.
J. H. Mallory, Bowling Green.

MAINE—
E. M. Stilwell, Bangor.
Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield.
B. W. Counce, Thomaston, Sea and Shore Fisheries.

MARYLAND—
Dr. E. W. Humphreys, Salisbury.
G. W. Delawder, Oakland.

MASSACHUSETTS—
E. A. Brackett, Winchester.
F. W. Putnam, Cambridge.
E. H. Lathrop, Springfield.

MICHIGAN—
John H. Bissell, Detroit, President.
Herschel Whitaker, Detroit.
Dr. J. C. Parker, Grand Rapids.
(Secretary, A. J. Kellogg, Detroit.)
(Superintendent, Walter D. Marks, Paris.)

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3d District—Dr. Rob't Ormsby Sweeny, President, St. Paul.
2d District—Niles Carpenter, Rushford.
1st District—William Bird, Fairmount.
(Superintendent, S. S. Watkins, Willow Brook, St. Paul.)

MISSOURI—
H. M. Garlichs, Chairman, St. Joseph.
J. L. Smith, Jefferson City.
H. C. West, St. Louis.
A. P. Campbell, Secretary, St. Joseph.
(Superintendents: Phillip Kopplin, Jr., St. Louis; Elias Cottrill, St. Joseph.)

NEBRASKA—
William L. May, Fremont.
Dr. Robert R. Livingston, Plattsmouth.
B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha.
(Superintendent, M. E. O'Brien, South Bend.)

NEVADA—
W. M. Cary, Carson City.

NEW HAMPHIRE—
Geo. W. Riddle, Manchester.
Elliot B. Hodge, Plymouth.
John H. Kimball, Marlborough.
(Superintendent, E. B. Hodge, Plymouth.)

*NEW JERSEY—
Richard S. Jenkins, Camden.
William Wright, Newark.
F. M. Ward, Newton.

NEW YORK—
Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, President, New York.
Gen. R. U. Sherman, New Hartford.
E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York.
Wm. H. Bowman, Rochester.
A. S. Joline, Tottenville.
E. G. Blackford, Shellfish Commissioner.
(Superintendents: Seth Green, Rochester; Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor; Monroe A. Green, Mumford; James A. Marks, Bloomingdale. Secretary: H. H. Thompson, Brooklyn; Clerk of Shellfish Commission, E. P. Doyle, Tompkinsville.)

OHIO—
Hon. C. V. Osborn, President, Dayton. (Term expires 1891.)
John Hofer, Bellaire. (Term expires 1890.)
H. P. Ingalls, Huntsville. (Term expires 1889.)
A. C. Williams, Secretary, Chagrin Falls. (Term expires 1888.)
E. D. Potter, Toledo. (Term expires ——.)

PENNSYLVANIA—
Henry C. Ford, President, 524 Walnut street, Philadelphia.
James V. Long, 205 Ridge avenue, Allegheny City.
H. C. Demuth, Secretary, Lancaster.
S. B. Stilwell, Scranton.
A. S. Dickson, Meadville.
W. L. Powell, Harrisburg.

RHODE ISLAND—
John H. Barden, Rockland.
Wm. P. Morton, Providence.
Henry T. Root, Providence.
(These Commissioners are appointed for three years by the Governor, and receive no compensation except actual expenses). The following are the Shellfish Commissioners, who are elected by the Legislature and receive pay for their services:
James C. Collins, North Providence.
N. P. S. Thomas, North Kingstown.
James M. Wright, Foster.

SOUTH CAROLINA—
Hon. A. P. Butler, Columbia.

*TENNESSEE—
W. W. McDowell, Memphis.
H. H. Sneed, Chattanooga.
Edward D. Hicks, Nashville.

VERMONT—
Hon. Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans.
F. H. Atherton, Waterbury.

VIRGINIA—
Col. Marshall McDonald, Berryville.

*WASHINGTON TERRITORY—
Albert T. Stream, North Cove, Pacific county.

WEST VIRGINIA—
C. S. White, President, Romney.
F. J. Baxter, Treasurer, Sutton.
James H. Miller, Secretary, Hinton.

WISCONSIN—
The Governor, *ex-officio*.
Philo Dunning, President, Madison.
C. L. Valentine, Secretary and Treasurer, Janesville.
Mark Douglas, Melrose.
A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee.
Calvert Spensley, Mineral Point.
E. S. Miner, Sturgeon Bay.
(James Nevin, Superintendent, Madison.)

WYOMING TERRITORY—
Otto Gramm, Laramie (Commissioner for the Territory).
For Carbon county, B. F. Northington, Rawlins.
For Laramie county, Dr. W. N. Hunt, Cheyenne.

NOTES ON THE COMMISSIONS.

ARIZONA TERRITORY.—There is no appropriation for this commission, and therefore the office of Commissioner is merely honorary.

ARKANSAS.—Of this State we can only repeat the above. The people have not awakened to the importance of fish-culture, and their representatives are still asleep; the Commissioners pay their own postage, provide their own stationery, and when they make a report to the Legislature it is never printed. The waters of the State contain some good fish, but are filled with nets, dams, traps, and the dynamiter is abroad with none to molest him or make him afraid. Truly a missionary is needed in Arkansas.

CALIFORNIA.—The work in this State is being pushed with more than usual vigor, and the reports are very satisfactory.

NEVADA.—Considering the small appropriation much good work has been done in this State. A hatchery is sadly needed in order to stock the waters. At present the one Commissioner is frequently changed, and if he attempts the hatching of fishes in the vicinity of his residence the work is merely of a temporary character.

NEW YORK.—The hatchery at Caledonia has long been the principal source of supply of trout and whitefish, but the Long Island station is evidently going to be the leading one as it has salt-water facilities as well as a flow of fresh water. The South Side *Signal* says: "The contract for building the new hatchery for the New York Fish Commission, at Cold Spring Harbor, has been awarded to J. B. Lefferts, of Huntington. Work has been begun and the building is to be finished by Jan. 1. It will be the finest hatchery in the State, and its capacity will be greatly increased. Superintendent Mather has designed some improvements in both the fresh and salt-water departments, which will materially simplify the work of hatching and bring it all together on one floor instead of on two as in the old house." The new hatchery in the Adirondacks is in process of erection and, with the hatchery of Mr. Hill at Clayton, will make six fish nurseries belonging to or operated by the State.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Fish Commission has been abolished in this State. Mr. S. G. Worth, the former Superintendent, worked hard to make it popular but the law-makers looked at the dollars and not at the dinner tables of their constituents.

RHODE ISLAND.—In this State the old Board of Fish Commissioners get only their actual expenses, while the Commissioners of Shell Fisheries get a salary. As this is mainly a salt-water State it is possible that this state of things approximates the external fitness.

UTAH.—In our last year's list we gave the name of Hon. John T. Caine as the Fish Commissioner of this Territory. We were wrong. Mr. Caine tells us that there is no Board of Commissioners, but as a delegate in Congress he has done what he could to further the fishery interests of the country by the introduction of carp and other fishes, and that he takes great interest in fishculture, and hopes to interest the law-makers in it.

PROTECTION OF SHAD.—Trenton, N. J., Oct. 26.—The New Jersey fish wardens, whose duty it is to patrol the Delaware River and protect the shad from piratical fishermen during the close of the season, have finished their reports, which will be presented to the New Jersey State Fish Commissioners during the coming week. Although the shad have been of large size and good flavor, there is a marked decrease in the catch year after year. If there is not further protection thrown around them it is feared they are doomed to be driven out of the Delaware River, although the Government is placing hundreds of thousands of spawn in the river each year. The nets are thought to be too small in the meshes, and thousands of small shad are caught and sold in bulk to fish dealers, together with great quantities of herring.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—On Tuesday last a spent male salmon was taken at Port Monmouth, N. J., and sent to Fulton Market. The fish was quite poor, being 2½ft. long and weighing but 7lbs. Mr. Blackford bought it for exhibition only. The hook on the jaw was but slightly developed and the sides were bright with red blotches, which distinguish the male salmon in the breeding season. It is thought that the fish had been up the river and was on its way to the sea to recuperate.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 6 to 10.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. W. J. Hamley, Superintendent.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind. Entries close Oct. 25.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Hora, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

Dec. 12.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5492.**

AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.—Cincinnati, O., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some days ago you were furnished with a list of judges for the All-Age Stake and two of the judges for the Derby for our trials this fall. I beg to advise you now that J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, Ill., has been appointed as the third judge for the Derby. You now have the complete list of our judges.—C. W. PARIS, Secretary.

THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEET.

THE annual meeting of the American Coursing Club was held at the permanent headquarters of the association at Great Bend, Kan., beginning Oct. 17. General notice had been given to the member of the club that the entries were to be closed on Saturday, Oct. 15, but to accommodate some parties who lived at a distance, and to increase the entries by the addition of some dogs said to be on the road, the questionable policy was adopted of holding open the entries until Monday, the day on which the running was advertised to begin. This delayed the running an entire day.

On Tuesday morning the members of the club went out to the grounds upon the great expanse of level country known as the Cheyenne Flats, about seven miles north of Great Bend. This plain is almost as level as a floor, and is the finest coursing ground in the world, in the judgment of all coursing men present. The club house had been moved out from the bluff into the middle of the flats, an arrangement which was found to be a great improvement, as the courses were often visible during their entire length from the deck and balconies of the building. The wire fences, under the supervision of Mr. W. W. Carney, whose ranch lines include the club grounds, had been carefully gapped and flagged at the proper places, and the bottom wires lifted so that the dogs should not injure themselves. Red danger flags were also duly put up at the bad grounds, dog towns, etc., so that horsemen might be warned. A crowd of spectators rapidly gathered. By afternoon there were probably 800 to 1,000 people on the grounds. The weather was fine. Mr. H. C. Lowe, of Topeka, and Mr. T. W. Bartels, of Denver, alternated as judges.

The first brace were put down at 11:10 A. M., Robert Smart's black dog Flink (who matched the runner-up in last year's All-Age Stake) and R. D. Saulsbury's white and fawn dog Leo going to the slips. A red hot whitetail jack was started, which led a two miles' chase. Flink got off with his phenomenal starting burst of speed, was first to the hare, and secured a go-by and a turn. On the turn Leo drew in, but Flink took a second go-by and a wrench. Leo then took a go-by, but at once lost it to Flink, who turned. The hare led out for the hills and escaped. No further points were made. Leo showed no speed, and quit. Flink won.

J. V. Brinkman's brindle and white bitch Constance and D. N. Heizer's white dog Demon went down next. A sulky jack was started, which declined to run at first. The bitch scored the better at the start, and rolled up several wrenches and a turn. The white dog took the turn and led the running, the hare making for a road, down which she ran for a half mile. There was some exchanging, but Demon showed better speed and worked the hare closely. The bitch gave up slowly but ran game. Demon pressed the hare out on the grass, scored a trip and a turn, killed and won.

C. F. Culver's brindle dog Full of Fun and L. Zutavern's black bitch Thorna were slipped on a two hundred yards start on the buffalo grass. Thorna again turned, and so placed Full of Fun, who took up the running and turned. Thorna drew in, wrenched and turned. On the straightaway Full of Fun made a racing go-by, but lost to Thorna, who held possession and crowded the hare a corkscrew course down the road, turning and killing under the fence, the brindle not six feet distant. Thorna won.

After dinner I. D. Brougher's brindle bitch Do or Die was started with M. E. Allison's red fawn dog Terry, the runner-up last year in the All-Age. Terry was first off. Do or Die quit at a half mile. Terry ran a mile and a half, not turning the hare. Terry won.

W. W. Carney's red fawn dog Barney and Col. David Taylor's black dog Midnight, winner of the puppy stakes last year, next went into slips, and were soon started on one of the fastest and hardest courses of the meet. Midnight has improved much in appearance since last year. Midnight got to the hare first, turned and wrenched, scoring for three-quarters of a mile. The big red dog then drew in, took a go-by, and scored six points and went fair to win. Midnight again got possession, and handled the hare beautifully to the finish, killing and winning. The points scored over thirty.

R. D. Saulsbury's brindle bitch, Lady in Black, beat B. M. Mutersbaugh's black bitch Dina Black in a long course over grass. Little scoring was done. Lady in Black showed a wonderful burst of speed, and was first in at the hare. No kill. Lady in Black won. She is a half sister to C. G. Page's Schoolboy and out of English champion stock.

Dr. G. I. Royce's mouse bitch Honey Bee was slipped with Dr. Q. Van Hummel's brindle and white dog Rich and Rare. A hare was killed within 100yds., and no course was had. On the second hare Rich and Rare showed a trifle better speed to the hare. Honey Bee stayed well and turned far more handily than the brindle. On a straightaway Rich and Rare scored a go-by, and this with his start gave him the course, as the decision was rendered. Honey Bee should have won by two points, earned by superior handling of the hare.

Peter Daugherty's brindle dog Clumsy Jack and C. Cookson's brindle dog Newton Tip were drawn together. Newton Tip was nominated by Mr. H. C. Lowe, one of the judges, but Mr. Cookson is his owner. Newton Tip did all the work, killing within half a mile. In 200yds. more he would have lost, for he was not working his best, but waiting.

M. E. Allison's red fawn dog San Pedro went down with C. G. Page's mouse and white dog Pedro. A lively young jack was started. Pedro made more points on the lead-up, scoring two go-bys and several wrenches. San Pedro waited, and so lost subsequent points. It was give and take at the finish, the hare doubling and turning for five minutes on a space not larger than one acre. If count could have been kept accurately the points would probably have scored forty or fifty. Pedro won.

M. E. Allison's red fawn dog Sandy Jim (the champion of last year), and Dr. G. I. Royce's mouse bitch Humming Bird next went into the slips. Jim outspeeded all the time, though in the exchanging the little bitch showed herself a good one. Jim took a go-by; the course then led across a ditch, Jim was first over, turned and killed. Genuine sympathy was expressed for Dr. Royce, that both his bitches, on which he had prided himself so much, were so drawn that each was shut out on her first course. There were many much poorer dogs who went well down into the runnings. This closed the coursing for Tuesday.

On Wednesday morning the weather was bright, and the spectators equal in numbers to those of the day before. C. G. Page's brindle bitch Belle P. and A. C. Schermerhorn's black and tan dog January were the first brace down. Belle P. got first to the hare with a wonderful burst of speed, and turned twice, placing January, and then taking a go-by, did all the work again. In the road, both dogs exchanged and staid well. Belle P. killed and won.

Ed. Tyler's black dog Bounce and A. C. Fair's black dog Fleet Aleen went down together. Three hares were started before the dogs were slipped on a fair course. Both dogs got unsighted; when sighted Bounce had 30yds. advantage, but the hare turned and Fleet Aleen drew in, got a go-by, scored two turns, wrenched five times, and turned. Bounce was placed, but could not stay. Fleet Aleen killed and won.

R. D. Saulsbury's black and white bitch Meta went to slips with D. C. Luse's red fawn dog Sport Aleen. Two short no-courses were run; then a third jack, a grand one, was started on the buffalo grass and ran toward the club house. Meta scored six points before Sport Aleen got in. Sport Aleen got possession, but the bitch drew by. The work was so close that no go-by was possible. Sport Aleen scored four points in the exchanging. Meta drew by, scored three wrenches and a turn, then led and killed. Sport Aleen was found to have torn off a toe-nail, and so injured his foot that he could not have run the next dog.

After dinner D. C. Luse's fawn bitch Lavina beat G. N. and E. R. Moses' mouse bitch Flirt in a short course to earth along a deep ditch.

A. S. Allen's light fawn dog Jim Blaine (owned by John Jones) was slipped with D. C. Luse's red fawn bitch Paulina, on a long course over grass and soft ground. Paulina showed better speed and earned more in the exchanging, Jim Blaine killed to her turn. Paulina won.

Frank K. Doan's St. Louis dog Fat and Arthur Massey's brindle bitch Gipsy went down, and after a short no-course were started on a two-mile course, in which the hare escaped. Gipsy led, but took two wrenches and a turn; Fat took a go-by and turned. Gipsy got possession, turned and wrenched, and led on a straight-away, giving Fat no place and winning.

Running was now begun in the Great Bend Derby, or Puppy Stakes. The first brace were Amos Johnson's black bitch Dinah Black and D. N. Steizer's black bitch California Bell. Dinah Black clearly led in speed and turning. The hare escaped. California Bell fell out of the course. Dinah Black won.

B. M. Mutersbaugh's brindle and white bitch Lady Estelle and W. J. Dixon's black bitch Plus went down. Lady Estelle was first to the hare. Plus got possession, and after a few exchanges drew away, showing better speed on a long course, in which the hare was lost. Plus won.

On Thursday morning the weather was fair and bright; probably a thousand people were on the grounds. The Puppy Stakes were continued. S. J. Shaw's fawn bitch Lavina and Mrs. L. F. Tyler's black dog Tippecanoe were led out on the flats east of the club house. A strong jack was at length started, and coursed for over a mile. Tippecanoe led from the slips, and stayed for ¼ mile, placing Lavina, who then wrenched twice. The black dog got a go-by, and in the exchanging was a trifle better, and at the close wrenched and turned ahead of the bitch, and won. Mr. Bartels judged this course. Mr. Lowe, though not judging, desired to follow the course. The horse of the FOREST AND STREAM reporter bolted the course and struck Mr. Lowe's horse, turned his saddle, and unhorsed him, giving him an ugly fall. Fortunately Mr. Lowe was not hurt, and he judged the next course looking as fresh and handsome as ever.

A. Laidlaw's mouse bitch Truefoot was slipped with H. P. Typer's black dog Colonel on a two-miles course down a road. The exchanging was hard and close, but at the finish Colonel scored a go-by, a turn and the kill. Colonel won.

T. W. Bartel's black dog Catchem and E. A. Rowell's black dog Dick Taylor went into the slips together. The dogs were not sighted well, and Catchem perhaps had the advantage in this, but he placed Dick Taylor, then took possession, turned, wrenched twice and killed. A quarter mile course. Catchem won.

Dr. G. I. Royce's black bitch Widow in Weeds and A. J. Buckland's white and fawn bitch Ruby were slipped on a three-mile course. The black bitch outscored the younger puppy, being older and harder. The hare was fairly run to a stand-still. Widow in Weeds stopped also and looked at her as she sat. The hare went on slowly, Widow followed. Ruby "came to" and killed. Widow in Weeds won. The course was so hard that on the following day Widow in Weeds was found disabled and unfit to run, and was withdrawn. She was expected to make trouble in the puppy stakes.

After dinner Geo. Spencer's mouse dog Dandy and D. C. Luse's brindle dog Full of Fun ran a mile course. Full of Fun scored best till he lost place on a stumble. Dandy drew in but could not score. Full of Fun won.

W. W. Egnew's white bitch Lady Dublin and C. P. Townsley's mouse dog Bob killed in a no-course of 40yds. A second course was run over fallow ground into the hills. The judge missing the gap in the wire fence, was unsighted, and could not decide the course. The dogs were ordered up.

E. W. Moses's brindle bitch Lady Gray was slipped with B. M. Mutersbaugh's fawn bitch Baby May. Lady Gray was the better off and scored, but Baby May took a go-by and worked the hare nicely, showing superior speed, and won by one point. The hare was lost.

M. E. Allison's fawn dog Rowdy and O. B. Wilson's fawn dog Minus next went into the slips. Minus scored the run up and a turn; Rowdy a go-by, a turn and several wrenches. Rowdy led over a mile of grass and dog town and won.

D. C. Luse's red fawn bitch Clara then beat F. Zutavern's white and red fawn bitch Jessamine nearly pointless, though Jessamine killed.

Lady Dublin and Bob were ordered down again. The first hare was not sighted; a second took to the hills out of sight. The dogs were ordered up, as the owners protested they were unfitted by the work on the undecided courses. It is true they were tired, but each was as tired as the other, and it was a grave mistake to take them up, as this was just at the end of the puppy stakes. It threw out the runnings in the second series of the All-Aged Stakes on the following day, and caused the same dogs to run in that series oftener in the same day than they otherwise would. The members of the club are yet a trifle disposed to object to rules and decisions when they traverse individual wishes. This is not business, and it is not coursing. A good example was, however, set by Mr. Lowe in the bye race of J. W. Brown's dog Hal J., which should have been the next event. Somebody had said that the Lady Dublin—Bob course would be the last of the day, and so Hal J. was taken back to kennel and was not on hand. The judge very properly disqualified him, and cannot be too highly commended for so doing. Mr. Lowe did much during this meeting to bring order out of the former chaos by his insistence upon the rules of coursing. This is all in the right direction.

Running was now perforce begun in the second series of the All-Age Stakes. Mr. Smart's Flink and Mr. Heizer's Demon were ordered to the slips. Demon apparently ran sly for a time. Flink knows nothing but to get to his hare, and has never been known to run cunning. Demon undoubtedly took a racing go-by, but Flink surpassed in turning and won right, even if Demon were not disqualified for running sly.

Mr. Allison's Terry and Mr. Zutavern's Thorna came next in this series. Terry led from the slips and scored two turns and a wrench. Thorna was placed, but Terry got a go-by and wrenched twice. Running through the line of beaters Terry struck a wagon wheel and was perhaps numbed a little. The hare led for the hills and Thorna took a go-by, but could not get in. On the hill Terry showed ahead. Terry won.

Mr. Page's Belle P. and Col. Taylor's Midnight ran a course down the slope and out over the flats. Belle P. placed Midnight and then took the hare and never allowed the black dog another point. Belle P. made two go-bys, three trips and numerous wrenches, Midnight not even helping. Midnight killed to her trip, but was beaten pointless. Great surprise was expressed at the poor race he ran. Both dogs were in the front rank last year.

Mr. Cookson's Newton Tip and Mr. Salisbury's Lady in Black went in. Newton Tip led up and did all the work. Lady in Black was placed, but was beaten pointless, Tip holding possession for over a mile and a half, turning and wrenching in good style.

Mr. Page's dog Pedro being found crippled and unfit was withdrawn. A bye race was ordered for Dr. Van Hummel's Rich and Rare and Dr. Royce's Honey Bee. Honey Bee was unsighted for a moment at the start. Rich and Rare led, but could not turn the hare. This was no test against Honey Bee. The bitch had just been heavily fed. She was brought from the kennel without Dr. Royce's knowledge, and his consent was courteously given to prevent delay in bringing up another dog. The runnings were closed for the day.

On Thursday morning the weather was warm and clear. Probably 1,200 to 1,500 people were in the line by early afternoon. The postponed course between Lady Dublin and Bob, in the Puppy Stakes, was ordered run. These unfortunate puppies, after three-quarters of an hour of beating, were not sighted on their first hare. The second hare they killed within 100yds., and no course was had. It looked as if the brace would never get a course. At last a rattling jack led out for the flats. Bob got off a trifle the better, and placed Lady Dublin on the turn. Lady Dublin got possession, turned twice, got a go-by and led. Both dogs quit at a mile and a half. Bob behind badly. Lady Dublin won.

Running was resumed in the second series of the All-Aged Stakes. Sandy Jim and Fleet Aleen went to the slips. Great interest was evinced in this race between the former champion and the big black. As they appeared in the slips Sandy Jim seemed—what he really is—much the better greyhound; his condition was perfect. Fleet Aleen was said to have stolen a hearty breakfast that morning. A young jack was started, and the dogs were ordered held. Fleet Aleen broke from the slips and coursed. To keep him from wearing himself out unfairly Sandy Jim was ordered slipped also. Sandy Jim ran to the hare and killed to the black dog's turn. No course.

Mr. Saulsbury's Meta and Mr. Luse's Lavina made the next brace. Meta placed Lavina and then regained possession, taking three go-bys, out-speeding and working fairly well. The jack, a red hot one, ran two miles and a half and then escaped. Meta won.

Sandy Jim and Fleet Aleen were put in the slips again, each being led single. It was claimed that Fleet Aleen fought in the slips. If so, he should not have been qualified. By mismanagement of this doublebarreled slipping scheme, a fine jack got off unsighted. After some time a second good one was started. Fleet Aleen took the lead-up distinctly. Jim, beyond question, ran shy. He had his cars up. Jim took place, and made a clear racing go-by. He seemed then to realize he had something to do. At a low wire fence Jim slowed up a trifle and Fleet Aleen took a go-by. Both dogs had an equal chance at the fence, but Fleet Aleen's go-by was no actual proof of superior speed, though it scored. Fleet Aleen kept possession for a hundred yards or so further, turned and killed. Fleet Aleen won, scoring seven points; Sandy Jim second, three points. The Great Bend people made much of the vanquisher of the champion. The course was about a mile in length.

Mr. Luse's Pauline went into the slips with Mr. Massey's Gipsy. The latter bitch was lame from earlier work. Gipsy ran up first; Pauline took a go-by, turned, wrenched and led in speed, having the best in the exchanging. The course ran over two miles, and was one of the best yet seen, Gipsy keeping Pauline fairly busy for a lame one. Pauline turned, killed, and won.

Running was taken up in the second series of the Derby or puppy stakes. Mr. Johnson's Dinah Black and Mr. Dixon's Plus made the first brace. Plus led up to the hare and placed Dinah Black, then turned and wrenched several times. Dinah Black drew in and wrenched repeatedly, but lost place to Plus, who tripped, turned, tripped and turned again to Dinah Black, who killed neatly in water. Plus won. The bitches were placed wrong in the slips, and resembling each other as they did, confusion for a time existed concerning the decision, it being held that Dinah Black won. The course was about half a mile in length.

Mr. Typer's Colonel and Mrs. Tyler's Tippecanoe, another brace of blacks, next went off after a grand white-tail jack. The doublings at first threw both dogs out, but when the course straightened Tippecanoe showed ahead; a questionable wrench was all he scored, but he clearly led and gained on Colonel for over two miles. A third hound broke loose from the crowd and coursed also, but Tippecanoe distanced this additional competition, ran his hare three miles and a half and won.

Dr. Royce's Widow in Weeds being unfit was withdrawn. Mr. Bartel's Catch'em was ordered a bye. Dick Taylor was brought out as his mate. The course was long and led to the bluffs. Being a bye race it was not followed by the reporters. Catch'em's color went up for winner.

Mr. Luse's Full of Fun and Mr. Egnew's Lady Dublin were next slipped. Full of Fun beyond question waited and let Lady Dublin push the hare for over half a mile. Lady Dublin wrenched repeatedly. Full of Fun drew in on the turn, then got a go-by and a turn, and showed better speed across two miles of grass. The hare was lost. Full of Fun was awarded the course. By strict coursing rules he should have been barred after his cunning start.

Mr. Mutersbaugh's Baby May and Mr. Allison's Rowdy were soon slipped on a grand course. Rowdy ran up and wrenched. Baby drew in. Rowdy led, scoring. Baby got a go-by. Rowdy led, scoring all the time for a half mile. Rapid exchanging followed, in which Rowdy had the best of it. The hare then turned and came back over her first course, on the soft ground along the fence. After two miles of running hare and dogs were nearly run to a standstill. The hare squatted in the weeds; Rowdy stopped and looked at her. Baby stopped a little further back. The hare went wearily on; Rowdy followed slowly and in the weeds killed out of sight. The hare probably fell dead. Baby May quit. Rowdy won. He is a game one.

Mr. Luse, who owns him, seemed of the opinion that Hal T.'s disqualification had been removed. Hal T. was put in the slips with Clara. Clara beat him pointless, so the result was not changed; but the course should have been announced as a bye.

The running had now gotten so far as the third series of the All-Aged Stakes. Great excitement existed when Mr. Smart's Flink and Mr. Allison's Terry were led out. Flink is held invincible by his backers. Terry looked as cheerful and happy as ever, his long lower jaw showing his teeth in the style peculiar to him. Both dogs received cheers, and both were heavily backed. A large hare was started and both dogs were well sighted and slipped. Terry led to the right; the hare turned of herself and went to the left. Flink bore directly to the left with a great burst of go and ran a direct line to the hare as if it had been arranged. Flink wrenched and so placed Terry, who got in. Terry wrenched. Flink took a distinct racing go-by and wrenched, placing Terry again. Terry wrenched. Flink took a second distinct and unmistakable racing go-by and then held possession, at once scoring a turn, a wrench and a trip, throwing the hare to Terry, who killed. Flink showed great brilliance, dash and sense. The course was about a half mile. Mr. Allison thought it was too short for Terry. Flink won.

Another exciting course followed, as Mr. Cookson's Newton Tip and Mr. Page's Belle P. came out. One weak hare was allowed to go away; the dogs were then slipped on a good one. Belle P. led up, placed Tip on the wrench, took a go-by, placed him again, took a second go-by, and then led all the way, wrenching often, turning, wrenching again, and tripping. On the trip Belle P. threw the hare belly up ten feet, into Newton Tip's mouth. Belle P. won with ease and brilliance.

Fleet Aleen was now led out to run his second course for the day, going into the slips with Dr. Van Hummel's much vaunted Denver dog Rich and Rare. Fleet Aleen was for a moment unsighted at the start by a voluntary turn of the hare. Rich and Rare laid a better course, and drew away, keeping the lead. Rich and Rare coursed the hare two miles over grass, but never turned or scored after the lead up. Mr. Bartels, judging, riding behind at some distance, was of

the opinion that Rich and Rare wrenched. This was emphatically not the case, as the alternate judge, officers of the club and representatives of the press, who rode the inner circle of the course and could thus observe more plainly, all agreed that the changing of the hare's course was not from any crowding. The dog followed the hare in her course, and that was all there was to it. Rich and Rare won.

Mr. Saulsbury's Meta and Mr. Luse's Paulina were put in slips, but no hare was found and the runnings were ordered closed. It had been a most delightful, successful day.

The members of the club met at the club rooms at Great Bend on that (Friday) evening, to enjoy a banquet offered by the ladies of the resident members. The table was plentiful and elegant, and all the arrangements perfect. During the progress of a most enjoyable evening responses were made to appropriate toasts by Col. David Taylor, Mr. C. G. Page, Dr. G. I. Royce, Mr. H. C. Lowe, Mr. T. W. Bartels, Judge Townsley, Mr. Frank K. Doan, Mr. A. C. Fair, Mr. J. V. Brinkman, and representatives of the sporting press. Mr. W. W. Carney was thanked for his generous treatment of the club in throwing open his ranch. The citizens of Great Bend and members of the club engaged in mutual felicitations. The occasion was highly pleasurable. The ladies of Great Bend deserve high thanks from all present.

Saturday morning was clear and warm. There were over two thousand in line by noon. As a popular event the meeting has already become a pronounced success. The early comers found hanging up in the club room a large wolf (coyote) which had just been killed by Mr. Amos Johnson's big black and tan dog January. The wolf was sighted within two miles of the club house by Mr. Johnson, and when January was loosed he closed within a mile and killed the wolf by himself. This is sufficient commentary on the large dog question. For game larger than rabbits, the little ones are too light. They are handy on the hares, but not on the hare-killers.

Meta and Paulina went to the slips. The judge got on the wrong side of a wire fence, and was unsighted. No course.

Plus and Tippecanoe were ordered down in the third series of the Puppy Stakes. The Meta—Paulina course had to drag along. This should have been run the day before, which was prevented by the Lady Dublin—Bob carry-over on the day previous. The fruits of deviation from the card now began to grow apparent. This was vigorously and sensibly commented upon by Mr. Lowe. As a matter of fact, this one deviation threw the final runnings over to Monday, when they might as well have been finished on Saturday. The club needs to learn that rules are made to be followed, and that not each man is free to except himself from them. While the judge was explaining these points, Plus and Tippecanoe were slipped on a hare. Plus took a racing go-by, Tippecanoe drew by on the inner circle. No kill. No further scoring. Plus won.

Catchem and Full of Fun were next in the third series of the Puppy Stakes. The judge missed the gap in the wire, and as the dogs were for a time lost to view, a no-course was called.

Rowdy and Clara were slipped on a hare driven down by the beaters. Rowdy led up, did the work, killed, and won with ease. A quarter mile course.

Meta and Paulina were ordered down again in the All-Age, and ran a three hundred-yards course. Meta thrown out by a turn of the hare at first; Paulina held back a trifle. Meta raced away and got possession, turning. Paulina drew in, but lost to Meta. Meta raced close, wrenched, killed and won. Paulina was a good bitch in all her previous courses. Little was accomplished during the morning. It was now 1 o'clock.

After lunch Catchem and Full of Fun ran a rattling course of over a mile and a half. Catchem led up, Full of Fun got placed, and then it was give and take. Full of Fun earned two go-bys, and Catchem one go-by. In the constant wrenching Full of Fun got to the hare quicker, and held possession longer. Catchem killed. Full of Fun won. At the kill a cottontail was started, and the dogs broke away. Full of Fun led up and killed. Mr. Bartels has a game runner in Catchem, but he does not yet turn handily enough.

Flink and Belle P. now took the slips, amid great excitement. Both dogs were eager and alert, and both looked fit, Belle P. much the better. Flink does not look a thoroughbred, and indeed is not. A good hare was started on the buffalo grass. Flink led up, and placed Belle P. Flink had a trifle the advantage in the early exchanging. Belle P. nearly evened the score within the half mile. Flink took a racing go-by, and held possession for a fast half mile. Belle P. drew in on a turn, and for a time had the best of the exchanging. On soft ground, after the first mile, Belle P. drew away, made a racing go-by, and to the end did most of the work, running game to kill, and turning the hare into Flink's mouth. Belle P. won. Blood tells in the long run, Mr. Page, Belle P.'s owner, while following, ran into a barbed guy wire at a fence corner, and got a shocking fall: his horse was sadly cut up, and he much hurt, though not seriously. Robt. Smart, Flink's owner, who did not see the latter part of the race at all, impugned the judge in vile language. Mr. Bartels proved himself a gentleman, and declined an altercation. At the club meeting that night an unanimous resolution was passed giving the man Smart his choice between expulsion and an ample written apology. In this the club took wrong action. They should have expelled him without recourse. The club has no need for hoodlums.

Rich and Rare and Meta were now put in the slips, and after a short no-course, in which Meta led, were sighted on a good hare. Meta led up to the hare, leaving Rich and Rare. Meta wrenched five times and turned. At the turn Rich and Rare got in, but held possession only a moment; he possibly made one wrench. Meta took a racing go-by, wrenched nine times, turned, and ran all around and away from Rich and Rare for the remainder of the course. The hare was lost for a moment, and when sighted Meta again led till taken up. The hare escaped. Meta won. Rich and Rare was doubtless further down in the runnings than he belonged. Started after five hares, he failed to turned three. This fact would not be worth mention had not Dr. Van Hummel been anxious to find a jack rabbit which Rich and Rare would not turn within 300yds.

A bye race was run between Rowdy and Clara in the fourth series of the Puppy Stakes. Rowdy had the best in a long course.

The winning dogs were now thought unfit to do themselves justice in the deciding courses, and much to the regret of all the last courses were held over till Monday. Had the coursing begun every morning at 9 o'clock instead of 10:30 and 11, this holding over would never have been necessary.

The greater portion of those attending the coursing meeting were forced to leave before Monday. A dozen or fifteen only were on the club grounds Monday morning. The weather was very cold. Meta and Belle P. were called to run the deciding heat in the All-Aged. Meta was withdrawn, lame; Belle P. won, taking championship and cup.

In the closing races of the Puppy Stakes, or "Great Bend Derby," Full of Fun and Plus went into slips. One hare was not sighted; on the second, Full of Fun led and did most of the work. Plus drew in, wrenched and killed. Full of Fun won.

Rowdy and Full of Fun ran a hard no-course into the hills out of sight; a second hare was a grand white-tail on buffalo grass. Rowdy led up and placed Full of Fun. Rowdy again got possession and held it over a long course, the judge sending up his flag while the dogs were still running, Rowdy being clearly winner.

Rowdy won Great Bend Derby.

Full of Fun second.

During the meet all the dogs were fed on Spratts Patent dog biscuits, which gave general satisfaction to the owners. The winners and runners-up in both stakes were trained on this food. It is a comfort to owners sending dogs to be entered to know that they will receive careful attention and the best possible food. This was assured by the club, who will use that food next year also.

Mr. H. C. Lowe, who was one of the judges, is a brother to Mr. Geo. Lowe, of England, whose contributions to the London *Field* and other leading sporting jounals of England (over the name "Leatherhead") are so well known.

In the bench show held at the club house Saturday at noon there were thirteen entries. Mr. H. C. Lowe judged. Mr. C. G. Page's dark brindle bitch Belle P., of Minden, Neb., was awarded first prize for best dog or bitch, and also the special prize offered by the secretary, Dr. Royce, of an elegant pair of English slips, for the best bitch winning in any stake. Belle P. is an elegant bitch, regularly marked in dark tiger brindle. Her head and neck are fine, back well arched, shoulders well placed. She is fine and symmetrical in every way, and was placed right in the decision. Mr. C. Cookson's dog Newton Tip, of Emporia, was given second. This was not a right placing; there were better greyhounds entered. Newton Tip is a fair-looking large dog, but coarse and a trifle throaty; his shoulders are not good, and he lacks symmetry and fineness. His color is a brindle.

At the business meeting of the club on Saturday night the following officers were elected: Pres., Col. David Taylor; Vice-Pres., D. N. Heizer; Treas., J. V. Brinkman; Sec., Frank K. Doan. Ex. Com., G. I. Royce, D. N. Heizer, G. N. Moses. The additional vice-presidents for other States are to be chosen by the executive committee.

There was brought before the club the question of purchasing the Uhl & Carney ranch, where the coursing grounds are now located. This ranch is for sale, and is liable to be sold. If so, the club would doubtless have to go elsewhere, and leave what is probably the finest coursing ground in the world. To the contrary, if the club secured these grounds, stocked them with hares, antelope and other game, appointed a gamekeeper to prevent indiscriminate slaughter of the great number of wildfowl which abound on the flats, to keep down the coyotes and to protect the young hares—in short, if a great game preserve could be made of the wide Cheyenne Flats, then a home and a place would be found at once and permanently for what would soon be the most colossal sporting event of the nation. The ranch schedule as offered is as follows: 8,400 acres of land, grazing and farming; 1,400 head of cattle; one barn, 300x48ft.; one horse barn, 150x30ft.; 60 head of Norman mares and colts; one fine and spacious dwelling house; seven windmills and water tanks; 25 miles of wire fencing. The price asked was $130,000. It was proposed to form a stock company. Forty thousand dollars could be placed in Great Bend at once. Could this project be practically carried through, it would be a grand thing not only for the American Coursing Club, but also for the sporting interests of the entire country.

To fulfill its duty as a chronicler, FOREST AND STREAM begs to remind the members of the American Coursing Club that while they were discussing the best means of raising $130,000, they allowed one of their judges, Mr. T. W. Bartels, to start back for Denver without offering him one cent for his railway fare, either way. Mr. Bartels was courteous and obliging enough, prompt and just enough to deserve better treatment. Of both the judges it may be said that they rode and judged well and fearlessly, and were a credit to themselves and the meeting.

Comparing the meeting with that of last year, an improvement of more than 100 per cent. is manifest in every particular. The entries were more numerous, the attendance was greater, the rules were better followed; everything went more smoothly, and everything pointed to a growing strength and steadiness. Great Bend should—what any other town in Kansas would do—raise a purse of $1,000, or even $500, for competition. Nothing will bring men, or even dogs, together quicker than money; nothing else will do so at all. Visiting sportsmen were well treated by the citizens of Great Bend. The members of the club and citizens alike treated the representatives of the press with the greatest kindness. FOREST AND STREAM is pleased to note these pleasant features, and to congratulate the club on the wonderful growth of the past year, as well as the brilliant prospect for the building up of a grand national sporting event.

Following is the summary of runnings:

SUMMARY.

ALL-AGED STAKES (AMERICAN FIELD CUP).

First Series.

Robert Smart's black dog Flink
beat
R. D. Saulsbury's white and fawn dog Leo.

D. N. Heizer's white dog Demon
beat
J. V. Brinkman's brindle and white bitch Constance.

L. Zutavern's black bitch Thorna
beat
C. F. Cluver's brindle dog Full of Fun.

M. E. Allison's red fawn dog Terry
beat
I. D. Brougher's brindle bitch Do or Die.

D. Taylor's black dog Midnight
beat
W. W. Carney's red fawn dog Barney.

C. G. Page's brindle bitch Belle P.
beat
A. C. Schermerhorn's black and tan dog January.

R. D. Saulsbury's brindle bitch Lady in Black
beat
B. M. Mutersbaugh's black bitch Dina Black.

H. C. Lowe's brindle dog Newton Tip
beat
P. Daugherty's brindle dog Clumsy Jack.

Dr. Q. Van Hummell's brindle and white dog Rich and Rare
beat
G. I. Royce's mouse bitch Honey Bee.

C. G. Page's mouse and white dog Pedro
beat
M. E. Allison's red fawn dog San Pedro.

M. E. Allison's red fawn dog Sandy Jim
beat
G. I. Royce's mouse bitch Humming Bird.

A. C. Fair's black dog Fleet Aleen
beat
Ed. Tyler's black dog Bounce.

R. D. Saulsbury's black and white bitch Meta
beat
D. C. Luse's red fawn dog Sport Aleen.

D. C. Luse's fawn bitch Lavina
beat
G. N. & E. R. Moses's mouse bitch Flirt.

D. C. Luse's red fawn bitch Paulina
beat
A. S. Allen's light fawn dog Jim Blaine.

A. Massey's brindle bitch Gipsy
beat
F. K. Doan's fawn and white dog Tat.

Second Series.

Flink beat Demon.
Terry beat Thorna.
Belle P. beat Midnight.
Newton beat Lady in Black.
Pedro withdrawn.
Rich and Rare a bye with Honey Bee.
Fleet Aleen beat Sandy Jim.
Meta beat Lavina.
Paulina beat Gipsy.

Third Series.

Flink beat Terry.
Belle P. beat Newton Tip.
Rich and Rare beat Fleet Aleen.
Meta beat Paulina.

Fourth Series.

Belle P. beat Flink.
Meta beat Rich and Rare.

Deciding Heat.

Meta withdrawn. Belle P. won championship and cup.

PUPPY STAKES (GREAT BEND DERBY).

First Series.

Amos Johnson's black bitch Dina Black
beat
D. N. Heizer's black bitch California Bell.

W. J. Dixon's black bitch Plus
beat
B. M. Mutersbaugh's brindle and white bitch Lady Estelle.

Mrs. L. F. Tyler's black dog Tippecanoe
beat
S. J. Shaw's fawn bitch Lavina.

H. P. Typer's black dog Colonel
beat
A. Laidlaw's mouse bitch True Foot.

T. W. Bartels's black dog Catchem
beat
E. A. Rowell's black dog Dick Taylor.

G. I. Royce's black bitch Widow in Weeds
beat
A. J. Buckland's white and fawn bitch Ruby.

T. C. Luse's black dog Full of Fun
beat
Geo. Spencer's mouse dog Dandy.

W. W. Egnew's white bitch Lady Dublin
beat
C. P. Townsley's mouse dog Bob.

B. M. Mutersbaugh's fawn bitch Baby May
beat
E. W. Moses's brindle bitch Lady Gray.

M. E. Allison's fawn dog Rowdy
beat
O. B. Wilson's fawn dog Minus.

D. C. Luse's red fawn bitch Clara
beat
F. Zutavern's white and red fawn bitch Jessamine.

J. W. Brown's dog Hal T. disqualified.

Second Series.

Plus beat Dina Black.
Tippecanoe beat Colonel.
Widow in Weeds withdrawn.
Catchem a bye with Dick Taylor.
Full of Fun beat Lady Dublin.
Rowdy beat Baby May.
Clara a bye with Hal T.

Third Series.

Plus beat Tippecanoe.
Full of Fun beat Catchem.
Rowdy beat Clara.

Fourth Series.

Full of Fun beat Plus.
Rowdy a bye with Clara.

Deciding Heat.

Rowdy beat Full of Fun, and won.
Full of Fun second.

RICH AND RARE—SANDY JIM MATCH.—Hutchinson, Kas., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The match race between Dr. Van Hummell's greyhound Rich and Rare and my champion Sandy Jim for a purse of $100, best two in three, on the grounds of the American Coursing Club, the 28th inst., was forfeited to Sandy Jim, the Doctor failing to put in an appearance. The forfeit money, $40, was paid over and Sandy Jim declared the winner.—M. E. ALLISON.

SAWDUST FOR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Oesterreich has pointed out a source of danger to dogs in the use of sawdust for bedding, and I wish to show where that same material is very useful. It is no small job to thoroughly dry a dog after washing, and without it washing is of more harm than good. Let whoever has this job on hand get a quantity of very fine sawdust, from thoroughly dry wood, such as comes from a scroll saw at a cabinet factory, and after roughly drying the dog with a towel, thoroughly rub his coat with the sawdust, working it clear to the skin, throw a cloth over the dog for a few minutes and then brush the sawdust out. Generally it will be found that the coat is perfectly dry after one application, but if a second is needed it is no great job. I have found it to work perfectly well with both mastiffs and bobtails; how it would work with satinette dogs like spaniels and setters I don't know. I was first led to this by the difficulty experienced in quickly drying a horse wet with sweat in winter, and somehow stumbled on this. Pine wood dust is the best, as being the more absorbent, but any kind will do, but it must be from thoroughly dry wood and the finer the better. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Oct. 29.

IMPORTED KINO.—Brooklyn, Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will Mr. A. C. Krueger say on what authority he advertises the great beagle Kino as "imported," when it is commonly known his importation consists in having been imported into Canada from the U. S. and back again here.—MALCOM.

PHILADELPHIA K. C. FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following are the entries up to date for fourth annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club:

ALL-AGED.

(PROFESSIONAL HANDLERS ALLOWED.)

MOLLY BAWN (Chestnut Hill Kennels), red Irish setter bitch (champion Glencho—Biddy).

BEGORRA (Chestnut Hill Kennels) red Irish setter dog (champion Blarney—Lady Clare).

GOLDEN ROD (J. H. Winslow), lemon and white pointer bitch (Beaufort—Zuba).

BELLE (Geo. Esherick), lemon and white pointer bitch (Temple Bar—Belle).

BETSEY LEIGH (Wm. H. Child), red Irish setter bitch (Bruce—Leigh Doane II.).

LURAY (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Leigh Doane).

GREOLE (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Grafton—Megg).

BRUCE (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter dog (Elcho—Noreen).

PRINCESS ALBA (E. Comfort), English setter bitch (Chalkly D.—Cassino Gladstone).

MEMBERS' STAKE.

(ALL ENTRIES TO BE HANDLED BY THEIR OWNERS.)

VOLLEY (Col. B. Ridgway), English setter bitch (Antic—Princess Mix).

CASSINO GLADSTONE (E. Comfort), English setter bitch (Gladstone—Countess Druid).

CLYDE T. (L. Shuster, Jr.), English setter dog (Thunder—Cornelia).

DERBY.

(OPEN TO ALL DOGS WHELPED AFTER JAN. 1, 1886). PROFESSIONAL HANDLERS ALLOWED.

BRUNETTE (J. H. Winslow), black and white pointer bitch (Graphic—Zitta).

TUHANA (J. H. Winslow), lemon and white pointer bitch (Guess—Viola).

CHARLIE WESTCOTT (Chas. H. Clark), black and white English setter dog (Chalkly D.—Cassino Gladstone).

BETSEY LEIGH (Wm. H. Child), red Irish setter bitch (champion Bruce—Leigh Doane II.).

WINNIE II. (Chestnut Hill Kennels), red Irish setter bitch, imported (Frisco—Grouse).

DESMOND II. (Chestnut Hill Kennels), red Irish setter dog, imported (Frisco—Grouse).

LEIGH DOANE III. (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Bruce—Leigh Doane II.).

PRINCESS ALBA (E. Comfort), English setter bitch (Chalkly D.—Cassino Gladstone).

WM. H. CHILD, Sec'y.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

FOLLOWING is a list of the entries in the All-Aged Stakes of the Western Field Trial Association, to be run next week. We also re-publish the entries for the Derby, as the former list was not complete in description:

ALL-AGED STAKE.

DANA (G. J. Gray, Kansas City, Mo.), pointer bitch, 1½yrs. (Corner Stone—Nellie True).

ROD (Castleman Kennels), pointer dog, 3yrs. (Meteor—Dell).

CORNER STONE (A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Md.), pointer dog, 3yrs. (Meteor—Accident).

SPOT (J. B. C. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo.), pointer dog, 4yrs. (Drake—Fan).

SPRING (R. M. Hutchings, Galveston, Tex.), pointer dog, 2yrs. 4mos. (Mainspring—Curfew).

RUBY BUCKELLEW (T. W. Stoutenburgh, Davenport, Ia.), English setter bitch, 2yrs. 3mos. (Buckellew—Brimstone).

KING NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter dog, 4yrs. (Count Noble—Rosalind).

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter dog, 1½yrs. (King Noble—Belle Belton).

KING'S DAN (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter dog, 2yrs. (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch, 1½yrs. (King Noble—Belle Belton).

DIXIE BELTON (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch, 2½yrs. (Dick B.—Belton).

DUQUESNE (A. S. Bishop, Pittsburgh, Pa.), English setter dog, 2½yrs. (Doncaster—Flirt).

BESSIE B. (Laredo Kennels, Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch, 2½yrs. (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

RODERICK (Laredo Kennels, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog, 2½yrs. (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Mellin, Kansas City, Mo.), English setter bitch, 2½yrs. (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

DERBY.

TRINKET COUNTESS (Paul Franke, St. Joseph, Mo.), pointer bitch (Croxteth—Trinket).

LASSIE JEAN (A. J. Gleason, Alma, Kas.), pointer bitch (Corner Stone—Gertrude).

BELLE C. (C. T. Allcutt, Kansas City, Mo.), pointer bitch (Corner Stone—Gertrude).

COUNT C. (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

CAPTAIN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

KING MARK (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Belle Belton).

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch (King Noble—Belle Belton).

BLUE CHIEF (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

RODERICK (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

JILL (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), setter bitch (Dashdale—Bonfil's Dot).

ROSE (Branch Martin, Little Rock, Ark.), English setter bitch (Little Dan—Bet).

PRIDE OF M. (R. M. Hutching, Galveston, Tex.), pointer (Bang Bang—Zannetta).

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane, Chicago), English setter (Rodrigo—Queen Bess).

PRAY'S GLADSTONE (J. A. Bolen, Kansas City), English setter (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A).

HATTIE WEST (J. A. Bolen, Kansas City), Irish setter bitch (Bush, Jr.—My Maud).

VAN HORN (George McConnell, Chicago), Irish setter (Brust, Jr.—My Maud).

LADDY (W. T. Bowdre, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

SAMUEL S. (W. T. Bowdre, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

OLLIE S. (W. T. Bowdre, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

BERTRAM (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), (Guess—Viola).

NELL (R. S. R. Randolph, Trenton, Tenn.), (Guido—Bell).

GRAPHIC III. (Graphic Kennels, Netherwood, N. J.), pointer (champion Graphic—Bloomo).

FRIVOLITY (Graphic Kennels, Netherwood, N. J.), pointer (Donald—champion Revel III.).

MISS GLEE (Graphic Kennels, Netherwood, N. J.), pointer bitch (Bracket—Nell of Efford).

BABE GLADSTONE (F. N. Wood, Kansas City), lemon belton setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

STELLA JACKSON (R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City), pointer bitch,

JESSIE B. (R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City), Irish setter bitch (Patsy D.—Betsy Crafts).

RENÉ (Will Davidson, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

SILK B. (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), (Roderigo—Lady Rake).

HUBERT (E. C. Sterling, St. Louis), pointer (Mainspring—Dell).

BELLE OF KANSAS CITY (Drury Underwood, Kansas City), English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

MOLLY, JR. (A. T. Harridge, Alma, Kansas), pointer bitch (Frank—Flora).

A. K. C. CONSTITUTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith inclosed find copy of the proposed amendments to the Constitution of the A. K. C., to be acted upon at the December meeting. As it is impossible by correspondence to get at the views of the members, I would suggest that your columns would be the best means of criticising the proposed amendments, and should be pleased to hear from any one interested in the A. K. C.—WM. H. CHILD.

AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. Second line on page 6, for "ten" substitute "thirty."
Sec. 2. Strike out all after "Club Secretary."

ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. Strike out all after "Each Club."
Strike out Sec. 2.
Sec. 3. For "Executive Committee" substitute "Association." Strike out "two," and for "Vice-Presidents" substitute "Vice-President."
Sec. 4. For "Secretary and Treasurer" substitute "Secretary-Treasurer."
Sec. 6. Lines 6 and 7, strike out "for which each meeting shall be called, and"
Sec. 7. Strike out "in person."

ARTICLE VI.

To first clause add: "Ten days' notice must be given of such special meeting."
Second line of second clause; strike out "preside at all the meetings of this association, and"

ARTICLE IX.

Strike out "or delegate."

ARTICLE X.

For "on or before December 1st" substitute "at or before the annual meeting." For "vote for Executive Committee" substitute "representation at said annual meeting."

AMENDMENTS TO BY-LAWS

Sec. 1. Change "6" and "7" to "7" and "8," and insert "6, Election of Officers."
Sec. 2. Strike out "Standing" in order of business, No. 5. Strike out "6, Report of Special Committees," and "8, Election of Officers." Change "7" "9," and "10" to "6," "7" and "8."
Sec. 3. Second line on page 11, after "Committee" insert "of which ten days' notice must be given to the parties in interest." Second clause, second line, for "those" substitute "such."
Sec. 4. Strike out entire section.
Sec. 5. Second line, strike out "regular." Omit remainder of section after "members present."

AMENDMENTS TO RULES.

Rule 2. Strike out the first sentence and substitute "Every dog entered at any show held under these rules must be the bona-fide property of the person making such entry on the day of closing the entries." Omit comma after "exhibited" on fourth line, and insert commas before and after "if known," on fifth line.
Rule 3. After word "Catalogue" on fourth line insert "together with a list of all prizes won by the dog."
Rule 4. For "may" on third line substitute "shall."
Rule 5. After "owning" insert "or leasing."
Rule 6. Omit comma after "open class."
Rule 10. For "room" on the fifth line substitute "building."
Rule 11. After "surgeon" substitute period for comma.
Rule 12. Fourth line, for "dog" substitute "dogs."
Rule 13. Add "All the separate classes of any one breed of dogs must, however, be adjudicated upon by the same Judge, or Judges acting in conjunction."
Rule 15. On third line strike out "Miscellaneous classes." On fifth line after word "which" insert "together with these rules." On sixth line after "list" insert "and catalogue." Add to rule: "Provided that such prizes have been won in classes confined to one recognized breed."
Rule 16. On fourth line for "noon" substitute "P. M." Strike out all after word "Show" on sixth line.
Insert a new Rule 17 as follows: "Any show held under American Kennel Club rules other than by a club, member of the Association, shall be recognized for the purpose of qualifying for the champion class provided the amount of cash premiums offered at such show shall amount to $500.00, exclusive of special prizes."
Rule 18. Strike out from beginning to and including the word "and" on third line. Strike out the second clause beginning "Stud dogs."
Rule 21. Strike out on second line beginning with "exhibitor" to word "Association," and substitute "person." Add to rule as follows: "No objection shall be entertained unless accompanied by a deposit of $5.00, except in the case of objection lodged in the name of the American Kennel Club." In first line of second paragraph insert word "show" before "committee."
Transpose the words "provided any such member is not on the show committee," and insert after word "present" at the end of fourth line.
After the word "available" on third line on page 16 insert "If the second decision is adverse to the appellant, the deposit of $5.00 is thereby forfeited to the show committee."
Begin new paragraph with the words "If the objection," and insert after word "receipt" "Five days' notice of the date and place of meeting for that purpose must be given to all parties in interest."
Strike out remainder of clause and substitute:
"From any decision rendered as provided for in the foregoing two clauses appeal may be taken to the full Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club. Such appeal must be sent to the Secretary within seven days of the decision being rendered, accompanied by a deposit of $10.00, which shall be forfeited to the American Kennel Club should the previous decision or decisions be sustained. If the appeal is allowed all deposits must be returned to appellant."
Rule 22. On third line substitute "suspended" for "disqualified." On fourth line strike out "where the fault is committed." On fifth line substitute "suspension" for "disqualification." On twelfth line for the word "penalty" substitute "suspension." At close of second paragraph add: "The committee of the American Kennel Club are, however, empowered to use such discretion in the enforcement of this penalty as shall protect innocent parties."
Add a new rule as follows: "No person under suspension or sentence of disqualification can exhibit or take a prize at any show held under these rules."
Rule 23. Add "The partners in a kennel will be deemed equally culpable in the case of fraud perpetrated in the kennel name."
Rule 24. Add "Each of these officials, except paid employes, shall be held personally responsible for the payment of all prizes within sixty days from the last day of the show. The Secretary of the American Kennel Club shall, upon evidence being produced that any such prize or prizes remain unpaid, issue notice of suspension of each and every official, and otherwise proceed as provided for in Rule." (Present Rule 22).
Insert new Rule: "The person presenting the identification ticket shall be recognized as the agent of the owner in the latter's absence, and his receipt for prize money shall be binding on the owner, unless notice to the contrary is indorsed on the identification ticket."
Amend Rule 25 to read as follows: "All prizes offered by the Club or committee in charge of a show must be paid in accordance with the description given them in the premium list. Medals of silver or gold must be of the purity of United States coin."
For list of recognized shows substitute the following as being complete to date. This list is to be added to from time to time by the Secretary as shows are held in accordance with the rules of the American Kennel Club. All shows are to be listed in alphabetical order, and list supplied to all applicants.

Baltimore Kennel Club, 1878.
Boston, Massachusetts Kennel Club, 1878 to 1882.
" New England Kennel Club, 1885 to 1887.
Chicago, 1876, 1883, 1884.
" Illinois Kennel Club, 1885.
Cincinnati, 1884.
" Sportsman's Club, 1885.
Cleveland, 1882, 1884.
" Kennel Club, 1886.
Detroit, 1879.
" Michigan Kennel Club, 1887.
Fox-Terrier Club, 1886.
Hartford Kennel Club, 1886, 1887.
Hornell Kennel Club (Hornellsville), 1886.
London, Ont., 1879 to 1883.
Milwaukee Kennel Club, 1886.
Montreal, 1883, 1884.
New Haven Kennel Club, 1884 to 1886.
New Jersey Kennel Club (Newark and Waverly), 1886, 1887.
New Orleans, 1883, 1884.
New York.
" Westminster Kennel Club, 1877 to 1887.
" Fancier's Club, 1886.
Ottawa, Province of Ontario, 1883.
Philadelphia.
" Kennel Club, 1870 to 1887.
" National Breeders' Show, 1884.
Pittsburgh, Western Penna. Poultry Society, 1881 to 1887.
St. Louis Kennel Club, 1879, 1880.
" Gun Club, 1884, 1885.
Toronto, Ont., 1880 (Fair Grounds), 1884, 1885 (Horticultural Gardens).
Washington, 1883, 1884.

BENCHERS AND FIELDERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Writers in the different sportsmen's papers throughout the country are continually casting slurs upon what they style "benchers," etc., and leading uninformed persons to infer that a prize winner at a bench show is about as useless in the field as a stuffed dog, or to put it as one owner of a prize winner some time ago wrote, "As if he was taking a brass statue through the country to win prizes." This, as any well-informed man knows, is most unjust to the prize winners. Let us just notice some of our bench show winners. Of course I refer to sporting dogs. To begin with pointers, the great Beaufort, despite his misfortune (as our anti-bench show man would style it) of being "champion of the world," was good enough to win a place at the Eastern Field Trials. Champion Graphic is also weighted with many a prize; but he managed to win all his heats until drawn. Robert le Diable is a champion on the bench and in the field. Naso of Kippen is a fine field dog, as his record shows. Bang Bang is also guilty of winning on the bench. Sensation was a field dog. Bradford and Tammany have won in field trials.

Then take English setters. Foreman is a champion on bench and in field. Plantagenet won heats when run in the E. F. T. C. Rockingham, I believe, is a good fielder. Royal Albert is entered for the field trials this year; Royal Prince II. also. Paul Gladstone has a double record. Champion Mandan won a place at the Manitoba Trials. Every one knows Gladstone's record. London could win in field or ring. The great Roderigo can get into money on the bench; Gus Bondhu also. Cora of Wetheral is entered for the trials this fall. Poor Dido II. was a fielder. Lillian can win on the bench. The Irish setter champion Chief is a trial winner. I believe Tim is a good field dog.

Irish water spaniels I do not know about, although one prominent exhibitor of them claimed that his were "non-sporting" dogs when he saw a chance of winning a special.

In Clumber spaniels, Johnny is a worker that is bad to beat, and Drake runs him close. Judy was a capital field dog. Mr. Pier's Clumbers can win on the bench, and they are noted for their field qualities. Ben was a perfect field dog, and Joan has had many a day in covert. The field spaniel champion Black Prince is a splendid worker. The cocker Hornell Silk is styled "champion field spaniel of America" by default. Obo II., I believe, is a fielder. Obo, Jr. can do a day's work.

Mr. Cook's pack of foxhounds make a clean sweep when shown, yet they are said to be as good as they look.

The beagles Cameron's Racket, Bannerman and Trailer can do good work. Memnon has a double record.

I trust no one will accuse me of not mentioning this dog or that, as I have merely dotted down names of those that I thought of while writing and know to be field dogs, although guilty of receiving honors at bench shows. C.

MASTIFFS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following from Mr. R. A. Craig is too good to be lost, and with his kind permission I send it to you: "Our kennels are on the shore of a lake near a village of 2,000 inhabitants. Lately there have been several petty burglaries. About a week ago the kennelman heard a great noise; the dogs had burst the doors open (Phædra, Persephone, Corsair and Vixen). He opened the window, and saw in the moonlight two men up to their middles in the water and the dogs on the bank growling. In response to his questions, the men said they were merely taking a walk. There was no thoroughfare—all private property and 2:30 A. M.—so he told them to stay there till morning, put down the window and went to bed. In the morning the dogs were there, but the men had either waded along the shore or had swam off."

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Oct. 20.

A MARTYR TO DUTY.—I doubt not your readers will share in our regret at the loss of an active and valued friend of this institution, who, on the 15th inst., fell a victim to his devotion and zeal in a good cause. I refer to that intelligent terrier, Tartar, late the property of Mrs. Burt, of the Eglinton Arms, who, between New Year's Day and the date of his untimely death, collected no less a sum than £12 2s for us. Tartar had a collecting-box, which he regarded as being in his special charge, and for which he actually canvassed the frequenters of his master's and mistress's house with dogged persistence, and with a persuasiveness of expression which seemed to say, "You can't refuse a poor dog a trifle for our old infirmary." Such an appeal was hardly to be resisted, and the coin given or thrown to him was promptly seized or recovered and dropped through the slit, which was the doorway to his treasury. A post mortem examination disclosed that death had resulted from the effects of one or more pennies inadvertently swallowed in his anxiety to secure them for his box. While I write, his picture, taken with his box beside him, is before me. We regret, and his mistress laments, the loss of a friend. If in accociation with his memory it is not forgotten that what a dog has done dogs may do, Tartar will have left behind him the encouragement of a good example—a valuable bequest to man as well as dogs.—CHARLES S. GRAHAM, Secretary Bristol Royal Infirmary.—*Stock-Keeper.*

AMERICAN TOY DOG CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The organization meeting of the American Toy Dog Club will be held at 221 West Thirty-eighth street, New York, on Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 3 o'clock. All interested in these little house pets are invited to be present. Ladies and gentlemen in and out of town who may not be able to attend the meeting but desire to become members, will please assist in the organization by writing and stating their views to the secretary at the above address. Members will be enrolled and officers elected for the ensuing year. A large attendance is expected.—W. ROBINSON, Sec., pro tem.

DR. PIGEON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any of your readers give me the address of Dr. Pigeon, an English mastiff fancier, who came to this country a few years since? —W. WADE (Hulton, Pa.),

WINSTED DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* H. Clay Glover will judge pointers and setters, and James Watson all other classes at Winsted, Conn., Dec. 14-16. The managers have arranged with W. Tallman to feed the dogs with Blackstone Food. Premium lists will be ready Nov. 4. —F. D. HALLETT, Secretary.

DOG LOST.—The English setter bitch Forest Dora (A. K. R. 500), blue belton, 5yrs. old (champion Dick Laverack—Forest Fly), belonging to Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., was stolen Friday evening, Oct. 28. Any trace of her will be thankfully received by G. E. Osborne, Birmingham, Conn.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Tom and Jerry. By Edwin F. Bishop, Buffalo, N. Y., for blue-black and tan foxhound dogs, whelped June 24, 1887, by Spot (Sport—Fly) out of Gipsy (Dixy Jim, A.K.R. 2215— ———).

Coon. By LaFayette Cole, Peoria, Ill., for fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Countess.

America. By Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., for sable and white collie bith, whelped March, 1886, pedigree not given.

Daisy Edgecomb. By Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., for black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Montrose (A.K.R. 891) out of imported Lady Edgecomb.

Lothian Maid II. and Lady Montrose. By Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., for sable and white and black and tan collie bitches, whelped Nov. 30, 1886, by Montrose (A.K.R. 871) out of Midlothian Lassie (A.K.R. 2124).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Chautauqua Belle—Gladstone's Mark. Chautauqua Kennels' (Sheridan, N.Y.) English setter bitch Chautauqua Belle (Ted Llewellin—Marcella) to Geo. Jarvis's Gladstone's Mark (Gladstone—Bessie A.), Oct. 11.

Lady Clyde—Lothian Chief. E. J. Hawley's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883) to Lothian Kennels' Lothian Chief (Montrose, A.K.R. 891—Tibbie, A.K.R. 2825), Sept. 25.

Midlothian Lassie—Lothian Ned. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Midlothian Lassie (A.K.R. 2124) to W. B. Lanphear's Lothian Ned (Montrose, A.K.R. 891—Tibbie, A.K.R. 2825), Oct. 24.

Lady Edgecomb—Lothian Chief. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Edgecomb to their Lothian Chief (Montrose, A.K.R. 891—Tibbie, A.K.R. 2825), Oct. 25.

America—Lothian Chief. Lothian Kennels' (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch America to their Lothian Chief (Montrose A.K.R. 891—Tibbie, A.K.R. 2825), Sept. 14.

Peggy O'More—Chief. J. J. Davis and F. J. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Peggy O'More (Rory O'More—Quail III.) to Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck), Aug. 20.

Tony—Chief. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Tony (Tim—Jersey Beauty) to his Chief (Berkley—Duck), Sept. 22.

Nora V.—Tim. Thos. Rodenburg's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Nora V. (Glencho—Nora More) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Oct. 21.

Jessie—Tim. I. H. Robert's (Moorestown, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Jessie (Elcho—Noreen) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Oct. 23.

Lulu III.—Tim. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Lulu III. (Glencho—Lulu II.) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Oct. 27.

Carmen K.—Royal Duke. Edward Kline's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Gordon setter bitch Carmen K. (A.K.R. 3970) to W. S. Hammett's Royal Duke (A.K.R. 4678), Oct. 6.

Fanny—King Bow. John Wetton's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Fanny to Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow (Bow—Taffee), Oct. 10.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rush. W. H. Beede's (Lynn, Mass.) pointer bitch Rush (Noble—Kit), Oct. 22, four (three dogs), by R. Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy).

Belle Valentine. H. R. T. Coffin's (Glens Falls, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Belle Valentine (Rector—Emmet's Jura), Aug. 26, eight (four dogs), by his Cato (A.K.R. 5265).

Daisy. A. E. Adams's (Clyde, N. Y.) pug bitch Daisy (Smut—Susie), Oct. 10, four (three dogs), by his Port (Santa Claus—Judy).

Drumlin Isle. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Drumlin Isle (Mac—Rosa), Aug. 30, six (three dogs), by their Bruce of the Fylde (Marcus—Lucy).

Charmer. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Charmer (Charlemagne—Young Meg), Oct. 11, nine (three dogs), by S. Boddington's Metchley Wonder (Sefton—Minnie).

Floss. H. H. Carr's (Lynn, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Floss (Glencho—Flame), Oct. 16, thirteen (ten dogs), by Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel).

Florid. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Florid (Chief—Becky), Oct. 27, twelve (nine dogs), by his Tim (Biz—Hazel).

Bizreena. F. L. Cheney's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Bizreena (Nimrod—Bizora), Oct. 13, eight (four dogs), by Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Dot. P. P. Lewis's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Dot (Ringwood—Maida), Aug. 6, four dogs, by Geo. Laick's Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless).

Rye. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxey), Aug. 20, four bitches, by his Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless).

Marguerite. H. W. Holmes's (New York) bull-terrier bitch Marguerite (Count—Young Venom), Oct. 11, seven (three dogs), by R. & W. Livingston's Grand Duke (Hink's Dutch—Young Meguet).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Iron Duke. Black and white ticked English setter dog, whelped April 25, 1884, by Gun out of Morning Star, by Geo. Jarvis, New York, to C. W. Whitcher, Boston, Mass.

Bessie H. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped July 13, 1887, by Gladstone's Mark out of Trusty Gladstone, by Geo. Jarvis, New York, to Leander Hopkins, White Plains, N. Y.

Fairy Gladstone. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 13, 1887, by Gladstone's Mark out of Trusty Gladstone, by Geo. Jarvis, New York, to W. B. Peet, same place.

Bush. Black, tan and white beagle dog, whelped September, 1886, pedigree not given, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to E. G. Bucklin, Keyport, N. J.

Kate. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1886, by Ring out of Music, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to C. H. Starks, Chatham, N. Y.

Mac II. White, yellow spots, bull-terrier dog, whelped October, 1886, by Old Mac out of Biddy, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. E. Sherburn, Providence, R. I.

Music. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped October, 1885, pedigree not given, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. Seims, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ring. White and tan beagle dog, whelped 1884, pedigree not given, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. Seims, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ivey. Blue and tan Yorkshire terrier bitch; age and pedigree not given, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Jas. Mathews, same place.

Donald. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped August, 1883, by Celtic Raiman out of Margery II., by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to John Dean, same place.

Bonnie. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped August, 1885, by Celtic Raiman out of Margery II., by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Wm. B. Reed, same place.

Glen. White and orange brindle rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 26, 1887, by Cato (A.K.R. 5265) out of Belle Valentine, by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Mrs. R. A. McCurdy, Morris Plains, N. J.

Princess Alice. Orange belton English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1887, by Royal Albert out of Maida, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del.

Kilmarnock Bruce—Winnie whelp. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped May 20, 1887, by Kilmarnock Collie Kennels, Braintree, Mass., to Lakeview Kennels, Boston, Mass.

Gus Bondhu—Nellie Dale II. whelp. White and lemon English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1887, by T. C. Faxon, Braintree, Mass., to Lake View Kennels, Boston, Mass.

Milo—Duchess of Winchendon whelp. Fawn, black mask, mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1887, by W. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to R. H. Vaughn, Norwich, Conn.

Bruce of the Fylde—Drumlin Isle whelps. Collies, whelped Aug. 30, 1887, by Kilmarnock Collie Kennels, Braintree, Mass., a sable and white dog to A. L. Thorndike, Longwood, Mass., and a black, tan and white dog to J. T. Chase.

Gladstone's Mark—Trusty Gladstone whelps. English setters, whelped July 13, 1887, by Geo. Jarvis, New York, a blue belton dog to Daniel Kennelly, same place; a blue belton dog to C. M. Snell, Danbury, Conn., and a white, black and tan dog each to C. O. Ferry, Wabash, Ind., and C. B. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.

Wacouta Dora. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1887, by Wacouta Nap (A.K.R. 5437) out of Wacouta Bess (A.K.R. 4050), by Wacouta Kennels, St. Paul, Minn., to Thos. Wallgate, Newport, Minn.

Laick's Rattler—Rye whelps. Three white, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped Aug. 20, 1887, by Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to P. P. Lewis, same place.

Kelp's Trump. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped July 25, 1887, by Pride of Dixie out of Kelp, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Dr. A. G. Aldrich, Anoka, Minn.

King Bow's Boy. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 20, 1887, by King Bow out of Ruby Croxteth, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to L. G. Brooks, Logansport, Ind.

Kelp's Girl. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped July 25, 1887, by Pride of Dixie out of Kelp, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit. Mich., to C. E. Wallin, Montgomery, Ala.

Storm Bow. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 1, 1886, by King Bow out of Ruby Croxteth, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to E. Grace and J. E. Roos, same place.

Croxe Bow. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 1, 1886, by King Bow out of Ruby Croxteth, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to E. Grace and J. E. Roos, same place.

DEATHS.

Kerry Gow. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 5190), owned by Geo. E. Alexander, Pawtucket, R. I.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

L. W., N. Y.—1. At what age is it best to commence to train a dog? 2. I have an Irish setter who for the last six months has had inflamed eyes which matter every day; he also has a skin in the lower corner of both eyes. Ans. 1. You can commence teaching a dog to mind at four to six months. 2. Wash eyes with borax and glycerine and drop a little solution of zinc sulphate and water (two grains to the ounce) in the eyes night and morning.

C. D. R., Woodbridge.—My bulldog has been troubled for about two weeks. Small spots appear on back and neck at first, matterate and dry up and the hair comes off, leaving the skin rough and sore, and spread in large patches. I am washing with castile soap and give five drops Fowler's solution night and morning. Ans. Keep on with Fowler's solution. Rub the spots lightly with balsam of Peru ointment night and morning after washing.

H. F. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Do not give raw meat to dogs when not working. Your feeding is good. Mix a small amount of meat in the meal while cooking. Cleanse the water pail every other day. This is probably the cause of the trouble. Get the following:

R.	Ext. nucis vom	grs. iii.
	Quin sulph	grs. xxiv.
	Capsici	grs. xii.
	Ipecacuanhæ	grs. i.

Mix. Fit pill No. 12. Sig. Give one pill three times daily concealed in a morsel of meat.

WELL BRED ST. BERNARDS.—Mr. Rodney Benson offers some well bred St. Bernard puppies for sale in our advertising columns. The sire, Bonivard, has a record of over 40 first prizes and cups won in England and America, and some, if not all of these youngsters should make their mark on the show bench.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THOMASTON, Conn., Oct. 22.—Three members of the Empire Rifle Club were present at the range this P. M. The scores below show the want of practice. A good light, with a gusty wind from 3 to 9 o'clock:

Fred A Perkins	6	8	6	5	6	8	8	5	5	5—62
A S Hubbard	7	5	5	5	5	7	4	5	5	6—54
G P P North	7	5	5	4	5	7	5	8	0	5—51

Hubbard was using a gun he never saw before, and has not shot at a target in two years.—FRED. A. PERKINS.

Oct. 29.—A beautiful day for rifle shooting, but only two members present at the range. Off-hand, 200yds., standard target. We use only the target center.

Fred A Perkins	7	6	5	8	5	7	6	8	7	7—66
C F Williams	10	6	7	0	7	6	4	5	4	5—54

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 29.—The attendance at the meet today at Broad Meadow Range was not large. The Creedmoor target was used, distance 200yds., with a possible score of 50. The work in detail was a follows:

Sporting Rifle.		Military Rifle.	
A C Brown	4555555555—49	C M Hunt	4454454444—42
	5555453555—49		4543535345—41
		Macomber	4454543444—39
		Jones	4434543534—39

CREEDMOOR, Oct. 29.—The twelfth Marksman's Badge match of the National Rifle Association was shot to-day. The attendance was very large. The weather was very fine and mild, which was very favorable for shooting. The scores made were very good. Following are scores of 42 and over; the winners of the match are those marked *:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
*T J Dolan, N C S, 12th Regt	24	24	48
*S F Fahnstock, Co I, 13th Regt	22	25	47
J S Shepherd, Co D, 23d Regt	21	25	46
*F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt	22	24	46
J D Foot, Co F, 7th Regt	22	23	45
*Geo A Lane, Co A, 13th Regt	22	23	45
*E F Young, Co C, 7th Regt	22	23	45
*Alex Stein, Co C, 7th Regt	20	24	44
*R L Major, Co I, 7th Regt	20	24	44
*M E Burnton, Co 7, 22d Regt	20	24	44
J McNevin, N C S, 13th Regt	22	22	44
G F Hamlin, Co I, 23d Regt	23	21	44
E DeForest, Co C, 23d Regt	20	23	43
*P Kenyon, Co G, 23d Regt	21	22	43
*P L Klock, Co H, 7th Regt	21	22	43
*J H Cockburn, Co A, 12th Regt	22	21	43
F R Wiswell, Co A, 13th Regt	19	23	42
H T Farrell, Co B, 12th Regt	20	22	42
A G Findlay, Jr, Co G, 23d Regt	21	21	42
W H Greenland, Staff, 22d Regt	21	21	42
R M Dunn, Co G, 7th Regt	21	21	42
H D Hamilton, Co I, 23d Regt	21	21	42
O E Dudley, Co F, 7th Regt	22	20	42
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Regt	23	19	42

The last opportunity to qualify this season will be on Tuesday, Nov. 8 (Election Day), open all day, commencing at 8:30 A. M.—J. MANZ, Jr., Ass't Sec.

NEVADA VS. CALIFORNIA.—In a friendly match to have been shot Oct. 16, between ten members of the Nevada Rifle Association of Virginia City, and a like number of the National Club of San Francisco, the Nevada team made the splendid score of 824 points, each man firing ten shots at both the 200 and 500yd. targets:

	200	500		200	500
M H Burke	44	47—91	Thomas Uren	42	43—85
J Ferris	45	44—89	X Stocker	42	45—87
S Curnew	44	46—90	J D Cameron	44	47—91
J E Wratten	44	42—86	J Spargo	43	47—90
B J Jenesy	42	39—81	H Cardew	44	50—94—884

It will be seen by the above that Cardew made the best individual record, scoring a possible 50 at the 500yd. target, which is the first time in the history of target shooting contests between rival teams when ten consecutive bullseyes were scored at either target. In the two sighting shots allowed each member of the team, Cardew's shots were also bullseyes. He was also winner of the weekly 500yd. target and aggregate medals. Several dispatches were sent to the Secretary of the National Club asking him to wire the score made by the San Francisco team, but no answer was returned. When the mail arrived a letter was received dated Oct. 11, in which the writer stated that it would be impossible for the National Club team to shoot on the 16th. On Oct. 6, Secretary Tickell of the Nevada team, received a letter from the secretary announcing that the proposition to shoot was accepted. The shooting of the Nevada Rifle Association's team was therefore done under the impression that the Nationals were contesting with them for supremacy as marksmen. Under these circumstances Secretary Tickell has decided to send the target to the California team to show its members what kind of shooting they must do to expect to win in a contest with the Nevada Rifles.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21.—The Lancaster Schuetzen-Verein visited the North End Rifle Club at Schoeneck to-day for the purpose of friendly contests and testing their practice at Creedmoor target range of 500yds. A match was arranged between the clubs, seven men being selected from each association to shoot ten shots apiece; the target the standard American, distance 200yds., and possible 100. The scores were as follows:

N. E. Rifle Club.										
H Y Yocum	5	6	10	6	0	0	6	5	9	0—47
D R Hagy	6	0	7	9	0	0	6	9	9	10—56
W Carpenter	6	7	5	10	8	5	7	9	9	7—73
L M Wiest	7	6	6	7	5	4	0	8	4	5—52
C S Wenger	7	8	6	6	9	6	8	4	7	7—68
J A Stober	4	7	8	6	4	0	7	10	0	0—43
W K Romig	7	10	9	7	6	7	5	9	7	6—73
										412
Lancaster S. V.										
Jacob Wolfer	6	9	9	6	7	5	7	8	7	8—72
E C Hall	8	10	5	5	10	8	5	7	6	5—69
Peter Donnel	4	0	10	7	5	5	7	0	4	10—52
Chas Franciscus	9	8	6	8	7	7	7	8	7	7—74
I Carpenter	6	6	4	5	5	5	8	5	6	6—56
J J Fritsch	0	6	5	9	7	0	5	0	0	5—37
J W Mentzer	0	6	0	7	6	7	0	4	0	4—34
										394

A second match was next arranged for practice at same target, same distance, with the possible but 30, and the following is the score:

N. E. Rifle Club.		Lancaster S. V.	
C S Wenger	4 9 10—23	J F Wolfer	10 4 6—20
L M Wiest	5 9 6—20	E C Hall	6 8 7—20
W Carpenter	6 7 7—20	P Donnel	6 5 8—19
H B Keller	7 6 10—23	C Franciscus	9 5 8—22
J Stuber	0 5 0—5	I Carpenter	0 7 10—17
G Mohler	8 7 9—24	J J Fritsch	0 6 5—11
L D Hacker	5 6 4—15	J W Mentzer	4 5 6—15
	130		124

Then followed the most interesting match of the day, arranged by selecting two mixed teams, each team comprising representatives of the Schuetzen Verein and North End clubs, 500yds., and possible 25. The scores were:

Kendrick Team.		Mentzer Team.	
C S Wenger	4 5 4 3 5—21	C Franciscus	3 4 4 4 5—20
J F Wolfer	0 3 0 2 0—5	L M Wiest	4 5 5 5 5—24
W Carpenter	4 5 5 3 5—22	J W Mentzer	3 4 4 3 2—16
P Donnel	3 2 3 3 4—15	J A Stager	4 2 4 5 3—18
H Y Yocum	4 5 4 2 5—20	I Carpenter	2 3 3 4 4—16
E C Hall	2 5 0 3 0—10	D R Hagy	3 3 3 2 4—15
E F Bard	3 3 3 4 4—17	J J Fritsch	0 0 0 2— 2
G Mohler	3 2 3 4 4—16	W K Romig	3 2 4 4 5—18
J Stuber	4 4 4 5 4—21	H B Keller	3 2 3 4 3—14
M Kilburn	4 2 3 4 5—18	L R Hacker	3 4 5 4 4—20
	165		163

STOCKTON, N. J., Oct. 27.—The third and final prize competition among the First New Jersey Regiment marksmen was decided to-day at Stockton Rifle Range. The day was rather unfavorable for good scores. The competitions were three in number—August 27, September 24 and October 27. Five prizes to be awarded to the men having the two highest scores (aggregate) at 200 and 500yds., seven shots at each distance. The following are the prize winners:

	200yds.	500yds.	
Sergeant Geo. F. Root, Company F.			
September	3 4 4 4 4 4 3—26	0 3 5 5 5 3 5—26—52	
October	4 5 5 4 4 3 4—29	4 5 2 4 4 5 4—28—57—109	
Sergeant E. T. Linnard, Company D.			
August	3 3 2 4 3 4 5—24	4 4 5 5 5 0 5—28—52	
October	4 4 5 5 4 4 3—29	0 2 3 4 5 5 4—23—52—104	
Corporal H. J. Mehard, Company C.			
September	2 3 4 4 4 4 3—24	5 4 4 4 0 2 2—25—49	
October	3 3 4 4 4 4 4—26	5 3 3 3 4 5 5—28—54—103	
Adjutant P. S. Conrad.			
August	4 3 4 4 3 5 4—27	3 3 3 3 3 4 4—23—50	
September	3 4 4 3 4 4 4—26	2 5 5 3 2 5 5—27—53—103	
Private A. A. Kerns, Company B.			
August	3 4 3 4 4 4 4—26	4 5 4 4 4 5 5—31—57	
September	4 3 3 3 4 4 4—25	2 2 4 4 0 3 5—20—45—102	

ALBANY, Oct. 20.—At Rensselaerwyck rifle range to-day the military match was shot and was won by Private Stephen Schreiber, who is rapidly coming to the front. The weather conditions were fair, and the wind moderate. The conditions of the match were 200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance, military State rifle. There were twenty-three competitors, and the result of the friendly competition showed several excellent scores. The following scores were made:

Pvt S Schreiber, Co B	5 4 5 5 4—23	4 5 5 3 5—22—45
Qm-Sergt B R Spellman, Jr, Co A	4 4 5 4 4—21	5 4 5 3 4—22—43
Pvt E A King, 6th Separate Co	2 3 4 4 4—17	4 5 4 4 4—21—38
Pvt F C Comstock, 6th Separate Co	3 4 2 3 3—15	5 3 4 4 3—19—34
Pvt J A Wells, 6th Separate Co	4 3 3 3 3—16	3 3 5 5 3—17—33
Sergt H M Caswell, 6th Separate Co	3 4 3 3 4—17	3 4 2 2 5—16—33
Pvt T S Hoyt, 6th Separate Co	4 3 4 3 4—18	2 2 3 4 4—15—33
Pvt S Southard, Co A	4 4 4 4 3—19	3 2 0 3 4—12—31
Cor T E Norton, 6th Separate Co	5 3 3 3 4—18	5 2 3 2 0—12—30

BOSTON, Oct. 29.—There was a very large attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day. Military men were present in large numbers, intent on qualifying, under the conditions governing the militia, before Nov. 1. The day was almost perfect, both as to wind and weather. The score:

Decimal off-hand match—E. Burleigh, 72, Eastman 71, W. H. Oler 67, D. Charden 62.

Decimal rest match—J. N. Frye 111, W. H. Oler 110, J. R. Munroe 110, D. Q. Chase 109, W. Chester 109, H. Joseph 108, P. B. Hunt 106, T. P. Strong 103, B. G. Barker 97.

Military match, 200yds.—J. L. Fowle 43, J. E. Darmody 42, Loundsbury 42, M. G. Witham 42, A. Wright 42, P. B. Hunt 41, Mitchel 40, Stearns 38, H. Delona 35, Cabot 34, Healey 32.

Military match, 500yds.—M. G. Witham 45, F. W. Fowle 41, T. Everett (off-hand) 40, J. E. Darmoody 40, Simmons 39, H. N. Conn 39, Loundsbury 38, C. B. Conn 37, Thayer 37, T. D. Barroll 34, Wright 33.

Military match, 800yds.—Nowell 44, E. L. Dorr, Jr., 32.

State militia match—E. L. Dorr, Jr. 25, M. G. Witham 22, T. D. Barroll 21, F. E. Cabot 20.

Revolver match—F. E. Bennett 87, W. H. Oler 86, J. B. Fellows 85, C. L. Holmes 83, A. C. Gordon 83, P. B. Hunt 83, W. Bennett 83, Stearns 80, Strong 78, A. Loring 75, J. Francis 75.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 27.—Scores made by the members of Our Own Rifle Club, at their weekly shoot:

Snellen	115	Bander	98
Fred Friensehner	111	Gill	98
Beyer	110	Coudit	97
Willms	105	Knothe	94
F A Friensehner	105	Smith	94
Drexler	100	J Kiefer	94
Hahn	99	Gutman	89
O A Kiefer	99	Kroeplin	87
Bertram	99	Hunziker	82

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 20.—The unfinished matches at the tournament of the Maine militia were shot off to-day, and all the troops have left Augusta. The great team feature of the meeting was the novelty match, which was carried to success by a detail of thirty-six men. Last year at the Bangor encampment the team shooting was done by the Frontier Guards, of Eastport, under these conditions: Distance, unknown, 250 to 100yds.; rounds, 10; 5 fired in advancing, 5 fired in retreating, off-hand; third class United States target, thirty-six men. Result: Bullseyes, 16; centers, 151; inners, 121; outers, 45; hits, 333; 2 miss fires, 2 lost cartrides; actual misses, 23; score, 1137. This shooting attracted great attention. Rifle practice inspectors from all over the country became interested. Lieut Reed, inspector of rifle practice for the Missouri Division, U. S. A., wrote a letter to Col. E. C. Farrington, inspector for the Maine militia, complimenting him on the remarkable score and asking specific questions relating to it, all of which were duly answered. At Bellevue, Neb., Aug. 30 to Sept. 9, during the practice of the division teams, Lieut. Reed made a detail of thirty-six men, who eclipsed the Maine record under the same conditions, making a score of 1,400 points. Determined not to be outdone by the regular army, the Maine colonel at Augusta yesterday picked thirty-six crack shots and scored 1,451 points, not a miss, and every bullet counting in the target.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NARCOOSSEE, Fla., Oct. 24.—There was a fair attendance at the trap on Wednesday afternoon. In shooting off the tie, best out of three clays, Mr. Haycock scored 1, Mr. A. E. Woodham 3. All shot 12-gauge guns, except Mr. A. E. Woodham, who used a 16-gauge. Appended are the scores:

F Vans Agnew	01101—3	E L Drury Lowe	00100—1
H W Atkinson	10010—2	E J Shaw	03000—0
H T Butler	00101—2	F L Woodham	11001—3
W J Statter Carr	00001—1	A E Woodham	11101—4
A H Haycock	10111—4		

SARATOGA, Oct. 22.—Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather to-day six members of the gun club shot clay pigeons at Glen Mitchell with the appended results. The first event, a 200-bird match between Messrs. Pike and Thomas and Messrs. Bockes and Levengston, fifty birds each, was won by the former by fourteen birds, the latter allowing the winners fifteen birds. The score:

Pike	00011001010110000011110010010110011001111100111111—27
Thomas	00100003010101000001001100110110100000111011110—21

Total, including the 15 birds, 48.

Levengston	10010000110011000001001111011111101111010011111010—27
Bockes	00101000010011100030000111011001000010111001011100—22

Individual match at 10 birds each:

Pike	1111101110—8	Bockes	0001001100—3
Levengston	1110011001—6	Meehan	1010000001—3
Thomas	0011111090—5	Re-entry	0010000110—3
Clark	1010100011—5		

Oct. 25.—The gun club held its regular shoot at Glen Mitchell to-day. The club trophy in the 50-bird match was won by Pike, closely followed by Levengston, who secured second prize. The following are the scores in the 50-bird match:

Pike	10011110101101110110101111001101000111011110010—31
Levengston	01010100101011111001000111110100001110100111101—29
Bockes	01011111000011010110011101001000011001000011110—25
Thomas	01100001001101011100001111001000100101100011111—25

Individual match at 10 birds each:

Clark	1111111100—8	Pike	1001101010—5
Bockes	0110111110—7	Thomas	0001111000—4
Levengston	1110111001—7	Meehan	0100010100—3

BROOKLYN, Oct. 24.—Many sporting men to-day went to Stillwell's hostelry, on Coney Island Creek, where the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its seventh annual shoot and dinner. Twenty-six members went to the traps to shoot at seven birds each, distance 25yds. H. L. Greenman and E. Magnus killed all their birds and divided first prize. H. Goodwin, E. Bushnell, J. Defrane, E. Rockfeller, J. E. Lake, Dr. Shields, C. W. Jones, W. A. Stuart and H. McLaughlin killed six out of seven. H. Blattmacher, H. Schweickert and H. Donnelly killed five each. It being too late to shoot off the ties the money was divided. After dinner, the president of the club, Mr. H. McLaughlin, said that the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club was one of the largest, if not the largest, shooting organizations on Long Island, and, from the number of members that had joined during the year, he thought that the continued prosperity of the club was assured. The fishing prizes were then presented to those members of the club who had taken the largest striped bass and weakfish from the waters of Gravesend Bay and Coney Island Creek. The first prize, a handsome silver-mounted combination fishing rod, was won by Mr. William Weber, for a striped bass weighing 2½lbs. Mr. Post Van Pelt was the winner of second prize, but waived to claim it, and it was presented to Mr. H. L. Greenman for a 2½lb. weakfish caught in Coney Island Creek. The score of the shoot is as follows:

H McLaughlin	1011111—6	H Schweickert	0111110—5
W A Stuart	1110111—6	P Van Pelt	0001011—3
C W Jones	1101111—6	W Weber	0001100—2
A Rockfeller	1101010—4	E Magnus	1111111—7
Dr Shields	1111110—6	W White	0001100—2
J E Lake	0111111—6	J White	0011000—2
H L Greenman	1111111—7	J Simpson	1110100—4
G L Hayes	1010111—4	Judge Courtney	1100101—4
E Rockfeller	1101111—6	Captain Meyer	1001000—2
P Hagadorn	0010111—4	J Stillwell	0100111—4
J DeFrane	0111111—6	E Bushnell	1111911—6
H Donnelly	0111101—5	H L Bushnell	1001010—3
H Blattmacher	1110101—5	H Goodwin	1111101—6

Referee, Mr. H. Laughlin. Scorer, Mr. R. Hooper.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 20.—The shooting park on the Blue was filled with sportsmen to-day, and in spite of high wind and unfavorable conditions the scores were up to the average. The Kansas City Gun Club medal was won by Major Cross.

D Underwood	1110011001—6	A A Brumbach	0011011011—6
C Bassett	1011100001—5	J E Riley	1111100100—5
J Boland	1110100111—7	J Underwood	0111010001—5
J Dunlap	0111111000—6	A Wetzel	1011100011—6
G Mock	0111111000—6	G Yeomans	1111111100—8
W Shaw	1111010111—7	Major Cross	1111111011—9
F J Smith	1110110100—6		

For the shoot for the Llewellin setter there were 15 entries. Mr. Baehr did some of the best work seen at the park this season. He shot for himself and two others. There was no shoot-off, the winners agreeing to divide the value of the dog, the entrance netting $75.

W Shaw	1101111111—9	A G Parker	1001101110—6
D Underwood	1101110101—7	R C Van Horn	0111111100—7
D Fairman	1110100011—6	W V Reiger	0111111110—8
F Deuser	1100010001—4	F J Smith(Baehr s'g)	1111101101—8
J E Riley	1110111100—6	F W Williams	1110111011—8
C W Barker	1111111010—8	— (Baehr shooting)	1111111011—9
Quail	1010110111—7	J Underwood	0011100w.
W J Baehr	1111111011—9		

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—The clay-pigeon matches were shot here to-day with a fair attendance. In the early part of the afternoon the Macomber badge match was shot, and Snow captured the golden trophy. Following are the results in the several matches:

Macomber Badge Match.

Snow	1101110111	11 11 11 10 11—17
Nichols	1111110110	11 10 11 10 11—16
Adams	1111011111	10 11 00 11 10—15
Stanton	1111101001	10 10 10 11 10—14
Smith	1101011111	10 11 01 11 00—14
Warren	0011010110	00 10 00 11 00— 8

Merchandise Match.

Smith	1111111111	11 11 10 11 01—18 A
Warren	1111100111	11 11 11 11 01—17 B
Stanton	1010101111	11 11 00 11 11—15 C
Snow	0111101101	10 10 11 01 10—13 D
Jones	0010111000	11 11 11 10 10—13 E
Adams	1001001011	01 10 11 11 10—12 F
Nichols	0011 00111	11 11 11 10 00—12

Visitors' Match.

E J Neal	1001100 110	10 11 00 10 00— 8 G

Sweepstake events.—1. 6 clay-pigeons, Adams first. 2. 6 clay-pigeons, Nichols first. 3. 6 Macomber birds, Stanton and Snow first. 4. 10 Macombers (badge sweepstakes) Adams first, Snow second, Warren and Jones third. 5. 5 pairs Macombers (badge sweepstake) Snow first, Nichols second, Stanton third. 6. 10 clay-pigeons (merchandise sweep) Smith first, Warren second, Stanton and Snow third. 7. 5 pairs bats (Merchandise sweep) Warren first, Smith second, Adams and Nichols third. 8. Walk-up match, 3 pairs clays, Smith first. 9. 6 clay-pigeons, straightaway 35yds., Stanton first. 10. 5 clay-pigeons (Arkenson match) Nichols and Adams first. 11. 5 clays straightaway, Nichols first. 12. 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton and Nichols first. 13. 5 bats, Stanton and Smith first. 14. 6 bats, Stanton first. 15. 6 clay-pigeons, Stanton first. 16. 6 clays straightaway, Stanton first.

OMAHA, Oct. 18.—The general shoot which took place at the Omaha Gun Club grounds this afternoon was participated in by a large number of shooters. First the Penrose and Hardin team, who are practicing for telegraphic matches with Eastern teams, shot a trial shoot of 100 birds, 25 to the man, 18yds. rise, with the following score:

Penrose	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hardin	1110111111111111101101111—22
Petty	1111111111011111113001111—22
Mertz	1011010111111111111111111—21—90

Following this came a general shoot by the following gentlemen:

Penrose	1111111111111111111111111—25
Brewer	1111111101011111111010100—19
Petty	1111111111011111111110100—22
Ketchum	1011110111131111101111111—21
Thompson	1111111010111001010011—18
Mertz	1010101111111111011111111—21
Hardin	1110111111111111011111111—22

The shoot at double birds resulted as follows:

Hardin	11 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11—21
Mertz	11 11 11 11 11 10 11 01 10 11 11—21
Ketchum	11 11 01 00 11 11 11 11 11 10 01—19
Brewer	10 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 01 01—18

PALATKA, Fla., Oct. 20.—The regular semi-weekly practice of the Palatka Gun Club took place this afternoon on the grounds west of the junction. The wind was a little troublesome, but there was a good sky. The match was shot with standard birds from three traps, 18yds. rise, 10 singles and 10 doubles. After the match an event of singles was shot, the score of which is given with the match score below:

Vertrees	1010010100—4		11 10 00 01 11—6—10
Hawes	0000000101—2		01 11 10 11 01—7— 9
Hargrove	0001100011—4		00 00 00 00 00—0— 4
Dalton	1000101110—5		00 00 11 10 10—4— 9
Bailey	0111111111—9		10 00 00 00 01—2—11
Yeaton	1101110011—7		01 11 10 11 00—6—13
Griffin	1010100111—6		11 01 10 11 11—8—14
Evans	0111111110—8		00 01 11 11 10—6—14
Vertrees	1110010111—7	Yeaton	0000110100—3
Hargrove	0011100111—5	Griffin	1111110001—7
Dalton	1100101010—5	Evans	1001011000—4
Bailey	1110001110—6		

After the shoot one of the members proposed a match at fever germs, Dr. Ames to secure the "birds."

ALBANY, Oct. 20.—At the shooting tournament at Chatham to-day, which was attended by seven sportsmen from Albany and one from Troy, seven matches were shot out, in which Albany was successful in winning the greater portion of the purses. The first event, at 10 blue rocks, resulted in first money for Bradford. In the second event, at 10 clay pigeons, Gardner won first money. The third event, at 10 glass balls, gave Gardner first money. Fourth event, 10 Peoria blackbirds, Gardner first. Fifth event, 5 double blue rocks, Greer and Skidmore divided first. The live bird event followed with 13 entries, when Gardner and Dunn divided first money. The final match was at 5 double balls, where Gardner secured first money.

WELLINGTON, Oct. 29.—At the weekly shoot of the Wellington club to-day, the following were the winners in the sweepstake matches: First, 6 blue rocks, Swift first. Second, 6 clay pigeons, De Rochemont and Moore first. Third, 6 clay pigeons, Shumway and Swift first. Fourth, 6 blue rocks, Evans first. Fifth, 6 clay pigeons, Stanton first. Sixth, 6 blue rocks, Stanton first. Seventh, 6 blue rocks, Swift and Perry first. Eighth, 6 clay pigeons, Swift first. Ninth, 6 blue rocks, Stanton first. Tenth, 6 clay pigeons, Perry first. Eleventh, 6 blackbirds, Melcher first. Twelfth, 3 pairs blackbirds, Snow, Swift and Perry first. Thirteenth, 6 clay pigeons, Swift first. Fourteenth, miss and out, won by Swift.

BREWER—GRAHAM.—John L. Brewer defeated William Graham, of England, Monday afternoon, Oct. 24, in a match at Merchantville Driving Park. The contest was decided under the Hurlingham rules at 100 pigeons, and was for $200 a side. Graham was shot out on the 91st bird. The score then stood: Brewer killed 81, Graham killed 67. The score follows:

Brewer...2222222121212121111021110121110012121111212111212122011001122211111012102111122111101111—81

Graham...1220100221111102011121100001112000111111111101012111211121102122110110110120012101111111010—67

The referee was Mr. Edward Maher.

UTICA, Oct. 28.—The Oneida County Sportsmen's Club held a prize shoot for the Booth-Ehrsam prizes at Riverside to-day. Following is the score:

Thomas	1101001101001100— 7	Horton	1110011110101111—11
Elliott	1111000101010110— 9	Wheeler	0111101101011111—11
Beck	1110111001011110—10	Rose	1111011111111111—14

Rose won first place and Wheeler second.

DAVIS AND CANNON.—W. C. Cannon, the phenomenal one-arm shooter of the J. C. H. G. C., has got his dander up again. He shot a match some time since, as we reported in your paper, with Geo. Davis, of Greenville, which he lost; but W. C. is plucky and knows not how to squeal. He has made another match with Mr. D., $100 aside, 100 birds each, to be shot at Dunellen on Thanksgiving Day; and Will says he has $100 more in his inside pocket that George does not get away with him this time. As Davis always shoots to win and Cannon means business, it will probably be a good match. We shall try to see it.

BUDD AND GRAHAM have made a match for some time this month at Chicago, 100 birds, Hurlingham rules, $250 a side.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1886-87.

Commodore: R. J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: WM. M. CARTER, Trenton, N. J.

OFFICERS-ELECT 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX.. }

Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div..Henry Stanton	R. W. Bailey	E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div..L. Q. Jones	Geo. M. Barney	W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen.	W. G. McKendrick.	S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

A BOAT FOR SAILING AND CRUISING.

THE many inquiries concerning sneakboxes, tuckups, small sharpies and similar craft that constantly come to us show that there is a general demand for small sailing craft of good design, both for ordinary pleasure sailing and for more or less extended cruising. This demand may be largely ascribed to the influence of canoeing, as it has arisen since the latter sport became generally popular in this country. There are many to-day who have given up the canoe after a fair trial, and many more who are ready to do so, but this is not on account of any defect in the boat. The general popularity of canoeing, together with the moderate expense, leads many novices into it not because it is just the form of sailing which they prefer, but because they know of no other which would suit them better. After a time some find the canoe too small to carry a party of friends, others wish a boat exclusively for sailing in open waters, and others again wish to carry an amount of stores, guns and tackle, for which the canoe never was intended. This proves nothing against the canoe, a boat adapted to wider range of use than any other pleasure craft, but when a man gets to this stage and begins to long for a sneakbox or a sharpie, he is better out of a canoe than in it, though there is no reason why the bond between him and the man who still swears by a 15x30 canoe should be severed; they are both cruisers and sailors at bottom, though their craft may vary.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has given many designs of small craft, the sneakbox family in particular having been very thoroughly described, but it is evident that the perfect boat has not yet been reached. Some correspondents have lately asked about the Delaware River tuckup, believing it to be adapted to general cruising purposes, but without going fully into a description of these boats, a little will serve to show that they are not fitted for cruising, or even specially adapted for ordinary sailing. The term "tuckup" is applied in a general sense by the boat builders about Philadelphia to a method of building, in which the keel, instead of being straight or nearly so for the whole length of the boat, with deadwood on top of it and the garboard laid in a rabbet cut in the latter, is bent up precisely as in the boat here shown and the sneakboxes and cruisers previously described in our columns. After the boat is completed a sternpost and scag are fastened on. This method of building is used in the hundreds of small sailing boats that are found on the Delaware River about Philadelphia, and to which the name "tuckup" is also applied. The favorite size now is 15ft. long, with a limit of 4ft. 7in. beam, and a depth of about 18in. midships, with 9in. sheer forward and 6in. aft. The boats are used mostly for racing, carrying a rig which they will not stand up under when afloat and with no one on board. No ballast is used, but the crew of five all hang or "hike" out to windward. In racing if the wind drops one or more of the crew are ordered overboard, to swim ashore, the boat proceeding with the lessened amount of ballast and taking the chances of an increase in the wind. The boats are all cat-rigged and with square dagger boards. It will be seen that they are little adapted for cruising or for any purpose but racing.

The boat shown in the accompanying plans, the Delta, was planned by Dr. H. G. Piffard, former owner of the sneakbox Bojum, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 8, 1885, and is an attempt to combine the best qualities of several boats. The bottom of the sneakbox is preserved, but with the bows of the ordinary rowboat, as well as a higher side, while the overhang and rudder of the sharpie are added. The boat was intended for pleasure sailing about Gravesend Bay, Conn., to carry half a dozen comfortably, and yet to be easily handled by one. While a fair amount of speed was looked for, the boat was not intended for racing, and if wanted for such a purpose, to carry all the sail the model is capable of with a crew on the gunwale, a heavier construction would be advisable. For all ordinary work the boat has proved amply strong, and the construction here given can be followed in all details.

The question has often been asked, "Why not put a boat bow on a sneakbox?" and for all save hunting purposes there seems no reason why it should not be done, in fact this boat is a practical answer to the question. The Delta was built in the spring of 1886, and has thus been in use two seasons, giving perfect satisfaction. In order to meet the wants of the single hand cruisers the drawing is given with two scales, by which a boat of 13ft. extreme length may be built, as well as the original length of 18ft. The former should make a remarkably good little craft, larger, faster, abler and far handsomer than the sneakbox, and little more costly. The bow is not so well adapted for beaching, and the boat is too large and high to serve as a blind or shooting battery, as a sneakbox often does, but as far as sailing and general cruising are concerned the odds are all in favor of the Delta as compared with any form of "box." The dimensions of the two sizes are:

	18FT. BOAT.	13FT. BOAT.
Length over all	18ft.	13ft.
L.w.l.	16ft.	11ft. 8½in.
Beam, extreme	5ft. 4 in.	3ft. 10¼in.
Draft, about	8 in.	6 in.
Depth at gunwale, amidship	1ft. 5¼in.	1ft. 0⅜in.
Sheer, bow	7 in.	5¼in.
Stern	3 in.	2¼in.
Crown of deck	2 in.	2 in.
Foreside of stem to—		
Trunk, fore end of slot	4ft. 9 in.	3ft. 5⅜in.
After end of slot	9ft. 6 in.	6ft. 10¼in.
Well, fore end of slot	8ft. 9 in.	6ft. 4 in.
After end of slot	15ft. 9 in.	11ft. 4⅜in.
Rudderstock, center	16ft. 8 in.	12ft. 0¼in.
Rowlocks, center	11ft. 7 in.	8ft. 4⅛in.
Width of well	4ft.	2ft. 10¼in.
Distance of stations apart	2ft.	1ft. 5⅛in.
Waterlines apart	3 in.	$2^{3}/_{16}$in.

TABLE OF OFFSETS, 18FT. BOAT.

Stations.	HEIGHTS.		HALF-BREADTHS.					
	Deck.	Keel.	Deck.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	Keel.
0..	2 0⁴	.....	0¹	0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....
1..	1 10	.....	1 1⁵	11²	9⁷	8²	5⁷	1²
2..	1 7⁵	.....	1 11²	1 8⁶	1 7²	1 4⁵	1 0³	1⁶
3..	1 6²	.....	2 4⁷	2 3³	2 1⁷	1 11⁴	1 6⁴	2³
4..	1 5⁴	.....	2 7⁴	2 6⁴	2 5¹	2 3	1 11	2⁵
5..	1 5⁴	.....	2 8	2 6⁷	2 5⁷	2 3⁶	2 0⁰	2⁶
6..	1 5⁶	0³	2 7	2 5⁶	2 4⁵	2 1⁶	1 9³	2⁷
7..	1 6⁴	2⁴	2 4⁵	2 2	1 11⁷	1 7²	7³	2⁷
8..	1 7³	9	1 11	1 3⁶	.....	.....	.....	2⁷
9..	1 8⁴	1 8⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2⁶

TABLE OF OFFSETS, 13FT. BOAT.

Stations.	HEIGHTS.		HALF-BREADTHS.					
	Deck.	Keel.	Deck.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	Keel.
0..	1 5⁶	.....	0¹	0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....
1..	1 3⁶	.....	9⁶	8²	7²	6	4³	1
2..	1 2¹	.....	1 4⁸	1 3	1 1⁶	1	9²	1²
3..	1 1¹	.....	1 8⁷	1 7⁶	1 6⁵	1 5	1 1²	1⁶
4..	1 0³	.....	1 10⁵	1 10	1 9	1 7¹	1 4⁵	1⁷
5.	1 0³	.....	1 11²	1 10²	1 9⁴	1 8	1 5²	2
6..	1 0⁸	0¹	1 10³	1 9⁴	1 8⁴	1 6⁵	1 3⁴	2
7..	1 1²	1⁷	1 8⁵	1 7	1 5²	1 1⁷	5²	2
8..	1 1⁵	6⁴	1 4⁵	1 1³	.....	.....	.....	1⁷
9..	1 2⁰	1 2⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1⁶

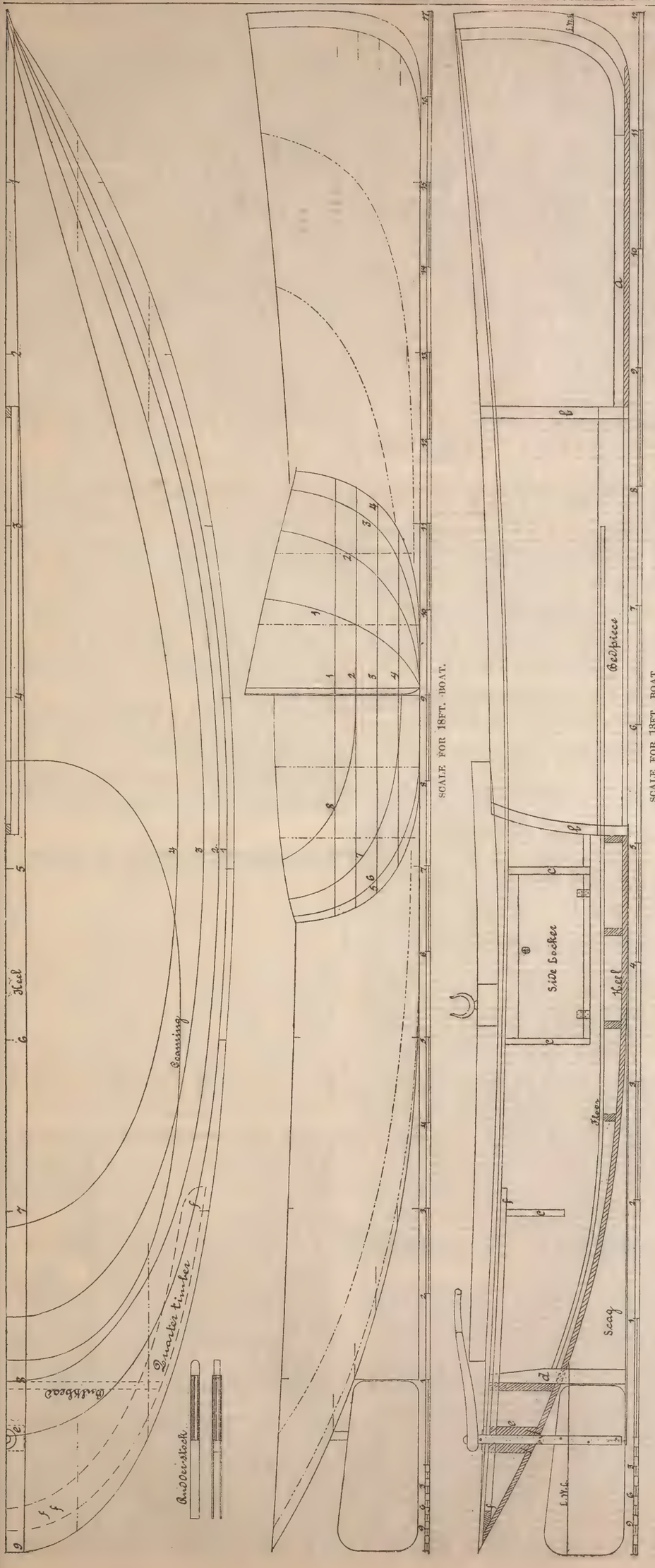
Those not familiar with the tables will find their use fully described in "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," page 22. The tables are carefully prepared to the outside of the planking, but the lines should be laid down full size on a floor, as described in "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," and accurately faired before the moulds are made. Small errors are apt to creep in which are greatly magnified in working from a small to a large scale, and these are best rectified in a full-sized drawing before proceeding to the woodwork. The fractions given in the tables, as previously explained, are all eighths of an inch; thus, 1 3⁰ signifies one foot three inches and six-eighths, or three-quarter, inch.

The scantling for the larger boat will be: Keel of oak, ⅞in. thick and 5in. wide; stem of hackmatack or oak knee, sided 2in.; sternpost, oak, 1×2in.; scag, yellow pine, 1in. thick; planking, cedar, ⅝in., the garboard ¾in.; deck, cedar or white pine, ½in. scant; coaming, oak, ⅝in.; deck beams, 1¼×1¼; ribs, 1×½in., spaced 9in. A clamp, 2×⅝in. at middle, tapering to 1⅛×⅝in. at ends, will be run inside from the bow to the bulkhead, being riveted through the ribs and upper strake. It should be set so far below the gunwale as to allow the deck beams to rest on it. A solid chock should be fitted in place of a breast-hook at the bow, below the deck and on top of these clamps. The after bulkhead will be of 1in. pine or spruce. The well for the centerboard will have headledges *b b* of oak, 1×2in., with bed pieces, also of oak, 3½in. deep and 1¼in. thick, the sides above being of 1in. clear white pine.

The keel is ⅞in. extreme thickness, but it may be tapered beginning at station 5 and reducing it to ½in. at the after end, so that it will bend more easily. It will be thicker than the garboards, but when the planking is completed the bottom will be planed down on the edges to meet the latter.

The smaller boat will have keel ¾in. thick, stem sided 1½in., ribs ¾×⅝in. spaced 8in., planking ⅛in., deck ⅜in., coaming ⅜in. scant, deckbeams 1in. wide and 1¼in. deep, headledges 1½×⅝in., bedpieces 3×1¼in. In construction, the keel is first laid on the stocks and the stem is got out and fitted. A mould is made for every station, see "Canoe and Boat Building," that for station 8 being carefully beveled and fitted, as it is to remain permanently as a bulkhead. A mould is now made of common stuff to fit the upward curve of the keel from station 5 to the stern, and is set up on the stocks, the keel being shored down into place. The moulds, eight in number including the bulkhead, will then be set in place. Only half as many moulds would be used by a regular builder, but the amateur will find the work easier if he has plenty of moulds. The shape of the stern is got out by two pieces of tapered quarter timbers. These need be only of 1in. pine or spruce. They must be marked out from the lines on the floor and carefully beveled. They are screwed to the keel and also to the bulkhead, being let into the latter.

A number of ribbands of oak or yellow pine, with clear, straight grain are now run round the moulds, about six on each side. The ribs are now plank up, steamed, and bent into place, being held by a nail partly driven through each ribband. Each rib is long enough to lap the full width of the garboard, the two that go to make a frame lying side by side where they cross. When the ribs are all in and fastened permanently to the keel and temporarily to the ribbands, the lower ribband on each side is taken off, the garboard got out and set. The next ribband is then removed, and another plank set and so until the boat is planked. The piece *a*



is of oak, 1¼in. thick, set down on the keel to stiffen it and form a mast step. It should be put in place before the ribs go in, the latter being jogged in and well fastened to it. The clamps should be put in before the frame is taken from the stocks, the deck beams being also fitted.

The slot for the trunk should never be cut until the last thing, but when the planking is completed two mortises are cut for the headledges, the two bedpieces are got out and fastened to them with through rivets, the boat is taken from the stocks and the trunk put in, screws being driven through the keel into the bedpieces. The sides of white pine are then put on, after which the deck beams, previously fitted, will be fastened in. They should run across the trunk, being jogged down so that the deck will close the top of the trunk tightly. The mortise for the sternpost is next cut, the post put in and fastened to the bulkhead, then the scag is cut and fitted, being fastened through with screws from inside of keel. To make a tight casing for the rudderstock, a piece of pine 3½in. square, *e*, is fitted to the keel, reaching to under side of deck, being set in whiteleud and well screwed to make a watertight joint. A hole is then bored for the iron rudderstock. Ledges about 3in. deep run across the boat to carry the floorboards, and also to stiffen the bottom, for which purpose they should be well riveted through the planking. The decks are supported along the well by knees *c c c*, three or more on each side, forming lockers. One or more of these may be fitted with doors as shown. After the boat is taken from the stocks the slot for the centerboard is cut in the keel. The rudderstock is shown in detail, the shank of round iron, ⅞in. with two flat pieces each 1×¼in. welded to it, the head being squared for a tiller. The blade of the rudder is of oak, 1in. thick where it is let into the stock, but tapering to a fine edge forward and aft. On deck there should be a brass plate, while a pin through the stock prevents it from falling. A strip of iron ⅜x1¼ may be run from the centerboard slot aft to the rudder, with a pin up into the center of the latter, as shown. This will serve the double purpose of stiffening and protecting the scag and rudder, and also of preventing the fouling of the latter by weeds and lines. The deck should be covered with light drill, 6oz. laid in white paint. All fastenings should be of copper except where brass screws are used. The sizes given for planking and decks are for planed stuff and in all cases are thick enough to allow of planing off after caulking, which will always be necessary. Many details of building omitted here will be found in "Canoe and Boat Building," and also in the previous articles on sneakboxes, Jan. 5, 1885; Jan. 7, 14 and 21, 1886. The board shown is large enough for all sailing and in the smaller boat if room is an object it might be shortened by 6in. on the after end. The size of cockpit may be varied according to the use of the boat; for a large party it may run further forward on each side of the trunk, but for rough water and cruising the size shown will answer very well. The mortise for the mast step may be cut in the piece *a*. The forward deck should be strengthened by a piece ¾in. thick and 6 to 7in. wide, running from stem to trunk under the deck beams and riveted through beams and deck plank. Where the mast goes through the space between the two should be filled in solid. The sail shown in FOREST AND STREAM of July 1, 1886, is well adapted for the smaller boat and will be none too large, but we shall give some other sail plans for both sizes.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the proposed new article to be inserted in the constitution of the A. C. A., there would be to my idea a path opened for the introduction and perpetuation of a class of life members, invested with an authority that would be envied by all of the members of the A. C. A. who are not fortunate enough to be ex-commodores, but who are anxious enough to serve on the executive committee when their time comes. The number of these life members would be constantly increasing, or rather would be increasing year by year, and they would greatly handicap any new member of the executive committee who would be at a great disadvantage in not having had the experience of these life members, who having exercised their power in the Association councils for so long a time, would by their pulling of the wires practically control the meeting. We know that ex-commodores are pretty good at wire pulling, of which we have had several examples, these, fortunately, turning out all right. In the above I deal perhaps in possibilities, still there is no use opening the way for anything of the sort. The ex-commodores do not seem to have lost their interest in the A. C. A. by stepping down to the level of the rank and file. Why throw a sop to them by instituting for their benefit a preferred class with more authority than have the rank and file? It would not be doing justice to the majority. At the meet at Grindstone in 1885 and 1886, there was considerable fault found by the members because of too much gold lace business affected by the officers, and I think that if this article is inserted in the Constitution it will just as surely cause dissatisfaction, because it will pave the way for something of the same sort. We are all members of the A. C. A. on a common footing and we want no preferred members with authority. We all want a chance to become members of the executive committee, and as we all stand a chance of being the future President of the United States, we in the United States each look forward to being (a bare possibility) the Commodore of the A. C. A. If more members are required on the executive committee let the number be increased by some other means, for instance, let the committee be given power to appoint from some part of the Division that has not been fortunate enough to be represented by a regularly elected member, a representative, who would have by virtue of this appointment full authority and be a regularly constituted member of the executive committee, but let this power be limited to one or two appointments. If they see fit, they can leave out the old wire pullers, they have had glory enough, but if it is thought necessary to recognize their services, do so in some other way. A vote of thanks engrossed for instance, something they can have framed and hung up, do almost anything rather than perpetuate a class of ex-officers with authority. It is too important a step to take; it would eventually result in vesting the control of the Association in the ex-commodores, or at least they would always hold the balance of power at the executive committee meetings. If we should want any of them to serve again, I think in the interests of the Association they would serve, but suppose we did not want them, what then? The Association has been growing more democratic every year, and with this growth has come success. At present all members have an equal voice in the management, and a remedy for dissatisfaction in the ballot. To restrain this privilege in the slightest degree would be a great mistake. Why then institute this class of life members or governors, who could not be reached by the ballot and against whom we would have no remedy, and who would take the place and influence in the councils of perhaps more desirable members.

I do not desire or intend to reflect in the slightest on our Commodore or any of the ex-Commodores of the Association, and I hope that nothing in the above will be so construed. I simply wish to give my ideas from my standpoint on this aristocratic (and it might turn out autocratic if inserted) article.

RANK AND FILE.

A. C. A. EASTERN DIVISION.—Vice-Com. Jones has appointed the following gentlemen on the regatta committee for 1888: Dr. H. E. Rice, Springfield, Mass.; Messrs. Nathan A. Gibbs and Maxton Holmes, Chelsea B. C., Norwich, Conn. It is proposed to hold a meet about July 1-4 on the Thames River, some five miles above the mouth. The location is favorable and may be readily reached. The Howard-Yale boat race will be held near at hand about the same date, and a canoe camp would attract many boating men, while it would give the canoeists an opportunity to witness the races. The present prosperous condition of the Eastern Division promises a large and successful meet.

RACING IN ENGLAND.—The Free Rovers C. C., of Birmingham, sailed two regattas last month, the first on Oct. 1 being only partly successful, as some of the men failed to arrive. Only one race was sailed on that day, unlimited sailing for a challenge cup and silver medal, the former won by Snowbird, H. C. Butler, with Viking, W. T. Jones, second. On Oct. 8 a paddling and sailing race was won by Iolanthe, E. S. Cooke, with Snowbird second. The handicap sailing race was stopped by a calm, but Iolanthe again won. A handicap paddling race was won by Polecat, a half mile paddle by Polecat also.

THE NEXT A. C. A. MEET.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think I can safely say that the New Jersey contingent of the A. C. A. prefer Lake George as the site for next year's camp. The day we cruised from Caldwell to Baldwin's on our way to Bow-Arrow will never be forgotten, but we were in a hurry, and we went too fast. And now if the executive committee will only choose Lake George and let us spend two weeks there next August, we shall be just as pleased as if we had the "meet in our back yard."—ESSEX.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: A. A. Young, Jr., Jewett City, Conn.; Damon N. Coate, John Lesure, W. C. Marsh, J. D. Gill, Roger Morgan, John Pettigrew, Springfield, Mass.—W. B. DAVIDSON Purser E. D. A. C. A.

Central Division: Albert F. Fleming, William Rumble, Jr., Bayonne, N. J.; Thomas T. Minor, Seattle, W. T.—EDWARD W. BROWN, Purser.

OFF FOR ENGLAND.—Ex.-Com. E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro, sailed from New York on Oct. 29 for England.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

AN ACT TO PREVENT YACHT RACING.

THIS deed of gift, made the twenty-fourth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, between George L. Schuyler, as sole surviving owner of the Cup won by the yacht America, at Cowes, England, on the twenty-second day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, of the second part, witnesseth:

That the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the premises and of the performance of the conditions and agreements hereinafter set forth by the party of the second part, has granted, bargained, sold, assigned, transferred and set over, and, by these presents does grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer and set over unto the said party of the second part, its successors and assigns, the Cup won by the schooner yacht America at Cowes, England, upon the twenty-second day of August, 1851, to have and to hold the same to the said party of the second part, his successors and assigns, in trust nevertheless for the following uses and purposes:

This Cup is donated upon the condition that it shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. Any organized yacht club of a foreign country, incorporated, patented, or licensed by the Legislature, Admiralty or other executive department, having for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea, or on an arm of the sea, or one which combines both, shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this Cup, with a yacht or vessel propelled by sails only, and constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the country of the club holding the Cup.

The competing yachts or vessels, if of one mast, shall be not less than sixty-five feet nor more than ninety feet on the load waterline. If of more than one mast they shall be not less than eighty feet nor more than one hundred and fifteen feet on the load waterline.

The challenging club shall give ten months' notice, in writing, naming the days for the proposed races, but no race shall be sailed in the days intervening between Nov. 1 and May 1. Accompanying the ten months' notice of challenge there must be sent the name of the owner and a certificate of the name, rig and following dimensions of the challenging vessel—namely, length on load waterline, beam at load waterline and extreme beam and draught of water, which dimensions shall not be exceeded, and a Custom House registry of the vessel must also be sent as soon as possible. Vessels selected to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place. Centerboard or sliding keel vessels shall always be allowed to compete in any race for this Cup, and no restriction nor limitation whatever shall be placed upon the use of such centerboard or sliding keel, nor shall the centerboard or sliding keel be considered a part of the vessel for any purposes of measurement.

The club challenging for the Cup and the club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case also the ten months' notice may be waived.

In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the terms of a match, then three races shall be sailed and the winner of two of such races shall be entitled to the Cup. All such races shall be on ocean courses, free from headlands, as follows: The first race, twenty nautical miles to windward and return; the second race, an equilateral triangular race of thirty-nine nautical miles, the first side of which shall be a beat to windward; the third race (if necessary) twenty nautical miles to windward and return; and one week day shall intervene between the conclusion of one race and the starting of the next race. Those ocean courses shall be practicable in all parts for vessels of 23ft. draught of water and shall be selected by the club holding the cup; and these races shall be sailed subject to its rules and sailing regulations so far as the same do not conflict with the provisions of the deed of gift, but without any time allowance whatever.

The challenged club shall not be required to name its representative vessel until at the time agreed upon for the start, but the vessel when named must compete in all the races, and each of such races must be completed within seven hours. Should the club holding the cup be for any cause dissolved the cup shall be transferred to some club of the same nationality, eligible to challenge under this deed of gift, in trust and subject to its provisions. In the event of the failure of such transfer within three months after such dissolution said cup shall revert to the preceding club holding the same and under the terms of this deed of gift. It is distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the club subject to the provisions of this deed, and not the property of the owner or owners of any vessel winning in a match.

No vessel which has been defeated in a match for the cup can be again selected by any club as its representative until after a contest for it by some other vessel has intervened, or until after the expiration of two years from the time of such defeat. And when a challenge from a club fulfilling all the conditions required by this instrument has been received no other challenge can be considered until the pending event has been decided.

And the said party of the second part hereby accepts the said cup subject to the said trust, terms and conditions, and hereby covenants and agrees to and with said party of the first part that it will faithfully and fully see that the foregoing conditions are fully observed and complied with by any contestant for the said cup during the holding thereof by it, and that it will assign, transfer and deliver the said cup to the foreign yacht club whose representative yacht shall have won the same in accordance with the foregoing terms and conditions, provided the said foreign club shall by instrument in writing lawfully executed enter with said party of the second part into the like covenants as are herein entered into by it, such instrument to contain a like provision for the successive assignees to enter into the same covenants with their respective assignors, and to be executed in duplicate, one to be retained by each club, and a copy thereof to be forwarded to the said party of the second part.

In witness whereof the said party of the first part has hereunto set his hand and seal, and the said party of the second part has caused its corporate seal to be affixed to these presents, and the same to be signed by its commodore and attested by it secretary the day and year first above written.

GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.

In the presence of
H. D. HAMILTON.
[Seal of N. Y. Y. C.]

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
by ELDRIDGE T. GERRY, Commodore.
JOHN B. BIRD, Secretary.

The above formidable document, adopted last week by the New York Y. C., is from a lawyer's standpoint worthy of the highest praise, a masterpiece of the art. If the object of the framers was to keep the Cup they have double reason to be proud, for it not only promises to accomplish that end most effectually, but it does it in a manner that in itself is dear to the legal heart. Compared with the brief and simple phraseology of the former deeds, the new one is lengthy and verbose, it is put in the form of a legal agreement with covenants, parties of the first and second part, successors and assigns, etc., etc., and like too many of its kind, the dull and elaborate provisions of its various clauses are robbed of all their weight by the insertion of half a dozen words that might be passed without notice on a casual reading, and yet which outbalance all the rest of the document. Seemingly fair and liberal on its face, the deed is far more strict in its demands than either of the others, and the concessions made in favor of racing demands are all nullified by a single short clause.

On comparison with the two previous deeds, published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 13, a number of changes will be found. In regard to the time necessary for a challenge the limit has been extended from six to ten months, and while this is asking a very long notice, it has this advantage, that it permits all arrangements to be made well in advance, say in November; while before, a man who sent a notice of challenge, which amounted to nothing, and then proceeded to build his boat might be forestalled by another challenge sent early in the spring. Now the challenger, if there ever is another, can send a challenge in October, and on its acceptance begin his boat in safety. The demand for a ten-months' notice, however, seems preposterous; six months has always been sufficient, and certainly should be in the future. As it is now, no challenge can be sent after Dec. 1 for the ensuing year. A challenger should be allowed to send his challenge by Nov. 1, and to arrange all conditions then; while, at the same time, if no one challenges then, the opportunity should be left open until March. One point that has been established for the first time is, that but one challenge can be entertained at any time, which certainly seems a fair provision. A minor point to be noticed before proceeding to the vital ones is, that any club winning the Cup must enter into a legal agreement with the present holders to carry out all the provisions of "this act."

A point formerly in dispute, the question of dimension vs. tonnage, has been settled by a demand for the loadline length and beam, the extreme beam, and the draft, all of which it is provided shall not be exceeded. This is far better than any tonnage business; but it is laying down a good deal to say that the beam and draft shall not be exceeded. The designer will allow sufficient on the length to allow of more ballast if it be found necessary, without exceeding the given limit of length, but he cannot be prohibited from altering the trim, and consequently the beam and draft of his vessel as long as the loadline is within the limits. This clause will allow the defending yacht to alter her ballast as she pleases as long as her waterline is under length; but if it be strictly enforced, the challenger will be allowed no variation from designed trim. If it was intended to leave a certain margin for the designer it should be so stated; as it now reads he must give the correct dimensions of the proposed boat when afloat in racing trim, and these must not be departed from.

Puritan was sailed well below her designed draft, Mayflower not only went below her draft but a 6in. shoe was added below the keel, and such changes must be permitted in every boat. The defender may change his craft at will, more or less ballast, deeper or shoaler keel, but the challenger is bound down strictly to certain fixed dimensions, and can only depart from them at his peril. If the draft be given at 13ft. and after trial extra keel be added, as in Genesta's case, the boat may be technically disqualified on arrival here, or the same may be done should her greater or less draft make a change in the beam at waterline. But this is not the worst; the challenger is compelled to give virtually the form of his yacht. Given the waterline, draft, and the beam at two points, the general character of the design is made sufficiently plain to any naval architect. On the other hand the defender is unknown until the morning of the first race. In other words the club demands that its opponent should show its hand fully, while nothing is conceded in return, or to make a comparison, that the prosecution must disclose its case, while the defense conceals its side entirely. Nothing could be more contrary to the spirit which should govern all such competitions. What the club has a right to ask is the waterline length and the correct measurement as nearly as may be by the rule under which the races will be sailed, while at the same time restrictions on sail area, of sail area, trim and draft, as long as the waterline is not exceeded, should be permitted to the defender and yet forbidden to the challenger.

The provision that centerboards shall not be penalized is hardly necessary now that there is no likelihood of the Cup ever going out of the possession of the New York Y. C., but in view of the Mayflower-Arrow controversy it might have been necessary had the Cup ever gone abroad.

It may be inferred from the wording of the seventh clause that the great point which the FOREST AND STREAM has advocated for years has at last been conceded by the club, and the Cup races, if there ever are any more, will be sailed in open waters and over no mouse-trap courses; but it must be remembered that it is still within the power of the New York Y. C. to insist on a race over the old inside course, and a very powerful instrument for enforcing that or any other extravagant demand is provided.

This point has been generally praised by the papers in commenting on the changes, but really there is nothing more in the new deed to prohibit the selection of the old course than in either of the others; and it rests only with the whim of a regatta or Cup committee at any time in the future to demand that a challenger shall sail the inside course or else meet a 90ft. yacht without time allowance. While the specification of outside courses leads to the inference that they should be selected as a matter of course, it is evident that they were laid down, not to prohibit the New York course, but in the event of the Cup going abroad to prevent the selection of courses, such as that around the Isle of Weight, which would not be suitable for centerboard boats. There is really no guarantee that the next challenger may not be offered the same courses as Thistle and Galatea, and on refusal he must face the alternative of no time allowance.

The minimum depth of water, enough for a yacht of 22ft. draft, is of course laid down for the benefit of the centerboard, but the keel men are little likely to quarrel with it. The time limit of 7 hours for a 40 mile race is insisted on, a very good provision for all.

The vital point of the whole deed is the seventh clause, as it really contains all the important conditions. No matter what may be mutually agreed upon, the real limits are those laid down in case of a failure of the negotiations, the terms which a challenger may be forced to sail under if he disagrees with the temporary committee on any point. As it now stands, in the case that the conduct of the races of late years has been fair and that it is likely to be so in the future. Whether or no this be true the club is provided with a powerful and convenient lever for forcing any conditions which it pleases on a challenger, and it is this power which will dictate the class of yacht which shall be built for the Cup races. Any challenger coming here for the Cup must first consider the possibility of having to meet a yacht of 90ft. waterline length rule and with no tax on sail area, and he must build to beat her. It is true that he may be matched by a very different vessel, but at the same time he would not be justified in taking such chances, and practically he is firmly bound to build such a boat, a 90ft. singlesticker or a schooner yawl of 115ft., to race on length only. If a sloop, he may be put at a disadvantage in a match under the prevailing rule of the club, by which sail area is reasonably sure to be taxed to a certain extent, and he may be compelled to give an allowance for rig to a really better vessel. If, on the contrary, he builds to meet the club rule with a tax, however small, on sail area, he may be finally compelled to accept the alternative provided, of a race without time allowance against a boat built under a length rule. It is possible that races might be sailed for years without a recourse to this clause, and yet it may arise at any time, and every intending challenger must of necessity take it and not the racing rule of the holder as his guide in building. The objection which we have long made to the New York rule, that it taxes sail too little, is becoming more generally recognized each year, and there is a remote prospect that the rule may some day be changed, but here is seen the curious matter of a club setting up two rules in direct opposition, the one taxing sail area, and the other, for its most important contests, offering a direct premium on sail.

What yachts would be built to meet a coming challenger? Volunteer and the others are all disposed of, as they are too small, and it will be necessary to look to a new fleet of 90-footers, certainly a very large size of yacht. The defender is not required to name his boat until the morning of the first race, so the boats to be built in advance would be first a "footer" of 90ft. loadline, with any amount of sail her designer cares to risk. The ordinary weather off Sandy Hook is nothing formidable for a yacht of 90ft., and a big machine would be perfectly at home there, as much as many 35ft. boats in the Bay or the Sound. What would be the best for this work is not important at present, whether a big skimming dish with unlimited sail or an equally exaggerated Pappoose, with a similar spread. Given a certain length; beam and draft without limit could be made to carry an enormous driving power to advantage, and the boat which was compelled to make an ocean voyage would not have a ghost of a chance. If on the other hand the preliminary details should be agreed on without dispute, the races would naturally be sailed under the rules of the New York Y. C., and a different yacht in model and rig would be needed, a boat that would be as powerful as possible without too great sail spread. It is possible under the fourth clause that a match might be arranged and successfully sailed between yachts of 65ft., but in practice the challenger must come prepared to meet a boat of 90ft. designed under a length rule, while the defender must have such a boat in reserve in case it may be needed.

It is likely now the present state of affairs will prove a bar to further challenges for an indefinite time, and in the meanwhile does any one suppose that there will be any development of the new 90ft. class? The fate of the present large boats is still in doubt, there is likely to be little racing against Volunteer next year, and it seems probable that the class will at least stand still. Then if a challenge is received in the future, the work of building up the new class must be commenced anew. No steady development, no racing every year at home, no general interest in the class, but it is to be something special and apart, dedicated to Cup races which are never to take place. No one can say that this class, even if kept up, is a benefit to yachting, while the second class is ignored and left to shift for itself. As far as the Cup races are concerned the second class is out of the fight, and the good that might have accrued through a strong competition in this class is entirely lost. We have dealt only with singlestickers, but the case is fully as bad with schooners. At present there are just four schooners of 115ft. l.w.l. and over, Dreadnaught, Dauntless, Coronet and Ambassadress, and there are but six between 100 and 115ft. What about Fortuna, Montauk, Sachem, Grayling, Gitana, the yachts which do the racing; are they worth no consideration, and to be ignored entirely by the club. A racing schooner of 115ft. is a most undesirable possession, and it is unlikely that such a class will ever be seen, but this bugbear is put in the way of any man who should ever wish to challenge with a schooner of ordinary size, who should wish, for instance, to build to meet Sachem for the Cup. Why the fourth clause was ever inserted it is difficult to see, unless the idea was to foster the delusion that the New York Y. C. offers a fair match to any size of yacht within the limits named. A challenger who built on this supposition might very possibly find it realized, but he would take a very great risk in trusting to it, in view of the present action of the club in adopting without protest or objection, all the provisions of the seventh clause.

All the legal verbiage concerning the parties of the first and second part amounts to nothing when it is considered that the real party of the second part is the great body of outside clubs from whom challenges must come. The dealings of the committee and donor are of comparatively little importance; what is of vital interest is the relation between the New York Y. C. and the yachting world which is established by the deed of gift, and yet the rights of the latter are in no way regarded. The challenger must give all and get nothing in return; he must specify closely the yacht he proposes to bring, and he must not depart from that specification, while he will not know until the day of the first race what yacht he is to meet, the latter being allowed every liberty in the way of alteration.

The club has set up the standard of size, not of quality, and in doing this it has repudiated directly its present rule and set up another. It has been urged in excuse that the intention was to shut out catboats, to confine the competition to yachts of suitable size, but the practical result has been to return to the old rule of length under which catboats and sandbaggers were built and flourished. Each side in the future must face the possibility of having to build the most powerful boat possible on a length of 90ft., without limit on depth, sail spread or any dimensions but plain length. What sort of machine will be the outcome of any possible racing under this rule it is hard to foretell, but it is safe to say that such a boat, if built, will combine the maximum of expense with a minimum of all good qualities except speed.

A small enough limit is already provided; the old deed calls for 30 tons, a boat not under 55ft. l.w.l., and further, it would be dangerous to cross the Atlantic in a smaller racing boat than this. As for real racing, apart from size, the standard of excellence is certain to be far higher in a class like the second or third, where there are from six to a dozen boats constantly racing, with additions each year, than in a special class kept up only by spasmodic effort, as is sure to be the case with the proposed 90ft. class.

It is a grave question whether the club at this date has any right to make such a radical alteration in the letter and spirit of the original deed as it has done in this case. It is specially provided that the competition shall be open to all yachts of 30 to 300 tons, or to translate it into modern terms, from a minimum limit of about 55, upward The present action, as we have shown, is really to limit the competition to two special classes, 90 and 115ft., something never contemplated by the original deed. No one is likely to contest the legality of this action, but it is very doubtful whether any court would sustain the position of the club.

Faulty as the matter of the deed is, the manner in which the changes have been made are no less open to criticism. The clause as to the limit of 65 to 90ft. is a mere subterfuge, and the wording as to the course is equally doubtful. It would have been far better to have come out at once with a fixed limit of 90ft., rather than to apparently give something in one clause which is withdrawn by the next; and in the same way, the selection of the inside course could better have been directly prohibited, rather than left open as now. The manner in which the deed was brought before the club is open to the gravest criticism. The deed was prepared and finally accepted prior to the meeting; when reached in the order of business it was hurriedly read through once. A member who arose and asked whether the deed was open for discussion was informed by the chair that such was not the case, that all had been settled, and then nothing was left but a formal resolution of acceptance. Such methods may do for Albany or a local board of aldermen, but they can only disgrace any yacht club which countenances them. No opportunity for discusssion, nor even for a negative vote by the body of the members, a matter cooked in committee and given to the club to bolt with its eyes shut.

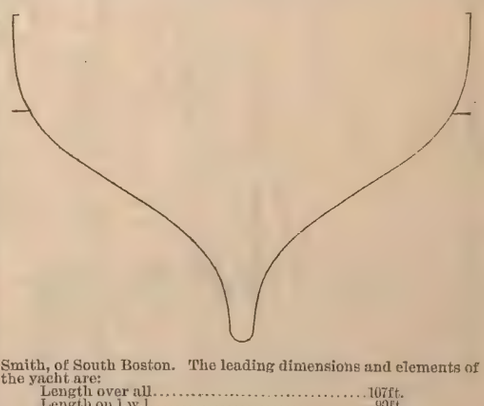
The action of the club in this matter must be taken as a final expression of its view of the trust imposed as guardians of the Cup, not to encourage fair contests in the interest of yacht racing, but rather to keep the Cup in possession of the club by such means as seem best fitting to that end, and in this it is likely to succeed most thoroughly.

It is needless to say that Mr. Sweet's challenge is off, but whether another will follow is as yet uncertain. No one who fully understands the present conditions is likely to risk so much for the small chance of return. It may be that some Quixotic Briton, with more valor than discretion, will rush hastily in with a challenge; but one such attempt is likely to prove enough. Certainly if he should venture across with a yacht under the maximum he will take a very great risk.

The present year is likely to be a notable one in the Cup annals, for the Cup has been saved twice; once by the skill and fair sailing of General Paine and once by the quasi legal action of the holders, which has locked up so safely that there is little chance of a future challenge and still less of a race under equal conditions.

SPEEDWELL.

THE accompanying diagram represents the midship section of Mr. Henry Bryant's new cruising schooner, now building by



Smith, of South Boston. The leading dimensions and elements of the yacht are:

Length over all	107ft.
Length on l.w.l.	90ft.
Beam, extreme	23ft. 3in.
Beam, l.w.l.	21ft. 10in.
Draft	13ft.
Least freeboard	3ft. 11in.
Overhang forward	1ft.
Length of fore body	51ft.
Length of after body	39ft.
Area of midship section	197sq. ft.
C.B. from stem	49.88 ft.
C.B. below l.w.l.	2.98 ft.
C.L.R. aft of stem	51
Ballast, short tons	56
Keel, 42ft. long, short tons	35
Area lower sails	6,030sq. ft.
Bowsprit, outboard	30ft.
Main mast, deck to hounds	63ft.
Main boom	63ft.
Main gaff	37ft.
Maintopmast	31ft.
Foremast, deck to hounds	58ft.
Foretopmast	28ft.
Mastheads	9ft.
Foremast from stem	24ft. 11in.
Mainmast from stem	36ft. 3½in.

The bowsprit will be a round spar, with no jibboom.

PROBABLY THE FIRST CENTERBOARD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* John and Townsend Stites, brothers, were born and lived all their lives at Beesley's Point, Great Egg Harbor, New Jersey. John Stites died about 1865, aged 81, and Townsend a few years later. They both told me that when they were boys all their boats carried lee boards, but that a colored man whose name they gave me, and which I have forgotten, put a centerboard in his skiff, and it was the first one that they had ever seen and heard of, and that its superiority to the old lee board was so manifest that they all adopted them. This is a simple statement of what the Messrs. Stites both told me. Their descendants still live at Beesley's Point.—C. R. MOORE (Bird's Nest P. O., Virginia, Oct. 26).

RESTLESS.—Col. Singerly's steam yacht, built this year, will be cut in two and lengthened during the winter by her builders, Houston & Woodbridge. She will have a second steel boiler and a new Trout wheel.

THE STEAM LAUNCH EXPLOSION.

As the owner of the little steam launch which exploded on Sunday week is still in the hospital with two of his companions, no inquest has yet been held over the killing of the two Cunningham brothers. According to the story of Carl Schmidtke, the owner, the boat was a new one but the engine was old, though retubed for him and tested in the shop to 160lbs. The boat had never been inspected, and it is claimed that she was just completed and had never been run, and that application was to have been made at once for a license. As to this story, there are hundreds of small launches about New York which are never inspected or licensed, and whose owners are never called to account by the authorities. If one is caught by accident he has the same story ready—just about to apply for an inspection; so he is let off with a reprimand. Wherever there is a lake or river throughout the country others of the same sort are found, most of them uninspected and run by unlicensed and incompetent engineers.

The man who has a good boiler and knows how to run it has little fear of inspection, but the craft we speak of are largely cobbled up from the junk yard and scrap heap, anything which will make steam being good enough. This class of boat demands a most rigid inspection, but it is a difficult matter, owing to the large territory embraced in the various districts and to the small force of inspectors in many cases. The leniency generally shown also tends to make the matter worse, as there is little fear of the law among owners. It is on account of these difficulties that the law should be enforced to its fullest extent when a case can be fully proved. The penalty is very heavy, from $100 to $500, and if it were strictly enforced in only two or three instances in any locality it would bring all the owners in the vicinity to terms. The attention of the inspectors is generally directed to the larger vessels and where there is a pressure of business the small fry are apt to be left unnoticed except when some occurrence like the present calls attention to it. The necessity for a thorough supervision and inspection exists, however, and it rests with the inspectors and their chiefs to see that these boats receive the attention they deserve. A trip about New York and up some of the creeks and docks about the suburbs in a swift launch would reveal many a small launch entirely unfit for use whose existence is unknown to any but the few interested in her. The law as it is enforced is a fair and just one, and there can be no excuse for the owner of a properly equipped craft. It is only the second-hand rattle traps that really fear to pass an inspection that would certainly condemn them.

CLARA AND CINDERELLA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue your correspondent "X.," by implication, seems to assert that the Clara and Cinderella met this season, and that the latter was within 2 minutes of the former. This is an injustice to Cinderella. The race alluded to was sailed at the end of last season, and was lost by Cinderella on account of a shift of wind which broke her off on the wrong side of a buoy, necessitating a short tack. At the time this was made Cinderella had closed up Clara's lead and had the race, which was nearly over, in hand. This season the two boats have not met, as Clara's owner concluded that his ship was not right and refused to sail, in which course he was probably right, as Clara was certainly off, and Cinderella is from 5 to 10 minutes better than she was before the extra 4 tons of lead were put on her keel. Then, too, last season Cinderella was very badly sailed and lucked, while this year she has been sailed to perfection by the old Orivia crew, headed by Mr. Bryan Alley. Clara is a very fast boat of her type, but no man who saw Cinderella lay out Hildegarde last summer at Larchmont on the 4th of July, in the beat from Captain's Island to Execution west buoy, Hildegarde being nearly 10ft. the longer vessel, would doubt that she likewise is a goer of much merit. With equal handling, and in any weather but the lightest, Cinderella would carry my money, and this without prejudice for or against either boat.

In very light airs I believe the extreme cutter to be the fastest boat ever built, but when laid over they have not, at the same angle, the side resistance of the centerboard. I would much like to see a centerboard put in the Thistle, the trunk coming to the cabin floors. Thistle's shape is very perfect, as shown by her down wind speed, but she manifestly lacks side resistance when heeled. I do not see any objection to a compromise ship such as would be made by centerboarding Thistle. She would seldom use the center fin, but it would be ready, and like Jim Bowie's pistol, she might not need it but if she did it would be very handy. M.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.

[Clara and Cinderella met once this year, the former losing her bowsprit and giving up, but Cinderella had beaten her fairly up to the time of Clara's mishap.]

NEW YORK Y. C. MEETING.—The fifth meeting of the year was held by the New York Y. C. on Oct. 27, with Com. Gerry in the chair. It was moved and carried that the club subscription to the Burgess fund be increased from $500 to $1,000. After the treasurer's report the America's Cup committee presented a full report of the late races, copies of which were ordered printed after the report had been accepted with thanks. The revised deed of gift was then read and offered for adoption. No opportunity for discussion was allowed, the matter having already been finally arranged between Mr. Schuyler and the committee. No alternative was left to the members but a formal and nominal recognition of the action of the committee, which was passed in the following form: "*Resolved*, That the deed of gift of the America's Cup be entered at length upon the minutes of this club; that the secretary be requested to furnish to all foreign yacht clubs a copy thereof; that the club accept the cup won by the schooner yacht America upon the terms and conditions stated in the deed of gift executed and delivered by George L. Schuyler, as surviving owner thereof, to it, bearing date October 25, 1887, and hereby ratify and confirm the acts of the Commodore and Secretary of this club in joining in the execution and acceptance of said deed of gift." Mr. Sweet's resignation as a member was next taken up and not accepted, on the ground that his challenge for the Cupdid not unfit him for membership in the club holding it; a general motion to this effect being passed. As the challenge from the Royal Clyde Y. C. in behalf of Mr. Sweet, lately received, was for a boat not yet built, and as it is not in accordance with the deed of gift, it was not accepted, but a copy of the new deed of gift was ordered sent to the proposed challengers in order that they could challenge in accordance with its provisions. Forty new members were elected.

"THE NAUTICAL MAGAZINE."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was probably a typographical error which made you quote the notice of "Steam Yachts and Launches" last week from the London Nautical Gazette instead of the *Nautical Magazine*, an old established and well-known publication which deserves a wide circulation among American yachtsmen. It is an excellent authority and always full of interesting matter concerning nautical topics of the day.—OLD SALT.

LAUNCH OF THE CARRIE E. PHILLIPS.—On Oct. 29, the new Burgess fisherman was launched at Story's yard in Essex, going off handsomely in the presence of a large number of spectators. A chain parted as she neared the water and listed her to starboard, but she righted. When afloat there was not tide enough to allow her to leave for Boston as she drew 10ft. and the Essex River has many shoal spots. She will be fitted out at once and may be ready by Saturday. Like all of Mr. Burgess's boats she is painted white. She will carry ten dories with two men each, besides her captain, Maurice Powers, a cook and an extra man, making 23 men on board.

NEW CUTTERS.—Besides the 40ft. cutter for Kingston, and the 43ft. cutter for Hamilton, Ont., Mr. Kunhardt has just sent complete plans and specifications for a fine little cruiser 23x5½ft. to Buffalo. She is to be built at once. Her draft is 4ft. 6in., and with 22in. freeboard, gives 5ft. 3in. height under hatches. She will have 3,000lbs. iron on keel and 375 sq. ft. in lower sail. The rig is that of a pole mast cutter. The deck is flush with skylight over cabin, a forecastle hatch and one over the sail room.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Burgess has in hand a design for an 80ft. l.w.l. schooner of the Sachem type, with clipper stem, for a New York yachtsman. Lawley & Sons will build her. They will also build a singlesticker of 40ft. l.w.l. for Mr. James Means, and one of 29½ft. l.w.l. for New York.

GRAYLING has received part of her lead keel, increasing her draft 25in., and her sides have been scraped preparatory to a coat of white paint. The main boom and gaff will be replaced by longer ones, and she will swing a larger mainsail.

YACHTS FOR SALE.—We have particulars of a steam yacht of 529 tons, 176ft.×20ft. for sale, a cruising vessel; and also a cruising yawl of about 80ft. l.w.l. and 18ft. 6in. beam, similar to Cythera, for sale at a low figure.

EUREKA.—This wonderful gas and air motor, which has never been run since first built two years since, is now being fitted with triple expansion engines. The gas propulsion proved a complete failure.

THISTLE.—On Nov. 1 Thistle arrived at Greenock after a run of eighteen days. Her best day's run was 285 miles, the worst 75.

DAISY.—This launch, formerly the Henrietta, has been sold by Howard Jaffray to Allen Thorndike Rice.

NORMA.—The Fish engine now in this yacht will be replaced by a triple expansion at Bath, Me.

GALATEA.—On Oct. 29 Galatea arrived at Queenstown after a passage of eighteen days.

Answers to Correspondents.

MICHIGAN WANDERER.—The orders for the soldiers in the Park and the rules and regulations are as follows. We presume you can obtain a copy by applying to the Interior Department.

CAMP SHERIDAN, Wyoming, June 2, 1887.

ORDERS No. 37.]

1. Orders No. 5, dated Camp Sheridan, Wyo., Aug. 21, 1886, is hereby revoked.

2. The enlisted men of this command, when on duty within the limits of the Yellowstone National Park, are charged with its protection, and will under all circumstances enforce a strict compliance with the established rules and regulations.

The soldiers occupying the detached stations for the protection of the Park will not only enforce the rules and regulations, but will exert themselves to discover and prevent the spread of forest fires, to protect visitors to the Park from any abuse or extortion by stage drivers or other persons, and generally to preserve respect for law and order.

In the enforcement of the regulations of the Park and the foregoing instructions, soldiers will conduct themselves in a courteous and polite but firm and decided manner.

They will not hesitate to make arrests when necessary, reporting without delay to the commanding officer by telephone or otherwise.

By order of Captain Harris. GEO. W. GOODE,
Second Lieutenant First Cavalry, Post Adjutant.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, April 4, 1887.

(1) It is forbidden to remove or injure the sediments or incrustations around the geysers, hot springs, or steam vents; or to deface the same by written inscription or otherwise; or to throw any substance into the springs or geyser vents; or to injure or disturb, in any manner, any of the mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders within the Park.

(2) It is forbidden to ride or drive upon any of the geyser or hot spring formations or to turn loose stock to graze in their vicinity.

(3) It is forbidden to cut or injure any growing timber. Camping parties will be allowed to use dead or fallen timber for fuel.

(4) Fires shall be lighted only when necessary and completely extinguished when not longer required. The utmost care should be exercised at all times to avoid setting fire to the timber and grass.

(5) Hunting, capturing, injuring or killing any bird or animal within the Park is prohibited. The outfits of persons found hunting or in possession of game killed in the Park will be subject to seizure and confiscation.

(6) Fishing with nets, seines, traps, or by the use of drugs or explosives, or in any other way than with hook and line, is prohibited. Fishing for purposes of merchandise or profit is forbidden by law.

(7) No person shall be permitted to reside permanently or to engage in any business in the Park without permission, in writing, from the Department of the Interior. The Superintendent may grant authority to competent persons to act as guides and revoke the same in his discretion.

(8) No drinking saloon or barroom will be permitted within the limits of the Park.

(9) Private notices or advertisments shall not be posted or displayed within the Park, except such as may be necessary for the convenience and guidance of the public upon buildings on leased ground.

(10) Persons who render themselves obnoxious by disorderly conduct or bad behavior, or who violate any of the foregoing rules will be summarily removed from the Park under authority of the statute setting apart the Park "as a pleasuring ground for the people," and providing that it "shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be to make and publish such rules and regulations as he shall deem necessary or proper," and who "generally shall be authorized to take all such measures as shall be necessary or proper to fully carry out the object and purposes of this act."

L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secretary of the Interior.

H. B. S., Williamsburg, Va.—The jib should sit flat if properly cut, but the luff rope must be heavier than if set on a stay, and the mast must also be well stayed.

M. H., Philadelphia.—Please put me in communication with the best people near here supplying peat moss? Ans. Write to Mr. G. I. Herbert, 21 Broadway, New York.

H. E. W.—The subject of times of flight of shot was very extensively treated in the FOREST AND STREAM a few years ago. We will reprint the conclusions next week.

J. M.—1. Use vaseline, or finest grade of machine oil. 2. The powder will compare favorably with other brand; its absolute superiority or inferiority is hard to be determined.

C. E. L.—I have purchased the mastiff bitch Boss Bess (A.K.R. 3372). Please give her pedigree, age, etc. Do you consider her fashionably bred? Ans. By Boss (A.K.R. 2218) out of Bess (A.K.R. 2217), whelped Dec. 22, 1885.

W. R. S.—The design would probably cost $150, including full details and specifications. "Small Yachts," by C. P. Kunhardt, is the best book on the designing and building of all craft under 45ft. Pappoose is 36ft. l. w. l., 13ft. 6in. extreme beam, and 7ft. 3in. draft.

SKOWHEGAN.—1. The wild rice will not hurt the bass. 2. For mode of planting wild rice see late numbers of this paper. 3. We do not know where you can get an ice boat ready made. Write to Capt. P. C. Rogers, Hyde Park, N. Y., and he may put you on the track of one.

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A brand of blasting powder is marked "f f," and the marking probably has the same meaning as in music—very loud.

There are more bears in Fulton county this fall than there have been in any season for 20 years back. Three large black ones have been killed there this month.—*Albany Journal.*

The counties where wild animals do most abound are mad with the State Controller because he refuses to accept the scalps of foxes and wildcats in payment of taxes.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

A Danbury man lost his dog. After he had given up all hope of finding the animal it came home wearing a collar marked: "Whosoever finds this dog will return him to the Rev. — —."

Some poor men thrive in Florida. Four years ago James Brown went into Polk county with only $2 and a large family. Now he has a good farm and comfortable home, and in the meantime has made $1,500 by killing 370 deer and 4 bears.

The will of the late Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, bequeaths all his property to his widow during her life, and then to his daughter during her lifetime. Should both die without heirs what remains is to revert to the Smithsonion Institution.

A hunting exhibition has been opened at St. Petersburg, in the Michael Riding School. It consists of a collection of weapons and appliances used in the chase, horses and dogs, and an ornithological section. It has been organized by the Society of Huntsmen and Falconers with the assistance of several English exhibitors.

As A. P. Foss, the head machinist in the Webster and Pembroke Mills repair shop, was cleaning the leaves from the gate in the Webster Canal he saw a live chicken floating down. He reached down with a rake and pulled it up, and lo and behold there was a pickerel on the chicken's leg, and it had got such a hold that it couldn't let go, and Mr. Foss pulled the chicken and fish both to land. The pickerel weighed 2lbs. 7oz.—*Suncook (N. H.) Journal.*

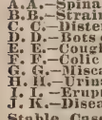
A Mrs. Smith, the wife of a farmer who resides near Sunbury, Pa., went to the house of John P. Haas, a neighbor, some months ago, to sell some butter, and while in the front yard a dog belonging to Haas jumped at her and bit her in the arm. The bite was not a severe one, and soon healed up. Mrs. Smith, however, brought suit in the Court of Common Pleas, and the jury rendered a verdict in her favor for $400 damages against the Haas estate, Haas having died since the suit was brought.

A few evenings ago a flock of partridges which had been feeding on the marshes opposite Lyon's Creek Landing, where the Patuxent is about a hundred yards wide, wishing to seek their roosting grounds on this side, deliberately walked into the water and swam across instead of flying. Our informant, believing they had changed their nature and became water fowl, did not deem it a violation of the "partridge law" to secure a few birds as they emerged from the water. He succeeded in capturing six, which he enjoyed for breakfast next morning.—*Calvert (Md.) Gazette.*

Probably never before in any part of the country where game so little abounds has there been a shot fired with the same effect, under similar circumstances, as the one which Andy Dixon, of Glascock county, made a few days ago. Dixon killed four squirrels at one shot and wounded a fifth. The squirrels were out on the limbs of a tree, and not in a nest or hollow. A negro named Warren Davis a day or two ago killed four squirrels at one shot. Three of them were young ones, and they were trying to take a hickory nut from the mouth of an old "frisky tail." In these days when a hunter kills even one squirrel at a shot it is counted a good many.—*Savannah News.*

Pheasants are coming into market in great numbers. One boy of fifteen years, who lives down on Union Ridge, near Lake River, W. T., has sent enough to McGuire & Co. within the past four weeks to amount to over $90, and he has shot them all himself. The hunter out about Grant's Pass, who has sent so many scores of deer to this market this season, finding that the fore-quarters did not meet with ready sale, has taken to shooting the hind-quarters only. Yesterday he sent in ten of the latter ends. It is no trick at all to shoot a deer in the country, as City Surveyor Paget went out to the Sandy on Sunday and killed one. The hind-quarters of a remarkably fat bear were exhibited at Malarkey's yesterday and were admired by all lovers of "bar's" meat.—*Portland Oregonian, Oct. 11.*

HUMPHREYS'
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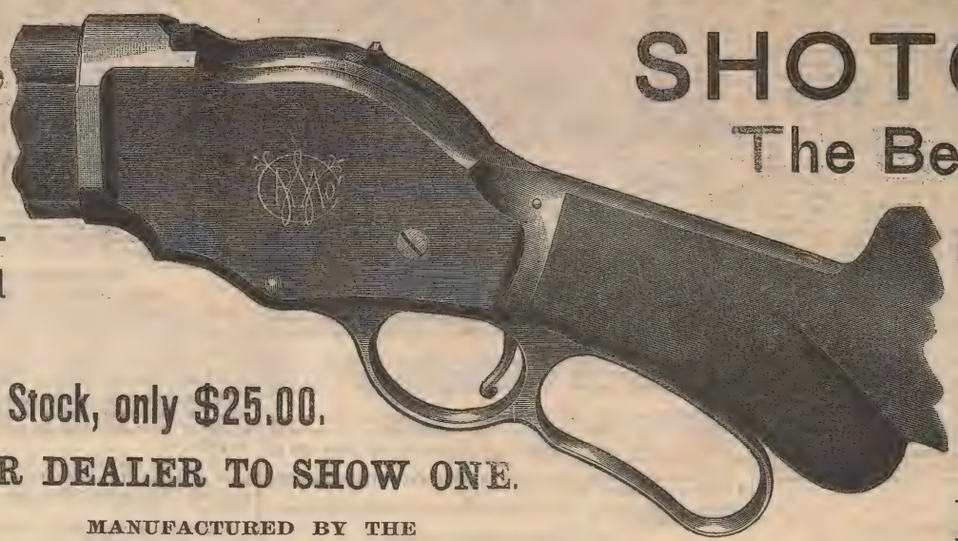
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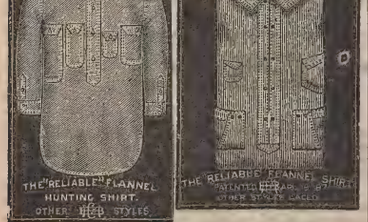
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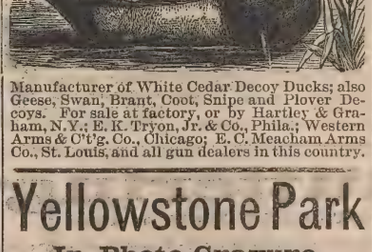
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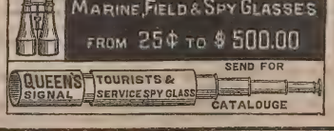
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No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

Nos. 11 and 12 represent the hunter retiring from the marsh and at home, and these two are among the strongest of the set.

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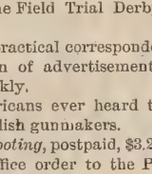
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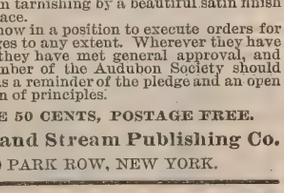
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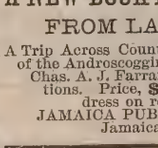
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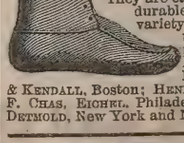
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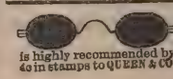
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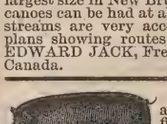
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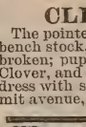
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CO-OPERATION.

IN union there is strength; why is not the wisdom of the old adage more generally adopted in our endeavors to conserve the game and fish supply?

For a pertinent example take the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, with headquarters at Boston. This is a society of large membership, decided influence and unquestionably high purposes. Yet through the State, among country sportsmen, there is found an undercurrent of distrust and jealousy of this Boston society, based largely upon the mere fact that it is a Boston, which is to say a city, organization, made up of "city sportsmen." We have often referred to the supposed or imaginary conflict of interests between city sportsmen and country sportsmen; and have repeatedly endeavored to point out that there should be no such conflict, for what is for the good of one class is in equal measure for the benefit of the other. The distrust and jealousy, however, persist, and by reason of their persistence much of the game and fish protective work undertaken in Massachusetts is thwarted and much more that ought to be undertaken is left undone. If city and country representatives of the cause could join hands in hearty accord and "pull together" we should soon see a change.

The Boston men are anxious to secure the active aid of outsiders. As one means of making known the character and purposes of their society, they propose to invite members of country clubs to attend the monthly meetings of the Association. It is expected that some of these club members will be present as guests at the next meeting on Nov. 21. The acquaintances to be formed in this way can hardly fail of beneficial results, and if with a better understanding of the common interests and purposes of each, city and country clubs can be induced to work in unison, there will be well-founded hope for speedily accomplishing ends not to be attained by working at loggerheads.

There ought to be in every State in this Union an association of local clubs, banded together for the express and single purpose of seeing to it that the authorities enforce the laws. Trap-shooting societies will never do this. The old organizations, game protective in principle and trap shooting in practice, have now for the most part died out. They have at least so far disappeared from public gaze as game protectors that new societies, organized to fill their places, could not be regarded as in any sense rivals or opponents. The way is clear for new State game protective associations; and if those well-intentioned individuals who are working bravely to establish a grand national association will instead of this concentrate their efforts upon the organization of State societies, their labors will not be so surely for naught as they are at present. Co-operation is a capital thing in its way, but compactness and concentration are also essentials. A State association made up of town and county clubs can do something besides talk. A national association made up of clubs from all over the country can do nothing but make speeches and pass resolutions. And resolutions as game protective cure-alls have had their day.

NEW JERSEY NON-RESIDENTS.

NEW JERSEY has a curious system of treating non-residents who may wish to shoot off a gun within her boundaries. The law says that no person not a resident shall hunt or kill game or catch fish "in this State without complying with the by-laws of the game protective societies organized or to be organized under the laws of this State," and it provides a fine of $50 with the option of lying in jail for violation. This law does not say that a non-resident must join a society. It only says he must "comply with the by-laws." Does that phrase "comply with the by-laws" mean "join the society"? It is so interpreted by the societies themselves. They arrest and fine non-residents on that very ground. Joseph Travis, of Philadelphia, was arrested and fined $50 and costs by Justice James Cassidy, of Camden, on the charge of gunning without a license, *i. e.*, a certificate of membership in the West Jersey Game Protective Society.

It is a very curious system. Several persons who have been made to pay up in times past have expressed a determination to carry their cases to higher courts for a decision, but they have always paid their fines and dropped the contest without actually making any test of the law. This is a great pity. A friendly suit to determine the intent of the law, the interpretation to be put upon its wording, and the authority given by it to these societies to seize non-residents and lock them up, would be watched with much interest and might teach some valuable lessons.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SUNAPEE LAKE, New Hampshire, has been systematically stocked by the fish commissioners, and the fishing is constantly improving. The lake is a beautiful body of water, at a high altitude, with charming surroundings. Its development as a fishing resort is an excellent example of what might be done with scores of lakes in New England and elsewhere, if public spirit and forethought were to be brought to the task. Sunapee will be one of the famous angling resorts of the near future, and the citizens of the State will reap the benefit in railroad and stage fares, hotel, boat, guide and other revenues.

We shall begin shortly the publication of a series of papers by Prof. J. W. P. Jenks, of Brown University, relating his experiences and adventures during the winter of 1874, while hunting in the Lake Okeechobee region of Florida. That was not so very long ago, but the changes there have been so rapid that the author's account of his wild life with wild game and wild outlaws will be like ancient history to Florida readers.

An Oxford, Md., company has been organized to prepare oysters for shipment abroad by a novel method, which has been recently patented. All there is to it is simply to fasten the shells of a live oyster together so that they cannot open. The oyster and his liquor fill the shell completely, says the inventor; but after being kept out of the water for a time the creature opens its shell expecting to feed, a portion of the liquor is lost, air takes the place of it, and the first stage of decomposition sets in. If the shell be so tightly clamped that no atmospheric air can enter, the oyster will subsist on its own juices for a period of sixty or eighty days, and at the end of that time will be in good condition to be eaten. This is not all theory; experiments have proved the success of the method. The new industry of oyster clamping is in full working order at Oxford. Iron wire is employed to fasten the shells, and the firm is filling a large foreign contract. If the process will work with oysters we see no reason why it should not be applied with equal success to clams, and here too the American fishermen who use clams for cod bait may find a hint toward the solution of the bait question.

Another specimen of amateur photographer's work comes to us from Dr. Henry G. Piffard, of this city, whose invention of a "photographic pistol" for photographing in the dark was recently noted. The method consists in igniting powdered magnesium on gun cotton and taking the instantaneous negative by the flash. Our suggestion that it would be possible by one pull of the trigger to photograph a coon at night and bag it too appears to have prompted Dr. Piffard to produce the portrait, which is that of a darky made with the photographic pistol at 9 o'clock P. M.

Senator John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, is a fox-hunter, fisherman and amateur photographer. He is enthusiastic in each of these pursuits, and excels in all of them. We are reminded of this by receiving a specimen of his work with the camera. It is a group of fishermen on Howard's Creek, Greenbrier county, West Virginia, in which the excellent portraits are recognized as those of Messrs. A. N. Cheney, W. D. Cleveland and the Senator himself.

Non-export game laws cut off the market-hunter, but hotel landlords frequently complain that they suffer too because sportsmen will not go shooting where they cannot send their game home or take it home with them. This is in a measure true; several instances have recently come to our notice, where men who had been accustomed to make an annual excursion to certain localities have now given it up for this very reason.

Memphis, Tenn., is a desirable point to start out from for Southern game. We have information that game of all kinds is unusually abundant this season in the Mississippi River districts reached from Memphis. The facilities for traveling from Memphis to the game regions of Mississippi and Arkansas are as good as possible, afforded by the several radiating lines of railroads and the Mississippi River and tributaries.

Redditch, England, it is said, turns out 20,000,000 fish-hooks every week. The total of the annual product taxes the imagination. If one is to believe all the talk of returning fishermen, a goodly number of these are swallowed by "the big ones that got away," but even then, the mystery of what becomes of all the rest is almost as great as that of where all the pins go to.

Among the good things in store for readers of this journal is a series of sketches relating the experiences of Sam Lovel and his friends in June and autumn camps. It has been intimated to us that before the papers are completed we may hear something of how Uncle Lisha fared out in 'Hio.

The AUDUBON SOCIETY has not done so much that no more remains for it to do. The membership is not so large that it ought not to be quadrupled. The sentiment against bird destruction is not so universal nor so emphatic that it needs not to be encouraged.

"Uncle Lisha's Shop" in book form is just as good reading as it was when printed in the FOREST AND STREAM Perhaps better, for it will bear a second reading and improve with it—which is more than can be said for nine-tenths of the books that come from the press.

The individual heralded as "Jo-Jo, the dog-faced Russian boy," or human Skye terrier, would make a decided sensation at a bench show, and it is surprising that no enterprising managers have had the forethought to secure him.

Senator Vest is preparing an article on the National Park for the *Century*.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A DEER HUNT.

"FOUR days in camp, four days of blinding snow
And bitter cold, monotony and smoke!
If this be pleasure 'tis a pleasure I
Shall henceforth shun with pleasure," Ernest cried,
As seated round the blazing camp-fire logs
We smoked and talked, the while the storm without
Wailed through the great woods like a Titan's ghost
Till near to midnight, when it passed away.
But when the first faint glimmer in the east
Bespoke the dawn, we rose and breakfasted,
Prepared our luncheon, laced our snowshoes on,
And, gun on shoulder, sought the open plain;
The blood of each one coursing through his veins,
And robust health felt to the finger tip.
O'er mile on mile of pure untrodden snow,
Save where the subtle fox had left a track,
Or playful rabbit bounded fleetly o'er,
Due northward toward a gently sloping hill
Some three leagues off, against a frosty wind
That came to meet us from the sullen north,
And tried to "nip" us as he passed us by.
We traveled on, good cheer in every heart,
Till three hours' walking brought us to the top;
And then we saw—oh, lovely, thrilling sight!
The joy of which none but the hunter knows—
Our game at last. For on the plain beneath,
Between us and the margin of the wood
That hemmed the barren in, lay all at ease
A dozen deer; due windward from us, too,
And scarce a mile away. "Ours! Sure as fate,
They must be ours!" thought all; and every heart
Beat higher with excitement; every eye
Beamed with the hunter's fire, as flashed the horns
Of the great leader in the morning air.
Then ere another hour four loud reports
Rang out against the wintry silentness,
Awaking echoes from a thousand caves
Which answered back again, and stretched at length
Four deer lay bleeding on the trampled snow:
While Ernest shouted, "Good! the leader's mine!"
And was as happy as a joyous lark
That sings in heaven on a summer morn.

NORTH SYDNEY, Cape Breton, Nov. 1. H. E. BAKER.

THE OPEN AIR.

A COLLOQUY.

Evening in a camp on the shore of a lake. Three men—one a guide—and a youth of twenty are reclining within comfortable distance from a log fire. The youngest of the group, turning his eyes overhead, speaks:

Henry. That was a night hawk charging down us. Why is it that he makes that tremendous whirr and swoop? Is he merely having his fling, or is it a business method? I should think he would frighten every bug and gnat off his preserve.

Paul. I don't know, I am sure.

[*The silence is uninterrupted for several minutes.*

Henry. I am tired and comfortable and would be at peace with the world if I hadn't broken my rod on that bass to-day. But, "let that pass," as they say in the play.

Paul. Haven't fishing and shooting and taking to the woods come to be a sort of fashion, of late? Isn't it what they call "good form" for people who can find the money and the time to go rusticating in some way at least once a year?

Peter. I think it is a good thing.

Paul. Of course, but I am suspicious of fashions. How much of it is not genuine? How much of it is done chiefly because it it the proper thing to do, because Lord Dunraven having gone, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner having gone, for instance, and both having written so pleasantly about it, or because the President of the United States goes and takes his wife, or because it's confessedly "English," maybe, to shoot and to fish, why therefore "all the world" taking note thereof must go too, and not for any real love or appreciation of it. Is there anything in this?

Peter. Not so very much. But there is a class of persons who take perhaps one experience of outdoor living for some such reason as you express. Their after-experiences, if they take another, are had under the protection of a hotel or boarding house, bordering on the woods, and where the real thing is only in sight. A good many of the men are satisfied to spend their days dawdling in boats, and their evenings in flirtation and dress clothes—actually dress clothes, I am told. Thank fortune I never saw them there. But they are few I have no doubt. The charm of outdoor life works readily with most men. The fascination of it I have never analyzed particularly. The love of men for nature is an old story.

Paul. Perhaps the individuals I referred to are exceptional; as exceptional, for instance, as the man who has not music in his soul. I question whether they are much "fitter" than he either. But I have always thought that he was too harshly condemned. It is misfortune enough to be born into the world without appreciation for music without being accused of undeveloped treason into the bargain. But, speaking of it, is it a demand of our nature that brings you and me and so many others off year after year like this, making us lie on these hard stones at night and run the chance of missing the milk in our coffee in the morning and being caught out in the rain, or what is it?

Henry. Did you see that shooting star? There! there! What a fine tail it had. I don't think I ever saw one from beginning to end before. I am always looking the other way. Comets are preferable. They keep in one place while you look, and display themselves at a standstill. You are never startled out of your wits by some one clapping you on the back and crying out, "See! see! Ah, you're too late." I never knew of a comet, however, that you didn't have to get up in the middle of the night to look at, which is a drawback.

Peter. Men whose fondness is for fishing and shooting would, perhaps, explain it all by referring you to the excitement of sport. It stirs the blood, for example, to throw a fly on some good stream after trout. Every pool and rift and bend opens new possibilities. One forgets himself and all his worriments. You are looking for a rise and it don't come, and it still don't come. Then you get it, half unexpectedly. He isn't hooked. You try him again. The fly trails along the dangerous edge of the willow roots. Then he takes a good hold—he is a pound, two pounds, and he seems four. You battle it out with him and he goes into the basket. I have heard of a man who more than one morning came down to his salmon river ready for the day's business, and who as often went back to his quarters without wetting his line, so little, for some reason or other, did he trust his nerves to the excitement. A flock of ducks crowding into the decoys will set any man's heart thumping away. Even hunting the rabbit has excitement in it. You are continually on the *qui vive* as to whether from behind each clump of leafless bushes there will start the small white form across your path on the snow, and whether it will be away and out of sight before you can get your gun to your shoulder and bring him down. A light, please. But that's not half the secret of man's fondness for out of doors, I suppose.

Henry. Perhaps not, but it's enough, unless you go further and say that it is a poor day that brings no squirrels to the bag or fish to the basket. That is my doctrine. And if you two proceed to philosophize further on the subject I go to bed. I am tired enough already.

Paul. That is the old love of the chase. I suppose it is in our blood. With some it is the one coarse strain. I knew an Englishman, a gentleman and a "scholard," too, who, let a rat run across a dining-room floor, as rats will sometimes in well-regulated households, would positively get wild with excitement. While the women were getting on chairs and the other men getting out of the way, he was after the rat like a rat-terrier in a rat pit. His eyes blazed, and his expression grew set and determined and almost ferocious. I have seen him corner the beast, seize it at the back of the neck with his bare hand, and crush the life out of it between his fingers. Wasn't that in the man's blood?

Peter. Don't you think it comes from what our ancestors were compelled to by their necessities? Meat and skins were their pursuit. Then the art of men found easier ways of getting food and clothing, and with civilization the business of following game lapsed or rose, whichever it should be called, into the pastime of kings, the nobles, the rich and the people. It's natural, exciting and, moreover, healthful to hunt and to fish. There's reason enough.

Paul. But it is not the whole story by any means. I don't agree with Harry that to catch fish and bag squirrels is all there is of the attraction in outdoor life. When he shall have lived as long as I have and had as many unsuccessful days, I predict his fondness for it will be hardly less, if it is not greater, than it is now. This is our mother earth, and has been our father's, and in a way we recognize and appreciate her maternity. It is a delight to wander over her fair surface where the hand of man has changed her appearance the least; to lie on her broad bosom—in warm weather—and rest, as it seems to us we can only there rest, out of our tired and anxious bodies the weariness that comes to all mortals. That is refreshment. It is sufficient for you and me to have seen to-day on that slope over yonder the fresh green grass, to walk, as we did, through those woods where silence and dignity and peace seemed to reign as nowhere else, to have heard the liquid talking of the little brook back in the swamp. You are getting quite enough enjoyment now out of these surroundings—the lake, the stars up there and that lapping water. You can do without Harry's string of fish.

Henry. Good man, Paul, you talk like a book—like the little brook. Take a drink of this fine water which I dipped from afar in the mere, as it were. Don't let the wheels of loquaciousness lack oil for their dry cogs, so to speak, or would you prefer a glass of—what, William, a glass of ——

Peter. "Come to these scenes of peace,
Where to rivers murmuring
The sweet birds all the summer sing,
Where care and toil and sadness cease."

Harry. Et tu, Brute!

William. Mr. Henry, here is the glass of ——

Henry. Thanks.

Paul. That's the idea. Early in the life of man on earth he tilled the ground. From that source he has continued to get his chief subsistence. That has brought him out of doors and given him an inclination for things that lie out of doors—the phases of spring and summer and autumn, for instance. There partially originates the impulse that pulls and hauls at you and me after a long cooping up in the house. Who can tell? Like the starling we want to get out. So men invariably look with respect and regard on a garden. Men of affairs seem to retain a repressed love for a farm, and, if they can have it, take a country retreat in which to pass their declining years.

Peter. There is this, too, that is not to be overlooked—the beauty that is out of doors. It is simple, true and unaffected. The artificiality that is ever recurring in man's attempted creations of beauty—his art—to mar and blight his work has no place in nature. That goes without saying. And yet with her the very heights of all conceivable imagination and display are commonly reached.

Paul. Yes, and I have for that reason sometimes idly thought why it should be that so many pictures are painted of her and why it is that we value them as we do. For, consider, the best of them, the only strong ones, do but reflect her in some aspect or mood, and yet there she is everywhere about us, to be viewed directly for simply the going out. Doubtless it is because that in this way alone are held fast and still for us scenes and expressions of nature that are of necessity shifting and changeable, or because pictures bring in from out of doors trees and vistas and landscapes, for instance, which to go abroad and see is beyond our ability or convenience. But, that speculation aside, the beauty that lies out of doors is a most powerful attraction. There are the colors and forms of grasses, of flowers, of weeds, for example; what an endless and charming variety! They droop and bend on the most graceful stems or are raised on stalks whose beauty is enhanced by their absolute fitness. Even the bare limbs of trees swayed in the winds of winter with their irregular branches and twigs never fail to please the eye whatever turn or twist they take. You have felt the spell of natural beauty on a river—some broad stream—when the sun has sloped so far in the west that the shadows have grown long on the water. The background is a hill, perhaps; beyond it and above lies the translucent blue of the sky. On one side the banks are wooded, showing deep recesses, tang'ed with creeping vines and bushes; on the other, they come to the water's edge in green meadows, fringed with crowding breaks and bending ferns. Next grow the rushes and plumes of water plants, lilies and weeds, and before them all, above, below and all about, the water ripples and eddies and breaks in sparkles, with quiet murmurs or in silence. Nothing could be fairer. The beauty of it transports, elevates and satisfies. It is one of a host of scenes equally fine. The wonder is that the men do not oftener leave their dwelling places indoors filled not unlikely with the gimcracks, the toys, the artificial embroideries and decorations of human device and go out and refresh themselves in the sight and reach of the divine creations beyond their thresholds. To some extent our inherited love of the chase and our inclination to throw ourselves on the lap of mother earth explain our love of out of doors, but beside these causes our sense and appreciation of beauty explain it.

Peter. You remember that Tennyson has a poem called the "Palace of Art." It describes a palace where the soul was to dwell apart from the world in the companionship of philosophy, learning music and art. The rooms of the palace were hung with pictures. They are from nature and illustrate its beauty as this poet can. What you are saying reminds me of them. He says:

"Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living nature, fit for every mood,
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer morn,
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle horn.

* * * * * * * *

And one the reapers at their sultry toil,
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland prodigal in oil
And hoary to the wind.

* * * * * * * *

And one, an English home—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace."

Paul. That is fine.

[*A lull in the conversation. Henry, who had withdrawn to his sleeping place under the boat, gets up, and after pulling some heavy logs across the diminished fire, muttering meanwhile some reflection on people who do not know enough to go in when it rains—albeit the night is clear and starlit—returns to his couch and is soon asleep. The others follow not long after. Being finally settled beneath their heavy blankets, Peter resumes:*

Peter. But that Palace of Art failed. The soul could not keep up its making merry as the builder of the palace would have it. The fine architecture, the fountains, the pictures and the company of the poets and philosophers failed to satisfy, and it begged for a cottage in a vale where it could mourn and pray.

Paul. There is yet a deeper secret. We are constantly groping for a hint or suggestion of another world—of the hereafter. Whence we come does not bother us so much as where we go after this life. That is the puzzle ever before us when we give ourselves time to think of death, of a future life, of infinity, and all that. It often occurs to me—it is no new suggestion—that this same contact with the outdoor world, the living in sight of mountains, beside the ocean, where the great expanse of water stretches on and on to join the sky, where the storms are the most felt, where the horizon, the edge of the earth, is visible, and all the mysterious phenomena are on display, that such a life brings men nearer to the bourne from which no traveller has returned, nearer to the Creator than any other. If thoughts of religion do not come to a man there, will they ever come to him? "The groves were God's first temples." Are they not his best?

Peter. You talk like one of Ruskin's books.

Paul. Let your mind travel up among those stars. Imagine following the line of light from that star—Arcturus, isn't it?—on and on to the star itself, and conceive that, as you move up, and up, and up, its apparent growth is hardly perceptible, although you travel thousands and thousands of miles. But infinitely little by little it enlarges, and at length discovers itself a great black planet wheeling in space, its distance from you still immeasurable. It may be tenfold larger than this earth on which you and I are mere specks. Beyond that star, in every direction, lie thousands of others, which if seen from it are mere pin pricks, as it now is from us. Then go the other way, down to a grain of sand on the seashore, and from that imagine the diminution to the atom of the physicists. No man whose senses are not dulled to stupidity can regard these things without awe and without marking the omnipotence in creation. Out of doors there is this suggestion; within the hint is a hundredfold less. You noticed the broad golden reflection that the sun made on the quiet water from the horizon to our feet as it set to-night. It was smooth and burnished, and looked as firm as a road. For some reason it aroused my dull imagination to a fancy—childish, perhaps. It seemed to me as if it might be a pathway to the other world—as if it led up to its very portals among the bright clouds. Surely any dreams of a future glory could hardly fail of fulfillment in the glory that must exist in the regions to which such a pathway goes. And on some midsummer day, one of a succession that have been hot and clear, you have observed those great cumulus clouds that stand motionless all the day along the horizon. As a boy I used to think that behind them must lie the promised land. To me they were the grand and stately barriers between this world and another that was at least as peaceful, bright and beautiful as this. Toil up and over their folds, soft and billowy, yet firm and steadfast as any hills, and behind them surely would be found the cities of the Lord. I don't much doubt but that such sights help out the dull faculties of mature minds as well. And storms, impressive as they are seen from a window, convey an adequate sense of their unlimited but restrained power only out of doors—and not in towns and among houses, but off on the hills and prairies and by the sea. Then comes to a man a sense of his weakness and inse-

curity. Then he thinks, "What if there be no omnipotent hand in which I am kept?"

But these striking things of nature are not essential. I don't know that I can make my idea clear. Is it not in the Bible that the hills are spoken of as "hallowed?" If not, where is it? The fitness of that expression is understood if there is an appreciative acquaintance with the world of nature. It is hallowed; the world of cities is not. In the one there is a spirit, divine, infinite, abroad everywhere. A voice tells of it to those who are attuned to hear. It speaks from quiet skies, from open fields, on calm and sunny days, from forests, from streams, from haunts of birds. The simplest thing that grows repeats it. Your same Tennyson says:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is."

What, Peter, are you asleep, too? G. T. C.

A COUNCIL OF THE SENECAS.

IT was away back somewhere in the twenties, that I was a privileged spectator, during the performance of the rites and ceremonies, of an Indian council or festival; inproperly called by the whites a green corn dance. This festival was only a repetition of the annual gatherings which were then prevalent among the several tribes of the Seneca nation. Their council house was built of hewed white pine logs, 25x50ft., squared and dove-tailed at the corners, a low structure, old and time-worn, and had evidently been built and occupied by a generation that had gone before. It was situated near the Alleghany River and in front there was a grassplot of perhaps an acre, on which were many white oaks of ancient growth, while in the rear of the house was a dense thicket reaching up to the building.

On the first day of the gathering the time was mostly occupied by the young braves, in archery practice, which was at that early day made a specialty by both old and young. Nearly every hour during the day the squaws were dropping in from every direction, each loaded with the inevitable pack-basket, of a bushel capacity, containing the camp cooking-kit, and the white Mackinaw blanket rolled and strapped on the top. There came also several of the best hunters who had been sent out for deer, returning by twos and threes, loaded with venison; and when night closed in the numerous little camp-fires dotted the whole foreground, lighting up under the oaks, reflecting a canopy of the sere and yellow leaf of October.

The next morning the sun shone dimly through the hazy atmosphere of an October Indian-summer day, and the odor of cooked venison steamed up from a hundred soup kettles. By 10 o'clock the seats in the council-house (which were only rude benches) were filled. The old and influential men of the tribe occupied the front seats, while the young males filled the back seats, and here the affairs of the Nation were discussed for six long hours; during which time perfect silence reigned through the house, while the several speakers held forth with that deliberate reserve characteric of the old-time Indian.

At an early hour on the third day, as many of the assemblage (males and females) as could be seated, were gathered in the council-house. On the ground-hearth of a rude fire-place was a small bed of live coals, in front of which on a low stool sat an aged chief, a sort of spiritual adviser, a prophet who, I should say, by the marked respect which was shown him, was not without honor in his own country. He arose, and after speaking a few words to the assembled natives, turned his back to the audience and talked to the Great Spirit for a half hour or more, during which time he kept feeding the fire from the contents of a raw-hide pouch which hung from his belt, and from the smouldering embers floated an odor of burning tobacco, mingled with the invigorating fragrance of aromatic herbs and the pulverized bark of the green osier.

And much, t'was said, of heathen lore
Mix'd in the charms he mutter'd o'er.

When his petitions and thanks-givings were concluded he turned around and addressed his people for three-quarters of an hour. Having so imperfect a knowledge of the language I could only get the drift of his discourse, the substance of which was an exhortation to honesty and good works, and a solemn charge to shun the white man's fire-water; and he dwelt long and earnestly on the baneful effects which it had on the red man. But that old Indian did not live to see one-half the evil effects of intemperance that in after years so demoralized, debased and desolated his tribe.

A change of programme for the afternoon performance was evident by the removal of the seats from the center of the building, leaving a circular space between the front and rear door of about 25ft. diameter, in the center of which was a raised bench or platform about 4x6ft., and at each end sat an Indian, one of whom had a rude apology for a drum, made of a section of bark slipped from the body of a bass-wood tree, the split side being closed up with thongs, and it was about the size of a common nail keg, with a rawhide strained over one end, while the other had a dried gourd shell partly filled with small pebbles. Before I was really aware of it, the seats were filled without noise or confusion, while the number of those outside did not seem to be diminished much. An Indian, who subsequently proved to be master of ceremonies, mounted the platform dressed in a bleached cotton shirt, clasped in front with numerous large silver broaches, and girt with a scarlet red sash, a similar red scarf being tied around the head, leaving his flowing black mane hanging loosely over the shoulders. His moccasins and leggings were elaborately trimmed after the Indian fashion of those days. Over the left shoulder hung an empty quiver, and in his hand was a short, tight-strung bow. He of the drum commenced a monotonous beat, which drew in a mixed crowd of old and young, keeping step with the beat of the drum until a ring was formed numbering twenty-five or thirty. These, after making one circuit, suddenly piled out each door, and as if by magic the ring was as quickly filled with painted warriors. They were dressed similar to the manager on the platform with some additional headgear and most of them had a string of small brass plates, the size of oldtime pennies, which were fastened below the knee on each leg, and each carried a peeled rod about 2ft. in length and perhaps ¾in. in diameter. They now started on fast time, which was a sort of double beat on the drum, that is a heavy beat and a light beat very near together, and at a signal from the Sachem, every other one turned face to the one in his rear and the rods were used as foils. It was something like fencing in sword exercise, and the click-click of those sticks, the yink-yink of the brass plates, the flat-footed double stamp and the jerky rattle of the pebbles in the shell were all in exact time with the beat on the drum.

This performance continued until all had made the circuit of the ring, and as they made slow headway it required some time to complete the circuit, when they were brought to a full stop by a peculiar flourish of the bow by the Sachem who occupied the platform. Another signal set them going on another course of acting, which was changed at every round, and kept up during the remainder of the day. It was a rare display of pantomiming, representing every phase of their ideal warfare, and was the most unique performance that I have ever witnessed.

That night the gathering broke up, and the day following I walked from the old council house down the long vista toward the river. There was not an Indian in sight. That dusky crowd of the day before had vanished, and there were only the usual signs of a deserted Indian bivouac.

Opinions seem to be divided on the much vexed Indian question of to-day. Doubtless a few decades more will solve the problem without much legislative action.

GRANDVIEW, Tenn. ANTLER.

PHASES OF SPORT ABROAD.

CORFU, Greece, Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have often thought, during many years of travel in Europe, Egypt and the Levant, that I would like to send home some notes concerning traveling, hunting and fishing. Of hunting I have had opportunities in plenty to send home interesting accounts, for we have spent a number of hunting seasons in different parts of Europe. I say send "home," for although I have lived many years abroad, my heart still clings to "the land of the brave and the home of the free," for my birthplace was Beverly, Mass., and I "growed up," as Topsy said, in the near vicinity of the "Hub." Last week I received a copy of your paper, and because we have such fun here laughing over the Greek hunters, I concluded to screw my courage to its sticking point and send you a few lines.

Since leaving home I have accompanied my husband, who is an indefatigable hunter, on the most interesting of his trips in different parts of Europe. My first one was for a day only, for hares and partridges at Ecaussines, about twenty miles from Brussels, Belgium, where my husband had hired a chase, consisting of 1,500 hectares (1 hect.=2 acr. 75.2 sq. poles) for 500 francs ($100) a year. The chase, aside from helping to kill time, did not amount to much, for although a hunting permission costs 45 francs ($9) which is a great deal of money in that country, and the hunting rules are rigidly kept, yet there are a plenty of amateurs also in the neighborhood of cities, therefore game is kept short. There one can go now and then, and must be satisfied if able to bag a couple of hares and a half dozen of partridges.

It was a different thing though when we went to Vianden, Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, a beautifully situated little town on the banks of the Our and commanded by the imposing ruined castle of the Counts of Nassau. The host of the Hotel des Étrangers, a young widower, had a chase of his own and was hunting crazy. He had two good dogs. The season for roe begins there generally in the middle of July, but we went for the commencement of hare and partridge shooting in the middle of August. Every morning from 3 to 6 o'clock, according to the distance to be traveled, began the halloo in the house—whistling for dogs, hurrying each other up, crying for coffee, scolding the dogs, the dogs themselves continually whining and barking for pleasure—until after an hour of this, one was glad of the chance of bidding them adieu and wishing them "Waidmann's heil" (hunter unhurt). But every day the booty which was brought home was satisfying in quantity and quality. My husband soon had numerous invitations to private hunting grounds. Later when the snow fell, commenced the "Treibjagden," where the hunters are placed on both sides of a ravine or on the ridge around a big hollow. Those who take part should be posted so that no game passing through would be out of gunshot. In an opposite direction dogs are let loose, and men and boys, under command of an experienced hunter, beat the bushes with sticks, whistling, screaming, hallooing and making noises with old trumpets. For a short time quiet reigns with the hunters, while bedlam-like comes up the sound from below. Of a sudden *yip, yip* is heard from one dog, then comes the cry from the driver of "fox" or "hare," then one dog after another joins in the grand chorus, the hunters are on the *qui vive*; one hears guns until the noise is deafening and the air is full of powder smoke. It is grand to witness on a cold, frosty morning, just as the lazy sun thinks it really time to rise from his couch. No hunter dare leave his post until the one who is at the head of the hunt blows the signal; then follows the meeting, and the "Jäger Latein" spoken of in "Camp-Fire Flickering," No. 221, commences. This one had seen such and such, another (a notoriously bad shot) would have killed his fox, which came direct for him, but a bush was in the way, and for all he fired, the right moment was lost. The stories are repeated so often, each time gaining a little polish, that in the evening, over beer and with pipes, the real original piece of the story is rather small. I have seen after a "treibjagd" a goodly quantity of game stretched out, for all that country can boast of no big ones; twenty to thirty hares, weighing each from 4 to 8lbs., four to eight foxes, and one or two roes. At noon, after perhaps three or four "drives," the hunters assemble, and over a good repast, which the host of the hunt provides, consisting generally of hot roasted potatoes, roast beef, ham, bread and a sufficient quantity of wine, the *pros* and *cons* of the hunt are talked over. I had some rare fun on those occasions, having made myself a dress of gray woolen cloth, trimmed with green, the skirt short, falling to just below the knees to the top of some stout, nailed, high boots, with trousers of the same, reaching down over the tops of the boots, with hat to match; and I was always invited to all such hunts, and one St. Hubertus chase was held for my express benefit. Sometimes a gun was added to my equipments, and although my shooting exploits generally consisted solely in frightening the game, it did not diminish the fun.

While at Vianden, my husband shot an old "keiler" (boar) which had been the terror of all the peasants and the destroyer of all their crops, particularly their potatoes. It weighed over 340lbs, had immense tusks, half worn off by age. The head was stuffed and now serves as an arms for a hotel in that village.

In December the salmon also come up the Our in hosts, springing up over the falls as if for sport, they do it so easily. They are caught in great numbers in nets placed by the falls and are speared by night from boats to which great torches are attached. The American salmon and a hybrid of that species and the European are both taken there. I have heard that this year the same sickness has broken out among them, as three years ago, and plenty of dead fish are to be seen floating around on the waters.

Our next hunting place was the "Hochwald" (high-woods) of the Hunsrücken, three hours from the Moselle, where besides the game already mentioned, the stag was added to the list, for there they are to be found in quantities satisfying enough to every hunter.

Now comes the best of all, hunting chamois in the Alpen of Lichtenstein. Many a time has the writer climbed with the hunters mountains there varying from 1,398 to 2,283 metres high (one m.=to 1yd. 2in. 4.5 lines). And many a herd of these graceful animals has she seen, varying from one to four dozen. The old males are generally alone or found in the neighborhood of two or three others. Two splendid shots did the writer also witness there. The whole of Lichtenstein belongs to Prince Johann II., of and from Lichtenstein, and the chases are held exclusively for him, although many years have elapsed since he was there. He lives in Vienna and is in poor health. The old hunter with whom we received permission to go, was one of the many employed for guarding the game against poachers, also for supplying the prince with game. One day we were with him in the Alpen, walking "Indian file" over a narrow footpath with a mountain looming up above us on one side, and a deep ravine yawning below us on the other, when almost simultaneously we noticed, some 200 metres high above, standing out on a crag, a chamois, as still and motionless as if carved from the stone itself, watching us intently with its beautiful great eyes; and disdainfully, too, as much as to say, "Here am I king, what harm can ye do me? I watch you poor plodders of the earth below with interest, feeling myself safe." But alas! After consulting together, my husband and old Lampert concluded, as the height and distance were so great, that it would be judicious to fire together; kneeling on one knee to be firmer, they fired at the word. I stood watching. The chamois made a half sommersault, happily to one side, where it fell into a gully filled with loose stones, and came sliding along down just ahead of us, but not dead for all it had two deadly shots. I am accustomed to seeing game shot, but as the chamois came into its enemies' hands, and I saw its proud, sad eyes, I experienced a queer sensation in the throat, and my eyes were not free from tears.

Another time when alone with my husband, we noticed through the glass a chamois lying asleep underneath some trees on the opposite side of another wide gully. Notwithstanding that the distance was great my husband made himself ready to fire, by moving a little forward and pulling grass out of the way. It took so long that I became impatient, at last crack went the rifle, the animal got up, moved two or three steps and lay, rather than fell down. He was distinctly to be seen through the glasses. After much calling to the old hunter, we got him near enough to scream out the circumstances and describe the place. But it was hard work to get there, to find and bring it away. At last he succeeded, but scolded and grumbled because it was so heavy. It weighed 68lbs. and was shot at about 300m. That night, after having been a week up in the Alpen, we walked home almost the whole distance, down hill, and over a good road when once on it, old Lampert carrying the chamois, I his gun and equipments, while my husband took charge of the rest of the things. The usual weight of those animals varies from 40 to 50lbs.

The following season we spent in Bavaria and in the Orient. One day on the banks of the Jordan, my husband, who was a short distance ahead of us, saw some half dozen boars clearing away in full haste over the desert, where they are hunted on horseback. Between Jerusalem and Damascus we saw some antelope, but always too far away to shoot. At Kefr-Hauwar, a place rightly called "Wind," we also visited the tomb of Nimrod, the first great hunter.

Last winter my husband hunted from here out in Albania until the soldiers were stationed there, then the sport was stopped, because if one gives "backsheesh" for the permission to shoot, one is still liable to be arrested, taken away into the mountains and kept there until a big ransom is paid for his release. The other day we were over in Albania for wild pigeons; the first day only a few were shot, the second day over eighty, by a party of four.

Now let me give my readers some idea of how hunting is carried on, and how the followers of Nimrod are rigged out here in Greece on one of the Ionian islands. The hunting permit here costs four francs (80 cents), and every man and boy is the happy possessor of one. For guns, one finds almost exclusively old one-barreled muzzle-loaders which are sometimes as long if not longer than the hunter himself. A decent dog is hardly to be found on the island; those used are curs, mongrels of the most disreputable kind, even to those no bigger than your black and tans. Imagine a hunter sallying out with such a gun, and such a dog, without shoes, or if he has shoes on they resemble moccasins with long turned up points, which are embellished with red and yellow tassels. Everything that flies, short of butterflies, is shot. The amusements of the present time are the beccafichi or fig-peckers; it is true that they are nice to eat, but such little bits of things—the daintiest dame could easily manage one at a mouthful. Singing birds also of all kinds are killed, from wrens to yellow-hammers. If one comes to the island, before its second song is trilled out it falls a victim to his pursuer's gun.

Rain is impatiently awaited now, for then follow the quail; if the weather clears immediately they clear also further on their migratory trip, but if storm with wind continues the hunters can expect a few days' sport.

MRS. FLORA R.

Natural History.

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TREE-CLIMBING RATTLESNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago I sent you an article for publication in your paper, enumerating a few instances coming under my personal observation, in which rattlesnakes had been found by me in trees and bushes during my ramblings on the western frontier. I wrote that article in reply to a note from one of your correspondents, who, as nearly as I can remember now, ridiculed Audubon's statement, I think, to that effect, and stated or implied that it was physically impossible for rattlesnakes to climb at all.

From what I have learned since I am inclined to the belief that the habit of our western species of rattlesnakes of climbing rough-barked trees, especially if these lean a little to one side, in pursuit of small mammals, birds and their eggs and young, is much more common than is ordinarily supposed to be the case.

A friend of mine, a young cavalry officer, recently stationed at Fort Huachuca in southern Arizona, an enthusiastic naturalist and a close observer, with whom I had been corresponding on this subject, writes me as follows:

"I have known of three cases of rattlesnakes being in trees.

"1. Once I was climbing a tree for a humming bird I had shot that had lodged in the top of this tree, and in a crotch of a limb I found a small male rattlesnake, and came nearly putting my hand on him.

"2. A small rattlesnake was found in a very large tree near our camp. A large peg had been driven into the tree, on which to hang nosebags. While the sergeant was handing them up one day, he was struck at by a rattlesnake hidden above the nosebags. I killed and skinned the snakes in both cases. These two instances happened in September, 1885.

"3. The third case occurred about April 30, 1887. I found the snake, a rattler, as I was climbing the tree to examine a hawk's nest. The tree was about 2½ft. in circumference, the first limb 2ft. from the ground. Two trees came from the same root, and half twisted together for a foor or 15in. The limbs were about a foot apart for the first 5ft., then the whole tree was a mass of fine limbs. The nest was placed in the top about 15ft. from the ground. The snake was a fair-sized one, about 3½ft. long. He was wound about the nest and coiled in a position to strike."

This tree-climbing habit seems, so far as my own knowledge goes, to be confined to our western species, but I have not the least doubt that the eastern and southern representives of this family are guilty of it as well, and as FOREST AND STREAM is so widely circulated in all parts of Uncle Sam's domain, I hope some of your readers who can throw further light on this habit of the rattlesnake will do so through your columns, especially as there is so much to be learned yet about the life history of these interesting reptiles. CHAS. E. BENDIRE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 27.

WHAT IS INSTINCT?

IT is the popular and almost universl impression that instinct is a special gift of the creator, and not merely an inheritance from an ancestor. It requires but little investigation to prove the fallacy of this opinion. A fox is said to instinctively fear a man or a dog. Why? Because his ancestry had very good reason to do so, and he has inherited the feeling. To illustrate how a new instinct may be created, let us take a suppositious case. A fox is clearly not afraid of nor disposed to flee from one of his own kind. Let us imagine some foxes transported to a country where there are none of their kind, but instead an animal closely resembling a fox, only larger, much stronger, and very savage. Upon first seeing this new animal the fox might well be deceived, and would approach him with no other fear nor caution than they would exhibit at sight of any large specimen of their kind. But if the fiercer animal should turn upon the foxes and devour one or many, the sweet confidence born of ignorance would be quickly dispelled and the foundation of an instinct would be laid. That is to say, all those foxes which witnessed the deed would thenceforth give a wide berth to the counterfeit foxes. In other words, fear would then dictate flight from the stranger as the only means of safety. After one or two generations the young would impart the fear, and resort to flight at once upon catching sight of the devourer of their ancestors. Thus a new instinct, having a very sound utilitarian basis, would be developed. On the other hand, this new-born and inherited fear, the instinct, could be destroyed if the savage animal could somehow be divested of his savageness, and induced to treat the foxes like friends and brothers.

Ducks take to water by instinct—which means simply that their ancestors found water a very pleasant, healthful, and even necessary thing. They are watchful and afraid of hawks and large game fish, for the opposite experience of the same ancestors. Men and monkeys instinctively fear snakes, which is only saying that snakes have not been gentle and loving companions of other men and monkeys, back in the history of the respective races, and that the experience was transmitted as a strong mental impression. A woman is frightened by some object—say a dog or cat—and her babe may show instinctive dislike or even fear of all dogs and cats. If the babe arrives at mature age, and has on the way several unpleasant experiences with dogs and cats, the inherited dislike is intensified, and the descendants of such person would be likely to possess the original dislike in the form of a positive fear or hatred. If, however, there be no unpleasant experiences, but pleasant ones, the inherited dislike would probably disappear in the posterity.

Young wild turkeys, hatched under a hen, take to the woods because the inherited love of a wild, free life is superior to their liking for their second mother and for the restraints and comforts (?) of civilized life. Young grouse and quail hide under leaves and brush upon sight of the hunter, for the reason that he embodies to them a terror born of the decimating acquaintance of many generations of ancestors with other hunters. So the young birds shrink from the dog—their ancestral enemy—but have no fear of cattle, which never injured any of their kind—so too, dogs and other animals will not eat certain things that the experience of their ancestors would show to be hurtful.

The wonderful constructive capacity of the bee is often cited in evidence of the direct gift theory of the origin of instinct; but we have not to look far to find reason for the conclusion that it is only another case of heredity.

Old birds compared with younger ones become instructors in nest building; and so bees that have lived and worked through one season probably serve as guides and tutors to their younger brethren in the succeeding one. And then bees are born in a comb, and their "earliest recollections" must be of the peculiar form of its cells. What more natural than to imitate their ancestors when building a new home or an addition to the old home? What could be more unnatural and strange than not to do so?

But even if the above did not account for the comb-building capacity of bees, the law of inheritance does, for it applies to every organic structure. In fact the rule is that the lower the animal or insect in the scale of general intelligence, the greater his ability to follow the practices of his ancestors. Man, the most highly developed animal, has less "instinct" and greater power of abstract reasoning than any other. He is an apt illustration of the inverse relation of "instinct," *i. e.*, inherited capacity and tendency, to the degree of general intelligence or mental development.

Space will not permit me, and it is needless to multiply examples. Enough has been given to prove that instinct is merely an inheritance born of and embodying the experience of ancestors. It is inherited habit of thought or action. POTOMAC.

THE JACK SNIPE AS A RUSTLER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have to-day (Oct. 23) for the first time seen in your journal of March 24, 1887, my letter giving an account of a few jack snipe wintering in a very high altitude, passing unscathed through many cold snaps, one having the low temperature of 35° Fahr. Otherwise I should have long since recorded in FOREST AND STREAM the outcome of this erratic conduct of Jack.

The last record given was as to his being seen on Feb. 28, 1887. Afterward he was seen only one time during March, when on being flushed he rose high and took a flight to the north, doubtless to some spring that had by this time become "open." He was not seen afterward, but on April 1 three snipe were flushed at a spring about one mile below my ranch that had become "open" or free from ice. I take it that these were the snipe that had wintered in my meadows, as no open water was known for miles around. I felt curious to know on what food these snipe subsisted during the winter. I had no good reason to believe that they had eaten the bread and scraps of meat placed in their way, and think they must have lived on water plants, as it appears improbable that worms, their favorite food, could have been obtained at that season. I was at one time tempted to kill one of these birds in order to examine his crop to find "On what meat doth this our Cæsar feed" that he should pass unscathed through such a winter. From motives of humanity this thought was at once discarded. Birds that had proved themselves such "rustlers" had earned a right to live.

As was told in my first communication, at the time, Feb. 2, with temperature at —35°, the snipe was keeping himself from perishing by keeping his exposed legs in warm water, two of the genus *homo* perished from cold by disregarding the ordinary rules dictated by prudence under the circumstances. This is a well-stocked cattle range, yet during the winter about one-half of the cattle died from a combination of cold and starvation. Have not these snipe well earned the reputation of being "good rustlers?"

Apropos to the subject, a few days since, on Oct. 18, a jack snipe was flushed in the meadow. Can it be that this is one of the same snipe that wintered here last winter, that has become so enamored with the "bracing air" of this high latitude that he is desirous of trying the experiment a second winter? We shall see, and if he does, I shall report progress. The ground is not yet frozen, and he may yet pass south. This morning the temperature was —3°, and a search was made for him, but without success. Still he may be at some of the neighboring marshes. P.

WYOMING.

A JAPANESE SALMONOID.—A relative of our correspondent "Petra," residing in Japan, writes as follows: "The Japanese tell me that, as a rule, all fish are caught with nets, though occasionally the fly, with rod, is used. The 'ai' is what we call smelt. The new Japanese dictionary says, 'Ai, the name of a fresh-water fish, a species of trout (*Salmo altivalis*).' Fish here is cheap, and we eat a great deal of it, but there is no fish in Japan equal to our shad, and the oysters are small and dark." We referred this note to Mr. K. Ito, the Japanese Fish Commissioner who recently visited us, who says: "The Japanese fish referred to is *Plecoglossus altivelis*, Schlegel, and its Japanese name is more properly 'ayu.'" The genus *Plecoglossus*, which seems to contain only this one species, is one of the Salmonidæ, and, according to Gunther, is found in Formosa and Japan. It differs from the smelt in having feeble dentition, in having smaller scales, and in several other ways not exteriorly perceptible.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—Two African porcupines (*Hystrix cristata*), one sandhill crane (*Grus canadensis*), and one whooping crane (*Grus americana*). Received by presentation—One common macaque (*Macacus cynomolgus*), two opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), two gray squirrels (*Sciurus carolinensis*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), two screech owls (*Scops asio*), one Ducorp's cockatoo (*Cacatua ducorpsi*), one coot (*Fulica americana*), two barred owls (*Syrnium nebulosum*), one golden-crowned kinglet (*Regulus satrapa*), one great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), two golden eagles (*Aquila chrysaëtos*), one English blackbird (*Turdus merula*), one black coot (*Œdemia americana*), one lesser sulphur-crested cockatoo (*Cacatua sulphurea*), one garter snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*), and one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*). Born in the Garden—One common macaque (*Macacus cynomolgus*), and seven Egyptian geese (*Chelanopex ægyptiaca*).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

224.

AN exciting, but rather foolhardy incident that deserves a place in the columns of Flickerings, occurred a few years since at Rockport, a small town on the Gulf coast between this place and Corpus Christi. I give the story in the words (as nearly as I can recall them) of one of the principal actors in the event, as related by him in the presence of a witness to the transaction. The question whether an alligator would attack a man under any circumstances had often been the subject of animated discussion among the members of the village, the affirmative and negative sides being about equally represented in point of numbers. P., one of the most ardent of the opponents of the affirmative side, was a young man of undoubted nerve, and although rather under medium size, he was possessed of more than ordinary strength and agility. He pooh-poohed the idea of the cowardly and ungainly saurian ever voluntarily attacking a human being or even defending himself from the attack of a man if there was a possibility of escape. P. frequently remarked during these discussions that should the opportunity ever present itself he would ride one in the presence of the whole community to prove the correctness of his side of the argument. The town is at the mouth of a small river. One night during a freshet an immense alligator came down the river, and reaching quiter water in the bay, swam along the shore and into a small basin near the wharf, where he was discovered early in the morning. The rest of the tale shall be in P.'s own words:

"Soon after I opened my store in the morning the boys began to drop in, one or two at a time, until six or eight were present. The conversation, at first on general topics, was gradually brought around to alligators. I took a hand in the discussion, and when some one presently remarked that 'they was mighty dangerous animals to fool with,' I shot off my bazoo to the effect that nothing would delight me more than an opportunity to show my utter contempt for the alleged ferocity of the 'gator by tackling him in his native element and riding him without saddle or bridle. 'That kind of talk's all right when th' aint no 'gators 'round,' remarked one individual, 'but I reckon if they was plenty of 'em out here in the creek you'd change yer tune.' 'Not much I wouldn't,' said I. 'Show me your alligator and I'll show you how to ride him.' Just then a small boy, breathless with excitement, rushed into the store with the information that there was a 'great big 'gator' in the basin near the wharf. About this time I began to smell a large-sized mouse, which savored strongly of a put up job. Here, however, was the longed-for opportunity, the chance to make good my boastful assertions, and there was no backing out without everlasting disgrace. So I announced my intention to ride the reptile forthwith. I buckled on my six-shooter, to be used, however, as I explained to the crowd, only in case of emergency, and sallied forth. Arriving at the wharf, I found about half of the population of the town present, the report having gotten abroad, in apparently annoying short time, that P. was going to ride the alligator.

"The tide had gone out and left the alligator landlocked in the basin, the water being from 2ft. to 2½ft. deep. I wasted no time in contemplating the scene or preparing a plan of attack, but started immediately for the brute, intending to get as close as possible without alarming him, and then, by a sudden rush, straddle him just behind his forelegs, and catching hold of them, pull them up over his back and await further developments, as I had no idea what he would do when he found himself in that predicament. I soon learned, however, that I had miscalculated either my own agility or that of the alligator, for he avoided my rush very cleverly, and got out of the way with surprising celerity. Again and again did I charge him, only to be baffled each time by the rapidity of his movements. I was in high glee, for although I had not yet succeeded in riding the animal, I was satisfied that I would do so eventually. I had entirely lost whatever of fear I might have felt on entering the water, and as I fondly imagined, had proved to the entire satisfaction of the crowd the cowardly and unresisting nature of the alligator. Our thrashing around in the water had stirred up the mud so that when the alligator lay quietly on the bottom only the dim outlines of his form could be distinguished. Approaching him cautiously during a brief resting spell, I succeeded in getting within a few feet of him, and with a sudden bound landed squarely astride his back and grabbed what I supposed were his forefeet, but which proved to be his hind ones.

"Then the interesting part of the performance began. Reaching his head around and bending his body like a cow's the reptile grabbed me by the thigh with his ponderous jaws, and, giving me a flirt, much as a terrier shakes a rat, threw me into the air to a height, as variously estimated by the spectators, at from ten to twenty feet. It seemed a hundred to me. When I first discovered my mistake in getting hold of the wrong end of the alligator, I involuntarily grabbed for my pistol, and had it in my hand when he threw me into the air. By some means it was discharged, and this gave rise to the report which was afterward circulated by some of the bystanders that I shot at the alligator as I was coming down. As soon as I struck the water on my return from my aerial trip, the alligator hit me with his tail and sent me spinning end over end for twenty feet, knocking the pistol out of my hand.

"When the melee first began some one had told a lad of fifteen, a warm friend of mine, that I was in trouble down at the wharf. Without stopping to inquire into the nature of the difficulty the boy rushed home for his gun, and reached the scene just as I rose blinded and bleeding from a dozen wounds after the alligator had struck me with his tail. The boy ran into the water and thrust the gun into my hands, and not a moment too soon, for the beast, now thoroughly aroused and angered, was rushing savagely upon me with his horrible jaws wide open, and would undoubtedly have crushed me into a jelly. I shoved the muzzle of the gun into his mouth, pulled the triggers, and then my strength and senses both forsook me, and I knew no more until I awoke several hours afterward in my bed, which I kept for three weeks.

"It must not be supposed that my friends among the

spectators stood quietly by and saw me about to be torn in pieces. None of them imagined any more than myself that there was any danger to me until after I had landed on the reptile's back, and from then until I fired the blue whistlers down his throat scarcely thirty seconds elapsed. My friends reached me just as I fainted and carried me out of reach of the alligator's dying struggles."

In conclusion I would say that if your readers could see as I have the frightful scar left on P.'s body from the wounds inflicted in his encounter with the 'gator, I have no doubt they would consider that he was justified in considerably modifying his estimate of an alligator's character. GUADALUPE.

VICTORIA, Tex.

225.

A FRIEND of mine was telling of rare sport hunting in Colorado.

"One day I was working my way up the Platte, with dog and gun, killing an occasional snipe and blue-winged teal, when I discovered two fine large ducks, feeding quietly near shore, some distance up stream and nearly opposite a mill. I called my dog in, made a short detour through a stubbborn thicket, came out in rather long shooting distance, fired one barrel, and got them both. They were beauties. Nice, tufted fellows, plump and very pretty in feathery sheen.

"Two men over at the mill called out lustily, cheering me at my good luck, it seemed; gesticulating and doubtless explaining to some one the capital shot I had made. The mill and the turbid river made a great noise, and of course I could not hear what they said. I only saw that they were very demonstrative and enthusiastic. 'Now, that's nice,' I thought. 'I will go over and present the ducks to them, and they will have a feast—ducks recently in from the rice fields of the South, rare ones, too, fat and juicy, on their way to the Arctic regions; something that people seldom get, and no doubt much superior to canvasbacks or mallards, or any of the high-priced articles.'

"You know true sportsmen are real generous with their game, as free-handed as millionaires, a great deal more so than common millionaires. They would much rather give a large fish, or a nice mess of game, to friends, to those who appreciate skill and opulent generosity than to have it themselves. There's nothing mean in the composition of the genuine sportsman.

"Well, I went way up the river to a fording place, and returned, ducks in hand, to the mill, holding the ducks up admiringly as I approached.

"'Those are fancy ducks,' exclaimed one of the men, not appearing hilarious, but quite in earnest.

"'Splendid,' I said, still holding them so that their plump forms and iridescent hues would show well.

"'Yes; I gave two dollars apiece for them last week—sent to St. Louis for them.'

"I can tell you one thing," said my friend after a pensive pause, "Such sudden changes are'nt good for a person. To come down from the genial sunlight of exultation into the dark and grimy valley of humiliation in one sad second, and come down hard, is trying on the nerves, and suicide beckons you pleasantly into a region of forgetfulness." JEROME BURNETT.

Game Bag and Gun.

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EXPERIENCE WITH THE BIRDS.

DRIVING up I accosted the Domine, "Dan, I've been all over the scene of your old exploits. That swamp near Maston's house is turned into a noble bed of onions and cabbages; the swamp where I used to keep a tame woodcock to practice on is all in grass, and what with wet weather and moulting and migration I cannot find a woodcock. The game has nearly all gone. Bluejays and robins hold carnival in all our shooting grounds, but the shooting is played out. By-the-by, I met a chum of mine the other day, and he had been coon hunting and the coon tumbled out of the tree plump on his back, and hung to him like grim death. He had work to shake him off."

"Clarence ketched one in a twitchup some years ago, Captain, and a partridge in a trap baited for rabbits. Did I ever tell you of my going coon hunting out back on the farm? Silas had one of these old flintlock muskets, and off we and the dogs started. It was a good night to go cooning, and when we got out by the old cornfield the dogs ran a coon and treed him up in an old maple. Sile says, 'I see the critter;' and he tried to get the old gun off, but she sorter flashed in the pan. 'Look a-here,' I says, 'give me the gun.' So I took and primed her all O. K. 'Where's your coon?' 'Up there in the forks of the tree.' Sure enough I saw him, and he was an old settler. So I says, 'Sile, you take this here match, and when I give the word to fire, you just touch her off.' I pointed her. 'Ready, Sile; fire,' and he just touched her off. Down come that old coon, the dogs pitched on to him, and you bet there was a lively fight; but we got the coon. You were down in Virginia after the war, weren't you?"

"Yes, the Gov'nor sent for me, and told me I want you to go down to Virginia! When? Right away. That was as good as a marching order, and two days afterward I was on my way down there to take charge of a plantation of six hundred acres. The war had just closed; I had no time to think of dog or gun. Parties meant business, and there I was. I had hardly got down there before one day walking round I came on a flock of quail. How the little fellows did excite me. I said to the overseer of the quarry, what have you got in the way of a gun, and he showed me an old Harper's Ferry musket; looked like an old friend. Kick's no name for it; when you drilled your men with them at target exercise you could always tell whose guns went off, the men would spin round like a top. For a dog I had a bull-terrier, Jack; he could throw any cow on the place, and whip any dog within five miles, and was a first-rate watch dog; but he wasn't much on quail; he never had had much chance; there was no knowing how he might improve though! I knew I could depend on Jack making tall time round the thirty-acre lot, but the gun had to be tried. I loaded that musket very carefully with a charge of good strong blasting powder, five fingers, no scant measurement. If she stood that she would stand anything. I lashed the venerable relic, as I thought, securely to the top of an old gate, tied a long, strong piece of twine to the trigger, cocked her, lay down some ten yards off, and gave her a yank—Jack watching the proceedings with the greatest gravity. Dan, I wish you had been there to see the fun. With a mighty roar and plunge, that jerked the string out of my hand in a twinkling, cutting loose from her lashings with a whistle like a Whitworth shell, that old gun went up skyward end over end, heaven knows how high, up like a rocket and down like a stick. Jack gave one fearful howl and tore around as if the devil was after him. But the old gun was made of good stuff, there was no doubt about that, and I had no more fears of its bursting. I rummaged around and found some caps and good-sized shot, loaded up a second time scientifically, whistled for Jack and set out. I had a jolly tramp round that thirty-acre lot, and lugged the old fusil until I got tired. You should have seen Jack quarter his ground, head and tail up, at full speed, barking away. You would have thought there was a pack of hounds out. By and by, slap, dash he went through a bevy of quail. We all went off together; I pulled on sight and faith. I have an indistinct recollection of seeing a cloud of feathers float off as I spun round in a way that made my head swim. I think I blew one fellow into smithereens. That was the last I saw of the quail. Jack afterward fell into bad company, left quail for sheep, and paid the penalty therefor.

"Your shooting the coon with a musket put me in mind of the quail. But I tell you, old man, there was one morning's shooting down there I often think over. There were several old soldiers down there and my door stood always open; glad enough was I to welcome them under my roof and in peaceful contest talk over 'the wah.' Many a merry time we had 'way down in ol' Virginny.' I had a good double-barreled gun placed at my disposal, and one morning out in the barnyard I saw a lot of meadow larks flying around. So I walked back to the house and held a grand consultation with ol' Aunt Dilsey, the best cook in that part of the country. When she found I was somewhat of a Virginian we got along famously. 'I was raised down heah by Massa Jack, sah; I wasn't owned by no white trash, sah." Aunty was a mighty aristocratic old darky with her red bandana. I went up to the barn, loaded up and poked my gun through a chink in the side. Never mind, Domine, I was out on a lark. I let drive first one then t'other barrel, and I knocked over five; after awhile I blazed away again and so kept on until the birds got scarce, then I went out and picked up fifteen fine fat plump birds, toted them down to the house and handed them over to Aunt Dilsey. Then I sent over to Colonel S. and invited him to come over to my wigwam and have a lark, and I think he enjoyed the feast as much as I did."

"Curious how those quail will hold their scent. How do you account for it?"

"Well, they certainly retain their scent, Bogardus to the contrary notwithstanding, I think. The birds gets up and off like a flash, when he lights, he claps his wings against his sides and shuts off the scent. Then the only thing to do is to wait."

"Ever call them up?"

"Oh yes, but that's a rough way to kill them. I have seen it done, but I don't hanker after shooting them. A bird ought to have a chance for his life."

"You're right. Long ago I remember going out with Mr. S. You recollect him. He was a great friend of Mr. Frank Forrest's [Dan means Forester]; he had a good dog and was a good shot. We came on to a flock of quail, and drove them into a bog swamp, and followed them right up and found nary bird. I says to Mr. S., 'Hold on, let's go out and sit down awhile.' So we did, called off the dogs, and rested half an hour or more. Then we started to go back, and the dogs came to a point before we came to the swamp. Up got two quail, and I nailed them both, and Mr. S. got his bird. We went on, and I killed eight and Mr. S. got six, right in the swamp. Why, in Cudney's Swamp once I was coming through with your father, and we hadn't started nothing, and was a walking along, out comes old Flash and walks up to me, and looks me steadily in the face, then goes back into the swamp and begins to bark. 'The old dog must mean something, Domine,' and with that your father walks back, goes in and finds the old dog on a point, clucks to him, and up goes a woodcock, and your father kills him."

Blackie's pawing the ground, impatient for his dinner, so with a wave of my hand and a "Good day," I leave the Domine and drive home. CAPT. CLAYTON.

A CHANCE AT THE ANTELOPE.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y.—For several years past it has been my good fortune to spend two weeks during the month of October with friends in Cass county, Nebraska, where I have always found excellent quail and chicken shooting, as well as some very good goose shooting. This season, being interested in a ranch up in the White River Valley, near Fort Robinson, I determined to try my luck among the antelope. I left Chicago over the old reliable Chicago & Northwestern Oct. 11, changing cars at Missouri Valley Junction for the Freemont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railway and arrived at Crawford, Neb., Oct. 13. I was met at the depot by a hearty welcome from the smiling faces that have been absent for many a year and drove out to the "little sod shanty on the claim," where I remained for several days viewing the wonders of nature and drinking in the sweet pure air of northern Nebraska.

I found jack rabbits and ducks fairly plenty, and managed to amuse myself pleasantly for a few days, but where were the antelope? Only last season large bands could be seen within a mile of the house, now not even so much as a last year's track remained. So on Monday, Oct. 17, three of us started with team for Sheep Creek, Wyoming, distant about twenty-five miles. We took with us a good canvas tent, covered wagon and the necessaries for a ten days' stay. Charlie Smith, our genial guide, perfectly familiar with the route, led the way with the wagon, and I brought up the rear astride a well-trained Indian pony. Our route took us up along the White River valley to the head of White River, where we struck the old Laramie trail. We had not gone a hundred yards after striking this trail before I sighted my first antelope, and had an opportunity of testing my No. 3 long range Remington. It did its work finely at 350yds., and we secured a fine, fat doe without a loss of twenty minutes of time.

We camped that night near an extensive cattle ranch, known as No. 33 Ranch, and on the following day resumed our journey. When about ten miles south of the ranch we began to see plenty of antelope, and although they were very shy and hard to approach, we secured enough to gratify our ambition and keep us in fresh meat for some time. We were informed by some gentlemen at Sheep Creek that there were plenty of blacktail deer and quite a number of elk in the sand hills, ten miles from our camp, but as we were antelope hunting we did not go into the hills; and after spending a few days with the antelope we headed for home.

The morning we broke camp I sat on my pony and saw within a radius of one mile three large bands of antelope quietly feeding in the valley. It was a very pretty sight and one long to be remembered. Our trip was a very enjoyable one. I brought home several fine antelope heads which are being mounted and will soon ornament my office. Smith and Frank did the cooking; they are both good cooks, but season a little too high with sand for my taste, though under their care I find I gained about one pound a day, and I am sure I came home feeling well repaid for my trip and in better condition to cope with the trials of business for another year.

C. E. LEWIS.

PARK NOTES.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The affairs in the Park have settled down to their winter quiet. The last tourists for the year (two Swedish army officers) have left for Chicago. During the latter part of October we were visited by a cold wave, which ended in one very cold night for this time of the year, when the thermometer at the Mammoth Hot Springs registered 21° below zero. All the high mountains and table lands in the Park are covered with snow. The geyser basins and hot springs are comparatively free. The depth is not as great as it was last year at this time, when it was about 20in. The snow and cold snap started the game on their annual movement toward their winter range. A great many elk and blacktail deer have been seen lately by parties on scouting trips. Mountain sheep and antelope are seen on their usual winter range. No buffalo have been seen very lately in the Park. I hear it reported that a party of Englishmen killed three while out with one of the Ray Brothers from their ranch near Henry's Lake on a several weeks' hunt. The buffalo were killed, they say, on Warm Spring Creek. I hear of no recent violation of the game rules of the Park since the arrest of Frank Chatfield, whose horse, saddle and rifle were confiscated for his killing an elk in the southern part of the Park.

All work on the wagon roads ceased on Oct. 15, when the crews were paid off, the men leaving the Park to look for work elsewhere. There has been built during the summer 12¾ miles of new road, requiring the removal of a vast amount of timber for the roadway, which was cut 30ft. wide, with road graded up 18ft. wide, with ditches on each side. Six and one-half miles of road left uncomplete last season was finished. To make these roads required the building of two single truss bridges of 30ft. span each, across Obsidian Creek, 132 small bridges and culverts from 16ft. span down to smaller culverts of 3in. plank. The laying of 2,450ft. of corduroy 18ft. wide, covered with 18in. of dirt and gravel. Besides the new work done, repairs were made on the roads damaged by the melting snows, timber cut out after every wind storm, and 3,000ft. of saddle trail were made at the Grand Cañon. Lastly, all the unsightly, half burned log heaps, which have defaced the formation at the Midway Geyser Basin, were burned or removed.

About 5,350 days' work for men and 1,960 for teams were performed on the roads in the Park and $18,200 expended, about $6,200 of this sum was for repairs, there remains unexpended of the sum devoted to the Park $4,600 on which to resume work and repairs in the spring. The whole work reflects credit on Captain Sears, the engineer in charge, his superintendent and the workmen, who were in camps throughout the season. Very few men were injured, although several accidents happened, one man's arm was broken by a falling tree. Several men while asleep in their tents were shocked by lightning striking a tree under which their tents were pitched, those felt the shock worse whose beds were over where the roots ran through the ground. A sack containing giant powder was hanging in the tree at the time, the sack was set on fire and some of the sticks of powder were thrown 25ft. by the lightning, yet none exploded, otherwise several of the men would have been killed.

There is in the guard house at Camp Sheridan a man, James, who is held as a prisoner awaiting the action of the civil authorities; he is charged with being one of the parties who robbed the passengers on the coach between Gardiner and Hot Springs on night of the 4th of July, when they obtained about $17 and a few trinkets. A French gold coin led to his discovery as one of the "road agents." The other party implicated has not been arrested. What disposal will be made of the case it is impossible to tell, as there are no laws nor courts for the government of the Park. James will have to be tried before the U. S. Courts of Montana or Wyoming.

James is the party who was arrested for killing elk and trapping beaver in the Park at Norris last spring. His teams and other property were confiscated and he ejected from the Park. Later attempting to travel through the Park on his way from Gardiner to the Teton Basin he was again arrested and escorted out of the reservation with orders to keep out. How strong the evidence against him is for the coach robbery I could not learn, but it is supposed to be enough to convict. Your correspondent would be pleased to give the man who worked up the case and made all the discoveries leading to the arrest of James (and possibly the other robbers), credit for his share of the work, but has been requested by him not to do so.

The cabin in the Park on Hellroaring Creek which was used by a party of hunters last winter as their headquarters, while hunting for meat and specimens, has been burned, to prevent its use for like purposes again.

Cooke City, the mining camp near the northeast corner of the Park, is about deserted, only about fifteen people remain in the camp. H.

"SHADOW."—Williamsburg, Va., Nov. 5.—Have killed a few quail, and to-day we got a turkey, three of us. I had two long shots, but was not lucky enough to get one. Shall try them again Monday and start for High Point Tuesday.—SHADOW.

OLD GATES.

I DO not know how he came by that name, but he had borne it for several years and was well known by it to all the hunters of that region of country, when it was my good fortune to behold this gigantic specimen of the Virginia deer.

It was early in the winter of 1876, when Devinney, Frank and myself betook ourselves up into Laurel Ridge mountains in central Pennsylvania. There had come an unusually heavy fall of snow for the time of the year, and we had before arranged to meet when the first good tracking snow should come. So when the white flakes began to fall, the telegraph was put to work, and the arrangements soon made. When the noon train stopped at the little station where we were to leave the road for the mountain, three men arrayed in hunting rig alighted, to try for the first hunt of the season. We were so anxious to be under way that we did not wait to get dinner; but filling our pockets with crackers and cheese, we took a bee line for the "gap of rocks."

When we left the road and began the ascent of the mountain proper, we found it a trackless wilderness of snow, which was 18in. deep on the level, and when ascending the long steep stretches, it was more than 2ft. deep. You may judge the amount of labor it required on my part to get to the summit, which was one continual ascent, when I tell you that I had not walked three miles in any one day for a year. Frank was a long-legged, greyhound of a man, while Devinney was a hunter of thirty years experience. I did not say anything, but kept a stiff upper lip, and waded on, knowing that the struggle would not last forever, and if pluck would make up for deficiency of trained and hardened muscle, I would come out about as well as they did in the evening. After a long time some one called a halt to rest, and I was not that one.

We reached the summit and began the hunt. When we reached our stopping place for the night it was dark. We entered the house, and asked if we could get to stay all night. Besides ourselves, there were five other hunters in the house; but we stayed. When the supper was placed on the table, and I took a good survey of it, I thought I could easily eat everything there was on the table and then have room for more. But this was not the first time a hungry hunter's eyes were larger than his stomach; for when all eight of us had eaten all we wanted, and it was no small amount, there seemed to be enough for as many more.

The next morning we ate breakfast before daylight, and as soon as we could see, were on our way to see how the deer had passed the night. When near the summit of the range we saw an immense deer track. It was so large that it required close inspection to assure ourselves that it was a deer which had made it, and not a two-year old steer. As it was the largest deer track I had ever seen, I measured it, and found it to be 3¼in. wide. He had gone down the mountain, so we arranged that two should follow the track while the third one should watch the crossing on the other side of the ridge. We did this, and when half way down the mountain we jumped him out of a thicket. We did not see him, but we heard him going, and saw the proof of his immense power in the strides he made going up the steep and rocky ground.

When we came nearly up to where we had struck his track, we knew by his zigzag way that he was not badly frightened, and would lie down as soon as he had passed the ridge. We held a council of war to determine how to entrap him. We determined that Devinney, as the most experienced hunter, should take the track, while we should flank him on both sides. And all were to go slow, so as to find him in his bed. We followed this rule until we were near the summit, when Frank's anxiety to get the shot got the better of his senses, and I saw him begin to stretch those long legs of his. It was not long until I saw that he was so much ahead of the line, and was rushing up with so much noise, that the hunt was spoiled. So I swung around, as I was below them, so as to stay the deer if he attempted to go down the mountain. I had not much more than passed the ridge, where I could get a good outlook, when I heard them talking above me. I knew if he had stopped he would break cover when he heard them. I kept advancing cautiously, with my Winchester cocked and ready to fill his hide with lead if he came my way. In a few minutes I saw the glint of his back as it appeared above the logs as he was sneaking away, about a hundred yards below me. I just had time to get into an opening between two trees where there were no logs, and had no time to get a good sight even then, when with a burst of speed that I never saw equaled, he started for safer regions. As he flew past I pulled on him, but his speed was so terrific that I did not get there quick enough, and for that time I had lost my chance. But I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had seen and shot at Old Gates, the most noted deer on the whole range. Just where I had shot at him the ground was free of stones, and inclined in the direction in which he was going. We measured his tracks and found that many of his leaps cleared 30ft. at a bound, and I am sure his back was at no time more than 6ft. from the ground.

This was my first experience with him, but by no means my last. That deer fascinated all the hunters of the range, and we gloried in chasing him day after day, although we were so mad at him for the tricks he played on us and his persistency in leading us long and useless chases, seeming to take special delight in getting in our way on the coldest days, and in the roughest weather, and when we had followed him fifteen or twenty miles, with the thermometer twenty below zero, and at night be compelled to leave him in the same thicket from which we started him in the morning. What a cunning old rascal he was. Years of experience had made him very wise. He seemed actually to delight in being chased, and in laughing to himself as he reached home safely at night, that another hunter could boast of having shot at him, while he could tell the younger generation how many hundred bullets had whistled harmlessly past him. We judged him to be seven years old when I first saw him, and for the next ten years I either saw him or his track. Every hunter in the mountain had had a shot at him at some time, and several of us had sent the hot lead after him many times, but he seemed to lead a charmed life. Hundreds of deer were killed around him, but he went unharmed. I never knew any hunter who had the hardihood to claim that he had ever drawn blood on him.

I shall never forget one exceptionally cold day when he led two of us a chase. We started him in the morning. He dodged us and took the extreme edge of the mountain where it broke away into a valley, and keeping the ragged edge, where a goat would have thought twice before venturing, knowing that we would not look for him there, he passed us, went down through a deep hollow at a rattling pace and up the face of another mountain. Here he lay down behind a bush on a bald point, where he could see and laugh at us as we toiled along over the rocks, in danger of breaking our necks, for two miles. He waited there until we were within 200yds. of him, when he showed us his white flag and was off for the wilderness.

We followed for about a mile when we suddenly came to the end of the track. We took the back track and found where he had jumped off to one side and actually lay within 30yds. of us when we passed. When he saw us turn back he commenced breaking brush in another direction. He played us that way for half a day, and do what we would, he would have some new trick for the next turn. We shot at his flag several times, but when the bullet got there he was somewhere else. In the midst of our twisting and turning after him a mountain fog came down on us and we were lost. As we hunted our way out I thought several times I could hear his footsteps as he followed us, and his laugh as the hunters were hunted. Thus he lived among the mountain summits during the ten years that I knew him.

One cold morning in the winter of 1886 a hunter who had often shot at him, and who had boasted that he would some day bring him in, was out on the Five Points watching. Old Gates had been out late the night before, and as he was leisurely making his way home, thinking of his latest escape, when he came unwittingly in sight of the hunter. The long-wished-for opportunity had come. The long rifle barrel came steadily into line, the trigger was pressed, the bullet sped true to the aim, and the rifle which had always been true when aimed at other game, but false when turned against this old monarch, was true to its duty, and Old Gates sunk in his tracks and poured out his royal blood on the mountain top he had loved so well. When he was brought in the hunter was very much elated over his success, but as we looked upon that mighty form every one felt as if he had lost a friend. From that time hunting on that range had lost half its charm. We looked in vain for the giant's foot-mark, but it was gone forever. How appropriate that he should meet his death amid the high solitudes of the mountain summits where he had held successful lordship against all claimants for seventeen years! How glad we were that he did not meet the end through lingering wounds, but was permitted to sink down without a struggle and yield up his glorious life, and die as a king dies.

CLEVELAND, Ohio. HOMERUS.

BRUIN FINDS A CHAMPION.

SALEM, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue you intimate that the New England and Canadian black bear is not the savage creature we have all been taught to believe him. I think you are mistaken in your estimate if you infer from the new style of newspaper stories that bruin has lost his brutishness. The black bear of Maine is to-day the black bear of yesterday, not a bit milder of disposition nor weaker of limb nor shorter of claw. Here are two reports to substantiate my view of the case, both from a Maine paper:

"Recently, an old man of eighty years, living at East Sullivan, who had been troubled for some time by the depredations of a bear, set a spring gun for him. Going to the trap, Sunday, he found the bear wounded. Attempting to despatch him, the bear attacked him and knocked him down, clawing his head and tearing the flesh badly. A neighbor came to his assistance, and with an axe attempted to kill the bear, which was still on the prostrate man. The handle of the axe being broken, he failed to kill him, and then loaded a gun and shot him and extricated the old man from his unlucky predicament. He was found to be badly hurt and it was necessary to take twenty stitches in dressing his wounds. The bear weighed three hundred pounds."

"Mr. John R. Sullivan and two other young men of Whitneyville, went up to Fletcher Brook last week on a hunting cruise, and while they went separately in different directions, Sullivan came up to four bears, two old and two young ones. The young ones ran up a tree, while one of the old ones stood up and showed fight. Sullivan (having a repeating rifle) fired and hit him. The bear was about 30yds. off, and made at Sullivan upon the jump; he kept firing at him until he was close up, and the fourth ball dropped him at the muzzle of the rifle. The bear was a large old customer, had lost part of a paw in a trap some time ago. The other bears let him alone, and as he had had a fearful time with old bruin, he did not care to follow them. This one was 7ft. long from his nose to the root of his tail; had some battles before, as a charge of buckshot was found under the skin of the head, which had completely healed over."

As a sequel to the first paragraph comes the news that the man, Simon Harvey, died of the wounds received in the scrimmage; and the weight of the bear has been run up to 400lbs. And here is a letter written to me by one of my brothers in Maine:

ROXBURY, Me., Oct. 2.—Yesterday I went up to my traps, and found one gone, hook and line; the bear went some five rods and snagged up, but tore the small tree all into slivers and went on. After this I was surprised to see how little trail the bear left. There were large ledges that she went over. The ground was very dry and the new leaves had fallen some after the bear had gone. At last I gave up for the first time and went home for Prince. The ground was so dry and it had been so long that I had but little hope that Prince could help me. When I got home Elder York was just driving away, but when he heard the news he put up his horse and went with us. We went up to the place and turned Prince loose; he knew what was up; he did not run off after rabbits, but would circle around and come back and start out anew. With the help of Elder York I ran the trail away from the ledges into the woods and followed it with great difficulty and very slow. Prince kept beating the woods ahead; bye and bye he did not come back, and after a while we heard that welcome and longed for sound. Prince had opened, and the great woods resounded with his angry barking. He was a long way off, but the day was so still we could hear. Elder York thought best to stick to the trail, but I did not fear to trust Prince, so we rushed on pell mell, and after a long race came to Prince and the bear. She was solid at last. We soon saw why she did not leave more trail; she had eaten the clog nearly all away; what was left was about like a stick of stove wood. She had but one forefoot, and that was in the trap. Prince was furious; he would snap her right in the side of her head time after time. I cleared her and let her go. Any one who believes that a bear cannot run down hill ought to have been there, she went down the hill as fast as a man could run. It was a mixture of bear, leaves and the dog. Prince would fetch her up, but she would rush on again at once. Soon Prince cried out with pain; she had bitten him, but he stuck to her. Elder York feared we should lose her, it was such a terrible scrimmage, and said if I could shoot the bear and not hurt the dog I had better do so. I got the little rifle ready and ran on. She soon landed on her back in the hollow, and on the instant I sent a bullet through her. It struck between her forelegs and went out of her back, making a big hole and tearing one lung. She up and off as though nothing had been done, but after a short run began to falter a little, so that the Elder struck her in the head with the axe; when he struck her the third time she went down and the big knife ended her.

Prince was proud it was easy to see, as he stood by the bear with me patting him on the back. Prince is set up higher than ever, he is getting so desperate I fear he will be killed by some bear. There is no trouble now in having a terrible time if we can find a bear track. The bear had cubs, she had already begun to eat beech nuts. I have lost seven sheep and lambs. She was raising her cubs on fresh lamb. Daniel Annis, Millsfield, N. H., has a hound that will hang on a bear three days and nights—has done it. We found it a hard case for one desperate dog to stop a large bear, even if she had no forefeet. Prince would probably put a yearling up a tree alone. I took the foot off from this bear sevaral years ago when she was a cub, and was being raised on my sheep just as she was raising her cubs this year. SILAS.

MARYLAND DUCKS.

TUESDAY was the first day for duck shooting on the Susquehanna under the Maryland law. The season begins Nov. 1 and lasts till April 1, but shooting can be done only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The fall season for bluewing teals starts Aug. 15 and lasts till Oct. 1, during which no license is required. Within these limits black ducks, a few sprigtails and baldpates are shot; but it is no such sport as is enjoyed during the regular season.

The ducking fields on the Susquehanna River are known and talked about all over the United States where sportsmen live, and are probably the finest in the world. Ducks are found in abundance in other tributaries of the Chesapeake, in Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, in North Carolina, in Florida, in tributaries to the Gulf of Mexico, and in many other bodies of water, but they have no such flavor of the canvasbacks, black and blue heads that feed on the flats at the mouth of the Susquehanna River. The flavor is due to the peculiar diet upon which they feed. This is the wild celery. The ducking fields of the Susquehanna are sharply limited by statute. The northern line begins at the lighthouse on the shore, in front of the town of Havre de Grace, on the Harford county side, runs across to Carpenter's Point, on the Cecil county side, and the southern line is from Turkey Point, on the Cecil side to a spot half a mile north of Locust Point, and thence along Spesutia Island shore, keeping everywhere a quarter of a mile from the beach and the adjacent mainland, till the shore at or near Oakington is reached. The line thence runs along the shore to the starting point at the lighthouse. Gunners must keep strictly a quarter of a mile out. The distance from the north to the south line is probably four miles, and between the eastern and western limits about six miles. This embraces a large area of the finest feeding grounds for ducks on this continent. The best part of the shore is on the Cecil side. The celery is thick there and the ducks are not disturbed by the noises from the towns, though they do not have much rest from gunners on the legal days.

The wild celery is the wild duck's daintiest food. They will leave any other feeding ground and come to the Susquehanna shore. The water in which it grows is fresh, or very slightly brackish. Below Spesutia Island the water is saltish, and the ducks do not feed there in great numbers. This wild celery is a long ribbon grass, which grows so thick in summer that sometimes with difficulty a boat can be forced through it. It takes root in the mud, and its top comes to the surface of the water with the tide. In winter the top dies and is carried off in masses. The white, toothsome root, about 4 or 5in. long, is what the wild duck searches for. He dives for it, and feeds upon it with the greatest delight. It resembles somewhat fine wire grass. The peculiar character of the bottom, enriched as it is by the constant washing down of the fertile soil of Cecil and Harford, and the fresh water makes it grow in great abundance and gives it its peculiar taste. The grass does not grow to any extent below Spesutia Island. Ducks that feed in salt water, on fish and other food, are never of as good flavor nor as fat as those which get their living from fresh bottom. Old residents, who study closely everything connected with these shores, say the wild celery seems as thick here as ever—if anything, thicker. At the beginning of the season, before the high winds and tides have taken it off, it is not uncommon for the decoy ducks to get full of it, or "grassed," as the gunners say, which causes trouble. The shore, however, is getting more and more shoal, and it is feared that in from 10 to 15 years the gunning field will be decreased by at least one-half.

No gunner is allowed to cross the gunning line before 5 A. M. If he does he has to pay $25 fine and it may be forfeit his outfit. Rich and enthusiastic gunners from the cities sometimes pay the fine in order to continue the sport. Counting in all the shooters from both counties, about 250 licenses are issued yearly. At the opening of the season canvasbacks bring on an average $2 a pair, redheads 75 cents to $1 and blackheads 50 cents a pair.

The best shooting is on the opening day. The ducks are not frightened and can be more easily approached, and every gunner, having been eager for months to get a shot, goes to work in earnest. The best record ever made in these fields was about eight years ago, when on the opening day, William Dobson, of Havre de Grace, an expert gunner, killed from a box 540 and burst a fine gun before he stopped. He kept two men busy all day picking up dead ducks. The second gun got at times too hot

to hold. Ten or fifteen years ago 15,000 were killed in a day's shooting. In an average season there are here about 50 boxes and 150 bushwackers. The capital invested in the business is from $75,000 to $100,000. This includes boats, decoys, boxes, guns, etc. From 25,000 to 35,000 ducks have been killed in a season in latter years. They are sold everywhere. The best prices are given in New York, Washington, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia. No wildfowl can equal in flavor a Susquehanna canvasback duck.

From 3,000 to 5,000 were slain by all the gunners today. The varieties are black and redheads and canvasbacks. For some time past the ducking yachts, which their owners use here every season, have been preparing for the gunners. Among those here now, with their owners, are the Susquehanna, owned by Mr. Moore, of New York, of the firm of Tiffany & Co.; Reckless, owned by H. D. Polhemus and J. H. Demot, of New York; the sloop Carrie, belonging to J. G. Watmaugh, of Philadelphia; the yacht Carrie, owned by A. Hamilton, Col. Wagstaff and others, of New York; J. A. Russell, property of Messrs. Freshmuth, Green, Dando and others, of Philadelphia; C. W. Middleton's yacht Evadne, of Philadelphia; the yacht Widgeon, of Philadelphia; W. D. Winsor's yacht Lillie, Joseph Stickney's steam yacht from New York. The latter is 171ft. long. There are also the steam yacht Canvas Back, from New Jersey; Elsie, Rough Ashler, and others. These yachts are fitted and furnished in the most lavish style. The Susquehanna's cabin work, all of mahogany, cost $2,200. She is worth $6,000. The owners bring their friends with them, and when not shooting pass their time in comfort aboard their beautiful floating houses. They bring along servants, cooks, etc., and enjoy the good things of life. When the ducks leave here on account of the ice they not infrequently follow them south. Card playing, telling fish stories, and other amusements are common.

Gunners this year complain a good deal about the way ducks are being caught by trammel nets. These nets are made of three nets, one with an inch and a quarter mesh, between two made of large meshes. They are made slack and, weighted, drift with the tide. The owners say they set them in deep water for fish. The ducks dive for the celery, strike the net, force the bill through the big meshes, and become entangled in the small ones inside and are drowned. The owners say they are after fish, and if the ducks get in they are not to blame. Others say that the nets are constructed specially to catch ducks in. When the Legislature meets, this matter will be brought before it.—*Baltimore American, Nov. 3.*

CONNECTICUT COMPLICATIONS.

HARTFORD, Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a slip from the *Hartford Courant* of to-day, and I beg for a careful reading of the same:

H. H. Hewitt and his clerk, H. S. Elmer, were before the police court yesterday charged with selling snared partridges. Mr. Hewitt keeps the Litchfield county market at 561 Main street. Mr. A. C. Collins, the game warden, testified that he tried to buy a partridge there last Thursday that appeared to have been snared, and that Hewitt started to take it out for him but then refused. Mr. Collins saw seven birds in the bunch and was certain they had not been shot. Then a partridge was produced that was bought of the clerk Elmer the same day by Mr. N. Wallace. Mr. Wallace testified that he asked for birds that had not been shot and that Elmer said they had some snared birds, but had to be careful about selling them. Mr. Hewitt said that when Mr. Collins said the bird he asked for was snared, he refused to sell it for that reason. He also said that the birds in the bunch were afterward dressed and appeared to have been shot. Mr. Elmer denied that when he sold the bird to Mr. Wallace anything was said about the birds being snared. On this point there seems to be a question of veracity. The fun of the trial was in some of the other evidence. There was the bird, showing no marks of shot, but having a mark round the neck just such as would be made by the noose of the snare. One man testified that partridges died in a queer way. He was out the other day and fired at two birds, each of which was brought in by his dog, but had no shot marks. The birds fell when he fired. Whether they were scared to death he did not say. There was also testimony that partridges were accustomed to dash themselves against trees and break their necks or die of the concussion. A following witness clinched this by testifying that he also knew that they died in this way of oxcussion. It was also testified by J. D. Thompson of Coventry, that when his dog brought in a wounded bird he killed it by biting its neck. He added that everybody did so—which will be news to several worthy sportsmen. This evidence was apparently intended to account for the ring round the neck of the bird in court. If it were killed in that way, however, the man who got it must have taken the whole head in his mouth, and then turned the bird around so as to bite equally on every side of the neck. There was more highly instructive talk of the same kind. Judge White held that the burden of proof lay with the State, that there remained a doubt, and therefore discharged the accused.

You will note that the defense attempted to show that partridges (ruffed grouse) are sometimes killed by "oxcussion" or "excussion." This must be a very fatal disease, for the bird that I produced in court had the usual markings of a bird that had been snared. It may be news to the sportsmen of Connecticut that the lordly grouse has another enemy not mentioned by any living writer, viz., "oxcussion" or "excussion." Will some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM enlighten an uneducated public so that this disease will not annihilate this king of game birds? If discussion or percussion should attack the grouse we might have a stringent law framed.

In your issue of Oct. 20 I said "any sportsman in this State that wishes to coöperate with me in trying to enforce our game laws kindly write me." My mail has not increased to any great extent since that date. That is right, gentlemen, sit down. The laws will enforce themselves, self-acting, as it were.

Thompson, of Coventry, Conn., testified that he went out a few days ago and got four partridges; he shot two and his dog caught two without a sign of a shot mark on them. He said he paid $20 for the dog and he (the dog) was a red Irish. I hope the owners of Elcho, Messrs Wenzel, Pierce, Roberts, Dunphy, will pardon me for speaking of the wonderful speed of this dog. Thompson chews the neck of such partridges, and the result of such work produces the same marking that a snare would. I was laughed at by the learned counsel who defended the party because I had never seen a partridge when frightened dash against a tree and kill himself or drop when I fired without a shot hitting the bird. I replied that "I would have larger bags if such were the case. The owner of the dashing red said he used a muzzleloading gun and he did not mention whether the dog was muzzleloading or if he was trained by "Training vs. Breaking," and I should presume he was not.

No doubt the gentleman from Coventry has never read of "The One-eyed Grouse of Maple Run" by the pen of genial "Shadow." The above person also said that he "shoots" three months in the year and has snared birds, also admitted that he owns no land.

We may, if we have another snaring case, convict, provided we have the section of the earth where the bird was snared and a rod or two of hedge with well defined tracks of the snared bird and the party who snared the bird who has never lost sight of the bird until sold, and can identify the same in court.

A. C. COLLINS, Game Warden.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in an article by "Wiseacre," where he said that information was given him by a prominent market man that the gist of the woodcock came from Connecuticut. This I can verify, for I have just returned from a week's hunting trip to Colchester, Conn., and I am a informed by a credible witness that from 25 to 45 each of woodcock and ruffed grouse are shipped daily from this town via stage to Norwich and so to New York. The birds are almost all snared.

I found no difficulty with the owners of property as to shooting, for though everybody has some grievance, when talked pleasantly with a minute or two and they see that you are a gentleman and will do the fences no harm, they will allow you to shoot at will.

The great trouble seems to be that the boys in the pursuit of hares tear down much fence, and this is laid on the shooter. Now the market hunter shoots nothing but woodcock and grouse, for quail and rabbits do not pay enough to bother about; and few city sportsmen care to carry a load of rabbits around, and few want the confounded things at all.

Towns on the Connecticut River still ship via the Connecticut River Steamboat Company, through the connivance of the baggage masters, some game which is disposed of in New York by the baggage master, who makes his returns at a very much lower figure than actual sales to his boy snarers along the route.

Of the Connecticut game I found few or no quail; plenty of woodcock, the best of the flight birds had hardly come as yet, but good picking was to be had among the birches, and there were lots of grouse, though the sportsman who wants grouse needs a splendid dog, a good gun, lots of patience to boot, and he must know how to shoot, for a well-put-up grouse is harder to hit than a streak of chain lightning. ELK.

CAPE COD QUAIL.

A WEEK with the quail, a week full of glorious sport from sunrise to sunset. Once more we have enjoyed the long tramps over the old fields, through the clear cool air of the pleasant October days. Once again we have followed our trusty dogs to old familiar spots, where we nearly always find our favorites.

The 15th of October dawned clear and cool with the wind blowing fresh from the northwest, just the right kind of a day to make one feel like walking. A hunt over our old grounds disclosed as many coveys as usual, but of much smaller size than I ever saw them before at this season of the year; in fact, every season of late years quail seem to be smaller and smaller on the 15th of October, and this season they were exceedingly small. I need not hesitate to say, and it is corroborated by reports from different parts of the cape, that one-half of the quail were unfit to shoot at that time, not being more than two-thirds grown. Out of seven coveys found Oct. 20, two were so small that they could hardly fly and one was without old birds, which had been shot. One covey contained two different sized birds, part of which were about two-thirds grown and part just able to fly. The next day, the 21st, we had a severe rain storm, which cleared away that afternoon with a cold wind from the northwest, which doubtless proved fatal to most of the very small quail. The law ought not to be taken off of quail down here until Nov. 1. Many gunners, if the young quail in a covey are too small to shoot, kill the two old birds, leaving the young to perish, as they generally do in the cold nights of October without old bird to cover them. I have not heard of any large bags being made, a bag of 10 or 15 birds to two men in a day is considered a fair number.

The quail of late years seem to keep close to the small swamps and pines, where in years past they used to be found quite frequently in the old fields about the bayberry bushes. Your correspondent and two others left the house at 12:30 P. M., found seven coveys of quail, shot 18 and were back at the house at 5:30 P. M., having covered about four miles of ground. This was not a large bag considering the number of birds found, but they were in bad places, and one of the coveys put down in a cedar swamp into which we did not follow. The most pleasure was in seeing the dogs work, the three pointers, father, mother and son, pointing side by side the same quail, which they did several times in succession.

Ruffed grouse are more plentiful than usual this season; for a number of years this bird decreased for some reason that no one can tell, but I am pleased to learn that they are on the increase at present. CHESTER.

HARWICH, Mass., Oct. 29.

DUCKS IN GARDINER'S BAY.—Sag Harbor, N. Y., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last winter our Legislature modified the law so that ducks can be chased down by steamers in Gardiner's and Peconic bays. Now, would a practiced gunner be seen on a steam yacht about every day in the week chasing ducks and scaring them to death?—for I think that is the way they get the most they do get. There is one yacht which has made this a regular business ever since the first ducks made their appearance, and I am told the owner was the principal man to get the act through the Legislature. He is about the only one that makes a business of it. We used to have fine beach shooting before that practice commenced, but there is none now. The ducks are driven from their feeding grounds and are now setting over in the ocean, tens of thousand of them, all the way from Fire Island to Montauk Point, because they are not permitted to stay on their old haunts. The yacht I speak of was just as busy last year, when its owner knew he was violating the law, and cared nothing for it. The gentleman who said the game laws are made for pot-hunters was sound; people who have more money than principle can do as they please and have the laws all made to suit themselves. It is too bad that good shooting should be spoiled by one or two who care for no one but themselves. I say give the birds a chance for their lives, and if they get away, let them go; but let us try by hard work to allow Gardiner's Bay and Peconic Bay birds to have an equal chance with those of the other waters of our State.—SOUTH HAMPTON.

DEER AND QUAIL.

ON Monday, the 24th inst. (October), a party of several persons went to a point about twelve miles north of this place, well prepared with dogs and guns, to see if they could get a good store of venison. The week previous had been quite rainy and they hoped they might have several days of fair weather. In such case no doubt existed that several deer would be their reward for all the trouble which they might undergo. They started out from their rendezvous at an early hour on Monday and succeeded in starting, but the animal was so lucky as to take a route in which none of the expectant sportsmen had taken a stand. During the drive a fine gobbler was killed. Soon after this the darkened sky, tired of its load, began to drop it on the earth, and by night, when they returned to camp, a warm fire and a change of clothes became necessary as well as comfortable. I reached the place about 1 o'clock, just as the rain began to fall, and concluding that wisdom required that I should avail myself of the shelter which the roof afforded, I remained within doors, communing with my friend Mud as he sat in front of a crackling fire made of dry blackjack wood.

On the way my untireable dog Argo, albeit fat enough to make excellent French sausages, in his range set a covey of birds in the corner of a field. I could not resist the temptation, and getting out my 14-bore choke (one of the nicest guns I ever saw) I requested Mud to hold the reins of our Bucephalus while I made a trial of my skill. The dog held his point most staunchly, and when I got within a few yards of him I ordered him on. At the spring a covey arose, and selecting one I gave him the right barrel, making a nice kill. At the report of the gun another got up, and I knocked it over. The others having taken thick cover, I did not choose to pursue. The birds were not grown. In fact a majority of the coveys are too small for sport.

It rained all the while the sportsmen remained on their hunt, and, in consequence thereof, nothing was done. Some of them had gone after opossums (I write it thus to show my orthographical knowledge) on Monday night, and had caught four nice fat ones. These, the gobbler, and the provisions they had brought from home, served to give them some excellent feasting.

One of the party is a great sufferer from that annoying trouble called hay fever. He had spent three days at the place during the past summer, and had been greatly relieved. The first night he did not sleep well; but all the others he was free from his trouble. If he had remained a fortnight during the summer, I think he could have bridged the chasm. There is little doubt as I think, that the water from the spring, which is a combination of sulphur, iron and sodium, will do any one troubled with hay fever a great deal of good. When the warm weather returns a number of persons mean to try its virtues.

During the present week I think of going up to Mountain Creek to see if there are any birds large enough to shoot. You shall be advised of the result. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Oct. 31.

AVIS DIFFICILIS.

BANGS is a poet. Bangs would be a sportsman. Quoth Bangs: "'Tis the mellow autumn time. 'Tis the falling of the year. 'Tis the time when the poet and the sportsman should be abroad. I will hie me to the forests—to the haunts of the wary pheasant!"

The poet's soul is in sweet harmony with the occasion and the surroundings. As he warily approaches "the cover," his lips murmur this challenge to his expectant prize:

"O bird,
With plumage iridescent!
Beautcous pheasant!
I come in sport to slay thee,
With shot and shell to stay thee,
Wild bird!

"Yes, bird,
To dine upon most pleasant!
Delicious pheasant!
This hammerless I carry
Shall indite thine obituary,
Game bird."

Sounds heard. Whir-r-r-r-r——Bang! BANGS *loquitur.*

"O bird,
With spirit effervescent!
Sudden pheasant!
You caught me not quite ready,
My aim somewhat unsteady,
Quick bird!"

Bangs marks down his victim behind a log in the distance. Softly he approaches the spot and finds it—not there. As he turns disappointed away, he is constrained thus to apostrophize the absent fowl:

"O bird,
With body evanescent!
Fleeting pheasant!
'Tis hard to slay thee—very,
I'll postpone thine obituary,
Live bird!"

THE DOMINE.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Nov. 1.

OUT OF ITS ELEMENT.—Augusta, Ga., Nov. 3.—On the 21st of October I took a day's outing on quail. I had a scattered covey along a dry ditch, and in hunting them my dog came to a point. On reaching him and while expecting a bird to rise, the dog gave a sudden jump and caught a coot, called "blue peter" with us. This is the strangest catch I ever made on high land. This bird always precedes ducks here, and is aquatic. He was not within three miles of water enough to swim in, and I can account for it being on high land in no other way than having dropped from exhaustion.—J. M. W.

A VOICE FROM THE ROCKIES.—"Alrands, Oct. 18.—In for supplies and then off for Grey Bull for sheep and bear; have had good sport; our score is now 23 head (elk, moose, blacktails and antelope). Have seven very fine elk heads, one for you. We have had a fine trip and pleasant weather. The Colonel and I are in prime condition. We are hunting on a range of mountains 9,000ft. high; a side step steady up, and a general slip and slide down soon takes the fat off.—Gov'nor." I will send you full particulars of the expedition on the return of the huntsmen. —CAPT. CLAYTON.

TESTING A GUN BARREL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been frequently a matter of conjecture to me what amount of strain a gun would stand, and my desire for knowledge has been greatly stimulated by some writers in the sporting press who laud a certain gun and others also who condemn the same weapon. As far as I have seen no one in the United States has gone to the trouble and expense of finding the limit of strength in any make of gun, nor have I heard any mention of such an experiment on the other side of the water.

Now, I think I have solved the problem pretty fairly as far as one make and grade of gun is concerned. Having resolved to find out what a gun would stand, I selected the one of my two guns for which I had least use, a Parker 10-bore, weighing 9lbs. 13oz., full choke in both barrels, which were 32in. in length. The gun was bored specially for No. 6 shot and made an average of 190 each barrel with 1¼oz. Leroy No. 6 and 4½drs. FG, 30in. circle, 40yds. It was of the $70 grade and was bought from Read & Son, Boston, three years ago. The gun had not been fired more than 350 times, with ordinary loads, so that it was to all practical intents as good as new.

The powder used in the test was Orange FG, and the shot Tatham's No. 10 chilled; they were measured in the combined powder and shot measure made by the B. G. I. Co., and the measure was always struck off level with the top.

A rest was constructed to fire the gun from. The bed was a squared log and spiked upon its upper surface was a square block with a groove cut along its upper surface in which to lay the barrels, and a long heavy squared piece of timber with a groove cut down its face to receive the butt of the stock. Underneath the bed were placed two heavy pieces of timber to raise the bed off the ground. The gun was secured in the rest by two half-inch ropes, one of which passed with a double turn round the barrels at the point of the fore end and stretched back to a piece of wood nailed under the bed log to prevent the rope slipping forward. The other rope passed with a double turn around the pistol grip and stretched back was secured in the same way as the other. The ropes, when in position, were twisted up tight with a stick, tourniquet fashion. This held the gun fast and the ropes stretching back held the gun up against the rear block and prevented jumping.

The gun was fired by a thirty-yard cord attached to each trigger, and the barrels were wiped out three times after the second, fourth and eighth shots; this was to see if the gun was leading to any great extent.

In the experiment I fired a series of four shots (two from each barrel) of each different load, using only four shells, which I drew and recapped as required, the shells were Winchester 2¾ brass. The experiment was made Oct. 27 and the following were the loads and results:

In loading the gun I inserted a primed shell at the breech, closed the gun and poured the powder in at the muzzle, followed by a pink-edge wad, the shot and a wad of paper.

The loads used were 8drs. powder, 3oz. shot in each barrel for first series of two shots with each barrel; 9drs., 3½oz. for second series; 10drs., 4oz. for third series; 11drs., 4½oz. for fourth series; 12drs., 5oz. for fifth series; 13drs., 5½oz. for sixth series; 16drs., 7oz. for seventh series.

The first damage appeared at the third shot of the third series, when the stock split in two longitudinal cracks from the lock plates right through the grip. The grain of the wood ran in a line with the barrels, instead of in a line extending from end to end of the stock. I lashed the split stock, but the next shot broke it off, bent out the trigger guard and slightly bent the left trigger. As the trigger guard was in the way without the stock, I took it off, sawed off the broken end off the stock, and butted it against the rear block with a piece of wood under the locks to raise the triggers clear of the bed log. Things continued in this state till the third shot of the fourth series, except that each recoil drove the broken end of the stock about an inch into the rear block and jammed up the locks with broken splinters, which I had to stop and pick out. At this shot the cracked left trigger was bent and doubled up under the plate, and the upper strap or tang was bent down at the end. The next shot bent the tang still more, and bent in the rear end of the left lock plate.

On firing the first shot of the fifth series (the right barrel) the gun turned over and striking on the other trigger both barrels went off almost simultaneously, the result being that the bent left trigger was nipped off and the barrel therefore disabled. I always loaded both barrels at once and cocked both hammers at once; my object was to see if the explosion of one barrel would set off the other, as has happened to the guns of some of your correspondents, but this was the only occasion on which such a thing happened, and it would not have occurred had the gun not fallen upon the trigger. During the remainder of the experiment I was therefore confined to the right barrel.

No further damage occurred during the rest of the shooting till I reached the first shot of the seventh series, except that the gun turned over again and cracked and bent up the right trigger. I found it difficult to prevent the gun turning over at the shot after the loss of the stock. The load for the last shot was the trifle of 16drs. powder and 7oz. shot. This burst the barrel, making an aperture 5¾in. in length, commencing ¼in. behind the shoulder of the chamber, and extending in width from the edge of the upper rib nearly to the upper edge of the fore-end; a piece of brass shell was also blown out; the extension rib which was inserted 1¼in. within the barrels was intact, but the upper rib from that to within 5¾in. of the muzzle was ripped off and bent forward 2in. The fore-end lump was broken out and the under rib from that to within 13in. of the muzzle was torn away from the right barrel but still adhered to the left barrel. The space between the ribs was filled in with plaster of Paris, and this also was blown out; the right trigger was broken off, the left lock-plate bent in at the rear corner and bulged out in the middle, and the left barrel was bulged out quite perceptibly. The fore-end was a complete wreck, smashed into splinters, many of them small enough for toothpicks; the iron work was, however, intact.

Now as regards the frame and action, I could not see from a close examination that they showed any signs of strain, the action worked with perfect ease, the bolt locked and the barrels fitted as closely as when the gun was new; indeed the frame, action, extension rib, barrel lumps and the rear ends of the barrels could be put on another gun and no one know that they had been through such a trial, I think this says a good deal for the Parker action.

After examining the gun I shipped it to Parker Bros. with a report of the experiment and a request that they examine the gun thoroughly and let me know the result.

J. CAMPBELL.

THE GAME CAMPAIGN.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Oct. 30.—Several gulls were seen yesterday, flying over the lake. They are, I believe, never seen here except when in attendance upon the annual school of "herrings," and it seems likely that these fish are working this way.

Our deer hunters are looking sadly at their rifles, and a very few of them intend to look for deer next Tuesday; but these animals are now so scarce that it seems hardly worth their while. Still, there are a few left.

It may be of interest to those of your readers who have visited this part of Michigan, to learn that the final survey of the D. C. & E. R. R., from Kalkaska to Mackinaw, has been completed. It passes through Central Lake village, about twenty rods west of Smith's old hotel, and there seems a reasonable probability that the road will be built.

KELPIE.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season has fairly opened for game, and the shooting is better than I have ever known, especially on ducks. Ten days ago a heavy rain set in with the wind from the northeast, and this brought the ducks in countless thousands, some remaining in the locality while the great bulk kept on toward the coast. On last Friday I walked to the river side, and saw drove after drove flying down the Savannah River. The rains continued nearly a week, and filled the lowland fields (clay soil) with water. Thousands of ducks have stopped in these to feed among the high weeds and grass, and the slaughter has been great. This style of shooting is peculiar for us, as in all my experience I have never had just such a one. I have been out three afternoons, only half a mile from the city, and have seen lots of ducks in the open grassy fields, and about dark they fly in from all directions to roost and feed. All the ducks I have seen are the large English ducks. Heretofore we have hunted the sloughs and water holes, but they seem to avoid these places and drop in the fields where there is water. Hunters report quail, woodcock and snipe in abundance, and I should judge the report correct from the quantity on sale. I have been out but once since the open season, and made a fair bag on quail—J. M. W.

WATERVILLE, Me., Nov. 6.—Kennebec county, although one of the longest settled portions of Maine and one containing many large towns, still offers fair sport to the hunter and the fisherman. One who is a skillful shot can get a good bag of ruffed grouse in almost any of the country towns. The numerous streams and ponds afford fairly good duck shooting in the fall and spring. The swamps abound with rabbits, and foxes are plenty, offering the best of fun to one possessing a good hound. Gray squirrels and raccoons are also found. As to fishing, trout are nearly a thing of the past, but the ponds and streams, in which the county abounds, are well stocked with pickerel, perch and black bass. The best fishing for bass is to be found in Lake Messalonskee and Lake Cobossecontee. Taking into consideration the fact that a sportsman may in this county hunt and fish where and almost when he wishes, one may go further and fare worse for sport than in old Kennebec.—E. T. W.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 5.—I have been off shooting several times and I have not for many years seen such a poor season for game as this. We did have one flight of marsh birds Aug. 20 to 24 (which was the best on the Cape for years), but the native woodcock were a dead failure almost everywhere in the eastern part of the State. Partridge are quite scarce, probably on account of the wet summer; and as for quail I don't believe there is one bevy where there were four last year. Some say they were winter killed; some say that they did not pair (there are a good many bevies of old birds found), but all agree that they are scarce, much more so than last year. The flight woodcock went by as usual, very quickly, but some gunners had quite good luck while it lasted; have heard of as high as fourteen in one day. I don't know for myself, as I was too busy at the time to try them.—J.

MASARDIS, Me., Nov. 2.—The hunting season has been unusually fine and a great amount of large game has been shot in this county. I have heard of six moose and about twenty deer and caribou. A few days since Sawyer and Greenough, fur hunters on Otter Brook, ten miles from Oxbow, shot two moose not far from camp. They went out after partridges to bait traps with and came upon three moose in a logging road. They allowed the third one to escape. The headwaters of the Aroostook are now the best big game preserve of easy access in the State, and would continue so were it not for skin butchers and lumbering operations. It was at this place a few years since that a party of Indian butchers, with over thirty moose hides in their possession, successfully resisted arrest by a game warden.—C.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N. Y.—My first note gave rather a gloomy view of woodcock shooting, with my favorite setter off for the happy hunting grounds, a worthless dog palmed off on me, a gentle reminder of rheumatism, and no gun fired off for two seasons. It was high time to be up and doing: I sold doggy for what he would fetch, enlisted an old acquaintance, who furnished a good dog, while I threw in horse and wagon, loaded up and sailed in; hunted two weeks steadily "from morn till dewy eve," and we bagged nearly forty woodcock. I kept my end of the log up, as we took out these birds from three or four swamps not far away, we think we did well. My nephew had fine sport over in Ulster county bagging some 120 woodcock and partridges.—CAPT. CLAYTON.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 6.—Ruffed grouse were never so plentiful before; the Hornell Gun and Game Club takes care that the snarer does not get in his work. When we find a hedge we appoint a committee to watch it until we catch the fellow in the act of taking a snared bird, then it is pay the fine or go to jail. Our District Attorney Robinson will have no nonsense about the game laws. As a result of our watchfulness I report that E. Shear, of this place, killed in one day over two Irish setters twenty ruffed grouse.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

AN EYE-OPENER FOR MOSSBACKS.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The monthly report of Game Warden Wm. Alden Smith for month Sept. 27 to Oct. 26 reads thus: "There were twenty-nine arrests reported as follows: Dr. Wessinger, of Allegan county, not guilty; Chas. Kasiscka, Berrien county, fined $5 and costs; Henry Richards and Joseph Vizna, $10 each and costs; Lewis Gilbant, not guilty, all of Baraga county; I. F. Nelson, Delta county, fined $10 and costs; James A. Saunders, Genesee county, 25 days in jail; Frank Richardson and James Stanford, Baraga county, $5 each and costs; Ellsworth Bacon, Bert Bartholemew and Eugene Deane, Newaygo county, $5 each and costs; H. Sutton and C. Gregory, Jackson county, discontinued; John Banister, same county, $5 and costs; Steve Wichoock, $5 and forfeiture of net; William Tuch, $5 fine and costs; Adam Wichoock $25, Tonie Wichoock forfeiture of two nets, Stephen Wichoock suspended sentence, all of Manistee county; Chas. Joe and Chas. Jenneraux, of Mason county, adjourned 60 days; M. Taylor, David Wilson, Eber Stevens, John Leate, Montcalm county, $5 each and costs; Dan Mongoose, Marquette county, $25 and costs; Charles Comptingame, Menominee county, $50 and costs. A total of $200 in fines alone." This is a veritable eye-opener; it shows that Smith means business; and the Mossback is rubbing his eyes and asking himself what it all means.—ALPENA.

CHAMBER AND CHOKE.—Toronto, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would be much obliged if some of your readers, who understand the matter, will say what is the use of the shoulder at the end of the chamber in breech-loading guns, in which the cartridge is inserted. I have a 12-bore breechloading doublebarrel gun, by a good English maker, which when it came into my possession kicked fearfully with a charge of 3drs. of powder. A clever, practical gunmaker here, to whom I took it, removed the shoulder at the end of the breech chamber, entirely curing the gun of kicking, and at the same time improving its shooting. It is now a regular cylinder, gradually narrowing to 12-gauge at the muzzle. Does not such a condition of the interior of the gun constitute a species of chokeboring, and does not the contraction at the muzzle delay the charge sufficiently to give the increased power of a regularly choked gun? Why should not all guns be bored in this way?—J. S. W.

A NEW YORK GAME LAW SYNOPSIS, suitable for posting, has been prepared under the direction of the Fish Commissioners, and may be had on application to the secretary, H. H. Thompson, 373 Cumberland street, Brooklyn.

AFTER ELECTION.—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 3.—I will go to Augusta county, Va., after our State election, and will write you from Buffalo Gap in reference to hunting in that region.—E. S. Y.

HE HAS A BONANZA.

DURHAM'S CREEK, N. C., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take the liberty of writing to you in order to advise you of a plan whereby you may please your sporting friends, and at the same time afford yours truly a chance to turn an honest penny. It is this: I have about 4,000 acres of land down here that is literally alive with game of all sorts (except bear). The game consists of deer, wild turkey, quail, woodcock and snipe, rabbits, squirrels, coons, opossums, gray foxes and an occasional wildcat. The waterfowl on the Pamlico River are wild geese and swan, and all game ducks that are found on the Chesapeake. Fish and oysters can be had at all times through the winter. I have ample house room for 15 or 20 men, and would furnish deerhounds. Setter dogs are not to be had here. The land is posted, that is, protected by law from outside hunters. Forty-two head of deer were killed in here last winter from Jan. 1 to Feb. 15, besides many more that I had no account of. It is no uncommon thing to shoot from two to seven head on a favorable day.

My plan is to rent the land and house room to a club, they to do their own cooking, etc., or I would furnish good plain board, and keep their dogs at a reasonable rate. The ways of getting here are by O. D. S. S. line to Washington, N. C.; or Bay line to Norfolk, thence by Norfolk Southern Railway to Washington, N. C. From Washington down river by schooner or steam tug. Mail twice a week. Telegraph office at Washington, distant 25 miles.

In cold weather game can be sent to New York city in about 40 hours. I can refer you to the officers of the U. S. revenue cutter Stevens, to Lieut. Haun, Lieut. Hanks or Chief-Engineer Dinsmore. Hoping that you will hand this to some one who may think it worth while to work it up, and excuse the liberty I have taken, I remain, yours faithfully,

I. S. KITTLE.

THE CRITICS AND UNCLE LISHA.

"UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP" is meeting with a pleasant welcome among the reviewers. Here are some of the words of praise that have come to our notice:

Delightful as a fresh breeze over a meadow of new mown hay.—*Bay City Tribune.*

There is not a Vermonter in middle life, especially if he now lives at a distance from the old home nest, who will not continually laugh and cry over this picture of the past. * * * Many of the domestic and neighborhood scenes are full of tenderness.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* points out the "quaint humor" of the book; the Portland *Argus* pronounces it "a graphic picture of a rustic community;" the New York *Commercial Advertiser* calls it 'a photographic reproduction;" the Kennebec *Journal* recognizes Uncle Lisha as "a character;" the Grand Rapids *Eagle* praises its chapters as a series of short sketches, "and very good ones at that;" the St. Johns (N. B.) *Globe* says "the incidents are related often with dramatic effect." The Ann Arbor *Courier* thinks the volume "a first-rate one for a little relaxation from every day life."

The scene is in a nook of the mountains of Vermont where old ideas and the twang of centuries stick together like ancient comrades.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

During several years past we read with great enjoyment in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM a series of humorous sketches, totally unlike anything of the kind that ever appeared elsewhere, and which for raciness and variety of homely incident, and for mastery of the genuine "down-East Yankee" and French Canadian dialects it would be impossible to surpass. These sketches are connected with sporting subjects, but can be enjoyed by any one,

as their humor is so quaint that it does not require a sportsman to appreciate the shrewdness and humor of Uncle Lisha, the gasconade of Antoine the Frenchman, the grave but funny wisdom of Sam Lovel, or the peculiar characteristics of the others who figure in the narrative. The publishers have done the public a service in publishing these delightful sketches in a neat and permanent form, and the book ought to have a large sale.—*Belleville (Ont.) Intelligencer.*

The book is a charming record of true observation, close sympathy with men and nature, and accurate representation of Yankee and French Canadian dialect. Since Uncle Remus appeared on something the same plan, nothing more original and amusing has been issued by any American writer.—*Toronto Globe.*

There's considerable fun to the square inch in some of the chapters, as the reader "listens" to the yarns. An occasional pathetic incident adds variety to the book, which on the whole is a very interesting one. Some of the characters are faithfully delineated, and the dialect is as broken as anybody could desire; very natural, especially, is the chopped talk of the Frenchman, "Antoine." The reader, as he lays the book down, will be inclined to regret the departure of 'Lisha and Jerushy and the closing of the shop.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

Faithful portraitures of Green Mountain characters, with indisputably correct dialect of Yankees and Canadians, the character representations being very felicitous. We have heard these papers very highly commended by people of cultivated literary tastes, and they are warmly praised by Senator Edmunds, Dr. Jed. H. Baxter, Purveyor General of the United States army, and others equally well qualified to judge of their merit.—*Montpelier Argus and Patriot, Sept. 21.*

A clever picture of Vermont country life. The humor of the book is of the quaint, dry sort which is associated with the word Yankee, and there is often a great deal of shrewdness mixed in with the fun.—*Detroit Sunday News.*

MINORITORIOUS AND MAJORITORIOUS CRITICS.

Portland Advertiser.

* * * Involves a good deal of overdrawn dialect, too exaggerated even for Yankee land. The use of expletives also, as here employed, is something to be dreaded. * * * There is an occasional "cute" remark, and here and there a fairly good sketch of character or description of out-of-door scenery; but *such* dialect, as witness this, at a town meeting:

* * * "that them as is in the minority will feel as content to be minoritorious as them 'at is in the may-jority will be to be majoritorious."

Hartford Courant.

A picture of rural Vermont where the primitive manners, speech and customs have been preserved by an isolation unviolated by the march of progress. Chapter 1, "The School Meeting in District 13," might have been written by Craddock, the humor is so rich and the dialect so faithfully rendered. The exhortation of the moderator is quotable enough to pass into proverb, when he hopes "that them 'at is in the mynority will feel as content to be minoritorious as them 'at is in the may-jority will be to be majoritorious."

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

WHO CAUGHT THE BIG BASS?

A STONE thrown twice by a strong arm from the mouth of Little Otter out into Lake Champlain would fall on Rock Island. If thrown Aug. 15, 1887, or thereabouts it might also have created no little confusion in the peaceful camp of the Bass-Killers who, two days before, had spread their canvas under the few stunted wind-blown trees which huddled together on the highest part of the island.

The Bass-Killers, voyaging southward from Plattsburgh, N. Y., in the good yacht Dolphin, had sighted Thompson's Point at high noon of Saturday, the 13th inst. "Whither away?" was the next question. Nobody knew exactly where the mouth of the Little Otter was. Somewhere in the sweep of the wide extending bay, we knew the waters of that once famous trapping stream must add their sluggish volume to the lake; but to what point of the eastern horizon should the skipper point the Dolphin's prow? This all-important question was finally settled by sending the Pedagogue and the Reformed Grocer ashore in the tender to propound the problem to the cottagers on the point. In due time the seekers after definite information returned, the Pedagogue's pockets bulging with apples and the Reformed Grocer keeping watch and ward over a large apple pie transferred from its original plate to a piece of board. While the Pedagogue distributed his worm-eaten, but very welcome fruit, the Reformed Grocer waved his hand to the southeast, where the waters seemed to melt into the horizon with no intervening shore and exclaimed:

"Head 'er that way, Cheese'm!"

"Cheese'm" was the nautical member *par excellence* of the party. His rightful designation was Chisholm, of the firm of Chisholm & Hobbs, but by way of retaliation for the fact that he had no nickname, like the rest of us, we barbarously corrupted what he had.

Chisholm headed the Dolphin southeast, and with a light breeze dead astern we laid a diagonal course across the bay. An hour's sailing brought us opposite Rock Island, where we promptly went aground, as the Thompson's Point cottagers had informed the Pedagogue we would; but he had been too much preoccupied with apples and other matters to mention the fact. We accordingly compelled him to strip the buskins from his long legs and explore the vicinity for deeper water. He discovered a channel leading toward the island, and with great difficulty we got the Dolphin off and floated her into a convenient little harbor on the shore side of the island. It was decided to pitch camp then and there, fate having cast us upon a very desirable spot, taking everything into consideration. So it was that the setting sun of Aug. 13 beheld some strange excrescences upon Rock Island—two tents, which from the horizon undoubtedly appeared white, a rude shanty for cooking purposes, and last, but not least, a strangely variegated flag, floating from a pole strapped to the highest limb of the highest tree on the island. The Bass-Killers were domiciled.

Sunday we spent in the over-indulgence of slumber and the invasion of the mainland for milk and eggs. Monday was very warm, and we loafed, getting tackle, rods, flies, etc., into condition for use. We were also visited by a party from shore, one of whom said that he was the fish warden for that township, but that business was dull with him because the Legislature of Vermont was not liberal and large-minded enough in the matter of emoluments. However, he informed us that it was the open season for all lake fish (as if we didn't know), and graciously informed us that we might go ahead and "ketch a wagon load of 'em for aught he cared." Thus sanctioned and commissioned by the local representative of law, we, the Bass-Killers, loyal citizens of the great commonwealth of New York, began active operations on Tuesday morning, the 16th of August. Having engaged the use of a small skiff from a resident fisherman and farmer, our piscatorial fleet consisted of aforenamed skiff and the tender of the Dolphin. As there were seven of us, this meant three men to one boat and four to the other, provided all would a-fishing go at the same time. As no one but Cheese'm was willing to be left out of the count on the first day, a formidable forest of rods might have been seen floating away from Rock Island at 6:30 o'clock A. M. of the 16th of August.

The boats were managed as follows: In the yacht tender, the Scribe, the Reformed Grocer and He-of-the-Big-Cup. In the skiff, the Pedagogue, Paregoric and Et Als. At this point, with one comprehensive bow, I will introduce the *dramatis personæ*. The Reformed Grocer (who furnished the supplies for the party and will collect dues when he can) was so called because of his remarkable aversion to the accustomed tricks of the trade. The slightest allusion to sanded sugar or coffee and beans throws him into a towering passion. His extreme susceptibility on this point makes it natural to infer that at some period of his life a great moral reaction has taken place. He-of-the-Big-Cup earned his compounded distinction from the fact that early in the campaign he appropriated the most commodious tin vessel in the outfit for his personal use, and sipped his quart of ambrosia thrice daily, while the rest of us were forced to be content with a paltry pint. Paregoric is a young doctor, supposed to have begun his practice upon infants afflicted with mild types of inevitable disorders. The Pedagogue needs no introduction. He wears glasses, and it takes an ant an hour and ten minutes to run up the leg of his pantaloons. Et Als is a rising young lawyer. He has already risen to the fifth floor back, and his shingle is only visible from the evening star. Cheese'm, skipper and cook, is an insurance agent. Last and least, the Scribe, comes in for a share of notice which he does not deserve. His first novel is out (of circulation). It fell flat as a pancake, and was done equally brown by the critics.

The morning sun, as I have as good as intimated, gleamed on six fancy rods, as the fleet of the Bass-Killers put out from the camp on the island. The captain of the tender directed her course to a reef about half a mile out. The skiff on the other hand (manned by less experienced fishermen!), made full speed for the river, and soon disappeared behind the curtain of reeds.

When the tender had approached within a stone's-throw of the reef, the oars were laid across the thwarts, and the boat was allowed to drift with the light south breeze over the shallows. He-of-the-Big-Cup stood in the bow and cast; the Reformed Grocer preferred to sit on the center thwart and troll his fly, while the Scribe whipped the water from the stern. As is likely to be the case, the least scientific performer got the first rise. In a very brief space of time the Reformed Grocer's reel began to buzz. The Grocer announced the fact with a yell which would have done credit to a Comanche, and got upon his feet so suddenly that the boat lurched and He-of-the-Big-Cup plunged headforemost into the limpid water. As the depth of the latter was not over 4ft. at this point, it was not long before the astonished angler reappeared, and gathering up his rod and hat, made for the tender with an expression of countenance which boded ill for the personal comfort of the Reformed Grocer. The latter, however, was so busily engaged with his finny antagonist as to be utterly oblivious of everything else. And well he might be, for he had evidently hooked a monster. The slender rod bent like a willow twig, and the reel fairly sung as the line went spinning out.

Suddenly the bass took a turn around the boat. He-of-the-Big-Cup saw the line coming, and his animosity immediately changed to the liveliest interest. "Look out!" yelled the Grocer. "You'll get me tangled up." He-of-the-Big-Cup plunged for the boat, but it was too late. The line came swishing across him. Dropping rod and hat, he grasped it, and to the unspeakable horror of the Reformed Grocer, proceeded to haul in, hand over hand, as though the oiled silk was a trolling cable. It was a *coup de-main* never before equalled in the annals of the Bass-Killers. Steadily, surely, swiftly the bedraggled angler roped in his victim. I shall never forget the look of intensity, of determination which sat upon that countenance. The water dripped unheeded from nose and ears and plastered locks. His eyes were fixed intently upon the swaying line and the swirl of waters where the lordly bass was fighting against fate. Now comes the expected rush, the leap in air. Like the spokes of a whirling wheel the arms of the angler gathered in the slack. Well done, Thou-of-the-Big-Cup! Now gently; keep his head out of water; don't let him swing off toward the boat.

"Jump out and land him, one of you!" gasped He-of-the-Big-Cup, with suppressed emotion. "Don't let him rub against the boat." The Scribe snatched up the landing net and slid over the edge of the tender. Side by side with Him-of-the-Big-Cup, peering out into the transparent water, stands the man of the quill. It is the last act of the drama. The Reformed Grocer, defrauded of his laurels, looks upon the scene, with mouth expanded, awaiting the issue. Nearer, nearer comes the exhausted bass. The net is slowly submerged; the Scribe is waiting his opportunity.

Look out!—a dash, a churning of the water. For an instant the broad back of the bass appears on the surface. The Scribe swiftly brings the net underneath. It is raised, and a triple shout goes up. There in the meshes flops the monster bass! The Reformed Grocer paddles the boat alongside. The net and its contents are carefully assigned to him. A whack of the bludgeon and all danger of escape is over. He-of-the-Big-Cup climbs over the bow. The Scribe climbs over the stern; and the Reformed Grocer rows us back to camp.

Presently the other boat returns—with a slimy pickerel! The Big Bass is suspended in front of the camp, with a card in his mouth announcing to all whom it may concern that his lordship, undressed, weighs 5¼lbs.

"Who caught him?" asked the Pedagogue.

"I," said the Reformed Grocer.

"I," said He-of-the-Big-Cup.

"I," said the Scribe. PAUL PASTNOR.

ON THE GASCONADE.—I.

"HELLO, Will, what do you say to a trip to the Gasconade?"

"Say? Why, that I want to go, of course. When do you start?"

"In two or three days. The party will consist, if you go, of yourself, Frank T., William M., and my boy, Alex. That'll make two Alexs, two Bills and a Frank. If the Bills can't pay us out we'll have to be Franked through."

"Humph!" was the reply, "we'll pull through well enough, the main thing is to get away from business, but I reckon I can manage it. You may count on me to go."

The first speaker was the narrator of this tale; the gentleman he addressed, the mayor of the city; Frank T. the circuit clerk of the goodly county of Lafayette, Billy M. a prosperous merchant of the place, and Alex., the twelve-year-old son of the writer. Formality is no part of an outing, therefore we will in this truthful story simply distinguish between our two Williams by speaking of the mayor as Will and of the merchant as Billy, being incited to take the liberty with the latter by the circumstance that while he has long since arrived at the years of discretion, he has, so far, failed to add to himself the dignity of a wife. He says that this is accounted for by the fact that he has arrived at years of discretion.

It was about the first of October, 1886, that I write of. The days were balmy and soft, the nights deliciously cool, but without frost; weather to make glad the heart of man, and with just enough chill in its nocturnal hours to discourage the mosquito.

I am writing this now, months after the occurrence, but with the temptation to renew them now at hand, as much for my own gratification as for that of the reader, and hence shall stray aside into occasional paths of fancy which may seem immaterial to a consecutive relation of incidents, but I trust when the last line is penned and finis is written after the account of this sojourn in the woods and upon the water, that those who love sport and nature may have accompanied me, as the backwoodsman would say, from eend to eend.

There is a good deal in Pope's idea of the pleasures of anticipation, and he is neither man nor sportsman who does not as much enjoy the preparation for an outing as the trip itself. It is not necessary to speak about the boy. We have been boys ourselves, and know how it is. The next few days were to him an epoch of unalloyed bliss. He rigged tackle in the daytime, and dreamed at night that he was catching bass as long as his leg. He abbreviated Gasconade to Gasky, mingled a little slang with his talk, but never spoke or thought of any other subject. His seniors, all old sportsmen, three of them soldiers of the civil war, therefore veteran campers-out, to tell the truth were not far behind him, and in their spare moments got together their duffle.

Do you want a list of it? Well, here it is. One good, heavy A tent; each fellow his roll of bed clothes, gum blanket, coat and an overcoat. A mess box containing a boiled ham, a side of breakfast bacon, a big bag of beat biscuits, a pound cake. In tight tin buckets, 5 pounds of granulated sugar, 3 pounds of good coffee, ground; 5 pounds of lard, and 3 pounds of nice, yellow butter. Flour, meal, baking powder, a quarter of a pound of tea, salt, black and cayenne pepper, pickle, a sauce or two, and, don't avert your head, some onions. However unrefined this esculent may be at home and among delicate and æsthetic people, it is an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered outer's *pot-au-feu*—in this instance the French means stew pot on a camp-fire.

You can see, that fish or no fish, game or no game, our party did not mean to go hungry.

As to a cooking kit we had the usual array of camp kettle, frying pan with a detachable handle for convenience of packing, coffee pot, two or three stew pans, ten plates and cups, knives, forks and spoons, cup towels and dish rags, for this individual, who was, by preference, the cook, as the cook generally rules the roost in camp as elsewhere, wants the dishes washed after every meal as spick and span as would any woman at home. The cooking utensils are made to nest, so that with the table ware inside of them they occupy altogether about the same space that would a common three-hoop bucket.

All of the above were packed in a strong box, three feet long and two feet wide, with a hinged lid, which when thrown back and resting on a firmly fixed peg or two made an excellent table. This box is furnished with rope handles at each end, so that it may be checked as baggage upon the railroad.

It is very easy to get along with much less than we have enumerated above, but this party believes in having a good time when it is out in the woods, where it does not go to "rough it" but to smooth it, to take out the wrinkles, placed there by the every-day cares of life. Therefore, it looks well after the creature comforts. Those who prefer to do otherwise may follow their bent; when we go out and you call to see us in Raccoon Hollow or at Possum Bend you can generally be pretty sure that we'll give you a square meal.

After the duffle comes the tackle. Well, each fellow has his joint pole, mine an old-time friend that has been upon many a jaunt—ash butt and second and third joints, with three or four lancewood tips. It is a little heavy at the butt, maybe, but it is always there. The mayor has a light, fancy little thing, pretty to look at and nice to handle, but it came to grief as we shall narrate in the proper place. Frank and Billy have substantial bamboo rods, the boy a cheap but strong affair. In our ditty bags we have all manner of fancy baits—flies, spoons, artificial minnows, &c., but withal plenty of good, sound tackle, with reels, some old, some new, but all sensible machines not likely to get out of order. In my ditty bag I find, besides, a neat little "housewife" containing needles and thread, buttons, pins, &c., very convenient to have sometimes. Things that "when you want 'em at all you want 'em bad." Then there is a bottle of black stuff—not a black bottle of stuff, but just as I write it, a bottle of black stuff—oil of pennyroyal, castor oil and tar. A coat of that on the back of your hands, the middle of your forehead and the end of your nose, will render them impervious to the attacks of mosquitoes and black gnats. We had

neither on this trip, but, as Mrs. Toodles told her better half when she bought a bargain in a doorplate bearing the name of Thompson, there's no telling in this world what may happen and it is well to be prepared for all emergencies. A long minnow seine, two minnow buckets, live nets, a lantern, a number twelve breech-loader and 42 Winchester complete the outfit—at least I think so. If I have neglected to mention anything we should have had it is because I have forgotton, not because it was missing from the list. How could it be otherwise with two old mai—, bachelors, I mean, with nothing else to think of for a week.

So, at 8:40, P. M., on a certain day last autumn, we left Lexington, all comfortably seated in a chair car on the Missouri Pacific, a railroad that has as well equipped trains as are to be found in the United States.

When a man has his eyes and ears about him he can always see something of character. Someway, a railroad car is a good place to observe it. Everybody knows how he is impressed with the cad in the velvet vest, with the big fob and the expansive shirt front. There is as plainly written in his lineaments and his movements, self-satisfaction and the pride that he takes in a fat pocket-book, as if he were speaking it in the vernacular. People become themselves after they have been jolted, dusted and be-cindered in a train for a few hours. The petulant are petulant, the cross are cross and the patient are patient.

Now for two incidents to prove this. Just back of us was a middle-aged curmudgeon—not that the curmudgeon appeared upon the man at once. He was fairly good-looking, rotund, appeared to be well kept, and upon his partly-bald head he had the usual skull cap. At a station, enter a young gentleman and lady, the latter as pretty as a dream in May. They are going through. Nowhere are there two seats together that they can get. The one next the curmudgeon is vacant. The lady is placed in it by her companion, who goes forward to see if he can find two chairs together. Directly he returns, unsuccessful. He seats himself two chairs away, when the lady somewhat timidly says to our friend the bear: "Sir, could you kindly exchange seats with that gentleman; we are going through and would like to sit together?" "Humph?" grunted the person addressed. Thinking that he had misunderstood her, the lady repeated her request, when he rudely ejaculated, "Naw!" and turned his back upon her. The girl subsided. Poor thing, how sorry I felt, but I could not help her. What emotions and sensations that porcine person deprived these two of. Evidently lovers, the evening being coolish, how sweet to nestle under the same blanket and furtively squeeze hands occasionally. There be cruel moments in this world of ours.

The other picture! Well, it is a very simple one, with a little darky for its hero. Just opposite me, soundly sleeping, well dressed in brand new togs from cap to shoes, sleeps the sleep of the just, a good-looking negro lad eleven or twelve years of age. A gentleman with him, evidently a gentleman by his appearance and manners, every once in a while covers the boy with the big blanket that slips down from the motion of the rain. He seems to care for him as tenderly as he could if he were white and his own. In a conversation before morning, as we were each stretching our legs in the smoking room of the car, the gentleman, who was a southern planter, told us that the boy was the child of one of his servants and that he had, seven years before, been stolen, during an exodus of the negroes to Kansas. That he had recently heard of and followed him to that State, but had been compelled by the removal of the people who had him to go 600 miles further. That he had finally found him, and was now taking him to his mother. It is often said that you must never judge people hastily. That depends. I saw the two men whom I have here described but a few hours, and I was never "introduced" to either of them, yet I would stake a great deal that I have "sized them up" correctly, and that one was a curmudgeon and the other a gentleman.

All this time, our party, scattered up and down the coach, was variously occupied. Our Frank old bachelor divided the time between snoring and smoking, and "tother one,' our Billy, being a native born Puke, was amusing himself after the manner of his kind, making a sound like a desperate attempt at ejaculating New York, between a word and a snort and with his head out of the window. That is a way he has when he rides on a train. The Lord only knows what he would do if he were to go to sea.

All in good time our train reached Pacific, where we were to change to the 'Frisco for Crocker, from which place we were to debark for the Gasconade. The hour being so early the town was pacific indeed. Even the dogs were asleep, and for some time not a sound greeted us as we walked about the streets. Finally the doors of the hotel were opened and pretty soon breakfast was announced by mine host. Billy was still a little pale, but the way William made the beefsteak fly was a caution. The coffee was fair, the potatoes first-class, let a Teuton alone for that, and the beefsteak very satisfactory.

We arose from the table much refreshed. Billy, whose stomach had returned to its normal condition, found one of his immense boots, we had almost written it "boats," to be chafing his ankle, and hunted up a shoemaker to doctor it in some way. Moral—Never permit anybody to persuade you into buying heavy wading boots, or heavy boots of any kind to go outing in. Either a broad-bottomed, low-heeled, light boot, or a similar shoe, is the thing for the woods. Something large enough, not too large, and soft. If it is a boot it should be loose in the instep, so that it can be easily pulled on or off when wet.

After a while the 'Frisco train came along, and our two trunks and lesser impedimenta were quickly loaded in. We found good places, and were very politely treated by the conductor and train men. From Pacific, the agent, Mr. Dickerson, had kindly inquired by wire about the two boats engaged for us at Arlington by that prince of sportsmen, Dr. I. G. W. Steedman, of St. Louis, then chairman of the State Fish Commission, so that when we reached that place we found them upon the platform awaiting us. They were quickly put into the express car and away we went again up the mountain.

The 'Frisco is a beautiful road to travel over, and we cannot see why so many persons go away from Missouri to find the picturesque when they have it in such perfection in our own State. We shall have more to say as to that in connection with the Gasconade when we get there.

We reached Crocker at 4:30 o'clock P. M., just twenty hours away from home. This is a village in Pulaski county, about five miles from the point at which we intended to begin our fifty-mile descent of the Gasconade River. Here we employed a gentleman named Craddock, who, we are told, divides his time between acting as guide and philosophizing upon political economy, to haul our boats and other traps to the river. It was not many minutes after we reached the station until our cortege was en route. The two Bills and the boy walked in advance with the artillery. I perched myself on the bow of one of the boats as ballast, and to draw out the gentleman from Kentucky; and Frank, who carries a stiff leg from a Minie bullet received at the Battle of Pea Ridge, seated himself elsewhere in the wagon.

It was not hard to make the gentleman from Kentucky talk. It hardly ever is. We did not introduce ourselves to him, as we knew he would want us to engage his services, and we did not desire to be chaperoned, but he saw our names upon our boxes, and we hadn't gone a mile and a half until he called us by them as pat as if he had known us for twenty years, and he didn't use any handles to them, either. Why should he? What is the use of conventionality in the woods? He was a useful fellow—he talked a blue streak. He never ceased to talk, except to expectorate. He told us the biography of several of the public men of southwest Missouri, assured us of the intimacy of his acquaintance with Frank Cockrell, and that George Vest would have gotten him a position of Indian agent, post trader, or something of that kind, if another fellow had not unfortunately gotten the place, much to the sorrow of George and of himself.

He told us that the road we were traveling over had been made by an enthusiast named R. M. Boatwright, who had discovered guano deposits in an immense cave on the Gasconade, near where we were to camp. That he had built the road, in many places cut into the solid rock, at a cost of $1,800, and had spent $3,000 or $4,000 more for machinery to prepare this guano for market, when he considered that his fortune was made, as the chemist told him that this article, when produced by bats, was much more valuable than the variety in which Mr. Blaine dealt in Peru. After the guano mine was fully developed Mr. Boatwright shipped five cars of it to Baltimore, where it was sold, bringing $400 less than the freight alone amounted to, and so the speculation had fallen into innocuous desuetude.

Mr. Craddock told us that he was a first-class bass fisherman, and we believe in that he told the truth; he assured us that it was impossible for us to find our way down the river without his pilotage; that we wouldn't know where to find the water in the river, the springs to camp by, or the places in which best to lure the wary bass. These oracular utterances delivered he would expectorate and await an answer. None coming he would resume the thread of his discourse.

He lingered lovingly on some of the experiences which he had had taking down the Gasconade fishing parties whose principal occupation seemed to have been to fill themselves with bug juice. He inquired in an indirect manner as to the character of our tipple. He advised us to lay in a plenty of eggs. Evidently his idea was that fishing parties could not exist without eggs to eat and whisky to drink. He concluded by assuring us that we would at least have to employ him for a few days just to show us how to start off.

By that time we had reached the river, and we very unceremoniously went to dumping our paraphernalia out of the wagon. As we got through, Mr. Craddock intimated to one of the boys that it had been a rather long time between drinks, and was informed that while we regretted any inconvenience it might be to him there was not a drop of wine, brandy, whisky, beer or any other intoxicant in the crowd, not even a phial full for snakebites. His form straightened, his nose elevated of its own accord, his lip curled, he received the shekels for his drive in sad and pitying silence, he turned away and shook from his feet the dust of such an unprovided camp as that. Forsaken and unbefriended in a strange land we went into our bivouac.

So here we are, twenty-four hours out from home, cosily camped on the banks of the Gasconade, our two boats floating lightly on its waters, which but a few yards higher up come foaming down in rapids, making a roaring sound that inspires us with that uncertainty of what dangers may be before us which constitutes the spice of adventure. Our first camp was named Trigg. It was upon a point of land between the road and the river's bank, under some grand trees.

A very few minutes sufficed to pitch the tent, start a fire, fry some bacon, get a cup of coffee, and fall to. It was a beautiful evening. The crescent moon had early disappeared, and left the stars to reign over the night with their mellow light. The tree frog chirped his little song, the wind sighed gently through the swinging boughs, and to the grand refrain of the tumbling waters we talked over old adventures, speculated on those before us, and finally snugging ourselves among our rugs and blankets fell to sleep to dream of big creels and a happy time.

The next morning came bright and clear, and we had an opportunity to see what the river looked like. Above the camp were the rapids of which I have already spoken, opposite where our boats were moored a broad, smooth piece of water, but evidently shallow, a ford. The boats were lightly riding to their painters. Both were long, shallow, scow-shaped affairs, of a bright red color, drawing the least imaginable depth of water. The larger one was provided with oars, the smaller one with two paddles.

Breakfast was hurriedly disposed of and the boats quickly loaded. Frank, Billy and the lad took the boat with the oars and were given the mess chest and the dog. By the way, I forgot to tell you about the canine. When our Kentucky friend left us the night before there remained behind him a handsome setter dog. He was intelligent and obedient, but deaf. He was very affectionate, and like a woman infatuated with the wrong man, he wouldn't be shaken off; so despite many shifts and devices to get rid of him he stuck to us through the trip, and when we traveled was a regular passenger in the big boat. The boy named him Scraps, because he lived, perforce, upon the crumbs that fell from the fishermen's table and, we regret very much to say, these crumbs were sometimes rather meager in quantity. At others there was plenty and Scraps fared sumptuously every meal, so that at any rate he "averaged up" pretty well, which for a stray dog is doing about as well as could be expected. He had fallen into the hands of men who love a good dog and could not misuse him, otherwise there were occasions when he indulged his propensity for water by swimming to the boats when the occupants were fishing that would have brought to him a dose of cold lead. We do not know that it is anywhere laid down in books that dogs are amphibious, but certainly that one seemed to be so. When it was desirable at times to leave him on the shore he would swim and reswim the river from side to side, up and down, for incredible distances, and finally wind up with his piteous whine in persuading our old bachelors to take him aboard, where, faithful beast, he was as fully contented in the companionship and sympathy of man as he would have been upon rugs of down in a palace of alabaster.

And so at last we are afloat upon the bosom of the Gasconade, Will and I in advance, lightly paddling our canoe and piloting the way when we come to those places where the aforesaid bosom becomes ruffled and turbulent. There be heaving and tumultuous bosoms even upon rivers, as we learned full well before we got to Arlington again. I know of no better place than this to tell you what the Gasconade is. I can't say that I admire the name particularly. It is not musical, and I can but bear in mind that it comes from the province of Gascony, the principal characteristic of whose people is, that they are boasters, so much so that the verb gasconade in our language means to boast, to bluster. Maybe you will say, "But that seems to be a very appropriate concomitant to fishing, does it not?" Well, we shall see. If I tell any big tales about our catches, or the weight of the fish we capture, that will do. Just now I do not mean to do so; but good intentions, I know, are said to make pavements in a very bad place. At any rate, Gasconade in this instance is a noun and not a verb, and it is the name of as beautiful a river as the eye of man need care to gaze upon.

A. A. L.

Lexington, Missouri.

ANGLING PATENTS.

THE following is a list of patents issued by the United States during the years 1882, 1883 and 1884, relating to angling and fishculture, taken from a list of all patents relating to fish, the methods, products and applications of the fisheries in the report of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1885, prepared by Robert G. Dyrenforth, Assistant Commissioner of Patents, U. S. Patent Office. In the original there is a description of each invention and the claim with an illustration, which those especially interested may consult. Many of the articles are of real value, while some of them are mere pot-fishing devices or are complicated absurdities: of the worth of the inventions we will not judge, leaving this to individual taste:

Signals Telling when Fish Take the Hook: Marcene H. Whitcomb, Holyoke, Mass., Feb. 7, 1882; David B. Tiffany, Xenia, O., June 12, 1883.

Spring Hooks: Richmond A. Wentworth, Appleton, Me., Aug. 29, 1882, and Aug. 21, 1883; Charles J. B. Gaume, Brookly, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1883; Cicero Fisher, Temperance Hall, Tenn., June 19, 1883. Merrill R. Skinner, Hamburg, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1883; Frank DeForest, DeSoto, Mo., Sept. 12, 1882; William N. Greer, Watertown, Dak., July 3, 1883; Karl Müller, Hornberg, Baden, Germany, Feb. 7, 1882.

To Prevent Fish Swallowing the Bait: William C. Bower, Union Springs, Ala., Dec. 30, 1884.

Hooks With Baiting Needle: William E. Hemming, Redditch, England; Assignor to Charles F. Imbrie, New York, Feb. 28, 1882. Spring Hook (Spoon): W. T. Love, Buffalo, N. Y., April 25, 1882, and 25, 1883; Louis C. Wylly, Patterson, Ga., July 18, 1882; Lysander S. Hill, Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 7, 1882; Chrystopher Hymess, St. Louis, Mo., March 13, 1883; Louis Kessler, Ludington, Mich., July 10, 1883; Artemus Lord Dawson, Elk Point, Dak., Dec. 4, 1883; William Dudley Chapman, Theresa, N. Y., March 18, 1884; Charles H. Hibbard, Grand Rapids, Mich., March 25, 1884; Harry Comstock, Fulton, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882; Ernest F. Pflueger, Akron, O., Feb. 13 and Aug. 28, 1883.

Trolling Hook (Squid): Newton A. Dickinson, Chester, Conn., March 18, 1884.

Leaders or Casting Lines: Carl L. Bollerman, New York, Dec. 4, 1883.

For Rotating Fly or Bait: Archer Wakeman, Cape Vincent, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1884.

Fly-Books: Francis Endicott, Clifton, N. Y., assignor to Charles F. Imbrie, New York, N. Y., May 23, 1882; Chancellor G. Levison, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 11, 1884.

Floats: Oliver G. Wilson, Gallatin, Tex., July 18, 1882; Ralph W. E. Aldrich, Northampton, Mass., Jan. 9, 1883; Victor Vidal, Jr., Pignans, France, Dec. 11, 1883.

Tackle Case: Henry F. Price, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10, 1882.

Line and Hook Guard: W. W. Byington, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1884.

Sinker and Hook Holder: Sylvester E. Smith, St. Louis Jan. 24, 1882.

Hook Holder: Henry Van Altena, Milwaukee, Wis., June 12, 1883.

Sinker: Hale Rix, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 18, 1883.

Reels: Julius Vom Hofe, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., assignor to himself and Charles F. Imbrie, New York, Jan. 17, 1882; Warren Ohaver, and Taylor O'Bannon, Indianapolis, Ind., assignors to the American Reel Company of same place, Jan. 31, 1882; Franklin R. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., assignor of one-half to Willis E. Barnum, of the same place, June 20, 1882; James B. D'A. Boulton, Jersey City, N. J., assignor to William Mills and Thomas Bate Mills, New York, July 11, 1882; George H. Matthews and John T. Ostell, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, Sept. 12, 1882; Edward C. Vom Hofe, Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1883; George H. Palmer, Fair Haven, Mass., assignor to Thomas M. Bissett and Thomas J. Conroy, New York, July 24, 1883; Thomas H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt., July 31, 1883; John Dreiser, New York, Aug. 14, 1883; Anton Lang, Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1883; Frederick Malleson, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1883; Henry C. A. Kasschau, New York, Sept. 25, 1883; William N. Lockwood, Campville, Conn., April 1, 1884; John Kopf, Brooklyn, N. Y., assignor of one-half to Thomas B. Mills, of same place, Oct. 7, 1884.

Method of Making Reels: John Kopf, Brooklyn, assignor to Thomas B. Mills, of same place, Dec. 16, 1884.

Reel Fastenings: Louis A. Kiefer, Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 21, 1882; William B. Doubleday, Binghamton, N. Y., assignor to Henry H. Doubleday, Washington, D. C., Sept. 18, 1883; Gilbert L. Bailey, Portland, Me., March 4, 1884; Henry F. Price, Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1884; Hiram Eggleston, Manchester, Vt., assignor to Charles R. Orvis, of same place, June 6, 1882.

Tic-Guides for Rods: Thomas H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt., Aug. 29, 1882.

Ferrules and Couplings for Rods: Thomas H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt., Sept. 12, 1882; James E. Langdon, Torrington, Conn., Sept. 25, 1883; Justice Webb, Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 12, 1884.

Rods: George P. Andrews, Staffordville, Conn., Jan. 10, 1882; William Mitchell, New York, Jan. 9, 1883.

Rod Tips: Thomas H. Chubbs, Post Mills, Vt., May 8, 1883.

Tension Equalizer for Rods: Richard Smith, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada, June 26, 1883.

Landing Nets: Jasper N. Dodge, Detroit, Mich., Jan. 16, 1883; Otho M. Muncaster, Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, 1883; Richard J. Welles, Chicago, Ill., assignor to William Mills and Thomas Bate Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 6, 1883.

Mixture for Fish Baits: Carol F. Bates, Hughes Springs, Tex., Oct. 21, 1884.

Bait Kettles, or Minnow Buckets: Willis H. Sherwood, Saint Joseph, Mo., June 3, 1884; Richard K. Evans, Washington, D. C., June 3, 1884; George W. Barton, Bethlehem, Ky., July 15, 1884; Thomas W. Rudolph, St. Louis, Mo., assignor of one-half to Chas. D. Moody, Webster Groves, Md., July 15, 1884; Charles F. Busche, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 27, 1884.

Sportsman's Game Carriers: Edward Bourne, Alleghany, Pa., Feb. 14, 1882; Addison White, Huntsville, Ala., May 1, 1883.

Fishways: C. W. Trammer, Great Falls, Md., Oct. 16, 1883.

Fish-Hatching Apparatus: Marshall McDonald, Washington, D. C., assignor to himself and Stephen O. Brown, of the same place, September 5, 1882; Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H., May 15, 1883.

TROUTING ON THE PASSADUMKEAG.

II.

THE Doctor declined to give any account of their trip up the river until after supper, as they had partaken of nothing but a hasty lunch since leaving camp in the morning; so securing the cubs with our bundle straps we all sat down to supper, well knowing that it would be useless to try to elicit any account of the day's doings until the rigid, determined expression on the Doctor's countenance cleared up, and he considered it his duty, however, to inform us that the bear must be skinned the first thing after supper, and the ownership of the same decided by lot; as for the cubs he thought he had a legal right to one of them at least, as they had nearly ruined what little wearing apparel he had, to say nothing of sundry scratches about the knees, somewhat deeper than the clothing.

Supper being finished and our duty having been made plain to us, we proceeded to move the carcass of the bear from the boat to the light of our camp-fire, and under the direction of Adams, who was well up in the art of preparing skins for ornamental purposes, we decided that this skin would be the most useful as well as ornamental made into a mat, as the fur was fine and glossy-black, so in skinning we took great care to remove the feet and claws with the skin intact, as well as the head, leaving the upper part of the skull with the jaws attached to the skin. We cut some stiff slender poles which were quite springy, and proceeded to stretch the skin by placing them lengthwise and crosswise, bending each pole so the spring would stretch the skin in the right direction. This being accomplished, preserving compound was rubbed over the flesh side, and it was hung up to dry. Lord and Pettengill had in the meantime prepared such parts of the carcass as they considered the most edible, and consigned the remainder to the river.

Our work being now done the Doctor informed us that the laborer was not only worthy of his hire, but the late worker was entitled to an extra supper, and although not up to all the mysterious arts of cookery he had prepared with his own hands a lunch which he now proposed to stake his reputation upon, whereupon he proceeded to rake from the coals of our camp-fire three lumps about the size of a man's head; they resembled rocks, but after brushing the ashes from them we found them to be composed of blue clay and were informed that each lump contained supper for two. A few smart raps with the hatchet sufficed to break the lumps into halves, first disclosing a mass of feathers embedded to the inside of the clay ball, then the body of a—"can it be a partridge?" No, but they were done to a rich brown and fragrant with appetizing odors, "truly a lunch fit for the gods."

After lunch we repaired to our tent to listen to the Doctor's account of the capture of the bears:

"We paddled up the river as far as the Lower Taylor Brook, which we reached about noon, only stopping once to try the trout at cold springs, where we caught several very fine ones. While we were quietly resting on the right bank at the mouth of the brook, our attention was called to a strange whining noise in the river a few rods above us. On looking, what was our surprise to see a large bear swimming across the Passadumkeag from the opposite side, followed by two cubs, which were whining piteously, evidently disliking their cold bath. The bear was heading for a point about three rods above, and evidently had not seen us, as she manifested no fear. Heald, with his Ballard across his knee, quietly waited for the bear to reach the shore. Heald raised his rifle to his shoulder, and at the same time giving a sharp whistle to attract her attention. She raised her head to listen, and on the instant the crack of Heald's rifle echoed among the hills. The bear made one convulsive struggle and sank to the ground just at the edge of the river, the ball had entered her brain just forward of the ear. Heald and myself sprang to the shore to intercept the cubs, while Pettengill took to the boat to head them off should they attempt to recross the river, a precaution which saved us the cubs, for as we reached the bank they turned and swam for the opposite shore. Pettingell was on hand, the bow of his boat not 6ft. from them, the stern near the bank. I sprang aboard, at the same time giving the boat a vigorous push in the direction of the cubs. We were upon them before they reached the opposite shore, and succeeded in getting a rope around their necks without much trouble while they were in the water. We then lifted them into the boat regardless of their teeth and claws, and hitched them up closely. They were sorry-looking objects, their resistance seemed to be wholly defensive. It was not without a pang of regret that we lifted the carcass of the dead bear into the boat. The cries of the little ones were distressing, they were trembling with fear, or the effects of their cold swim, but the warm sun soon dried them off, and if it did not elevate their spirits it certainly improved their appearance. We decided to return to camp at once, concluding that paddling a boat twenty miles and capturing three bears was a day's work not to be grinned at."

The Doctor's account of their day's doings, being thus briefly told, we retired to our couches, a tired but happy company.

We arose the next morning feeling none the worse for our hard jaunt and tiresome work of the day before. Our breakfast consisted (in addition to our usual fare of fried trout, baked potatoes and coffee) of a bountiful supply of broiled bear's steak, which our guides declared to be very toothsome. We decided, however, than an appetite for bear's steak would have to be acquired, and as time with us was precious, we concluded that trout were good enough for us. As the day promised to be lowry, we decided to remain about camp, as we had much to do. We first made a rude cage about 2½ft. square, in which to keep and transport the cubs. We found it no easy job to remove them from the box (into which we put them during the night) but with the aid of the straps which we had put around their necks, as a second precaution against escape, we finally succeeded in dragging them out without injury, and placed them in the cage. The Doctor proposed to devote the day to civilizing them. They were not at all inclined to be petted at first, but after two or three hours' persistent and gentle stroking about the head and face with a smooth stick, scratching their ears and rubbing them under the jaws, the Doctor so far overcame their fears that they allowed him to stroke them with his hand, and even seemed to solicit it. We then prepared some condensed milk by diluting it largely with warm water, and making it quite sweet, which, after a little patient coaxing, the Doctor succeeded in making them eat from his hand. While lapping the milk they kept up a constant purring noise, loud enough to be heard for several rods. After eating the milk, they went into the nest of dry moss which we had gathered for them, and soon were oblivious of all the restraints that civilization had placed upon them.

As the day advanced the clouds began to clear away, and by noon the sun was shining bright and warm. Heald suggested, "that as we were all languishing for something to do," we avail ourselves of this opportunity to pot our trout, which we had promised to take home to some of our friends (we had taken into camp several two-gallon stone pots for this purpose, together with such other materials as were needed to preserve trout in this manner). This suggestion was approved by the whole party, as this would call for more fishing, about seventy-five being required to fill our pots. The first thing to be done was to prepare our ground oven for cooking the fish. This Lord and Pettengill knew just how to do, and they proceeded at once to dig a trench six feet long by eighteen inches wide and one foot deep, this they filled with dry wood and set a-fire, which was left burning for two or three hours. As soon as the sun began to cast shadows upon the river, we each selected a favorite locality for casting our flies, and commenced the exciting sport. Lord and Pettengill were to dress the fish as fast as caught. The trout, if possible, seemed more plentiful than on the preceding day, the river seemed fairly alive with them. I believe it was possible for one man to have caught one hundred in two hours, with tackle and flies of suitable strength to permit of landing at once. Fishing as we were with single fly, and being from five to fifteen minutes in landing each fish, we had at half-past six caught seventy-three, an average of twelve to each man in little over one and a half hour's fishing. Our guides had them dressed and all ready to pack into the pot.

Our method of potting was to pack them heads and tails, as closely as possible, sprinkling over each layer a handful of whole spices. When the pots were full we put into each 1½ pints vinegar and 2lbs. of butter or olive oil, then putting on the covers and stopping the joints with clay, we raked open the coals and placed the pots near the bottom of the trench, covering completely with ashes and coals, where they remained without further attention for six hours, Lord engaging to remove them at the proper time. Prepared in this way trout are simply delicious, and may be kept for months if not disturbed. It being now 7 o'clock and our "labors," or rather pleasures, of the day done, while supper was preparing we listened to a brief lecture by the Doctor on the training of wild animals, with practical illustrations. After supper we mapped out our trips for the next two days, and wrapping ourselves in our blankets, were soon enjoying undisturbed repose. F.

UNITY, Me.

THE UPPER DAM TROUT.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 7.—The FOREST AND STREAM was never better appreciated than to-day, in the minds of its angling readers at least. That was a magnificent piece of newspaper work it contained last week, and it was all the better for the reason that it leaves no chance for doubt in the minds of anglers that trout have been taken the past season at the Upper Dam, between Mooselucmaguntic and Richardson Lakes in Maine, in a manner entirely unsportsmanlike, and in a way which, if followed up, would very soon lead to the depletion of trout in these remarkable waters to a greater extent than one not familiar with this region—even with that particular location—would be led to suppose. In the first place the Upper Dam stops the flow of the water of the entire Androscoggin system at that point—the water of two great lakes and one of smaller size, besides numerous ponds and streams. It is natural for the trout family to seek the upper waters at the commencement of the breeding season. Nature has implanted the instinct. It is the one great effort of the parent trout to deposit the spawn, their young, in the safer waters of the smaller rivers and brooks, where they can stay in comparative safety till grown sufficiently large to care for themselves in the deeper waters. Hence it is that the great majority of trout in Richardson Lake below the Upper Dam, at the time the breeding furor is on, are struggling to pass that obstruction and reach the streams above. It is true that some of the trout might seek the streams flowing into that lake at other points, but they are very small when compared with the great volume of water that passes the Upper Dam. Unfortunately, in the *Salmo fontinalis*, the desire to breed begins earlier than on the first day of October, at which date the law for their protection comes on. Indeed, female trout with nearly ripe spawn may be found at that point as early as the middle of August. The females are headed up the stream, and they are vigorously followed by the males. When trout are in the breeding state it is possible for any one, with even moderate skill, to devise means whereby they may be destroyed. They are all headed toward the breeding grounds, and they are so changed from their usual wary nature that they permit of the passage of boats directly over, and within a foot or two of them, without the least alarm. If one could but get the control of a single one of the gates at the Upper Dam, with the condition that no other gate was to be opened, and watch this gate carefully with the proper arrangement of hooks and sinkers at hand, he would be able to secure nearly every fish that desired to pass up the stream, and in this manner he would be sure of taking a very great proportion of the trout that inhabit the lake below.

Such fishing as this is what the FOREST AND STREAM has succeeded in so admirably bringing to light, though it is possible that it was only being pursued in a rather moderate degree. Indeed the parties shown up in that paper are not the only ones who have indulged in watching trout with lines on the bottom at that point. It has been going on for years, only the excess with which it has been practiced has led to its exposure this year. What has been going on is now perfectly plain, thanks to the FOREST AND STREAM, and the Maine Fish Commissioners will know what to do. They will know what sort of legislation to ask for at the session of the Legislature of that State in 1888-9. A warden is sadly needed to be stationed at the Upper Dam, but no angler that I have talked with desires that Mr. Stewart's offer to pay the expenses of such an officer be accepted. The universal expression is that no such warden is wanted there. If it be necessary to shorten the open season at that point by including September, then let it be done, is the idea of all the true anglers that I have talked with on the subject. Again, a suitable fishway is suggested; but that idea is also repudiated by some who have given the subject considerable thought. The exposure which the FOREST AND STREAM has made will put all trout jiggers at that point in their true light hereafter. Anglers with any show of pride will refrain from the practice. Indeed a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM'S articles printed in large type, should be framed and hung up at the Upper Dam, in order that the exposure be not forgotten, and that it might be pointed to in the case of the possible attempt of strangers to take trout in any manner other than with the fly like a real sportsman. Every person I have met that takes an interest in such matters, is highly pleased with the prospect that unfair and illegal fishing at the Upper Dam is now in a fair way to be stopped. SPECIAL.

THE MAINE JIGGING CASE.—In Mr. A. N. Cheney's letter, page 287, sixth paragraph, for "After breakfast time," read "At breakfast time." In ninth paragraph, for "but I did not see him fish the pond or stream below," read "but I did not see him fish the pool or stream below."

SALT-WATER NOTES.

BLUEFISH are our most general salt-water game fish. They inhabit the waters of our entire Atlantic coast and are readily taken with hook and line, and are really good food fish. I do not know that they or drum or sheepshead are found on the Pacific; I never saw any of them there. Drum and sheepshead are seldom taken north of New Jersey, but are quite common along the coast south of that latitude. The bluefish come to the New Jersey coast in May, when the menhaden come, and are found there with the menhaden until quite cold weather. They feed on menhaden and other small fish. When a school of bluefish are feeding they make such commotion that those who are accustomed to their habits at once know what it means; the same with Spanish mackerel off the west coast of Florida. There would be scarcely a gull in sight, and in a very short time hundreds would gather over the school, darting down to catch the little fish that the bluefish have driven to the surface of the water. These gulls must have a very far sight or a sense that we know very little about, to be attracted by a school of fish so far off. It is really a novel sight worth seeing.

Ten years ago bluefish were very numerous; it was really good and profitable sport trolling for them outside the beach and inlets and in the channels inside. I have known two men to catch two tons in two tides. I was once off Seven Miles beach, near Hereford Inlet, with the life-saving station men who set their gillnet while we fished for so-called red drum (spotted redfish). We caught five of the red drum weighing about 35lbs. each. We took with the net 347 bluefish, average 12lbs. each, and they were readily sold for 5cts. per pound. I speak of this to show their abundance. For some years past bluefish and menhaden have been disappearing from the coast. There are so few bluefish that very few seek them, and the menhaden fishery is not so profitable to the pursenets of fish factories. I have been informed that this fall there has been a greater run of menhaden and bluefish than for some years past, and a little harvest has been made by the pursenets. This would show that the bluefish and menhaden are not destroyed, but that such fish will again be on this coast. I have seen fleets of steamers and sailing crafts after the menhaden, so that I do not see how any fish could escape; their nets are only one inch mesh, and take in all kinds of fish. This is the case, I am informed, along the whole coast where menhaden are found. They and other fish must be very much more prolific than we have any conception of not to be exterminated by such netting. The public and sportsmen would be very loath to part with the bluefish. A 12lb. bluefish on a rod and reel is about as much as the fisherman wants to tend to at one time. I know of no stronger and vigorous fish.

Codfish come to this coast in November and are there all winter. They feed on small sand eels 2 to 3 inches long which abound on the sand bars, especially off Long Beach. The codfish are taken very readily with hook and line, and clam bait is used. They are caught from a quarter of a mile to five miles out to sea. They are quite numerous and one would think that a codfish fishery established there would be profitable. I have known boats to be launched from the beach and catch 500 to 600 a day, weighing from 5lbs. to 20lbs. each. Pursenets for the fish factory do not appear to disturb them.

PURVES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

WEATHERSFIELD COVE, near Hartford, Conn., has long been a favorite fishing ground for net-fishermen, who have taken out bushels of bass and other fish. Last week some West Hartfort anglers caught William Frazier and Leander Taylor, of Cromwell, dragging the cove with a seine for bass and pickerel. Game Warden A. C. Collins, of Hartford, was called on, and the two netters were arrested and convicted before Justice Adams.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSION.—Since the publication of our list of Fish Commissioners last week, the Assistant Commissioner, Maj. T. B. Ferguson, has resigned, and the President has appointed Dr. J. H. Kidder, of Washington, D. C., to fill the vacancy. Dr. Kidder was a surgeon in the U. S. Navy, and resigned in 1884 in order to devote his time and services to the investigations of the Fish Commission. He bought land adjoining that of the Commission at Wood's Holl, Mass., and built a residence on it so that he might be near the laboratory and the hatchery. He was a warm friend of the late Commissioner, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, and is a man well fitted for the duties of Assistant Commissioner.

THE NATIONAL FISHERY ASSOCIATION will hold a meeting at the United States Hotel, New York city, on Wednesday, Nov. 16, at ten o'clock, A. M., to listen to reports, elect officers, and adopt such measures as shall be deemed expedient for proper representation of the fishery interests of the United States in all matters pertaining to National or State legislation, especially in regard to the legislation which must follow the present diplomatic action of the Government.

A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR BAIRD.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose a eulogy of Professor Spencer F. Baird, which appeared in the last issue of the *Deutsche Fischerei Verein Circular*, thinking that possibly you would be glad to introduce it into your columns so that the countless number of friends in this country of the distinguished man may know what is thought of him in other lands.—GEO. SHEPARD PAGE, Corresponding Member of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein.

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

A noble friend in a far-away land—a benefactor of the German Fishery Society—has passed away. We mourn at the grave of an earnest, unselfish scholar, who, through a long life, has devoted himself to the interchange between America and Europe of knowledge concerning natural history and natural philosophy, and who has been for years untiring in his efforts to stock Germany with the riches of American waters. Without the expectation of either praise or thanks, he was ever ready to answer questions or give advice. More than this, he always offered to the German Fishery Society that which, after his careful consideration, he thought would be of most benefit to Germany and would be most easily acclimatized. To him the fauna of our country's streams is indebted for the addition, since 1878, of not less than four of the noblest fish of the salmon family, which having become thoroughly acclimatized are now our assured property. These are the landlocked salmon, the rainbow trout, the brook trout and whitefish.

We are also indebted to him for the black bass and catfish highly valued in America, from which we are promised much benefit. No less than 10,000,000 eggs have been transported to Germany from the boundless treasures controlled by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries.

We have also to thank Mr. Spencer F. Baird for the participation by America in the International Exposition at Berlin in 1880. He was very urgent in advocating it and the result was a most magnificent completeness of the American department, and it was at once declared the most instructive and important exhibit of any country represented, so that the greatest award of His Majesty, the Emperor, was assigned to Professor Baird.

May America acknowledge the worth of this noble man, and ever honor his labors and him, who through a powerful initiative renewed the almost decimated fishculture, and who has distributed in the waters throughout the east and the west of that mighty land the fish which were natives of but single streams and lakes in limited localities, who even had steam vessels built for the purpose of using them as hatching houses, and to whom every attempt was welcome which had for its aim the acclimatization in America of European fish. That in this last respect we have been able to be of service to our never to be forgotton friend, affords us much gratification. Two species (*Karpfe* and *Forelle*) formerly unknown on the American continent, were brought there from Germany, and astonishing results followed. The carp (if such an expression may be permitted) has begun a new life there. As it in the shortest time increased to almost unknown quantities, the Americans immediately began discussing the best means of taking care of the newcomer, and a publication has been established devoted exclusively to the culture of carp in the various regions of the Union.

We learn with satisfaction that Prof. G. Brown Goode, for some years a co-worker with Prof. Baird, will fill the vacant place. May the loved scholar, whom many of us remember, worthily follow the footsteps of his predecessor. He will at all times find us ready to work with him in the same spirit of brotherhood which bound us to the deceased.

Spencer F. Baird was born at Reading, Pa., on the 8th of February, 1823. He was Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He died on the 18th of August, this year, at Wood's Holl. He will long continue to live in the hearts of his German as well as his American friends. *Ave cara anima.*

BERLIN, Oct. 13, 1887.

PROPAGATION OF CODFISH.

WE take the following from the Cape Ann (Mass.) *Breeze:*

The United States Fish Commission, which has done so much valuable service for the New England fishing interest, is about to establish a fish hatching station at this place, and the Commission will, it is said, ask the Lighthouse Board for permission to erect a suitable building on Ten Pound Island. The contemplated movement is meeting with much favor from the principal fishing owners and fishermen of other New England ports as well as here. They have brought the matter to the attention of Captain J. W. Collins of the Fish Commission schooner Grampus, whose opinion is asked on the subject, and the necessity of establishing such a station for the artificial propagation of food fishes, as the fishermen believe that much benefit will come from it in the near future.

A large number of our fishermen who depend solely on the inshore fishing, say that unless something is done to stock the waters by artificial means, the fish near the coast will become extinct. They believe that the propagation and distribution of salt water fish can be carried on as successfully as has been done with fresh water fish, which the United States Fish Commission have done so well with in stocking all the great lakes and rivers. In 1878 and '79 the Fish Commission had a station here, and the first experiment of hatching codfish was successfully accomplished. From the results of their labor one and a half millions of young fry were hatched and deposited in the harbor. At that time codfish were very scarce along the shores of the Gulf of Maine, especially off Cape Ann and in Ipswich Bay, and the prosecution of fishing in those waters was generally a failure, and fish enough could not be caught to supply the local markets of Essex county. Two years after the Commission had deposited the young cod in this vicinity the harbor was seen to swarm with small codfish from nine to eleven inches long. It was then thought by the fishermem that the appearance of these small fish in these waters was none other than the result of the labors of the Commission. The years of 1884 and '85 found the fish off Cape Ann and in Ipswich Bay abundantly. They had grown to fair proportions, and were caught in large quantities by the shore fishermen on trawls and in gill nets; while the codfish were never seen so plentiful off Cape Ann as during the winter and spring of 1886-7, and the fish were of a very large size.

Captain Lovel Hodgdon, one of the best known and most successful fishermen on the coast, says the largest hauls of codfish he ever saw taken were taken last spring, within five miles of Eastern Point. He took 60,000 pounds in two days' fishing. For a period of eight weeks the fishermen caught several million pounds.

David Tarr, of the large wholesale firm of James G. Tarr & Brother, says that the large school of codfish which has frequented the coast of late years is due to the earlier efforts of the Fish Commission, and if they will only establish a station here and keep on hatching codfish that the inshore waters will become very prolific, and the shore fishermen in winter will get all the fish necessary to supply the markets and make good paying voyages. Captain J. W. Collins, who has had much experience in this matter, and whose opinion in all matters appertaining to fishing is second to none, (as will be seen by the following letter which he recently received on his return from his summer exploration around the coast of Newfoundland, Gulf of St. Lawrence, etc.) believes that the artificial propagation of codfish can be successfully accomplished, and that it will be of great benefit to the fishermen.

Col. McDonald, who is in charge of propagation and distribution for the Commission, is very desirous of establishing a hatchery on Ten Pound Island to be used for the propagation of all kinds of sea fish. We can see no reason why this place should not be one of the principal stations in the United States for fish hatching, since it possesses facilities unsurpassed. Sea fish of all kinds for hatching purposes can be readily secured at the proper seasons of the year, when in spawning condition. The advantages which may accrue to our fisheries by the combined scientific and practical work of the U. S. Fish Commission have often been demonstrated, but perhaps never more forcibly than during the present year.

Captain Collins in the Grampus sailed from here early in the season for an exploration around Newfoundland and Labrador with a view to locate the whereabouts of the mackerel, and on his return was asked by many his opinion with regard to the prospects found. After giving his views he received the following letter which explains itself:

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 29, 1887.—*Capt. J. W. Collins:* Dear Sir—You may remember, about the first of this month we asked you if you could give any information about the prospect of mackerel in and about the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent waters. You said during your trip there in the schooner Grampus, from which you had just returned, you had observed very carefully all signs tending to show the presence of mackerel in any considerable quantity, and had not found any; and furthermore, you had kept a drag net out all the time you were sailing, and had found absolutely no food for mackerel, until upon your return trip you had got nearly home, on Brown's Bank, or this side of it, and there you found food in large quantities, which you considered to be a reasonably sure prospect, if mackerel were caught at all, they would be caught upon our own shores; which judgement has proved accurate and very valuable. On the 7th of September, a few days after our conversation with you, we received a dispatch from Capt. Cameron, of our schooner Gatherer, at Souris, P. E. I., asking for instruction how to proceed, saying the prospect looked to be fair there. Acting upon your opinion, we directed our captain to come home immediately. He started, and seven days later he caught 350 barrels of mackerel eight miles from Eastern Point, in Massachusetts Bay, and they were sold for $18 per barrel. The 130 barrels he had on board, caught in Bay St. Lawrence, were sold for $13.50 per barrel, and he had been ten weeks catching them. We think the researches and experiments of the U. S. Fish Commission have been of great value to us in many ways and to the country at large. The matter of hatching salt-water fish will eventually help very materially in reducing the cost of fish to the consumers. Permit us, in conclusion, to express our hearty sympathy with the work of the U. S. Fish Commission, and you in particular, as a representative of it, for your earnest and accurate work in this department. Yours truly, ROWE & JORDAN.

The large shore fleet which was engaged last spring in codfishing, and the great quantities of fish taken attracted much attention, for it was wondered by the most experienced fishermen how such a school of fish should be seen off Cape Ann. The following are a few of the many vessels and their daily catches, which are unparalleled in the history of the fishing on this coast: Schooner Abby A. Snow with 12 men in one day caught 44,000lbs., four miles off Eastern Point; schooner Rising Star, 10 men, 39,000lbs.; schooner Dixie, 8 men, 40,000lbs.; Breeze, 4 men, 20,000; Teddie, 3 men, 10,000lbs., and this increase was presumably all from the work of the Fish Commission. The result of such work as has been mentioned is doubly beneficial; not only is the producer benefited, but the consumer of fish is enabled to obtain a finer food at less expense than now, when vessels must go hundreds of miles from home ports to secure the finny treasures of the ocean.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., Nov. 6.—A new factor has been introduced into Washington county politics. Thursday night, while the Republicans were holding an outdoor political meeting in Clear Spring, a skunk, attracted from his mountain haunts by the startling assertions made by the orators, put in an appearance, and with little ado put an untimely end to the meeting.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 6 to 10.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. W. J. Hamley, Superintendent.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 15.—Robins Island Field Club's Annual Trials on the club grounds, Robins Island, New York.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

Dec. 12.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5492.**

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received this morning the delayed entry of an additional dog for the All-Aged Stake, which please add to your list, namely, Mr. L. B. Sugg's lemon and white setter Bun Roy (San Roy—Queen Bess), 2yrs. 7mos.—R. C. VAN HORN, Secretary and Treasurer.

ROBINS ISLAND FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The annual field trials will be held Nov. 15. The judges invited to serve are Judge C. E. Pratt, Mr. Jacob Pentz and Col. L. C. Bruce. There will be 2,000 new quail on the preserve by the 10th of this month and another thousand will be put out after the trials.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

FOLLOWING are the entries for the All-Aged Stake and Champion Stake of the American Field Trials Club trials next month. There are 41 setters and 9 pointers, a total of 60, distributed thus: Arkansas 2, Connecticut 1, Georgia 2, Kentucky 1, Maine 1, Manitoba 1, Mississippi 3, Missouri 1, Montana 1, New Jersey 10, New York 2, Ohio 8, Pennsylvania 2, Tennessee 17, Virginia 2, Wisconsin 6.

SETTERS.

JIM GLADSTONE (John Dress, Little Rock, Ark.), black, white and tan dog, March, 1885 (Paul Gladstone—Busy Bee).

MAY (James N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan bitch, May 2, 1886 (Gath's Mark—Dell).

RENA (Chas. F. Loudon, Cincinnati, O.), black and white bitch, Feb. 2, 1885 (Ben Hill—Joe W.).

NOBLE C. (Walter H. Drain, Clarksville, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, April 22, 1884 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

ROD GEM (L. A. Boli, Hamilton, O.), black, white and tan dog, Oct. 18, 1885 (Roderigo—Gem).

BREEZE GLADSTONE (Wm. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.), black, white and tan dog, June, 1885 (Gladstone—Sue).

EFFIE HILL (A. L. Malone, Palo Alto, Miss.), black, white and tan bitch, Dec. 26, 1885 (Prince B.—Donna).

ROCKS (W. W. Titus, Montpelier, Miss.), black, white and tan dog, June, 1882 (Lava Rock—Leddersdale).

DONA TELLO (Edward Hyde, Decatur, Ga.), orange and white dog, May, 1885 (Baden Baden—Grover's Daisy).

DAISEY F. (Dudley & Fisher, Nashville, Tenn.), lemon and white bitch, September, 1883 (Gleam—Dean).

DAD WILSON (J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky.), black, white and tan dog, Aug. 9, 1884 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

KEYSTONE (S. L. Boggs, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, June 27, 1885 (Gladstone—Sue).

TASSO (Jerry Cockrell, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan, October, 1883 (Startle—Nellie C.).

GAY GLADSTONE (B. P. Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss.), orange and white bitch, Dec. 26, 1884 (Gladstone—Florence).

MANDAN (R. B. Morgan, Akron, Ohio), blue belton dog, June, 1883 (Count Noser—Lola).

KING NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton and white dog, Aug. 28, 1883 (Count Noble—Rosalind).

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case, Jr.), blue belton and white dog, April 12, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

DIXIE BELTON (J. I. Chase, Jr.), black and white bitch, March 27, 1885 (Dick B.—Belle Belton).

KING'S DAN (J. I. Case, Jr.), blue belton dog, July 26, 1885 (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

BESSIE B. (Leredo Kennel, Racine, Wis.), blue belton bitch, July 25, 1885 (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

BOHEMIAN GIRL (Leredo Kennel), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

JUNO A. (Memphis and Avent Kennel, Memphis, Tenn.), black and white bitch, May 14, 1882 (Druid—Ruby).

CASSIO (Memphis and Avent Kennel), black, white and tan dog, April 28, 1885 (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

JEAN VAL JEAN (Memphis and Avent Kennel), black, white and tan dog, March 7, 1885 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

ALLIE JAMES (Memphis and Avent Kennel), lemon and white bitch, March 7, 1885 (Mingo—Twin Maud).

CHANCE (Memphis and Avent Kennel), black, white and tan dog, June 1, 1885 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

NAT GOODWIN (Memphis and Avent Kennel), black, white and tan dog, June 1, 1885 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

OLLIE S. (Memphis and Avent Kennel), black, white and tan bitch, March 7, 1885 (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

NELLIE CAMBRIDGE (Richard Dorman, Cincinnati, Ohio), black, white and tan bitch, June 18, 1885 (Ricket—Daisy Cambridge).

PRINCE (D. E. Rau, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.), black and white dog (Jeff—May).

CYCLONE (H. A. Renfroe, Cole City, Ga.), black, white and tan dog, Jan. 1, 1884 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

MAY M. (R. B. Morgan, deputy, Akron, O.), black, white and tan bitch (Duke—Fannie).

BUN ROY (L. B. Saggs, Memphis, Tenn.), liver and white dog, March 30, 1885 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

DUKE (A. S. Bishop, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog (Doncaster—Flirt).

GLOSTER (James L. Breese, Tuxedo Park), black, white and tan dog, July 24, 1884 (Dashing Rover—Trinket).

NORTIER (John W. Besserer, Helena, Mont.), no particulars given.

DAN (W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.), liver and white dog, Aug. 9, 1884 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

COUNT PARIS (C. W. Paris, Cincinnati, O.), liver and white dog, May 2, 1886 (Count Noble—Dido II.).

CAMBRIA (Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Manitoba) blue belton bitch (Cambridge—Pet Laverack).

JIM BLUDSOE (J. W. Renfroe, Atlanta, Ga.), dog, Dec. 3, 1883 (Baden Baden—Daisy Dot).

POINTERS.

SPOT (J. B. C. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo.), liver and white dog, 1883 (Drake—Fan).

JOE PAPE (John Dress, Little Rock, Ark.), black dog.

BEAU OF PORTLAND (H. F. Farnham, Portland, Me.), black, white and tan dog, Nov. 18, 1885 (Graphic—Zitta).

PAP SMIZER (Chas. Wheaton and Gustave Sander, Dayton, O.), liver and white dog, July 24, 1884 (Meteor—Diana).

DUKE OF HESSEN (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white dog, May 9, 1885 (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

GRAPHIC (Graphic Kennels, Netherlands, N. J.), liver and white dog, April 15, 1881 (Bonus Sancho—Fursdon Juno).

BRACKET (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog, Feb. 8, 1884 (Graphic—Leach's Bloomo).

LAD OF BOW (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—J. Price's Climax).

BEPPO III. (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog, May 26, 1884 (————Meally).

GRAPHIC III. (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog, Feb. 18, 1886 (Graphic—Leach's Bloomo).

MEALLY (Graphic Kennels), liver and white bitch, July 12, 1881 (Statter's Pat—J. Price's Climax).

REVEL III. (Graphic Kennels, Netherlands, N. J.), liver and white bitch, Feb. 2, 1883 (Graphic—Beryl).

LASS OF BOW (Graphic Kennels, Netherlands, N. J.), liver and white bitch, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—J. Price's Climax).

BLOOMO (Graphic Kennels, Netherlands, N. J.), liver and white bitch, August, 1881 (Bang II.—Weppel's Belle).

NICK OF NASO (C. J. Peshall, Jersey City, N. J.), liver and white dog, April 15, 1885 (Naso II.—Pettigo).

ROD (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), liver and white dog, 1884 (Meteor—Dell).

REX (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), liver and white dog, 1886 (Mainspring—Dell).

JOY OF PRINCE (J. A. Purcell, Hickory Grove, Va.), liver and white bitch, Aug. 23, 1885 (Purcell's Flockfinder—Ion).

CHAMPION STAKE.

GATH'S MARK (James N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan setter dog, May 23, 1884 (Gath—Gem).

RICHMOND (James E. Gill, Franklin, Pa.), liver and white pointer dog, July 27, 1883 (Vandevort's Don—Beulah).

RODERIGO (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Twin Maud).

C. W. PARIS, Sec. and Treas.
CINCINNATI, O.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

THE entries for the Indiana Kennel Club's first annual trials at Bicknel, Ind., Nov. 7, came too late for publication last week. The list is as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.

CHANGE (S. H. Socwell), black and white setter dog (Dashing Don—Daisey Starlight).

TOPSY W. (M. R. WILLIAMS), black, white and tan setter bitch (Sweep—Lady Pape).

LARK P. (Curtis Wright), black, white and tan setter dog (Glen—Topsey S.).

JIM BLAINE (Joseph Becker), orange and white setter dog (Don Nilson—Nellie B.).

POLLY II. (J. B. Stoddard), white and black ticked setter bitch (Josh Whitcomb—Polly).

BEN LANIER (Harry S. New) lemon and white pointer dog (Jo Bowers— ——).

KING DON (King Don Pointer Kennels), seal brown, white and ticked pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Vandevort's Luck).

GLADDES (P. Tindolph), black, white and tan setter bitch (Gladstone—Sanborn's Nellie).

PENDRAGON (S. H. Socwell), black, white and tan setter dog (Count Noble—Floy).

JACK W. (E. M. Usher), orange and white setter dog (Sargent—Eva).

THE DERBY.

ZETTA KING DON (J. B. Carnahan) lemon and white pointer bitch (King Don—Queen Faust).

GLENNIS (H. A. Comstock), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Grace Glencho).

QUEEN OF TENNESSEE (W. A. Evans), black, white and tan setter bitch (Gath's Hope—Freda).

CHERRYSTONE (Devonshire Kennels), liver and white pointer bitch (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone).

LOU ROY (Royal Robinson), liver and white setter bitch (San Roy—Nettle).

DAISY ROY (Royal Robinson), liver, white and tan setter bitch (San Roy—Nettle).

DASH (John A. Hunter), red Irish setter dog (Royal C.—Belle).

SHOT (Joseph Bicker), red and white cross-bred setter dog (—— —Nellie B.).

LINK (Geo. Sluthour), liver and white pointer dog (pedigree not given).

ROSE (Harry S. New), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho— ——).

A RACCOON HUNT.

THERE may be more invigorating and health-preserving sport than hunting the raccoon, but there certainly is nothing fraught with so much danger. Our party of five left Philadelphia last week bound for Peach Bottom, an isolated village on the banks of the Susquehanna, for a week's gunning. We had scarcely reached our destination and washed our hands at the Hotel de Bostick before the subject of coon hunting was broached, every one expressing themselves favorable to a trial. It was impossible to go that evening, so a date was fixed ts suit all parties and the matter dropped until it was time to start. How we occupied our time between the proposition and the date fixed is scarcely worthy of mention, suffice to say that not being experienced gunners, we traversed miles of hills and woodland without bagging much of the coveted game. Anyhow, the night arrived for the discomfiture of the coons. Upon the man arriving with three of the best foxhounds we have seen for some time, we prepared ourselves for the chase.

At about nine o'clock we started out, nine in the party. The night was intensely black and only for the useful lanterns which we had there would probably have been some trouble ere we had traversed 100yds., the roads being a little more rugged than our main thoroughfare of Philadelphia. After walking about a mile we were brought to a stand by the owner of the dogs calling a halt. In the quiet of the night he had heard the distinct howl of his favorite hound yelping as only foxhounds can when on a hot trail. After carefully listening we were informed that the dogs had treed a coon about half a mile away and nearly at the top of a mountain. The next question was how to reach them. The hill where we stood was certainly too steep, being nearly perpendicular, so walking a little distance we found a more inviting entry and made a start upon hands and knees, carrying our lanterns on our arm. We had not proceeded many steps before one of the party missed his footing and in less time than it takes to tell it, was precipitated to the bottom again. However, not being fatally injured he mad another attempt and finally caught up to the party, using language "not suitable for publication." With several scratches from briers, stabs from locust thorns, we finally reached the dogs at the bottom of a sycamore at least 60ft. high. There was no doubt as to the coon being here, as these dogs are never false. The youngest of the party then ascended the tree while the dogs at once stationed themselves at intervals a little below the tree waiting for their prey to be shaken down.

In some cases the tree is cut down, but not where it is accessible by a good ascensionist. When near the top the boy located the object of his search, and gave warning to the people below to be on their guard. He then reached the limb whereon Mr. Coon was reposing. With a couple of good shakes the animal made a leap downward, striking in his descent an old limb, which snapped off and caused quite a discomfiture among the dogs, for they followed the broken limb instead of the coon, and the coon gained a fair advantange in the run. The dogs trailed him for about a mile, finally driving him to earth at the foot of some rocks, in a dangerous place for the party to venture. In fact, had it been daylight instead of night, I would not have risked my neck for the best farm in the locality, and I can safely answer for the rest of our party. With the aid of pipes and cigars we endeavored to drive our friend from his earthly home with smoke, but he evidently was used to fumigation or had another exit, for our efforts were fruitless and the hole was abandoned.

After a tramp up hill and down dale for another hour, the dogs all this time working assiduously, we heard a word of warning from the oldest of the three to the effect that a second coon had been driven to a tree. The hill we climbed this time was even worse than the first, being thickly overgrown with laurels and locusts. However, we managed, after an unusual amount of exertion on the part of the fat man of the party, to land at the dogs, who were barking at an old dead tree with two butts, and both of them hollow. For some unlucky reason we started to smoke the most inviting trunk, thinking the coon must be there, but he evidently had escaped, much to the dissatisfaction of the dogs, who knew more about it than we did. In the attempt to smoke the tree the lieutenant of the party had set fire to it, and do all in our power we could not extinguish the flames. The hunt now looked as though it would terminate in a forest fire, the tree being surrounded by dead leaves and timber; but with the shrewdness of old foresters, our chaperone took charge of the situation and ordered a space cleared all around the tree, and then awaited developments. The sight in itself was grand, but the outlook was not so rosy, the idea of incendiarism striking us in our weak points. Luckily, however, we prevented further damage after two hours' hard work.

Some of the most nervous of the party wanted to give up the chase at this point, but the majority persuaded them to continue, so on we went. We had traveled now upward of ten miles, which would surely be equal to fifteen along good roads; but bent on killing a coon we proceeded. In the course of half an hour the captain heard the dogs and was informed by their tonguing that they had treed a possum. When half a mile away the owner of the dogs could tell by the tongue what they were after, coon, fox, possum or polecat; and could easily define whether it was holed or treed.

We ascended the hill and sure enough the possum was treed. To make sure of this fellow we had to shoot him, the tree being too small to climb. The gunshot struck his hindquarters and down he came; but no sooner had he done so than away he went like the wind, followed by the dogs who grabbed him before he had gone 30yds. and soon had him disemboweled. We descended the hill with much difficulty, our lieutenat coming down in a sitting posture, from the effects of which he is to-day eating his meals standing up.

The success we had attained in killing a possum seemed to appease our appetite for coon hunting, so we decided to return home along the Peach Bottom Railroad. We were now about three miles from the hotel at 2 o'clock in the morning with our lights burnt out. This state of affairs looked rather gloomy with three miles of narrow-gauge between us to tramp on, the Susquehanna on one side and deep precipices on the other. However, we concluded to start, and any one who has tramped on a narrow-gauge railroad at 2 o'clock in the morning can imagine our discomfiture and sympathize. We reached the hotel about 3 o'clock and were welcomed by the cook, who, always on the lookout to please, had prepared us some quail on toast. The remainder of our trip was spent gunning for birds with fair success. We could advise our readers to give this place a trial in a month's time for ducks, as they are very plentiful. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

PERFORMING WOLVES AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

THE directors of this popular pleasure resort have provided a good many rare shows for the amusement of the public, but nothing so perfectly strange and new has been produced as Mr. Rudesindo Roche's troupe of trained wolves. Performing dogs are plentiful enough, we have a troupe of eleven horses at the Avenue Theatre, we had Gougou and his learned pig at the circus last Christmas, elephants, too, and all kinds of wild animals have been trained to do tricks for public entertainment, but wolves are something quite new in this line. The afternoon performance that I attended at the Aquarium I learned afterward is not so complete as that gone through in the evening. When I arrived Mr. Roche was in the middle of his "show." A high railing is fixed round the Aquaria stage, and the cart containing the sixteen wolves, each in a separate compartment, is wheeled into this ring. The proprietor, attired in a military costume, directs his pupils by voice, and carries for his protection nothing but a couple of whips, one of the short riding description, and the other like an ordinary driving whip. The first impression the sight of these creatures makes upon a doggy man is their resemblance to a smooth gray collie with prick ears. They go through all the regular tricks of the ring—standing on chairs, leaping over hurdles, etc. I was rather struck with the surly manner in which they did everything—there was very little of that pleasure in their work that dogs exhibit so strongly. The whip has to be brought into play very frequently, but never unnecessarily. One can easily see that these savage brutes, however well trained, can hardly be called tamed. A snarl accompanies everything they do, and when rated they crouch like a beaten dog, curl up their lips, and snap viciously at the whip—and emit a very canine yelp when punished. They know perfectly well what they are told to do, but they have to be made to do it. Some of them are less ferocious; one or two are even friendly. I noticed also that when Mr. Roche praised these they wagged their tails with pleasure and "grinned" like collies. The effect is very uncanny as they trot round the inclosure, with light, stealthy, springy steps, and their shifty eyes watching the master, who gives his commands with sharp precision, and they obey the command with military quickness. Two of them mounted a table and then clambered up one on each of Mr. Roche's arms and balanced themselves there, at the same time licking his face; he then let them take meat out of his mouth. The last turn is putting his head into the mouth of one of them. When the performance is at an end the pack are kenneled one by one. In the cart are two rows of dens, one above the other, and eight in each; at a distance they look like lockers with the doors open. Each wolf, as he is called by name, springs into his compartment and the door is closed. The last, when summoned, took no notice of the order, but rolled about on his back just like a dog playing. When Mr. Roche prodded him with his foot and told him get up, the wolf made an angry snap at his master, who immediately stooped down, and grasping the vicious beast by the neck, picked it up, carried it across the stage and thrust it into its den. Mr. Roche afterward informed us that he had received a remonstrance from some well-meaning people about using the whip too freely, but taking the ferocious and treacherous nature of the creatures into consideration, we must admit we were surprised to see so little of it. A severe flick is required to make an impression, as their coat and hide are very thick. It requires extraordinary force of will to keep the lot in order when they are all loose on the stage. During the second representation at the Aquarium, the lot started fighting. Mr. Roche was not able to restore order until one of the animals got so terribly mauled that it expired shortly after, and their owner did not escape without several severe bites on his hands, but a few wounds more or less do not trouble him in the least, his arms, legs, body and face are covered with scars inflicted by his lupine friends.

Having asked the superintendent of the building, Mr. Lingley, for an introduction, I was astonished on being presented to Mr. Rudesindo Roche to find the great man of a stature much below the average height. He laughed when I remarked upon this to him, and said it was only the effect of his military "make up" which gave him on the stage the appearance of being a tall man. However, what he lacks in height Mr. Roche makes up in breadth and general massiveness. He speaks many languages and becomes very agreeably communicative when we struck common ground—dogs. "Why," he said, smiling, "it was through dogs that I became a public performer as a tamer of wild animals. I will tell you all about it. In the first place, I am a Spaniard, but I speak German well, from having been established some years in Hamburg as a wine merchant; that is really my business. I was always an animal lover, and in Hamburg I owned several big Ulmer dogs, what you call boarhounds, I think, and a few horses. I trained all of them, dogs and horses, to such perfection that I became the talk of the town. When, therefore, a well-known circus came to us, the lion tamer gave me a call and appeared struck with the control I had over my animals. I told him I could train any animal. He immediately offered to bet me £250 that he would name an animal I could not. I accepted the bet, and he named the wolf! I confess I felt astonished, and when I went to the Hamburg Zoo to have a look at the breed, I saw I had my work cut out to train these uneasy, restless beasts. Well, I started with five wolves, which I obtained from Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the animal dealer in Germany. He got them from Russia. They were about eighteen months old. Whether I won my bet? Certainly I did; in one year they knew as much as my dogs. I had done this for my private satisfaction, but you can imagine my tame wolves were talked about, and the next thing in my history is when the Hamburger *Weinhändler* makes his first public bow as a wild-animal trainer, dressed in a semi-military uniform, and surrounded by his wolves at the Reichshalle in Berlin. That was five years ago, and my contract with the management was £150 for fourteen days' engagement. Before I was allowed thus to make public exhibition of myself, I had been obliged to conquer strong domestic prejudices against the stage, and so forth. When the curtain went up, I felt nervous for the first time in my life—that was stage fright—but it soon wore off as the loud plaudits approved each part of the performance; the success was enormous. When the curtain fell I cried with delight. I remained in Berlin five months, and from then abandoned the wine trade for my new career. Since that I have appeared in Paris, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Vienna, etc. I also got together a regular circus of my own, and six trained stags that I then owned were greatly admired. In Russia an incendiary set fire to my circus, and all was burnt, vans, properties, horses, stags, wolves, everything!" "What did you do then?" I asked. He gave up the circus idea, and started off to Siberia and caught twenty-seven wild wolves, but six of them died *en route* from the bites they received in fighting with one another. Asked how long it took him to train a wild wolf, Mr. Roche replied he had taught four fresh arrivals to perform in public within twenty-nine days. I expressed my astonishment upon hearing this, and also my wonder that with his small physique he was able to control such savage brutes, who appear to be always on the alert for a chance of attacking him. "It is evident you don't do it by force," I said, with a smile. "Ah," replied Mr. Roche, "you are only half right. Look here," and he rolled up his sleeves, exhibiting to my astounded gaze the most magnificent arm I have ever seen on a man; even Jem Smith, the doughty champion of the prize-ring, could not show against this enormous mass of muscle.

"That is one of my secrets," said the tamer, enjoying the surprise I could not hide, "and now you will understand why I can so easily support a wolf weighing about 100lbs. on each arm outstretched. My strength is enormous; but you want to know my process—it is kindness backed by force. This is how I proceed with the raw material. I carry the wild beast in his box into an inclosure, and then knock the lid off. As he crawls out I face him with nothing in the shape of protection but gloves on my hands. The wolf, you know, is a crafty coward, and seldom commences an attack. If the beast when he sees me, walks away with his head down and looking furtively at me, I know at once he is good-tempered, that is, for a wolf; but if he stands crouching and curling his lips, I know I have got a job before me. But whichever they are it is necessary for my purpose that they should fly at me, in order that I may have the opportunity to show the wolf that I am his master. This is the first lesson and the key to all that follows. I endeavor to make a good impression at the start. Well, the wolf crouches for his spring; I stand waiting with my hands ready; as he jumps I catch him in the air by the throat, and thus holding him, clutched with a grip of iron, his jaw forced open by the muscular strain, I draw his face slowly to mine and bite his snout, and keep my teeth there till he whines, when I fling him away, and with angry words and scowl order him into his cage; the bewildered, baffled and beaten creature sneaks away like a whipped cur. After that the wolf is my humble, if uncertain servant. Though some of them once bitten are not twice shy, and require a second dose; the rest of the training is the same as with other wild animals. I never use the whip in training. Twice a year, of course, the wolf is subject to sexual disturbances, becomes savage and has to be 'bitten' again."

"Owing to their treacherous character," I said, "I presume you can place no reliance upon them, and so you are always more or less in danger during the performance?" "It is that which makes my show particularly acceptable to the public," replied Mr. Roche, smiling. "You are bitten sometimes, I suppose?" "Bitten, I should think so; look, here and here," pointing to long scars on his face and hands, "and all over my body." "Have the whole lot ever turned upon you during a performance?" "Yes, once; the management one evening informed me that the Emperor of Austria was coming, and having heard so much of His Majesty's prowess as a sportsman, I devised a special feature for him. The cage was wheeled into the iron-railed-in ring, and I walked into the ring covered with strips of raw meat, freshly cut, wound round my arms, flung over my shoulders and all about my body; at a signal the doors of the dens flew open, and the whole of the wolves leaped out, smelled the flesh, and not heeding my yells, flung themselves upon me. I fought desperately for a few moments and then swooned. The spectators were horror-struck. When my man saw me on the ground he rushed in and attacked the wolves. They immediately left my prostrate form and turned upon him. Just then I came round, and, struggling to my feet, went to my man's rescue. How ever we both got out I shall never realize. I fainted again outside, and was in bed many weeks before the scars, which were of a shocking nature, healed up. My man was also badly bitten. The Emperor, I must tell you, had me treated with the greatest kindness, and was much upset by the fearful sight he had witnessed."

After listening to this blood-curdling account, I did not jump at Mr. Roche's invitation to go and inspect the wolves behind the stage; still I went, as I wanted to see their mouths and the whips he uses. The latter are of the ordinary kind, there is no spike fixed to the end, as some people have supposed, when they saw Mr. Roche turn the butt to a wolf snapping at him; the animal then bites into the handle, and the tamer at once takes it by the throat. The whips are covered with the marks of their teeth. The trainer always wears gloves, because if bitten, the tooth enters clean into his flesh, the leather of the gloves cleaning off any dirt or foam. Their teeth, especially the long side fang teeth, are terrible to contemplate. I felt the thick dense mane of one of them, and have mentally congratulated myself that I had not lost my hand over it, was turning to quit the stage when Mr. Roche said, "Ah! but we have not seen my bear-dog yet. Bring him along," this to his servant, who dragged forth a large heavy animal of the German mastiff kind. It has a short red coat, a big unshapely head, and, as it is still growing, may make up in height to equal its bulk. Its owner has taken it into the ring several times, but the poor beast gets punished too much by the sly bites the wolfs give him. Mr. Roche tells us the wolves eat 120lbs. of horseflesh a day. He never feeds them himself, for the same reason, he said, that he does not like very young wolves to begin with; they get too friendly and familiar, and will not pay attention, and when spoken to angrily just fawn about his legs. Mr. Roche is now teaching his pupils to sing, and in saying this and good-bye he slyly mentioned that he did not think the vocal artistes at the Aquarium like it much, as the wolves have not the good manners to wait for the chorus.—*G. R. K. in the Stock-Keeper.*

THE RICH AND RARE AND SANDY JIM RACE.—Hutchinson, Kas., Nov. 22, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By request I send you particulars of the side-race which was to have been run on the grounds of the American Coursing Club the week following the coursing meet, between Dr. Q. Van Hummel's dog Rich and Rare and Mr. M. E. Allison's dog Sandy Jim. On Saturday, Oct. 22, Mr. Allison gave me $10 and told me to go to Dr. Van Hummel and arrange a match for $20 a side, between Rich and Rare and Mr. Allison's Terry, to be run the following Monday, Mr. H. C. Lowe to judge; best three out of five courses; stakes to be $50 if preferred. Dr. Van Hummel agreed to run Terry on Monday for $20. At my request, Mr. W. W. Carney (the owner of the ranch where the club grounds are situated) was given Mr. Allison's $10 and chosen to act as stakeholder; and

Mr. Allison deposited his additional $10 with Mr. Carney a moment later. When Dr. Van Hummel was approached during the afternoon for his $20, he stated that he had made a mistake; that he did not want to run Terry, because there was no glory in beating him; but that he would like to run Sandy Jim, the last year's champion. Dr. Van Hummel repeated this to Mr. Allison in my presence. Mr. Allison asked him what stakes he wanted to run for, and when he wanted to run. Dr. Van Hummel named $50, and any day the following week. Mr. Allison named Friday. Both gentleman agreed that $20 should be the forfeit. Dr. Van Hummel deposited $10 with Mr. Carney that afternoon, and said he would deposite the other $10 on the signing of the papers that night. At the signing of the papers Dr. Van Hummel stated that he understood the forfeit was to be $10. Mr. Carney refreshed his memory, and he made up the $20 forfeit and signed the papers. Mr. Lowe, at some personal inconvenience, stayed over to judge the race. On Friday Mr. Allison and Mr. Lowe were at Great Bend. I was not there, but am informed that Dr. Van Hummel put his dog into the wagon and made every apparent preparation for the race. Mr. Allison and Mr. Lowe remarked to him that if he did not mean to run he would save the judge and opponent a long ride and their livery bill by letting them know it. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Allison went on out to the grounds. Some time after they were gone Dr. Van Hummel sent word to their hotel that he would not run. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Allison expressed themselves as feeling such treatment shabby. Mr. Lowe had been at some trouble to stay over. I do not know what reason Dr. Van Hummel assigns for not running. I have no interest in that, as I simply state facts and this is my last reference to the matter. But I know that Mr. Allison told me that Sandy Jim was lame at the coursing meet; that he put the side race off till Friday to give him a chance to recover, and that he would run him Friday, lame or any other way. I do not think Sandy Jim was so lame on Friday but that he could have interested Rich and Rare. I am sorry the race was not run. I should have liked to see it. But we all agreed that we could never see it. That is the only reference I would draw from the above facts; and this quite closes my interest in the matter. Possibly sportsmen would like to know these facts and to know they are exact. —E. HOUGH.

A RAILROAD DOG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While reading Day's "Reminiscences of the Turf" I came accoss the following anecdote: "At Porchester station, between Cosham and Farnham, on the Southwestern Railway, there is a dog to be seen that is quite a character in its way. It is a Clumber spaniel, lemon and white. He gives notice of each stopping train, generally before, but always on the moment of its appearing in sight. On its approach he rises up from the mat where he is generally lying, and trots up and down the platform, wagging his tail and barking continuously. I saw him myself in July last, when long before I could see the train approaching, he commenced barking all along the platform, and ran down the steps to the yard below, and outside still giving tongue as though to warn the passengers of the arrival of the train. The most curious point is, as the stationmaster informed me, that the dog takes no notice of the express trains that do not stop at the station, nor of luggage trains, apparently holding them in contempt and allowing them to pass and repass without any warning. Moreover, he understands that he is not allowed to cross the line, and only very seldom defies the prohibition."—CLUMBER.

HORNELL SILK.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "C." in issue Nov. 3 makes a mistake, champion Hornell Silk is not the champion field spaniel, but he is the champion field trial spaniel of America by default. We challenged any brace in America to run against Silk and Daisy for any amount, on grouse and woodcock. After waiting a year to give all a chance, we claimed the championship.—J. OTIS FELLOWS, Secretary H. S. Club.

THE WINSTED SHOW premium list is ready. The prizes are $5 and $3 in all classes, with $3 and $2 for puppies where provided for. Pointers and setters will be judged by Dr. H. Clay Glover, all other classes by Mr. James Watson. The membership application of the club in the A. K. C. is pending. Secretary is Frank D. Hallett, Winsted, Conn. Entries will close Dec. 30.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bessie Bondhu. By Lake View Kennels, Boston, Mass., for white and orange English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1887, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Nellie Dale II. (Dash III.—Nellie Dale).

Lou Dale. By Ravenswood Kennels, Boston, Mass., for white and orange English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1887, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Nellie Dale II. (Dash III. —Nellie Dale).

Clip Wind'em and Chautauqua King. By F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., for blue belton and black and white and ticked English setter dogs, whelped May 5, 1887, by Knight of Snowden (Johnnie Faa—Swan) out of Lady Brighton (Prince Phœbus—Rosey).

Cumberland Kennels. By J. B. Chase, Portland, Me., for his kennels of English greyhounds, pointers and red Irish setters.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daisy Ranger—Spot Dash. J. W. Trantum's (Middletown, Conn.) pointer bitch Daisy Ranger (Ranger Croxteth—Fannie Faust) to Robt. Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy), Oct. 12.

Tinsel—Lucifer (as in præsenti). Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Tinsel (Bacchanal—Blemton Tansy) to their Lucifer (as in præsenti) (Splinter—Kohinoor), Oct. 26.

Village Belle—Lucifer. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Village Belle (Volo—Beauty) to their Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor), Oct. 15.

Blemton Gingerbread—Lucifer. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Gingerbread (Spice—Blemton Arrow) to their Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor), Oct. 11.

Lady Brighton—Teddie. F. M. Shelley's (Sheridan, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lady Brighton (Prince Phœbus—Rosey) to J. H. Leyman's Teddie ('Ted Llewellin—Marcella), Oct. 25.

Di Vernon—Dublin Scot. J. W. Lippincott's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Di Vernon (Robin Adair—Effie Dean) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Nov. 5.

Night Thorpe—Dublin Scot. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Night Thorpe (Nullamore—Gem) to their Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Oct. 21.

Trix—Desmond. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Trix (Elcho—Fire Fly) to their Desmond (Fresco—Grouse), Oct. 1.

Bonnie Know—Scotilla. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Can.) collie bitch Bonnie Know (Red Gauntlet—Bronda) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Nov. 1.

Helen—Dublin Scot. J. R. Bennett's (New York) collie bitch Helen (Strephon—Mavis) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), Oct. 16.

Luella—Scotilla. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Luella (Strephon—Mavis) to their Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Sept. 29.

Jude—Strephon. Mr. Johnstone's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jude to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry), Nov. 1.

Queen—Black Prince. Fred Smith's (Jersey City, N. J.) spaniel bitch Queen to A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap), Oct. 30.

Beauty—Black Prince. Henry Chapman's (Ridgewood, N. J.) spaniel bitch Beauty to A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap), Sept. 29.

Joan—Drake. F. H. D. Viette's (Ottawa, Can.) Clumber spaniel bitch Joan (Flash—Flirt) to Clumber Kennels' Drake (Ben—Joan), Oct. 30.

Heather Belle—Rutland. A. R. Kyle's (South Norwalk, Conn.) collie bitch Heather Belle to Rutland, Oct. 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pussie. Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Pussie (Ringwood—Beauty), Oct. 14, six (one dog), by A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010).

Princess Ida. Thos. W. Mill's (Montreal, Can.) bulldog bitch Princess Ida (Byron II.—Rhodora), Sept. 25, four (one dog), by his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671).

Media. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Media (Arius—Nancy Lee), Oct. 28, four (three dogs), by their Resolute (Result—Diadem).

Rachel. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Rachel (Result—Heatherbell), Oct. 10, four (one dog), by A. H. Clarke's Regent (Roysterer—Ransom).

Flora. Cumberland Kennels' (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Flora (Jeff—Fan), Oct. 23, five (three dogs), by Fred Thompson's Glen (Glenmark—Zanneta).

Madge.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Oct. 27 the date of the Dublin Scot—Madge litter should be Aug. 4, and not Aug. 14.—ROBT. MCEWEN (Byron, Can., Nov. 2).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Festive. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 29, 1886, by Bacchanal out of Blemton Arrow, by Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y.

Daze. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped June, 1882, by Deacon Pincher out of Diamond Dust, by Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y.

Seminole. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1886, by Bacchanal out of Safety, by Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to Col. L. Kip, New York.

Lady Alice. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped June 1, 1887, by Rex out of Betsy, by Robt. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., to Geo. H. Holthum, same place.

Lion III. Fawn, dark points, mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 8, 1886 (A.K.R. 4167), by Dr. Geo. B. Ayres, Omaha, Neb., to C. H. Babcock, Exeter, Neb.

Meg Merrilies. Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 12, 1880 (A.K.R. 2181), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to Isaac B. Chase, same place.

Maud Sarsfield. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 4, 1886, by Sarsfield out of Maud II., by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me. to Wm. P. Mills, Baltimore, Md.

Roderick of Roslyn. Sable rough-coated collie dog, whelped June 8, 1887, by Dublin Scot out of Flurry II., by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. R. Sears, Jr., Boston, Mass.

Lochgarry. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1886, by Strephon out of Jersey Lily, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. W. Lippincott, same place.

Patty. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Feb. 12, 1887 (A.K.R. 5230), by E. F. Woodcock, Lansing, Mich., to Geo. B. Martin, East Jordan, Mich.

Sandycroft Belle. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped April 9, 1887 (A.K.R. 4981), by Sandycroft Kennels, Milford, Del., to Geo. Grillivan, West Jefferson, O. Being refused by him, Belle was taken by Express Agent W. H. Tunis, Clayton, Del., to pay charges upon her.

Daisy Bright. Black, white and tan Llewellin setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1887, by Gun out of Lady Bright, by Thos. J. Coffey, Washington, D. C., to Frank Pitzer, same place.

Blanche Sensation. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 28, 1886 (A.K.R. 4046), by Frank Pitzer, Washington, D. C., to Wm. Gunsford, Roanoke City, Va.

Elcho, Jr.—Mollie Bawn whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 6, 1887, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. B. Blossom, New York.

The Moonstone—Media whelp. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 8, 1887, by Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y.

Regent Vox—Fret whelp. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped June 22, 1887, by Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to Dudley Winthrop, same place.

Prince (A.K.R. 1968)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelps. Dark red Irish setter bitches, whelped May 24, 1887, by H. A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., two to I. B. Chase, same place, and one to N. B. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.

Bacchanal—Village Belle whelps. White, black and tan fox-terriers, whelped March 3, 1887, by Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., a dog each to Paul Tuckerman, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., and H. V. R. Kennedy, Lawrence, L. I., and a bitch to Dr. H. S. Quin, Utica, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. E. B., Riverpoint.—What shall I do for my Newfoundland pup, 4½mos. old, very large for his age and quite fat, wants to have an emiction every minute and passes a great deal? Ans. Give the puppy a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre in a little water three times daily. Keep bowels in good shape.

D. M. P., Vicksburg.—A small terrier has been sick for a week or more. The dog shivers while asleep, frequently rests his head on his front paws and stands in that position, has a distressed look and is in pain, has fallen off in flesh considerably. Ans. Dog has catarrhal inflammation of bowels. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning and diet on milk. Give teaspoonful of brandy night and morning and a very little chopped raw meat mixed with the white of a raw egg.

J. R., Providence.—A setter bitch has had two kinds of worms for the past five months, one about 3in. long, the other ½in. She has a great appetite and is well fed three times a day, but is very thin. Ans. Give the bitch two tablespoonsful of castor oil. After four hours give 30grs. of powdered areca nut made into a large pill or bolus with lard. Diet the bitch for twenty-four hours before and after treating, giving nothing but milk. A purge of oil may follow four or six hours after the areca nut.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

OUR RIFLE AND TRAP COPY was stolen this week by some thief at the present moment unknown; and the indulgence of readers of this department is asked.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Nov. 5.—The scores in detail of the members of the Leominster Rifle Club in the Bullard rifle match No. 4 are as follows:

George F Trevear	7	9	7	10	7	8	7	7	10	8—80
	10	9	7	8	8	9	10	3	8	5—76
	9	8	7	7	9	9	9	8	8	8—82
	9	7	8	7	9	10	9	9	8	8—84
	9	7	8	8	10	7	8	4	10	7—77—399
E M Rockwell	6	6	7	10	7	8	9	9	7	4—71
	8	5	10	9	7	6	8	9	10	7—79
	10	9	9	8	8	7	8	6	6	9—80
	9	10	7	10	9	7	7	9	9	7—83
	9	8	7	7	6	6	10	7	10	7—77—390
F A Whitney	7	7	5	7	5	5	8	5	9	5—63
	8	5	6	7	6	9	8	6	9	8—71
	7	6	9	9	6	10	10	8	8	8—81
	7	9	9	9	7	10	6	7	8	10—82
	7	8	9	8	9	8	8	6	10	6—78—376
G W Foster	7	9	8	5	9	7	7	6	10	9—77
	6	7	9	9	7	9	10	6	6	8—77
	9	8	5	9	10	8	4	6	6	10—75
	9	5	8	8	10	9	6	5	7	6—73
	8	8	6	9	6	9	8	5	9	9—73—375
C A Jodin	8	10	9	7	6	8	4	5	7	5—69
	4	6	7	6	8	6	8	6	9	10—70
	8	5	6	9	8	3	8	10	5	7—69
	8	8	10	6	10	6	5	8	8	9—78
	6	4	7	9	9	8	7	6	9	6—71—357

THE REVOLVER RECORD.—The Boston *Herald* of Nov. 3 reports: Mr. F. E. Bennett, a member of the National Lancers, broke the pistol record of 100 shots at Walnut Hill yesterday, making a score of 857 points. A Smith & Wesson army revolver, .44cal., with factory ammunition, was used. Lastspring Chevalier Paine made, at Walnut Hill, what was supposed to be a record impossible to surpass, but the record of yesterday's work by Mr. Bennett beats it badly. The conditions of yesterday's shooting were identical with those under which Paine established his best record, viz.: 100 shots, standard American target, 50yds. Chevalier Paine's total was 841 points, which included 70 bullseyes. Mr. Bennett's aggregate was 857 points, in which were 77 bullseyes. The result of the match gives the best revolver record on the target by 16 points to Mr. Bennett. The last string of 10 shots was all bullseyes.

The conditions for shooting were unfavorable, a high, gusty wind blowing from 6 o'clock. The exhibition was conducted under the supervision of Mr. A. C. Gould, of the *Rifle*, and the scoring was performed by the official scorer of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The detailed scores are appended:

1	7	8	10	10	9	7	10	7	9	10—87
2	8	9	8	9	7	10	8	6	9	9—83
3	6	10	9	8	10	10	9	8	10	6—87
4	8	9	10	6	6	10	7	10	8	8—85
5	7	9	8	8	9	5	6	9	10	7—78
6	9	10	8	7	10	10	8	10	6	9—87
7	10	9	9	8	10	10	10	7	7	9—89
8	10	9	9	7	9	9	7	10	8	7—89
9	9	10	7	9	10	7	8	9	7	10—86
10	10	8	9	10	8	8	10	9	9	9—90—857

OWENSVILLE, Ind.—The Owensville Rifle Team organized Oct. 20, 1887, under the name of the Owensville Ballard Rifle Team and is composed of ten members, they adopted the National rules and had their first weekly shoot for gold and leather medals Oct. 25, divided into two teams, 200yds., standard target:

Capt. Sumners's Team.										
Sumners	5	6	5	9	8	5	6	4	6	7—61
J Daugherty	6	6	5	4	5	4	3	8	4	10—55
W Roberts	3	2	4	5	6	6	4	7	9	3—49
G Wotter	6	4	4	8	8	10	7	7	6	4—62
J Stone	3	7	9	6	10	2	3	2	4	6—44—271
Capt. Montgomery's Team.										
Montgomery	3	6	9	9	5	4	5	8	9	6—64
McDaughterty	5	3	3	2	5	5	6	4	7	4—44
W Gentry	3	4	3	4	9	3	6	5	5	5—47
R Speck	6	8	2	8	2	2	4	5	2	7—46
H Mauck	6	6	6	8	6	6	4	5	9	4—60—261

Montgomery having the highest individual score wears the gold medal. In the shoot-off between Stone and Daugherty for leather medal Daugherty won.—J. M., Sec'y.

OUR OWN RIFLE CLUB.—Newark, N. J., Nov. 3.—The score shows a decided improvement over former shoots:

Snellen	115	F A Freiensehner	113
Fred Freiensehner	107	John Bayer	109
Chas Weeks	108	O A Kiefer	105
Willms	101	Miller	104
Knothe	103	J M Kiefer	103
Hunziger	101	Drexler	101
Bertram	100	Bander	100
Condit	108	Gutman	95
Kroeplin	94	Klem	93

Total 1,850, average 103⅛.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A WINTER SCHOOL OF YACHTING.

THE fifth and last regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at the club house on Nov. 8, with Com. Canfield in the chair. After some routine business and reports of committees, a motion of thanks to the Atlantic Y. C. for their offer of the use of the A. Y. C. landings at Whitestone and Bay Ridge was passed, also a vote of thanks to Vice-Com. Center for valuable contributions to the model and library collection. The proposal of Gen. Paine as an honorary member, made by Com. Canfield and seconded by Vice-Com. Center, was carried unanimously. A motion was made and carried to increase the annual dues of the club to $25 and the entrance fee to $50, to take effect after this year. Members joining the club during the remainder of the present year will pay the present entrance fee of $25.

From the following programme of winter work it seems that the interest in yachting which rose to such a height during the summer will not be permitted to die out as soon as the fleet is laid up, but that for the first time a strong and systematic effort will be made to render the winter season as profitable to yachtsmen as the summer is pleasant. Some of the clubs in times past have held regular winter meetings for study and discussion, the lectures delivered some years since before the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. by Mr. A. Cary Smith will be remembered as a very important step toward that improvement in design which of late has borne such good fruits, but the present undertaking of the club is far more thorough and systematic than anything before attempted by an American yacht club.

The general plan of operations laid down by the club was given in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time of the establishment of the club house last spring. Since that time the various committees have been industriously at work, with the result that the club has now a very suitable and convenient shore headquarters at its house at No. 7 East Thirty-second street, New York. The main parlor and meeting room is handsomely furnished in oak, while back of it is the library. Down stairs is a billiard room and a large and well fitted kitchen, which will be put into practical use during the winter. The upper part of the building is leased in apartments for gentlemen, chiefly members of the club. The library is furnished with the leading periodicals and newspapers, and the standard works on nautical matters, while a full set of coast survey charts will be kept corrected to date. The present library is but a beginning, but it is designed to include the standard works on all branches of nautical subjects, and to keep it fully up to the times, making a valuable reference library for yachtsmen. All charts of the Coast Survey and Weather Bureau will be on file. The club's collection of drawings of prize-winning yachts, including many leading yachts, is also under the inspection of members of the club, under suitable restrictions. The model collection thus far includes carefully made models of Mischief, Clara, Cinderella, Shadow, Intrepid, Grayling, Bedouin and Fanny, while others are now being made. The lines in every case have been fully verified before the model has been made, and every care has been employed to secure accurate reproductions in miniature of the boats. Two very handsome models have been presented to the club, one a full working model of a cruising schooner designed by Vice-Commodore Center, the other a finely made model of a rowing shell; both the handiwork of Mr. Gustave Grahn.

Another collection has been started that promises to be of the greatest practical value. Already the club has secured samples of the best American and English canvas, wire and manilla rope; and the collection will be increased so as to cover all materials and appliances used in yacht building; blocks, ironwork, brasswork, pumps, and similar fittings.

The cosy and cheerful rooms are every night well filled with yachtsmen, and if it went no further, the mere intercourse and informal discussion would serve to promote a spirit of sociability among the members; but the scheme proposes to do far more toward their instruction and entertainment during the winter.

In accordance with the plan first announced, the following course of lectures has been arranged:

Nov. 19—Hydrography; history; theory and methods of chart making.

Dec. 10—History and general theory of navigation.

Jan. 7—Practical navigation by dead reckoning.

Jan. 23—Mariner's compass; history; theory; variations, deviations, forms and correction.

Feb. 10—Chronometers; history; construction; regulation; care and use.

March 18—Aids to navigation; lights; buoys; fog signals, etc.

April 1—Tides and ocean currents.

April 22—Harbors; tidal action and flow, as illustrated by New York Bay.

All these subjects will be treated by officers of the United States navy and other well-known experts. Due notice of each lecture will be given.

A glance at the list shows the scope and importance of the subjects treated of, all of which are of prime interest to yachtsmen. There are comparatively few who are able to devote much time to study, the demands of business, society, and even of their boats engross much time, and few have the opportunities for special

study in any of the many deep and intricate branches which concern design and navigation. The object of the present course is to offer information in a compact form by means of lectures by experts in the various departments, giving such an intelligent and comprehensive review of each subject as may serve as an introduction and guide, as well as an inducement to the hearer of further study.

Besides the lectures practical instruction will be given as provided by the Society for the First Aid to the Injured, in the treatment of ordinary accidents; while the kitchen will be brought into play for practical lessons in cookery.

During the season a lecture, illustrated by the polyopticon, will be given upon the best methods of amateur photography.

An effort will be made to form a class for instruction in navigation, under Captain Howard Patterson, of the School of Navigation, with examinations for master's certificate; also a class for instruction in rigging and splicing, and one for practice in the use of hand signal flags, as employed in the Navy.

It is less than a year since the plan of a town club house was first proposed, and although an enormous amount of work was involved in the practical carrying out of the scheme, enough has been done thus far to make sure the ultimate success of the project. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. now offers to Corinthian yachtsmen every opportunity for study and improvement during the season when yachting is practically dead. In this club, however, the cessation of work in one direction is only the signal for new and no less beneficial exertions in another field, and the work of the winter is apt to bear good fruit in the summer's racing. The number of men who feel a deep and earnest interest in yachting and sailing and the studies connected with them, was never as large as now, and the club cannot fail to reap a full return for its liberal and progressive policy in an increased membership and a marked improvement in the standard of practical efficiency.

EARLY CENTERBOARD BOATS.

THE following extracts from an old publication, the *European Magazine*, are given by Mr. Herbert B. Powell in a letter to the *Field*, and throw additional light on the early application of the centerboard:

"A paragraph having appeared in the public papers that sliding keels are a new invention equal in importance to the discovery of the compass, I must beg leave to say that this assertion is not true, for sliding keels never can or ought to be fixed to ships of any sort, especially ships of war, which are hardly strong enough at present to bear the immense weight of metal, much less to be made weaker in the most essential part of them; nor would it be safe to have three large apertures lengthways in the keel of a ship, which, besides weakening, must hurt her stowage. If the discovery of sliding keels is great, the public are indebted for it to the Indians of South America, whose Balzas (see them described in 'Ulloa's Voyage,' Vol. I, page 181) have these sliding keels; and from them the idea has been taken, which has been very ingeniously improved upon."

Here follows a letter to Mr. Sewell, who appears to have been editor of the *European Magazine*, from Lieut. Malborn, R. N., dated June 20, 1792, in which the writer concludes:

"The slightest inspection will convince any one that the latter objection has no weight; and let facts speak for the former. The cutter built by the Admiralty, after eighteen months' constant cruising in the Channel, was found, on a minute inspection in Woolwich Dockyard, to be perfectly free from any appearance of defects that could possibly arise from her being weakened or strained by the sliding keels."

The next article refers to the sea-going qualities of the Trial cutter, refered to above, and is written by one who took a trip in her especially to observe the working of her sliding keels, called here "Capt. Schank's Sliding Keels." They weighed anchor at 5 P. M., July 3, 1791, off Gravesend, and crossed the "Spaniard," which sand they touched, but passed over "so easily that people only felt an unusual motion," the keel rising about 14in.

"This vessel, call the Trial cutter, built as far under the direction of Capt. Schank as our establishment will permit, is of the following dimensions:

Length..... ...65ft.	Burthen... .....121 tons
Breadth.....21ft. 4in.	Draft ready for sea.... 6ft. 6in.
Depth (moulded)....20ft. 11in. (?)	Centerboard below keel 7ft.
Depth (in hold)..... 7ft. 2in.	Draft extreme..... 13ft. 6in.

Pierced for twelve guns, mounts eight carriages and four swivels. Her keel a bad piece of timber.

"These sliding keels, as they are at present called, may with nearly the same propriety be called rudders, gaffs, booms, or any other term. They are composed of two planks 14ft. long, 3ft. broad for the fore and aft, another of the same length, 6ft. broad, for midships, which slide by means of a winch through the decks, and a mortice through the keel to the depth of 7ft. below the real keel at pleasure; thus they act as leeboards. * * * The room taken up by them and their wells, not more than 6in., before and aft the mast, is less than the mast and its step by 4in., consequently can be reckoned in no other light than a useful parting of cabins as well as stanchions to the deck, and are found useful in navigating; and the helm is so easily managed, that the strength of a child is sufficient when the keels are used, while that of a man with a tiller rope is scarce sufficient without them; and, as I was informed by the lieutenant (Malborn) and master, she could be steered, as was frequently done, by the keels only, and, in case of the loss of the rudder, could be navigated to any port by means of this invention. She draws 6ft. light, and 6ft. 6in. when all her guns and stores are in; other vessels of her burthen draw 13ft. This new invention, when down, extends 7ft. below her real keel, by which she keeps the wind better than any other vessel in the service; can carry as much press of sail as any vessel, and is capable of sowing more than any sharp-built vessel, etc."

In a previous issue of the same magazine is a letter to the Earl of Ailesbury, dated March 7, 1791, from one James Wright, in which Capt. Schank, after having a most flattering allusion made to the "buddings of his fine genius," is mentioned as having had

"Command of all His Majesty's ships of war on the great lakes [in America], which, in fact, are little seas. * * * It was there the invention of sliding keels for boats originated, and which answered beyond expectation, and greatly facilitated our success in different parts of the Continent. His great ingenuity in this difficult art has procured him the warmest patronage and friendship of the Duke of Northumberland, who was an eye witness in America to the great utility of sliding keels. * * * Two vessels were ordered by the Navy Board to be fitted out, each of 13 tons, and similar in dimensions, ballast and sails—one on the old construction, the other flat-bottomed, with sliding keels. Sir Charles Middleton, of the Commissioners of the Navy, and the surveyor attended; and, although the vessel had lee-boards, a greater quantity of ballast and two Thames pilots aboard (which was all unfair), yet Capt. Schank's vessel with three sliding keels beat the other vessel, to the astonishment of all present, one-half of the whole distance sailed, and no doubt she would have beat her much more had she been furnished with a Thames pilot; the currents of that river not being known at all to any of his sailors was a great detriment to the vessel's sailing."

It was after this trial that it was decided to build the cutter Trial, of 120 tons burden, the "command of which was given to Lieut. Malborn, a pupil of Capt. Schank. She proved a great success.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sir William Petty, *circa* A.D., 1667, according to Evelyn's and Pepys's diaries, invented the centerboard. He also built the double-hulled Experiment, which "sayled 2ft. for 1 of any of His Majestye's shippes," and after a short but brilliantly victorious career was lost with all hands in a storm which wrecked hundreds of vessels in the Bay of Biscay. FLYING PONTOON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 4.

OPEN BOATS ON THE DELAWARE.—All along the Delaware from Trenton to Chester the old-fashioned catboat and sloop, sailed with five ballast to windward, are found in plenty, and many of the boats are very fast, with local reputations. This spring a new boat, the Coronet, was built for Mr. Dolan, of Torresdale, Pa., from a design by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and during the season she has done very well with the boats of local build. She has sailed against the winner of the regatta of July 4, beating her 37m. in a light breeze, and later in a strong wind she beat her 6m. in a three-mile beat to windward, when the wind fell and the race was called. This is a good record, especially when it is considered that the boats in any locality are usually the outcome of a long course of racing and specially adapted to the prevailing conditions.

NO CHALLENGE FROM NOVA SCOTIA.—A Halifax yachtsman, a member of the R. N. S. Yacht Squadron, writes as follows concerning the new deed of gift: "If the extracts published in some of the daily papers give all the important particulars of the new deed of gift, I fear it may be some time before there is another contest for the America's Cup. It seems there are no restrictions on beam or sail spread, and no time allowance; boats must be 90ft. and with enormous sail plans. This seems to be retrograding."

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Twentieth weekly cruise, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles. Wind very light at start, afterward fresh southwest. The start was made at 9 A. M. and the wind sprang up at 10:20 so that fully one hour was lost in drifting about before the real sailing commenced. The Flying Eagle started about 10:20 and sailded the course in about 1h. 10m. Owing to errors made by the time keeper the times made by the Playford and Lulu are estimated from their relative position at the finish, and may not be absolutely correct.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Bowers, tuckup, DeHaven	11 18 13	2 10 33
Igidious, tuckup, Wm. Rochell	11 15 54	2 17 44
Gracie, skiff, E. A. Leopold	11 27 15	2 18 12
Priscilla, tuckup, E. Stanley	11 18 19	2 18 56
Josephine, tuckup, E. Sowers	11 21 00	2 20 25
E. C. Potts, tuckup, Parker Bros	11 23 52	2 22 12
Playford, tuckup, Grisdale Bros	11 24 01	2 22 21
Princess, canoe, C. Wainwright	11 29 55	2 22 38
Lulu, tuckup, J. Frith	11 24 20	2 24 09
H. C. Scott, tuckup, W. Carnathan	11 27 45	2 26 45
Flying Eagle, tuckup, J. Berndt	11 30 29	2 30 29

Bowers winner champion flag. A protest was filed against Josephine for paddling over the line at the start, and also against H. C. Scott for sculling with the rudder. Judge, Thomas Rochell.

Oct. 30.—Twenty-second and last regatta of the season, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles, weather clear and cold, wind fresh northerly. The start was made at 9 A. M. The boats were all tuckups:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
Priscilla	15.03	10 13 10	1 13 47
G. W. Bowers	15.04	10 18 16	1 16 35
H. C. Scott	14.11	10 18 50	1 17 50
Josephine	15.05	10 18 52	1 18 15
Igidious	15.05	10 16 40	1 18 30
Lulu	14.10	10 20 56	1 20 45

Priscilla wins champion pennant for the fourth time. At the close of this race the record for the season stood as follows: Priscilla winner 4 times, Flying Eagle 4, Cocktail 4, Josephine 3, Gracie 3, Igidious 2, Bowers 1, Little Tycoon 1. The tie for first place was sailed off in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. At this time the wind had increased to a whole sail breeze, some of the smaller boats who accompanied the racers preferring to take in a reef. The usual course of 5 miles was sailed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Priscilla, L. G. Palmer	3 05 00	1 05 00	1 05 37
Flying Eagle, Geo. Ritter	3 10 40	1 10 40	1 10 40
Cocktail, Paul Brandt	3 12 15	1 12 15	1 11 15

The Priscilla wins the championship for the season of 1887. The time made in sailing off the tie was the best ever made over this course. The Priscilla had a lead of nearly half a mile at the finish. She carried a mainsail of 191ft., and had a crew of three men including the captain. She was built this season by Wignall of Philadelphia, and is undoubtedly the fastest boat in the club. The Flying Eagle has 162ft. of canvas and carried four men. The Cocktail carried 165ft. of sail and three men. The Priscilla won nearly all of her lead by close pointing in three long reaches to the buoy at Indian Creek, the other boats making about a dozen tacks each. She increased her lead slightly in the run home by virtue of her large sail and small crew. Judges, Thomas Rochell and William Alcorn.

The following summary of some of the leading features of our boats and racing this season may interest some of your readers. The Montgomery Sailing Club was organized last March with about a dozen members on the roll. There are at present forty-four active members in the club, and it is proposed to raise the initiation fee very materially as a means of checking its rapid growth. The boats range from 12 to 16ft. in length, and race in one class under an allowance based on the cubical contents of each hull. The fleet originally consisted of tuckups and duckers of about 15ft. length, and one open canoe or skiff 12ft. long. Shortly after the organization of the club, the owner of the hiker Mayflower applied for admittance to the club. A majority of the members were opposed to the admission of such a craft, and a rule was adopted limiting the size of mainsail of any boat to 180ft. The Mayflower is a 15ft. boat and carried 40yds. (240ft.) of sail. When reefed down to 190ft., the 12ft. skiff, Gracie, beat her over the course without time allowance. Mr. Adams, the owner of the Mayflower, then ordered a 16ft. hiker of one of the most skillful builders in Philadelphia. The new boat carried a sail of 50yds. (300ft.) and is named the Pennsylvania. After repeated requests by her owner, the boat was entered on the club list and given an arbitrary handicap of 12 minutes for a course of 5 miles. The owner accepted the handicap and competed in a number of races, withdrawing in all excepting two, in which cases he was placed last. The record of the club boats for the 22 races sailed this season is as follows. The boats are allowed points in accordance with their position in each race, the last boat being allowed one point, next to last two points, etc., the winner being allowed as many points as there were boats in the race. The record is based on corrected time, not actual time.

	Length.	Cu. Ft.	Sail Area.	Races.	Points.	Average.
Cocktail	14.09	46	165	8	50	6.25
Priscilla	15.03	45	191	14	86	6.14
Flying Eagle	15.04	51	162	15	86	5.73
G. W. Bowers	15.04	43	6	32	5.33
Gracie	12.00	20	85	19	100	5.26
E. C. Potts	14.11	43	164	15	71	4.73
Josephine	15.05	48	161	14	64	4.57
Igidious	15.05	51	191	19	83	4.36
Playford	15.02	43	2	8	4.00
Lulu	14.10	50	174	11	36	3.27
Ino	15.02	38	110	12	38	3.16
Princess	15.00	24	85	2	6	3.00
Elsie	14.10	38	110	11	30	2.72
Little Tycoon	16.00	54	177	7	19	2.71
H. C. Scott	14.11	46	172	9	22	2.44
Pennsylvania	16.00	500	2	2	1.00

The column of cubic feet refers to the size of the boat and is obtained by the following formula $\left(\frac{G}{4}\right)^2 \times \frac{L}{2}$ = cubical contents of hull. G is the girth of boat at point of greatest beam, and L the length. Centerboards are raised or removed when the girth measurement is taken. The Gracie is heavily handicapped in girth measurement, as she has high sides with wooden blocks fastened outside of gunwales, for rowlocks, and a 4in. keel, around which the measuring string was drawn. Her girth is recorded as 7ft. 4in., while that of the Princess, a boat of the same depth and 2in. more beam is 7ft. 2in. The allowances for a five mile course are as follows: Little Tycoon allows Igidious and Flying Eagle 33s., Lulu 44s., Josephine 1m. 8s., Cocktail and H. C. Scott 1m. 33s., Priscilla 1m. 46s., E. C. Potts, G. W. Bowers and F. & W. Playford 2m. 13s., Ino and Elsie 3m. 25s., Princess 7m. 50s., Gracie 9m. 36s. Priscilla and Igidious are handicapped 1m. 50s. for excess of sail area.—E. A. LEOPOLD, Com. M. S. C.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. A. Cary Smith will begin at once a design for a singlesticker for the second class for a member of the New York and Seawanhaka clubs. She will be a racer, of light construction, and the wooden hull will be built by Poillon, at Gowanus. The dimensions and details of the design are not yet fully decided upon.... Mr. E. L. Williams, the designer and builder of Pilgrim and Pride Karl, has completed a design for a centerboard-keel boat for a Boston gentleman. She will be 36ft. l. w. l., 14ft. beam at deck, 12ft. 3in. beam at l. w. l., 5ft. 9in. in extreme draft at sternpost. She will carry 7½ tons of lead on keel.... The new Burgess schooner, which the Lawleys will build, is for Mr. Herman Oelrichs, of New York.... Besides the steel yacht from Mr. Watson's design for Hamilton, Ont., there will be added to the local fleet a Burgess boat about 38ft. l. w. l.; one from a design by C. P. Kunhardt, and a cutter from a design by Mr. C. P. Clayton, of Southampton, Eng. This last boat will be 60ft. over all, 42ft. l. w. l., 13ft. beam, 9ft. draft, with 15 tons of lead on keel.

STUART'S OIL AND GREASE EXTRACTOR.—The steam yacht Stranger, Mr. Geo. S. Scott, now refitting for a Southern voyage, is using successfully the new oil and grease extractor invented by Mr. Sinclair Stuart, and fitted to the Cunard and other large steamers. By this device the oil, grease and grit are extracted from the exhaust steam before it is returned to the condenser, pumps or boiler, preventing the injury to them which follows the presence of oil and grease. This is the first application of the device to yachts, though it is of no less value than in merchant vessels.

YACHT MEASUREMENT ABROAD.—At the meeting of the Council of the Y. R. A. on Oct. 25, Mr. W. G. Jameson made a motion that length on loadline be struck out of the measurement rule, making it a pure sail area rule, which motion was seconded by Capt. Percy Hewitt. The weight of opinion in the discussion that followed was against any alteration of the present rule, made last December for 7 years. A letter was read from Mr. Watson protesting against the efforts to change the rule, and also against the sail area rule itself. A vote was taken, only Mr. Jameson voting in favor of the changes. By a unanimous vote the B and C classes were abandoned.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1886-87.

Commodore: R. J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: WM. M. CARTER, Trenton, N. J.

OFFICERS-ELECT 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..Henry Stanton...R. W. Bailey.....E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div..L. Q. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney....W. B. Davison, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen, W. G. McKendrick. S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While the objections of "Rank and File" in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM are all right in principle, he takes an extreme view of the case and one that can never arise in practice. The idea of the amendment, as I understand it, is that the executive committee shall have the benefit of the advice and counsel of some of the oldest, ablest and best members of the A.C.A.; men who have been chosen to fill the highest office in the Association. The number of commodores is small and increases only by one each year, the full number thus far being seven, including the commodore who retires at the coming meeting. Of these seven one is present by right, while only one or perhaps two others are at all likely to be present. In practice it means this year that one ex-commodore, who will be in Albany, will be admitted to the meeting. Next year one or two may be present whose voice and counsel might aid the executive committee, composed in part of new men. As the commodores are chosen from all localities there is little danger of any concerted action against the will of the majority, and as very few are likely to avail themselves of the privilege if offered there does not appear to be any great danger of such a result as "Rank and File" anticipates. C. P.

THE LOCATION OF THE NEXT MEET.

THE question of the location of the meet, always a difficult one, is made still more complicated this year by the action of the Eastern canoeists in declining to accept the Commodorship and consequently the management of the meet, which went to them this year by right. It was expected that with a meet in the Eastern Division, the site would be on salt water about Long Island Sound, as the Eastern men had favored such a meet, but at the last moment their decision not to accept the Commodorship made it necessary to elect a Commodore without regard to the plan of rotation, which it was intended should be a permanent feature of the division scheme. The election of Vice-Com. Gibson to the office of Commodore was a very wise act, considering his long experience in A. C. A work, and the necessity of having an able and experienced man in the position at this time; but it carried with it the necessity of holding the meet somewhere within reach of the Commodore, as he must personally look after most of the arrangements. It has been informally proposed to hold the next meet at Lake George, and many who have been there before are in favor of it; but, as will be seen, the project has brought out some vigorous protests from canoeists about New York.

It is claimed, and with some reason, that a meet near New York city and on salt water would only be just to canoeists in that vicinity, and would be of permanent benefit to canoeing and the A. C. A., also that the meets have been for a long enough time in the vicinity of central New York. Our correspondent "Boatswain" goes into the matter in earnest, but after pitching heavily into the Association he offers no practical solution of the real difficulty. His inferences from the figures are misleading, the reason for so large a preponderance from the Middle States being because the canoeists from that locality so for outnumber those in the West and Canada. He is also in error in his statement concerning the West; the definite offer of the Commodoreship and a meet in the West was made in 1885 by the A. C. A., but Western canoeists preferred to be entirely independent of the A. C. A.

We should favor a meet near New York as but fair to canoeists in that locality and likely to benefit canoeing, but the great question is as to where it could be held. In fact the great requisites of a large meet, still water and no tides, are not to be found on the salt water. There are no good places on the Hudson River; Staten Island, New York Bay, and the west end of the Sound offer no suitable sites, the location mentioned by "Boatswain," the Shrewsbury River, is unsuited for a meet by reason of the violent tides and the rise and fall. The river itself is small in extent, and the shores we believe low, while about the Highlands and mouth of the river, though a most beautiful cruising ground, there is no water for a meet, the tide being unusually strong.

There are many beautiful spots along the Sound on both shores, but everywhere the same objection holds good, the rise and fall of the tide. What would be done with a fleet of two or three hundred canoes on a beach where the tide runs up for a hundred feet and down again twice each day, to say nothing of the chance of a heavy sea? No system of floats seems possible without an extraordinary outlay, and no other plan has yet been proposed. At Grindstone and Bow-Arrow Point, a canoe was run out or off of the rough stages a dozen times each day by her owner alone, but on a tidal beach a carry of a dozen yards at least must be made every time a canoe is used, while there is apt to be more or less danger from the sea. There are beautiful camp sites and fine sailing waters in abundance, Thimble Islands, Huntington Bay, Narragansett Bay, but all have from 4 to 5ft. rise and fall of tide. Shinnecock Bay is the best in this respect, but even it has the disadvantage of being difficult of access.

This much seems certain, that a salt-water meet will not be specially pleasant to inland men, the hot sand, salt wind, strong currents, and difficulty of landing, to say nothing of possible mosquitoes, all combine to make salt water very trying at first, and those who take the responsibility of a salt-water meet may expect to be roundly blamed if it is not a success. It is readily seen that such water as Lake Champlain or the St. Lawrence offers far greater advantages for such a gathering as a large meet of canoes, and glad as we should be to see a meet near New York and on salt water, we are still willing to go a little further afield for such a camp as on Eel Bay or at Bow-Arrow Point. The question will be decided this week, and we hope satisfactorily to the majority. The time must come soon when the Central Division will be divided, forming a new division with New York as a center, and then the division meet will inevitably be on salt water. Such a division now seems a necessity, as there are many canoeists about New York city and New Jersey who cannot visit a distant meet and for whose needs some provision must be made.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in this week's issue of your paper, that the "Jerseyites" want Lake George to be the place of the A. C. A. meet for 1887.

That may be the opinion of one or two of the canoeists from the State, but it is not the wish of the great majority. We are united on a salt-water camp, and are not particular where it is held. I would mention the Shrewsbury River as a place easy of access and with good sailing grounds. At Red Bank, on the North Shrewsbury, there are about fifty canoeists, who no doubt would come into the ranks if we could have a meet where they could enjoy it. Fifty canoeists would be at the meet from Passaic waters, while if it is held at the north the number would not be over half a dozen. In your issue of Sept. 29 the secretary of the A. C. A. publishes a list of members who have not paid up. The account stands about thus: West 35, East 31, Middle 105, North 2 and South 2 members. The West have taken the bull by the horns and have an organization of their own and will not come back into our ranks. Why? Because they have been badly treated by the A. C. A., the meets being held always in the North. Why is it that the Middle States have so large a majority in the above figures? Because the meets are held where very few canoeists can get at them. Every year there is talk of "next year" the meet will be near New York, canoe owners join the A. C. A. on that idea, the meet "next year" is not held near New York, the "next year" those same canoeists do not pay up, and do not care if they are ruled out of the Association for not "paying up," because they have an idea the A. C. A.

is a fraud anyway, being run in the interest of the few who can get time and have the means to attend the camp at the North.

Why is it that the names from the North are in such a small minority? Because the meets have been held where the Northern members can go to the camp without taking three or four weeks to do it.

If the meet could be held next year near New York waters, it would in my opinion bring into the Association a number of new men, and it would also have the effect of making the list of members in arrears smaller from the Middle States.

Now let us be just, not generous, and have a square deal. There never has been a meet held by the A. C. A. south of Albany. Let's have one next year. BOATSWAIN.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 4, 1887.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Essex" says in FOREST AND STREAM that Lake George will be entirely satisfactory as a location for next A. C. A. meet to the Passaic River canoeists. "Essex" can speak for himself, but hardly for the rest of us. Arlington C. C. unanimously in favor of a salt-water meet. If held on salt water, she would be represented by several of her members, who are not now in the A. C. A.

ARLINGTON, N. J. IRVING V. DORLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article from the pen of "Essex," stating that the feeling on the Passaic is unanimously in favor of the next A.C.A. meet being held at Lake George has created much surprise along the Passaic, as it is misleading and at variance with the desire of our river canoeists. "Essex" has presumed to speak for the Jersey canoeists through your columns and has stated, without foundation, that Lake George would be most acceptable to all as the site of the next A.C.A. meet. We beg to state that such is not the case and submit that the hundred or more canoeists on our river are in favor of a salt-water meet. At the last regular meeting of the Ianthe C. C. (twenty-five active members), held Nov. 3, the subject was thoroughly discussed and a vote showed the club to be unanimously in favor of salt-water meet for '88.

WM. P. DODGE, Sec.-Treas. Ianthe C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

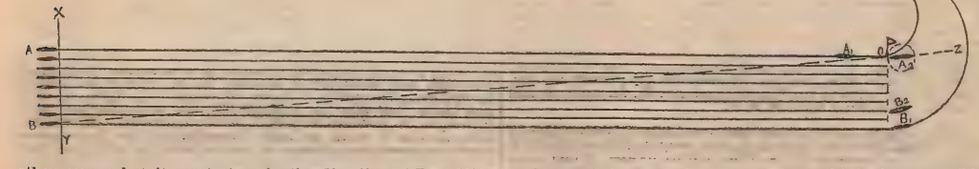
A letter in your last issue, written by a Jersey canoeist who signs himself "Essex," favoring Lake George for the next A.C.A. meet, does not seem to have met with general approval among New Jersey canoeists, who by a large majority would very much prefer a salt-water meet. Our club is unanimously in favor of it and feel that we are expressing the sentiments of many others in saying that we think it only fair that the canoeists in the vicinity of New York should have the benefits of the meet at least once in seven years. A. OAKLEY, JR., Purser Rutherford C. C.

RUTHERFORD, N. J.

PADDLING RACES.

THE present tendency in canoe racing seems decidedly to be in the direction of sailing, the sailing races at the meets exceeding in interest the paddling contests, and attracting far more notice both from canoeists and casual spectators. In club regattas the same holds true, the reason in all cases partly being that a canoe under sail is a far more pleasing sight than one under paddle, and also because the sailing race affords amusement for several hours, while the more exciting paddling race is over in a few minutes. Most men prefer sailing to paddling, and the boats they bring to the meets are fitted for the former rather than the latter, while there are but few who care to undergo even the comparatively light practice which is necessary to make a fair show in a paddling race. There seems little probability that the sailing interest will not always be fully able to take care of itself, and for this reason the chief care of regatta committees should be for the paddling races. In order that the all-round character of the canoe be preserved, and not sacrificed to the sailing qualities, it is necessary that all inducements should be offered to men to compete in the paddling races. It has been suggested, and we think wisely, that the A. C. A. trophy should be given each year not for a sailing race only, but for a combined race, half sail and half paddle. The trophy brings out the finest fleet and provides the best racing of the meet, and there seems no reason why a portion of the benefit should not go to the paddling. The gift of another prize as a paddling trophy would not answer the same purpose, as it would bring out men who make a specialty of paddling, and boats built exclusively for it, though nominally inside of all rules. The opening of the trophy race to paddling as well as sailing would keep in the all-around boats and the same sailing men as now race, but it would direct attention more closely to paddling qualities, and would make the racing test coincide more nearly with what is generally admitted to be the best test of a canoe, nearly equal sailing and paddling qualities. Practically the change would be in the direction of the all-around boat which is commonly considered to be the aim in canoeing. The tendency of the change would be toward lighter and better modeled canoes, but there is no reason to apprehend that essential qualities, power, room and safety, would be sacrificed to a greater extent than at present in some of the purely sailing boats, as Pecowsic.

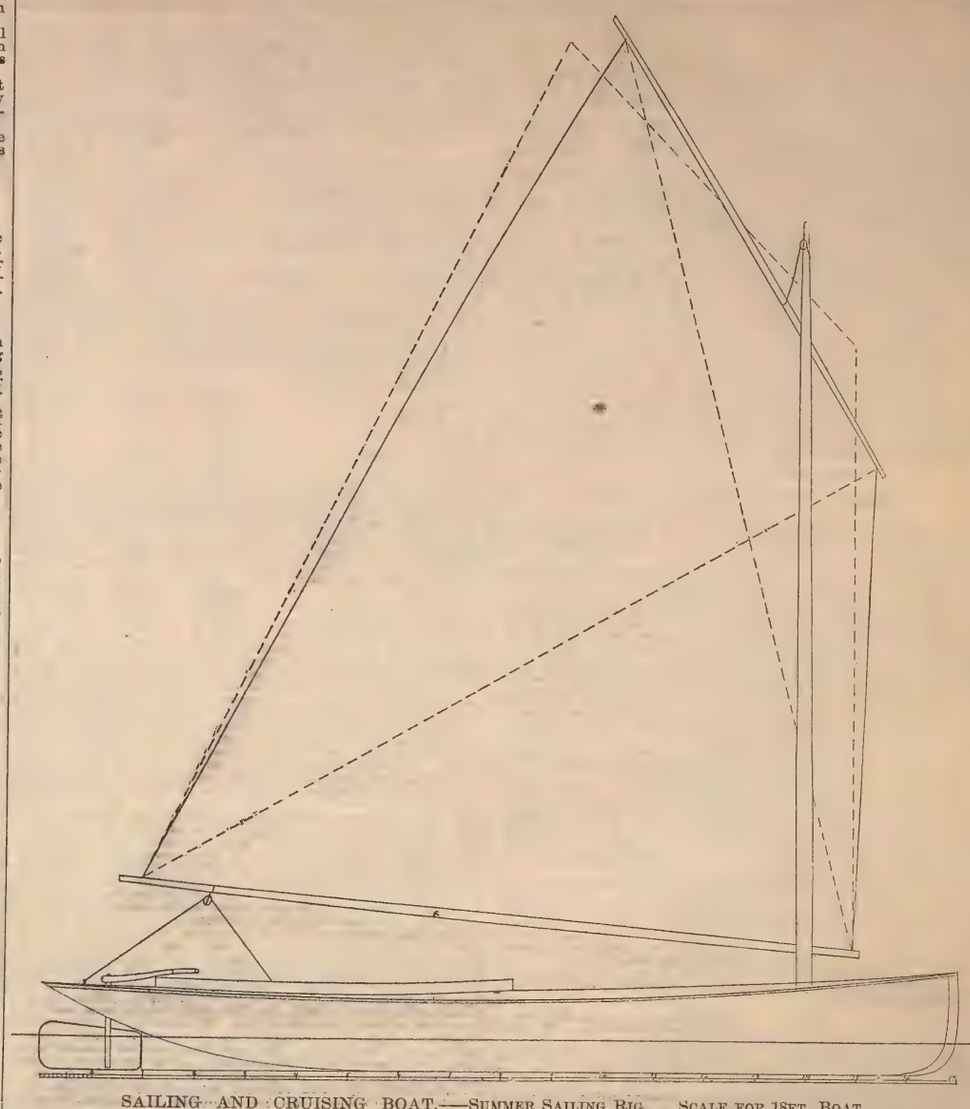
One question that has never received much attention is the management of the paddling races, as on this point the rules are very incomplete. The desirability of starting and finishing at the same spot, for the benefit of the spectators as well as for convenience in starting and timing, has made turning instead of straight-away races the rule, but as now arranged it is almost certain that a foul, with all its unpleasant consequences, will result. The accompanying diagram represents the usual course of A. C. A. and club races, a half mile and return, the starting and finishing line being at X Y, and the turning flag at O, to be left on port hand. The canoes, from six to twelve in number, are ranged along the line X Y, generally without any drawing for position. Each canoe requires ample room in which to swing a 9½ft. or 10ft. paddle, at least 12ft., and its "water," in racing parlance, will represent a lane that wide over the course. With nine canoes, as shown, the line will be about 100ft. long, and the flag should be opposite its center. The course of the canoe on the left, marked A, is plain enough; it is direct from A to O. Going to the other end of the line the ninth canoe B is only as far as A from O, but its course is not direct to O, or it would cross the courses of seven



other canoes, but it must steer in the direction of B, or 100ft. further than A. Supposing A and B to be evenly matched, and each a little better than the rest of the field, then when A reached O he would be abreast of B, but really a long distance ahead of him. Supposing B to be the better paddler to an extent that at the end of half a mile he will lead A by just a clear length, then when A is at A_1, B will be in the position B_1. Practically the boats close up near the buoy, one or two drop some distance astern, and B will edge over to an intermediate position, B_2, perhaps, but 50ft. from A, instead of 100 as at the start. B at once begins to turn, describing a circle somewhat smaller in diameter than the outer one shown, and paddling only forward strokes on the outer side. As soon as he begins to do this, which must be before he is quite abreast of the buoy, his speed at once diminishes considerably, in consequence of the change of direction, the lessened force on the paddle, and the drag of the rudder. A, however, will keep his course without any retarding influence, about in the direction of Z, and when he reaches the position A_2 he is in the best possible place to stop B, who has now completed about half of his turn. A's proper course is to begin to turn as soon as he is up with the mark, describing the inner circle shown, in which case he will be reasonably apt not to impede B, but there is a strong temptation for A to work as hard as possible to reach the position A_2, somewhere on the line between O and Z, before B can cross this line in making his turn, and the circumstances all aid A in this effort. After reaching A_2 by a spurt he can afford to take matters easily. Not only B but all the others are astern of him, and he can claim about 20 to 25ft. of the line O Z as his water, as he is constantly moving ahead, and any boat fouling him then is almost certain to be disqualified. If he choses he can lie at A_2 and turn slowly by backing on the port side, describing the small dotted circle, the other boats meanwhile either being bunched astern of him, or having to make a long detour around Z and still risk the chance of being headed by A. When A has finally turned in the manner mentioned and his bow is toward home, he goes ahead with a spurt, leaving B and the ruck to complete their partly made turns as they can. This is an extreme case, but it serves to show the great advantage that goes with the position A, and something of this kind is apt to happen in every race. Even if A is paddling a perfectly fair race and striving to win only on his merits, he is apt to find himself in a position where he must give up what he honestly believes to be his or must take something which as obviously belongs to B.

One weak point in the rules is the fact that all the boats must use one piece of water in common at the turn, and that if a boat kept as strictly in its own water on the turn as on the straight part of the course, the outer boat would be handicapped by some hundred feet or more. The courses naturally converge at O, and no judge can say that the water about the mark belongs to any one boat, unless to A. It has been proposed that all backstrokes be forbidden, which would prevent a boat taking the position A_2 and then turning at leisure. All would be obliged to make a wide sweep in turning, either with the aid of the rudder or by using the paddle only for forward strokes on the outer side, and this would make the race much fairer, as A would be obliged to keep moving all the time. In small races where one mark must answer, this rule would lessen much the chances of a foul, and it would equalize matters and take away some of the advantages of A's position at the start, if the flag were placed directly in front of B's end of the line. In all races the start and finish should be exactly at right angles to the first and last legs of the course respectively, as a close finish can never be fairly decided on an oblique line. In all important races, or where more than three or four are entered, there should be a separate flag with his color for each man to turn; at the meets at least, this is always possible. The courses are in shoal and quiet water, where flags can readily be set out and left during the meet. With this done the great inducement to fouling is done away with, B will have no need to press toward A and crowd the intermediate boats, and A will be unable to interfere, even if he should desire to. Nothing is more unpleasant than a foul; it robs the victor of half his pleasure, it puts a great responsibility on the committee, and much ill-feeling is apt to follow, so that anything which tends to prevent fouling and at the same time to add to the interest in the races must be welcomed by both contestants and spectators.

TORONTO C. C. NOTES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since holding our annual regatta we have had five races as follows. The first was a passenger race for a gold pin, which, much to the surprise of every one, was won in a good stiff wind by the "skinflint," otherwise known as the Mac, with the Una second. The second was the last of the series of five for the sailing trophy, which was won by the same craft, the wind being very light; the only other competitor, the Dawn, did not finish. The third was the combined paddling and sailing, with the same result, Mr. A. H. Mason unfortunately breaking his paddle when leading in the first round. The fourth was the decked paddling, in which Mr. W. A. Leys's Dawn took first place, leading the Mac by a length. The fifth event was the open paddling, in which Mr. Colin Fraser came out on top, with Mr. Douglas a good second. The regatta committee in the spring offered five medals to be competed for, the number of races for each to be limited to five, and the competitor showing the largest number of wins during the season to receive the medal. Below are the lucky winners: Sailing (decked), Mac, W. G. McKendrick. Sailing (open), Una, Colin Fraser. Combined, Mac, W. G. McKendrick. Paddling (decked), Dawn, W. A. Leys' Paddling (open), Una, Colin Fraser. The season here is practically ended, the weather being so cold, raw and windy that sailing is out of the question, and the majority seem more desirous of cultivating a closer acquaintance with the base burner than of working against the elements with the ash. With the cold weather in view it is a case of "hang up the paddle and bring down the snowshoes," that when winter strikes us we will commence our tramps across country to an inn, where, with roast turkey and plum pudding galore (not forgetting the toothsome pie) we pass many pleasant evenings in what Mark Twain would call swapping lies.—MAC (Toronto, Nov. 4).



SAILING AND CRUISING BOAT.—SUMMER SAILING RIG. SCALE FOR 18FT. BOAT.

RIGS FOR SAILING AND CRUISING.

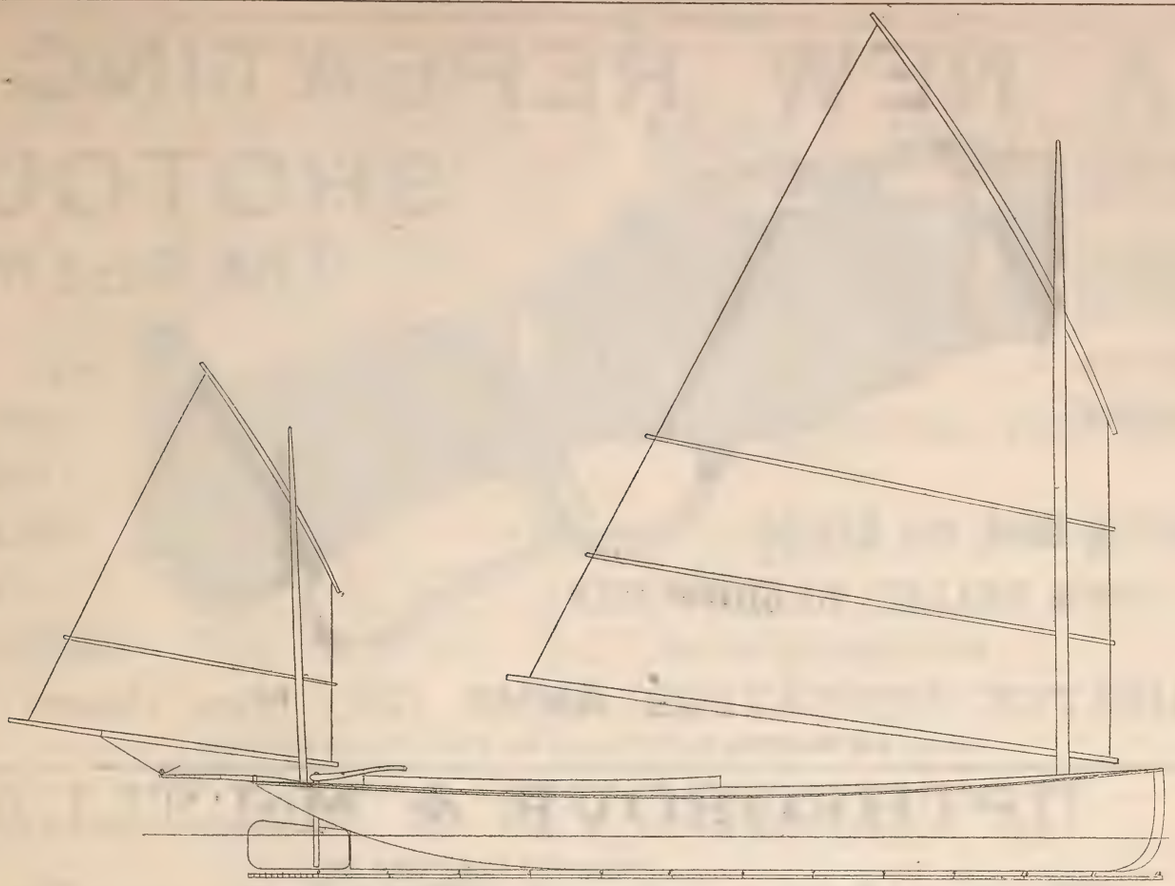
THE accompanying sail plans show several rigs suitable for the boat illustrated last week, the scales given being adaptable to either size of boat. The Delta was rigged with a single large lug of about 150ft., which she carried easily without ballast in ordinary weather. The lug was cut with very little round to the head and the yard was straight. There were no battens in the sail, but two rows of reef points. The sheet was fast to an eye-bolt on the quarter and led through a block on the boom, and then under a thumbcleat on the side of coaming, or through a snatch block on the floor of the boat. Under this rig the boat handles very satisfactorily for singlehand sailing, but some ballast would be needed if no passengers were carried. The dotted lines show the size of a cat rig, the mast being stepped further forward. The lug is the better of the two, but is more difficult to rig, and many will prefer the cat simply because they are used to it and unfamiliar with the other. The main and mizen rig in the second drawing is smaller, and better adapted for cruising and sailing alone. The many details of the rigging are not shown, as they were very fully given in the description of the rig of the FOREST AND STREAM cruiser, July 1, 1886. The sails here shown are of the form usually carried on canoes and small boats, but a flatter and more effective sail can be had by making the yard longer, carrying it down to the batten, rounding the head much more than is shown, and throwing a little more of the yard forward of the mast, as in the Cruiser's sail. Such sails require to be carefully rigged and more or less trial is always needed to find the best position for halliard and tack on the spars, but when once complete they are good enough to fully repay the trouble. The dimensions of the single lug are as follows:

	18FT. BOAT.	13FT. BOAT.
Mast, from stem	3ft.	2ft. 3in.
Above deck	15ft.	10ft. 10in.
Diameter at deck	3¼in.	2¾in.
Boom	14ft. 9in.	10ft. 6in.
Diameter	2in.	1¾in.
Yard	10ft. 6in.	7ft. 7in.
Diameter	1¼in.	1⅛in.
Foot of sail	14ft.	10ft. 1in.
Luff	9ft. 6in.	6ft. 10½in.
Head	9ft. 9in.	7ft.
Leech	19ft.	13ft. 8in.
Tack to peak	18ft. 6in.	13ft. 4in.
Clew to throat	16ft. 6in.	11ft. 11in.
Area	155sq. ft.	80sq. ft.

The dimensions of the main and mizen rigs are:

	18FT. BOAT.		13FT. BOAT.	
	Main. Ft. In.	Mizen. Ft. In.	Main. Ft. In.	Mizen. Ft. In.
Main, from stem	2 00	17 00	1 06	12 03
Above deck	12 06	7 00	9 00	5 00
Diameter at deck	0 03	0 02	0 02¼	0 01½
Boomkin, outboard		1 09		1 03
Boom	12 02	6 06	8 10	4 09
Diameter	0 01¾	0 01⅛	0 01¼	0 01
Yard	9 06	5 03	7 00	3 10
Diameter	0 01¼	0 01	0 01⅛	0 00⅞
Foot	11 06	6 03	8 04	4 04
Luff	6 06	3 06	4 09	2 07
Head	9 00	4 09	6 06	3 06
Leech	14 06	7 07	10 06	5 06
Tack to peak	15 00	8 00	10 10	5 09
Clew to throat	12 06	6 06	9 00	4 09
Area	90sq.ft.	26sq.ft	49sq.ft.	14sq.ft.

The drawings show the size of sails when stretched on the spars after a little use. They must be cut a little smaller than this in making, and after a season they will have stretched to the full size of the spars shown.



SAILING AND CRUISING BOAT.—CRUISING RIG. SCALE FOR 13FT. BOAT.

AN INVITATION FROM THE TURTLES.—Albany, Nov. 5.—Members of the A. C. A. visiting Albany at the time of the meeting of the executive committee are cordially invited to dine with the Mohican Club at the Delavan House on Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7 o'clock. Members expecting to be present are respectfully requested to notify the purser by mail.—W. HOWARD BROWN, Purser M. C. C. (478 Broadway, Albany).

"Maw," said a gentle, confiding Arkansas maiden of 19 summers, "Lige Kilso have asked me to marry him." "He have?" asked maw, in tones foreboding trouble. "Yes, maw; an' I said as how I reckoned I would." "You did, hey? Wal, you kin jist say ez how you'll do nothin o' the sort the very nixt time Lige comes trapsin' 'round hyar." "But I love Lige, maw," said the maiden, with her sleeve to her eyes. "You love him! Love a pore, poverty-struck stick like Lige Kilso? Whar's yer pride? Whar's yer raisin'? Hey?" "What's the matter of Lige?" moans the maiden. "The matter of him? Ez if you didn't know that Lige Kilso was 25 year old, and that he didn't have one solitary single dog—no, not even so much ez a pup—to his name, nor airy fiddle to his back. D'ye forget that? An' if yer half ez smart ez ye might be you kin marry Buck Daggs, an' he's got nine good dogs, full growed, and two splendid pups, an' four as good fiddles ez they is a-goin'. No, my darter, I ain't no desires to be what you may call mershenary, but when a gal has a chance ter marry rich, let her do it, sez I."—*Tid Bits.*

Our most assiduously fashionable girls are not shooting their own follies, but birds as they fly—or, at least, they are trying to hit the winged game with rifles. Out at Tuxedo, which is the late autumn resort of the Astor set and their selected following, gunning is the favorite sport for maidens and young matrons. Light, dainty, silver-mounted weapons are rogueishly popped off, and sometimes a bird is hit. A pretty little gamebag is always hung at the huntress's side, and she never returns without something in it; but there is a scandalous rumor that the dead warblers are bought ready-shot from boys who make a good income transiently out of the fad.—*New York Letter.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIATOR.—1. Use a wire scratch brush and then vaseline. 2. Let us hear from you.

J. S. W., Toronto.—We believe the Strong Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., manufacture it.

H. E. W., Newark, N. J.—Prof. A. M. Mayer has determined that with a charge of 3¼drs. powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 shot, Curtis & Harvey powder, 10-bore gun, the shot attains a mean velocity of 749yds. per second over a range of 40yds. For full account of experiment see FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 28, 1880.

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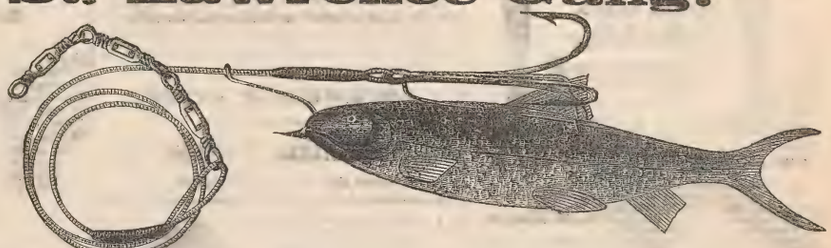
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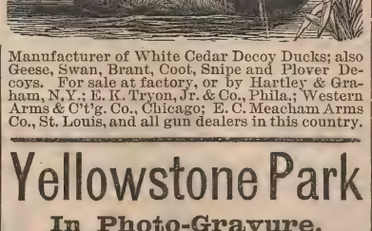
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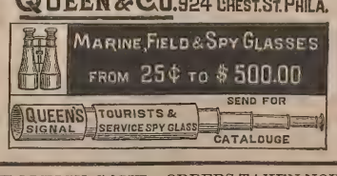
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A SERIES OF PICTURES FOR SPORTSMEN.

READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM cannot fail to recollect Mr. Thomas F. Watson's poem entitled, "The Sportsman's Reverie," printed in this journal about two years ago. Later on a few stanzas were added to cover other scenes of typical American sport with the gun. The author depicted vividly the varied visions which come before the view of the veteran sportsman as he sits in easy chair before the fire. Of the author and his poem the *Detroit Free Press* said in an appreciative notice: "The author is evidently a man of the most acute sportsmanly enthusiasm, as well as of nice literary taste. His poem is built upon a very simple plan. Before a cheerful fire—like Ike Marvel's hero—sits a veteran of rod and gun; he grows half drowsy over pipe and fire and the poet has caught—with a nice and sensitive appreciation—the reminiscences of a hundred hunts which flit through his brain. One experience after another is described with graceful pen touches; the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the deer, fall before the crack of the gun; a long day's sport—a glorious day such as no man ever compassed between sun and sun—is described, even the trout, from the clear rapid, paying tribute to the prowess of a dreamland sportsman, until at last, with the fall of the quiet night shadows, the sportsman draws his boat to the shore, his tired retriever crouches at his feet, and, with his ducks, the final trophies of his sport, at his side, he looks back over the darkening water; and then, once again at his fireside, the end of the visien comes naturally and gracefully."

And now these "word pictures" of the poet have been complemented with the actual canvas pictures of the painter. Artist-poet and poet-artist have united to give us the poem in a magnificent setting. Mr. Robert Hopkin, the celebrated artist of Detroit, has painted a series of twelve pictures, each telling in color what the poem tells in words. From these paintings have been made superb heliotype engravings, each having beneath it the particular verse of the poem illustrated. The series is remarkable for strict adherence to nature fidelity in portraying action, and artistic merit.

THE TWELVE PICTURES:

No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. Th upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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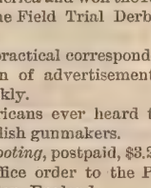
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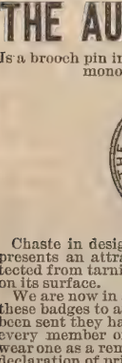


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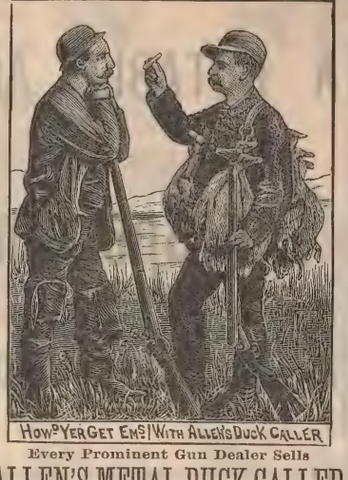
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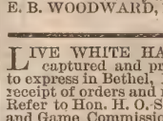
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NETTING CHESAPEAKE DUCKS.

THERE has been this season a great destruction of ducks on the Havre de Grace flats by the agency of nets. The shooting season opened on Nov. 1, but long before that date canvasbacks, redheads and blackheads were offered for sale in Philadelphia, and upon examination it was found that they had been trapped in nets and drowned.

These nets are set under water upon the feeding grounds of the wildfowl, ostensibly for the purpose of catching rockfish or striped bass. Three nets are hung upon the same line—the two outside nets are of 12in. mesh and the middle one, which is a 4in. mesh, is loose hung—that is, 100ft. of net are strung upon 50ft. of rope. The duck, in diving for food, meets this obstruction, and its head and neck becoming entangled in the small meshed middle net, it naturally endeavors to force its way through, and in so doing carries the middle net through the large mesh of the outside net, thus forming a pocket in which it is drowned. In the morning the "fisherman," overhauling his "nets for rockfish," takes out the unfortunate ducks and forwards them to market, where they meet a ready sale, though they are comparatively worthless for the table, since they have been strangled and then allowed to soak for hours in the water.

In this illegal manner thousands of ducks were killed before the shooting season opened. Bad as this destruction is, other effects follow this unsportsmanlike method which are far worse for all the men engaged in killing ducks by the legitimate means of shooting them, for it is a well known fact that wildfowl will not remain upon feeding grounds where netting is practiced, but will abandon the place and seek safer waters.

Americans pride themselves, and justly, upon the canvasback, the king of all ducks, and the redheads and blackheads of the Chesapeake are but little inferior; but their numbers are fast diminishing under the ceaseless persecution to which they are subjected. The killing of ducks by a gun, shot from the shoulder, is the only lawful and fair way of obtaining them; but on any still night on the flats can be heard the roar of the murderous "big-gun," by which from 50 to 100 ducks are frequently killed at one shot, and as many more crippled; and now, added to this wholesale slaughter comes the poacher with nets. If something is not done soon to put an end to these illegal methods of destruction, duck shooting on the Chesapeake will soon be a thing of the past.

A PHASE OF HUMAN NATURE.

IT is a curious freak of innate depravity that prompts men to fire orphan asylums, and of like genesis is the inclination now and then manifested to destroy public property attached to fish breeding establishments. Let a State set apart an appropriation for restocking the streams with food fish for the benefit of its citizens, and let the work be undertaken never so wisely, some there will be who will find in the enterprise a real or fancied infringement of their "rights"; and when opportunity offers, good care will be taken to wreak revenge. It will be remembered that when the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York established a trout hatchery at Little Clear Pond, in the North Woods, certain hoodlums of that vicinity banded together and destroyed the nets which had been set in the pond to take breeding fish for the hatchery. These Adirondack savages conceived that the State's work meant interference with their own private particular interests in these fish; they had always fished in that water, they had a right to keep on fishing there; this right was inalienable, and if the nets of the fish hatchery interfered, so much the worse for the nets. They accordingly ripped up the nets and did what they could to destroy the tools of the Commission and thwart its work. They acted very much as the South Sea Islanders who fall upon and devour the missionaries sent out to civilize them.

The same motives appear to have animated the gang of ruffians who destroyed a weir of the Maine Fish Commission last week.

A few years ago the Maine Fish Commission caused to be constructed at Edes Falls, on the Crooked River, one of the principal inlets of the Sebago, a weir, for the purpose of taking all the landlocked salmon that should attempt to ascend that stream to spawn. During the breeding season immense numbers of these fish run up that river. In fact it is the belief of those in the best position to know that the greater part of the salmon in the lake seek this river as their spawning bed, and hence by the use of the weir the Commission had hoped to secure the great majority of these fish for breeding purposes. Then after they had been stripped of their eggs they have been returned to the river below the weir, from whence they could seek the lake below. Previous to the construction of this weir the inhabitants for miles around were in the habit of visiting the river and taking these immense fish from off their spawning beds and putting them to various uses. It is related of one man that he did not like "traouts, but they was good to feed the hogs on." Hence it was that the construction of the weir and the hatching works at Edes Falls was not looked upon with favor by the dwellers along the river. The complaint came that all the "traouts" were being stopped, and though it is always in the close season that these landlocked salmon spawn, yet the people of that section are not entirely silent in their denunciation of the works of the Commission on the river below.

Though there have been dire mutterings, and once or twice men have appeared in the night time and threatened the keepers of the weir, no very marked disturbance has resulted till this year. One night last week, at about 2 o'clock A. M., the keeper of the weir, hearing some noise outside, went out. At once he was set upon by a man with a gun in hand; with the man were eighteen others. All of them had their faces blackened, so that they could not be recognized. They intimidated the keeper, Harriman, who was alone, save for his little boy; and the miscreants proceeded to their work unthwarted. They broke up the weir and turned all the salmon in the tank loose in the river above the works, evidently with the purpose that they might be afterward stolen, either by themselves or their friends. The keeper was left under guard till the masked men had killed or let all the salmon loose. The Commissioners were at once advised of the outrage, and they visited the ground and repaired the damages as far as possible. The Commission had gathered in the weir, up to that time, 140 fish from which they intended to take the eggs. These were all turned loose, and according to their natural instinct, they immediately started up stream. The keepers and the Commissioners have since recaptured 25, and they hope to get still more. The thieves did not destroy any eggs, as they were all in the hatchery two miles away. But the liberation of the fish and the destruction of the weir will seriously interfere with the work of the Commission this year. Last year 750,000 eggs were taken, and the Commissioners had hoped to get a million this year. Instead of that number, not over 250,000 can be taken under the most favorable conditions. A curious feature of the whole situation is that, by a law of the State, the eggs cannot be taken from these fish to be used in restocking other waters, but they must be returned to the waters of Sebago Lake.

The Crooked River poachers evidently share the feelings of the Clear Pond net cutters. In the Adirondacks the better sentiment of the community finally prevailed, and a paper was signed by many resident guides and others setting forth their detestation of the vandalism. Something of the kind is now in order from the respectable citizens of the Edes Falls district; in default of which Maine would do well to give over planting salmon eggs and send agents up there to sow the seeds of intelligence and common sense.

SNAP SHOTS.

ATTENTION is invited to the warning afforded in the harsh fate that overtook an Ithaca young man last Sunday. This ardent hare hunter was so possessed of his mania that he would not confine his pursuit of game to the six days allowed by law nor to the agents legalized by the statute. He carried on the campaign on Sunday and had a ferret to help. The ferret knew no better. When the young man used his gun as a stick to poke the hare out of the hole the gun went off and killed the hunter. It was a punishment altogether disproportioned to the offense, but when gunpowder and a charge of shot volunteer to punish double-headed infractions of the game laws, they cannot be expected to do the work with the discretion of a game protector who is paid to be discreet.

The *American Kennel Register* in the November number brings the total list of entries up to 5,582. The fifth volume will close with the December number. The annual entries average over a thousand. The *Register* is constantly growing in value as a book of reference, and breeders and owners are constantly testifying to their appreciation of its worth. The *Register* moreover has a clean record; there is in it no material for the making of those charges of business mismanagement and sharp practice which have for years been the tiresome adjuncts of another enterprise in the kennel stud book field of literature. The publishers of the *Register* have won a permanent place for this monthly record by fair dealing and efficient service.

There is manifested a tendency to complain of large game preserves on the assumed ground that clubs and private lessees of extensive tracts of wild land have not a legal right to forbid trespass. It must be clear, on sober consideration, that such leases are within the law, and the right to prohibit others from shooting or fishing is not invalidated by the extent of the preserve nor by its wild nature. Objections to the growing system of private game grounds cannot reasonably be lodged on the score of illegality. Whether or no the system is to be condemned for any other reasons is a legitimate topic for discussion.

The more we learn of the stage robbery on the borders of the National Park last summer the more farcical the episode appears. Two of the "road agents" have been arrested and they turn out to have been extremely degenerate followers of Dick Turpin. They were not after plunder, but were bent on getting revenge. One of them had been put out of the Park for violating the rules and he thought it would be a fine thing to vent his spite by intimidating law-abiding and decent Park visitors. The other was a discharged employe of the transportation company, whose business he hoped to injure.

The elegant club house of the Robins Island Club was destroyed by fire last Monday afternoon, the loss amounting to $20,000. The annual field trials of the club, which were to have begun last Tuesday, have been postponed. A new club house will be erected at once.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

UNDER THE JACKLIGHT.

SILENCE, silence, silence; save, perhaps,
Some still small night voice in the bog grass near
Bespeaks a hidden drama's haps and mishaps,
But with bay-like bark, breaking upon the startled ear,
The great owl stirs anon the lonesome echoes, till their lapse
Gives chance the querulous complainings of the lesser one to hear.

Silence, soundless silence; save now and then
A tinkling dripping from the paddle blade,
But it ceases, and there's silence absolute again.
Then, breaking the list'ning hush of its lonely forest glade,
With smothered roar some giant tree of years untold of men
At last lies down to rest beneath its comrades' shade.

Darkness, deepest darkness; save that there
Upon the inklike water lies a single star,
But shivered by a beaver crossing to its lair.
No; the place is soundless, sightless, near and far.
Then the vanguard breeze of morning stirs the heavy air;
Comes the gray edge of day and the moon's last thin bar.

YONKERS.

MAID OF BEECH.

I HAVE just come in from sawing my sticks of beech wood, my daily allotment to keep my wood fires in feed.

A November day, somewhat bleak, though not freezing, the Ramapo Hills—dwindlings of the Blue Ridge—blue and purple under the declining sun, twenty miles away; a few obstinate leaves, still clinging to the cherry tree in my yard, rustling and fluttering; and the robins, a troop of them, making the air lively with their darting flights southward, the cedar twigs bending as they alight and call to their comrades; preparing for winter, as I am preparing for it with my beech sticks. But here is the difference, in power and ease of locomotion between them and me. They fly from the cold and I stay and fight it, using nature—her trees—to fight herself with, I the canny man, the intelligent animal, who employs nature against herself.

The robins get the best of it though. Few of us can afford to go to the Carolinas or Florida for our winter. Few of us can support two country seats, one at the north, among the Canada woods, for summer and one in the pines and along the sands of the south for the winter. Yet I make and spend enough in a year to keep five thousand robins that time. But I am not more handsomely clothed, not near so handsomely; though the clothing of the robin costs him nothing. Nay, our female human being, though she may flaunt herself never so gaily in her silks, cannot show so soft or beautiful a plumage as yon robin.

We pride ourselves a good deal in these days on our quick and cheap means of transportation by railroad. But how many of us use it? How many of us see the country as our robin does? Who finds out its expanse as he, traversing it from one end to the other? Who gets his birdseye view of it all, as he goes, as if he were always on a hilltop catching the view? Or who finds out the dells, enters into the smallnesses of nature's treasure-places as he does? finds the prettiest trees and creeps into them, watches with near eye the moss, studies at short focus the shapely leaf (what a connoisseur of leaves he must be!), inhales the first escaping fragrant breath of the trunk? Fly away, robin, on your pleasure journey of use; leave me here to saw through my stout stick of wood that makes the small of my back ache. Your way of escaping the cold is not half so toilsome, not one-hundredth part so tame as mine, the superior human being. I believe you get more out of life than I do. Who feasts on fresher fruits or more choice or on a greater variety of them than you? Free, spirited, well-fed, handsomely coated, you go, nearer your Maker, I do believe, than I am.

Yet I do crawl nearer by this very stick of beech that I was just sawing. It is a ponderous fellow, that has made me sweat to get through. I see the end of one of the lengths pointing up to me as I saw. The section is as fresh as a baby's skin, almost as smooth; as for color, no baby has ever beaten it. Here toward the heart it is of a darker tinge, yet not really dark, no darker than the shadow that may rest under the baby shoulder, and beside it there is the genuine flesh color, an animated flesh color, not milky, but of the delicatest mottling of hues of pink; that transparent skin it is like where you see the presence of underlying blood vessels, not distinct in their shape, but casting up a mellowed, graded indication of their presence; the skin that shows of life beneath and coursing blood, the gentlest whisper possible of deep life. So much for the color.

Charmed by the aspect, I left my saw and buried my nose, as far as a nose can be buried in a piece of wood, on the end of the stick of beech, and sniffed this pink section. A perfume! how subtle, exquisite, unapproachable. It shoots me into the woods, a suggestion of all woody perfumes. I am no longer in my back yard; a forest is around me. So faint! my nose could not have caught it three inches away; yet here it is wholly distinct, full of character; yet how could you express its difference from the fragrance of any kindred stick of the forest? Nature does not parade all her scents. I have to go close to her, almost to burrow into this chunk of beech with my nose to catch the modest, retiring sweetness. Ah, my friend robin, I wonder if you get these scents in your close communion with the trees? Few of us men do.

Yet that stick was my victim—killed, felled, and quartered by other hands than mine; but slow to rot after death; sweet even yet and yielding fragrance to me. I have sawn it into bits, but still I can not take away its fragrance until I have burned it; and even in the burning it will yield incense; but when it is in ashes then I shall be complete conqueror.

One of them is roasting now on the fire below me. I turn the victim when he does not burn well. Ah! a savage victor, I! I am Moloch! I, man! to whom many such sacrifices have burned. I warm my hands over my murder of the forest. These brothers and sisters, mute, muter than the animals—yet they struggled animatedly to the sun, acted a wish—dumb life, I, your brother; I, into whom life was breathed as it was into you; of no higher lineage than you; of no fairer form, nor firmer texture; nor half so sweet as you!—I have usurped power over you; and exercise it. We were created even, now I am lord.

There was a time when man was not so; when he picked up only the dead and dry twigs on the ground or wrenched off the withered, half-broken boughs. He had no steel axes then. But that was a type of man we despise, a man who could not master the woods: without the desire to; content to live in them; live and let live; not as enemies.

But we are numerous. This land was inhabited once, for hundreds of years, before we white men came, and yet the woods were not cut down. How did they live? They did not multiply so fast as we, though six or seven hundred thousand extra, 1860–1865, was not a bad contribution to death. But they killed each other more regularly, perhaps. Well, they subsisted on the animal life which the woods and streams contained and on their own little cornfields; and the woods stood, and helped feed them. We white men crowd in and kill all that the woods contain; and fish many streams dry of fish. We took away the feeding-ground from the wild life that ran in the woods. What care we for the forest? We want to get rich. We change everything. Behold, now, a continent half denuded, with plains of grain, and a rushing, trading population. Compare it with the continent of two hundred years ago. Come, brother Molochs, warm your hands by the flames of this maid of beech, and let us consider whether the continent is better.

JOHN ELLIOTT CURRAN.

IN THE LAND OF THE MICMACS.—II.

(Continued from page 249).

TO our delight the red men's appetite took a more civilized turn next morning, and James observing this, remarked in his peculiar cool way that they must have been lying in wait a long time for the chance of last night.

"Air ye goin' t' sind the boat down this morn, Misther Miller, fur more grub?" after setting down the coffee and stepping back with his hands on his hips.

"What do you think about it?" queried Walter; "how are they feeding now, Davey?"

"Faith, sur," replied Cookey, with head cocked on side and eyes upon our canoemen, "they don't hould out wurth a cint, an' that's a fack, but"— and here he paused as if afraid or ashamed to speak his mind. After a moment's hesitation, however, he added, "There's no dipindince to be put in the brutes, they're born desavers."

"Perhaps, Davey, they would rather go up to North Branch short of provisions, so that they could use their tomahawk on you when hard up," interposed James in a good-humored manner, which Cookey at once detected.

"I dunno know 'bout that, faith," retorted Davey, "but an Injun, they say, has a swate mouth for fat mate, an' ef that's the truth, the tommyhawk 'll find a softer pate and fatter jintes than Davey's," and tipping Phil a cunning wink, he made his way to the fire. James coughed. The reference was to his plump, portly figure.

In an hour we were stemming again the strong current of this rough, boisterous stream. We had outflanked civilization yesterday. No houses, no cultivated fields, no sign of human life save our own met our gaze that morning. The forest reached down to the river on both sides, and huge maples, poplars and balm of Gileads fringed the shores and cast their morning shadows across the noisy, turbulent waters. The hills became mountains, and the latter crowded more closely upon the little river, squeezing it narrower and narrower; the stream, as if resenting such treatment, became more angry and tore downward through great granite boulders, sputtering, leaping, rushing, roaring.

In some places the river is thickly strewn with these huge stones, of all sizes and shapes, most of the larger ones rising from two to six feet above the surface of the water, and so blocking the stream as to cause a very strong current wherever an opening occurs. In such places our speed was a snail's pace, and even that full of excitement and danger. Much judgment and experience are necessary to choose the safest and most practicable routes through these rocky mazes, and more coolness, dexterity and strength to safely pass them. The Indian seems well adapted for such work. Theirs is the keen vision of the hunter, whose trained eye takes in everything at a glance. They know the limit of their bodily powers, they know also what a frail thing a bark canoe is among wild waters, rushing and twisting between rocks. They can, therefore, be trusted. So don't grow impatient when your guides pause below some noisy rapids, and, steadying the canoe with their poles, speak to one another in their own beautiful language, whose sounds seem born of the sweet murmuring of forest and water. Observe, too, those black piercing eyes are away up among the swells and foam where danger lurks. They are measuring their strength with that of the current at every pass, until a choice is made; then a mutter from one, an *ää* from the other, and up go the poles as if moved by some perfect machine, the rapid is boldly collared, and soon you are shot over the lip into the smoother water beyond.

With the first afternoon's experience, I thought a rapid could have no danger for me; but I must confess to nervousness when in the midst of the first boulder rapid of the second day. It was so different. The mad rocks seemed tearing up the incline like huge monsters in some African river, dashing the spray and foam into the canoe itself; the noise was so loud! the danger so near! I often felt like grasping a boulder at my side and clinging to it with all my strength. The first thought is "we'll be safe there anyhow," but a moment's reflection shows you how foolhardy such a timid freak would be. When my excitement was at its height, I happened to glance at the face of the sternman. The cool calm, undisturbed expression of that countenance I shall never forget, for it told me in mute but strong words, "You can be a coward sometimes." I realized it in a moment, and as a stream of black saliva shot from the wide opening in that face, I thought of Black Jack, and then of my pipe. Wishing to appear calm, I remarked, "Mebbe me takum smoke, Louis?" "Much better likum smoke bove rocks," returned the Indian, without even looking at me, but that reply proved that my nervousness had been observed. Ever after I wore my most stolid look in the middle of a rapid.

About 11 o'clock we reached Blue Stone Pool, an excellent salmon hole, which takes its source from a great rocky spur, bluish in color, projecting into the river from the north side, forming a heavy rapid in front and a fine pool below. The water was slightly discolored—the result of a rain some days before—and as salmon take the fly in such much better than in clear water we expected great sport. There was nothing but bustle and confusion for a quarter of an hour. Rods were brought out, reels fished from grip-sacks, fly-books opened and laid on the yellow gravel shore, busy fingers were twisting the waxends about the joints, others putting landing nets together, etc. And now the trio are ready and step into the water to wade a short distance toward the pool before casting. The six dusky canoemen line the shore, some holding landing nets ready, others adjusting their tumakums, but keeping a sharp lookout upon the anglers. Davey has put a few yards between himself and the red men, and, seated on a rock, watches for the opening of the play. He has never seen a salmon taken with the fly, is quite sure that slender "gad" will never "hould 'im," and so regards the whole thing as ridiculous.

Walter casts his Durham-ranger with much skill away out into the rapid water at the head of the pool, and as it floats away he draws it in by a succession of short smart pulls. The other two pause and keenly watch the gaudy lure. Now it begins to sweep in toward the shore a little and has just reached that spot where the experienced angler expects a rise, when there is a rush, a flash, a strike, but lo, the feeling of disappointment, as the fly sails harmlessly through the air. A murmur and excited shake of the head pass through the spectators, while Davey shrugs his shoulders and forces back a derisive smile.

"Now, Walter, my turn," said James, sweeping his long 17-footer through the air and dropping his Jock-Scott lightly in the pool. Down it went with the rapid current until about the middle of the pool, when it was drawn as before. As it curves round there is another splash and another miss. Evidently the fish are not on their take to-day or else they have not found their favorite fly. Phil follows suit with the same result. Upon consultation they decide to give the fish a rest. Old anglers invariably do this, especially upon missing a rise or two, as they think the fish, growing accustomed to the regular appearance and disappearance of the lure, will fail to respond or will even become afraid of it.

After a rest of fifteen minutes Walter's fly was sweeping around the curve at the critical point, when he got a splendid rise and hooked his fish firmly. Then the reel hummed out its thrilling music, the rod bent with a graceful curve and all eyes were scanning the surface for the first break. Presently a bright object sprang into the air near the head of the pool, and at the same moment a shout from the Indians echoed far and near as they rushed toward the point indicated. Back fell the fish as Walter reeled him in. Then he darted down the pool and again flung himself high in the air just opposite Davey, who had left his rock and was gazing into the water.

"A foine fish ye've got, Misthur Miller," shouted Cookey, rushing into the river and wading toward Walter; "gie me a grip o' the shtring, an' my word fur it, he'll ind his jig on the shore."

"No, no, my good fellow; thanks for your offer, but he'd be sure to break loose." (Walter is very polite, even in the midst of exciting scenes.)

"Break loose!" returned Davey, "faith he'll break that slinder swutch o' yers in a giffy ef— Aye, there he goes again, like a March hare wi' a pinch o' snuff in hus nose. Don't be foolish, man, gie us the shtring."

Again Walter refused the proffered help; and Davey, turning, waded without another word to the shore, seated himself on his rock, and seemed to take no further interest in the struggle, confident that it must have but one ending.

For fifteen minutes or more the fight was continued, when the fish showed signs of letting up, and soon Louis had him nicely netted. He tipped the spring balance at 16lbs. Davey admired him very much, but could see no good in "foolin'" with a fish so long.

Then it was James's turn, and he, too, on the second cast struck a fine fish, which afforded some excellent sport, and was safely landed. He weighed 14½lbs. Phil's luck proved a grilse—a young salmon about 3½lbs. in weight. These are very active, and give fine play for five or six minutes, but are soon wearied. Again Walter raised and hooked a fine one, but lost it when the Indian was about to bag it. James landed his second fish safely, which scaled 12lbs. For half an hour longer the pool was whipped, but without another rise.

Meanwhile Davey, who is an excellent cook, had dinner under way, and soon we were seated, enjoying a rare dainty dish of fried grilse. It is more delicate in flavor, sweeter and more juicy than the full-grown salmon, and the grain of the flesh is finer. We made a hearty, substantial meal, the, by no means, least enjoyable part of it being Davey's laughable references to our mode of capturing salmon.

And now let us take a look at the group on the sand a few paces away. They sit in a circle with their legs crossed beneath them. A large black tin kettle is in the center, from the top of which projects a salmon tail, while a similar one stands near filled with black tea. Bread and hardtack lie in piles on flat stones around the kettles, while tin cups and a huge bowl of molasses complete the outfit. On the knees of each rests a pressed tin plate, while the right hand holds a sheath knife, drawn from its scabbard on the belt. All eyes are upon the steaming kettle, and as the flavor of boiled salmon reaches the nose they grow more impatient to begin. Presently Sâk turns the vessel over, and a whole fish, in two pieces, slides out upon the flat stones. This is the signal of battle. Plates, knives and fingers are soon busy, and in the twinkling of an eye that whole salmon disappears from the center. Piled up on six dishes, it is fast melting away, and soon nothing, save the backbone, jaws and skull, remains. It has all been converted into red man. Davey grows uneasy; the monsters of last night are again on the trail, and early starvation and tomahawks haunt his imagination.

"It's jist es I tould ye," he observed, turning toward us with a hopeless look, "the' air at their ould thricks agin, an' divil a hap'urth o' vittels 'ull be fur the morrow night."

"Don't be alarmed, Davey, we'll feed them on salmon," said James in encouraging tones.

"Salmon!" repeated Cookey, "troth if the strame wus full the'd ate it dhry—the haythens."

It was no use attempting to reason him into seeing that one giant feed was all an Indian wanted for the whole day; he shook his head dolefully, believing them to be "born desavers."

About two o'clock in the afternoon the three canoes were again in motion. The river became rougher, the boulders larger and rapids stronger, and our men had to labor hard. Poling became more difficult. The further we ascended the rougher became the bottom, until it was nothing but large, angular or flat stones, on which the poles frequently slipped. The Indians do not use iron or steel picks on their poles here, as I've seen them doing on other rivers. The stones are too hard and flinty for that. Instead, however, they scorch the ends of the poles to harden the wood, and this they claim prevents much slipping.

Toward four o'clock we approached an angry long rapid, and a very noisy fellow, too, for we had heard his growling some distance below. A few rounded granite boulders stood here and there on the decline, encircled with white water, warning the voyageur of what he was to expect up there.

"What you callum rapid, Louis?" I queried of the man in the stern.

"Push an' be Damn," replied he.

"Push and be what?" I asked with a look of surprise.

"An' be damn," repeated the Indian with a broad leer, as he noticed my puzzled look.

"Who callum that, Louis?" I continued.

"White man, long 'go. Me tellum you byme bye. Too hard work talkum here.'

"Come, boys, you must rest awhile before you tackle this rough water. Push into that rock there, and Sân catch hold of that projecting corner. All right. Now, boys, sit down and take it easy for a few minutes." After the kettle containing cold tea had been passed from one to the other and the pipes lighted I turned to Louis. 'Come, now, the story about 'Push and be Damned' Rapids."

"Long 'go," began Louis, "ole white man thinkum good as Injun, sartin he canoe can polum up here. Gottum one big pappoose, white un, he all same Sâk [meaning that the boy poled from the bow, as Sâk was doing]. Canoe walkum berry slow, ole un gettum berry mad. Callum to pappoose, push, push, all time. Pappoose gettum cross all same. Well, canoe walkum up to that big rock, creepum 'long little more high. Water too big, canoe no walkum more. Ole un cross one bull moose, callum one, two, three times push, push. Pappoose jumpum out canoe, tellum ole un 'Push an' be damn.' Rollum over big water two three times like dog half drown. Pappoose gettum shore byme bye. Ole un sittum down canoe, and canoe swingum round, runnum fast down river. Byme bye hittum rock, makum two canoes. Ole un catchum rock an' creepum on top. Pappoose walkum all way back wigwam. Ole un fraid come off, stayum on rock one, two days. Skeeters an' bitum-no-seeums eatum all time, Byme bye white man takum ole un off an' callum big water here 'Push an' be Damn.' "

"Push and be Damn' " rapids was certainly the worst yet encountered, and the men seriously discussed whether or not it might be safer to thread the shore, pulling the canoe up, as they sometimes do, with a towline; but as the Indian is proud of his reputation for pluck and endurance, this notion was soon given up. Just here the stream is almost choked with boulders—great round granite ones, which might have been tossed from the overhanging cliffs by the giant boys of olden times. Among the red men there are traditions to this effect.

My men selected the right bank, the others the left. We were obliged to ascend a steep incline, and then pass between two rocks only 8 or 10ft. apart, where the current was very strong. Inch by inch the way was fought. And now the bow is almost touching one of the boulders. The wild waters rush past, moaning and hissing, threatening to sweep us to destruction, but we are as yet in the friendly eddy of the rock. I look at my man, but save a more rapid glance of the eyes, there was no change in the stolid face. Now begins the lateral movement. The canoe must be moved out sideways, the greatest care being taken not to allow the water to "grip" the bow, until beyond the line of the obstruction ahead, and in the course of the current.

At last the desired point is reached, when up go the two poles and as quickly descend; with teeth clenched, the men throw their whole weight upon them and the canoe seems to rise out of the water and shoot ahead. Again and again the poles rise, and the craft leaps into the torrent. Now we are between the boulders and the scene is truly grand. The wild waters dash upon the rocks, the waves roll outward and meet beneath our frail bark, forcing her up on a "horseback" of seething elements. The Indians pause. The stream is deep here and their poles are shaking violently by the current. I almost forget my determination to keep cool. I glance again at that dark visage in the stern. Surely I shall see signs of excitement, if not fear; but no, cool, self-possessed, as usual; the teeth are clenched and the eye more firmly riveted on the bow, that is all. They are feeling their way, waiting for the moment of least lateral resistance, when the final spurt will be made. At length it comes. As if moved by one spirit, the two spring to the work; a tremendous push drives the canoe half way up the lip, another and another follow quickly, until at last it is shot over the verge into the safer waters beyond. I raise a shout for Louis and Sâk, and refresh them with a "smile" of booktawichk. The other canoes were more fortunate, having found easier passes through the labyrinth of boulders on the other side.

About 3 o'clock we come to the mouth of Devil's Brook, a wild mountain torrent, which threads its noisy course down through forests of dark spruce and tumbles into the Little South West by a succession of leaps and plunges. Its waters, bounding for miles and miles through cool shades, and fed by many springy rivulets, are deliciously cool; but never did they taste better or seem more refreshing than on that afternoon. Great swarms of spotted trout, with an occasional sea trout among them, lay here and there in this icy water as it mingled with the river. The temptation was too great for Walter; so putting his ten-ounce rod together, he was soon reeling in the "speckled beauties." About twenty were taken, averaging all the way from ½lb. to 2lbs. Davey was delighted at this fresh accession to our larder. The evil day seemed further off.

After leaving Devil's Brook the river was smoother and the current weaker, so that three or four miles were made in about two hours. We passed a beautiful mountain scene during that time. The south side of the river is formed by a great semi-circular range, rising several hundred feet, its sloping sides were covered with evergreens, firs and spruce, while from the summit great pines lifted themselves into the air, standing out like giant sentinels of the valley below.

We experienced much difficulty, however, in finding a suitable place for camping, as the banks were steep and the shores rough and rocky; but when we reached Blake's Sluiceway—a narrow, deep and swift part of the river, where a lumberman of this name was drowned some years ago—we hit upon a fair site and pitched tent for the night. Our Indian friends were very quiet; even Sâk's glib tongue was silent for a long time. They were very tired. There was, however, some "tall" eating. Panful after panful of fried trout vanished in quick order, until Cookey became somewhat alarmed, fearing that two square meals were henceforth to be in order every day.

The last mouthful is no sooner down than the Indian grows uneasy, and the pipe is soon in his hand. The "poochnaughan" is opened, and a mixture of cut tobacco and red willow bark is produced. They prefer this to pure tobacco; why I did not learn. Probably the cost has something to do with it.

The tumakums were smoked in ominous silence for a long time, scarcely a word passing from one to the other, until we joined them at their fire; and even then they were not disposed to talk. Yes, they were very tired, and no wonder. Any one acquainted with the difficulties to be met in ascending this river can well understand their feelings. However, in the course of half an hour Sâk found his tongue, and even good-natured Stephe made some remarks; but after the booktawichk had been passed round there was a great change in their spirits.

Sâk, as usual, did the most of the talking. He has rather a keen sense of humor, is quick to perceive a point, and frequently turns the tables on us in a pleasant way. This was especially the case that evening in reciting a legend of the creation of man. James had inquired if Sâk thought the white men and Indians were the same at first, or whether the first were white or red men.

"O, sartin," rejoined Sâk, "all same, only white man white. Nickskam makum all Injun at first, no white man 'tall, an' settum hunt mooin (bears). Mooin seeum Injun, thinkum all same, an' fightum. One, two, some Injun brave, raisum war-whoop, an' killum mooin with tomahawks. More Injun 'fraid, turnum pale, runnum 'way, no fightum, that's white man. Nickskam seeum run turnum white, sayum no brave. White Injun 'fraid of mooin, no livum in woods. Makum wigwam in field. No go in woods only Injun long too, sames you now," and the other Indians laughed heartily at Sâk's humorous thrust at the white man.

The more we see of Sâk, the more inclined are we to believe that his imagination has much to do with the creation of the stories and traditions told about the campfire.

Presently the moon climbed high over the southern hill-wall, and shot her beams across the dark valley to the rough crags beyond, lighting up the wild mountain scenery, but leaving night still lurking in the hollows, rifts, and gulches, which appeared like ugly blotches on the fair picture. And before she rose high enough to chase the gloom from the low, narrow river valley and flood it with her silvery mantle, we all retired; we, to our tents and comfortable beds, but the red men only moved the closer to the fire, curled themselves up and were soon asleep.

CHIKTEK.

NEWCASTLE, New Brunswick.

HUNTING IN FLORIDA.—I.

THOUGH a native of Massachusetts, it was my fortune, at the age of thirteen, to enjoy squirrel, oppossum and fox hunting in interior Virginia; at nineteen, deer, coon and bear chasing in southwestern Georgia; at twenty-five, plover, duck and hawk shooting in southeastern New England; at forty, a sight of wild chamois in the high Alps, and at fifty-five, a camp life of fifty consecutive days in the miasmatic swamps and everglades around Lake Okechobee in southern Florida. The object of this narrative is to give a detailed account of this latter experience in the most forbidding of all wild regions; but to the naturalist a perfect elysium.

The mention of Florida suggests the invalid, but it should not in the case of myself or my three companions, the one an experienced collector of forty, inured to all the hardships of camp life, and recognized by naturalists as Doctor P., and the other two, youths of eighteen, inexperienced, but enthusiastic, whom we will call Erwin and Fred.

For hunting-dress outfit, I was provided with a suit of sail cloth, colored yellowish brown or butternut, to resemble dead leaves, the sack coat prepared with ten pockets, besides one, full size of the skirt, for large specimens, the pants with six pockets, two blue flannel shirts, with inside pockets for watch, money and photographs, all wrapped in oil silk bags (carefully keeping paper money from contact with the oil silk surface, by first enclosing it in an envelope), military boots and brogans, and four pair of thick woolen socks. Any sort of vest is an incumberance on hunting excursions. A huswife well provided with sewing materials, extra buttons, pieces of cloth in variety for mending garments and dressing wounds, was not omitted.

For obtaining game, and for camp constructing, I had a double-barreled breechloader; in the waist-belt on the left side, a large size revolver, and on the right side a claw-hatchet with wrist string in the handle; sundry small traps, bunches of cord, insect nets, etc. At least one breechloading rifle should be in every hunting party.

For preserving and transporting specimens, I found a tin knapsack, constructed with various apartments for alcoholic vials, lunches, medicine-box and eggs, very convenient. At least ten gallons of alcohol and twenty pounds of arsenic were provided, besides some hundreds of muslin bags of different sizes, for keeping specimens distinct when thrown into one large jar. Convenient instruments, in duplicate, for skinning birds and animals and for blowing eggs, completed the general outfit.

Two o'clock P. M., Jan. 29, 1874, found myself and party steaming out of the harbor of P., in southern New England bound direct to Savannah. A sudden fit of indigestion admonished Fred to seek cascading quarters, before we were fairly out of sight of land, whither I followed him in a short time. The Doctor and Erwin proved invulnerable, and greatly enjoyed our distress. How singular that of all the "ills that flesh is heir to," the most distressing never awakens a particle of sympathy from the unsuffering, but rather mirth and cruel hectoring. Happily for Fred and myself, we were booked for the same stateroom, to which having retreated, through the live-long night and succeeding day, we were as sympathizing as the Siamese twins. On the third day, my seasickness fled more suddenly than it came, on hearing the cry on deck, "Porpoises! porpoises! all round." Hastening up, I found we were in a school of that species of Cetacea called *Delphinus delphis* and quite unlike the common porpoise. This latter is often seen entering bays and even ascending large rivers for miles, while *Delphinus* rarely approaches soundings. Looking from the deck of the steamer, I had an excellent opportunity for observing their swift motions, and the upward and downward movement of the tail, in contrast with its horizontal movement in fishes. At regular intervals they would rise to the surface to breathe through their single spiracle on the summit of the head; but exhaling and inhaling in an incredibly brief period of time. The hot air from the lungs, surcharged with moisture, is instantly condensed to vapor, giving to the careless observer the appearance of spouting water, which none of the Cetacea ever do. Celebrated for their swiftness, they play around the vessel, changing their position from side to side, by sometimes passing under the bow and sometimes under the stern, but never disconcerted by the speed of the steamer, though plowing the waves at the rate of ten knots per hour. Both jaws are armed with numerous conical teeth, enabling them to feed upon the gregarious tribes of fishes. Robert L. Pell says: "It commits great ravages among the enormous shoals of flying fish (*Exocetus volitans*), inhabiting the temperate latitudes, and it is a very remarkable fact that he necessarily seizes it as it endeavors to escape him, behind; and were it not for provident nature, he could not swallow it on account of its wings. The moment, however, it enters his mouth, some internal management reverses the fish, and it passes down his throat head first. This cetaceous animal much resembles the porpoise, but has a longer snout and more slender body." In this quotation from the address of Mr. Pell, before the American Institute, May 17, 1858, we suspect either he or the reporter rather mixed accounts, by confounding the cetaceans *Delphinus* with the scale-fish *Coryphæne*, species of both genera being popularly called dolphins, though the former is a mammal and the latter a true fish. According to Captain Basil Hall, it is the *Coryphæne* that "commits great ravages among the flying-fish," and an old whaler by my side fully confirms his account, but as confidently denies Mr. Pell's. Can any of my readers testify to ever having seen any species of porpoise pursue and feast upon flying-fish?

Delphinus delphis is regarded as the true dolphin of the ancients, to which the Greeks paid divine honors, placing its image in their temples and impressing it on their coins, though never actually imitating nature in their representations of it, but rather idealizing it as embodying physical and moral perfections beyond those of the human race.

At noon we passed Cape Hatteras with a perfectly calm sea, very unlike some of my former passings of it in a sailing vessel in my youthful days. At 9 P. M. Sunday, we anchored in Tybee Sound, and at dawn proceeded up the Savannah River to the city. We conveyed our luggage across the city in a drenching rain, and started at 5 P. M. in the cars for a night ride of 250 miles to Jacksonville. The contrast between the station and car accommodations of southern New England and southern Georgia was painfully striking. Toward dawn our train passed over the hard-fought battle-ground of Olustee, where the Union troops were disastrously defeated in the late civil war. Anticipating our arrival at the place, I had sought information among the passengers, and fortunately found one who was in the fight on the Southern side. To my eager inquiries, he pointed out the graves of the Union soldiers who fell in the battle and in the hasty retreat of their comrades were left on the field, and I knew that there lay two of my former pupils, whose lives had been laid upon the altar of their country. Another, who commanded a company of cavalry in the fight, was taken captive on the retreat and thrown into prison, escaping only to die in a few weeks of the disease contracted during his prison life.

At 10 A. M. arrived at Jacksonville— four and one-half days from snow and ice, to orange groves laden with fruit.

Making inquiries for best route to Lake Okechobee, I found it was a "terra incognita" to even Floridians. The publisher of a recent map of the State pointed to it with the remark, "It is said to be there, but I have never met one who has seen it. Should you find it and return, having escaped its miasma and reptiles, do not fail to give me a call, and verify or correct my map for the next edition." The papers were teeming with sensational stories about the wonders of the lake; beautiful islands, on which are castle ruins, grassy plains and nondescript animals, among which latter "were spiders of 4lbs. weight!" I was also informed of a party, just a day or two in advance of me, bound for the lake by a western approach to it. This information at once decided me in favor of an approach from the east, and with only two days' delay in Jacksonville, I found myself and party on the little steamer Lollie Boy headed for Salt Lake, expecting to arrive there by 12 M. Saturday.

To quote from the "Floridian Peninsula": "Such entire ignorance of a body of water with a superficies of 1,200 square miles, in the midst of a State settled nearly half a century before any other in our Union, which had been governed for years by Spanish, by English, and by Americans, well illustrates the impassable character of those vast swamps and dense cypresses known as the everglades; an impenetrability so complete as almost to justify the assertion of the State Engineer, so late as 1855: 'These lands are now, and will continue to be, as much unknown as the interior of Africa, or the sources of the Amazon!' " The sequel to my narative will show how completely two months more sufficed, through the perseverance of two of my party, united to two others that subsequently joined them, together with my own independent efforts, to dispel the vagueness and even romance attending a knowledge of its existence.

Though the area of the State of Florida compares with that of New England in the ratio of 59 to 62, three-fourths

of its surface is much of the year under water; and this fact will largely account for the ignorance concerning its physical features. None but wild Indians, cattle-rangers and naturalists can be expected to wade through its swamps, risk its miasmata, and brave is dangerous animals. From the first two, little information can be expected, and the latter have but recently been attracted to its more inaccessible regions.

The St. John's is an anomaly among rivers. Its source or sources, like those of the Nile, are still unknown. It flows a little west of north, till near its mouth, for at least 300 miles, but with a change of level for that entire distance of not more than 6ft. Still it cannot be called a sluggish stream, which is all the more remarkable, "when it is considered that not an eminence in East Florida attains the height of 200ft.:" and where all the water comes from, to give for 150 miles from its mouth an average breadth of about two miles, in apparent contradiction of all the hydraulic laws of physical geography, is the never-ceasing wonder, as day and night one steams over its surface. Ascending, the voyager traverses lake after lake; some extensive enough to give a water horizon, and fully justifying the alleged meaning of the Indian name Il-la-ka, "a river of many lakes;" though it may here be stated that an educated Choctaw chief defined the name as meaning, "it hath its own way, is alone contrary to every other;" a signification quite as pertinent to its physical character as the former. Its unnavigable portion seems to issue from an immense prairie covered with long saw grass, a region neighbor to the everglade and culminating in it. The great rains of the summer are here collected as in a reservoir, till the low latitudinal water-shed is overflown, and the sources of the northern flowing St. John's are confounded with that of the southern flowing Kissimmee. After the annual great rain fall is over, the running away of the waters reveals the submerged dividing line, and leaves the streams distinct, with an easterly and westerly water-shed of varying longitudinal width, but never extensive even in the driest seasons. Such an anomalous condition was long suspected by those engineers who had approximated the sources of both streams, but it was left to the observations of my party, so far as I know, to confirm the view, as will appear in the sequel.

Nearing the wharf at Hibernia, a few miles above Jacksonville, I was most agreeably surprised to find my lifelong friend, the late Professor Jeffries Wynan, at whose house, in Cambridge, Mass., I had dined a few days before, and whom I supposed still in New England. Forced by chronic complaints, he was spending his twenty-third winter, if I remember rightly, in Florida, and as the event proved his last. Mitigating his tendencies to pulmonary diseases by a southern winter, and to catarrhal by a White Mountain autumn, he had for nearly a quarter of a century alternated between the two extreme latitudes, and thus prolonged a most useful life, till in the issue he left behind a reputation that established him in the line of comparative anatomy as the peer of Agassiz and Owen.

At the moment of embarking on the little steamer, two ladies came on board whose ways at once suggested the "school marm." When informed by the clerk that every stateroom was already assigned, he was taken all aback by the reply, "Oh, any of these gentlemen will sleep on the saloon floor, just for one night." On hearing this remark, my first impulse was to put myself outside of that crowd at once. But observing that none of the younger passengers responded favorably to the appeal, I volunteered the half of my room, and induced the Doctor to give up the other half. Without a single "thank you" in reply, we were speedily dispossessed, and not possessed again, each day of the voyage proving so charming to the "ladies" that they concluded to remain aboard and return to Jacksonville with the boat. Gallantry, however, had its reward, though at the expense of a hard couch for successive nights.

The steamer stopping the second day for an hour at Volusia to "wood up," an opportunity was afforded for examining the shell mound upon which the village is built. It is formed exclusively of fresh-water species, mainly Ampullarias and Paludinas with some Unios, as are all the mounds upon the river from a few miles above its mouth, and has evidently resulted from being the dwelling-place of some of the earliest inhabitants during the successive stages of its formation, and the casting away of the shells, after extracting their contents for food. Professsor Wyman, than whom no archæologist has given more attention to their investigation, speaks with great confidence of their pre-Indian origin. My brief stay resulted in unearthing a few pieces of pottery, at varying depths, and in determining the river line of the mound to be at least 100ft., with a height of 6 or 8ft., and of a uncertain extent inland, owing to the forest growth on the top of it.

The shell mounds of Florida, whether upon the coast or the banks of its rivers, and especially those abounding upon the St. John's from near its source to its mouth, must not be confounded with the sand or burial mounds no less abundant, but scattered all over the State and giving no evidence of ever having been used for dwelling places. In the fourth memoir of the Peabody Academy of Science, Vol. 1, 1875, Professor Wyman has presented in a volume of about 100 pages quarto, finely illustrated, the result of his researches and conclusions, in respect to forty-eight fresh-water shell mounds on the banks of the Upper St. John's, and to which the reader is referred for the most complete account hitherto published of these most interesting relics.

Our nights upon the St. John's were moonless, but the darkness did not prevent at least one side issue up a narrow creek for an hour to leave provision stores and whisky at the camp of a woodsman. As we threaded our way in the Cimmerian gloom with interlacing branches overhead, and sometimes sweeping the upper deck, the wildfowl were startled from their slumbers and the owls roused to a vigorous protest against the invasion of their domains. But the lynx-eyed pilot, who successfully steered his way along the tortuous channel with not even the friendly glare of a lantern at the bow was to me the greatest wonder of the excursion.

Again in the St. John's, we found ourselves at daylight nearing a bluff, where we left Professor Wyman and his annual camping companion, G. A. Peabody, Esq., of Salem, Massachusetts. To their great disgust, a squatter had taken possession of their old camping-site, and already erected a log house in the orange-laden grove. Appearing at the door with rifle in hand, he saluted the old-comers with, "How d'ye, gen'lmen, come to squat here?"

In the afternoon another side issue to the left took us into Lake Beresford to leave another squatter, who had migrated from Georgia, and at a venture was being landed in a swamp with a wife and several children between the age of two months and twelve years. As their scanty furniture was handed out and the family left on the beach in the rain, with no shelter, and miles away from any human sympathizers, three hearty cheers were given by their departing fellow-passengers for the American pluck, male and female, that ever adapts itself to physical surroundings, however forlorn the prospect.

Once more on the St. John's, we found its breadth steadily narrowing, till it was reduced to less than 200ft., an advantage to the hunters on board, of which they were not slow to avail themselves, in popping away at every alligator and large bird that appeared at short or long range. Soon, however, the banks recede again and suddenly, as the steamer enters Lake Monroe, an expanse of water covering an area of at least twenty square miles. This crossed, the bluffs on either side are well-studded at advantageous points with shell mounds till the last great lake upon the river is sailed over, and the region of water, prairie and swamp is fully reached. At high water it makes little difference, in this region, whether the steamer keeps the channel or not, her sailing course well illustrating the principle of "cutting across lots." At half stage, as we found it, the channel was sufficiently disclosed to be followed, and equally well illustrated the doubling track of a hare with the hounds close at his heels. For a bird to rise from one side with the intention of proceeding but a short distance up or down stream, and alighting on the other side, and succeed twice in succession, would establish its claim to something of intelligence considerably superior to instinct. At length, growing weary of the monotony, I proposed to the captain to set me ashore and let me have a hunt of 100yds. across the base of a peninsula, while the steamer was doubling it at fifty times that distance. "Will you risk the snakes, alligators and quicksands?" was the squelching reply.

Leaving the St. John's, a few miles of navigation through Snake River, still more tortuous in its windings, and whose abrupt turnings often required the boat hands to jump ashore and push the bow round with poles, brought us into Salt Lake, so called from the saline taste of its water, a phenomenon as yet unexplained. Our voyage was terminated on the opposite side of the lake, by grounding the boat an eighth of a mile from the shore. A scow came off for us, having on it four cords of wood for the steamer. As our captain was supplied he declined taking it, and so our luggage to the amount of as much greater weight was piled on the wood, besides fifteen or twenty passengers, and the scow pushed off. Half-way to the shore it grounded, and then the boatmen exclaimed, "Why, here is just where it grounded going out." A fair specimen of "Cracker" calculation, of which this was our first, but by no means our last lesson. With the grounding of the scow a race commenced on the part of the mule and ox teams waiting for us on shore, to see which should reach us first to secure a load of goods and passengers for Sand Point, on the Atlantic coast, six miles distant. When they reached us the cart bodies were just even with the top of the water. For my part I selected a single mule team. For the bridle, a cord passed through the mouth and over the top of the head. Another single cord to the driver on the bare back, answered for a rein. A leather band supported the thills, and a collar made of straw, with wooden hames and short chains, completed the harness. Had the traces been of rawhide the whole arrangement would have been unique as a specimen of thriftlessness. Having packed on our baggage of 800lbs., with two of us on top to balance it, we started for the shore, apparently better able to carry the little mule than it to draw us. The intervening six miles gave us our first Florida lesson in walking. Midway we passed a large sand burial mound, from the top of which Professor Wyman had exhumed a skeleton buried only a foot deep, though 6ft. below pieces of charcoal and decayed bones were discovered.

While still in the woods, our teamster commenced unloading at a hut constructed in part of logs and in part of framework covered with boards split out by hand.

"Is this Sand Point?" I inquired.

"This is Sand Point."

"But where is the ocean?"

"A mile and a 'af further on."

"Were you not to take us to the ocean, where we could find a sailboat?"

"You bargained for Sand Point, and this house is where the post office used to be. To go to the wharf will cost you a dollar more."

"Did you not know when the bargain was made that we expected you to take us to the shore?"

"A bargain's a bargain, and if you want me to take you to the shore, I will come to-morrow night or Monday morning, and do it for another dollar."

Here, then, was our first lesson in "Cracker" honesty. The captain of the boat having sent us ashore in the wilderness, fifteen minutes before dinner, when our appetites were well whetted up for a bountiful repast, and which our walk of six miles had not in the least diminished, we concluded to dismiss our honest teamster and stop over Sunday at the hut yclept in the guide book Sand Point Hotel.

The next day, inquiring for a church, was informed by mine host of a Sabbath school recently started in a schoolhouse not far distant, he had "hearn tell of," but had never seen. Treading my way along a cow path, I came upon the building, just as the school of six pupils and two teachers, one of whom was my honest teamster of the day before, was assembling. The floor was of rough boards, the apertures for light without glass, and the long benches without backs, but the Bible was in the building and the tender youth were taught its sacred truths. Outside of my own tent it was my last recognized Sabbath for seven weeks.

Seeking negotiation for a sailboat, to take us a hundred miles further south by the Indian River to Fort Capron, the first boatman presenting himself was so under the influence of liquor that he was almost incoherent, though profuse in praises of his boat and his skill in managing it. Having declined his services, we fortunately secured the best boatman and boat on the river.

Betime Monday morning, we had our luggage stowed upon the sailboat, and commenced a voyage of 100 miles further south upon the Indian River, a misnomer for an interior sea or rather lagoon, running parallel with the Atlantic Ocean and connecting with it by infrequent inlets. Its salt water abounds in innumerable varieties of fish, while the shores on either side are no less attractive to the sportsman. In some places, the banks recede from each other four or five miles, in others not more than 50yds. Oyster-bed reefs obstruct navigation for vessels larger than common sailboats, but channels might be easily dredged across them for the passage of a small steamer, and thus open this more auspicuous region of Florida to the tourist and invalid.

Anxious to reach our most southern point of destination, we restrained ourselves from capturing either fish, reptile, bird or mammal, though the temptation was constantly presented; especially when, to reef sail, we ran into the mouth of St. Sebastian River, and saw upon the beach fresh tracks of deer, wildcats, and pumas. At sundown we anchored hard by the hut of our boatman's brother-in-law, in which we found shelter and repose, though not upon beds of down, but rather of dried hides. The larder furnished venison steak and hominy for supper and breakfast, besides the inevitable pork and yam of a "cracker's" repast.

The western shore at this point presents geological features of remarkable interest. That portion ordinarily washed by the waves presents a bluff, 6 or 8ft. in height, formed apparently of fragments of shells cemented into firm rock by pressure or heat, but honey-combed with cylindrical orifices 6 to 15in. in diameter extending perpendicularly from the surface of the bluff to a line corresponding with the level of the beach at low-water mark. The appearance is as though a sudden overflow of the waves had deposited a mass of broken shells to the depth of 10ft., more or less, around the closely growing trunks of an extensive grove of palmetto trees; and then, the shelly mass having consolidated ere the trees had decayed, the moulds of the trunk remained, a geological wonder. The same foundation structure is said to extend inland beneath the soil to an unknown distance, having been tested a half mile from the shore, and only kept denuded on and near the beach by the more powerful action of occasional storms. The geologic explanation of this unique feature is a desideratum.

Between watching the "looming" of distant "points" ahead and astern, the "sailing" of pelicans and the "breaking" of huge sharks, at times almost under the bow of the boat, the hours of the second day whiled away, till at 4 P. M. we landed at Fort Capron, the projected base of our swamp operations. Stepping from the boat a Yankee explorer bound also to Lake Okechobee, grasped my hand, and in a trice told me that he had brought out a sailboat all the way from New York city, with the intention of having it carried across the country, sixty miles, by an ox-team, to Fort Bessinger, on Kissimmee River, down which he proposed to navigate till it should usher him into the lake, and, moreover, he was only waiting to make up a party of four, having already secured one. Here was a dilemma. The addition to my party would make the number six, while the utmost capacity of his boat would accommodate but four. It was, however, quickly decided that we should all go to the river together, and then mature our plans according to circumstances. To secure the services of an ox-team and a driver, the "Explorer" and Erwin volunteered a tramp of ten miles to the cabin of a "cracker," who was understood to be able to furnish the team. On their return the following day they reported themselves successful, and Saturday fixed upon as the date of our departure, the "cracker" engaging to take the boat and all luggage to the river at a point designated for forty dollars.

Meanwhile indoor accommodations were furnished us at Fort Capron by "mine host" Judge P., to whom I had a letter of introduction from a former pupil. Erwin and Fred, at the suggestion of Doctor P., commenced initiating themselves into camp life by erecting their tents in the yard. I donned my hunting suit and commenced collecting, not a little encouraged in that my first seven shots were each successful in securing the game.

As the day of our departure drew near, I was informed that we should pass through a settlement of outlaws, ten miles distant, every man of whom had left his native region for that region's good, and located himself outside of "law and gospel" just over the frontier line of civilization. The owner of our team was accounted a leader among them, and by way of cautioning me, my informant related, under the promise of secrecy, the particulars of a murder, within three weeks, by two of the gang, of an honest, industrious German, who had made for himself a home just outside of their settlement. He, being a man of education and some degree of refinement, not affiliating with them, and withal being envied the possession of a better orange plantation than they had, though wholly the result of his own industry, it was decided to get rid of him on the damning charge of being a stealer and killer of cattle. Among Floridian "crackers" this is a far more heinous crime than that of taking human life, and once fastened upon a man, if only on suspicion, immediately puts him out of the protection of such law as may exist. Finding their victim could not be driven away, their usual resort to treachery was adopted, and the deed committed to two desperate ruffians, one a young man of nineteen, whom we will call Tom, and who will figure largely in the sequel of this narrative. To him, as the story was told me, our team owner promised his daughter in marriage, if successful.

At first every effort was made to provoke a quarrel that should give some shadow of an excuse for the execution of their plot; but the imperturbably good nature of the honest German would not beguile him into a dispute. At length, under the pretense of desiring some orange-slips from his excellent grove, they called at his cabin and asked for some dinner. Both dinner and slips were cheerfully given them, and then requesting their host to set them across the deep creek about a quarter of a mile from his house, he went with them for the purpose, but did not return. Soon after leaving his wife heard four gun and three pistol shots in quick succession; but surmising they were at game waited till near dark for her husband's return and then repaired to the creek, only to be horrified with the sight of blood in the boat still securely fastened on the other side. It was subsequently proven that the assassins thought to cover up the evidence of their guilt by dragging the body a half mile below and thrusting its dismembered fragments into alligator holes. The wife, snatching up her young child, traversed the gloomy wilderness for ten miles at the dead of night to Fort Capron and reported the deed.

The following week the sheriff of the county, with a posse of ten men, started for the settlement with the intention of arresting the guilty parties. When within five miles of it he was met by a delegation informing him that his design was known, and the whole neighborhood was assembled in one cabin with plenty of arms and provisions, and ready to endure a siege, but no one could be arrested while a man or woman remained alive. Under these circumstances, and considering "discretion the better part of valor," the sheriff beat a hasty retreat. Thus the matter stood two weeks subsequent, as I was about to enter the community, my informant closing up his narration with the remark that he felt it his duty to let me know the character of those to whom I was about to trust myself and my party, but cautioned me on no account to breathe a suspicion of any one or reveal the secret to either of my companions, lest it might be suspected by the outlaws that we had some knowledge available to the government, and, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales," find our last resting place in concealed alligator holes, even if their cupidity should permit us to return from the swamp after they had fleeced us to the extent we might permit. Forewarned, forearmed, I the more persistently determined to penetrate the mystery and walk the strand of Lake Okechobee.

Saturday, punctually at 12 o'clock, our teamster appeared with two yoke of steers attached to a double set of shaky wheels. In an hour or two the boat was launched upon the axles and loaded with our provisions of coffee, hominy, hard-tack and pork; our ammunition, of powder and shot; our preserving materials, of salt, arsenic and alcohol (the latter poisoned, lest the teamsters should be tempted to try the preserving of themselves with it); our capturing apparatus, of fish-net, insect-nets, etc., (guns, pistols and hatchets are on such trips to be a constant appendage of the person); besides the camera and necessary chemicals of the Explorer for procuring pictures of the ruins said to be in the lake. When ready to start, I saw plainly the weight was too much for the wheels, and predicted a breakdown, to which, however, no other one of the party would listen.

The cabin of the teamster lay upon the direct route to the lake, ten miles distant, where we expected to make our first encampment. All went well till we entered the bordering swamp of Five Mile Creek, when, after wading deeper and deeper for half a mile, and the oxen were just ready to plunge in all over for a swim across the channel, crash went one of the wheels. There was no alternative but to wade back to dry land and camp without our tent. Fortunately, our provisions and cooking utensils were on the top of the load, and, by judicious distribution of the weight, easily borne back. From a stagnant pool near our camping place we obtained water for our coffee, after frightening away from the margin the lizards, etc., and then straining it to get rid of the smaller nuisances, both vegetable and animal. Rolled up in our blankets, we composed ourselves to sleep with clouds of mosquitoes settling down upon every exposed spot of flesh, and amid the hooting of owls and howling of wild beasts, having just before the breakdown crossed the fresh track of a puma. To repair the damage there was no alternative but for the teamster and his driver to push on with the oxen to his home and return as soon as a new set of wheels could be procured.

At noon, on Monday, he reappeared with a stouter set, for which he had meanwhile made an entirely new axle. Transferring the load, the old wheels were left in their tracks, where five weeks later they still remained. Reaching the bank of the creek, it was found that neither oxen nor wheels could touch bottom. To effect a crossing, the yoke was taken off, and swum over, and so placed on the opposite shore as to be quickly hitched on again. The driver stripped naked, as well as the Explorer and Erwin, the former to swim at the heads of the oxen at the risk of being gored in their wild plunges, the other two to swim astern and guide the boat against the current. The moment the steers got foothold on the opposite bank, they refused to move, leaving the wheels sinking in the quicksands and the boat rising from the axles. It was a critical moment, but the leaders being hitched on and a simultaneous shout raised by all, a "long pull and a strong pull altogether" landed the boat on the bank and relieved our anxiety.

Five miles further brought us to the clearing of our "teamster." Selecting a place for a camp, I went on alone to a well near the cabin, and observed two men dressing a hog hung to the limb of a tree. Coming suddenly upon them around a corner of the cabin, I noticed that the younger of the two instantly dropped his work and rushed for the cabin door, out of which he soon issued with a double-barreled gun in his hand and stood defiant. Apparently not noticing him, I passed back to my companions, wondering at his behavior. Soon our teamster took me aside and asked why I wore a pistol belt with U. S. on the buckle. I told him I had borrowed it from my cousin, who was color-bearer of his company during the late war. "Then you are not a United States Marshal?" To me the idea was so ridiculous I could not restrain my laughter, and he returned to his cabin. Subsequently I learned that the young man was "Tom," and the United States belt with its pistol on one side and clawhatchet on the other, together with the gun in my hand, had aroused his suspicion that I had come with a posse in disguise for his arrest. "The criminal doth fear each bush an officer." Spreading our tent and smoking out the mosquitoes with pine knots, Fred and myself slept soundly with the expectation of rising at daylight to renew our trip to the lake.

In the morning we were told by our teamster that the load was twice as heavy as he promised to carry and he should go no further unless it was reduced at least one-third, and he was paid sixty dollars instead of forty. Lesson second in "Cracker" honesty. Fred and myself volunteered to remain, while Doctor P. and Erwin insisted on advancing. Assuring Erwin I should see the lake before leaving Florida, if health permitted, he still chose to take his risk with the Explorer, alleging that he left New England with that sole object in view and now saw no other certainty but to go with the boat. Poor fellow, he went on, and he saw the lake and circumnavigated it, but while lying on his back most of the time for five weeks, shaking with fever and ague, hardly firing his gun during the whole trip. Of all this I was happily ignorant till I found him on my return from the swamps at Fort Capron, unable to walk across the room.

Just before they were ready to start, the teamster came to me and said he had in the woods another pair of steers that six months before had been yoked. These Tom would catch and with a light cart take the luggage of Fred and myself on the morrow, and carry us too, except in the deepest wading places. By following their wheel tracks and with a light load, we could easily overtake them. Besides, we had learned from a neighbor during the evening that Fort Bassinger was not more than ten miles from the lake; moreover, this neighbor had left a boat at the fort, in which he would take Fred and myself to the lake and back to the fort in one day, while the oxen were resting. Then we would return to his cabin together, and let the rest of the party pursue their plan of exploring the lake. For this service he must receive four dollars per day, including Tom's wages, who was at work for him. The plan seeming feasible, I concluded to adopt it, and after much persuasion obtained Tom's consent, who was not yet, as I afterwards learned, entirely free from the suspicion of my being a United States officer sent to arrest him.

After frivolous delays of several hours Tom started for the woods, and toward night drove into the inclosure a "bunch" of cattle having one of the steers wanted. In singling this one out with the lasso it leaped the fence and was quickly out of sight again. He must now go a mile and get a neighbor, who, by the way, was his reputed companion-assassin, and the twain go two miles in another direction and borrow some dogs, with which to catch the runaway steer. About ten at night they pass my tent, Tom ahead on a horse, holding one end of a rope around the horns of the steer; his companion, on foot, holding on to a rope around one hind leg of the animal, which had been caught by the nose with bloodhounds. The next morning the woods were again scoured for the other steer, which was brought in similarly about noon. An inspection of the cart decided, in the mind of Tom, that the wheels were too weak, and he must borrow a pair from a neighbor some eight miles away. This he would do next day and be ready to start Friday morning, three days behind time. Yielding at length to my remonstrances, he started soon after dinner to exchange the wheels and break in the wild steers, returning past midnight. In the morning the last caught steer was utterly exhausted, and the third day of delay must after all be spent in hunting up and breaking in another. Friday morning we started, the first essay of the wild creatures being to upset the load in their zig-zagging through "a right smart palmetery"—rough palmetto roots above ground.

J. W. P. JENKS.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, Providence, R. I.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

NOTES OF THE FIELDS AND WOODS.

III.

IT IS interesting to think of the changes that have taken place in the plant world under the hand of man. It was not very long ago that our fields, now waving with wheat and maize, and our hillsides and valleys, covered with the soft verdure cropped by the grazing herds, were occupied solely by plants native to the soil. They grew and flowered and scattered their seeds to the wind under no husbandry save that of nature. There was no favor shown then; tender plants and strong were treated alike. There was the virgin soil for all, and there were light and heat and rain for all, but there was no breaking up of soil for the destruction of some, nor scattering and covering of seeds for the introduction of others in their places. Nevertheless there was a great, though silent, struggle for place going on. Nature is prodigal. Every plant produces seeds calculated to increase its kind a hundredfold. But where every inch of soil is taken there can be no increase of numbers. Hence the struggle; of the hundred seeds flung to the winds there was room for the development of but one; the ninety and nine were choked out in the strife for existence. The struggle was between members of the same species, but more observably between different species. The contest was fiercest here, silent but intense. The weakest species must go to the wall. It was a survival of the fittest, if fittest means hardiest and possessing greatest adaptability to surroundings. For in this warfare there was one alternative to utter destruction, and that was retreat. Many species of plants saved themselves from extermination by withdrawing from the soil first contested and adapting themselves to new conditions. Take, for example, the lichens. Now we see them growing in apparently very disadvantageous situations, on bare rocks, the trunks of trees, roofs, etc. Can it be doubted that they have taken these abodes for any other reason than that they have been crowded out of better ones? Their capability of adapting themselves to changed conditions doubtless saved them from utter extinction. They are secure in their present places, for no other plants could live under the same conditions. It is not unlikely that the dry, brittle, crumpled growth that now clings with slender hold upon the bare rock was once a green pulpy leaf, full of sap and vigor. The lichens were among the first plants to appear upon the earth. It is only a speculation, but it does not seem too great a license to imagine that at first they consisted of a green thallus (like that of the liverworts) held to the ground by thread-like roots and getting their food from air and soil. But new plants came into being and sought possession of the same soil. The newer were hardier and grew more vigorously and gradually crowded out the first possessors. But here and there was a favorable situation for the tender lichen; some spot rich enough in means of life to supply its humble wants, but not those of its rivals. Gradually it adapted itself more perfectly to its new surroundings; its manner of life became modified to fitness to its new environment. Formerly dependent upon soil and air it came at length to find sustenance in the latter element only. There it could grow and flourish upon the rocks and trunks of trees. Then must have come a new chapter in the lichen's history. For it is now known that these plants are not solely aerial in their habits, but that they live partly by parasitism upon other plants—minute single-celled algæ that live inside the lichen leaf. These little green cells scattered in the tissues of the leaf were until a few years ago supposed to be true cells of the lichen plant. They were known to be singularly like the minute algæ that live everywhere on the bark of trees, old roofs and similar situations, giving to the surfaces to which they adhere a green color. And it was observed that the green cells inside the lichen leaf multiplied in just the same way as the algæ living outside, namely, by division. Thus a few cells in the leaf would increase to very many, forming rows and layers that filled the spaces between the filaments of the lichen leaf. Finally it was observed that these filaments gave off branches which applied themselves to the green cells and absorbed nourishment from them. These observations led to the opinion that the green cells were just what they seemed to be—algæ living inside the lichen leaf, protected and kept moist by it, and in compensation giving up a part of their substance as food for the lichen plant. Thus a lichen is not a simple plant, but a community of two kinds of plants, each affording service to the other.

Now, it is not difficult to imagine how the algæ came to be tenants of the lichen plant. In the first place, the algæ live in their natural free condition in the same situations as the lichens, as on the bark of trees. It would, therefore, very easily come about that algæ cells would become lodged upon a young, growing lichen leaf. This situation being a favorable one, they would thrive there, and the lichen leaf would slowly grow around them and finally inclose them among its own cells. The algæ cells would then give of their substance to the lichen cells lying contiguous to them, and thus a parasitism be established. These suggestions seem much the more plausible from the fact that it is in just this way that we must conceive the algæ to get inside the leaf of a lichen of to-day. The must lodge upon the leaf and then be inclosed by the latter in its growth. The algæ cells doubtless sustain themselves in the same way as those living in a free condition outside, namely, by materials derived from the air and rain.

The lichens are interesting plants in other ways besides their manner of obtaining food. They are remarkable for the great age to which they live; there is good ground for believing that they endure as long as a hundred years. An authority states that some plants have been found by actual observation to endure forty-five years. Their growth is exceedingly slow, indicating that only a little nourishment serves to keep them alive. In a dry time they have power of suspending growth altogether, renewing it again at the fall of rain. In time of rain they change their color, becoming greener. Another interesting fact about lichens is that they grow only where the air is free from smoke or dust. They are never found growing in the neighborhood of towns where the atmosphere is impregnated with soot and smoke. Thus these plants afford an indication of the purity of the air.

The lichens are of no little use to man. Some of our most valuable dyes are made from them, and in the far North, as is well known, the Iceland moss (a true lichen) furnishes food to both man and his indispensable ally, the reindeer. This animal scrapes away the snow with its feet and crops the lichen from the ground, this plant constituting its sole food. As the reindeer is not only a beast of burden to the Icelander, but also furnishes him with food and clothing, it is seen that the lichens render these regions habitable. No plants grow in latitudes so far north as they.

There are quite a number of kinds of common lichens. Most of them consist of a flat, crumpled, grayish-green leaf-like growth, but some have branched stem-like parts growing out at an angle to the surface to which the plants are attached. Lichens, like the other cryptogamic plants, reproduce by means of spores. They grow in cavities, which in the most common lichens are arranged in discs easily discernible to the eye. The spores escape from the cavities and under favorable circumstances germinate into new plants. The entire productive process of the lichens is not well understood. It is probable that besides the spores other reproductive cells are produced, which are of a sexual nature and which by their union form a germ cell.

When one goes out for a stroll in the fields nothing is more common than to go further than one intended or take a different direction from that in which one set out. It has been so in the present writing. The writer had in mind to put down some notes upon the changes that the plant would have undergone under the cultivation of the soil. The imagination likes to dwell upon the time when the earth was virgin, when nature's face was yet untouched by the hand of man, our hillsides were covered with mighty forests. The great trees threw out their thousand leaves to summer's breeze or swayed their pliant arms in winter's blasts. Our plains were carpeted with endless wealth of grass and herb, waving in summer's wind and lifting up a thousand flowers to summer's sun. But the woodsman's axe came and leveled the forests, and the plough—that perfect engine of plant destruction—came, breaking through the soil, turning the roots of the plants up to the scorching sun and the tender light-loving blades down to darkness. Then upon the fresh upturned earth seeds were scattered; seeds brought from climes beyond the sea; they took root and flourished and brought forth their kind. They have never relinquished their hold upon the new soil. The native plants have never regained what for countless generations was their own without dispute. To man was given dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. To him was given every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to him was it given for meat.

S.

IS THIS THE SEA-SERPENT?—The Cape Ann *Advertiser* says: The schooner M. A. Baston, of this port, Capt. Thomas Thompson, brought in a very peculiar species of fish, caught on the LaHave Bank, and which resembles the pictures and descriptions of a sea-serpent more than anything brought into Gloucester. Nothing of the kind has ever been seen by the fishermen or experts in the matter of rare fish. It answers no published description in the works devoted to the subject. It is 4ft. in length and about 5in. through, has one long dorsal fin extending the whole length of the back. The head is triangular shaped, the lower jaw extending 2in. beyond the upper jaw and terminating in a soft extremity. Both jaws are armed with very sharp teeth, resembling those of a porpoise. The upper jaw has three long prongs at the extreme tip. The rest of the upper teeth are very fine and small. It was packed in ice at the rooms of the American Fish Bureau, and forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Game Bag and Gun.

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BOB WHITE'S PARADISE.

LAST week friend Daniels and I discovered a place fit to write about, and worthy to become celebrated for the particular purpose it was designed for by a beneficent and all-wise Providence. The first of these two things I am going to do in the hope that thereby the second may not be done; for I give notice that I pre-empt the subject, and that once accomplished, the place will forever remain what I have called it at the beginning of this account—Bob White's paradise—for, this not being read, others will not find him out, and we can't hit him when we do find him.

On the evening of the day before, we left a city which is sufficiently located when I remark that it is in the middle of a country that lies between the equator and the North Pole, and which country is in its entirety a paradise for all honest and jovial men and is itself a retreat for the persecuted and ill-treated of all the decent rest of the world, and rode a hundred miles south, until we penetrated for miles a dense wilderness where people do not look for quail because there are none there. And we went to sleep at an inn in a small hamlet, our dog, Dale, shortly thereafter climbing, in a devout and careful manner, into the lower part of the same bed, and going also to sleep in the comfortable belief that in unity there is warmth, which there is.

But in the morning after breakfast we trudge after the manner of the hunters, industriously into the wilderness by a road which had deteriorated commercially from the time it was made and which declined topographically from its start until we came down into a valley, the like of which is enough to make even a shotgun thrill with pleasure.

When we came down out of the hills we also came out of the wilderness. The little scrub oaks had given way before the axe of the pioneer until now all the valley is cultivated and settled. It winds in and out between the high hills on either side, its little stream showing here and there through the thickets which fringe it; some places a half mile from hills and hillside, some places a mile; every now and then its middle stream straying over to the foot of one or the other hillside to get a tributary spring, or loitering at the end of some gully to pick up its streamlet; so that after awhile it requires rubber boots and logs and things to get you over dry shod. And, sir, there are cornfields and stubblefields and meadows and thickets, now on one side of the stream, now on the other, and again on both sides, and here and there a farmhouse nestles close to the hill. And when you get down six miles to the end where the stream reaches the big spring, famous in that it is so big that it turns itself into a river from the very start and so cold that brook trout are said to live therein by the grace of the Fish Commissioners, in order that there may not be too much of a good thing, the valley stops, leaving the stream to once more cut its narrow way out of the hills.

And that is where we hunted. We only needed to traverse about a mile of it, for within its compass we found four bevies of quail, surely enough for one day. Especially so when we couldn't shoot them, and only required enough to shoot at. We had entered the second field, when a bevy that had probably just begun its breakfeast of ragweed flushed wildly ahead of the dog and settled a few yards away in a thicket. Now, the dog Dale had never been hunting or smelled a game bird before, and was therefore about to make his first essay in the business of right-minded pointers. Accordingly we all approached the thicket with those feelings of perturbation and delight which can better be imagined by young dogs and old hunters than described by either. He pointed staunchly and beautifully his first quail, and if his masters had shot as staunchly and beautifully as he pointed, he would doubtless have retrieved it. But they missed. This course of procedure was the general order of the day. At one time in the day my companion called me to him from the bushes near the stream. True, I had heard him shout, but time had taught me to attach no significence to that; and when I noticed Dale swimming out of the stream with a quail in his mouth, and which he brought carefully to my hand, I delightedly asked him (the dog) how he caught it. And then, seeing it was dead, my inquiring eyes sought those of my friend, who returned the look solemnly, and said:

"Mr. President, I have shot a quail!"

This was so unusual a circumstance that we both instinctively felt the need of a season of consultation. Accordingly we called up a scion of the hamlet, who had loitered after us with a basket all day in the hope of reward, and extracted from the basket packed by the provident goddess of our bachelor kitchen at home, a can of coffee, which we warmed over a fire of twigs. The owner of the land had so many twigs that we thought he wouldn't care. Likewise we brought forth a fried fowl, various sandwiches, pickles, cups, pie, cake, a bottle loaded with over five drams, and a package of cigars.

"I am sorry it happened," he said, "on account of the relatives of the deceased. It would not have been so bad if it had been some other birds, but we had been shooting at them a long time, and experience had given them the right to feel safe."

"True," said I, "and we know no way to reach the survivors with our regrets, which makes it the sadder for us. Now, in the course of human events, if you in the exercise of your professison inadvertently sever a patient's jugular vein, as seems to have been done here, you can attend the funeral, or send flowers to decorate his coffin, and afterward create reminiscences of the man's greatness for the benefit of his surviving heirs. But here, a quail before death remains only a quail after death. He cannot in life run a corner grocery with an eye-opener attachment in the rear and in death be a fond husband, a devoted father and a leading politician in the First Ward. And yet," I continued, seeking to assuage his grief and also to draw his attention from the yet unsecured portion of the fried fowl, "you should bear it manfully. It was an occurrence totally beyond your control. I too aim at the whole world when I shoot, so that this concrete result of an abstract dealing might have fallen to my lot if he had flown in front of my gun instead of yours."

After a period of drowsy repose, such as comes to noble minds after a light repast, we sauntered on, the dog pointing every now and then all day. Sometimes we stood by to admire him at such times until he must have grown impatient. I disdain to give the list of casualties for the day. It might attract attention to a spot which, I love to asseverate, is a paradise for quail, and an elysium of bliss for those who, like my friend and I, love nothing better than such a day as that one was. We are going there again Thanksgiving Day. Indeed, we are going to lease the shooting privilege of the entire valley in company with a few carefully selected poor shots.

Would you like to become a charter member?

G. K. A.

NATIONAL PARK NOTES.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In my last notes from the Park I mentioned the fact that William James was held at Camp Sheridan, Mammoth Hot Springs, awaiting the action of the civil authorities, and that he was charged with being one of the porters who robbed the coach July 4. Since then, I learn, he has confessed everything and has implicated Chas. Higginbottom in the robbery. Higginbottom was arrested on the 3d inst. by the sheriff of Park county and taken to Bozeman. He was at work on the Horr Bros. coal mines, only a few miles from where the crime was committed.

On the 5th inst., William James was turned over to a Deputy U. S. Marshal by Captain Harris. James was escorted to the line of the Park by a squad of soldiers, where he was delivered up to the marshal, who took him to Bozeman. There he and Higginbottom will await the action of the U. S. Grand Jury, which will sit on the 15th inst. How strong the evidence is against Higginbottom I cannot learn. It is thought revenge was the object of both men, as they were well enough posted to know that very little money is carried by tourists, and that in checks, drafts, etc. Higginbottom was a stage driver discharged by Wakefield, and James was an exile from the Park for having trapped and killed game on the reservation last winter. Stopping the coach it was supposed would check travel to the Park and injure the transportation business. James is said to be a cousin of the notorious Jesse and Frank James and has been in trouble before.

Since the cold snap in October the weather has been very enjoyable, with warm, sunny days and cold nights; very little snow, just enough to make the game feel good and keep well back in the mountains, although nearer their winter range. Elk, mountain sheep, antelope and deer can now be seen in great abundance by taking a few miles' ride from the Mammoth Hot Springs or Yancey's. Travelers from Cooke City see game on all the high mountains on either side of the road.

Hunting parties out from Gardiner and the Upper Yellowstone report but little game. It has not yet come out of the Park. Very little game has been killed so far this season in Montana in the country adjacent to the Park, and, as the new laws will protect the game much earlier this year, very little will be killed. H.

CLUBS AND PRESERVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How about those who are not wealthy enough to jo'n one of those powerful concerns? Thousands of your readers make plans a long way ahead, to take a trip to the woods, and they are often obliged to defer it another year. But the blessed knowledge that there is a place where they may go lawfully when the time does come, makes it easy to bear.

But how long will it be before all the vast wilderness be taken up, at the rate of a hundred and twenty square miles at a jump?

When Billy and I were young shavers we could go gunning anywhere, and often we would climb the highest hills, and look to the north, where the woods seemed to stretch without end, and where on clear days we could see some of the White Mountains; and we would plan sometime to look upon the wonderful country beyond.

Now, tresspassing signs mock us everywhere; barbed wire bristles on every fence; and we console ourselves by saying "there is no game any way" (as if we went for game alone), and we will try our level best to go down to Maine next year; only sometimes "next year" does not come along for three or four years. But when it does come, how glorious and free the life in the wilderness. And the memories of lonely camps, glorious lakes, rivers, forests and beautiful sunsets, has cheered us many a time after.

How is it? Were we next year to take a trip to a district lying within the territory of some of these clubs? would we be put back? and would it make it right for them to banish us from the mountains just because they happen to have the power to do so? Next to casting my vote there is another privilege I prize as an American citizen, and that is, when circumstances permit, to take with rifle and pack to the wilderness for a season, where I can see no use for fences and policemen.

LAWRENCE, Mass. PIPPSISSEWA.

A TRANSFORMED PUNT.—Mr. G. R. White, of Ottawa, Can., had a curious experience while shooting on his preserves on the Ottawa. He constructed a duck punt, specially designed for floating over the mud flats; the bow was pointed, the bottom curving up and the deck curving down. Some days ago he was shooting at the end of a bay, and when he could get his craft no further, left it, and returned to camp by the shore. About a week afterward he went to recover his punt, when, to his surprise, he found that it had been converted into a house by a colony of muskrats. They had covered in the cockpit and gnawed a convenient doorway through the side of the punt, rendering it utterly unseaworthy. The rats doubtless thought that they had secured commodious winter quarters.—G.

INDIAN SUMMER IN MICHIGAN.—The open season for deer began a week ago, and I have thus far heard only of one killed (on Torch River) in this county. Five or six years ago we could start one in a couple of hours almost anywhere. Looks as if the poor things needed protection, doesn't it? We are in the midst of the most delightful Indian summer weather and you just ought to be on these lakes to have the benefit of it.—KELPIE (Central LAKE, Mich., Nov. 7).

SHOOTING NOTES.

TWO belated woodcock were shot near Kingston, N. Y., on Friday last, the snow being an inch deep. I doubt very much if woodcock are so susceptible to cold as is generally imagined. I remember shooting eight birds once in Christmas week in eastern Virginia, when everything had been frozen up tight for three days. At the time there was six inches of snow on the ground. The birds were all strong flyers. Looking back upon the past fall's woodcock shooting, it certainly was remarkably good in Connecticut, northern New Jersey and in New York. I met a friend at Oneida the other day, and he told me that he and a friend killed 51 birds on Oct. 23 in that vicinity, shooting but half a day. Other sportsmen in the same section got bags of 20 to 30 birds each about the same time. Strange to say, in every case the cock were found only on the wettest ground.

Never were partridges more abundant in Delaware county, N. Y., than they have been this season. I have three friends who killed 92 in four days about two weeks ago.

The largest individual bag, however, that I have heard of has been made by Mr. Selkirk, who resides near Albany. He had up to Nov. 11 shot 531 birds. He is a genial gentleman who only takes the field for pleasure, and always keeps his friends well supplied with game from his gun.

One has only to travel on an accommodation train to this city on any line of railroad in southeastern New York to see to what extent the partridges are being snared. In the Catskill region birds are more scarce, for this cause, this autumn, than they have been known in forty years. Every little station along the Ulster and Delaware Railroad has its snaring banditti, and bunch after bunch of snared birds are handed in the baggage cars to be eventually shipped in big lots to this city.

Mr. Arthur Duane, of this city, and his friend Mr. Chas. Barnum, killed fifty-one partridges, eight woodcock and one English snipe at Lime Rock, Conn., in three days last week.

Mr. Chas E. Gove and a friend from Albany went for a couple of days' shooting in Ulster county last week. The rain and snow, however, spoiled their fun, and they had no chance to shoot but two birds.

There are more bears in the Catskill Mountains this season than have been seen in a long while. Deer and wolves disappeared from this region many years ago. The last wolf was killed by Farmer Hall, for which he received some $80 bounty. It is rather interesting to look over the old bounty records of the town of Catskill, which for over seventy years show the well sustained warfare against the animals of prey in Greene county.

I met some old shooting friends at Montreal the other day and they tell me of many caribou in the mountains to the eastward of Quebec. The Indians of that region also report several small herds of moose. The Shickshock Mountains are the range.

Two important bills will be introduced in the next session of the New Jersey Legislature. One placing the fine of $50 for trespassing on land advertised as a game preserve, and the other to abolish summer woodcock shooting. I am greatly in favor of both, and I am happy to say there are hundreds of responsible residents of that State who think with me.

The trouble continues in South Jersey between non-resident shooters, farmers and the West Jersey Game Protective Society. Things seem badly mixed and we New Yorkers are all in a fog as to the merits of the case. Many of us would be happy to hear through FOREST AND STREAM, what such thorough and accomplished sportsmen as Mr. George Emlen, Mr. Benjamin Richards and Mr. Winsor, of Philadelphia, have to say about it.

The draining of the famous Sagamon bottoms and Clear and Quiver lakes in Mason county, Illinois, which FOREST AND STREAM notices editorially in issue of Nov. 3, is being supplemented by the reclaiming of Four-mile Prairie, in Green county, Indiana. Although the latter place was but little known it was one of the best mallard marshes in the West. A wide ditch now taps the famous string of ponds where I alone for years enjoyed magnificent shooting. Being familiar with the effect of the ditching of Mason county, where I have killed canvasbacks, redheads, mallards, bluebills and "black Jacks" on several occasions, I will give those who read these notes a point well worth remembering, that in every instance during the transition of ducking grounds to farming lands, there is a stage in the game when the best English snipe shooting that man may wish for can be had. I found this the case in Mason county in 1880, having picked up the point at Havana, Ill., in 1878, when I learned for the first time the contemplated "improvement."

On the night of Nov. 8 a flock of swans were attracted by the lights of the iron furnaces in Hollidaysburg, Pa., and for a long time circled over the village in an aimless way. It is said some of the birds alighted on the housetops and on the ground. The next morning A. P. Walker captured a crippled member of the flock. It was pure white, and measured 6ft. across the wings.

William S. Foster, so well known to old-time Shinnecock Bay gunners and the efficient superintendent of the Palmer's Island Ducking Club, Currituck Sound, North Carolina, writes me from the latter place what ducks there are this season in that once famous water are being slaughtered illegally by fire-hunters and big-gun night-shooters. The law forbids shooting after sunset and before daylight, but, like the rest of our game laws, it is a dead letter. This year the sound is covered with more batteries and bush blinds than ever known before. Every duck has its price upon its head, and every native is going for that price. It is full time the members of the ducking clubs should consolidate and prosecute the law breakers.

Quail shooting on Long Island has been about as poor as usual. At East Hampton there are more shooters than birds. The best place I know is in the vicinity of Ponquogue.

Pennsylvania sportsmen have been enjoying fine wildfowl shooting on the Susquehanna River about Columbia Dam. Ducks are also reported numerous along the beautiful Juniata. Rabbits and some quail are being shot in York county. Once York Valley was a famous cover for quail, and many good shoots have I enjoyed there with "Pop" Treager of York and poor Jim Evans, the once celebrated gun maker of Philadelphia. But in taking a retrospective think, I must say I never saw finer shooting at quail in Pennsylvania than that once afforded in Gratz Valley, Dauphin county. THE WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.

CAPE COD WILDFOWL.—Monomoy Island, Cape Cod, Nov. 5.—Wildfowl are arriving now in full force. Large flocks of scoters, commonly called coots, old squaws and sheldrake are seen on the outside; but the wind has been so fresh that there has been no chance for boat shooting off the shoals where the birds tend. Out in the bay a scattering of coots, sheldrakes, old squaws, whistlers, and some large flocks of black ducks are seen. Saw two flocks of brant to-day, one of eight and one of twenty, on the flats. A few beetleheads or young black-bellied plover, winter or greater yellowlegs, with now and then a small bunch of bullpeeps or sanderlings, and dundlins or crooked bills, as they are called here, are seen on the flats. One more cold northwester and they will have departed for warmer region, leaving behind the Bonapartes, herring and great black-backed gulls to swarm to the bleak sandbars and flats seeking some palatable morsel left to them by the receding tide.—CHESTER.

ON A HARVEST HOME TICKET.—Highland Park, Ill., Nov. 8.—I've had my usual Dakota hunt and my usual good time, although I went a little earlier than usual and so missed the geese. All the roads out of Chicago issued "harvest excursion" tickets this year for one fare for the round trip, good for thirty days to return, but the start had to be made Oct. 11. We left Chicago with a large train, and before we were through Minnesota had twenty cars. Quite a respectable proportion of the passengers were hunters, and we dropped some off at nearly every station after we reached Dakota. There are many reasons why I wish I had a complete file of the FOREST AND STREAM, but when I find how much the paper is appreciated by a couple of boys in Dakota to whom my copies are mailed after I have read them I don't regret having given them away. Every Christian sportsman should rejoice that so good and clean a paper as the FOREST AND STREAM is published.—HARRY HUNTER.

TEXAS GAME GROUNDS.—Fort Worth, Texas.—I am often surprised that nothing is to be found in FOREST AND STREAM portraying the merits of Texas as a hunting ground. We have game of all kinds and the mild winters are more inviting than the Arctic winters of the Northwest. In the Panhandle antelope range the plains in great number, and along the streams bear are often found. Turkeys and prairie chickens are not much thought of. In eastern Texas deer abound, and along the Louisiana line the dense brakes harbor a great many bears. Ducks and geese winter there in myriads, and the lakes and marshes are covered with them throughout the winter. About half of the counties in Texas are exempt from the operation of the game law, and the hunter is welcomed wherever he goes. This information will be, I believe, valuable to some of your readers who do not know Texas. —C. E. L.

CHILLICOTHE, O., Nov. 11.—The quail season opened in this State yesterday. Rain having fallen the night before and the weather remaining moist and cloudy, it was a fine day for the field. Many of the sportsmen of the city were out and made very good bags. Birds are well grown and fat. The writer and a companion bagged twenty-seven quail and eleven hares. Birds were lying very close and were hard to find after scattering. The dogs were rank and gunners out of practice. Indications are that quail are abundant.—J. B. McL.

THE BEAR RIVER COUNTRY.—Delphos, Kan., Oct. 31.—Just in from my annual trip to the mountains. Had fine success. Secured deer and elk; and killed a large grizzly bear at short range (30ft.), besides much smaller game. Was in the Bear River country of Colorado; and settlers there say that the Utes were the worst game butchers in the State, killing during the summer for hides and in spring killing the female elk to feast on the unborn calf. —G. N. B.

LLOYDS NECK, Long Island.—The Lloyds Neck Game Protection Association, having as its object the strict enforcement of the game laws in that section of Suffolk county, has been organized. The officers elected for the year are: President and Treasurer, O. E. Schmidt; Secretary, Dr. R. H. Derby.

CONNECTICUT GAME EXPORTATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of to-day "Elk" says relating to the shipping of game out of the State, "Towns on the Connecticut River still ship via the Connecticut River Steamboat Company through the connivance of the baggage masters." In the first place, there is no "Connecticut River Steamboat Company," but the Hartford and New York Transportation Company run a line of steamers between Hartford and New York. I think that as "Elk" is greatly mistaken about the "Connecticut River Steamboat Company," he is equally so in regard to birds being shipped to New York from this section by any line of steamers. Now, "Elk," come out and produce your proof. You have made a statement. Will you prove it? I am well acquainted with that keen sportsman, Mr. C. C. Goodrich, general agent for the H. & N. Y. Transportation Co. He has issued very strict orders to his employees, and should any one get caught, G. B. would surely stare him in face for receiving any game for shipment to points outside the State.

I inclose a letter just received from C. C. Goodrich, Secretary and General Agent of the Company:

HARTFORD AND NEW YORK TRANSPORTATION CO.—Hartford, Conn., Nov. 11, 1887. A. C. Collins, Warden, Dear Sir: In answer to your clipping from FOREST AND STREAM, my baggage masters and freight clerks most positively deny any complicity in the shipment of partridge, quail or woodcock. They think that your correspondent "Elk" must be misinformed. If he is positive and can give proof that our employes are defying law and deceiving us we will immediately displace the guilty party according to notice issued previous to Oct. 1. Yours very truly, C. C. GOODRICH.

Mr. Goodrich has promised me his support, and his word is his bond. Another statement of "Elk": "Now the market hunter shoots nothing but woodcock and grouse, for quail and rabbits do not pay enough to bother about." I will admit that this may apply to rabbits, but on quail I cannot concur. Quail are scarce and command a better price than woodcock. I quote the market price (prices that are paid the market hunter): Ruffed grouse, 40 cents each; quail, 30 cents each; woodcock, 20 cents each. Can "Elk" name a market hunter that will not bother with quail? for I have a friend who would go miles to secure a negative of him, for he must be a *rara avis*. If "Elk" is for the protection of game and can furnish any evidence that will convict, let him write me, giving his name. A. C. COLLINS, Game Warden.

HARTFORD, Conn, Nov. 10.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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THE following was related to me a few days ago as a fact:

A few years ago a party who were hunting deer in the great swamp in Proton township, Grey county, Ontario, were joined, after they had been out a few days, by two tenderfeet. These were advised to follow carefully the first fresh deer tracks that they found; and to their great joy they discovered, before they had gone half a mile from camp, the footprints, freshly made, of what they were certain was a small deer. They followed rapidly the trail, which indicated that the object of their pursuit had been in a most uncertain frame of mind, as it zigzagged about in the most bewildering manner, and finally led them to a clearing, in which stood a farmhouse and outbuildings. A familiar grunt which emanated from a well-known domesticated animal that stood a few yards away on the trail they had been following enlightened the hunters to the fact that the imaginary deer of which they had been in pursuit had resolved itself into a hog that, having gone in pursuit of beech nuts, had led them to its owner's barnyard. The game was not molested, but the air became blue. R. S. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A HUGE WHITEFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The catch of whitefish at the fisheries on the west shore of Lake Erie, in the vicinity of Monroe, Mich., has this season been very large, greatly in excess of any previous season for a dozen years. There has also been a very perceptible improvement in the size and quality of the fish taken. Some very large ones have been seen, but the largest ever taken here, and it is believed the largest caught in Lake Erie of late years, was taken from the pound net of Duval and Duclo, near Monroe on Tuesday, Nov. 8. The fish is a male, and weighed, two hours after landing, 18lbs. and 1oz. Its length is 31½in. from nose to tip of caudal fin. Measurement around body in the largest part 20¾in., and midway between first and second dorsal 18in.

The picture transmitted herewith is not a satisfactory likeness of this king of the *poissons blanc*, but it will give your readers some approximate idea of the royal proportions of his majesty. The "haul" which contained this fine specimen weighed a little over nine tons of fish weighing from 1½ to 3½lbs. each. The fish are shipped in ice to the East principally, though many of the fisheries are freezing their entire catch, and placing them in cold storage for the winter and spring trade. J. M. B.

MONROE, Mich.

TESTING THE STRENGTH OF TROUT.

THE article of Mr. Henry P. Wells, in your issue of Nov. 3, brings forward a subject that I have thought much upon, and I am glad to learn that some one has made experiments and taken notes of them for publication, for I think that if anglers did realize the amount of strength that a trout exerts when first hooked they would not report the loss of so many large fish.

Once while we were fishing through the ice for a fish called in northern New Hampshire and Vermont "lunge," and which, I think, is set down in scientific works as the *Salmo namaycush*, a discussion arose among us as to the amount of strength required to pull in a certain fish; and to test the correctness of my opinion I took one of these spring scales such as fishermen carry in their pockets and proceeded to make loops in each line, so that in case I should get a fish on either one of them (I had ten lines in all) I could hook on the scale at once. The depth of water was from 18 to 25ft. Following is the results as I have it now:

A lunge weighing $1^{12}/_{16}$ pounds pulled $2^{1}/_{4}$ pounds.
" " $2^{4}/_{16}$ " " 3 "
" " $12/_{16}$ " " $1^{15}/_{16}$ "
" " $1^{14}/_{16}$ " " $2^{1}/_{2}$ "
" " $2^{1}/_{16}$ " " $2^{1}/_{4}$ "
" " $2^{5}/_{16}$ " " $1^{3}/_{4}$ "

At this point the scales became frozen up, water being spattered into them, and I think that the last two tests were not correct, owing to this cause. These fish are very gamy in this lake and I do not know but that they are everywhere. They are built much like a landlocked salmon and I think have been so called, but they are not like them in color nor in any other way except outline.

The results of this experiment led me to think that we were using too fine leaders for trout fishing and that if we wanted to save our biggest fish we must use leaders that would at least stand the strain of as many pounds as the weight of the largest fish, and so whenever I started fishing I always selected leaders of a size that I thought ought to stand the strain of the largest trout in the water. But in order to know more about the matter, especially in regard to trout, I endeavored to make tests, as Mr. Wells did, and even went so far as to hold the rod upright with the scales fastened two-tenths of the entire length of the rod from the bottom, having the line fastened to the reel so as not to give at all and holding the butt of the rod in the hollow of my hand which rested against my knee. I found that that would not give the right results, for when the rod was bent the leverage was not the same and could not be computed.

At last I hit upon the following plan: After having cast out as much line as I thought was necessary it was taken into the canoe and a line a little longer than the rod was fastened to the line on the rod about 6in. from the top ring. This line was in turn fastened to the scales which lay in my lap. At first it bothered me a little in casting, but after a while I could do as well with as without it. After a fish was hooked I allowed the line to run from the reel until I could lay the rod down and bring the whole pull of the fish on the short line, and by keeping a close watch on the scales the number of pounds that the fish pulled was noted, but not so accurate as could have been done with registering scales. As Mr. Wells says, the scales were in constant motion and it was difficult to see the exact figures. By this method we got the strain of the first grand rush of the fish, which I think is much his best, unless it be the time when he is first brought to the top of the water. As soon as we had got the number of pounds pulled noted, and we were satisfied that he had done his best, the short line (which was fastened by winding three or four times around the long one and then brought up with a half hitch with a bowknot end) was passed to my guide, while I took the rod, and as soon as I had gained control of the fish, the guide pulled out the bowknot, his line became loose and the fish was landed in the usual manner.

While this test left much to be desired, still it gave me figures enough to base an opinion upon. I now think there is no doubt that a brook trout will pull more than his own weight when he is first hooked, but how much more depends very much upon the nature of the water in which he has lived and the time of the year in which he is caught. Pond trout will not pull so much in proportion to their weight as swift water fish, but will pull more in proportion to their length because they are deeper and can pull harder when going sideways. I give below the notes I have taken from time to time in different localities:

PAUL STREAM.

A trout weighing $^{10}/_{16}$ pound pulled 1 pound.
" " $^{8}/_{16}$ " " $^{8}/_{16}$ "
" " $^{8}/_{16}$ " " $^{9}/_{16}$ "
" " $1^{1}/_{16}$ " " $2^{1}/_{4}$ "
" lost " $2^{1}/_{2}$ "

In dead water of a swift stream:

MILLSFIELD PONDS.

A trout weighing $^{6}/_{16}$ pound pulled $^{1}/_{4}$ pound.
" " $^{8}/_{16}$ " " $^{3}/_{4}$ "
" " $^{4}/_{16}$ " " $^{1}/_{4}$ "
" " $^{8}/_{16}$ " " 1 "

With a fish of $^{12}/_{16}$ the line unfastened. Very fat fish; did not fight long.

GREENOUGH POND.

A trout weighing $^{3}/_{4}$ pound pulled $^{14}/_{16}$ pound.
" " $^{8}/_{16}$ " " $^{1}/_{2}$ "
" " $1^{2}/_{16}$ " " $1^{1}/_{4}$ "

Fish not biting well.

MAGALLAWAY RIVER.

A trout weighing $1^{9}/_{16}$ pounds pulled 2 pounds.
" " $2^{2}/_{16}$ " " $2^{3}/_{4}$ "
" " 3 " " $4^{1}/_{4}$ "
" " $^{12}/_{16}$ " " $1^{1}/_{4}$ "
" " $3^{1}/_{4}$ " " 5 "

These fish were caught early in May, when the water was high at the Grass eddy, and the large ones had the current to help them. At Pond de River, below Middle Dam, a trout weighing 3½lbs. pulled 4½lbs., and I think he was in comparatively still water.

I regret that I did not test those which I caught last spring, but I was so afraid I would lose them that I did not take any risk. I asked my guide how big a one we would catch, and he said of about 6lbs., and so I tested my leaders to 9lbs. I broke two in doing so, but I am now glad of it; the leader that stood the test of 9lbs. held a 9lb. fish that day, but was broken by a fish the next day. I learned one thing then, and that was that very much depends on the way the fish is hooked. If it can shut its mouth, it will pull harder and fight longer than if the hook is in such a position as to hold the mouth open.

I hope that Mr. Wells will succeed in his experiments in this direction, as we do not want to use any larger leaders than are necessary, but we want to save our big fish, if only to prove that "some of the lies we tell are true." C. D. O.

NORTHUMBERLAND, N. H.

UNDER THE WHITE-HEADS.

I'VE just got back from over the pond where some very decent fishing came my way, also three or four or five, may be it's six, fishing rods, which I hope to make you break the Tenth Commandment over with all your might. It's sad, but when it comes to first-class work we uns, with those honorable exceptions who tie their own rings on their own sticky sticks, are not "in it."

It was under the White-heads, in Belfast Lough, Ireland. The fish would not rise to any fly whatsoever. Jock-Scott, the silver-doctor, and several midge duns were all N. G., it was hopeless to persist with maggots, cheese-paste, white lurk, scoured brandlings, and even if potted salmon roe had been on hand it would have been despised. The fish were there and we had to get them, so we jigged. Let me confess utterly. Conceive four sets of stout crossed wires, soldered on to a central wire so that the ends are not over each other. Then clinch on to each end a small lozenge of tin, and a big bare hook fast to the lower end, put two pounds of lead at the bottom, may be more, get a string and drop overboard, jigging up and down until you catch on. Then the reel shrieks Yankee Doodle, the two and a half ounce masterpiece twists into a perfect corkscrew, until the big speckled beauty pants and palpitates in the boat.

I was rather successful, for my jig got rigged up with treble hooks while the other lambs had only single ones. Often six at a dip came inboard, and on one memorable occasion every hook save one was graced with a finny victim. You never had such sport, and nary a cent for bait. The exercise is grand, for hours at a time you yank up and down until some other man strikes the school and then you all gather round to hear him swear at your coming, by which time the fish have got scared and gone under to come up half a mile away. But while they come to you, and let me tell you that a speckled beauty—I mean a fresh herring that never saw solid salt—is so good that, as you can't get him any other way than above stated—well, I've gone for him accordingly. GRAY JOHN.

A CATFISH CAUGHT BY TROLLING.—Mr. E. A. Black, of Ottawa, a fisherman of some local reputation, reports a curious piscatorial experience on a recent canoeing expedition on the Upper Ottawa. One morning, when trolling at the foot of the Allumette Rapids, one of the party caught a very large catfish. As the canoe was heavily laden a bullet was fired through the creature's head to enable him to be landed. The hook of the troll was firmly fastened in the fish's mouth. The strangest thing was that the canoe was being steadily paddled all the time, so the troll never could have rested on the ground.—G. S.

ON THE GASCONADE.—II.

"For in the Prophet Amos, mention is made of fish hooks; and in the book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to have been written by Moses, mention is made also of fish hooks, which must imply anglers in those times."—*Izaak Walton.*

IT seems singular that so many of our people should annually make pilgrimages north, south, east and west, in search of the picturesque and beautiful when they have it in their own State in such profusion and perfection. Talk of the sunny skies of Italy and the beauties of the Alps, the grandeur of the Rockies, the scenery of the Alleghanies, and the summer softness of the northern lakes! Can any of these excel in varied beauty and continued interest the views upon the Gasconade? Not one. Take the people of St. Louis, for instance; year in and year out there is the migration to this place and to that, at great expense for travel and hotel bills, when here, near them, for a trifling outlay of money, they can reach exquisite scenery, delightfully cool nights, and in air which the altitude renders pure and exhilarating.

The Gasconade finds its origin from crystal springs high up in the Ozark Mountains. One branch rises in Webster county, not far from Marshfield, the scene of the terrible cyclone on April 18, 1880, and the other from numerous brooklets in the southern portion of Wright county. Its main tributary, the Piney, has its manifold sources in the southern part of Texas county. These various streams, with the main trunk, are each 250 to 300 miles long. They are when not disturbed by heavy rains perfectly clear and limpid, running as they do over rocks and gravel. The scenery is varied and beautiful. Sometimes upon both sides, nearly always upon one, there rise from the river precipitous bluffs and mountains. These present as one floats down with the stream an ever-varying panorama. The bold faces of the precipices show strata of rocks, differing in color and formation so as to give a pleasing and ever-varying color to the scene. The vegetation, too, is different from that to which we are accustomed at home, as in the scanty patches of soil may be seen the stunted cedar and pine.

Upon either side, at times, are fertile bottom lands containing well-improved farms, but for the last hundred miles upon any of the branches these are like angels' visits, few and far between. The descent of the river is rapid, so much so that in places the fall is very perceptible to the eye, giving the stream a decided down-hill appearance. The result is that every mile or two there are rapids, frequently amounting to falls. Between these rapids are deep, placid stretches of water, densely populated with the finest of fish.

After paddling quietly along for a considerable distance one will hear the roar of the rapids, and dancing in the distance will see the brilliant flashing of the light upon the breaking waters as they go leaping from stone to stone, or over the gravelly edges of the decline. As your boat approaches it will come more and more under the influence of the accelerating current. Then, once glance to get your bearings, to see where the channel is, and, if there be boulders, to observe the best way to avoid them Then at it with might and main, paddle for all that is in you, for in order to have steerage way so that you can control your craft, you must be going faster than the current. As this goes ten or fifteen miles an hour at times, you can see that with the added elbow grease your light boat must be fairly flying. The sensation has just enough of the spice of danger in it to make it exhilarating.

The scenery, the dancing water and the motion, make it grand sport. Sometimes, where the descent is sudden and the boulders somewhat large, with deep water between them, there is real danger, but generally the rapids are shallow, and an upset would only result in a wetting of oneself and the contents of the boat.

Very few miles are passed that do not afford beautiful places to camp. There is no mud. The banks are gravelly and clean. In October, the witching time of year, when our American forests are in their beautiful garb of red and gold, there is no need to look for springs at which to rest. The whole river is a spring—the water as clear as crystal and as cold as need be. To those who can take the time much interest would attach to exploring some of the caves that abound in the mountains upon either bank of the river. Some of these are very large, consisting of a succession of rooms with limestone walls. Not infrequently they contain streams of considerable size, some of which subsequently burst forth as immense springs. While many of these caves are by no means *terra incognita* most of them are practically unknown, so that the spirit of adventure may find in them full sway. The archæologist can here find much to interest him—Indian axes, hammers, spear and arrow points, traces of a civilization probably older than the aboriginal races, the remnants of which are now upon our reservations.

Indeed, the more one thinks of it the more there is to wonder at the strange fatuity which takes, say St. Louis and Kansas City people, into other States to enjoy the beauties of nature when by a short run over the San Francisco and Missouri Pacific roads they can be conveyed to a region so full of loveliness, variety and interest.

It is, then, amid scenes such as these that we find ourselves quietly floating, too much rapt in the beauty of what we see to care much about fishing. During the day a few ducks and a luckless squirrel that runs out on a projecting limb are killed as we sit in our boats. After going some five miles we camp upon the left bank of the river, at Big Spring, an immense fountain of water which comes boiling up in the bed of the stream, most probably one one of those subterranean rivers of which we have spoken, debouching here. The baggage and the cook are hurried ashore, and the others pull away in their boats to try their luck with the bass. Here the old backwoods instinct comes out. This is a noted a camping place and has been used many and many a time before. The trees are full of big nails to hang things on, but as a compensation for the unexpectedness of this discovery there is no "down wood"—all burned up long ago. There is a hatchet, however, in the mess kit; well sharpened, too. Did you ever realize how much wood you can cut with a good sharp hatchet? Well, the mood was on me, and as I sank the blade to the eye in the green wood, there was a pleasure in piling up the branches until I had a respectable-sized wood pile for the night. There was only one drawback to the experience, the handle of the hatchet was too small for the grip and a little too short. If made a half inch larger in diameter and three or four inches longer, it will be, I think, an ideal camp axe, especially as the hammer end is very useful, a few nails being an indispensable part of a complete camp provision. I have seen a good many pages devoted to this subject, and I add these few lines as my quota of observation.

To an old outer the making of the camp has as much interest as any other of the experience of the wood, so after cutting enough fuel I found in the woods near at hand some nice, straight tent poles, which were soon cut and trimmed. A level place, but with drainage in every direction, was selected and the tent and poles deposited there to await the arrival of the boys. The bedding and other baggage were placed beside them, with the haversacks, &c., hung upon a tree that would be at the opening of the tent when stretched. Then to get the supper, that meal of meals in the woods. A fire is quickly made, not one of your bonfires to roast and smoke you out of camp, but a cosy little fire, between two 6in. logs, which will soon furnish some glowing hot coals upon which one can cook the victuals without roasting himself. As it burns I skin the squirrel and pick enough ducks to feed ten men at home. I cut them all up into moderately small pieces, put them in the camp kettle, with a good sized piece of breakfast bacon, cover them with two quarts of water, and hang the kettle on a pole fixed across the fire, to boil. While this process goes on I peel a half dozen good sized potatoes and three onions. After the meat has boiled an hour or more I add the potatoes and onions, and a little hot water, the mixture having boiled down somewhat. By this time the meat is so far done that a splinter can be easily run through it. I season with salt and cayenne peper, and let the mass simmer until the meat of the ducks is ready to fall from the bones, and then I ring the be—, no. I give a view-halloo! and the boys come in to eat the burgoo, a dish that would make a "Louis Quinze" lick his fingers as he called to a Pompadour in the *Parc aux Cerf*, for more. I stated that there were enough ducks in the pot to feed ten men, but the four men and a boy scooped it out clean, and though he did not make any remarks on the subject, there was a look in the corner of the mayor's eye that indicated that one plateful more might have been devoured. If thou dost not know the virtue of a burgoo, go to, thou sluggard, and learn! A pot of strong coffee, pickles, beat biscuit, nice, firm, yellow butter, a dish of dried apples, and a few little knick-knacks, made out a meal which the ozone and the exercise turned into an Epicurean feast. And just to think how easily the lean, dyspeptic grubber after money in bank and office, who can neither eat nor sleep, could find in these leafy vales the health and the appetite which he has bartered away for gold.

Supper over, Billy and the boy wash the dishes, while Will, Frank and I put up the tent. The dish washing is done in boiling hot water, with soap and mop, the table top is also washed and dried, the dishes, pans, etc., put away for the night as cleanly and neatly as if at home. This, *en passant*, is "a big thing," for nothing makes a camp more uncomfortable than dirty ways about the cooking and utensils. The tent once up and well secured, we make down our beds for the night, though it is not yet dark, and prepare for that delicious two or three hours of *dolce far niente* which is the quintessence of enjoyment in camp life. A bigger fire is made, each fellow settles into some little angle or nook, at the root of a tree or in the crook of a limb, that hits his backbone in the right place. Pipes are brought out by those who smoke, the adventures of the day are recited, reminiscenses are indulged in and yarns are spun. Sailors have a reputation for spinning yarns, but if the galley-fire beats the camp-fire in anything but cuss words I am wofully mistaken.

A healthy man, when well fed, will, under normal conditions, ruminate for a while. Let the boys chew the cud of their contemplations as they draw the first few whiffs of their dudeens, and I will tell you what our camp is like.

Have you seen pictures of beautiful rivers, with here a perspective of low land that borders the stream and narrows as in the distance it meets the rising hills upon the other side? The painter's art fills in with all of beauty that he can seize. You stand before the painting and exclaim, "O, it is grand!" Yes, no doubt it is. But no painter's canvas e'er bore such a picture as that which was spread before the members of our party. To produce it required the finger of the Almighty. At our feet flows the beautiful Gasconade. Its clear waters for many yards reveal the pebbles at the bottom. A few steps below our camp, and near the shore upon which we are, arises in the bed of the river the immense spring to which I have already alluded. Though without the comparison the water of the river seems to be clear, yet when this spring wells up and spreads itself about half way across the stream, it puts that to shame with its crystal purity and transparency. Above and about us in the bottom land are the mighty forest trees of Missouri, the oak, the elm, the sycamore, the hackberry, the cottonwood, the hickory, and others of the giants, bending their huge limbs toward earth and dipping their feathered twigs as if in courtesy to our presence, with the wind as it gently swayed them to and fro, sounding a requiem as tender and soothing as the cadence of an æolian harp. Opposite, rising sharp from the water's edge, almost, but not precipitously, there towers brown and rugged one of the mountains of the Ozarks. The timber it bears is of a different character. At the base small oaks predominate. Toward the top, which is more bare, a pine or cedar may be seen clinging to the rocks. A squirrel chatters in a tree near the water, and to complete the scene we have the camp, with a picturesqueness of its own. These are the outlines. The unimaginative soul who cannot himself fill them out into a thing of beauty, could see nothing in the scene if he were upon the spot.

"To him who holds
Communion with her visible form, she speaks"

A language that will bring the streams, the woods, the mountain and the sky into the picture which my memory so fondly recalls, but which my pen is inadequate to put upon the written page.

And now let us turn to the camp-fire. It is a cozy and a comfortable sight. The boys have gotten beyond the ruminating stage and are talking. Billy seems to be dissatisfied with the fishing. "I tell you what, boys," he is saying, "this won't compare with Spirit Lake. There you can go out at any time and catch as many pike and perch as you want. You don't have to wait an hour for a bite."

"Well," says Will in reply, "I don' see it in that way. I'd rather be on this beautiful river than on a half-dozen of your lakes at once. It is true we haven't caught many fish, but the river has been up from the rains and is falling very fast. In a day or two we will catch all the fish we want, and they'll be fish, the glorious small-mouth black bass, none of your pike that you pull up from the bottom of a lake thirty feet deep like a sobby stick. When I fish I want to get fast to something that has life in it and makes such a fight that it is some credit for me to get it in the landing net."

"That's all right," chimes in Frank, who has fished Spirit and Okoboji lakes and likes them very much, "that's all right, but let me tell you there is mighty good fishing in Spirit. Besides the pike, which is the most abundant, there is the crappie and the silver bass, the latter a beauty and a fighter too. But the Gasconade has as fine fish in it as any waters in the country. Men who know, for instance Col. John Reid, who was for years Fish Commissioner of the State, and who is familiar with its waters says that its bass cannot be surpassed either in size or fighting qualities."

"Yes," added the cook, "and they are a much better fish than the bass in the waters about home. There we have the large-mouthed, while these are the small-mouthed black bass. The former is probably the more common fish in American waters. He is game, but not so game as his cogenitor; his flesh is firm and flaky, much superior to the crappie, and he is an excellent fish. The best one I ever saw out West was sent to to me by Mr. Jeff. W. Bedford, of Omaha, who caught it in a lake near that place. It weighed six pounds and four ounces. I presented it to Col. John Reid, who had it prepared in excellent style, and it was discussed by four or five connoisseurs, who pronounced it one of the finest fish they ever ate. But the finest ones I ever saw in size and numbers was about two years ago in the fish market at Washington City, Frank and I were there together, and as we passed down one of the aisles our eyes were attracted to a sight that one seldom sees. Over one of the fish benches, on a long batten, there hung fifteen pairs of bass. To look at them, merely, one would have said that they weighed exactly the same. They were large-mouthed black bass from North Carolina, and the dealer told us weighed from six to six and a half pounds each. I never expect to see such an array as that again. Both of the fish are good. The large-mouth has his friends, some of them zealous enough to claim for him special merits, but my observation is that the small-mouth is the gamest and the best fish, and he exists nowhere in greater purity and excellence than in the Gasconade and its tributaries. About six pounds is his limit as to size, though a gentleman who lived at Competition, a little town on the upper middle fork of the Gasconade, told me once they had been caught there weighing twelve pounds, He probably was color blind and mistook a red horse for a black bass."

"Yes," says Bill, "and there is another difference between the bass of these waters and that of the lakes and sluggish streams about Lexington. Those frequently have worms in the flesh; these seldom, if ever, do; they are as sound as a dollar, and as hearty as a shark. There is a great deal of the quality and pluck of a fish dependent upon the water in which he lives, and these spring-fed streams produce fish at their very best. But even here a fish is better if he is eaten quite soon after he is killed. There is nothing that deteriorates so fast in keeping as fish, or that requires more care to properly preserve fit for food. If you want him as he should be, kill him and have him in the frying pan within the same ten minutes."

"This is the dark of the moon," says Bill; "what time in the moon do you think the best for catching fish?"

"Well," answers Will, "I don't plant potatoes in the moon, and I don't catch fish in the moon. I am not overly sure that the moon has anything to do with it, unless Henshall's reason is a good one. He thinks fish bite better in the dark of the moon, because when the moon shines all night, or the greater part of it, they feed then and are duller in the day time. There may be something in that, but I have seen all signs fail so often that I am a skeptic. I'll tell you one thing, you don't want to rely on signs for the small-mouthed black bass. He is the most capricious cuss you ever pursued in your life. One day he will rise to the fly; the next he will be on the bottom and won't take anything but crawfish; one day he will bite at minnows, and the next he won't notice them; and then sometimes he won't bite at anything. You may see him in the water, and put your bait before his nose, and he won't even condescend to notice it. O, he is a dainty fellow, I tell you. But when he does bite, look out! he's like a house afire, or a cyclone; when he is stricken he makes the water fly!"

And so the boys talk of the black bass until the pipes go out and yawning becomes catching. The lad has already gone to sleep, tired out with the experience and incidents of the day, leaning against the wood pile. He is hauled off to the tent, and soon the stertorous breathing of five vigorous pairs of lungs announces that "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is emperor of the camp.

At the peep o' day our old bachelor Frank, who had been out to get a sniff of the morning air and to resolve himself into a weather bureau, poked his head into the tent, crowed a long and loud imitation of the chanticleer, and shouted, on the same notes, "When the cock crows 'tis day!" As he kept this up, and after every crow slapped his arms down his sides like a rooster flapping his wings, all idea of further sleep had to be given up. We arose, each performed his ablutions in the deliciously clear and cool water of the river. Everybody turning to and doing something, we soon had a splendid, piping-hot breakfast ready, with coffee strong enough to make your hair curl and several enjoyable little tid-bits. When you can't in camp scare up a skillet full of game or fish, and take time to enjoy them, then times are hard, and the fun is out. Such fortune would rarely fall to our one shotgun and four rods. When we leisurely get ready to leave Camp Hamlett we do so with reluctance, for it is a bewitching spot, in which one would like to linger for weeks. But our time is marked out for us. In just so many days we must be at Arlington, and we do not want to have to hurry too much over any of the fifty miles that we have to make.

The day that we left Camp Hamlett was devoted to the river. Very little fishing was done and no shooting. The beauty of the stream claimed our attention, and some fourteen miles of it was covered with ease. The bluffs and mountains were unusually striking and pretty, and

the rapids frequent and exciting. In one of these we had a little adventure. Our boat being much the lightest and handled with paddles we kept the front as pilot. Coming to an unusually long and rapid decline Will remarked that absolutely it ran right down hill. Away in the distance the crystal sparkle of the water announced rapids. The other boat had evidently stopped somewhere, as it was not in sight. We ran very fast even before we reached the rapid, and at one place passed over a fall, but the water there was smooth clear across the river, which was quite wide. The rapids were before us. Standing up a moment to take our bearings we saw a number of large boulders, and the water dashing over them, raising a perfect cauldron of foam. To strike one of these boulders might mean a broken boat, if not something worse. Having chosen our route, we paddled with all of our strength, and darted through as if we had been shot out of a gun. Fortunately the rapids were not long, and we were no sooner in the vortex than we were emerging from it into smooth water. Thought is quick in such cases as this. Just before getting to the worst part of the river we observed the route that we had taken was the only one free from rocks, and that the passage was but a few feet wide. We shouted to each other that we must tell the other boat of this, and in order to do so the moment that it was practicable we heaved an anchor overboard and were brought up standing in pretty rapid water. We waited some little time before the boys came, and when they got near enough endeavored by pantomime to make them understand the best way to come. They intimated that they understood us and started in, but had not gone far until they struck a boulder and broached to. For a moment the boat heaved up as if it was about to turn bodily over, but the bachelors sprang to the upper gunwale and brought it to a safer position. Still they were in a precarious condition. We did not want to lose our bachelors, and I did not want to lose my boy. Besides the provisions were in jeopardy. They did not seem to be able to extricate themselves without help, but how on earth were we to get there against that current and through those rocks? The boys tried to help themselves with their oars, but once or twice they came very near going over. The situation became more precarious. Will exclaimed, "We've *got* to get to them!" and we did, but how I don't know. We paddled and pushed on the rocks, seized hold of boulders and pulled, getting a deluge of water over us in response, but in some way we got there. Coming to them from below by a little prying and lifting, we slid them off into the water, and having directed them as to the channel they slipped through as if they had been greased. Thanks to the staunchness of their boat it was uninjured. It is unnecessary to observe that during this eventful episode Scraps was a cool and unruffled occupant of the stranded boat. It seemed quite immaterial to him whether he was in the water or on board, and he only displayed emotion when some one in the general *bouleversement* stepped on his tail.

A. A. L.

LEXINGTON, Mo.

MACKINAW TROUT.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J. Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you through your paper decide a controversy that has arisen between the undersigned and some other readers, and an ardent and very successful disciple of the rod from the Northwest? Recently Mr. J. Milton Matheany, Superintendent of the Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R., was on here attending as usual the yearly convention of railroad superintendents in New York city. After the business which called them together had been attended to, other topics arose. As is generally the case when gentlemen of brains and culture get together, there were met enthusiasts of the field and stream. Mr. Metheany was telling of his exciting experience and grand catches of salmon and trout around the Island and in the Straits of Mackinaw. He called the fish salmon trout, and remarked that the Mackinaw trout were the salmon trout and nothing else. One of the party intimated that, while the Mackinaw trout were a species of salmon trout, he thought there was a distinction, that they grew larger and that there were otherwise some differences, but what he could not say, but that he recalled, though rather indistinctly, that there was a difference. Upon consulting Hallock's "Gazetteer" we find (page 304) salmon trout and lake trout as *Salmo confinis*. Again (page 329), Mackinaw trout or great lake trout as *Salmo namayeash*. Now, here is a difference in technical names at least, though the description of fish correspond in many respects. Brother Metheany was not satisfied with Hallock, but insisted that the (his) Mackinaw trout was the genuine and only *bona fide* salmon trout, and to back his opinion gave the information that he had an engagement with a party for a trip to the Straits on his return, and if they had good (that is his usual) luck he would forward a specimen. And sure enough, yesterday there came to Dr. P. W. Levering, one of the old members of the J. C. H. Gun Club, with whom he had visited, two magnificent specimens of his (Matheany's) kind of salmon trout, one weighing 15¾lbs., the other 17¼lbs. What sport there must have been in bringing these fellows to gaff. Your delighted corespondent got one of them, and he does not care what you call it, *namayeash* or *confinis*. Wish they were not confined to the far west, but were more indigenous to the Hackensack and Hudson rivers hereabouts. A steak broiled for breakfast had richest flavor, and when boiled, first course, for dinner, words fail us to note its super excellence. But we are just as far from settling the ponderous question. Is this fish sent us the veritable same fish as our common and generally called salmon trout of the East? Is it not rather a species of the genus salmon trout, with some characteristic difference? Is Hallock right and Superintendent Metheany wrong? Or are both right and the other party wrong? We wait with "baited" interest your answer, for have we not been fixed with a specimen? JACOBSTAFF.

[The references to the "Gazetteer" are correctly given. The latest and best authorities, however, now class the Mackinaw trout, the Great Lake trout, the togue and the longe or lunge, as the same fish, *Salvelinus namaycush*. See Jordan and Gilbert's "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," 1882, page 317, where the habitat is given as "Great Lake region and lakes of northern New York, New Hampshire and Maine, to Montana and northward; very abundant in the larger bodies of water; varying in form and color in the different lakes."]

THE GLENS FALLS, N. Y., *Ray* has published a special edition devoted to "booming" that enterprising town. A contribution from Mr. A. N. Cheney says of the fishing: "In the vicinity of Glens Falls are waters that once afforded the very best fishing. The Halway Brook was second to none as a trout stream; the Hudson River provided good black bass fishing; Lake George was and is noted for the excellence of its lake trout and its fine black bass, and Glen Lake has produced the largest black bass of the small-mouth species ever taken in any water on the globe. Constant fishing, without due regards for the means employed and little attention paid to protection and reproduction, impaired the fishing to a greater or less extent; but in recent years there has been an attempt to remedy these evils, and now there is a prospect that our waters may in the near future teem with fish that are native to them, and that new species may tend to make them a Mecca for anglers from all parts of the country."

IS THIS A TRUE BILL?—A Highland Park, Ill., contributor, who writes anent the jigging at Upper Dam, adds: "The FOREST AND STREAM deserves the thanks of all true sportsmen for the unflinching manner in which they take hold of such cases. In connection with the case alluded to I notice a communication from Colonel Nutt. We know the Colonel out this way as an enthusiastic sportsman, and we are glad to know he retains his love still for the woods and his rod and gun. There is a picture extant by a celebrated artist of an episode in the Colonel's life when fishing for grayling. The artist has chosen a moment when in making a powerful overhead cast, the Colonel fastens his fly in the seat of his companion's breeches. It's rich, and I wish you had it hanging up in the FOREST AND STREAM office to cure you of the blues when things go wrong.—HARRY HUNTER."

Fisheulture.

NEW YORK OYSTER FRANCHISES.

LAST week the New York Fish Commissioners met in their rooms in the Potter Building, New York city, to hear applications for grounds for oyster planting and to listen to objections to the applications of several persons for grants of perpetual franchises upon grounds in Huntington Harbor. This is a most important case, as it involves the right of the State to these waters which are claimed by the town of Huntington under its patents from Colonial Governors long before the State existed. Heretofore the people at their town meetings have ordered the harbor surveyed, mapped, and leased in plots of twenty acres, some of which have already been leased, and the trustees of the town deny the State any jurisdiction in their waters.

The rooms were crowded with oystermen and the full Board of Commissioners was present, several grants in Princes Bay and in Long Island Sound were made without objection, but when the application of Theo. S. Lowndes for a tract of land under water in Huntington Bay was reached there was much interest manifested, Messrs. Geo. A. Black and Martin Keogh appeared for Mr. Lowndes and Charles R. Street for the trustees of Huntington. Mr. Street's objections were as follows;

First—That the premises so applied for are a part of Huntington Bay and are claimed, controled and owned by the town of Huntington under three several colonial grants and patents, viz.: Grant by Gov. Richard Nichols, 1666; grant by Gov. Thos. Dougan, 1688, and grant by Gov. Benjamin Fletcher, 1694.

Second—That we are informed and believe that the applicant has not resided in the State of New York for one year preceding the date of his said application and is not now a resident of the State of New York, but resides in the State of Connecticut and has so resided for many years immediately previous to his said application.

Mr. Street said that the vital issue was contained in the first objection, viz: That the town claimed and owned the premises applied for by Mr. Lowndes, and therefore the Commission had no jurisdiction over the premises. That as this was the first case that had arisen under the law before the Commissioner touching the claim of Huntington, or any other town holding grants under Colonial Governors, it would probably be regarded as a test case and furnish a precedent for action on other applications for premises similarly situated, and it was therefore of the highest importance that the case should receive very full consideration.

The chairman replied that the Commissioners would give the matter a full hearing. But they would not regard a mere claim by the town as of much account; it must be such a claim as will enable the Commissioner to see that the town's claim was a valid one. It might be a fictitous claim. Mr. Street then offered in evidence the three patents of Huntington dated respectively 1666, 1688 and 1694, and read material parts of them from Volume I., of the printed Town Records. The production of these old Colonial Grants, yellow and musty by two centuries of time, created quite a sensation among the Commissioners and all present. There was no further intimation concerning fictitous claims.

Mr. Street then read from chapter 584 of the laws of 1887—the law governing the grant of fishing franchise by this Commission—as follows:

Sec. 9.—This act shall not apply to, nor be held to affect in any way, lands under water owned, controlled or claimed, under Colonial patents or Legislative grants, by any town or towns, person or persons, in the counties of Suffolk, Queens, Kings and Richmond.

He said that this section of the act plainly deprived the Commissioners of Fisheries of any jurisdiction over any part of Huntington Bay; the premises were claimed by the town under its colonial patents. It was not necessary here to prove that the town's title was good, it was sufficient to show that it in good faith claimed the premises under Colonial patents, and this claim ousted the Commission of any jurisdiction. Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, one of the Commissioners, said he thought the claim should be one which the Commission must see is such as constitutes a valid title, a title that would be sustained by the courts.

In answer Mr. Street said that this Commission could not try the question of title, it had none of the machinery or procedure necessary to try such a question. (The chairman admitted this was so). How are you going to tell whether the title is good or bad? If you assume that the title is bad because there has been no litigation in the courts about it, you will grasp nearly all the bays along Long Island Sound, and grant franchises in them, then when the courts ajudicate these titles, and if it turns out that the town owns these bays under these colonial grants, what will these oystermen do who have invested their property in these lands? They would be at the mercy of the towns and would lose their property unless the towns made them grants, for your grant would be void. This section of the law quoted, was intended to obviate just this difficulty; that is, where towns claim under colonial grants, you have no jurisdiction; confining your powers to the Sound and other outside waters not claimed, thus leaving the title to these bays and harbors, claimed under colonial grants, to be determined by the courts; in this way neither the rights of the town nor of individuals are imperiled. So far as Huntington was concerned he was prepared to go into any court and maintain the validity of the colonial grants, that they took in Huntington Bay and that the town held an exclusive right of fishery therein, and that this right of fishery included the control of the bottom of the bay for oyster planting.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Theodore S. Lowndes withdrew his application to the Commissioners of Fisheries. The next case was the application of Mr. John H. Lowndes for a grant of premises near the head of Huntington Bay. As the circumstances of the case were substantially the same as in the case last heard and withdrawn, it was agreed that the evidence introduced in that case apply to this, and the sworn objections of the trustees to grant to John Lowndes was filed, setting up the same objections.

Counselor George A. Black, in behalf of the claimant, then went into an argument to show that the claim of Huntington was not good. He read from the patents for the purpose of showing that they only included upland and not waters. He also argued that the town must show more than a claim under colonial grants and must show a valid title.

Mr. Street in answer to Mr. Black, said it was a waste of time to discuss the question as to whether the colonial grants took in waters, bays and harbors, as well as upland. The Court of Appeals of this State had decided that they did and that was an end of it. It had decided that the Colonial Governors had power to make grants, taking in harbors, bays and waters, such grants being ratified by the Colonial Assembly of 1691, and afterward confirmed by the first constitution of this State and that where such terms as harbors, bays and coves are used they were included. The Court of Appeals in the case of Robbins vs. Ackerly had these very patents now here before it and had decided that they did take in waters, viz., Northport Bay. The title to Huntington Bay could not come up in the case because the premises involved were not in it, but in Northport Bay; but the same principles on which the court held one to be within the grant to the town would take in the other also. He cited the case of the town of North Hempstead against John J. Thompson, involving the title of that town to Cow Bay, in which the General Term of the Supreme Court had decided that the bay was within its patent and had given judgment of ejectment against a man who had held an oyster bed there 40 years. He said the only question remaining, as touching the title to Huntington Bay, is whether it is in fact a bay, haven or a shelter for vessels in time of storm and not a part of the Sound. If it is a bay or haven, our grants take it in. Upon this point he called the commissioners' attention to the affidavits on file with them, of captains of vessels showing the extent to which vessels resort to it in storms.

In conclusion, Mr. Street said the town of Huntington has claimed this bay under its colonial grants for more than two hundred years. Its claim is not founded on any late, fictitious device trumped up for the occasion, but its trustees come here holding in their hands these ancient badges of title, the patents. In the old time the town has been again and again assaulted in its boundaries at every point of the compass, and in all controversies with neighboring towns, and through a score of lawsuits covering two centuries, these old parchments, bearing the crown seal of England, and more than a hundred years older than the State of New York, have been adjudged valid and binding. If this title is good it is not in the power of any commission to take it away and grant it to others. Even the Legislature has no power to deprive the town of Huntington of any lands owned by it, whether above or below water, without making just compensation therefor, as the Constitution provides. He argued at some length the contention that if the law had not expressly deprived the Commissioners of jurisdiction over town lands they would have had no jurisdiction, for they could no more grant to others the lands owned by the town lying under water than they could grant to others the uplands, the farms and building lots owned by the inhabitants, for all were orignally obtained under the same title, the grants from colonial governors. He said he felt sure that when the Commissioners had carefully examined the law and the facts they would decide to make no grants now of lands owned or claimed by towns, leaving it to the courts to decide the title.

On motion of Commissioner Blackford the matter was referred to committee consisting of Commissioners Roosevelt and Bowman (both of them lawyers) with instructions to examine and report whether the Commission had jurisdiction, notice to be given both parties for further hearing in case it was decided that the Board had jurisdiction.

DISTRIBUTION OF CARP.—The U. S. Fish Commission has made many shipments of carp to various States. In some cases these are made to the individual applicants and in others to some local distributing agent. Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, has received a large consignment for distribution in lots of twenty to applicants in New York and other Eastern States.

RAINBOW TROUT FRY.—An advertisement elsewhere is to the effect that 500 rainbow trout are for sale by the South Side Club, Oakdale, L. I. They are genuine McCloud River, two years old next spring and average 7 to 9in. long.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 6 to 10.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. W. J. Hamley, Superintendent.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

Dec. 12.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5582.**

NEWS FROM HIGH POINT.

THERE is not much going on here at present. Many of the handlers are located near by and are busy preparing their dogs for the great contest next week. I hear lots of talk as to what will be done by many of the dogs, and if one half of it is accomplished I pity the judges, for they will never be able to decide the matter unless they divide first money among the starters. Possibly, however, some of the dogs may be a trifle off when the time comes, and only be able to get second place. This will simplify matters somewhat, but it seems a pity that third money should go a-begging, as the club is wealthy and well able to stand the expense.

Birds are reported to be very abundant on the club grounds and nearly all of them are well grown. There has been a great deal of rain here, and the ground is in splendid condition for the dogs, and we shall probably see some capital work. The Members' Stake promises to fill well, as the members of the club very generally have signified their intention to run one or more. The principal interest, however, appears to be manifested in the Derby. There is a very fine entry for this stake, nearly all of the best blood in the country being represented. It is impossible to tell at this time how many starters there will be, but from what I have been able to learn it is safe to say that the number will be quite large. It is also safe to say that the winner will have no easy task to get there. The All-Aged Stakes will also be quite interesting, as there are several "dark horses" that may surprise some of the knowing ones. The Champion Stake makes perhaps as much talk as any, and if the dogs that are entered go all right, it will truly be a battle of the giants. But few of the club members have put in an appearance as yet. Mr. Coster and Buckellew are on hand. Mr. Hitchcock and Tammany, Mr. Crawford and Nellie II., and Mr. Gray with Roy Monarch, are at Progress hard at work preparing to win the Members' Stake. Mr. Gregory and Flash R. are at Concord. Col. Merriman and Mr. Avent are located six miles out with thirteen of the Memphis & Avent Kennels' dogs. Mr. Tucker is at his old place, eight miles out, with a string of twenty-four. The Pittsburgh Kennels' dogs, under the charge of Mr. Seager, are seven miles south of here. Mr. Duryea and Hart Haight, with the Highland Kennels' dogs, are near Statesville. Luke White is at Thomasville with several sure winners. Dick Morgan is at Linwood, also with winners. Jess Whaite is at Newton. Mr. Rose with Daisy F. and seven others arrived Saturday night and is located a few miles out. Capt. McMurdo is still at home with his string, but will be here this week. Some of the other handlers are in the vicinity, but I have not learned their whereabouts. Many of the members will be here in a day or two, and by the end of the week there will be quite a crowd. I have been doing a little work every day, getting hardened up for the trials, and expect to come to the post in good form. I spent a few days in Williamsburg, Va., with my old friend Mr. A. E. Smith, formerly of this place, and had a most enjoyable time. Quail were not very plentiful, but we found enough to afford us some good sport, and one day we found the turkeys and were fortunate enough to bring one to bag. I am ashamed to say that I scored two beautiful misses, one on an old gobbler that crossed the road some eighty yards in front of us, and one at a young one that kicked a little but did not stop. I was so disgusted at this that I have not had the face to try for them since my arrival here, but "Old Turk," my hunting companion in former years, is talking turkey at a great rate, and I may get up courage to interview the very uncertain birds, or at least to visit their haunts, in which case I hope to be able to report a different result.

SHADOW.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 12.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

THE first annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club began Monday, Nov. 7, at 1 o'clock P. M., at Bicknell, Ind., with the Derby, in which were eight starters, five setters and three pointers. These trials were something new in this part of the country, and had been pretty well advertised. There were a great many people from different parts of the State present, to see how such a show was conducted. Among the many visitors were Mr. W. A. Thompson, proprietor of the King Don Pointer Kennels of Attica, and several of his neighbors and friends. Owing to press of business, Mr. D. C. Bergundthal, the president of the club, could not attend, and Mr. C. M. Munhall, of Cleveland, O., and Mr. S. H. Socwell, the treasurer of the club, assisted Mr. Madison in judging the Derby. The grounds immediately adjoining the town were well stocked with birds, and if it had not been so very dry the work of the dogs would undoubtedly have been much more satisfactory to the handlers.

The Derby was won by the pointer bitch Cherrystone (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone), owned by the Devonshire Kennels. She was broken by Mr. J. B. Carnahan, and handled by him in her first two heats, but as she and Zetta King Don, the winner of second, were both broken by Mr. Carnahan, and came together in the deciding heat for first, the judges selected Mr. J. B. Stoddard to handle Cherrystone in this heat. She was greatly handicapped thereby, and her owners should feel very proud of her. Cherrystone is a liver and white of medium size, good length, and has a great deal of speed, good judgment and a splendid nose. The second prize was won by Zetta King Don, a beautiful lemon and white bitch, owned by Mr. Charles Cole of Attica, and bred by Mr. W. A. Thompson, by King Don out of Queen Faust. She is very intelligent, stylish, with fair speed, and shows good judgment on game. She is a bird dog any gentleman would feel proud to own.

The third prize was divided between Queen of Tennessee, a black, white and tan setter bitch, owned by Mr. W. A. Evans, of Indianapolis, and Dash, an Irish setter dog, owned by Mr. John A. Hunter, of Sanborn. Queen of Tennessee is by Gath's Hope out of Freda and was bred by D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.; she weighs 37lbs., is very fast and stylish, has a good nose and will be a dangerous competitor in another year; she only had ten days' work before entering the trials. Dash is a large dog, has an easy way of going, but is not fast enough for field trial purposes; would be an excellent dog for private shooting.

After competing the Derby the All-Age Stake was commenced with eight starters, six setters and two pointers. The stake was won by the black, white and tan setter dog Lark P., owned and handled by Mr. Curtis Wright, of Connersville; he was bred by Kyler & Keeling, of Oxford, O., is by Glen out of Topsy S. Lark P. is a dog weighing 40lbs., is very fast and stylish, has a good nose and is very obedient; this dog has merit enough to make a good race in any company. The second prize was divided between Change, a black and white English setter, owned and handled by Mr. S. H. Socwell, of Indianapolis, and Jim Blaine, an orange and white English setter, owned and handled by Mr. Joseph Becker, of Indianapolis. Change is a medium sized dog with fair speed and good nose and has plenty of bird sense. Jim Blaine is about the same size as Change, has more speed and style, but not as good a nose and is not so well broken.

The third prize was divided between Ben Lanier, a lemon and white pointer dog, owned by Mr. Harry S. New, of Indianapolis, and handled by Mr. Robert Riley, and Polly II., a black and white setter, owned and handled by Mr. J. B. Stoddard, of Kouts. Ben Lanier is a very handsome dog, but lacks speed and is deficient in nose, being very undecided on points. Polly II. I consider the best dog in the stake. She is very fast and stylish, very quick and decided in her points; she moves and works very much like Bob Gates and is about his size. In her heat with Jim Blaine she got lost from her handler in a cornfield (he having lost his whistle was compelled to work her with a strange one), and could not get her to him. The birds were driven from the corn into the woods, and by the time Stoddard got her there she was so badly winded that she made two flushes, while the other dog was making points. This accident put her so far behind that she was not able to overcome it. Had this accident not happened she would have made it very hot for the winner of first.

THE DERBY.

The starters in the Derby were drawn to run as follows:

QUEEN OF TENNESSEE (W. A. Evans), black, white and tan setter bitch (Gath's Hope—Freda),

against

LINK (Geo. Sluthour), liver and white pointer dog (pedigree not given).

GLENNIS (H. A. Comstock), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Grace Glencho),

against

DASH (John A. Hunter), red Irish setter dog (Royal C.—Belle).

CHERRYSTONE (Devonshire Kennels), liver and white pointer bitch (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone),

against

ROSE (Harry S. New), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho— ——).

ZETTA KING DON (J. B. Carnahan), lemon and white pointer bitch (King Don—Queen Faust),

against

SHOT (Joseph Bicker), red and white cross-bred setter dog (—— —Nellie B.).

Monday—First Series.

QUEEN OF TENNESSEE AND LINK.

At 1 P. M. the English setter bitch, Queen of Tennessee, handled by Frank Sheets, and the pointer dog Link, handled by Bob Riley, were cast off in a stubble field on the Horn Farm, one mile southwest of town. Queen showed the better speed and style. While working cross wind a covey of birds flushed wild. Queen coming up pointed where the birds had been. Going on, a single bird flushed wild. Both dogs were steady to wing. Working on down this stubble another covey flushed wild, and Queen was a little unsteady. Birds were followed to the woods, where a single bird flushed in front of both dogs. The dogs were then taken up and taken to woods where the last covey was marked, but no birds were found. Working on through the woods, Queen made game and finally located covey in a patch of weeds, and made a splendid point. Link backed indifferently. Sheets flushed the birds, shot and killed, both dogs were steady to shot. Ordered up. Queen declared the winner. Down 1h. 5m.

CHERRYSTONE AND ROSE.

At 2:40 P. M. Cherrystone, handled by J. B. Carnahan, and Rose, handled by Bob Riley, were started in a ragweed field near the woods, where the last heat was finished. Cherrystone soon pointed a hare, which she very much desired to chase, but Carnahan convinced her that he was after feathers instead of fur. Cherrystone had decidedly the advantage in speed and style. Working back to woods, where last covey had been marked down, Rose pointed in brush; bird was flushed by Riley, Rose steady to wing. Cherrystone pointed in fence corner. Carnahan flushed, shot and killed, both dogs steady to shot. Cherry then started in weed patch at a very rapid pace, soon had a point in a bunch of weeds, and was held for Rose to back, which she did nicely. Ordered up and the heat awarded to Cherrystone. Down 30m.

ZETTA KING DON AND SHOT.

At 3:21 Zetta King Don, handled by Carnahan, and Shot, handled by J. B. Hasner, were cast off in a hay field. Zetta started at a ratling gait and wheeled into a magnificent point. Shot was brought up to back, but refused to honor the point. Carnahan flushed, shot and killed. Both dogs steady to shot. The birds were followed into the corn, where Zetta made two more points. Ordered up, heat given to Zetta. Down 8m.

GLENNIS AND DASH.

Glennis failed to appear in the twenty minutes, and the heat was awarded to Dash.

Second Series.

QUEEN OF TENNESSEE AND CHERRYSTONE.

At 3:30 Queen of Tennessee and Cherrystone were cast off in same field where last heat was started. Cherry had the advantage in speed; they were about equal in style. Cherry pointed in thicket on edge of field. Queen refused to back. Carnahan failed to flush his bird. Working back to the weed patch where covey had been left, both dogs roaded, but birds flushed wild before they could be located. Queen pointed where birds had been, and Cherry backed. Moving on Cherry pointed single bird, was steady to wing. Queen flushed single and dropped to wing. While working down the fence a single bird flushed wild and Cherry dropped to wing. The dogs were then taken up and taken to a corn field, where there were some scattered birds. Cherry pointed but no bird was found. Moving on, she scored a flush; birds flew to stubble and were followed; both dogs pointed at same time; bird was flushed by Carnahan and killed over Cherry's point, both dogs steady to shot. Moving on about fifty yards, Cherry pointed, Carnahan flushed, Cherry dropped to wing. Ordered up and and heat given to Cherrystone. Down 50m.

ZETTA KING DON AND DASH.

At 4:45 Zetta King Don and Dash were cast off in the same stubble field. Zetta had the advantage of speed and style. A covey was flushed by spectators, Dash was steady to wing. Zetta pointed to where the birds had been running, and Dash backed well. Working through this field into a hollow where a branch ran, as Zetta started up hill she came to a grand point on a covey in weeds across the fence. Carnahan flushed and Zetta was steady to wing. Working back through stubble Dash pointed another covey. Hunter flushed birds, Dash steady to wing. Dogs taken up at five o'clock to be put down again in the morning.

Tuesday, at 7:45 A. M., the dogs were turned down in Horn's stubble fields, both showed good speed and went to work with a will. A covey was walked into by the handlers and both dogs were steady to wing. The birds were followed to the woods where they had been marked down. Zetta pointed a single bird, Dash backed, Carnahan flushed, shot and missed, both dogs steady. Moving on Dash flushed a single bird. Turning back into stubble both dogs showed great speed, Zetta having a little the best of it. Worked on through woods to hay fields. While Zetta was going down wind at a clipping gait she flushed a covey and dropped to wing. Birds scattered in corn and were followed. Zetta soon established a very pretty point. Carnahan flushed and Zetta dropped to wing. Ordered up and heat awarded to Zetta. Down 40m.

Third Series.

ZETTA KING DON AND CHERRYSTONE.

Zetta King Don, handled by Carnahan, and Cherrystone, handled by J. B. Stoddard, were cast off in a stubble field at 8:45. Both started off at a clipping gait. Zetta had the most style, but Cherry the most speed. Both dogs worked as if their lives depended on this heat. Carnahan was of course anxious to win, and Stoddard was equally desirous of winning, as it would be a great feather in his cap to beat the great Zetta with a strange dog; both handlers showed excellent judgment in handling. A covey was flushed by spectators and settled in same field. Following the birds Cherry pointed, birds flushed and she dropped to wing. Cherry again pointed, bird was flushed by one of the judges, steady to wing. Sent on, both dogs increasing their pace, a covey was flushed by handlers and followed; Zetta pointed, Cherry backed in magnificent style; Carnahan flushed, shot and killed, both dogs steady to shot; Zetta pointed again, but Carnahan failed to find the bird. Sent on, Zetta flushed, both dogs dropping to wing; sent on again, both dogs pointed a hare; both dogs pointed in a bunch of briers at same time, bird ran. Zetta moved on and pointed again, no bird could be found; Cherry pointed, bird flushed. Working through stubble into hollow, Cherry pointed and flushed almost immediatcly after; Zetta also flushed, moved on and pointed; Carnaha nflushed, shot and missed, steady to shot; both dogs pointed where birds had been running. Dogs ordered up and taken to stubble on Wampler farm, a quarter of a mile north. After ten minutes' rest the dogs were turned loose, and Zetta pointed in a few minutes, Cherry backing in great shape. Both dogs were steady to wing when birds were flushed; birds followed to corn, where Cherry pointed, bird flushed to order. Ordered up and heat and first place awarded Cherry. Down 2h. 24m.

Fourth Series.

QUEEN OF TENNESSEE AND ROSE.

Queen and Rose were put down at 11:04 to decide which should compete with the runner-up for second prize. In range, speed and style they were evenly matched; taken up at 11:45 for lunch, no birds being found. At 1:40 they were put down in a cornfield, which was drawn blank. Entering small stubble field some scattered birds were flushed by spectators, going to the woods. Dogs ordered on. Rose flushed, steady to wing. Sent on, Queen pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order. Queen here began to increase her speed and showed she was made of the right kind of material. Rose pointed falsely. Queen flushed a covey, the birds going to the corn, the dogs followed and both flushed. Queen again flushed, then pointed and was backed by Rose. Bird flushed, both dogs steady to wing. Going to stubble Queen pointed a new covey and was a little unsteady to wing. Ordered up and heat awarded to Queen. Down 1h. 31m. The owner of Zetta refusing to allow her to run another heat to-day, the deciding heat for second place was postponed until to-morrow, and the All-Aged Stake was called.

Wednesday—Fifth Series.

ZETTA AND QUEEN

were put down in a stubble field near town at 7:30 A. M., to compete in the deciding heat for second place. A slight rain last night made things more favorable for the dogs. In style they were about equal, Zetta being more rapid. A covey flushed wild some distance ahead of the dogs; moving on Zetta pointed a single in grand style. Carnahan flushed, shot, and killed, dogs steady to shot. Moving on, Queen flushed a single. Zetta then false pointed; going back she flushed a single, then false pointed. Entered an adjoining ragweed field which was drawn blank. Returned to the Horn farm where the Derby started. Zetta pointed, birds flushed wild, Zetta steady to wing; she again pointed, Carnahan flushed. Ordered up and heat and second place awarded to Zetta. Down 17m.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Queen of Tennessee beat Link.
Dash beat Glennis.
Cherrystone beat Rose.
Zetta King Don beat Shot.

Second Series.

Cherrystone beat Queen of Tennessee.
Zetta King Don beat Dash.

Third Series.

Cherrystone beat Zetta King Don and won first.

Fourth Series.

Queen of Tennessee beat Dash.

Fifth Series.

Zetta King Don beat Queen of Tennessee and won second.
Queen of Tennessee and Dash divided third.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

The judges were Messrs. Madison, Freeman and Munhall. The starters were drawn as follows:

LARK P. (Curtis Wright), black, white and tan setter dog (Glen—Topsey S.),

against

CHANGE (S. H. Socwell), black and white setter dog (Dashing Don—Daisey Starlight).

JACK W. (E. M. Usher), orange and white setter dog (Sargent—Eva),

against

BEN LANIER (Harry S. New), lemon and white pointer dog (Jo Bowers— ——).

JIM BLAINE (Joseph Becker), orange and white setter dog (Don Nilson—Nellie B.),

against

GLADDES (P. Tindolph), black, white and tan setter bitch (Gladstone—Sanborn's Nellie).

POLLY II. (J. B. Stoddard), white and black ticked setter bitch (Josh Whitcomb—Polly),

against

POPSY (M. R. Williams), black, white and tan setter bitch (Sweep—Lady Pape).

First Series.

LARK P. AND CHANGE

were put down in a ragweed field at 3:10 P. M. In range, speed and style Lark P. had the advantage, he being a very swift and stylish dog. A covey was flushed by spectators and flew into an orchard; the birds were followed. Here Lark P. had quite a lively chase after a bird which was flushed by a spectator. After returning to his handler he soon got down to business. In the meantime Change pointed and Lark P. backed. Wright shot the bird and Lark P. broke shot, but retrieved the bird. Moving on, Lark P. pointed, handler flushed bird but did not shoot. Change pointed, but Socwell failed to flush the bird. Passing into a stubble field, Lark P. pointed handsomely. Passing on after flushing the bird, to which Lark P. dropped, he soon made three more points, all of which were perfect pictures. Ordered up at 3:45 and the heat given to Lark P.

JACK W. AND BEN LANIER.

Jack W., handled by P. Tindolph, and Ben Lanier, handled by Bob Riley, were put down in stubble field. In speed Jack W. was superior, in style they were about equal. This field was drawn blank, dogs ordered up to go to another field. While crossing a branch a covey flushed wild, the dogs were now put down and followed the birds in edge of a bunch of weeds. Ben pointed, Jack not near enough to back. Birds flushed. Jack then pointed a single bird in fence corner, bird flushed wild; steady to wing. Ben again pointed, bird flushed by handler, Ben steady to wing. Passed on to next field, where both dogs false pointed. Moved on to cornfield where Ben pointed. Riley flushed, shot and killed, and Jack rushed in and retrieved the bird. The bird was then thrown

for Ben and he retrieved in good style. Passing on into an orchard both dogs flushed and were steady to wing. Passed on into a ragweed field and a covey was flushed by handlers. Dogs ordered up ot 5 o'clock, to be put down in the morning.

Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock they were cast off in same field to complete their unfinished heat. A single bird was flushed by Judge Freeman, and two others by Tindolph. The rest of the field was drawn blank. In weed patch Jack pointed a rabbit and was steady to fur. Jack chased a rabbit in large stubble, but stopped to order. This field being drawn blank a cornfield was drawn, but was tenantless; then entered stubble, where Ben pointed falsely. After drawing a large cornfield and finding no birds the dogs were ordered up and taken to a stubble field about a quarter of a mile to the north. Here they were put down and a large covey flushed wild and went into the woods. Ben flushed twice and made one false point, and Jack W. flushed and made a false point. The extreme dryness was the cause of such poor work. Going on into the woods Jack W. flushed twice in succession. Ordered up, heat awarded to Ben Lanier. Down 3½h.

JIM BLAINE AND GLADDES.

Jim Blaine, handled by Becker, and Gladdes, handled by Tindolph, were cast off in a ragweed field. In speed and style they were equal. Jim flushed a large bevy, both dogs steady to wing. Moving on Gladdes flushed a single bird. Moving on a bird flushed wild, both dogs unsteady, and again Jim flushed a single and dropped to wing, then flushed another and was steady. In brier patch Gladdes flushed a single and was steady to wing; on a hillside Jim flushed. Ordered up and taken to a field where a bevy had been marked down by spectators. Jim soon pointed, Gladdes backed. Becker flushed, shot and killed, firing both barrels, which was quite amusing to Judge Madison. Becker succeeded in killing a bird and Jim retrieved it in good style. Jim then flushed a single and was a little unsteady; soon after he flushed a covey, but was steady to wing. Moving on he flushed a single and dropped to wing. Passing over the fence Gladdes flushed a single in a lane; soon after Jim pointed a covey. Becker flushed and both dogs were steady. Ordered up and heat awarded to Jim Blaine. Down 58m.

POLLY II. AND TOPSY W.

Polly II., handled by her owner J. B. Stoddard, and Topsy W., owned and handled by M. R. Williams, were put down in new grounds east of town. Mr. H. A. Comstock was substituted for Mr. Freeman as judge, Mr. Freeman being detained at home on business. The dogs were turned loose in a weed field. This was a very speedy brace and they went to work as if they knew what was expected of them. The field being drawn blank, the dogs were taken up and sent to a thicket near by, where a covey was seen to alight. Topsy pointed where birds had just arisen. Soon after another was flushed by the handlers. The briers being too thick for the judges to see the working of the dogs, they were ordered up and put down in a stubble field, a covey was found and pointed by Polly. Stoddard flushed, shot and missed. Following the birds into the woods, Topsy pointed, and the birds flushed almost instantly; she was steady to wing. Polly picked up three points here in one, two, three order and won. The dogs were ordered up and the heat awarded to Polly. This was the best heat run during the trials. Down 1h.

Second Series.

LARK P. AND BEN LANIER

were put down in a large stubble field adjoining the woods where the last heat was finished. After drawing the field blank the dogs were thrown into the woods; both dogs made an excusable flush. Entering another stubble, both dogs scored a flush; Ben again flushed a single bird. In the edge of the woods a large covey flushed wild; these birds were followed but could not be found, as no one had marked them. Returning to the woods, Lark P. pointed close to Judge Madison, who by request of Wright flushed three birds; these birds were marked down in the stubble at the edge of the woods. The dogs were ordered on, and before any of these birds were found a severe rain storm set in, and the dogs were ordered up, and every person started for a straw stack in an adjoining field, which was not reached before all were thoroughly drenched. This put a stop to the trials for the day. The dogs were taken up at 3:50.

Thursday the dogs were down at 9:30 on the Chambers farm. Mr. A. P. Craft was selected to judge in place of Mr. Munhall, who was called home. The weather was much cooler, and the ground was very wet from the rain of last night. The stubble in which the dogs were put down to finish their heat was all that a sportsman could desire. Working down wind Ben flushed and was steady to wing, Lark pointed scent where birds had been; going on, another covey flushed wild, and went into corn; Lark pointed in the edge of the corn. Wright flushed, shot and killed, Lark retrieving in good style. Ordered up; heat given to Lark P. Down 8m.

JIM BLAINE AND POLLY II.

were cast off in the same stubble field at 9:40. Jim pointed in edge of corn, bird flushed, Jim steady to wing. Jim again pointed, but was unsteady to wing. Birds were followed to the woods; Jim flushed and stopped to order. Polly flushed two singles in the woods. Dogs taken up and put down in stubble field a short distance away. In this field Jim captured and killed a hare, greatly to the amusement of the spectators. This field being drawn blank, we passed to another, where Polly pointed a covey in thicket on edge of stubble. Stoddard flushed but did not shoot, Polly steady to wing. Moving on she got another point. At the same time Jim pointed another covey in a bunch of briers a few yards to the left, then secured a point on a single. Becker flushed, shot and killed, and Jim retrieved in good style. Taken to stubble, Polly pointed, Jim backed indifferently. Moving on Jim flushed the covey. Following the birds into the woods, Polly pointed, and was steady. Jim pointed falsely. Both pointed singles. Jim pointed a bird on a bush; handler shot and missed. Polly then pointed and was steady. Working down wind Polly flushed; then Jim flushed a bird in a fallen treetop. Passing into stubble both dogs flushed; Polly soon after made another flush. These flushes were excusable on account of poor cover. Entering another field Polly pointed falsely. Passing on Jim pointed a single bird in a fence corner, which flushed almost immediately. Passing on Polly pointed three birds in briers. Jim pointed a bevy in another patch of briers. Dogs ordered up and heat given to Jim Blaine. Down 1h. 50m.

LARK P. AND JIM BLAINE

were put down at 12:10 in stubble field to decide first place. Lark showed superior range, speed and style. Jim pointed in edge of corn, bird flushed, steady to wing. Lark pointed a covey. Wright flushed, shot and killed, Lark steady and retrieved in good style. Jim pointed in corn, bird flushed by Becker, dogs steady to wing. Following birds to woods, Lark pointed and Jim backed to order. Jim pointed; Becker flushed, shot and missed, dogs steady. Lark pointed, moved on through woods; Jim flushed a single; Lark pointed a single, Jim ran in ahead and flushed. Ordered up at 12:48 and heat and first place awarded to Lark P.

Second Series.

CHANGE AND BEN LANIER

Were cast off in a stubble at 1:40 to decide which should run with the runner up for second place. Ben pointed and then flushed in woods where the covey had been marked down. Change flushed a single in the briers, steady to wing; moved on and Change pointed, Socwell flushed to order. Moving on Change pointed again; Ben false pointed. Moved on and Change pointed another single. Ordered up and heat given to Change. Down 20m.

Third Series.

JIM BLAINE AND CHANGE

were cast off in a stubble field at 2:20 to decide the winner of second prize. After running until 3:50 without either having any advantage over the other, the handlers requested the judges to divide the purse and honors, which was done, and the first annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club were a thing of the past.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Lark P. beat Change.
Ben Lanier beat Jack W.
Jim Blaine beat Gladdes.
Polly II. beat Topsy W.

Second Series.

Lark P. beat Ben Lanier.
Jim Blaine beat Polly II.

Third Series.

Lark P. beat Jim Blaine and won first.

Fourth Series.

Change beat Ben Lanier.

Fifth Series.

Change and Jim Blaine divided second.

Sixth Series.

Ben Lanier and Polly II. divided third.

The officers and directors of the club are highly delighted with their success, and at a meeting of the members present at the hotel in Bicknell, Thursday evening, Vice-President Freeman in the chair, it was decided to hold trials again next year. A vote of thanks was tendered the citizens of Bicknell and the farmers owning the grounds on which the trials were run, also to Mr. C. M. Munhall, of Cleveland, O., for the able manner in which he had assisted the others in judging the trials. A special vote of thanks was tendered the secretary, Mr. Madison. RICHMOND.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

THE annual meeting of the Westminster Kennel Club was held at Delmonico's last week. It was well attended. Officers chosen are: President, J. Otto Donner; Vice-President, Robert C. Cornell; Secretary, Frank R. Hitchcock; Treasurer, Bradish Johnson, Jr.; Board of Governors—G. Lee Knapp, C. du Bois Wagstaff, Robert C. Cornell, W. B. Smith, J. Otto Donner, J. Coleman Drayton, H. Walter Webb, F. R. Hitchcock, George de Forest Grant, Lucius K. Wilmerding, Thos. H. Terry, Louis C. Clark, Francis O. de Luze, George S. Floyd-Jones, Bradish Johnson, Jr., R. H. Williams and Elliot Smith; House Committe—F. R. Halsey, George de Forest Grant, G. Lee Knapp, Bradish Johnson, Jr., R. H. Williams; Ground Committee—R. C. Cronell, C. du Bois Wagstaff, F. R. Hitchcock, Elliot Smith and T. H. Terry; Handicapping Committee—George de Forest Grant, G. Lee Knapp and W. B. Smith.

The club will hold its annual show on February 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1888. The premium list will be issued after the meeting of the American Kennel Club, on Dec. 4, and probably will be ready for distribution on Dec. 15. A large party of the Westminster Kennel Club members will leave here on Saturday next to attend the Eastern Field Trials Club's meeting, which commences on Monday next at High Point, N. C.

For many reasons in the opinion of exhibitors, the club has made a good move in starting the dog show season of the Eastern circuit. It is believed that a much larger entry can be obtained at that season, especially in the hunting dog classes, prior to the English snipe season. Heretofore the club has given its show after all the rest, and in consequence lost a large entry of young dogs, which succumbed on their rounds to distemper. Besides, in May, many of the people who would patronize the show are getting ready to go out of town for the summer and cannot attend it.

COCKERS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

TORONTO, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding this controversy I stand just where I did in my last communication. I assert that the style of cockers such as were shown and were at Detroit (these being the particular dogs that were called hard names in the outset), are able to work and work well if taken at proper age and given ordinary training. In addition to this, his style and general outline is most pleasing to the eye, his great girth, deep chest, strong loin, short but powerful limbs, flat coat, rich feathering, dark eye, style of head, set of cars, makes him the prince of dogs, a staunch little worker in the field, a companion at home or on the street that attracts attention at all times.

Compare him with the leggy, wavy-coated, tucked-up, specimens such as it seems Mr. Nelles desires to get back to if he can. It is not hard getting back. It won't require any tact or care and probably on that account may be made more profitable. Mr. Nelles says he has frequently gone out for a day or two with a couple of his prize winners. Will he kindly name the pair? I think I know all his prize winners (having sold him several of them), and I think I can venture the assertion that not one of them has had the benefit of a day's training and have scarcely ever had exercise enough to keep them in good health. How can Mr. Nelles expect dogs that are two or three years old and have scarcely had exercise to go out and work? I should also like Mr. Nelles to name the leggy specimens he used on same occasions, that I may satisfy myself as to whether the leggy fellows were as green at the work as the prize winners must have been.

I very much doubt if Mr. Nelles give his dogs work or handling sufficient to enable him to give an opinion; however, I am now open for evidence that my change may opinion. We will see. I think Mr. Nelles's proof will prove to be on paper after all. I once more say that I have never claimed that the cocker was as useful for purely hard field work as the field spaniel, but I do claim for him that he is not a toy. He has lost none of the natural instincts of the breed; he is strong, hardy, plucky and handsome, and as a show dog and for ordinary work in the field, he is not only a sportsman's dog, but a gentleman's dog. I believe we have succeeded in establishing a type that ought to be perpetuated. I believe the Spaniel Club are of the same opinion, and I have no fear of a change. We all know how much easier it is to breed the leggy cocker, with all our care they will come that style. I shall do my level best not to breed one of them, but I feel sure I shall always be favored with enough of them to enable me to compete at the shows if they are to become the fashion. If not I can pick them up for $5 or $10.

Mr. Nelles's quoting from "Stonehenge" does not reveal the fact that the cocker is a duck dog, and for rabbits I think we have a better dog.

Mr. Nelles accuses me of a want of the love I have claimed for the cocker in the fact that I had said "that any dog I had was for sale." Now, I think I could not well go on breeding (wherein lies the love I spoke of) unless I sold a few from time to time, except I emigrated West and took up a ranch.

Since writing the above, I have read Mr. Mason's letter, which I think sound and sensible. I have only to say in reply that I do not think I have owned or shown a cocker that, judged by the standard, would be considered too long in body for other measurements. Mr. Fellows I wish to set right regarding my reference to Tippo and Toronto Jet. I did not name them as typical cockers, but distinctly stated that our cockers had an intermingling of the field spaniel blood. I warned them to contradict Mr. Osborn's statement that all our Canadian cockers were either themselves imported from the United States or their sires or grandsires were.

The time has come and we have enough good cockers now in Canada and the United States to maintain them a distinct and desirable class. H. G. CHARLESWORTH.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS CLUB will hold its annual meeting on Jan. 17, 1888, on Mr. S. C. Lilli's magnificent ranch, near Hanford, Cal. The ranch, which is known as El Rancho La Guna De Tache, consists of 62,000 acres, or about 100 square miles. It is on King's River, in Fresno and Tulare counties. King's River is the boundary on the south side for a distance of 36 miles. The natural waters along and through the ranch are more than 120 miles; three principal canals and their branches 140 miles in extent; 200 miles of fencing bound the ranch; 4,000 acres are in alfalfe grass. There are 16,000 head of cattle on the ranch, 400 horses and 6,000 hogs. The ranch is from 196 to 275ft. above sea level. It is located in the famous San Joaquin Valley, being 226 miles south of San Francisco and 253 miles north of Los Angeles. About 40,000 acres are now irrigated. There are large tracts of wild sunflowers, and in these and in the alkile bushes the valley quail, on which the trials are run, actually swarm. Besides the quail, the other game consists of a few deer, mountain lions and bears, wildfowl, snipe and rabbits. It was here on Mr. Lilli's kind invitation that the trials were run so successfully last December. The ranch is thoroughly preserved, and no one is allowed to shoot on it without a written permit from it owner. Several employed hunters see that this is enforced. The ranch is one of the finest in the world, and is probably the best stocked game preserve in America. When it was learned that Mr. Franklin Satterthwaite, of Newark, N. J., would probably visit California on a shooting trip this winter, he was at once written to by Judge C. N. Post, of Sacramento, to consider himself down for assisting to judge at the trials. Judge Post we learn expected to start three runners in the Derby, Sirocco, Stephanie and Sunlit, but distemper, the fell destroyer, got into his kennels about the middle of last September, and killed five three-month-old puppies by Harold out of Janet, and Stephanie. Sirocco is nearly a wreck from chorea, and Sunlit is just touched the least bit with paralysis of the loins. She will be all right in a few weeks, but too late to work for the Derby. The promising trio Sunlit, Sirocco and Stephanie were all out of Sweetheart (Count Noble—Dashing Novice) by Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), Judge Post having sent Sweetheart to Tennessee to be bred to Sportsman. Another of the litter, Sirius, will start in the Eastern and American Derbys. Sunlit, Sirocco and Stephanie were grand lookers before their sickness, and it is with regret we learn of the ill luck to the genial judge's kennel. Mr. George T. Allender, who is beyond doubt the best professional field trial handler in California, is at present located at Watsonville, Cal. Mr. Allender handled a large string of dogs successfully last year, and will again attend the coming trials in January.—SCATTER GUN.

IMPORTED KINO.—Wrightsville, Pa., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "Malcom's" query concerning the importation of Kino, let me say that my authority for claiming the dog as imported comes from his former owner, Mr. Dan O'Shea, who entered him at Philadelphia show, 1884, as imported; who sold him to Mr. Satterthwaite as such, and who informed me verbally that the dog was imported. Suppositions have since been expressed concerning the breeding of this dog, but as none of them have been proven facts, I felt warranted in speaking of and advertising the dog as he had been represented to me. But whether imported or not, whether bred in America, Canada or England, the fact nevertheless remains that this dog, as a stud dog, has few equals; and of him one of our most noted beagle judges said, when speaking of show beagles, "He is the best I have ever seen." Every owner of stock sired by this grand stud dog will hail with delight the forthcoming of "Malcom," for, judging from the tone of his last item, he evidently knows all about the breeding, etc., of Kino, and can give us all particulars concerning him. The owners of champion Lou and the first-prize winners Tony Weller, Riot and a host of other good ones sired by Kino, will all thank him for this information, and the qualities of Kino will be credited where they properly belong, viz., to his breeder, sire and dam. So please let us have the facts of the matter, "Malcom," which you say are so generally known, but don't waste space with mere suppositions.—A. C. KRUEGER.

THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB was organized at a meeting in this city Nov. 15, with a membership of thirty and the following officers: Mrs. Chas. Wheatleigh, of New York, President; Dr. Surles, of Worcester, Mass., First Vice-President; Mrs. Eugene Clarke, of New York, Second Vice-President; C. Ormsby, of New York, Secretary; —— Clark, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, 36 Liberty street, New York. The first show will be held at Madison Square Garden Dec. 14 and following days, in a room well heated; entry fee $2; judges to conform strictly to "Stonehenge" standards. Open to toys and to mature St. Bernards and mastiffs.

DEATH OF VANDEVORT'S DON.—Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 7.—It is with extreme regret we have to record the death of poor old Don. He died after a very short illness on Friday, Nov. 4. Language fails to express our deep sorrow for the poor old fellow, and we all feel as if we had lost our truest and best companion.—R. T. VANDEVORT.

"OUR PRIZE DOGS."—Mr. Charles H. Mason advises us that the work on his forthcoming book is progressing at a rate which gives promise that the book will be ready for delivery early in 1888.

THE ROCKFORD, ILL., SHOW premium list is out There are forty-eight classes, with prizes of $5 and $3.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bob V. By J. V. Whitaker, Way's Station, Ga., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 15, 1887, by Fritz Croxteth (Count Croxteth—Lo Faust) out of Arch (La Guy—Darkness).

Ned Arlington. By W. Parry Kennad, Lowell, Mass., for dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1887, by Goldstone (Arlington—Flora) out of Dorcas (Glencho—Syren II.).

The Rambler. By J. M. Fromefield, Jr., General Wayne, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped May 8, 1887, by Marchboy II. (Marchboy—Myrtle II.) out of Lizzie (Ringwood—Nora).

Pride of the West and Lady Woodford. By Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., for sable and black, white and tan collie bitches, whelped July 5, 1887, by Nullamore (The Colonel—Jessie) out of Dot (Rox—Jersey Lily).

Aldershot and Lady Rose. By F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., for dark red Irish setter dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1887, by Chief (Berkley—Duck) out of Bizreena (Nimrod—Bizorah).

Fannie W., Kate W., Velda W., Nettie May W. and Baby W. By Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped Oct. 14, 1887, by Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Pussie (Ringwood—Beauty).

Leslie W. By Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for white and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct. 14, 1887, by Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Pussie (Ringwood—Beauty).

Harmony Kennels. By C. S. Wixom, Covert, N. Y., for his kennels of English greyhounds and beagles.

BRED.

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Nellie—William Tell. Wm. Wadsworth's (Lowell, Mass.) pointer bitch Nellie to C. A. Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640), Oct. 1.

Daisy A.—William Tell. Chas. A. Parker's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy A. (A.K.R. 3388) to his William Tell (A.K.R. 2640), Sept. 5.

Ada—Montrose. F. A. Clapsadel's (Painesville, O.) smooth St. Bernard bitch Ada (A.K.R. 3766) to Alta Kennels' Montrose (Wotan—Reka), Oct. 29.

Lady Alpha—Montrose. Alta Kennels' (Toledo, O.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Alpha (Tell—Norna) to their Montrose (Wotan—Reka), Sept. 7.

Nellie—Thyrus II. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) Great Dane bitch Nellie (A.K.R. 5211) to F. C. Evans's Thyrus II. (Thyrus—Caro), Aug. 24.

Morning Star—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) to his Gun (A.K.R. 1538), Nov. 3.

Daisey—Spider. W. H. Abram's (New Haven, Conn.) Italian greyhound bitch Daisey to A. B. Norcross's Spider (Storey's Dick—Posey), Oct. 24.

Belle Clifton—Ben Lomond. J. C. Curry & Bro.'s (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Belle Clifton (A.K.R. 1569) to Tower Grove Collie Kennels' Ben Lomond (A.K.R. 3701), Oct. 19.

Lady Alice—Otho. Alex. M. Hughes's St. Bernard bitch Lady Alice (Valentine—Miss Meg) to Otho (Rollo—Lady Abbess), Nov. 4.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Alpha. Alta Kennels' (Toledo, O.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Alpha (Tell—Noma), Nov. 7, thirteen (eight dogs), by their Montrose (Wotan—Reka).

Fanny B. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) Newfoundland bitch Fanny B. (Nero—Darkness), Oct. 7, five (two dogs), by his Brown Follie (Sir Arthur—Sis).

Dora Gladstone. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Dora Gladstone (Boss Gladstone—Vell), Nov. 2, four (three dogs), by his Gun (A.K.R. 1538).

Marion. C. V. V. Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Marion (Brag—Princess), Oct. 25, four (two dogs), by A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap).

Lady Tarquin. Sunnyside Kennels' (New York) bull-terrier bitch Lady Tarquin (Tarquin—Luce), Nov. 5, five (four dogs), by their Tony (Count—White Violet).

Puss. L. H. Dill's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Puss (A.K.R. 4484), Nov. 10, five (three dogs), by A. Perrin's Baronet (A.K.R. 4480).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nellie. Brindle Great Dane bitch, whelped Sept. 20, 1886, by Thyrus out of Caro, by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to E. A. Buck, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Puss. White, lemon marks on ears, bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 4484), by A. Perrin, Cambridge, Mass., to L. H. Dill, Somerville, Mass.

Our Girl. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 14, 1885, by Hurry out of Nellie G., by Lake View Kennels, Boston, Mass., to M. Deming, South Boston, Mass.

Baratone and Soprano. White, black and tan beagle dog and white, black, tan and blue ticked bitch, whelped June 27, 1887, by Blue Cap (A.K.R. 4003) out of Constance (A.K.R. 2012), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to Robert Oliver, East Hampton, Mass

Ben Lomond (A.K.R. 3701)—Frisco (A.K.R. 3707) whelp. Dark sable collie bitch, whelped Dec. 21, 1886, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., to C. S. Seaverson, Same place.

Ben Lomond (A.K.R. 3701)—Lilly (A.K.R. 3819) whelp. Sable collie dog, whelped Jan. 30, 1887, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., to E. H. Bradbury, same place.

Scott—Belle Clifton (A.K.R. 1569) whelp. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped June, 1887, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., to R. W. Isenthal, Alleghany, Pa.

Glenmar II.—Nell whelp. Red Irish setter dog, age not given, by Onota Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., to Geo. H. Newbold, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1551) whelps. Black, white and tan English setters, whelped July 8, 1887, by Charles York, Bangor, Me., two dogs to W. W. Burridge, Lawrence, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

Ben Lomond (A.K.R. 3701)—Frisco (A.K.R. 3707) whelps. Collies, whelped June 21, 1887, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., a white, black and tan dog to Fire Engine Co. No. 23, and a sable and white dog to E. H. Cross, both of same place.

Ben Lomond (A.K.R. 3701)—Lilly (A.K.R. 3819) whelp. Sable collie bitch, whelped Aug. 3, 1887, by Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., to J. F. Ryan, same place.

THE MEMPHIS AND AVENT KENNEL will offer a number of broken dogs for sale during the Eastern and American trials. Among those offered for sale will be their entire Derby, All-Aged and Champion entries. This kennel will not send dogs to purchasers on approbation, preferring for purchasers (or their deputized agents) to see the dogs at work during the trials and privately. This will be a rare opportunity to secure some first-class dogs from combined field-trial and bench-show winning strains, broken by Mr. J. M. Avent.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BULLARD MATCH NO. 4, SECOND SERIES.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following are the returns of 94 individuals who competed in our match No. 4, second series. We received 189 entries, but for various reasons many were unable to take part. It will be noted that the scores of Mat Grindele, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Lieut. A. E. Chantler, of St. Paul, Minn., are a tie, and all ties are to be shot off, dates to be fixed by us. The targets and score cards of Mr. Grindele and Lieut. Chantler do not agree by two points in the former and one in the latter. Mr. Grindele was the winner of the gold medal in the first series of this match. The weather conditions in most cases were not favorable. The badge will be again competed for in May, and it must be won three times by an individual before it becomes private property.—BULLARD REPEATING ARMS COMPANY.

Cincinnati, O., Rifle Association.

1. Mat Grindele	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	5	5	—90
	9	10	8	9	9	6	10	8	8	8	—85
	8	7	8	8	8	9	9	10	9	8	—84
	6	8	10	8	9	10	7	9	10	9	—86
	10	9	10	7	8	9	10	8	7	1	—88—433
Correction											2
											431
12. H. Hieman	7	9	8	9	8	8	9	7	9	9	9—84
	9	6	9	7	9	9	7	8	9	10	9—83
	7	5	9	10	7	8	6	9	9	9	—79
	8	7	8	8	8	9	9	7	6	8	9—79
	10	9	10	8	9	7	10	8	7	8	8—86—411

Davenport, Ia., Excelsior Rifle Club.

3. Emil Berg	9	9	9	9	9	6	8	9	10	8	—86
	9	9	10	5	8	10	10	8	10	7	—86
	8	6	7	9	8	10	8	8	9	8	—82
	9	6	8	10	9	9	8	7	8	9	—83
	9	10	9	9	10	9	10	7	8	10	9—91—428

Manchester, N. H., Rifle Association.

21. C D Palmer	7	7	6	5	7	5	6	10	4	8	—65
	8	8	10	9	7	10	5	10	6	10	—83
	7	8	9	7	9	10	8	7	10	9	—84
	6	9	9	8	9	5	5	9	8	7	—75
	8	8	10	10	6	9	9	8	9	8	8—85—392
A B Do e	8	7	10	8	8	7	8	7	8	8	—79
	10	6	10	6	8	6	10	7	8	8	—79
	6	10	6	8	10	7	9	7	9	9	—81
	9	6	10	6	9	9	5	8	9	5	6—73
	9	9	5	9	6	8	6	6	8	3	4—85—377

St. Paul, Minn.

2. Lieut A E Chantler	8	9	10	8	10	9	10	10	8	10	—92
	7	6	8	9	8	8	9	10	7	10	—82
	9	8	10	9	8	9	7	10	9	8	—87
	6	10	9	10	7	8	7	10	9	10	—86
	8	9	7	10	9	10	8	9	8	7	—85—432
Corrected targets											1
											431

Waverly, N. Y., Short Range Rifle Club.

57. J W Adams	6	7	9	7	9	8	8	8	8	5	—75
	7	6	5	7	6	5	3	0	7	6	—62
	6	9	9	6	6	8	6	8	7	7	—72
	6	6	6	7	7	9	8	8	7	8	—72
	5	7	9	8	6	8	7	8	9	7	—71—352
89. W L Pendleton	4	6	0	5	6	5	3	0	8	9	—43
	5	9	4	8	4	7	7	8	10	5	—67
	5	5	7	6	4	6	9	5	7	5	—59
	5	5	4	9	8	10	8	9	5	7	—71
	5	6	5	4	4	5	5	8	4	0	—46—280
90. H C Thatcher	6	5	4	0	9	4	6	8	7	5	—57
	4	6	0	5	6	6	4	5	4	7	—47
	6	8	5	9	5	5	6	7	6	5	—59
	8	5	3	3	5	8	8	6	6	7	—59
	9	0	4	4	7	4	4	5	4	4	—72—266

Williamsport, Pa., Rifle Club.

49. N A Hughes	8	6	10	5	6	7	8	8	10	6	—74
	5	9	10	8	10	10	7	6	8	7	—80
	8	8	7	8	7	6	7	6	5	6	—68
	9	7	5	8	7	9	6	10	8	5	—74
	5	7	4	7	6	7	9	8	7	5	—65—361

Bozeman M. T., Rifle Club.

47. W B Benham	6	5	9	9	7	9	10	7	9	8	—79
	7	10	6	6	5	6	7	8	6	10	—70
	9	8	10	9	6	7	6	8	5	5	—69
	6	4	6	7	7	9	10	7	10	7	—73
	6	4	6	5	7	8	8	10	9	9	9—72—363

1st Regt. Infantry, N. N. G., Carson City, Nev.

54. Dr I L Lee	6	10	10	7	9	5	7	6	5	10	—75
	6	10	8	8	7	6	4	6	8	9	—72
	4	3	5	6	3	7	4	10	7	6	—55
	10	8	7	10	4	8	5	5	6	6	—69
	7	5	6	9	6	6	6	4	0	6	—62—333
Military allowance											25
											358
67. F J McCullagh	4	8	3	10	7	9	8	7	6	6	—68
	7	7	6	10	6	6	5	5	6	4	—62
	9	7	9	5	5	8	3	7	8	9	—65
	9	6	6	5	5	7	6	8	7	4	—61
	7	9	7	6	3	5	7	5	4	8	—61—317
Military allowance											25
											342
41. J Saffell	8	8	7	8	8	8	8	6	10	7	5—75
	5	8	4	5	9	6	8	6	10	9	—70
	5	8	8	6	6	10	6	6	8	9	—72
	4	6	7	5	5	9	8	7	6	8	—65
	4	10	9	5	3	5	8	6	7	4	—62—344
Military allowance											25
											369
56. H D Thaxter	8	7	7	5	3	4	9	7	6	8	—64
	8	4	6	7	5	7	4	6	7	7	—61
	7	6	3	5	8	9	5	10	6	6	—65
	8	5	6	8	9	6	7	7	8	7	—66
	4	9	10	10	7	6	7	6	6	8	—73—329
Military allowance											25
											354
31. C H Galusha	5	8	5	9	4	10	0	5	7	6	—68
	10	8	4	4	7	8	9	5	5	6	—67
	8	4	7	7	7	10	9	7	10	10	—79
	8	8	8	4	10	9	10	4	8	6	—75
	8	7	8	9	6	6	5	8	6	5	—68—357
Military allowance											25
											372
7. G C Thaxter	8	7	9	8	7	8	6	9	8	8	—78
	8	10	9	10	9	7	8	9	8	6	—83
	9	6	6	10	8	6	9	9	5	5	—77
	10	6	9	8	10	7	8	10	7	7	—82
	9	5	8	8	7	8	8	7	8	6	—74—394
Military allowance											25
											419
46. W M Little	8	7	6	4	9	4	4	6	9	9	—66
	8	7	4	10	6	9	7	6	7	5	—68
	6	10	10	6	7	6	7	5	10	6	—76
	4	6	10	3	8	10	7	6	7	6	—67
	6	6	4	7	10	9	7	5	4	7	—64—341
Military allowance											25
											366
80. Tom Alley	6	5	6	5	6	8	4	5	5	6	—56
	5	4	5	7	6	5	5	9	8	7	—61
	10	5	7	4	4	6	4	8	4	3	—55
	4	7	3	3	5	7	5	5	4	6	—49
	6	5	5	10	6	9	9	5	6	4	3—59—280
Military allowance											25
											356
69. Geo Cowing, Jr	8	6	7	4	5	7	6	7	4	8	—62
	7	6	2	5	10	9	6	6	6	5	—64
	8	4	4	8	7	4	10	3	5	9	—63
	7	8	4	5	9	3	4	4	7	9	—57
	7	4	5	3	10	8	3	10	6	10	—55—311
Military allowance											25
											336
75. Geo Cowing, Sr	2	4	7	8	4	6	5	9	6	4	—55
	10	6	5	6	8	9	4	4	8	8	—68
	8	5	2	10	7	6	6	8	5	5	—62
	5	8	10	7	5	3	3	5	7	7	—62
	7	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	7	7	—53—300
Military allowance											25
											325

Brattleboro (Vt.) Rifle Club.

13. C L Cobb	6	9	10	8	10	7	8	8	9	8	—89
	9	5	8	7	10	6	8	7	9	5	—74
	8	8	9	7	10	9	10	8	9	9	—87
	8	8	10	5	9	7	7	7	8	10	—79
	8	8	10	9	8	9	7	10	8	7	—84—407
16. A L Nichols	5	6	7	7	10	9	9	6	9	9	—77
	9	6	9	10	6	8	10	10	8	6	—82
	8	8	8	10	8	5	10	8	9	9	—83
	7	8	6	10	8	10	7	7	7	10	—79
	8	6	9	8	10	8	5	9	8	10	8—81—403
48. J T Longueil	7	8	9	3	5	7	4	5	8	8	—64
	6	8	9	9	8	9	5	8	10	7	—79
	6	5	10	5	6	8	9	9	7	5	—70
	6	9	8	10	5	7	8	10	5	9	—77
	7	7	5	6	8	6	10	6	8	8	—71—361
93. A E Knight	10	9	9	4	8	6	5	9	8	7	—73
	5	7	7	10	7	10	5	8	6	7	—72
	4	10	7	10	5	9	7	8	9	7	—76
	6	4	3	6	7	6	Withdrew.—				32—253
15. N S Brockway	8	10	6	9	6	7	10	7	9	7	—79
	7	7	8	10	10	7	8	10	8	7	—82
	8	9	9	7	7	8	10	7	8	8	—81
	10	9	9	7	6	7	5	7	10	7	—79
	6	10	8	10	8	9	8	7	10	7	—83—404

Cocheco Rifle Club, Dover, N. H.

11. G H Wentworth	10	7	9	9	9	6	10	8	10	10	—88
	8	10	8	6	9	7	8	10	5	10	—81
	7	7	9	7	9	8	8	10	9	9	—82
	10	8	8	7	7	10	7	7	9	7	—80
	8	7	10	10	9	9	8	6	8	7	8—81—412
50. J B Stevens, Jr	9	5	6	7	7	7	10	6	7	7	—71
	7	7	9	0	8	10	9	5	8	9	—81
	6	8	7	8	6	9	9	5	8	7	—70
	9	10	6	6	6	8	7	8	5	5	—70
	6	7	9	10	4	6	10	7	5	6	9—69—361
59. H M Wiggin	6	7	9	6	7	6	10	7	4	8	10—71
	5	7	7	5	10	8	8	6	4	9	—69
	5	7	5	7	6	9	7	6	7	9	—68
	6	10	7	6	5	7	9	7	7	9	—73
	10	4	9	5	4	6	8	7	9	6	6—68—349

Altoona, Pa.

8. C L Daily	6	0	10	0	8	10	8	7	8	9	—80
	8	8	8	10	10	10	7	9	10	7	—87
	10	10	8	6	8	8	8	8	6	10	—82
	8	9	7	6	8	9	9	10	9	10	—85
	9	7	10	7	7	10	9	10	6	9	9—84—418

Washington, Pa., Rifle Club.

38. James Barrett	6	8	6	5	8	9	9	6	6	6	—67
	10	7	6	9	9	4	8	6	9	7	—75
	10	9	9	10	8	6	9	9	6	7	—83
	8	8	6	7	6	7	7	9	6	7	—71
	10	7	7	9	6	9	9	9	6	10	—82—378
70. J M Maurer	10	8	5	4	2	7	9	6	3	7	—61
	7	5	8	8	6	4	6	7	7	8	—66
	6	9	8	4	7	8	4	10	9	7	—72
	7	4	7	10	5	5	7	7	5	8	—63
	6	10	10	7	7	6	5	8	8	8	8—75—335
27. J W Rothwell	7	8	9	7	6	6	6	7	7	7	—72
	9	9	6	9	7	6	8	10	6	8	—78
	10	4	10	8	7	8	8	7	9	6	—77
	7	10	10	7	8	9	7	7	9	6	—80
	6	7	7	10	10	7	9	8	8	8	7—79—386
29. J M Fulton	9	8	5	6	7	10	9	8	6	8	—76
	9	10	7	10	6	6	6	9	9	9	—81
	6	4	9	9	8	7	7	9	8	10	—77
	6	7	8	10	6	8	9	7	6	9	—76
	6	7	5	9	9	8	10	6	9	7	5—75—385

Central Valley, N. Y., Rifle and Rod Association.

40. H W Hawes	4	9	8	7	6	7	7	6	7	7	—68
	6	9	8	7	7	5	10	6	5	10	—73
	9	10	8	5	6	5	7	9	9	8	—76
	9	6	8	3	7	6	8	10	6	7	—75
	9	7	5	9	8	10	8	7	8	7	—78—370
45. H L Leonard	6	9	5	9	8	9	8	8	6	8	—73
	8	4	4	10	6	8	7	7	6	7	—67
	10	5	6	7	6	8	7	7	5	8	—69
	5	7	7	8	10	6	6	9	8	10	—76
	7	9	8	10	6	8	10	8	8	7	8—81—366
61. M E Hawes	9	5	5	7	5	7	4	9	7	6	—64
	8	7	10	8	7	8	5	7	10	6	—76
	10	10	8	5	8	8	4	8	7	10	—76
	4	6	5	7	5	6	6	6	9	8	—62
	7	6	10	7	10	4	4	9	6	7	—70—348
64. L H Lawes	7	4	7	8	7	7	7	10	7	7	—69
	8	7	4	9	10	3	10	5	9	5	—70
	7	9	7	6	7	6	5	5	7	9	—68
	9	8	6	7	6	7	6	9	7	6	—71
	7	6	9	8	7	4	6	6	7	9	6—69—347
66. Wm Tietjens	4	8	4	9	6	5	5	8	9	9	—67
	9	7	7	5	9	8	8	7	6	6	—71
	5	4	6	7	10	10	6	8	9	8	—73
	5	4	9	7	8	6	3	8	5	10	—65
	8	7	5	8	6	8	6	5	7	6	6—69—345

Baldwinsville, N. Y., Rifle Club.

68. L Egleston	10	8	4	5	5	6	9	7	5	8	—67
	6	7	9	10	8	4	7	7	5	10	—75
	5	6	7	6	9	5	7	7	10	7	—80
	5	7	6	6	9	7	6	8	6	7	—67
	4	8	7	4	7	8	7	5	4	8	—62—338
52. S C Suydam	7	6	10	7	6	7	10	10	7	8	—78
	10	9	3	9	6	5	10	7	7	8	—74
	6	6	9	8	8	9	5	5	7	9	—72
	7	6	6	5	7	7	6	7	8	10	—69
	5	7	5	6	7	8	9	6	7	4	—65—358
14. A C Gates	7	6	9	8	7	9	10	9	6	8	—79
	7	9	7	8	9	8	8	8	10	5	—79
	8	10	5	6	8	9	5	10	10	9	—82
	9	10	7	10	7	7	7	9	8	7	—81
	9	9	9	10	7	8	8	10	6	9	8—85—406

Troy, Kan., Rifle Club.

24. R S Dinsmore, M D	7	10	10	9	6	10	10	8	7	6	—83
	10	10	10	4	8	10	9	7	10	9	—87
	10	9	10	7	7	8	7	6	6	6	—76
	8	8	6	8	8	5	9	9	7	4	—72
	9	5	7	7	9	4	5	9	10	7	7—72—390

Chautauqua Sportsmen's Association, Jamestown, N. Y.

19. R H Burns	10	7	7	9	9	10	7	7	6	10	—82
	6	8	7	6	8	10	10	7	5	7	—74
	10	10	9	9	8	5	10	6	6	8	—81
	6	6	9	6	8	7	9	6	10	7	—74
	8	8	10	9	9	10	8	9	8	7	—86—397
25. F L Norton	9	7	8	9	8	10	9	8	9	10	—87
	9	10	9	6	7	6	9	7	6	9	—78
	7	7	5	10	10	4	7	4	6	9	—69
	8	7	9	4	10	8	10	8	6	8	—77
	7	5	9	9	10	7	9	8	8	4	9—77—388
44. Dr L Hazeltine	8	5	10	8	8	3	8	4	6	7	—65
	6	5	8	7	7	8	6	5	8	7	—67
	8	7	8	10	8	6	8	8	9	7	—79

Pittsburgh, Pa., Rifle Club.

36. L Brehm ..... 8 6 6 9 8 8 7 4 8 8—72
10 4 7 10 9 7 7 7 5 10—76
7 9 7 9 5 3 4 10 8 8—70
9 8 10 8 8 6 6 7 9 9—80
8 7 8 5 10 7 10 8 10 5—78—376
9. J A Huggins ..... 8 8 8 7 9 7 6 9 7 7—76
9 7 5 9 10 9 10 9 10 7—85
10 10 10 9 9 7 8 9 9 8—89
8 6 9 5 9 10 10 8 8 9—82
10 10 7 6 10 8 9 5 9 10—84—416

Sandy Spring, Md., Rifle Club.

62. S B Wetherold ..... 5 7 10 7 6 7 5 8 8 9—72
6 3 5 5 9 6 10 5 5 6—60
5 7 4 8 6 5 9 3 8 9—64
7 6 5 7 9 5 6 5 6 7—63
9 6 7 9 6 6 6 7 3 5—64—323
Military allowance 25
348

Leominster, Mass., Rifle Club.

17. Geo F Prevar ..... 9 7 8 7 9 10 9 9 8 8—84
8 7 8 8 10 7 8 4 10 7—77
9 9 7 8 8 8 9 8 7 9—82
7 9 7 10 7 8 7 7 10 8—80
10 9 6 8 8 9 10 3 8 5—76—399
23. E M Rockwell ..... 9 10 7 7 10 9 7 8 9 7—83
9 8 4 7 6 6 10 7 10 7—77
6 8 6 6 9 10 9 9 8 8—80
6 6 7 10 7 8 7 9 7 3—71
8 5 10 7 9 6 8 9 10 7—79—390
37. F A Whitney ..... 7 9 9 9 7 10 6 7 8 10—82
7 8 9 9 9 8 8 6 10 6—79
10 10 8 8 8 7 6 9 9 6—81
7 7 5 7 5 5 8 5 9 5—63
7 5 6 7 6 9 8 6 9 8—71—376
38. G W Foster ..... 9 5 8 8 19 9 6 5 7 6—73
4 8 6 9 6 9 8 5 5 9—73
8 4 5 6 10 9 8 5 9 10—75
7 6 8 5 9 7 7 6 10 9—77
6 7 9 9 7 9 10 6 6 8—77—375
55. C A Joslin ..... 8 8 10 6 10 6 5 8 8 6—78
6 4 9 9 9 8 7 6 9 4—71
3 8 10 5 7 8 5 6 9 8—69
8 10 9 7 6 8 4 5 7 5—69
4 6 7 6 8 6 8 6 9 10—70—357

Co. D, 2d Regt, M. N. G., Fairmont, Minn.

60. E B Shanks ..... 3 7 5 9 9 4 3 4 7 9—55
3 8 6 9 9 10 5 10 8 5—73
8 6 8 8 8 8 10 5 5 6—73
7 10 9 6 6 10 0 3 0 10—61
9 7 7 4 7 5 6 4 9 4—62—324
Military allowance 25
349

58. E W Bird ..... 6 5 7 8 7 8 7 10 4 7—67
7 10 7 8 9 6 8 6 6 7—74
10 8 7 5 10 3 4 8 5 9—69
6 9 8 7 8 6 7 7 5 7—69
4 8 8 8 5 9 5 8 7 9—71—356

Dakota Rifle Club, Bathgate, Dak.

82. E Bowne ..... 4 6 6 5 8 10 4 7 6 7—63
7 5 6 5 7 8 9 5 7 4—64
4 5 6 5 5 5 6 6 4 5—47
8 7 7 8 7 3 5 6 4 6—61
5 9 9 5 4 9 7 4 9 6—67—302
86. M G Fossum ..... 8 9 5 5 3 4 7 8 6 8—64
8 6 8 5 5 5 6 6 6 7—63
6 8 6 4 8 4 5 7 7 9—64
5 4 5 6 5 4 6 6 7 8—56
7 4 6 3 4 8 5 4 3 3—57—291

Cherryfield, Me., Rifle Club.

88. J A Wilson ..... 3 6 3 3 6 5 5 7 4 5—46
5 6 4 6 4 8 8 6 9 6—62
4 6 9 7 6 4 7 5 4 5—57
9 7 4 4 6 6 7 7 5 8—64
8 4 3 3 7 5 6 3 4 9—52—282
83. W M Eaton ..... 4 5 6 9 7 7 3 7 3 8—59
6 7 5 5 3 9 3 4 7 10—59
7 5 4 3 8 5 8 4 7 6—57
8 7 4 6 6 5 10 3 10 5—64
6 4 4 9 6 8 10 2 7 4—60—299
92. E A Guptill ..... 5 5 4 4 3 3 8 5 3 4—39
6 5 7 6 6 5 4 3 4 2—48
5 4 6 5 6 6 5 8 3 9 6—57
4 10 3 5 5 2 5 7 5 3 6—50
8 6 5 5 9 6 4 8 6 5—62—256
77. P B Guptill ..... 7 5 4 6 5 8 8 5 3 10—61
8 8 6 4 6 8 7 9 7 7—68
10 7 3 10 5 5 7 7 9 8—74
7 5 4 7 3 6 5 6 9 8—60
4 7 5 9 7 6 5 4 7 5—59—322

Houtzdale, Pa.

65. D B Buckwalter ..... 10 6 5 9 6 9 7 6 6 3—67
10 5 6 5 6 9 5 7 6 5—64
6 9 6 6 7 5 8 5 10 7—69
7 9 5 8 9 9 5 7 4 9—72
8 8 7 6 6 10 5 8 7 8—73—345

Houlton, Me., Rifle Club.

76. E B White ..... 4 7 4 10 5 8 6 4 6 8—62
5 9 5 4 4 4 4 6 5 7—53
6 6 7 10 10 5 7 10 6 6—73
4 9 9 5 7 4 10 8 4 5—65
9 6 9 10 5 6 4 8 9 5—71—324

Gardner, Mass., Rifle Club.
(Only totals given.)

42. F E Nichols 369
32. C N Edgell 381
33. A E Knowlton 358
28. G F Ellsworth 336
34. G C Goodale 378

Springfield, O., Gun Club.

10. Henry Croft, Jr ..... 10 7 7 7 10 9 7 7 10 10—84
9 10 8 9 10 7 9 9 9 10—90
8 10 7 8 10 8 9 8 7 7—82
10 8 8 9 8 7 8 10 9 8—85
9 8 7 4 7 6 7 7 9 8—72—413
30. J E Parrin ..... 10 7 4 9 7 6 10 6 7 10—76
5 7 9 8 8 8 8 7 7 8—75
7 6 6 7 6 9 10 9 8 7—75
9 8 9 7 10 8 10 9 7 8—85
8 6 10 7 7 6 7 6 9 7—73—384
73. J C Trimmer ..... 5 7 10 5 5 8 8 6 5 4—63
5 7 5 5 4 6 9 10 6 7—64
6 5 10 6 7 6 8 8 7 5—67
8 7 7 7 4 4 8 7 10 9—71
7 4 8 10 4 7 5 9 8 6—68—338
71. D S Trimmer ..... 4 7 4 8 8 4 9 9 8 8—69
2 8 7 6 9 9 9 9 7 10—76
9 8 8 4 10 7 5 6 8 7—71
7 5 6 8 5 6 8 4 7 5—61
3 6 7 8 4 7 7 4 5 7—58—335

Morrellville Rifle Club, Johnstown, Pa.

72. Alex Stackhouse ..... 4 6 4 6 9 10 7 9 5 8—66
10 10 7 7 5 6 8 6 5 8—72
8 10 7 4 7 10 7 4 6 5—68
8 3 8 7 8 7 7 6 5 8—66
4 3 9 6 8 10 5 5 4 6—61—333
74. John W Seigh ..... 8 5 5 9 6 9 7 7 7 8—71
6 6 7 8 10 9 5 9 6 9—72
10 8 7 5 7 4 5 4 4 4—58
8 5 5 9 3 9 5 7 7 5—63
7 5 6 8 9 8 7 6 6 4—60—330
85. Saml Shay ..... 6 4 4 5 10 3 7 7 8 4—58
4 3 7 6 6 5 6 4 3 8—52
5 4 7 6 9 7 8 7 9 7—70
4 7 6 4 9 7 3 10 5 4—59
7 9 5 6 8 3 4 9 5 5—56—295
87. Wm C Wilson ..... 5 6 6 3 7 4 7 4 3 4—49
6 4 10 5 6 7 7 7 6 4—62
4 7 4 5 6 8 6 5 5 9—57
10 5 3 4 8 5 8 7 3 4—57
4 5 7 8 6 6 6 10 7 5—64—289
91. Stewart Colbert ..... 5 6 7 9 5 7 5 4 4 4—56
3 3 6 6 5 9 5 6 6 9—56
4 8 8 5 5 5 6 6 8 8—58
6 5 4 3 7 6 3 4 7 7—52
3 3 3 3 3 3 7 4 5 9—43—265
94. Dan Donaldson ..... 3 5 7 3 4 4 3 8 5 3—45
3 6 4 3 6 5 8 6 6 3—50
4 8 3 6 4 2 4 5 8 4—48
6 6 7 5 5 2 3 3 4 2—43
5 3 6 5 4 7 3 4 3 3—44—230

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 8.—The Owensville Ballard Rifle Team had their second regular match Nov. 1, at 200yds., standard target. No wind, but poor light:

Capt. Daugherty's Team.

J Daugherty ..... 6 5 3 5 4 10 4 2 4 6—49
Summers ..... 6 6 9 4 9 9 4 8 4 8—67
G Wetter ..... 6 6 6 7 9 6 6 9 7 4—66
Roberts ..... 3 4 4 7 4 6 8 6 6 3—50
Stone ..... 3 2 3 2 7 2 3 5 2 3—33—265

Capt. McGrade Daugherty's Team.

McG Daugherty ..... 6 5 4 8 3 5 4 8 5 6—54
Montgomery ..... 8 4 5 5 5 6 5 3 8 6—54
Speck ..... 4 6 8 3 0 4 2 7 4 5—52
Mauck ..... 6 3 3 6 7 7 7 5 7 4—55
Gentry ..... 9 6 4 10 5 5 5 9 8 4—64—279

Averages for both teams 54⅔. Summers wears the gold medal, Stone the leather medal.

The third shoot, Nov. 8, shows a decided improvement over the previous contests. No wind, but atmosphere very full of smoke, caused by forest fires now raging along the river bottoms. Messrs. Gilmore, Howe, Yeager and Warnock, of the Princeton Rifle Association, were visitors and were invited to shoot in the team matches:

Capt. Gentry's Team.

Gentry ..... 3 3 2 4 5 4 6 6 7 9—49
Summers ..... 3 8 5 6 6 6 8 8 10 7—67
Montgomery ..... 5 10 8 8 7 4 7 7 9 4—69
J Daugherty ..... 6 8 8 5 5 7 2 6 5 8—60
Speck ..... 4 5 8 2 9 5 9 5 5 6—58
Dr Gilmore ..... 3 8 8 6 4 9 8 5 7 5—63
Yeager ..... 9 0 3 2 0 8 4 8 4 6—38—404
Total score without visitors 303

Capt. Roberts's Team.

Roberts ..... 5 6 8 7 5 8 5 7 8 8—65
G Wetter ..... 4 9 4 8 9 10 5 5 6 3—63
Mauck ..... 7 3 10 4 5 5 10 5 5 6—60
Stone ..... 5 5 3 9 2 6 7 4 5 2—48
G Daugherty ..... 5 6 7 4 7 6 9 3 4 5—56
Howe ..... 4 3 3 3 5 10 6 9 2 6—51
Warnock ..... 8 3 3 3 3 1 4 3 6 5—39—379
Total score without visitors 289

Average for team without visitors 59 1-5. Montgomery wins medal, Stone leather medal.—J. M., Jr.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Record of 50 shot match between Messrs. Gindele and Nieman, of Cincinnati, O., and Hazeltine and Burns, of Jamestown, N. Y. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, American field target center, score sheets and targets to be exchanged by mail. This is the second match, Cincinnati having been victorious in both.

Cincinnati.

M Gindele ..... 8 10 10 7 6 7 9 6 9 9—81
6 7 9 7 10 9 10 9 6 7—80
6 7 9 10 9 10 9 10 9 8—87
8 6 8 6 10 7 9 10 10 10—84
8 9 7 8 9 9 10 8 8 8—84—416
H Nieman ..... 6 8 9 7 9 7 8 10 9 6—79
6 4 9 9 10 10 10 9 10 7—84
7 8 7 10 6 8 9 8 10 10—83
10 7 10 8 9 5 9 10 9 10—78
7 10 7 9 8 8 10 10 9 9 8—87—411
827

Jamestown.

R H Burns ..... 10 8 5 8 7 8 5 10 8 8—77
9 10 9 8 6 8 10 7 6 8—81
10 10 9 7 8 10 10 10 6 9—89
10 9 7 6 10 8 8 9 10 9—86
10 8 7 7 9 10 8 7 8 6—80—413
Dr L Hazeltine ..... 10 8 7 8 10 7 5 10 5 10—80
7 7 7 7 7 8 8 6 10 7—74
7 8 5 8 9 9 6 8 8 8—76
6 8 10 7 10 7 6 10 5 2—81
8 9 10 6 10 9 4 8 10 6—80—391
804

BOSTON, Nov. 12.—The riflemen at Walnut Hill have had poor weather each of the match days this week, and the scores are not as good as usual. The result of the two days' shoot is as follows:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W O Burnite (mil.) ..... 8 7 10 6 8 7 10 10 5 8—79
A C Gordon ..... 9 6 4 8 6 10 7 8 8 8—74
F Carter (mil.) ..... 10 6 8 6 9 6 7 10 5 6—73
D L Chase ..... 5 5 8 6 6 10 9 5 6 8—68
C H Eastman ..... 5 6 10 10 6 10 5 4 6 9—68
W H Odam ..... 9 9 5 6 10 5 6 7 5 4—66
F D Barroll (mil.) ..... 6 4 5 6 5 9 4 9 3 7—58

Rest Match.

J R Munroe ..... 11 11 10 12 11 10 11 12 10 11—109
John Gunn ..... 11 12 12 12 10 11 11 10 10 9—108
B Smith ..... 10 9 11 11 12 12 9 8 11 12—105
H A Smith ..... 11 12 11 9 12 8 11 10 12 8—104
W Chester ..... 12 8 9 11 10 9 9 12 8 11—99
B G Barker ..... 9 10 12 9 7 8 8 10 9 11—93

Revolver Match.

T E Bennett ..... 9 9 9 7 10 7 10 10 10 10—91
W Bennett ..... 7 9 8 9 9 10 10 10 8 6—86
Holmes ..... 9 8 10 7 9 8 10 9 9 6—85

WELLINGTON, Oct. 31.—The Wellington Rifle Club met for weekly practice at the new range at Forty Acres this afternoon. The high cold wind interfered with the shooting, as may be seen by the scores, which are as follows on Standard target at 200yds., out of possible 100 points:

First Match.

S J Newman ..... 5 7 2 4 6 8 8 9 10 5—64
J E Newman ..... 4 5 7 6 6 10 4 4 7 2—55
W A Bacon ..... 5 5 4 2 3 7 7 7 9 6—55
W O'Connor ..... 10 9 5 5 4 4 2 6 5 4—54
J W Scott ..... 4 6 2 9 6 2 4 7 5 7—52
H A Heinel ..... 4 1 5 2 2 6 4 3 4 5—36
W Mahler ..... 2 3 2 3 6 10 1 2 4 2—35

Second Match.

S J Newman ..... 5 5 9 9 7 8 5 5 8 5—66
J W Scott ..... 5 7 5 6 4 7 9 8 6 5—62
J E Newman ..... 4 7 4 8 5 5 7 5 4 10—59
H A Heinel ..... 6 6 4 2 9 5 6 9 4 8—59
W O'Connor ..... 3 9 5 6 5 7 2 1 7 5—50
C Carleton ..... 3 2 7 6 3 6 4 5 9 4—40

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 10.—At the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range, the members of the club entertained a delegation from the Leominster Rifle Club, of Leominster. There was a contest between two of each club, resulting as follows:

Gardner Team.		Leominster Team.	
C N Edgell	84 76 80 78 74—392	G F Prevear	79 63 75 75 60—352
W C Loveland	69 80 76 75 80—380	C A Joslin	71 57 74 74 78—354
	772		706

Subsequently there was a contest with the following results: G. F. Prevear, 86, 81—167; Geo. F. Ellsworth, 82, 84—166; C. N. Edgell, 84, 80—164; G. C. Goodale, 76, 78—154; C. A. Joslin, 74, 78—152; C. L. Leland, 72, 79—151; A. E. Knowlton, 75, 76—151; F. E. Nichols, 70, 77—147; C. J. Crabtree, 72, 75—147; F. B. Edgell with military rifle, 64, 64—127+10—137.

DOVER, N. H., Nov. 2.—At the rifle range to-day the following scores were made by members of the Strafford Guards. 200yds.:

Capt Demeritt ..... 0 0 3 3 3—9
Burns ..... 5 4 2 2 0—14
Hathaway ..... 4 2 2 2 0—10

300 Yards.

Foss (Strafford Guards) ..... 4 3 3 4 4—18
Ham (Sawyer Rifles) ..... 4 4 3 2 5—18

This gives Ham two shot buttons and a record as a second class marksman, which is quite a thing for a young man in this State.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB, Nov. 12.—100-shot match by two members of the club, B. Walther and C. E. Gensch, Jr. The match had been for some time expected. Distance, 92ft.; possible 1,200. The scores stood: C. E. Gensch, Jr.: 115, 111, 112, 111, 110, 116, 116, 115, 113, 115—1,134. B. Walther: 112, 111, 109, 112, 115, 108, 116, 113, 118, 116—1,130.

NEWARK, N. J.—The probabilities are that the next grand National Shooting Festival will be held in this city. This "Blankes Fest" is held every three years, and the one held in this section of the country was in 1878, and was the most successful of any ever held. The shoot will be in July, and the choice lies between Newark and Union Hill, with the odds in favor of the former. If held here the shooting will be open to the world, and a large number of the most prominent marksmen in Europe have expressed a determination to cross the ocean for the purpose of taking part. When these fests are held in the West, it is claimed, the rules are so altered that none but the local shots have any chance to win decent prizes; in fact, none others are allowed to enter the best matches. Western marksmen, as a rule, says the Newark *Call*, are jealous of the skill of their Eastern brethren, and do their best to bar them out. From 600 to 800 riflemen take part in the National Fests, which usually last from three days to one week.

THOMASTON, Conn., Nov. 12.—Only two members on the range this P. M. A cold and very strong, gusty 3 o'clock was blowing, but a good light; 200yds., off-hand, American field target:

F A Perkins ..... 8 7 6 9 10 9 6 6 8 10—79
G P North ..... 5 5 6 4 7 5 5 7 5 6—55

Nov. 5, being on the range alone, with a strong 3 o'clock wind blowing, Perkins made the following score:

F A Perkins ..... 7 8 7 7 9 9 10 6 7 7—78

NEWARK, Nov. 8.—A large number of crack marksmen from different sections of the country assembled at the Shooting Park to-day to participate in the fall shoot of the Newark Shooting Society, and some scores which rank far above the average were made. A strong wind blew across the line of fire, but did not seem to affect the shooting. On the German ring target the scores were as follows: John Coppersmith 72, M. Dorrler 72, William Hayes 71, F. Watts 68, C. E. Gentsch 68, G. Zimmerman 68, Flack 68, C. G. Zettler 68, B. Walther 68, D. Miller 66, A. Begerow 66, J. S. Case 65, Holges 65, Armbrust 64, Hecking 64, Vogel 64.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE DAYTON TOURNAMENT.

DAYTON, O., Nov. 2.—The word had gone around that a tournament was to be held at Dayton to close the trap shooting season, and the invitations were eagerly accepted by all of the crack shots of Southern Ohio who were not deer hunting in the northern woods, or on Bob White expeditions into Kentucky or Indiana.

Four or fifty of those who get to the front in all trap shoots were on hand to-day for the opening matches at the Fair Ground. Five traps were set for clay birds, 18yds.; five for blue rocks. 18yds., and five for live birds, 30yds. rise.

First Match.—The first match, shot when the men who were to participate in the tournament were assembling at the grounds, was really a practice shot, but goes into the programme of the day. Five American clays: Mud 5, Taylor 4, Winston 4, Heikes 4. Taylor won first money, W. H. J. second, Winston third.

Second Match.—Five American clays: Winston 5, Heikes 5, Taylor 5, W. H. J. 4, J. M. G. 4, Slover 4. In the shoot-off, Heikes broke 5 straight and took first money; W. H. J. 4, then a miss, took second money; Mud third.

Third Match.—Five American clays: Taylor 5, Winston 5, Mud 5, Heikes 4, J. M. G. 4, W. H. J. 4. Taylor, Winston and Mud divided first; Heikes, J. M. G. and W. H. J., second; Slover, Turner and Cain, third.

Fourth Match—Ten larks, $2 entrance:

Taylor	1101011111—8	Heikes	1110111011—8
W H J	1110011111—8	Chubb	1000011110—5
Winston	1111110111—9	Cain	1000101111—8
J M G	1111001010—6	Mud	1110111011—8

Winston won first money, Heikes second, J. M. G. and Cain divided third.

Fifth Match—Ten American clays, $1 entrance:

Heikes	1111111111—10	Chubb	1111001111— 8
Taylor	1111111111—10	Mud	1111101011— 8
Winston	1111111110— 9	Kessler	1110001111— 7
W H J	0111110010— 6	Cain	0111111011— 8
Turner	1111011011— 8	Emerson	1111011111— 9
J M G	0111011111— 8		

Heikes and Taylor divided first money, Winston and Emerson second, Mud and Cain third.

Sixth Match—Five live pigeons, $2 entrance:

Winston	11111—5	J M G	11110—4
W H J	10111—4	Ranger	10111—4
Heikes	11110—4	W Kiefer	11001—3
Cain	01111—4	Mud	01101—3
Taylor	11110—4	Chubb	01101—3
Webb	11011—4		

Miss and Out—Twenty-three birds were used in the shooting-off for second money, which resulted in a handsome victory for W. H. Jackson. Keifer, Mud and Chubb divided third money.

Seventh Match.—7 live pigeons, $5 entrance:

Chubb	1111111—7	Ranger	1111101—6
J M G	1111111—7	Winston	1111001—5
Billy Keifer	0111111—6	Mud	1100111—5
Heikes	1011111—6	Webb	0011101—4
Cain	1011111—6	Ritty	0110111—5
W H J	1111110—6		

Chubb and J. M. G. divided first money, and Winston and Mud divided third. In the shoot-off for second money, Billy Keifer and Heikes killed 3 birds each, Cain and W. H. S. 2 each, Ranger missed his first; Keifer and Heikes divided second.

Eighth shoot.—10 American clays, $2.50 entrance:

Heikes	1111111110—9	Mud	1111010101—7
Winston	0111111111—9	Smith	1110111100—7
Ranger	1111111011—9	B R	1010101110—6
W H J	1011111111—9	Billy Keifer	1111101000—6
Taylor	1101110111—8	J M G	1010101111—6
Webb	1111111100—8	Chubb	1101001001—5
Cain	1110111101—8	Lawrence	1000011010—4

Heikes, Winston, Ranger and W. H. J. divided first money; Taylor, Webb and Cain divided second; Mud and Smith third.

Ninth match.—5 singles and 3 pairs larks, $2 entrance:

Heikes	11111 11 11 11—11	Cain	11111 10 01 01— 8
Winston	11111 01 11 11—10	Chubb	01001 11 10 00— 5
W H J	11111 11 10 01— 9	Lawrence	10101 00 00 11— 5
Taylor	01011 01 11 11— 8		

Heikes took first money, Winston second, W. H. J. third.

Tenth match.—5 American clays, $1.50 entrance:

Winston	11111—5	Lawrence	10111—4
W H J	11111—5	Heikes	11011—4
Ranger	01111—4	Mud	11001—3
J M G	01111—4	Smith	11010—3

Winston and Jackson divided first money, and in the shoot-off Ranger won second, Mud third.

Eleventh match.—10 single larks, $2 entrance:

Heikes	1111110111—9	Chubb	1110001101—6
Winston	1111011110—8	Webb	1001010111—6
W H J	1001111011—7	Deim	1010011100—5
J M G	1111011100—7	Smith	0001010111—5
Lawrence	1001111110—7	Mud	0010010001—3

Heikes first money, Winston second, J. M. G. third.

Nov. 3.—The closing day of the trap-shooting tournament opened under the favorable conditions that prevailed through the first day's sport. The participants were on hand promptly, the crowd of spectators larger than on the previous day, and a skirmish line of bushwhackers stationed at short intervals, encircled the grounds. The coops were full of pigeons, therefore the contests were mostly live bird matches. The live bird matches were at 30yds., 5 ground traps; and larks and American clays, 18yds., 5 traps.

First match.—The programme of the day started with a 10 American clay bird match, $1 entrance:

Heikes	1111111111—10	Mud	1111111010— 8
Taylor	1111111011— 9	Jackson	0111111000— 6
Gerten	1011111111— 9	Kessler	0000111101— 5
Winston	1111111110— 9		

Heikes first money. In the shoot-off for second, "miss and out," Winston won by breaking 6 straight, Mud third.

Second match.—Five live pigeons, $2.50 entrance, 10 contestants:

Taylor	11111—5	Gerten	11011—4
Jackson	11111—5	Webb	11110—4
Mud	11111—5	Cain	11101—4
Heikes	11110—4	Chubb	01110—3
Winston	01111—4		

Taylor, Jackson and Mud divided first money. In the shoot-off for second, miss and out, Heikes and Webb tied on 6 straight, then divided; Chubb took third.

Third Match—10 larks, $2 entrance:

Winston	1111111110—9	Lawrence	1110011111—7
Jackson	0111110111—8	Taylor	1110101100—6
Cain	0111111011—8	Gerten	1010110110—6
Heikes	0100111011—7	Mud	1100011101—6

Winston first money, Jackson and Cain divided second, Heikes and Lawrence divided third.

Fourth Match—10 American clays, $2 entrance:

Winston	1111111111—10	Gerten	1111111110—9
Heikes	1110111111— 9	Chubb	1111011101—8
Taylor	1111111011— 9	Jackson	1011111110—8

Winston first money, Heikes in the shoot-off won second, Jackson won third.

Fifth Match—7 live pigeons, $3.50 entrance:

Winston	1111111—7	Gerten	0011111—5
Heikes	1111111—7	Lawrence	1010110—4
Webb	1111111—7	Chubb	1011001—4
Jackson	1111101—6	Mud	1001011—4
Taylor	1010111—5	Kiefaber	1101010—4

In the shoot-off, miss and out, Winston took first money, Jackson second, Taylor and Gerten divided third.

Sixth Match—5 live birds, $2.50 entrance:

Winston	11111—5	Taylor	11110—4
Chubb	11111—5	P Smith	01111—4
Gerten	11111—5	Reikes	01101—3
Cain	11111—5	Lawrence	01101—3
Jackson	11110—4	Webb	10110—3

In the shoot-off for first, Winston and Cain tied on 4 and divided, Jackson and Taylor divided second, Heikes and Lawrence divided third.

Seventh Match—7 live pigeons, $5 entrance:

Heikes	1111111—7	Jackson	0011111—5
Winston	1111011—6	Lawrence	1010111—5
Chubb	1101111—6	Cain	1110101—5
Eby	1111110—6	Webb	1001101—4
Gerten	1111011—6	Mud	0110011—4
Taylor	1101111—6		

Heikes first, Gerten second, Cain and Jackson divided third.

Eighth Match—5 live birds, $3 entrance:

Heikes	11111—5	S W	10111—4
Gerten	11111—5	Smith	11011—4
Webb	11111—5	Kiefaber	11110—4
Jackson	11111—5	Mud	01111—4
Lawrence	11110—4	Winston	11010—3
Chubb	10111—4	Cain	00101—2

In the shoot off Heikes won first, Smith second, Winston third.

Ninth Match.—It was to be a lively shoot for the wind up, and none but the good ones got in—seven of a kind: Heikes, Eby, Webb, Snyder, Chubb, Dolph Sander, Cain. Heikes killed 12 straight, Eby 10, Webb 6, Chubb 4, Randolph 1, and Cain got 0.

BUFFALO, Nov. 4.—The trap shoot tournament at Niagara, Ont., gotten up by Mr. John Bampfield, was a grand success in every particular, bringing out a large number of expert marksmen from different points in Canada and the United States. In fact it was an international tournament. The day was cloudy and a stiff nor'wester somewhat interfered with good marksmanship. The tournament took place on the Whirlpool Gun Club's grounds.

First shoot, distance 21yds., 10 pigeons. entrance fee $3:

G Briggs	1011111001—7	Peacock	1100000111—5
E Smith	1100000w.	Bugg	1010011000—5
B Menton	1101010011—6	Harvey	1110110000—5
Dr Neff	0110110011—6	Kilsey	1101001110—6
J Koch	0110011110—6	Aird	0011101110—6
W Hood	1010100011—5	J Bampfield	1011011001—6
G Rogers	1100000w.	White	0011100w.

Briggs took first money. In the shoot off of ties Dr. Neff, of Port Colborne, won second; Kilsey, of East Aurora, third, and Bampfield fourth.

Second event, entrance fee $3, 21yds., 7 live pigeons:

G Briggs	1110110—5	G Murphy	1101001—4
Dr Neff	0011010—3	E H Smith	1011110—5
W Hood	1111110—6	J Koch	0011111—5
C White	0000w.	Clark	1011110—5
W Bugg	1100100—4	J Bampfield	1110111—5
Kilsey	0110111—5	D Woodruff	1000w.
G Rogers	1101001—4	W Peacock	0011110—4

W. Hood, of Toronto, took first money. Kilsey and Clark, who tied in a shoot off of ties for second, divided second and third. Koch and Smith did likewise with fourth.

Third event, nine blackbirds; 18yds.; entrance fee $1.50:

G Brigs	010111001—5	W B Whiskers	001100011—4
W Hood	011111111—8	G Rogers	000101110—4
W Bugg	110111011—7	E H Smith	111101101—7
James Bampfield	101110110—6	G Murphy	111111010—7
H Clark	010110111—6	Mr Kelsey	101111110—7
Mr Peacock	100011101—5	B Menton	111001011—6
Mr Pond	101011011—5	J Koch	011011110—6

Mr. W. Hood, of Toronto, took first money. The ties for second prize were divided; the ties for third shot them off, and the contest was won by Mr. J. Koch, of Buffalo, by killing three straight birds. Mr. Clark, of Buffalo, took fourth money.

Fourth event, distance 18yds.; entrance fee $1.50; 9 blackbirds:

Mr Clark	00110011	Mr Peacock	010101110—5
G Briggs	011000011—4	Mr Pond	011000100—4
Mr Kelsey	110100011—5	G Murphy	000110100—3
W Briggs	101101111—7	E H Smith	111001111—7
W H Hood	110110111—7	J Koch	111011110—7

The ties for first place were shot off, Messrs. W. Hood and J. Koch again tieing by killing six birds each. They divided first money. Mr. E. H. Smith got second, Mr. Briggs third, and Messrs. Kelsey and Peacock divided fourth.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Nov. 9.—The attendance to-day at the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Middlesex Gun Club was unusually small, probably on account of the holiday yesterday. The weather was lovely, and the birds an excellent lot. Quinlan and S. G. Smith tied for the badge in Class A. Mr. Quinlan waived his claim to the badge in favor of Mr. Smith. D. Terry captured the trophy in Class B. Following are the scores:

Four live birds, handicap rise:

C Smith (30)	1011—3	Forrest (29)	0202—2
Seigler (30)	1212—4	D Randolph (27)	0110—2

Ties divided. Sweep No. 2, 4 live birds, handicap rise:

C Smith (30)	0012—2	Miller (30)	1221—4
Forrest (29)	2101—3	Randolph (27)	1100—2
Seigler (30)	2211—4		

Ties divided. Sweep No. 3, 4 live birds, handicap rise:

C Smith (30)	0111—3	D Terry (30)	1210—3
Forrest (29)	0110—2	Cannon (27)	0021—2
Seigler (30)	1010—2	Quinlan (30)	1111—4
Miller (30)	1100—2	J H Force (30)	1110—3
Randolph (27)	0001—1	Tee Kay (28)	1000—1
Manitz (30)	0201—2	S G Smith (28)	2111—4

Ties divided. Class A, badge shoot, optional sweepstake $5, 7 live birds, handicap rise:

Seigler (30)	1211011—6	Quinlan (30)	1221212—7
C Smith (30)	1110211—6	Forrest (29)	1110002—4
S G Smith (28)	1111111—7	Manitz (30)	1110101—5
Miller (30)	1121011—6	J H Force (30)	0201011—4

Ties not shot off on account of darkness. Class B, badge shoot, same as Class A:

D Terry (30)	2222201—6	Tee Kay (28)	1111010—5
Cannon (27)	1020002—3	Randolph (27)	0110010—3

DAYTON, O., Oct. 31.—The Stillwater Gun Club held their last shoot for the season at their grounds, one mile southeast of the city, to-day. Following are the scores:

Club shoot, 20 singles, blue rocks:

M Stocker	01011101101101100000—10
P Wahl	10101010101010101110—12
Hanauer	01010101010101001110—10
J Brecthel	01011010111010111010—12
B Bandon	01111110111101111111—17
Smith	10101001010010011100— 9

Special match No. 1, 5 singles:

J Brecthel	10110—3	Mike Stockert	11010—3
Phil Hanauer	10010—2	A Hanauer	01111—4
Phil Wahl	01001—3	F Hussong	00010—1
Smith	01010—2		

Match No. 2, 5 singles:

Phil Wahl	01010—2	J Brecthel	01110—3
Smith	01010—2	Stockert	00101—2

Match No. 3, 5 singles:

P Wahl	01010—2	J Brecthel	11011—4
M Stockert	01011—3		

Match No. 4, 7 singles:

P Wahl	0101011—4	M Stockert	0101111—5
Brecthel	0010100—2		

Match No. 5, 3 singles:

M Stockert	111—3	P Hanauer	101—2
P Wahl	101—2	A Hanauer	001—1
Brecthel	010—1		

Match No. 6, 3 singles:

M Stockert	100—1	J Brecthel	011—2
P Wahl	100—1		

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Oct. 29.—At the monthly shoot to-day of the Forester Gun Club live pigeons were used and some fine scores made. The first score was at 6 pigeons, 30yds. rise, both barrels:

F Davis	111111—6	J Racster	110110—4
G Shado	111101—5	J Sullivan	101011—4
Thomas Swiney	111101—5	H Pape	011101—4
E Berg	111101—5		

F. O. Davis took first money, Shado second and Pape and Sullivan divided third. The second match was at 3 pairs at 21yds. rise:

H Pape	11 11 11—6	E Berg	10 11 01—4
J Racster	01 11 10—4	G Ade	11 01 01—4
T O Swiney	11 00 11—4	G Shado	00 10 11—3
F Davis	00 11 11—4	J Sullivan	10 00 10—2

Pape took first money, Berg second and Shado third. The last match was at 8 pigeons, 30yds. rise, both barrels:

G Shado	11111111—8	H Pape	11011111—7
E Berg	11111111—8	J Racster	01101111—6
F Davis	01111111—7	T O Swiney	11100001—4
J Sullivan	11101111—7	G Ade	00011011—4

Shado and Berg divided first money, Sullivan second and Racster third.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 3.—The return shooting match between the Independent and Kansas City Gun clubs took place this afternoon at the Kansas City shooting park, and resulted in another victory for the Independents by a score of 65 to 63. The weather was delightful and the attendance unusually large. The shooting was excellent, as the score shows:

Independent Gun Club.		Kansas City Gun Club.	
E Bingham	1111111100— 8	J E Riley	1111111110— 9
L Kuntz	0111111001— 8	J A Belen	0111111111— 9
F C Megley	1111110001— 7	J Underwood	0111111111— 9
J Anderson	1111111111—10	G Mock	1011100911— 6
W V Reiger	1111011101— 8	A B Cross	1111110110— 8
R C Van Horn	1111111010— 8	D Williams	0111100111— 7
G Stockwell	0111111001— 7	J Allendorf	0101111001— 6
W Anderson	1110111111— 9—65	D Underwood	1111111101— 9—63

After the match two sweepstakes and a match at double birds were shot. W. Anderson won the first sweepstake after shooting out the other contestants. The second sweepstake was a tie between W. E. Reiger and E. Binkham, who divided first money. Messrs. Holly, D. Underwood and J. Anderson tied for second money and divided it. The match at double birds was between R. C. Van Horn and Drury Underwood on the one side, and J. E. Riley and D. Williams. The agreement was that each should have three doubles, but it was necessary to have five double birds to decide the match, which was won by Messrs. Riley and Williams by a score of 14 to 12.

TORONTO, Nov. 10.—The first annual shoot of the West Toronto Junction Gun Club took place on Wednesday and to-day. The following is the score:

First Class—15 live pigeons, 26yds. rise, 2 barrels:

A Purse	14	W Clarke	11
D Blea	13	B Jones	11
J Worden	13	Staneland	11
D Black	13	George	11
Dollery	12	And eight others.	

In shoot off Blea took second, Worden third, Black fourth, Clarke sixth, Jones seventh, Staneland eighth and George ninth. Special prize for highest score with single barrel won by Purse.

Second Class—15 live pigeons, 26yds. rise, 2 barrels:

V W Clarke	11	A Royce	8
Walton	11	Deady	8
Hinton	11	Power	8
Wickham	8	And seven others.	

In shoot off the prizes were won in above order. Clarke special.

Third Class—10 live pigeons, 21yds. rise, 2 barrels:

S Rice	7	F James	4
Davidge	5	W Blea	3
Lascelles	5	And four others.	

In shoot off Davidge won second. Rice special.

SARATOGA, Nov. 4.—Mr. Bockes was the winner of the club trophy for the second time at Glen Mitchell to-day, his score of 45 out of a possible 60, and Mr. Levengston's of 56 out of 60, are the highest ever shot in the country. The score at 50 birds stood:

Bockes	11111111111111111011001111011111111111111101111—45
Levengston	10111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Pike	11110111110110111111001111001100110100001001110010—31

Individual match at 10 birds each:

Levengston	1111101111— 9	Bockes	1001011111— 7
Re-entry, one hand	1111111111—10	Cramer	1010010011— 5
Thomas	1110111110— 8		

NEWTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 8.—North Side Gun Club, of Long Island. Election occurring the same day only few members attended the regular monthly shoot at 5 live pigeons, King's patent trap, handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, club rules, club badge and money prizes:

Eberhardt	1111111—7	Duryea	1111111—7
Lyon	0110011—4	Merckens	0001110—3
Barlow	1101111—6	Grau	1111001—5
Dr Franz	1011011—5		

Ties on 7, 3 birds, 28yds.: A. Duryea 111—3, A. Eberhardt 110—2. A. Duryea winning badge.

NEWARK, Nov. 12.—Gustave Freche and C. Reinhardt, of this city, shot a pigeon match at John Erb's grounds this afternoon for $150 a side, 28yds. rise, 5 traps and both barrels. Each shot at 44 birds, Reinhardt killing 30 and Freche 20. After the match C. M. Hedden and Samuel Castles, two well-known builders, shot a friendly match at 10 birds each, 30yds. rise, both barrels. Hedden missed his second bird and killed all the rest; Castles missed two. Then Charles Heath and Gustave Freche shot a 10-bird match at 30yds., Heath killing 8 and Freche 7.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Nov. 9.—In the pigeon shooting match today between Enoch Davis, of this town, and Hilderbrant, of Minersville, the latter killed 10 and Davis 12 out of 19. The stakes were $400, with five times as much in bets. The second match of the series of three will be shot here on Dec. 9 for the same amount of money.

Yachting.

SELFISHNESS IN YACHTING.

UNDER the above title the *Scottish-American* comments as follows on the new deed of gift:

"As was expected, new rules regulating future international yacht races for the America's Cup have been issued. Only in one respect can they be considered an improvement on those hitherto existing. They abolish the course of the New York Y. C., inside the Narrows, as one of those to be sailed over in future contests. All foreign competitors will rejoice at this, for it is well known to be a most fluky and unfair course on which to test yachts, as the result depends more upon the local knowledge of the pilot and accidental circumstances than upon the merits of the competing yachts. On this account all foreign competitors hitherto have objected to that course. At last the crust of selfishness which influenced American yachtsmen in insisting upon that course has so far been broken through that they have given it up, but only when they saw that public opinion was decidedly against them, and that they could no longer insist upon it with the least show of decency to give fair play in the contest.

"But the same spirit of extreme selfishness still pervades the new rules, they are evidently framed with the special object of throwing all the difficulties possible in the way of any foreign competitor winning the Cup, and the testing of the respective merits of national yachts is altogether a secondary consideration. We see no fair reason why a challenging club should be required to give such a long notice as ten months. Why yachtsmen have thus scarcely time to turn round after one contest before they must send in their challenge for the next. It leaves challengers no time to study or experiment so as to improve on their type of yacht, although they must build a new yacht, seeing that losing yachts are debarred from competing again. On the other hand, the holders, the Americans, have the whole year for this purpose, up to the hour of starting on the contest. Not only so, accompanying that ten-months' prior notice must be sent 'the name of the owner and a certificate of the name, rig and following dimensions of the challenging vessel, namely, length on load waterline, beam at load waterline, and extreme beam and draft of water,' which dimensions it is stipulated shall not be exceeded, and further, 'Custom House registry of the vessel must also be sent as soon as possible.' There is no set-off requiring the Americans to give any prior information whatever regarding the yacht to be pitted by them against the challenger; on the contrary the new rules provide that 'the challenged club shall not be required to name its representative vessel until the time agreed upon for the start.' This gives the American holders of the Cup every possible advantage; in fact effect compels the challenger before playing to fully expose his hand, and yet leaves his opponent free to select his cards in secret with which to win. For instance, the rules provide that 'the competing yachts or vessels, if of one mast, shall be not less than 65ft. nor more than 90ft. on the load waterline; if of more than one mast they shall be not less than 80ft. nor more than 115ft. on the load waterline.' Thus if the challenger intimates that his yacht is 65ft. on the load waterline, then the American holders have it in their option to build one of 90ft., or *vice versa*, whichever they think gives them the most advantage over the other. And be it further observed, the new rules especially provide that no time allowance whatever is hereafter to be given on account of disparity of measurement."

BUILDING IN NEW YORK.—Mr. Saml. Pine will build a steam yacht 110ft. over all, 96ft. l.w.l. and 16ft. 6in. beam, of wood, for Mr. Jacob Lorillard. The dimensions of the centerboard boat now building by Mumm for a member of the Atlantic Y. C. are length over all 40ft., l.w.l. 33ft., beam 13ft. 6in., draft 3ft.

MOHICAN.—Com. Clark and a party left New York in the Mohican on Nov. 5, running as far as Fortress Monroe and returning on Nov. 13 to New York, having encountered some heavy weather. She will leave soon on a long cruise to the West Indies and perhaps South America.

OPEN BOAT SAILING.

WHILE the localities in which yachting in the proper sense is possible, are limited to the seaboard and the great lakes, there are thousands of miles of water throughout the United States and Canada which are suitable for sailing and racing small boats with as much benefit and as keen sport to the sailor as is found in yachts of the largest class. Already these streams and rivers float an immense pleasure fleet of canoes, sailing skiffs, catboats and similar craft, to say nothing of rowing boats and the various hunting skiffs; and there is no reason why the number should not be vastly increased, as the pleasure to be derived from such sport becomes more generally appreciated. To be sure, river work, especially on narrow streams and in a hilly country, is not to be compared with open water, but there are comparatively few sections of the country where the boat sailor cannot find water enough for some sort of small craft; and if properly managed, racing too of the best sort. The great difficulty, however, is the same as in yacht sailing on a large scale, and when sailing for prizes is once inaugurated in any new locality it usually goes through in two or three seasons the same course of development that yachting has experienced in the past fifty years.

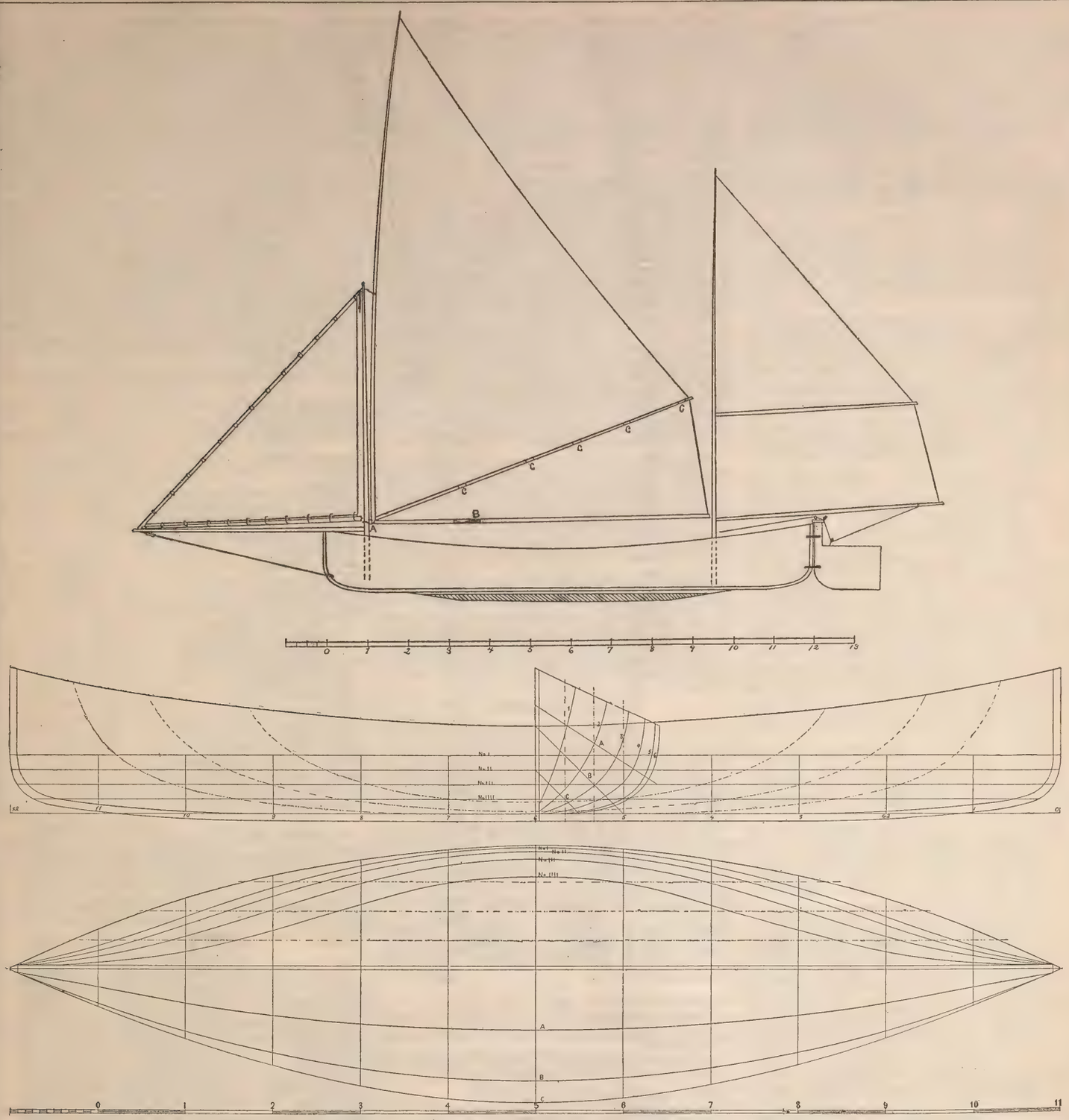
At first the fleet includes a lot of odd boats of all models and builds, perhaps a few rowboats with sprit sails, a duckboat or two, a sneakbox, and a few canoes, the dimensions varying from 12 to 16ft., with beam from 2½ to 5ft. The racing is begun without rules or allowance, or at best with some crude rule such as "mean length," and the result is that one boat is soon top of the heap, thanks sometimes to superior model and equipment, but oftener to mere size. The second season is apt to bring a general improvement in the right direction, the influence of one or two good rigs is plainly seen in better sails and gear, improved ballasting, and a greater attention to details, while the standard of seamanship has also raised considerably. As a result the honors for the year may go to the best modeled, rigged and sailed boat, as they should, but they are far more likely to go to the biggest boat; or at any rate the fact that size tells is sure to be well demonstrated. The result is seen next season in several newer and larger boats built to take every advantage of the existing rules and local conditions, the sport is apt to be very closely followed by half a dozen, with the result of increased cost; and by another season, if not before, the end is reached in the development of a special racing class, too often of little use except for racing, comparatively expensive, and by no means the best type of boat. It is soon evident that time and money are what win the prizes, the man who sails constantly and spares nothing on boat and crew soon drives out the original sailors who started from pure love of sport, and the mug-hunter is apt to be left, sooner or later, in full possession of the course.

Many in different localities can bear witness to the correctness of this sketch, and can supplement it from personal experience. Improvements must come, and should be encouraged, but the tendency is entirely in the direction of over-development, and from the first every care should be taken to stop it, and to encourage not only the fastest, but at the same time a reasonably safe and useful boat. This can be done by suitable rules, the best method for any specified case depending on local surroundings. It is an extremely difficult matter to form a rule which will afford fair racing to the mixed fleet of boats, canoes and sneakboxes that are usually found in first forming a club, and yet it is necessary that all be given a fair chance. At the same time a rule must be framed that will be suitable for the reconstruction of the fleet which is sure to follow one or two seasons' racing, and to create, from the mixture of models and rigs which first presents itself, a type of boat which will be generally useful and within the means of all the members. No such rule is applicable to all cases, but limits must be set to any excess in sail or ballast which may seem likely to add to the cost or to detract from the desirable qualities of the boat for general purposes. In some cases a limit is set on sail, as in the Philadelphia tuckups, where a length of 50ft. of boltrope, around the sail, is allowed; and if shifting ballast and large crews are prohibited this is apt to work well. In some cases the depth of the boat is included in the measurement either directly (as in the Western Y. C., of Scotland, where the limits are 18ft. length, 6ft. beam and 3ft. 6in. extreme depth, measured from bottom of keel to gunwale) or indirectly, by a measurement of girth. Whatever rules may be adopted, that of mean length, or waterline length alone, should be rigorously excluded, as no rule is so apt to foster a machine. The great desideratum seems to be a hull of moderate cost, say under $150, with little or no weight of fixed ballast and a rig so small and well arranged that the expense of new sails is but moderate, while the owner can sail his boat with the aid of one or two friends, and without a large trained crew, either amateur or professional. At the same time if the boat is adapted for fishing, cruising and family use it will be apt to bring many into the club who care less for racing than for the other uses, but still would enter if their boat were suitable.

We give herewith two boats used by sailing clubs in different localities and under different conditions. The first of these is given not so much from any special excellence in model or sail plan as because she illustrates a very interesting case of the evolution that we have alluded to above. The Gracie is a row-boat 12ft. long and 34in. beam, designed and built by her owner, an amateur and a novice in boat building, Mr. E. A. Leopold, of Norristown, Pa. The only guide, both in designing and building, was "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," and the boat was intended only for rowing and fishing on the Schuylkill River, a narrow and winding stream with very squally and variable winds, running through Norristown, a short distance from Philadelphia. The boat is a lapstreak, weighing 60lbs. when first completed, with a keel 1in. square, and fitted with Allen's bow-facing oars. During the first year, 1885, she was used solely for pleasure rowing, duck shooting and fishing, proving easy to row, stiff for shooting and fishing, and light enough to be handled conveniently. The next season a small sail was added, with several styles of leeboards, but the latter were in turn discarded for a variety of weather grip, while the sail grew to 56ft., some very fair sailing being done toward the latter part of the season. This season the sail was increased to 85ft., as shown, while the weather grip was improved after many trials. The results of these changes are seen in the races of the Montgomery Sailing Club, reported through the season in the FOREST AND STREAM, in which the Gracie has raced against some fast boats of much greater size and power, and sailed by full professional crews, she sailing singlehanded and without ballast. She has started 13 times and won three firsts and three seconds, a very good record when the relative sizes and the reputation of the tuckups are considered. Of course she has had a good allowance, but it is hard to say whether it is too much as things now stand. At first the crew of one sat on the floor, then two cushions were added, replaced a little later by a seat 5in. below gunwale, which seemed very high at first. It was soon evident that the crew could sit far out to windward, and with more comfort, while the pad, sewn in the back of the coat, to protect the backbone when sitting inside, was discarded. The next move was to place a seat, canoe fashion, across the gunwale, a very great improvement, as a better command of the boat is obtained with less effort. In sailing with but two sails the area was too small for racing, while the balance was bad, the boat constantly luffing. The addition of a jib cured both faults, the boat being faster except when free, and steering to perfection. In every puff she will cat herself to windward without a touch of the tiller, only a slight motion of the body forward or aft being necessary to luff her up or throw her head off. It is to this that she owes much of her gain, as little steering with the rudder is needed to make her work well in the constantly varying puffs that rush down from the hills in all directions. She is sailed without a fly, such as is used by most of the other boats, as it is very deceptive. In running free or in tacking the rudder is used, but most of the steering is done by the body only. The boat's worst point of sailing is before the wind, her best reaching. She receives about 9min. in five miles from boats 15ftx4ft. 6in., and sailed by four or five men hanging out to windward by means of ropes. The dimensions of the Gracie are as follows:

Length extreme	12ft.
Beam	2ft. 10in.
Depth, amidships	1ft.
at ends	1ft. 8in.
Mainmast, from stem	1ft.
above deck	5ft. 10in.
diameter, deck..1½in., head	1¼in.
Main boom	8ft. 5in.
diameter	1¾in.
Yard	12ft. 4in.
diameter	1½in. and ¾in.
Battens	8ft. 5in.
Mizenmast, above deck	8ft. 9in.
diameter	1½in. and ¾in.
from stem	9ft. 7in.
Mizen boom	5ft. 8in.
Battens	4ft. 10in.
Bowsprit outboard	4ft. 6½in.
Jib, on luff	7ft. 6in.
foot and leech, each	5ft. 3in.

The jib halliard and downhaul are in one length, the bight belayed to a cleat on the port side, a small club is laced to the foot of the jib. The mainmast and yard are of bamboo, mainboom



ROWING AND SAILING BOAT.—Designed and Built by E. A. Leopold, Norristown, Pa.

yellow pine, mizenmast of white pine. The mainsail is fitted to reef to a lateen by means of a jaw at *B* on the boom, so placed that no change of the halliard is necessary. The batten is fitted with cleats *C, C, C, C,* of spring brass, with a single reef point opposite each. The boom is lifted, a reef point made fast by one turn about the cleat, then the boom is shifted until the second jaw engages the mast. The other reef points may then be made fast at leisure, though in a short squall the jib is dropped, the mainboom made fast by but one reefpoint, and shifted to set by the inner jaw. The mizen is never reefed. In making the sails the spars were bent to position on the floor and the shape marked, then the stuff, a single width of sheeting, was cut and sewn. The weather grip, adopted after many experiments, is 3ft. 7in. on top, 2ft. on bottom and 1½in. deep, being immersed 10in. The top edge is ⅝in. thick, bottom ¼in. The distance from side is 2ft. 4in. and the immersed area 295sq. in. A keel has also been added, 4in. deep in all, of which the lower half is lead, 25lbs. The area of keel is 338sq.in., or with grip 630sq.in. The grip is hung from the sockets for the rowlocks by two crosspieces of wood in the form of an X, rivetted where they cross and also to the top of the grip. The boat does not point as close as some of her competitors, but goes enough faster to make up for it, making sometimes five tacks to their four.

The table of offsets is as follows, both ends being exactly alike:

Stations.	Deck, Height.	Half-Breadths.				
		Deck.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
0 and 12.....	1 8	0^{4}	0^{1}	0^{1}	.....	.....
1 and 11.....	1 5^{3}	5^{4}	3^{2}	2^{4}	1^{6}	0^{7}
2 and 10.....	1 3^{3}	9^{6}	7^{2}	6	4^{5}	2^{5}
3 and 9.....	1 2	1 0^{6}	1 1^{2}	10	8^{2}	5^{2}
4 and 8.....	1 1	1 3	1 2^{1}	1 1^{2}	11^{6}	8^{6}
5 and 7.....	1 0^{2}	1 4^{3}	1 4	1 3^{3}	1 2^{2}	11^{7}
6.....	1	1 5	1 4^{6}	1 4^{1}	1 3	1 0^{6}

Some particulars concerning the club and its boats were given in our last issue.

GALATEA AS A SEABOAT.

WE have received the following abstract of Galatea's log from Lieut. Henn:

Oct. 11. Weighed and proceeded from Bay Ridge toward Sandy Hook. 3:30 P. M. took departure from Lightship; distance, 1½ miles.

Oct	Course.	Distance	Wind.	Remarks.
12..	S. 85 E.	223	N. N. W.....	Fresh, sea smooth.
13..	N. 87 E.	122	W. N.W. to S.W.	Moderate to light.
14..	N. 85 E.	187	S. S. W. to N. W.	Moderate, sea smooth.
15..	N. 88 E.	224	W. N. W. to N...	Fresh, sea moderate.
16..	N. 73 E.	257	N. to N. N. W....	Strong, heavy squalls, sea rough.
17..	N. 68 E.	110	Northwesterly...	Light; hove to 3 h. Fishing Bank of Newfoundland.
18..	N. 74 E.	92	Calm to easterly.	Heavy ground swell.
19..	S. 87 E.	159	E. to N. E.....	Moderate.
20..	N. 73 E.	197	N. N. E. to N. E.	Fresh, head sea.
21..	N. 68 E.	136	E.N.E. to East'ly	Moderate, head swell.
22..	N. 45 E.	142	East.....	Moderate, sea do.
23..	N. 74 E.	151	E. to S. E.....	Moderate, sea lumpy.
24..	N. 68 E.	196	S. E. to S. by E...	Fresh, heavy head sea.
25..	N. 45 E.	67	S. E. to S. S. E...	Gale, heavy confused sea; hove to 13 hours.
26..	N. 74 E.	127	S. to W. S. W....	Strong to light; hove to 2½ hours.
27..	East...	209	Westerly.....	Fresh, squally; high sea.
28..	S. 86 E.	225	Westerly.....	Fresh, squally; high sea.
29..	N. 85 E.	200	W. to S. W.....	Moderate to light.

2:30 P. M., passed Roche's Point, Cork Harbor. Actual time from Sandy Hook Lightship, 17 days, 18 hours, 30 minutes. At 3 A. M. sighted the Fastnet light, one point on lee bow, and passed it at 6:00 A. M., the wind falling light all the time and petered out after passing Roche's Point. Total distance sailed 3,023 miles; close hauled and unable to lay course for nearly 1,000 miles. Hove to 18 hours (15 hours in a gale). Ran 1,918 miles in 9 days, a distance equal to that of England to Malta.

It will interest the many American friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henn to know that they have reached home safely, all hands on board being well, down to the coon. The following extracts are from a private letter, and not intended for publication, but they serve to show what Galatea is as a seagoing vessel. Lieut. Henn writes: "We had one heavy gale from S.E., and had to lay to for fifteen hours, and though the ship behaved splendidly and made good weather of it, the gale and the east wind which we had for 1,000 miles spoiled our run. The cutter was on her keel all the time. During the last three days we were running before a strong breeze and high following sea. The ship ran like a hare and never shipped a drop of water, though it looked pretty awkward at times, and I was getting the oil bags ready. We caught enough cod and haddock to last all the way across, the cod weighing from 18 to 20lbs. We are all well pleased with the ship's seagoing qualities. she is without doubt the finest sea boat I have ever been on board, easy, buoyant and dry; and to see her getting through the heavy seas at a high speed was delightful. We never carried away a rope yarn, and the fore scuttle was closed for only one day."

Galatea left Queenstown on Nov. 2, and reached Plymouth after 26 hours, being hove to for 3 hours in a very heavy gale, which she weathered in good shape.

YACHT BUILDING IN BOSTON.—Mr. Burgess has an order for a design from Mr. John Stetson, a steam yacht, 115ft. on l.w.l., a fast boat, with triple expansion engines and steel boiler. She will be built of wood, probably at Bath, Me. Among his smaller orders are the two 39ft. 6in. sloops for Messrs. James Means, of Boston, and C. R. Flint, of Larchmont, both of which will be built by the Lawleys. Of keels, Mr. Burgess has in hand a cruising yacht, 62ft. l.w.l., 19ft. 6in. beam and 10ft. draft, of course with a clipper stem; and also two 29ft. 6in. boats, one for Mr. C. S. Eaton. This one will have 10ft. 2in. beam, 6ft. 9in. draft, a flush deck, and will displace 11 tons, with 6½ tons of lead on keel. A small cutter of 19ft. 6in. l.w.l. has also been ordered by Mr. W. M. Jameson. Mr. Burden's schooner will be 79ft. 6in. l.wl., 21ft. beam and 11ft. draft, a centerboard boat, too. The timber is ready and the moulds are now being made. The work on Grayling has been nearly completed 27 tons being placed outside. The fisherman will make her trial trip this week. Her ballast is partly iron and partly copper dross. A race is talked of between her and the pilot boat Hesper, to take place in the spring. Lawley & Son have in hand the schooner for Com. Meers, and they will build a single-sticker from the same lines for Mr. C. A. Welch. They have also an order for a 28ft. l.w.l. yacht from the owner's designs. Smith is busy with the new Speedwell, her keel of 37 tons being already cast, a very large lump. Beside some repair work and alterations on Mist, Posy, Barracuda and other boats, two new ones of 41 and 25ft. l.w.l. are in prospect.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The first lecture of the season will be held at the club house on Saturday next, the subject being—"Hydrography History, Theory and Methods of Chart Making.'

THE LOG OF THE THISTLE.

THE following log of Thistle's return voyage is given in the *Field* of Nov. 5:

Friday, Oct. 14.—Got under way from Tompkinsville, Staten Island, at 7 A. M.; moderate breeze and fine clear weather; all possible sail set; 9:10, passed Sandy Hook Lightship, distant one mile, from which our departure was taken. Streamed the log and set the course. Noon, fresh breeze and fine; wind veering aft; set spinaker to port; 8 P. M., increasing breeze and cloudy weather.

Saturday, Oct. 15.—Strong breeze, with increasing sea; same weather throughout the remainder of the day; at 10 o'clock passed full-rigged ship bound east and a steamer bound west. Course, E. ½ N.; distance run, 270 miles from Sandy Hook; lat. 40.40 N., long. 67.50 W.

Sunday, Oct. 16.—Strong breeze and heavy sea; at 8 P. M. increasing breeze with showers; took in gafftopsail and stayforesail; at 4 A. M. more moderate; set gafftopsail and latter stayforesail; from that till noon moderate breeze and fine clear weather. Course, E. ½ N.; distance, 210 miles; lat. 41.2 N., long. 63.10 W.; direction of wind, N.W. by W.

Monday, Oct. 17.—Fresh breeze and cloudy, with heavy N.W. sea; midnight, wind veering aft, set spinaker; at 6 A. M., fresh breeze and clear throughout the remainder of the day. Course, N. 81 E.; distance run, 184 miles; lat. 41.30, long. 59.10; winds, N.W. to S.

Tuesday, Oct. 18.—Decreasing breeze and cloudy; at 2 A. M. moderate breeze with slight passing showers; 6 A. M. steamer passed bound E., brigantine rigged, hoisted number; at 4 A. M. exchanged signals with Red Star steamer bound E. Course, N.E. ¼ N.; distance run, 95 miles; lat. 42.44, long. 57.46; winds, S.E. to S.W., light and unsteady.

Wednesday, Oct. 19.—At 2 P. M. moderate breeze; at 4 P. M. fishing schooner, J. Bertram, boarded us for water and position; fresh breeze with confused easterly sea; at 8 P. M. all possible sail set; midnight, fresh breeze and fine clear weather; at 8 A. M. fresh breeze, cloudy and overcast at intervals. Course, E. by N. ¼ N.; distance run, 222 miles; lat. 43.40, long. 52.53; winds, S.W. and S.E.

Thursday, Oct. 20.—At 2 P. M. fresh breeze and cloudy weather; passed fishing schooner, and later had fresh breeze with heavy banks of clouds and S.E. sea. Course, S. 89 E.; distance, 220 miles; lat. 44.36, long. 47.58.

Friday, Oct. 21.—Strong breeze, heavy cross sea, and cloudy, increasing breeze; took in gafftopsail, tacked to eastward, double-reefed staysail and single-reefed mainsail. Later, moderating; set whole mainsail. Course, E. by N. ½ N.; distance run, 178 miles; lat. 45.18, long. 43.54; winds, S.E. to N.

Saturday, Oct. 22.—Moderate breeze, confused sea; 8 P. M., tacked to N.E.; at 10 P. M., tacked to S.E.; at 2 A. M., strong breeze, cloudy, with heavy sea, and vessel pitching heavily; at 8 A. M., wind increasing, took in stayforesail. The same weather prevailing at noon. Course, east; distance run, 102 miles; lat. 45.16, long. 41.32; wind, E. and N.E.

Sunday, Oct. 23.—At 2 P. M., strong breeze, and a very heavy easterly sea; vessel pitching and rolling heavily; at 10 P. M., less wind, and set stayforesail; at 2 A. M., dark and cloudy weather, with occasional showers, and sea still heavy; at noon, fresh breeze and weather cloudy. Course, E. by N. ¼ N.; distance run, 75 miles; lat. 45.36, long. 40; wind, S.S.E.

Monday, Oct. 24.—At 2 P. M. fresh breeze with heavy head sea, vessel pitching very heavily; 6 P. M. there was an increasing breeze with heavy head sea, double reefed mainsail and set foresail; midnight, strong breeze and heavy sea. The wind hauling afterward to the southward, and sea more regular, set whole mainsail and stayforesail. At 8 A. M. there was a fresh breeze, cloudy and overcast, and set gafftopsail. Course E. by N. ½ N., distance run 166 miles; lat. 46.24, long. 36.20.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.—Moderate breeze; at 6 P. M. light breeze and thick fog, but later on the breeze started from N.N.W., and, increasing in force, the gafftopsail was taken in. A heavy confused sea followed, and the main and stay foresail were double reefed. At 4 A. M. the jib hallards were carried away; moderate gale followed with heavy cross sea, and took a third reef in the stay foresail and set it. Same weather at noon. Course E. by N. ½ N., distance run 172 miles; lat 47.9, long. 32.18.

Wednesday, Oct. 26.—Moderate gale and heavy sea; at 4 P. M. heavy gale on with high sea; reefed mainsail. The vessel shipped some water occasionally, but behaved very well under the circumstances. Midnight, less wind and sea; more moderate at 2 A. M., the wind veering aft, and the weather improving. Set whole mainsail and spinaker and then gafftopsail. At noon, increasing breeze and fine. Course, E. by N. ½ N.; distance run 126 miles; lat. 47.40, long. 29.22, wind, W.N.W.

Thursday, Oct. 27.—At 2 P. M., moderate breeze and cloudy weather; later two barks in company bound east. At 8 P. M. wind and sea increasing, took in spinaker and set squaresail; a strong breeze and very heavy sea following, the gafftopsail was taken in and the mainsail single-reefed; bark bound east, distant eight miles. At 8 A. M. moderate gale on with heavy sea, but vessel doing very well. At noon there was a strong gale with high sea, and the mainsail was close reefed. Course, N. ½ E.; distance run 233 miles; lat. 48.48, long. 23.42; wind N.W.

Friday, Oct. 28.—Strong gale and high sea; vessel running under close-reefed mainsail and squaresail. At 6 in the afternoon the oil bags on board were taken out, and the oil used with great advantage when the sea was running heavy; at 8 P. M. there was less wind, but the sea was still very high, and vessel laboring very much; at midnight the wind was blowing strongly from the westward, and the mainsail was reefed and the squaresail set; at 6 A. M. heavy squalls prevailed, but at noon there was a moderate gale with heavy sea. Course, E. by N. ½ N.; distance run, 197 miles; lat 49.38, long. 18.45.

Saturday, Oct. 29.—At 2 P. M. moderate gale and heavy sea; at 10 P. M. the wind decreased in force, but the sea was still very heavy, and the vessel rolled very much; at 4 A. M. the weather was very cloudy, with a fast falling barometer; at noon, light breeze. Course, E. by N.; distance run, 172 miles; lat. 50.11, long. 14.22.

Sunday, Oct. 30.—Light breeze and cloudy weather; at 4 P. M., moderate breeze from N.W., and set whole mainsail, jib and foretstaysail, and took in squaresail; at noon this day Cape Clear bore north true, distance 32 miles by observation; distance run, 232 miles.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Strong breeze; at 6 P. M. Fastnet Light abeam, distant 9 miles; at 8:40 P. M. Kinsale Light abeam, distant 13 miles; at midnight, strong breeze with heavy sea, and heavy lightning to the southeast; at 4:30 A. M. Tasker Light abeam, 3 miles; at 7:30 A. M. Arklow Head abeam, distant 3 miles; passed Rockabill at noon, distant 8 miles; distance run, 258 miles; wind N.W.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—Fresh breeze and cloudy weather; at 5 A. M. passed St. John's Point, distant 5 miles; at 10 P. M. Corswall Point right abeam, distant 7 miles; heavy gale and heavy sea on; at 1:50 A. M. Lamlash Light abeam, distant 3 miles; past the Cumbraes at 2:30 A. M., and at 4:30 A. M. came to anchor in Gourock Bay in about 6 fathoms of water. Total distance sailed, 3,163 miles.

THE DEED OF GIFT ABROAD.

THE latest English exchanges had not received the new deed of gift, but the following comments in the *Field* of Nov. 5 are quite timely, and show what a very useful thing a long memory sometimes is. The question of the right of the New York Y. C. to change the conditions under which it held the Cup has arisen in the past, but has never been made a serious issue. Had the changes been of a less radical nature and obviously in the interests of fair sport, no question of their propriety would ever have been raised, but the restrictions imposed by the new document are likely in time to lead to a serious questioning on the part of some future challenger of the right of the club to alter the original deed. We concur heartily with the suggestion of the *Field* that the new deed of gift should be torn up; and if conditions more nearly in accordance with the obvious demands of modern yacht-racing cannot be laid down by the New York Y. C., then it will be simpler and better to go back to the original and *bona fide* deed and to quarrel over that, rather than to supplant by something that is not only no more perfect, but is lacking in the stamp of utheuticity. The *Field* says:

We last week called attention to the projected alterations in the conditions ruling the America challenge cup, and said that the proposed revisions were all in favor of the holders of the cup. This also appears to be the view taken in America; and as Mr. George Schuyler once said (speaking of the contention that a whole fleet should be sent against the Cambria), if winning the Cup is made so difficult, it might as well be put aside as a piece of family plate. Mr. Schuyler, it should be said, is the only surviving donor of the Cup, and two or three years ago was appealed to to revise the conditions. He did so, and the committee of the New York Y. C. are now about to appeal to him again to make further alterations; but we question whether any of the alterations are valid and are of opinion that any foreign yacht owner could claim to challenge and compete for the Cup under the original deed of gift, dated July 8, 1857. The deed was signed by the five owners of the America—J. C. Stevens, Edwin A. Steyens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beekman Finlay and George L. Schuyler. On July 20, 1857, a copy of the deed of gift was sent to all British yacht clubs by direction of the New York Y. C., with the following remarks from the secretary:

Sir—I am directed to inform the members of your club that the 100-guinea cup, won by the yacht America at Cowes, Aug. 22, 1851, as a prize offered to yachts of all nations, has been presented to the New York Yacht Club. * * * The New York Yacht Club, having accepted the gift with the conditions attached thereto, considers this a fitting occasion to present the subject to the yacht clubs of all nations, and invoke from them a spirited contest for the championship, and trust that it may be the source of continued friendly strife between the institutions of this description throughout the world, and therefore request that this communication may be laid before your members, and earnestly invite a friendly competition. Tendering to any gentleman who may favor us with a visit, and who may enter into a contest, a liberal hearty welcome, and the strictest fair play, I am your obedient servant, N. BLOODGOOD,
Secretary New York Yacht Club.

This friendly challenge was practically unheeded, as, although a proposal was made in March, 1858, that a syndicate should be formed for building a yacht to rescue the Cup, nothing came of it, and the cup remained forgotten until 1868. In that year the American yacht Sappho visited us, and met with a signal defeat from the Cambria and other British yachts. Mr. Ashbury, owner of the Cambria, thereupon, at a dinner given in the Royal Victoria Y. C. house, Ryde, proposed that a fund should be started for prizes for a match to America, and there compete with American yachts, he himself offering £100. The secretary of the New York Y. C. then addressed a letter to the English papers, calling attention to the fact of the existence of the America Challenge Cup. Mr. Ashbury promptly challenged for it, and, although he did not win it, he can claim to have lifted the Cup from obscurity, and given it a fame it never before had.

At this date (1869) all the donors of the Cup were dead except Mr. Schuyler, and he was appealed to as to the interpretation of the word "match," the New York Yacht Club contending that the word match did not preclude their sending a fleet against the Cambria; Mr. Ashbury said that it did, and that match in this case meant vessel against vessel. Mr. Schuyler replied very emphatically that match had been inserted in the deed of gift advisedly to mean vessel against vessel, as the donors rejected the difficulty they had of getting a single-handed match at Cowes in 1851. However, as the other donors of the Cup were dead, Mr. Schuyler was not listened to, and, moreover, it was contended that the Cup and the deed of gift were now out of the hands of the donors, and that the conditions must be interpreted by the actual wording of the deed.

Notwithstanding this, the club re-assigned the cup to Mr. Schuyler in 1884, in order to get the conditions altered; but we are of opinion that the whole proceeding was illegal, and that a surviving donor had no more right to alter the conditions than any one donor during the lifetime of the others. Moreover, the third condition of the original deed of gift was as follows:

"It is to be distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the club, and not of the members thereof or owners of the vessel winning it in a match; and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yachts of all foreign countries, *upon the terms above laid down, shall for ever attach to it.* [The italics are ours.]

In the face of this we do not see how any one donor of the Cup could legally alter the conditions; and it seems to us that the revised deed of gift and conditions should be torn up and the original deed abided by.

We hear that one result of the alteration of the conditions as proposed would be that Mr. Sweet would not challenge for the Cup. His yacht of about 60 rating will, however, be built, and she will be put in competition at home at most of the regattas. There are rumors of two other 70 rating boats being built, as well as a much larger craft, and if there were two or three for the 40 and 20 rating class as well, the outlook for next season would be very pleasant.

LAKE ONTARIO.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 8.—Your correspondent had the pleasure, a few weeks ago, of closely inspecting the Burgess yacht Merle at Oswego, and, taking into account the purpose for which she was built, would sum up his conclusions in the favorite monosyllable of the Indian, "Good." She is undoubtedly the most powerful craft of her inches that I have seen, and, under the sail area and length rule, it will be hard to design a craft of her class that will beat her in heavy weather. Our Iolanthe is her superior in a gafftopsail breeze, or possibly in a drift—though the Merle's admirers say she is a wonder in very light airs—but not, I should think, in winds above wholesail strength.

Nothing is doing with us in building this season, our yachtsmen seeming content to rest on their laurels. We have the champion Merle in Class A and the champion Iolanthe in second class, and that seems to be glory enough. There is a rumor that the latter will have her topsides raised 6 or 8in., with the object of increasing her power and rendering her able to beat the Merle in high winds. The success of this experiment seems to me very doubtful, as the yacht has not sufficient body under water to fight her way to windward with the Merle in a heavy sea.

An old sailor here is building an experimental steam craft of about 35ft. keel and 6ft. beam, with straight sides like a wedge. The engine is also a novelty of his own invention. A great deal of fun has been poked at this novel craft, which has been dubbed the "corn crib," the "hog trough," and so forth. She certainly does not look very handsome or promising. Time will tell what her qualities are, however. PORT TACK.

HAMILTON YACHTING.—On Nov. 1 a large meeting of yachtsmen was held at Hamilton, Ont., and the Hamilton Y. C. was organized. The interest is now very great, and the new and old boats together will make a very fine fleet on Burlington Bay when the season opens.

THE PAINE-BURGESS TESTIMONIAL.—The total amount raised is $10,500, part of which will be devoted to the purchase of a silver vase for Gen. Paine, the remainder being presented to Mr. Burgess.

A NEW TORPEDO BOAT.—It is reported that the Herreshoff Co. has signed a contract for a twin screw torpedo boat to make 25 miles per hour, the price being $82,750.

GITANA.—Com. Weld's schooner will follow the fashion and come out in white next year.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

BROOKLYN C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.—The final race for this club trophy was sailed on Election Day (Nov. 8), and proved one of the best in the annals of the club. There were four entries, but the stinging northwester which blew all the morning caused the withdrawal of all but Messrs. Brokaw and Ward, the holder and the challenger respectively. Mr. Whitlock was starter and judge. The course was the regular club course for this event, a triangle from a buoy off the club house one mile and an eighth northwest to Channel Buoy No. 20, thence E. by S. seven-eighths of a mile to buoy off the Phœnix Chemical Works at Thirty-ninth street, and home S.S.W. one mile to starting point. A strong ebb was running and the wind was fresh from the nor'west. The start was flying, with one minute to cross the line, and at 3:32 the word was given. Mr. Brokaw, in the Minx, carrying 50ft. of sail, crossed the line on the port tack in 5s., followed by Mr. Ward, in the Sunbeam, 30s. latter, carrying 60ft., but nearly 100yds. to windward, the Minx being apparently hunting an inshore eddy. Sunbeam soon went about, a strange proceeding, as she held the weather gauge, only explained afterward by Mr. Ward's excited statement that he thought he was to leeward. He was followed by Minx, and on the next tack both fetched the mark, Minx leading by exactly her advantage at the start, viz., 30s. On the run in, Sunbeam, carrying 60ft. of sail, made up some time, rounding the chemical docks buoy but 15s. behind the Minx. With a strong, favoring tide the reach home was made in very quick time, Sunbeam crawling up slowly but surely, until within 300yds. of the finish a luffing match was inevitable. This was bravely contested, but the champion, Minx, had to relinquish her honors, Sunbeam crossing the line just 4s. ahead, winning the cup for Mr. Ward for the first time by a bare length. His elapsed time was 57m. 52s., remarkable time, as the windward work was against the tide also. This cup has now been raced for nine times and won as follows: Three times by Mr. Whitlock, five times by Mr. Brokaw, and once by Mr. Ward. It has been of great value to the club in keeping the interest up, and has done much to give them the prominent place which they hold among neighboring clubs.—GUENN.

RED DRAGON C. C.—A club with this name has been organized in Camden, N. J., the secretary being Mr. H. M. Kreamer, 117 North Front street, Camden, N. J.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

PURSUANT to the call of Com. Gibson, the members of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. met in Albany on Saturday last for the regular fall meeting. Beside the Commodore there were present Vice-Commodores Stanton and Jones of the Central and Eastern divisions; Rear-Commodore G. M. Barney, of the Eastern Division, Secretary-Treasurer Mix, Pursers Brown and Davidson, and Messrs. P. M. Wackerhagen (as proxy for Rear-Commodore Bailey), French, of Buffalo, and Huntington, of Rome. None of the Canadian or Northern representatives were present. The session of the Committee was an open one, and there were present beside the members, Messrs. Wilkin, Oliver, Nickerson, Carter, Foster, Shedd, Stephens, Palmer, Whitlock, Davis, Ruggles and Blake, beside members of the Mohican C. C., who called during the day. On motion of Vice-Com. Stanton all members of the A. C. A. who were present were allowed to speak on the important points which were discussed, and the meeting was entirely a public one.

In the morning all gathered at the Delavan House, but as Messrs. Barney and Jones had not arrived, the meeting was delayed until 2 P. M. After the call to order the minutes of the last meeting, at Bow-Arrow Point, were read and on the motion of Vice-Com. Stanton they were ordered amended in respect to remarks of Mr. Barney. After the minutes were amended and accepted, ex.-Com. Wilkin presented to Com. Gibson the commodore's flag made for Com. Nickerson in 1883, and passed by him to Commodores Oliver, Rathbun and Wilkin in succession. The name of each of the holders is inscribed on the flag, which Com. Gibson will fly for the present year. Several letters were read from the officers of the Northern Division, regretting that they could not be present, also one from Rear-Com. Bailey appointing Mr. Wackerhagen as his proxy. The Sec.-Treas. then read the following reports, a statement of the finances of the Association for the past year, and a report of the auditing committee, both of which were accepted.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1886-7 (TO NOV. 1).

Cr.		
Balance received from C. A. Neidé		$41 33
Dues and entrance fees		1,079 00
Donation from T. C. Buddington		3 00
Sold lumber at Bow-Arrow Point		5 00—1,128 33
Dr.		
Stamps and postals		$46 30
Stationery and printing		24 33
Books		16 75
Incidentals—		
Express on books from C. A. Neidé	$1 85	
Express on envelopes for certificates	25	
Express on mail bags from C. A. Neidé	70	
Express on mail and books to Bow-Arrow	1 25	
Express on Washington C. C. resolutions	40	
Telegrams	45	
Money order	10—	5 00
Camp programmes		14 00
Year books		52 66
Map of camp site, 1887		3 00
Ribbon for badges		2 34
Constitution and by-laws—printing		13 60
Dues and fees returned—		
G. W. Strickland, entrance	1 00	
J. O. Shiras, overcharge	2 00	
E. S. Williams, '88 dues refunded	2 00	
W. L. Egerton, '88 dues refunded	2 00—	7 00
Camp expenses at Bow Arrow—		
Three waterclosets	35 52	
Flag pole and sheave	1 15	
Camp-fire wood	3 00	
Sign at dock	2 00	
Setting buoys	3 00	
Watchman	3 00	
Man and boat, 4 days	10 00	
Carrying mails	8 00—	60 47
Delaney estate bill, 1886		154 34
Com. Rathbun incidental bill, 1886		77 75
Com. Wilkin incidental bill, 1887		32 92
Regatta committee incidental bill, 1887		128 85
Clerical allowance, March to October		200 00
Eastern Division, per capita		97 00
Northern Division, per capita		137 00—1,072 61
Balance		55 72

NEW YORK, Nov. 10, 1887.

Robt. W. Gibson, Esq., Com. A. C. A.: SIR—The undersigned, a committee appointed by ex-Com. Wilkins to audit the accounts of Mr. Carter, the out-going secretary and treasurer, beg leave to report that the books of account and vouchers for expenditures, together with a balance, having been sent to your committee, the same were carefully examined and in all particulars found to be correct. Your committee desires to assure Mr. Carter that his work in bringing order out of chaos is appreciated; and to express the opinion that the services he has rendered as secretary and treasurer richly entitle him to the thanks of the Association, all of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) HENRY STANTON, WM. WHITLOCK, } Auditing Committee.

The committee on camp site for 1888, Messrs. Foster, of New York, and Shedd, of Springfield, made a report recommending Long Island on Lake George as the best site. A long discussion followed, in which the outside members took part. Mr. Whitlock read a resolution lately passed at a meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. favoring the vicinity of Huntington Bay, on the north side of Long Island, as a location for a salt-water meet, presenting charts and speaking strongly in favor of a meet near New York, as well as the advantages of this particular locality. Vice-Com. Jones also spoke in favor of a meet on Long Island Sound. Mr. Wilkin spoke in behalf of a meet nearer to New York than any that have been held, and favored the site recommended by the Brooklyn C. C. Mr. Stephens, of the New York C. C., spoke strongly in favor of a meet that would be easily accessible to canoeists about New York, and that would serve to stimulate canoeing and the growth of the A. C. A. in the same section. Messrs. Oliver and Shedd spoke against the proposed location on salt water and in favor of Lake George, the latter offering a letter from the Springfield C. C. in favor of Lake George. Mr. Davis recommended a meet in central New York, on one of the interior lakes as acceptable to the Rochester C. C.

The chief objections which were urged against a salt-water meet were the difficulty and expense of transporting a large number of canoes across New York city, the rise and fall of the tide, and the necessity for some extensive system of floats, and also the question of fresh water supply. The most determined opposition to a salt-water meet came from the Eastern Division; in fact, from those who first proposed and who worked so hard for such a meet last year, and their opposition carried great weight with those unfamiliar with salt water. There were few who cared to take the responsibility of recommending a salt-water meet and bringing to it men used only to fresh-water cruising. In behalf of Lake George it was urged that it was a far more central location for all divisions than one near New York. The question was thoroughly argued, and after a resolution of the Knickerbocker C. C. in favor of Lake George was read, Vice-Com. Stanton moved that the report of the committee be adopted, which was carried without a dissenting voice. From the tenor of the discussion it was brought out that few of the inland men care for a salt-water meet; while nearly all the men who live and cruise on salt water were strongly in favor of a meet on fresh water for their annual vacation. It was also evident that those most desirous of a meet near New York were afraid of the result should the experiment be tried. The location selected is very near Lorna Island, the old camp site of '81 and '82, but there is more room for a large camp. The facilities for reaching Lake George are now very good, and the location is undoubtedly as nearly central as can be found.

Of course in carrying out the idea of rotation it was expected that the meet would move from place to place each year, but the actions of the Eastern Division, in declining the meet and the commodoreship this year, and also in opposing a salt-water meet, have delayed the carrying out of the plan this season. The expectation was that with an Eastern commodore, the meet would be in the Eastern Division, or what is practically the same, in the waters of Long Island Sound, convenient to the East and New York. The action of the Eastern Division has made this impossible, and it is not likely that a meet will be held on salt water for some time. One result, however, of the present meeting, though no official action could be taken, was the determination to form a new division out of the Central, to include the vicinity of New York city, the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and perhaps as far south as the Potomac River. Of course the movement for such a division must come from within the proposed locality, and the executive committee could take no official action; but the question of desirability of such a step was informally discussed by the officers and members present during the two days spent in Albany, and it was decided to go ahead at once with the work of organization and to apply to the A. C. A. for recognition. After the question of location was disposed of Vice-Com. Stanton proceeded to offer the amendments to the constitution, notice of

which was given in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 27. The first amendment, to Art. V., Sec. 3, relating to the date of taking office, was carried. The second amendment, to Art. VI., Sec. 1, that the location of the next meet shall be decided by the executive committee in November, instead of at the camp, was also carried. The third amendment, to Art. V., Sec. 2, to do away with the enforced rotation of the commodoreship and meet, provoked a long discussion by all present, the feeling being strongly against the amendment. In view, however, of the fact that one division had already declined to avail itself of the offered privileges, it was finally decided to amend the article so as to secure the right to the camp and commodoreship to each division in succession, but to allow any division to decline them. A committee, Messrs. Stanton and Wilkin, were appointed by the chair to frame an amendment in this shape. The amendment relating to the ex-commodores was not offered, as the opposition to it was general.

The fourth amendment, to Art. VII., was amended so that the commodore may pass upon all names of canditates, giving him the power to reject any, while at the same time it is provided that he shall pass on all appeals from the decisions of the vice-commodores in regard to candidates. The proposed new article relating to the removal of officers and the expulsion of members, was carried, and the by-laws amended to conform with it. An amendment to the by-laws, Art. I, Sec. 2, providing for dues of absent members, was also carried. Art. IX. was so amended as to define more clearly the relations between the A. C. A. regatta committee and the regatta committee of the division in which the meet is held. A letter from the secretary of the Western Canoe Association, proposing a conference between the regatta committee of the A. C. A. and the W. C. A. to decide on uniform rules, was referred to the regatta committee with instructions to correspond with the regatta committee of the W. C. A. on the subject. Vice-Com. Stanton made some remarks on the Trophy races, and offered a motion to the effect that changes in the rules governing the races for the A. C. A. Trophy should only be made with the consent of the executive committee. A letter from Mr. Orange Frazer in regard to transportation of canoes was read, and Messrs. E. W. Brown, R. S. Oliver and E. A. Moseley were appointed a committee to confer with the Interstate Commerce Committee and the various railroad, express and steamboat companies, in regard to better rates for canoes. A motion of Purser Brown that the commodore appoint an auditing committee for the secretary-treasurer's accounts and the vice-commodores appoint similar committees for the accounts of their respective pursers, was passed, the same to form an amendment to the constitution.

Mr. Wm. Whitlock requested that his number be changed to the lowest vacant number on the list. After a thorough discussion of the advisability of such action, and also of a reallotment of numbers among the present members, a motion to renumber the whole list was put and unanimously voted down, Mr. Whitlock's request being refused. It was found that such action would probably involve the issuing of some seven hundred new certificates bearing the new numbers, and would give rise to endless confusion.

The following names were proposed for honorary membership and were accepted: Misses Ledyard, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Miss Helen Firman, Trenton, N. J.; Miss Louise B. Fredericks, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. H. L. Thomas, Miss Kate Wackerhagen and Mrs. F. L. Mix, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Sinclair, Brooklyn; Mrs. W. P. Stephens and Mrs. Chas. Eddy, Bayonne, N. J.; Miss Marion Vaux, New York, and Mrs. H. E. Rice, Springfield. The date of the meet was fixed for Aug. 12 to 26, 1888. The revised constitution and by-laws were ordered printed and sent to all members.

The Sec.-Treas. reported informally that the number of members is now about 650, and while all of these are probably desirous of continuing their membership, the addresses of a number are still defective and no responses are made to the various communications sent. The publication of the list of defective addresses in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week answers, but there are many still in doubt. All members who have not received the Year Book for 1887 and the new constitution lately sent out, are requested to send their correct and full address to the Sec.-Treas., F. L. Mix, 756 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

After the meeting adjourned the visitors assembled in the banquet hall of the Delavan House, most of the members of the Mohican C. C. being also present. The evening was pleasantly passed with songs and speeches after an excellent dinner offered by the Turtles to their guests. On the following day the visitors inspected the club canoes at the Mohican club house, most of them leaving for their homes in the afternoon. Some comment has arisen from a notice in the newspapers that the Mohican Club would hold a reception on Sunday, and protests have been received from several, but the notice referred to a political club in New York by the same name, and not to the Mohican Canoe Club of Albany.

The decision in favor of Lake George will doubtless be a disappointment to some, but it will meet the approval of the great majority of those who attend all the meets. The location in itself is a good one, and the meet no doubt will be large and successful. The scheme for the formation of divisions seems to be taking form with at least as little friction and trouble as could be expected. The Canadian canoeists unfortunately were not represented in person at the meeting, but some will be at Lake George, and further they will have a large division meet at Stony Lake this year. Next year it is likely that the A. C. A. meet will go to Canada, probably to the Bay of Quinte, or some other bay on Lake Ontario. The Eastern Division still clings strongly to the old A. C. A., and really no actual division has yet taken place between the Eastern and Central Divisions. Still the Eastern Division is strengthening itself locally by its home meets, and will, when its turn again comes, be well able to manage a large A. C. A. meet. It has been understood from the first that the Central Division would have to be divided in turn. Its composition has been rather complicated, as it is really the remnant of the original Association. The Eastern and Northern Divisions when formed have each taken definite shape with clearly marked limits, leaving to the Central, beside the bulk of its membership in the Middle States, the distant members in the West, in California and in the South. The proposed new division will take in New York city, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, perhaps Delaware also, making a compact division that will remain practically unaltered. The Central Division will then comprise New York State, with the scattered canoeists of the West and South. The new division should bring in a very large number of canoeists who have thus far taken little interest in the A. C. A. and should further offer wider facilities to the old members about the Atlantic coast, from the Hudson to the Delaware. The local meet will allow the majority from this section to be present, though it is doubtful whether it will be regularly held on salt water. The general desire of the salt-water men now seems to be to get to fresh water for the two weeks' camp, making what short cruises they can through the season on salt water. The many charms of the latter make salt-water sailing the most delightful form of the sport, but the change for a short time to such waters as Eel Bay or Lake Champlain only make the return to salt air the more delightful.

The balance sheet before given is worthy of some notice, as it is a matter that concerns all members. The balance in hand this year is but small, only $55, but it will be seen that a large part of the expense is in the form of legacies from the previous year, and as the business is now conducted the expenses will be materially reduced. Of the items, about $250 is on old accounts, another $200 is the allowance to the Secretary-Treasurer, while $230 was returned to the divisions, according to the constitution. The allowance to the Secretary-Treasurer has not been offered this year, as a large part of the work will fall on the Pursers, but the question was discussed at the meeting, and the general opinion was that the traveling expenses and the living expenses in camp should be paid by the A. C. A. There is little rest or pleasure at a meet for the Secretary-Treasurer; he is required to spend about three weeks on the ground and to work all the time, and it seems only fair that if he gives his time for this object he should not be required to pay as well. It is likely that in the future the expense mentioned will be allowed to him. In the case of the last incumbent of office, there was an enormous amount of work involved in re-adjusting the books and in connection with the adoption of the division scheme, and the late secretary-treasurer spent more than the amount allowed him, making up the difference himself. In the future no such labor or expense is likely to be attached to the position, and the old allowance will be saved to the Association. A considerable item of expense this year was the prize flags, as a large number were purchased by the regatta committee, but in general the expenditures have been quite moderate, and with good management in the future they need not be exceeded. The receipts are the greater on account of the $2 dues of last year, but the prospects for a greatly increased membership as the divisions are more fully developed is very promising, while though the dues are now but $1, the new charge of the same sum on each member attending the meet will go very far toward paying the expenses of the meet, and will remove one objection long urged by outsiders for not joining, that they would not pay for what they could not enjoy. Altogether the condition of the Association is very satisfactory, while the well-known ability of the men at its head is a sufficient guarantee that its prosperity is likely to increase with each year.

PASSAIC RIVER CANOEISTS AND THE A. C. A.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you allow me a little space in this week's paper to reply to my fellow Jerseyites who pitched into me so unmercifully in last week's FOREST AND STREAM? I am puzzled to know what is the matter with them. If they had read my comments carefully they would have seen that in favoring Lake George as the site for next year's camp I presumed to speak only for A. C. A. members in New Jersey, and I fail to find the name of any of your correspondents in my A. C. A. book. Of course, Mr. Editor, all canoeists from these parts would like to have a salt-water meet if it was only practicable, but for the reasons stated in FOREST AND STREAM last week, such a meet seems to me out of the question. The writer has full faith in the wisdom and judgment of the officers of the Association, and I am satisfied that nothing but the best interests of the Association has actuated them in determining the A. C. A. camp for 1888. I am very sorry for those canoeists (especially the Jersey ones) who are going to hold themselves aloof from the A. C. A. until the meet is held just where they want it. How much I should have lost if, like them, I had remained out of the A. C. A. until the meet came my way.—ESSEX.

IANTHE C. C.—The races on Nov. 8 were spoiled by light winds, Essex, G. D. Cox, winning the main sailing race, with Will O'Wisp, L. B. Palmer, second. The passenger sailing race was won by Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, with Idlemere, J. L. Douglas, second. Class 1 paddling was won by Mabel, W. R. Burling, with Atalanta, L. B. Palmer, second. In the tandem paddling Ida, Casebolt and G. Douglas, won; with No Name, Walker and Scott, second.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. W.—Write to Mr. K. E. Hopf, Arlington, N. J.

H. H.—Letter for you at this office. Send address.

G. H. H., Lynn.—The dog is owned by Pierre Lorillard.

J. S. W., Toronto, Canada.—Write to Wm. R. Schaefer & Son, 61 Elm street, Boston, Mass.

E. R. M.—You will find good fishing with hotel accommodation at Charlotte Harbor, on the west coast.

A. J. E. R.—When did champion Hero II., owned by Dr. J. Frank Perry, of Boston, die? Ans. He has been dead for more than a year.

J. B. F., St. Louis.—1. "Hallock's Gazetteer" will be the best thing for your purpose. 2. The gun has been used with satisfaction.

T. A. S., Cadiz, O.—Gladstone and champion Gladstone are the same; owned by the Brysons, Memphis, Tenn., who can tell you about the other things.

CONSTANT READER, Syracuse.—Try the country adjacent to Memphis, Tenn., or if you can go further be guided by the Texas note in our gun columns to-day.

C. K., Columbus, Neb.—1. You can begin the training when six months old. 2. There are good working strains among those owned in this country. 3. The coat and ears are likely to improve after six months.

R. M.—1. Make application to the Audubon Society, 40 Park Row, New York. 2. The Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Washington Heights Gun Club, Algonquin Gun Club and Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn.

H. A., Providence.—The hotel proprietors are J. Tomlinson & Bros. Salisbury, N. C., and points in that region will give you what you want. We have no information just now of any party going South for quail shooting.

L. C. M., England.—To obtain a position under the U. S. Fish Commission, you should apply to the Commissioner, stating qualifications and experience. There are several departments in the Commission, and you should say whether you wish to engage in scientific investigation, statistics, or fishculture.

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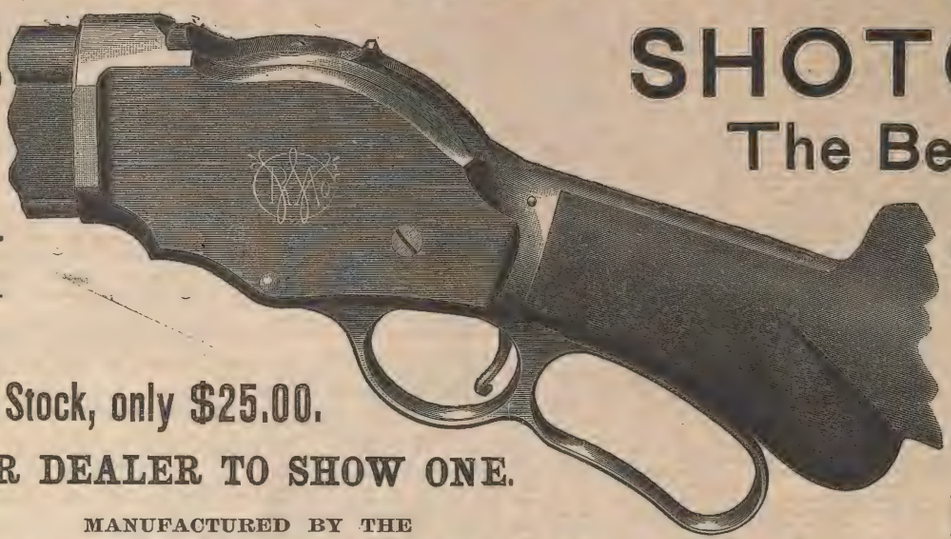
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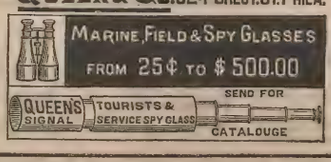
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THE TWELVE PICTURES:

No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

Nos. 11 and 12 represent the hunter retiring from the marsh and at home, and these two are among the strongest of the set.

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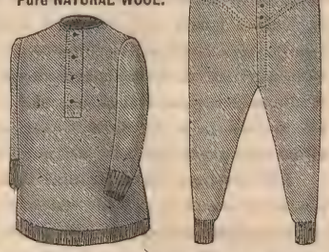
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THOSE MYSTERIOUS RIFLES.

EVERY few days there floats through the newspapers a story giving alleged facts about some new rifle which has been or is about to be adopted by some one of the foreign powers. The writer manages to give some very startling half-facts, and one is tempted to believe that at last the coming small arm has come. The new arm has generally a very small caliber, a very long range, a very low trajectory, a very slight recoil, uses a powder which gives a very small report and a very small amount of smoke, and the bullet is very peculiar in many respects. In fact, the whole arm is very "very" in many respects, and the government makers are very careful about letting a single sample get out or a single fact as to its performance come to the public ear.

Now and then a bit of evidence does get out. A bottle-neck shell ejected from some of the experimental pieces is picked up and those who know the history of what has been done in this line know at once that an old and discarded feature in American small arm progress is in use in the phenomenal paper piece. There are wonderful targets made with shots bunched in a fashion which would rouse the jealousy of the most pronounced muzzle-loader lover, but the targets are not published. The pencil-shaped steel bullets have a fashion in the story of tearing along through planks and sheathing of metal, but the holes and the punctures are not shown to the doubting ones on the outside. In the story each government is supposed to have the most perfect arm and each flatters itself that no other power knows what it is doing, while as a matter of fact, every sensible person knows that the army-ridden continent of Europe is also overrun by an army of spies, noting down every item against every power which may in a twist of the political whirligig become an enemy in the field.

The explanation for all this mystery is a very simple one. The foreign armies are like our own, overrun with petty jealousies; one department of the service looks with green eyes at the success of another; a clever infantry officer or an artisan in his employ concocts a new arm, and at once the whole flock of infantry officers call for that arm, lobby for it, and shut their eyes to the merits of the arm which an engineer officer has elaborated. There is money in a fat government contract for a supply of small arms. Army officers have often very lean and hungry purses.

There is no doubt that in the line of the chemistry of explosives European savants have made important progress, and have reached or are close to some important discoveries, but when it comes to the mechanical get-up of a small arm, guaranteed to work well and "get there" every time, we venture to assert that American ingenuity will always hold the head of the line. It might save European cash, even at the expense of European self-esteem, if a jury of experts from leading American armories were invited over to give a few points on the models now considered with such favor abroad.

PRIZE CUPS AND CODFISH.

THAT there is an intimate connection between yacht architecture and the fleet devoted to mercantile pursuits, has received a striking illustration in the success of the new fishing schooner, Carrie E. Philips, recently launched from the yard of A. D. Story, of Essex, Mass. This schooner was designed by Mr. Ed. Burgess, of yacht building fame. An an improvement upon present practice in the fishing fleet of the banks, the Philips will no doubt serve as a guide to further advance. She represents a combination of speed, seaworthiness and adaptability to purpose not hitherto attained among the bankers, to say nothing of the superior beauty of the Philips. Her rig is an adaptation of the English schooner yacht, with single stick bowsprit, staysail and jib, short foremast and mainmast stepped well forward, a rig to which our schooner yachts are destined to conform, just as our sloops have accepted the cutter rig. In model the Philips appears to be first cousin to the Grampus, designed by Capt. Collins, of the U. S. Fish Commission, the plans of which can be found in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 13.

LICENSES IN DELAWARE.

THE Delaware Game Protective Association held a meeting at Dover, Nov. 14; and among the topics discussed by the members was the $25 license fee for non-resident gunners which was passed by the late Legislature. This license was issued by the Game Protective Association of Delaware. One-half of this fee was to be given for the school fund and the other half for the use of the Association. At the meeting the Association resolved to disregard the law; they hold it unconstitutional because they being an incorporated body it takes a two-third vote of the General Assembly to alter or amend their charter; and this $25 section was passed by a bare majority. The law is loosely drawn as it does not say how long the license is good. The president of the Association holds that the license is good forever unless the law is changed or until a new law is made to the contrary. The Association will therefore continue the $5 license fee as heretofore and will protect all holders of it. This will be good news to Philadelphians, for in that city 300 sportsmen hold licenses.

NATIVES AND OUTSIDERS.

IT has been hinted from time to time, and more than once spoken out loud, that the Maine game officials shut their eyes to offenses committed by residents or "natives," and give their attention only to visiting sportsmen, who are counted profitable game because able to pay heavy fines. Elsewhere a communication is printed, whose author assumes that the recent official proceedings against two visiting sportsmen at the Upper Dam were prompted by this sordid motive of plucking outsiders.

A moment's consideration of the case as set forth in our columns will show to any reasonable mind that such insinuations are unjust and unfounded, for the action of the warden was prompted in the first place by a visiting angler, and it was only at the determined instance of gentlemen from New York and Pennsylvania that the initial steps were taken. By no possible twisting of the facts, so far as they have come to light, can it be maintained that this discharge of duty by the warden was prompted by any other than highly laudable motives.

Unquestionably Maine residents do violate the laws; there is abundant evidence to that effect. But if there is anything to show that the Commissioners or their subordinates are wilfully deaf, dumb and blind to transgressions by natives and are only on the alert for offenders from abroad, it has not been demonstrated. More than this, the plea so often advanced, that a guilty man should go scot free because ten other guilty ones have eluded detection and punishment, is not a basic principle of the modern social system. No person who valued his life would care to dwell in a community where such sentiments prevailed. Nor is the proposition that one offender must not be punished until all the rest have had their deserts a rule of official conduct that any sane person caring for the esteem of his fellows would have the audacity to advance at home among his business associates and townspeople. It is only when he goes off into a remote locality, defies the laws he finds there and is caught at it, that he professes virtuous indignation at being singled out from among the rest of the culprits.

When the Maine fish and game protectors concede that they ought not to do a portion of their work because they cannot do it all, it will then be in order for them to resign, and for the State to abolish the commission.

SNAP SHOTS.

HON. EMERY D. POTTER, a veteran among fish commissioners, has been reappointed to the Ohio board; and he has gone to work in an energetic spirit to advance the fishery interests of his State. In another column is noted the beginning of the task of breaking up the illicit destruction of fish in Lake Erie; and here is an extract from a letter written by Judge Potter, which gives ample evidence that the Ohio Commissioners propose to keep up with the times. He writes: "The first official act after my appointment was to offer a resolution instructing our secretary to subscribe for five copies of the FOREST AND STREAM, one for each member. As we serve the State for no other compensation than our necessary expenses, we deemed it but just that she should furnish us with all the light needed to qualify us for an intelligent performance of our duties, and my resolution passed *nem. con.*"

The season's record of accidents in the field is growing with alarming rapidity. If the geniuses of the Salvation Army who devote their artistic talents to bedaubing the rocks with exhortations and mottoes of a more or less sacrilegious character would inscribe "Don't shoot a man for a bear," "Don't peep into your gun muzzle to see if it is loaded," and other useful advice for gunners, they might serve an useful end. Such advice heeded would have saved the life of one poor fellow in Sullivan county, Pa., the other day, who, having climbed a tree near camp, was shot by a returning companion, who mistook his friend in the tree for a bear.

There are all grades of shooting galleries in this city, some on Broadway and others on the Bowery; and the distinctions between them is that between the characters of the thoroughfares themselves. The typical Bowery gallery is a gaudy establishment, where the range is short, ammunition cheap, target a swinging human effigy, and the shooter often "loaded." Just now the Bowery gallery keeper is reaping a harvest from sinister-visaged, shaky-armed Anarchists, who waste their substance in getting a steady aim, to be in readiness for the revolution when it gets here.

There is something in luck after all. When the Robins Island Club went down to run their field trials last week they found their club house in ashes. When the Western Field Trials Association repaired to the grounds selected, they found the condition of the cover, the weather and the game supply all unfavorable for work. On the other hand, the Eastern Field Trials Club meeting at High Point has been marked by capital weather, grounds in good condition and birds in abundant supply. So much for bad and good luck.

Capt. Frank H. Stott and Mr. W. W. Durant have bought a tract of land comprising 51,000 acres in the Adirondacks. The preserve borders upon Raquette Lake, and the wonderful stories that Capt. Stott tells of tons of trout being seen in some portions of it every May are well worth believing, on the principle that it is always easier to believe than to look for proof.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS.

SECOND SERIES.—I.

FOLLOWING out a plan conceived during his spring campaign on the Slang, when he had been amazed at the numbers, size and variety of fishes inhabiting Champlain waters, Sam Lovel and some of his friends with a wagonload of camping outfit were one day slowly jolting down the steep winding road to the landing below the first falls on Little Otter.

It was one of those lazy afternoons in June when all nature basks in the new warmth, and nothing seems better to all things than to be still and enjoy laziness. The bullfrogs sitting on the rafted logs at the mill tail only winked their enjoyment of sunshine as they dozed beside their voiceless brothers, the little turtles. A kingfisher sat motionless on a fishing stake, apparently regardless of the swarm of minnows poised beneath him. A big fish, finding himself floating too near the glassy surface, broke it with a languid flap of his tail as he sought cooler depths, the slow wavelets just stirring the young water weeds and lapsing softly on the shores. High overhead a hen hawk swung in a wide circle as slowly as swept the lazy drift of silver clouds above him, and almost at rest upon the wing. The voices of the birds were hushed; the merry bobolinks jangled only occasional snatches of song in the meadows, where loitering strawberry pickers lounged in the long shadows of trees, and a wood pewee in the great elm over the mill was the only one of the thousand singers that sang continuously, and his sweet pensive notes seemed like the fragrance of flowers, more exhaled than sung. The pervading spirit of indolence had fallen upon mankind as well. The miller lounged in the doorway of his mill with no sign of his vocation but the dust on his garments, while no sound was in the misty precincts, but the drowsy murmur of the waste water dribbling from the flume, and from the wide portals of the sawmill only at rare intervals was heard the creak of the sawgate, the swish of the saw eating its way through the log, and the clink of the ratchet in the rag wheel; and then the sawyer only moved along his jerky seat on the log when it had brought him into dangerous proximity to the saw, reluctantly, and wishing the log was longer. Then he rode back on the carriage, and after due deliberation set the log up an inch sidewise, dogged it in place with slow strokes, and when he could think of no pretext for longer delaying, hoisted the gate and set the squeak and swish and clink agoing again, and fresh terebinthine and balsamic odors afloat on the air. Women lolled in doorways with elbows on knees looking intently at nothing, while children, too young to be at school, were taking their afternoon nap. But the curiosity of these good people was awakened and unwontedly stirred by the arrival of Sam's party, for a camping outfit was an unusual sight in those days, when camping was not in fashion with those who were considered quite respectable. Only white vagabonds and bands of Canadian Indians who had not much better shelter at home were supposed to live in shanties and tents for the pleasure of it even in the pleasantest weather. Perhaps the memory of the hardships of the pioneers, some of the younger of whom were yet living, was not enough obliterated for such primitive ways of life to seem at all desirable to their descendants. At any rate the folks about the falls wondered to see such decent-looking men as these coming of their own free will to take boat here to go to the lake for some days of vagabondizing. This they signified their intention of doing when the miller and the sawyer with moderate haste drew near, with some others who suddenly emerged from neighboring houses, rubbing the traces of recent slumber from their eyes.

Sam inquired for the owner of a roomy boat to take their effects to the mouth of the creek, and the miller looking at the sawyer said, "Wal, there's ol' Uncle Tyler hes got a tollable big scaow boat, an' haint nothin' much t' du. Mebby he'd take ye daown t' the san'bar. S'pose he would, Sargent?"

"Yaas, I sh' think like 'nough he would."

"Yes, he'll du it," the miller said very confidently now.

"Goin' fishin'? Thought most likely ye was. Uncle Tyler lives up yunder in that leetle haouse wi' the linter on the west side on 't—that leetle heater piece is his'n, an' there he is a pokin' raound in his garding. There, he's comin' daown t' see what's a goin' on—thought he would—haint nothin' else t' du. Most on us putty busy this time o' year; ha' no time tu be foolin' raound day times."

"So I see," Sam said. "C'n we git someb'dy t' keep aour hosses a week er so?"

"Wal, Sargent's got a parstur handy," the miller replied, questioning the sawyer with his eyes.

"Jump?" Sargent asked.

"No, sir," Sam answered, "do' wanter, 'a' can't," which statement the subdued mien of the ancient and clumsy animals seemed to verify. So a bargain was made with the sawyer for their keep, and Uncle Tyler being now present, bestowing a slow, senile, lop-jawed stare impartially on each of the newcomers, negotiations were entered into with him. "They wanter hire yer boat tu take 'em daown tu the san'bar," the miller shouted with great distinctness, making it apparent that Uncle Tyler was hard of hearing. "Your boat! san'bar!" yet louder and pointing to the scow drawn up among the willows, and then down the creek.

"Ooo-h!" said Uncle Tyler, slowly looking them over again. "Where'd ye say ye come from?"

"Haint said," Sam answered.

"Stanstead? Why that's way up beyund Canerdy line! Hoss thieves up there!" Uncle Tyler said severely, turning the focus of his dull stare on to the horses.

"We—live—up—tu—Danvis," Sam proclaimed with slow and loud distinctness.

"Ooo-h! Danby!" said Uncle Tyler, "'Way saouth o' here—Quaker taown. Haow come ye t' come 'way up here? Haint Quakers, be ye?"

"Dan-*vis*," Sam roared.

"Oh, ooo-h, yis! Danvis, yis, yis, over here," and the old man pointed vaguely eastward. Sam nodded assent. "Yis, yis, Danvis," Uncle Tyler repeated; "Danvis; got relations up there, er my ol' woman has; 'maounts tu 'baout the same thing, gen'ally—name o' White—White by name but not by natur'—dark complected folks; know 'em?"

Yes, Sam knew a family answering to that name and description.

"Yis, I guess I c'n take ye daown termorrer mornin', arter breakfus. Shill want a little suthin' for't; orter be workin' in my gardin—weeds just a bilin' up aouten the airth naow. S'pose yer willin' tu pay reson'ble? Hev ye got any terbarker 'at's fit tu smoke? I meant tu ha' sent up t' the store an' got me some, but I forgot it." While the price of Uncle Tyler's prospective services was being fixed upon, and he was filling his pipe from Sam's blue paper of "long cut," Antoine returned from an inspection of the craft in the harbor, rejoicing as if he had met an old friend. "Say, Sam!" he cried, "you ant b'lieved it, Ah'll fan dat sam' raf' we was helped it dem feller buil' las' sprim! Yas, sah; bah gosh! He'll got dat lett' on en' of log of it, feesh hook, an' hoxin's foots!"

"J. B.," Sam suggested.

"Yas, bah gosh! yas! Wal sah, Sam, 'f Ah'll can' haire aout some boats, Ah'll goin' borried dat raf's an' pole hum daown de crik, bah gosh, hein?"

"I guess, Antwine, 'at necessiation won't impel us tu sech ways o' navigation," said Solon, glad of an opportunity to let these proud lowlanders know that although he lived among the mountains, he was not to be outdone in the elegant use of their common language by any one in the lake region, "for Sammy well is a negoturatin' with this elderly an-cient gentleman tu export us an' aour defects in a occupacious boat o' his'n."

When he had done Joseph Hill heaved a sigh of relief, and said aside to Sam, "Wal, I swan! I begin tu be afeard 'at Solon 'ould git stuck, an' never git red of all that 'thout chokin'! I'll be gol darned 'f his thrut haint the size of a saw lawg; not quite the size o' some o' these mebby," slowly measuring with his eye some of the largest logs piled in the mill yard, "but the size of a middlin' sized, sorter sizerble saw lawg."

Arrangements were made with Uncle Tyler to take the most cumbersome of their baggage to the lake in his scow next morning, and accommodations for the night were found for the party at the miller's house. The remainder of the day was passed by them in comfortable lounging about the neighborhood of the mills, watching the boys catching rock bass at the foot of the rapids, themselves taking a hand occasionally in the sport of capturing these vigorous biters, and in informing themselves concerning a desirable camping ground, and the best places for fishing.

"You c'n fish anywheres 't the' 's water 'n' ketch suthin' 'nuther," said the miller, "but 'f you want a ri' daown good campin' place, arter you git beyund the Slab Hole, you turn int' the left, on the wes' side o' the crik, 'posite the san'bar, where the's a lot o' willers, an' you'll find the neatest place 't you ever see! Ye needn't build ye no shanty, for the' 's rocks a hangin' over 'at'll shelter ye, an' the' 's lots o' cedar browse tu make yer beds on, an' wood! the Slab Hole's full on't—lawgs, an' slabs, an' sticks o' fo' foot wood, 'n' everything, f'm kin'lin' tu back lawgs. An' there ye be, right t' the lake, 'n' right t' the crick, an' Lewis Crik an' the seinin' graound not mor' 'n a quart' of a mild off!"

Uncle Tyler's appointed hour of departure, "arter breakfus," came in good time, and the party was afloat not long after sunrise. Sam and Antoine led the flotilla in the birch and dugout, which had been transported from Danvis on their wagon, and Uncle Tyler, Solon and Joseph were captain and crew of the scow. The old man steered with a paddle, and struggled with his latest borrowed pipeful of damp plug tobacco, while each of the others manned an oar and wrestled desperately with it, for rowing was a new and painful experience for them. Now they "caught crabs," and now they dug the bottom with the oar blades, bringing up on them specimens of aquatic plants that would have rejoiced the heart of a botanist; and they bumped their noses and their knees with the handles, while the splashing of the water, the creaking and thumping of the clumsy oars, and the grunting and puffing of the rowers, intermingled with the directions of the helmsman, delivered in the loud, unmodulated tone that deaf persons are apt to use, made a confusion of sounds most wonderful to hear. If the ancient mariner laid aside his paddle for a moment to give his pipe its often-needed lighting, Solon's oar was sure to be midway in or at the beginning of a stroke, while Joseph's blade was pointing at some quarter of the heavens between the zenith and the horizon, and presently the scow was headed for the shore, her bottom brushing over the young rushes and sedges of the marsh. "For gosh a'mighty's sake! Didn't nary one on ye never have a holt of a noar afore?" he would shout, as with lateral sweeps of his paddle he got the boat upon her course again, "Don't dip so deep! Keep the blades o' yer oars jest onderneath the water—but ye got tu stick 'em *in* the water! ye can't row in the air!" as one of them skinned the surface with his blade. "Oh, good gosh a'mighty, can't ye hear nothin', er can't ye onderstan' nothin'?" The old man's patience was almost exhausted, when his pipe, turning over in the unstable grip of his gums, emptied its now well-fired contents upon his knee, unnoticed till it burned through his trousers to his leg. "Good—gosh a'mighty! I thought I smelt suthin' a burnin'!" he cried, slapping wildly at the smoldering fire. His pipe dropped and was shivered at his feet, and just then Joseph missed a stroke into which he had put much strength and good intention, and went sprawling heels up in the bottom of the scow, while his oar blade came down with a thud on Uncle Tyler's pate.

"Good gosh a'mighty dum ye! *Be* ye tryin' ter kill me, er what be ye tryin' t' du? Breakin' my pipe, an' a knockin' on me in the head, an' a burnin' on me up alive! Gimme a holt o' them oars, an' git aout o' that dum quick!" crawling over the baggage toward them. "Lay daown—er git aout an' go afoot! I don't keer a dum mite which! Ketch me a goin' a bwutin' agin along o' a passel o' idjits 'at do'know a noar f'm a pudd'n' stick! Ye can't row a bwut no more'n a goose c'n gobble!"

One bestowed himself in the bow, the other in the stern, while the old man, as speechless with wrath as they were with mortification, sent the boat forward with long, even strokes that made the water surge under her broad bow. The young lily pads danced madly on the waves of her wake, and the little whirlpools that spun away from the oars twisted into tangles the slender new leaves of wild rice, and engulfed fleets of water beetles.

The commotion on board the larger craft had caused Sam and Antoine to cease paddling and wait to ascertain the cause.

"What a dev' hail dat hol' can' hear not'ing man?" Antoine asked as they looked back. "He'll don't goin' trow Solem an' Zhogzeff board over, ant it? Oh, bah gosh! Ah'll bet you head Ah'll know what was de matter be! Dey'll can't *roar!*"

"Wal, by the gret horn spoon! I sh'd think by the saound 'at he c'ld roar 'nough for the hull three on 'em!" said Sam, as the steady rumble of Uncle Tyler's angry bawling came over the water.

"Oh, damnashin! Ah'll ant meant roar a nowse! Ah'll meant *r-r-r*-roar dat hol' boats wid r-roar! Ant you'll on'stan', hein? Oh, bah gosh! Ah'll ant never see so dam langwizhe lak Angleesh, me!"

"Wal, Antwine, I never did nuther—not as you speak it." The scow seemed to be making fair progress now, and they went on their way.

Solon, after long and intent study of the Tyler method of handling the oars, at last said: "I du raly b'lieve, Jozeff, 'at I hev got a clear an' intercate idee of the modus upperdandy, as they say in Latin, an' 'at I c'ld naow, arter a leetle practyse, expel this boat putty nigh as rapid as what he does."

"Wal, it *looks* tollable easy, but I haint faound it so; that is, not so turrible easy," said Joseph.

"Naow, she's a-goin'!" proclaimed Uncle Tyler, unconscious of their conversation, and sending a grim but somewhat mollified glance fore and aft.

"She?" queried Solon, after scanning each distant shore, "who's she? I don't discover no one of the femaline sect nowheres."

"What she is a-goin'?" Joseph shouted at Uncle Tyler.

"Hey? Oh, good gosh a'mighty! I never see such dum'd ign'nt creeters. Why, this bwut is 'she.' It haint he, is it?" and the old man was obliged to quit rowing a moment to unburden himself of wheezy laughter.

"That is a most cur'osity idee," Solon said, after some consideration of the subject, "a-speakin' of a onhumern, onanimit boat as if it belonged tu any sect. I don't see nothin' phillysoffycable in it!"

"Wal," Joseph said, "I do' know. Mebby it's 'cause if they take a notiern tu go, they're a-goin', an' if they don't, they haint, erless a feller knows haow tu make 'em 'thaout lettin' on 'em think they're bein' made, which it is a knack 'at few on us hes—er mebby it's 'cause they take a feller jest where they're a minter—I do' know."

"It proberbly deriginated someway aout o' their contrairiness. Haowevertheless, it 'pears tu me it 'ould be more properer tu call 'em 'he,' bein' 'at they hev starns, which men is spoke of frequent as the 'starn sect.'"

"An' then there's the baows, tu. Women allus curcheys."

"That's the way to row a bwut!" Uncle Tyler said, only knowing by the motion of their lips that they were speaking, and imagining that they were expressing admiration of his skill.

"Goin' ahead looks easy 'nough," Joseph said, pondering, "but s'posin' a feller wanted ter hev him—no, 'she' is what he calls the dum'd ol' thing—hev her go t'other way, what's goin' ter be did then? What d' yer du when ye wanter back her?" loudly addressing the ancient mariner.

"Hey?" he shouted, suddenly alert and resting on his oars. "Want terbacker? Course I du, but ye broke my pipe an' I can't smoke thaout you lem me have yourn, an' I haint got no terbacker; meant tu sent up tu the store an' get me some yist'd'y, but I forgot it."

Joseph began whittling a plug of tobacco, and filling his own pipe, handed it with a match to the old man, who, dropping his oars, at once set himself to lighting it. "Ol' as he is, he haint forgot haow tu suck," Joseph remarked in an ordinary tone as he watched him pulling at the pipe with resounding smacks. "Don't ye see the flame o' that match a comin' aouten his ears? I do' know as I see the flame, ezackly, but I'm sartin I du the smoke."

"That's the way tu row a bwut!" Uncle Tyler repeated when having got his pipe in satisfactory blast, he resumed the oars and sent the scow snoring on its way. The sound of its progress was not unlike the heavy breathing of a sound sleeper, the long, grating squeak of the swivels simulating the indrawing of the breath, the gurgling swish of the water during the stroke, its exhalation. "It's just as ea-sy!"

"I know it is," said Joseph, "leastways, I think it is, tu look at it. I c'ld set an' look at ye duin' on't, an' never git the least mite tired; an' I do' know but what I c'ld larn, jest a settin' an' a watchin' on ye. Any ways, I'm willin' tu try larnin' that way a spell. Golly blue!" inspecting his palms, "the's blisters on my han's bigger'n ac'rns, an' a dum sight tenderer! That ol' dried up critter haint juice 'nough in his hull carkiss tu make one sech blister. Mebby the' is in his hull carkiss, but the' haint in his han's, I don't b'lieve. An' his back hes got jest the right hump for the business. Tell ye what, Solon, I b'lieve ol' folks is the fellers 'at is ezackly cal'lated for 't. If I was tu set here an' watch him till I git tu be as ol' as he is I shouldn't wonder 'f I could oar one o' these she boats, but I do' know, it don't scasely seem, 's I feel naow, as 'ough I keered 'baout tryin' much afore."

When the two canoes came to where the tributary East Slang somewhat widened the slow current of Little Otter, Sam pointed with his paddle to the low cape, now green with water maples in full leaf, even now standing ankle deep in the still brown water, whose weedy surface dully reflected their greenness and graceful ramage, and the flash of the starlings' wings that flitted among them. "Up there, Antwine, is where we camped last spring, an' hed fun. I wonder haow it looks naow 'at summer's come, if the shanty 's standin', an' whether that 'ere dum'd little squirrel sets there a chitterreein' on that hemlock yit? Dum'd 'f I don't go an' see haow it looks some day; lunsomer 'an it did then, I guess."

"Yes sah! Oh 'f Ah'll ant have it good tam dere, me! An' dat de place you'll see dat crookit tree where Ah'll leek dat mans. Ah'll bet you head you can fan de brark scrape off the tree yet, an' de hairs scratter 'raoun'—prob'ly de blood all wash away 'fore naow."

"Most likely," Sam said.

The scow having now drawn near, they passed on together toward the lake. "I was a cal'latin'," Uncle Tyler said, addressing the fleet in general, but particularly his crew, "for ter troll some comin' 'long, but you be so okkerd! I got a rig there an' posserbly you might hang on to 't so 's t' snag a pickril," and reaching before him he took up a short pole with many crooks in it for its length whereon was wound a stout line which had a hook baited with a piece of pork rind and a strip of red flannel. While he kept the boat slowly moving he unwound thirty feet or so of the line, and handing the pole to Joseph went on at a leisurely stroke. "The' haint no better trol-

lin' graound in the hull crik 'an the is atwixt the tew S'angs," he said, and as they neared the mouth of the South Slang, Joseph returned jerk for jerk on the trailing line with a grunt thrown in. "What be I a-goin' t' du naow?" he asked in dire perplexity, though he set his teeth and held to the bending pole with a will, "I can't get him 'thin twenty foot on us wi' this dum'd little short pole?"

"Gim me a holt on 't!" said Uncle Tyler, dropping his oars and rising to the occasion. Laying hold of the pole he drew the tip far behind him, and grasping the line hauled it in hand over hand with deliberate celerity, till the wide-mouthed pickerel came gaping alongside and was lifted on board by the hook, forgetting to resent his injuries till he dropped on the bottom of the scow, which he then belabored with strokes of his tail, while he snapped his ugly jaws. He was a slab-sided fellow, whose six pounds of weight were spanned by two feet and a half of length, but he was admired as a beautiful monster by Solon and Joseph, and almost as much by Sam and Antoine, who came alongside to look at him.

"Good gosh a'mighty?" cried Uncle Tyler in wondering pity," "it does beat all natur haow you folks does vally these 'ere goo'-for-nothin' pickerel! I'd a gre' deal druther have a nee. Wait till ye git aholt of a fo' fi' paound pike, an' then you have a fish 'at's wuth a-havin'! Pickril! Good gosh a'mighty!" Uncle Tyler emphasized the "good" as if upon occasion a bad "gosh" might be invoked.

The trolling line was let out again as they went forward, and to keep it clear of the weeds Joseph now ventured to direct their course with commands, or rather friendly advice, which would have puzzled a strictly nautical man to obey or follow. "'F I was you I'd gee a lee-tle mite. Naow haw more 'n ye gee. Now oar the hardest wi' yer north oar. Guess ye'd better oar most wi' the saouth one naow—guess it's the saouth one—do' know but what it's the west one, lem me see," taking a look at the sun and the eastern hills—"yes, oar the west one."

"Oh! go 'long wi' your tarnal geein' an' hawin', an' your northin' an' saouthin'!" Uncle Tyler droned loudly. His father had migrated to Vermont from the seacoast, and something of his salty flavor had been imparted to his son. "This 'ere haint a nox cart, it's a bwut, an' this side on her is starb'd and that's larb'd er port. When you're a wantin' on me tu pull this oar, holler 'starb'd!' an' when you're a wantin' on me tu pull t'other, holler 'port!' But I guess you'd better shet yer head altogether. Anyways, quit yer dum'd geein' and hawin', I haint a yoke o' oxen!"

Now came a heavy, dead pull on the line, and Joseph, following the recent example of Uncle Tyler, laid the tip of the pole forward, and snatching wildly at the line, caught it at last and hauled it in with such haste and excitement that it was snarled in an almost inextricable tangle about his feet and legs when the hook came alongside with a great burden of lily stems and pads and water weed. His look of disappointment when he saw his worthless catch was not dispelled when he contemplated the tangled confusion of the line, and he was not comforted by Uncle Tyler's assurance, "You've got a job 'at 'll last ye till ye git t' the lake, a onravlin' that 'ere line! If you'd a had it aout a passin' the Saouth Slang, you'd a got one! The' 's allus a good one a layin' there."

Now they were on the last reach of the channel, bending here in a long curve through the "wide ma'sh," as Uncle Tyler informed them this portion of the stream was called. Through the willowy gateway of the creek's mouth they could see the lake, the "Bay of the Vessels," with Garden Island, green and white with leaves and blossoms, set like a nosegay on its shining bosom, clasped in the rocky arm of Thompson's Point. They soon passed the "Slab Hole," a great drift of flood wood lying along the western shore, and presently landed among the willows at the place the miller had told them of. They found the shelter of rocks under the bluff, but decided to pitch their tent, for the overhanging ledge looked like a pokerish roof to sleep under.

The pickerel was dressed and fried for dinner, and even Uncle Tyler, despite his unfavorable opinion of pickerel, made way with a generous portion of it. The old man was paid for his services and made preparations for his homeward voyage. He pushed his craft afloat and embarked, but presently came ashore again, and they returned to the landing to see what he had forgotten.

"I wish 't some on ye 'ld gim me a pipeful er tew o' terbacker. I'm a goin' tu send right up t' the store an' git me some jest as soon as I git hum. I meant tu yiste'd'y, but I forgot it." For some minutes after he left them they could hear the smacking of his lips as he pulled at Joseph's pipe, and for half an hour longer the squeak and clank and surge of his laborious progress, while they busied themselves with the arrangement of the camp.

They had not finished pitching the tent before they were assailed by swarms of hungry mosquitoes, the constant warfare with which left them little time for peaceable labor, and soon made it apparent that there was no comfort nor rest for them in this place. Sam and Antoine made their way to the top of the rocky bluff, and finding their persecutors much less numerous, the tent and camp equipments were carried thither, and their temporary home established among the cedars. Northerly winds from the lake and southerly winds from the cleared fields landward swept their winged enemies away and filled the air with balsamic fragrance that reminded them of Danvis woods, and through the green clots of cedar boughs and meshes of trunks and branches, they caught glimpses of the blue lake crinkled with gold and silver waves. The thin soil and the rocks were spread with a soft carpet and cushions of fallen cedar leaves and moss set in various patterns of russet and green, and about the bases of the rocks were springing the young shoots of mountain fringe, ready to overrun them with a graceful invasion of vine and flower.

"Ah'll tol' you, boy!" cried Antoine, looking with admiration on the carpeting of the tent floor, just finished with his last armful of cedar twigs, "'f he ant mek you felt sleepy for jes' look at dat beds! Oh, bah gosh! 'F we ant took comfor' here! An' don't dat neat fireplaces you'll buil' dar?" inspecting the result of the other's labors, a broad fireplace built of flat ledge stones. "Jes' as handle as stofe was; yas sch, more handle, 'cause you'll don't got for hopen no door for put hwood, an' you'll don't got for took off no gribble for brile you pot of it! Bah gosh, dat mek it all de hwomans in Danvit cry 'f he'll see it! Naow 'f we can honly jes' git some bullpawt, dey ant nothing more in dis worl' we'll as' for it! But Ah'll fred, me, we'll ant ketch it much dat kan', 'cause de she one he'll settin' on hees aegg naow, Ah b'lieve, an' de he one, he'll watch of it. But Ah'll goin' try it. Ant you go 'long to me, some of it?"

Solon expressed a desire to test his "fishcatorial skill," and the two went down the bluff and launching the dug-out paddled out to a convenient stake set in the further edge of the channel. More than once as the narrow craft lurched along its course and Solon grasped the gunwales, he wished the broad and stable bottom of Uncle Tyler's scow was beneath him, but he felt safer when the canoe was made fast to the stake and the green weeds of the marsh were within reach, though under them were 6ft. of water and unfathomable mud.

"I tell ye what, Antwine," he said, drawing the first full breath since leaving shore, "If I'm agoin' tu persecute fishin', I'm a goin' tu du it in suthin' diff'ent f'm these 'ere lawg and birch bark c'ntraptions. They haint got no stubility. I'm a goin tu hev me a boat suthin' arter the partern o' the one 'at that ol' gentleman fetched me an Jozeff an' t'other things daown dere in, infactotum a femaline or she boat, 'at is capacious o' kerryin' suthin' right end up withaout oncessant discumbobberation."

"Bah gosh! Solem, 'f you can fan' dat kan' o' boats Ah'll willin' you'll go in it! Ah'll 'fred all a tam every minutes you'll speel bose of it. Seet steel! Dis can-noe don't fret 'f you'll ant jump an' weegly every tam he'll top over leetly mites!" And Antoine swung his full baited hook abroad and dropped it gently into the water. Solon's splashing cast, made with an awkward motion, set the canoe to rocking and his companion to swearing and re-awakened his own fears. When quiet was restored he got a bite, and after several ineffectual twitches hooked and pulled up a broad sunfish, and as he swung it back and forth, making futile snatches at it as it quivered past and circled about him, always just out of reach, the danger of capsize became imminent, till the fish, by a twist, as lucky for them as for it, unhooked itself and dropped into the edge of the weeds.

Antoine rejoiced aloud, while Solon gazed with a rueful countenance upon the spot where the fish had disappeared. "Ah'll tol' you Solem, you'll ant goin' feesh some more 'less Ah'll go 'shore. Bah gosh! Ah'll ant want no fun for be top over here, me!" Solon agreed to content himself with being only a looker on, while Antoine fished. But the Canadian's skill and patience faithfully exercised an hour longer, were rewarded by nothing better than a dozen perch and sunfish, which though he cursed, he saved for supper. "Yas sch," as he drew out his hook and cleaned the fragments of worms off it, tossing them begrudgingly far away, and widely scattered. "Ah'll tol' you so, de she bullpawt was all settin', an' he ant goin' stop for heat notings. Wal, le's we'll go." And after winding up his line, he untied the canoe and paddled into the black shadows that had now fallen along the western shore. His labors faintly illumined by the last glimmers of departing daylight straggling through the willows, he scaled and cleaned the fish while Solon squatted near, assisting little but in the free offering of sage advice. Then they climbed the bluff, bearing the slender catch to camp, where reinforced by generous slices of pork, it furnished a bountiful supper. Smoking and chat filled the short hour between supper and early bedtime, when they fell into the sound sleep which blesses honest campers.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

SAILING THROUGH THE AIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago in common with several others, I was witness of a singular proceeding. I was walking along a street of Abilene, when my friend, the county surveyor, cried out to me from the opposite side, asking me if I saw that balloon passing over us? He was gazing into the clear heavens and pointing upward as he spoke. Instantly a large crowd gathered around to get a look at the wandering aeronaut. It was a few moments before I saw anything, but presently the balloon, or whatever it was, so turned in its movements that it caught and reflected the sunlight, and then it became distinctly and beautifully visible. It seemed very far up and was as white as snow. It was moving to the southesast. For a moment or two it would cease to be visible, and then again it would reflect its pure white light upon us. It seemed a balloon beyond doubt, and all the crowd fell to wondering where the bold navigator came from and what was his destination. As for me, my admiration of his boldness was much mixed with fear for his personal safety, and I thought also of how much he must suffer from the intense cold of that dizzy height. I felt no desire to be a companion of his.

While we were thus gazing and wondering, suddenly we beheld three more balloons following not far behind the first, and a moment later more than a dozen others burst upon the view, all so radiantly white and trooping along so majestically. Their motion was poetry and the sight of them was lovely. One of my friends said, "It may be a troop of angels circumnavigating the globe, for what else could be so beautiful?"

I rushed away for my strong field glass, determined to penetrate this mystery if I could. I was confused, and if they were angels I wanted to see their lineaments and wings. I imagined that I might also hear their song as they swept gloriously by. Soon my powerful glass was upon them, and lo and behold, what did these things prove to be? They were nothing but cobwebs, and they were not so high up either as they looked to be. There they were, all before me perfectly distinct, wending their way to the southeast before a favoring breeze. Every cobweb had a number of long streamers hanging far down, which glittered like threads of silver. They were balloons in fact, but the aeronauts were those ugly beasts called spiders. No doubt they felt a prescience of the approach of winter and were traveling to the far south, perhaps to the islands of the Gulf or far beyond. Perhaps they had come hundreds and hundreds of miles.

But if the aeronauts were indeed mere spiders, we cannot help but be lost in admiration of their perfect skill in aerial navigation, which man has not attained yet and probably never will. What were those long streamers, pending far down from their balloons, thrown out for? It was undoubtedly a sort of ballast to keep their craft from upsetting and thus spilling out the occupants, or at least making their position uncomfortable. Also doubtless they were used as rudders to guide their crafts on the right way. Thus they have shown us what man must do when he comes to build his ships of the air. He must have long ropes hanging down, with weights attached, to keep his ship from turning over when struck by a strong wind. Thus all the sense in this world is not held by man. Even the little ugly spider far excels us in some things. I strained my eyes to get a glimpse of these wise little sailors as they moved above me in their ships, but it was in vain. Perhaps they were all snugly wrapped up under their silken coverlets, to keep warm in the chilly upper spaces.

N. A. T.

ABILENE, Tex., Nov. 16.

RATTLESNAKES IN TREES.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That rattlesnakes do occasionally climb trees is, I think, verified by the following story, related to me while a guest at his hospitable home last December, by my friend, Mr. Elliott G. Solomons, a cotton planter, residing near Lawtonville, Hampton county, S. C.:

While Mr. Solomons—who is a keen sportsman, living in a perfect paradise (from a sportsman's point of view) of deer, turkey, quail and woodcock—was out coon hunting one night with two darkies, the dogs treed a coon, and one of the boys climbed the tree to shake the coon out, in order to let the dogs shake him a little. Just as the boy reached the coon and began to shake the limb on which it had taken refuge, the terrifying warning of the deadly rattler was heard a little below the climber. With an agonizing yell the scared darky called out, "Mus' I fall out, Mars' Elliott? Oh, Mars' Elliott, mus' I fall?" "No, you idiot, keep still. If you fall you will dislodge the snake, and it will strike you as soon as you touch the ground. Stay where you are, and stop that infernal noise, I tell you, and I will soon locate the snake with this torch and shoot it." "Oh, no, Mars' Elliott," pleaded the poor fellow, "please doan' shoot, fo' you will shorely kill dis po' niggah." After circling around the tree several times, during which Sambo's eyes stuck out like pump handles and glowed like a panther's, the snake—a huge fellow—was located and shot. This is the only instance that I have known of, but I can vouch for its reliability.

NOAH PALMER.

A PISCATORIAL RAT.—On the Flatbush avenue side of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is a lake which forms the home for numerous swans, Egyptian ducks and goldfish. On the Park side is a summer-house, perched high up on the bank, with seats and parti-colored awnings. At the time of this occurrence there was a plank, resting with its outer edge in the water, at an angle of thirty degrees. The children and nursemaids on the platform were tossing bits of cake into the water for the benefit of the hungry swans and goldfish. The fish fairly teemed, as if all those in the lake were collected in a seething mass in that one spot. A two-third grown rat was on the plank, without rod, line, hook or even bait beyond that furnished by the children overhead. He watched his opportunity and seized by the back a fish about 10in. long. The fish being fully aware that he was "endowed with certain inalienable rights, viz., life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," made a desperate attempt for liberty. "Hard, hard indeed, was the contest for freedom and the struggle for independence!" But the gray rascal, by superior knowledge, strength and skill, held his wriggling victim and carried him to his hole. The fish, probably, constituted his Friday's meal, though whether the rat was High Church or Romanistic in his views we are not informed. How a comparatively young rat, with only the leverage of his hind feet resting on the sloping plank, could seize and land a fish weighing at least half a pound, is a difficult problem to solve. It was, too, the act of an instant, but it is true nevertheless.—J. S. L.

DOMESTICATING WILDFOWL.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Nov. 19.—The wood ducks raised this year were in full plumage by November. The young drakes could be distinguished by the red on the bill early in September. The old birds were earlier in getting their fall coat. I have received a female widgeon (*Mareca americana*) from Mr. Francis Endicott, which he wing-tipped on Barnegat Bay. This bird will be mated with an Europeon widgeon (*M. penelope*). The latter is quite different in plumage from our native bird, the prevailing color being a reddish brown instead of gray. Mr. John R. Tracy presented a black duck (*Anas obscura*), sex unknown, which he wounded in Connecticut. None of the young Chinese mandarin ducks lived this year, rats and awkward hens interfered. The old ones are healthy, as are the teal. The pintails were lost, and no mate has been obtained for the widowed green-winged teal.—FRED MATHER.

HOW DID THE FISH GET THERE?—We were conversing with a gentleman from Sierra Valley a few days ago. He is a gentleman of truth and veracity and we vouch for the truth of the following, which he told us: There are a large number of artesian wells in that valley and, curious to state, many of them flow large quantities of hot water. Last August a well was bored on the ranch of J. B. Hathaway, near Beckwith, the result of which was a flow of about 150 gallons of water a minute, with a temperature of about 160deg. It is nearly boiling hot, so hot in fact that eggs can be cooked in it in seven minutes. During the past few months the waste water from this well has flowed into a depression in the ground nearby, and the result is that a small pond has been formed. This pond has no connection with any other stream or body of water and the ground had been absolutely dry for several months previous. Lately it has been noticed that it was full of small fishes from 1in. to 2in. long. Upon examination it was found that these fish were different from any found in the streams of the neighborhood. It has been generally supposed that fish spawn will spoil in a short time if exposed to the sun and weather.—*Truckee (Cal.) Republican.*

HOW THE CROW BECAME BLACK.—The Indians of the extreme Northwest have some very remarkable legends about the creation, in which the crow takes the leading part; bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious is that which accounted for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for a lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but, on account of the scarcity of water, he refused to give him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to look for water, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but the Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

Game Bag and Gun.

HUNTING IN FLORIDA IN 1874.—II.

THE log cabin of our teamster was double, the two rooms being connected by a thoroughfare. But it was a palace in comparison with all the other residences in the settlement. A mile on our way we came to the cabin of Tom's companion-assassin, consisting of a single room made of logs loosely piled upon each other, in which dwelt a family of four. A track of loosely scattered feathers leading from a sapling close by the cabin to the swamp indicated where a wildcat had dragged away a hen the previous night, snatching it from within 2ft. of the sleeping inmates. A mile further on we reached the shelter of Tom's father's family. It was a roof of palmetto leaves, supported on posts, the four sides entirely open to the air. Here dwelt the father and mother, two grown-up sons, two grown-up daughters and four younger children. A short distance beyond we swam a creek, just narrow enough to save the cart from going to the bottom before the steers gained footing on the other side. Hard by we passed the last evidence of "Cracker" life, consisting of a shelter of boughs in the form of one-half of an A tent, beneath which a hermit had slept for five years. Soon, the trail pursued thus far ended, and following the wheel-tracks of our predecessors we struck the Alligator Flats, and during the rest of the day, mile after mile, waded axle deep in the mud and water. Instead of riding on the cart, as was promised us, we were in constant fear of our oxen giving out from sheer weakness, so that Fred and myself carefully avoided adding even the weight of our guns to the load, though Tom did not hesitate to mount his burly form upon the cart-tongue most of the time, pretending that he could discern the guiding track beneath the water better by looking down upon it. As the deadly poisonous moccasin snake, more to be dreaded than the terrible rattlesnake, abounded in the flats and frequently rose up within 6ft. of us, throwing themselves into a striking attitude and displaying their crooked fangs in fearful warning, we plodded most of the time behind the cart, that the splashing of the oxen might frighten away the reptiles. At length in the greater depth of the water and thickness of the grass Tom declared himself unable to distinguish the cart-ruts, and it became necessary for Fred and myself to go before and indicate guiding tracks by each taking one and beating it out with our feet. Thus we passed hour after hour constantly whipping the water with long sticks to frighten away the snakes, though occasionally chilled with the sight of a moccasin gliding off a tussock of grass and concealing himself, neither could tell where. Toward sundown we came to a pine island a few feet in diameter, with just enough of dry land for our fire and Tom to lie down beside it. Beyond, being one stretch of water as far as the eye could reach, we haul up, turn the oxen out to feed, bake our yams, barbecue our meat, curl up on the top of our luggage in the cart and go to sleep winking at the stars.

The next day is but a repetition of the previous, only the wading is deeper and the wriggling snakes are more numerous. "Familiarity," however, "breeds contempt," even in the matter of exposure to the cold, clammy touch of a snake and danger from its deadly fangs, as well as in dissimilar experiences of human nature—a contempt leading Fred and myself to often ease our blistered feet by throwing our high-topped boots upon the cart and substituting brogans, or even going barefoot. A distinguishing feature of these water-prairies is an occasional stretch of cypress-clumps—clusters of trees presenting beautiful rounded outlines, very appropriately termed "Blue Mountains." Their attraction, however, is entirely upon the outside, and in the far distance. Approached, their blending foliage separates to the view and becomes scraggled, while their bases are sunk in a most forbidding morass. Through such a "cypress-slue" we forced our way, and emerged upon a clear, open prairie, where we camped for the night. Crossing this, we found ourselves during the forenoon of the third day entering an old military trail and on solid ground. Surmising that we must be near the fort, Fred at 11 o'clock pushed forward, and I saw no more of him till sundown, when he returned and reported an interminable prairie three hours in advance and no signs of the Kissimmee. Not much like overtaking the advance party, we thought; but there was no alternative, and while we were deliberating what was best to do on the morrow, the double-yoked team hove in sight on its return, having that morning left the Explorer and his party at Fort Bassinger as agreed, but found the fort sixty miles from the lake, instead of ten. Nor was there any neighbor's boat at the deserted fort, the Indians having probably stolen it, etc., etc. The truth now flashed upon my mind, and I needed no more proof that the teamster's story was manufactured for the purpose of alluring me on to secure his four dollars per day. Lesson third in "Cracker" honesty.

Our encampment for the night was near a creek whose bed was dry, but in which our teamster affirmed he had sometimes found water flowing south, and at other times north, according as the region on either side of the east and west trail had received more abundant supplies of rain. A careful observation of the whole region fully convinced me that here we find in the wet season one (perhaps the most southern) of the many affluents of the mighty St. John's. So little, however, is the change of level that out of the same reservoir, and by the same channel, there heads, at times, another creek taking a southward direction into St. Lucie Sound, and on the northwest border of the same reservoir is found issuing at high water an affluent of the Kissimmee, by whose channel a portion of the waters of this same great central reservoir find their way into Lake Okechobee, from whose more exposed surface excessive evaporation is constantly going on. This opinion is sustained by the rain charts of the Smithsonian Institution, which "show that the peninsula of Florida is the region in which the rainfall is heaviest east of the Rocky Mountains, and further, that in the peninsula itself the curves of the greatest rain encroach upon the headwaters of the St. John's, though still more upon those of the rivers flowing south into Lake Okechobee, and west into the Gulf of Mexico."

Fred and myself had hardly erected our tent when it began to drizzle, with indications of abundant rain, but fortunately for us, not realized. Ere we slept, a brother of the teamster appeared from beyond the Kissimmee with his mother, wife and seven children ranging in age from three weeks to twelve years, all riding in a cart drawn by a single yoke of oxen. Two of the older children were shaking with the fever and ague, to whom my prescriptions of quinine brought speedy relief. The children found shelter during the night beneath the cart, while the adults lay down upon the damp ground, wrapped in blankets. Long before light we were cooking our breakfast, preparatory to an early start, when a demand was made upon our scanty store to feed the hungry mouths of the new-comers—a hospitality we were poorly prepared to extend, but which it was not in our heart to refuse, especially when pleaded for by the wistful looks of the little innocents.

Relieving our jaded oxen by tranferring to our cart one yoke from the teamster's unladened wheels, it fell to me to handle the ropes and goad. So long as I kept in the rear of another team all went well; but if I essayed to lead, my Yankee brogue was utterly unrecognized by the half-tamed creatures. Halting at noon beside a forsaken log-house, I amused myself with catching lizards, tree-toads and ant-lions, while Fred left his dinner half-eaten to bag a flock of Carolina parrots, the first and only ones we met in Florida. True to their reputation, curiosity to know what had happened to a fallen companion seemed to keep them lingering around till all were shot without the shooter hardly stirring from his first chosen position. There can be little doubt that this bird, once so abundant in all the Southern States, and even ranging into New York State, is fast becoming extinct east of the Mississippi River. After dinner, while waiting for our lazy teamsters to snooze, I still further amused myself with skinning a sandhill crane, in the midst of which operation rapid stinging sensations about the naked ankle, caused an investigation, only to reveal a centipede or scorpion amusing himself with my nervous system. The application of hartshorn to the half dozen puncture reduced the swelling, and in two or three days I was no longer reminded of the insect that menaces with its head, but wounds with its tail.

The monotony of the afternoon drive was varied about four o'clock with the cry of "turkey ahead." Fred and Tom undertook the task of providing us with fowl for supper, and with such success as to bring in a bird apiece. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on something better than hog and hominy, a party of six more, parents and children all told, overtook us and fastened themselves upon our party. The cracker's coach—the inevitable ox-cart—bore four of them, while two rode ponies. Taught by the experience of the morning, the dreams of Fred and myself vanished, and we resigned ourselves to the thought of little more than sniffing the perfumes of the savory repast. The larder of the latest comers proved as lean as that of the earlier, and when all had partaken sparingly of the supper, the teamster declared that such as had horses, including himself, must push on at midnight, and leave the rest on short allowance, to reach his home by sundown on the following day, as not more than a spoonful of hominy to each was left. On further consultation it was decided for all to start at light and make a few miles before breakfast. After a brief repast at the foot of a tree, our oxen were yoked and all fell into line. A wildcat springing out of the path was soon overtaken by the dog, but instead of being held by the dog, it turned the scale and held the dog, till Tom came up and released its victim by a charge of buckshot. Skinning the cat at our next halt, and throwing the carcass into the low scrub, I was surprised to find both the turkey buzzard and the Caracara eagle gathering around it in large numbers in less than twenty minutes, though when thrown away there was not a bird in sight.

Both in going out toward the Kissimmee and in returning, wherever the water had dried away upon the prairie, numerous hillocks of freshly-formed pellets of sand, five or six inches in height, were discovered. Digging beneath the hills would invariably discover a small crayfish, that evidently maintained its home in the moist earth by keeping beneath the influence of drought.

As we neared the home of the teamster, Tom whispered in my ear, "We are going to have a party at our house to-morrow night," and as he said it, I observed a smile upon his countenance for the first time since we had met.

Excursion No. 1 from our camping base on Ten-Mile Creek proving fruitless, so far as seeing Lake Okechobee was concerned, and Fred being disinclined to spend any more time searching for it, I undertook the matter alone, and bargained with the teamster—whom we will hereafter call Mr. J.—to provide me with a mule, and guide me at the beginning of the week to the Indian village some forty miles distant, and reputed to be in the vicinity of the lake.

Our provisions being exhausted and one kind of shot, it was necessary for Fred to go to Fort Capron to replenish our larder and ammunition. We also hoped to receive letters, as we had heard nothing from home to this time. Tom's services were again secured, but this time as driver of a mule cart, which could, however, only reach Bell's grocery, a mile short of the post office grocery, where our ammunition was stored. Under the disappointment of no letters for either of us, Fred undertook to carry by a tangled foot path to Bell's grocery two bags of shot, five pounds of coffee, and a handleless jug containing two quarts of sugar syrup for hominy, neither grocer having any sugar. A boat was at hand, but the boatman must have a dollar and a half for the mile of sailing; nor would he help carry the load on land for less. Being "Yankee" pluck against "Cracker" generosity, the former triumphed, but a kind Providence threw a man in his way soon after starting—probably one of the loungers about the grocery—who for fifty cents relieved Fred of a part of his load. This deposited in the cart, it started homeward, while Fred made a detour of three miles to get at another grocery five pounds of hominy and his singlebarreled gun he had left there when first starting for the lake. In a little time the paper hominy-bag gave way, and the contents commenced marking his track. In this exigency he remembered the big pocket in his hunting coat extending over the whole back, and designed as a receptacle for game. Into this goes the remnant of the hominy and is saved. In swimming Five-Mile Creek the jug of syrup rolled out of the cart and was left in the mud at the bottom. So all the delicacy we had for either coffee or hominy, we hadn't.

While Fred was gone I skinned a pair of coons, male and female, both secured at one shot. The male had marks of great age, and, judging from his mutilated ears, must have been a hard fighting character in youth. One bone had also been broken square off, and no surgeon being at hand to reduce the fracture, it had healed with the two ends lapping, through contraction of the muscles.

As suggested by Tom, toward sundown of the day following our return I observed men, women and children gathering at the cabin, mostly on foot, but some on horseback and others in ox-carts. At length a man rode up of graver mien and with horse more richly caparisoned than any other I had seen. Soon Mr. J. brought him to my tent, and taking me aside, said, "This man is a justice of the peace, and has come sixty miles to marry Tom to my daughter to-night, but there is a hitch in the arrangement, as the last week's mail has failed to bring the license sent for. Now what do you advise, as the justice cannot wait two weeks for another mail, and my neighbors for ten miles around are all gathered to witness the ceremony?" As the malfeasance would be wholly on the part of the justice, inasmuch as should he perform his part with their consent, they would be legally married to all intent and purpose, it was finally decided that Mr. J. and Tom should give the justice a written obligation, with myself as witness, to send him the certificate as soon as possible, which document they both signed by making their mark, after I had assured them it was written correctly. Nothing further hindering, Tom and his bride took position on the platform connecting the two rooms of the log cabin, while the justice pronounced them, without any questioning or pledging, husband and wife. Tom had exchanged his teaming suit for a similar one, only more cleanly, and his bride contented herself with plain calico without ornaments of any kind, but with shoes and stockings—the first time I had seen her wear any. After the ceremony, the bride's mother and grandmother stepped up and shook hands without kissing, and were followed by her father without coat or vest, shoes or stockings, but with shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and his pants to his knees. After a long pause, I considered it my turn to shake hands with them, though, with all my knowledge of their antecedents, and at how fearful a price Tom had gained his bride, I could hardly bring my mind to congratulate them upon their union. The ice broken, there was a rush for handshaking, after which Mr. J. brought out a fiddle with two strings and called for dancing. Unable to aid in this part of the festivity, I soon retired to my tent, though disturbed till daylight with the music and toe-tripping. There might have been some whiskey-drinking, but it was not apparent, nor did I see any one inebriated, though Mr. J.'s prolonged efforts to extract music from the two-stringed fiddle had evidently overtaxed his nervous system and somewhat disguised him. During the forenoon the guests were scattered about the premises, sleeping off the weariness of the night, and by sundown all had departed, even the guests from beyond the Kissimmee. It was, however, discovered that many equipments had changed hands, either intentionally, on the principle that "exchange is no robbery," or in the confusion of a half-wakeful condition. My own premises were undisturbed except by the wandering hogs, whose long snouts thrust between my tent-coverings rooted me up, and interfered with my slumbers more than the squeaking of the fiddle.

While waiting for Mr. J. and Tom to sleep off the weariness of the wedding festivities, Fred and myself busied ourselves in preparing skins of such birds and animals as were vicinous to the camp, such as turkey-buzzards, brown-headed nut-hatch, hawks, lizards and snakes. While skinning the coons a buzzard alighted on a branch within 20ft. and patiently watched the operation, expecting, no doubt, to feast upon the carcasses. His sauciness tempted my gun beyond endurance, and an off-hand shot quenched his appetite forever. Dropping into a mass of palmetto scrub, I requested Fred, who was cooking our supper, to bring him in, lest the hogs should appropriate him before I could leave my work conveniently. Ever accommodating and respectful, he essayed to fulfil my request, but quickly returned, blurting out snappishly between the retchings of his stomach, "Go get the stinking thing yourself!"—the first and only impatient expression that fell from his lips in all our trip. It was his first experience of close proximity to the foul bird, while my childhood Virginia experience had made me familiar with its habits. Instantly suspecting the reason of his disgust, I forgave him in my heart his unintentional disrespect, and laughingly rallying him on the weakness of his stomach, picked up the bird myself and put it in a safe place from the hogs, notwithstanding the unsavoriness of the ejections from its nostrils.

The wily "Cracker," Mr. J., having by this time concluded he had found the goose that lays a golden egg, began to tell of heronries a few miles away in different directions that would furnish us all the variety of birds and eggs we could desire. To test his word, Fred went with him the second day after the wedding to the nearest one, Mr. J. on horseback and Fred afoot. Five miles, most of the distance through water from ankle to knee-deep, brought them to the heronry. It was a cypress-slue with tall trees, twenty-five feet in height to the lowest limbs, and thick undergrowth of bushes, ten to twenty feet in height. Most of the nests were in the trees, though some were in the tops of the bushes. By wading, in some places waist-deep, and climbing the bushes, Fred was able to secure twenty-seven eggs of the snakebird and white heron. The bushes and nests were dripping with the excrements of the birds, giving Fred a second lesson in some of the unpleasant experiences of a naturalist. Stumbling over an unseen slimy log, he dropped his gun, and in recovering that completed the drenching of all his garments. On his way out he had shot a snakebird and a white heron, and left them to secure on his return. Arriving on the spot a few feathers only were found—a dozen or more buzzards on the trees contiguous explaining the absence of the bodies of the game. Nearing the camp, he secured for me a ground rattlesnake, a species about two feet in length and much smaller than the diamond, but more venomous. One morning, shaking up my bed of palmetto leaves, I noticed one of these reptiles crawling away from my couch. Wishing to secure one of the larger species, I offered a ten-year-old son of a "Cracker" passing our camp a dollar if he would bring me one not less than four and a half feet in length. In less than fifteen minutes he returned, dragging at the end of a string fastened around his neck an adamanteus five and a half feet in length and seven inches girth, with ten rattles. Between rattlesnakes on the land and moccasins in the water, it became us to be ever on the alert.

When making arrangements for the lake, Indian Charley, son of As-se-he-ho-lar or Osceola, the famous

Seminole chieftain, happened to pass the camp. He wore a heavy turban on his head, a frock reaching half ways to his knees and moccasins on his feet. His skin had the genuine copper color of the wild Indian, and his hair hung over his shoulders in long, raven-black locks. He had a deer slung on his back, with a bundle of tanned deer skins for trading. I learned from Mr. J. that the Indians first soak their deer skins till the epidermis with the hair drops off and then pound them in a wooden mortar with the brains of the deer to tan the skins and make them pliable. Charley acted very stupid, pretending that he did not understand us. Further acquaintance showed that this was only Indian caution before strangers, putting you off your guard till, by listening to your remarks in apparent indifference, they have made up their mind concerning you, and then relaxing or maintaining their stolidity, according to the impression you have given them—a lesson in human nature their more enlightened white brethren might learn and practice with profit.

Having become disgusted with our high-top boots and brogans for swamp travel we importuned Charley to make each of us a pair of moccasins. Showing him paper money he signified he would make a pair for a dollar, but would discount 50 per cent. for silver. Having fortunately, the morning I sailed from the North, exchanged at a bank twenty-five dollars in paper currency for silver, paying 9 per cent. for the difference, specie payment not having been resumed, I now had the best opportunity afforded me for speculation I had ever experienced—a gain by the trader's own offer of 41 per cent.; and thus far I regard it as the silver-letter day of my life. The bargain struck, Charley unrolled his bundle of buckskins, measured my foot with a stick, and with only a knife and a bone awl, in half an hour made me a pair of moccasins that did me excellent service for weeks afterward, and are now deposited in the museum of Brown University as a sample of utilitarianism respecting our pedal extremities it were well a more boastful civilization should progress to instead of torturing nature with cramping shoes, in obedience to a slavish servility to fashion and for the benefit of corn doctors.

I learn that Mr. J. has the credit of causing the last Seminole war in 1857, by wantonly and purposely shooting an Indian squaw, that the remnant of the tribe left in the swamps around Lake Okechobee, after the removal of the greater part in 1843, might be more circumscribed in their already narrow limits guaranteed to them by a solemn treaty, and thus enable the constantly encroaching frontier settlements of outlaws from northern Florida and Georgia to enlarge their cattle ranches—the main dependence of Cuba for beef. I met many "Crackers" who participated in that war of intended extermination of the tribe, and it was their universal testimony that the whites were, in every instance, the aggressors. One thing is certain, the word of the Indian and his general adherence to the golden rule were far more to be depended upon than the majority of the whites whom I met in that locality.

Daylight Monday morning found me mounted upon a mule, starting again for Lake Okechobee in company with Mr. J. Guided across the country by my pocket compass and map, and disregarding turkeys, deer and game of all kinds, about sundown we turned our creatures loose, kindled a fire, cooked our supper, and lay down to sleep at the foot of a tall pine. The night was clear but moonless, and I slept soundly despite the mosquitoes, till the unearthly hooting of a large owl right over my head awakened me. To raise my gun without raising myself and drop him at my feet, was the work of a moment, and to drop to sleep again was the work of another moment. In the morning I found the bird within 3ft. of me, and was severely reproved by my companion for not throwing it into the bushes when it fell, fearing it might have attracted the "varmint" to us. Within half a mile of our camp we struck the trail that led us in an hour to an Indian lodge—simply a roof-shelter of palmettto leaves, supported by four posts, with the sides wholly exposed to the winds. A platform of rails but two feet high, covered with deer skins, formed the couch. Outside upon the ground was a fire with sweet potatoes and a corn cake baking in the ashes. Upon a log near the fire sat a squaw nursing a pappoose, while a boy and girl of ten or twelve, entirely naked, were swinging a younger child in a hammock. As we came in sight, the *pater familias*, known among the "Crackers" as Tommy Tiger, planted himself in front of the lodge, with folded arms, standing full six feet two, clothed only in a frock reaching half way to the knees. To Mr. J.'s "Good morning, Tommy," not a word of reply or movement of a muscle. "Yank, Okechobee, here night, you guide, silver," was uttered by Mr. J., partly by words, but more by signs. A shake of the head only in reply. "Where's Chief Tustenuggee?" A wave of the arm by Tommy signified that he was way off hunting. I then broke in, "Me Yank, Okechobee, one day, silver," suiting my action to my word by displaying a handful of the shining halves and quarters. His eyes sparkled, and turning upon his heels without a sign struck a bee line for the woods. "He's gone for his pony," said the guide. Observing a child enter a swamp, we followed, and crossing a creek on narrow footlogs, came out upon a hummock of pine land, where we found half a dozen more lodges, and plenty of women and children, but no men. The women were grubbing the ground preparatory to planting corn. The children were amusing themselves with their bows and arrows.

These Indians, to the number of about forty families, are a remnant of the Seminoles left in the Everglades at the close of the war of 1857. They are not recognized by the Government and maintain their original habits of living by hunting and fishing in a tribal relation; electing and deposing at pleasure their chief, whose word is absolute. No missionary labor has been dispensed among them, nor do they seemingly need it more than the neighboring whites. Their singular custom of loading down the female children with glass beads—necklaces obtained originally from the Spaniards and passing down the generations as heirlooms, must have some physiological significance, which, in my ignorance of their language I could not discover. A single necklace is put on at birth and additions made from time to time, till I counted over a hundred around the neck of a maiden of eighteen or twenty, the whole weighing not less than 25lbs. A very aged squaw tottered around beneath a similar burden, and from her erect form, I inferred the object of wearing them might be to develop and preserve physical symmetry.

On the border of the creek I found an outcrop of coral rock greatly worn and decayed, with north and south strike. This find strongly countenances the correctness of Mr. C. J. Maynard's conclusions respecting the geological "process of land-making" by which the peninsula of Florida has been formed. Simply premising that the theory requires there to have been in geologic ages past a more or less extensive ridge of rocks along what is now the western coast, as a foundation for coral building, I will quote at length from the *Sportsman*, in which paper Mr. Maynard first published his views in 1874:

"Ages ago these breakers which roll upon this eastern sandy beach, dashed on the rocks of western Florida, more than a hundred miles away. Then it was that the little polyp, living far down beneath the sea, began to abstract lime from the surrounding waters and build a line of coral reef, just like the one which now lies along the Florida Keys. When the coral rock had risen to the surface of the water the action of the waves continually cast sand and shells over it, gradually filling the space between it and the shore. These accumulations arose more rapidly immediately behind the reef and soon overtopped it, rising above the surface in a long ridge. This grew wider and wider, and finally became covered with vegetation, presenting the appearance of a veritable beach ridge like the one on which we stood.

"The waves with their ceaseless motion ground and beat millions of shells to pieces, just as they are now beating and grinding them. The wind swept the lighter fragments into the lagoon which was now formed beyond, while the waves during storms rushed over the ridge and carried with them the larger shells. The sand being heavier, settled down, and the shells gradually accumulated over it until the lagoon was filled and dry land was formed, which was soon covered with vegetable mold upon which grew the luxuriant vegetation of the South.

"Thus it was that a great level plain was formed, with enormous depressions, in which fresh water collected. These hollows then formed swamps, which overflowed, and the water striving to escape to the sea marked out the river beds. It can now be understood how it is that the foundation of Florida is composed of lime rock. This immense bed of loose fragments of shell became cemented together by pressure with the help of water, and now forms the underlying strata just below the surface of the soil.

"This in general is the plan of the formation of Florida. Two of these partly filled lagoons are now to be seen on the eastern coast; Indian River—which, as it has a supply of fresh water continually sweeping through it from the swamps at the north, will probably always remain much as it is at present; Mosquito Lagoon—which, as the shelly beach on the western side indicates, is now slowly filling and before many seasons have passed will be solid land. The water of this lagoon is very salt. The tide ebbs and flows but a short distance from the inlet, which is shallow and narrow, while on account of constant evaporation, the waters of the southern end of the lagoon sometimes contain 25 per cent. more salt than that of the neighboring ocean. Where the beach ridge is narrow the coral reef can be see just below the surface of the water. The beach ridge is 25ft. higher than the surface of the ocean; yet during storms the waves dash over the top."

According to this theory the St. John's flows in the latest formed lagoon west of the Indian River, while the southern terminus of the peninsula must once have been north of Lake Okechobee and have been continued southerly by successive reefs curving to the southwest.

In about half an hour Indian Tommy returned bestride a pony without saddle or bridle. Girting on a blanket, with stirrups of deerskin and a bridle corresponding, and binding on his moccasins, with a few sweet potatoes tucked into the bosom of his frock, he mounted and started for the woods in a bridle-path without a sign of any kind indicating his intentions. We mounted and followed in true Indian file at a stiff trot for an hour, without a backward look from our guide. Coming to a creek bordered on either side for 50ft. with thick underbrush, he dismounted and sounded the quagmire with a large stick, till, finding a fording place, he led his pony by the thong reins across the slough. We followed his example, but when we emerged from the thicket he was trotting at double speed, full quarter of a mile distant. At the end of another hour he suddenly dismounted, hung all his horse equipments upon a branch, turned the pony loose, and sat down composedly to eating his potatoes. Imitating him we built a fire, boiled our coffee, broiled our venison, and at one o'clock signified that we were at his service. Immediately he struck into a blind trail in the unburnt grass, that terminated in quarter of an hour in a cane-brake. Signifying to one of us to follow a few feet to the right of him, and to the other a few feet to the left, he plunged into the morass parting the cane with his hands. In half an hour the water was nearing my waist, when we came upon four canoes hollowed from logs. Tommy selected the best, and motioning to us to get in, with some difficulty we succeeded, lying close in the bottom. He then went still further into the cane, till lost to view, but soon returned with a long pole and a paddle. Bounding into the canoe like a cat, he poled us along for an hour, when we entered a cypress swamp, with open water among the huge trunks, though greatly impeded by cypress-knees from beneath, and bramble growth from above. For once, his Indian keenness was at fault, and after fruitless efforts for an hour, to penetrate the cypress slough, we worked our way back to where we entered, when Tommy started off waist deep in the water, prospecting. When 100ft. away a low chuckle reached our ears. "He has found it," exclaimed my companion, and speedily he appeared with an approximation to a smile upon his countenance, the first I noticed. Poling the canoe through the cane and saw-grass to the spot, I noticed a twig broken half off, 2ft. above the water and bent to the left; also flags, a sure indication of a sluggish current or channel. Fifty feet further on a twig was broken similarly, but bent to the right. Though in a creek, no current was perceptible, and often a thick curtain of brambles had to be lifted by Tommy's pole while we dragged ourselves beneath. In other places logs impeded our track, which we sometimes crawled under, and at other times hauled the canoe over, Tommy, giant that he was, depressing the bow or elevating the stern. After toiling another hour in forcing our way through the cypress, and disturbing not a few "'gator, moc'sins and such like varmin," as my "Cracker" companion called them, we found ourselves suddenly debouching on the lake, with only a water horizon in front, and limitless banks on the right and left. The problem is solved—there *is* a Lake Okechobee, and even my "Cracker" guide, who had been five years searching for it, is obliged to give up his doubts and confess that I had enabled him to find it. Before landing we paddled out from the shore for a quarter of a mile. Sounding with a pole, we found it eight feet deep, and were assured by Tommy it was nowhere deeper than that. Its shallowness permits light winds to stir up the bottom, and hence its destitution of fish, the fine sand being troublesome to their gills. My first impulse, as I stepped from the canoe, was to climb the tallest tree and see if I could discover the boat or camp of the Explorer and his party. Seeing nothing of them, I contended myself with cutting my name in the bark of a huge box tree, in hopes, if they had not already passed this point in their circumnavigation of the lake, they might find it, and thus Erwin know ere we met, how well I had fulfilled my promise to see the lake before leaving Florida. Two weeks later they passed the point, but not near enough to discover signs of occupation. It is now known as the result of their exploration, that "the lake is about forty-five miles in length, from north to south, and thirty in width, from east to west, near the center." With the exception of two small islands on the southwest border, it is an unbroken expanse of water, terminating at the south in "the Everglades, through which, without creek or river, the accumulated drainage of thousands of square miles of territory slowly percolates by millions of channels with countless ramifications, to the ocean and the gulf." Convinced that the shores of the lake, where I examined it, were utterly barren of animated natural history, and warned by the low descending sun, I gave orders for our return.

Having gratified my curiosity as to the existence of the lake, I more carefully inspected the skirting cypress slough on my return, and was amazed at the gigantic ferns and flaming epiphytic air plants. Overarching vines and Spanish moss festooned the trees, while variegated leaves of beautiful lilies tinted the waters. But hideous snakes and repulsive alligators alone represented the animal kingdom to enjoy these rare charms of the vegetable—leading me often to ask, "Why does the Creator so frequently display His selected skill in places inaccessible to mortal man?"

Reached the hiding place of the canoes at sundown and the halting place at dusk to find our horses all right. It being too late to go further, we built our camp-fire, and sharing our supply with Tommy, I lay down to sleep, with a known murderer and outlaw on one side and a wild Indian on the other, in a wilderness at least fifty miles distant from any semblance of civilization. It was impossible to prevent intrusive thoughts of suspicion that my watch and silver might prove a stronger temptation than their honesty could bear—especially when I awoke about midnight and found Tommy stepping noiselessly near my head. Instinctively one hand grasped my pistol and the other searched for my hatchet, till I discovered his intentions were only to recruit the fire. To thwart the clouds of mosquitoes that settled down upon every exposed part of my body, and even pierced readily through my sail cloth pants and blue flannel shirt, as soon as Tommy lay down I parted the fire and laid myself down between the two heaps, that the wind might blow the pine-knot smoke across my face. As a result from the gathering of the soot upon my hair and beard, I was, in the morning, far more of an Indian in appearance than Tommy, to his great amusement—the second time I had seen anything like a relaxing of his facial muscles.

Observing numerous stumps of large trees, that had evidently been cut by a civilized axe, I learned from Tommy that we were encamped upon the site of General Taylor's great battle with the Indians in 1837, when he was most disastrously defeated. Tommy explained in his pantomimic way how the soldiers fled in their retreat, and also how the Indians scattered, in the final issue of the war, to the swamps we had just penetrated.

But where are our horses? Tommy climbed the tallest tree, but could see nothing of them. Descending he took a circuit, till, discovering their tracks, he darted off in a tangent, returning in a couple of hours driving them before him. Having Tommy to feed, we were on short allowance for breakfast, but on reaching Tommy's lodge at noon, he brought out sweet potatoes in abundance, with jerked venison, and, as a luxury, he drew into a broken gourd some honey from a bottle made of the skin of the leg of a deer, stripped off whole and plugged up at the ankle end with a wooden stopper. We all dipped our bread together into the gourd with a good relish—so readily does real hunger do away with squeamishness. After lunching, I offered the promised silver. Tommy held his open palm toward me, but turned his face from me. I dropped into his palm one, two, three, four half dollars, when he closed it, tucked the silver away in his frock, and started off, without any more of a farewell than of a welcome the day before.

For fifty years an Indian relic constructed of a dozen box-tortoise shells, bound together by deer skin thongs, each one partially filled with wild beans, had lain in a physician's office in Providence, R. I., with the tradition that it came from the Seminoles, though nothing more could be said about it when it was presented to the museum of Brown University. At my first sight of the Indian lodges I was gratified to observe the same article suspended under the roof af each one. As Tommy turned to leave me I signified my desire to purchase a pair of them. At first he flatly refused, but as I urged he commenced a dialogue with his squaw and aged mother, which ended in his holding up one finger for one and two for two, meaning a dollar for one and two dollars for a pair. I readily took a pair and then desired him to put them on and show me how to use them. At that he straightened up to his full height of 6ft. 2in., folded his arms and looked down upon me with such a withering frown as completely cowed me. Mr. J. instantly grasped his pistol, so threatening was his scowl. But Tommy quickly recollected himself, pocketed the insult and contemptuously pointing to his wife with the exclamation, "Squaw dance," turned upon his heel and left me. I at once saw my mistake and how grievously I had insulted him by intimating that he, a brave, should demean himself to put on an article which, I afterward learned, was worn only by the squaws as a musical accompaniment to their green-corn dances. Going over to her, I held out a silver quarter, when she readily bound them below the knee, and gave me a specimen of a Seminole reel.

Brown University, Providence R. I. J. W. P. Jenks.

Game Bag and Gun.

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AN OCTOBER BAG.

ON the afternoon of October 31, 1883, I started up into the country for a fortnight's shooting, and reached my destination, the residence of my cousin Jim, an ardent sportsman, just in time for supper. We discussed the game prospects, which were finally decided to be quite favorable, taking into consideration the comparatively short distance from the city to the ground over which we were to shoot. We then loaded shells until bedtime. On awakening in the morning I heard the clear *ha-onk, ha-onk* of wild geese on their way to a small lake a few miles away. Was down and out in short order, although in the east were only seen the first faint tinges of dawn, and the moon had just gone down behind the western trees. I let loose the setters, Dash and Tillie, and we three took a short walk down the road, and upon returning found the household aroused. A pair of beagles were to be brought along in the rear, in charge of a boy, to be used on rabbits.

After breakfast we started, Jim H., Tom J. and the writer, and came to a big brown buckwheat stubble, bounded on two sides by bog meadows, thickly grown with rank weeds—a favorite roosting place; on another by a dense thicket, and on the remaining side principally by three sportsmen, two breechloaders, a muzzleloader and two English setters, with the boy, Kaiser, and the beagles in reserve. The dogs were waved on, quartered the field over, and in the corner toward the bogs Dash suddenly caught on and pointed handsomely, Tillie backing. We stood still contemplating the scene for some few moments, it being the first point of the season, and I noticed that my hands were trembling with buck fever in a mild form. We moved up, Tillie leading the way until even with Dash, who jealously took a couple of quick steps in, when with a rush up whirred a good-sized bevy of full-grown birds, fifteen or eighteen in all, and notwithstanding the care we had taken to keep between them and the thicket before mentioned, six or seven rose over our heads and made for it, the majority of the bevy, however, going into the bogs. Jim and I paid our respects to those going for the brush, Jim getting a double, while my bird, struck in the brain, started for a hole in the clouds about five miles up, when I got in the left and he stopped. Tom had added the two reports of his Scotch muzzleloader to the general hubbub, blanking with both and was wondering how it happened. In justice to Master Tom, I must say it was his first and up to the present time last attempt at wing shooting, and I afterward learned that he disposed of his gun and accoutrements the following week at a raffle.

After the dogs retrieved we started into the bogs, and then the battery opened, and in a short time we added eight more quail to our bag, three birds getting back to the thicket. We started in, but got only one more bird out of that bevy, the brush being too heavy. Further on we started a cottontail in some briers along the edge of a large swamp, so, calling in the boy who took charge of the setters, the beagles were put on the track (being with us on Tom's account), and Tom was stationed on a bridge into the stonework of which the rabbits were accustomed to run. We were now in a position to salute "Brer Rabbit" upon sight without grace. The hounds' merry music was awakening the echoes, Jim occasionally catching a glimps of the dogs as they pushed the rabbit along the swamp's edge.

Suddenly he called out to me that he had seen the beagles flush a woodcock, so leaving Tom to guard the bridge we started in. Jim had marked him down in a long, narrow and very dense thicket; so, without dogs, Jim walked along one side and I along the other, expecting the bird to get out wild, which he did. I heard the flap of his wings, called Mark, and as he topped the brush about 25 or 30yds. ahead pulled, and was very much surprised at the cloud of feathers which drifted away at the loud report of my gun, the shell being loaded with wood powder, "I've got him," I called out; "So have I," came the answer. We had both got him, and as Jim remarked after we picked him up and inspected him, "it saved one the bother of picking." He certainly did look rather bald. Just then a shot from Tom announced that he had seen bunny, and a prolonged shout that he had stopped him. The beagles came up and were taken care of by Kaiser, who turned the setters over to us again.

We went along for some time through a swampy piece of woods, with thick underbrush in places; the dogs were ranging rather more freely than the nature of the cover warranted, when, through an opening I saw Tillie stop and draw off to one side as though she had winded something. I hurried up, but out from a big pin oak some 30yds. away, boomed an old cock partridge which I reached for with the left barrel; got a number of feathers as a memento and Jim's sarcastic comment, "That it was all right to pick them but not to do it for some one else's benefit," (and some rabbit hunters found the bird dead in a field just outside the edge of the woods.) I have worried about that bird ever since, and generally look up very closely any birds which leave feathers behind. We put up and knocked down six woodcock in a big patch of alders further on, and by the look of the droppings and borings there had been a great many more there only a short time previous. We now crossed over into a large brush lot, where we expected to find some more quail. I presently walked right into them, killed the old cock, which rose high, the rest going off low through the brush. On looking around, I saw Tillie at a charge; she had doubtless been pointing when I stumbled upon the bevy. It was almost impossible to shoot the birds in that place, our object was to drive them out. At my call of Mark! Jim had jumped upon a stump and saw the birds leave the lot, some alighting in a field of high weeds while the rest kept on to a bog meadow. We crashed along through the brush in their direction, and a woodcock got up some distance ahead of Jim; I caught a sight of him but too far away. He went in much the same direction as the quail, a little off to one side in a clump of white birches.

As we came out into the weed field we saw the quail which had lit in the weeds and run together, rise and go on to the dogs, so that we now had the whole bevy in them. Jim now declared his intention of having that woodcock, which was an unusually large one. I kept on for the bogs, on the edge of which Dash pointed, the bird rose, and at the report, slanted down into the bog grass, wing-tipped, and although we tried for some time to work him up, failed to find. Finally gave it up disgusted, as it is a great shame to wing or wound a bird severely and have him get away and become food for vermin. Just then I heard "snap, bang, bang, bang;" and glancing quickly around at Jim's cry of "Mark," I saw the woodcock crossing behind me at 30 or 40yds. distance, and as Jim said afterward, and it seemed to me at the time, "he looked as big as a hen." But he shrank considerably before he came to bag, which was not to my gun, for, as Mr. Peggotty says, "I'll be corned" if I didn't pull both barrels and never moved him; that capped the climax. I told Jim about where I had marked him down and he went on alone. I sat down meanwhile to get into a better state of mind, as it always made me angry to miss such an open shot. I thought the matter over; it must must have been the fault of the shells, which, from knocking around in my pocket, had lost the shot. I finally decided it must be so and began to feel better. Tom now came up and we sat on a stone fence waiting for Jim to come, when we all intended to get square on the quail in the bogs. Tom now told me that he had flushed the woodcock and had a beautiful shot, but his first barrel missed fire, and he had a very easy shot at a rabbit which jumped out in the bush lot, but had another misfire, and for the balance of the day he had misfire after misfire with that right barrel, although he picked the nipple clear, and re-primed it with fresh powder, and snapped his cap regularly at every opportunity.

Jim got a point on the woodcock which had gone back to the brush lot; the bird jumped up, got tangled in the heavy brush, and Jim cut the top of his head off with a snap. He had now joined us, and we were just about to charge into the bogs, when I heard the sharp yelping of the beagles out in the meadow, and out came the whole bevy (which we had marked in and which had run together) like sparks from an anvil; Jim killed an incomer, I got a long left quarterer, and the game was up. We found that Kaiser, not having heard anything of us, had for his own amusement let the beagles loose, in consequence of which we lost that bevy, as they were scattered to the four corners of the earth.

We had engaged to be back by three o'clock, so started, coupling the setters and letting the beagles run, and on the way home, over much the same ground, picked up a brace of partridges, a gray squirrel and a number of rabbits, which Mr. Kaiser had to carry as a "reward of merit." Reached home in time, and upon examining Tom's gun, found the right barrel to be empty. He had omitted to reload it, and had put a cap on, thinking it already loaded. This ended one of the most pleasant days I ever had. Every fall since, Jim and I have been afield together (Tom having renounced hunting as a delusion and a snare) and expect to have some good times the coming season. Jim and myself hope it is not too late to express jointly our sincere thanks for a kindness rendered us by your valuable paper. We wrote you some time ago in regard to a case of dog sickness, and your prescription effected a complete cure. RAGWORT.

IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.—IV.

MONDAY we took horses to pack our deer in, and had quite a time on account of the steep hill and fallen timber, getting down at last to the trail, where we left my buck with one horse until we should return with Charles's deer, which was on the same trail only a good deal further. On our way we met a party of prospectors, the first people we had seen in three weeks; they promised to visit our camp the next morning. Getting to Charles's deer, which was still larger, but lying in such an impassable wilderness we only took the hind parts, but as the antlers were so large and beautiful I packed out the head for preservation. We were a long way from camp, the trail, through miry meadows and marshy bottoms, was a dangerous one for our horses, and we felt very glad when we caught sight of our cheery camp-fire. The next day we rested, as we had been traveling or hunting since we started. Our prospectors paid us a visit; we told them the latest news we knew, and received directions and information of our further route. According to their description the country they were coming from must be a perfect hunters' paradise, deer, elk and moose abundant, and not hunted; so tame that they killed almost all their meat from their cabin door; no trapper ever visited there; on one stream they counted one hundred beaver dams, besides plenty of martins, foxes, fishers and wolves and other varmints. They were leaving the country for fear of being snowed in, and knowing the dangers they warned us that to enter it now would be a desperate, mad and daring adventure.

Commenting on our horses and outfit, they noticed a rather striking pack saddle, which I had shipped with the rest from the East, but which had ruined every horse's back; I offered to exchange it for one of theirs, and both sides felt satisfied with the bargain. I had my eye on a fine-looking dog in their outfit, and after a little persuasion, and a sociable smile, we secured Pedro for a small consideration.

Wednesday the 19th we were early in the saddle, going five miles above where we had built the bridge to follow the elk. Picketing our horses in a suitable spot, we hunted faithfully but in vain for elk or bear. A singular incident happened to me that day. Hunting back in the afternoon toward our horses I jumped a buck with large, tempting antlers, giving me a fair but running shot. At the crack of the rifle the buck dropped. Pedro, our lately acquired dog, was with me, and at my command went bounding to the deer, which got up again, and with Pedro in close pursuit, soon out of sight. I expected the powerful dog would soon catch the wounded deer, but Charles, attracted by my shot, told me that Pedro was running far down the river. We looked for blood, but not a single drop could we detect, neither where he fell nor in his tracks. I must have creased, or, the bullet striking his antlers, knocked him down, paralyzing him for an instant. Getting back to the horses we made for camp, Charles going ahead, while I helped Bill take up his traps, he had caught some foxes but no beaver: a trapper who shortly preceded us had cleaned them out.

Thursday we packed and struck for Deadwood. Made it next day by noon in a drizzling rain. This fitly named town consisted of half a dozen deserted log shanties, which we took possession of; putting our camp duffle in one, cooking in another, and sleeping in a third.

Half a mile down we found an old pioneer, who kept a few supplies: he owned a placer claim, but being without sufficient water had some men engaged digging a ditch, leading Deer Creek with its plentiful watershed to his claim. He told us the town sprung up in 1867 and had quite a boom, the population increasing to 150 men, but all had deserted when the next excitement was boomed.

We moved our camp next day down to the Payette River, where we were told of beaver, but they were trapped out, or had become too wise for us. Billy noticed considerable sign up the river, and concluded to leave us for a few days, to find out. Giving him a few cooking utensils and grub, and telling him that we would keep on the trail to Garden Valley, he started up the river, while we went in the opposite direction, and camped at night at the foot of the divide. In the morning our horses had a hard time to get down; the descent was so rough and steep that the packs kept slipping forward. At last we got down to Onion Valley and camped.

After setting our tent and a cold lunch, we took a stroll through the small valley, and found camped not far below us an old packer, with his mule team. He was taking his midday meal, and being invited to join him we took a cup of coffee, hot bread, and fresh butter, a luxury we had no tasted since our start.

In the morning Charles and I went in different directions, but did not see any game, though plenty of sign that indicated bears been feasting on the wild ripe rosebuds. That night at supper time Billy made his appearance, he had again been disappointed and hurried on after us.

Thursday we pulled out early and had to cross Lightning ridge, the meanest trail we had traveled, sometimes up large smooth and slippery rock, actually pushing the horses which could get no footing, or through narrowly hewn paths, where they had to perform goat acts of jumping, climbing and sliding. It was specially rough on the pack horses, but at last we overcame the worst and came to some springs, but not finding feed for horses here we pushed on to the foot of the Garden Valley amid a lively snow flurry, thanking Providence it did not snow in the morning, for this would have made it impossible to cross the divide. We quickly set our tent on the creek near the river, and no sooner had it up with our things inside than the snow changed into pouring rain, which lasted all night.

In the morning the mountains around us were covered with a deep mantle of snow. Billy straightened things out in camp while we went out to reconnoiter. A mile below camp we found a well-kept and well-stocked ranch and in the owner (Mr. Pinney) a sociable and hospitable gentleman. Telling him from where we came and what we were after he advised us to stay; to turn our horses, which needed rest, in his pasture. In regards to game he spoke very favorably, but recommended us to see and get acquainted with D. Bunch, the "boss hunter of Idaho."

The next day Charles and I rode down through the beautiful and well settled Garden Valley to find this mighty hunter, stopping at the post office to mail some letters. Mr. Mills, the postmaster, who keeps a kind of road house and a store of all trades, sent his son along as guide to Bunch's, who lived at the lower end and a few miles up on the south fork of the Fayette. We met him on his way to the river, where he was hauling lumber for his new house. We soon imparted to him the nature of our visit; he was sorry not to be able to go along with us, having to finish his house, but willing to give us good advice and information. After a longer chat and a little more persuasion, his hunter's blood got up, and he promised that if we would come up to his place with our outfit he would manage to go three or four days with us. Highly pleased with our success, we thanked him, and promised to be on hand. It was dark when we returned to Pinney's ranch on the upper end of the valley. We left our horses in his pasture, and as our camp was on the other side of the river, we had to use a foot log, shinning it across, and feeling greatly relieved reaching again *terra firma*. In the morning we packed up and moved down the valley in a pouring rain. At the post office we met Bunch's oldest boy, Lee, and Alex. Carpentier, a neighboring chum; and, after purchasing a few needed supplies, they piloted us to the hunter's cabin. We did not set our tent, but slept in the cabin. It was well we did, for it rained great guns all night.

Next morning it cleared, and after breakfast we assorted our camp duffle, leaving all unnecessary truck, antlers, skins, etc., and in the afternoon started for Bunch's old hunting grounds, following the fork up until we came to a high, steep mountain, which we climbed, tacking down the other side, equally as steep, and camping at the base on Big Creek. Next morning we started out in pairs; Mr. Bunch and the scribe for the higher ridges in quest of elk or bear, Lee Bunch and Charles, while Alex. Carpentier took Billy in tow. We ran across several deer, but our object was larger game; we knew the boys would kill some venison in a better locality for packing out, and we soon heard them turn loose. Reaching the top of a high overlooking mountain, commanding a magnificent and extended view, we sat down to watch. Bunch soon saw a black bear on the next ridge, bending down the bushes, and feasting on the ripe berries. We sneaked down and got within 200yds. unnoticed by him, when both of us fired together. One of the bullets must have struck him; he turned to run for the next gulch, when Bunch stopped him again; he was the most nonplussed bear I ever saw; he changed his course and came straight for us; then discovering his mistake stopped, giving me a splendid shot. This bullet finished him; he fell and rolled near the creek. It was a large bear, with beautiful glossy fur, and very fat. Though we noticed plenty of fresh sign, we saw no more bears that day. Reaching camp by sundown we compared notes. Lee had killed a nice doe and wounded a buck. Charles had hung up a buck and a doe, Billy had killed a doe, but Felix had not run on anything.

In this splendid game locality we hunted for a week with various results, Lee succeeded in killing a large cinnamon bear; the rest of us brought in several deer, and a great many grouse. One day when Bunch, Felix and I were coming home from an unsuccessful drive, hunting along an extended sidling mountain, Bunch on the top kept rolling down large rocks and boulders, thorugh the intervening thickly grown gulches, Felix being at the base of the mountain, while I kept between the two, on the side. Bunch kept sending down perfect avalanches of rocks and logs, but nothing showed itself. We had come

our quarters at the Belvidere Hotel. We found the host accommodating, the table excellent, and the rooms comfortable, with the exception that, owing to the absence of chimneys, and means for heating other than the dining room and hall, it would have been rather trying at that season for ladies and children to stand the temperature. You will remember that one of my objects in making the trip was to find a place where I could take my family, and find good fishing or shooting near by. I think I have succeeded, and as the hotel people talk encouragingly of "warm rooms next year," we are already looking forward to a repetition of our visit, when our stay will be a more extended one, and we can proceed more understandingly.

Our fishing was mostly done in Mill Lake and the Seguin River, and we were rewarded for our efforts by the capture of a fair amount of fine bass, not large, as they averaged about 2lbs. each, but splendid fighters, full of pluck and strength, and we also secured some moderate sized pike and pickerel. To come down to figures we caught the first day 34lbs. of black bass (not to mention other fish), the largest of which weighed 3¾lbs., and I did all the fishing, my companion obtaining some very good views of the lake and river. We did not fish early, nor late, just took it easily, and had several days of it, with results similar to those of the first day, although at no time did we exceed the first day's catch. On our last day, as I was fishing at a narrow part of the river, we were interviewed by a bear and cub, which came down the hillside to the water's edge presumably to drink. They were within 150ft. of us and seemed to take very little notice of us, although we talked loud enough to be heard. After getting a good look at us they turned to go, and I could not resist the temptation to tickle the old lady with a charge of bird shot (we unfortunately had no rifle with us), and upon doing so they both made off at a good rate through the brush.

While we were at Parry Sound we met two gentlemen who had been camping on Moon River for a couple of weeks and fishing Crane and Blackstone lakes. This, I imagine from your letters, is your "stamping ground." They reported excellent luck and the successful landing of a 20lbs. muscalonge with an 8oz. trout rod.

We left Parry Sound on Saturday, drove over to Rosseau, passing nine beautiful lakes during the ride of twenty-four miles, and remained at Rosseau over Sunday. Leaving there Monday morning we enjoyed the lovely scenery of lakes Rosseau and Muskoka, the varied hues of autumn foliage to be seen on all sides adding greatly to its usual beauty, and at noon reached Gravenhurst, there taking the train for Toronto.

The next day we reached home well satisfied with our trip and both enthusiastic over Parry Sound and its environs. The Muskoka Lakes, while all that could be desired as to scenery, etc., have of late been overcrowded, as we learned, and we found the accommodations at Parry Sound superior in many respects, while the scenery is equal to Muskoka and the fishing better.

We had no fly-fishing. Bait was used, the worm being the staple article; and as they are scarce in the Muskoka region and command 10 cents per dozen, it is well to follow the advice which was given me before going, but was not heeded, viz., to "take a gallon of worms along."

ON THE GASCONADE.—III.

WE went into Camp Morrison, the first camp on the right bank of the river. Good place to camp; beautiful cove for the boats, just as if made a purpose; big trees all about; good place for tent, not under any tree; had a fine fish supper. Down wood plentiful. After supper we built up an old-fashioned army fire, and then we had our usual *conversazione*.

The boys are in fine feather. They have enjoyed the day, and they have a great deal to say of different things of interest which they have noted, and particularly of the narrow escape of the crew of the big boat from a ducking.

"We came pretty near getting spilled out, sure," said Frank. "But I wasn't scared as I was the time Alex and I were caught in a storm on the Missouri River in his tin boat. Will remembers it, too; he was in a larger boat with us at the time. We had all been up to Willow Creek fishing and had started back home. The river was high and very wide then opposite the mouth of the creek. Just as we came out of the creek a squall struck us, it suddenly got as dark as night, the wind was blowing up the river and raised tremendous waves, and they were choppy and irregular. Alex was rowing and I was sitting in the stern of the boat, which was a little tin, sectional thing, belonging to a fishing club, with sides about 8in. high. The more we got out into the river the bigger the waves got and the harder the wind blew. The big boat struck out for home by the shortest route. We tried to do the same thing, but soon found that we were shipping so much water that we had to face the wind and waves, which took us across the river rather above Lexington. Every time a wave would strike the boat, ker-flop! it felt as if it was going to stave her in, and, some way, I'd rise in the boat as if that would help her over. When we got about half-way home I wouldn't have given fifteen cents for our chance of ever getting there, but if she was small she was buoyant, and though the waves slapped her pretty hard, she always raised over them, and at last we touched the shore, just above the eddy, to take a rest before pulling in to the landing. Maybe I wasn't glad to get to land! I tell you the old Missouri won't do to fool with! When it gets mad it is the worst river on earth. No one can appreciate the force of its current until he tries to contend with it, and when a heavy wind and the current get at war with each other they kick up a lively sea."

"That's so," said Will. "I've had many a narrow escape from a ducking in it, if not worse. But talking of duckings, the best thing in that line happened when John ——, Phil. —— and myself went down to Baltimore bar one winter. It was on the seventh of December and cold. There was a skim of ice near the shore and the water would chill a man to the marrow in two seconds. As we were going down to the river a friend of ours presented us with a quart bottle of splendid old blackberry brandy. It tasted so mild and nice that the boys touched it pretty freely, and it began to tell on them. First John got sleepy and laid in his oars and went to sleep in the stern of the skiff. Then Phil, who was in the bow, did the same thing. That left me to row by myself, but as it was down stream and easy pulling, I didn't mind it. By this time it was getting quite dark. I took a steady stroke, and we were going at a lively rate, pretty near the bank, when all at once I ran upon a snag. The boat tilted up a little, and I hallooed at the boys to get up and help me. John waked up first, and being somewhat dazed, he thought we had reached the bar and run against it, causing the jar to the boat, so he yelled out, "You Phil, why in the —— don't you jump out and pull the boat on the bar!" Phil, awakened suddenly from a dense sleep, took him at his word and jumped out of the boat in 30ft. of the coldest water you ever saw. You know how fat he is; he couldn't stay under water long if he tried, so in two or three seconds up he popped, puffing and blowing like a distressed porpoise, and after some effort got to the boat. As he rested his capacious bread-basket on the gunwale, he looked reproachfully at John and said, in the most doleful tone imaginable, with his teeth rattling like castanets, "W-e-l-l, y-o-u p-l-a-y-e-d t-h-u-n-d-e-r, d-i-d-n't y-o-u!" If the salvation of the crew had depended on it I couldn't have helped it; I threw myself down in the bottom of the boat and laughed till the tears ran down my face. Phil finally crawled into the skiff, and we went on down to our destination, with no effects of blackberry brandy visible on any of us. The next day we caught, in the pockets around Baltimore Bar, 3,600lbs. of fish, mostly buffalo."

"That reminds me," said the cook, "of a ducking I got once in Cowskin River. The name is not poetical nor euphonious, but the river itself is beautiful. It runs through McDonald, the southwest corner county of Missouri. We camped near its banks in 1861, as Will and Frank remember. My first experience with the stream was when I went to bathe in it one day. When I got ready to leap in I looked off the bank which was 3 or 4ft. high and nearly perpendicular, and the water seemed to be about 3 or 4ft. deep, so I made an easy jump, feet first, expecting to bring up about waist deep. The next thing I knew I was going down, down, down, and before my feet touched the bottom there must have been 5 or 6ft. of water between my head and the top. The water was as clear as crystal and 10 or 12ft. deep. One day Gillogly, Salmon, Kinsella, myself, and and one or two other of Kelley's old company, in walking down the stream observed a stretch of about three-quarters of a mile of rapids —lively ones at that, regular boiling, rip-roaring rapids. We had seen a big canoe chained to the bank a short distance above, and some one proposed that we go back, get into it, and shoot the rapids. No sooner suggested than acted on. Anything would do for a lark in those days. We worked the old canoe loose in some way, and got in. It was 20ft. long, I reckon, and we did not make much of a load. Gillogly got in the bow and I in the stern to steer. It was not long until we were in the rapids, and when we got fairly under their influence our big canoe did not seem to be more than a feather. We were swung from one side to the other as a rivulet would toss a straw. Once or twice we came near broaching to, but by vigorous yelling at each other and superhuman exertion we managed to keep 'end on.' All this in a minute or so of time. We hadn't more than half made the run before we came to grief. The stern of the canoe swung in toward the right bank, and as I was working with all my might to throw it out in the stream I failed to notice an overhanging limb of a tree that reached nearly to the water. When we came to it, it swept me out of the canoe pretty much as one might brush a fly off the corner of a table. I never felt as light in my life as I did while in that water. It tossed me about as if I had been a cork. Fortunately I didn't strike any rocks, nor strangle when I was turned over and over by the tumbling waters. I got to the bank pretty quickly, and when I did it was to see the canoe, about 100yds. below, a total wreck. When I went out control of the thing was entirely lost, and coming to a long log extending over the water the end of the canoe went under it, became fast, the other end swung around in the stream and the craft broke in two, spilling its whole load about as unceremoniously as it had dumped me. I believe my loss by the accident was the most serious. I had taken off my coat, containing my pipe and tobacco, my shoes and stockings, none of which were recovered. This was pretty severe, as I had never gone barefooted in my life, and the road to camp was covered with flinty rocks. However, I managed to get back. The next day the owner of the canoe came into camp and demanded payment. Six dollars, I think, was the value he placed on his primitive gondola. We convinced him that in its old and tender condition it wasn't worth the money, and compromised on the payment of two or three dollars. We had many a good laugh over the adventure, afterward, but while it was 'a-happening' it wasn't very funny."

Two or three more ducking stories were told, when we all got sleepy and went to bed.

Morning on the Gasconade. Very early morning. The gray of daybreak just perceptible. The cook is up first looking at the weather-signs. A dense fog covers the surface of the waters. The boats, but a few steps away, are barely visible riding lightly in their little cove. Scraps raises his head and looks for a sign. Poor fellow, he cannot hear. The cook pokes his head in at the tent door, and with a yell that might have been heard a half mile, hails the boys with, "Hey, you fellows, going on to noon! What are you sleeping your senses away like that for? Turn out and let's be moving!" Pretty soon a good fire is crackling away, the coffee is made, a dish of something piping hot is prepared, and breakfast is ready. In the mean time the tent has been struck and the bedding tied up. So we enjoy our breakfast comfortably and leisurely, and still get afloat before the fog has raised. Take it all together this was the red-letter day of our trip. The fog soon dispersed, giving place to a gloriously bright sunshine, which away from the fire was necessary for comfort. Ten or twelve miles of the river were passed over, the scenery of which was lovely, and the rapids were among the prettiest and most exciting we had seen. After fishing a while the cook concluded to try for some turkeys and accordingly was landed on the left bank of the river at the foot of a wild and rugged looking mountain. He had't walked far until he realized that the chances were slim. The ground was covered with dead leaves, big, round, dry, stiff leaves, as they are early in the autumn, moving through which in silence is a matter of impossibility. There was only one thing for it, to try the art of "sitting on a log." There are grand possibilities in this "art" when it is patiently practiced in likely places for game. I had not been seated long in a leafy little bower, partly natural and partly constructed with two or three oak sprouts, until I heard on an opposite hill a short distance away, the gobble of a turkey cock and the tender response of the hen, the old, old, old story being repeated here under the green and leafy canopies of the grand old forest trees, the wooing of the male and the shy response of the love-smitten mate. Presently there seemed from the gobbling, strutting and scratching to be several of the wary, lithe and nimble creatures in the party. I could hear them plainly, but I could not see them. I was afraid to move, for the least noise in those rustling leaves would have sent them scurrying away in the silent, yet long and effective stride for which they are noted. With my gun at full cock lying in my lap, peering out from amid the oak leaves, I waited patiently to get a shot, though I knew it would be a long one. For some minutes, they seemed long to me, I continued to hear the gobbling, clucking, scratching, but finally it died away in the distance without my getting a glimpse of the turkeys. I patiently waited for them to stroll back my way, but they did't come, and though I was among good squirrel timber I did not catch even a glimpse of a curly tail, so after a while I made my way back to the river, without game, but with an experience that had put the woods fever to coursing through my veins. *Aber was wollen sie?* the day's run of the river had to be made and I had to give it up.

When I got to the river I found that Will had paddled on before, and I took passage in the big boat to overtake him and resume my place. When we got within hailing distance of him Will began to pantomime, which every fisherman understands. He motioned to us "to take surroundings" and to come to his boat from down the stream, as in a certain place he was catching fish. Of course we obeyed, and coming softly from below I transferred myself from one boat to the other as noiselessly as a moccasined foot would walk over a soft grass plot. The other boys silently floated away, and then I had leisure to look at my friend Willum, and he presented a picture. It seems when he reached this point he observed a pool, just above the roots of an overturned tree lying embedded in the stream, and he concluded to make a cast there. He quietly dropped out an anchor, one of which was ready in either end of the boat, and made his cast. No sooner had his minnow settled in the water than his float disappeared, and striking he felt himself fast to a lively bass. His slight rod bent, and his line whistled through the water as he checked his fish because of the proximity of the tree roots. Then away it went toward the middle of the stream, and his Kentucky reel whizzed as the line flew out. Then up the stream he goes until snubbed by a touch of the butt, when the line is rapidly retrieved as it slackens and the fish comes gradually back toward the boat. Quicker than thought it darts again for the shelter of the tree roots, the line swishes through the water, and the rod bends nearly to the hand as it meets the strain. He must be stopped, or good-bye to line and hook and fish! But he is stopped. It was almost his last effort. Drawn by the rod out toward the stream he makes one dart for the bottom of the boat but is brought up stiffly, another for his old refuge, but again he is stopped, and then at last he submits to being drawn over the landing net and is lifted into the boat as game and beautiful a fish as one would wish to see, a small-mouthed black bass, not as heavy-bodied as we have seen, but some 15in. in length. This is not, perhaps, that poetry of fishing where there is deep water all around and the fish may be killed by the reel, with an occasional touch of the tip of the rod, but it is more exciting and requires more skill and dexterity.

The minnow has passed through the battle uninjured, and once more is cast into the pool. Again the float disappears, and a strike fastens the hook in the jaws of a fish, and the same fight is fought over again. It ends as before, and after a battle royal the bass is landed. A fresh minnow is impaled and a third and a forth bass are added to the creel. Then comes the event. Having struck the fifth fish it proved to be a fighter. It tried every stratagem known to the finny tribe to shake itself free from the stinging steel from its jaw. It flew up the river, then down. It leaped from the water and tried to shake the hook from its mouth. It doubled back toward the tree. Snubbed in that direction it darted back for deep water again, only to turn suddenly and fly toward the boat. The line cut the water like a knife; the rod bent again nearly to the fisherman's hand; the strain was immense; it seemed to check the fish, and Will thought it was giving to the steady tension, but it seemed that it had merely steadied itself for a supreme effort; it churned the top of the water as it took a new start, and—the rod snapped in two about five feet from the tip. Here an amateur would have been lost, but Will is a veteran. He seized the line and succeeded in recovering the five-foot tip of the rod, just as it was about to disappear under the boat, and as good luck would have it in checking his fish, which had evidently stopped when it reached shelter. Then by persuasion and humoring he at last got it out into the pool, and by drawing it first in one direction and then the other he finally wore it out and brought it to the landing net, the king of the expedition, measuring seventeen inches in length, but slender and not weighing over four pounds. The breaking of the rod was a catastrophy, of course, but the capture of that fish was a victory sufficiently glorious to compensate for many losses. Will was in no sense discouraged. He fished on with his five-foot pole, and if he had hooked another prince of the pool would have given him a "powerful good fight." It was at this time that I came in sight, and the picture I alluded to was Will, squatted down in the stern of the boat, fishing for small-mouthed black bass, the gamest fish of our waters, with five feet of rod a quarter of an inch in diameter. "Allee samee," as the Chinaman would say, the "Melican man" didn't give up, and after I reached him he managed in some way, though not without many a struggle and narrow escape from discomfiture, in making his catch in that pool number fifteen. I caught two or three on my side of the boat, and we moved on. In describing our tackle at the outset I stated that the pretty rod came to grief, and I have told you the story of its disaster.

After leaving this place the cook killed a few ducks as they flew over, and as Billy had killed a few in the morning and one squirrel, there was material on hand for a burgoo.

The day's journey was through enchanting scenery. The mountains upon either side, sometimes upon both sides at once, were mostly precipitous, and the rocks of different strata and hues presented exquisite blendings of form and color. When the hills rose upon both sides of the river beautiful vistas would sometimes be formed, with the light almost shut out overhead, but appearing far in the distance. The rapids, which were frequent,

s parkled and glittered, and whirled our boats along at times as if they had been toys. We went into Camp Alex rather late, upon the left bank of the stream, by the side of a country road. As we were getting things into shape an old lady passed on horseback with whom we exchanged compliments, the result of which was that after supper her son-in-law, Mr. Elias Riddle, his friend, a deputy sheriff of Pulaski county, and two young gentlemen called on us at our camp. Mr. Riddle is a substantial farmer who resides near by. He and his party were very polite to us and gave us all the information in their power. They told us that the vicinity had once been full of game, and that deer had been killed not far away the day before, but that game of all kinds was much scarcer than it was a few years ago. We suggested that the enforcement of the game laws might do good in this respect, but we found that Mr. Riddle did not take very kindly either to game or fish laws. We had observed along the river a large number of basket nets or traps, say from 5 to 8ft. long—most deadly contrivances at some seasons of the year, and clearly in violation of the fish law. Mr. Riddle did not see any special harm in using these traps, though he had admitted that they had been the means of pretty nearly exterminating the blue cat of this river, one of the handsomest and gamest of fish, and an excellent one on the table. He informed us that there were a good many jack salmon in the Gasconade, beside catfish, red horse, buffalo and bass. And he told us of a wonderful animal which he called a water puppy, much like the young of the canine, which frequently gets caught upon trot and other lines, and is a slimy and disgusting object, besides being a vicious fighter. He explained to us the *modus operandi* of jigging fish, when the river is low in winter, and the fish lie in the deep stretches between the rapids. At that time, the water being perfectly clear and transparent, the fish may be seen very easily, and Mr. Riddle said it was "no trick at all" for a man who knew how to jig, as he did, to kill his sixteen or eighteen hundred pounds of fish a day. These are readily marketed at the railroad. The cook of this expedition had the honor to present in the Missouri Legislature the law creating the State Fish Commission, and providing severe penalties for the destruction of fish by seines, nets, traps, weirs, or any other device in which to catch fish, in any of the waters of the State, and hence could not well be in sympathy with Mr. Riddle's views, and he only now regrets that he did not manage to have included in the law the obnoxious instruments of extermination, the jig and spear.

Mr. Riddle's friend, the deputy sheriff, surprised us a little by recognizing our Scraps as a dog which he had formerly owned. He said his real title was Dan, and he gave him an excellent name barring the deafness, which we ourselves had discovered to be his weakness. He promised to take him off our hands in the morning, but failed to put in an appearance in time, so Scraps still continued in our company. As Mr. Riddle departed we remembered that we had not inquired his name, so we called after him for his patronymic. He turned his head over his shoulder and hallooed back: "My name is Elias Riddle—E-l-i-a-s, Elias; R-i-d-d-l-e, Riddle; and so he sifted away in the gloom of the forest.

The cook got sleepy early and went to bed, but Will, Frank and Billy, who have a mechanical turn, amused themselves making a fish box before they "turned in," as it was becoming burdensome to lug our fish after us in live-nets and on strings. At last even the fish box was completed and quiet settled upon the camp, as Frank, the last to seek his couch, contemplatively soliloquized, as he hung by the tent pole gazing at the heavens:

> "I love night more than day—she is so lovely;
> But I love night the most because she brings
> My love to me in dreams which scarcely lie."

"You' better lie down and go to sleep, you incorrigible old bachelor," said Will, "instead of star-gazing out there, and quoting love-sick poetry. Don't you hear Billy sawing gourds a'ready? You would better be snoring, too."

And very soon the deep bass of the senior bachelor was added to the treble of the boy, and the various-sized frogs paused to listen to a new-found rivalry. A. A. L.

LEXINGTON, Mo.

WASHINGTON AS AN ANGLER.

IT looks as if some wag were making light of George Washington's character as an angler. Here is an historical contribution to the New York *Sun:*

I see a good many things traveling round in the columns of newspapers relating to George Washington as a fisherman, and as what follows relates to the same subject and never has been published, you may like to print it. It is part of a letter written by Col. Cogswell, who was one of the thirteen who, "dressed in the uniform of Federal soldiers," rowed the barge bearing the immortal Washington around Portsmouth harbor at the time of his visit to New England in 1789. O. ODIORNE.

I had the high honor, with twelve others from neighboring towns, to be one who rowed the great red-white-and-blue-striped barge around the harbor. Nature lent its best day for the occasion, said our town poet, though the wind came heavy out from the northeast before we got ashore again. We left the little wharf amid the acclaim of hundreds, who had stretched themselves, hand in hand, along the shore to honor the greatest and most beloved of mortal men. Old and young wept with joy and thankfulness as they looked at their great deliverer.

As Gen. Sullivan had proposed that we should pass over our fishing ground in our sail, hooks and lines were taken with us. Col. Hackett and I dug the clams after we were dressed in our uniforms, and it is fortunate we didn't dirty ourselves, but we didn't. After we passed the line of townspeople along the shore, in which I saw your Uncle Ebenezer a-waving his hat and hallowing like mad, we struck off to the Big Ledge and laid on our oars to fish. 'Squire Langdon got in the first line, as President Washington, God bless him and all of us, declined to let anybody bait his hook for him. Gen. Sullivan didn't fish, as something of a swell came up just as he had clammed his hook, and 'Squire Langdon pulled in a windfish, deprecating his luck as deacons do when they don't catch anything. Washington then had a jerk that almost upset the barge, and made a French officer who had come with us dreadfully sick. But as soon as the hook got unhitched from the rocks, it let go so suddenly that Gen. Washington sat violently down, and upon the bait pipkin, happily without injury. He smiled as he rose.

The next fish was a polluk. Gen. Washington caught it. There didn't seem to be any cod in the neighborhood. Mr. Nehemiah Stevens, of Boston, who managed the oar in front of me, vowed aloud enough for all on board to hear him that he believed the music in the boat that followed us, and laid on their oars about a hundred feet astern, scared the fish, and if it would stop a-playing we could catch something. It seemed that Elnathan Brown, who blowed the recorder, was trying to attract the attention of the distinguished passenger in our barge. He ought to have been spoken to before we started, for I do believe that he really did frighten off all the fish that were worth the bait. I was a little mistaken, however, for just as we were asked to resume our oars something took the clam of Washington, and he lifted a half-pound codfish into the boat, smiling as he took the barb out of its ear. Was it not too bad that he didn't hook a halibut?

So many got sick that we had to head for Kittery. Joe, who was in the barge with the band, will tell you how he fared. Every one of the musicians except Brown was puking sick from the time we left the Ledge for Kittery till we landed. I noticed that when President Washington bid us adieu on the shore at Kittery, that one of his eyes was bunged black and blue, and that he held his kerchief to it most of the time. Prescott thinks he jabbed a corner of Squire Langdon's hat into it when he was precipitated on the bait pipkin.

This letter was addressed to the wife of Col. Cogswell, and is dated Portsmouth, Nov. 5, 1789. C. O.

MAINE FISHING ABUSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that the "jigging" of big trout in the Maine waters has at last been exposed, for this is one of the reasons why the day for good fishing in the Rangeley Lakes has gone by. A person reading your praiseworthy exposé would imagine that the parties mentioned were alone guilty of the thing. Now let me whisper a little truth into your right ear, Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, which is to wit: this business of wantonly murdering big trout by "jigging" has been practiced for years at the Rangeley Lakes to my certain knowledge. I have seen it done at all hours of the day and at midnight by torchlight, but always by residents of the vicinity or State. I don't intend to champion anybody in this villainous business, but I rather imagine the two individuals implicated in your exposure were presented with this "racket" because they were non-residents of the State.

Three years ago I tossed my last fly on these beautiful waters, where for fifteen years I had sojourned annually for some weeks. Fishing had become disgustingly poor, an example of which will be seen in the fact that during September I cast flies morning, noon and night for thirteen days without a solitary rise. Yes, fishing was poor, and I knew the agencies that had made it so. I had seen one of these agencies practiced daily, and becoming disgusted I quit those waters, and wrote a statement of the facts, which were printed in the New York *World* on July 12, 1885, and in which the "jigging" process was exposed. I said, "Two or three hooks of great size are fastened together, forming a sort of grapnel, and with this deadly implement fastened to a weighted line and pole, the big trout are snatched from the water in the most cruel and outrageous manner."

These statements brought a long array of denials from the lakes, but none of them were printed. Notably there came one from a party who signed himself "Captain," and is supposed to have been head cowboy on a line of steamers. He called me a sort of mammoth liar, but with all his talk proved nothing, for "go to" and "get thee hence," I had told only the plain, silver-plated truth. Yes sir, this "jigging" big trout has been "worked" for years down there. I say big trout, because the butchers will not or cannot "snake" the little ones of a pound or two. I recall looking from my window one night about 12 o'clock and saw two men "jigging" by torch or jack light, and I have wondered ever since if trout can be attracted at night by a light. These men were in the employ of the Union Water Power Co., who control the Androscoggin waters. I saw them lift a large one into the boat, and then I shouted "You murderers." Instantly the light went out, and I saw them no more. I mentioned the affair to several people connected with the company, but nothing further was heard of it.

Shortly afterward I saw an alleged sportsman "jig" a fish on the boom below the Upper Dam, and after nearly an hour's play the fish was landed. It was a magnificent 6lb. trout, and when I saw him an hour later there was a cruel wound in his mottled side—the result of the treacherous method by which he was killed. This piece of scoundrelism was perpetrated in broad daylight, and drove me away from these haunts of murder. I have taken trout with worm or fly in nearly every quarter of the globe where they exist, but never, save at the Rangeley Lakes, have I seen them murdered in such a manner. It could have been stopped years ago had the authorities availed themselves of the facts given in my letter to the New York papers—but they didn't. They simply denied the facts that were absolutely true, and laid low until strangers could be "held up" for an example.

I would like to ask why somebody don't rise up and tell the truth about the illegal method used in taking the big trout at the Upper Dam. It is said the fish weighed 11lbs., and to this day his picture fills a page in the guide books, but somehow they fail to illustrate the method of his capture.

If the warden wants an interesting job why don't he investigate the well-authenticated incident of the 120ft. gill net that was dropped into the narrows many a time and oft hard by Portland Point. I heard of it often, and I have no doubt some of the sturdy and honest guides—men like Morse, Whitney, Sargeant, Brooks or Danforth—could, did they feel disposed, tell its perfidious story. The warden would find some further amusement if he would occasionally "drop" upon one of the very many spring-time marauders—the butchers who follow the disappearing ice and with wicked "gangs"—more merciless by far than any "jig"—deplete these once glorious fishing waters, and boast of it afterward.

I merely direct attention to these facts because I do not like to see such an extraordinary display of official virtue practiced upon two strangers, while the same deed they perpetrated has been in steady operation for many years by those who live "right thar," and not a word is ever heard of it.

In no place in the world could brook trout be found so large as at the Rangeley Lakes. Four and five-pound fish were common, and I have taken them on a silver-doctor that weighed 7 and 8lbs. It is a shame and a disgrace that so rare a repository should not have been managed with more regard for the noble fish, not to say for the pleasure of sportsmen. Aside from the illegitimate methods used, the honest fishing done there will soon empty the range. It has been estimated that 1,000 visitors fish these lakes each season. Suppose each takes out the 50lbs. allowed by law we have a total of over fifty tons; and this does not include the catch of the log drivers and the numerous private camps. The above supposition is, however, the fortune of but a few, and the 50-pound law, I think, is in no danger of being broken by any man's catch at present—fish are too scarce.

One would imagine that the facts written here would sufficiently account for the poor success fishermen now meet at the lakes, but there is one more, far worse than any mentioned and for which the Water Power Company is responsible. The workingmen at the dams took the trout in great numbers during autumn from the spawning beds, and every fish so taken means the destruction of hundreds of thousands of their species. They were speared by daylight and by torchlight; dynamite cartridges were exploded in the water and the fish were destroyed by wholesale. Mr. Straw, superintendent at the Upper Dam, was told of these facts, but it seems he did not trouble himself about them.

The Oxford Club, on Rapid River, is closed up and the club have leased grounds elsewhere. Forest Lodge is a ruin. Portland Camp has long since disappeared, and the Boston Club is little used now. Why? Well, principally because fishing at the Rangeley Lakes is a thing of the past, it is ruined, and nobody regrets it more than KIT CLARKE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.

TROUTING ON THE PASSADUMKEAG.

III.

WE were awakened the next morning by Pettengill, who told us that the morning was fine, and as the day was likely to be a hot one, we must be ready to start by sunrise if we wished to travel with any degree of comfort. We had planned a trip of twelve miles up the Passadumkeag to the Upper Taylor Brook, intending to go across from Maple Ridge to Spring Pond, and remain all night in a lumberman's camp, which we were informed we should find there.

The object of this trip was to become more familiar with the country, as well as to test the trout fishing at the mouths of the several streams emptying into the Passamdumkeag. We had noted quite a difference in the color and flavor in the trout taken from the Pistol from those taken from the main river, and we wished to determine if they were the same in the smaller streams, considered from the standpoint of edibility. We intended to do our fishing on our up trip.

Partaking of a hasty breakfast, we packed what articles we should require in the batteaux, not forgetting to take along the cubs also, as they were of too much importance to be left to themselves; besides, having slain their natural protector, we had, at it were, adopted them into our family.

We had a most delightful row for eight miles up the river, stopping from time to time to try the trout in the most favorable places. We passed Duck Stream, which our guide informed us was a great resort for black ducks in the fall, on account of the great abundance of wild rye which grew along its banks (I think the wild rye is much like the wild rice which grows so abundantly along the Upper St. Lawrence).

Just above the stream we surprised a doe with two fawns at her side. Heald involuntarily raised his rifle as the deer sprang to cover, and as quickly lowered it again as she came into full view. The fawns were beautifully spotted with white and appeared to be four or five weeks old.

We cast our flies for a few moments at the mouth of Spring Brook, and were surprised at not getting a rise. This was indeed strange as the place seemed especially favorable, the water being clear and cold, but there were none there, for us, at least.

We proceeded on to the mouth of the Lower Taylor, where Heald shot the bear, and examined the place with considerable interest, as we listened again to the Doctor's account of the adventure. Here we found the trout very abundant and beautifully spotted, and almost as light as silver in color, of the average size, varying but little from three-fourths of a pound. Here we intended to go across to Spring Lake; but after going a short distance we found the trail rough and obscure and the older members of our party declared it a failure; and we decided to go back to the boats and continue our trip up river to the Upper Taylor and return to camp that night. Reaching the mouth of the stream we disembarked, and as it had become very warm, and each of us having taken a turn with the oars, we were inclined to rest, for we had found the current quite strong in several places, which made vigorous pulling necessary. We had rowed twelve miles in seven hours, including the stops, and although we had enjoyed every moment of the time, we were, as the Doctor expressed it, "beat out."

Pettengill and Lord soon prepared a dinner for us which made us feel sorry for our friends at home, who were restricted to home fare, and thank our stars we were here. After resting for a couple of hours, we began our return voyage, which was uneventful, save the killing of a fine specimen of the great gray owl (*Syrnium cinereum*), the only specimen I have ever seen alive, and a pair of pileated woodpeckers, the latter of which seemed to be quite abundant in the vicinity of Maple Ridge. Stevens was much elated at receiving the birds as a present, and at once prepared their skins for mounting.

Our trip down the river was as pleasant to the sight as it had been going up, and vastly more agreeable, as we had little pulling to do, the current favoring us. We reached camp at 7 o'clock, feeling that we had accomplished a day's work that would count to our advantage in the future.

The next morning we decided to break camp and start for home, determining to stop at Enfield for a day if possible and try the togue and trout in Cold Streem pond.

Reaching Enfield we chartered the little steamer Fairy, owned and commanded by Mr. Treat, whom we found to be the right sort of a man to fall in with, and disposed to take us where we could find good fishing and enjoying it with us. We went to the east inlet where we successfully landed seven trout, that weighed in the aggregate 21lbs., and three togue the largest of which tipped the scale at 14lbs.

We left the fishing grounds with great reluctance. Our trip had been full of enjoyment from the start, and

we had left all our business cares behind us; but now our vacation was ended and we must return to them again, but we returned invigorated in body and mind.

We made annual trips to this region for several years, then we varied our trips to other fishing grounds, more remote from civilization. Our trip this year, 1887, was to the old camping ground, and on the 20th of September, after an absence of ten years, we found ourselves again in camp at the mouth of the Nicktous. Very little save the river itself looked natural. The forest had been stripped of its magnificent growth of timber, fire had laid waste thousands of acres, the logging road, over which we traveled on our first trip with so much difficulty, had been transformed into a turnpike. The roar of the Grand Falls was still to be heard as of yore, and the trout were there, "not the old residents," but their descendants, in sufficient numbers to give us all the sport we desired. As we revisited old localities along the river, and sought for old and cherished landmarks, and found them not, we were filled with regret that the progress of civilization and the want of mankind make it necessary for him to take from nature so much that is grand and beautiful, without a possible restriction.

W. G. F.

UNITY, Me.

A NEW FANGLE IN RODS.—A patent was granted to S. G. Monce, Oct. 25, for an "improvement in metallic tubular spring tempered fishing rods, the object being to produce an article of simple, cheap and convenient construction, elegant appearance, uniform flexibility and strength in every direction of flexion, and adapted to be made in the very lightest as well as in the heavier grades of rods." It consists in spirally winding a metallic ribbon over a series of forms, giving it the proper taper and size, each form being of the proper size for the particular section designed. The sections can be made to telescope, or joint together like any ordinary rod. "Preferably the edges of the strips are lapped edge over edge, and with an increase of lap in proportion to the increase in diameter, whereby the required gradation in stiffness from the tip to the butt of the rod is secured. Preferably also the edges of the strips are firmly united by soldering or brazing." "By spirally coiling the metal" he is "enabled to make a rod not only of extreme lightness, but of uniform flexibility and strength." We understand that Mr. Monce is intending to go into the manufacture of these rods. He has applied for an English patent, and expects to take out one in Canada also.—*The Bristol (Conn.) Press.*

DR. W. F. CARVER writes to the U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass., under date of Nov. 10, 1887, as follows: "I have just closed a successful season, using your Climax shot shells. Should be happy to give you any indorsement you wish of the perfect workingof your shells."—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

PROTECTION FOR LAKE ERIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks ago in response to a petition largely signed by the fishermen of Toledo, the Governor appointed Hon. E. D. Potter, Sr., of this city, to fill a vacancy on the State Board of Fish Commissioners. At the ensuing meeting of the Board, Judge Potter was authorized to expend $500 of the appropriation in the Board's control for the enforcement of the fishing law in his district, which includes all the territory draining into Lake Erie from the Maumee River eastward to Sandusky. Subsequently a strong local association has been formed called the Fish and Game Protective Association, with the avowed purpose of co-operating with the State Board in every way possible, and of taking such further steps as may tend to further legislation should it prove desirable. Yesterday the venerable commissioner accompanied by some of his deputies from this county, went in a tug to Niagara Reef, in Lake Erie, where parties were fishing in violation of law, and captured thirty-two gill nets. These will be destroyed, and where proof of ownership can be obtained the offenders will be arrested and tried.

The awakened public sentiment of this subject finds violent opposition here and at Sandusky from the commercial fishermen, who go on depleting the supply of fish without any regard to the future.

B.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 19.

THE NEVADA COMMISSION.—We have the bi-ennial report of the fish commissioner of Nevada for 1885-86. The natural supply is very limited and therefore fishculture is of especial importance. The work in Nevada is very recent and it is too soon for definite results to be obtained, but the success so far is gratifying. Owing to the limited appropriation there has been difficulty in shipping fry to distant parts of the State. A new hatchery is needed. Each change of commissioners involves the removal of the hatchery to a point near at home, the present incumbent, Mr. W. M. Cary, having built one on his own premises. Co-operating with California in stocking the Truckee River is invited and the stream is capable of furnishing a large supply of fish. The following is a list of fish or fry distributed: Trout, 93,750; carp from the U. S. F. C., 295; catfish, 681; bass, 807. The report closes with an account of expenditures and a list of the various fish commissioners. We would recommend to Mr. Cary that the proof sheets of the next report be more carefully read; proper names are fearfully mangled, Prof. Baird appearing as Prof. Bird, and similar errors pervade the list of commissioners.

OREGON HAS A COMMISSION.—The State of Oregon has created a fish commission, and three commissioners have been chosen by the Legislature, according to the law passed last February. These are: F. C. Reed, Astoria; R. C. Campbell, Ranier; and E. H. Thompson, of Rogue River. They hold office for two years. The president has a salary of $2,000, and the others receive $5 per day for time actually employed. An appropriation of $10,000 for the maintenance of the commission and for a hatchery on the Columbia River or its tributaries and also one on Rogue River.

THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.—In the re-organization of the work Commissioner Goode has made the following appointments in the division of the work, each having his own department: Administration, J. H. Kidder, Assistant Commissioner. Fishculture, Marshall McDonald, Assistant in charge. Scientific Inquiry, Richard Rathbun, Assistant in charge. Statistical Inquiry, R. Edward Earle, Assistant in charge. To one of these four divisions all employees now or hereafter to be appointed will be assigned.

NEVADA FISH COMMISSION.—Carson City, Nevada, Nov. 10,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is but one fish commissioner in Nevada and that is myself.—W. M. CARY,

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 6 to 10.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. W. J. Hamley, Superintendent.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Trial Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 12.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5582.**

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE ninth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club began at High Point, N. C., Nov. 17, with the Members' Stake. There were ten entries against seventeen last year. A larger number would have been made, but the dogs were not right. Mr. Hitchcock had the misfortune to lose by death Swatara or he would have won with him. He also lost the pointer bitch Aerolite, his best Derby entry. The work on the first day was none of it very good and much of it was very poor, and but little progress was made. On the second day the work was better and birds were found very plentiful and the stake was finished before night. First was won by the pointer dog Tammany; Bang Grace and Buckellew divided second and Roy Monarch winning third. A marked improvement in handling was shown this year, although some of the members are not quite proficient yet and the dogs were handicapped in consequence. Mr. Boggs, of Pittsburgh, judged the stake, assisted by Mr. C. Fred Crawford, of Pawtucket, R. I., in the first heat; Mr. W. A. Coster in the remainder of the heats in the first series and Mr. Crawford the remaining heats. The decisions were satisfactory to all. Following is the list of entries in the order in which they were drawn:

BUCKELLEW (W. A. Coster, New York), orange and white English setter dog, 8yrs. (Druid—Ruby),

against

GLOSTER (J. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3½yrs. (Dashing Rover—Trinket).

ROY MONARCH (C. C. Gray, Providence, R. I.), black and tan dog, 4yrs. (Dashing Monarch—List),

against

TAMMANY (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white pointer dog, 4yrs. (Tory—Moonstone).

LUCIA (D. S. Gregory, New York), liver and white pointer bitch, 6yrs. (Croxteth—Belle),

against

FOREMAN'S LASS (C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2yrs. (Foreman—Grace B.).

BANG GRACE (J. L. Breese, Tuxedo, N. Y.) lemon and white pointer dog, 3½yrs. (Bang Bang—Grace),

against

FLASH R. (D. S. Gregory, New York), liver and white pointer bitch, 4yrs. (Ranger—White Lilly).

NELLIE H. (C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 6yrs. (Count Noble—Rosalind),

against

COUNT BELTON (J. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, Pa.), black and white English setter dog, 2½yrs. (Yale Belton—Polly Druid).

BUCKELLEW AND GLOSTER.

Leaving the hotel at 8:20, the dogs were put down in a field of weeds near the school house at 8:31. Both dogs are well known. Buck is in fact considered a worthy member of the club, this being the fifth year that he has competed in the Members' Stake. In four of them his name has been the first one drawn. He was in good form, showing up much better than last year. Gloster won this stake last year, and made a decidedly good impression by his stylish and gamy way of going; he was not up to his form of last year, and appeared to be off in nose, as he did not locate his birds at all well, neither did he show the speed of last year. The brace were drawn together last year, Gloster winning, but "old reliable" turned the tables this year and beat his opponent. Birds were reported very plentiful on the club grounds, but much ground was drawn blank that in former years had held a number of bevies, and it was some time before anything was done. At the send off Gloster showed up the fastest, but Buck soon got agoing and cut out the work in good style. Gloster was the first to find, making an elegant point to a single bird in the sedge near a thicket. Buck came up, refused to back and also pointed just as the bird flushed; both dogs were steady to wing. Turning up the hillside Gloster pointed a few seconds, drew on and then made a short cast in the opposite direction, and nailed a bevy in fine style, Gloster at once honoring the point. Coster flushed the bird, but his safety catch was "safe" and so were the birds. Had Gloster been given a little more time to work out the trail he would probably have found the birds, and it would have been no more than justice to have given him the chance. When the dogs were ordered on Buck went straight to the birds and got in a point, and drawing on a few steps located them. Gloster did not see Buck, and casting ahead also pointed an outlying bird that flushed as Breese came up, and then the rest went. Coster had the catch all right this time but failed to catch on to the birds and wasting a couple of cartridges. We then took a long turn, or rather several of them, but failed to find the birds and nothing was done for some time except that Gloster made a nice false point that Buck refused to back. We then worked toward the edge of some woods where a bird had been heard calling and Gloster struck the trail where they had been running and alternately pointed and drew for quite a distance. Buck meantime was worked along the edge of the thicket and having the wind pointed the same bevy just as Gloster had thrown his head in the air and decided that he had got close enough. Breese went in to flush but they were to one side nearer Buck and Coster put them up. Sent on, both dogs challenged at probably the old scent as they could make nothing of it. A little further on both pointed at nearly the same time a woodcock that flushed as the handlers came up. Then turning back Buck pointed a single and Gloster backed him in fine style. Coster put up the bird but failed to bring it to bag; Buck then made flush and soon after in some pines and sedge he made a nice point and a second later Gloster also pointed and a bird was flushed to each, Coster keeping his record good. Buck then got in a good point to a single that was flushed just under his nose. A little further on Gloster pointed a single that flushed as Breese came up but the judges didn't see it and he got no credit. Gloster then made a very nice point that Buck refused to back and was dropped by order. Nothing was found and they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Buckellew at 10:16. Down 1h. 45m. Buck did not know that the heat was finished and making a short cast nailed a single that Coster put up, when the old dog wagged his tail as though satisfied.

ROY MONARCH AND TAMMANY.

This brace was put down five minutes later in the sedge. Both ran last year and are well known. Tammany was in better form and went better than we have ever seen him; Roy was handicapped by not being used to his owner, and in consequence did not show up at his best. Both went at a fair rate of speed, Tammany having the best of it in this respect, as well as in range and style. Roy got in the first point to a single at the edge of a brier thicket; Gray put up the bird, but did not shoot. Tammany then came round and pointed 20yds. below; Hitchcock tried to call him away, but he drew on a step or two and straightened out in nice style to a single that his handler to order flushed. Both dogs pointed once or twice, but soon went on, and as the briers were very heavy, we turned through the woods to the Snow farm and beat out the orchard where, in former years, we have found one or more bevies, but they were not at home, and we worked out the knolls west of the house, where both dogs ran near but did not find a small bevy that flushed in front of us. Following them down to a small branch one flushed in front of Tammany, and he dropped to wing; beating out the opposite hillside we found no more except one that flushed near the judges. We then swung back to the fence, where Roy made a nice point to a bevy, part of which flushed as Mr. Hitchcock crossed the fence; Roy held his point, and Gray put up a large bevy in front of him and scored a miss. Following them into some woods, Roy made a flush and stopped to wing and half pointed, but moved on, and another one got up. Tammany flushed one while going at speed down wind and dropped to wing. We then turned back into the open, where Tammany whirled on a gamy point to a bevy that Hitchcock put up and hit one that flew a short distance, and one of the others went in the same direction, and the dogs were ordered that way. Tammy half pointed near where the bird settled, but did not locate it and went on; Roy came round and pointed and drew on, the bird flushed and he took a jump or two after it, but stopped to order; they were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Tammany. Down 1h. 53m. Tammany was then sent for the crippled bird, which he found and retrieved. We then went to lunch, which was spread for us in the barn of the Model Farm.

LUCIA AND FOREMAN'S LASS.

This brace was put down in the open field south of the house at 1:22. Lucia is well known, having run in previous trials. Lass is a very good-looking nice-moving bitch of medium size, with quite a turn of speed, very quick in her motion and with lots of style, having the best of it in these respects. She was not accustomed to her handler and went as she pleased. She appeared to be capable of doing brilliant work. Working through the field Lass challenged near the weeds and half pointed. Lucia came up and also challenged, and jumping the fence pointed a second or two before a brace of birds flushed in front of her, and then a large bevy rose and went into the woods. Failing to find them, we swung back and turned down to the creek, where Lass challenged just as a bevy flushed wild a short distance beyond her. Following them one got up near Lass, and then several more rose. Lucia then made a point, but moved on as Gregory called her and flushed the bird. Lass then ran up one and soon after one got up near Lucia. We then went into some pines, where Lass made a stylish point to a single that Crawford put up and missed. Lass soon had another one that flushed itself before the judges came up. Lucia then half pointed and commenced roading a bird that flushed near the judges before she had time to locate it. A little further on one flushed near Lass. We then crossed the creek and worked up toward the bridge. Lass challenged at the edge of a thicket, but went on, and as she came along a bevy flushed a short distance away, and soon after another bevy rose near the judges and dogs. Both bevies went into the pines, and we crossed the creek and the dogs were sent after them. Lucia was the first to find, scoring a good point to one that Gregory put up but did not shoot at. A little further on Lass pointed just as one rose, and soon after she pinned one that went before the judges came up. Lucia then got in a good point that Lass refused to honor, but went on and got too close and scored a flush. The dogs were then sent into some tall weeds where a bird had been marked down, but they failed to find it, although a colored boy hunted it up and pointed it out to the spectators. We then crossed the road to a strip of woods on top of the hill, where Lass made a beautiful false point. We then crossed the creek, where Lucia challenged and roaded very prettily, what was probably the back trail of a bevy, a long distance. Lass came round and half pointed just as a single bird flushed close to her, she then pointed and a small bevy got up all around her and settled on top of the hill a short distance away. Following them up Lass flushed one and two or three more went, she then winded one but drew close up and scored a flush, and the heat was ended with Lucia the winner. Down 2h. 6m.

BANG GRACE AND FLASH R.

Both these dogs are well known, having run here at previous trials. Bang was not up to his last year's form, although he went fairly well. Flash has lost her speed and dash and followed Bang most of the time instead of hunting on her own account. They were put down near the creek where the last brace were taken up and worked toward town. After an hour's work with nothing done except that they backed each other very prettily two or three times they were taken up to go down again in the morning. Friday morning it was cloudy with a raw cold wind from the northwest. Leaving the hotel at half past eight we drove a mile northeast of town and cast off the dogs at 8:48 in a cornfield. Both went better than on the previous day and beat out the ground fairly well. Working round a patch of scrub oaks to an old field Bang made a very nice point to a large bevy and Flash backed him in her best style. Breese put up the birds and made a very brilliant double, Bang retrieving the birds in good style. These birds were not followed, the dogs being ordered to work out the remainder of the field. Bang, in a patch of scrub oaks, made a nice point and Flash backed him very prettily. As Breese went to his dog a large bevy flushed and settled in a dense scrub thicket. In going to them a single bird flushed in front of Judge Boggs and his horse instantly stopped to wing. Taking a turn in the thicket to get the wind we turned back and Bang made a point to a single that Breese put up to order. A few steps

further on a bird flushed close to Breese just as both dogs pointed and this started several more. Working out to the edge of the thicket Bang pointed an instant, but losing the scent went on, and as his handler came along two birds flushed near them. Crossing the fence Bang put up one and dropped on point to two or three more that laid close by, Flash backing him nicely. Breese thought that no more birds were there and tried to call Bang off, but he knew better and held his point and the birds were flushed in front of him. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded o Bang Grace. Down 39m. Altogether 1h. and 37m.

NELLIE II. AND COUNT BELTON.

This was the last brace in the first series. Nellie is well known, having run here before. Count is a good-looking, well-made dog, above the medium in size. He moves fairly well, but is not fast. He appears to have an excellent nose, but is over-cautious and inclined to potter over old scent. They were put down in an old field near where the last brace was taken up. Nellie had the best of it in speed, range and style, but she was entirely beyond control, and had a great deal more fun out of the heat than her owner. Count soon pinned a stray bird from the last bevy. Nellie refused to back, went ahead, and scored a flush. Soon after she ran up another and chased a short distance, but turned back to whistle. Count then made a point through a fence to a single; Nellie refused to back, jumped the fence, and pointed just as the bird went. Count did not hold his point staunchly, but was a bit uneasy when Nellie went past him; but under the circumstances he behaved very well. A little further on Nellie made a stylish point, which Count at once honored in good style; but nothing was found, and she scored a false point. Count then pointed a hare. Nellie came up, refused to back, and also pointed in a short time, and went on and started the hare and dropped, but soon after she started after it and had lots of fun roading him out at speed, for which she got a taste of the whip. Soon after Count took two or three jumps for a hare, but at once came back to whistle. Working back into a thicket, Nellie ran up one, but paid no attention to it. We then crossed to a thicket, when Count made a nice point to a running bevy and began roading them out in good style. Nellie refused to back, drew ahead and made two or three casts, waking up to the birds very nicely, but she got too close and scored a flush. A little further on Nellie made two or three points, but went on and could make nothing of it; several birds were flushed by the spectators 50yds. to one side of her, probably the ones that she had been working on. We then went into some woods where a bird was flushed by the handlers and Nellie made a jump or two for it but stopped to whistle. Count made one or two points from over-caution, but soon went on and soon had one fast. Nellie refused to back and was dropped by order and the bird flushed as the handler came up. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Count Belton. Down 36m. This ended the first series with the following result:

First Series.

Buckellew beat Gloster.
Tammany beat Roy Monarch.
Lucia beat Foreman's Lass.
Bang Grace beat Flash R.
Count Belton beat Nellie II.

Second Series.

BUCKELLEW AND TAMMANY.

This brace was put down in some sedge at 10:19. In speed and range they were nearly equal, Buck having a trifle the best of it, Tammany beating him in style. Working down along the edge of some woods Buck made a point, and soon after Tam came round beyond him and also pointed. Buck then made a short cast up wind from the bevy, which flushed as Coster moved up. A little further on a single bird got up near Tammany. We then turned into the woods, when Buck challenged and then pointed but went on, and as the judges passed some 50yds. from there they flushed two or three birds, and a little further on one got up near Tammany in the thicket where he could not be seen. Both then challenged and pointed where the birds had flown from. We then turned into the open field and worked up along the woods to the top of the hill and then turned toward the Holton farm and beat out a lot of likely-looking ground without result except that Tam made a very stylish point to a hare. Finally when near the Holton farm Buck challenged near a thicket, and a man informed us that he had just flushed a bevy from them that had gone to the thicket. Following them, Tammany found them first and made a nice point. Buck came round and also pointed the same bird, which flushed as Hitchcock went to his dog. A little further on Tam pointed another one and Buck backed him. Hitchcock put up the bird and probably hit it, as it went but a short distance and was again pointed by Tam, who made an effort to catch it, but it got away. Buck also backed this point. Buck thought it time for him to get in some work, and he made a short cast toward the edge and stopped on point about a second before one rose. Buck dropped, and as Coster came up another one flushed just in front of the dog. It is worthy of note that Coster departed from the usual custom in such cases, as he did not claim anything, but left it to the judges without saying a word. In fact, all through the stake we do not remember an instance where a handler undertook to instruct the judges or to convince them that bad work should score a merit mark. If handlers in public stakes would adopt this course, we can assure them that they would lose nothing, for their talk, be it never so plausible, never by any chance is recorded in the judge's book as they only score by eye and not by ear. A little further on Tam made a stylish point and a second later Buck also pointed. Hitchcock put up the bird and scored a miss. Tam was getting around more lively than his competitor and soon had another point, Buck backing partly to order, but the bird had probably run as nothing was found. Buck then nailed one in a treetop, Tam stopping to order, as he did not see Buck, who soon drew on and located his bird nicely. Tam went round and also pointed or backed, we could not determine which as he was partly behind the brush. Coster put up the bird and scored a kill and Buck retrieved it nicely. We then turned back through the woods and swung out in the open, where Tam made an excellent point to a large bevy, Buck stopping to order. Hitchcock put them up and killed one that Tam retrieved indifferently. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Tammany. Down 1h. 35m.

LUCIA AND BANG GRACE.

This was a short heat and not much work was done, Bang having the best of it. They were put down in an old field, and Bang soon pointed and Lucia backed him. He drew on a short distance but could make nothing of it. We then went into some pines, where the bevy found by Tammany had been marked, and Bang soon had one fast, that Breese flushed but did not shoot at. Several were then put up by the handlers and spectators, and we swung down to the branch where Lucia challenged and roaded very nicely a running bevy for some distance, but she got too close, and between her and Gregory the birds were flushed before she located them. Swinging back into the pines after them, Bang made a very nice point to another bevy. As Breese came up one flushed and then the others went. This ended the heat with Bang Grace the winner. Down 30m. It was now half past 12, and we went to the school house near by to lunch. This ended the second series, Count Belton having a bye. Following is the result:

Second Series.

Tammany beat Buckellew.
Bang Grace beat Lucia.
Count Belton a bye.

Third Series.

COUNT BELTON AND TAMMANY.

This was also a short heat, as Tammany had the best of it in nearly all respects. They were put down at 1:30 in a field of sedge, and had not fairly got started when Count ran up a single bird. Tammany started off slow, but soon got agoing. Count went better than in his previous heat, but was much of the time over-cautious, making several false points. Working into the pines, where the last three bevies had gone, Tam flushed a bird and dropped to wing; catching the scent of another one, he pointed a second or two before it went. A little further on one flushed near Tam, and soon after Count put one up, and then several more went. Count then made a point and Tam backed him; Cochran put up the bird, but did not shoot; Tam soon made a stylish point, and Count backed him nicely. Hitchcock put up the bird and scored a miss. A little further on Count made a point, and a single bird flushed as the judges came up, but it was some distance from him, although it may have been his bird. His behavior after the bird was flushed, however, led us to believe that it was not, as when he went on he did not go to the place where the bird rose from, but drew in another direction and gave it up; then coming round there, he made a quick point at the place, showing that he at least had not followed the scent, although the wind was in his favor. Soon after this he made a nice point that there could be no mistake about, as Cochran put up the bird in front of him and missed it. Just after this Tammany got tangled in some briers and somehow got one of his forefeet through his collar. He was soon liberated, however, without sustaining any injury. A short distance further on Count made a nice point, but nothing was found, and the heat was ended, with Tammany the winner. Down 27m. Bang having a bye, this ended the third series, with the result as follows:

Third Series.

Tammany beat Count Belton.
Bang Grace a bye.

Tie for First Place.

BANG GRACE AND TAMMANY.

This was the deciding heat for first place. Two pointers were left in and the pointer men were not a little elated in consequence. The result was never in doubt, as Tammany had the best of it in all respects. He had slowed down somewhat, but was still going well and did his work in good style. They were cast off in sedge on a knoll and worked round to an open field grown up to weeds and briers, where Tam made a very stylish point with his head high in the air to a large bevy that flushed as Hitchcock came up. The birds settled a short distance away and Tam soon had them again; a second or two later Bang also pointed a few yards from him. Hitchcock put up the birds and killed one that he picked up as he went on. Tam took a few strides and pinned another one that his handler put up. Bang then got in a good point and Tam also nailed another one and birds were flushed to each point. Bang then pointed, and as his handler came up he drew on a step or two and the bird went. He soon had another one that Breese flushed, and we then took a turn in some thick scrub oaks, and as we came back into the open Bang challenged, but went on and a bird flushed near him. Tam then got in a capital point to a brace that his handler put up and the heat was ended with Tammany the winner, and he was declared winner of first prize. Down 30m. The judges decided that Buckellew was the best dog previously beaten by Tammany and he was called up to run with Bang Grace for second money, but their owners concluded to divide and they were declared equal winners of second prize. This, of course, could not have been done in a public stake, but in a friendly contest like this there could be no objection, especially as had it been run out the stake could not have been finished until the next day, and nearly every one had made arrangements to go shooting. The judges selected Gloster and Roy Monarch as the best of the remaining dogs, and their owners, confident that the dogs would do much better work than they had done in their heats, decided to show that their belief was well founded by running it out.

Tie for Third Place.

GLOSTER AND ROY MONARCH.

They were put down where the last brace was taken up and worked back past the school house. Gloster started off at a rattling pace and showed up something like his form of last year. Roy just loafed along for a while and his chances looked decidedly gloomy, but he soon got agoing and demonstrated that his owner's confidence in him was not misplaced, by running the remainder of his heat without committing a fault. Working over the hill beyond the school house we turned down to a hollow where Gloster challenged and half pointed to the scent of a bevy that were running down toward a small branch; not getting it just right he made a cast up the opposite hill but soon came back and striking it a little lower down pointed but soon went on and made another cast up the hill, but came back and tried it again still lower down, and finding the scent better made a gamy point and drew on and apparently located the birds. Breese went in to flush but worked too far up the slope, and as the birds ran away Gloster, thinking that Breese could smell them, made a cast in his direction but soon came back and again pinned them a little further down. Breese then repeated the performance, making the same mistake, and Gloster trusted to him once more and made another cast that way, but soon returned and again located them in grand style; Breese got them right this time, and put them up and killed one with the second barrel, and Gloster retrieved it nicely. This was a grand piece of work, and deserving of more credit than we fear it received. Meantime Roy was lost, and his owner and Mr. Crawford went in search of him and finally found him on top of the hill standing guard over a bevy that he held through all the racket, and as we came up Gray put them up and made a very neat double miss. This was also a capital piece of work, and opinions formed by those who had seen Roy's previous work underwent a radical change. These birds settled in the bottom along the branch, and the dogs were ordered in that direction. Roy had apparently marked two or three birds that stopped in a thicket under the bank and went straight to them, and very gracefully sat down on point and awaited events. Gloster came round, but could not see him, and was stopped by order. Gray put up the bird and made an excusable miss this time, as it was going pretty fast. We then went round the thicket for the wind, and as Gloster jumped the branch a bird flushed and he started to drop to wing, but catching the scent of another one, pointed it, and Roy backed him. Breese put it up, and, not wishing to wound the feelings of his competitor, he very gracefully missed. Roy then got in another good point to a single that flushed as Gray came up and several more went. Gloster then made a very stylish point where they rose from, and Roy backed him nicely, making a very pretty picture. Roy then pinned one at the edge of a brier thicket and Gray put it up, getting very nearly on this time, as we saw the briers drop not more than three or four feet behind the bird. Roy did not seem to care for the meat, and soon had another one fast, which Gray flushed, but there was a bush in the way and he did not shoot. Gloster backed this point nicely. Turning up the branch, Gloster nailed one, Roy backing him very prettily. Breese flushed the bird and also had a bush in the way, and of course missed. Roy then cast up along the edge of the thicket over a bank out of sight and pinned one, Gloster swung in behind him and half pointed and drew to the top of the bank, where he apparently caught sight of Roy and at once backed him. Breese thinking it a point went to his dog, and looking over the situation very candidly stated that Gloster was backing Roy, although from where the bird was flushed there was ground for a reasonable belief that both were pointing it. Gray put up the bird and they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Roy Monarch, and he was declared the winner of third prize and the Members' Stake was finished. Down 46m. This was much the best heat in the stake, and had these dogs showed up in their first heats in anything like the form they ran in this, the result would have been different. Previous to running the stake we had seen nearly all of the dogs at work, and judging from their performances we thought Gloster a sure winner. The very high character of his work in this heat confirmed our belief that when he is right he can do first-class work in first-class style. Although Roy had six points to Gloster's three, leaving out the last one to which he may have been entitled, the quality of the work done would go far toward equalizing this, and no fault could have been found had more time been given them. Take it altogether the Members' Stake was a success, and we hope next year every member owning a dog will help to make it still more interesting by entering and competing in the friendly contest. Following is the

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Buckellew beat Gloster.
Tammany beat Roy Monarch.
Lucia beat Foreman's Lass.
Bang Grace beat Flash R.
Count Belton beat Nellie II.

Second Series.

Tammany beat Buckellew.
Bang Grace beat Lucia.
Count Belton a bye.

Third Series.

Tammany beat Count Belton.
Bang Grace a bye.

Tie for First Place.

Tammany beat Bang Grace and won first prize.

Tie for Second Place.

Bang Grace and Buckellew divided second prize.

Tie for Third Place.

Roy Monarch beat Gloster and won third prize.

THE DERBY.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 21.—Of the 92 nominations for the Derby, 35 filled and were drawn to run as follows:

Memphis & Avent Kennels' Joey B. against R. B. Morgan's Pearl Mandan.

Gen. W. B. Shattuc's Noble Dido against Pittsburgh Kennels' J. O. Donner.

H. E. Hamilton's Dashing Joe against R. V. Fox's Foxchase.

Memphis & Avent Kennels' Claude against Sanborn Kennels' Countess Poppet.

J. E. Dover's Cincinnatus against O. W. Donner's Go-Bang.

Fisher and Dudley's Dave R. against Ohio Kennels' Count Noble, Jr.

H. S. Barney's Merry Girl against J. N. Cochran's Guymard.

J. S. Wise's Romeo against F. R. Hitchcock's Mars.

J. E. Doyer's Toledo Blade against Highland Kennels' Lizzie Lee.

Gen. W. B. Shattuc's Latonia against J. B. Downing's Chief.

Thos. Bennett's Sirius against E. Dexter's Jack Modoc.

J. E. Gill's Lady Zeal against P. T. Madison's Ossian.

Highland Kennels' Dexter against Pittsburgh Kennels' Lady Smoke.

L. W. White's Roger Williams against Middle Tennessee Kennels' Miss Dudley.

R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan against Gen. W. B. Shattuc's Hector.

O. W. Donner's Merry Legs against Latonia Kennels' Tempest.

Pittsburgh Kennels' Daisy Fair Oaks against Memphis & Avent Kennels' Cinch.

Pittsburgh Kennels' Waterford a bye.

At a meeting of the Board of Governors, held Nov. 20, Messrs. C. F. Crawford and W. A. Coster were appointed to act with D. C. Bergundthal in judging the Derby.

The following telegram from Gen. W. B. Shattuc, president of the American Feild Trials Club, was read:

"CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 19.—Washington A. Coster, Secretary Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C.: After having supported your bar of Mitchell as a matter of right, will your club consent for Mitchell to handle at our trials in December only as a personal favor to some entries. Answer by wire.—W. B. SHATTUC."

In answer to the above, the secretary was instructed to answer as follows: "It is the opinion of the Eastern Field Trials Club that it would not be advancing the cause of justice nor the interests of field trials to give consent to W. T. Mitchell to handle at your trials."

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 21.—The Derby began to-day, and it bids fair to be a very interesting event. Nine heats were run, and quite a number of the dogs showed high field qualities. The weather has been delightful, although it was rather cool, and the dogs have had opportunity to do good work. Birds were found very plentiful. The heats run resulted as follows: Joey B. beat Pearl Mandan, doing some brilliant work. Jo. Donner beat Noble Dido in a very moderate heat. Dashing Joe beat Fox Chase, the work ordinary. Claude beat Countess Poppet, both doing very good work for youngsters. Go Bang beat Cincinnatus and acquitted himself in capital style to do it. Dave R. beat Count Noble Jr., doing some magnificent work. Romeo beat Mars in a well-run heat. Lizzie Lee beat Toledo Blade, showing the best nose in a moderate run. Latonia and Chief ran an unfinished race, and will go down in the morning.

Quite a number are present, but some of the prominent members have not arrived. If weather and work are favorable the stakes will finish by Friday.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE COCKER.—Detroit, Mich., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very sorry that Mr. Charlesworth would not test his dogs against mine in the field, but I am fully convinced that I could beat him "hands down" in short order. There are a number of the crocodile sort in this city, but I have yet to hear of one that can do a fair day's work. The great wrong that has been done the cocker must soon be righted or else we shall soon have a race of cockers only fit for the show bench. Why would it not be a good plan for the bench show committee at New York, Philadelphia and Boston to ask Mr. Fellows to judge the spaniels, and turn the tide in the right direction. Surely no one can be more competent than he is, for I think he is the oldest breeder of spaniels in America, and as one of the original members of the standard committee, he certainly must know what the standard calls for. I have received many letters indorsing my views on the working cocker, and many offers to wager that in the event of a match my dogs would win easily.—B. A. OSBORNE.

PHILADELPHIA CLUB TRIALS.

THE fourth annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club have passed into the record as the most successful of any yet held by the club. We congratulate the club for their determination to make these annual trials a success. The early attempts were very discouraging, owing to the scarcity of birds in any locality which was suitable for field trial work; and when birds were found, jungles and cedar swamps were always within a short distance of every bevy and they were of such density of brush and brier and such depth of mud and water that when the quail were flushed that was the last seen of them; so such work as roading, backing, dropping to wing, sensational points, etc., which is only to be witnessed by the spectators in open country, was seldom seen. The section in Delaware now used by the club was suggested, and tried for the first last year. This year nearly all the members were present. Last year only two professional handlers were working their dogs; this year there were six. Those on hand last year have kept themselves well posted and were quite up to all the tricks of the trade. James Shewsbrook, the veteran handler of the club, is deserving of much praise for bringing the dogs under his charge to such perfection. Jim's dry wit and ready answers always cause a laugh between each heat.

Mr. Schreiber, the celebrated live stock photographer, daily followed the dogs from morning until night, and has made a number of pictures of the dogs. Theo. Predmore, an old hand at the business, seems to have discovered a new method for handling, as the Irish setters belonging to the Chestnut Hill Kennel Club under his charge did such work as to make one think, as Mr. Charles Thompson says, that the reds can be bred "so they will get there." Desmond, one of the brace recently imported, shows a fair style and goes with a vim, quarters and ranges nicely, is of an excellent disposition and understands her business. Molly Bawn is a field bitch of much merit, while champion Bruce and Victoria ran a heat of two hours duration, making as many as twenty points and backs, seven in an open piece of woods, seven without a flush or a mistake. But the finest piece of work of the trials was that done by the Laverack setter bitch Volley in her heat with Victoria. Volley won the Derby last year, and the Members' and All-Age Stakes this year. She is peculiar and unreliable, as she does both poor and beautiful work, but seems to gauge her competitor, and does just enough work to win. In the heat with Victoria both dogs were handled by Shrewsbrook, who seemed much annoyed at the circumstance. The description of the heat will be found in its regular order. But how strauge that immediately after this brilliant work of Volley's it came to pass that she was to run against Princess Alba, who is quite a puppy and inexperienced, but if even she ran up to her previous performances Volley would surely have suffered defeat, unless, as before stated, she gauged her competitor.

It was also encouraging to see the pointers represented, four being present, all belonging to Mr. James H. Winslow. There is some good blood represented and when Mr. Winslow's young handler has drank deeper of the field trial wisdom cup the dogs will do better work.

The weather was, with the exception of the first wet morning, Nov. 15, very pleasant up to the finish on Thursday afternoon. Birds were sufficiently plenty, but as at all trials difficult for poor dogs to find.

The accommodations at Frederica are good. Ample provision was made for the accommodation of the members, their friends and the judges, Messrs. A. P. Vredenburgh and Percy C. Ohl, of New York. As no dissatisfaction was manifested we conclude everything was satisfactory. There not being a cake walk this year, Mr. Ohl had to return empty-handed. Monday night it rained very hard, but slacked up sufficiently to admit of a start.

THE MEMBERS' STAKE

had four entries, drawn in the following order:

CASSINO GLADSTONE (E. Comfort), English setter bitch (Gladstone—Countess Druid),

against

CLYDE T. (L. Shuster, Jr.), English setter dog (Thunder—Cornelia).

VOLLEY (Col. B. Ridgway), English setter bitch (Antic—Princess Mix),

against

BANG (I. H. Winslow), pointer dog (Price's Bang—Salter's Luna).

CASSINO GLADSTONE AND CLYDE T.

were put down Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. It was still raining and the underbrush was very wet. Clyde T. goes with tremendous speed and is lost to sight for some minutes (in which it was afterward learned he flushed a bevy of birds), then returned to his handler and made a wide cast, and ran into an outlying single bird. Clyde tried to stop in time, but the bird was up, which also flushed the bevy some 10yds. away. These birds flew for miles, and were not followed. Clyde dropped, and when ordered on went with his usual speed and soon located another bevy in a cornfield, which he pointed. Cassino backed. The birds were seen running and they flushed wild. A single bird was killed and nicely retrieved by Clyde, who was steady to shot and wing. Cassino unsteady, but stopped on command. The birds went for cover, but could not be located. In some underbrush Clyde could not be seen, but after considerable whistling a bevy rose, which he was evidently pointing. Later, while going down wind, he flushed a single, and then roaded and pointed a bevy along a fence. Cassino was making game, but acknowledged the point. The birds were flushed. Then crossing the fence, Cassino pointed a bird, which was killed by Comfort and retrieved by Cassino. Cassino was not up to her usual form and seemed to be off. The heat was awarded to Clyde T. Down 2h.

VOLLEY AND BANG.

This heat was very short, as it was but an instant before Volley had a point which Bang refused to acknowledge and worked in ahead of the bitch, apparently looking for some one he knew, as the dog did not recognize Mr. Winslow as owner. The birds were flushed, with a kill, which was very cleverly retrieved by Volley, who, after delivering it, was off again like a dart, and had another point. The bird was flushed and the heat awarded to Volley. Down 10m.

Second Series.

VOLLEY AND CLYDE T.

In this heat both dogs did poor work; it was after lunch and possibly the dogs had eaten something that did not agree with them, but both seemed to be completely off in their noses, and if they had not done such brilliant work before, they would have been ordered up for want of merit. Later Volley came to herself again and made several pretty finds and handsome points. Her points, generally on single birds, are on the drop order. The heat and race were given to Volley. Down 2h. This ended the Members' Stakes, Volley winning first and Clyde T. second.

THE DERBY.

DESMOND (Chestnut Hill Kennels), Irish setter dog (Frisco—Grouse),

against

PRINCESS ALBA (E. Comfort), English setter bitch (Thunder—Cassino Gladstone).

BETSY LEIGH (W. H. Child), Irish setter bitch (Bruce—Leigh Doam II.),

against

TUIHANNA (J. H. Winslow), pointer bitch (Guess—Viola).

WINNIE II. (Chestnut Hill Kennels), Irish setter bitch (Frisco—Grouse),

against

BRUNETTE (J. H. Winslow), pointer bitch (Graphic—Zitta).

CHARLIE WESTCOTT (Col. Ridgway and Clarke), English setter dog (Thunder—Cassino Gladstone),

against

LEIGH DOANE III. (I. H. Roberts) Irish setter bitch (Bruce—Leigh Doane II.).

PRINCESS ALBA AND DESMOND

ran the prettiest heat in this class. Both dogs have considerable style and a very merry way of going. Desmond gave Mr. Thompson, his owner, perfect satisfaction. They were down in open fields, which were drawn blank, but on the edge of some short timber they both pointed. But the birds were running and the dogs unsteady. Birds flushed wild; both dogs dropped to wing. Going to timber Princess Alba made two points on single birds, which were nicely backed by Desmond. Princess Alba showing the best nose, while in other respects they were equal, Alba got the heat, after being down 2h. 30m.

BETSY AND TUIHANNA.

This heat was of no interest. Betsy did the only work and was awarded the heat.

BRUNETTE AND WINNIE II.

In a short heat Winnie showed to be the better field dog and was awarded the heat.

CHARLEY WESTCOTT AND LEIGH DOANE

did about equal in false pointing, breaking shot and chasing and field work. Leigh Doane got in better work on finding game and getting points and was awarded the heat.

Second Series.

PRINCESS ALBA AND BETSY.

Betsy was no competitor for Princess, who easily won the heat.

WINNIE II. AND LEIGH DOANE III.

were put down Tuesday night, but the heat was not decided until the following day, and awarded to Leigh Doane III., who, aided by fortune and probably better nose found the birds.

Third Series.

LEIGH DOANE AND PRINCESS

ran the final heat in which the latter won easily first money and the honor. Desmond was awarded second, being considered the best dog beaten by the winner, Leigh Doane coming in for third place.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

CHAMPION BRUCE (I. H. Roberts), Irish setter dog (Elcho—Noreen),

against

VICTORIA (James Stovel), Irish setter bitch (Berkley—Norah.

VOLLEY (Col. B. Ridgeway), English setter bitch (Antic—Princess Mix),

against

BELLE (Geo. Eslerick), lemon and white English setter bitch (Temple Bar—Belle).

MOLLY BAWN (Chestnut Hill Kennels), Irish setter bitch (Glencho—Biddy),

against

LURAY (I. H. Roberts), Irish setter bitch (Chief—Leigh Doane).

GOLDEN ROD (J. H. Winslow), pointer bitch (Beaufort—Zuba),

against

BEGORRA (Chestnut Hill Kennels), Irish setter dog (Blarney—Lady Clare).

PRINCESS ALBA (E. Comfort), English setter bitch (Chalkley D.—Cassino Gladstone),

against

CREOLE (I. H. Roberts), Irish setter bitch (Grafton—Megg).

First Series.

BRUCE AND VICTORIA.

This heat commenced at 2:30 on Wednesday, in the field where the Derby was decided. It required a long hunt before birds were found, Victoria proving herself of more speed and pace and better in action. In going through a wild carrot field a single bird was flushed between Bruce and his handler. The field was carefully hunted without success. Following the single bird to cover, Bruce pointed, backed by Victoria. This sight refreshed all hands. A bevy was flushed, which flew but a short distance in among some pines, where there was not a particle of underbrush, the trees were not close together except in their branches, which grew so dense and so closely interwoven that the sky was not visible. The earth was covered with moss and pine needles, so not the slightest noise from walking was made. The light, while apparently shut out in all directions, was sufficient to see everything. It was a picture we cannot describe, but with these surroundings, and probably twenty to thirty quail nicely scattered and lying well to the dogs, you can imagine what a sight it was, with two dogs doing perfect work, first one pointing and being backed by the other and then *vice versa*, only that each point was handsomer than the previous one. Not a bird was flushed except to order, and fifteen to twenty points thus obtained were witnessed by all the spectators. Hardly a word was spoken. The only noise was the whirr of the flushed bird. The clamorous, noisy crowd had been hushed to silence by the weirdness of the scene and the phantomlike forms of the dogs as they ran over the moss without making a particle of noise. It was one of the prettiest sights we ever had the good fortune to witness. The work of the dogs was equal; not a bird rose but both dogs instantly dropped, not a point was made by one but it was immediately acknowledged by the other, while the retrieving was done by both dogs in a handsome manner. The heat was awarded to Victoria after being down 1½h. Belle was withdrawn and Volley got a bye.

LURAY AND MOLLY BAWN.

This heat lasted but a few minutes as Luray did not show sufficient merit, and the heat was awarded to Molly.

BEGORRA AND GOLDEN ROD.

This was also a short heat, as Begorra was interested in a bitch that was in season and would not hunt. He is, we understand, a rattling good dog. The pointer made a very beautiful point on a bevy. She was a little unsteady to shot and wing. Begorra backed well. Heat awarded to Golden Rod. Down 12m.

PRINCESS ALBA AND CREOLE.

Another short heat. Princess Alba out-styled the red in every way. Creole, being in whelp, was too much handicapped. The heat was awarded to Princess Alba.

Second Series.

VOLLEY AND VICTORIA.

In this heat Volley did the most brilliant work of the trials on some birds that had broken in the timber. The bevy Volley had previously located and pointed, but her work on single birds in the timber was marvellous, as in this heat she shot through the trees like the sunlight from a moving mirror, and jumped into six or seven points so quickly that Victoria was puzzled, and seemed glad she could get around in time to back and play second fiddle to her. They were down about 30m., and the heat was awarded to Volley. The work in this heat could not well be excelled. Speed, action, style, obedience, every desideratum possible for a dog, were gloriously shown, with the exception that at times she dropped on her points.

GOLDEN ROD AND MOLLY BAWN

were put down to contest the honors on Wednesday evening. Molly Bawn had decidedly the best of the heat when ordered up on account of darkness. On Thursday morning Golden Rod the pointer astonished his owner by doing really excellent work, which, considering her to be over 2 years old and just put in harness, was remarkable. She roaded very handsomely, got several points and retrieved. Molly seemed unfortunate in not getting where the birds were. Time being short the dogs were ordered up and the heat given to the pointer.

Third Series.

VOLLEY AND PRINCESS ALBA.

This heat was run immediately after the Volley—Victoria heat of the second series but Volley seemed metamorphosed, her vim was gone, her action was changed completely and she acted quite like a potterer. Later she did some work, which won the heat; but had Princess Alba worked up to her previous performance, Volley would have been beaten. Down 35m.

In the second heat, third series, Golden Rod had a bye.

Fourth Series.

The first heat was between Golden Rod and Volley. The pointer had become frightened at the crowd, who, while the work was stopped to allow Volley a breathing spell (it being her third consecutive heat), amused themselves by shooting at targets. The effect was very bad, as Golden Rod was apparently afraid to leave her handler. So Volley won the heat and first money.

Golden Rod and Victoria contested then for second money which was won by Victoria.

Third prize was awarded to champion Bruce.

With the ending of this heat at 1:30 P. M. the meeting closed. That same night supper was served in Philadelphia to the New York delegation, and then they were in time to reach New York before midnight, which illustrated how convenient the grounds are for a field trial. If birds were plenty the grounds would be more suitable for pretty work than those of the Eastern Field Trials Club in North Carolina.

O.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE third annual trials of the Western Field Trials Association were run at Carthage, Mo., beginning Monday morning, Nov. 17, filling six entire days, and winding up a few minutes after sunset on Saturday. The conditions were extremely unsatisfactory. No rain had fallen for five weeks. The grass, the weeds, in fact all of the cover was dry and dusty; and only on one day was there a fairly decent temperature, the weather being usually sultry and warm. The birds were very scarce indeed. The grounds, on which the club secretary had found plenty of birds the week before, had been invaded in the meantime by market hunters and nearly all of the birds had been killed. This is as much as the protection the members were promised amounted to, and it is a contingency that the Association has determined not to permit to arise again.

The judges for the Derby were Messrs. Theodore Mosher, Louis Kuntz and R. C. Van Horn (in place of J. W. Munson absent). Mr. Munson served in the All-Aged Stake until Friday afternoon, when Mr. B. Waters was made referee. Under these circumstances there was no opportunity for adequately testing the merits of the competing dogs; but the dogs were placed to the satisfaction of the judges and almost without argument; in the final settlement there was none whatever, the only differences of opinion occurring in the earlier stages of the trials, and they were always run to a settlement and not argued. The dogs were placed by their judges unanimously and harmoniously, according to the merit shown in competition. Following is the running summary:

DERBY STAKES.

First Series.

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane, Chicago), English setter (Roderigo—Queen Bess),

beat

NELL (R. S. R. Randolph, Trenton, Tenn.), (Guido—Bell).

KING MARK (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Belle Belton),

beat

MOLLY, JR. (A. T. Harridge, Alma, Kansas), pointer bitch (Frank—Flora).

PRAY'S GLADSTONE (J. A. Bolen, Kansas City), English setter (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.),

beat

BUBERT (E. C. Sterling, St. Louis), pointer (Mainspring—Dell).

BELLE OF KANSAS CITY (Drury Underwood, Kansas City), English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.),

beat

JILL (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), setter bitch (Dashdale—Bonfil's Dot).

TRINKETT'S COUNTESS (Paul Franke, St. Joseph, Mo.), pointer bitch (Croxteth—Trinkett).

beat

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr. and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch (King Noble—Belle Belton).

Second Series.

King's Mark beat Little Gift.
Pray's Gladstone beat Belle of Kansas City.
Trinkett's Countess a bye.

Third Series.

King's Mark beat Trinkett's Countess.
Pray's Gladstone a bye.

Fourth Series.

Pray's Gladstone beat Mark for first prize.

Fifth Series.

King's Mark beat Belle of Kansas City for second prize.
Mollie, Jr., Trinkett's Countess and Belle of Kansas City third.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

First Series.

SPRING (R. M. Hutchings, Galveston, Tex.), pointer dog, 2yrs. 4mos. (Mainspring—Curfew),

beat

BOHEMIAN GIRL (W. G. Mellin, Kansas City, Mo.), English setter bitch, 2½yrs. (Count Noble—Mollie Belton).

BUN ROY (L. B. Suggs), setter, 2yrs. 7mos. (San Roy—Queen Bess),

beat

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter dog, 1½yrs. (King Noble—Belle Belton).

SPOT (J. B. C. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo.) pointer dog, 4yrs. (Drake—Fan),

beat

CORNER STONE (A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.), pointer dog, 3yrs. (Meteor—Accident).

RUBY BUCKELLEW T. W. Stoutenburgh, Davenport, Ia.), English setter bitch, 2yrs. 3mos. (Buckellew—Brimstone),

beat

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch, 1½yrs. (King Noble—Belle Belton).

KING'S DAN (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter dog, 2yrs. (King Noble—Elsie Belton),

beat

BESSIE B. (Laredo Kennels, Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch, 2½yrs. King Noble—Elsie Belton).

KING NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), English setter dog, 4yrs. (Count Noble—Rosalind),

beat

DANA (G. J. Gray, Kansas City, Mo.), pointer bitch, 1½yrs. (Corner Stone—Nellie True).

Second Series.

Ruby Buckellew beat Bun Roy.
Spring beat King's Don.
Spot beat King Noble.

Third Series.

Spring beat Ruby Buckellew.
Spot a bye.

Fourth Series.

Spring beat Spot for first prize.

Fifth Series.

Ruby Buckellew beat Spot for second prize.
Spot, King's Dan and Queen Noble third.

The officers of the Association elected at a meeting Nov. 8, are: A. A. Whipple, President; Theo. Mosher, First Vice-President; J. I. Case, Second Vice-President; D. Underwood, Third Vice-President. Executive Committe: Louis Kunz, A. C. Walmsley, H. P. Dillon, J. W. Munson, L. H. Faulkner. Board of Appeals: G. N. Huling, R. M. Hutchings, E. C. Sterling, G. W. C. Rohrer.

THE ROBINS ISLAND FIRE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Monday of last week the writer formed one of a party of jolly sportsmen who left this city by an early afternoon train of the Long Island R. R., for the purpose of being present at the sixth annual field trials of the Robins Island Club. Among those composing the party were Messrs. Stanley, Wells, Wellington, Bruce, Lewis and others whose names at this writing I cannot recall.

Reaching Jamaica, an hour's ride from your city, a report reached us that the club house was on fire and that no hopes were entertained of saving it. From that point until reaching Manor Station—an hour's further ride—all was doubt and uncertainty. We hoped for the best, but all feared the worst. At Manor the conductor received a telegram from Cutchogue, which said the club house was gone entirely, and that nothing of its contents had been saved. As we could not return, there was no alternative but to go forward. At Cutchogue we found club members Wm. Van Amden and S. B. Duryea, the only ones of the club who had been on the island when the fire first broke out. We rode from the station to New Suffolk, a sad, dispirited party.

The only hotel of the place had been closed for the season, but its kind-hearted proprietor, Wm. McNish, opened his doors, built up fires, and got up a good supper for his unexpected guests. We have to be fed no matter what else is given up. The evening was passed in a recounting of the events of the day, a relation of the happenings of the fiery hour. Upon a table in our sitting-room quietly rested sixteen guns, sad reminder of what had occurred a short time before. An equal number had been destroyed. The trials were but alluded to, for while a few were ready the majority were in favor of a postponement, for the secretary of the club was not present, and no one had a list of entries or knew the names of the would-be competing dogs.

After breakfast Tuesday morning a start was made for the island to look over the ruins. It was, indeed, a sorry sight. Nothing was left of the fine building but the brick walls of the older, original structure, which was on the island at the time of its purchase by the club. Two tottering chimneys stood like warning towers above the brick foundations, and one of them fell with a startling crash before we had made full inspection of the destruction.

The grass was burned away in front of the ruins for a space covering at least an acre, leaving the sod black and sere. Had the wind been blowing at the time of the disaster from the north instead of the south, the whole island would have been burned over. Everything would have gone—barns, outbuildings, kennels and timber. The latter a calamity indeed. Buildings and barns can be put up again, but this generation would not have seen a growth of such oak timbers as now almost covers the island. As it was, the ice house and coal house were saved, with the winter's fuel, 30 tons. That this was so was chiefly owing to the exertions of two brothers, James and Ed Seymour. They took the lead and were ably seconded by the men of New Suffolk, who reached the island in all sorts of craft, starting as soon as the fire was discovered from the mainland.

The fittings of the club house went with it. Pianos, pictures, library, silverware, furniture, bedding—all were gone. From the kitchen were saved the stoves and ice box, with a pot or a pan; naught else of the portable property was rescued.

The superintendent, Mr. Short, was more fortunate, saving the larger part of his household goods; but his loss on club supplies was heavy. He had but just purchased a large stock of provisions, liquors and cigars, not a cent's worth of which was saved. Mr. Van Amden busied himself here, and gallantly brought from the burning building a baby carriage, and then thinking of the two little ones, went in the almost furnace again and captured for their use a pitcher of milk and a tin of crackers. Mr. S. B. Duryea occupied himself at the main building, and through his efforts mainly the club's books of record were saved, together with the guns before mentioned and quite a lot of ammunition.

The loss to the club was at least $15,000, only a small portion of this being covered by the insurance. A meeting was to be called as soon as notices could be sent to the members, at which is to be considered the propriety of holding a trial this year or leaving the matter in abeyance until next season. At an informal talk upon the subject, Mr. S. B. Duryea said that he should move that an open trial should be held this year. He, for one, was anxious to know how his dogs compared with others in work on game, and he knows no better way of finding out than by having an All-Aged Stake ran for. He said he felt sure many of the members thought as he did, and he trusted to see the thing carried through. This is a capital idea as well as a generous thing to do. There is a large number of birds on the island and it is to be hoped the project will be carried through. In a walk in the neighborhood of where the club house stood—certainly not over a quarter of a mile—the writer put up four bevies of birds, containing together not less than 150, all apparently strong and vigorous. Should such a trial be held, the excitement attending the old meetings of the Eastern Field Trials Club would without doubt be seen again. The accommodations at New Suffolk are sufficient for all when appropriate notice is given. With so few quail to be killed as are shot during a field trial, the stock of birds would suffer but little, for apart from showing the retrieving quality of the competing dogs, none are "done to death." Let the good work be forced to a successful termination. PECONIC.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the November number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

5493. Glen Mills Bess, T. Willis. 5494. Hilo Jack, F. C. Rochester.

COLLIES.

5495. Scotty, S. H. Whitten. 5497. W. Scott, John P. Lansing.
5496. Victoria, S. S. Eldred.

GREYHOUNDS.

5498. Highland Laddie, L. H. Broome. 5499. Highland Lassie, L. H. Broome.

MASTIFFS.

5500. Bruno, Miss Fanny Howe. 5508. Moses, J. L. Winchell.
5501. Coon, Lafayette Cole. 5509. Nydia, Geo. B. Ayres.
5502. Cora, James McCradie. 5510. Persia C., Chas. Campbell.
5503. Fancy, W. A. Power. 5511. Phœdra, Wacouta Kennels.
5504. Flora II., L. S. Dow. 5512. Portia II., J. M. Harder.
5505. Lady Dufferin, James McCradie. 5513. Rex III., H. K. Howsey. 5514. Wacouta Dora, Thomas Wallgate.
5506. Lu Lu II., Henry Barnett.
5507. Monarch, E. B. Sears.

POINTERS.

5515. Flirt III., A. L. Rountree. 5518. Harry, E. E. Jenkins.
5516. Gipsey, Chas. W. Sanders. 5519. June, Geo. W. Waite.
5517. Grafton's Roy, C. F. Jordan. 5520. Nell II., J. Treadwell.

PUGS.

5521. Bradford Thera, C. A. Peterson. 5524. Meg, Charles J. Tanner. 5525. Minnie Warren, Henry C. Burdick.
5522. Dandy II., F. T. Caho.
5523. Judith, O. D. Allen.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

5526. Beda II., Matthew Goldie. 5532. Madeline, J. R. McAlpin.
5527. Ben Bow, V. E. Macy. 5533. Nardo, C. W. Goodrich.
5528. Brachen, Jos. R. McAlpin. 5534. Night, W. F. Filton.
5529. Glen, Mrs. R. A. McCurdy. 5535. Ponce de Leon, O. D. Seavey.
5530. Judy, Jos. R. McAlpin. 5536. Punch, Louis Dejonge.
5531. Lord Rochester, C. W. Bickford. 5537. W. Scott, James Tolman.

SMOOTH-COATED.

5538. Don Cameron, W. S. Guffey. 5541. Nanco, M. Goldie.
5539. Fan, M. Goldie. 5542. Victor, R. DeWitt Burnham.
5540. Mora, E. B. Sears.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5543. Bessie II., L. Hopkins. 5548. Nellie II., C. Macfarlane.
5544. Don Leroy, F. H. Libby. 5549. Queen Belknap, M. Morrill.
5545. Joe Johnston, B. H. Williamson. 5550. Queen Mab II., F. Murphy. 5551. Squibb, A. J. Easterby.
5546. Lady Bessie, J. R. Bolton. 5552. Wayne Buckellew, M. M. McMillan.
5547. Moxie Cline, M. McMillan.

GORDON SETTERS.

5553. Kid, W. A. Dewitt.

IRISH SETTERS.

5554. Beppo, H. B. Young. 5557. Patsy, R. Q. Taylor.
5555. Dixie, A. Fitzwater. 5558. Sakta, H. B. Young.
5556. Nettie II., W. Shackelford. 5559. Tippie, W. T. Shackelford.

SPANIELS—CLUMBER SPANIELS.

5560. Drake, F. H. F. Mercer and W. B. A. Hill. 5561. Johnny, F. H. F. Mercer and W. B. A. Hill.

FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

5562. Baby Obo, J. P. Willey. 5572. Mac Obo, H. K. Boyer.
5563. Barkis Ransom, D. Ransom. 5573. Nell II., C. Smith.
5564. Ben B., C. Smith. 5574. Newton Abbot Beau, J. P. Willey.
5565. Bessie W., J. P. Willey.
5566. Black Nancy, J. P. Willey. 5575. Niagara Prince, D. L. Ellsworth.
5567. Daisy III., C. Smith.
5568. Dot W., J. P. Willey. 5576. Sambo, S. Daly.
5569. Dreka, C. G. Lincoln. 5577. Sambo W., J. P. Willey.
5570. Goldie, J. P. Willey. 5578. Smutt T., F. M. Thayer.
5571. Judge II., C. Smith.

TERRIERS—BULL-TERRIERS.

5579. Lady Winchester, Girard Bros.

FOX-TERRIERS.

5580. Daisey, R. S. Waddell. 5582. Trap, F. M. Cookson.
5581. Sam Weller, O. W. Volger.

CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS, Philadelphia, Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We beg to advise you that the partnership heretofore existing under the name of The Chestnut Hill Kennels, will be dissolved on Jan. 1, 1888, by mutual consent, and Mr. Thompson will retire. This will make no change in the management of the kennels, which will be continued under the same title by Mr. Harrison, who has bought out Mr. Thompson's interest in our well known dogs. It is our purpose to add some of the best specimens of the Irish terriers to our stock of other breeds, and we beg to assure you and the public that the quality of all our dogs will be, as in the past, of the highest.—MITCHELL HARRISON, CHAS. T. THOMPSON.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.—Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Arrangements have been made with the Southern Passenger Association whereby parties attending the American field trials at Florence, Ala., in December, may secure one-third rate returning to points in that territory, on certificate that they paid full fare going. Dogs will be passed free in both directions, when in crates and accompanied by owner or handler, at owner's risk. Those wishing to avail themselves of this reduction in rates, should apply at once to C. W. Paris, Secretary and Treasurer, 48 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O., for proper blanks for certificate.—W. B. SHATTUC, President.

KENNEL NOTES are crowded out this week by our news from High Point.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. E. B., Philadelphia.—I have a valuable setter dog that has lost his scent. He hunted well enough last season, but this season is worthless as regards his nose. Do you know of any cure for him? Ans. In all probability there is some constitutional trouble to account for the loss of sense of smell. If you notice nothing wrong with the nasal passages you had better consult a vet. regarding general condition of your dog.

CONSTANT READER.—An Irish setter pup, about 7mos. old, is very thin, hind part is almost paralyzed; when he walks he has to drag his hindlegs. Appetite good; matter runs occasionally from eyes. Ans. Probably result of distemper, possibly worms. Satisfy yourself as to which. If the former, give 10 drops of tincture of nux vomica three times daily and have electricity administered if possible. If you suspect worms, give purge of castor oil, tablespoonful, followed in 6 hours by 30grs. of powdered areca nut, made into bolus or large pill with lard.

THE MEMPHIS AND AVENT KENNEL will offer a number of broken dogs for sale during the Eastern and American trials. Among those offered for sale will be their entire Derby, All-Aged and Champion entries. This kennel will not send dogs to purchasers on approbation, preferring for purchasers (or their deputized agents) to see the dogs at work during the trials and privately. This will be a rare opportunity to secure some first-class dogs from combined field-trial and bench-show winning strains, broken by Mr. J. M. Avent.—*Adv.*

MR. C. W. BUDD writes from Davenport, Ia., to the U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass., under date of Nov. 13, 1887, as follows: "I have fired over 200 Climax shells with your regular primer and wood-powder, and have not had a single hang fire."—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

FIRST BRIGADE N. G. P.—Philadelphia, Nov. 17.—The sharpshooters of the First Brigade N. G. P. met at Stockton Rifle Range, Camden, N. J., on the 5th inst., to contest for the First Brigade championship gold badge, to become the property of the winner. The day was rather unfavorable, being cold and chilly, besides which the marksmen had to contend with a strong fish-tail wind, blowing first from 1 o'clock, then clean around to 10 and 11. The match was open for all officers and men in the First Brigade N. G. P. who had qualified with a sharpshooters' score this season, entrance $1, to be divided as follows: 20 per cent. to go to the one making the highest score, along with the championship gold badge; second highest score, 15 per cent. of the remaining money; third highest score, 10 per cent of the remaining money, the next nine highest men to have the balance of money equally divided; distance, 200 and 500yds.; no sighting or warming shots; 10 shots at each distance:

1.	Lieut Geo W Coulston, I R P 1st Regt N G P	200yds....	4444455555—45
		500yds.....	4555455454—46—91
2.	Sergt John J Mountjoy, State Fencibles	200yds.....	3444544455—42
		500yds.....	5455545545—47—89
3.	Sergt G F Root, Co F, 1st Regt..	200yds.....	3544454544—42
		500yds.....	3445545544—43—85
4.	Lieut W N Smith, I R P, 6th Regt	200yds.....	4444454554—43
		500yds.....	4545535443—42—85
5.	Lieut J G Ganley, I R P, State Fencibles	200yds.....	4454445445—43
		500yds.....	2544554335—40—83
6.	Major H A Shenton, I R P, 1st Brigade	200yds.....	4444342454—39
		500yds.....	3443555455—43—82
7.	Lieut H J Crump, Co D, 1st Regt		78
8.	Pvt P Thompson, Co A, 6th Regt		78
9.	Sergt L E F Tobaldt, Co C, 1st Regt		75
10.	Corp H J Mehard, Co C, 1st Regt		73
11.	Pvt E E Zimmerman, Co F, 1st Regt		71
12.	Capt H O Hastings, Co D, 1st Regt		68

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 15.—Nine of the Owensville Ballard Rifle Team met on their range to-day for the fourth shoot and made better average scores than in their previous shoots. Distance 200yds., standard target, light wind from 5 o'clock quarter:

McGrade Daugherty	7	6	7	9	6	6	8	7	6	7—69
R Speck	4	7	7	5	9	6	8	6	10	5—67
H Mauck	10	8	5	6	5	10	6	5	4	5—64
W Roberts	8	8	4	8	6	9	5	6	6	4—64
W Gentry	4	6	6	8	8	9	6	4	5	6—62
G Wetter	5	7	6	5	6	5	5	4	4	10—57
J Montgomery	1	4	7	8	5	5	5	4	5	8—52
J Daugherty	10	10	5	4	5	6	3	4	1	4—52
J Stone	7	4	4	7	4	3	4	6	3	10—52—539

Average 59⅞. McGrade Daugherty won the gold medal. In the tie shoot-off for leather medal J. Daugherty won.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—The rifle matches were shot to-day at Walnut Hill with a fair attendance. The light was very poor, and the scores for the most part correspondingly small. The record of to-day is as follows:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.—200yds.

A C Gordon	8	10	10	10	6	8	7	5	5	9—77
W Bennett	8	8	7	8	7	4	10	8	3	8—69
Parker	8	6	6	6	7	6	6	6	7	8—66
D L Chase	8	5	3	3	9	9	6	8	6	8—65
W H Oler	7	5	10	6	4	9	9	5	4	4—62
R Dadman	7	8	7	5	6	2	10	4	5	5—59

Rest Match.—200yds.

H J Foster	12	10	10	12	11	10	11	10	12	12—110
D L Chase	11	9	12	11	12	10	12	11	12	9—109
W H Oler	12	11	12	11	12	10	10	11	10	9—108
B G Barker	9	12	9	12	9	9	6	12	9	12— 99

Military Creedmoor Practice Match.—200yds.

W O Burnite	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—43
J F Leonard	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4—43
W H Oler	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	5—42
W Franklin	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	3	4	4—42
Mitchell	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—42
McCarty	5	4	3	3	4	4	4	3	3	5—38

Revolver Match.—200yds.

W Bennett	9	8	8	9	10	8	10	7	6	10—85
F E Bennett	5	8	6	7	10	10	9	8	10	9—82
J B Fellows	8	8	10	8	8	7	6	6	6	6—75

REVOLVER SCORES.—A score or more of gentlemen assembled at the new range of the Lynn Rifle Association on the afternoon of Nov. 16, for the purpose of being revolver practice by Messrs. W. W. and F. E. Bennett, two brothers, who have quite recently broken all previous records of shooting with the weapon named at 50yds. distance. They both used the "Russian model" Smith & Wesson army revolver, .44-cal. The conditions under which they shot were not of the most favorable nature. A strong and uneven wind blew across the line of fire all the afternoon. It was a miniature hurricane at one moment, and the next a gentle zephyr. How embarrassing such a wind is to all sportsmen who have ever faced the butts with either rifle or pistol well know. Another unfavorable condition was a varying light, caused by clouds crossing the sun's disc at uncertain intervals—a glare at one instant and a shadow at the next. For the reasons named the gentlemen mentioned shot only 5 strings of 10 shots, a total of 50 shots each, while they had intended to shoot 100 shots apiece. Considering the annoyances they made respectively the appended scores, which may be considered remarkable. They shot on the American standard rifle target. The bullseye is 8in. in diameter. Within it are two rings. A shot in the inner ring counts 10, just outside 9, and just outside that 8. The best possible score would be, for 10 shots, 100. A perusal of the annexed tables, the reader understanding that 8, or any figure larger than 8, means a bullseye, will show that the shooting was fine. Each marksman made 34 bullseyes out of 50 shots:

F E Bennett	6	9	10	6	8	10	8	8	7	8—77	
	8	8	8	8	10	10	5	9	9	10—85	
	5	9	7	6	5	10	10	10	6	6—74	
	9	9	8	8	10	6	8	7	7	10—82	
	8	8	10	8	9	8	8	7	10	10—86	—404
W W Bennett	8	8	10	6	9	9	10	7	7	10—84	
	7	9	9	8	10	8	9	10	10	10—90	
	10	7	8	10	10	9	9	7	8	6—84	
	8	7	10	7	9	9	8	5	9	10—82	
	7	9	7	8	7	7	10	5	10	6—76	—416

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 12.—At the weekly shoot of the pistol club for the Hanlon and other prizes, the following scores were made out of a possible 120:

O Neuhaus	9	12	11	12	11	12	11	11	12	11—112
L V D Perret	9	12	11	11	12	12	11	11	10	12—111
W Bauer	12	12	10	10	11	12	12	10	11	11—111
G W Alexander	12	12	11	12	11	12	9	11	10	10—110
M C Billmeyer	10	12	11	11	12	11	11	11	9	12—110
E C Mohrstadt	11	11	11	12	12	11	9	11	11	11—110
W J Lard	11	10	11	11	12	11	9	10	11	11—107
M Summerfield	11	12	11	9	9	11	12	11	9	11—106
G T Dunn	12	10	11	11	8	11	9	11	11	12—106
W T Larned	11	11	7	11	12	11	10	12	11	11—105
A E Bengel	12	12	12	7	10	12	9	12	10	9—105
E T Grether	12	12	11	8	9	12	12	9	9	9—103
F D Gildersleeve	10	9	10	10	12	11	11	10	11	9—103
J Siemiuskie	10	10	9	11	9	11	8	10	9	8— 95
H L Block	7	11	9	8	12	11	6	8	10	12— 94
W H Hettel	11	0	9	7	10	11	9	12	11	11— 91
W C Mackwitz	5	11	6	7	9	9	9	10	10	12— 88
J G Schaaf	7	5	8	10	11	10	8	11	6	10— 86

KEENE, N. H., Nov. 10.—The marksmen of the Keene Light Guard Rifle Club indulged in target practice at the range this afternoon, when the following scores were made:

200yds., Military Rifles.

Col Metcalf	34444—19	Saunderson	04232—11
Lieut Shaw	53424—18	Ruffle	35043—12
Sergt-Maj Keyes	33243—15	Quilty	22242—13
Sergt Keyes	24444—18	Flanagan	02032— 7
Sergt Joslin	32432—14	Kelly	43423—16
Sergt Upham	32333—14	Kellogg	32420—11
Sergt Nims	32420—11	Eastman	34340—14

300yds., Military Rifles.

E M Keyes	55333—19	C E Joslin	53433—18
H W Keyes	53333—17	Ruffle	03353—14
Col Metcalf	44433—18		

The members of the Keene Rifle Club also had a competitive trial of their skill with the following results, an allowance of 2 being given to all but H. W. Keyes:

Col Metcalf	3444444—27	6	7	8	10	10	8	9—60
H W Keyes	3333333—22	6	6	3	7	7	4	6—38
C E Joslin	3022333—16	5	0	2	2	4	4	4—23
E M Keyes	4344344—26	9	3	9	8	4	9	7—51

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17.—In the shoot for a gold medal at Stockton Range yesterday by the State Fencibles, the following was the result—military rifle:

	200yds.	500yds.
H L Roberts	31415—20	31415—20—40
J T Patterson	33335—19	34444—19—38
J L Duffy	14434—18	44431—18—36
W H Harris	33444—17	33444—18—35
J P Corcoran	34505—17	50454—18—35
Wm Porter	21435—16	44343—18—34

TOPEKA, Nov. 12.—To-day at a practice shoot, Prof. F. G. Minkler, the crack shot of the Topeka Rifle Club, made the brilliant record of fifteen consecutive bullseyes, at a distance of 200yds., off-hand, and the last nine shots were a clean score of tens. The club is very proud of this record. At the regular shoot of the club, the following scores were made, 10 shots, 200yds.:

F G Minkler	89	86	87	G E Morrison	82	80	81
J L Payne	83	87	78	C R Payne	76	79	79

GALLERY SCORES.—The members of the Cosmopolitan Rifle Club held their usual weekly meeting Nov. 8, at 613 South Third street, Philadelphia. Owing to its being Election evening the attendance was rather slim. The following scores were made at 40yds. range, possible 120, open sights, off-hand, a specified trial to count. The official score:

Peter Woods	12	12	12	11	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	—118
*R Koch	12	9	12	12	10	12	11	11	11	11	11	—116
W Denny	12	12	10	12	11	11	12	12	12	12	11	—115

*Five points handicap.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

GUELPH, Nov. 11.—A decidedly interesting pigeon shooting match took pace here to-day between teams of ten, representing the Owl Gun Club, of Toronto, and the Guelph Gun Club. The Owls put a good team in the field, but by no means their best, several of the leading shots of the club being unable to leave town and others being away on shooting expeditions in the forests. Consequently Guelph won by 63 to 52; and the Owls accepted their defeat gracefully; 10 birds each, 30yds. rise:

Shattuck	1010111101—7	Carruthers	1111000101—6
Walker	1110111011—8	McDowall	1110101000—5
Sleeman	1111011110—8	Lush	0010100000—2
Edwards	0011111100—6	Kemp	1001001110—5
Johnson	1100111111—8	Carruthers	1111111100—8
Holliday	0110011110—6	Rogers	1000110010—4
Singular	0010001001—3	Beatty	0111110010—7
Ellis	0100000100—2	Rice	1011011111—8
Turnbull	1011111110—8	Robertson	0010000110—3
Wayper	0010111111—7—63	Unwin	1100010001—4—52

Sweepstakes No. 1 at 5 birds each: G. Carruthers 4, J. Rice 4, W. Shattuck 3, J. Curruthers 3, G. Sleeman 3, J. C. Unwin 2, W. McDowall 2, J. Wayper 2, L. Singular 2, J. Johnson 2, A. Cull 2. C. Rogers, L. Walker and W. Lush killed 1 each, and A. Robertson and C. Kemp missing their first three retired.

NEWARK, Nov. 19.—There were two pigeon matches at Erb's. The birds were a very superior lot, not one dwelling after the traps were sprung. The first match was between veteran pigeon shooter Sam Castle and Chris Reinhardt, for $100 a side, 20 birds each, 30yds. rise, 5 traps, 2 barrels. Reinhardt won by the following score:

S Castle	02110220021122221012—15
C Reinhardt	10121221221111001121—17

Following this shoot Frank Class, of Pine Brook, and C. Reinhardt shot a 10-bird race for $100 a side. Class won, making a clean score as follows:

F Class	1121211211—10	C Reinhardt	0001111111— 7

Referee, J. Maher, of New York.

NEW DORP, Staten Island, Nov. 17.—Emerald Gun Club's match at live pigeons, ground traps, 21, 25 and 30yds. rise, 80yds. bound; club rules; four prizes:

P Butz (21)	1111110110—8	L C Gehering (25)	1111111000—7
M Cherry (21)	1110101101—7	J Howard (21)	0010011001—4
Dr Hudson (25)	1010111111—8	T P Mackenna (21)	1101001100—5
G Remsen (25)	1101110000—5	H Rubino (21)	1001010000—4
R Regan (21)	0011001111—6	A McHale (21)	1001010010—4
J H Voss (25)	1001011011—6	P J Keenan (21)	0011101110—6
J Maesel (21)	1110111001—7	S McMahon (21)	1011000110—5
N Maesel (21)	1011010111—7	F Schrader (25)	1111101010—7
T Codey (21)	0111011001—6		

Ties on miss and out for first, Dr. Hudson, 30yds., 1001101; P. Butz, 25yds., 1001100. Ties for second, 25yds., M. Cherry 1½, J. Maesel ½, N. Maesel 1½, L. H. Gehering 2. Ties for third, 21 and 25yds., R. Reagan ½, J. H. Voss ½, T. Codey 0, P. J. Keenan 1; won by Keenan. Ties for fourth or Osickie Trophy, at live birds, 21yds., S. McMahon 1, Thos. P. Mackenna 0; won by McMahon.—THOS. CODEY, Sec'y.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15.—Weekly shoot of the Southwark Gun Club, 15 birds:

First Shoot.

Lafferty	1011100111110111—11	Stillwell	0101111111010110—11
Robertson	0111111100011111—11	Haldt	0111100111110111—11
Marker	1010110011011000— 7	Bouvier	0000011101111001— 7
Weaver	0000111101101110— 8	Beyerlein	1101101101111111—12

Second Shoot.

Chew	0100010101000000— 3	Robertson	1010100011101111— 9
Murphy	1101100110001000— 7	Beyerlein	0111010001111117—10
Weaver, Jr.	1011001111010111—11	Haldt	0010111111101101—10
Marker	1011111011111000—11	Milby	1101001010101101— 9

Weekly shoots of this club will hereafter take place on Mondays.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—There was a large attendance of trap-shooters to-day at Walnut Hill to witness the contest between teams of the Massachusetts Rifle Association and Wellington Gun Club for the gold badge of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association. The trophy was won by the Wellington team. In addition to the team shoot the regular matches were open. Appended are the results:

Macomber Badge Match, 10 singles, 5 pairs—Smith, 8, 7—total 15; Wilde, 9, 6—15; Wilson, 9, 5—14; Eager, 8, 5—13; Mudd, 8, 2—10.

Silverware Match, 10 singles, 5 pairs—Snow, 10, 6—total 16; Smith, 6, 6—12; Law, 10, 6—16; Knowles, 6, 6—12; Mudd, 4, 6—10.

Visitors' Match—Eager, 6, 4—total 10; Wilson, 5, 6—11; Crown, 4, 6—10; Wilde, 5, 3—8.

Team Match—Wellington Gun Club Team.

Gerry	1011111111111111110—18
Swift	1111010111011110011—15
Wilde	1101010011011110111—14
Law	1010100011100111101—12
Pond	1010110001110311011—12—71

M. R. A. Team.

Snow	1111011111110111111—18
Knowles	1111010011100111111—15
Eager	1110110100101111000—12
Mudd	1111000001000110111—11
Smith	1010110001010110011—11—67

GENESEO, Ill., Nov. 15.—The shooting tournament here brought out a large number of sportsmen.

The first shoot was at 6 birds, 25yds., one barrel. N. Doxey, of Geneseo, won first money. A. Berg, of Davenport, Iowa, and I. Laughlin, of Rock Island, divided second. O. A. Howard, of Davenport, and William Stohl, of Cleveland, divided third. A. Booth, of Springfield, fourth.

No. 2—Seven birds, 30yds., both barrels. A. Berg, of Davenport, Iowa; H. Stohl, of Geneseo; Otto Mitchael, of Atkinson, and A. Booth, of Springfield, divided first money. T. Laughlin, of Rock Island; E. Jaques, of Geneseo; W. Stohl, of Cleveland; N. Doxey, of Geneseo, and Geo. Shadow, of Davenport, divided second. S. A. Tucker, of Meriden, Conn., and O. A. Howard, of Davenport, Iowa, divided third. J. Stohl, of Cleveland, and A. Sands, of Geneseo, divided fourth.

No. 3—Ten blue rocks, 18yds. George Shadow, of Davenport, Iowa, and H. Stohl, of Geneseo, divided first money. M. Henecker, of Morristown; E. Jaques, of Genesco, and A. Sands, of Geneseo, divided second. A. Berg and A. Howard, of Davenport, Iowa, divided third. T. O. Davis, of Davenport, Iowa, fourth.

NEWARK, Nov. 17.—The $500 silver cup of the Essex Gun Association was won for the ninth time by the South Side Gun Club, on the grounds of the Woodside Gun Club. The shoots are held monthly, and the cup is to become the property of the club winning the oftenest during the year. The Mountain Side Gun Club and Woodside Gun Club have each won one shoot. The National rules governed the shoot, 20 clay-pigeons being shot at by each man. The score of the South Side Club was 59 broke, 41 missed; Woodside Gun Club, 54 broke, 46 missed. Four sweepstakes at 5 birds each were also shot. In the first, C. Von Leugerke and Hill divided first money, Riker second, Firth third and Geoffry fourth. In the second ties were made by Firth, Hill, Hunt and Von Lengerke. Third, ties divided by Riker, Geoffrey and Von Lengerke for first money, Hunt second. In the fourth Hunt and White divided on clean scores.

MONTREAL, Nov. 17.—The most successful shooting meeting ever held in the province took place to-day, under the auspices of the Montreal Gun Club, on the occasion of their annual Thanksgiving shoot. The threatening appearance of the weather in the morning caused a smaller attendance than there would otherwise have been, but still there were representatives present from nearly all the clubs, and the shooting was throughout closely contested. The officers of the club were on hand early in the morning and had the traps working like clockwork, so that there were no delays whatever and but very few trap-broken birds. The first event was the final match for a handsome silver cup presented by Ald. A. W. Morris, president of the club, to be shot for at 20 birds, each on Good Friday, Queen's Birthday, Dominion Day and Thanksgiving Day. There were 9 entries, and it was won by C. H. Wallace, with a score of 14 for the day, and a total of 54 in the four matches out of a possible 80. J. Allen took second place with 14, and John Fly was third. The next event was an open match, 18yds. rise, 20 Peoria blackbirds, for which the following 18 shots entered: M. Fielding, M. B. Leach, R. Lucas, Dr. Barnes, A. Omon, A. Cox, L. P. Trotter, C. W. McCan, G. W. Westcott, A. C. Johnson, H. Fly, A. Penniston, W. Emo, A. H. C. Walpole, C. H. Wallace, J. Allen, J. B. Bedard, A. Ramsay, H. Lajeunesse. The shooting was very close, A. C. Johnson and C. H. Johnson tieing for first place with 17 birds, and the former winning in the shoot-off. J. B. Bedard took third prize with 13, and W. E. Emo and A. Penniston and L. P. Trotter tied for fourth place. The shoot-off resulted in the order above named. There was another match shot afterward, in which 10 entered. It was won by W. McCan, who broke 8 birds, W. Emo being second with 5 birds, and A. Penniston third.

TORONTO, Nov. 17.—Three sweepstake shooting contests took place to-day at Charles Ayres's place, Eastern avenue. The results were as follows: At 12 Canada blackbirds, 18yds. rise, 3 screened traps. Aine 7, Sandys 7, W. Bugg 6, Unwin 6, J. Townson 5, McDowall 5, McClure 4, H. George 3, Kemp 3, Wilkinson 3. At 12 Canada blackbirds, 18yds. rise, 3 screened traps: Hine 9, Sandys 8, Kemp 7, McDowall 6, Wilkinson 6, H. George 5, Unwin 5, Riggs 5, Stewart 4, Bugg 4. At 6 Canada blackbirds, 18yds. rise, 3 screened traps: H. George 5, Bugg 5, Hine 5, Sandys 5, McDowall 4, Wilkinson 3, Kemp 3, Riggs 3.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—An exhibition of shooting skill was witnessed last evening at the skating rink, Twenty-third and Christian streets, in the final contest in the five days' match between Brewer, the champion wing-shot of America, and Graham, the champion wing-shot of England. Fifty glass balls were thrown successively in the air, Brewer firing off his first round of shots, and winning universal admiration by breaking every ball. Graham then took his stand and did havoc among the balls, breaking 45 and missing 5. In the second round the contestants each broke 49, and each missed 1. Brewer then shot at 100 clay-birds, breaking 97 and missing 3. Graham did not enter the lists this time, and Brewer remained clearly the winner. The following is the summary of the match:

Brewer.	Broke.	Miss'd	Graham.	Broke.	Miss'd
Monday	471	29	Monday	464	36
Tuesday	494	6	Tuesday	481	19
Wednesday	494	6	Wednesday	467	33
Friday	242	8	Friday	239	11
Saturday	99	1	Saturday	94	6
	1800	50		1745	105

Brewer was declared the winner of the championship of the world and the $2,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18.—There were three fine shoots at live birds at Point Breeze Park, which resulted as follows. $50 match, at 3 birds each, 5 men a side:

Swartz	111—3	Griffin	111—3
Breeding	000—0	Helmbold	101—2
Goff	011—2—5	Pawling	011—2—7

$50 match at 5 birds, 3 men a side:

Graham	11111—5	Pawling	11011—4
Breeding	00000—0	Kleinz	11111—5
Goff	11000—2—7	Swartz	11001—3—12

Graham, at 26yds. rise, killed 5 birds straight, only using one hand to the gun.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Nov. 12.—Garret Roach, son of the late John Roach, and Mr. Van Waggener, of New Brunswick, shot a match at 20 birds each here to-day for $500 a side. Roach won, killing 18 to Van Waggener's 14.

TORONTO, Nov. 16.—The shooting match at the Humber to-day between Mr. Joseph Lucas, of this city, and Mr. Hine, of Winnipeg, at 25 Peoria blackbirds each for $100 a side, 18yds. rise, was won by Mr. Hine by a score of 19 to 12. Mr. Dan Blea was referee and Mr. John Thomson scorer.

Yachting.

THE SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. LECTURES.

THE first of the series of lectures to yachtsmen, given by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at its club house, was delivered on Nov. 19, the subject being "The History, Theory and Methods of Chart-making, and Practical Use of Charts." The library and meeting room of the club were well filled with members of the Seawanhaka and other clubs, and the lecturer, Lieut.-Commander Leonard Chenery, U. S. N., was heard with every evidence of interest. Beside a large globe and various explanatory diagrams, the lecture was illustrated by charts furnished by the Navy Department and U. S. Coast Survey to Lieut.-Commander Chenery, and donated by him to the club. After being introduced by Com. Canfield, the lecturer spoke as follows, prefacing his remarks by a short apology for the work, owing to it being called for a month sooner than was intended, in consequence of a change of programme:

As each man stands in the center of his horizon and the portion of the earth's surface which lies within the range of his vision has the appearance of a disk, the whole world was in ancient times considered a disk surrounded by the sea. It was, consequently, not unusual for a people to imagine—as was the case with the Chinese, the Chaldeans, the Arabs, the Jews, and even the ancient Peruvians—that it occupied the middle of the world. The wider a people's range of vision, the wider was the disk of the world represented. A circular surface is thus the simplest form for a map of the world, and it is met with in antiquity and the Middle Ages. The extent of the circle of vision depends among uncivilized people on their modes of life. Wandering tribes have seen more of the world than settled tribes; hunters, fishers and seamen have made the widest excursions, consequently among them we find the beginnings of map making. Esquimeaux, Indians and Polynesians, for example, show in this matter quickness of apprehension, while among the settled tribes of negroes in Africa there are no maps.

A map drawn by an Esquimeau woman enabled Sir Edward Parry to discover Fury and Hecla Strait; McClintock, during his endeavor to clear up the fate of the Franklin expedition, repeatedly got the Esquimeaux to draw coast maps of the Arctic lands.

It is among the Egyptians that we find the earliest recorded examples of cartographic representation. The Egyptians of the colony of Colchis, dating from the time of Rameses II., had preserved as heirlooms certain wooden tablets on which were indicated land and sea, roads and highways. Sesostris and other kings caused route maps to be prepared, as we know by the actual discovery of such maps and plans on papyrus rolls; maps that are a thousand years older than that of Anaximander, considered by the Greeks as the father of cartography.

The ancient Babylonians have the high distinction of having divided space and time in a way that allowed scientific measurements to be made. They originated the division of the ecliptic into twelve signs, and later into 360deg., and the division of the circle into 360deg., the degree into 60m., the minute into 60s., and the corresponding division of the hour. This was the outcome of their sexagesimal system, and while we may deplore, in the interest of rapidity and ease of mathematical computation, that they were not conversant with the decimal system instead, its great merit has been proved by the infallible test of time. This method of division was introduced among the Greeks by Hipparchus (150 B. C.) and obtained general currency through the geographer Ptolemy (150 A. D.) and provided the elements necessary for the astronomical determination of geographical positions.

The time cannot be spared to-night to follow closely the history of the growth of chart making, nor would it prove of much interest as a lecture. I will therefore briefly touch upon the important steps and episodes in the matter. Anaximander (about 560 B. C.) sketched the first maps known among the Greeks. About 300 years later Democritus ventured to draw a map based upon his own observations in extensive wanderings, and in opposition to the circular form believed in up to that date, gave the world an oblong shape, and taught that it was once and a half as long from E. to W. as from N. to S. We still use the terms longitude and latitude, which originated in those days to express length and breadth.

About the time of Aristotle the tabular or flat surface theory of the earth gave way to the spherical or globe theory, although later, in the Middle Ages, this doctrine of sphericity was placed under the ban of the church and people went back to the Homeric idea of a disk surrounded by ocean. Pytheus, about 320 B. C. made the first application of astronomy to geography, and made an observation for latitude near the present city of Marseilles. The Romans contributed nothing to the development of the scientific method of map making. As a military country they made route maps from which they could learn the roads, stations and distances, sketches which, apart from their distortion, may be compared with our railroad maps issued for advertising purposes.

In the Middle Ages map-making declined and cartography fell back into its second childhood. The nautical maps which made their appearance in Italy in the Thirteenth century, show the first improvement in cartography after a long period of stagnation. These maps were constructed with the use of a compass and are called compass-maps, because covered with figures of compasses from which radiate numerous straight lines in all directions all over the sheet. That the magnet turns toward the north is first mentioned in 1187, and Flavio Gioja was perhaps the first to construct a mariner's compass and teach seamen its use. The Italians divided the compass into eight parts of 45deg. each, assigning four quarters of 11¼deg. each to each division, and it is from these quarters we obtain our 32 points of the compass to-day; still further refining matters by dividing each of those quarters into eighths.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Portugeese, Greek and French cartographers appear as competitors of the Italians. About the middle of the sixteenth century appeared the maps of Gerhard Kramer, commonly known as Mercator. His place as a reformer in cartography is an honorable one, and his system of projection is more generally used to-day, three centuries after his death, than any other.

In the earlier part of the seventeenth century a series of important discoveries and inventions in mathematics, physics and astronomy provided the means of making much more accurate observations and calculations, and accordingly a substantial improvement in chart making followed; the invention of the telescope (1603), Galileo's discovery of Jupiter's moons (1610), Cassini's calculation of their periods of rotation, so important in the determination of longitude (1666), the first application of trigenometry to land surveying (1615), Picard's measurement of a degree and the French measurement of another (1669-1718), the mirror sextant of Hadley (1731), the improvement in lunar tables (1755), and John Harrison's great improvement of the chronometer (1761). In this way, set in a period of transition; up to this time the whole art of chart-making had been treated as a matter of private speculation. France was the pioneer in 1750 in carrying out the cartographic surveys of the country at the cost of the State, for a double object, one military, to provide the army with satisfactory maps, and the other administrative, to furnish a basis for taxing land. Other countries soon followed suit in making government surveys, and prolonged effort has produced rich results.

Passing now to the theory of chart-making, the object of a chart is to present to the eye the bearings of objects on the surface to each other and their relative distances apart, as nearly correct as may be. But this can be done with accuracy only upon a globe, the surface of which is similar to that of the earth itself. Various plans have been devised by which in the more convenient form of plane sheets true delineations of the surface are presented, reference being had to the principle upon which these charts or maps are constructed.

The construction of a map or chart virtually resolves itself into the drawing of two sets of lines, one set to represent the meridians of longitude and the other the parallels of latitude. These being done the outlines of countries and the peculiarities of configuration are filled in. The lines representing meridians and parallels on the sphere are constructed either on the principles of true perspective or by artificial systems of development. It is impossible in any one system or plan to fill all the requirements of the case; we fulfill some by the very sacrifice of others; we represent exact similarity to all very small portions of the original at the expense of misrepresented areas; or we retain equality of areas by giving up the idea of similarity; and in the end we adopt a compromise possibly in one plan or the other to best suit the necessities of the case.

By the method called projection the rules of perspective are applied to the delineation of objects upon the surface according to several principal modes. I shall not mention or describe all the modes of projection, but only the more important ones of practical utility, which may be divided as follows:

Orthographic projection, Stereographic projection, Gnomonic, Gnomic or Central projection,	Natural projections—perspective delineations on the primitive plane. Known to the ancients.
Globular projection, Mercator's projection, Conic projection, Polyconic projection,	Artificial projections, not a perspective representation but a development from a cylinder or cone. Of modern design.

In orthographic projection the eye is supposed to be at an infinite distance from the sphere, so that the rays of light coming from every point of the hemisphere opposite to it may be considered as parallel to one another. The sphere is intersected through its center by a plane perpendicular to these rays, and it is upon this plane that the objects are projected. Objects near the center of the plane are by this method delineated in nearly correct proportions; but in receding from this, as the rays strike more obliquely upon the surface of the sphere, their proportions become more distorted, and the parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude (according as the eye is opposite the pole or equator) are drawn more and more closely together.

In stereographic projection the eye is supposed to be placed at the surface of the sphere, and the surface to be delineated is the opposite hemisphere, or some portions of it of which the inner or concave side of it is presented to the eye. The plane upon which the objects are projected is supposed to be transparent and placed so as to pass through the center of the earth, its surface perpendicular to the line passing from the eye to the center. In this method the meridian and parallels intersect each other, as they do upon the globe, and though there is distortion increasing from the center, yet it is less than by some of the other methods. The stereographic projection is much used for the maps of the world drawn in two hemispheres, and the meridian of 20° W. from Greenwich is usually taken as the plane of the projection since that brings the two great continental divisions of the earth into their respective hemispheres.

Since the orthographic distorts by contraction at the outer parts and stereographic by distention, it would seem that there should be some happy medium, some point from which the objects would be seen as less distorted. Hence the globular projection was devised, the eye supposed to be at a distance from the sphere equal to the sine of 45deg., or, the diameter being 100, the distance is 35.3. In order that the meridians may intersect the equator at equal distances, the distance for the eye is generally placed at 29.7, the diameter being 100.

Maps are also made in which the meridians are represented by arcs of circles cutting the equatorial diameter at equal distances and the parallels of latitude by arcs of circles cutting the polar diameter at equal distances; these maps are not projections and are founded upon no geometrical principle which can be of service in their use, still they give very good ideas of forms and areas and are simple in construction.

In the gnomonic, or gnomic, or central projection the eye is supposed to be at the center of the earth and the objects upon the earth are projected upon a plane tangent to its surface at the principal point. Obviously this method can be applied to maps of limited extent only, and as a matter of fact until recently have only been used for maps of the polar circle, where parallels of latitude are concentric circles and meridians are straight lines. At present, though, many of the maps of ordinary atlasses are drawn upon this projection.

Since the plane of every great circle passes through the eye it is evident that every great circle will be represented on the primitive plane of projection by a straight line, and reciprocally every straight line on the plane of projection is an arc of a great circle. This renders charts on this projection very valuable for great circle sailing, as I shall soon explain. The U. S. Government through the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department is now preparing gnomonic charts of the North and South Atlantic and North and South Pacific oceans—four in number. I think that of the North Atlantic is the only one completed.

I spoke a little while ago of two styles of projection—the natural, where the objects were perspective delineations on the primitive plane, and the artificial, where a development is made from a cylinder or cone. Of this class are the Mercator's and the Conic (and variations of the latter), really the important methods in use today. In this country all charts under the Navy Department are made upon the Mercator's, and all under the Coast Survey upon the Polyconic projection.

In Mercator's system of projection a cylinder is supposed to envelop the earth, but only to touch it (generally) around the equator. The points on the earth's surface being projected on the inner surface of the cylinder by lines drawn through them from the earth's center, the cylinder is then supposed to be unrolled or developed, and thus to present the various objects upon a plane

surface. Those situated on or not very far from the equator (or where the cylinder touches the earth) will be the most correctly presented. The meridians and parallels will be straight lines. This principle is, at all events, in part the foundation of the projection known as Mercator's, and applied by him to charts for navigators in which the correct bearing of points upon the surface are of more importance than the true figures of countries.

If, in place of this cylinder we envelop the earth in a cone which shall touch the earth only at the middle latitude or be tangent to it at that point, whose apex is at the prolongation of the earth's axis, and project the points on the earth's surface on the inner side of this cone and then unroll or develop this cone to a plane surface, we shall have the Conic system of projection. The meridians will be converging straight lines, and the parallels curves. Those objects situated near the middle latitude (or where the cone touches the earth) will be the most correctly presented. The Polyconic projection supposes each parallel of latitude to be developed upon its own cone, the vertex of which is on the axis at its intersection with the tangent to the meridian at the parallel. As the name Polyconic implies, it is a system of many cones. The effect of this projection on cones of different altitude is upon development to make the parallels of latitude curves; but the curves in a chart of the Gulf of Mexico, for instance, on a scale of 1-1,200,000 (20 miles to the inch), will hardly be perceptible in short distances. As a matter of fact in the Polyconic system the meridians become curves, but they are of such limited latitudinal extent that they appear as straight lines. The Mercator's projection for the construction of charts is the one in general use; in fact, it may be said almost universal use. The only notable exception is the Polyconic, by our own Coast Survey. It possesses an advantage which is deemed by most seafaring men an essential to a chart; that any straight line drawn makes the same angle with all meridians. It has, on the other hand, no two consecutive miles of the same length except on the parallels. It is claimed by the Coast Survey people that for a chart of the world it is proably better to use Mercator's projection, but for small extents of surface, say 10deg., or at most 20deg. of longitude, the polyconic is far preferable for the following reasons: First, it distorts to a less degree the configuration of the land or bottom. Second, it has a scale which may by taken from any point on any meridian (preferably the middle one) and which may be used on any part of the chart. Third, on the polyconic projection a straight line is almost a great circle of the earth, and by traveling on it we travel on nearly the shortest possible line between two points.

If you start from some point on the equator and steer N.E. or E.N.E., it would appear by a Mercator's chart that you could never reach the pole, yet, granting that there was no ice or land in the way you would describe a spiral, and eventually bring up at that much sought-for point. This is not the case, in fact, but is as a matter of fact all straight lines on the Mercator's chart (except on the meridian's and equator) are really spirals or else small circles, and by no means the shortest distances between any two points.

In giving a brief outline of the method of making charts, which combines the question of surveys, topographical and hydrographical, and the mechanical work of plate engraving, printing, etc., I shall quote quite extensively from a pamphlet on chart making, by Lieut. Pillsbury, U. S. Navy.

The carefully executed maps and charts of to-day are the final results of careful surveys by governments. As an illustration of the work, step by step, we will take the case of a survey of some portion of our own Atlantic coast. By a system of triangulation the country to be surveyed is laid off into convenient triangles, prominent peaks or objects of any kind being chosen as stations at the angles thereof. But the preliminary step even in this triangulation is the careful measurement of a base, in some level plain, from the extremities of which are to be taken the base angles to surrounding objects, chosen as trigonometrical stations. The measurement of this base line, generally from 5 to 8 miles in length, is conducted with all the nicety and accuracy that can be attained with instruments of the most delicate refinement of adjustment. A mere description of the instruments used, and the great care taken in measuring this base line would make in itself a lecture of reasonable length and great interest. It is important that it should be carefully done, for the base line becomes an important factor in the computing sides of large triangles, and a mistake of a few inches in the first would make an error of much importance in the latter. In our survey of the Atlantic coast, in making the primary triangulation, a base line of about 5 miles was measured at Kent Island, and another one at Atlanta of about 6 miles; these two base lines were 602 miles apart, and yet the triangulation met at about a midway point on the side of a triangle about 29 miles long and agreed to within a few inches.

In making the ordnance survey of Great Britain and Ireland a base line of six miles was measured at Salisbury Plain, and when the survey reached Lough Foyle in Ireland, a distance of about 800 miles, a base of verification was measured and the difference between the computed and measured was less than five inches.

In primary triangulation the triangles are from 30 to 150 miles long, though sometimes, of course, the necessities compel shorter or longer ones. In secondary triangulation the sides are from 10 to 15 miles in length, and in tertiary (where it is necessary) the sides are from 1 to 3 miles.

In a triangle, spherical or plane, if two angles and the enclosed side are known, the other sides and angles can be computed. So with the length of base line known, angles from its extremities are measured to some convenient objects, and the primary triangulation has commenced. These angles and distances, when they are measured and calculated, are laid down on paper, forming so many other stations from which new angles are observed, until the entire area of the country to be surveyed is covered by a network of triangles. Within the principal or primary triangulation, minor triangles, called secondary and tertiary, are observed, and afterward the interior of each is filled up by measurements with theodolite and chain, and by plane-table work, and if contour lines are to appear on the map, showing the difference of level, then the spirit level and compass are called into use. Some astronomical station or stations have been established, and the exact latitude and longitude of such places determined. The hydrographic inspector, in consultation with the superintendent, receives directions as to the localities of the proposed hydrographic work, and then lays out the projections for each of his parties, according to the nature of the work. The draughtsmen in the office prepare the projection sheets, and the chiefs of the hydrographic parties eventually receive them together with the description of the triangulation points, bench marks and detailed instructions. The hydrographic work of our coast survey is at present entirely done (or practically so) by officers of the U. S. Navy.

Upon the conclusion of the survey the projections are returned to the office, showing the fixed positions on all the lines of soundings, appropriately lettered and numbered, together with the sounding books, showing the soundings and times and the angles taken with them; angle books showing the angles used to cut in hydrographic signals from the triangulation points; tide books showing the reading of the tide during the progress of the survey, and lastly sailing directions, or a description of points of interest developed during the work. Draughtsmen attached to the office of the Hydrographic Inspector then verify the positions, plot the soundings, and after the finished sheet is registered draughtsmen of the drawing division make a reduction of it for the engraver on the exact scale that is to be used in the finished chart, which is verified by comparison with the original. In the meantime a project has been decided upon showing the limits of the proposed chart; the topography has been reduced and a plate prepared for the engraver. As the plate approaches completion in hydrography and topography, the magnetic variation is ascertained for the probable time of issue, the lighthouse table prepared, and the aids to navigation are obtained from the Lighthouse Board, and the title and notes decided upon.

When the plate is finished it goes to the electrotype department to be duplicated. One plate will stand only about 1,200 to 1,500 impressions, and in order to save the cost of reproduction by engraving, the original is duplicated for a printing plate and they stowed away. The electrotyper first cleans the plate with potash, and then coats it with the thinnest possible coat of silver to prevent the original from adhering to the "alto." It is then placed in a frame in a vertical vat holding a solution of sulphate of copper, and is connected with a battery; copper is slowly deposited upon its face for a day or two. The deposit in a vertical vat is the result of very slow action, and presents a smooth and even surface all over the face of the plate. The plate is then placed in a horizontal vat, and the process of deposition is more rapid. It is daily removed and weighed, and the protuberances which form on the back are filed down to make a smooth surface. In a few days, after it has received a sufficiently thick coating, it is removed, and it then appears like a single thick plate, as the deposit and original plate are joined at the edges. The edges are filed and the plates separated, the deposit being in alto relievo, and termed the "alto." The same operation is repeated, using the "alto" on which to deposit, and the result is an exact duplicate of the original, and is termed the "basso." About 30lbs. of copper are required for a good sized "alto," and 50lbs. for a "basso." When the life of this "basso" is gone the "alto" first obtained is used to produce another, and so on for perhaps five or six times, or until the "alto" is used up, when another strong one must be obtained from the original plate.

The question of fine printing is almost, if not quite, as important as that of fine engraving, but without taking time for a detailed description of the processes of the printer in order to obtain his best work, I will say that dry printing is impossible with an engraved plate and wetting the paper is a serious objection because of the shrinkage in drying. French paper shrinks the least, 1 per cent. with the grain and 1½ per cent. across; but it is of short fibre and breaks and tears even with the greatest of care and is very expensive. American paper shrinks unevenly, about 1 per cent. with and 2½ per cent. across the fibre, but is better by far than French paper for use at sea.

I have said nothing about the cost of these charts. I have no data to tell me how much the original surveys cost, but each of these charts before you represents thousands and some of them tens of thousands of dollars in that way alone. The plates cost from $300 to $3,000 each, and some plates in the Coast Survey have cost as much as $10,000. Were the selling prices of a chart put at anything like a proportional part of the expense in producing it, it would be far beyond the means of ordinary ship owners—worthy to be framed as a work of high art, or at least of high priced art. As a matter of fact charts are sold at a price which barely covers the cost of the paper and the wages of the printer in order to encourage their general use.

The scales of geographical maps range from 800 miles to an inch to 10 miles to an inch, and topographical maps from 1in. to 25in. to the mile. The Ordnance Survey of Great Britain is on the scale of 1-63,360, or 1in. of paper to one mile of surface. The U. S. Coast Survey uses in its harbor charts the scale of 1-5,000 to 1-40,000, and in the coast charts 1-80,000, 1-400,000, 1-1,200,000. The Hydrographic Office scales 1 am not at present prepared to give, though in the examples of their publication that I have with me here to-night the general route charts of North America are on a scale of 1in. to 1° or 1-4,000,000, or 1in. in 60 miles. The general coast charts, 5in. to 1°, or 1in. to 12 miles. The special coast charts, 1in. to 1 mile, ½in. to 1 mile, ¼in. to 1 mile. Harbor charts or plans, 2in. to 1 mile, 5in. to 1 mile.

On each chart or plan of a harbor generally appears in print the following legend: The title and number of the chart; the date of survey, topographical and hydrographical; whom the surveys were conducted by; the date of the latest corrections; the latitude and longitude of some prominent point or place or places; rise and fall of tide; H. W. F. and C.; variation of compass and annual change in same; abbreviations; aids to navigation; a scale of statute and nautical miles, and sometimes kilometers.

While it is outside of my province in treating of the subject of charts to enter into any lengthy dissertation on the subject of tides, yet a reference to the latter subject must be made in order to explain one of the references on the charts (H. W. F. & C.) for the calculation of the time of high water—an important point in these days of large vessels of deep draft in entering and leaving port, as all soundings published on the charts are given for mean low water. The height at high water and the depression at low water are not always the same. On the days following the new moon and the full moon, high water is higher and low water is lower than at any other time; these are called spring tides. On the day following the first and the third quarters of the moon high water is less high and low water is less low than at other times; these are neap tides. Thus at New York the rise and fall at spring tides is about 5½ft., while at neap tides it is only about 3½ft.

As a rule—almost, if not quite, general—the times of spring tides do not occur on the exact dates of the syzygies (when the sun and moon are in conjunction or in opposition), but one day to two days and sometimes three later. In the North Atlantic the highest tides are observed a day and a half and sometimes two days after the syzygies. In New York the highest tide occurs about 8 o'clock in the evening or the day following, 32 hours after; at Boston this retardation, known as the age of the tide, is about 36 hours. The time of high water on the days of "full and change" (when the moon passes the meridian at 12 noon nearly) is known as the Establishment of the Port, or more correctly as the Vulgar Establishment of the Port; also it is the lunitidal interval of that day. The mean of all the lunitidal intervals for half a month at a port is called the Corrected Establishment of the Port to distinguish it from the Vulgar Establishment. It is this Corrected Establishment that is given on all charts and plans of harbors after the letters H. W. F. and C. to assist in finding the time of high water on any day. Tables are constructed from observations at the principal ports for finding the correction for semi-monthly inequality due to the moon's age. Thus at New York the Corrected Establishment, or mean of the lunitidal intervals, is about 8h. 13m.; its least and greatest values are 7h. 52m. and 8h. 35m.

The time and height of the tides for each day of the year for all principal ports on this coast are predicted and published annually as "Tide Tables for the Atlantic Coast," and can generally be obtained a year in advance.

It would be interesting to study more closely the beautiful details of the charts displayed this evening, the various lines of soundings and the curves for 10 fathoms, 100 fathoms, etc., together with the many minor references which render these aids to the navigator so indispensable; and also to review the auxiliary charts, the wind charts, the magnetic, current, weather and pilot charts, each with its own special use, but the late hour will not allow of this. Perhaps enough has been said to show that the ordinary chart is far more than a homely though useful aid to the mariner, and to induce and direct a more extended study of the subject, in which case the end of the speaker will have been accomplished.

After the lecture a vote of thanks to Lieut.-Commander Chenery was moved and carried unanimously, after which a luncheon was served, the meeting breaking up at midnight. The next lecture, on Navigation, by Lieut. T. C. McLean, U. S. N., will be given on Dec. 10.

PLAIN TALK FROM A BRITISH YACHTSMAN.

WE have alluded lately to the many absurd excuses and suggestions that have appeared abroad after Thistle's defeat, excuses that can only do harm by hiding and distorting the true facts and giving prominence to conclusions which are entirely misleading. The following comments on the same subject are written by one who is fully competent both as an old and experienced yachtsman and a close observer of yachting in America for the past three years, to deal with the subject, Mr. J. Beavor Webb. Mr. Webb's accounts of the late races were by far the most correct and impartial that have appeared abroad, and if he deals out some hard facts he is rendering an important service to his fellow countrymen in disabusing their minds of some totally erroneous notions. The conditions of the problem before British yachtsmen may be stated thus: Given two yachts as fairly matched in allowance as the three on each side in the late races have been, to take the keel boat faster to windward in light to strong topsail breezes than her centerboard rival. All talk about results under a measurement that puts fictitious values on both boats; about the beauties of four-sided courses and all abuse of the new American boats as skimming dishes can operate in but one way—to keep the Cup on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Webb writes as follows to the editor of the *Field*:

Your issue of Oct. 8 contains several letters from correspondents on the subject of the America's cup races, and as these letters are full of errors and mistaken ideas on the American centerboard type of the present day, I trust you will allow me, in common fairness to American yachtsmen—than whom no better or more honorable sportsmen exist—to correct these errors and mistaken ideas.

Mr. Gainsford says that American yachts are not, under fair conditions, as fast as English yachts. This, after the Thistle races, appears to me to be a strange statement, as, even under Y. R. A. rules, Volunteer would have won. The same gentleman says that in three out of the six races the English yacht would have won. No, sir, she would not. Genesta would have won in one case only, Galatea and Thistle in none; thus the Americans, under English rules, would have scored five out of six races.

As to centerboards going outside the Solent, this is nonsense. Volunteer could keep the sea as long as Thistle. He says English yachts are ships, etc. So are the American centerboards of the present day. He asks why Americans do not send a centerboard over. In reply, let me tell Mr. Gainsford that they will send heaps of them over when we take the Cup from them; until we do this, they cannot be expected to do so. Also, I would ask Mr. Gainsford if he does not remember that Mayflower offered to go over and take up the Arrow's challenge, and if he has read the Y. R. A. rule as to centerboards.

Sir Edward Sullivan is wrong if he thinks that Thistle sailed on her side. She is some three degrees stiffer than Volunteer, and neither sailed on her side. Two of your correspondents snarl as to the Americans being 'cute. Why should they not be so? Are not we 'cute also; and, if not, why? What is the harm of it? The only 'cute thing I can see they can be said to have done is to increase the depth of their boats; but "'cute" does not appear to me to be the word for such an improvement.

Mr. Bayley says that "Thistle ran her antagonist," etc. How can he make this out? I saw the race, and yet I did not see that. The first day on the run she brought up the wind, and was not hampered by the steamers as Volunteer was; and on the second day she gained in time from the same cause, but not in distance.

* * * * * * * * *

In conclusion, sir, I would ask you if it is judicious that so many complaints, excuses, etc., should be made about the Thistle races; it cannot promote that good feeling between the yachtsmen of both countries cemented by the conduct of such men as Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn, neither of whom made any excuse whatever, but acknowledged at once "that they did not win because the American boat was too fast." I think all yachting men should repudiate such talk as there has been of a "square course," when the world knows that every Englishman, from the time that the old York Club was established, has clamored for 20 miles to windward and return. Yes sir, that is the only "square course" an Englishman wants; if he cannot win on such a course, let him lose is all I can say. General Paine's words, when asked what he thought of a "square course," namely, "that 20 miles to windward and back were good enough for him," are, I think, most happy, and thoroughly show the sportsmanlike feeling of that justly famous yachtsman. J. BEAVOR WEBB.

45 BROADWAY, New York, Oct. 21,

The following letter, commenting on the above, appeared in the *Field* of Nov. 12:

SIR—I read in last Saturday's *Field* a very sensible letter from Mr. J. B. Webb. The great bulk of the statements therein I cordially indorse; but to the final paragraph I venture to take some exception. Mr. Webb there conveys the impression that, while Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn acknowledged at once "they did not win because the American boat was too fast," those connected with the Thistle were not equally candid, but seem to think they should be held responsible for those "complaints, excuses, etc.," which have been made about the Thistle races. Now, whatever "complaints and excuses" have been made—and there have certainly been more than enough—no one of these has emanated from any one connected with the Thistle. Speaking at the New York Y. C., at the American Y. C., and to the representatives of the press in America, Mr. Bell, in the most distinct manner, stated that the reason we did not win was because we did not sail fast enough. Further, when asked if he would challenge Volunteer on an all-round course, he refused, saying that "Gen. Paine well deserved to wear his laurels undisturbed," as he most certainly did. When, however, the race at Larchmont was spoken of, and Volunteer named as one of the entrants, Mr. Bell was willing to enter Thistle, and he, in common surely with every yachtsman on both sides of the Atlantic, regretted the race fell through—not, I take it, from any hope of reversing the verdict of the Cup races, but because it would have been exceeding interesting to see how the boats would perform on an ordinary regatta course.

For myself, let me say here once and for all that I am perfectly satisfied Volunteer is the faster boat on *the* crucial point of sailing—viz., turning to windward; running and reaching I can say nothing about, and I do not think any one else can, as the two boats, when on these points of sailing, were much too far apart for any correct estimate of the speed to be made. The races were conducted with perfect fairness, and though the steamers bothered us very much the first day, I feel certain had the American boat been in the same position they would, in their eagerness to keep the leader in sight, have done just the same to her. I indorse what Mr. Webb says of the sportsmanlike feelings of American yachtsmen, and would add further that they form the kindest and most hospitable brotherhood in a nation which is proverbial for hospitality.

In conclusion, I would express my very great regret that, from the prohibitive terms of the new deed of gift, the Volunteer-Thistle races seem likely to be the last of a series of most interesting contests—contests which, while encouraging the sport of yachting, have done even more to cement the friendship between the two nations. G. L. WATSON.

GLASGOW, Nov. 9.

THE DEED OF GIFT.

THE cable brings the news that at a meeting of the Royal Clyde Y. C. in Glasgow, on Nov. 16, it was resolved to withdraw the challenge for a race next year, on the ground that the new conditions were unfair and unsportsmanlike. The notice of challenge alluded to was lately received by the New York Y. C., and reads as follows:

Mr. John H. Bird, Secretary New York Y. C., New York:

DEAR SIR—On behalf of Mr. Charles Sweet, a member of this club, and in confirmation of his cable of the 26th inst., hereto annexed, I beg to give notice of a challenge by Mr. Sweet, under the flag of this club, to sail a match for the America's Cup next season with a cutter 69 to 70ft. on the waterline.

Mr. Sweet, as you are aware, is at present residing in New York, and will attend personally to further formalities of the challenge.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly, WILLIAM YORKE,
Secretary Royal Clyde Y. C.

No. 150 HOPE STREET, Glasgow, Oct. 29, 1887.

As far as Mr. Sweet and the R. C. Y. C. are concerned the racing is at an end, but there is now a prospect of a challenge from a narrow cutter of 90ft. As the report of such a challenge preceded the publication of the new deed in England, it is not improbable that a careful reading of the latter may lead to a reconsideration of the rash scheme when all the conditions are understood. The last issue of the *Field*, just to hand, contains the following forcible criticism of the deed, the text of which is also given:

"In January, 1882, the club by resolution declared that 'the conditions made so many years ago were, under existing circumstances, inadequate to meet the intentions of the donors, and too onerous upon the club in possession, which has to defend it against all challengers.' The Cup was thereupon reassigned to one of the original donors (the others being dead), and new conditions drawn, which enjoined that the challenging yacht must proceed on her own bottom to the port at which the match is to be sailed. It was also declared that the challenged party need not name their yacht until the hour appointed for the start. We have not the least doubt that it was wholly illegal to change the conditions; and if the New York Y. C. does not revert to the original deed, it will be competent for any club which may in future hold the Cup to do so. However, it is very unlikely that any club who may hereafter hold the Cup would do so, as the new programme is much in favor of the challenged party. To demand all the particulars now enumerated in the conditions is pretty much like sitting down to play écarté with a man and asking him to show his hand every deal before leading. It really sounds like a farce to request a man ten months beforehand to give the length and breadth on the waterline, and draft of water of his yacht, and bind him down not to exceed them. Why, his yacht might have become an obsolete construction in ten months, and, at any rate, the challenged party would have found out enough about her to be able to construct a vessel which would cause her defeat to become a matter of absolute certainty.

"There is no doubt that a great deal too much was made of the fact that Thistle's waterline length exceeded what it was originally intended to be, and the new conditions will only bring such unavoidable discrepancies into greater prominence; and, moreover, be fruitful sources of law suits now that the conditions have got into the hands of the lawyers to manipulate. How is it possible for a man to give exact information as to the beam on the waterline and the draft of water of his vessel ten months before she is in the water, unless, indeed, he does not challenge until his vessel has been launched and tried; and then, as said before, by the time the match is sailed his yacht might have become quite an obsolete structure?

"We think it is much to be regretted that the New York Y. C. have been led to recast the conditions in a sort of panic, especially as the new terms show such a regrettable absence of sportsmanlike instinct, and fix the destiny of the Cup, if it is ever competed for again, on legal quibbles. However, we think it extremely unlikely that any one will challenge for it under the present conditions, and it will probably relapse into its original obscurity."

Mr. Watson's opinion, given in his letter elsewhere, is just as decided in condemnation of the "prohibitive terms" laid down by the committee.

As the new deed becomes more thoroughly read and discussed in this country, and its many salient points are brought out, the stronger are the expressions of disapproval among yachtsmen. Even imputing none but the best intentions and the fairest of motives to the few men who have taken upon themselves to act for a club of five hundred in the matter of the most vital importance, and to lay down fixed conditions that shall govern yacht designing and racing for all time, it must be said that the result of their ambitious attempt is the most stupendous piece of blundering yet known to yacht racing.

To take but two instances; it now seems that the committee were innocent enough to believe that in abolishing time allowance and laying down a length limit they were cutting the Gordian knot and really doing away with all rules and complications, instead of laying down a rule in direct opposition to that now on the club's books. The idea really was, absurd as it may seem, that by inserting the words "without time allowance" the whole difficult matter was readily disposed of, while the fact that they were putting a premium on racing machines never dawned on these

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would seem of but trifling weight, in view of recent events, whether Volunteer and Thistle are called cutters or sloops. Their rig is practically identical, each type having borrowed something from the other, until, so far as their rig goes, it appears that perfection is nearly reached.

The vital question is why does Volunteer show such a very decided superiority in windward work and staunchness over Thistle?

Regarded from a purely artistic point of view, Thistle is perhaps the most beautiful and fairest piece of naval designing ever seen in our waters, and the man who could produce such a work deserves something other than bitter disappointment. Yet, she has been very badly beaten, and not only this, but everything indicates that in heavy weather her defeat would have been far more thorough, for on last Friday it must have been evident to even the most prejudiced adherent to heavy displacement that Thistle was sailing in the weather that best suited her, while Volunteer just rollicked along, making mere play of what to Thistle was a tough struggle for that which was way beyond her power of reaching.

Here we have two boats of same length and rig. For the purpose of argument we will call one a cutter, the other a sloop.

The first has lines as beautiful as the eye or brain can imagine. She draws about 14ft. of water, and her ballast is, say, 13ft. below her waterline. Her beam is 20ft., and the admirers of her type have, fortunately, in advance indorsed her as a perfect sample of what a cutter ought to be, when the designer is untrammeled by any restrictions whatever.

On the other hand is a sloop, 8ft. wider, of 4ft. less draft, and with her ballast 4ft. nearer the level of her waterline. But the radical difference between the two is, that the sloop has a centerboard and immense buoyancy, lifting power, in a bilge close to the water's surface. And, my deluded cutter friends, it was simply exhilarating to see the way in which that high bilge and that big centerboard were lifting her out to windward on every surge, while the cutter was hopelessly sagging a-lee, and not going through the water so fast as the sloop either.

I hear that the thorough little yachtswoman, Mrs. Bell, honestly admitted that "the centerboard did it."

Gentlemen, will you be as candid as this lady?

Thistle has done all that is in her to do. Volunteer has not. Give the latter her large mainsail, and in the weather of last Friday she will beat Thistle three-quarters of an hour over the same course. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Oct. 2.

[Volunteer did carry her largest mainsail, but the old boom, in both races. Our correspondent is probably in error as to the difference in draft of the two, the figures being approximately 13 and 10½ft., instead of 14 and 10.]

FRAME IT BROADLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to indorse the sentiments expressed in your last issue relative to the proposed revision of the deed of gift. The writer is one of the many who have been hoping that the N. Y. Y. C. would take some action in the adoption of amendments such as you suggest. I trust the near future will see them in force and that the new rules will be broadly framed with a view to the best interests of yachting.

An open course for a seagoing vessel should be one of the conditions. The experience of the past three years is almost a guarantee that one of the changes made will be in this particular, and for such let us be thankful. An annual parade may be a good thing in its way, but the occasion of an important match should place it in the background.

The third count you offer might be amended to state that the sailing rules under which the Cup is now sailed for shall at all times govern contests for it. They are fair enough for any one and should another club win the Cup why not hold it subject to the same sailing rules as those under which it was won. Should time and experience make it advisable for the N. Y. Y. C. to alter these rules while the Cup was in custody of another club, allow a proviso that the revised rules may be accepted subject to the consent of the club holding it.

The fourth count I cannot accept as it now reads. In making the waterline length an essential an injustice may be done a challenger. No one will deny that had Volunteer not turned out as good as she was when first tried, alterations in her sail and trim would have been made without regard to measurements, and every expedient would have been resorted to in order to improve her. To compel a challenger to sail on a fixed waterline is to debar him from this privilege, and his vessel might not appear at her best. The idea you offered two weeks ago is a vast improvement, namely that classification is a better guarantee of fair play. Let the deed of gift name various classes and rigs, as 1st, 2d, 3d, etc., of given waterline lengths, within which the possessor of the Cup may be tested, the challenger to elect in which class he will race, the challenged guaranteeing to meet him with a vessel of the same class, and I think the difficulty would be done away with. Each party could experiment at will within the class limits, no hindrance to any chances of victory would intervene, equal privileges would be given to both, a fair field afforded and no favor asked. SPERA.

THE SIZE OF CUP CHALLENGERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late issue, speaking of the beating of centerboards, you say, "Given unlimited draft and the thing can be done." Soon after the races Mr. Burgess was reported as saying that he did not see how keel boats, unless given greater draft than they had been given so far, could compete with centerboards to windward, or words to that effect. If enough draft cannot be had in the first class, why risk another defeat there, but why not try the second or third classes, where enough draft can be had? The FOREST AND STREAM has given many reasons for having the Cup races in the second class, which seem to apply with more force to the third. In this class a boat of the Pappoose type might be built, with plenty of beam, draft, ballast and sail on a moderate weight. What such craft can do has been shown by the wonderful beatings which the Pappoose, sailed by an amateur, has given the fastest centerboards in Eastern waters, sailed by an expert. A boat of this type, of about 50ft. waterline, would probably be just over 30 Y. R. A. tons and might draw 11ft.

Cannot the challenger build to any class they wish over 30 tons and would not the defender probably be of the same waterline as the challenger? STERNPOST.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.

[It has never been decided that a challenging yacht will be matched only by a defender of her own length, and it is at least possible that if a second class yacht were sent out she would be met with Volunteer, in spite of her size. The third class yacht proposed above would be too small, the limit being 30 tons, Custom House measurement, not Y. R. A. It is probable that in view of the success of the Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer in the large class, the holders of the Cup will prefer to retain the competition in this class, and that a challenger building a smaller yacht will have to take the risk of being matched against a large one.]

SPEEDWELL.—Mr. Henry Bryant has selected this name for his new schooner yacht, now building by Smith at South Boston, from the owner's designs. It will be remembered that the Speedwell was the first vessel from England after the Mayflower. The new yacht will be 107ft. over all, 90ft. l.w.l., 23ft. 6in. beam, 13ft. draft. The freeboard at bow will be 9ft. 6in., and least freeboard 3ft. 11in. The ballast will be 55 tons, of which 35 will be on her keel. The mainmast will be 63ft. deck to hounds, topmast 31ft. above cap, mastheads 9ft., main boom 65ft., gaff 37ft., bowsprit, outboard, 36ft. The frames will be of oak, double spaced 22in., and the planking of 3in. yellow pine, with garboards and two strakes above of oak. The yacht is intended solely for cruising.

DEATH OF LADY BRASSEY.—This lady, the wife of Sir Thomas Brassey, so well known to yachtsmen through her interesting books, the "Cruise of the Sunbeam," "Sunshine and Storm in the East," and other yachting cruises, died on board the Sunbeam on Sept. 14, and was buried at sea. The yacht was then on a voyage from Australia to England. Lady Brassey was a most enthusiastic sailor and had visited nearly all parts of the world in the Sunbeam.

THE "BURGESS" FISHERMAN.—This new craft, which will be set afloat in a few weeks, will differ in many respects from the old fishing schooners. She will have steel wire shrouds in place of iron, a single round stick for a bowsprit, with one jib, spreaders to the bowsprit shrouds, quarterlifts on the main boom, and a double mainsheet. The keel is also double the depth of the old boats.

CHALLENGES FOR THE CUP.—In addition to Mr. Sweet's notice of a challenge it is reported that Mr. John Jameson, of Dublin, owner of Irex and formerly of Samoena, has sent to the New York Y. C. a notice of a challenge. Nothing further is reported in relation to a challenge from Nova Scotia.



THE LEWIS TENT VENTILATOR.

THE "LITERARY WORLD" says of Kunhardt's "Steam Yachts": "Now that the yacht races are over and the yachting season is drawing to a close, the practical yachtsman, whether he owns a sailing vessel or belongs to the already large and rapidly growing class of steam yachtsmen, is beginning to make his plans for next season. The latter class particularly will be interested in this new book just published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. It is, to the best of our knowledge, the only practical work on steam yachts that will be comprehended by the beginner, and at the same time hold the attention and teach something new to the oldest veteran in the art of constructing and managing a marine engine, and of building a hull for it to propel."

TUCKUPS.—In answer to the inquiries as to these boats a correspondent sends the address of James Wignall, opposite Cramp's dry dock, Philadelphia, as a reliable builder. In sailing free the peak is dropped 2 or 3in., and one man is stationed to tend topping lift, which is double. He sets up as the boat rolls so as to keep the boom out of the water, at the same time being careful not to raise the boom too high or it is apt to lift and allow the sail to wrap around the mast, making what tuckup sailors term a "gafftopsail."

JULIA.—This steel schooner building for Mr. C. W. Chapin, will be launched at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, Wilmington, at 5 P. M. on Saturday. About 45 tons of her lead has been cast in the trough keel while on the stocks.

A NEW STEAM YACHT.—Mr. Henry Piepgrass has lately completed a design for a large seagoing steam yacht for Messrs. Woodward and Stillman, who will sell their present yacht, Wanda.

GRAYLING.—The new railway at Lawley's will be completed shortly and Grayling will be the first vessel hauled on it. Her tanks and ballast have been removed and she now lies at Lawley's.

SHAMROCK.—Mr. Maxwell's yacht was out on Mumm's ways last week for more lead, 5 tons, on keel, increasing her draft about 6in.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. J. B., Saratoga, Cal.—See our advertising columns.

F. L. R.—Do not use shot in the rifle. The Lyman sight is the best.

C. D., Freeland, Pa.—There are hotels at Milford, and you can find guides there.

B. F. M.—Use a cast net or dip net. Write to any one of the fishing tackle dealers, and they will furnish what you need.

M. O., Carrollton, O.—Go to some of the stations on the Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette Railroad, in vicinity of Munising or Ishpenning.

P. D.—How much does a bullet rise, with the usual charge of powder and lead, at Creedmoor at a 1,000yds. distance? Ans. About 35ft.

O. H.—There is a wide diversity of tastes, as shown by extended discussions in our gun columns. Something about .40cal. will give satisfaction; and you may decide for yourself whether to have a repeater or a single shot arm.

G. W. R., Yale University.—1. Stalking and still-hunting are synonymous. 2. The English and the European partridge and the American quail are distinct. 3. Elk and wapiti are different names applied to the same animal, *Cervus canadensis*.

F. W. G., New York.—Will you kindly give me the names of some of our swiftest swimming fish, such as trout, black bass, etc.? Ans. We know of no data to base any estimate of the speed of fishes on. The lobster can move about as rapidly as anything in the water.

C. R. V., Penn Yan.—The dimensions of the Creedmoor (National Rifle Association) targets: First Class, up to and including 300yds.—Bullseye, circular, 8in. diam.; center, circular, 20in.; inner, circular, 46in.; outer, remainder of target. 2. Second Class, to be used at all distances over 300 to and including 600yds.; target 6×6ft.—Bullseye, circular, 22in. diam.; center, circular, 38in.; inner, circular, 54in.; outer, remainder of target. 3. First Class, to be used at all distances over 600yds.; target 6×12ft.—Bullseye, circular, 36in. diam.; center, circular, 54in.; inner, square, 6×6ft.; outer, remainder of target. The count and circles of the Massachusetts decimal and the standard targets are:

Count	Mass. Decimal. diam. of circles.	Standard.
10	3 in.	3.36in.
9	5¾in.	5.54in.
8	8 in.	8.00in.
7	10¼in.	11.00in.
6	12¾in.	14.80in.
5	16¾in.	18.68in.
4	20¼in.	26.00in.
3	26 in.	34.22in.
2	33 in.	44.96in.
1	41¾in.	4×6ft. area.

We cannot supply the specimen copy.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1886-87.

Commodore: R. J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: WM. M. CARTER, Trenton, N. J.

OFFICERS-ELECT 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..Henry Stanton...R. W. Bailey.....E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div..L. Q. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney....W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen. W. G. McKendrick. S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

THE LEWIS TENT VENTILATOR.

THIS new device, invented by Patrick Lewis, of Quebec, Canada, has been brought to our notice by J. U. Gregory, Esq., of that city, well known to our readers as a sportsman; and he sends us the accompanying printed description of the new device, as seen by a reporter at the Provincial Exhibition: "Those who from necessity or pleasure have used tents have had a realizing sense of the trouble, discomfort and often worse which this inexpensive invention is designed to obviate. There is nothing more disagreeable and frequently more dangerous to the health in tent life than for the inmates to have to turn out in stormy weather or in the dead of a cold rainy night to slacken the halliards of their canvas abode. This job, as every camper-out knows, is anything but a pleasant one; but it cannot be shirked. At least such has hitherto been the general experience. All the tightening, slacking or readjusting have had to be done from the outside and, as already said, only too often under conditions as to weather which make the duty a pain, if not a danger. By means of Mr. Lewis's simple contrivance, however, all this may be done away with in the future without moving out of the tent, without touching a single rope, the inmates can at any moment tighten or slacken the canvas from the interior. This desideratum is effected by the tent pole, which is made in two sections, telescoping into each other and carrying a screw and nut, by means of which the pole can be raised or lowered and the canvas tightened or loosened as required. It is needless to point out to *connoisseurs* the immense advantages of this improvement, and we therefore say no more on the subject except to invite personal inspection of it in actual operation. By this admirable invention Mr. Lewis also realizes another great desideratum of tent life, namely, thorough ventilation without exposing the inmates to discomforts attending the present unsatisfactory modes of ventilation. By means of his simple contrivance, which consists of two movable hoods that can be wholly or partially opened or closed from the interior of the tents, the most complete circulation of fresh air is secured, the exterior hood also acting as an awning to exclude sun or rain, and as windows to shoot from or to supply a view of the surroundings. Both these important inventions are adjustable to any form of tent, and certainly deserve the widest adoption.

"If the halliards of a tent slacken or if the canvas becomes loose, the tightening and readjusting have hitherto been done from the outside. In stormy weather or on a cold rainy night, it is far from pleasant to have to turn out and expose yourself to the weather while slacking the halliards of the tent. The tent pole shown in cut furnishes the means of tightening or slacking the tent from the interior. The upper section of the pole telescopes into the lower, carries a screw and by means of a nut bearing on the top of the lower section of the pole it can be raised or lowered as required. A jointed handle is pivoted to the nut and is held by a spring in a position at right angles to the pole or parallel with it. This keeps it stationary in either the working position or out of the way as desired.

"The ventilator consists of two movable hoods that can be opened or closed from the interior of the tent. The inner one by an endless cord can be opened or shut or kept partially opened as desired, while the exterior hood acts as an awning to exclude the sun or rain. With this ventilator occupants of the tent may smoke without giving offense, as there is always a current of fresh air. When cold the ventilator can be entirely closed.

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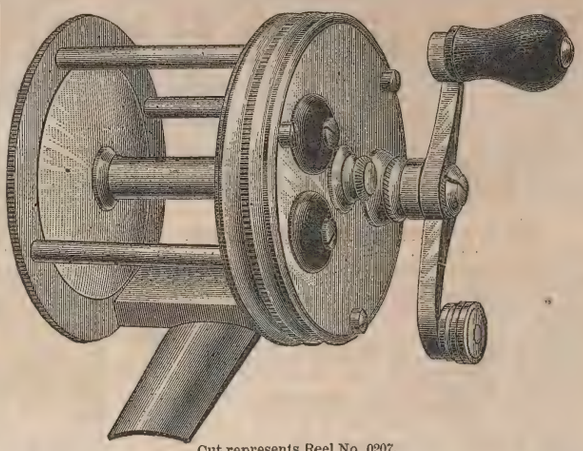
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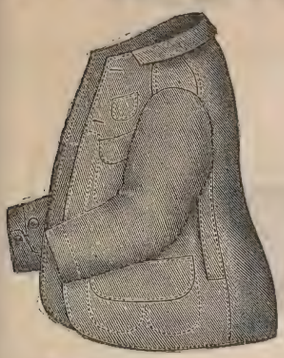
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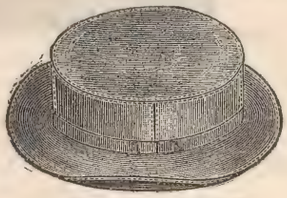

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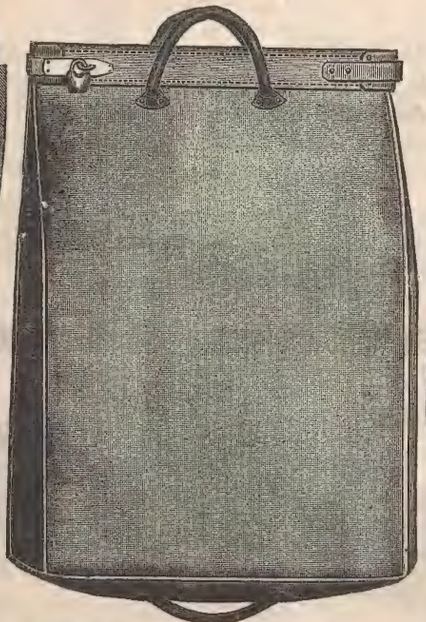

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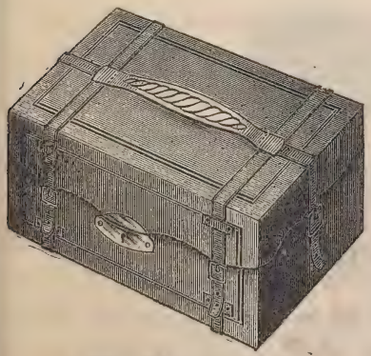
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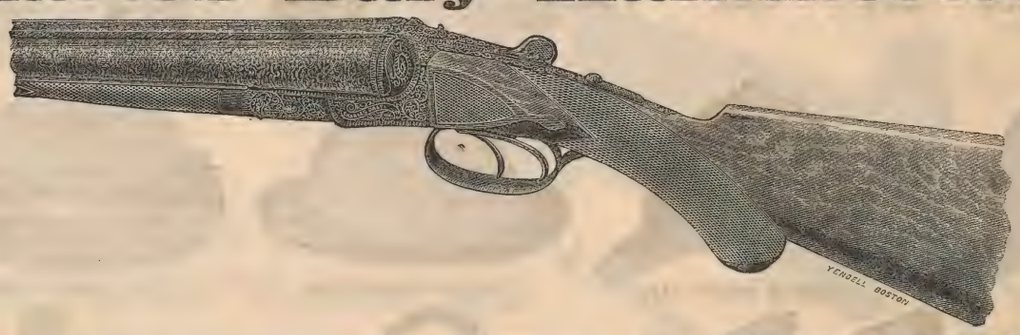


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The Sportsman's Reverie.

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READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM cannot fail to recollect Mr. Thomas F. Watson's poem entitled, "The Sportsman's Reverie," printed in this journal about two years ago. Later on a few stanzas were added to cover other scenes of typical American sport with the gun. The author depicted vividly the varied visions which come before the view of the veteran sportsman as he sits in easy chair before the fire. Of the author and his poem the *Detroit Free Press* said in an appreciative notice: "The author is evidently a man of the most acute sportsmanly enthusiasm, as well as of nice literary taste. His poem is built upon a very simple plan. Before a cheerful fire—like Ike Marvel's hero—sits a veteran of rod and gun; he grows half drowsy over pipe and fire and the poet has caught—with a nice and sensitive appreciation—the reminiscences of a hundred hunts which flit through his brain. One experience after another is described with graceful pen touches; the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the deer, fall before the crack of the gun; a long day's sport—a glorious day such as no man ever compassed between sun and sun—is described, even the trout, from the clear rapid, paying tribute to the prowess of a dreamland sportsman, until at last, with the fall of the quiet night shadows, the sportsman draws his boat to the shore, his tired retriever crouches at his feet, and, with his ducks, the final trophies of his sport, at his side, he looks back over the darkening water; and then, once again at his fireside, the end of the vision comes naturally and gracefully."

And now these "word pictures" of the poet have been complemented with the actual canvas pictures of the painter. Artist-poet and poet-artist have united to give us the poem in a magnificent setting. Mr. Robert Hopkin, the celebrated artist of Detroit, has painted a series of twelve pictures, each telling in color what the poem tells in words. From these paintings have been made superb heliotype engravings, each having beneath it the particular verse of the poem illustrated. The series is remarkable for strict adherence to nature fidelity in portraying action, and artistic merit.

THE TWELVE PICTURES:

No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. Th upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

Nos. 11 and 12 represent the hunter retiring from the marsh and at home, and these two are among the strongest of the set.

The pictures are printed on the best 150lb. plate paper; size of paper 24×30in.; size of print 14½×17½in. The pictures have the tint and tint border, and the artist's remarque and signature, and form artist's proofs, an édition de luxe.

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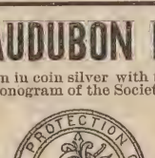
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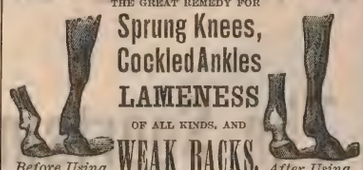
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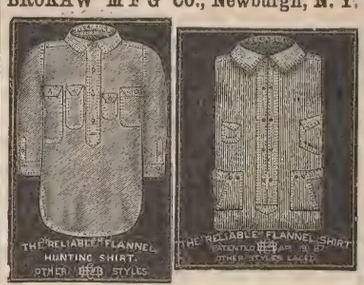
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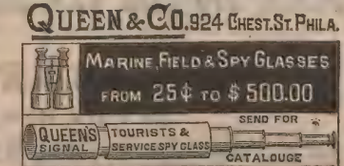
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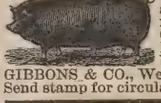
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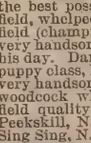
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THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THE present time is always the dead period of the year in yachting. The excitement of the fall races is over, the fleet is laid up, and a reaction sets in as men return to the business and social duties of the winter, which were suspended during the sailing season. It is too soon for even a careful survey of the season just closed, and there has not yet been time for the consideration of plans for the following year. As all builders and designers know, the present is the season of least activity, and it is not until the holidays are past that new work is begun in earnest. However, it is precisely this period of rest and deliberation after a season's racing which the members of the New York Yacht Club, who hold in their hands the destinies of the America's Cup, have selected as the time when a challenger must do all the serious work of designing, and must determine exactly the yacht he will build. The challenge must leave the other side within a week, or it will be too late to insure a race within the season laid down, that is, prior to Nov. 1. If it were only a challenge that was required, the requirement would be partial and unfair enough; but further, the owner and designer must decide every important element of the proposed yacht, beyond a possibility of subsequent changes, and must place information of the principal ones in the hands of their opponents.

Just why the New York Yacht Club omitted to place the amount of ballast and length of spars with the other requirements in the deed of gift is not clear. Certainly it was from no false notions of modesty or fair dealing; but it was probably an oversight, due to the extreme haste with which the whole matter was hurried through. The three great factors in design at present are dimensions of hull, weight of ballast, and area of sail, each being approximately equal in value; and as a matter of principle, if the club has any right to demand one, it has the same right to demand the others as well. Bad as it is to demand that the other side shall show its hand to the defenders while they work in the dark, the case is still worse when it compels the former to crowd all the work of designing into the short time between the close of the eason and the early part of December, a period of one month. Of old the matter would not have been so serious; a design might then have been prepared some time in advance; but in these times it would take a very wise man to say in midsummer what style of boat he would design in the following winter.

The practical operation of the deed is about what its framers evidently desired, the peaceful, if inglorious possession of the America's Cup. If no challenge be received within a very short time the lists are closed for the following season, and for a period of a year at least the New York Yacht Club can hold the Cup, undisturbed by visions of foreign challengers. Ten months before Oct. 15 would be Dec. 15; let that date pass and no race is possible before the season of 1889.

Of course the club has the power to waive the limit, and in view of the widespread disfavor with which the new deed has been received by the body of the club, as well as by other American yachtsmen; and the fact that even the men who drew the new deed realize that they have gone too far and placed the club in a very serious position; it is not unlikely that a challenge later on would receive attention. Before relying on this, however, it will be well for intending challengers to remember the treatment others have had in the past, and that while they may receive a courteous acceptance of the challenge, they need not be surprised to receive a printed copy of the new deed of gift, and a curt intimation that their challenge is not in due form.

THE FUTURE OF THE PARK.

IN THE forthcoming report of the Secretary of the Interior it is probable that, while commending the zeal and energy shown by Capt. Harris in enforcing the Yellowstone Park regulations, the Secretary will strongly renew the recommendation made in a former report that the Park be placed in charge of a specially appointed superintendent and assistants. The ground taken by the Secretary will naturally be that it is inconsistent with the purposes of Congress, as expressed in existing law, for the Department to be obliged to resort to military assistance in the care of this reservation, save in cases of emergency.

The Secretary will urge the adoption of the bill (S. 2436) which passed the Senate by a large majority at the last session of Congress providing for a civil government of the Park; the number of assistant superintendents to be increased from ten to fifteen. If, however, Congress should direct that the present arrangement shall continue, it is recommended that in addition to the military force, there should be employed fifteen experienced mountaineers to serve as special police, with power of deputy marshals, having the power of arrest, and to be selected and controlled by the military commander. These men should be chosen because of their familiarity with the Park, and should serve in the capacity of scouts.

Special stress will be laid upon the urgent necessity of speedily amending the present inadequate law providing for the punishment of offenses committed in the Park. As things are now the only penalty for infraction of Park regulations is expulsion and confiscation of hunting equipment. Clearly, as travel to the reservation increases, and as game in the adjacent country is thinned out, more stringent measures must be provided, both for the protection of visitors and for conserving the game. If adequate remedial legislation is not adopted at an early day there will be nothing left in the reservation which a law and its machinery would care for. In other words, it will be an exhibition on a national scale of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

It is probable, also, that the Secretary will direct attention to the necessity of a survey to accurately determine and mark the boundary lines of the Park, in order that settlers may not unwittingly encroach upon the reservation, and that game hunters should have no advantage of a disputed territory. In defining anew the boundaries, additions should be made on the east and the south, more fully to carry out one of the main purposes of the Park as a preserve for the large game of the country. The proposed enlargement would take in an area of high mountains, unfit for agriculture, and having no mineral deposits.

IF the law against importation of contract labor applies to musicians and clergymen, why will it not prevent the importation of game-keepers, whippers-in, kennelmen, and all the other employees who are coming over from England to fill engagements in this country?

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A VERY important decision has just been rendered by the Full Bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in answer to an appeal from certain parties in Rockland who have been complained of under the Cruelty to Animals act, for letting loose a fox that had been reared in confinement, and then attempting to "ride to hounds" after him. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was at the bottom of the prosecution, aided by prominent citizens of the town where the alleged act of cruelty was committed. The would-be hunters were easily convicted in the lower courts, but they appealed; their appeal setting forth that the fox is a "noxious vermin," and hence falls under another form of the law, permitting his destruction, without defining the means. Judge Devins, in rendering the decision, rules that the fox is an animal, and hence must fall under the protection of the statute preventing acts of cruelty. This decision has been received with a good deal of displeasure by a number of young gentlemen of prominence, either English or affecting to be English, who have been to a great deal of expense in trying to render the sport of fox hunting with hounds and horses popular in Massachusetts. They have imported some remarkably fine packs of hounds, with whippers-in and all the paraphernalia of regular English fox hunts. Now the Supreme Court has decided that the hunters are punishable under the act for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The West is advancing toward an appreciation of the economic value of wild game and the necessity of caring for the supply. The latest indication of this increased interest is shown in a very substantial way. The United States Express Co. and the American Express Co. have issued a general order to their agents forbidding them to handle game unlawfully offered for shipment out of Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota. The companies recognize the spirit and intent of the law forbidding exportation, and they say to their agents plainly that the statutes must be respected to the letter. This is a great step. It cuts off the markets. If all express companies would follow this example the problem of game preservation would not be so difficult as it is now. Our reports from Michigan show that the wardens in that State are keeping a watchful eye on illicit game shipment, as several hunters from abroad have found to their cost.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Randolph B. Marcy, who died at Orange, N. J., last week, had lived long enough to see a text book prepared by himself at the special instance of the War Department almost entirely superseded by the advance of the times. This was the "Prairie Traveler," a handbook for overland expeditions, written in 1858. It was famous in its day, and was consulted by pioneers setting out for the far West; but not one individual of the hundreds of thousands who go West now have any need of the book or knowledge of its existence; they study only the time-table of lightning express trains and hotel cars.

Township 35, in Washington county, Maine, must be a cheerful region to live in. It appears that hunters in the vicinity of Nicatous Lake have been hounding deer into that body of water and killing them there after the mode forbidden by law and reason. The still-hunters took things into their own hands and undertook to kill off the dogs. The hounders have registered a vow and duly proclaimed it, "If another hound is killed we will clean out every horse and ox in the township." It is quite clear that unless the hatchet is buried it will go hard with the wild and domestic brute population of Township 35.

A Paterson, New Jersey, ordinance requires all dogs to be registered, and exacts a fee of $2 per dog for the registry. The revenue derived from this source is $6,000 per year. Owners have recently endeavored to do away with this fee, urging that it amounts to a tax in disguise and is not therefore authorized by law. Judge Dixon, of the Supreme Court, last Tuesday decided that the ordinance is proper and the fee not excessive.

The meeting of the Massachusetts Association, in Boston, last week, was a good beginning in the new direction of effort planned by the members. The clause of the Massachusetts law permitting grouse snaring is iniquitous, and the clubs of the State should combine their forces this winter and take it from the statute books.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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HUNTING IN FLORIDA IN 1874.—III.

MY return to Fred's camp was devoid of interest, except that my Cracker companion got out of tobacco from sharing with Tommy (who, in his turn, shared with all his picaninnies except the pappoose in the hammock), and soon became very cross, often putting his horse into a gallop and getting far ahead of me, it being almost impossible for me, with stick and spur, to urge my mule out of a slow trot. The second day he became insolent, and insisted finally upon breaking camp at 10 o'clock at night, to reach home at midnight, saying his horse would know the way home in the darkest night. Knowing what he might be if the lion within him was aroused I carefully avoided irritating him and let him have his own way. When about two miles from home he wanted me to let him have my pistol to fire off as a signal to his family that he was coming, pretending that he always did so when he returned home. Asking him why he did not use his own he said "mine spoke loudest." As I handed it to him with my left hand I cocked my double-barreled gun with my right and fell back a little into the darkness. He fired two shots in quick succession and said he would fire two more half a mile further on, and did so, and then returned me the pistol and somewhat relieved my anxiety. Just upon that, a year-old colt belonging to him galloped up, and though doing nothing out of the way, he commenced venting his spite upon it by filling the air with his curses. At length, determined to hurt something, he dismounted and commenced belaboring the colt with a large club, but in the darkness gave his own horse a thwack that sent him flying and landed his saddle-bags in the bushes. The faithful beast, however, returned at his call, and after a long search the saddle-bags were replaced, and we arrived at his cabin to find Fred all right in his tent, but greatly rejoiced at my return. I have no reason to think Mr. J. designed harm, but to this day his conduct is utterly unaccountable to me.

During my absence Fred tented alone, employing the first day in household matters, cleaning his gun, sharpening his hatchet and skinning-knives, shooting a couple of birds in the vicinity of the camp, trying his hand at baking bread in a borrowed Dutch owen, and retiring at sundown; but the wandering hogs so disturbed him he rose soon after midnight and built a rousing fire. This brought from the cabin a Mr. N., the eccentric character of the settlement, a squatter and bachelor, whose homestead, three miles distant in the woods, consisted of a mule cart, beneath which he slept in his blanket on the bare ground, and whose personal property comprised the one suit of clothes he wore and the mule I rode to the lake, with dilapidated saddle, bridle and saddle-bags. Lending a hand to the squatters occasionally, he earned a precarious subsistence, spending what little money he could get hold of for whiskey. Obeying the caution I had impressed upon me by Judge P., at my introduction to "Cracker" life, I carefully avoided inquiring into the antecedents of any one, but Mr. N. must have seen better days at some period of his life, for he would entertain us with Methodist songs from memory (as he could not read or write) by the hour together—the only recognition of christianity I found in all this benighted region. Though at least three-score-and-ten, he assured me he intended to marry ere long; and, when I interposed the objection of his want of a suitable lodging place, he quickly replied, "Any woman who didn't love him enough to sleep with him under his cart, wasn't worthy of him." My more extended acquaintance with "Crackers" of the feminine gender convinced me he would not find much trouble in pairing himself if he should seriously pop the question.

While I was absent a "Cracker" boy stimulated Fred's gastronomic propensities by the offer of some eggs, which luxury called to mind the sugar syrup in the bottom of Five-Mile Creek. The temptation to try for it was too strong to resist; so, putting all his provisions inside of Mr. J.'s for fear of the hogs, leaving both ends of the tent open for them to walk through, rolling up all the clothing with the carpet-bag knapsack containing our arsenic into a bundle and putting it on the table I had extemporized for skinning purposes, he took his gun and trudged to the creek, and was delighted to see the jug sitting bolt upright on the bottom, but too deep down to reach with arm or stick. Though the water was very cold, in a trice, stripping and diving for it, he was overjoyed to find the water had not leaked in to dilute it. And so the luxury we hadn't, we had. Securing a couple of herons, and this time firmly retaining hold of the coveted jug, he retraced his steps to the camp with beatific visions, which were destined to be dashed to the ground when he came in sight of it. The table lay flat and everything was scattered around, with the hogs making merry with all the women in the cabin 300ft. distant had not saved, as they heard the table fall. Fortunately, both for ourselves and the hogs directly, and indirectly for our continuance on good terms with the Crackers in the settlement—for the hogs were common property—the women saved the arsenic before the creatures had penetrated to it. Having righted things and carefully potted two bones of a deer for soup the next morning, securing the cover beyond the possibility of a hog's snout reaching the meat, he lay down to sleep. By 4 o'clock in the morning the hogs routed him out, but the pot containing the soup meat was seemingly untouched. All preparations being made, the pot was opened, when, lo, one of the two bones was missing! Though every necessary caution had been taken against the insertion of a hog's snout, none had been taken against a coon's snout or a 'possum's paw. Spending his third day alone in skinning birds and contriving better arrangements for protection against the hogs and "varmint," he lay down to sleep at dark, only to be aroused by my return at midnight. Little sleep, however, had either of us, so annoying were the hogs, and we decided to quit that locality as speedily as possible.

Having accomplished the desideratum of the trip, in seeing the lake and disabusing naturalists of its pretensions as an elysium for them, we were all at sea as to future plans, for the second object of our trip was still in abeyance—the securing of specimens of rare birds and their eggs, and a study of them in their haunts. Our wily "Cracker," ever on the alert to make money out of us, honestly or dishonestly, suggested our camping for a few days at a "heronry" a day's tramp into the heart of Alpatiokee Swamp, known only to himself and the Indians, but impenetrable, except by a boat, on account of the deep water and the cypress-knees. He also informed us that three miles down the creek near which we were encamped there was a flat-bottomed boat, just adapted to our need, which the owner would sell at a reasonable price. So Tom was dispatched with the oxen to bring it. Toward night he returned, saying it had lain upon the bank so long, drying in the sun, that he could thrust his hand between every plank. Suggesting to him that we would take it to pieces and re-nail and re-caulk it, I went back with him, and bringing it to the camp we set about the operation. As there were neither sawn boards nor nails in all the settlement, we worked very carefully to save what we had. For calking we used the lace fibre of the palmetto leaf besmeared with tar, which we tried out of the pine knots by smothering them in an oven made in the ground. When finished we had a scow twelve feet in length, four feet wide, turned up two feet at each end, with a gunwale of eight inches—the frail bark that subsequent experience proved was to save us many times from the jaws of alligators and a watery grave.

Having bargained with Mr. J. to take us with his ox-team to the heronry and return for us in ten days at so much a day, we had our luggage all ready for him to load into the scow soon after daylight, and requested him to drive about 100yds. to our camp for it. As the heronry was beyond his house from the camp he refused to come or even to lend us the least assistance in getting our heavy packs to the team, saying "he bargained to start from his house." As before suggested we knew it was well not to arouse the tiger in him, and so we toted them ourselves to the scow, he grumbling all the time that we were delaying him. About 9 o'clock we got off, but were ourselves got off by our teamster's insisting upon a long tarry at each Cracker's hut we passed within the first five miles. By careful balancing of our load we managed to ford almost to swimming Ten Mile Creek and keep our powder dry, and soon after entered the Flats, showing only a water horizon with an occasional island a few feet in diameter, on which from one to half a dozen tall pines were growing with a thick growth of underbrush—excellent rendezvous for panthers, wildcats, possums and land snakes, wild turkeys roosting in the trees. To wade knee-deep was the work of the day, carefully avoiding the dreaded moccasins, which, lurking in the tussocks of grass, "strike their envenomed fangs deep into the leg ere the traveler is aware of their presence." Plodding on wearily after the cart, as the safer position through the fright to the snakes occasioned by the paddling of the oxen, we came to a grassy plain a mile in width, from which the drying-up waters had receded, but revealing midway across it a creek nearly waist-deep with perpendicular sides. But my spade soon changed their steepness to a slope, and the faithful oxen, accustomed to rushing through a stream, landed all safe on the other side.

Two or three such, but with sloping banks, we met in the course of the day, and one altogether too deep to wade conveniently; but to my request that we ride over, our teamster on the cart only replied by pouring out a volley of oaths, and urging the cattle across before we could come up with him. Thus alternating between strips of marsh and wide wastes of water, we at length discerned on the horizon a cypress clump towering up like a "blue mountain." "That is the heronry," exclaimed our guide, "but there is no camping place nearer than this island clump of palmettos near by." "But how far is the heronry from here?" "Perhaps four miles." "And do you expect us to wade this long distance twice a day for ten days and carry our game?" "Certainly." "Then take us right back to your house." After much persuasion he was induced to go on and run the risk of finding a nearer camping island. At length we found one less than fifty feet across, with considerable dead wood upon it, which our teamster said was not over a mile distant from the heronry, and was absolutely the nearest spot of dry land to it. Careful observation afterward proved it to be not less than two miles. Cutting a path through the dense palmetto scrub bordering the island, we unloaded our traps from the scow, and left Fred to put things to rights for a ten-days' camp-keeping, with the caution to be careful about setting the dry leaves afire, while the teamster and myself hastened on to launch the scow near the heronry. This effected, we noticed a fine camping island not more than a quarter of a mile distant; but it was too late, as all our luggage was two miles back. Nearing the camp on our return, Fred was seen repeatedly hurrying out into the water and back again, as though in trouble. It seems, notwithstanding our precaution, the fire had got the upper hand of him and was spreading, and he was lugging the powder and provisions out of the way of danger to an extemporized platform of sticks he had constructed in the water. Further examination proved the soil to be peaty, and suggested the danger of subterranean combustion, and such a possible thinning of the crust as to refuse to bear our weight some night, with the result of tumbling us, powder and all, into a mass of smouldering embers. To avoid this, we encircled our hearth with a trench and daily supplied it plentifully with water.

To obtain filtered water for culinary purposes, we dug a shallow well a few feet within the margin of the island on the opposite side of our entrance, which soon filled with water percolating through the peaty soil. This, strained from the insects and small lizards continually tumbling into the well, served our purpose satisfactorily. Having thoroughly beaten the ground within and around our tent, to frighten away any ground rattlesnakes, scorpions and such like vermin as may have been lurking beneath the leaves, we commended ourselves to the care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, and lay down to rest at dusk. Excessive fatigue quickly invited sleep, but, the nights being moonless, for how long time we were unconscious I cannot say, when we were awakened by such deep bellowings within a few feet as made me think at first some bulls of the cattle herds ranging all over the country had come into camp near us. It was our first experience of the full-toned bellowing of alligators so near us, and it was a question whether the savory viands of our evening repast might not be attracting them to our limited quarters. The thought was not pleasant, nor made less so by the sudden chiming in of the most horrible throttling sounds that ever grated upon human ear. I have not been unaccustomed from my youth to the death rattle of the dying bedside, or the gasping groans of the earlier slaughter houses; but in this medley of sounds that filled our ears, there was a perfect nondescript anomaly to me. Later experience leads me to suppose it was the dragging under of a large bird, perhaps the water ibis, by an alligator, as there was much splashing of water commingled with the shrieks and gurglings. But tired nature would assert herself, though only to be disturbed again by the distinct, but stealthy, tread of some animal close to our canvas. Is it a panther? is it a wildcat? is it a coon? is it a possum? we whispered to each other. At length it approached my head and tapped the canvas within 6in. of my face with its paw. I tapped back, when it bounded away, but with so light a bound that I was convinced it was not larger than a wildcat or a coon, and felt no further alarm. Waking at daylight, we found abundant tracks of a wildcat in the soft mud on the margin of our island, and a flock of turkey buzzards roosting directly over our heads, both indications of marauders warning us to put our things in order for safety before starting for the heronry.

Strapping on my tin knapsack containing our lunch, with gun in left hand and a palmetto stick 7ft. long in right, with which to slap the water to frighten away the moccasins, and in our high-topped boots, we started. Fred carrying his gun, two tin pans and a tin cup, and a board for the purpose of making a seat across the top of our scow. We had hardly left the camp when the water poured into our knee-top boots, adding greatly to the weight we had to carry. Frequently my slapping the water would scare up a moccasin, which, "striking an attitude" for striking, would await our nearer approach with threatening fangs. Disabling it by a blow of the stick, I was on the alert for another. Carefully taking our bearings that we might not get lost on our return, we came in sight of the gunwale of our scow just peeping above the water, it having sunk during the night. Cautiously approaching it, lest it might shelter underneath the dreaded reptile, I aided Fred into it to bail it out, while I proceeded to cut away the marginal underbrush and make a path for pushing the scow into deep water. On starting, I had forgotten to take my stick, in my enthusiasm at the sight of the flocks of spoonbills and herons flying over the swamp; but ere I had taken ten steps, pausing in the water half knee-deep to watch their movements, I looked down and saw just beneath the surface the largest moccasin I had hitherto seen, crawling between my legs. Instantly becoming motionless and telling Fred to keep quiet, I watched it "drag its slow length along," till its tail was a foot to the rear of me, and then showed it to Fred, whose blanched countenance would hardly permit him to exclaim, "Are you bitten?" I think I could sketch the markings on that snake's back with accuracy to-day, ten years after the occurrence, for I am sure I seemed to have ample time to examine them before the end of that tail showed itself.

Anticipating some trouble with the scow, for some of the boards I used in repairing it were not straight-edged, I had prepared myself with palmetto lace, and with my hatchet and knife recalked it, so that, should we bail it every few minutes we deemed it might be safe, and so pushed it through my path into deep water.

Now for the results of all our toil, expense and danger, and, thanks to a kind providence, they are speedily realized. Hardly afloat and a roseate spoonbill rose from its nest and perched beside it. Fred shot her while I poled the scow in all haste, as, the moment it struck the water, watchful alligators made for it on every side. We triumphed and secured it, and then Fred climbed to the nest amid the filthy branches while I kept the scow immediately under him, lest, falling from a dead limb into the water, he should himself be gobbled up by the alligators, who were watching the operation to the number of at least half a dozen. Three eggs were secured and identified. Bailing out our frail scow, I pushed it among the cypress knees, both excited to the highest pitch, as the birds kept rising from their nests, and, circling in the gleaming sunlight displayed their roseate hues to the best advantage. Soon another falls a victim to Fred's unerring aim, but alas, drops right into an alligator's mouth, who goes to the bottom with it in a trice. "Fred, lay low and I'll have that bird yet." "Nonsense, it's down the alligator's maw by this time." "We'll see," I replied, and pushing the scow over the spot of engulfment, I could plainly see about six feet deep the pink hues of the spoonbill as it was held down by the alligator. Two or three thrusts of my pole so astonished the brute that he let go the bird, and it now graces the Museum of Brown University. Besides the spoonbills, there were by the hundreds, the different species of egrets, herons and ibises. Having identified the eggs of the different nests by carefully noting what birds flew from them, and secured about fifty in all, besides as many birds as we thought we could skin before dark, we left our scow in the marsh outside and returned to camp carrying our load of about fifty pounds each, wading every step of the two miles with our boots full of water. J. W. P. Jenks.

Brown University, Providence, R. I.

The Domestic Dog.—What stuff people do write about dogs. Hear what Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes in *Harper's Bazar*: "How many of us hold to our friends with a love as inexhaustible and as inextinguishable as that which our dog gives to us?" What rubbish is this? It seems to me that when people become addicted to dog worship they lose their minds. The dog loves the man who feeds him. You may keep a good well-bred dog for five years, and then sell him, and in two months his "inexhaustible" love will be so far exhausted, and his "inextinguishable" love so nearly put out, that the faithful creature will chase you out of his new master's orchard. A man who confesses that his love for his friends is weaker, and more selfish, and less faithful, than a dog's, puts a shamefully low estimate upon his friendship. I love to read the two greatest books in the world, the Bible and Shakespeare; neither of them say anything good about a dog. It isn't that I dislike dogs, because I don't; I like them; but there is such a tendency to dog worship in these weak, poodling times of pug and mastiff that a man needs a great deal of wholesome corrective. What's that? You once had a dog that—"Out, damned Spot!" Do you suppose I am going to accept the statements of men who once had, or who now have dogs, as evidence? You'll want to tell me about a bass you caught the next thing. I knew your dog; a long-haired, beautiful, active, faithful, creature he was, as ever made glad the heart of a boy. He used to trample all over other people's gardens, and carried his unwelcome fleas into your neighbors' homes; he tore down climbing vines and dug for moles and rats under the rose bushes, and when it rained on him he smelled like the picking room of a tannery. I knew your dog.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Natural History.

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INSTINCT.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 10, "Potomac" answers the question "What is instinct?" by saying that "it is merely an inheritance born of and embodying the experience of ancestors." Instinct is unquestionably an inheritance, and to a certain extent is born of and embodies the experience of ancestors; but why "merely"? If we still hold to the theory that species were created as they are, with power of variation and change within certain limits, can we imagine that the first individuals of species were without instincts and did not have to live by the exercise of instincts as well as those which came after them! Did not the first pair of robins probably proceed to build a nest at a particular season and of particular form in a suitable place, under the promptings of an implanted instinct; and the first swarm of bees proceed to gather wax from flowers and make cells in which to store their honey in hexagons, and so arranged as to require the smallest space, from the same reason? Or, if we adopt the later theory, that the Creator of the world has performed and is still performing his work by a process of development, having put in operation certain forces which work by fixed laws and which developed the present high types of species, including man, from the lowest forms as germs, is it not the fact that instinct disappears in direct proportion to development? Man lives much less by instinct than the animals next below him, and in his own species gives us the exhibition of the lower and less developed peoples living less by and depending less on their instincts.

Also, on the principle that instinct is not originally implanted, but "merely an inheritance born of and embodying the experience of ancestors," how shall we account for the case of the solitary-bee, which makes its cell, deposits its egg, provides food for its young when hatched, and then dies, as did its parent before it? In such a case it is simply impossible that the offspring should be benefited by any experience gained from the parent. And even in the case of hive-bees, which build their cells so wonderfully, and birds which make their nests so differently, as the eaves swallow, the kingfisher, the oriole and the chip sparrow, it is impossible, to my mind, to conceive of powers like these as "merely born of and embodying the experience of ancestors. Dr. Carpenter says ("Mental Physiology," p. 56), "This designation (instinctive) is now properly restricted to actions which, being performed without any guidance from experience and executed in precisely the same manner (when the circumstances are suitable) by all the individuals of a species, must be regarded as proceeding from an innate or constitutional tendency," and I suppose Dr. Carpenter's view is that of all the later authorities.

I am glad "Potomac" has brought up this subject, not for the sake of discussion, but that contributions of fact may be obtained from the personal observation of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. MONATIQUOT.

GROUSE IN CAPTIVITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you permit me to say that I think I deserve no little credit for keeping so quiet about grouse since my experiences of last summer? But the subject will come up afresh whenever an opportunity to write presents itself. One of my hen grouse died in September from some strange wasting disease, the result of which manifested itself in a non-assimilation of food, and the bird slowly starved to death. When picked up she had wasted away to mere skin and bone, showing how large a fund of vitality the grouse evidently has to draw from. This hen sat some four weeks and when she came from the nest in the extremely hot summer did not seem to rally from the exhaustive drain that nature makes on avian life at such times. I think the difficulty was somewhat increased from the fact that she had a broken leg which prevented her exercising as birds in confinment ought to do. A very similar case was that of one of my hen quails a summer or two ago. This last named bird (then two years old) had been hatched and reared in confinement, and during the summer laid thirty-two eggs, replenishing her nest three different times as the eggs were taken away from her. She was ailing for two or three weeks, becoming so feeble toward the last that she could not walk, and dying only when there was no longer any flesh to feed upon. A FOREST AND STREAM expert gave it as his opinion that the quail died of chronic inflammation of the bowels, after making an examination of the bird, but said he was in doubt as to the cause of the disease.

It will be remembered that some three or four weeks ago Mr. Edward A. Swift, an enthusiastic hunter and naturalist of Elmira, N. Y., wrote a note to FOREST AND STREAM mentioning the capture of a male grouse which had flown into a house near that city, whereupon I wrote to Mr. Swift. The letter was not a begging one, but I straightway received a reply in which he kindly offered to send the bird to me. There must have been something between the lines that I did not perceive. The bird has been in my hands now a little more than two weeks, and although only very recently captured, he now comes up to be fed when called, and seems quite disposed to adjust himself to his new situation. He is a very fine specimen, perfectly sound and uninjured, and still retains enough of his native pride to impel him to erect his ruff and spread his beautiful tail when any stranger comes near the coops. My remaining hen moulted nicely, and the two make as handsome a pair as one could wish to see. I cannot see but that her plumage is as fine and regular as that of the wild bird, except that his tail is fuller and longer than hers.

Speaking of distinguishing the sex of the grouse by the plumage and other markings, I am inclined to believe that perhaps the surest test for the male bird is the metallic lustre which seems to be always present on the ruff of the adult. Next to that perhaps is the orange color which appears in the superciliary membrane of the eye in the male bird—a faint shade in the fall, but much more intenes in the spring as the breeding season approaches. In the bird while still alive the feathers grow down so closely to the eye in many cases as to hide the trace of color from ordinary observation. My friend, Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y., has held that in the female grouse the two central tail feathers have the black band near the end broken and irregular instead of a pure black sharply defined as in the case of the others. But in the Elmira bird the two central feathers have the broken irregularly marked band, although the specimen is undoubtedly a male. The courage and temper shown by the male birds form, I think, a good test, and the sex will almost always betray itself in this way to a careful observer.

The coops are outdoors as usual, with parts of them covered, while the remainder is open to the sun, the rains and snows. I do not anticipate any difficulty in wintering my grouse if no accident happens to them, and if things go right shall have a vigorous healthy pair of breeding birds in the spring. In this respect I shall be more fortunate than last spring, when the male bird, which only came to me that same month, had been seriously abused by a pair of English pheasants, with which he had been closely confined for some time, and was in no sort of condition to become the father of a family. It is altogether possible that this condition of the sire may have had something to do with the failure of the chicks to break a way out of the shell, although this is merely a surmise. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 19.

WHY TROUT CULTURE FAILS.

AT a meeting of the Biological Society in Washington, on Nov. 19, Col. Marshall Macdonald, of the U. S. Fishery Commission, referred to the notably successful propagation of *Salmonidæ* in European waters, which he compared with the almost total failure in American waters, and attributed the want of success in this country to causes which have become patent only after many years of persistent experiment and close observation.

In England, France, Holland, Australia and New Zealand all varieties of *Salmonidæ*, whether indigenous or transplanted, thrive under artificial culture. Introduced American species—*quinnat, salar, irideus, fontinalis*, or what not—do well there; but in our own streams, where small fry of *Salmonidæ* have been planted by the hundred thousand, all disappear inevitably and systematically, and only individuals are ever seen or heard of afterward. There are two or three marked exceptions where success has triumphed through absence of destructive causes. Mr. Macdonald tells us what those causes are. Let us hear. They are no other than the predacious little cottoids and darters with which most streams abound, and whose presence has hitherto generally been presumed favorable to propagation of *Salmonidæ*. Indeed, some fish breeders have introduced large quantities of these diminutive fishes into clear streams to serve as food for their salmon and trout when the latter shall become grown. Fatal misapprehension! The observant Mr. Macdonald told in what a brief period one single dar er, which had been placed in an aquarium, got away with and swallowed no less than twelve fine trout fry of the size and age usually employed for stocking streams; and inferentially a hundred thousand fry would serve a thousand of these rapacious cottoids and darters hardly a day under favorable opportunity for capture. Sometimes, by some extraordinary chance, a few trout have escaped the massacre and grown to full size and maturity, but such survivors are so few as to prove of no practical service in replenishing depleted streams. It is obvious now that such a method is only a waste of time and effort.

What then can be substituted with better assurance of ultimate success?

Mr. Macdonald says we must plant 4in. trout, and turn the tables on the rapscallions. *Salmonidæ* of the size mentioned will eat up the cottoids and darters (every mother's son of them, as well as darters) and grow fat and fulsome on them!

It has been charged against grown trout as one of the incidents of failure to replenish streams hitherto, that they eat up their own fry, but this is disproved. Nature has provided for their sure protection, else there could be no reproduction from year to year. It has ordained that the troutlets shall stick to the bottom, and so long as they do so the big fish seem to pay no attention to them. They do not seem to see them. Their attention is skyward, toward the surface. But, if ever any adventurous mite of a trout attempts to explore the upper waters and skirmishes about in the same aquatic plane as his elder and bigger relations, aimless and inadvertent, lo! he is incontinently snapped up and devoured. Just so it is with men and "kids," the waifs and tenderfeet. They put themselves in the way of greedy and rapacious men, and have only their own temerity to blame.

With respect to the notable failure to propagate California salmon in Eastern waters, Mr. Macdonald assigns an altogether different reason. These fish spawn in July, August and September; and when they seek the upper waters of their native streams, on the Pacific slopes, for the purpose of depositing their ova, they find a progressive colder temperature as they approach the spring heads and snow-fed sources; but during the corresponding months in Atlantic waters, whenever they would leave the ocean to ascend the stream, lo! they find a constantly rising temperature, which sometimes reaches as high as 80 degrees. The ocean is actually cooler than the rivers, so that they decline to leave it and go up stream. They never seem to have re-entered their native streams where they were hatched and reared until the time of their first departure for the brine, and the question arises as to what becomes of them. Mr. Macdonald thinks they wander about the ocean, leading a purely nomadic existence, though he can hardly guarantee them a long life and a happy one, for it must be but a question of time when they will fall a prey to the innumerable predacious creatures which inhabit the deep, and be eaten up by them.

Certainly the testimony of Mr. Macdonald is of great importance, supported as it is by observation and experiment, and fishculturists will be likely to profit thereby hereafter. Perhaps the assertion that one acre of water may be made as valuable as two acres of land will yet be borne out by appreciable results. CHARLES HALLOCK.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22.

MELANERPES CAROLINUS (LINN.) IN NEW JERSEY.—I have added to my cabinet of bird skins that of a male red-bellied woodpecker, taken at Keyport, N. J., Nov. 23, 1887.—L. S. FOSTER (New York, Nov. 29.)

HOW THE DRUMFISH CROAKS.

DR. W. R. HAMILTON, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in writing for the bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission, says: "My observations with regard to the croaking or grunting noise made by the drumfish family have been confined to the fish known here as the 'perch' (*Haploidonotus grunniens*). This fish, as is well known, is furnished with a masticatory apparatus in the gullet, and the lower division of this has its upper surface flat and triangular in outline, and studded all over with spheroidal 'teeth,' if they may be called genuine teeth. The upper division is composed of two parts united by a ligament; their lower surfaces are also supplied with similar teeth. The divisions of this apparatus have powerful muscles attached to them by which they can be pressed together and moved laterally on each other. By this process the fish masticates the crustaceans on which it feeds. When this action takes place, the teeth coming in contact and gliding over each other produces the croaking of the perch.

"About twenty years ago, for the purpose of endeavoring to ascertain by what means the croaking of the perch was produced, I procured from an Ohio River fisherman a perch weighing 18½lbs., which he declared was the largest perch he had ever caught. I divided the head on one side, and thus exposed its masticatory apparatus; and while moving its grinders as I supposed the fish had done during life when crushing a crawfish, an exact imitation of the croaking of the perch was produced. I produced the sounds in a similar manner within the hearing of several Allegheny River raftsmen and Ohio River fishermen at intervals during the day on which I experimented, without allowing them to know how the noises were made, or that a perch was used for the purpose, and they all declared that it was an exact imitation of the croaking of the perch. This noise is made, I believe, only at the season of the year when the perch 'bites' or feeds. The above experiment and others of a similar kind lead me to believe firmly that the croaking of the perch is produced in the manner referred to. I cannot conceive of any way by which the sound could be produced by the air bladder of the fish, as its physiological functions and anatomical structure do not indicate its use as a vocal organ."

Prof. John A. Ryder, in a letter commenting on the above, May 21, 1887, said: "It is now known that certain sound-producing fishes give out noises by grating certain bones together in a peculiar way. An extensive memoir by a Danish author has appeared within two years, the Danish title of which has escaped me, but which deals with this question at great length, with fine illustrations. The usual view, that the air is forced from one part of the air bladder to another in the Sciænoids, seems to me inadequate in the absence of clearly worked-out demonstrations. This group is physoclystous, or has the air bladder entirely closed."

MINKS GNAW IRON WIRE.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Nov. 20.—When we saw the remains of a wood duck hanging in the picket fence, the deed was charged to a mink, who would no doubt return to the inclosure where some twenty pairs were kept. Six steel traps yielded two minks next morning, both alive and sound of limb. They were put into a box with a partition between them, and the top was covered with wire netting, 1in. mesh, No. 19 galvanized wire, such as is used for poultry fences. No one supposed that they could get out, as they cannot gnaw wood very well, and they remained quiet the first night. On the second morning the male was found dead with his head through a broken mesh, while the female was loose in the room, both having gnawed the wire cloth. The animals had been promised to Prof. Goode for the National Museum, and the living one was more securely boxed and sent there. The teeth of the dead male were broken.—FRED MATHER.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

GAME NEAR TOWN.

WESTCHESTER, Nov. 11. — Along the romantic swales and cliffs of Tibbitt's Creek, bordering this valley, on the opening day of November, we hunted just out of the city lines and during the morning encountered the first snow storm of the late year. Yet nothing daunted, we hunted the vales from the creek's source to its outlet, and to the two guns and dogs engaged fell the following game: Seven woodcock, thirty-five quail and three wild ducks.

During the warm days of Friday, Saturday and Monday before election, we sought a covert deeply secluded in the hills of our loved Orange county. There in the deep solitude, bordering in river and lake, years ago we fell upon a game preserve known to few. Here we had royal sport, bagging in short forenoon hunts fifty quail, nine woodcock, thirteen ducks and seven ruffed grouse, all in excellent condition. We could have added several foxes and any number of meadow larks, and robins and rabbits without number; a few of the latter we put to bag. This paradise was first known to the writer when at West Point under the care and advice of his cousin, the late Gen. Henry Brewerton, superintendent of the Post, 1845 to 1852, when he was by rule transferred to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, of war renown, superseded to the Post at West Point. Strange to say this preserve still holds the renown of old (for it is in its wild virgin state even unto this day) when the late Dick Arden, of Ardeaner was its ardent hunter, with a strain of orange and white setters and Irish reds much heavier than now met with. But we much fear this is the last season, as a syndicate will soon possess our court and make another preserve like Tuxedo Park, under the name of Arden, after the wife of T. T. Parrot, who is the sister of my old companion, the redoutable Richard Arden, Esq., a descendant of the Ardens of Arden Forest, Yorkshire, England, well-known to many army officers, now on the plains in the service of our Government, and correspondent of your most interesting paper. CANONICUS.

A TRUNCATED QUAIL HUNT.

TO obtain a successful day's quail shooting in southern New Jersey is very difficult. Not from scarcity of the birds, but because of the jealous care over them exercised by the land owners. The birds are abundant in localities, especially where the small farms border on the salt marshes, and the half-reaped buckwheat patches and thick tangle of weeds and blue-bent heavy with seed furnish their favorite food in profusion. There these vigorous little epitomes of vitality thrive, and grow larger, plumper and stronger of wing than their relatives of the West or South. But to get access to the birds is no easy task. The farms, with hardly an exception, are decorated at every prominent point with tiny notices in varied specimens of cacography, whereby the adventurer is informed that if he trespass with dog or gun he will be visited with the penalties of the law. The land owner will oftentimes throw open his premises to those whom he knows and likes, but let the stranger sportsman, with his brand new suit, his hammerless and his cavorting samples of canine worthlessness, appear upon the scene, and the uprising of the populace eclipses that of Clan Alpine at the whistle of Rhoderick Dhu. The resident, however, who shoots occasionally, and simply for recreation, can find shooting enough over the farms of his friends among the farmers to occupy all the time he can afford for that amusement. For many years I have in the fall passed over a certain round of quail covers, having a different locality for each day's tramp, so arranging as never to visit the same cover twice in one season.

My favorite shooting ground lies near a village which I will call Legal Fence, in the county which I will name Claverhouse. I have made much larger single bags elsewhere, but for abundance of quail, and certainty of finding them, Legal Fence is unrivalled. My friend Erskine and I, for a dozen years, have kept that cover for our *bonne bouche*, and have never been disappointed, until the exasperating experience of the present season about to be related.

Our shooting ground is a peninsula of about fifty acres, which projects its bastate shape into the salt marsh. The upland is fringed all around, partly with small brier bunches and scattered oaks, and everywhere with Indian grass, or blue-bent, from ankle to waist high. Tongues of blue-bent run far into the upland, which is partly cornfield, partly wheat stubble, partly buckwheat, and mainly peach orchard. An old vacant dwelling and a stable are the only buildings. The farm supports five coveys of quail, each covey having its own well-defined feeding ground and shelter. The farm affords capital shooting from 8 o'clock until 2, and a series of hedgerows running all the way to the village give, on the return thither, equally good shooting until night.

On the morning of the present month (November) Erskine and I with our dogs, Frank and Mac, traversed the long causeway which leads across the marsh to the farm and reached our shooting ground at 8 o'clock. The dogs were fresh—too rank—and tore about at a pace which argued ill for success. As we crossed the causeway a hawk darted from mid air to the marsh and started a snipe, which after many circlings dropped in what was to be our homeward path; we made a mental note to pick him up later.

Last year we found the birds along the first fence and this we hunted carefully. Our dogs at once showed game, but a ripple through the blue-bent, at which I risked an ineffectual shot, showed that a rabbit's early morning ramble was the cause. Avoiding a clump of briers we reach the field next the house and find the dogs carefully trailing along the fence, soon coming to a point at a small thicket, Erskine being in the field and I in the bushes and blue-bent. Instantly a noble covey of big birds burst out. I single out the nearest, miss him with the first barrel, cover him with the second, and then, without ascertaing his fate, I turn and mark the birds which scatter about in the tall blue-bent. Erskine is badly placed and does not shoot. Before I have marked down my last bird my dog appears with my quail.

After a covey is scattered my plan is to not hunt them closely at once, but to try first to find another lot of birds. Taking a straight course through the scattered birds, killing three and missing four, we passed on through the timber and carefully hunted a field on the other side, without success. Then, back through the blue-bent, where we closed our score on this covey at ten birds.

The day had been threatening, and just then a gentle shower struck us, which, however, soon passed off.

Passing the house, we entered the peach orchard, and, turning at right angles with our former course, crossed the farm toward the opposite marsh. Just before reaching the marsh there is a low hedgerow running parallel with the marsh, and we turned back along this to hunt a cover near the house. Frank was soon missing, and after a search I found him pointing in a field of weeds down the hedge. When I reached him he took a few steps along the hedge, and then wheeling, drew out in the field a few steps and pointed again. A covey of a dozen birds arose at long range, and out of it I dropped a pair. Frank immediately returned to the hedge where he first pointed and drew slowly with uplifted nostrils along it, at last establishing his point near the marsh, and being prettily backed by Mac. This was evidently a division of the same covey, for about a dozen more birds arose, and I again made a double, Erskine being too far off to shoot. These birds scattered out in the marsh, where the grass was not more than 6in. high, and there, too, we found the first bunch, which I had been unable to mark. There we had magnificent shooting for a few minutes, not losing a bird shot at. A few escaped to the bushes while we were putting in cartridges, and of these we picked up three by snap shots in the thicket.

The next cover was a blank, the birds probably being out in the marsh somewhere. The rain now began to fall pretty briskly.

At the extreme point or spear-tip of the farm, where is the only really bad cover, we started another large covey in the thicket, and drove some of them into the marsh, where we bagged six, both dogs distinguishing themselves by roading, pointing and backing, with a skill which could not be excelled.

Thence we started on our return, and when the peach orchard was reached the dogs again made game, trailing out into the orchard, which was fringed next the marsh with blue-bends, through which were sparsely scattered large oaks. The trail took us out into the orchard, nearly intersecting our course earlier in the day, and then back again to the blue-bend. Suddenly I heard a roar, such as quail make when their wings are wet, and two birds dropped at the report of Erskine's gun, I securing a single bird which came my way. Another noble covey, dropping temptingly in a narrow, open strip of tall timber.

The rain was by this time coming down in sheets, and we were drenched to the skin, and sought shelter in the empty house, intending to leave our birds there, and return as soon as the rain would permit, to the twenty or more living ones that awaited us. Taking account of stock, we found that we had 36 quail and that the hour was 11 o'clock.

The rain, however, gave us no option, so when our team appeared at noon we returned to the village, dried our garments as best we might, and started homeward, with our appetite for slaughter well whetted, but by no means satistied.

F. S. J. C.

WHERE GAME ABOUNDS.

BELVIDERE, N. C., Nov. 15.—My outings thus far this fall have been varied, and for the most part quite successful. About the first of October I paid a visit of a week to a relative in Sussex county, Virginia, and in accordance with his instructions took my shotgun along. "Squirrels and turkeys are thick as hops," so ran the invitation. To say that I had a good time would faintly express it, for though I was told that the little grays were usually scarce owing to failure of the mast crop (*i. e.*, beech and hickory nuts), still I found them in abundance: and any one who would not have been satisfied under like circumstances is more of a game hog that I care to be.

To give some faint notion of the variety of game I relate the experience of our little party during one morning's hunt. Having shot squirrels until it became monotonous, we concluded to try for turkeys. So we drove over to the beautiful farm of Mrs. Pretlow, which by the way is duly posted to keep the colored brother from exterminating the game with his "Zulu." Obtaining permission from the owner of the premises to hunt anywhere we wished on the farm and adjoining woodland, we sallied forth, with a youth as guide, in quest of the numerous turkeys said to use in the peanut fields and the woods bordering them. We had been in the woods but a few moments when the pointer, taken along to hunt the turkeys, treed a pair of nice fat looking squirrels; but this was game unworthy of our steel, so we let them go, and hied the dog on to look for something better. Pretty soon the gentle breeze wafts to our eager ears the music of a pack of hounds in full cry, and seemingly bearing in our direction. We stop, listen silently a moment, then ascertaining that they are passing around us, we move on, with the remark from our leader, "That is a deer, but he has gone to the Blackwater and we will not see him to-day." We soon reach a small field of corn and look for sign. The ground is tracked up as though it were a barnyard. There are deer and turkey tracks by thousands; and as the dog began moving around pretty lively, indicating that the scent is warm, our hearts beat more rapidly, for just beyond is a thicket where we feel sure we will find our game. But, hark! What is that? The hounds are coming back! A moment's hesitation and we divide, one going to the woods in the direction of the dogs, the others each take the opposite sides of the field. The hounds are coming directly to where I am standing, all blown from my exertion to reach the stand in time; but I see no deer and the dogs pass within 20yds. of me, evidently the deer passed before I reached the stand. While I am thus cogitating, bang! goes a gun on the opposite side of the field, and bang goes another almost immediately after. I turn in that direction and see the boy (our guide) and one of the party running in the direction of some struggling object; and crossing to them I find they have killed a fine deer and are busily looking for shot marks, to see which made the lucky shot. Both claimed a hit, and while the dogs have run up and are scenting the deer and licking the warm blood, a yell and a call from the woods where one of the party stood, starts the whole pack in that direction, and in a moment they are again in full cry and soon out of hearing. We go to ascertain what the game was, and are told that when the guns were fired at the deer a fine flock of turkeys flew up and scattered through the woods, and while creeping carefully through the thicket trying to get a snap shot our companion walked up a big buck which so startled him that he forgot to fire until the bushes had hidden him from view.

We sent the boy back to the farmhouse for a "nigger and a mule," and sent the deer to the house with orders to dress and hang it up, and if the owners of the dog called for it to deliver it to them; if not why then "keep until called for."

We went on after the turkeys and built our blinds and producing our caller waited patiently for some time, then began calling. But the hounds had frightened them out of their wits and out of our reach, so we got no turkey, but returned to the house, finding a most excellent dinner awaiting us and our deer nicely dressed and ready for distribution. As no owner of the dogs appeared and not knowing to whom they belonged we presented the fair owner of the premises with a choice quarter, and placing the remainder in our buggies started for home, after having paid our respects to the good things set before us, and thanking our hostess for her hospitality.

We never found the owner of the dogs, and do not yet know whose they were, but they were a fine lot surely, and ran like the wind. I merely relate this incident to show the extent and variety of the game in certain parts of Virginia, where the lands are protected from the pot hunter. We found on not more than ten acres of inclosed land that morning two deer, a large flock of wild turkeys, several squirrels and a large covey of quail. Who can beat it?

I find quail more abundant here in North Carolina this season than for some time. I have a friend in Washington, D. C., who proposes visiting me soon to spend some time in pursuit of Bob White, and in order that I might notify him of the prospect, I took my dog and walked out in the field a few days since and found some beautiful coveys; but not wishing to deplete them much before the arrival of my friend, I "let them off easy," all except two coveys which scattered beautifully in some stubble; and as they were nice full grown birds, I "waded into them" and killed sixteen; after which, having all I wanted for immediate use, I wended my way homeward, fully satisfied that I could give my friend a few weeks' healthy sport, and then we will probably start for the "goose honk" country of Currituck. I have walked over some of the quail grounds in this vicinity several times recently and find the birds generally very well grown, and in fine condition, though in some instances I find small birds too young to shoot, but they are the second crop, for I invariably find larger ones near by. I think I found not less than 150 birds in one-half day.

The boys recently had quite an experience with bruin. A cow was killed not far from the shore in the Great Swamp, and some of the boys went in and set a spring gun close by the carcass. During the night the gun went off, and on going in to look after the result the next morning the hunters found blood, and putting the dogs on the scent they followed the wounded bear nearly all day, finally giving up in disgust and returning minus bruin. The swamp was so miserably muddy, and the reeds and briers so thick they could make no headway.

A. F. R.

A Week Later.—I sent you some rambling hunting notes last week, since which time the boys have given the bears "fits." They finished opening up a new drive through the main body of the Old Dismal, and, taking the dogs in, they had lots of fun, killing four large bears, crippling another, and slightly wounding one of the hunters with a buckshot which was fired at a fleeing bear, but glancing, struck a young man in the hand, taking from him some blood and much of his ardor. I wish I had time to give full particulars, but merely give the summary: Four bears killed, one crippled, and a young man slightly hurt and badly scared—not bad for two days in such thick woods and brakes. If the weather keeps good and the swamp dry, you will probably hear from us again, as the crowd is now enthusiastic and bruin may beware.

A. F. R.

CLUBS AND PRESERVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 17 two items met my eye, and as they are upon a subject of vital interest to the average sportsman, they caused me at least to stop and think. "Clubs and Preserves," by "Pippsissewa," is one and your short editorial under "Snap Shots" the other.

We are fast approaching a period in the progress of game preservation in America when, in the writer's opinion, it will be well to stop and consider where the next step will lead us.

From the time, only a few short years ago, when game was plenty and the average man looked upon all attempts to keep it so as mere child's play and unworthy the thought of a serious Legislature, we have passed almost at a jump to an era when the wide-spread interest in all measures tending to preserve the remainder of our fish and game commands attention and thought from all who look to the well being of the many as opposed to the pleasures of the few.

In what the writer has to say let him not be understood to say anything against the wealthy, and to a certain extent public-spirited gentlemen, who at a large expense have acquired large tracts of land, upon which they are endeavoring to raise (by hand) birds and animals, imported at a great cost, and in which endeavor, if successful, they are sure to benefit sportsmen at large by the overflow of their preserves. What I have to say is about the system of acquiring privileges by lease over grounds owned by farmers, and at our native birds, over which (the ruffed grouse and woodcock at least) the farmer has no more control than the wind that blows. About the legality of such a thing the writer, not being a lawyer, has nothing to say. He has, however, his opinions, one of which is that the ownership of land should in no way convey a title to the birds of the air, which happen to feed or nest upon it.

It is from a different point of view, however, that I wish to present the subject, namely in its bearing upon the vast majority of sportsmen who have not the means nor the inclination to enter upon the system of leasing. Let us take for example the present surroundings of the writer. He lives in a city of about 18,000 inhabitants, among them are a few of as true sportsmen as can be found in any community. They are all hard working men—either with head or hands. They come from the factory, the store, and the office, and a day or two of outing (even in our scant supply of game), means renewed health and vitality.

Is it fair to this large majority to allow a favored few, who by accident of birth or circumstances, or, if you will have it, by superior business ability, have acquired more of this world's goods than their neighbors—to allow a few sportsmen (good sportsmen and liberal though they be), to come to our neighborhood and for a small consideration utterly debar a large and worthy body of men from reasonable enjoyment within such distance of home as their time and means will permit? I hear some one say, "Why not lease the land yourselves?" Only one thing lacking—funds—and a belief that the wild things of the woods and fields were given for the enjoyment of all, rich and poor alike.

In our high school here are a number of bright, intelligent boys, most of them members of that widely-known circle, the Agassiz Association. Their Saturdays and holidays are spent in roaming the woods and fields. Many of them now have a true sportsman's love of nature, which their freedom from restraint, in the shape of signs "No shooting allowed," does much to foster. Is not this as harmless, and at the same time as manly, a sport as a boy can grow up in? Is it right to cut it off?

Let us try to look at this subject from a farmer's standpoint. I cannot agree with "Wise Acre," in his letter of two weeks since, as to the character of the American farmer? My experience has been smaller than "Wise Acre's," but in the past ten years and more I have hunted and fished in various parts of the country from Maine to California, and though I have once or twice been so unfortunate as to trespass upon a trout brook (not knowing it to be reserved), the treatment I have met with from the farmer has been uniformly courteous and obliging. Does not the farmer want for his sons and their friends the privileges he is asked to lease to the club? I hear some one say, "Let him reserve that privilege in the lease." Very well. But let me ask, as a business man talking with business men, isn't that rather a large loophole to leave in a contract (from a business point of view)? Would a man, as a manufacturer, allow any such "string" to be attached to a contract for supplies? I know of one who would not

I say grant all possible protection to the farmer in the

enjoyment of his land and improvements he may make upon it. Allow him to recover damage by trespass to the amount of the actual damage done, but leave the game for the benefit of all humanity.

In the State of Maine, or in my own State, New Hampshire, what a mine of wealth is our game and fish; our people are beginning to realize it too. It should always remain so, and in my opinion this can be done by continuing as we are now, *i. e.*, making our game and fish free to all who come among us—treating rich and poor alike. With restrictions as to amount of trout taken and non-transportation to points outside the State for game, our game and fish are rapidly increasing, and the revenue to be derived by all parties in any way interested in the transportation and keeping of sportsmen is sure to be rapidly increased in the near future.

In speaking of "free" shooting let no one think a "free game law" is meant. No one can look with more respect upon a stringent code of game laws than the writer. In his opinion only one thing more is needed for our New Hampshire game laws—more money to enforce them. Thanks to our present able commissioners and the existence of our non-transportation law, birds have been plentier in this section at least than for years previous. With a little larger appropriation from the State still better results are sure.

But let me ask—supposing the larger appropriation is made—who is to benefit from it? The people at large, or a favored few, who, under a lease system, would be enabled to enjoy the benefit from a sum taken from the taxes of the many. Would not this be class legislation?

W. H. B.

Nashua, N. H., Nov. 19.

MICHIGAN DEER.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you two clippings from Grand Rapids papers, showing what our warden system is doing to prevent the shipment of deer out of the State, and, it seemed to me, they speak well for our State game warden's zeal and grit. He certainly has not neglected an opportunity to bring suit against violators of our game law. The first, from the Grand Rapids *Telegram-Herald*, is as follows:

The zeal and enthusiasm with which Game Warden William Alden Smith and some of his deputies are enforcing the Michigan game laws may yet lead to a war between the Badgers and the Wolverines. The deer hunting season, now ended, has stirred the wardens of the Upper Peninsula of this happy hunting ground to unusual activity with reference to the shipping of venison out of the State. By consulting the map of Michigan it will be seen that the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, starting in Wisconsin, crosses the line of the Badger State, and runs into Michigan through the whole length of Menominee county, and then down Green Bay, and so on to Milwaukee and Chicago. This road has been a picnic for hunters who slaughter deer in Michigan, take the carcasses across the line to Florence, Wis., and ship them back through Menominee county and thence down to Ohio and Indiana. Game Warden Smith instructed S. E. Baker and Edward Kramer, deputies for Menominee county, to see that the law was strictly enforced, and the result is that thousands of pounds of venison have been stopped at Powers, Mich., and the shippers arrested. Deputy Baker writes that he does not "propose to let the Buckwheats and Hoosiers get away with any of our meat," and that he has stopped over fifty deer and has "twenty-five more piled up at Iron Mountain with eight men in charge of officers."

This deputy warden's zeal has been made the subject of editorial correspondence between Governor Rusk, of Wisconsin, and Luce, of Michigan. Henry C. Campbell, editor of the Florence, Wis., *Mining News*, had a deer stopped while in transit over the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, and immediately wrote Gov. Rusk, demanding that an investigation be made of the acts of the Michigan game wardens. He characterized the matter as "an outrage on a citizen of Wisconsin." Gov. Rusk forwarded the letter to Gov. Luce, who in turn referred the matter to Game Warden Smith.

Mr. Smith is not apprehensive that an inter-State war will result, and stands strongly by his deputies, particularly Deputy Baker, who has convicted every man so far arrested, among others Mr. Nicolls, the wealthy Battle Creek manufacturer, who was fined $50 for killing deer out of season.

The *Telegram-Herald* would advise that Wisconsin editor to come over to Grand Rapids, and if he is at all like Michigan editors he can find all the "dears" he wants—and if he will go over to Muskegon he can find some that may be shipped out of the State without anybody making a complaint.

The other I take from the Grand Rapids *Eagle:*

Two Indiana sportsmen were taught a deer lesson last night by the powerful teacher of the State game laws. The men, George Marsh and Wallace Hannah, had been up among the northern pines hunting wild game and succeeded so well they concluded to ship a portion of their venison to Hoosierdom. They packed the hides and carcasses in a box trunk and at Luther checked the same to Decatur, Ind. Deputy Warden Spofford, of Cadillac, believing they were evading the law, telegraphed State Game Warden Smith to intercept the party while in transit. The dispatch was given to Deputy L. A. Towne, who hastened to the Union Depot, and on the arrival of the train bearing the violators he soon gained possession of the venison and the hunters. It required some clever work, and a determination to enforce the law, but the deputy came off victorious. The men at first stoutly denied having deer meat in their boxes, but on opening them their deception was discovered and the men were taken to the jail for violating Act 151, Session Laws of 1881, which strictly prohibits the exporting of game from the State. The father of Geo. Marsh was one of the number, but no venison being found in his possession, and being a very old man, he was allowed to go his way. To facilitate matters the men were taken before Justice Walsh and there they pleaded guilty and were fined $50 and costs amounting to $5.10. They had $40 in ready cash and were placed in custody of the officers to secure the balance.

On leaving they expressed themselves as having learned a lesson never to be forgotten, and went home this morning wearing long faces, sadder, poorer, and wiser men.

In making the arrest the deputy discovered other pieces of baggage which he believed contained venison, and detained one box directed to Warren, Ind. On opening it later in the evening it was found to contain some 75lbs. of venison, and this fact being admitted, Game Warden Smith will begin proceedings against the company, with the understanding that the case will be carried to the Supreme Court, with a view of obtaining a decision as to the validity of the law. The capture, the hearing, and the payment of the fine all took place within four hours' time. Swift justice, indeed; a word to the wise is sufficient.

A good deal of deer hounding is being done on the quiet, but the majority of parties that have usually flocked into the Michigan woods with their hounds have this year either given it up altogether or gone in as still-hunters. I have held to the opinion that Michigan deer would be made to last longer by rigidly enforcing the law we had previous to the one that prohibited the use of dogs, and on these grounds: In the first place our State is surrounded by lakes, and it is impossible to drive the deer out of the State with hounds; they would merely move from one part to another; in the next place, a well, healthy deer is not run down and mercilessly chewed up by any deer dog I ever knew of; it is only the wounded animals that are caught and pulled down, and these, of course, it is a mercy to put out of their misery. But the strongest argument in favor of deer hounding is the fact that it was the still-hunters themselves and the market-hunters who were always crying out against the hounds; not that they wanted to save the deer, but that they wanted to kill more. They used to say that if the hounds were taken out of the woods they could kill four times the number of deer they could with the hounds keeping the deer on the alert. A party of nine or ten hunters with their hounds would go into the woods and stay say two weeks, and if they killed five or six deer they considered they had had excellent sport, which you can see was not an average of more than a deer to a man for two weeks; but let one or two good still-hunters go into a section, where the deer have not been disturbed by the dogs, and there is good tracking snow, and they used to boast that they could average from two to three per day to a man, and they did it for the almighty dollar every time. But now that we have been beaten in this matter, and the State Legislature has seen fit to pass a law preventing the use of dogs, I say, live up to the law no matter where it pinches, and if it is no sport for me to hunt deer without dogs, why I can give it up.

Our hunting parties were not made up for the amount of meat we could get, but with five or six jovial companions, a two weeks' outing beside one of the many inland lakes or running streams in northern Michigan, with the music of the hounds for a short time each day, to break the monotony, was not to be despised. I do not want to be understood as being in favor at any time of running deer into the water, and shooting them while swimming, and our law especially prohibited this. But a man that could stand on some old woods road and with a rifle nip off a deer going at full speed before the dogs, had reason to be proud of his marksmanship and satisfied, if successful even once, for an entire year.

W. B. Mershon.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting at the Tremont House, Boston, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, on Tuesday evening of last week, began what it is hoped will prove an important combination for the protection of the interests of Massachusetts sportsmen and the game interests of the State.

Fifty gentlemen from many parts of the State, met for mutual acquaintance and also for interchange of thought and idea.

The following are some of those present from out of town: Prest. L. G. White and Mr. Knowles, of the Worcester Sportsman's Club; Prest. Hunting and Sec'y R. L. Eaton, of the Natick Club; Prest. Baker and Sec'y Geo. A. Phillips, of the Dedham Club; Sec'y S. A. Derby, of the Lowell Rod and Gun Club; Dr. J. H. Wright, of the Medfield Sportsman's Club, and many others.

The meeting of the different associations was in response to invitations sent to 24 sporting clubs throughout the State, with the following explanatory circular inclosed:

"The time has come when sportsmen and anglers throughout the State should co-operate to obtain proper legislation for protecting our game and fish, and for enforcing the laws at present upon our statute books, now practically null and void from non-enforcement. All persons at all conversant with the subject are aware what practical laws, and practical enforcement of the same, have done for the fish and game interests of the State of Maine; and there is nothing visionary in the thought that, with the same methods like results may come in Massachusetts also. Our Association, for the last fifteen years, has spent its money, its time and influence, for the purpose of furthering the interests of every sportsman and fisherman throughout the commonwealth. We have accomplished something; we have done all we could, and now, when the time seems propitious for doing practical, successful work for accomplishing our aims, we ask your aid and your co-operation—not for ourselves, but for every lover of rod and gun or bird and fish. For the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Henry J. Thayer, Secretary."

Resolutions were presented and and adopted in memory of the late Spencer F. Baird, recognizing the manifold labors and remarkable powers of observation, the great learning and admirable methods he brought to promote the objects of the Commission and the industrial prosperity of the country.

In presenting for discussion the principal object of the meeting President Samuels reviewed briefly the history of attempts of the Association to further the game interests, referring specially to the iniquitous law upon our statute book permitting the snaring of ruffed grouse, practically without let or hindrance; and then he called upon Maj. L. G. White, of Worcester, who spoke of the game, particularly ruffed grouse, which in his opinion could easily hold their own against the gun, but not the snare. Mr. L. A. Derby, of Lowell, gave his experience in confirmation of the statements of Maj. White, but also thought that open seasons should be the same for partridge and for woodcock, say from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, or Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Mr. Knowles, of Worcester, thought that Aug. 1 for woodcock and Oct. 1 for partridge meant chicken partridge in market in August, that, and nothing more nor less. Some persons say, "Open the season Sept. 1," some "Oct. 1," but as for him either, if they both open at the same time.

Mr. Hunting, of Natick, thought that if snaring were abolished, as it should be done, sportsmen could have shooting in Massachusetts instead of going to Connecticut or New Hampshire and Maine for sport, and then be able to bring home their game instead of leaving it behind as now one must if shooting in either of these States. He knew of one person who ran a line of 300 snares, from which in three days only 41 partridges were taken. Snares meant murder and extermination, nothing else.

Dr. Wright, of Medfield, thought woodcock in August meant partridge murdered under the name of "short-billed cock;" that the opening day should be alike, either Sept. 1, Sept. 15 or Oct. 1.

Many others spoke upon the same subjects, but all concurred in the belief that snares should go, and that energetic work ought to be done to bring forth something practical for a game law instead of the present inefficient makeshift, and the following was

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the present law upon the statute book of Massachusetts permitting snaring should be abrogated, and that the open time for ruffed grouse and for woodcock should commence the same, either on Sept. 1 or 15.

Hub.

Wild Geese.—Brooklyn, Nov. 27.—The largest flock of wild geese that ever came under my observation crossed my house on Sunday a few minutes to 12. I keep a flock of homing pigeons on my roof, and while watching them I saw the geese cross. I went down for my field-glass and counted 103, nine of them in a triangle in front, the rest in single file. Three of my friends made the same count, so it must be correct. The flock was nearly three blocks in length.—F. A. S.

EXPRESS COMPANIES AND THE GAME.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please publish the inclosed circular recently issued by the United States and American Express to their agents, notifying them that they must refuse to receive for shipment any game out of the States of Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota Territory? This is a move in the right direction. Now, if the lovers of game will assist in putting a stop to the work of market-hunters and game dealers in these different States and Territories, there will be an immense amount saved every year and we shall soon have plenty of sport for the amateur sportsman. M. R. Bortree.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 7, 1887.—*To Agents United States and American Express Companies:* Your attention is again called to the game laws of the different States in the Northwest, a synopsis of which is given below. It is our desire and intention to comply with the laws, and you are again cautioned against receiving for shipment any game contrary to the laws of your State. Parties offering you packages, boxes or barrels for shipment, which you have good reason to believe contain game, which it is unlawful to ship, must be required to show you the contents thereof before receipting for same, and if found to contain such game, you will refuse the shipment. These game laws are enacted to benefit the people at large, and should be respected by all law-abiding citizens. We will not knowingly be a party to any violation of these laws. You will govern yourselves accordingly.

Dakota.—It is unlawful to ship the carcass of any buffalo, elk, deer, antelope or mountain sheep to points outside the Territory, at any time or for any purpose. The killing of game birds for traffic is also unlawful, except that any of such birds, not to exceed one dozen in one day, may be sold to any person for his own use, to be consumed within the Territory during the authorized killing season.

Iowa.—It is unlawful to kill for traffic at any time pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, snipe, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse or pheasant. The exportation of game birds is prohibited, but it is lawful for any person to ship to any other person within the State game birds not exceeding one dozen in number in one day during the season that killing is authorized.

Michigan.—On the Upper Peninsula the prohibitory season for deer is from Aug. 15 until Nov. 15.

Wisconsin.—Deer may be killed during the authorized season for food for consumption within the State only. The transportation from the State is prohibited of any game bird or animal mentioned above (wild pigeons and beaver, mink, muskrat, or other fur-bearing animal excepted) caught or killed in the State.

Indiana.—It is a criminal offense, punishable by fine, to receive for transportation any quail, grouse, deer, pheasant, wild duck or prairie chickens.

Minnesota.—The law provides that none of the following-named animals or birds shall be transported beyond the limits of the State of Minnesota at any time; but this law does not apply to shipments of game from other States into or through the State of Minnesota: Woodcock, quail, pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, partridge, pheasant, wild goose, duck, brant or other waterfowl, and teal.

United States Express Co.
(By C. H. Crosby, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Manager.)
American Express Co.
(By A. Antisdel, Ass't Gen. Manager.)

NOTES FROM ONTARIO.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Nov. 18.—Game of all kinds has been unusually scarce this season here and in adjoining towns. The cause of this is the oft repeated old, old story, insufficient protection during the breeding and close season.

There is no lack of good covers in this vicinity, which if properly protected would give good ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail shooting during the autumn months. A small number of gentlemen, Mr. Geo. Henwood and a few others, are trying to work up an interest among the gun bearers of this county in fish and game protection, but so far they have received little or no encouragement, and every possible obstacle has been placed in their way to prevent them from having the game laws enforced.

No man is deserving the title of sportsman whose life is such as will carry his name down to posterity as one whose desire was to destroy instead of protect and propagate. Good, healthy, legitimate sport with the gun and rod makes a man's life brighter, happier and prolonged, while the cruel, selfish greed of the pot-hunter gives him no happiness beyond gratifying the lust of destroying, not pleasure but a devilish, insane sort of frenzy which is unsatisfying in its effect, a direct contrast to the true sportsman's pleasure, which leaves nothing but pleasant recollections behind.

It is to be hoped that the readers of the Forest and Stream in this vicinity will without delay form a fish and game protection society; if so, good results will be sure to follow such a movement. Stanstead.

Pacific Wild Fowl.—The *Breeder and Sportsman* comments thus on the recent letter from a San Francisco sportsman in our columns respecting the edible qualities of ducks in that vicinity: "It seems singular that any one can be so silly as the querist quoted. If he is about San Francisco, a statement which we cannot but doubt, he must know that the merest moiety of the birds marketed is brought from the salt marshes near Alvarado, Alameda, or anywhere else where marshes are salt. The San Francisco markets are supplied from the great fresh-water swamps along the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and from Tulare Lake. Thousands of birds are killed on the plains about Merced, where grasses and grains are the only food. It has been our privilege to offer birds killed within seventy miles of San Francisco to many a visiting sportsman. Mallards, canvasbacks, sprig, teal, gadwall, and all the rest have been placed before guests who were perfectly competent to sit in judgment, and as a rule the opinion has been that they were as good as birds of like varieties killed either along the great inland flights of the mid-continent or among the sand dunes and sedge of the Eastern seaboard. Rich food in the greatest plenty is found where pretty much all ducks sent to San Francisco are killed. Celery and several other bulbous water weeds abound, the ducks are in sweet water, and there is no reason why they should be rank. Such birds as feed on the salt marsh do acquire a peculiar flavor from the grass seed which they consume, but it is only after some days of such feeding. A flight bird, just in at Alviso or Alvarado, is as sweet and well flavored as need be. The Forest and Stream's querist is to be pitied if his sportsman's instinct is not strong enough to guide him to good shooting grounds about this city."

Cimarron, Kan., Nov. 20.—Ducks are scarce in southwest Kansas this season, cause, not much feed and they pass at once. They are reported as plenty on the Canadian River, Texas, 150 miles south of here. Four prominent citizens of Warfield were arrested in Indiana Territory last week for hunting without a permit, arrested by Amos Chapman. It is out of the question to get in there and get out unmolested without a permit.—W. J. D.

An All-Around Gun.—New York, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer who has used almost every gun now before the shooting public in 10, 12 and 16-gauges, from all the celebrated makers, including Scott, Clabrough, Parker, Colt, Ellis and others, both with hammers and hammerless, has not yet struck on the style that just suited him. He has had two or three of different weights and gauges in order to be prepared for anything from a quail upward, namely in 10, 12 and 16, light, medium and heavy weights, but has found that two or three guns are too much for an ordinary mortal to look after. In traveling one is handicapped by the extra weight and amount of ammunition to be carried for one or more guns of different calibers. My shooting is mostly in thick cover for partridge and woodcock, occasionally quail, where a chokebore is of no use and a short cylinder bore necessary. I also occasionally take a day with the ducks, where a chokebore is essential. The gun I have in my mind is a 10-bore of some good maker, with two sets of barrels to fit the same stock, one set short cylinder bored. 26 to 28in., the other set 30in. in length and chokebored. Do you not think such a gun from the hands of a good maker would about meet the requirements of a Subscriber?

Auxiliary Rifle Barrels.—Appleton, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 24 "J. S. W." asks for experiences with auxiliary rifle barrels in shot guns. I have used one for seven years, chambered for .44-75grs. straight shell. My gun is an old-fashioned Remington and the rifle barrel is one of their "cast steel," or at least is so branded. It was put in by a local gunsmith and fits the bore of shot barrel from breech to muzzle so tight that I have sometimes not removed it for a year at a time, and I have found the inside of shot barrel bright as silver. I have an extra extractor so arranged as to extract rifle shells the same as shot. Barrel can be inserted or removed in about two minutes. It would not be practicable to carry it in the hand to insert at short notice, as is advertised for the "auxiliary barrel," but once in place, with the cartridge I use, it is as accurate as any rifle I have ever used. My gun is 12-gauge, 28in. barrels, and the rifle barrel adds just 2lbs. to the weight. For a handy gun in this country it is a "daisy" and is not for sale. With a set of Lyman sights fore and aft, it is ready for any game about here. Any further information would be cheerfully given.—F. U. R.

Erie, Pa., Nov. 28.—Ruffed grouse being reported as plentiful this season, it was decided by a friend and myself to spend Thanksgiving day in pursuit of them. We according went twenty miles south of here, but as it rained steadily all day our time, was in our opinion, better occupied under the sheltering roof of a farmhouse, than tramping through the woods in a soaked and uncomfortable condition. Naturally we shot no birds, but we did not return "empty-handed." We bought some of a man who had shot them the day before, and strange as it may appear we did not afterward claim to have killed them, although, judging from what we heard, the practice is by no means uncommon with some of the "sportsmen" in this vicinity.—Chetko.

Cache Creek, B. C., Nov. 9.—I have had very little time this fall, so far, to engage in my favorite sport, deer stalking, although I did kill two last month, October, for the pot; one was a fine buck and excellent eating; the other one I gave to a friend, who needed it more than I did. I think there could now be had here excellent sport if a party of two or three had time to camp for three or four days on the mountains.—I. L.

Dover, Del.—The shooting season opened here Nov. 15. Partridges are plentiful, but in most sections rabbits are scarce. Woodcock are numerous. Along the extensive marshes bordering the Delaware Bay wild ducks abound in great numbers. Many Philadelphians are here enjoying the sport.—Del. A. Ware.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

[From the New York Times, Nov. 20.]

Everybody is supposed to know something about this Yankeeland and its representatives, such topics having been worn to death in books and on the stage. And yet if you read what Mr. Robinson writes, whether you be born in Maine or Louisiana, you must be charmed with the book, which is different from anything we have yet produced. It is as local, as peculiar, as faithful, as if Mr. Cable were writing about his creoles, Miss Murfree of her Tennesseeans, or Mr. Harris of his negroes. In our pride we supposed that the verbal phrasing of the Down Easter was familiar to us. But our glossary was scant, narrow, and the gamut of the New England voice wanting in a note or two. We may not be so much to blame for this, for Mr. Robinson does not give us exactly the talk of to-day, but presents us with the Vermonter of, say, 1830; and this method of talk of half a century or more old, if not a storehouse of fossil words, is at least of the highest interest. It is an art to be cleverly phonetic and still understandable, and this happy knack Mr. Robinson possesses.

The mere imitative quality, however, would not alone give this book its peculiar cachet if it were not for the true humor and tenderness the author possesses. "Uncle Lisha's Shop" is but a sketch of New England life in some little settlement cut off from the rest of Vermont, retaining through isolation "the primitive manners, speech and customs" of the early settlers. Uncle Lisha is a shoemaker, and in his shop the neighbors hold "high 'change." Here they come to tell their stories. Some of them love sport, and there is a gallant young fox hunter and turkey-shooting man, and a Canadian, and old Gran'ther Hill, a veteran of the Revolution, who tells most astounding yarns about "Ethin Allin, Hubbar't'n an' Bennin't'n." Ann Twine, the Canuck, as he is called, is a sharp, shrewd man, who talks in French lingo and cuts his English something like Daddy Jack in "Uncle Remus." In their dry, queer way the company in Uncle Lisha's shop are already trying to crack their jokes at Ann Twine's (Antoine's) expense, but he invariably replies with spirit. At first the word "jalluck" was difficult to assimilate, but it was a way they had of clipping and condensing "just like."

A Yankee courting scene has always its peculiar humor, and has been written over and over again, but never so gracefully and prettily as when sweet Huldah and Sam Lovell, the great fox hunter, meet. It is the old story. Just as the words are faltering on Sam's lips, and the blushing buxom Huldah, who loves Sam with all her heart, is to be made happy, then the hound Drive, who is outside the house, begins his music. Drive has found the whereabouts of the fox, and Sam Lovell must, with a true fox hunter's instinct, follow Drive; and so poor Huldah never hears the last final word of a half declaration. Then Huldah steels her heart and tries to forget Sam. Sam does kill his fox after a long chase, and says as he bags him: "You've cost [me more'n any fox ever cost a man afore, or sen the' was foxes an' men an' women folks in this world." But little Sis, Huldah's sister, was lost in the wilderness, and the whole settlement was in the woods looking for her, and Huldah was wild with grief, and her mother in fits, then it happened that Sam was bee hunting. He ought to have been mowing, but the roaming "shoolin'" instinct had fast hold of him. Sam was after honey. He finds little Sis wandering aimlessly in the thickets and very kindly and gently does he care for the affrighted child, and he brings her back to her home. Will Huldah resist him now? Sam, when little Sis is in her mother's arms, discreetly retires. "Who did fetch her?" some one asks. "Sam Lovell, an' the good-for-nothin' cleared right out an' never said a word." He could not have gone far. "Samwell! Samwell Lovell!" she called softly, running out toward the road. "Was you a callin' me, Huldy?" a low voice answered out of the dusk. * * * The tall form of her lover came out of the gloom, and the big sister was in the strong arms that had just brought home the little sister. * * * "Sam," said Huldah half an hour later, "you haven't never tol' me whether or no you got that 'ere fox?" "I hain't never had no chance," he answered.

Mr. Robinson's conclusion is touching. Uncle Lisha makes up his mind to leave Vermont to join his son who is out West, and so announces his intention. There is gloom at Danvis. All his cronies are in despair. There is Gran'ther Hill who fights the notion tooth and nail. "Wal, Lisha," he says, "haint you 'shamed o' yersel' a desertin' of yer country at your time o' life? I never'd ha' thought it of a man 'at had fout tu Plattsburg. But that was in York State. You wouldn't ketch a man 'at hed fout tu Hubbar't'n an' Bennin't'n leavin' Vermaount, 'at he'd fout for. Durn yer 'Hios and Westconstants! West damnations they be, the hull on 'em, full o' fever 'n' aag' an' snakes an' Injins an' all God's cusses." And Antoine says: "You was be so lonesick you come dead raght off, bose of it, an' Jerushy, you see 'f he a'n't." But Uncle Lisha and his Jerusha have made up their minds. It is their only son they are seeking. They sell their houschould goods at a "wendue," visit the graves of their first born, and then Lisha says to his dear old wife: "We've said good-bye to them 'at's nighest to us. Aour rhuts is pretty nigh pulled up." Later on Sam Lovell is after bees. Once more he has his box full of the bees, and one by one they make a line for an old house. There is a swarm of bees who have stored their honey in the clapboard of Uncle Lisha's old house. "Wall they o'n stay there for all o' me," and Sam goes quietly in and looks around. There is a poppy growing in a crack of the sill and a partridge springs from the floor, whizzes through a window of the deserted house and sails into the woods. "The fog o' the ol' stories hangs 'raound here yet," Sam soliloquized, "an' wild creatures takes as nat'ral as tu the woods tu Uncle Lisher's shop. Come, dog."

We seek realism and believe that only the greatest of the Russian authors has it. But here it is near home, alongside of us, for Mr. Robinson has traits of originality, humor, tenderness and poetic feeling, which render "Uncle Lisha's Shop" a truly delightful book.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

ON THE GASCONADE.—IV.

Another day dawns upon us bright and fair. What beautiful weather we have in autumn! It is of the four seasons the only one of which we may boast. Our winters are too cold; our springs—we have none; we leap from winter into summer, and our summers are too hot; but our autumns! they are glorious. They last so long, the temperature is so equable, and all nature puts on such a lovely garb. The grasses from green to brown and red, the woods in all the luxuriance of an hundred shades from somber to gay, give us a wealth of colors.

> "The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
> The pointer ranges, and sportsman beats
> In rustic jacket—lynx-like in his aim;
> Full grows his bag and wonderful his feats."

He fishes, too, and dabbles in the water, and if he is a poet, sees in nature, next to woman, the greatest of all beauty.

Breakfast over, we made a run of some five miles, and the cook was landed on a pleasant, shaded, wooded spot, to get up a grand noonday feast. There was fish galore, and the ducks and squirrels killed the day before were turned into a burgoo, which, when it had received its final dash of cayenne pepper, sent to the olfactories a most appetizing odor. The boys were out on the river fishing, and the cook had leisure to enjoy the preparations for the meal. When, with the aid of the stores on hand and the game and fish he had prepared, he had ready a royal feast, he raised his voice in a Swiss warble that soon brought the stragglers home. This was *par excellence* the meal of the trip, and the party took time to enjoy it. I would not dare to state how much was eaten for that dinner. But all things have an end, and at last even the boy could hold no more, the dishes were washed and packed away, and we resumed our journey down the river.

One of the most amusing incidents of our cruise took place in the afternoon. The big boat had been stopped in a beautiful place, in order that its occupants might fish, and Frank had been meeting with some success. On the left a mountain arose somewhat steeply. All at once a noise was heard in the leaves some twenty yards from the water's edge. Billy had the gun, and, remembering Mr. Riddle's story of the deer, was all alert. The others were peering, too, to see what they could see, but nothing could they discover only the rustling of the leaves. "It's a deer," whispered the boy.

"Or a bear," said Frank. Still the movement in the leaves. At last Billy could stand it no longer. He raised the gun, deliberately aimed at the spot whence emanated the noise and fired, when such a squeal issued from the mouth of a pig which had been rooting there as has seldom been heard before. Billy's face grew longer and longer, while the laughter of the others grew stronger and stronger. From that time on to say deer, or bear, or pig, to grunt or to squeal, would bring a lowering cloud to our Billy's brow. He was very tender about it, until at last he got fighting mad, and to keep peace in the mess we had to desist from all allusions to illusions. The cook had better luck, for he caught, among others, what he thought, when he was playing him in the water, was the biggest fish, but which proved to be, though a grand bass indeed, a half inch shorter than the one caught by Will and already described. Will and Frank also had fair creels to report. In addition, all three of us had caught by this time, with minnows, specimens 15in. long of the blue cat, and found them to be good fighters.

We went into camp, named after the cook, no matter what, on an island; a delightful place. Gravelly banks. Plenty of wood. Pretty view up the river. Light supper—too much dinner. Went to bed early.

The next morning found us determined to run down so near to Arlington that we could reach that place easily the following day. We had no well defined idea of where we were, though we had figured out "by dead reckoning" that we should be about twelve miles from our destination. After paddling away for a mile or two we saw a man upon the bank and inquired how far it was by river to Arlington. He replied that it was thirty miles, and when we expressed surprise, insisted that he knew. We haven't made up our minds "till yit," as old Buck Tilden used to say, whether that fellow was a born idiot or a Herculean prevaricator. We didn't believe a word he said, and yet our faces grew wondrous long, for we had timed ourselves and we were not the men to fail. Will and I had the fish box in tow, and though it was modeled like a boat, and floated very nicely for a short pull, it began to assume the proportions of a sea anchor. We proposed to the boys to leave it. This involved the slaughter of our fish, but the sacrifice was soon made, and we left our lath ship, a very fair rival to an American man-o'-war, standing on its broadest end, to fall a prey to any *locum tenens* who might discover it. Released from the load we fairly put our backbones into the paddles and away we went as merrily bobbing along as one would care to do. Presently we passed another na-tive (accent on both syllables and the *i* pronounced long). He had a kind of wild expression about the eyes as we approached him, but evidently thought better of disappearing in the underbrush, and upon inquiry told us that he had run a raft from the identical spot upon which he stood to Jerome from daylight to 2 o'clock P. M., and returned home on foot the same evening. He evidently thought that this statement gave us the exact miles, furlongs, rods, yards, feet and inches of the distance, and, if not exact, it did answer the purpose sufficiently well. We concluded, at least, that we were sufficiently near to our destination to justify us in seeking camp and taking things easy, as we were not due at Arlington until the next day.

As we floated along more leisurely quite an event occurred—we saw a woman; yes, a woman, a veritable woman; a young and very pretty woman. Most Missouri politicians are familiar with Major Diegel's story, to the effect that the first time he left home for an extended stay at the capital, Mrs. Diegel very earnestly told him that when he remained away from home until a calico dress looked to him like silk he could be sure it was time for him to return to the protecting care of his wife. Well, we had been away from home, and even from the sight of dimity, so long, that calico looked to us like silk and a white sun bonnet more radiant than a *chef d'œuvre* of the Paris boulevards, and as this sweet piece of femininity, mounted like a goddess of mythology upon a fiery and beautiful steed, flashed through the fringe of trees that bordered the stream and took the water of the ford in advance of us, with a big black mountain just beyond to throw her form into bold relief, each plunge of her horse sending a myriad of diamonds flashing into the air before her, two old benedicts who should have known better, dropped their paddles on the gunwales, and with eyes wide open drank in the beauties of the picture with palpitating hearts. For as fresh and as rosy, as supple and as graceful as love's young dream, was this dear little maiden of the Gasconade. Her "jewlarky" came along a few paces after, spurring to catch up. Bah! There was nothing romantic about him. His long legs tucked in his rather overgrown boots, his sun-browned coat cut for high water, and his tow locks dragging from under the brim of a broad slouch hat, presented anything but a graceful appearance. But absolutely this must have been suggested by our William out of sheer jealousy of the fellow, who maybe the very minute it was said had overtaken the angelic form a short distance down the road, and was, with her, laughing and cracking jokes about "them gawks in that there boat at the ford."

Just below this ford was a succession of rapids, and as the road skirted the river, we could, as we danced over the bubbling water, every now and then catch a glimpse of our swains as they went riding lovingly on together, and somehow the sight had a tendency to reconcile us to the approaching close of our vacation. The only drawback to these outings of ours is that they are made to exclude the women. Why should they be? Is there any experience in them that they would not relish? Are there any beauties of the mountains and the valleys, the springs, the brooks or the rivers that they would not enjoy with a keener appreciation even than do we? Then the flowers and the foliage! How very much more they know of them! Then think of their dainty hands about the table and tent—what cosy pictures they would themselves make, and what delightful camps they would create. Oh, yes, by all means take the ladies. They will enjoy it ever so much. They are not such tender exotics that they cannot bear a breath of fresh air upon their faces, or a drop of rain upon their heads. And if they are, all the more need have they for the health and strength that come from an out-of-door life. Read Genio C. Scott. See how the ladies have enjoyed the backwoods of Canada, even despite the black gnats. See how Lady Brassey has followed her husband into every sea. Our word for it, American women would be the better for more of the woods and the streams, and less of the hotels and the routes. The writer thanks the Giver of all Good that the woman he has carried in his heart this many a year, the mother of his children, the partner of his sorrows and his joys, would rather spend a day upon the Gasconade, laving her little feet in its waters, paddling about on the clean gravel, or taking from it as dexterously as need be its princeliest bass, than to pass an evening in the most brilliant ball room, even though there is still spring in her step and gayety in her eye.

Well, well, this is a long digression, and all caused by one little woman.

We had not gone far below the ford alluded to above before we had an unique race with the big boat. First

we tried to pass her in a square pull in open water and failed. The oars gave too great a leverage, and we found that the paddles were no match for them, so making a virtue of necessity we left the three gentlemen and their canine companion forge to the front. In a little while the river seemed to separate into two streams and the big boat took the right. Standing up and taking a good view I said to Will, "Now is the time for our revenge. They have taken the wrong way and the true course is to the left." No sooner said than the paddles were hard at it. Away we flew, the rapids becoming stronger and stronger. After going about a half mile we espy our comrades in the other stream and we yell with delight at having passed them in the swifter water of our side, with no idea, however, that they are in a *cul de sac*, but just then we perceive that their chute ends abruptly in a gravel bar, and that to get into the stream proper they will have to make a considerable carry, which, with their heavy boat and still heavier load is no light matter. Then we fairly roll over and howl and halloo for joy, and the other fellows, who do not realize their situation, think we are a pair of maniacs. Pretty soon they see it and the circumambient air in their vicinity becomes blue and red, and streaked and striped, from the sulphurousness of the epithets which are hurled at that bar, and indirectly at the lunatics in the other boat, whose sides have become sore from laughing. They cease cus—firing, and contemplate the situation, and finally conclude to unload and carry, which they proceed laboriously to do. The mess chest is taken out high and dry, the bed clothes, tent, gun, rod, live nets, etc., etc., are piled upon it, and then with many a grunt and groan the boat is pulled and hauled over the bar and into the water. The duffle is replaced and then the gentlemen vividly realize the philosophy which underlies the superiority of water over land for the transportation of freights.

Near the scene of the above incident we passed a sawmill on the left and the biggest spring, welling right up out of the bottom of the river, near the right bank, that any of us had ever seen. It is a perfect wonder. Coming from a depth unfathomable by any device we have at hand, it rises to the surface in three streams that come with such force that if one of the boats is rowed upon it it immediately recedes in some direction. After gazing at the phenomenon for some time in astonishment and awe we came to the conclusion that there is water enough poured from the cavernous throat of that wonderful fountain, if it could be properly utilized, to furnish motive power to turn all of the machinery in the State of Missouri. It is said to be a great place in which to murder fish in winter. The spring and the river some distance from it never freeze, and the locality is therefore sought by thousands of fish which fall as prey to the jiggers and other pot-fishers.

We went into camp on the left bank of the river early, about 3 o'clock. Will and Frank took one of the boats and hied them away after bass. Billy, the boy and I, amused ourselves for a time shooting at a mark with the rifle, when Billy concluded he would go out and find a few squirrels. When left to ourselves the boy and I concluded to take a bath in the glorious river shining before us in the sun, and though it was October so balmy was the weather and genial the water, that it proved a real luxury. As we were arraying ourselves after our plunge in the river a long raft of railroad ties passed us, floating on down to the railroad at Arlington, engineered by five or six long, lank-looking specimens of the *genus homo*, ostensibly clad, but whose combined wardrobe would not have sold at an old junk shop for thirty-five cents in cash. They observed Will and Frank in the boat and the boy and me as they passed, and Billy, who was hid behind a tree some distance down the river, heard them talking together about "them damned dudes" they had just passed. Dudes! Great Jehosophat, I wish you could have seen us! What an eye for dudes those fellows must have had. Frank had on an old gray coat that looked as if it might have been a veteran of two wars, a flannel shirt, a pair of ancient though warm and comfortable pantaloons, and an old slouch hat that once was black but now was gray. Will and I were similarly clad, with our pantaloons stuck in our boots, and the lad's mother had seen to it that he wore nothing on the trip that could be worsted by it. The men of us had not shaven for over a week, and were generally pretty rough-looking diamonds, we should have said; but these poor "raft bodies," as a Scotchman would say, took us to be dudes! In thinking over this grievous wrong done to us the only justification I could see for it was in Frank's spectacles. The creature can't see 40ft. without them, and no doubt the raftsmen concluded therefrom that he was a dude, and, as birds of a feather flock together, that the rest of us were also dudes. My youthful readers will see from this how careful they should always be in selecting their company.

At an early hour we had a splendid bass supper, with all the etceteras that our larder afforded, as the jaunt being nearly over economy was no longer partiuclarly necessary. Our camp was a very pleasant and cosy one, and when everything was "to rights" for the night we naturally fell into a talk about our experiences of the past few days. As usual in such cases we found that our "hindsight" was more accurate than our "foresight," and, despite our familiarity with bass fishing in other waters, that we had learned by experience something about bass fishing in the Gasconade. All streams have their peculiarities and this one is no exception. Now with us the orthodox way to fish for bass is with a float, and a live minnow at a depth of 18in. to 2ft., even where the water is much deeper. Occasionally a fancy angler will try a fly, or skittering with a spoon, but the regular, steady thing is what we have described. This don't seem to work in the Gasconade late in the autumn. At that time the bass, which we asserted at the beginning to be the most capricious of fish, has followed the catfish to the bottom, where he is feeding not on minnows, but upon crawfish. This we very soon discovered by dissection of the fish we caught. Not one of them had a minnow in its stomach and nearly every one had more or less crawfish. The fish are to be found in what in local parlance is called the "holes," that is, the long reaches of deep water between the rapids, and generally toward the upper end of these, and upon rocky or sandy bottoms. These "holes" are from 10 to 12ft. deep, sometimes more, not often less, and in fishing them a float is of no particular benefit. What is needed is 150 or 200ft. of fine sea grass or linen line on a good, plain, simple reel, and a handy, light rod. The hook, a number 2 or 3 O'Shaughnessy or Limerick, should be tied to a single gut, and the rig would better be a little too light than too heavy. It is quite remarkable how big a fish you can handle with a light line, especially when you use a landing net, and do not have to lift your fish out of the water. The delicate line does better work and catches the most fish, as the small-mouthed black bass is as skittish as a red deer or a wild turkey. Insert your hook from below through the tail of your crawfish, getting a good hold, and carefully and without noise make your cast as far from the boat as possible. Let it settle to the bottom, and move your line gently every minute or two until it is brought close enough to necessitate another cast, which make in another direction. But whatever else you do be quiet. Don't stand up, don't strike the boat with the oars, as that kind of concussion scares the fish away very quickly, and if you have a talking partner put him ashore and go it alone. If it is convenient it is better when you hook a big fellow and see that you have a stiff fight before you to row away and tow him out of your fishing water for the final battle, but singularly enough the fish seem to be less alarmed by their struggling brother than by a much smaller racket in another way. A dark or partially cloudy day, with a breeze from the south or west, is the best, and those who ought to know say it is almost useless to fish for small-mouth black bass on a perfectly still, bright sunshiny day. The bait should be allowed to rest on the bottom, as it is there that the fish naturally looks for it. Some bass may be taken, even in the fall months, with minnows, and even with the red worm, or with small frogs, but after the water becomes a little cold and the bass seeks the deeper places, the most killing bait is unquestionably the crawfish. If we had known all this earlier in our trip we should have caught more fish, probably, but we got a plenty as it was, and we could not have had a better time; and the late autumn is certainly the grandest season of all the year for an outing.

So we talked over what we had learned and what we had enjoyed until somewhat later than usual, and at last went reluctantly to bed in our last camp upon the Gasconade, after an experience with it unmarked by one untoward accident or an hour's disagreeable weather.

The next morning we reached Arlington at 10 o'clock, our train being due a little after noon. We returned the boats to their owner at Jerome, on the opposite side of the river, with a present of a number of catfish, which he seemed to appreciate very highly. At Arlington we found the general merchandise store of Mr. Pillman, and a very well supplied one, to contain the post office, which was presided over by a very pretty and intelligent young lady. Our trunk—Frank's and mine—with our civilized clothes in it, was there, and Mr. Rogers, the clerk, politely permitted us to use the warehouse as a toilet room. Arriving in top boots, slouch hats, rough clothes, unshaven faces and with a decided cowboy appearance, when we emerged with smooth chins, "biled" shirts, fairly cut clothes, derby hats and polished boots, the transformation drew an exclamation of surprise—not from the young lady; no, we are not quite so soft as that on this occasion, but from the old gentleman, Mr. Rogers. And, after all, it felt good once more to get into civilized togs. Clothes do not make the man, by no manner of means, but they add most decidedly to his comfort and satisfaction.

We had several little experiences on the way home that might do to relate, but this yarn has been spun out long enough. In due time our train came along, and our bachelors tore themselves away from the contemplation of the sweet young lady at the store, and we hurriedly got aboard. Just after we did so we became aware that Scraps had also come aboard, and it became necessary to have him ejected from the car. We had previously made arrangements for his adoption by a very decent and humane-looking man whom we met in the village. Poor fellow! Faithful friend! He had known us only a few days, but he loved and did not want to leave us. If we had had but another minute to reflect after this touching scene, we should never have left him, but the train was off and so we were separated from him. Good-bye, Scraps, old fellow! May your lines have fallen in pleasant places. And so, with the hope that my readers may think none the worse of us at the end by reason of the love of this poor brute, I wish them all adieu until I have another story to tell them of the mountain and the valley, the river and the wood. Farewell. A. A. L.

IZAAK WALTON'S BUSINESS.—In these days, when so many cherished traditions are questioned, from the existence of William Tell to the authorship of Shakespeare, we are not surprised to find a writer in the London *Field* trying to overthrow the long accepted belief that Izaak Walton was a hosier and linendraper. He says: "Mr. J. M. Cowper's interesting contribution, a copy of the license of Walton's first marriage, published in the *Field* of the 29th ult., has drawn attention to the business or trade followed by the 'father of anglers,' the particulars of which have never, to my mind, been quite satisfactory. So far as I can make out, prior to 1844, and even up to the present time in most quarters, Walton was, or is understood to have been, a hosier or linendraper, but any direct proof of such being absolutely the fact has not yet been forthcoming. He had occupied a shop in connection with one John Mason, who was a hosier or linendraper, near Chancery lane; but because Mason was engaged in such a business is no reason why Walton should be so. The portion of the shop occupied by the latter might have been used for any purpose whatever, and I am aware of no other reason than this joint occupancy why common report has made Walton a hosier or linendraper. Now, in Major's edition, 1844, a note appears for the first time that during 1617-18 Izaak Walton was made a member of the Ironmongers' Company. Of course it is possible that any tradesman of repute, be he butcher, baker, draper or anything else, might be elected a member of this guild. Here is this note, perfectly authentic in every way, and now Mr. Cowper gives us the marriage license, discovered by him in the archives of Canterbury Cathedral, which states that 'Isaack Walton was an Ironmonger of the Cittie of London.' Am I not correct, in the face of this direct evidence, in supposing that Walton was an ironmonger pure and simple, and that stories of the haberdasher, linendraper, hosier, sempster, either wholesale or retail, were but suppositions handed down from generation to generation, in that peculiar manner so dangerous to the correctness of historical data? If there be any stronger proof of the business followed by this fine old soul, it may perhaps now be forthcoming. At present I believe Izaak Walton was an ironmonger."

CAMP ADAMS.—I.

IS everything ready? Every one on board? Yes. Well, then, let her go. A few moments later early risers might have seen a party of four gentlemen, William Crawford, one of the members of the firm of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, New York; William Reddick, of Wilmington, N. C.; John Ferguson and Robert Armstrong, the latter two from Newcastle, turning the corner of Street's Hill, and bowling along the Chaplin Island road in a double-seated express wagon, bound for John Way's, the first stopping place on the way to Camp Adams, whither they were going for a week or ten days of salmon fishing.

On they go, up hill here, down dale there, past farm and farm house, wood and pasture, crossing now a brook and now a culvert, over which the wagon bumps and bounces in a way suggestive of what is to follow over the twenty miles of a portage road ahead.

At last they reach the old schoolhouse, in the back settlement, where they turn to the right and continue on their way up river until the upper bridge comes in sight. Over they go with another clatter and bang, and another quick turn to the right, a few moments more and they have drawn their horses up before John Way's door, and in a twinkling they are all on the ground stamping and tramping the kinks, caused by the long, rapid ride, out of their limbs.

In a few minutes John puts in an appearance. Less than medium height with a slight halt in his step, trousers fastened with a belt at the waist and having an appearance of just staying where they were, not because they wanted to but because they had to, a checkered flannel shirt, no coat nor vest, a battered felt hat, from under which appeared a pair of sharp bright eyes that betoken no end of fun, the rest of the face, well, that is covered with a forest growth of brownish beard, now beginning to be tinged with gray in places, while a straggling circle of hair wanders out from beneath the hat rim, more than generally escapes the hands of three wives, with which John has been blessed.

He suddenly blurts out in a voice that would make a steam caliope green with envy, "Halloo, boys; what kind of jig dancing do you call that? When I heered you fellers comin' I thought Sam Kingston had another bear down in the medder trap. Are you going up to the camp?" "Easy John," replied Reddick, "one question at a time. What kind of a dance is this? This is a Carolina gallop." "Carolina devil," retorted John, "it looks more like mad Nuel Julien's Injun war dance."

With a shout that causes all the party to jump he calls, "Bob, Bob, put Duke and Liz in the wagon, quick, there's a copple of Yanks here in such a darned hurry to go fishing that they ain't got no time for nothin' else, 'n' if you don't hurry up some on 'em will have a French fit sure."

In a short time the portage wagon and Duke and Liz are ready for the road, as is also a buckboard with another horse. Two of the party take their places in the portage wagon, stretching full length on a soft bed of hay. The rest seat themselves in the buckboard and then everything is ready, but there is no driver as yet moving. "Say, John, are you not going to go with us," comes from out the hay in the bottom of the wagon. "Not this time," replies the man of the belt and the three wives. "Guess I'll send Bob, it don't matter much if you kill him or not."

And now they are off with a "git up ahead Duke, get up Liz" from Bob, who slings a bag of oats on the front of the wagon and himself on the bag, and as Reddick has it, he immediately became a fixture, a part of the wagon itself as it were. Swaying first to one side as one wheel goes away up on the top of a big rock and then to the other as the wheel comes down off the rock with a bump that would dislodge any one unless they had a thumb screw in the seat of their pants to hold them on, as friend Reddick would have us believe that Bob has. And it seems almost impossible to convince the former that his theory is not correct. As they are disappearing around a turn in the road they hear John's voice calling after them, "Good luck, boys. Don't take 'em all. Hope the flies won't eat you."

Any person who has ever been over a portage road will know what our friends have ahead of them, while those who have not have missed something in the driving line well worth a long trip to experience. First one wheel mounts a rock while the opposite one sinks into a mud hole hub deep, the next moment *vice versa*, then for variety both wheels plunge into a mire hole at once, which causes Bob to use some little profanity, who, with a "git up ahead there, what are you doin'," and an extra jerk at the reins, succeeds in getting the "chabang" pulled through; then more rocks, etc. They continue in this manner, rolling from side to side, more like a ship in a tempest than a wagon, until Bob falls into a deep sleep, but as he retains the perpendicular on the bag of oats, Reddick is certain that his suspicions about the thumb screw are correct.

Six miles from Way's they stop at Cruickshank's for dinner. Horses are turned loose and allowed to graze over the small clearing. A fire is soon burning and the tea is boiled (they boil it in the woods, never draw it) and all sit down to dinner. How that grub went out of sight only hungry fishermen after a long drive can understand. After dinner no dish washing or wiping is done, but greazy birch bark plates are thrown away; and they are off for Stony Brook, the next stopping place, distant from Cruickshank's four miles.

As they proceed on their journey, soothed by the undulations of the moving wagon, before they can realize it they have succumbed to the drowsy god, and with pipe in mouth have dropped off into a sound sleep, only to be aroused by Bob who, strange to say, has either kept awake or just waked up. "Say, fellers, look at the old partridge and her chicks." As he holds up his horses they see strutting along the middle of the road an old ruffed grouse and her brood a little ahead of them, not a bit alarmed at their near presence. As they come up, she and her family, pretty well grown, turn off into the woods, and with a rustling among last year's dead leaves disappear.

Along this road almost anywhere between John Way's and the camp one can, on the opening of the season Sept. 20, shoot all the ruffed grouse he desires. A stray bear, moose, or caribou can frequently be taken; in fact, the former are more than plentiful, doing much damage at times to sheep and cattle.

Nothing more disturbs their dreams until the top of the hill leading to Stony Brook is reached, and here the stillness becomes so oppressive as to cause them to awaken with a start and sit up and rub their eyes and look around them in wonderment. Everything is so quiet, not even the hum of an insect is heard; all animal life seems to have forsaken the woods, until one of the horses, striking a stone, loosens it and away it goes down the hill ahead of the wagon with a clatter. This seems to break the spell, for one of the party says in a kind of half whisper and with a long drawn sigh, "Did you ever run across anything like this in your life? Why you can just hear the still."

As they go slowly down the hill, here winding around the side of the mountain for half a mile or more, they see spread out below them a beautiful panorama, a perfect sea of treetops on all sides. The dark green of the tall pine and spruce, broken here and there with the brighter green of the white birch, with the tall rampikes protruding their long necks and gaunt arms far above the surrounding trees like sentinels watching over the sleeping valley below, fitting companions for the death-like stillness.

Rounding a turn in the road a sudden gurgling, rippling sound strikes upon their ears as if a mountain brook were rushing along over its stony bed, and such is the case. In an instant everything is changed. Death-like solitude gives place to life and animation, causing faces to brighten and voices long silent to suddenly give tongue. Here is Stony Brook at last, bubbling and boiling where it crosses the road, music to the fishermen's ears, such as only a mountain brook can make to men free for a time from the cares of the money-making machines of the great cities, and bent upon having all the enjoyment they can.

Fording the brook the horses stop, and bending their necks take long draughts of the clear cold water as it rushes by their feet. But what is that darting away up stream? Is it a minnow? Probably a young salmon. After many years fighting with the fishery wardens, Mr. Adams has at last overcome, with the sanction of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, their fancied objection that the distance was too great to transport the fry, and has succeeded, with the help of Mr. Sheasgreen, the present overseer of the Miramichi Salmon Hatching Establishment, a very excellent one, situated a few miles from Newcastle on the North West, in planting some 90,000 salmon fry in this brook this season many miles higher than heretofore. This brook was recommended by Mr. Adams for planting the young fish, as it is almost entirely free from trout, the great enemies of young salmon.

This gentleman devotes a great deal of his time to salmon fishing and propagation, and has lately rendered very effective the fishery warden service upon this river. Poaching has been almost, if not entirely, done away with this summer, thus allowing many more fish to ascend the river to be taken with the fly. Being an ardent sportsman, and knowing as much about fly-fishing on this river, if not more, than any man in the Province, he hopes to show the practical results of his efforts in having fry planted at this point by an increase in the catch the year after next. All anglers will wish him hearty success.

Of these fry 30,000 were Restigouche salmon, much larger fish than Miramichi salmon. They were shipped from the Restigouche Hatchery by rail to Newcastle Station, thence carried by Mr. Sheasgreen to the Miramichi Hatchery, where they were allowed to rest for a few days before being transferred to Stony Brook. The other 60,000 were fry from Miramichi fish, and were deposited at various times during the summer.

After crossing the brook the horses have a long climb up to Stony Brook hill for perhaps a mile or more. You can hardly imagine you are ascending the opposite slope of the same valley into which you descended a few minutes previous. It is so entirely different. The dark green of the spruce foliage and the somber hue of the bark have here given place to the white bark of the birch, the lighter green leaves and supple branches of which sway to and fro in the gentle summer zephyr, causing a rustling that seems music compared with the dead stillness of the other side.

When about half way up the hill Duke comes to a dead stop and will not budge an inch. It takes some time to discover that this unusual conduct is caused by him having cast one of his shoes, and he seems to know, as well as his driver, that he cannot breast that rocky hill without them. Here's "a pretty go now." Miles from a blacksmith and nine miles from camp and no shoe on the horse. What's to be done now? Just watch Bob for a minute or two and find out. First go back and pick up the shoe, then from some place underneath the bag of oats comes a few bent horse-shoe nails, and then from some other place a shingle hatchet, and Bob does a litttle blacksmithing on the road, and while I am describing the operation the shoe is on, and the wagon is on the move again.

From the top of Stony Brook hill to the camp there is a splendid piece of road and such good speed is made that in a short time Sinclair's camp is reached. An old dilapidated lumber camp, once the scene of a busy lumber operation, now long since silent and rapidly falling to ruins, here Reddick and Armstrong, becoming somewhat cramped with the long drive, jumped out of the wagon to unlimber themselves, and walk from there to the camp, reaching it some time in advance of the wagon.

A sharp turn to the left and I imagine now that I can see the heads of the many shaking a silent "impossible" with respect to what suddenly appears before us. First a small clearing, in the center of which—dare I mention it—a white tent? No; nor yet a bark shanty! Not even a lean-to of boughs! But a comfortable looking cottage away up here in the wilderness, miles from other habitations.

In a few minutes the balance of the party are safely landed on the veranda, which surrounds the house on three sides. As we enter the door—a greater wonder—we find the walls plastered. Just think of plastered walls and salmon fishing in front of the very door. But we have not as yet reached the limit of our surprises, for as the door of the cupboard is opened by one of the party we see neatly arranged on the shelves china dishes, knives, forks, table clothes, cups and saucers, and to cap the whole a cruet stand, while through the open door leading into the sleeping apartment we catch a glimpse of comfortable looking beds, covered with mosquito canopies, under which one may, after returning from a hard day's work, turn in and enjoy our well earned rest, secure from the attacks of the terrible pests of the woods, and to rise again refreshed and ready for business, instead of fighting flies all night, dropping into the troubled sleep of the weary, only to dream that you are being tortured by red hot needles driven into your skin and to suddenly awake and find that it is only those cussed punkies getting in their fireworks.

It being but 5 o'clock when the whole of the party have their traps unloaded, some one proposes that they go up to the falls and try for a salmon before supper. No sooner said than done. Rods are put together hurriedly and fly-books overhauled. Crawford and Ferguson, who are to participate in this little bye affair, determine upon a Jock-Scott and a Durham-ranger.

The falls, some quarter of a mile, perhaps less, from the camp, are soon reached, and as they approach the pool at the top of the falls the question comes, "Do you see any fish in the pool, Jack?" "No." But as his eyes grow more accustomed to the seething water the answer quickly changes, as he sees first one, two, three, four, five, six, and then he makes a big jump to twenty in the same breath, followed in a moment by "the pool is full of them."

Standing on the shore above the pool, and looking diagonally across it, they can see the fish, lying head up stream and motionless, except for perhaps a slight movement of the tail.

Ferguson is the first to open the ball, and when he casts his Durham across the pool two or three fish make a rush for it, but the gaudy lure is only an attraction at a distance, for on a near view they skulk quietly to the bottom. He tries it again and again with the same result. By this time Crawford has got his rod in trim, and as the Jock-Scott strikes the water there is a sudden swirl, a strike, a dark streak rushing up stream, a yell from Crawford, "I got him, 15lbs. sure." (Fisherman's opinion when the fish is on one end of the line and the man on the other.) As the strain on the line increases there is a flash in the air, and a glittering form sparkles for a moment in the rays of the evening sun. Again and again he vaults, showing his bright sides and white belly like burnished silver.

Away he goes, taking off yard after yaad of line, making the reel whiz, until it seemed to the anxious sportsman as though he was going to lose his fish, line and all. Something must be done to turn him in his mad course. The heavy 18ft. rod bends gracefully in checking him. Still he rushes onward. When all hopes of saving him is at length about gone, he begins to give way little by little, and as he feels the extra strain on the line being slowly reeled in, he again leaps from the water and shakes his head to rid himself of the terrible double hook. But he is not to succeed. Once let a double hook be struck home and there it stays. Crawford realizes this; and now it is but a question how long the fight is to continue before he is landed. As he is led slowly back to the deep water he sinks to the bottom and remains sulking and at rest. That will never do, he must be kept on the move. Inch by inch the line is taken up until the rod is an almost perfect arch, then it is carefully moved from side to side, causing the fish to start again from his sulking ground. Away he goes; first up, then down and back and forth across the pool, taking off line and turning so quickly that the fisherman has all he can do to look after the slack. Is he never going to tire? It seems not. Suddenly he ceases the fight, is caught by the current, and borne toward the falls, making a feeble effort to regain his position. But over he goes, down the pitch and into the basin, where most of the fish are killed. Unless some unforeseen accident happens each one going down there is doomed.

And now he is being slowly led into the shallow water; but the sight of the landing net ready to slip under him and of the man holding it starts him off again. It is, however, his last effort. A few moments and he turns side up, and is slowly reeled ashore, the net slipped under him and the first fish has been taken. Though not quite up to Crawford's estimate, it will tip the scale at 10lbs.; not a bad fish.

Crawford is a very unselfish gentleman, so he remarks, "Guess I will take a rest and let you fish, Jack," and laying down his rod, seated himself on a rock. In a few minutes Ferguson has hooked one and goes through the same performance.

They continue in this manner until a feeling of goneness in the vicinity of the lower button of their vests causes them to think of supper, and the motion to adjourn for the evening being put and carried, they count up and find that six have been killed and two or three more hooked but lost; not bad work for the first evening.

By the time supper is over it is nearly dark, and a big log fire having been started in front of the door, all hands go outside for a smoke. Soon the smudge pots are started in the house to drive out the flies and mosquitoes. Although when safely housed under the canopies our friends will be safe from the attacks of these pests, yet they are not free from the music of the mosquito band, which to me, for one, is about as bad as their bite. If the fiery pests would only go to work quietly in place of tuning up first and keeping you on the ragged edge of not knowing from what quarter to expect the next attack, it would not be so bad. It is for the purpose of getting rid of this band that the smudge is pressed into service.

Darkness steals silently upon us, and every now and then a tongue of flame leaps up from the fire, illuminating the trees in the great shadow beyond the circle of fire light. At the sight of camp-fire and surroundings, old recollections are stirred up, and from out the shadowy corners of memory anecdotes of former trips to "Camp Adams" and other sporting resorts as well, are rolled up in succession, until the fire slowly dying causes Reddick to look at his watch, and say with a yawn, "Come, boys, ten o'clock, time we were off to bed long ago." All hands being pretty tired there is no dissenting voice, and before long the camp is wrapt in slumber, and so ends the first day.

Next morning, after a good rest, all are up bright and early, Reddick proposes that he and Armstrong try "Ned's Pool," the upper one of four pools, all within sound of breakfast. The other three are Call's Pool, Reddick's Pool and the Camp Pool, the latter almost directly opposite the camp, so that a person sitting on the veranda has a full view of the pool and any fun going on.

Something wrong with the fish this morning, only one taken before breakfast; but this causes no uneasiness in camp, as that sort of thing is often met with in salmon fishing. At times all efforts to make fish rise will result in nothing, when suddenly and for no apparent cause, their mood changes, and they spring as lively as can be wished for.

After breakfast, which they make but a matter of hasty business, a start is made for lower Glory Hole, about two and one-half miles below, leaving the pools at the falls and near the camp for the evening.

Wading down stream they take some fine trout. At the Chain of Rocks Pool, the first on the way, some excellent sport is had and a few beautiful fish captured, when Tom's Pool, Upper Glory Hole and Lower Glory Hole, Sam's, Little Mick's, Big Mick's and Black Head Rock pools are visited in succession, and at all more or less sport was had.

Tired and hungry the party reached Camp Adams at dinner time, after having waded about four miles against the current of a rapid river, where every mile seems to stretch out until it doubles its length. SALMO.

LAKE HERRINGS AND GULLS.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you to-day by express, prepaid, a glass jar containing five specimens of the so-called "herrings" of Central Lake. I shall feel obliged if you will identify them, and if by a remote possibility they should prove to be of a new species or variety, divide with the Smithsonian.

I was unable personally to attend to the selection of these specimens, but they appear to be in good order, and to represent both sexes. They are placed in a mixture of about one-quarter water and three-quarters wood alcohol—the only spirit at hand.

As I had anticipated from the movements of the birds, the herrings came into our river earlier than usual by about a week. I was told that they were first seen on the third of November, and it may be remarked that our crops this year ripened for the most part several days earlier than usual.

There certainly seems something peculiar about the movements of these fishes, for I cannot learn that they are to be observed in any of the waters into which those of Central Lake find their way; and I doubt if any of them could ascend from Grass Lake into the upper Intermediate, on account of the imperfect fish ladder at the Bellaire dam.

Supposing this to be the case, in what way do the gulls inform themselves of the fact that the herrings are gathering in order to ascend the rivers and deposit their spawn? Certainly, I do not, as I recently stated in your columns, remember to have seen a gull on Central Lake except when the herrings were on their annual expedition.

It is my intention to take measures next fall to ascertain definitely how far the movements of these fishes extend in the waters of this region. KELPIE.

[The specimens are of the so-called "lake herring," "cisco," or "Michigan herring," *Coregonus artedi*, of which there is a modified variety, according to Jordan, and named by him *Argyrosomus sisco*, in the small lakes of Indiana and Wisconsin. We will be glad to have further observations made on the movements of the gulls and this fish.]

They tell me they've been "snatching"
In the well-known Willow Pool;
But to prevent that artifice
There is a tip-top rule.
Some very famous anglers
Have been up before the "beak"
For clutching at yon salmon
With a new invented "cleek."
—*London Fishing Gazette, Nov. 19.*

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE CHEMICAL CHANGES IN OYSTERS BY FLOATING.

BY PROF. W. O. ATWATER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

IT is a common practice of oyster dealers, instead of selling the oysters in the condition in which they are taken from the beds in salt water, to first place them for a time, forty-eight hours, more or less, in fresh or brackish water, in order, as the oystermen say, to "fatten" them, the operation being called "floating" or "laying out." By this process the body of the oyster acquires such a plumpness and rotundity, and its bulk and weight are so increased as to materially increase its selling value.

The belief is common among oystermen that this "fattening" is due to an actual gain of flesh and fat, and that the nutritive value of the oyster is increased.

A moment's consideration of the chemistry and physiology of the subject will make it clear, not only that such an increase of tissue-substance in so short a time and with such scanty food-supply is out of the question, but that the increase of volume and weight of the bodies of the oysters is just what would be expected from the osmose or dialysis which would naturally take place between the contents of the bodies of the oysters as taken from salt water, and the fresh or brackish water in which they are floated.

If we fill a bladder with salt water and then put it into fresh water, the salt water will gradually work its way out through the pores of the bladder, and, at the same time, the fresher water will enter the bladder; and further, the fresh water will go in much more rapidly than the salt water goes out. The result will be that the amount of water in the bladder will be increased. It will swell by taking up more water than it loses, while at the same time it loses a portion of the salt.

It does this in obedience to a physical law, to which the terms osmose and dialysis are applied. In accordance with this law, if a membraneous sac holding salts in solution is immersed in a more dilute solution or impure water, the more concentrated solution will pass out and at the same time the water or more dilute solution will pass in and more rapidly. The escape of the concentrated and entrance of the dilute solution will be, in general, the more rapid the greater the difference in concentration and the higher the temperature of the two solutions. After the osmose has proceeded for a time, the two solutions will become equally diluted. When this equilibrium between the two is reached the osmose will stop. If the sac which has become distended is elastic, it will, after osmose has ceased, tend to come back to its normal size, the extra quantity of solution which it has received being driven out again.

We should expect these principles to apply to the oyster. Roughly speaking, the body of the animal may be regarded as a collection of membraneous sacs. It seems entirely reasonable to suppose that the intercellular spaces, and probably the cells of the body would be impregnated with the salts of the sea water in which the animal lives, and this supposition is confirmed by the large quantity of mineral salts which the body is found by analysis to contain, and which amounts, in some cases, to over 14 per cent. of the water-free substance of the body.

It seems equally reasonable to assume that osmose would take place through both the outer coating of the body and the cell walls. In the salt water the solution of salts within the body may be assumed to be in equilibrium with the surrounding medium. When the animal is brought into fresh or brackish water, *i. e.*, into a more dilute solution, the salts in the more concentrated solution within the body would tend to pass in and produce just such a distension as actually takes place in the floating. If this assumption is correct, we should expect that the osmose would be the more rapid the less the amount of salts in the surrounding water; that it would proceed more rapidly in warm and more slowly in cold water; that it would take place whether the body of the animal is left in the shell or is previously removed from it; that the quantity of salts would be greatly reduced in floating; and that if it were left in the water after the maximum distension had been reached, the imbibed water would pass out again and the oyster would be reduced to its original size. Just such is actually the case. Oystermen find that the oysters "fatten" much more quickly in fresh than in brackish water; warmth is so favorable to the process that it is said to be sometimes found profitable to warm artificially the water in which the oysters are floated; although oysters are generally floated in the shell, the same effect is very commonly obtained by adding fresh water to the oysters after they have been taken out of the shell, indeed, I am told that this is a by no means unusual practice of retail dealers; oysters lose much of their salty flavor in floating; and it is a common experience of oystermen that if the "fattened" oysters are left too long on the floats they become "lean" again.

This exact agreement of theory and fact might seem to warrant the conclusion that the actual changes in the so-called fattening of oysters in floating are essentially gain of water and loss of salts. The absolute proof, however, is to be sought in chemical analysis. In the course of an investigation conducted under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, and which included examinations of a number of oysters and other shellfish, I have improved the opportunity to test this matter by some analysis of oysters before and after floating. The results of the investigation are to be given in one of the publications of the Commission. From this the following statements are selected as perhaps not without interest to the Fisheries Association.* It is not improper that I should add here, that a portion of the expenses of the investigation was borne by one of the prominent officers of the association, Mr. E. G. Blackford.

The account just mentioned of the experiments is preceded by some citations regarding the practice of floating oysters which I insert here, adding that I should be greatly obliged for any further information upon the subject.

The following very opposite statements† are by Prof. Persifor Frazer, Jr., who attributes the changes mentioned to dialytic action.

"The oysters brought to our large markets on the Atlantic seaboard are generally first subjected to a process of 'laying out,' which consists in placing them for a short time in fresher water than that from which they have been taken.

"Persons who are fond of this animal as an article of food, know how much the 'fresh' exceed the 'salts' in size and consistency. The 'Morris Coves' of this city (Philadelphia), while very insipid, are the plumpest bivalves brought to market. On the other hand, the 'Absecoms' and 'Brigantines,' while of a better flavor (to those who prefer salt oysters), are invariably lean, compared to their transplanted rivals, as also are the 'Cape Mays,' though from some reason, not to the same extent.

"The most experienced oyster dealers inform me that the time for allowing the salt oysters taken from the sea-coast to lie out, varies, but is seldom over two or three days. At the end of this time the maximum plumpness is attained, and beyond this the oyster becomes lean again, besides having lost in flavor."

The subjoined statements by Prof. J. A. Ryder are interesting in this connection. They are taken from a letter to Prof. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries on "Floats for the so-called fattening of oysters."‡

"The simplest and most practical structures of the kind which I have seen are the storage and fattening floats used by Mr. Conger, of Franklin City, Md., and now in use by all the shippers and planters in the vicinity of Chincoteague Bay. I have been informed that similar structures, or rather structurs serving similar purposes, are in use on the oyster beds along the shore of Staten Island, New York.

"It is probably a fact that in all these contrivances they take advantage of the effect produced by fresher water upon oysters which have been taken from slightly salt water. The planters of Chincoteague call this 'plumping the oysters for market.' It does not mean that the oysters are augmented in volume by the addition of substantial matter, such as occurs during the actual appropriation of food, but only that the vascular spaces and vessels in the animals are filled with a larger amount of water due to endosmose. It is a dealer's trick to give his produce a better appearance in the market, and as such I do not think deserves encouragement, but rather exposure.

"Mr. Conger has actually resorted to warming fresh water to 60 F. in winter by steam pipes running underneath the wooden inclosure surrounding the 'fattening' or 'plumping' float. One good 'drink,' as he expressed himself to me, renders the animal fit for sale and of better appearance.

"Conger's floats are simply a pair of windlasses, supported by two pairs of piles driven into the bottom. Chains or ropes which wind upon the windlasses pass down to a pair of cross pieces, upon which the float rests, which has a perforated or strong slat bottom and a rim 18in. to 2ft. high. These floats I should think are about 8ft. wide and 16ft. long, perhaps 20. These structures are usually built alongside the wharves of the packing and shipping houses, and are really a great convenience in conducting the work. * * *"

Elsewhere Prof. Ryder speaks of the floats thus:

"The diaphragm itself was constructed on boards perforated with auger holes and lined on the inside with gunny-cloth or sacking, and the space between the perforated boards was filled with sharp clean sand. The space between the boards was about 2in.: through this the tide ebbed and flowed, giving a rise and fall of from 4 to 6in. during the interval between successive tides."

Mr. F. T. Lane, of New Haven, Conn., writes as follows about the method of floating practiced by himself and, as I understand, by other New Haven growers.

"We do not always leave them two days in the floats—as a rule only one day. We put them into brackish water and take them out at low water or in the last of the falling tide, as then the water is the freshest and the oysters are at their best. As it is not convenient for us to put them into the floats and take them out the same day we do not want the water too fresh. On one occasion, wishing to know what the result would be of putting the oysters into water that was quite fresh, I had one of my floats taken up the river half a mile further than where we commonly use them and 100 bushels of oysters put into it at high water and taken out at low water. They were in the water from six to seven hours and came out very nice, fully as good as those floated twenty-four hours in the brackish water. It was a warm day and the water was warm. Under these conditions they will drink very quickly. I have seen them open their shells in ten minutes after they were put into the water."

For the following valuable information I am indebted to Mr. R. G. Pike, Chairman of the Board of Shellfish Commissioners of Connecticut:

"Connecticut oysters, when brought from their beds in the salt waters of Long Island Sound, are seldom sent to market before they have been subjected to more or less manipulation. As soon as possible after being gathered, they are deposited in shallow tide rivers where the water is more or less brackish; and are left there from one to four days; the time varying according to the temperature of the season, the saltness of the oyster, and the freshening quality of the water. Generally two tides are sufficient for the two 'good drinks' which the oystermen say they should always have.

"This 'floating,' as it is called, results in cleaning out and freshening the oysters, and increasing their bulk; or, as many oystermen confidently assert, 'fattening' them. If the weather is warm, they will take a 'drink' immediately if not disturbed; but if the weather is cold they will wait sometimes ten or twelve hours before opening their valves. Good fat oysters generally yield five quarts of solid meat to the bushel; but after floating two tides or more they will measure six quarts to the bushel. After they have been properly floated they are taken from the shell—and as soon as the liquor is all strained off, they are washed in cold water—and are then packed for market. In warm weather they are put into the water with ice, and are also packed with ice for shipping. Water increases their bulk by absorption and by mixing with the liquor on the surface of the oysters. The salter the oyster the more water it absorbs. In twelve hours one gallon of oysters, with their juices strained out, will take in a pint of water; but when very salt and dry they have been known to absorb a pint in three hours.

"Water always thickens the natural juices that adhere to the surface of the oyster, and makes them slimy. If too much water is added the oyster loses its plumpness and firmness and becomes watery and flabby.

"Oysters that have been floated bear transportation in the shell much better than when shipped directly from their beds. Oysters, too, that are taken from their shells and packed in all their native juices spoil much sooner than when their juices are strained out and the meats are washed in fresh cold water.

"Long clams are not floated—but round clams are. But both, when shucked, are washed in fresh water. This cleanses them of mud, sand and excess of salt, increases their bulk and improves their flavor. After washing they will keep much longer without risk of spoiling. If the salt is left in them, as they come from their native beds, their liquor will ferment and they will quickly spoil.

"The above facts are gathered from the most intelligent men in the shellfish business in Connecticut, men who have had many years experience in gathering oysters and clams and preparing them for home and foreign consumption. They are all agreed that by judicious floating in the shell, and by washing and soaking when out of the shell, the oyster and the clam increase in bulk and improve in quality and flavor. We will not presume to say that this increased bulk is anything more than a mechanical distension of the organs and the cellular tissues of the oyster by water; or that its improved flavor is not due simply to a loss of bitter sea salt dissolved out by the water. Many intelligent cultivators are confident that the increase in bulk is a growth of fat; while just as many, of equal intelligence, declare that it is mere 'bloat' or distension, akin to that of a dry sponge when plunged into the water. The exact nature of the change the chemist alone can determine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* A detailed account is also to appear in Volume XXIV. of the "Zeitschrift für Biologie."

†Note on Dialysis in Oyster Culture in Proceedings of Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, 1875, p. 472.

‡Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1881, p. 302.

LOBSTERS IN CANADA.—The Commissioners appointed by the Dominion Government in May last to investigate into and report on the condition of the lobster fisheries in the Maritime Provinces have made a report to the Fisheries Department at Ottawa. They recommend that all lobster fishing in the gulf be shut down for three years, except for six weeks next season, to enable packers to use off all their surplus stock of cans.

DELAWARE.—Although Delaware is in a level country, several streams in Kent county have been stocked with brook trout.—DEL. A. WARE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 6 to 10.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. W. J. Hamley, Superintendent.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1888.—Bench Show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, Columbus, O. H. O. Bridge, Secretary, Columbus, O.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 12.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5582.**

HEATHER BELL.—New York, Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are requested by Mr. A. R. Kyle, of South Norwalk, to inform you that his collie bitch Heather Bell won a cup at the late show at Barns Elms, which is the first trophy won in England by a collie from America.—SPRATTS PATENT (AMERICA) LIMITED.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE DERBY.

THE seventh annual Derby of the Eastern Field Trials Club began at High Point, N. C., on Wednesday of last week. There were ninety-two nominations, thirty-five of which filled. This is six more than last year, and if the increase continues it will be found necessary to limit the number of starters, or the stake will become so unwieldy that it will be impossible to run it satisfactorily. In fact there were too many starters this year for convenience, and if some means can be devised whereby a less number shall run, we have no doubt that it will prove more satisfactory to all. The judges were Messrs. D. C. Bergundthal, of Indianapolis, Ind.; C. Fred Crawford, of Pawtucket, R. I., and W. A. Coster, the secretary of the club. So far as we could learn their decisions, except the selection of Waterford for third place, were well received by all. As retrieving is not required the handlers were instructed to shoot but not to kill. A list of the starters was published last week. We have not given full details of the work in many of the heats, not deeming it necessary, as a description of the dogs and their comparative merits is all that the reader will require. In some of the more important heats, however, a full description is given.

JOEY B. AND PEARL MANDAN.

The weather on Monday was clear and cold, the ground being frozen quite hard. There was a light breeze from the northwest, and the prospect was favorable for a good day's sport. Leaving the hotel at 8:15 we drove to the Glass House, and at 8:32 the first brace in the Derby were put down. Joey B., handled by Avent, is a nicely-made little dog, a stylish and rapid mover, running light and easy with his head well up. He is full of dash and goes boldly to his birds. He was a trifle nervous and unsteady at times, but on the whole he acquitted himself very well. In speed and range he had the best of it, and was the equal of his competitor in style. In finding and pointing he had decidedly the advantage, and won well. Pearl Mandan, handled by Dick Morgan, is a very handsome blue belton bitch of medium size, an easy and stylish mover, with a fair amount of speed. She is not so quick in her motions as Joey, and had not much chance to point. She appeared to be steady to wing and gun, having the advantage in this respect. They were down 46m. During the heat Pearl pointed a woodcock, Joey also pointing the same bird a second later. The bird was flushed and worked down a short distance away. Col. Leach borrowed a gun, and making a present of the bird to a friend flushed it and blazed away, but stirred never a feather. This disgusted him, and he refused to have anything more to do with it. Just then the heat closed, and Avent very generously offered to get the bird for him, and walking it up cut loose, but the bird kept calmly on its course, amid the cheers of an admiring crowd.

NOBLE DIDO AND J. O. DONNER.

This brace was nearly evenly matched in slowness—speed, we had nearly written, but slowness is the better word. Both lacked experience, and after a moderate heat of 40m. they were ordered up, Donner winning with three points to his credit to Noble's none. The latter backed nicely and both were fairly steady to wing and gun. There was not much to choose between them in speed, range and style. Noble was handled by Tucker and Donner by Seager.

DASHING JOE AND FOXCHASE.

This brace was cast off a few minutes past 10 o'clock. In speed and range Joe had a trifle the best of it, both going fairly well. They were not very fast or wide rangers, but hunted their ground very well, and with more experience will make killing dogs. In style they were different, but very nearly equal in merit. Joe moves a bit heavy and carries his head a trifle low. Foxchase moves easy and carries his head well up. Both showed up well when on game, pointing and backing in good style, except that Foxchase refused to back the last point, went ahead and stole the point. Joe also had the best of it in points and in roading out a running bevy. Each flushed a bird that should have been pointed, and Joe at one time was a trifle over-cautious and inclined to potter, but upon the whole he had the best of it, and at the end of 50m. was declared the winner. Joe was handled by Tucker and Foxchase by Buckel. We were surprised to note during this heat that Mr. Coster showed up "bird shy." A quail flushed under his feet and he most decidedly flinched.

CLAUDE AND COUNTESS POPPET.

This brace was put down a few minutes past 11 o'clock. Claude, handled by Avent, is a very stylish moving dog and has quite a turn of speed, going with his head well up and ranging wide, he also shows up very well when on game, having the best of it in these respects. Countess also moves nicely and has considerable speed. She was handled by Tucker. She showed well on game and did her work very well. Both pointed and backed in good style and were fairly steady to wing and gun. Countess had one or two points the most to her credit and the flushes were about equal, except one by Claude that the judges did not see. They ran a capital heat with the balance a little in favor of Claude, and after 1h. and 40m. he was declared the winner.

CINCINNATUS AND GO-BANG.

This was a lively brace, both being fairly fast and easy movers, with not much to choose between them in these respects. Cincinnatus ranged the widest and Go-Bang had the best of it in style. He is a fine slashing going dog and puts on lots of style when on game. He roaded out a bevy nicely but going down wind he got too close and they flushed. He also made a gamy point, the only one made in the heat. Cincinnatus backed nicely, Bang having no opportunity. Bang was roading a bevy in good style when Cincinnatus ended the heat by running into and flushing them. Bang was steady to wing and gun, while his competitor was a bit unsteady. The heat was a short one of 20m., and was won by Go-Bang. Cincinnatus was handled by Tucker and Bang by Buckel.

DAVE R. AND COUNT NOBLE, JR.

This brace was put down on a knoll covered with sedge at 1:24. Dave is a son of Gath's Hope and the well-known Daisy F., and they may well be proud of him. He is a nicely-made dog of medium size, an easy mover, and has lots of speed, range and style, being far ahead of his competitor in these respects. He goes boldly to his birds and points them in good style, and in a positive manner. He appears to be under good control, is steady to wing and gun, and shows considerable hunting sense. Count is also a nicely-made dog, with quite a turn of speed; he is fairly good in style when on game. He is not so well trained as Dave, and was somewhat unsteady to wing once or twice. Both backed nicely. Dave got all the points, three in number, one of them an exceptionally fine one, whirling quite round while going down wind at speed and nailing a single a long distance away. The dogs were taken up for lunch after being down 15m., and put down at 12:18, and taken up 23m. later, Dave winning the heat with considerable to spare. No flushes were made during the heat. Dave ran up a woodcock but this did not count. Dave was handled by Rose and Count by Whaite.

MERRY GIRL AND GUYMARD.

This was not a remarkably good brace. Girl moves fairly well and had the best of it in speed, range and style. Guymard moves heavily and carries his head a trifle too low. Neither are fast, and both showed lack of experience, being unsteady at times. Both pointed and backed, Girl having the best of it in these respects, making four or five points to

her opponent's one. Guy became jealous and flushed the bird to two of Girl's points, one of which he started to chase but came back to whistle. After running 45m. the heat was decided in favor of Merry Girl. At the finish of the heat a bird was flushed and it flew back over the spectators, one of whom made a pass at it and knocked it out the first blow and one of the colored contingent gathered it in. Girl was handled by Tucker and Guymard by Whaite.

ROMEO AND MARS.

This was pointer against pointer, and they made a very pretty heat of it, both doing good work. They were fairly fast and ranged nicely, Romeo having a trifle the best of it in these respects. In style there was not much to choose between them, both showing well when going and when on game. Romeo goes level and carries his head well. Mars is a merry worker, but was off in nose and could not locate his birds so well as his opponent. Both pointed and backed nicely and were steady to wing and gun, and appeared to be under good control. Romeo had the best of it in pointing. One of his points close under the horses' feet and one where a bevy had just been flushed were pronounced by Rose to be at old scent, but he had a bird in each instance. Each made a flush during the heat, but, as a whole, the work was very creditable. After running 22m. Romeo was declared the winner. Romeo was handled by Rose and Mars by John White. During the heat White killed a bird and Mars pointed it. Some one told White that a point on a dead bird did not count. He then brought the bird to the judges, naïvely remarking that there was some life in it yet.

TOLEDO BLADE AND LIZZIE LEE.

It was nearly 4 o'clock when this brace was put down. Blade, handled by Tucker, is a big dog, with a fair rate of speed, an easy mover and with some pretensions to style, having the best of it in these respects. He lacks experience, and did not have so good a nose as his competitor, as she picked up the trail once or twice after he had lost it, and roaded up to the birds. She is a very easy mover, but is not fast and not a wide ranger. She sticks to her birds, however, and points in gamy style. She ran through the heat without making a mistake, and was declared the winner after 48m. She was handled by Hart Haight. Both pointed and backed in good style, and both were steady to wing and gun, except that Blade was a trifle unsteady to a bird that he flushed.

LATONIA AND CHIEF.

This brace was put down in a field of sedge and briers at 4:52. Both started off slow, probably on account of the briers, which were of the worst description for a speedy dog. Latonia, handled by Tucker, is a nice easy-moving animal, with a fair turn of speed. She pointed and backed in good style, but showed lack of experience in working out her birds, and was unsteady, making a chase. Chief, handled by Whaite, is a large good-looking pointer, fairly fast, ranges well and shows lots of style when on game. He moves fairly well, but his shoulder action is not quite free enough. He is under good control, and if properly handled will make a capital dog. After a run of 15 minutes, during which Chief got in a nice point to a single bird, and a glorious chase after a hare, in which he showed up quite speedy and with a good voice, and Latonia scored a flush, they were taken up for the night. Good progress was made for the first day, nine heats being decided. Birds were abundant, and the prospect was good for an early finish. Tuesday morning was all that a sportsman could ask. The weather was delightful; there was a slight haze and a gentle breeze from the northwest, and a better day could not be asked for. The dogs were put down to finish their heat at 8:30. Both went much better than on the evening previous; Chief was badly handled but won in spite of this after a run of a little more than an hour, winding up with an elegant point to a bevy in the open. He was steady to wing and gun. Latonia got one point and made several flushes. Chief was handicapped when put down Monday evening, as his handler was not in his normal condition; being plumb sober, and he did not appear to recognize him. The next morning, however, Jess was up to concert pitch, and the dog went better.

SIRIUS AND JACK MODOC.

This brace was put down at 9:50 in the stubble field where the last brace was taken up. Sirius, handled by Tucker, is a large, very good-looking dog, not so fast as his competitor and not so stylish when in motion, but is his equal in style when on game. He moves heavily but looks gamy when going. This was a long, tiresome heat, with a little good work by both and a great deal of very bad that was nearly equally divided. Jack was declared the winner after running 1h. 34m., with two points to one for Sirius. We noted the flushes and false points, but have not time to count them up.

LADY ZEAL AND OSSIAN.

This was again pointer against pointer, and brother and sister also. Lady, handled by Tucker, is a nice looking bitch, small in size, fast and a wide ranger, but she lacks experience, would not back and was not under good control. Ossian is a very good-looking dog, of medium size, fast and stylish when moving and very gamy on birds. He was handled by Rose. In pace and range they were about equal. In style both in motion and when on game Ossian had much the best of it. After being down 16m. Ossian was declared the winner, with three points to his credit and none for Lady. Both were steady to wing and gun.

DEXTER AND LADY SMOKE.

These dogs were also both pointers. Dexter, handled by Haight, is of medium size, not fast, but an easy mover with considerable hunting sense. He is under good control and was steady to gun and wing except that when Lady drew ahead of his point and flushed he was a bit unsteady. He roaded out a bevy in tall grass and briers in a workmanlike manner. He had the best of it in pace and range and style, and decidedly outworked his competitor and at the end of 23m. he was awarded the heat. During the heat we crossed a creek and had lots of fun. Judge Crawford started the racket by performing some exceedingly acrobatic feats while his horse was floundering in the mud. Finally he got tired and laid down in a soft place and let his horse finish the performance. Eager to display their horsemanship nearly all of the party came boldly on, and in justice to them we must say that several of them afforded us as much amusement as did Mr. Crawford, and two or three of them got even more mud on their clothes than he did. At the finish of this heat we went to lunch at the barn of the Model Farm.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND MISS DUDLEY.

This brace was put down in the open field south of the Model farmhouse. Roger, handled by Luke White, is a well-made, good-looking dog, a little above medium in size, fairly fast, with good range and is quite stylish when on game; he moves nicely and is under good control. Miss Dudley, handled by Rose, is of medium size, a very easy mover and at times showed up quite speedy, having the best of it in this respect, Roger beating her in range and style on point. Both pointed and backed perfectly and both were steady to wing and gun. At the end of 35m. each had scored two points, when Roger got another one and the heat was decided in his favor. Considering the quality of the work done and the very nearly equal merit shown a little more time might have been given them.

ROSE MANDAN AND HECTOR.

This brace was put down in some woods a few minutes past 2 o'clock. Rose is a heavily marked black and white bitch above medium in size and a fairly good mover; she is not fast and does not range very wide. She was handled by Morgan. Hector is a nearly white dog also above medium in size. He had the best of it in pace, range and style. He is very positive on point and backs nicely. He lacks experience, but appeared to be under good control and was steady to wing and gun. He was handled by Tucker. The work was not of a high order, Hector having the best of it, Rose was a trifle unsteady once and refused to back. They were down nearly an hour.

MERRY LEGS AND TEMPEST.

This brace was put down at 3:10 in a stubble field. Merry is rather a good looking pointer bitch of medium size, she moves well and is a merry worker but has not much pretensions to speed, she was handled by Buckel. Tempest, handled by Tucker, is a gamy looking bitch with quite a turn of speed and considerable style, having much the best of it in these respects as well as in style. A little fair work was done, neither having much the advantage. There was also a lot of bad performance in which Tempest had the worst of it and after 45m. the heat was decided in favor of Merry Legs. During the heat the monotony of the proceedings was somewhat relieved and there was a heap of fun had in watching the ground and lofty tumbling of a large majority of the party as they crossed the creek at a particularly bad place; many were unhorsed in floundering over but no damage was done except that several of the more expert horsemen had their pride wounded, but this was more than counterbalanced by the fun that the others enjoyed.

DAISY FAIROAKS AND CINCH.

This was the last brace of the first series. They were put down at 3:58 in a cornfield. Daisy, handled by Seager, is rather a good looking large bitch, with no pretensions to speed or style. She moves rather heavy and carries her head low, and seemed inclined to potter and false point. She pointed and backed in fair style and was steady to wing and gun. Cinch, handled by Avent, is a heavily-marked black and white dog, above the medium in size, quite fast, a wide ranger, and he shows considerable style. He is a trifle high on his legs, is quick in his motion and makes a nice point. He was decidedly the best at all points, cutting out the work and winning with something to spare, after a run of 50m. Both were steady to wing and gun. This ended the first series, Waterford having the bye. Following is the result:

First Series.

Joey B. beat Pearl Mandan.
J. O. Donner beat Noble Dido.
Dashing Joe beat Foxchase.
Claude beat Countess Poppet.
Go Bang beat Cincinnatus.
Dave R. beat Count Noble, Jr.
Merry Girl beat Guymard.
Romeo beat Mars.
Lizzie Lee beat Toledo Blade.
Chief beat Latonia.
Jack Modoc beat Sirius.
Ossian beat Lady Zeal.
Dexter beat Lady Smoke.
Roger Williams beat Miss Dudley.
Hector beat Rose Mandan.
Merry Legs beat Tempest.
Cinch beat Daisy Fairoaks.
Waterford, a bye.

Second Series.

WATERFORD AND JOEY B.

It was nearly night when this brace was put down. Waterford, handled by Seager, is a large dog, with a fair turn of speed, good range and moderate style. He was steady to wing and gun and under good control. In everything except steadiness, and perhaps range, Joey had decidedly the best of it, doing some marvelous work on a running bevy and picking up the singles in good style. One bird that he pointed at the edge of a brier patch just under his nose ran away as Avent came up, and Joey saw it and was unsteady. When sent on he ran over a bird and started to chase, but stopped fairly well to order. Waterford also made some good points, and both scored a flush or two. They were ordered up to go down again in the morning, when Joey made short work of it, getting in two good points to his opponent's none. Both went better this time and Joey appeared to have his self-possession. On Wednesday the weather was delightful. It was rather warm for comfort, but every one was in good spirits and a most enjoyable day was had, although not so good progress was made as on the previous days.

J. O. DONNER AND DASHING JOE.

This brace was put down in a stubble field at 8:30. Donnor had the advantage in pace and range, while Joe, notwithstanding a delightful chase, had the best of it in the work. They were ordered up after a very tiresome and unsatisfactory run of two hours and fifty minutes. The judges compared notes at lunch and the heat was awarded to Dashing Joe.

During the heat the monotony of the proceedings was most agreeably enlivened by the brilliant corruscations of wit that flashed from the mouths of a portion of the reportorial staff. The exhibition of brain power was something tremendous and its effect upon the one man who "saw the point" was most disastrous, for he went down in a heap and barked his shin, and it was unanimously decided that he had tumbled to the joke. The others, including the reporters, we are pleased to note, survived and suffered no apparent damage. Another incident also served to relieve the tedium of the heat. As we were grouped together on a knoll in some woods a woodcock was flushed and it settled among the horses. We suggested that the bird be captured, and three or four started for it pell mell, and the foremost one would probably have caught it had he been ten feet nearer when it started.

CLAUDE AND GO BANG

were cast off at 11:30 in an open field. Both started off at a lively rate, Claude having a trifle the advantage in pace and much the best of it in style and way of going. Bang was the more stylish on points and had the best of it in the work. After a half hour's run they were taken up for lunch, which was awaiting us at the Holton schoolhouse. Upon taking an inventory we found that we, as well as our horse, had suffered from contact with the saddle, and we returned to town, leaving our pencil in the hands of Mr. Hitchcock, to whom we are indebted for notes of the work for the remainder of the day. After lunch they were again put down, Bang finding a bevy that Claude also came round and pointed. Bang also got to the scattered birds first and pointed one, Claude backing. This ended the heat with Go Bang the winner. Down altogether 1h. 5m.

DAVE R. AND MERRY GIRL.

This brace was put down at 1:40. Dave was not up to the form in which he ran his previous heat, being off in nose, which he showed by failing to locate his birds, and flushing one that he should have pointed. He also worked the back trail of a bevy while Girl roaded them out and located them nicely. She also made three other good points, and at the end of an hour was declared the winner. Dave had the best of it in speed and range, and was fully her equal in style, but she outworked him.

ROMEO AND LIZZIE LEE.

This brace was put down at 2:40. Lizzie went better than in her previous heat, and was not much behind Romeo in speed and range. In style they were nearly equal. Both showed excellent training and each did some nice roading on a bevy. Romeo got them first and also found more birds than Lizzie and he was awarded the heat.

CHIEF AND JACK MODOC

were put down at 4:20 and after a run of 50m. they were taken up to go down again in the morning. Chief had the advantage in pace and range and style on point. Jack moves the best, but was over-cautious and puppyish among scattered birds and made a flush or two. He was also a trifle unsteady in backing. Chief did not do so well as in his former heat as he was uncertain among the scattered birds. On Thursday morning they were put down at 8 o'clock, when both went much better, Jack doing some good work and winning the heat in 25m., and making two points to Chief's none, except that he pointed a woodcock, Chief ending the heat with a flush.

OSSIAN AND DEXTER.

No time was lost and one minute later this brace was put down. Ossian had the advantage in pace, range and style, he also outworked his opponent, and was awarded the heat after a run of 34m. Dexter did some very good work on a bevy, and went better than in his previous heat. Both dogs pointed and backed perfectly and showed good training, being steady to wing and gun and minding the whistle promptly.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND HECTOR.

This brace was put down in some woods at 9:10. They were about equal in speed, Hector having a little the best of it in range and style. Roger has had more experience than Hector and was under better control. There was not much difference in the work, Roger having slightly the best of it. During the heat, as the dogs were passing from opposite directions, they simultaneously stopped on point to a single bird, head and tail, and almost touching each other, a very odd position and a very pretty one. They were taken up at the end of 54m. and the heat was awarded to Roger.

CINCH AND MERRY LEGS

were put down in a large cornfield at 10:12. Cinch had considerably the best of it in pace, range and style; he also outworked her, getting two points to none for her, although she had two opportunities, but after getting scent she drew on and flushed her birds. Down 24m.

At 10:37½ Messrs. Breese and Coster were cast off in the woods where the last brace was taken up to run a heat on woodcock, two of which had been flushed and marked down near by. Coster had the legs of his competitor, but in range and style there was not much to choose between them. Beating out the cover in grand style Coster nearly stepped on a quail, and before it was fairly off the ground he cut loose and dropped a limb from a tree some 20ft. above the bird. He explained this by saying that he shot where the bird would have been had it been a woodcock. This was perfectly satisfactory and they were ordered on. Working on beyond the bird they were ordered to return and make a wider cast. Both were under perfect control and at once turned at command. Coster struck out into the woods, while Breese displayed more hunting sense by making a cast along the edge and going straight to the bird, flushed it to order, and glancing along his trusty weapon brought it down wing-broken. Sent to retrieve he failed to find and Mr. Boyden took up the running and caught it and retrieved it handsomely, scarcely ruffling a feather. Meantime Coster, forgetting that when a dog is retrieving his opponent can obtain no credit for work done, secured the services of Miles Johnson and proceeded to go for the other bird. Miles handled him in first-class style, taking him toward the bird in a cautious manner that would have surely got him there, but the spectators were noisy and crowded too close and Coster went to pieces. This rattled Miles and he failed to cast him in the proper direction and the bird flushed wild before he got near enough to locate it and Breese was awarded the heat. Down 6⅔m.

This ended the second series with the following result:
Joey B. beat Waterford.
Dashing Joe beat J. O. Donner.
Go Bang beat Claude.
Merry Girl beat Dave R.
Romeo beat Lizzie Lee.
Jack Modoc beat Chief.
Ossian beat Dexter.
Roger Williams beat Hector.
Cinch beat Merry Lass.

Third Series.

JOEY B. AND DASHING JOE.

This was the first brace of the third series. They were put down at 10:46 in the large open field on the Snow farm. Joey had much the best of it at all points, and got in another fine piece of work on a bevy. The heat was a very short one, and at the end of 14m. Joey was declared the winner, with considerable to spare.

GO BANG AND MERRY GIRL

were put down a few minutes after 11 o'clock. They were about equal in speed, Bang ranging the widest and Girl moving the easiest. Bang clearly outworked her, and ended the heat in 26m. with a sensational point on the edge of a gully that we have rarely seen equaled.

ROMEO AND JACK MODOC.

This brace was put down at 11:43 and at once taken into a dense thicket after a scattered bevy. It was in the middle of the day, dry and hot, and the work was unsatisfactory. Romeo made two points, but, as a rule, flushes were the order of the day, and they were ordered out in the open. Jack showed up the more speedy and with the best range, Romeo having a trifle the best of it in style. Jack scored a flush and Romeo a point, and the heat was ended, with Romeo the winner, after a run of 32m. We then went to lunch at the barn of the Model farm.

OSSIAN AND ROGER WILLIAMS.

This brace was put down at 1:12. They were nearly equal in pace, Ossian having a little the best of it in range and style of going. Although Roger appeared to be a little off the heat was a close one and the winner had not much to spare. Both went well and but few mistakes were made, running a long and good heat and doing very good work, considering the time of day. At the end of 2h. 25m. Ossian was declared the winner. This ended the third series, Cinch having a bye. Following is the result:
Joey B. beat Dashing Joe.
Go Bang beat Merry Girl.
Romeo beat Jack Modoc.
Ossian beat Roger Williams.
Cinch, a bye.

Fourth Series.

CINCH AND GO BANG.

This brace was put down at 3:45. There was not much opportunity to compare their relative merits as to speed and range, the heat lasting but 19m., and the dogs being worked at close quarters most of the time. Bang had the best of it in the work and being steady, while Cinch was a little flighty as a bird flushed near him. The heat ended with Go Bang the winner, at nearly the same place where he won his previous heat. Near the finish Bang dropped on point with his head up wind, and as his handler went in to flush Bang very cautiously changed ends and made a very positive and gamy point in the opposite direction, and a bevy was flushed just beyond him. This was a very creditable piece of work.

JOEY B. AND ROMEO

were put down at 4:14 in the large open sedge field on the Snow Farm. Joey had a trifle the best of it in speed. Both ranged well and were nearly equal in style and both did good work, Joey having the best of it and winning at the end of 23m. This ended the fourth series, Ossian having a bye.

Following is the result:
Go Bang beat Cinch.
Joey B. beat Romeo.
Ossian a bye.

Fifth Series.

OSSIAN AND GO BANG

were put down at 4:50, but after a run of five minutes with no work done, they were taken up for the night. Friday morning was balmy and beautiful as one could wish, but it was too warm for the dogs to show at their best. Three dogs only were left in for first money, two of them pointers. Of the 35 starters 22 were setters, and although in six instances pointer ran against pointer, they much more than held their own in each series, and the pointer men were not a little elated. The dogs were put down on Friday morning at 8:15 in the open fields near the Glass house. Both went well, Ossian having the best of it in way of going. He appeared to be off in nose, however, and although he ran a good heat, Bang outworked him from the start. Bang got in the first point to a bevy that Ossian had been near enough to but did not find. Ossian backed the point and both were steady to wing and gun when Buckle put up the birds. Just then the spectators flushed a bevy that flew over still another bevy that rose and all went into the dense scrub thicket near the house. When the dogs were sent in Ossian made an elegant point in a strip of sedge and Bang backed him in elegant style. The point was probably to old scent as nothing was found. We then turned into the thicket, and Ossian was soon on point to foot scent of running birds, as he roaded it out very nicely to where the spectators had just flushed them. Meantime Bang crossed behind him and also struck the scent of a single running bird, and roading it out located it in good style. Buckle flushed it to order. Bang soon had another one fast that Buckle put up, and Bang was steady to wing and gun. The birds were getting uneasy at the noise and several more soon went. A little further on Ossian pinned one, and was steady to wing and gun when Rose put it up and shot. Soon after one flushed near Bang, but the thicket was so dense that we could not see how it was done. Turning toward the edge Ossian made point, but soon went on and again pointed and began roading in capital style, but he got too close and the bird went. Meantime Bang also roaded one and located it nicely, Buckle flushing it to order, and the heat was ended with Go Bang the winner. Down altogether 31m.

This ended the fifth series with the following result:
Go Bang beat Ossian.
Joey B. a bye.

Final Tie for First Place.

JOEY B. AND GO BANG.

These two were the last brace left in for first money. They were put down in an open field at 8:59. Both had run through their dogs in good style and had fairly earned their position. Joey had the benefit of a bye in the fifth series and had run but four heats, while Bang had run five and had also contended with a better class of dogs than Joey had met. The latter had stolen a hearty breakfast and was not in good condition for long continued work; in fact he let down in speed considerable toward the finish, but his nose appeared to be all right and he did good work to the end. Bang was not quite so speedy as in his other heats, but he went at a good rate and held it well throughout the heat. Joey had the advantage in speed and range and way of going, while Bang was the more stylish on game. When they were cast off we turned down to a ravine, where Bang ran upon one and dropped to wing, and as he went on two more got up near him. Soon after Joey made a point that Bang did not back, but went ahead and roaded a short distance and gave it up. Joey then made a cast and again pointed, but soon went on. We then went to the Field farm, where birds were reported to be abundant. Joey made a cast over a knoll, and, striking scent, was working it back toward us, when Buckel flushed a single, and calling Bang there, he dropped on point just as two or three more went and then the others flushed and went to some woods, taking another bevy with them. Going in the direction of the last bevy, Joey challenged at the fence, but gave it up. Bang, a little beyond, also challenged and commenced roading, but was called off, and shortly after the spectators flushed a large bevy some 50yds. below. Then in the woods each scored a flush and each a point to singles that their handlers put up. We then turned back after the last bevy in the open, and were informed that still another bevy had been flushed and gone to the woods. Following them to the top of a bank at the edge of the woods, Joey flushed one and soon after Buckle put up one that flew close to Bang, and he dropped as if shot. Soon after Joey put up another one, and the dogs were ordered on away from the birds, as it proved, for we found no more of them. Working through some pine woods to an open field, Joey made a nice point, and a second later Bang also pointed some 25yds. below him. Avent said that Bang was backing but just then Buckel flushed a bevy directly in front of his dog and Mr. Bergundthal said to Avent, "What do you think now?" This rather took Avent aback, but as another bevy then got up in front of his dog he replied, "What do you think?" Following them Bang made a point to a bird that flushed a second or two later and Bang partly dropped to wing. Joey came up and backed as the judges supposed, but when Bang went on Joey remained rigid and held his position for some time until Avent went to him, when a brace flushed nearly under his nose. The judges then consulted and they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Joey B., and he was declared winner of first prize. Down 1h. and 7m.

Tie for Second Place.

ROMEO AND WATERFORD.

The judges selected these two as the best of those beaten by the winner, and they were put down at 10:44 to decide which should run with Go Bang for second money. They were about equal in pace and range, Romeo having the best of it in style; he was off in nose, however, and although he made some good points he scored several flushes. Waterford as in his previous heat ran fairly well and made few mistakes and after a run of 56m. he was awarded the heat.

GO BANG AND WATERFORD.

This was the last heat and not much interest was manifest as it was a foregone conclusion that the pointer would win if in anything near his form in previous heats. After the heat between Romeo and Waterford, four heats of the All-Aged Setter Stakes were run and the brace was then put down at 3:35 to decide second money. Bang was not going so well as he had been, appeared to be a little stale and off in nose. He had a little the best of it however, and at the end of 31 minutes they were ordered up with Go Bang the winner of the heat and second prize. Waterford ran fairly well although he slowed down somewhat in speed near the finish. Under the rules the judges can select any dogs in the stake for the two third prizes and they decided that Ossian and Waterford were entitled to the places. Although there were several dogs that had run brilliant heats and done good work, their subsequent performances had not been nearly so good, while Waterford had run all of his heats fairly well and uniform, and the decision upon the whole was perhaps as fair to all concerned as could have been made. Had Waterford met any one of these dogs in the heats in which they did good work, there is no question that he would have been beaten; but on the other hand, had they met him when they were off, he would undoubtedly have beaten them as he did Romeo, who is unquestionably the better dog when he is all right. Luke White and Mr. Tucker protested the decision upon the ground that the rules had been misapprehended, but the Board of Governors very properly refused to sustain the protest. There could be no question that Ossian was clearly entitled to the position awarded him. He did his work well in all of his heats, running close up in his heat with the winner of second. Indeed, we much prefer him to Go Bang, believing that with both at their best, Ossian can both outwork and outlast him.

Taken altogether, the Derby of 1887 was an improvement upon its predecessors. Although the average quality of the work done was not up to what we expected to see, yet there were quite a number of very promising youngsters brought out that showed natural abilities of a high order. The unusually dry season in the South prevented the proper amount of preparation in many cases, which will account for the lack of experience apparent. Following is the

SUMMARY.

Eastern Field Trials Derby for 1887, for all setter or pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1886. Four purses: First prize, $400; second, $200; and two equal thirds of $100 each, and Breeder's Cup, value $100, to breeder of winner of Derby. Forfeit $10, and $20 additional to fill.

First Series.

Joey B. beat Pearl Mandan.
J. O. Donner beat Noble Dido.
Dashing Joe beat Foxchase.
Claude beat Countess Poppet.
Go Bang beat Cincinnatus.
Dave R. beat Count Noble, Jr.
Merry Girl beat Guymard.
Romeo beat Mars.
Lizzie Lee beat Toledo Blade.
Chief beat Latonia.
Jack Modoc beat Sirius.
Ossian beat Lady Zeal.
Dexter beat Lady Smoke.
Roger Williams beat Miss Dudley.
Hector beat Rose Mandan.
Merry Legs beat Tempest.
Cinch beat Daisy Fairoaks.
Waterford, a bye.

Second Series.

Joey beat Waterford.
Dashing Joe beat J. O. Donner.
Go Bang beat Claude.
Merry Girl beat Dave R.
Romeo beat Lizzia Lee.
Jack Modoc beat Chief.
Ossian beat Dexter.
Roger Williams beat Hector.
Cinch beat Merry Legs.

Third Series.

Joey B. beat Dashing Joe.
Go Bang beat Merry Girl.
Romeo beat Jack Modoc.
Ossian beat Roger Williams.
Cinch a bye.

Fourth Series.

Go Bang beat Cinch.
Joey B. beat Romeo.
Ossian a bye.

Fifth Series.

Go Bang beat Ossian.
Joey B. a bye.

Final for First Place.

Joey B. beat Go Bang and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Waterford beat Romeo.

Final for Second Place.

Go Bang beat Waterford and won second prize.
Waterford and Ossian equal third.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 26.—The drawing for the All-Aged Setter Stake took place on Thursday evening. Of the 54 nominations 23 made their entries good. They were drawn to run in the following order:

O. H. Boyden's Joey B. against C. F. Crawford's Nellie II.
Dudley & Fisher's Daisy F. against Memphis & Avent Kennels' Jean Valjean.
J. L. Breese's Gloster against E. E. Pray's Galatea.
Memphis & Avent Kennels' Nat Goodwin against T. W. Stoutenburgh's Ruby Buckellew.
F. Leonard's Royal Prince II. against E. Dexter's Belle of Piedmont.
Memphis & Avent Kennels' Allie James against Dr. R. I. Hampton's Can Can.
C. C. Gray's Roy Monarch against C. F. Crawford's Foreman's Lass.
L. Gardner's Roger against Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Dashing Noble.
W. A. Buckingham's Breeze Gladstone against Memphis & Avent's Cassio.
E. F. Thomas's King Leo against Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Royal Victor.
Memphis & Avent Kennels' Chance against Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Dan Noble.
Washington Kennels' Keystone a bye.

The stake was begun on Friday at 11:41 after first money in the Derby was decided. Five heats were run and to-day eight more were run, finishing the first series and two in the second series. Yesterday the weather was warm and scent was not very good and some of the heats were poor in consequence. Some good work was done, however, the heat between Jean Valjean being very good and close. To-day it has been hot and sultry with scarcely a breath of air and the work, as a rule, has been poor and unsatisfactory. Following is the result of the

First Series.

Joey B. beat Nellie II.
Jean Valjean beat Daisy F.
Gloster beat Galatea.
Nat Goodwin beat Ruby Buckellew.
Belle of Piedmont beat Royal Prince II.
Allie James beat Can Can.
Roy Monarch beat Foreman's Lass.
Dashing Noble beat Roger.
Breese Gladstone beat Cassio.
King Leo beat Royal Victor.
Chance beat Dan Noble.
Keystone a bye.

In the second series Joey B. beat Keystone, Gloster beat Jean Valjean, and Nat Goodwin and Belle of Piedmont ran a few minutes with no work done, and were taken up at night to go down again on Monday morning.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 28.—The weather was threatening and a little light rain had fallen at daybreak, a start was made, however, and Nat Goodwin and Belle of Piedmont were put down at 8:15 to finish their heat. Capt. McMurdo had sustained a serious injury to his right eye from a bush that flew back and he had gone home, Mr. Buckle taking his place in handling Belle. There were several light showers and considerable fog and mist during the forenoon, but at noon the sun came out and the afternoon was fine. Capital progress was made and the stake was finished. Following is the

SUMMARY.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.—Open to all setters that have never won a first prize in an All-Aged Stake at any recognized field trial in America. First prize, $300; second, $150, and two equal thirds of $50 each. Forfeit $10 and $20 additional to fill.

First Series.

Joey B. beat Nellie II.
Jean Valjean beat Daisy F.
Gloster beat Galatea.
Nat Goodwin beat Ruby Buckellew.
Belle of Piedmont beat Royal Prince II.
Allie James beat Can Can.
Roy Monarch beat Foreman's Lass.
Dashing Noble beat Roger.
Breeze Gladstone beat Cassio.
King Leo beat Royal Victor.
Chance beat Dan Noble.
Keystone a bye.

Second Series.

Joey B. beat Keystone.
Gloster beat Jean Valjean.
Nat Goodwin beat Belle of Piedmont.
Roy Monarch beat Allie James.
Breeze Gladstone beat Dashing Noble.
Chance beat King Leo.

Third Series.

Gloster beat Joey B.
Nat Goodwin beat Roy Monarch.
Chance beat Breeze Gladstone.

Fourth Series.

Gloster beat Nat Goodwin.
Chance a bye.

Final for First Place.

Gloster beat Chance and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Chance beat Nat Goodwin and won second prize.
Nat Goodwin and Jean Valjean equal third.

The judges selected Nat Goodwin as the best dog beaten by the winner of first and ordered him to run with Chance for second place. Both were owned by the Memphis and Avent Kennels, and the owners requested the judges to select the winner without running, and they awarded the prize to Chance and the stake was finished.

THE ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 28.—The drawing for the All-Aged Pointer Stake took place this evening. Of the 29 nominations 13 filled. They were drawn to run as follows:

Neversink Lodge Kennels' Neversink against F. R. Hitchcock's Springbok.
F. R. Hitchcock's Duke of Hessen against C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso.
A. A. Whipple's Cornerstone against F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany.
E. Dexter's King of Kent against J. Shevlin's Ben.
J. E. Gill's Don's Dot against Dr. H. G. Preston's Match II.
Piitsburgh Kennel Club's Jetsam against Col. C. H. Odell's Lalla Rookh.
G. J. Gray's Dana a bye.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

HIGH POINT, Nov. 29.—The pointer stake began this morning. Weather cool and pleasant; birds plenty. Springbok beat Neversink, doing good work. Nick of Naso beat Duke of Hessen in a fine heat. King of Kent beat Ben in a moderate heat. Don's Dot beat Match II. in an ordinary heat. Lalla Rookh beat Jetsam, doing some excellent work. This ended the first series, Dana having a bye. In the second series Springbok beat Dana and Tammany beat Nick of Naso in a good heat. The stake will finish to-morrow and the Champion Stake will be run on Thursday.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

HIGH POINT, Nov. 30.—King of Kent beat Don's Dot, Rookh, a bye. In the third series Springbok beat Lalla Rookh. Tammany beat King of Kent. Tammany wins first prize. Springbok and Nick of Naso are now running for second place.

FOX-TERRIER CLUB STAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following stakes have been reopened by the American Fox-Terrier Club and we will be very much indebted to you if you will publish them in your paper. Any information desired by intending exhibitors I will gladly give. Blanks will be sent upon application. In all cases must the entry fee accompany the entries:

The Tomboy Stakes of 1888.—For a silver cup, presented by the president of the A. F. T. C., added to a sweepstake of $5 each, play or pay, for fox-terrier bitches whelped after Jan. 1, 1887, to be competed for at the spring show of the New Jersey Kennel Club in 1888. Entries to close with the undersigned on Jan. 1, 1888.

The Apollo Stakes of 1888.—For a silver cup, presented by the secretary of the A. F. T. C., added to a sweepstake of $5 each, play or pay, for fox-terrier dogs whelped after Jan. 1, 1887, and to be competed for at one of the spring shows in 1888. Entries to close with the undersigned on Jan. 1, 1888.

Renewal of the Homebred Puppy Stakes.—For a silver cup, presented by John E. Thayer, Esq., added to a sweepstake of $5 each for fox-terrier puppies (dogs or bitches) whelped after Jan. 1, 1887, to be competed for at the spring show of the New England Kennel Club in Boston. Entries to close with the undersigned on Jan 1, 1888.

FRED HOEY, Sec.-Treas. A. F. T. C.
LONG BRANCH, N. J.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 22.—There will be a meeting of the Board of Control of the American Field Trials Club, at the president's headquarters at Florence, Ala., Monday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 A. M.

The drawing for the Derby in the American Field Trials Club's trials will be made Monday, Dec. 12, precisely at 8:30 A. M., at the secretary's office at Florence, Ala.

C. W. PARIS, Secretary and Treasurer.

COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES.—Third collie sweepstakes, for collies born in the United States or Canada on or after Jan. 1, 1887. Entrance $5 each, to be paid to the secretary of the Collie Club at time of entry. The sweepstake to be decided at the show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1888. The winner to receive fifty per cent. of the sweepstakes, twenty-five per cent to go to the second, fifteen per cent. to the third, and ten per cent. to the fourth. In entering dogs for the show it will be necessary to enter them according to the regulations of that show, paying the entry fee, and placing them in such classes as the exhibitors may choose and also specifying on the entry blank that they are "to compete for the collie sweepstakes." Entries close Jan. 1, 1888. A special cash prize of $25 is offered by the president for the best puppy entered in the sweepstake, born on or after Aug. 1, 1887.—J. D. SHOTWELL, Sect. (Rahway, N. J.).

IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, the well-known mastiff, whose portrait is given in the last number of the *American Kennel Register*, has been imported by Mr. C. C. Marshall, of this city. Imperial Chancellor is by Crown Prince (E.K. C.S.B. 10,544) out of Ilford Claudia (12,838). Mr. Marshall writes: "So far as I am able to ascertain, Chancellor is by far the largest and most powerful of the Crown Prince family. He has the most robust body I ever saw on a dog. In a letter to me, Mr. Wade writes as follows: 'He (Chancellor) is very much larger than any other dog or bitch Crown Prince ever got, and * * * better in hocks than any other Crown Prince dog that ever came over here.'"

MRS. LANGTRY AND HER YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

FEW there are who know how much the well-known Jersey beauty has had to do with the popularity of the Yorkshire terrier. Now, if ever there was a run on Yorkshire terriers, it was during the time Mrs. Langtry was playing in the drama called "Enemies," in London. Every lady who thought anything about fashion at all, had a Yorkshire terrier to accompany her, whether walking or driving; in fact, no turnout was considered complete without one of these little fellows *en evidence*.

One had not to look far for the reason, and, as has before been said, Mrs. Langtry was responsible for all this stir in the Yorkshire terrier line, and it is to be hoped another such revival will often take place.

When the Jersey Lily was rehearsing "Enemies" it occurred to her that if she had a little terrier on the stage to spring and bark on the approach of the obnoxious one in the piece, it would go down well with the audience. So, suiting the action to the thought, she sent for Mr. Charles Kemp, who is well known in the kennel world as the owner of the black poodle, Champion Lyris. To him she confided the idea, and asked if such an animal could be had. The dog was soon found; and then, of course, came the training—to jump and bark only at one person; and as the slightest whimper at the wrong time would be fatal to the carrying out of the piece, the trick had to be taught well and perfectly.

At last the dog was taken in hand—or rather in arm—and was taught to bark only when touched by the forefinger under the off shoulder, and everything seemed perfect—in fact, the manner the dog went through its part at the last rehearsals was so remarkable that it was thought it would have no small share in the success of the piece.

The dog, however, did not follow so quickly as could be wished, for when Mrs. Langtry would suddenly get up from her seat and walk across the stage, the terrier was put down from her lap, and of course was supposed to toddle by the side of its mistress. This the little animal did not take kindly to; so that things should work smoothly, a silken cord was used of the same color as the actress's dress. Therefore, as a matter of fact, the dog was led by this cord that was fastened to Mrs. Langtry's wrist, and in this manner everything worked admirably.

As may be imagined the Yorkshire terrier became a great favorite and, as a natural consequence, was treated with much mistaken kindness. The afternoon before the production of "Enemies," Mrs. Langtry and the Yorkshire terrier were enemies and no mistake about it.

The dog had been brought down to the theatre in the morning, and had returned with its fair owner, who was more pleased than ever with it, and the servants, male and female, were ordered to attend to the comforts of the dog. This they did to their heart's content, with the result that the terrier felt everything but well. Mrs. Langtry was beautifully dressed that afternoon, and probably somewhat nervous and even fidgety, and she rang for the dog to be sent up stairs, so that she might amuse herself with him, and thus relieve her thoughts of the coming evening's trial.

The dog arrived, blown out like a balloon, and as bilious as it was possible for him to be. The mistress caressed her little pet, when, lo! the good things of the larder proved too much for the Yorkshireman, so that he became "as sick as a dog," and thereby spoiled a dress worth eighty guineas. There were ructions in that house, and some people were freightened nearly out of their lives, while Mr. Kemp was wired for to "take the beast away."

The man of poodles came and assured the fair one that it was not the dog's fault, but the servants', and everything was soon made right so far as the dog was concerned.

The evening arrived, and the Yorkshire terrier, which was then very much better, accompanied Mrs. Langtry to the theatre, and when it came to the dog's part, the little fellow sprang from his mistress's lap and tore and barked at the intruder, and then trotted off alongside of her.

As was expected, this took wonderfully with the audience, and the "upset" of the afternoon was soon forgotten, and hundreds of guineas could not then have purchased Mrs. Langtry's Yorkshire terrier.

Before the week was out every terrier of this breed—or, indeed, anything approaching, or having a probable relative in the Yorkshire terrier family, was snapped up by eager purchasers. St. Martin's lane, the Seven Dials and Leadenhall Market were inundated with orders, as so many had caught the Yorkshire terrier fever; indeed, even American cousins were paying dealers' expenses to and fro to Yorkshire to secure them.

Thus, then, the Yorkshire terrier owes much to Mrs. Langtry, and this is the first time the "home scene" that happened before that lady's appearance in "Enemies" has been let out of the bag.—*Stock-Keeper.*

NERO.—As there are degrees of quality in a man, so there are in an animal. There are good, bad and indifferent men, and the same can be said of dogs. One of the noblest dogs we ever met died last night. We owned him five years and we knew him thoroughly. So did the children of the neighborhood, who climbed on and tumbled over his massive form. So did the newsboys who found him almost daily at the office, and they rarely passed him without giving him a patting, if not a hugging. The fact that he was a bloodhound and of remarkable size made some people, strangers to his disposition, timid with him. But there was nothing to justify the fear. He was the essence of gentleness, and children, who are the first to know their friends, instinctively recognized this. He never growled at them. He never even frowned upon them. When they became too demonstrative he immediately withdrew from their society. Nero left the office for home last evening in good spirits. After supper and a drink he manifested a desire to go to bed. As he was getting quite blind a light was used to show him the way. This morning at daylight he was found outside his bed, lying on the floor quietly sleeping to all appearance. But he was dead. They say he died of heart disease. But death came to him as we like to have it come to all of gentle nature—without uproar.—*Danbury (Conn.) News.*

KINO'S PEDIGREE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "Malcolm," having based his assertions regarding the beagle Kino's breeding on what I had told him some time ago when he was talking of getting a hound from me, has come to me and asked me to give authority for telling him Kino was not imported. I know nothing of Kino's breeding but what Mr. Satterthwaite, his former owner, wrote me in a letter some two years since, from which I quote: "Dan O'Shea entered Kino as imported last year and I asked him where he was imported from and he told me at the last show in Philadelphia that he was imported from the United States." As I own a pup sired by Kino I personally would be only too glad to have him imported or to know something of his breeding.—HERM. F. SCHELLHASS.

DOG LOST.—Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 28.—A light built, young Irish setter dog, dark red, with slight scar between the eyes, supposed to have been sold by some boys to some one on his way to New York. Answers to the name of Chief. Will give reward for his return.—MAX WENZEL (89 Fourth street, Hoboken, N. J.).

COLUMBUS, O., will have a show, Jan. 10 to 13, given by the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, H. A. Bridge, secretary. The O. P. P. K. P. S. A. has a big name, if there is anything in that.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Topsy W. and Beauty. By Monadnock Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., for black and liver and white cocker spaniel bitches, whelped Oct. 3, 1887, by Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup) out of Nellie (Brag—Gypsie).

Rose Obo. By E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1887, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Phonsie (A.K.R. 1482).

Dandy S. By E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped August, 1887, by Dandy W. (A.K.R. 5017) out of Phonsie (A.K.R. 1482).

Doncaster, Jr., Antoinette and Marie. By W. R. Traver, Washington, D. C., for one blue belton setter dog and two lemon belton bitches, whelped June 30, 1887, by Doncaster out of Princess Pearl.

Biff. By John C. Cahoon, Taunton, Mass., for black, white and tan Llewellin setter dog, whelped March 9, 1887, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Victoria Laverack (A.K.R. 4677).

Trade Dollar. By Richland Kennels, Wapeton, Dak., for light fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped April 12, 1887, by Turk III. (A.K.R. 4048) out of Brunette (A.K.R. 3549).

Tenor. By A. S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped June 28, 1887, by Top (Ringwood—Winnie) out of Dot (Flute M., A.K.R. 1960—Belle, A.K.R. 1982).

Lady Bessie. By J. Rogers Bolton, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 31, 1886, by Bruce (Gun—May B. Taylor) out of Bessie T. II. (Don Gladstone—Bessie T.).

Belle of Centreville. By John Hawthorn, Camden, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 2, 1887, by Gus Bondhu (A.K.R. 3439) out of Rodreka (Roderigo—Gem).

Pilot. By Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1887, by Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless) out of Lewis's Dot (Ringwood—Maida).

Frolic. By Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 20, 1887, by Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless) out of Laick's Rye (Ringwood—Roxy).

Guelph. By McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., for tri-color collie dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1887, by Gilderoy (Charlemagne—Hasty) out of Jess (Heather—Madge).

Zephyr W. By Harmony Kennels, Covert, N.Y., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 24, 1887, by Ross (Bounce—Pussie) out of Zephyr (Kino—Fly).

Ross W. By Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 4, 1886, by Bounce (Rambler—Honeymoon) out of Pussie (Ringwood—Beauty).

Bonnie View. By McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., for black and tan collie dog, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie) out of Madge (Highlander—Hasty).

Chevalier Kennels. By Robt. D. Locke, Chicago, Ill.

Oakview Kennels. By Wm. H. Child, Pa., for his kennels of Irish setters.

Capitol City Kennels.—Hartford, Conn., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that some one in Lansing, Mich., is using the words "Capitol City Kennels" in advertising a stud pup in your columns. I claimed the name Capitol City Kennels in the *American Kennel Register*, issue of February, 1887, and as long as I have claimed it, would it not be a good idea for our friend in the West to use some other name for his kennels?—CHAS. D. CUGLE.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Hillside Belle—Guillermo. T. W. Mills's (Montreal, Can.) bull bitch Hillside Belle (Robinson Crusoe—Juniata) to his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671), Nov. 13.

Belle Randolph—Naso of Kippen. A. L. Rice's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Belle Randolph (Sam—Juno) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen, Nov. 15.

Lota—Bang Bang. Dr. E. Field's (Red Bank, N. J.) pointer bitch Lota (Croxteth—Lady Gwendoline) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang, Nov. 13.

Pocahontas—Bang Bang. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Pocahontas (Tramp—Grace) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang, Nov. 1.

Dolly—Naso of Kippen. T. H. Terry's (New York) pointer bitch Dolly (Bang Bang—Bellona) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen, Oct. 31.

Wanda—Naso of Kippen. G. H. Bailey's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Wanda (Bang Bang—Underhill's Jane) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen, Nov. 3.

Citron—Naso of Kippen. G. H. Bailey's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Citron (Bang Bang—Rose) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen, Oct. 27.

Heather Clytie—Argus II. A. H. Aldrich's (Melrose, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Heather Clytie (Argus II.—Heather Lass) to G. E. Browne's Argus II. (Argus—Beauty), Nov. 13.

Judy Obo—Shady. G. E. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Judy Obo (Obo II.—Daisy Zulu) to F. H. Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie), Oct. 16.

Pet—Chequasset Diamond. E. B. Sears's (Melrose, Mass.) pug bitch Pet to Chequasset Kennels' Chequasset Diamond (A.K.R. 4395), Oct. 24.

Florrie—Tip. E. F. Starkey's (Fitchburg, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Florrie (Rex—Edith) to J. Palmer's Tip (Rollo—Topsy C.), Nov. 3.

Belthus Lill—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) Llewellin setter Belthus Lill (Yale Belton—Princess Lillie) to his Gun (A.K.R. 1538), Nov. 20.

Di Vernon, Desmond, Bonnie Knowe. In recent notices from Chestnut Hill Kennels, read that Di Vernon was bred to Dublin Scot, Nov. 8; Desmond is by Frisco; Bonnie Knowe was bred to Scotilla.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Althea. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Althea (A.K.R. 342), Oct. 20, five (two dogs), by J. P. Willey's Black Pete, Jr. (Black Pete—Miss Ginger); all black.

Guida. Rideau Kennel Club's (Ottawa, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Guida (Bob IV.—Mocra), Nov. 10, five (two dogs), by their Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie).

Dolly. A. T. Heyn's (New York) field spaniel bitch Dolly, Nov. 13, thirteen, by A. E. Rendle's Compton Bandit.

Gipsey. Mr. Keating's (Fitchburg, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Gipsey (Tip—Flurrie, A.K.R. 3993), Nov. 17, two (one dog).

Vida. E. K. Leffingwell's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Vida (Obo II.—Topsey), Nov. 13, nine (eight dogs), by Willey's Black Pete.

Victoria Laverack. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) Llewellin setter bitch Victoria Laverack (Tempest—Lillie), Nov. 9, eight (three dogs), by his Gun (A.K.R. 1538).

Floss B. A. S. Aborn's (Wakefield, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Floss B. (A.K.R. 3449), Sept. 22, seven (three dogs), by J. H. Whicher's Teddie (Phil——).

Salva. Wyoming Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Salva (Ilford Caution—Bess, A.K.R. 2977), Nov. 16, ten (six dogs), by F. D. Pierce's Monarch (Lord Raglan—Dido).

Nettie B. John E. Long's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) English setter bitch Nettie B. (Mark—Belle), Nov. —, eight, by H. F. Schellhass's Belthus (Rock—Meg).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Vaynol. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 10, 1884, by Meteor out of Rita Croxteth, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.

Heather Lass. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, age not given, by Jock out of Gypsey, by A. H. Aldrich, Melrose, Mass., to G. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass.

Constance. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (A.K.R. 2912), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to F. M. Bennett, New York.

Compton Bachelor. Field spaniel dog, age and pedigree not given, by A. E. Rendle to A. Stuyvesant, New York.

Blue Queen. Black, white and tan Llewellin setter bitch, whelped May 12, 1880, by Druid out of Leda, by C. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass.

Cora. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1884, by Rattler out of Scioto (A.K.R. 1323), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Monadnock Kennels, Peterboro, N. H.

Beauty. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 3, 1887, by Brag out of Nellie, by Monadnock Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., to Fred C. Vose, same place.

Bogue. Black and white American setter dog, whelped May 20, 188, by Brad out of Trap, by Ethan Allin, Pomfret Centre, Conn., to Eugene Snyder, Harrisburg, Pa.

Gyp. Lemon and white American setter dog, whelped Nov. 5, 1887, by Bogue out of Rosalba, by Ethan Allin, Pomfret Centre, Conn., to F. E. Watkins, South Manchester, Conn.

Pomp. Lemon and white American setter dog, whelped Feb. 19, 1887, by Bogue out of Rosalba, by Ethan Allin, Pomfret Centre, Conn., to D. W. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.

Presto. Fawn American setter dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1887, by Ethan Allin, Pomfret Centre, Conn., to Russel Forsyth, Newport, R. I.

Bonnie View. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1884, by Dublin Scot out of Madge, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to W. S. Powers, St. Louis, Mo.

Guelph. Tri-color collie dog, whelped Oct. 16, by Gilderoy out of Jess, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to J. A. Haskell, Walston, Pa.

Asta. Yellow fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped April 23, 1887 (A.K.R. 5311), by Richland Kennels, Wahpeton, Dak., to C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill.

Andrea. Buff, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped April 23, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Sylvia, by Richland Kennels, Wahpeton, Dak., to R. B. Barber, same place.

Floss B. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped December, 1882 (A.K.R. 3449), by A. S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass., to J. A. Dunphy, East Pepperell, Mass.

Tenor. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped June 28, 1887, by Top out of Dot, by H. C. Peck, Wakefield, Mass., to A. S. Aborn same place.

Belle of Leesburg. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 4, 1887, by Jacksnipe out of Fussie, by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., to F. Culbertson, Greenville, O.

Pride of Loudoun. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 4, 1887, by Jacksnipe out of Fussie, by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., to Julius Slack, Riverton, Va.

Jacksnipe—Fussie whelps. Liver and white pointer dogs, whelped April 4, 1887, by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., one each to E. B. Harrison, same place; C. A. Grant, Middleburg, Va.; Mr. Dailey, Harrison's Island, Md., and A. W. Burnett, Charlestown, W. Va.

Bob White—Daisey whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1887, by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., to Dr. Frank Mason, Goresville, Va.

Bob White—Lady Mac whelps. Pointers, whelped Sept. 1, 1887, by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., liver and white dog to Capt. I. W. Foster, same place, and a lemon and white bitch to Powell Noland, Middleburg, Va.

Van (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelps. Black, white and tan Llewellin setter dogs, whelped July 8, 1887, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., one each to W. W. Burridge, Lawrence, Mass., and John A. Roof, Fort Plain, N. Y.

Dublin Scot—Madge whelps. Collies, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., one sable dog and bitch and one black and tan dog to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brag—Nellie whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 3, 1887, by Monadnock Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., to Mrs. W. H. Walbridge, same place.

Black Pete—Vida whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Nov. 13, 1887, eight dogs and one bitch, by E. K. Leffingwell, Brooklyn, N. Y., to F. Bollett, same place.

Westminster Pointers. The Westminster Kennel Club has sold a liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Lassie), whelped Sept. 11, 1886, to Elliot Smith, New York. Lemon and white bitch (Bang Bang—Countess), whelped July 12, 1886, to F. R. Hitchcock, New York. Lemon and white bitch, same litter, to R. C. Cornell, New York. Liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Glauca), whelped July 3, 1887, to A. J. Snyder, Plumsteadville, Pa. Liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Madstone), whelped June 1, 1887, to F. R. Townsend, New York. Liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Madstone), whelped June 1, 1887; liver and white bitch (Naso of Kippen—Moonstone), whelped June 25, 1887, and liver and white bitch (Naso of Kippen—Luckystone), whelped July 23, 1887, to I. T. Richards, New York. Liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Moonstone) and liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Spinaway), both whelped June 25, 1887, to F. O. de Luze, New York. Countess, lemon and white bitch (Sensation—Seltner's Lass); Citron, lemon and white bitch (Bang Bang—Rose), and Wanda, lemon and white bitch (Bang Bang—Underhill's Jane), to Geo. H. Bailey, Portland, Me. Belona, lemon and white bitch (Bow—Beulah), and Rosalie, lemon and white bitch (Bang Bang—Rose), to Percy C. Ohl, New York.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

DEATHS.

Flirt II. Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped August, 1886 (Johnny—Jess), owned by W. G. Youngs, Ottawa, Can., from distemper.

Johnny—Jess whelps. Clumber spaniels, whelped October, 1887, owned by W. G. Youngs, Ottawa, Can., from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

P. A.—Get some zinc oxide ointment and apply to sores. Get the following:

℞ Kali iodid..... ℈ iss
Syr. sarsap. co..... ℥ i
Aq. ad..... ℥ iv
Mix. Give a teaspoonful three times daily.

C. J. G., New Jersey.—My pointer, 4 months old, I think, has the mange; his skin swells in small patches and then comes off like dandruff, mostly on the under part of the body, scratches himself a good deal and seems a little dull. Ans. Wash with castile soap and warm water, and after drying, apply the following:

℞ Ung. zinc oxid..... ℥ iss.
Ung. diachylon..... ℥ ss.
Mix. Sig. Apply night and morning.

Keep the bowels clean by the use of castor oil in teaspoonful doses.

E. B., West Medford, Mass.—My setter has some form of mange which I cannot exactly define. A year ago a red spot came on her foot and the hair came out. I washed with carbolic soap daily, and all went well. Now the same spot has appeared, and moreover she has reddish patches on the inside of thighs and armpits, and on one armpit a sore. There does not appear to be any itching or pain. I am using carbolic acid and water 1 to 20 parts, and also Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in food. She is in good condition and is shot over two or three times a week. Ans. Treatment is good. Give a compound cathartic pill every other day, and rub in gently after washing the following:

℞ Ung. zinc oxid..... ℥ iss
Ung. diachylon..... ℥ ss
Mix. Sig. External.

C. T. B., New Bedford, Mass.—Died, Nov. 17, my prize winning Gordon setter bitch Chloe. The disease baffled the most skilled physicians. Symptoms: Mouth inflamed, bad odor, drooled blood and mucus, could not lap water, could not eat, grew poor, sick three days and died. This is the second case I have had. My imported Prince died with the same symptoms, and dogs were looking fine and feeling well up to three or four days before they died. I have been breeding Gordons for eighteen years and have never had a case like these. If you can give me any information as to the disease I would be very much obliged. Ans. It was cancrum ovis. See Ashmont on "Diseases of the Dog."

THE MEMPHIS AND AVENT KENNEL will offer a number of broken dogs for sale during the Eastern and American trials. Among those offered for sale will be their entire Derby, All-Aged and Champion entries. This kennel will not send dogs to purchasers on approbation, preferring for purchasers (or their deputized agents) to see the dogs at work during the trials and privately. This will be a rare opportunity to secure some first-class dogs from combined field-trial and bench-show winning strains, broken by Mr. J. M. Avent.—*Adv.*

THE NEW CURE FOR ANIMALS.—The rapid strides recently made in the more humane, scientific and successful treatment of the diseases of domestic animals, is not only a matter of surprise but is cause for congratulation. Not only are the old, barbarous and inhuman methods largely discarded, but the new ones cure much quicker and more surely. Not only that, but diseases formerly considered incurable are found to yield as snow before the summer sun, to the mild influence of the new system. True, the people learned slowly. The firing, the drenching, the blistering and the bleeding went on in the treatment of animals long after it had disappeared in the treatment of people. But the continued advertising of Dr. Humphreys, and more than all the grand success of his Specifics in curing disease of domestic animals, could not be withstood, until now every stockman who is up with the times uses his Veterinary Specifics. They would just as soon go back to the sewing needle in place of the sewing machine, or to the grain cradle in place of the reaper, or the mail coach for the telegraph, as to return to the old mode of firing, drenching and blistering in the place of Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. His veterinary book of 400 pages is sent free on application to the Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Nov. 26.—A number of riflemen attended the matches at Walnut Hill to-day. The scores were very good and a pleasant meeting was held. E. L. Dow, Jr., won the gold badge in the State militia match. D. L. Chase made a clean score of 10's in the rest match. The scores to-day are as follows:

Rest Match, 200Yds.

N Washburn	12 12 10 12 12 9 12 11 10 12—112		
	11 9 12 12 10 10 9 9 11 12—105		
D L Chase	11 12 12 10 12 12 11 11 10 10—111		
	12 11 12 12 12 11 9 9 11 12—111		
W Chester	12 12 10 9 11 12 12 10 12 10—110		
	12 10 10 12 12 9 11 12 9 11—108		
W H Oler	11 11 9 11 10 11 11 11 12 10—107		
	11 11 8 12 12 10 10 9 12 12—107		
J R Dadman	10 11 9 12 12 12 10 10 9 12—107		
	9 10 10 12 9 12 11 9 11 12—105		
B G Barker	11 8 12 8 12 12 11 9 8 8—100		
M Willard	10 12 8 12 11 12 9 10 8 7— 99		

Military Practice Match, 200Yds.

W O Burnite	5455451445—45	F W Reynolds	4534444444—40
	5554454444—44	F D Barroll	4544434523—40
E L Dow, Jr.	4454444455—43	A E Davis	0334423342—28
W H Oler	4544453554—43		

State Military Match, 200Yds.

E L Dow, Jr	444451—21	44555—23	55544—28
F D Barroll			44444—20

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200Yds.

D L Chase	9 7 5 6 10 10 7 8 8 7—77
A C Gordon	7 6 7 6 4 4 7 6 9 7—63

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—Shell Mound Park, Berkeley, was thronged all day with people, who gathered to contest for the prizes offered. Apart from the contest for turkeys, etc., before the butts, the German Fusileer Guard and the Swiss-American Rifle Club, of Oakland, held their monthly medal shoots, and sandwiched in between these a little special shoot took place between two prominent members of the First Regiment. The following is the summary of the day's shooting. German Fusileer Guard, monthly medal shoot, ten rounds each man, at Creeemoor target, 200yds:

H Tiedgen	3444453544—40	E Janson	5435344344—39
D Stein	3023435024—24	S Bohrmann	2433432430—28
C Rettig	3435534405—34	F Kling	2240340433—25
A Scharfenberg	3403534344—33	A Circo hm	3330332044—21
J Peterson	3443434534—35	E Schwaner	4444444444—40
T Dabeo	4432044342—30	C Schafer	3433443334—34
E Zachan	4303324802—24	H Lots	5343304333—31
W Eicher	3403343232—27	E Breig	4454423440—33
R Volkmann	4454333343—36	E Meyer	5004343243—28
F Seifers	2440244433—30	W Shurr	4334354543—38
H Stettin	3443444445—39		

In the first class the first medal was won by Swaner, H. Tiedgen won the second medal and H. Stettin the third medal. Second class, C. Schafer first medal, E. Breig second medal, H. Lots third medal. Third class, only one medal awarded, won by C. Rettig. The Swiss-American Rifle Club, of Oakland, held its monthly shoot; 200yds.; five rounds each man. Score:

N Martignoni	42433—17	C Camozzi	03333—12
P Bertola	01444—16	L Bottini	23322—12
V Pagina	55333—15		

Messrs. Burdick and Townsend had a practice shoot. Each man shot 35 rounds at the 200yd. target. Score:

Burdick	4444445445344543244434443445345 4—138
Townsend	4243553543345443433345444445544344—135

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 24.—Broad Meadow Range, Creedmoor target, 200yds., for 4 turkeys, one each to the 4 best men:

Military Rifle.

Shumway	4444545544—43	4354544453—41	—126	+15—141
Early	4544444444—41	4444444454—41	4445445434—41	—123	+15—138
White	4544455554—45	4455445544—44	4455544444—43	—132	+5—137
Taylor	4445443534—40	4354434444—39	4443443343—39	—117	+15—132
Pepper	5344544445—39	4443444342—36	4542355232—33	—108	+23—132

There was also shooting with a sporting rifle, the conditions being the same and with the following results:

Thomas	5555545544—47	5435455555—46	5454555454—46	—139
Berton	4454555554—46	5444445545—44	5545485444—43	—133	+6—139
Bernard	4444454545—41	4445434444—40	4534444444—40	—121	+12—133

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 23.—The Owensville Ballard Rifle Team met on their range to-day, conditions very unfavorable for good scores, atmosphere full of smoke with a strong gusty 2 o'clock wind. Standard target, 200yds.:

G Wetter	10	7	7	7	8	8	4	6	6	5—68
J Stone	5	3	7	8	4	3	5	6	6	9—56
J Montgomery	8	5	10	4	5	7	4	6	7	3—59
McG Daugherty	4	5	6	6	5	8	5	7	4	8—58
R Speck	8	5	5	6	5	0	6	4	10	5—49
W Gentry	5	0	3	3	4	1	9	8	6	8—47
H Mauck	3	0	8	3	6	4	5	8	7	6—44
W Roberts	5	4	4	4	6	4	10	2	0	4—43
J Daugherty	3	5	7	4	2	0	9	6	4	4—41—465

Average 51⅞. G. Wetter gold medal, J. Daugherty leather medal.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 18.—Some pretty fair shooting was done this afternoon by the members of the Springfield rifle team at the club range on Perrin's farm south of the city. Mr. Henry Croft, Sr., made two great scores and the shooting of the others was fine. The shooting was at a Hinman target, 200yds., off-hand. Following were the scores:

J E Perrin	7	8	6	6	5	9	10	10	5	10—76
J E Trimmer	9	6	10	4	7	7	6	8	5	7—69
H Croft, Sr.	10	7	8	10	10	8	9	8	10	10—90
J Lessner	10	5	7	7	10	10	10	9	9	8—85
D Smith	5	4	4	10	5	6	7	8	7	4—60

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 24.—Members of the Worcester City Guards, Co. A, 2d Regiment, M. V. M., Peat Meadow Rifle Range, 200yds.:

Lieut M H Tisdell	3454443445—40	4544545545—43
J D McIntosh	2544433455—39	4445444444—41—80

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 17.—Weekly shoot of the Our Own Rifle Rifle Club:

Snellen	114	Miller	94
A O Kiefer	106	Bertram	94
Ferd Friensehuer	106	Gutman	93
T A Friensehner	99	Hahn	93
Drexler	105	Klein	91
Knothe	104	Kroeplin	86
Steutle	103	J M Kiefer	89
Gill	96	E Willms	100—1668
Hunziker	95		

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 26.—But thirteen members attended last week's regular shoot of the Pistol Club, the rain keeping many away. Following are the scores out of a possible 120:

O Neuhaus	11	12	12	12	11	11	11	12	12	11—115	
G W Alexander	10	12	13	11	12	11	10	11	12	10—111	
L V D Perret	12	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	11	11—110	
W Bauer	12	10	9	11	11	11	11	12	10	12—109	
M Summerfield	11	11	12	10	10	10	10	11	12	11—108	
W T Larned	12	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	9	12—108	
G T Dunn	10	9	12	12	11	11	11	11	11	11—107	
E C Mohrstadt	12	12	12	11	9	10	8	10	11	9—104	
A E Bengel	11	11	9	11	10	11	7	10	12	12—104	
F D Gildersleeve	9	10	11	11	8	12	12	10	10	7—100	
W C Mackwitz	10	12	9	9	12	11	9	10	8	7— 97	
J G Schaaf	9	1	11	10	10	10	10	11	10	11— 94	
J Sieminskie	6	7	11	10	9	11	9	5	9	8— 88	

MAGAZINE MILITARY ARMS.—Gen. Sheridan, in his recent annual report as Lieut.-General of the army, is emphatic on the question of improved small arms and says: "The Springfield rifle still remains the weapon of our service, and it is undoubtedly a very good one. In my opinion, however, the magazine arm must be the arm of the future, and a glance at foreign armies shows that future to be very near at hand. Every leading country abroad has either adopted a magazine gun or been actively engaged in experiments looking to the development of an effective system. With us, progress in this direction appears to be very slow, and, as far as I know, no very decided steps have been taken during the year, nor any definite conclusions yet reached. If it is not possible for us to devise at an early day a good magazine gun embodying the advanced ideas now accepted abroad, it would be better to adopt the best of their weapons rather than adhere longer to our singleloader, effective, even, as its fire can sometimes be made."

PHILADELPHIA.—The Perseverance Rifle Club, of Philadelphia, was organized Oct. 31, and the following officers elected: President, Leon C. Dilg; secretary and treasurer, John A. Vermer, Jr.; committee, Joseph A. Watson, Andrew J. Fogerty.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 24.—The Cleveland Club's Thanksgiving programme at Blue Rock Springs was all its most enthusiastic members anticipated, except the weather. East End and Kirtland shots were on hand to dispute the prize turkeys with their Cleveland brethren, and the Cleveland Club badges were contested for by a larger number of Clevelanders than have been entered at a regular club shoot for many months. Two shoots, both turkey contests, took place in the forenoon and the regular badge shoot and turkey matches occupied the afternoon. The entrance charged to the turkey shoot was fifty cents. Three sets of traps were in constant operation, the badge shoot being from five traps and the other shoots from three. The most successful marksmen of the occasion were W. R. "Roberts" and D. Auld, the former a Cleveland member and the latter an East End crack shot. Besides winning the first badge of his club handicapped at 26yds., Roberts struggled with four big turkeys when the day's sport was over. All of them were first prizes except one.

There were 16 entries to the badge shoot, which resulted in ties on both badges. "Roberts" and J. White tied for the first badge, each killing 16 birds, and "Roberts" won the shoot off. Heine and Sherman tied for second, each making a score of 15, and Heine won the badge on the shoot off.

J E Jones (18yds)	0101100101010100110— 9
F Tamblyn (20)	1010101001011001001—11
P Sherman (20)	1101111111001101101—15
F H Wallace (18)	0000010100001010000— 5
W Stoneman (22)	1110011100111011100—13
W A Bassett (20)	0011101011000000001— 8
D C Powers (22)	1110011100110111100—13
L O Jones (24)	0100011101101111001—11
W R "Roberts" (26)	1101111100011111111—16
Calhoun (22)	0101110111 — 6
J White (22)	0110111101111011110—16
W Tamblyn (18)	0111001110101111110—13
M F Silsby (20)	1100011100011111110—13
Keys (20)	0110100101000101011—10
Upson (20)	1011100110111101031—13
Heine (18)	1111101111111101001—15

Nine blackbirds were shot at in the first turkey shoot at 18yds' rise. Paul North's 9 straight took first prize; Auld, Powers, Byrnes and Sherman tied for the second bird on 8, Auld winning the shoot-off; Keys, Silsby, Haycock, A. Jones and P. Baker tied on 7 for the third turkey, Silsby winning the shoot-off. The score:

P North	9	Wherry	5
D C Powers	8	Silsby	7
Haycock	7	Sweetman	5
D Auld	8	Sherman	8
White	6	Dennis	3
Byrnes	8	L O Jones	5
Bender	6	Cogswell	5
Keys	7	Calhoun	6
Elford	6	A Jones	7
Benson	5	P Baken	7

The same conditions governed the second shoot, in which D. Auld took first prize on the shoot-off, Haycox second and Dan Powers third. The score:

D Auld	9	Powers	7
Haycox	8	Byrnes	7
Calhoun	9	Silsby	6
L O Jones	5	Sayles	9
Keys	5	Hogen	6
Benson	4	White	8
Wherry	6	W R "Roberts"	6
Roof	8		

Third Shoot.—Conditions, 6 birds, 18yds. rise; "Roberts" won first turkey in the shoot-off, Auld second, and Bender third. The score:

Auld	5	Dennis	4
Wherry	5	Bender	4
Benson	3	Roof	5
Calhoun	5	Haycox	5
Hogen	3	Keys	3
Silsby	5	White	6
Sherman	5	W R "Roberts"	6

Six birds were also shot at in the fourth shoot, "Roberts" again winning first prize in the shoot-off, Calhoun second, and Wherry third. The score:

Auld	5	Haycox	5
Wherry	4	Forrester	5
Martin	6	Powers	6
Bender	3	Calhoun	5
Kilby	5	Sayles	6
"Roberts"	6	Roof	5
Elford	3	A D Jones	5

Fifth Shoot.—Conditions, 6 birds, 18yds. rise, Martin won first, "Roberts" second and Powers third in the shoot-off. The score:

Roberts	5	Forrester	4
Kilby	4	Elford	4
Martin	6	Auld	6
Upson	6	Wherry	3
Powers	4	Calhoun	5
Sherman	4	Wallace	4
A B Jones	5	Sayles	5

Sixth Shoot.—Roberts won his fourth turkey in this match at 6 birds, Calhoun took the second prize in the shoot-off, and W. A. Bassett won the third prize. The score:

Powers	6	F Tamblyn	3
Martin	6	W Tamblyn	2
Haycox	3	Keys	4
Auld	6	J O Jones	3
Wherry	4	Bender	3
A Jones	6	Upon	4
Calhoun	5	Sherman	5
W A Bassett	4	Wallace	2
Elford	5		

MONTREAL, Nov. 17.—Thanksgiving Day was kept by the members of the Montreal Gun Club, for, besides shooting off the final match for the handsome cup presented for competition by Alderman Morris, there was an optional sweepstakes for six useful and somewhat costly prizes. There was a large attendance both of shots and of the public. The shooting during the cup match was very close, as will be seen below, but, owing partly to the variably wind and partly to the bad light, the birds had decidedly the best of it. Mr. Wallace was declared the winner of the cup, his total being, together with his previous scores at the other matches, 54 out of a possible 80. The cup score stood, 20 birds at 18yds. Referee, Mr. Leach, Dominion Cartridge Co.:

A C "Johnson"	0111111111101101111—17
C H Wallace	1111111101111011110—17
G B Bedard	1011010111101001101—13
W Emond	1010101010011111101—13
A Penniston	1101110010111001010—12
L Trotter	1110101100010011011—12
W McCaw	0101101111000101101—11
N P Leach	1111100000101100001—10
G C Wescott	1110011100100010110—10
A Ramsay	1111001000010010101— 9
J Allan	1101100011001000110— 9
H Lajeunesse	0010011011010100000— 8
J Sly	1100110000101000001— 8

Johnson won on shoot-off by 4 to Wallace's 3.

NEWARK, Nov. 24.—The Elizabeth Gun Club started to kill 150 sparrows in a series of lively sweeps. The day was dark and the little fellows were too nearly the color of the ground to be easily seen. The Union Gun Club had an interesting shoot at artificial birds on the grounds at Springfield. The attendance was large and the shooting was good. The chief event of the day was the fourth match, a prize shoot at 25 bats, with 18 entries. The winners and three scores were as follows: First prize, Hunt broke 21; second prize, Jobs and Cadwell, 20; third prize, Morrison, 19; fourth prize, Miller and Soper, 18; fifth prize, Johnson, 17; sixth prize, Roll, 16.

TORONTO, Nov. 20.—Mr. Wm. McDowell will give prizes valued at $400, to be competed for at a grand shooting tournament on Ayres' grounds, commencing Thursday, December 1st. First of all there will be a shoot at ten live pigeons for seven prizes, ranging in value from $30 down to $6 each. Then six prizes, valued at from $50 to $3, will be offered for a contest at fifteen blackbirds, to be followed by a competition at ten live pigeons, with seven prizes in cash, ranging from $60 to $6, and a team shoot, five men, at 15 blackbirds each, for five gold medals, valued at $60, and five valued at $30.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Nov. 28.—The regular shoot of the Middlesex Gun Club, falling on the 23d, was postponed until Thanksgiving Day. The attendance was large, a great many coming to witness the match between Wm. Cannon, of Newark, and Geo. Davis, of Greenville, N. J., at 50 live birds each, Hurlingham rules, $250 a side, Davis giving Cannon 2yds. handicap. W. F. Quimby was the referree, and Al Heritage furnished the birds for both parties. Davis was the favorite in the betting, but for some unknown reason seemed unable to get there. Cannon was in the best form I have ever seen him. The spectators were disgusted with the easy shots missed, and many of them expressed themselves very fully that they thought it a very funny shoot. Following are the scores of the match:

Davis	1000122022011002011022201100101112100012010102l0w.—27
Cannon	2211011012012201121120111000010221111010001102200—33

Sweep No. 1, 4 live birds, handicap rise:

Quinlan	0122—3	Stoddard	1110—3
Day	2110—3	Clark	1111—4
Lever	1110—3		

Second divided. Second sweep:

Quinlan	1111—4	Stoddard	1012—3
Day	0201—2	Clark	1111—4
Lever	1100—2		

Quinlan and Clark first money, Stoddard second, third divided. Sweep No. 3:

Quinlan	1211—4	Dickens	1211—3
Day	2111—4	S G Smith	2111—4
Lever	1101—3	Capt Jones	1121—4
Stoddard	0100—1	Forrest	1021—3
Clark	2011—3		

Ties divided. Sweep No. 4:

Quinlan	0101—2	Dickens	1111—4
Day	000w.	S G Smith	1111—4
Lever	0021—2	Capt Jones	1111—3
Stoddard	1021—3	Forrest	0211—3
Clark	0111—3		

Ties divided. Sweep No. 5:

Quinlan	1111—4	Dickens	1100—2
Day	1101—3	S G Smith	1101—3
Lever	1121—4	Capt Jones	1112—4
Stoddard	0111—3	Forrest	1100—2
Clark	1111—4	Cannon	1001—2

Divided. Sweep No. 6:

Quinlan	0221—3	Lever	0202—2
Lindsley	1111—4	Stoddard	1011—3
Tee Kay	0110—2	Davis	0012—2
Capt Jones	1101—3	J H Force	2011—3
C Smith	1102—3	Cannon	1201—3
S G Smith	0211—3	Terry	2021—3
Forrest	2112—4		

On shoot-off Lindsley and Forrest first, S. G. Smith and J. H. Force second, Davis and Tee Kay third. Sweep No. 7:

Quinlan	1121—4	Cook	2101—3
Lindsley	0110—2	Lever	1112—4
Cannon	0101—2	L B Campbell	2211—4
Tee Kay	1012—3	Davis	2011—3
Stoddard	0101—2	C Smith	0121—3

On shoot-off Quinlan and Campbell first, C. Smith and Davis second, Stoddard third. Sweep No. 8:

Quinlan	1011—3	Cannon	2122—4
Tee Kay	1010—2	C Smith	0100—1
Lindsley	1101—3	D Terry	1121—4
Lever	2121—4		

On shoot-off D. Terry first, Quinlan and Lindsley second, Tee Kay third. Sweep No. 9, miss and out, one barrel, 25yds. rise:

Quinlan	0	Lever	1
Cannon	1	Re-entry Quinlan	2
Lindsley	2	Re-entry Cannon	1
L B Campbell	0	Re-entry Lever	0

Quinlan and Lindsley divided.—TEE KAY.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 24.—The wild pigeon tournament of the Excelsior Gun Club was commenced at 9 o'clock this morning, at Compton Avenue Park, Fred Tresher being the master of ceremonies. Owing to the very bad weather but a small crowd, including champions Budd and Stice, were in attendance, but they were given excellent sport. The birds were strong flyers as a rule and, when darkness is taken into consideration, the scores made were remarkably good. The tournament opened with three sweepstakes shoots as follows. Five birds, 50yds. rise:

West	11110—4	Budd	11111—5
Stice	11111—5	Jack	01111—4

The purse was divided. Five birds, 30yds. rise:

West	11111—5	Budd	11111—5
Stice	10111—4	Jack	11110—4
Small	11011—4	Green	01101—3

The money was divided. Seven birds, 30yds. rise:

Stice	0110111—5	Jack	1111111—7
Budd	1111111—7	West	1111111—7

The money was divided. The regular programme of the day was then taken up, all money being divided, 50, 30 and 20. Six birds, 30yds. rise:

Stice	101001—3	Budd	111011—5
Schaaf	111111—6	West	111101—5
Weaver	011101—4	Winston	111111—6

Schaaf and Winston divided first, West and Budd second, while Weaver won third. Second shoot, 8 birds, 30yds. rise:

Stice	11111101—7	Winston	11111111—8
Schaaf	11111011—7	Budd	11111111—8
Weaver	11011111—7	West	11111111—8

The money was divided. Third shoot, 10 birds, 30yds. rise:

Greer	0011101111— 7	Budd	1111111111—10
Weaver	1111111101— 9	West	1111111111—10
Winston	1111111111—10	Small	0011111000— 5

Winston, Budd and West divided first, Weaver took second, and Greer third money. Three pair doubles, 18yds. rise:

Weaver	11 10 11—5	Budd	01 11 01—4
Winston	11 11 11—6	West	11 10 11—5

Winston won first, Weaver and West second and Budd third. The concluding event was 5 birds, 30yds. rise:

Weaver	11101—4	Green	10101—3
Moser	11111—5	Small	11110—4
Budd	11111—5	West	11111—5

Moser, West and Budd divided first, Small and Weaver second, while Green took third.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 24.—The regular shoot of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club for the Midas diamond badge took place at Durller's (Dexter's) Park to-day. A large number of spectators were present. The contest, which began at 1 o'clock, each man shooting at 7 birds, resulted as follows:

W R Sclover (29)	1011101—5	H Kneckman (27)	1010100—3
G U Forhell (29)	1111110—6	J Bass (27)	0011011—4
A McAvoy (28)	1111010—5	R McAvoy (27)	1110111—6
P Sutter (28)	1111111—7	M J Burke (26)	0111111—6
H J Bookman (28)	1111011—6	C Magee (25)	1011110—5
J K Rowell (28)	1110000—3	H H Adams (25)	0101001—3
J Achs (27)	1101110—5	J D Bennett (25)	0101111—5
P H Reid (27)	0001111—4	C H Kraft (25)	0111111—6
P H Von Dreele (27)	0010101—3	J Maguire (24)	0100001—2
H Littlejohn (27)	1111111—7		

In the shoot off between Sutter and Littlejohn, the former killed four birds straight, while the latter missed his last. The diamond was accordingly awarded to Sutter. Referee, W. J. Warner; scorer, W. J. Bennett.

YONKERS, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Yonkers Gun Club. Shoot for a $100 Parker gun, to be won three times to own it. Eighth shoot. Match at five birds, 10 each, 3 traps. Handicap rise, 50yds. bound. Shot under Yonkers club rules, both barrels:

G Langran (30yds.)	1111111111—10	Geo Osborn (28)	1111111110— 9
R W Rowland (21)	1011011101— 7	Wm Rowland (24)	1111111111—10
Wm Koster (24)	1111000010— 5	J Rowland (29)	0010011110— 5
Thos Wigley (21)	1000000111— 4	P Wing (24)	0101100111— 6
R Ellin (28)	0110111111— 8	P Paulson (27)	0001010010— 3
L J Schlesinger (26)	1110010010— 5	J H Feidler (24)	1100111101— 7
E L Thomas (28)	1111001111— 8	B Burnan (24)	0011000111— 9
A L Kolb (30)	1110110101— 7		

Ties on 10 birds, at 5 birds:

Langran (30yds.)	11011—4	Rowland (24yds.)	11000—2

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 18.—The contest of the Independence Gun and Rod Club at their grounds in East Independence this afternoon for the $50 medal was won by Bob McBride, the referee being John Savage, of Kansas City. The following shows the score made by leading contestants for the prize:

T D Bedford	1101110100—6	A S Wright	1100111011—7
B McBride	1111111100—8	R T Proctor	0101111001—6
J M Langsdale	1010110100—5	G Parker	1100111011—7
J J Owens	1101101001—6	J N Lee	0110100110—5
T Hesson	0100010015	J Furnish	1110111001—7
C McBride	0010111011—6	J Bryant, Jr	1111100000—5
C R Thomas	0011100011—5	C G Smart	0101111101—7

TORONTO.—A movement is on foot for establishing regular shooting grounds in this city after the fashion of Hurlingham and Notting Hill. The grounds are undoubtly needed, and there should be more than sufficient enterprise among the members of the five gun clubs in this city to warrant their establishment with a sure and certain hope of success.

TORONTO, Nov. 22.—A pigeon shooting tournament took place at Chas. Ayre's place, corner of Morse street and Eastern avenue, being a farewell meeting in honor of Mr. W. Hine, of Winnipeg, who after a three months' sojourn in this city is about to leave for his home. The weather was all that could be desired and the birds being particularly lively, some excellent sport was enjoyed. Three sweepstake matches were shot off, resulting as follows: First sweepstake, at 5 pigeons, 26yds. rise, Toronto Gun Club rules, single barrel:

Quarrie	4	J K Leslie	2
W Bugg	4	Malvern	2
Carruthers	4	Kemp	1
J Townson	4	Deady	1
G Pearsall	3	George, retd.	

In the shoot-off Quarrie killed 4 straight and took the money. Second sweepstake, at 5 pigeons, 26yds. rise:

Carruthers	5	Staneland	3
N Wright	5	Bugg	3
George	4	Rice	3
Cockburn	4	Malvern	3

In the shoot-off Carruthers won the first prize, an antelope head; Wright second, a pair of buffalo horns. Third sweepstake, at 5 birds, 26yds. rise:

Cockburn	5	Newman	4
Leroy	4	Bugg	4
Hood	4	Thompson	4

George Staneland, Ayre, Kipps, Hawkesworth, Townson and Miller all retired. Cockburn took first prize and Leroy second.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY.—An interesting ceremony took place on Saturday, the 29th October, in Miss Oakley's tent at the "Wild West Exhibition," when Mr. Withers, on behalf of the Schultze Gunpowder Company, Limited, presented that lady with a gold medal commemorative of her stay in England. Mr. Withers said his visit was one in which pain and pleasure were involved—pain in having to bid Miss Oakley farewell, pleasure in handing her a token of appreciation from the Company he represented, which he hoped she would accept, with best wishes for her happiness and success "in storm or in sunshine, on land or by sea." Miss Oakley, with a grace peculiarly her own, expressed herself as being very proud of the gift, which she would much value, and desired Mr. Withers would thank his Company for her. She added, with much naïveté, that had she not found "Schultze" powder to be the best powder she had ever used it would have found no favor with her. The medal, which is of pure gold, is suspended by a colored ribbon from a clasp and bar, is circular in form with a cable edging and bears, in blue enamel, the company's trade mark, a closed hand grasping lightning, with the motto "Inter fulmina securus." Pendant from the medal is a smaller one of like pattern with the monogram A. O. likewise in enamel, on the obverse of the large is the inscription "Presented by the Schultze Gunpowder Company Limited, to Miss Annie Oakley, as a souvenir of her visit to England, and in appreciation of her skill in the use of Schultze Powder.—October, 1887."—*London Field.*

WELLINGTON, Nov. 26.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and some good scores were made in the merchandise matches at blue rocks and clay-pigeons. Perry was first in Class A, with 19, Gerry in Class B, with 17, and Snow and Wardwell scored a point in Class C, with 16 each. Following are the winners in the several sweepstake matches: 1. 6 blue rocks—Cobb first. 2. 6 blue rocks—Wardwell first. 3. 3 pairs blue rocks—Wardwell first. 4. 6 clay-pigeons—Perry first. 5. 6 blue rocks, merchandise match—Snow and Perry first, Warren and Gerry second, Wardwell and Melcher third. 6. 10 clay-pigeons, merchandise match—Perry first, Gerry and Wardwell second, Snow third. 7. 3 pairs blackbirds—Swift first. 8. 6 clay-pigeons—Gerry first. 9. 6 blackbirds—Gerry and Bradstreet first. 10. 6 clay-pigeons—Warren first. 11. 6 blackbirds—Perry first. 12. 6 clay-pigeons—Snow and Wardwell first.

FREEPORT, Ill., Nov. 16.—The shooting tournament for the diamond badge which represents the championship of Winnebago, Ogle, Stephenson, DeKalb, Boone, and Rock Counties, took place at Taylor's Park, in this city, to-day, and was an exciting contest. Twelve marksmen participated, and there were many spectators. The shooting was at 50 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, and in spite of the heavy wind which blew across the range, the scores were excellent. John T. Buker, of Rockford, won the emblem, with a score of 45; Dan Burrell, of this city, was second, taking first money, with a score of 43; Eugene Cahoon, of this city, the present holder of the badge, made 42. Six other events were on the programme, and Cahoon made the biggest winning in the way of purses. The next tournament will be held in Rockford early in December.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... { Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	Henry Stanton...	R. W. Bailey.....	E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div.	L. Q. Jones.....	Geo. M. Barney...	W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div.	A. D. T. McGachen.	W. G. McKendrick.	S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

A NEW DIVISION OF THE A. C. A.

THE necessity for a further division of the main body of the A. C. A. that remained after the Eastern and Northern Division was set off, and that has been known as the Central Division, has long been recognized by the leading men of the Association, and the only question has been as to when the proper time would come. It is now plainly evident that this time has arrived, and that the best interests of the Association demand a further carrying out of the scheme that has already resulted in two strong and firmly founded Divisions. The development of the sport has been most rapid within that section of the country between New York city and Canada for several reasons. First, New York was the original home of canoeing in the modern sense, the first canoes being imported by New York men, the first, and for many years the only American canoe club being formed there, and canoeing was kept alive for the ten years between 1870 and 1880 mainly by the few New York canoeists. Secondly, Canada was the home of the Indian canoe, or rather its modern successor, the open basswood canoe, as well as of the single paddle, and canoes were very widely used there for hunting, fishing and camping long before canoe clubs, associations and sailing races were thought of. The waters between New York and Canada were well suited for canoeing, and were the favorite cruising grounds of the New York canoeists, and besides their many natural advantages the fact that Lake George, the central spot of all, was the home of the man to whom, above all others, the origin of the American Canoe Association is due, Mr. N. H. Bishop, helped to bring it into deserved prominence, and to make it the birthplace of the young Association.

With New York on the one hand and Canada on the other, and with the best of canoeable water between, it was but natural that the growth both of canoeing and of the A. C. A. should be more rapid here than in more distant parts, and such has been the case, while so near the old home of the A. C. A., its influence has been stronger, and there has been a smaller proportion of unattached canoeists. Year by year, however, the number of canoeists has increased throughout the country at large, but the influence of the Association has decreased with the distance from its central point, which has naturally remained where most convenient for the great majority of its members; and to-day there is a very large number of active canoeists outside of the Association, and many not even members of clubs. It was to meet the widening circle of American canoeing and to take in the many new recruits that the scheme of divisions of the A. C. A. was established, and thus far we have seen its successful working in two cases.

Within the last three or four years canoeing has advanced very rapidly within the territory drained by the Passaic and Hackensack, the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Potomac rivers, and to-day there is a very large body of canoeists on these streams and their branches. The growth has been spontaneous, fostered to a great extent by the impulse given to canoeing by the A. C. A. and its meets, but still not directly due to any organized effort of the Association. Men have taken up canoeing, here one or two, there half a dozen, and in time a number of clubs have been formed.

Of course in New York city, which virtually forms the eastern limit of this territory, the A. C. A. has been well represented; in Pittsburgh, the extreme western point, there has been an active club of A. C. A. members, while Trenton, Philadelphia and Washington have been in intimate connection with the Association through members resident in these places. Altogether about 180 A. C. A. men are scattered over the territory in question, but beside these there are many canoeists who are not members. The small clubs and the many unattached canoeists owe their introduction to canoeing not to the direct efforts of the A. C. A. men, as is the case in some parts, but to the general spread of canoe literature, the accounts of meets and cruises, and the prominence given to the sport since the formation of the Association. Not coming directly within its influence, and being unable on account of the distance to visit the meets, these men have never fully understood the aims and methods of the A. C. A., and have never realized that it would be to their benefit to join it. Gradually, however, as the number of canoeists has multiplied, the ideas of a union and of meets of some kind have taken form, and to-day there are several groups in various places ready to organize in some manner. On the Passaic there are a hundred active canoeists, about Philadelphia there are many more, and local meets of some kind are now being projected for the spring. The following letters voice several opinions on the subject, and the last one puts the matter of organization in a definite shape by a proposal for a preliminary meeting:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Philadelphia, Nov. 17.—I see by the FOREST AND STREAM that at the last meeting of the A. C. A. a discussion arose regarding a new division. Now this may be new to the members of the A. C. A., but it has been talked about for some time in the vicinity. Now, our idea was this: That the Central Division comprised that section lying in the vicinity around New York city and the State, including Newark, Paterson, etc., and it was our intention to form a new division to be known as the Southern Division, A. C. A., and including that section from Trenton south, Harrisburg, Washington, etc. When you get as far as Pittsburgh the majority are members of the W. C. A. The object of forming a separate division is this: If we were included in the Central Division and a division meet were held (which would be in the vicinity of New York city), it would be as inconvenient for Washington canoeists to be present as it is for New Jersey canoeists to be present at Lake George. This has been a matter of discussion in this neighborhood for several seasons, but was not carried out owing to the scarcity of clubs in the South, but this is not now the case; we have in Philadelphia alone five canoe clubs and about fifteen men not club members, but this is not all, the Delaware has in its many corners many more clubs, viz., at Wilmington, Trenton, Bristol, etc., which are never heard from, owing chiefly to the little attention paid to progress in this direction. The matter has come before the clubs at the proper time and action should be taken immediately so as to have it settled one way or another before the next canoeing season opens, which could very easily be accomplished in this way.

Let the canoeists of Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Trenton, and Washington, each hold meetings in their respective cities and elect each an officer for the division, and these officers could agree to meet in some way and select some spot for a local meet next season. At a recent meet of the Keystone C. C., of Philadelphia, (after transacting club business), it was decided to hold a local meet under the auspices of the Keystone Club (and not by individual persons as it was last season), and all persons who wish to attend will please communicate with me and their letters will be read to the club for action. The meet will be held during that week of May 30, 1888, on the Delaware River. It is to be hoped that southern men will take hold of this matter and not be the only district in the United States that is not officially represented in the A. C. A. Messrs. R. Binder, Jr., and Geo. Comly and Capt. Norgrave were appointed a committee to act, and letters should be addressed as follows on both matters, viz., the division and local meet: R. BINDER, JR., Keystone C. C.
635 NORTH ELEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your editorial, that you are in favor of an Atlantic Division of the A. C. A., to be formed at once. That opinion is the wish of three members of our club, the fourth is absent from the city, but I think that is his desire also. All the members will probably join the ranks, if the Atlantic Division is formed and a meet held at salt water. A. S. PENNINGTON, Paterson C. C.
PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am too long a distance from your last week's correspondent, "Essex," to meet him personally, I should like to shake hands with him through the medium of your paper. Let me say to "Essex" that he is a man after my own heart. I should like to cruise all summer with him, and I think we could cruise without the quarreling that canoeists are alleged to do, especially when there are only two of them. What a pity it is that we have not more men like him in the Association. I think the officers would like it better and have an easier time than they do. I am willing to wager that if the executive committee should decide to hold the meet at Lake George more than fifty per cent of the canoeists who have never attended any of the meets, or never will, would have preferred to have had it at the Thousand Islands or on salt water. The FOREST AND STREAM covered the ground of a salt water meet perfectly last week, and pointed out the troubles, which were by no means imaginary ones. Now, I have a plan which might work and save a great deal of talk and letter writing.

Let each Division have a meet of their own. It was done by the Northern Division this year and was a success. Then we could have one at Lake George, another at Grindstone, and the Eastern and Southern could have a salt-water, if they want it. That ought to suit everybody. They might be arranged so that one could attend all of them. Now for the races for a perpetual cup. Why not appoint a man for each Division as time keeper for a special race, and make the races against time. Of course it would be considerable trouble making the wind blow alike at each meet, and making the tides and currents alike, but the executive committee wouldn't mind such a thing as that. I merely offer this as a suggestion to put an end to yearly argument as to where the meet shall be held.

I myself never attended a meet, business always interfering, but I should have done if it had been possible, and I am sure I should not have said to the officers "If I cannot have the meet where I want it I will not belong to it at all." Now, one word of advice to the officers of the Association, when you are advised by anybody to do so and so, tell them to—well, give it to them so hard they will never try to give you any more advice. Not to be influenced by anything you see in the papers (the kickers will kick anyway), and to go into the bomb business and keep several on hand to use on those canoeists who pay more dues in good advice and indifferent suggestions than in solid cash.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 22. GRACIE L.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion as to the location of the next general meet of the A. C. A. has developed the fact that in the present Central Division the majority of the members are residents of the section comprising the waters of the Hudson within 60 miles of New York, New York Bay, Newark Bay, the Passaic River, Shrewsbury River, the waters surrounding Long Island, and the New York shore of the Sound up to the Connecticut line—all salt water. The number of A. C. A. members in this section now enrolled in the Central Division mounts up to 181 as against 134 left for the remainder of the State and the whole country not now included in the present Northern and Eastern divisions. Also, in the salt-water section above outlined there is a large number of men who own canoes, some of a larger class than any in the Association, but men thoroughly imbued with the spirit of canoeing. This number has been variously estimated at from 50 to 200. In my judgment, 100 is well within the actual number. Now, under these circumstances, it seems to me very desirable that A. C. A. members of this section take the action provided for by the present constitution, and apply for a new division under the name of the "Seaboard," "Atlantic" or "Salt Water" division.

One of the arguments used at the late executive meeting against considering a salt-water meet was, that the A. C. A. was not a missionary body. From this argument I respectfully wish to dissent. I hold that the general association is most emphatically a missionary association in that it is intended to unite the whole body of canoeists throughout the country. With that object, the clause providing for rotation of the general meet was inserted, with that object the formation of the Eastern and Northern divisions was advocated, and with the same object have advances been made time and again to the men of the present Western Canoe Association.

It would seem as if the separate existence of this latter association should have warned the present governing body against repeating the error of ignoring a section containing a body of men interested in the sport, already large enough to form a working association of their own outside of the A. C. A., and only kept from doing so by the efforts of present A. C. A. members, who have assured them again and again that the A. C. A. would soon have a salt-water meet which they could attend and see for themselves the pleasures and benefits to be derived from being part of so magnificent and united a whole. However, under our admirable constitution we have another remedy, that which I have suggested above, viz., to form a new division of present A. C. A. members and to invite our fellow canoeists and single-hander cruisers to join us. A meeting can be held in New York, organize for the election of officers, apply for admission as the Seaboard (or other) Division, and have the application acted on by mail by the Executive Committee in ample time to start the boating season with a defined plan for a local meet on salt water under the division officers, say two weeks in advance of the general meet next August. The co-operation of the Passaic River clubs has been solicited, and personally I hope this action may seem preferable to them to forming the independent association they have talked of. I am confident that we can have a local meet on salt water next summer, which, in point of attendance, will be far ahead of the general meet on Lake George, which many do not want to revisit, and which will give fairer sailing tests than can possibly be hoped for on the broadest part of any mountain-surrounded lake, no matter how beautiful. From investigation made prior to presenting the matter to the meeting at Albany, I know that the trouble of getting fresh water and of beaching boats on tidal beaches can be oviated, and that being the case, if we have not energy and executive capacity to make such a meet a success, we deserve to be passed over again as we have been heretofore.

I therefore invite A. C. A. members and other canoeists interested to meet at 247 Fifth avenue, New York, on Friday, Dec. 9, at 8 o'clock P. M., to organize and apply for admission as a new division and to take such further action as may seem necessary in the premises. Under the constitution a quorum of any division containing 100 members is twenty members. A full attendance of all interested is, therefore, hoped for.

WM. WHITLOCK, A. C. A. 35.

That action will result in one or more quarters very soon seems certain, and it is not necessary now to go into any argument to prove that the best and most effective step that can be taken will be the simplest one, the organization of a fourth division of the American Canoe Association, according to the method prescribed by the Constitution. Failing in this step, the only other contingency would be the formation of a number of small and isolated bodies, actually but large and badly constituted local clubs, even though under the more ambitious title of association. For instance, the canoeists on the Passaic already number enough to form an organization of their own, independent of the A. C. A., and the canoeists of the Delaware might soon form another, but there could be no harmonious action, and the two would work solely for their own interests, and in the end canoeing would gain but little.

The advantage of such a division would be plain enough as far as the present members of the A. C. A. are concerned, it would at once establish a division meet that would travel in a far narrower circle than the A. C. A. meet, and so come each year more nearly within reach of the members of this section, while it would, as soon as the plan is fairly working, insure the A. C. A. meet within the division at least as often as anywhere else. Naturally it would increase the membership of the entire Association, and at the same time give the division a larger and more powerful representation in the A. C. A. than the members now within the same extent of country enjoy as a part of the Central Division.

It is not enough, however, that it should benefit the present members or those who would naturally join in time, but to fill the required end it must bring the Association directly to every canoeist now within its borders. It has been urged by many that the A. C. A. was so far from them and its benefits so few that there was no use in them joining, and this no doubt has been to a certain extent true. The work of organizing a national association, begun and carried out for some time by a very few earnest canoeists, has been by no means an easy task. That it has yet been fully successful none of its friends claim, but what it has done is easily shown by a comparison of the growth of canoeing in the first ten years, from its introduction in 1870 to the foundation of the A. C. A. in 1880, with the growth during the seven years that have since elapsed. It must be remembered that the first period was coincident with the greatest development of canoeing in England, while here it is marked by an unusual interest in water sports, from which rowing in particular benefitted, and yet canoeing was with difficulty kept alive. The rapid growth of canoeing is so nearly coincident with the origin and growth of the A. C. A., and the leaders in the latter are so intimately connected with all the improvements in canoes that there can be no question as to cause and effect. It was not the increase of canoeing which led to the Association, but the long and untiring efforts of a handful of canoeists in advance of the times who formed the Association and used it as a lever to raise canoeing. It is to the leaders in the A. C. A. that canoeists to-day are indebted for the vastly improved canoes, the many new rigs, the dozens of minor conveniences and for the entire literature of canoeing, in itself an aid that all the old hands were deprived of. Looking at these results who can say that the A. C. A. has been a failure, or that because it does not give to each and every member who pays a dollar, a meet on his own duckpond, that he is under no obligations to aid it. That much remains to be done before it can be brought within the reach of all in the territory which it now attempts to cover, is very certain, but the work is going on faster and faster. The scope of the Association is widening, the details are being further perfected, more able men are being enlisted in the work each year, while the progress within the last two years is particularly encouraging.

Now, we have no sympathy with those who complain that the A. C. A. is of no use to them, that they cannot visit the meets, and that they will not join until they can. Seeing that all is not perfect, they stand aloof and refuse to have anything to do with it; when it just suits the individual ideas of each and gives him a meet at home, he will step forward and pay up—two cents per week through the year. That it has done much and is each year doing more for canoeing counts but little, that nearly every man on the roll is working for its improvement; all this counts for nothing with many. It never seems to occur to them that if all joined and lent their efforts, more could be accomplished. There is no money in working for the A. C. A.; it costs something to hold every office, time and money too, but these are freely given for the Association, for the members individually, and for American canoeing; and when a man declines to aid the work until he can see that he is sure of exactly 100 cents of benefit in return for the dollar invested, we have little sympathy for his complaints as to distance, etc.; but, at the same time, it may be worth while to show to those unwilling ones that the return can be had in a little time.

It is impossible to hold any meet at a point that will accommodate all the men who wish to attend, otherwise it would be but a local meet of all the men in a big city, or on a part of one river. The best that can be done is to rotate the meets throughout the allotted territory, in such a manner as may be fair to the majority of canoeists who belong to the body. This plan is now in practical operation in the Association itself, though some difficulty has at first been experienced which is unlikely to occur again; and it is proposed to apply the same to the division meets. It is not in every central locality that a suitable camp and courses can be found, and the location must be governed by this and by the transportation facilities, but the aim is to hold the meet in different sections of the division in turn, as far as consistent with these requirements. There will still be some who will have to travel a distance, in whose locality the meet can never be held, but in the main it will be within easy reach of the majority. Further than this the division should so promote the interests of canoeing that every waterside town and village should have a canoe club, no matter how small, the members all in the Association, used to working together, and fully capable of holding such small meets as may prove a substitute in the years when the division meet is too far away for a general attendance from the section.

The area of the Eastern Division, excluding the Maine wilderness, where no canoeists are likely to dwell, is about 40,000 square miles; the division we have to propose would contain about 60,000, leaving in the Central Division about 50,000. As to distance, each division would, roughly speaking, be inclosed in a circle of about 150 miles' radius, while the distance from extreme points in any division would be not over 300 miles, or say one night's ride by rail at an expense of about $10 for the return trip. This would represent about the maximum distance which a man would have to travel to reach a meet, while often it would be very much nearer. This is all that any one can ask for a meet of any size; it cannot be held near to him every year without injustice to many others, and when he is at too great a distance he must depend on a still smaller local meet with others situated as he is for the year. This, however, will be less of an evil as the number of canoeists increases, as it will always be possible to get together men enough in any

locality for a small meet. It may be said that this can be done at any time without the aid of the A. C. A.; but thus far it has not been successfully accomplished, and it would seem that some stronger union and some practice in the management of affairs of this kind, both of which the A. C. A. gives, were necessary even to the success of local meets.

To go now further into the plan of the proposed division, the present Central Division is the residue left after the setting off of the Eastern and Northern Divisions, and comprises all the United States outside of the former Division, the Eastern States. The new Division would comprise the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland, with that part of New York below the Highlands of the Hudson. Political boundaries are of little consequence in such a Division, but the leading waters form a far better system of grouping. In this case they would be the lower Hudson and New York Bay, the Passaic, Hackensack, Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac, Monongahela and Allegheny rivers and Chesapeake Bay. The northern limit would be a line drawn across New York and Pennsylvania through the upper corner of New Jersey at Port Jervis; the eastern limit the lower Hudson below Peekskill, the Atlantic coast from Sandy Hook to Cape Charles, the Potomac on the southwest, and the western boundary of the State of Pennsylvania. This would leave in the actual Central Division the State of New York and a part of Pennsylvania. A look at the map will show that it would not be possible to have a meet which would be in each different part in turn, but the great bulk of the canoeists in this section would for the present be east of the Susquehanna River, and the meets would naturally be held up and down the coast between New York and Washington, and inland as far as possible. This, of course, would not be quite fair to the canoeists of Warren and Pittsburgh, but it would be better than at present, and the best that can be done until the number of canoeists in that vicinity has increased. The waters of Long Island, which would be included, the Delaware, Lake Hopatcong, and Chesapeake Bay, would give fine sites for the Division and the A. C. A. meet, and would afford far greater facilities for the men in this section than the A. C. A. has yet been able to give.

The A. C. A. book shows a membership of about 315 in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, including the District of Columbia, and the proposed division of this area would leave about 135 members in the Central Division, and about 180 men in the new division. How many actual canoeists there are in the same territory is not definitely known, but by the list of canoe clubs in the *American Canoeist* there are 32 clubs within its boundaries, ranging in membership from 60 down to 4 or 5. In only 17 out of 32 clubs on the list is the membership given, and this foots up 351 men, so that the club membership must make a total of at least 500 canoeists. It is safe to add at least another 200 to this for the unattached canoeists, but we will assume that the number of active canoeists within the new division will be but 500. With such a body of men it would be possible in a couple of years to work up a strong and compact organization that would exceed in numbers and power the original A. C. A. as it was for the first five years of its existence. Instead of trying to draw men to its meet from a distance of 500 miles or more, the greatest distance would not be more than 150 or 200 miles, and there should be no difficulty in securing an attendance of 150 to 200 men at a division meet, or as large a number as would be desirable.

The expenses of the A. C. A. meet, as per report of the Secretary-Treasurer, were within $250, and a division meet would cost still less if properly conducted, or not over $200. It is probable that in the future the A. C. A. meet each year will be combined with one of the division meets in turn, the expenses being borne by the division, so that no direct tax for the annual A. C. A. meet will be needed. The full details of the plan are not yet perfected, but all seems to be working in that direction, to establish a circle of meets, each solely under the control of a division, and to make each in turn the official gathering of the A. C. A. for the year, the Commodore being in command, the Trophy being raced for, and consequently the best sailors of the Association being present. The expenses of such a meet will be no greater than an ordinary division meet, so no part of the cost need fall on the A. C. A. as a body unless it be considered advisable to offer special prizes in the name of the Association, instead of those usually provided by the division. With a membership of 500 the expenses of the division should be little greater than for a quarter of the number, the cost of printing the necessary notices and programs is no more, the race program is the same, and there will be a few more prizes for 500 men than for 200, and the cost of wharf, officers quarters, A. C. A. tent, in short all the furniture of the camp will be no greater for a large number than for a meet of 150 men. The expenses per man could be reduced even below the present sum of a dollar, and with very much better returns to each member.

The call for a meeting is made to all canoeists interested in the formation of a new division on the plan roughly outlined above, but the movement for such a division can only come from men at present in the A. C. A. There are many details connected with the work of organizing a new division, but the object of the meeting is to discuss the best method of work with a view to bring in as many canoeists as possible and to make the A. C. A. and the division indispensable to each. With this end in view we would call the attention of canoeists who are not members to the constitution of the Association and to the reports of its meets and business proceedings as reported in the FOREST AND STREAM in order that they may familiarize themselves with its methods and aims and decide whether it is worth their while to join the work.

It is surprising, considering how much has been said and written about the A. C. A. that canoeists should still be in the dark in regard to it, but the correspondence that comes to us from men outside of the Association, often in connection with some hostile criticism, shows an entire ignorance of the essential and prominent features, and we venture to say that those who have been most forward in finding fault have never visited a meet, never read carefully the laws and rules, and are in no way conversant with the practical advantages or defects of the A. C. A.

That it is not a failure is already proved, that it has done much both for canoeing in general and for individual canoeists is admitted, and its friends are now trying to do still more. Is it then to the advantage of each canoeist to try and avail himself of the present benefits it offers and to lend his aid toward increasing them, or to stand aloof and criticise all that does not fall in with his individual crotchets? The A. C. A. will go on, with or without the aid of outside canoeists, but it is the wish of its leaders to make it truly a National Association, and as such to enlist every American canoeist in its service and to give him such a return that he will feel well repaid. Such is the object of the present movement in the Middle States, and we trust that canoeists will at least study the subject with the care and attention which it certainly deserves from every friend of canoeing. Before going into the details of the oganization it is desirable to have as full information as possible concerning the number of clubs and canoeists, and we shall be glad to have any expressions of opinion, pro or con, as well as the names both of clubs and canoeists, both club members and unattached, within the proposed territory, in time for the meeting on Dec. 9.

OTTAWA C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am afraid your readers must have thought the Ottawa C. C. was defunct, but quite the contrary is the fact, we have all been so busy with the paddle that we have forgotten the pen. Now Dame Winter forces us to give up the former, so we naturally resume the latter. I send you as a first instalment a table of our fortnightly paddling races. These races were paddled over a course a measured half mile. All our paddling races, with the exception of a seven mile race in the regatta, were a mile long with a turn, and great care was taken to have the time taken accurately, two taking it independently and one checking the other. There were six races, the time is given in minutes and seconds. The time was not taken for the first race:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
A. O. Wheeler.....	2d	12 13	11 40	9 19	11 35	10 55
W. H. Cronk.....	5th	12 30	11 53	9 17	10 55	10 40
C. G. Rogers.....	1st	.. ..	12 09	9 18	11 25	.. ..
R. W. Baldwin.	Broke paddle.	12 38	12 10	9 15	.. ..	.. ..
F. H. Gisborne.....	...	12 25	11 58	9 25	11 47	.. ..
H. Roy.....	3d	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
J. S. Brough	4th	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
J. St. C. McQuilkin....	...	12 35	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
L. C. Labelle.....		.. ..	.. ..	9 45	.. ..	.. ..

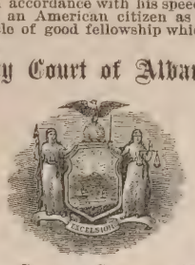
The result was that Mr. Wheeler carried off the cup. The cup was held once each by Messrs. Rogers and Baldwin, and twice each by Messrs. Cronk and Wheeler, but Mr. Wheeler's place in the other races was slightly the best, his lowest place having been fourth, while Mr. Cronk was in the first race fifth. The fourth race of the series was also one of the regatta races, as the time shows it was very closely contested. It was won by Mr. Baldwin, who was in a 14½ft.x25in.x10in. canoe, which was bought especially for the race, as Mr. Baldwin was previously handicapped with a heavy decked canoe. The other canoes were considerable larger, the one in which I paddled, 15ft.x28in.x11in., being the nearest to it in size. FRANCIS H. GISBORNE, Secretary Ottawa C. C.

OTTAWA, Nov. 16.

CIVIS AMERICANUS SUM.

AT the dinner in Albany on the occasion of the Executive Committee meeting, Vice-Com. Stanton presented to Com. Gibson a large American flag, with the wish that it might wave over the Commodore's tent at the next meet. In accepting it, Com. Gibson said that if anything were needed to persuade him to become an American in name the gift would be sufficient, but that he had long since decided to do so. The following legal document shows that he has acted in accordance with his speech; and we are glad to welcome him as an American citizen as well as an honored member of that circle of good fellowship which knows no political boundaries:

City Court of Albany.



STATE OF NEW YORK, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, ss.:

Be it known, That on the 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, Robert W. Gibson, formerly of England but now of the city of Albany, appeared in the CITY COURT OF ALBANY (the said Court being a Court of Record, having Common Law Jurisdiction, and a Clerk and Seal) and applied to the said Court to be admitted to become

A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

pursuant to the Acts of Congress of the United States of America in relation to naturalization.

And the said Robert W. Gibson having thereupon produced to the Court such evidence, made such declaration and renunciation, and taken such oaths as are by the said act required,

Thereupon, It is ordered by the said Court that the said Robert W. Gibson be admitted, and he is accordingly admitted by the Court, A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Witness: T. F. WILKINSON, JOHN W. WALSH and FRANKLIN M. DANAHER, Justices of said Court.

Seal of the City Court of Albany.

In testimony whereof, the seal of the said Court is hereunto affixed, this 21st day of November, 1887, in the 112th year of the Independence of the United States.

By the Court.

JNO. W. WALSH, Clerk.

CRUISING BOATS ON LAKE ERIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing in your issue of Nov. 8 the drawings of cruising boats similar to those in use on the west end of Lake Erie for several years, it occurred to me that some particulars of the latter might be of interest to your readers. A boat similar to the smaller was first designed about 1879 for Mr. T. D. Cone, of Toledo, by Messrs. Hepburn Bros. of that place, for use around the Lake Erie islands, and is still in good shape. The dimensions are over all 13ft. 4in., l.w.l. 12ft., beam 4ft., depth amidships 1ft., at bow 2ft., at stern 20in., lapstreak build, ¾in. planking, ribs ⅝×⅞ spaced 8in. The boat is catrigged, but the board was omitted as taking up too much room, and a 5in. keel substituted. She was so successful that she became the favorite boat around the islands, being duplicated many times by the builders. These boats were so seaworthy that they were run between the islands in water that would have swamped an open rowboat. In the fall of 1884, the writer with a friend made a trip to Grand Lake, off Lake Huron, and on our return we were compelled to make the run down the latter lake, 25 miles, to Alpina to catch the steamer, in a blow from which vessels and barges were seeking shelter. We had on board two men, one of 145lbs. and one of 155lbs., two guns with ammunition, one tent with poles, blankets enough for fall cruising, cooking utensils, provisions, axe, two green deer pelts, two sets of antlers, fishing tackle, etc. The wind being fair and the little boat sitting well in the water with her large cargo, though the immense green rollers towering higher than her mast seemed ready to swamp her, she rode them like a bird, and as she lifted from between them up to the crest and down on the other side, she seemed more like a live thing than an inanimate object. We again disembarked from the steamer at Port Huron and cruised home. In crossing Lake Erie we were caught in an easterly breeze that stirred up old Erie to a threatening degree, and though we were compelled to travel in the trough of the sea in keeping our course, yet we did not ship a drop of water.

The larger boat was designed for another gentlemrn of this city about the year '82. Her dimensions were: Over all, 18ft.; l.w.l., 16ft.; beam, 5ft. 6in.; depth, bow, 2ft. 3in.; mid, 1ft. 4in.; stern, 2ft.; fitted with the ordinary centerboard and two sails of common fore and aft style. She was also lapstreak, planking ½in., ribs ½×⅞, spaced 8in. She, too, became a favorite, being equally seaworthy with the smaller boat and having greater carrying capacity, and she was rapidly duplicated, as the other boat had been. These boats would go out with full sail when the yachts had turned in reefs, and though they did not carry a pound of ballast, still they seemed as much at home in a stiff breeze as in light weather. A favorite diversion of the young sailors at Middle Bass was in half a gale, with three or four on the windward rail, to see how much the spars would stand, they having been dismasted several times under such circumstances.

The only difference between the Lake Erie models and those given in the FOREST AND STREAM seem to be a little more sheer, flatter floor, and slightly hollow waterline in the former.

No. 10, W. C. A.

AN AMATEUR'S EXPERIENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am a canoeist of whom you have probably never heard because I come from Mud Bank, Way Back county (Passaic River), N. J. My object in writing this letter is to give my experience, which I hope will tend to encourage young amateurs to do likewise.

In the summer of '84, when 16 years old, I was seized with a slight attack of canoe fever. One afternoon about 2 o'clock I started to build a canoe, and the next morning I launched it. Its dimensions were 13ft. long by 18in. beam, built of three 12in. pine boards, ¾in. thick, with the sides straight up. As it floated like a feather on the water—it startled one in its resemblance to a coffin, and such it came near proving to me. As I put my foot in it I noticed it was a little "cranky," so I thought it better to disrobe and prepare for a swim. I have heard of getting in one side of a canoe simultaneously with getting out the other, but in my case I could not find either side.

I took it home and drove some crosspieces from the middle toward the ends, thereby flaring the sides, and tried it again, which by repeating several times, proved a complete success. The canoe weighed about 30lbs. and paddled very easily. It was not constructed on scientific principles, however, and by an accident fell apart quicker than it was put together, which was doing remarkably well.

The next spring I espied a large roll of tin that had been originally on a roof, laid up in the top of the barn, so with my big brother's aid, ideas, etc. (he doing most of the work), as far as I can learn, I built the first tin canoe in the world.

We hammered and pounded the best part of a day trying to get the thing into shape, but it did seem as if for every kink we pounded out two and sometimes three would take its place. We at last launched Oina in the duck pond on our place as a paddling canoe 14ft.×30in.

That year I got a taste of sailing in my brother's canoe, the Idlemere, and consequently the following year I had sails on the Oina, which proved a success. The following spring, the present year, I built her entirely over, adding 6in. in length, two plate centerbords with tin trunks, which were very easily put in, and making a new rig with 85sq.ft. and gave her the more appropriate name of Old Ironsides.

I took her to Dundee Lake on the occasion of the Passaic River canoe meet, and much to my surprise won two races, the amateur built sailing and the standing paddling.

I arrived at camp about 10 P. M. all tired out, after a hard paddle against tide part of the way, so one of the Paterson boys said I might sleep in his canoe, the Wanda. It was a damp night, so I turned my canoe upside down on the bank, which, if possible, gave it a less prepossessing view to a beholder than if in the water. As I lay awake that night because the Radix centerboard handle had made its impression in the small of my back, even through my cork mattress, I heard the following short, but truthful dialogue as the moon shed her rayes on the canoe: "Humph, what a tub!" Then the answer: "Never you mind, she can get there just the same." As a natural consequence of bearing such an historic name I often hear very funny remarks about it while out sailing. I remember a few. "Why I thought she was dead and buried long ago." "Constitution forever." "She's painted to look like iron, isn't she?" "Let her go tinsides, ironsides is dead," etc.

By trusting to luck and good management, I have won a good many races. I do not say this egotistically, but simply to show that perseverance is sure to be rewarded.

I am sorry to say that on our river the racing is mostly left for older heads, who have professional built canoes. The younger canoeists seem to be afraid of going in races, because they say, "What can I do against so and so?" forgetting that to come in anywhere but last is an honor, and not a disgrace. No matter how good a sailor one may be, it is impossible to do as well in your first race as it is in your second, or your second as your third, &c. "Practice makes perfect," therefore I would always go in a sailing race, for practice if nothing else.

I think that everything possible should be done to encourage young canoeists, and not let them think that because some one else is older and has a better canoe, there is no hope for them. I think that Mr. Edgar, of Newburgh, has shown pretty clearly what one can do, and has earned a very enviable reputation; also Mr. Stewart has given the old salts a pretty good lesson on the other side of the Pond.

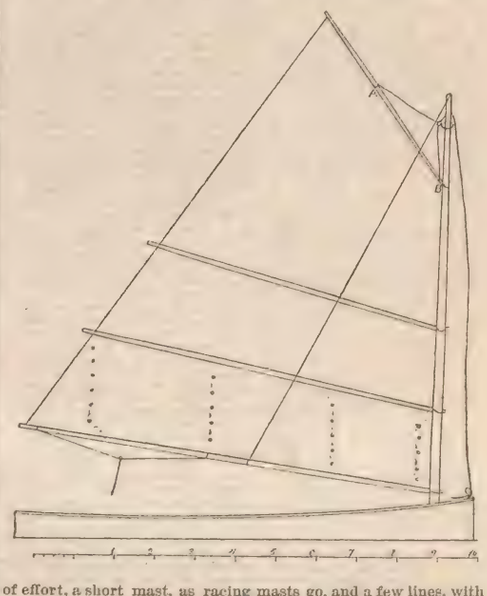
I suppose probably the youngest canoe club is the Amateur, of Passaic, which consists principally of canoeists about ten or twelve years old, who have canoes they built themselves. They turned out in full force at the meet, but did not do any racing, however, they have made a good beginning and are probably doomed to do greater things, possibly in a few years we shall hear of one of them either being President of the United States or Commodore of the A. C. A. OLD IRONSIDES, Ianthe C. C.

[Our correspondent is in error as to the first tin canoe, there were two at Lake George in 1880, built by amateurs, Messrs. Palmer and Frothingham, of Albany.]

THE TORONTO CANOE SAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sail shown in inclosed sketch has been used in the Toronto C. C. for a season, and has been found to answer very well. The canoes of the Toronto, Galt and Ubique clubs were thus rigged at the Northern Division meet last summer, and were very successful in the races. Mr. Fraser's open canoe Una won the sailing medal from all canoes, open and decked; while the open and decked sailing trophies of the T. C. C. have fallen to canoes similarly rigged. The advantages claimed for the sail are a low center



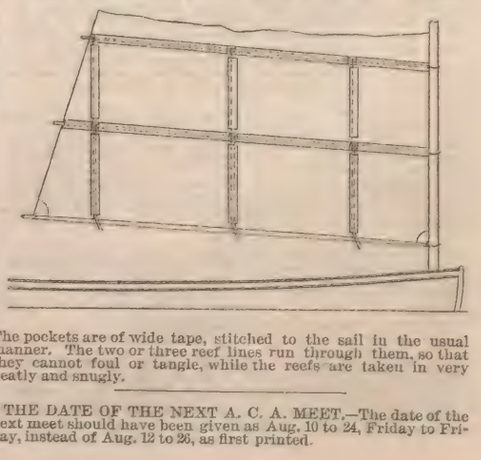
of effort, a short mast, as racing masts go, and a few lines, with no downhaul. While being a fair to cloudy racing sail, it is at the same time a good all-around cruising sail, that can be reefed and lowered at will. The dimensions are:

Mast, deck to head	10ft.
at deck, 2¾in	at head, 1in.
Boom	10ft. 3in.
Gaff	5ft.
Luff	7ft. 6in.
Leech	12ft. 9in.
Area	69sq.ft.

The sail is hoisted by a single halliard and lowers freely without a downhaul. The line B is made fast to the fore end of gaff, the other end being lashed to a brass ring around the mast, a thimble being also spliced into the end. The halliard A is fast to the gaff, then leads through the thimble to block at mast head, then down and through a block at stem head, serving as a forestay. In practice the sail hoists until the luff is taut, and any extra strain that is put on pulls directly on the leech. If the halliard be of cable-laid line it will not stretch, and the gaff when hoisted will hold in the same plane as the boom. After trying several elaborate methods of attaching the sail to the mast, with but poor success, I was glad to copy Com. Gibson's method, described in the FOREST AND STREAM, which is so simple as to recommend itself at first sight. The reeflines are passed in and out through grommets in the sail, spaced about 4in. apart, which makes a very neat reef. The boom and gaff are of bamboo, the mast of spruce, the battens of flat pine, 1x¼in. with edges beveled. The boom may be made a foot or 18in. shorter by cutting the sail down straight from the end of the first batten, but a 10ft. boom has not proved too much, provided it is well topped up. The total weight of sail, spars and rigging is 11lbs. W. G. MACKENDRICK, Toronto C. C.

A NEW DEVICE FOR REEF LINES.

MR. O. F. COE, of Jersey City, sends the accompaning sketch of a new device of his for reef lines. The rings are replaced by vertical pockets large enough to allow the lines to run freely.



The pockets are of wide tape, stitched to the sail in the usual manner. The two or three reef lines run through them, so that they cannot foul or tangle, while the reefs are taken in very neatly and snugly.

THE DATE OF THE NEXT A. C. A. MEET.—The date of the next meet should have been given as Aug. 10 to 24, Friday to Friday, instead of Aug. 12 to 26, as first printed.

THE A. C. A. AND THE CRUISERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question of a new class of canoes has been raised again by "Evadne," in the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM, and in seconding his proposal I would call attention again to the demands made in the past by the owners of various small boats and cruisers, not canoes, that their craft at least be recognized by the A. C. A. There are now hundreds of these boats, many of them manned by old canoeists, who are still thoroughly in accord with the spirit of canoeing. I am told that in the New York C. C., out of a fleet of thirty-five boats owned by the active members, eight are not canoes, there being one double end open boat, one canoe yawl, one Rushton cruiser, and five sneakboxes. In the Brooklyn C. C. the proportion of such craft is still larger, and there were five or six boxes and boats from this club alone at the last meet. This proportion is perhaps larger than in most other clubs, the sailing grounds being on open water, but there are many clubs on inland waters and rivers which boast from one to five boats outside the A. C. A. rules, and many of these not merely wide canoes, but a different class of boat entirely. It has been urged in the past that the A. C. A. was formed by and for canoe owners, and should be preserved as a purely canoe association, limiting the term to the generally accepted definition of a canoe by the A. C. A. rules. Many old A. C. A. men hold this view, and there is some ground for it, but the present question is not merely one of right, but of expediency. If it were only one of right, the owner of the large boat generally has a very strong argument. He says: "I am a canoeist, I have owned and used a canoe for years, I have supported my club and the A. C. A. I am still as deeply interested in their welfare as before, I still propose to follow the same camping, cruising and perhaps racing which I found so delightful in a small canoe, but I want now to use a larger boat, under different conditions, and I want still to do it under the A. C. A. flag. I do not propose to bring into the Association a sandbag racer or a steam launch, or to interfere with the interests or rights of the small canoe, but I propose still to sail alone a boat that I can handle as efficiently as I could my canoe, and that I can still camp in, cook in, cruise in and race in, and be captain and crew, as of old." There are some men owning these boats who have never been canoeists, but the majority have served their time in the small and ill-fitted canoe of a decade back, they have paddled their way through all the degrees of the craft, and now, when perhaps a visible increase of girth amidships suggests the advisability of a proportionate increase of the beam of their boat, or a touch of rheumatism now and then warns one that a wet jacket is not to be despised as it once was, they ask for a place about the same old camp-fire, albeit their new craft are not to the letter canoes. Of course they may own any boats they please and yet retain a membership in the Association, but is it asking too much that, as long as their boats conform to the spirit of canoeing in being bona fide single-hand craft, they should be officially recognized by the Association? The question of the expediency of the proposed change is a most important one, as, after the long and hard effort to establish the Canoe Association for the benefit and advancement of canoeing in its strict meaning rather than of sport in general, all would be loth to see these interests sacrificed to any other. The point, then, seems to be, "Will canoeing suffer if placed side by side with a larger class of boats?" It it be proved that they will, the matter is finally settled, as no member would vote for a change which would work to the detriment of the old canoe; but this has never been proved; many believe the contrary to be the case. The canoe is capable of a wider range of application than any other style of small craft, and were it a question which of the many varieties—canoes, sneakboxes, duckers, cruisers, small sharpies and similar craft—should be preserved and which wiped out, I should declare at once for the canoe. This, however, is not the existing state of affairs; the various craft live and prosper side by side with all the other boats, and further, I believe it to be fully capable of holding its own, either at racing or cruising, with most boat of much greater size. It is an indisputable fact, however, that for many purposes better boats than a canoe can be easily found; for instance, for a man who sails constantly on New York Bay and who does not need to house his boat in order to protect her, there are larger boats than a canoe that are far safer and more comfortable. They may not be capable of rail transport, and they may not be fitted for a run down the Delaware or the Susquehanna as a change from the monotony of salt water; but for the purpose for which their owners are able to use them they are superior to the canoe. Sneakboxes of all kinds have existed in the New York and Brooklyn clubs, sailing side by side with canoes, and yet they have not decreased the number of canoe owners and sailors by one; while, at the same time, no canoe would give to "Seneca" the same pleasure and advantages for his special work that his Cruiser offers. The experience in all clubs has, I think, been the same, that the admission and recognition of larger boats under suitable restrictions has increased rather than diminished the number of canoes and canoeists. I would not for a moment advise the admission to canoe races by any club of such a boat as a tuckup, or even something less extreme; such races can do no good and will only result disastrously to the smaller and better boat and in favor of the racing machine. Mixed races always to be avoided, as their tendency is to impress undesirable features on each class of boat, and often to produce a mongrel with the worst qualities of each, but the proposed change involves nothing of this kind.

All that is asked is that the A. C. A. shall set a limit of size for such boats as may fly its burgee and be regularly enrolled in its fleet, and whose owners shall be members of the Association. The great aim of the Association is, or should be, to encourage cruising of the kind that was once done almost exclusively in canoes, but now is done in a larger boat as well; and to do this thoroughly it is necessary that some official recognition of these boats should be made, and that their owners, where not members, should be invited to join. The membership is certain to increase, but there is no fear that the number of canoeists will decrease, the experience of the clubs shows to the contrary, and only good results can follow such a change. BIG CANOE.

ELECTRIC MOTORS FOR CANOES AND LAUNCHES.—The great advances of late in all branches of electrical engineering point to the speedy utilization of the electric motor for all cases where engines of moderate power are required, for street cars, small shops, boats and similar purposes. Already the subject of electric launches has received considerable attention, and now the difficulties met with in the earlier experiments have been in a measure removed, and further advances are probable in the near future. Mr. Rushton, who is generally up with the times in all that relates to small craft, has lately been experimenting with electric motors in various small boats of his build, and now has in the fair of the American Institute in New York an electric launch, a square sterned boat 15×36, fitted with an electric motor of ¼ H. P. Mr. Rushton has lately run a Vesper canoe with a ⅛ H. P. motor and four Julien storage cells charged from the local lighting plant at Canton, the weight of load, not including hull, being 463lbs., a large load for the canoe. With a 9in. wheel of poor form the speed over a measured mile was four miles, and a better wheel slowed the motor when connected direct. Geared down 1 to 3, better results were obtained, but the belt was not satisfactory. The results, however, were such as to indicate that with a hull modelled for a screw and not for sailing, a good 9in. wheel geared 1 to 3 or 4, and six Julien cells, a speed of five to six miles is easily possible. Mr. Rushton is now having built a "marine motor" of ½ H. P., and a hull 18×48, smooth built with counter, a regular launch model, and will have it on exhibition in New York shortly. He expects to put in the market a regular line of electric launches from 15×36 to 25×5ft. by spring.

THE LOCATION OF THE A. C. A. MEET.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Commodore Gardner's letter last week has, I trust, not come too late for the Executive Committee to consider the suggestion he makes. With the Association rapidly establishing its local centers, each with its own meet within the reach of the great mass of members, there is no good reason why the great racing meet should not go West in 1888—and the kindliness of the invitation makes it seem doubly desirable. Besides, we all want a chance at Cook. Lake George is played out.—A. C. A. RACER.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division.—The following gentlemen of Orillia, Canada, are desirous of becoming members of the A. C. A.: S. S. Robertson (was a member in 1883), W. J. Forbes, J. S. McPherson, V. C. Crockett, R. D. Moodie, W. W. Robinson, J. P. Secord, G. T. Tippeny.—S. BRITTON, Purser N. D., A. C. A.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By O. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Yachting.

"LOYALTY" VISITS BOSTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While in Boston last week I took the opportunity to look at the new fisherman, designed by Burgess. She is painted white, has a high bow somewhat like the pilot boat Hesper, No. 5, but a better stern and quarters. Her stern has more overhang than the conventional fisherman and less than the yachts; it is a sort of snubbed Volunteer. She has a plumb stem and no flare to the harpins, a nearly straight bow at the loadline for some distance back from the entrance. Her greatest cross section seems to be a little forward of her main rigging. She has a raking sternpost, and her greatest draft extends from the heel of the sternpost for 60ft. forward and is about 12ft. From there forward it rises into a well-cutaway forefoot. She is rigged like Sachem, with short foremast, long mainmast and long nose pole, with steel wire headstays. Her ballast is all inside and well spread out fore and aft, and on each side of the keelson about 6ft., iron and copper dross. Her standing rigging is of hemp, three parts. I think it is better for service in rough weather than wire. Her masts are of Oregon pine, two fine sticks set well forward. This I think is a mistake in a vessel intended for fishing, especially so in this vessel. Her greatest cross section is too far aft. To my mind her masts should be further aft, her greatest cross section further forward, more flare to the harpins, a clipper stem, and more draft under her forefoot. Most of the fishermen built in late years have sacrificed seaworthiness to speed, and it is not to be wondered at so many are lost. Stand on the wharves in Boston and you will not find one vessel in fifty that is properly sparred. They are sparred too much as yachts for speed with a ponderous main boom, the carrying away of which is no uncommon occurrence.

I also saw the new pilot boat Friend, built by Story at his yard in Chelsea, and designed by Martin (a rising young designer of considerable fame). A vessel somewhat smaller than the fisherman, with handsome sheer, plumb stem and sternpost, some flare to the harpins, about 10ft. draft a little forward of the sternpost, with a gradual rise from there forward to a well rounded forefoot. A light counter with a sort of V stern, somewhat wider than that of the fisherman and about the same overhang. Has her greatest cross section well aft and masts well foreward, the same defect as in the fisherman; and quite a sharp rise to her floor with a clean run and a fine bow. I should have liked her better with a clipper stem, more draft further forward, more flare to harpins and more draft under her forefoot. She has the old style bowsprit and jibboom. I saw Grayling at South Boston being modernized with lead keel and double head rig and English stern. I fail to see what could induce her owner to make these changes. It could not have been from fear of Sachem; in the only contest that has taken place between them Sachem was badly worsted; not only her, but Atlantic and Priscilla were beaten in windward work, a feat unparalleled by any schooner yacht in the world.

About the only defect noticeable in the Grayling is the position of her greatest cross section (I do not think designers pay enough attention to this), and were it not for her light draft it would be a positive detriment to her speed. Her counters were better than her quarters. A lead keel will not help her any, as in a wide, shoal vessel it admits of too rank an angle of heel, and in this vessel is not permissible. The double head rig is an advantage in cruising, but not for speed. I must have my customary rap at these mongrels, though that term hardly applies to the Volunteer, as she is mostly cutter; in fact, a "centerboard cutter." What has the American sloop to do with it? How amusing the expression the sloops Volunteer and Thistle? It does not look now as if there would be a contest for the Cup the coming season, as the deed of gift is so stringent. Why should the coming challenger be required to commit himself any more than his predecessors? What has there been about this year's contest to warrant such action? Was it that the designer chose to keep his movements to himself (which he had a perfect right to do) and that we were given such a fright, or is that the N. Y. Y. C. has got tired of footing the bills for Cup races? I can see no reason for changes in the rules, and that whoever be the coming challengers, they should have the same chance and sail under the same rules as those in the past (no more, no less). LOYALTY.

THE NEW DEED OF GIFT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After a careful study of the provisions of the new deed of gift, the only rational conclusion that can be arrived at is, that if Mr. Schuyler and the committee of the New York Y. C. had met for the expressed object of devising a method of forever retaining the America's Cup in their possession and of preventing any further contests for it, they couldn't possibly have hit upon a better means of achieving their object. For by the absurd conditions with which they have hedged it round they have clapped a stopper on any future challenges from British yachts; and as far as the promotion of international yacht racing is concerned, the America's Cup may as well have no existence, and that very excellent specimen of silverware may now be consigned to oblivion and relegated to the limbo of departed pots. HENRY E. BAGLY.

EXMOUTH, Eng., Nov. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me, as it must to every true yachtsman, that the new deed of gift adopted by the New York Y. C. is conceived in the same spirit of selfishness as pervaded the old rules, in which the N. Y. Y. C. persisted in holding to the old course, inside the Narrows, where it depended more on the knowledge of the pilot than on the merits of the yacht. The challenging party must build a new yacht, as the losing yachts are debarred from entering in another race for the Cup. The holders of the Cup have retained every advantage. I would like to hear other yachtsmen give their views on this subject, for if the Cup has to be competed for in that manner I am afraid that it will again go into obscurity until they modify the new rules or go back to the old ones. R. B. M.

DETROIT, Nov. 21.

The following letter has been received by the New York Y. C.:

John H. Bird, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., 62 Madison avenue:

DEAR SIR—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 3d inst., embodying the resolution of your club at their meeting of the 27th ult., and inclosing a copy of the new deed of gift relating to the America's Cup, for which I have to thank you.

I am instructed to state that Mr. Sweet's notice of a challenge is now, with the concurrence of our committee, formally withdrawn.

With much respect, I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM YORK, Secretary,

GLASGOW, Scotland, 151 Hope street, Nov. 16, 1887.

No further news of a challenge has been received, and it is unlikely that there will be a race next year as only a couple of weeks remain in which a challenge can be sent. The latest date it would be safe to set for the first race would be Oct. 15, so that the ten months' notice demanded would make it necessary to challenge by Dec. 15 at latest. Confiding challengers can throw themselves upon the chivalry of the New York Y. C. at any time, depending on the spirit of the club to waive a part of the ten months' notice, but it is hardly probably that any one will be innocent and trusting enough to do so. The *Field* of last week deals with the matter in plain language as follows: "To prevent any other club tinkering the conditions in a similar way the club which may win the Cup will have to covenant that the present unsportsmanlike conditions shall not be altered. Copies of the conditions have been sent to British and foreign yacht clubs, with a letter to the secretary very similar to the one issued thirty years ago. The letter, after recommending enthusiasm on the part of the contestants, winds up with the declaration that any races for the Cup will be conducted on strictly fair terms by the New York Yacht Club; but if the club is to be the sole judge of "fair terms" we do not think they will inspire enthusiasm. The New York Y. C. has for the past three years pointed to the races with Genesta, Galatea, and Thistle as evidence that it wished and was always willing to give fair terms to all challengers; but whether this is so or not, it will be very hard, with its latest action placed before foreign yachtsmen in hard and fast legal phrases, to persuade any one that the club has reserved to itself certain rights simply for the purpose of waiving them for each challenger. If it ever was the intention of the club to give fair terms and make an equal match, as it may do by the sixth clause of the deed of gift; why in every other portion of the deed has it reserved the right to act unfairly if it pleases?

A THREE-TONNER FOR AMERICA.—A member of the Corinthian and Larchmont clubs will bring out a 3-ton racer, about 28ft. by 4ft. 6in. for next season.

THE SAILING BOATS OF TORONTO BAY.

WE give this week another example of the class of boats mentioned in our issue of Nov. 17, a boat for rougher and more open water, and used entirely for sailing.

Toronto Bay on Lake Ontario, is the home of a fleet of small boats, and much racing is done there through the season. The Clio, whose sail plan is here given, is the champion for the present year and is a good example of her class. She is of pine, lapsteak, of ⅝in. plank, and is 16ft. long, 3ft. 8in. beam, and decked for 4ft. 6in. forward, 2ft. aft, and with waterways of 4 to 6in., the coaming being 2in. high. The leading dimensions of the rig are:

Mast, deck to head		15ft.
	from stem	3ft.
	diameter, deck	3in., head 1in.
Bowsprit, outboard		5ft. 6in.
Boom		18ft.
Yard		10ft. 6in.
Spinaker boom		15ft.
	hoist	14ft.
Jib, luff		14ft.
	foot	8ft.
	leech	12ft.
	area, square feet	49
Mainsail, foot		12ft. 6in.
	luff	10ft.
	head	10ft.
	leech	19ft. 9in.
	tack to peak	19ft. 6in.
	clew to throat	19ft. 6in.
	area, square feet	190

The sails are of light drill, the roping on leech only extending as high as the reefs. The centerboard is of 3-16in. iron, weighing 85lbs., 4ft. long and 3ft. deep. It is sharpened on the forward edge. The boat is double-ended, so the main sheet works on a high traveler over the tiller. The rules under which the races are sailed are as follows:

1. No shifting ballast. 2. Standing rigging shall be allowed. 3. Time allowance to be two seconds per inch per mile of supposed ten mile course. Boats having decking, if of benefit to boat on the day of the race, to allow open boats two minutes on the course. 4. Start to be made at 3 P. M., and race to be finished by 6:30 or no race. 5. All buoys to be left on the port side on inside course, and on the starboard side on the outside course. 6. In case of a protest the boat protesting must hoist a flag in a conspicuous place on the starboard side, and protest must be entered in writing with the sailing committee within twenty-four hours after the race. Note—The sailing committee have authority to reject any boat they do not consider to be a skiff.

The two courses of the club are each ten miles, one the inner course, two rounds entirely within the bay, the other through the bay and round the island into the open lake.

PACIFIC YACHTING.—Despite every endeavor of the local amateur sailors to maintain the interest in yachting matters, the fleet of pleasure craft becomes smaller every year. The owners of the large yachts belonging to the Pacific and San Francisco clubs, invariably pose as the representatives of the sport on this coast, much to their own satisfaction, no doubt, but when any really active work is done, whenever there is a lively club sail, the Corinthians will be found to be the moving spirits. The large yachts are apparently a damper to the sport, their owners are an incumbrance, and their pretensions are a sham. The cruises of the Pacific and San Francisco clubs have been failures this year. The races, if such they could be called, have amounted to nothing, and the members seem to be utterly discouraged. Since the Aggie has been sold and the Halcyon has gone on a hunting voyage, there is no chance for a race for the big schooners. Only the small fry are left, and the enthusiasts have all centered in the Corinthian Club. Every successful event is due to their enterprise and push, and to them all the credit is due. The other organizations will have to receive new blood and new yachts before they can hope to compete in popular estimation with the younger club. A collection of men who happen to be possessed of a fair share of the world's goods does not constitute a yacht club by any means.—*California Newsletter.*

TRIPLE EXPANSION FOR SMALL YACHTS.—A small steam launch of steel is now being built by Garland & Co., of Boston, to be fitted with triple expansion engine. The hull is 31ft.×4ft. 6in., with 2ft. 8in. draft, the wheel being beneath the rudder. The cylinders are 3¼, 6 and 9½in.×9in.; both they and the bedplate being of steel. The H. P. cylinder has a piston valve, and the I. P. and intermediate are fitted with Frick valves. The piston rod, valve spindles, and crank shaft are of steel, and the standards for the cylinders of steel tubes. The connecting rods are of bronze. In some places ball bearings are used, but the thrust bearing is fitted with an improved device of the builders. The steel boiler will be of the locomotive type, with Howden's system of forced draft and Ferranda's grate bars. Another boat to be built by the same firm will be 57×10ft., with triple expansion engines 7, 11 and 18×12in.

A RACING CLASSIFICATION.—The committee on classification appointed in the spring by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., has lately been in communication with the New York, Atlantic, Larchmont and Eastern clubs, in regard to a uniform system to be adopted by all for the term of five years. The E. Y. C. has been unable to send representatives, but committees have been appointed by the others, and several conferences have been held, the result being that the system of classification first offered in the FOREST AND STREAM has been recommended. A definition of waterline and a clause agreeing to an adoption for a period of five years, form important additions to the scheme which will soon be submitted to the club for ratification.

BURLINGTON (VT.) Y. C.—Yachting matters are looking up on Lake Champlain. The Burlington Y. C. has just completed handsome new quarters, at a cost of $5,000. The club membership includes 200 names. The fleet is composed chiefly of sharpies and light drafts, not well suited to the puffy winds and choppy waters of the lake. Mr. W. S. Phelps will make a new departure in model and rig for next season with a handsome craft of the cutter type, designed by Mr. C. P. Kunhardt, of New York. This yacht will be 32ft. long on deck, 24ft. waterline, 6ft. beam, and 5ft. draft, with a large portion of outside ballast. The cabins will be spacious with 5ft. 9in. headroom. Lower sail area 625 sq. ft.

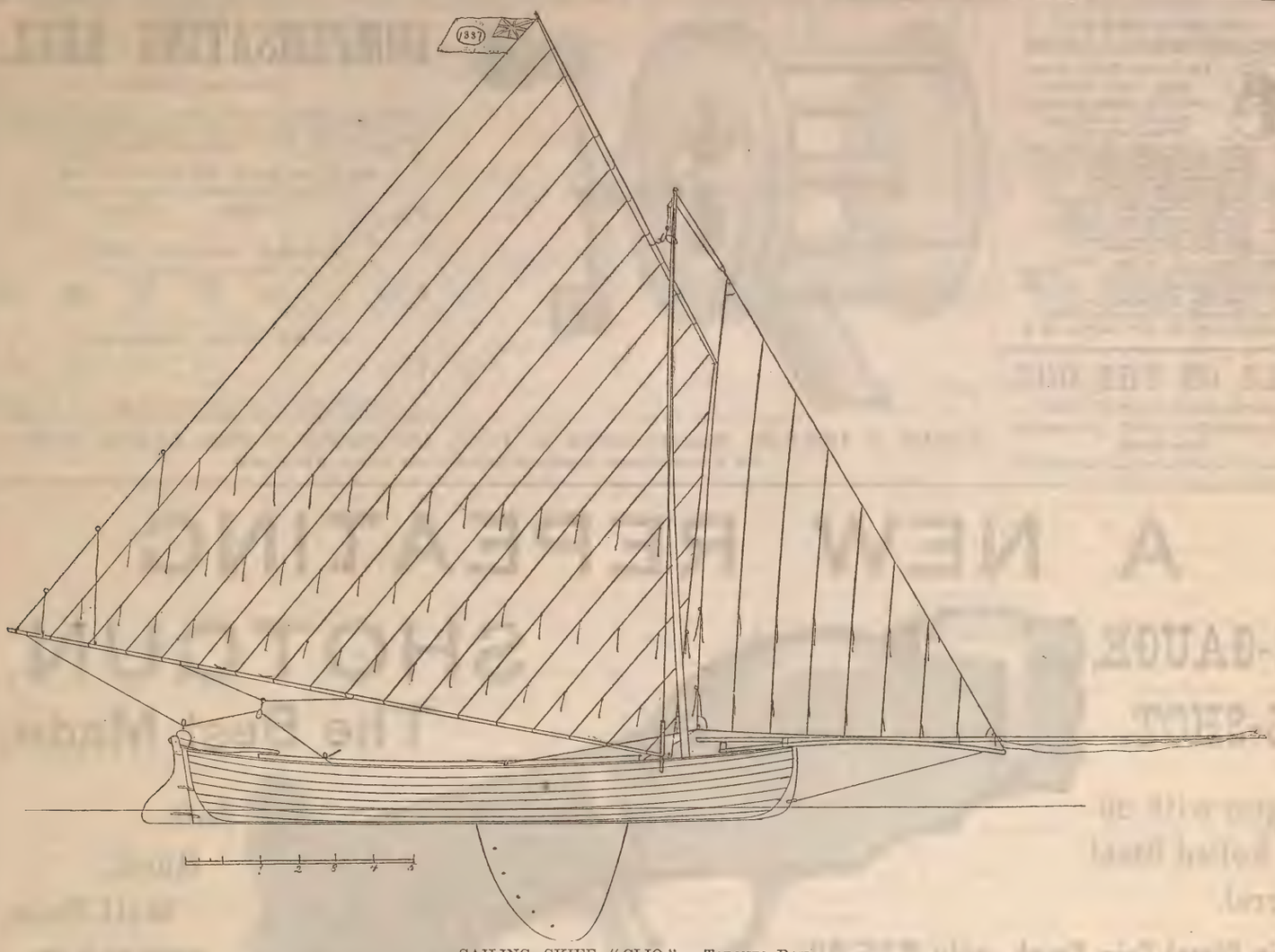
"STEAM YACHTS AND LAUNCHES,"—L'auteur passe en revue dans cet ouvrage les different types de machines employés dans les yachts à vapeur d'Amerique, dont le nombre est très considerable et se développe chaque année. Il y a donc la une source d'informations précieuses, car les Américains, avec leur esprit pratique, ont dû certainement rechercher et adopter, pour leurs embarcations à vapeur, les appareils les plus commodes et les plus avantageux. Un grand nombre des planches et de figures, intercalées dans le texte, donnent beaucoup de varieté et ajoutent à la clarté de ce petit volume, imprimé d'ailleurs avec grand luxe, sur très beau papier.—*Le Yacht.*

MORE ABOUT HOLLOW SPARS.—We learn that the spars made by W. K. Pryor & Co., for the Em Ell Eye, mentioned last week, were so much lighter than the old ones that no less than 900lbs. of ballast was dispensed with in her racing this year. The old mast weighed 260lbs., the new one but 90; the old gaff 40lbs. the new one but 15. The wooden shell of the mast was but ⅝in. thick, but owing to the envelope of cloth and paper it was fully strong enough. Messrs. Pryor & Co. now have every facility at the new shop at South Boston, for manufacturing hollow spars of all kinds.

A SAN FRANCISCO CUTTER.—We have received a photograph of a 24ft. cutter, built after lines published in "Small Yachts," by three amateurs of San Francisco, G. W. Harrold, W. P. Harrold and Alpheus Ball, Jr. The yacht is a very creditable production and was built by her Corinthian owners during nighttime and holidays, all the rigging and ironwork being of their own manufacture. The yacht sailed well in the strong winds of San Francisco Bay under yawl rig, but will now be tried as a cutter.

CAVALIER.—A schooner by this name, to be used for pleasure purposes, is now building at Glen Cove, L. I., for Col. George Duryea, late owner of the schooner Republic. The new boat will be a keel vessel 76ft. over all, 65ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, and 9ft. 6in. draft. When New York adds such flyers as this and the new Harlequin to her pleasure fleet Boston will have to look to her laurels or she will be left far astern.

NIRVANA.—This schooner, once the sloop Julia, has lately been changed again, her trunk being removed and a keel substituted. She was originally a centerboard boat, but at various times has had a keel, and now goes back to it. She will leave soon for another winter in the West Indies, her owner, Gen. H. W. Perkins, joining her at Nassau by steamer.



SAILING SKIFF "CLIO."—Toronto Bay.

A NEW STEAM YACHT.—Mr. Theodore Durand, builder of the Fedalma, is now at work on a steam yacht at Englis's old yard, Greenpoint. Her dimensions are, length over all, 120ft.; l.w.l., 110ft.; beam, 18ft.; draft, 8ft. The engines will be quadruple compound, four cylinders.

SPERANZA.—Mr. H. W. Collender has sold his schooner to Mr. Geo. H. Ketchum, of Toledo, who will use her on Lake Erie. Mr. Collender will probably build from a Burgess design.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—An amateur musicale will be given at the club house on Dec. 3, at 8:30 P. M.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. A. T.—We hope to have some of the communications.

H. C. N., Leavenworth.—The .22-10-45 is the more accurate.

J. L., Brooklyn.—Write to Mr. Herm. F. Schellhass, of your city

S. S., East Orange.—We know of no American agency for the gun.

H. E. M., Melbourne, Quebec.—The puppy is pretty old but he will probably stand the docking without ill results.

E. Y. C., Dunedin, Fla.—Of 15 races sailed in British waters, Thistle won 13 and Irex and Genesta one each. Write to Keuffel & Esser, 127 Fulton street, N. Y.

J. H., Jersey City.—An old subscriber wants to know the winter fishing resorts on coast of North Carolina, only those where accommodations can be had. Ans. Go to Morehead City or Beaufort.

J. L. B.—The revolvers as loaded with factory ammunition have the recoil you complain of. To remedy the defect load your shells with lighter charges. This is done with advantage by expert gallery shooters.

G. H. B., Watertown, N. Y.—The subject will have attention on return of our kennel editor. The pedigree is Emperor Fred (Blue Prince—Blue Daisy) out of Countess Belle (Young Bob—bitch from Sir Mathew White Ridley's kennel).

J. M.—1. The shrapnel shell is highly recommended by many who have used it for long-distance shots. 2. We do not vouch for the reliability of the firm, but we have never known any charge against them to show any dereliction on their part.

H. E. McC., Philadelphia, Pa.—The cruiser in the Forest and Stream of Jan. 21, 1886, has proved quite successful, but the boat lately illustrated has only been tried in the 18ft. size. The smaller boat would, however, answer well for your purpose.

Cap Lock, Frewsburg, N. Y.—If from the State of New York I go up into Maine in the open season, and kill two or three deer, or a caribou, can I ship any part or all of the same back into New York State by express or otherwise? I am informed by a resident of the State of Maine that no game is allowed to leave the State. Ans. You cannot.

Inquirer, New York.—Can you give me information on the following points in regard to the keeping of quail in captivity during the winter, preparatory to turning them out in the spring; dimensions and plan of coop; temperature and exposure of the same; food and general care. Ans. Keep them in a dry coop, which may have large surface area but should not be high. Be careful to have it dry and thoroughly sheltered from cold rains. The birds will live outdoors if you insure a dry retreat for them. Feed on wheat screenings and buckwheat and give them gravel.

R.W. M.—I send you two rifle bullets found near Alexandria, Va., on ground occupied during the war by the Northern army. I have heard of bullets containing a deadly poison and think that these formerly did. The cavity, I think, contained a poisonous liquid that was forced out around the sides of the plug when the gun was fired, so that coming even slightly in contact with flesh the wound would likely be fatal. The lower part of the cavity has or had a reddish look as though a liquid had dried and left a sediment. Ans. The cavity was not intended for a poison receptacle.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, send us "A Bunch of Violets," gathered by Irene E. Jerome, whose drawings have made up former Christmas books put forth by this house. The present work consists of a number of flower and landscape drawings, engraved by Geo. T. Andrew, printed on rich paper, folio, and bound in an expanse of gilt, the whole inclosed in a box. From the same publishers comes "The Bridal of Triermain," by Sir Walter Scott, illustrated by Percy Macquaid. The plates are albertypes or heliotypes, fourteen in number, depicting the scenes of the stirring verse. The figures show careful anatomical work, but there is no life in them, they are manikins posed for the occasion. The volume has been specially prepared for a gift book, and is elegantly bound in gilt. Also in gilt covers, nuggets of literature, and rich in illustration and presswork, are the old favorites, each by itself: "Ring Out Wild Bells," "That Glorious Song of Old." "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" "It was the Calm and Silent Night," "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," and "Gray's Elegy." In parchment and gilt is "Faith's Festivals," by Mary Lakeman. It is daintily gotten up and printed with much care and taste (Price $3). "Vocal and Action-Language, Culture and Expression," by E. N. Kirby, of Harvard College, is a comprehensive text book for students of elocution. "Baker's Humorous Speaker" is a series of popular recitations and readings in Yankee and English, Irish, medley and negro dialects. These dialect selections are also issued each separately (price 30 cents); and there is also a "Grand Army Speaker," comprising many of the standard patriotic pieces in prose and verse.

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

Henry Bensen, of Hayden Hill, Lassen County, has in his possession a petrified salmon. The former fleshy part resembles crystalized and variegated quartz, retaining in part the yellowish color of the salmon, and what was formerly the skin of the fish is now a sort of porcelain or white flint. The entire specimen is of the very hardest quartz in texture. It was found on a hillside at about 1,500 ft. altitude from the floor of Big Valley. This would indicate that salmon inhabited the ancient rivers, the beds of which now form strata of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and in which ancient channels lie the richest deposits of California's gold. These ancient river beds, as is well known, are found at various heights above sea level, and in some places but a few hundred feet below the crest of the range, and perhaps hundreds of feet beneath solid formation of mother earth and running entirely independent of any present surface formation. To determine with certainty that salmon inhabited these ancient rivers would be an interesting fact, as it would fix at a much later date than is now generally supposed the geological period when, by mighty upheaval, these old river courses were changed and obliterated from the face of the earth.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Record-Union.*

For several days past a rather green-looking drummer has been in Greensboro selling fruit trees, and it occurred to some of the young men of the town that it would be fine fun to take him snipe hunting, so they invited him to go with them last Thursday night. The invitation was readily accepted, and a party of seven of the most dignified and prominent young gentlemen of Greensboro at once organized, and all arrangements for a grand hunt were perfected. At 9 o'clock p. m. the party commenced their journey to one of the most dismal swamps in this immediate section, carrying with them their deluded victim. After a tramp of several miles through thick undergrowth, briers, bogs and fens, the party halted. The drummer was stationed on the verge of a marsh that would compare favorably with the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp." The night air was chilly, the wind sighed and moaned through the majestic forest trees, and the waning moon shed a pale, ghastly light over the scene. The deathlike silence was broken only by the dreary croak of the frogs and the occasional cry of a bird that had been disturbed by the hunters. It was just such a time and place as one would suppose that creeping serpents, wild cats and leather-winged bats held high carnival. A bag was given to the stranger, with instructions to hold it open while the rest of the party went up the swamp to scare the snipes down for him. But, alas! alas! the cruel young men wandered off into the woods towards home, leaving the snipe hunter with the bag to hold. After being absent about two hours, waiting to see what the drummer would do, they set out for town, gloating over the trick that they had played him. Some of the party were sorry for the poor young man in the woods, and would fain have returned for him, but this was voted down, so all hurried homeward, anxious to tell the joke. As they came into town they saw a large crowd congregated on the streets, consisting of nearly every young man and boy in the city. The hunters thought at once that the crowd had assembled to discuss and laugh over the manner in which the drummer had been fooled; but they were mistaken, for as they approached and were recognized, a yell was sent up that rent the sky. What did it all mean? Simply this: The trickster had been tricked. The greenhorn knew all about hunting snipe, and as soon as left alone he beat a hasty retreat to town, and told the boys all about the party he had left in the woods. Nothing has created as much amusement in Greensboro since the war, and the seven original snipe hunters have seen no peace since the last eventful hunt. They say they would not go on another if President Cleveland and Daniel Lamont composed part of the party.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Enterprise.*

Otter and Beaver.—Owing to the falling of the lakes of Upper and Lower Klamath the otter is, perhaps, more visibly plentiful now than it has been for several years past, and a curious circumstance connected with the otter is its migration from one lake to another over mountainous country. Lower Klamath Lake, which extends far into California, is yearly losing its water, and it is feared that sooner or later Lower Klamath will run dry. It may be that this apprehension is also shared by the otter, for he is constantly making overland journeys from Lower Klamath Lake to Tule Lake. About two weeks ago a magnificent otter was killed by some cowboys, with their "lasso ropes," fully a mile away from any water. The cowboys declare that the proper way to capture an otter without hurting his skin is for the hunter to put on a huge pair of loose-fitting high boots, stuff the feet and legs with gravel and then wade the stream. The otter is a pugilistic creature, and no sooner does he see a strange pair of legs in the water than he will make a dash for them, seize a leg with his teeth, and will only loosen his hold with death. Though Lost River, in Klamath county, would yield a prolific otter fur harvest to the hunter by this method, I never saw a cowboy daring enough to make the venture, yet I was often present when they were attempting to induce an unwary stranger to make the attempt. The beavers, whose deserted huts and dams can be seen all along Lost River, are yet plentiful, but they do not stand in high repute with the cowboy other than as a target for pistol practice. The prices that the furriers offer for good otter and beaver, however, are ridiculously low, compared to the value that they afterward place upon a dressed hide, large sized otter only fetching $5.50 to $6 and beaver from $6.50 to $8, and the same price is paid for an Alaska beaver as for one from Oregon. The fur of the otter in the winter months is indeed handsome, dark and glossy, with a close, smooth netting, and, when properly dressed and plucked, makes pretty tippets, muffs and cuffs. It is not uncommon to see cowboys in that northern country with chaparejos made from otter and beaver fur. The cowboy, however, is not a good furrier and relegates that task to the Indians. The Indians have however, a good notion of charges, and will not undertake to cure a skin under $2, no matter how small it may be.—*San Francisco Post.*

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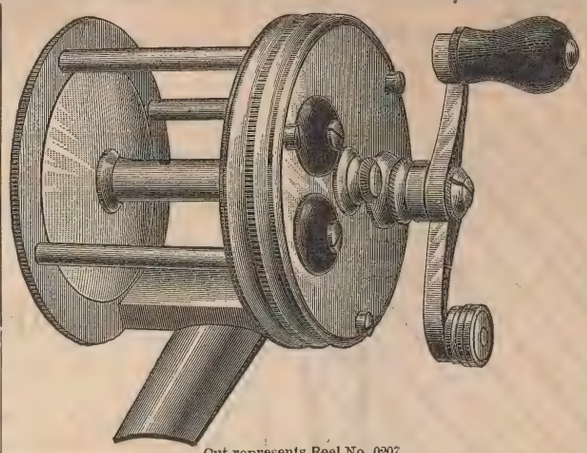


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READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM cannot fail to recollect Mr. Thomas F. Watson's poem entitled, "The Sportsman's Reverie," printed in this journal about two years ago. Later on a few stanzas were added to cover other scenes of typical American sport with the gun. The author depicted vividly the varied visions which come before the view of the veteran sportsman as he sits in easy chair before the fire. Of the author and his poem the *Detroit Free Press* said in an appreciative notice: "The author is evidently a man of the most acute sportsmanly enthusiasm, as well as of nice literary taste. His poem is built upon a very simple plan. Before a cheerful fire—like Ike Marvel's hero—sits a veteran of rod and gun; he grows half drowsy over pipe and fire and the poet has caught—with a nice and sensitive appreciation—the reminiscences of a hundred hunts which flit through his brain. One experience after another is described with graceful pen touches; the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the deer, fall before the crack of the gun; a long day's sport—a glorious day such as no man ever compassed between sun and sun—is described, even the trout, from the clear rapid, paying tribute to the prowess of a dreamland sportsman, until at last, with the fall of the quiet night shadows, the sportsman draws his boat to the shore, his tired retriever crouches at his feet, and, with his ducks, the final trophies of his sport, at his side, he looks back over the darkening water; and then, once again at his fireside, the end of the vision comes naturally and gracefully."

And now these "word pictures" of the poet have been complemented with the actual canvas pictures of the painter. Artist-poet and poet-artist have united to give us the poem in a magnificent setting. Mr. Robert Hopkin, the celebrated artist of Detroit, has painted a series of twelve pictures, each telling in color what the poem tells in words. From these paintings have been made superb heliotype engravings, each having beneath it the particular verse of the poem illustrated. The series is remarkable for strict adherence to nature fidelity in portraying action, and artistic merit.

THE TWELVE PICTURES:

No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

Nos. 11 and 12 represent the hunter retiring from the marsh and at home, and these two are among the strongest of the set.

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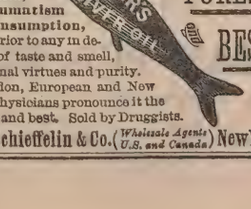
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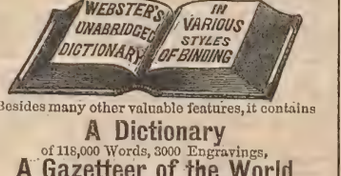
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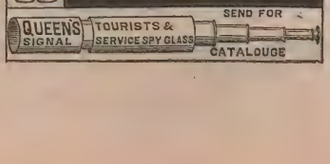
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CONGRESS AND THE PARK.

AS was foretold in these columns last week, the Report of the Secretary of the Interior to the Congress now in session, while recognizing the efficiency of Capt. Harris in his charge of the Yellowstone Park, strongly urges that provision be made for a civil superintendent and a force of fifteen assistants. Should Congress deem it best to direct that the present arrangement shall continue, then, the Secretary recommends, "five experienced mountaineers should be employed as Park police. They should be invested with the powers of deputy marshals, including the power of arrest, and should be selected by the military commander, and be under his control. They would be of invaluable service to him in the performance of his duty of preserving the Park from spoliation, and the game from destruction, not only in enforcing obedience to law, but also as scouts, as they would be selected on account of their familiarity with the geography of the Park. The soldiers should not have to prosecute offenses against the rules and regulations, but that duty should be performed by civilians."

Directly in line with this is the bill prepared by Senator Vest, the full text of which is given elsewhere. The provisions of this bill differ in many respects from the one introduced at the last session of Congress and urged by friends of the Park. It omits the important modification of the Park boundaries, and it continues the military control, supplementing this, however, with a force of three civil assistants chosen for their special fitness and experience as scouts and mountaineers.

While these things, which are greatly to be desired, have been omitted, the bill makes full provision to meet the most pressing need of the reservation, which is the punishment of offenders within the borders of the Park. The laws of Wyoming are made to govern the Park with respect to offenses not otherwise provided for; and a commissioner, who shall reside in the Park, is given jurisdiction over its territory, with power to issue warrants for arrest, to summarily hear evidence, and to commit for trial.

By simplifying the bill in this way and removing from it all matters on which there might be room for a difference of opinion, Senator Vest has acted discreetly and Congress can give no excuse for refusing to enact the required law. About the enlargement of the Park boundaries members might conceive it to be their duty to debate, but on this bare proposal to make safe the life and property of the Park visitor and the Park itself, no man who is not a shallow demagogue can refuse the sanction of his vote. Congress should give the new bill immediate and unanimous passage; the sooner it becomes a law the sooner will the outlaws and game butchers who defy the Park guardians be brought to a punishment fitting their crimes.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE case of Bowler vs. Davis, which has just been decided at Hornellsville, N. Y., is instructive. A. E. Bowler, a resident of Boston, was the owner of some beagles, which he sent to Hornellsville for training. The dogs were one day running a fox, on the lands of one Davis, who, when he discovered them, promptly shot and killed one and wounded another. Bowler sued to recover the value of the beagles. When the case came into court Davis contended that the dogs had been shot while in pursuit of his sheep, but witnesses proved that they were chasing a fox. The files of the FOREST AND STREAM were submitted with reports of similar cases where it had been decided by the courts that dogs were to be treated as property; and judgment was given against Davis for the full amount of the value claimed. Much credit is due to Mr. J. Otis Fellows for the active interest taken in the case; to him was mainly due the successful termination of the suit.

At a meeting of the American Society for Psychical Research, held at Boston, last week, Prof. C. S. Minot presented the report of the Committee on Experimental Psychology, which had given attention to the prevalence of superstition in the community. The committee had sent out these questions: "Should you be influenced by any feeling (whether implying belief or not is immaterial) in regard to (1) sitting down thirteen at a table; (2) beginning a voyage on Friday; (3) on seeing the new moon over the left shoulder; (4) choosing, on your own account, between two otherwise equally desirable houses, one of which was reputed to be haunted?" The replies showed, as the report states, "that so far as our statistics go, of the educated portion of our community about one man in ten and two women in ten have a tendency to superstition, and that about four men in ten and six women in ten are inclined to pay some attention to a superstition, actually encountered." The work of the gentlemen interested in this field will not be complete until they have studied the lingering superstitions among fishermen. They would secure some valuable data by sending out a series of questions to get at the prevalence of the belief in the efficacy of spitting on the worm, the phases of the moon, and other notions.

Now that the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society has secured a definite decision on the Paterson dog law, why would it not be a wise thing for it to test the New Jersey non-resident shooting law as well? There is a wide diversity of opinion respecting the soundness of that law, and many people think it unconstitutional. If the Society would lay the question before some eminent jurist they would have the thanks of the non-residents who have been mulcted for permission to shoot at game in the State. To settle the fine and so avoid further trouble is the easiest way out, when a non-resident is arrested in New Jersey, and so long as it remains for an individual at his own expense to carry a case of this character up to the higher courts, we may not reasonably expect to look for a decision there.

Some one has complained of the flood of Christmas literature which overwhelms the magazine reader for a month or six weeks before Christmas, and of the resulting satiety which naturally enough forbids enjoyment of Christmas reading when Christmas does come. The FOREST AND STREAM has a store of capital material in readiness for its issue of Dec. 22, which will reach all its nearby readers in time to be read on Christmas day.

Deer hounding in the Adirondacks was one of the points of their forthcoming report discussed by the Fish Commissioners last Monday. Gen. Sherman, who is well posted on the subject, had incorporated in the report unfavorable criticism of the present law which permits hounding. Commissioners Bowman and Roosevelt held to the opinion that a course of mid-summer hounding was salutary and highly beneficial in its physiologic influences, stimulating the deer to breed and toning up their systems. Commissioner Blackford is reported to have held aloof from the discussion on the ground that he had no practical knowledge of the subject, but if he had talked on it all day he could not have said anything quite so fatuous as the breeding argument of the others. It is not of great moment whether or no Gen. Sherman's report shall condemn the hounding law. The men who make and unmake the game statutes of Albany are the last beings in the world to be swayed by intelligent advice on such a topic. They go on the you tickle me and I'll tickle you plan; and dicker and barter their votes without any reference whatever to the merits of the case.

The Secretary of the Interior has done well to call the attention of Congress to the necessity of providing a contingent fund for incidental expenses in the Park. Under the last appropriation the only expenditure allowed was for roads, but for the protection and care of the Government's property no fund was available, nor could anything be used to conserve the objects of interest in which the Park abounds. In addition to the $20,000 for the Superintendent and assistants, should they be appointed in compliance with his recommendation, he names $7,500 for incidental expenses and $5,000 for extinguishment of claims prior to the dedication of the Park, or as much thereof as may be awarded by a duly constituted commission appointed by the Secretary of the Interior; a total of $32,500. The principal claim to be settled is that of "Jack" Barronette, whose toll-bridge over the Yellowstone is an anomaly in the Park that ought to be quickly abolished.

The Government of New South Wales is advertising extensively for a method or process for the extermination of rabbits. The conditions require that "such method or process shall, in the opinion of the said Board, not be injurious and shall not involve the use of any matter, animal, or thing which may be noxious to horses, cattle, sheep, camels, goats, swine or dogs." The prize awaiting the Yankee who invents this rabbit destroyer is £25,000. As hundreds of thousands of pounds have already been expended in fruitless schemes to cope with the vermin, the Government's proffered reward cannot be regarded as extravagant.

In a guide book recently issued by the Megantic Fish and Game Club it is said that on Lake Megantic "wild-fowl can be seen at every trip, affording ample opportunity for testing firearms from the deck of the steamer." They used to do the game to death in that indecent way in the Dark Ages of Florida steamboat travel, but it is somewhat startling to find the practice sanctioned in these times by a club of sportsmen. The man who shoots from a steamboat deck, killing and maiming birds just for the sake of killing, is a type of gunpowder crank that ought to be suppressed.

Beaufort, North Carolina, is to have a novel exhibition in the Carteret County Oyster, Fish and Game Fair, announced for Dec. 14 to 16. The enterprise is under the patronage of the Immigration Bureau. Commissioner John T. Patrick believes in the economic value of fish and game as attractions for residents of other States, and the display of land and water birds prepared for the edification of visiting sportsmen will be extensive, beautiful and enticing.

Another subject upon which there appears to be some doubt in certain quarters is the constitutionality of the laws which forbid the exportation of game killed in the open season. This has been up before the courts, however, and the law has been so fully sustained in repeated instances that it may be accepted as a definitely settled principle.

The Toy Dog Club organized in this city the other day will have its hands full if it sets about the breaking up of the strongholds of dog thieves and go-betweens. It might also profitably devote its energies to reforming those depraved dog-catchers, who are sometimes nothing more nor less than licensed dog-thieves.

The lawless elements are rampant at Otsego Lake, in this State, where trout are jigged on the spawning beds, and both trout and bass unlawfully taken are shipped by the wholesale to market. The fishermen defy constables and game protectors, and all in all it is a disgraceful state of things.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS.—II.

JOSEPH HILL was the first to awake next morning, and deliberate in all things he awoke slowly. While yet in the drowsy borders of dreamland he imagined himself at home and began as usual to "tell M'ri" something of yesterday's performances or to-day's plans. Then the odor of the cedar bed beneath him and a glimpse of the canvas roof slanting close above him brought a dim realization of his unaccustomed surroundings, more forcibly impressed upon him when he crept forth through the tent flaps and saw between the tree trunks the channel of Little Otter shining through the film of mist that overspread it like a broad stripe of silver veiled with gauze, and heard a kingfisher clattering along it, and from far out on the lake the crazy laughter of a loon. Then he got out a new pipe, and filling it, began, since Uncle Tyler had taken his well-seasoned cutty, the old smoker's unpleasant task of mellowing the unripe clay of this.

The burning of the match, the fiz of the damp tobacco or a mute demand of the inner Joseph, reminded him of breakfast, and then arose the question of what that repast should be composed? Unlimited fish at all meals had been the alluring promise of this expedition, and now there was not one fish in camp to furnish even lenten fare. A noble ambition seized him to provide fish for breakfast, and with unwonted promptness he took a pole and bait and stole away to the creek where above the Slab Hole the shore and a patch of weedless water met. He looped a great tangle of worms on to the hook and cast it out with a splash that troubled the quiet surface, but did not seem to have frightened the fish beneath it, for presently there came a slow, dogged pull upon the line, which then began to cut the water with a strong, deliberate sweep that needed half of Joe's strength to check. There was a short but lusty struggle, and then the angler thought he must be towing ashore all the bottom of the creek, but in the raft of old and young water weeds that his steadfast pull stranded he discovered the form of a great fish, which he pounced upon and bore well back into the grassy field before he loosened his hold upon it. Then, as it threshed the sward with sullen strokes, he gloated over it. Dull in color, small-eyed and wide-mouthed, rimmed with a long dorsal fin that met the round tail where it was marked with a spot of black, its captor was obliged to admit that it was not handsome, but its size made amends for all lack of beauty. Its weight could not be less than eight pounds, and Joseph, with an angler's generosity, set it at three or four pounds more. What a grand breakfast it would make, all the more to be appreciated for its unexpectedness.

The place offered conveniencies for dressing it, a slab to scale it on and water to wash it, so Joseph at once set about preparing it for breakfast, having no desire to display it with its now useless adornments of head, scales and fins. Possibly he thought there would be no loss of glory in guessing at the undressed weight. So he dressed and cleaned it and bore it to camp.

He wondered a little, perhaps was rather disappointed that none of his companions were astir to be astonished at his luck, but the tent was silent except for the slow regular breathing of the sleepers, which he was sure he heard. It would be an immense triumph to have the fish cooked when they awoke and surprise them with a breakfast already set which they had not dreamed of at all. He collected some dry fallen limbs very silently, and started a fire, listening when it cracked loudest to assure himself that the sleepers were not disturbed. He got a chunk of pork out of the kit and cut some slices off it, which he soon had sizzling in the pan, then took them out when they had yielded fat enough, and filled their place with great cuts of fish. The savor hardly answered his expectations, and when he turned the pieces with a fork, unwashed since the last meal, they crumbled in a way that reminded him of frying frozen hasty pudding, but he was magnanimous enough to blame his culinary skill more than the quality of the fish. How could so great a fish be otherwise than good? Glancing frequently behind him in momentary expectation of seeing some one overlooking the experimental cookery that he was almost sorry for having undertaken, and even wishing that M'ri was in his place for a little while, he urged the fire with frequent jabs of the poker to do its best. "It beats Sam Hill," he whispered to himself as he paused to wipe the sweat from his brow and look at the quiet tent again. "It beats Sam Hill 'at the' don't some on 'em wake up!"

At last the fish was done beyond all doubt, for the fork went through the thickest piece without resistance, which he had heard M'ri say was a sure sign. And now he bethought him that he had forgotten the potatoes! But if there was fish, what did it matter if there were no potatoes, nor bread, nor anything else? But there was bread enough, and so he pulled aside the tent flap and loudly announced breakfast. He was greatly surprised that no response came from it; more so when, with a vague fear that some strange calamity had befallen his companions, he peered into the dim interior and found it empty. Joseph was not a superstitious man, but for a moment he wondered if some judgment of heaven had come upon them for such sacreligious use of Brother Foot's old camp meeting tent, sanctified as it must be by annual service in the religious picnics of the past twenty years. When he backed out on his hands and knees he noticed, as he had not before, that all the fish poles but his own were gone, and knew that his friends were out on the same errand that he had been. His loud shouts, or perhaps the voiceless calls of hunger, soon brought them back, when their admiration of his whole performance gave him all the reward he desired but the final one of gustatory approval, which he hoped would soon be given. The full frying pan was set out, the bread and pickles were brought forth, and while Joseph apologized for the lacking potatoes, as much missed at a Yankee feast as at one of the descendants of Irish kings, they gathered around the festive board, which, be it said, was not a board, but a flat rock. As each took his first mouthful he looked about and saw the others furtively regarding him as they slowly and dubiously tasted their own morsels.

"Wal," said Sam, the first to break the silence, "this is turrible nice fish, but somehaow 'r nother it don't seem tu be ezackly the kind o' fish 'at I like."

"What kan of feesh you'll call dat, Zhozeff?" Antoine demanded with a grimace of disgust. "You'll fan heem dead on de water, or he'll got so hol he'll can' died an' come for you for keel heem, hein?"

"Wal, I guess you'd ha' thought he was live 'nough an' spry 'nough 'f you'd a hed a holt on him! He pulled like a yoke o' tew-ye'r-ol' stags—I d' know but three-ye'r-ol's—an' flew 'raound like a nigger tu a quiltin'. But, I swan! it's a fact he don't taste so good 's I expected f'm his looks, for I called him ri' daown harnsome. Anyways, he was big enough tu 'a' ben turrible harnsome 'f he'd ha' took a notiern tu run tu beauty. But I s'pect the fault 's in the cookin', er aour appetite t' eat, er suthin'—the cookin', I guess, for I never could cook nothin' wuth a snap, anyways. Naow, oncte when M'ri was gone off vis'tin' her folks tew three days, I ondertook tu make a johnny cake, I b'lieve it was—mebby 'twas a short cake; guess the' couldn't nob'dy tol' which 't was meant for—an' when 't was done, I snum the young uns turned up all the' noses at it, an' I'll be dum'd if Liern 'ould tech it? I hove it in t' hawgs, an' they fin'ly wore it aout rhuttin' on it raound. I wish 't I hedn't never ondertook tu cook the dum'd fish! I'd ort tu ben satisfied wi' ketchin' on it. But the' 's 'nough on 't left tu try agin; pitch in, Antwine, 'n' see what you c'n du with it."

"Yes, du, Antwine," Solon urged, "the 's no knowin' but what wi' your cumilary skill you c'ld make it quite palatial."

"Ah b'lieve," said Antwine, closely examining some of the uncooked portion, "Ah'll know what kin' o' feesh dat was be. Where hees head was?"

"Why," Joseph answered, "on the for'a'd end on him, jist the same as any fishes'—an' his tail was on t' other end on him, er most on 't was, 's nigh 's I c'n rec'lect, do' know but some on't was on his back, though, come tu think."

"Ant you'll s'pose Ah'll know dat? Where you'll lef' hees head of it?"

"Oh! Naow I begin tu onderstand ye, Antwine. Over there where I ketched him."

"Bah gosh! Ah guess you'll on'stan' more better as you cook, what Ah'll meant. Where you'll t'row hees tail of it?"

"Oh, I d' know. It's layin' raound here some'er's, I guess," and he joined Antoine in the search for the missing link.

"Dar!" cried Antoine, swooping down upon something and then holding aloft the rounded tail with its authentic black seal, "ant Ah'll guess what Ah'll tol' you? Jes same what Peltiet shoot dat tam he'll tink he do so big! Oh, Zhozeff, don't you shame mek us heat dat? Ant you'll see where de dev' put hees t'umb w'en he'll peek it it an' t'row it 'way cause he so bad he won't have it hese'f?"

Shame-faced with downfall of pride, Joseph said as Pelatiah had on a similar occasion, "Wal, I hed fun a-ketchin' on him—an' some, I d' know but I did, a-cookin' on him—more, anyways, 'n we've hed a eatin' on him. I'm turrible sorry 't he ain't no better eatin', but I du think," he added, loth to relinquish the fish's claims to edible excellence, "'at the fault is mostly in the cookin'?"

"Wal, seh, Zhozeff," cried Antoine, throwing his hands out from his breast and wide apart, as if in final banishment of the subject, "you'll ant wan' be sorry for dat. Bah gosh! Ah tol' you, all de mans and all de hwomans was be de bes' cook in de worl', have it all de bur'r an' peppy an' salt was ever mek, can' mek dat bowfins fit for heat de dev'."

Upon this assurance they attempted no further experiments with the despised fish, but made their breakfast of fried pork and bread.

Then they set about spending the day in accordance with the chief purpose of the expedition. Sam fitted up a trolling rig after the approved pattern of Uncle Tyler's, a bit of his flannel shirt furnishing the red rag unprovided by their kit, and trolled up and down the creek in a bark canoe. Antoine, intent on circumventing the bullpouts that would not bite, made a rude spear of a cedar pole and sharpened nails and prowled along the low shore of the creek in quest of spawning fish, while Solon and Joseph, unwilling to trust themselves in birch and dugout, wandered westward along the safe and stable shore of the bay.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

JACOB.

ON my first trip to South Africa, in 1865, I made my headquarters at Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, and it was my usual custom to attend the early morning market, for the purpose of picking up odd living specimens, which were frequently brought in by the country wagons. After visiting the market I would stroll along the main street and amuse myself watching the crowd of enormous wool wagons, which were so numerous that the authorities were compelled to detail special policemen to prevent the long ox teams from becoming entangled, and the consequent rows between the relative drivers. One morning while listening to the vituperation, in mixed English, Boer and Kaffir, bandied between two transport riders, whose teams had become thoroughly jumbled, my attention was attracted by the gesticulations and guffaws of two half-bred Tottie women just ahead of me. On looking in the direction in which they were pointing, I was dumbfounded by seeing a large Chacma baboon (*Cynocephalus porcarius*) acting as forelooper to a team of oxen. With the reins, fastened to the horns of the leaders, grasped tightly in one paw, he walked gravely along on three legs, threading his way among the confusion, constantly looking over his shoulder, to catch a wave to the right or left, of the long bamboo whip in the hands of the driver. I was so amazed that the team got almost out of sight before I thought of following, but coming to my senses started after it, and finally saw it draw up in front of a large wool warehouse. At the shout of * "Ah now!" by the driver, the baboon whirled around, facing the team, and coolly sat down, still holding on to the reins, and the grimaces he made when one of the leaders would toss his head, to shake off a biting fly, would have been a fortune to any pantomimic clown.

Here was a new phase in the labor question to me, as it was perfectly evident that man, that inexorable tyrant, was forcing a baboon to labor for his food and furnish his own raiment, and I determined, if possible, to free him from his bondage and transport him to a region where his daily task would be the consumption of unlimited quantities of peanuts and apples. Recognizing the clerk who was receiving the wool as an acquaintance formed at the hotel, I crossed the street and solicited his aid in endeavoring to purchase the baboon. He promised to open negotiations with the driver and said he would report progress at lunch. At noon he informed me that the transport rider was willing to part with the animal and that he had made an engagement for a meeting at the outspan after business hours in the afternoon. On walking out to the outskirts of the town we found the driver awaiting our arrival, but the baboon was missing. He informed us that he generally accompanied the oxen while grazing, but always returned with them and acted as a watchdog at night. That his sole reason for wishing to get rid of him was his incorrigible thieving propensities. Nothing in the way of eatables could be so secured as to prevent him from getting at it, and one of his favorite feats was to break the mess chest loose from its fastenings and tear it open in order to get at the sugar, etc. In a short time the herd came in with the oxen and the baboon in company. Taking his long whip in his hand the driver called out:

"Yawcub, come here and show the gentlemen how you can dance."

He slouched up in front of his master, and on the whip being threateningly shaken over his head, stood up and executed a very fair Kaffir war dance. I soon bargained for him, the owner promising to keep him until a suitable shipping case could be made, and I hurried off to find a carpenter. The next afternoon the cage was carted to the outspan. Jacob called up, a heavy collar and chain which I had provided put on him, and at his master's bidding he sprang up on the cart and walked into the cage, the sliding bars of which were immediately slipped into their places and securely fastened. After I had paid for him and was turning to leave, the driver said, "Remember his name is spelled Jacob, but pronounced, Boer fashion, 'Yawcub,' and I want you to understand that you have a regular devil, who never knew but one master."

It was the old horse-jockey story over again. I had been only shown the good points of my purchase and would have to trust to after-experiences to find out his bad ones. I started after the cart feeling rather uneasy, but Jacob's behavior somewhat reassured me. He sat up in his cage and seemed highly delighted at the pranks and shouts of a swarm or boys, colored in all shades from whitey brown to coal black, who followed the cart. On our arrival at my lodgings, the carman and myself carried Jacob into the back yard, placed him under a shed, and I seated myself at my window on the ground floor and anxiously awaited developments. Jacob came to the front of his cage, peered out, poked his paws out between the bars, sat down and seemed bewildered. He went back, did a headspring, and on arising appeared amazed that he was not outside of the cage. He tried a second time with the same result, when it seemed to suddenly dawn upon him that he had been trapped and was a prisoner. Going to the back of the cage, he screamed and made such a determined rush for the bars that I thought they would fly from their sockets. Springing through the window, I seized a stick and attempted to beat him back from the bars. In an instant it was wrenched from me and I lost the half of a leg of my trousers. By this time the yard began to fill with a gaping, jeering crowd, and I retired to repair damages, being perfectly willing, if Jacob succeeded in escaping, to allow him to take up his old occupation of forelooping for the balance of his days. While in my room he jumped the cage half across the yard and caused the precipitate retreat of his entire audience. Taking a piece of rope, I lassoed the box, drew it back under the shed, and finally succeeded in lashing it to the posts, so as to prevent the thumping, which was disturbing the whole neighborhood, and left Jacob until the next morning. So soon as I made my appearance he commenced yawning and showing his enormous canines, a sure sign of anger with all baboons, so I concluded to attempt his subjection singlehanded, in order to learn him that he had to serve a new master. Purchasing a set of small blocks and tackle with some extra rope, I locked the yard gate and commenced operations. After a deal of trouble I managed to get hold of his chain and instantly hooked it to the tackle, which had been previously fastened to one of the posts of the shed, and a few pulls sufficed to draw him up against the bars of the cage. Then taking two pieces of rope, which had been made into slip nooses, I finally succeeded in catching first one and then the other of his paws, which were drawn out through the bars and securely fastened. By this time it seemed to occur to Jacob that he was so situated that it was impossible to do any harm and the best thing for him to do was to capitulate. All the fight was taken out of him and he allowed me to pass my hands through the grating and pat him on the head, without any movement beyond slightly wincing, as if he expected further energetic treatment. His fastenings were then cast off, and without showing the slightest wish to renew hostilities he withdrew to the back of the cage, where he remained for the rest of the day, in spite of all my attempts to coax him to the front. So soon as he met me the next morning approaching with his breakfast he slowly came to the bars, acting as if he dreaded a repetition of the previous day's lesson, but finding that nothing of the kind was intended, he quietly ate his meal, while I was attending to some other specimens in the yard. On approaching to remove the pan I expected that he would retreat, but he did not, and I offered some fruit from my pocket, which he gingerly took, and from that time forward there was a thorough understanding between Jacob and myself.

A short time after I purchased a female of the same species, whose cage was placed alongside Jacob's, with auger holes bored through the two, so that they could see each other, but I am sorry to say that Jacob did not seem to fancy the company of the opposite sex, and always endeavored to bite her fingers, which she would occasionally thrust through the holes.

Having secured passage on the barque Falcon for New York, on the afternoon before the day appointed for sail-

* Equivalent to "whoa."

ing, Jacob and the rest of my living collection were carted down to the beach, preparatory to embarking. At that time all vessels lay at anchor in the bay, and their cargoes were shipped or landed in large cargo boats, which would run up as far as possible on the beach, and secured to a warp, passing through chocks at the bow and stern, which was fastened to two anchors, one on shore and the other well out in deep water. All the cargo was handled by naked Fingoes, who, watching their opportunity, would wade out between the rollers, which were constantly combing in, and manage to pass the cargo, either to or from the boat, without wetting it. Passengers were transferred in like manner, and I frequently saw ladies trotted through the surf on the shoulders of a naked Kaffir, which must have been a new sensation to them. Having seen Jacob and the rest of his load safely landed on the sand, I turned to the second dray and was busy superintending its discharge, when a series of howls came from the direction of Jacob's cage, which I found lying on its side, having been dropped by the Fingoes, who had incautiously exposed their naked skins to Jacob's paws while in the act of lifting it.

Having righted the cage I borrowed a couple of oars from the captain of the cargo boat, which were lashed to the case, and Jacob was shipped, palanquin fashion, without further mishap. On getting alongside the vessel, Jacob, no doubt remembering the experience he had lately undergone with similar tackle, objected to having the fall properly hooked, for the purpose of hoisting him on deck, consequently I had to arrange it myself and was drawn up with him, as I feared further trouble when the lashings would be cast off. His reception by the crew was not a warm one, as his bad reputation had preceded him; and it required some persuasion, mixed with warnings, to get them to assist me in placing him on the main hatch, where it was intended he should remain during the voyage. Having temporarily secured his cage for the night, I turned in and was awakened early the next morning by the first mate, who requested me "to turn out and look after that infernal baboon, which had nearly stripped one of the crew who had thoughtlessly passed within reaching distance of him." On reaching the deck I found Jacob wrought into a perfect frenzy by the noise and bustle caused in getting the vessel under sail, and in order to keep him quiet I was compelled to seat myself with my back against the bars until we discharged the pilot off Cape Recife, outside the harbor. I then approached the mate with some misgivings, and solicited help in lashing and properly securing Jacob and the rest of my living freight. He mischievously selected the sailor who had been badly used, and another to assist me, and with their help everything was securely fastened, but whenever a lashing had to be passed, or a knot made in Jacob's vicinity, I had to attend to it personally, under their directions, which were given at a safe distance.

As we were to make a winter passage around the Cape of Good Hope, I borrowed a couple of large tarpaulins, which were lashed over all the cages to keep out the wet and cold, leaving the lower portions so they could be raised for cleaning, feeding, etc., and during the whole voyage I had to look after Jacob, as he would not allow one of the ship's apprentices, whom I engaged as assistant keeper, to have anything to do with him. After rounding the Cape and getting up in the latitude of St. Helena, in warm weather, the tarpaulins were so arranged that the portions in front of the cages could be rolled up for air, and I took the precaution to build a rail in front of Jacob's cage, flattering myself that there would be no further trouble with him during the voyage.

Just before leaving Port Elizabeth, the captain had been presented with a large dog, which, from his vicious disposition, had become a terror to his immediate neighborhood, and his care fell to the youngster who assisted me. One day, hearing Jacob screaming with anger, I stepped from the cabin and found the imp feeding the dog just in front of his cage. The pair were ordered forward with the threat that if the like again happened the captain would be informed, which would be likely to be followed by a taste of a rope's end. Jacob did not forget the affront, but it was not until we got up off the Bermudas that he succeeded in having his revenge. One afternoon while lying half asleep in the shade of the bulwarks, I was startled by the yelps of the dog, mixed with the imprecations of the boy. Starting up, I found Jacob vigorously chewing the dog's tail, while the apprentice was shouting and swearing at the top of his voice. On my appearance in front of the cage Jacob instantly ceased hostilities and the dog ran forward howling, followed by his chum, and the upshot was that for several days I had to stand black looks of the captain, and with the limited means at hand endeavor to heal the lacerated tail of a brute who invariably attempted to bite me while undergoing surgical treatment.

After a fine passage the Falcon anchored inside Sandy Hook on the night of the fifty-fourth day from Port Elizabeth. Early the next morning we were towed up off the Battery, and while coming up the Harbor the main hatch was cleared, preparatory to breaking out the cargo. The cages were ranged along each side of the deck and Jacob's was placed just under the foremast shrouds. No sooner was the anchor down than the sailor boarding house runners attempted to come on board, but so soon as one of them would show his head above the rail he was forced to drop into his boat by the dog, who took charge of the forward deck and would not allow any stranger to come over the bulwarks. The captain and myself, standing on the poop, were enjoying the fun and encouraging the dog; when the runners suddenly ceased their attempts and the boats drew off and clustered together just forward of the bows. After a few moments' consultation two boats pulled out from the knot and attempted to board the bark, simultaneously on each side, at the forward chain-plates. As luck would have it one reached the side facing Jacob first and as the runner's head appeared above the rail the dog started for him, thus giving the one on the contrary side the coveted opportunity of boarding while the dog's attention was attracted on the opposite side of the vessel. He instantly took advantage of it by stepping lightly on Jacob's cage and dropping on the deck just in front of it, chuckling at the success of his ruse. In a trice he was seized *en arrière* and forcibly jerked backward against the bars. With a yell of terror he tore himself loose, sprang on to the rail, and took a header into the water. The captain shouted with laughter, while I sprang off the poop, ran forward, looked over the bulwarks and was relieved on seeing the runner being hauled into the boat by his comrades. As soon as he found himself in safety he shook his fist at me, and, speaking to his mates, the boat was pulled off in the direction of the Barge Office. Turning to look after Jacob, I found him gravely inspecting the major portion of the seat of a pair of dungaree trousers, which I left in his possession, taking the precaution to cover the front of his cage with a tarpaulin to prevent any like captures. On returning aft I met the captain, still shaking with laughter, coming down from the poop, who said:

"After the service he has rendered in ridding us of those pests, I freely forgive Jacob for biting my dog's tail. Come on! Breakfast is ready, and let's have our last meal together."

We were just finishing, when the second mate's grinning face appeared, saying:

"The police boat is alongside, sir! and the officer says he has come after the man whom you have in irons."

"Jacob again! by thunder!" exclaimed the captain. "Thompson you go and tell him that you are the doctor, and it's all a mistake, and it is only a drunken sailor whom you are treating."

Trying to put on a professional air, I stepped out, closely followed by the captain, and said to the officer: "I fear you have been misinformed, as it is only a mild case of delirium tremens, and I don't think there will be any further difficulty with my patient."

"A drunken sailor! Well, just give him to me, I am used to handling such fellows. Where is he?"

"Come forward and I will show him to you, and you'll be convinced that I can handle him better than yourself."

Leading the way forward, with the captain in company, I suddenly threw up the tarpaulin just as the officer got in front of the cage. He sprang back with a blasphemous exclamation, just in time to escape a vicious wipe of Jacob's paw, and until he left the vessel, much to the captain's amusement, never ceased calling down maledictions on the runner fraternity generally, and particularly on the one who had so outrageously sold him.

That afternoon the vessel hauled into dock, and all my living specimens passed into the hands of a dealer, and on calling a few days after to inquire after my fellow voyagers, I was grieved to learn that Jacob and his *vrouw* had become the property of some peripatetic showman.

NEW YORK. FRANK J. THOMPSON.

EVENING GROSBEAK AT ELMIRA, N. Y.—Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 6.—While on my way to work, the 25th ult., I heard a bird's note that was new to me. On sneaking up to the songster I saw a bird that was also new to me. I identified my bird as a grosbeak, but of what species I could not make out, so I went and got my gun and brought him down with a charge of dust shot. When I picked him up I confess I did not know what he was. You can imagine that I was surprised when on looking in that most excellent book, Ridgway's "Manual of Northern American Bird," I found my bird was an evening grosbeck (*C. vespertinus*). It was a male in full winter dress. This is the first specimen of this bird that I have known to have been taken in this part of the State. I have heard that one was taken near Buffalo, and came into the possession of Professor Chas. Linden. I mounted the bird in nice shape for my cabinet and placed him in what I thought was a safe place, to dry. The next day when I came home my folks informed me that a Thomas cat belonging to a neighbor had made way with my bird, that I would not have taken a goodly sum for. All that remained was a mangled mass of feathers. It is needless to say that Mr. Thomas Cat sleeps in the valley.—EDWARD SWIFT. [The specimen taken near Buffalo was reported in FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XXVIII., p. 367].

SEX MARKINGS OF GROUSE.—Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an article by "Jay Beebe" in your last week's issue concerning the identification of the sex of ruffed grouse by the plumage and other markings, I was much interested, as I have made this subject a special study this fall. I agree with "Jay Beebe" that the metallic lustre on the ruff is the surest test that the specimen is a male. The male is generally larger than the hen, but only a very little. The tail is generally a shade longer than that of the hen; of 24 birds examined, 10 adult females and 14 adult males, the average length of the tail was, in the males, 6.74in.; in the hens, 6.25in. The orange-colored spot over the eye on the superciliary membrane is also a sure sign that the bird is a male. I do not agree with Mr. Davison of Lockport, that in the hen grouse the two center feathers of the tail, the black band near the end is broken and irregular, while in the male the pure black is sharply defined. I have found this true in about two-thirds of the birds examined, while the other third were not marked in the way Mr. Davison claims, but the irregular band was on the males. The sex of all the birds I have examined has been carefully ascertained by dissection, after I had observed their plumage and markings.—EDWARD SWIFT.

A WONDERFUL WATCH-DIAL.—A gentleman connected with the Illinois Watch Company has a wonderfully curious watch-dial. Instead of Roman numerals to denote the hours, there are eleven small but very distinct silhouette figures, representing a man out with his dog for a day's sport. At seven o'clock he is seen starting out with his gun and dog; at eight o'clock he makes a shot; at nine o'clock he has a sandhill crane which measures as long as himself; at ten o'clock the man and his dog are scared at the sight of a jackrabbit, which is sitting upon his hind legs, with his big long ears raised above the bushes; at eleven o'clock the hunter takes a drink, and while in this attitude the dog sits in front of his master, with his nose pointing directly at the flask; at twelve o'clock the sportsman is seen sitting on a stump, and is eating a lunch—the dog is eyeing the piece of bread which the hunter has in his hand. At one o'clock he starts out to fish the rest of the day, and so he takes his dog and fishing tackle, and goes to the water; at two o'clock the dog, which is behind his master, has been caught with the hook by an attempt to throw in his line; at three o'clock he and the dog are all straightened out again, and the line is in the water; he has both hands on the pole, and his foot braced on a stump by the water's edge as though he had a tremendous bite; at four o'clock the man has got a big fish on his line, which has pulled him off his feet, and he falls on the dog and doubles him all up, but the man is holding fast to the pole, which is bent almost double; at five o'clock he is all straightened out again; his pole is thrown across his shoulder, and with his fish in the other hand he starts out for home, the dog following behind with his head hanging down, being tired out. The man's name is also painted in the center of the dial in rustic letters. This dial reflects a great deal of credit upon the artist, Mr. Charles Geyer. The figure VI. is superseded by the seconds.—*Jewelry News.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following account of the results of a series of experiments relative to the penetration of small shot may perhaps be of interest and possibly of use to some of your readers. My object in making the trials was to find what differences exist between the larger and smaller bores, and for this purpose I used chiefly two barrels, which fit upon the stock of a Maynard rifle. Both are 26in. long and of homogeneous steel, one of .55-caliber or 28 bore, and the other of .65-caliber or 18 bore. The former is chokebored on the usual system, with a constricted muzzle, and the latter on the recess system called tulip-choke in America. For testing the penetration sheets of strawboard were used, placed in groves at intervals of about an inch in a long narrow box, as recommended in a book I possess by J. Long called "American Wildfowl Shooting," and highly spoken of by Greener in his work on the "Gun and Its Development." The strawboards were 7in. long and 6in. wide, but as the ends of the box were protected by strips of zinc, the actual surface exposed to the shot was almost exactly 5½in. square. Only cards penetrated by at least three pellets were counted to prevent errors arising from one pellet here and there being possibly larger than the rest. Every charge of shot was carefully weighed and the charges of powder were measured from the flasks used for muzzleloaders. By always tapping these the same number of times on the hip the weights of successive charges will be found very even. Some of the strawboards were 15 to the pound and others 25. The latter, although obtained from a gunmaker, differ perceptibly in thickness, which will account for the considerable variations in penetration sometimes observed.

With strawboards of equal thickness and texture, I do not think any other method of testing penetration will give such accurate results, because they can be made thin enough to avoid flattening the softest shot, and they are too far apart to stop penetration by being driven one upon another, as constantly occurs when paper pads are used.

The results of the trials were very different from what I expected. With very minute charges the .55-bore had a decided advantage in both pattern and penetration, but when the charges were increased even to such small quantities as ½oz. of shot and 1½drs. of powder, the .65 was equal and sometimes superior in penetration, and nearly always closer in pattern.

For instance, when loaded with 90grs. weight of No. 12 shot (1,272 pellets to the ounce) and 20 to 27grs. of No. 3 powder, the strawboards at 16yds. were so riddled that a humming bird could not have escaped from the .55 barrel, which penetrated on the average 8 or 9 of the 25 to the pound boards. The .65 barrel averaged only 4 or 5 boards, and made a more open pattern, from 40 to 70 shots through the first board.

With larger shot (370 to ounce) at 20yds. the .55 barrel was still superior, though not to so marked an extent. With 90grs. of shot and 20grs. of powder the results were:

	Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.		Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.
.55 barrel..	13	5	.65 barrel..	12	15
	14	34		12	30
	14	24		12	8

With ½oz. No. 12 shot and 1½drs. of No. 3 powder, at 25yds.:

	Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.		Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.
.55 barrel..	7	20	.65 barrel..	7	90
	7	46		8	71

With the same charge but the larger shot (370 to oz.) at 30yds.:

	Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.		Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.
.55 barrel..	12	7	.65 barrel..	15	8
	10	4		16	13
	10	9		15	13

With the same charge but No. 6 grain powder:

.55 barrel, number of boards pierced.....	10	13	11
.65 barrel, number of boards pierced.....	14	14	15

Pattern of .65 rather closer, but not counted on all the boards.

With ½oz. of No. 7 shot (360 to oz.) and 2drs. of No. 3 powder, the largest charge that the brass shells of the .55 barrel will hold, using boards of 15 to the lb., at 30yds.:

	Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.		Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.
.55 barrel..	6	14	.65 barrel..	6	30
	6	11		6	20
	6	11		7	15

With same charge and No. 6 shot (300 to oz.) at 35yds.:

	Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.		Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.
.55 barrel..	6	8	.65 barrel..	7	16
	4	6		6	6
	4	3		7	11

I then tried two shots from the right barrel of a double 16-bore, by T. Turner, of London, 28-inch, recess-choked, Damascus barrels, and brass shells loaded with the above charges in the same manner as those of the Maynard, viz., with two cloth wads on the powder and one on the shot:

	Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.
Double 16-bore.....	7	19
	6	19

On another day, with same strawboards of 15 to lb., ½oz. No. 7 shot and 1½drs. No. 3 powder at 25yds., and the Maynard barrels:

	Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.		Boards pierced.	Through 1st board.
.55 barrel..	7	9	.65 barrel..	7	12
	6	13		7	17
	6	21		8	28

From the above experiments and others not here given I think we may draw the conclusion that for a naturalist in a wild country who wants to economize ammunition in collecting small birds, the .55-barrel would be far superior to the .65, but that the latter would be more

advantageous for a man living in the bush and using even the smallest practicable charges when shooting for food.

I may add that the trials upon birds of the charges of 90grs. of shot and 20grs. of powder were exactly in accordance with those on the strawboards. During the past summer I tried both barrels in clearing off the sparrows which infested my fruit and vegetables, and found that while the .55 barrel almost invariably killed them on the spot, the .65 frequently only wounded them.

While it is generally understood that the larger bores are superior to the smaller with their own proper loads, I certainly did not expect to find an 18-bore better than a 28 with the loads best suited for the latter. Of course a long series of experiments with different guns and with various lengths of barrel would be necessary before thoroughly reliable conclusions could be come to, but it seems to me that a 12-bore might probably beat a 16 with the charges of the latter, and a 10-bore beat a 12 in the same manner. If this prove to be the case there can be no advantage in using small bores for ordinary shooting, now that 12-gauges are made which are perfectly safe at 6lbs. weight. Small bores will indeed be only useful to travelers in wild countries who wish to fire bullets as well as shot, when of course the smaller weight of the ball as compared with that of the gun would give it superior accuracy.

Since making the above experiments I have tried a few more in order to see whether the opinion is correct that the smaller grain powders give more penetration than the larger. I loaded some ordinary cardboard shells with 2½drs. of Curtis & Harvey's powder and 1oz. of No. 7 shot, using strawboards of fifteen to the pound; one thin card wad, one thick felt and another thin card were over the powder; one thin card over the shot. Distance, 40yds.; gun, the 16-bore, 28in., by T. Turner, full choked in both barrels on the recess principle:

	Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.
No. 2 powder, 3 shots with right barrel.	6	7
	5	15
	5	20
No. 2 powder, 2 shots with left barrel ..	5	9
	5	13
No. 4 powder, 3 shots with right barrel.	5	15
	5	10
	5	14

Same gun with brass shells uncrimped, 2 14-gauge cloth wads over powder and 1 over shot. Charges the same:

	Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.
No. 4 powder, 3 shots with right barrel.	4	4
	4	3
	5	12
No. 6 powder, 3 shots with right barrel.	4	13
	5	8
	4	14
No. 6 powder, 2 shots with left barrel ..	5	8
	4	12
No. 6 powder, 2¾drs., shot as before....	5	14
	4	7
	5	11

Maynard .65 barrel, recess-choked, homogeneous steel, 26in., 2½drs. No. 4 powder, 1oz. No. 7 shot, 2 cloth wads over powder, 1 over shot, brass shells:

	Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.
Maynard .65 barrel.....	4	10
	5	6
	6	6

Fourteen-gauge muzzleloader by Purdey, 30in. Damascus barrels, cylinder bore, 2½drs. No. 4 powder, 1 cloth wad, 1oz. No. 7 shot and 1 cloth wad:

	Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.
Right barrel....	5	8
Left barrel.....	5	3

Same charge of No. 2 grain powder:

	Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.
Right barrel	6	9
Left barrel...	6	14
Right barrel.....	6	5
Left barrel.....	6	11

Sixteen-bore Turner gun, with ordinary cardboard shells loaded as before, with 2½drs. powder and 1oz. No. 7 shot; 40yds.; strawboards 25 to lb.:

	Boards pierced by 3 pellets.	Shots through 1st board.
No. 2 powder, right barrel, 3 shots.....	13	16
	11	12
	13	9
No. 4 powder, right barrel, 3 shots... ..	10	11
	10	14
	8	7
No. 6 powder, 2¾drs., shot as before...	12	9
	10	11
	12	15

The above charges of powder may seem small to American sportsmen, but nothing puzzles me more than the enormous charges used in America as compared with the weight of shot, and also the very heavy guns that are so much in favor. Why should any one carry an 8 or 9lb. gun all day, when a 19-gauge of 6½lbs. or a 12-gauge of 7½lbs. can be fired without the least uncomfortable recoil, although the cardboard shells may be loaded with as much powder and shot as can be squeezed into them? When Captain Bogardus's book on shooting was first published I bought it, and found that for a 10-bore, 10lb. gun he recommended only 1oz. of shot and 4½ to 5drs. of powder. That was before chokebores were much used on this side of the Atlantic. I had then been shooting for some years with a double central fire cylinder gun, with 30in. laminated steel barrels, one of W. W. Greener's best, which had cost £45 in his shop. I had made fine bags of ducks, sand grouse, quail and snipe with the ordinary loads, but tried the system advocated by Bogardus both at game and at the target. The result was a complete failure. The heavy charges of powder caused the shot to scatter so much that there was little chance of the game being hit by more than one pellet at 40yds., and when smaller shot was used to remedy this the penetration was too poor except at short ranges. I doubt if any amount of powder would give No. 8 shot the same force at or beyond 40yds., as is given to No. 5 by the usual charges. I think Captain Bogardus himself proved this while in England. In a pigeon shooting match with Mr. Coventry at 30yds. rise, the latter used a 12-bore of 6¾lbs., loaded with 3¾drs. of powder, 1¼oz. of No. 6 shot in one barrel and the same of No. 5 in the other. Bogardus had a 12-bore of 10lbs. weight, loaded with 5drs. of powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 shot in one barrel, and the same of No. 6 in the other. He killed 79 of the blue rocks and lost 10 wounded. Mr. Coventry killed 78 and lost only two wounded. The reporter of the London *Field* who was present attributed the large number lost by Bogardus to his using the No. 8 shot.

During three or four successive years, long before I heard of Captain Bogardus, I had tried various sizes of shot and various proportions of powder to lead, and finally settled down to certain loads simply because they bagged most game, at least with my guns, which were in the muzzleloading days a 30in. Damascus barrel, 16-gauge, 6½lbs. weight, by Sam Smith, of London, and afterward the 12-gauge central fire by Greener mentioned above.

For snipe and quail I tried every size of shot from No. 10 (1,700 to the oz.) to No. 6 (280 to oz.), and found that No. 8 (600 to oz.) was by far the best. On very calm days No. 9 (980 to oz.) did as well but not better, and it was far inferior when there was any wind. For ducks I tried all sizes from No. 6 to No. 2 (112 to oz.), and finally settled down to No. 4 (175 to oz.). No. 5 (218 to oz.) hit as many, but I gave it up because they often escaped when wounded by diving under weeds. The shock given by No. 4 seemed to paralyze them, so that even when not killed at once they were rarely able to get away. For wild blue rock pigeons, hardly I think so large or strong as those bred for English trap shooting, No. 7 (340 to oz.) always seemed to me to make the largest bags.

For large birds nearly always killed at long range, such as wild geese or coolen (a kind of large crane), I found nothing so good as BB (60 to oz.) or A (50 to oz.).

The loads which did best work in the 12-gauge cylinder, and afterward in a 12-gauge, 28in. recess chokebore, were:

No. 8, 1 oz. to 3 drs. powder
No. 7, 1 oz. to 3½drs. powder
No. 6, 1¼oz. to 3½drs. powder
No. 5, 1¼oz. to 3½drs. powder
No. 4, 1¼oz. to 3¼drs. powder
BB or A, 1⅛oz. to 3drs. "

Always using the strongest No. 4 or No. 6 grain powder for the breechloaders, and No. 2 for the muzzleloader.

I may add that when making the above-mentioned experiments I was living in parts of India where game was plentiful, and was out shooting once ar twice a week and sometimes from three to ten days at a time during about six months of each year. My conclusions were, therefore, not formed hastily.

I do not, of course, mean to assert that any rule can be rigidly adhered to, for some guns throw certain sizes and charges of shot better than others. For instance, I have a combined gun and rifle, the right barrel of which is 16-gauge for shot. It is 28in. long, by the same maker as the No. 16 double shotgun, and recess-choked like the latter. Yet, while it makes a good pattern with No. 4 shot and bad with No. 3, the double shotgun makes a very close pattern with No. 3, actually putting far more pellets into a 30in. circle than it does of No. 4.

We regard to the recess system of chokeboring, Mr. Long, in his work on American wildfowl shooting, says that they cannot give as close or regular shooting as the true chokes. It is very likely that he is right, but I am inclined to doubt if he has seen recess chokes by makers who have thoroughly studied that system of boring. At any rate, they have advantages of their own. They carry soft shot as regularly as hard, while the true chokes require hard to do their best shooting, and in some cases seem to throw soft shot worse than cylinder bores. Some of your correspondents have complained that they do not throw buckshot so well as the latter and they are certainly not fit for ball shooting. If the bullet fits closely from the breech upward it must be likely to split open the muzzle, and if it passes readily out of the muzzle it must be loose in the after part of the barrel and liable to dent it. These are certainly defects for all-round work in the bush, and a properly made recess choke is free from them. Mine carry bullets, one size smaller than the bore and tightly tied in linen, accurately enough to kill deer regularly up to 50yds., and they shoot buckshot with great closeness up to 40.

With 1oz. No. 6 shot and 2½drs. of powder, the number of pellets put by the 16-gauge on a 30in. target at 40yds., with the left barrel in five shots were 189, 179, 182, 171, 187; with the right barrel and 2¾drs. of powder, 171, 197, 220, 198, 173.

With the shot barrel of the combination gun I tried three cartridges loaded with 3drs. of powder and nine buckshot of a size which form 3 in a layer at the muzzle. At 40yds. the first shot put the nine pellets into 25in. wide by 19½ deep, the second into 13in. wide by 10½ deep, and the third into 15 wide by 15 deep. J. J. Meyrick.

Dublin, November.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.—At the meeting of the New York Fish Commission last Monday, according to a report by the *Times*, "a gentle breeze was raised in the Commission by Gen. Sherman's somewhat scathing criticism of the manner by which deer are slaughtered during the hounding season. Gen. Sherman wanted the report of the Commission to advise the Legislature that these abuses had all crept in since the laws had been revised, so as to permit a limited hounding season. He said that it was a common occurrence since hunters had been allowed to take dogs into the woods to find the remains of the deer rotting on the ground where they had been left by sportsmen who were unable to use what they had killed. Commissioner Bowman thought Gen. Sherman's language a little too strong. He had heard that there was a strong difference of opinion among sportsmen as to the effects of hounding upon the deer. Those who knew all about the subject contended that hounding benefited the game and stimulated the deer to breed. If gentlemen sportsmen were only permitted to still-hunt for deer, they might as well give up going into the woods at all. If a hounding season were abolished the only persons benefited would be those who lived in the locality of the woods. Chairman Roosevelt agreed with the views expressed by Judge Bowman and believed that no harm was done the deer by the recurrence of a hounding season, but rather that they were stirred up and benefited by it. The other Commissioners maintained a discreet silence during the discussion, and even appeared a little alarmed. Gen. Sherman stuck to his first position and said he merely spoke of what he had seen. Commissioner Blackford, who probably knows more about the ways of the finny tribe than the fish do themselves, said he wasn't an expert on deer and was therefore inclined to pin his faith on the statements of Gen. Sherman. Gen. Sherman said he would be contented with a minority report which should express his views as they were set forth in the report. At this point the situation, which was rapidly becoming strained, was relieved by Judge Bowman offering to accept Gen. Sherman's recommendation, and the meeting arrived at a peaceable termination."

HUNTING IN FLORIDA IN 1874.—IV.

THE next day being Sunday we spent in camp, cooking and wishing we might hear from home, as no letter had yet reached us. About 2 o'clock Mr. J. rode into camp, horseback, with letters for both of us, and said he had a good chance to trade with the Indians if he had silver. So I accommodated him with $15 and engaged him to come for us in nine days. Wandering to the further side of our 50ft. island for meditation the thought suddenly struck me what should either of us do if the other should perchance be killed? Until that moment such a possibility had not occurred to me, and I felt the cold shudder creeping over me till I had worked out a plan that seemed feasible for preserving the remains in such an exigency. My plan was to sew up the body in our stout tent cloth and my India rubber blanket and suspending it in a tree, the survivor find his way back to Mr. J.'s as best he might. In case of severe indisposition or maiming only the problem was less easily solved, as the indisposed or injured could not be left alone. Considering all the risks I began to regret there was not a third member of the party, and I resolved then and there that I would run no such risk again.

On our third return to the cypress-slue, while Fred was bailing out the scow I was attracted toward the margin in an effort to get within gunshot of a spoonbill circling overhead. Was it indirect vision or was it God's overruling providence that caused me as I raised my gun to fire to look down instead of up to see that I was within a gun's length of the snout of a 10ft. alligator half concealed in the water, but whose jaws were slowly opening to close about my limbs with a snap defying any mechanical motion for quickness. To pour the contents of three chambers of buckshot into his side just back of the foreleg was the work of a moment. As he rolled over on his side we left him for dead, but returning to the spot three hours later he was gone.

We often found on the same tree eight or ten different kinds of nests, and observed that no nest was ever left vacant when undisturbed—one mate instantly taking the place of the other—as a regular system of robbery was constantly carried on between the rapacious hawks and crows, and the inoffensive herons. The slue was not very extensive, and after robbing the lower nests from 10 to 20ft. in height, and shooting the owners, we turned our attention to those nests from 30 to 40ft. in height. On the fourth day Fred's shoulder became so lame from climbing he could hardly raise his arm and was forced to exchange work with me. Unfortunately we had no climbing irons, but fastening my claw-hatchet securely to my wrist and carefully testing the strength of every limb with a pull upon it before trusting my weight to it, I succeeded in mounting higher than I had ever done on trees, since the venturesome period of childhood. It was not a pleasant sight in my elevated position to see a dozen heads of alligators with pop-out eyes watching all my movements, and I knew that a treacherous branch might furnish them with a feast. Merely throwing them down a stick would start them out of their lurking places, and bring into display their activity in the water, as well as their flexibility in winding in and out among the half concealed cypress knees. The climber let the eggs and young birds down by a string in a handkerchief to the one remaining in the scow.

One of the Crackers in the settlement happening to be at Fort Capron when the semi-weekly mail arrived by sailboat from Jacksonville, he undertook to bring our second batch of letters to us with a package of my photos for which I gave a sitting the morning before I sailed from the North. But after searching for us two days he gave it up, and delivered the letters to Mr. J. to bring to us when he should send for us. Another Cracker learning that we had taken a scow to the heronry laid in with Mr. J. to direct him to it that he might avail himself of our means of navigating the slue to secure egret plumes, which were in great demand for ladies' bonnets. When half way back to our camp on the fifth day, we found him wading toward us. Joyfully welcoming him he returned to our camp, but as our tent was hardly large enough for Fred and myself he slept outside rolled up in his blankets.

We frequently saw deer feeding in the open waterprairie, but as there was no cover for still-hunting were unable to secure any.

Our constant firing had either killed off or frightened away the more timid spoonbills, so that Fred and the "Cracker" decided to take night and morning rations and spend the sixth night in the heronry to secure egrets as they should come in at night from their feeding grounds or go forth in the morning—thus leaving me alone at the camp for that night. It was a new experience for me, although I had become accustomed to our nightly serenade medly of alligator bellowing, wildcat yawling, frog peeping, turkey gobbling, heron screaming, owl hooting and every other kind of unearthly sound pertaining to a wilderness swamp. The death rattlings of alligator or wildcat victims were frequently repeated on every side of me, and about midnight I was aroused by a second visit from our prowler of the first night. Again he tapped the canvas over my head as though clawing it, and bounded away with a heavy tread as I tapped back. Determined to identify the creature and, if possible, secure it for the museum, I hastily lit my dark lantern, and lifting the side of my tent, saw a little way off in the darkness two eyes gleaming upon me. Fearing to shoot my gun lest I should alarm my companions two miles distant, I fired my pistol at the eyes, with only the effect of elicting a yell and a bound into the thicket. I was soon asleep again, not waking till long after sunrise. Fred and the "Cracker" returned toward night well laden with birds and plumes. Our provisions growing short, we sent the "Cracker" into the settlement on the morning of the ninth day to hasten Mr. J.'s coming for us, as we had only flour enough left for one meal, nine eggs and a little coffee. Our spoonbill carcasses being all gone, we were forced to eke out our larder with white ibises. About noon the next day Tom arrived with the team, and after loading on to the axles the scow, we filled it with our luggage and started for civilization, such as it was. While on the island Fred was stung twice by scorpions, but our bottle of hartshorn brought quick relief. About dark some of Tom's family met him, and they held a long consultation apart from us. As yet Tom had no reason to suppose I knew anything about his being one of the murderers of Mr. Lang, but I saw from their countenances there was trouble brewing for them. When

he returned to the team, I put on as cheerful a countenance as possible and commenced joking him, but he had no heart for my jesting, and I left him to his forebodings, which were not unfounded, as the sequel will show.

Once more encamped on the old spot, we hoped, as we bunked for the night, the thievish hogs had forgotten us during our ten days' absence, but were wofully mistaken, as our frequent alternations of "Shoo, shoo," and snatches only of dozing without real sleep proved. While breakfasting we were planning how to provide the grub necessary for carrying out a plan proposed by our Cracker visitor at the rookery for the next ten days, to the effect that we should proceed to a locality on the coast called Fort Pierce, four miles south of Fort Capron, where he had a boat, and camping there let him supply us with shore birds and fish in such numbers that we would be kept skinning and preserving all the time till we were ready to say "halt." This plan would cut us loose from Mr. J., who, subsequent experience showed, was not quite ready to let the goose that was laying the golden egg for him fly away. So he and our new parasite, whom we will hereafter call Jim, came to our camp with many protestations of interest in our success, and proposed a postponement of the ten days' shore hunting and fishing for a ten days' trip, more or less, to another rookery two days' distant, much larger than the one we had just left, and bordered by a pine hummock affording good camping ground immediately upon its shore. As it was yet early in the season for gathering some kinds of eggs, we snapped at the bait, and, sending off Tom to Fort Capron for replenishing our larder, spent the day in recaulking our scow and packing the material we had left to dry in the loft of Mr. J.'s log stable. Vermin of some kind, despite the arsenic, had ruined my rattlesnake's skin, leaving me only the head and rattles. The mammal and bird skins were on the eve of moulding from the excessive dampness of the nights, and it was becoming a serious question whether we had not better get out of so swampy a region, to save what we had already secured at so great an expense of fatigue and money. To leave a cherished plan unaccomplished had not been the experience of my life of nearly three score years, and I also felt some responsibility in reference to introducing my young companion of less than a score to such an unfortunate future. After another sleepless night through the unwelcome visitations of our porcine tormentors, we repacked the scow placed upon the ox-team axles, and bade a final adieu to the settlement on Ten-Mile Creek, with no regret, though in Mrs. J. we had found a true-hearted woman, who, alone of all we had met in the settlement, had manifested toward us the least spark of unselfishness.

In the outgoing of this trip, Mr. J.'s little son of ten year accompanied us, and enlivened the monotony of the tramp by his cheerful and unsophisticated nature, often plying me with questions concerning Yankeeland that made me grieve to think so bright a lad was being raised under such outlaw influences. An incidental remark, as we were fording a deep stream, whose quicksand bottom threatened to sink oxen and load out of sight, that in my country I had often driven oxen with a load of wood across a pond without sinking an inch, so taxed his credulity that he called upon my companion for confirmation of the statement. He had never seen a flake of snow or a film of ice, and no kind of illustration at our command could make him comprehend the fact. Dressed only in shirt and trousers, he scrambled around in the briers and saw-grass with naked feet as fearless of harm as though rattlesnakes and moccasins were as unknown in that region as ice and snow.

Camping soon after dark, we were too tired to unload our tent, and each chose his own place and lay down upon a bed of palmetto leaves and went to sleep counting the stars. Our little "cheerfulness" went searching in the dark for water, and just on the brink of a pool felt a ground rattlesnake wriggling about his naked ankles. Nimbly jumping aside, he captured the reptile and brought it to me as a trophy. At early dawn we were off, and soon after sunrise crossed fresh tracks of deer, and not much further a panther's tracks. The panther should be hunted only with dogs, that his attention may be diverted from the hunter while he is drawing sufficiently near to make sure of a deadly aim. In the course of the day we arrived at the rookery, and for once realized all the expectations raised by our Cracker guides. It was a cypress-slue of ten or twelve acres, with the exception of the end nearest us, of about two acres of clear water, the whole encircled with a margin of dense undergrowth twenty-five or thirty feet in thickness. So matted was the marginal growth it was impervious to the gaze beyond eight or ten feet, but on climbing a tall tree and looking over the underbrush, the clear water furnished to the sight a unique aquarium that no other State than Florida, I imagine, can furnish. I counted one hundred alligators, from three to twelve feet in length, leisurely swimming in all directions in the two acre space, and ceased counting. Some were dragging long rushes in their mouths across the water, evidently to construct their nests, which are built on the margin above the water. The alligator lays from fifty to seventy eggs in alternate layers of reeds and eggs, and leaves the mass of rubbish to putrefy and heat the eggs for incubation. Instinct brings the mother to the spot at the right time to tear open the pile and release the chicks on their first peeping.

Selecting a place for our camp just far enough from the swampy undergrowth to feel safe from the visits of alligators, in two hours we had a path cut through the undergrowth with a corduroy bottom laid, along which to push our scow for launching in the clear water. Mr. J. and his son returning with the team, this time we had with us Jim, an experienced hunter and boatman. Our experience in the first rookery led us to provide a boat-hook for this, besides poles and paddles. Our boat launched, we essayed to cross the clear water to the cypress-slue, above which we could see hundreds of spoonbills, white ibises and egrets sailing, while others were diving in and out among the branches. So far as Crackers or Indians knew, we were likewise the first ever to launch a boat of any kind upon these waters, as well as at the first rookery. To the alligators, our invasion of their hitherto undisturbed domain must have been something akin to the astonishment of the natives when the vessels of Columbus hove in sight. Fearless, they swam up to the gunwale as to a floating log, and but for the thumping of their snouts with our poles, they would evidently have boarded us and taken possession of our frail batteaux. A few charges of shot so educated them, however, that on the second or third day they were ready to give us a wide berth as we issued among them. As we boated among the cypress-knees, they were still more numerous and audacious, so that we found it almost impossible to secure a single bird we had shot, a half dozen at a time springing from their lurking places the moment the bird touched the water. Another set of nest robbers than ourselves we found in the slue. The fishcrows by the hundreds were perched near the nests of the curlews and herons, just out of reach of their long necks; but the moment a bird left the nest, either to exchange places with its mate or because frightened by the crack of our guns, these crows, so intent upon their plunder as to be themselves unterrified, would dart upon a nest, and, if the egg was small enough, fly away with it in its bill, or if large, pierce it with its bill and fly off with the contents dripping away through the air. Forced thus to change our tactics, either to secure birds or eggs, we made it a rule each morning to first shoot a number of crows as they flew out and in, and by occasionally getting ahead of the alligators secure a portion of them. Placing these upon the slanting bow of the scow, if our shot dropped a spoonbill or other bird, we would throw a dead crow in front of the nearest alligator making for our game, and thus manage, by giving away sometimes two or three crows, to secure one spoonbill.

In crossing the open water on our campward trips, as we came out of the slue, our guide Jim was very expert in often hitching the boat-hook over the shoulder of a huge alligator headed the right way, and making him in his fright drag us across the pond, till, nearing the shore, he would let go by thrusting the hook forward and then, giving our steed a punch in the side, dismiss him. In a few days we had secured all the spoonbills, egrets, ibises and snake-birds and their eggs we could well care for, and began to think of leaving the interesting place. Our provisions, too, were giving out, so I told Jim he must take our breechloading rifle and go out and get us some venison hams. In about fifteen minutes after leaving us, we heard three shots in quick succession, and in a few moments more he came in with the request that we go out and help him bring in the hams. Repairing to the spot, we found a buck and a doe lying as they fell, about ten feet apart, the third, a doe, running off with a broken shoulder, but found the next day a few hundred feet away, dead. Securing our hams, and a portion of the liver of each, we had jerked venison for days to come. In one of the livers I found the parasite fluke, always to be searched for in the hepatic system of herbivorous animals.

Toward night of the sixth day Tom appeared with the oxen and axles. Quickly converting our scow into a wagon-body we prepared to bid farewell to cypress-slues and 'gator swamps, well pleased with our experience in seeing wild beasts and birds in their wild haunts. A day's tramping across pine hummocks and wallowing through intervening sloughs brought us upon an old army trail leading from Fort Capron on the Atlantic coast to Fort Bassinger on the Kissimmee. Following this with the forests on fire on both sides and trees falling across it, which had to be cut away, we camped at midnight for four hours by simply halting and lying down on the grouud and sleeping as best we might. Resuming our march by earliest dawn we soon found our way impeded by thick undergrowth and crosswise logs, which had to be cut away for the team. The last six miles being across a sandy hummock with the thermometer at 100°, for six hours man and beast suffered exceedingly from thirst, and I began to long for the knee-deep morass as more desirable. Toward night we reached Fort Capron, and as I drew near was espied by Judge P., who had so kindly warned me as I was about to leave for Okechobee of the danger of trusting myself to the outlaws who alone inhabited the region besides Indians. The instant he recognized me he rushed out of his house and clasped me around the neck, declaring he was never so relieved in his mind, for he had about concluded his worst fears for our welfare had been realized.

At Judge P.'s I found Doctor P. and Erwin, who had returned but the day before from their circumnavigation of the lake, having had a very sorry and to Erwin at least a very unprofitable time, for he had suffered most of the time from chills and fever, which had now assumed a bilious form, and had so reduced his strength that he was unable to leave his bed. At first sight of him, I saw that, if I would take him home alive, I must change my rôle and turn nurse. Therefore I chose a camping place not far away on the left bank of a stream about one-eighth of a mile above its débouché into Indian River. Just across the stream a stalwart negro by the name of Trott had recently "squatted," having a reputed lawful wife and a concubine, whose incessant quarreling made day discordant and night hideous, except when the lord of the harem interfered and for the time turned one or the other out of the one-room shanty, as his fancy dictated. He was a native of the West Indies, and had served on a man-of-war in varied capacity, till he had acquired more or less skill as a navigator. His strength was fully equal to that of two ordinary men, and if provoked would have been a dangerous man to deal with. As soon as possible I sent by boat for a hermit doctor across the Indian River, whose prescriptions dispelled the bilious tendency and gave me encouragement that in eight or ten days I might commence my homeward journey. Subsequent acquaintance with this physician revealed a singular history. Originally from Vermont, where he had long practiced medicine, he acted as surgeon during the war in a Western regiment, but instead of returning to his home at the close of the war, drifted to this frontier land, and doubtless under an assumed name commenced a hermit's life on the sandy island nearly opposite Fort Capron, whiling away his time in fishing and corraling green turtles for the Savannah market. At this time he had corraled about fifty, weighing from 40 to 125lbs. I bought of him the largest as a specimen for Brown University Museum. Two months later, he embarked on a sloop commanded by the negro, to take his turtles to Savannah, and was wrecked and drowned on the coast near Fernandina.

Brown University, Providence R. I. J. W. P. Jenks.

Narcoosee, Fla., Nov. 26.—Snipe are coming in fast, and we have had some excellent sport. A party of six guns close to Kissimmee bagged 211 the other day, which is the best bag that has been made so far this season around here.—General.

NEW ENGLAND GAME NOTES.

It seems that the late grouse shooting in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts has not proved very satisfactory this fall. The Boston market is almost entirely bare of such birds. Now and then a few are seen, but they have been smuggled through in boxes of chickens or turkeys. But not one partridge can be found in the stalls, where on former seasons twenty, and even a hundred, were to be seen. The new transportation laws of the above-named States (Massachusetts always excepted where the marketman has an interest) and the Provinces have much to do with the absence of these birds in the Boston market. The few that are to be obtained in this State make but very little show in the markets, and to obtain them from the other States and districts noted, the gauntlet of game wardens has to be run, and if the truth is told, the shippers are getting tired of the work. In the first place the receivers of such game here do not pay them enough to make the risk worth while. In this State it is evident that the grouse are sadly on the decrease, but now and then a few are to be found. They are ever on the alert, however, and it takes one of the best shots, accompanied with the best of trained dogs, to cope with them successfully. It is, in fact, patent to all who have observed these birds for a series of years, that they yearly become more and more shy of both the gun and the dog.

But in Maine and northern New Hampshire the case is more hopeful. The early shooting was not very satisfactory, but of late those who have had the courage to invade the woods with anywhere from a few inches to a foot of snow on the ground and the weather very cold for November, have been rewarded with good bags of grouse. A couple of guides, of Andover, Me., who follow gumming in the early winter, have lately come out of the woods, where they have been since the first of October. They report the partridges wonderfully thick in the lake region. They carried no firearms other than a long revolver a piece, not caring to be burdened with shotguns on their gumming trips, but with these revolvers they were able to kill all the partridges they cared for in camp. This number was not a few, as anybody knows who is acquainted with the habits of these men in camp. The breasts of the birds, pulled out of a slit in the skin, are all the bits they have the time or the inclination to prepare. These gummers say they have never seen so many birds in the woods. If they winter well it means good shooting next fall. But somehow the best gunners were not remarkably successful in these very woods early in the fall. One Boston gentleman, Mr. Dwinnell, of the firm of Dwinnell, Hayward & Co., in the coffee trade, made his annual trip to the Umbagog Lake region a little later than usual, and as he is a full believer in the fish and game protective laws, and as it was full October before he got into the woods he took no fish-rod with him, but devoted his entire vacation to shooting. He took some seventy-five partridges in all, fully enough for one sportsman.

By the way, it may be suggested that although the black bear did not "pan out" very abundantly in the fall, yet the early snows that have fallen this year in Maine and New Hampshire have made good bear hunting. Quite a good number have been followed by their tracks in the snow and either driven into their dens or treed and shot. The two gunners mentioned above had an encounter with a good-sized bear, or rather as they were returning one night to camp, laden with gum, bruin started from beneath an old treetop and the boys begun emptying the contents of their long revolvers into him. Evidently the bear did not like the smell of powder, for he quickened his rather lively run into a furious rush up hill, affording the chance for several revolver shots, though at rather long range. The old bear got away, of course, but the gummers say that if there had been sufficient daylight left, and they had not been a mile or two from camp, with only a very dimly spotted trail, they should have followed him up. As it was they drew blood with their revolvers. An old bear and her cub were driven to den and killed in the vicinity of Mount Bigelow by a couple of hunters from Kingfield, one day a week ago. They report seeing another very large one that did not succumb to their bullets. A bear has given the hunters of Anson and New Vineyard the long chase, within a short time. He was tracked across two or three townships, in the snow, and he finally outwinded the hunters among the mountains of Kingfield. The old hunters claim that bears are increasing in Maine.

Another big moose has been added to the number of the slain in Maine the present season. This makes eight this year, so far as heard from, killed in that State in the open season. The last was an enormous fellow, estimated to be nine years old. It measured 9ft. from the base of the horns to the end of the tail. The girth was 9ft. 4in., and the measurement along the back from the end of the nose to the extremities of the hindfeet was 18ft. The horns spread over 4ft. The giant was killed by A. B. Douglass, a well-known hunter and guide. It was killed in the Dead River region, on Spruce River. It was followed up by the hunters for days by tracking in the snow.

The number of deer killed in Maine during the present open season appears to be rather small, and but very few have been smuggled through to the Boston market. Still, a few have arrived. In one case, about the first seen of a couple of haunches of venison, done up in the hides, was on the back of a man coming around from Merchant's Row into North Market street. The man when asked where the deer came from, declared he did not know. But the venison was fresh, and it evidently came from Maine. The commission merchants who receive either venison or partridges here, killed in the States where the non-transportation laws exist, are very reticent concerning the way that the game reaches their stores. If they answer at all, it is not always to speak the truth. Western deer are not yet being received in the abundance of former seasons here, but it is probable that the recent cold weather in the West is to bring them forward.

As for the quantity of deer in Maine, the reports are very favorable, but the success of the hunters on the first snows has not been great. The report comes from the lumber camps that the deer are unusually plenty. This is the case in the upper regions of Somerset and Franklin counties, while in Oxford county the woodsmen say that they have never seen the signs of deer so plenty. A gentleman here from St. John, New Brunswick, who is

interested in a large number of logging crews this winter, says that he has never heard as many reports of the tracks of deer as his "toters" bring in this year. He is of the opinion that the deer are let alone by the lumbermen, but his statements are to be taken, in that direction, as are those of a party that desires to be let alone. If the deer can be killed and nothing said about it, the purpose is served, that of cheap meat for the men. Still, there are honest lumbermen in the woods. Mr. J. A. French, of Andover, Maine, for instance, has a very heavy contract for lumber to be cut this winter in the vicinity of Metallic Pond, near the Narrows, between the Upper and Lower Richardson lakes. He is now in the woods with a large crew of men. Mr. French loves the gun as well as any man living, as witness his success in shooting a bear by moonlight, and in shooting foxes, already told about in FOREST AND STREAM, but he declares that any one of his men found guilty of meddling with the deer in the vicinity of his camps, after the close time begins, will not only be discharged, but that they will be dealt with according to law. Under the law he cannot prevent any one of his men from killing three deer previous to Jan. 1, but he will do all he can to discourage it, and the influence of the boss is very strong over the men.

This Metallic Pond is a noted one for deer, as many a poacher can bear testimony to, who has been paddled silently around the shores of the little lake in the depth of the forest, and even the sound of the falling of a leaf was caught by both guide and sportsmen, and when nothing could be seen but leafy shores in the dim glare of the jacklight. Who says that such sport is not enough to send a thrill through the heart of the lover of the woods? But, alas! the doe, the mother of the helpless fawns, is the more likely to fall to the rifle aimed at the two shining eyes, and hence the sport is robbed of all its charms, to him who has a heart in his breast. The signs of deer are wonderfully numerous in that region this winter, and who is not glad that French is there to prevent crust hunting and the wholesale slaughter that might take place were the conditions otherwise?

SPECIAL.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you copy of Senator Vest's new bill for the protection of the Yellowstone National Park. He will introduce it as soon as Congress meets, and will endeavor to secure its early passage.

It differs from the bill which passed the Senate at the last Congress in two main particulars: (1) It retains the boundaries as marked out by the Revised Statutes; (2) it leaves the military organization in the Park as it exists at present, but gives the appointment of three Park police or scouts to the commanding officer. Provision for the civil establishment of superintendent and assistants formerly existing and provided for by the bill of last Congress, is omitted. The officer in command of the military will exercise control under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior.

Many of the friends of the Park will be disappointed to find that the new bill does not increase the area of the Park to the east and south, as was provided by the bill of last Congress, so as to make the Park fully serve its functions as a great game and forest preserve.

No one recognizes the value of this increase more than the framer of the new bill. At the same time he recognizes the difficulty in obtaining Congressional recognition of the necessity of the change, and at the same time the danger of altering the present boundaries. Moreover, the most pressing need of the Park is some scheme for its protection and for the administration of justice within its boundaries. To these ends all other objects should be subordinate, and it may be well that the bill which is mainly for their attainment should not be incumbered with extraneous provisions. It may well be said that what is most wanted at present is protection for the Park as it at present exists. When that is obtained the scheme for the National Park can then be perfected.

Similiar observations apply to the retention of the military sway. While it can be strongly argued that it does not properly pertain to the army to act as police or perform civil duties, it cannot be denied that so far the experiment with the military has in the main worked well. Of course much depends on the officer in charge, and the good effects which have resulted so far may in a measure be attributable to the energy and high administrative qualities of Captain Harris. Since he has been in command of the troops stationed in the Park, he has displayed an intelligent interest in its affairs, which cannot be too highly commended.

It cannot be denied, however, that military control, although it may be accused of being arbitrary, is never found to be corrupt, and is seldom incompetent.

While I believe that a civil establishment would be best for the Park when it is seated on a sure foundation, I also am of opinion that at the present time a control by the military is best for the protection of the Park. The communities now surrounding it are not altogether law-abiding, and it takes the "strong hand" to prevent them from committing depredations and from slaughtering the game.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the same interest which has been manifested in the protection of the Park in the Senate, will now be displayed in the House, and that at the present Congress the nation will provide for preserving what it has created. W. HALLETT PHILLIPS.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

A BILL

To amend sections twenty-four hundred and seventy-four and twenty-four hundred and seventy-five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, setting apart a certain tract of land lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River, as a public park.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to cause an accurate survey to be made of the boundary lines of the Yellowstone National Park as established by section twenty-four hundred and seventy-four of the Revised Statutes, said survey to be recorded in the offices of the Surveyor-General and Commissioner of the General Land Office of the United States, as provided by law.

SEC. 2. That the said Park shall hereafter be under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, except so far as modified by this Act, shall be in full force and effect in said Park. That nothing in this Act shall be construed to forbid the service in the Park of any civil or criminal process of any court having jurisdiction in the county or district of the Territories of Wyoming or Montana in which the Park or any part thereof is located. If any offense shall be committed in said Yellowstone Park, which offense is not prohibited or the punishment thereof is not specially provided for by any law of the United States, or by any regulation of the Secretary of the Interior as provided by this Act, the offender shall be liable to and receive the same punishment as the laws of the Territory of Wyoming in force at the time of the commission of the offense may provide for a like offense in the said Territory; and no subsequent repeal of any such law of the Territory of Wyoming shall affect any prosecution for such offense committed within said Park. All fugitives from justice taking refuge in said Park shall be subjected to the same laws as refugees from justice found in the Territory of Wyoming. That until otherwise provided by the laws of Wyoming Territory, the said Park, for all the purposes of this Act, shall remain and constitute a part of the third judicial district of said Territory; and the district court of the said judicial district, when exercising the jurisdiction of a district or circuit court of the United States, shall have jurisdiction of all felonies committed within said Park.

SEC. 3. That all of the territory embraced within the limits of the Park shall be reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States; and said territory so set apart shall be under the control of the Secretary of the Interior, and subject to all the provisions of sections numbered twenty-four hundred and seventy-four and twenty-four hundred and seventy-five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, except as herein otherwise provided.

SEC. 4. That the Secretary of the Interior shall make and publish such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary and proper for the management and care of the Park, especially for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonderful objects within said Park, and for the protection of the animals and birds in the Park, to prevent their capture or destruction. He shall cause all persons trespassing upon the Park to be removed therefrom, and shall take all measures which he may think necessary to carry out the purposes of this act; and the Secretary of War is hereby directed to make such detail of troops as the Secretary of the Interior, with the approval of the President, may require to preserve order, protect the game and objects of curiosity and interest, and the public property, and enforce the rules and regulations for the government of the Park. It shall also be the duty of the officer in command of such troops to appoint not exceeding three persons from civil life to act as policemen and scouts within the Park, who shall be familiar with the roads and trails, and well acquainted with the different localities therein, and who shall receive not more than nine hundred dollars each annually for their services, to be paid from the treasury upon the certificate of such commanding officer, and the approval of the Secretary of the Interior indorsed thereon.

SEC. 5. That all hunting, or the killing, wounding or capturing, at any time, of any wild animal or bird, except dangerous animals when it is necessary to prevent them from destroying human life or inflicting an injury, is prohibited within the limits of said Park; nor shall any fish be taken out of the waters of the Park by means of seines, nets, traps, or by the use of drugs or any explosive substances or compounds, or in any other way than by hook and line. Any person wilfully violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined for each offense not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment. Possession within the said Park of the dead bodies, or any part thereof, of any wild animal or bird shall be *prima facie* evidence that the person or persons having the same are guilty of violating this Act. Any person or persons, or stage, express or railroad company, receiving for transportation any of the said animals, birds or fish, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall forfeit and pay for every such offense the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be recovered by a proceeding in the nature of an information before any Territorial or United States District Court within whose jurisdiction such offense was committed, or, when the offense is committed within the Park, before the Commissioner appointed under Section 7 of this Act; and it shall be the duty of the District Attorney of the United States for such Territory or district to institute and prosecute said proceeding in the name of the United States, the amount collected from the party offending to be paid into the Treasury of the United States.

SEC. 6. That the Secretary of the Interior may lease small portions of ground in the Park, not exceeding ten acres in extent for each tract, for a period not exceeding ten years, to any one person or company at any one place, on which may be erected hotels and out-houses and such other buildings as he may deem necessary for the use of the public; but such lease shall not include any of the geysers or other objects of curiosity or interest in said Park, or exclude the public from the free and convenient approach thereto, or include any ground within one-quarter of a mile of any of the geysers, the Yellowstone Falls, the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River, or within 300ft. of the Mammoth Hot Springs; nor shall any hotel or other buildings be erected within the Park until such lease shall be executed by the Secretary of the Interior; and all contracts, leases, agreements or exclusive privileges heretofore made or given in regard to said Park, or any part thereof, inconsistent with this Act, are hereby declared to be invalid; nor shall the Secretary of the Interior, in any lease which he may make and execute, grant any exclusive privileges within said Park except upon the ground leased.

SEC. 7. That the President shall appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a commissioner, who shall reside in said Park, and who shall have jurisdiction to hear and act upon all complaints made of any and all violations of the law or of the rules and regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior for the government of the Park and the protection of the game and objects of interest therein. He shall have the power, upon sworn information, to issue process, in the name of the United States, for the arrest of any person charged with the commission of any misdemeanor within the Park, and to try the person so charged, and, if found guilty, to fix the punishment as in the next section provided. The said Commissioner shall also have power to issue process, as hereinbefore provided, for the arrest of any person charged with the commission of any felony within the Park, and to summarily hear the evidence adduced; and if he shall determine that probable cause is shown for holding the person for trial, he shall cause such person to be safely conveyed to a secure place of confinement within the jurisdiction of the district court, having jurisdiction as provided by the first section of this Act, and shall certify the record of his proceedings and a transcript of the testimony in the case to said court, which court shall have jurisdiction of the case and proceed therein as provided by law in chapter eighteen, title thirteen, and chapter three, title seventy, of the Revised Statutes of the United States, the punishment inflicted to be the same as prescribed in said chapters for like felonies. All process issued by the Commissioner shall be directed to any sheriff or constable in the counties of Montana, or Wyoming, nearest to said Park, or to the police therein, who shall have the same power to execute the same as is vested in the marshals and deputy marshals of the district courts of the United States for the execution of writs from said courts; but nothing herein contained shall be construed as preventing the arrest without process of any person taken in the act of violating the law or any regulation for the government of the Park. The forms and proceedings had before said Commissioner shall conform, as near as may be to the forms and proceedings in criminal cases before commissioners appointed by the courts of the United States as now provided by law; and the said Commissioner shall receive the annual salary of two thousand dollars, to be paid quarterly, as in the case of judges of Territorial courts for the respective territories. In all cases of conviction an appeal shall lie from the judgment of said Commissioner to the district court for the third judicial district of the Territory of Wyoming, said appeal to be governed by the laws of said Territory providing for appeals in cases of misdemeanor from justices of the peace to the district courts of said Territory.

SEC. 8. That all costs and expenses arising in cases under this Act and properly chargeable to the United States, shall be certified by the Commissioner to the Department of Justice, and, if approved by the proper officer of that Department, shall be paid by the Marshal of the United States for the Territory of Wyoming, as other such costs in the United States courts. The violation of any regulation made and published by the Secretary of the Interior in regard to the control and management of the Park, and the protection of the animals, birds, fish, and the property therein, is hereby declared to be a misdemeanor, and the party convicted shall be punished for each offense by a fine of not more than one hundred dollars, and be committed until such fine is paid, or by imprisonment for not more than three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 9. That the Secretary of the Interior shall cause to be erected in the Park a suitable building to be used as a jail, and also an office for the use of the Commissioner, the cost of such buildings not to exceed five thousand dollars, to be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, upon the certificate of the Secretary as a voucher therefor.

SEC. 10. That the Secretary of War shall detail an officer from the Corps of Engineers, whose duty it shall be to survey and lay out suitable routes in said Park and select the proper location for bridges therein; and the Secretary of War shall, upon the report of said officer, make annual estimates for the cost of such improvements, and communicate the same to Congress, with such other recommendations in regard to the Park as he may deem proper; and all sums received by the Secretary of the Interior from rents in the Park, or arising from fines or forfeitures for violation of the laws and regulations made for the government of said Park, and protection of animals, birds, fish and public property therein, shall constitute a separate fund, and shall be applied to the improvements hereinbefore mentioned; and the officer or officers collecting such fines and forfeitures shall pay the same to the Secretary of the Interior for the purpose aforesaid.

A GREAT DAY FOR LOONS.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—Thanksgiving was a great day here for loons; nine were killed, some very large ones. I weighed four, one of 13½lbs., two of 12lbs., and one of a little over 11lbs. I think they ate so much they could not fly over 100yds. One that I dissected had one trout in him over 5in. long, three suckers about the same length, three shiners, one chubb and a whole lot of little fry.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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A CERTAIN man owned what he was pleased to style a "wolfhound," of whose exploits against wolves he was never tired of boasting. In an ungarded moment he was persuaded to join a party in pursuit of wolves, and to take this mighty dog with him. On reaching the ground the dog went off out of sight, the party following. After going some distance without seeing or hearing the dog, they met a man, whom they asked if he had seen a hound chasing a wolf. "Oh, yes," he replied, "but the wolf was chasin' the dog. The dog was runnin' like a streak, but the wolf was a-gainin' on him." M.

Sea and River Fishing.

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Angling Talks. By Geo. Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Anglers' Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50. Sportsman's Gazetteer. By C. Hallock. Price $3.

IN THE LAND OF THE MICMACS.—III.

[Continued from Page 323.]

AS it was late when we found camping ground, our tent was pitched in a hasty and, as it proved, insecure way; for about 2 o'clock in the morning the whole thing collapsed and fell upon us. Roused suddenly by any unusual cause, it takes a man some time to get hold of the sheet ropes of his reason and steady himself into a proper understanding of the situation, but this was especially difficult last night, when we heard Davey, who slept nearest the door, shouting at the top of his voice, "Murthur! Murthur!" He was rolling and flouncing around in a violent way, but was succeeding only in getting himself more and more entangled in the folds of canvas. At the first alarm the Indians sprang from their lairs and were soon around the scene of trouble. Thinking some dark tragedy was being enacted beneath the surging canvas, they commenced pulling right and left, Davey all the time screeching 'Murthur! Murthur! I'm kilt, I'm kilt."

Presently one of them caught him by the arm and pulled him out, but as quick as lightning Davey sprang to his feet and grasped the poor fellow by the throat.

"Ye black spalpeen, ye y'ud murthur a Christyun 'ud ye!" shouted he, forcing the Indian backward. Poor Sebatis had just wind enough to mutter in gurgling tones, "Me no you hurtum."

"Nor anybody else, be jabers, whin I'm done wid ye!" yelled Davey, crowding the savage toward the edge of the bank. Just here there was a quiet little cove, the bank was a low terrace, and only 2 or 3ft. higher than the water.

Emerging from the wreck our ears caught the sound of a splash, followed by struggling in the river. We ran to the bank and looked down, but as the sky had become overcast, it was very dark, so we were only able to make out a vague object rolling in the water. James, Walter and Sân were soon beside it, parted the combatants and assisted them to the shore. Davey was completely dazed, like one coming out of a nightmare, but as soon as he felt himself on his feet he cried out:

"Is that ye, Misthur Miller?"

"Yes," replied James.

"Air ye alone, thin?" continued Davey.

"Yes, yes, my good fellow, alive and all right," returned James, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"So yer fixed the rest o' thim. Bad cess to m' luck. Ef I'd no lost m' grip o' 'is throat, the vilyan 'ud be in purgatory, rest 'is sowl, or a wee bit further down be this toime."

Arrived at the freshly stirred camp-fire, the dreamer could scarcely believe his eyes at seeing the whole band around him still in the land of the living, and for some time he cut a sorry figure in the midst of roars of laughter, rising and oft repeated on all sides. The Indians laughed heartily too at poor Sebatis, making him the butt of many jibes and jokes in their own language. Fortunately neither was hurt, but, soaked to the skin, they moped around like two half-drowned rats, until some one suggested a change of clothing. Davey was soon arrayed in his holiday attire. But alas! poor Sebatis!

"Why no you changum?" asked Phil.

"Spose me walkum down to wigwam, gettum dry uns, Sebatis dry putty soon. More better here, no walkum; puttom on pole, dry putty soon. Sebatis lie roun' fire all time" mumbled the poor fellow, shivering like a half-drowned cur. Rather than see Sebatis "lie roun' fire all time" while his garments would be drying, the party came to the rescue. One donated a pair of pants, another a linder, and the third a flannel shirt; and soon Sebatis was attired in the best suit he had been inside of for years. Whether elated at his good luck in this respect, or amused at the farcical nature of the incident to which

he had been a most unwilling party, he was seen to chuckle often to himself, but whenever he felt of his throat, where two or three ridges were rising, his countenance fell, and he looked very sheepish. In less than half an hour from the collapsing of the tent it was pitched again, and the whole company turned in and slept until the sun was two hours high. Then Davey's cheery voice calling, "Breakfis', gintlemin," brought us to our feet, and presently to the table.

"How are you this morning?" said Walter, addressing him.

"Es fresh es a daisy, sur, washed wid doo," replied cookey, setting down a plateful of nicely fried salmon.

"And as clean, too, I see. Your midnight bath did you good," continued Walter.

"But done 'im betthur," replied he, pointing to Sebatis, strutting about in light pants and navy blue shirt. "Troth it wus a muricle I didn't dhrownd 'im, un' anither, un' a bigger one, be jabers, to turn the greasy, durty vilyan o' yisterday into sich a rispictible luckin' man, barrin' the black face."

"Come, Davey, you must hold up on your miracles. They are too expensive. We won't have a rag to wear soon, if you perform two or three more of them," remarked James.

"Luck a-here, sur," quickly rejoined cookey, turning on his way for the coffee pot, "doan't bid the divil good-morn' till ye mate 'im. Ef the nix one gits clear o' m' grip we'll dhrap 'im into yon illigint breeks an' shurt o' Saybacktus's danglin' on the sthick beyant. My word fur it, that 'ull ind the muricles," and, giving us a knowing wink, he turned and went to the fire. A hearty laugh greeted this burst of native wit.

"There, gintlemin," resumed Davey in proud tones, as he poured out the rich, yellow coffee, "there's a dhrap fit fur a quane, though I say it mesilf."

"'Tis very fine, cook," remarked Walter, after taking a sip; "is it made from spring or river water?"

"Spring!" ejaculated cookey with a laugh. "Do ye think I'm Moses, man, to dhraw water from the dhry rocks?"

"O, I forget there's no spring here. Still, Davey, you worked a miracle last night, why not another this morning?"

"Fur the best of raisons, sur: m' rod was left behint in the ould countherie. Cud I ha' gripped m' blackthorn last noight, m' word fur it, the muricle 'ud inded different. So it's as well fur the muricle un' a soight betthur fur Saybacktus m' sthick wus beyant the say."

"So you used the river water?" said Phil.

"Uv coorse, but it's no the bree from the pond beyant, where I transmogrified that black spalpeen las' noight. I fitched it from the pint above."

"Why you surely didn't think the water was dirty down here where you two fell in, did you?" asked James in the midst of a general laugh.

"Fell in!" repeated Davey with a sneer, "troth there was little fallin' in about it; I twusted 'is whuzle till 'e wus riddy to dhrap, un' thin I trowed 'im in; an' es to the wather, I'd es soon take a dhrawin from an ould woman's doye pot."

"But how did you get into the water then?" queried one of the party.

"Why, sur; when I stipped down t' the sthrame t' clane m' hands o' the durt o' 'is throath, begorra, the schamp wus movin'. Cat o' a duzzen loives ur imp o' a hundher, tho' ye be, ses I to mesilf, I'll ind ye; so in I lept on top o' 'im."

"We heard but one splash, Davey," urged Walter.

"An' deef y'u'd be, troth, ef ye hadn't; he made nise enough to wake the dead;" and without waiting for any further discussion of this delicate subject, Davey turned and went toward the fire.

Breakfast over, the work of reloading the canoes was hurried up, as the hour was late and we had hoped to reach North Branch, the goal of our wishes, early in the afternoon. Anxious to have his clothes as dry as possible before transferring them to the canoe, Sebatis had left his "breeks un shurt" hanging on the pole before the fire; so just before we cast off he ran to fetch them. When he re-appeared, however, he was a changed man. A woebegone look had taken charge of his face, his mouth was hanging open, his gait was unsteady and seemingly weak, and his eyes moved listlessly backward and forward between us and something hanging across his arm. A telegram announcing the loss of wigwam, squaw and pappooses, could not have affected him more. What was the matter?

"Hallo, Sebatis! what's up now?" came from the middle of one of the canoes.

"Ugh, pole fallum, fire eatum up clothes, mor'n half gone b'low," replied the poor fellow in regretful tones, turning over the scorched portions.

"Never mind, Sebatis," said Phil, in cheery accents, "you are all right, they're long enough for pappoose yet."

"Un good enough, begorra, the rale thing fur the nix muricle," remarked Davey with a broad smile.

It was hard to keep from smiling at the sad, but comical looking fellow, as he stepped aboard and deposited the object of his sorrow in the bow of the canoe, but as he was the most simple and good-natured of the red men we felt like sparing his already harrassed feelings.

Soon we were among the rapids and swirls and boulders, fighting over again the battle of yesterday. The sun had not yet swung clear of the southern hill wall, but shone brightly upon the rocky terraces of the opposite side, where crag and gulch, gray precipice and gloomy forest were scattered in endless variety and profusion. Projecting far above the dwarf trees which seemed to cling to the face of the rock were seen huge pines, scarred and blackened, pointing heavenward their lifeless trunks, monuments in this wild cemetry of nature, commemorating a giant race long since swept away.

How refreshing the morning air, just moving down the valley, companion of the rushing current and dashing spray, from which it borrows much of its coolness. How fresh and green the mosses and ferns' carpeting and embroidering the rocky shores, covering the harsh stern face of nature with wreaths of mildness and beauty.

Here in the heart of nature's wilds, some of her most charming flowery forms are met. Almost by the edge of the river the bluebell of childhood's memory nods its head to the passing water, as if expressing its thanks for the cooling spray showered upon it at noonday. The tiny violet, emblematic of sweet humility, keeps watch, too, over the thundering stream, reclining its little head as if listening to its giant strains. The honeysuckle and meadow rue, the wild rose and showy lady's slipper, both yellow and rose colored, the oddly formed blossom of the pitcher plant, and the drooping favorites of the immortal Linnæus, the twin flowers, cover the mossy banks or paint the velvety mantle where they grow. These and many others welcome the hardy voyageurs to their rugged homes.

As we ascended the river we found much of the country had been burned by forest fires, and presented a bleak, desolate appearance, the exposed rocky ledges grinning and frowning on us as we threaded the narrow stream at their feet. We found also many rows of pickets still standing in the river, where poachers had lately been pursuing their nefarious work, but these we took the liberty of pulling up and starting on a trip to the distant sea. About 10 o'clock our progress was arrested by a net stretched from shore to shore, completely blocking the river, so that not a salmon could get past. In the pound, a bag-like projection of the middle of the net, generally made with small meshes so as to prevent grilse from passing through, we found a salmon, which we appropriated, cutting the net into several pieces, pulling out the pickets, and sending the whole contrivance adrift. Nearly concealed among shrubbery on the bank was a small bark hut, from which smoke was rising, and a narrow "dugout" canoe lay upon the pebbly shore. We imagined the poachers were observing us from their hiding place, and grinding their teeth in anger at the destruction of their fish traps.

We took dinner about a mile below the mouth of Shore Camp Brook, a little tributary tumbling in from among the hills and gulches on the north side of the river. As the day had been very warm and our men worked unusually hard, we decided to give them a longer rest than we used to at midday; so after the meal was over James announced a three hours' "hang up." One by one the Indians ceased sucking their tumakuns and dropped to sleep beneath the shade of some silver birches, from which they were aroused at the end of the siesta by the cry "All aboard." Soon the swirling, gurgling sounds from the bow, and the measured thud, thud of the poles were heard, and as North Branch, the goal of our wishes, was reported but two miles off, our feelings kept urging us to a keener lookout for a first glimpse of the great pool. In an hour we passed Shore Camp Brook, where swarms of trout lay, as at the mouth of Devil's Brook, in the cool water, and scudded away at our approach. Half an hour more and the dull roar of falling water reached my ears.

"What makum big noise, Louis?" I asked.

"Big fall, North Branch, all same's there now."

The noise grew louder and more distinct. There could be no doubt now about it being the falls, for from a maze of rocky cliffs on our right and a little above issued hollow rumblings, hoarse and deep, as if the great battle of the universe, water versus rock, was raging there in all its fury, away in among those rifts and chasms.

"What green spot is that just ahead, Louis?"

"Little island just mouth North Branch."

Straight ahead and on the shore of the main river a little above the island, we saw a small beach of glistening white sand, fringed with alders and low birches, and thither our canoe was directed. As we passed the mouth of North Branch the thundering of the falls on the latter, not more than thirty rods up, became terrific; the main river, too, seemed to grow wider and smoother, and presently I noticed the Indians pushing with their poles. Looking into the water, what was my surprise to find myself in the middle of a great pool, the width of the main river and ten or more feet deep. The water was eddying in numerous circles and gently bursting wreaths as it swept slowly down from the head of the pool about fifty rods above, where a big rapid spat and sputtered and growled, casting its white foam and angry water into the great basin, where their wild, savage energy was soon transformed into easy curves and graceful movements. What a magnificent pool. And what visions of future sport rose before our excited fancies. How we cheered as we stepped out on the soft, warm, white sand, and how the ancient rock-ribbed hills reverberated, throwing back hollow echoes like the warning growls of fabled giants, whose abodes might be amid the dark caverns of those rugged heights.

Looking the ground over we found ourselves on a flat terrace about two or three acres in area, flanked a few rods back by a semicircular range of low hills extending from the mouth of the North Branch to the main stream a little above the rapids. The face of this was nearly perpendicular, cracked and split in every conceivable manner, so that much of the little flat at its base was covered with a confused heap of sharp stones which had tumbled from above. Here we pitched our tent, almost on the bank, where we could look down into the great basin and enjoy the river breeze so delightful in these inland places during the very hot weather. This terrace looked like an old field of Bannockburn, for it was thickly pitted with holes of all sizes from 2 to 5ft. in diameter and as many deep. Some had recently been dug, others were old, partly filled with rubbish, and overgrown with grass and scrub. Sâk informed us that these were smoke holes for curing salmon; the fish were hung over the opening, a fire built at the bottom, and the whole inclosed with spruce or birch bark. He also pointed out some old prostrate pine logs which had been hollowed out into great troughs where the salmon were packed and "struck" with salt before being transferred to the smoke holes. Judging from the evidences around us this pool and terrace have been for ages a veritable Black Hole for the poor fish. Sâk's explanation, however, was by no means satisfactory to Davey, who seemed to entertain a lurking suspicion that he had hit upon a graveyard of victims of Indian cruelty. Into the large holes especially he was often observed looking, as if thinking in what stage of decay the grinning skull of some poor Yorick might be; and Walter did say that in one of these pensive moods he was heard to mutter "Rest 'is sowl."

About half-past six, tea being over, we repaired to the pool. Lots were cast for positions, James winning first toss, and choosing the head of the basin, just below the rapids. Phil was next in luck, and selected the middle, leaving to Walter the lower end, into which North Branch flowed, but where he was obliged to cast from a canoe. In a few minutes James raised and struck the first fish in the eddy of a big rock under the opposite bank, and was having some fine sport playing it, when a shout from Walter, followed by another from the Indians, told that he too had struck game. Presently James's fish sulked a few rods below the head of the pool, and persistently refused to leave its moorings, although artfully coaxed to do so, until big Peter in a canoe tried the value of a punting pole on it, with the result of sending it scudding toward the rapids again.

All this time Walter was having excellent sport with his. He had played it toward the island, and was soon out on terra firma, but the fish suddenly "took" the current, obliging him to take again to the canoe and follow it. After an exciting chase and struggle it was netted on the bar at the lower end of the island.

James had now his fish pretty well in hand, and Louis netted it very cleverly as it was swimming past the edge of a rock. Walter's fish marked 10 and James's 9½lbs. on the spring balance.

After mutual congratulations and a gentle "all round" of booktawichk, not forgetting a hearty toast from cookey expressing the hope that we might find the fish as "plinty es rocks un es hungry es Injuns," our flies were sporting over the surface, dancing their lively challenges to the spectators below. Phil struck a large fish, but lost it on the first run; probably it was but slightly hooked. Walter was again in luck, and shortly after sunset landed an 11-pounder on the island shore. The fish seemed to take the fly with more avidity in the colder water at the mouth of North Branch than they did further up the pool, for James had several lazy rises, always failing to "fasten" to one. As twilight came on we returned to tent, made a change in our toilet, and sat down to luncheon. We then adjourned, as usual, to the Indian camp-fire, always two or three rods from ours, to smoke our pipes, talk over the experiences of the day, and particularly to enjoy the quaint conversation of our swarthy friends.

The talk naturally turned upon the many evidences of poaching we had seen, the parties by whom carried on, and the provision made by the Government for protecting the spawning grounds.

"Do you come up here often, Sâk?" some one inquired.

"O, sartin; two, tree, more time one summer," replied the Indian.

"When is this netting begun and how long does it last?" queried Walter.

"Well, see, fish walkum 'bout firs' June, pretty tick. Then white man b'low, come up t'ree, four, five canoe. Settum nets clear 'cross Park's Landing, Catamaran, Devil Brook, Stoney Island, Push an' be Dam', all good place. Mebbe stayum there t'ree, four week, makum shingle same's men down wigwam we pass, when byme bye 'bout end June fish no walkum, go home."

"But what do they do with the fish?" asked one of the party.

"Sellum, sartin," replied Sâk; "ev'ry two, t'ree night, one canoe go down near full. Mose Blink, Cud Higgin, Bob Stern, all buyum."

"Is there any poaching done after that time?"

"O, yes; more big in fall. Sposem big rain 'bout middle Septem'r, great heap fish walkum up here. River near full. Then seeum white man go up 'gen past village. 'What gotum in big box there, brudder,' ses I, 'sposem pork, beans, eh?' 'O, sartin,' him say, 'much grub; me goum up North Branch, North Pole, Guägiss lookum lumber chance.' 'Eatum big, sposem in woods?' ses I. 'O, yes,' him say, 'eatum bigger, bigger ev'ry day.' Now Injun no fool. He knowum what in big box same's white man. Injun knowum too, why for white man al'ays huntum lumber chance soon's one big rain."

"I suppose they catch them as they do in June?" said James.

"Putty much same, but likum better holes. Salmon berry t'ick in hole; puttum net all roun' pullum out one time twenty, t'irty, mebbe more."

"What use do they make of them, Sâk?"

"Well, firs' smokum in big hole same 's here an' here (pointing to several depressions around the fire), then rollum up birch bark; when all catchum go home."

"Why don't they take them down fresh as in June?"

"Sposem did, might get in jail. 'Gin law catchum then, 'sides salmon all black and big nose (referring to the "hook-bill" growth on the jaw just before spawning), so cutum off heads, smokum all black, so 's can't tell when catchum."

"Are they good to eat then?" asked Phil.

"W-e-l-l, putty strong, as one old hog, but smoke killum smell, makum all same 's smoke," replied Sâk with a grunting laugh.

"Have you no fish wardens on this river?" queried Walter, removing his cigar.

"O, sartin, warum fish, no peace tall; chasum, chasum all time, same 's I tellum," replied Sâk with energy.

"I don't mean that," said Walter, observing Sâk's mistake, "have you no men to keep bad white men from killing salmon in that way?"

"O, yes, sartin," returned Sâk, "two, t'ree Lookumovers one river. See Great Chief 'way up—what you callum, Mohawk country? Kenedy, eh?—all same. Well, Great Chief makum man down Newcastle Big Lookumover. Berry good un, too; he walkum all over Nor'west, Big Sevogle, Little Sevogle, Little Sou'west an' down b'low, too. Byme bye he makum white man Little Lookumover er-ry five six mile uv river, tellum watchum bad white man no killum salmon, givum twenty, t'irty, mebbe forty dollar one summer; sposem look sharp, 'spec' Great Chief givum more. Little Lookumovers sayum not 'nough, takum all same, but stayum home all time.

"Well, byme bye, sposem some un goum up river, same 's you now, seeum white man nettum smokum salmon, findum poles an' traps, him writum *Tomahawk*, paper on little side (opposition), an' *Tomahawk* tellum people nex' time how big side (Government) doum all wrong. Spec' soon no salmon 'tall, much men nettum, killum fish. Little Lookumovers no good 'tall. Money all t'rown away—country goum to devil. Byme bye, two, t'ree days, *Arrow*, paper on big side, come out. Me seeum both down Mose Blink when me sellum ee's. Mose gettum for nothin' keepum in shop for people readum; big side an' little side sendum up. Me gettum top pile codfish in corner an' readum. Byme bye Mose come sayum easy like, 'Well Sâk, you one putty smart Injun, what you makum out papers, eh?' 'Putty big job makum anyt'ing out 'tall', me say, 'one sayum 'tis, toter sayum 'tisn't, all same's two cross pappoose.' 'Don't peer knowum much how cat jumpum up here, or's you say, which hole musquash in, eh?' Mose sayum with sly wink, an' goum 'way sellum white squaw queer t'ing, likum one big eel pot, madum uv steel to holdum all 'cept head an' legs.

Well, *Arrow* come out an' sayum, 'Berry sorry to seeum *Tomahawk* tellum one big lie, when it sayum good men 'long river so bad. Little Lookumovers bes' men all world, so is der brudder and cousins. Watchum berry good river all time. Never so well lookum after 'fore.'

"Sartin this makum men 'long river feel berry good, swearum for big side votum nex time, but all same catchum salmon all time.

"Well, Big Lookumover t'ink somet'ing all wrong, come up seeum Little Lookumover, but Little Lookumover seeum come, hidum.

" 'Where Lookumover?' him say to white squaw.

" 'O him gone up river two, three day, lookum for nets,' squaw say. Big Lookumover tinkum all right, go home.

"Well, game 'peep no seeum' goum on all summer, Little Lookumover dodgum Big Lookumover, an' bad white man dodgum both, all same 's old schoolmaster an' cunnin' pappoose down village. Byme bye Little Lookumover tinkum better takum peep up river. Putty soon he findum net jes same 's you to day, takum home, no lookum more. Well, nex' time, two, t'ree, four day, *Arrow* havum long pow wow 'bout how smart Little Lookumover be, gettum net, only one on river. Never nets so scarce 'fore. Hopum all peoples no forgettum bad *Tomahawk* nex' 'lection."

"Now, Sâk, you've told us all about bad white men, are there no bad Indians killum salmon, too?" asked Phil.

At this Sâk and the rest laughed heartily; but presently the former rose from his squat, cross-legged posture, straightened himself up, and added with much good humor:

"Sposem more better, as Mose say, me no tellum—tellum—what you callum? Wag, wag outen school."

And now we rose and said "Good night." How calm and cool the air! How deeply blue the sky studded with glistening pearls! How black the great pool! How solemn the deathlike companionship of those rugged hills! Here we seemed to stand mere conscious atoms amid the vast, the grand, the sublime in nature, and how strongly felt we the truth of that awful dictum, "Dust thou art!" And as we lay in our tent and listened to the hollow roar of the mighty falls, how near we seemed to the Great Unknown, and how strangely was our falling asleep like a sinking, sinking into the vast eternity of forgetfulness. CHIKTEK.

NEWCASTLE, New Brunswick.

COLORADO TROUT STREAMS.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 23.—On the 21st of July my good friend the Judge (Bourgeois) was with me on the banks of Grand River for a campaign against the trout. For eleven summers we have fished together in the streams of Middle Park, and will probably keep it up as long as we are able to fish at all. We have pretty well learned each other's gait, and make a fair working team, if not a handsome one. The Judge is a good fisherman, and, of course, a capital fellow; but he professes to think that catching a trout in any other way than with a fly is wrong in principle and an imposition upon the fish. Imagine my surprise, then, at the discovery that he had brought over with him this season a coffee pot full of angle worms. Of course, when I rallied him about his lack of faith in the seductive fly and falling back on fish worms, he denied any such intent, and averred that he brought them, not to fish with, but to "plant." Why he should want to plant that which he never expects to gather or use, and which he thinks no other fisherman should ever use, is one of those problems that I cannot guess; but in order that his conscience might be clear and easy, I went with him to plant the worms, and saw that it was done, and well done. He afterward admitted to me, under a searching cross-examination, that he had once or twice before brought along meal worms for bait, "but" (mournfully) "the plagued trout wouldn't look at them." Also, that he had a similar experience in carrying angle worms to the Arkansas in San Luis Park. But what the Judge especially condemns is the use of the grasshopper for bait, and the reason for this I can understand perfectly—he cannot overtake, or circumvent, or otherwise capture the festive grasshopper.

The Judge has another hobby; he believes religiously that no bird should be shot except on the wing—that the man who is unable to knock down a quail, a grouse or a duck while flying ought not to be allowed to shoot at all—that he shouldn't eat chickens. I have almost convinced him that it is the further duty of the sportsman who shoots on the wing to audibly count three after the bird is flushed before he pulls the trigger. This is to give the bird a show. But the Judge's kindness of heart and consideration for the birds is more practical than toward the fish. I have never known him to ruffle the feathers of one, except an old hen grouse, that he accidently kicked off her nest when fishing. It is true he carries with him every season a fine Parker 12-bore and several hundred cartridges, but I never saw him use it. Formerly it was in an ordinary leather gun case, and formed a visible parcel of his varied impedimenta, but five or six years ago, one day while the Judge was out fishing, the Professor, who figures conspicuously in most of the Judge's fishing romances, borrowed the gun and christened it by killing two or three grouse. The gun was back in camp all right when the Judge came in with his, as usual, creel full of fish, but he saw the chicken feathers, pursued his suspicions, convicted the Professor, and hasn't pardoned him since. But he learned something, and took effective precaution against such accidents thereafter. Since that day his chokebore has taken its summer outing hidden away in the interior of the Judge's "war bag," among his other "duffle" that is sacred to himself only. That is, he tells me it is there, and I never doubt his word—not even in a fish story. I have not seen the gun for five years. I don't believe it has been fired since it left the factory, except when the Professor stole it out as stated above.

Well, we had day after day of delightful sport. Fished up the river and down the river, and went several days to William's fork of the Grand, four miles away. When going a distance of three miles or more we generally rode on horseback to the ground, picketed our horses and fished as long as we cared to, saddled up and returned. Our creels would be filled in from 1½ to 3 hours and we never caught more. Many of the fish were of good size, running from 1½ to 1¾lbs. by the scales, but they did not average as large, nor as evenly in size as the fish I caught in the same waters a month earlier in the season. Mosquitoes, that occasionally troubled in June, had now all disappeared and there was no discomfort or annoyance whatever.

About the first of August a party of us went with a carriage down the Grand to the mouth of the Troublesome, and when we returned in the evening left the Judge there, sojourning at the house of a friend, to continue his sport among the big trout of that neighborhood. He remained several days and had a capital time. The next day I went fishing alone; rode horseback over the divide and down to the mouth of the short cañon three miles below the Springs. I went determined to fish a certain place, very difficult of access, in the mouth of the cañon, where in former years I had several times taken fine lots of trout. After picketing my horse in good grass I walked across the point of the mesa and clambered down into the gorge, finding the water at a good stage for my purpose. I had tried it twice in June, but the river was then too full, the water reaching up into the brush. Now it was just right. There was the narrow strip of broken rock between the foot of the steep hill and the river channel, with strips and pools of still water showing between them, and outside of that the two great flat blocks of granite, rising 10 or 12in. above the water and reaching out well into the channel. At their outer edge the water was 4 or 5ft. deep, and I had always found it, when at or near its present stage, a favorite feeding place for trout. Repeatedly I had stood upon the big flat rocks, or between them and the brush, and taken from half a dozen to a dozen good fish, but the last time was five years ago. The hillside is thickly covered with brush and trees, of which the lower fringe is black alders that project over the water, leaving no room to cast. The water was perfectly clear, and I found the pool, instead of having a school of fish in it, was occupied by one very large (for these waters) trout and a small one. The big fellow lay just outside the rocks and generally in such a position that he could see through between them and watch my motions. Occasionally he would take a place a little higher or a little lower, but I could always see some portion of his body through the 6 or 8in. space between the rocks. The small fish danced about in the current 6 or 8ft. below.

Naturally I wanted that particular trout because it was larger than any thus far caught in the neighborhood this season. I tried my flies on him, one after another, until I had exhibited samples of the entire assortment. At each new fly he would rise lazily and take a look at it and then settle as lazily back to his resting place. His appetite appeared to be satisfied and his curiosity was not impulsive. I "rested" him by fishing up and down stream, to come back after a time, but it was no use. He remembered the cheat and would have none of it. Then I regretted the departure from my rule that day for the first time that season, which was to always carry a little tin box with a few grasshoppers in it for just such emergencies as this one had become. It was clearly a case of grasshopper or no trout—that is, not that trout. Possibly a grasshopper would not entice him, but it was worth the trial anyhow. So I laid down my rod and clambered up the side of the mountain, through the tangle of alders and briers and then among the sage brush and over sliding rocks until I reached a shoulder or bench studded with small nut pines and cedars, where half a dozen big fluttering grasshoppers were soaring and rattling their castanets. The sun beat square against the face of the hill, all breeze was cut off by the trees and it was broiling hot. The warmer it is the more active, lively and wary is the big grasshopper, the further and higher he soars and the louder he rattles his wing cases. Armed with a pine bough, back and forth, up and down I chased after one 'hopper and then another. The first would climb up the mountain, the next sail across the cañon and the river, one would take refuge in a tree and another would crawl under a rock. I tumbled over the rocks, got tangled up in sage brush, thrashed the ground, perspired and thanked my lucky stars that the Judge was not in sight. In fact I was glad he was at that moment ten miles away. Perseverance tells and at last a poor unfortunate grasshopper was overtaken. He was caught between my brush and the mountainside. When the cyclone was over he looked like the victim of a railway disaster. I gathered the remains from the dust and was rejoiced to find that they hung together. They were all there, the great double wings with their gaudy colors, and bright mottled body and the vigorous legs. I plunged down the mountainside with my prize, bent on a snelled hook, baited it with the late deceased and dropped it in the current just above my speckled friend. As it floated over him he looked at it with one eye. Waiting a moment I repeated the maneuver. He looked at it with the other eye. He even rose a hand's breadth from his resting place. I waited a little nervously for the third cast. "The third time is the charm," you know. I learned that when a barefooted cub, I caught "shiners" and "goggle-eyes" and "catties," in the creeks of the old Buckeye State. Had the third cast, with my pulverized and only grasshopper, failed now I would have been discouraged and utterly cast down—but it didn't. Like a snowflake (or a snowball), the lure again fell upon the shimmering water and was borne gently adown the current. As it came near his troutship there was a dash and a strike; an involuntary motion quicker than premeditated thought and he was fast. For a moment the water fairly foamed around him, and into it came another flash from below. The small trout, the big one's tender, had struck and hooked itself upon a small dropper fly a yard above the other. A moment and the big one darted for the middle of the river and the reel sung its familiar song.

I realized that it would be hopeless to attempt landing my fish where I stood upon broken, jagged rocks that extended far out into the stream. Fifty yards below there was a little sand beach that sloped gently into the water. It was 3 or 4ft. wide above the water and perhaps 20ft. long and marked the slack current below the rocks. Below that again the river cut into the bank beneath the trees so that it became absolutely impassable. The little sand beach was my only hope. Keeping my unequal team well in hand, away in the middle of the river, I slowly made my way down to the sand and took my stand on the lower end of it. Just below began the next rapids, over a rocky bar, and if the fish got over that I could not hope to save them. As time passed I became more and more anxious to secure them both. A double, and such a double, was an event to talk about. In a little while the big one began to show signs of exhaustion and slowly I reeled in until I thought my line was short enough to draw them upon the sand to the water's edge. Slowly swinging my rod around behind me to the left, the big fish had reached the sand and his back was out of the water when the rod stopped. I could swing it no further. Taking my eyes from the fish for the first time I glanced backward and discovered that the bend of the rod was against the brush, but I also discovered that the tip was within my reach. Holding the butt in my left hand, I reached out with my right, caught the line beyond the tip and in a moment my fish were drawn up along the sand out of the water, and I was between them and the river—I had saved them both. When I reached home in the afternoon and they were dressed, I found the big one to weigh a trifle over three pounds, and the small one a little less than one pound. In the stomach of the larger one there was a fish that must have weighed, when alive, nearly a pound. The process of digestion had already removed all the outside parts, the skin and fins, leaving the surface as smooth and white as though polished down with sandpaper. I could easily understand then why his lordship was so fastidious after his recent feast. He wanted no feathers and tinsel. Nevertheless, a grasshopper enticed him. The Judge, with his "fly" notions, would have had to leave him. No! the Judge never would have gone in where he was.

[I once caught a large trout at the same place that had swallowed another trout, the tail of which was visible in the swallower's mouth. Digestion had barely set in.] I fished on quietly down the river and filled my creel as full as it would hold. Caught one other fish of over 2lbs. weight, but most were from 10 to 18oz. each.

The next day I went to Grand Lake and did some fishing there. A few days after met the Judge at Cozens', on the Fraser, and we returned together to Denver. He had heard of my big trout, and was evidently a little bit envious, I think, for this year he has placed me on his list with the Professor who borrowed his new gun.

Later this season Mrs. Barney Day caught in the Grand, near the mouth of Troublesome, a 3lb. trout, and her little son, eight or nine years old, caught one of 2¼lbs.

W. N. B.

CAMP ADAMS.—II.

THE days were spent with varying success visiting one pool and another until Saturday night arrived, when rods were put away, not to be taken up again until Monday morning, Sunday being spent in reading, loafing about camp and sleeping.

Sunday morning, however, Armstrong and Ferguson decided to leave for home, as they were unable to stay away any longer from their business, and in consequence the camp is earlier astir than usual. When breakfast is over the buckboard is brought out, and after a hearty "good-bye, boys," the two are off. Although somewhat out of sorts at having to leave so soon they continued on their way as best they could until within about six miles of Way's an accident occurred, for which neither will take the blame, but each tries to make the other bear the responsibility. Between them ,be it. One of them who was driving managed the horse so well that one shaft tried to pass a tree on one side while the horse and wagon were to take the other, a feat seldom accomplished. In consequence the weaker member of the concern, off on its own hook, suddenly parted company. A pretty fix. Six miles to walk and help to guide and haul the buckboard. Imagine the appearance they cut when Way's was reached and the state of their tempers at hearing Adams's hearty laugh at their quaint appearance.

On Monday morning two or three days' provisions were got ready, preparatory to a trip to the Forks, some eighteen miles above the camp and the intervening pools en route. Of the latter there are quite a number of excellent ones, where good fishing can generally be had, fully repaying any one for the extra amount of fatigue encountered, especially if he is made of the metal of true sportsmen.

There being no Saratogas to pack, the things were soon stowed in a dugout, and the horse hitched to it by means of a hook in the whiffletree passing through an iron ring in the bow. The men tumble in on top of the grub and off they go. Where the water is shallow the horse is kept so attached, but when it becomes too deep he is unhitched and driven along the shore, and the men pole as the motive power, causing sore backs and a few blisters until they become accustomed to it, and then, like almost anything else, they do not mind it.

After the deep water is passed the horse is again hitched on, and they continue their way up river until a fishy-looking pool is reached. Then the horse is turned loose and allowed to look after himself and graze along shore, while the canoe skirts the edge of the pool, going round it to get above, so as to make casting the fly an easy matter. Here our friends kill two or three fine fish.

The first night out they camp on the shores of the Square Rock Pool, a short distance below the Forks of the main North West River.

After a good night's rest, as the midges and mosquitoes were not very troublesome, they resume their journey. This day was but a repetition of the previous one, so I will not dwell upon its incidents. That same evening the Forks are reached, where the party are to camp for the night, at the foot of Bald Mountain and many other peaks shooting far above the level of the surrounding country. It is just above this mountain that the South and North Forks uniting form the main river.

On the South Fork, not far above the junction, there is a fine salmon hole, known as the Devil's Gulch Pool, while the same distance up the North Fork is the North Branch Pool, so called, and at the junction is the Forks Pool, the last two of which are wholly upon land owned by Mr. Adams, at the base of Bald Mountain, comprising some one hundred acres. He owns somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand acres at different points along the river and containing within their boundaries, with the exception of a few, nearly all the A1 pools.

After fishing the pools above mentioned they start the next day on their return journey, reaching camp that night, making the return trip in one day.

The sun is hours high before there are any signs of life around the camp the following morning, and not much fishing is done as they are to leave for home on the morrow, after having spent nine days in the wilderness.

In the afternoon they proceed to sum up their catch, and on going to the smoke house count sixty salmon tails suspended on poles, which, together with the five they ate fresh, makes a total of sixty-five. There is a good smoke house alongside of the camp, as fishermen in

this country do not believe in taking fish just for the fun of the slaughter. If they cannot make use of them fresh, preserve them for future use in this manner, and there is nothing much more tasty for a breakfast relish than a piece of smoked salmon cured in the way the fishermen in this country preserve them.

There is no better salmon fishing ground to be had in the Dominion of Canada than the property known as Camp Adams, with its record this past season of 187 salmon—every one of which was killed with the fly—during periods that would not on the whole aggregate over three weeks, and never more than three rods fishing at one time, and often not that many.

On the morrow everything is bustle and confusion. The Falls have to be visited, looks taken of spots, to be borne away as cherished memories, until they can again be visited, perhaps the following year, or perhaps never—who can say? Time will tell its own story. We will wait and watch, hoping that when next the camp is visited none of the merry party, now about leaving it, will have crossed the brink of the great beyond.

It is late before a start can be made, late when they reach Way's and later still when they reach Newcastle, where after a change of clothing we find our friends looking like civilized beings, with the exception of a few fly bites, and the rich brown tan of a ten days' August sun not much the worse for wear.

In speaking of Reddick on Saturday morning I asked him how he enjoyed the trip. "Well, if I were going to die and could get up to Camp Adams for a week I would be good for two years more, and all the medicine they might give me would not kill me. Two years ago I wasn't worth a cent when I came down here. I went home a well man. I have not been sick since till this spring, and just as soon as I got well enough I left for Miramichi. Now I will go home, and if I get sick again look out for me, doctors are nowhere alongside of fresh salmon, salt cod fish, pork grease and potatoes and Camp Adams."

Crawford and Reddick left on Saturday morning, reaching St. John in time for Saturday night's boat, arriving in Boston Sunday evening and New York Monday morning, where Reddick taking leave of his companion returned to his home in Wilmington, to dream by day and night of the murmuring waters, sporting scenes and pleasant shades around Camp Adams. SALMO.

GEN. EMORY'S WHITEFISH.—"A Washington Angler" writes to the *Post* of that city: "The death of General W. H. Emory has recalled to my mind a fishing incident which will interest some of your piscatorial readers. It occurred in the spring of 1851 when the General joined his friend, Charles Lanman, on a fishing expedition to the Little Falls of the Potomac, where he captured a 16lb. rockfish, and, as Daniel Webster had only a fortnight before taken a fish of the same size in the same pool, the General sent his prize to the statesman with his compliments by way of showing that the American army was invulnerable. No fish of that size have been taken in the Potomac with the hook during the last thirty years."

CATFISH ON TROLL.—Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 1.—I notice in your issue of November 17 a note of E. A. Black's rare catch while trolling from a canoe. I had the same experience last June fishing on the Bay of Quinte, near Massassaga Point. I was trolling for bass and was thunderstruck when I landed a 6lb. catfish. The troll was caught in the upper jaw near the corner of the mouth. My brother, who was trolling at the same time, thought I had a large bass, as I had to play him some time before I could land him.—F. S. J.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE CHEMICAL CHANGES IN OYSTERS BY FLOATING.

BY PROF. W. O. ATWATER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

Concluded from Page 369.

THE following experiments were made with oysters supplied by Mr. F. T. Lane, of New Haven, Conn., a communication from whom was just quoted, and for whose courteous aid as well in furnishing the specimens as in giving useful information, I take this occasion to express thanks.

The oysters had been brought from the James and Potomac rivers and "planted" in the beds in New Haven Harbor (Long Island Sound) in April, 1881, and were taken for analysis in the following November.

Two experiments were made. The plan of each experiment consisted in analyzing two lots of oysters, of which both had been taken from the same bed at the same time, but one had been "floated" while the other had not. The first specimen was selected from a boat-load as they were taken from the salt water and the second from the same lot after they had been floated in the usual way in brackish water for forty-eight hours. For each of the two experiments, Mr. Lane selected, from a boat-load of oysters as they were taken from the salt water, a number, about three dozen, which fairly represented the whole boat-load. The remainder were taken to the brackish water of a stream emptying into the bay and kept upon the floats for forty-eight hours, this being the usual practice in the floating of oysters in this region. At the end of that time the oysters were taken from the floats and a number fairly representing the whole were selected as before. Two lots, one floated and the other not floated, were thus taken from each of two different beds. The four lots were brought to our laboratory for analysis.

The specimens as received at the laboratory were weighed. Thereupon the shell-contents were taken out and the shells and shell-contents both weighed. The solid and liquid portions of the shell-contents, *i. e.*, the flesh or "solid" and "liquor" or liquids, were weighed separately, and analyzed. We thus had for each lot the weights of flesh and liquids, which together made the weight of the total shell-contents, and the weight of the shells, which with that of the shell-contents made the weight of the whole specimens. We also had, from the analysis, the percentage of water, nutritive ingredients, salts, etc., in the flesh and in the liquids. From these data the calculations were made of the changes which took place in floating. For the details, which are somewhat extended, I may refer to the publications mentioned above. It will suffice here to give only the main results.

The body of the animal may be regarded as made up of water and so-called water-free substance.* The water-free substance contains the nutritive ingredients or "nutrients." These may be divided into four classes: (1) Protein compounds, the so-called "flesh-formers," which contain nitrogen; (2) fatty substances, classed as fats; (3) carbohydrates; (4) mineral salts.* These constituents of the flesh of oysters have been but little studied. It is customary to assume them to be similar to the corresponding compounds of other food materials, but very probably the differences, if known, might prove to be important. The mineral matters especially, which are very large in amount, appear to include considerable of the salts of the sea water. Of the nature of the ingredients of the liquids but little is known. They consist mainly of water and salts, and the amounts of their ingredients which are here reckoned as protein, fats and carbohydrates, are very small, so that whatever error there may be in classing them with the ordinary nutrients of food, it will not very seriously affect the estimates of nutritive values.

GENERAL RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

During the sojourn in brackish water both the flesh (body) and the liquid portion of the shell-contents of the oysters suffered more or less alteration in composition. In order to show clearly what the principal changes as shown by the chemical analysis were, some statistics may perhaps be permissible here.

CHANGES IN THE COMPOSITION OF THE (BODY) OF THE OYSTERS IN FLOATING.

1. The changes in the constituents of the body were mainly such as would be caused by osmose, though there were indications of secretion of nitrogenous matters, and especially of fats, which are not so easily explained by osmose. This I will speak of later.

2. The amounts of gain and loss of constituents which the bodies of the oysters experienced may be estimated either by comparing the percentages found by analysis before and after dialysis, or by comparing the absolute weight of a given quantity of flesh and the weights of each of its ingredients before, with the weights of the same flesh and of its ingredients after dialysis. For the estimate by the first method we have simply to compare the results of the analyses of the floated and the non-floated specimens. Taking the averages of the two experiments, it appears that:

The percentages of	Before Dialysis.	After. Dialysis.
Water rose from	77.9 to	82.4
Water-free substance fell from	22.1 "	17.6
Total flesh	100.0	100.0
Protein fell from	10.5 "	8.9
Fat fell from	2.5 "	1.9
Carbohydrates, etc., fell from	6.9 "	5.2
Mineral salts fell rrom	2.2 "	1.6
Total water-free substance of flesh.	22.1	17.6

There was, accordingly, a gain in the percentage of water and a loss of that in each of the ingredients of the water-free substance. This accords exactly with the supposition that during the floating the flesh gained water and lost salts and other ingredients.

It will be more to the point to note the absolute increase and decrease in amounts of flesh and its constituents—in other words, the actual gain or loss of each, in the floating. Estimates by this method have been made and explained in the detailed accounts referred to. They make it appear that 100 grams of the flesh as it came from the salt water was increased by floating, in one specimen to 120.9 and in the other to 113.4 grams. This is equivalent to saying that the two specimens of flesh gained in the floating, respectively, 20.9 and 13.4 per cent., or on the average 17.3 per cent. of their original weight. By the same estimates the water-free substance in the 100 grams of flesh before the floating weighed on the average 22.1 grams, while that of the same flesh after floating weighed 20.6 grams, making a loss of 1.5 grams or 6.6 per cent. of the 22.1 grams, which the water-free substance weighed before dialysis. The main results of the two experiments thus computed may be stated as follows:

In the "floating" of 100 grams of flesh (body) of the oysters:

The Weight of	Before Dialysis.	After Dialysis.
Water rose from	77.9 grams to	96.6 grams.
Water-free substance fell from	22.1 "	" 20.6 "
Whole flesh rose from	100.0 "	"117.2 "
Protein was assumed to remain the same	10.5 "	" 10.5 "
Fat (ether extract) fell from	2.5 "	" 2.3 "
Carbohydrates, etc., fell from.	6.9 "	" 6.0 "
Mineral salts (ash) fell from	2.2 "	" 1.8 "
	22.1	20.6

Estimating the increase or decrease of weight of each constituent in per cent. of its weight before floating:

	Per cent. of original weight.
The water gained	23.9
The free-water substance loses	6.6
The who flesh (body) gained	17.3
The protein was assumed to neither gain nor lose.	
The fat loses	8.8
The carbohydrates, etc., loses	12.5
The minerals salts loses	15.5

In brief, according to these computations, the flesh lost between one-sixth and one-seventh of its mineral salts, one-eighth of its carbohydrates, and one-twelfth of its fat, but gained enough water to make up this loss and to increase its whole weight, by an amount equal to from one-seventh to one-fifth of the original weight.

These estimates are based on the assumption that the amount of protein in the flesh remained unchanged during the floating. It seems probable, however, that the flesh may have lost a small amount of nitrogenous material. If this was the case the actual gain of flesh and of water must have been less and the loss of fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts, greater, than the estimates make them. But there appears to be every reason to believe that the error must be very small, and since it would affect all the ingredients in the same ratio, the main result, namely, that there was a large gain of water and a considerable loss not only of mineral salts, but of fats and carbohydrates as well, can not be questioned.

CHANGES IN THE COMPOSITION OF THE LIQUID PORTION (LIQUOR.)

3. The liquids might be expected to receive material from the flesh, and to yield material to the surrounding water. The materials coming from the flesh would be such as the latter parted with by either osmose or secretion. Those yielded to the water would either escape by diffusion or be washed away when the shells were open wide enough to allow. What share each of these agencies had in effecting the changes that actually occurred in the liquids, the experiments do not and, in the nature of the case, cannot, tell. Comparing the percentage composition of the liquids before and after floating, as shown by the averages of the analyses in the two experiments, it appears that:

The percentages of	Before Dialysis.	After Dialysis.
Water rose from	94.9 to	95.5
Water-free substance fell from	5.1 "	4.5
Total	100.0 "	100.0
Protein rose from	1.9 "	2.1
Carbohydrates, &c., rose from	0.7 "	1.1
Mineral salts fell from	2.5 "	1.3

The increase in the percentage of water, and the decrease in that of mineral salts are very marked. The quantities of fats (ether extract) are too small to be taken into account. The increase of nitrogen and that of carbohydrates, though absolutely small, are nevertheless outside the limits of error of analysis, and must, like those of the salts, represent actual changes in the composition of the liquids.

The experiments give no reliable data for the determinations of the absolute increase and decrease of the liquids and their constituents, so that it is impossible to say with entire certainty whether there was or was not an actual gain of protein or fats or carbohydrates. It would seem extremely probable, however, that the liquids received and retained small quantities of these materials from the flesh (bodies) of the animals.

CHANGES IN THE COMPOSITION OF THE WHOLE SHELL-CONTENTS, FLESH AND LIQUIDS.

4. Comparing the average percentage composition of the total shell-contents before and after floating in the two experiments, it appears that:

The percentages of	Before Dialysis.	After Dialysis.
Water rose from	85.2 to	87.1
Water-free substance fell from	14.8 "	12.9
Total	100.0	100.0
Protein (N. X. 6.25) fell from	6.8 to	6.5
Fats (ether extract) fell from	1.4 "	1.2
Carbohydrates, etc., fell from	4.3 "	3.7
Mineral salts (ash) fell from	2.3 "	1.5
Total water-free substance	14.8	12.9

After so much detail, I ought perhaps to simply summarize the results in a few words and close. But one or two matters call for brief notice.

If the changes in composition of the oysters in floating were due to osmose or dialysis alone, we should expect simply a gain of water and loss of salts (and perhaps of carbohydrates). But the flesh seems to have lost a little carbohydrates and fats and probably protein also, along with the salts, while it was absorbing water. A way in which this may have come about is suggested by my colleague, Prof. H. W. Conn, who calls attention to the fact that some mollusks, when irritated, produce an extremely abundant secretion of mucus or "slime," so much, indeed, as to sometimes render a small quantity of water in which the animals may be confined, quite sensibly gelatinous. He suggests that the change to fresh water may, indeed, induce such a secretion of mucous and perhaps of carbohydrates and fats as well, which would account for the increase of these substances in the liquids. The observation of oyster dealers that water always thickens the natural juices that adhere to the surface of the oyster and makes it slimy, accords with Prof. Conn's statement.

If such secretion did take place, the flesh must probably have lost a little protein during the floating. The estimates of absolute gain and loss of weight of flesh and ingredients (see detailed accounts of the experiments) are based upon the assumption that the quantity of protein was unaltered in floating. If protein was given off, therefore, the estimates are wrong. But the quantity of protein secreted and the consequent error must be, at most, very slight. If there is an error its effect would be to make the quantities of nutrients after floating appear larger than they really were. In other words, if the error was corrected it would make the loss of nutritive material in floating greater than it appears to be in the figures above given. As explained in the detailed report above referred to, I have assumed that the changes due to the ordinary processes of metabolism would be to small too materially affect the results.

The experiments might have been so conducted as to decide this question. It would have been necessary to simply take a larger number in each lot before and after floating and be certain that the number, weight and bulk were the same in the floated and not-floated lots of each experiment. For instance, we might, in each experiment, carefully select two lots of, say a bushel, each, as taken from the beds, have the number of oysters the same in each bushel as an additional assurance that the two lots were alike, float one bushel and weigh and analyze both. A few experiments of this sort made under different conditions of time, temperature, kind and age of oysters, etc., would give reliable and valuable data. Unfortunately the means at my disposal did not permit so thorough experiments. I am persuaded, however, that the results of such series of trials, if they could be made—and I wish they might be—would be very similar to those of the trials here reported.

It is very interesting to note that these processes which we have been considering in the body of oysters are apparently very similar to processes which go on in our own bodies, namely those by which our food, after it is digested, finds its way through the walls of the stomach and other parts of the alimentary canal into the blood, to be used for nourishment. Physiologists tell us that the passage of the digested materials through the walls of the canal is in part merely a physical action, due to osmose, but that it is in part merely dependent upon a special function of the organs. In like manner the changes in the composition of the oyster, if the above explanation be correct, are caused partly by osmose, and partly by special secretive action, the cell walls and outer coating of the body of the oyster corresponding to the walls of the alimentary canal of the human body.

CONCLUSIONS.

The main points presented in this paper may be very briefly summarized thus:

In the floating of oysters for the market, a practice which is very general and is also used for other shellfish, the animals are either taken direct from the beds in salt water and kept for a time in fresher (brackish) water before opening, or water added to the shell-contents after they are taken out of the shell.

When thus treated, the body of the animal takes up water and parts with some of its salts; and small quantities of the nutritive ingredients escape at the same time. The oysters thus become more plump and increase considerably in bulk and weight. But the quantity of nutritive material, so far from increasing, suffers a slight loss.

In the experiments here reported, the increase in bulk and weight amounted to from one-eighth to one-fifth of the original amounts. This proportion of increase is about the same as is said to occur in the ordinary practice of floating or "fattening" for the market. According to this, five quarts of oysters in their natural condition would take up water enough in "floating" to increase their bulk to nearly

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*The technical terms here used demand perhaps a word of explanation. The "water-free substance" is the dry matter which is left when the water has all been driven out. Over three-quarters of the whole weight of the flesh ("solids") of oysters is water, so that the water-free substance makes less than one-fourth of the whole weight as the oysters are ordinarily sold, *i. e.*, after being floated, the flesh averages about one-fifth water-free substance. Taking both the flesh ("meat") and liquids ("liquor") together, the oysters as commonly retailed in our markets are about seven-eighths water and one-eighth water-free substance. That is to say, the actual nutritive material in oysters, as we usually buy them, makes on the average just about one eighth of the whole weight. It is worth noting that this proportion of actual nutriment is very near the same as in milk.

or quite six quarts, but the six quarts of floated oysters would contain a trifle less of actual nutrients than the five quarts not floated.

The gain of water and loss of salts is evidently due to osmose. The more concentrated solution of salts in the body of the animal as taken from salt water, passes into the more dilute solution (fresher water) in which it is immersed, while a larger amount of the fresher water at the same time enters the body. But part of the exchange and especially that by which other materials, namely fat, carbohydrates, protein, etc., are given off in small quantities, is more probably due to a special secretory action. There is thus a very interesting parallelism between these processes of secretion and osmose (dialysis) in the oyster and those in the bodies of higher animals, including man, by which the digested food is carried through the walls of the alimentary canal into the blood.

The flavor of oysters is improved by the removal of the salts in floating, and they are said to bear transporting and to keep better. When therefore the oysterman takes "good fat oysters," which "yield five quarts of solid meat to the bushel," and floats them so that "they will yield six quarts to the bushel," and thus has an extra quart of the largest and highest-priced oysters to sell, he offers his customers no more nutritive material—indeed, a very little less—than he would have in the five quarts if he had not floated them. But many people prefer the flavor of the floated oysters, and since they buy them more for the flavor than for the nutriment, doubtless very few customers would complain if they understood all the facts. And considering that the practice is very general and the prices are regulated by free competition, the watering of oysters by floating in the shell, perhaps, ought not to be called fraudulent. But rather than pronounce upon this and other questions suggested by the above considerations I, however, should prefer to leave them to the Association for discussion.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn.

SEBAGO LAKE LANDLOCKED SALMON.

SEBAGO LAKE, Me.—For a number of years the project of restocking Sebago Lake with landlocked salmon has received some attention from our fish commissioners as well as from many private individuals, who are firm in the faith that with proper efforts this charming lake may equal Moosehead or even the far-famed Rangeleys as a fishing resort. Sebago waters are the natural habitat of the landlocked salmon, and here they obtain a size unknown, so far as the writer is informed, in any other lake in the country. In old times this fish was very plentiful and ascended the streams at the spawning season in great numbers. From the settlement of the country it was the custom of the people in this region to take advantage of the semi-torpid condition of the fish at that season and spear them, or capture them as best they could, and by this practice, together with the construction of dams for milling purposes, the breeding grounds have become reduced to the minimum, and the fish have become quite scarce.

The reduction of the stock has been so great that Mr. Stilwell, in a recent interview with a representative of the Portland *Press*, gave it as his opinion that not over 800 or 1,000 adult fish now visit Crooked River to spawn. He based his opinion on the fact that last season the salmon were all confined in a river, and the run of that season did not exceed 400. He thinks that, if there had been no interference this season, a like number would have been taken. It is now pretty generally understood that the salmon do not spawn oftener than once in two years, so an experiment covering that time will give a fair estimate of the whole number. Crooked River is the largest stream to which the salmon have access. Those known to frequent other streams would not bring the whole number of Sebago salmon above 1,500 or 2,000 at most.

Thus were these noble fish being almost wiped out of existence. An army of fish butchers had grown up, little or nothing was thought of the effect of the indiscriminate slaughter, less was thought of the game qualities of the salmon, and nothing of the value of the fishing to this section of the country. For years the salmon had been the prey of a few persons who live near enough to go by night and with torch and spear hunt down every fish to be found. Seeing the depletion constantly going on, and beginning to appreciate the game qualities of the fish, and to realize the benefit that a good stock of salmon would be to the community, some interest was awakened to correct the errors and improve the fishing.

At first it was thought that by observing close time and abandoning all doubtful or unsportsmanlike methods of destruction "the work would do itself," but after waiting and watching a number of years it was found that the increase wss less than had been expected, the spawning ground left by the mill men was not sufficient for the purpose. Such as was available was not exempt from ravenous fish and vermin which preyed on the eggs and fry to such an extent that little was added to the stock. Other hindrances had been encountered in the form of what is best described by the term "poacher;" we know that this word is considered "English, you know," but recent nomenclature has failed to provide a suitable one to take its place. These men claimed that their rights were interfered with, they had always speared salmon and they always would, provided any were left to spear. They paid no attention to the rights of others. They ignored the fact that the salmon were the property of the State, and could only be used for private purposes under such regulations as the State grants. They care nothing for the fact that every citizen has an equal right with themselves to that which they propose to monopolize and use for their own selfish ends. The fact that by a successful effort the whole surrounding country would be benefitted and valuation increased has no part in their logic. Their depraved appetites, crying out for fish fresh from the spawning bed, when they are as unfit for human food as it is possible, gets the control of their reason, and in clamoring for their rights they seek to trample on that of every other man in the State. The mischief done by this class is beyond calculation.

To return, when it became evident that from various causes the increase was likely to be too slow, attention was turned to artificial propagation. The attention of the U. S. Commissioners was called to Sebago Lake. Some men were sent to take salmon eggs and a hatchery was built, and everything looked favorable for a speedy remedy for what ailed us. If the writer is correctly informed, the U. S. Commissioners were to take the eggs, and hatch and return to these waters 25 per cent. of all taken, free of cost to this State. Under those terms the probability is, that had there been no interference, that by this time the lake would have been beautifully stocked. But this was not to be. One night a party of these men with inherent rights came down the stream and ruined the nets which were used to secure fish, damaging the Commissioners to the amount of several hundred dollars, and causing an abandonment of the work. For a long time little was done, except to now and then arrest some poacher against whom sufficient evidence could be secured. In this matter of evidence a showing could be made which might convince even those who would have us breathe it gently, when we say "poacher," that as a class they are entitled to little esteem. A long struggle against the Maine laws has made them experts in testimony.

Within three years renewed efforts have been made toward propagation. A little experiment conducted on Rogers' Brook, though nearly defeated by freshets, was sufficiently successful to encourage the Commissioners to try the same on Crooked River. Last year a weir was constructed on that stream, and about 400 salmon were captured, which yielded 800,000 eggs. These were successfully hatched at Edes Falls, and all the fry turned into tributaries of Sebago Lake. This weir was a bitter pill for the irregular fishermen above mentioned. It prevented the fish from going up the stream to such points as afforded the best channels for them to secure their dainty messes of spawning salmon, and a great cry went up. Threats of a blood-curdling nature were indulged in, and all winter long the disgruntled sat in convention telling what they would do if that weir was ever used again. Stories were concocted to work upon the sympathies of the people, to have them rise up and demand that the Commissioners should be removed from office, and the weir be discontinued. One of these yarns, which we believe was patented, was to the effect that the fish were all blinded or had their snouts torn off by their attempts to go through the weir, that the fish were so unskillfully handled that thousands of them died after the eggs were taken. We were solemnly assured that a much larger number than has ever been in the weir were found washed ashore on Raymond Cape in a single day. The fact is, the work was done by Mr. I. P. Harriman, of Bucksport, Me., reputed to be one of the most skillful operators in the States, who has had long experience with the United States Commission. Last spring some desultory harangues were made on this subject at the lake. It was boldly announced if the weir was used this fall it would come out, let the consequences be what they might. Graves, the warden killer, was extolled for his miserable act, and we were assured that "there would be more Graveses this year," and we have had them in embryo.

In September last the weir was replaced in Crooked River by Mr. Harriman, who, with his young son and another young man were in charge. One night early in October, when something like 125 salmon were in the pound and cars, a gang of eighteen men, with faces blackened, armed with shotguns, axes and saws, came to the weir, drove in the youth on watch, extinguished the lanterns, and proceeded to destroy the weir and cars, killing some of the fish and liberating the rest. Mr. Harriman was aroused from his slumbers by his assistant, and made an attempt to reach the weir, but was met at the door of the camp by two blackened men with shotguns, who advised him to stay in the camp. This order was disregarded, but he was kept under the surveillance of the two men with guns, while four men with axes and saws cut away the weir, twelve other "moonshiners" stood on the opposite bank to give such aid and comfort as they thought was necessary.

The work of destruction completed, the raiders departed across the fields, taking with them such fish as they had killed. Resistance was out of the question; the gang was too numerous for the small force in charge. Mr. Harriman at once repaired the weir and gathered in twenty-five salmon. He had previously taken 100,000 eggs, and thought he should secure 40,000 or 50,000 from those he had left. The effect of the raid is very damaging to this year's operations. About $1,400 was expended last year to get the works established. The final effects are not yet clear. It is evident that there is an intention to drive the Commissioners from that stream. If "they must go," Sebago Lake may be counted as abandoned to the poacher element for all time, and the cottages and camps we had anticipated seeing dotting the shores at no distant day will prove but myths. Reed's Pond, in the eastern part of the State, we are told, offers great inducements to the Commissioners to go there and establish works. The salmon there are second only to Sebago in size, and the residents would gladly welcome them. Once abandoned, and it is a matter of only a few years when a salmon will not be found in Sebago waters.

The Commissioners appear much disheartened by the opposition they have met, and the unreasonableness of the opposition makes it more provoking. They have ever stood ready to do anything in their power to improve this, the largest and most beautiful lake in western Maine. Surrounded as it is by picturesque scenery, and immortalized by poets, and the scene of historic events, it has every attraction to make it the resort of tourists and anglers. That a few masked men with hearts as black as their faces should stand in the way is a grievous thing to contemplate. Our Commissioners are reticent about "what they are going to do about it." Mr. Stilwell, in the interview mentioned, declared they are not to be driven away.

One amusing fact comes out of this tragic affair. In a neighboring town, remote from the scene of the raid, we are told every stranger is looked upon as a detective, whether the honest appletree man or the book agent, he is a suspected being. A woman agent for some new-fangled corset tightener has fallen under suspicion and may be waited upon by some of the "Klu-Klux" and advised to seek some other place to dispose of her merchandise. Why such suspicions are aroused in the rustic minds of orderly people does not appear. Alas! for the poor salmon. The Commissioners are almost empty-handed, the small sum doled out by the gentleman who held the seats down at our State capital last year is nearly expended, and detectives are an expensive luxury when indulged in to any extent, yet our neighbors have a "right" to regard every new comer in that light. It is an expensive luxury which is not likely to be denied them, so long as no overt act is committed. The outlook for Sebago Lake is not so encouraging as one could wish.

M.

NEW YORK STATE FISHERY COMMISSION.—Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On behalf of the New York State Fish Commission, I desire to announce that I shall receive applications for fish from date until March 1, 1888, from parties desiring to stock public waters in this State. The kinds of fish offered for distribution are: Salmon trout, brook trout, German trout, California trout, black bass, rock bass, yellow perch and pike. Application blanks with full directions will be furnished by addressing the undersigned.—SETH GREEN, Supt., Rochester, N. Y.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 8.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Central Berkshire Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. W. T. Webster, Secretary, Lee, Mass.

Dec. 6 to 10.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Northern Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Rockford, Ill. W. J. Hamley, Superintendent.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1888.—Bench Show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, Columbus, O. H. O. Bridge, Secretary, Columbus, O.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Pet Stock and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 12.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 5582.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

ON Friday of last week, after the last heat but one of the Derby was run, the All-Aged Setter Stake was begun. A list of the starters and the order in which they were drawn to run was published last week. The judges were Messrs. Bergundthal, Coster and H. B. Duryea, of New York.

JOE B. AND NELLIE II.

This brace was put down at 11:41 in sedge and scattered pines. Joe is a black, white and tan dog, above medium in size, rather loosely put together and well up on his legs. He is by Baronet (Belton—Nellie) and out of Nellie (Maydawn—Nettle). He was entered by Mr. O. H. Boyden, who sold him a short time ago to Bayard Thayer. He was handled by Hart Haight. He is fast, a wide ranger, and appears to have a good nose and considerable hunting sense. Nellie II., handled by Tallman, ran in the Members' Stake. She was under good control and did some good work. She had the best of it in style, but was not quite up to Joe in other points. After a run of 32 minutes the heat was decided in favor of Joe B. It was now past 12 o'clock and we went to lunch, which was spread for us at the Holton schoolhouse.

DAISY F. AND JEAN VALJEAN.

This brace was put down after lunch at 1:12 in the field by the schoolhouse. Much interest was manifest in the race, as both were known to be good ones. Both ran here last year and are well known. Daisy had many friends that she had won by her gamy way of going, and by her display of remarkable hunting sense. Jean also had admirers who had seen his work last year here and at Grand Junction. It was a very good and close race, and there was not much to spare at the finish. Both did capital work with the balance slightly in favor of Daisy until near the close of the heat, when she got the trail of a bevy wrong end foremost while Jean cast in the right direction and got in a couple of nice points before Daisy came back. This ended the heat in favor of Jean at the end of 1h. 4m. Both are very fast and wide rangers and show lots of style both when in motion and on game. Rather an amusing incident occurred during the heat. Daisy had retrieved a bird and before the dogs were ordered on she made a point and her handler called it. Avent had his dog by the collar and he instantly turned him toward Daisy, and holding up his head, claimed a back. Daisy was not up to her form of last year, although she ran a good race. Jean ran about as last year, but has had considerable experience since and handled his birds much better than then. Daisy was handled by Rose and Jean by Avent.

GLOSTER AND GALATEA

were put down at 2:20. Gloster was handled by Tucker, who brought him to the post in splendid condition; Galatea was handled by Tallman. She is a handsome bitch, fairly fast and quite stylish when on game. Both pointed and backed perfectly, and both retrieved well. The heat wes run over the ground where Gloster beat Lady C. last year, and he was again the victor after a run of 26m. He had the best of it in pace, style, and range and number of points.

NAT GOODWIN AND RUBY BUCKELLEW.

This brace was put down at 2:55. Nat was handled by Col. Merriman, who made his debut as a handler in public. Except that he went to a branch for a drink while his dog was on point, he acquitted himself creditably, his attitude while missing a corkscrew bird being especially fine. Nat ran here last year in the Derby, and his was the first name drawn; he was beaten by Fred W. He has lost none of his speed or style, and has gained in experience. He was much the best in pace, range and style, and found nearly all the birds. Ruby, handled by Gleason, is a good-looking bitch, not very fast, but an easy mover, and with fair style when on game. She appeared to be over-trained, and was watching her handler for instructions instead of hunting. Both pointed and backed nicely. At the end of 39m. the heat was awarded to Nat.

ROYAL PRINCE II. AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT.

The last heat of the Derby was run, and this brace was put down at 4:15. Prince was handled by Luke White. He is a well-known bench show winner, but is not a field trial dog. He puts on a little style when on point, but his way of going is lumbering and awkward; he gets over the ground moderately fast, but runs with head and tail down. Belle is well known; she was handled by Captain McMurdo; she was all off, and ran in nothing like her usual form. After a very poor heat of 55m. they were ordered up and Belle was declared the winner. Near the finish of the heat Captain McMurdo had the misfortune to seriously injure his eye by the springing back of a twig, and that evening he went home, leaving his dogs in care of Mr. Buckle. This ended the work for the day.

ALLIE JAMES AND CAN CAN.

On Saturday it was hot and sultry with scarcely a breath of air stirring, scent was very bad and flushes and poor work were the order of the day. Not feeling quite up to the mark we did not start and are indebted to Mr. Rose for notes of the work for the day except in the first heat which was kindly furnished us by Mr. Watson. The dogs were put down at 8:17. Allie ran here in the Derby last year, she is a sweet little bitch with lots of speed and style; she was handled by Ed. Merriman. Can Can, handled by Rose, is a very handsome, nice-moving bitch, fast and stylish; she appeared to be off in nose. In pace, range and style they were nearly equal. Allie showed the best nose and won after running 40m. Both pointed and backed in elegant style. Allie was under fairly good control while Can Can appeared to be nearly perfect in this respect, and is said to be a wonderful performer when she is all right.

ROY MONARCH AND FOREMAN'S LASS.

This brace was put down at 9 o'clock. Both ran in the Member's Stake. Roy was handled by Tom Aldrich and Lass by Tallman. In pace and range they were nearly equal, Lass having the best of it in style. Both were off in nose and made flushes, Lass having much the worst of it in this respect. After an indifferent heat of 1h. 15m. Roy was declared the winner.

ROGER AND DASHING NOBLE

were put down at 10:38. Roger was handled by Aldrich and Noble by Seager. Roger is a fast, very easy moving dog and a wide ranger, having the best of it in these respects, while Noble is more stylish on point. The latter ran here last year. He is also fast and moves fairly well; he had the best of the work, getting two points to Roger's one, the latter scoring a flush and a refusal to back. They were down 52m. when the heat was decided in favor of Dashing Noble.

BREEZE GLADSTONE AND CASSIO.

This brace was put down at 11:30. Breeze is a very nice-going dog, fast and stylish; he was handled by Tucker. Cassio ran here last year, he was handled by Avent. In pace

and range Cassio had a trifle the best of it; in style when going they were about equal; in style on point Breeze had decidedly the best of it. They made a capital brace and ran a very close and good race notwithstanding the extreme heat and with scarcely a breath of air stirring. Breeze had slightly the advantage in retrieving and Cassio scored a flush. At the end of 45m. the heat was ended with Breeze the winner. We then went to lunch at the barn of the Model Farm.

KING LEO AND ROYAL VICTOR

were put down at 1:25. Leo, handled by John Lewis, is a a large dog fairly fast, with some style and range, having much the advantage in these respects. Victor is a big, heavy dog, much too fat for work, with a lumbering gait and low carried tail; he was handled by Seager. At the end of 25m. Leo was declared the winner, having greatly the best of it in the work, making three points to none for Victor.

CHANCE AND DAN NOBLE.

These dogs both ran here last year. Chance was handled by Avent, and Dan by Seager. They were put down at 1:57. In pace and style there was not much to choose between them. In range Chance was the best, Dan was a trifle unsteady in backing. After a heat of 38m. with not much work done, Chance was declared the winner, having outworked his competitor. Keystone having a bye this ended the first series as follows:

First Series.

Joe B. beat Nellie II.
Jean Valjean beat Daisy F.
Gloster beat Galatea.
Nat Goodwin beat Ruby Buckellew.
Belle of Piedmont beat Royal Prince II.
Allie James beat Can Can.
Roy Monarch beat Foreman's Lass.
Dashing Noble beat Roger.
Breeze Gladstone beat Cassio.
King Leo beat Royal Victor.
Chance beat Dan Noble.
Keystone a bye.

Second Series.

KEYSTONE AND JOE B.

were put down at 2:48. Keystone ran here last year. He was handled by Tucker. In pace and style Key had the advantage, while Joe had the best of it in range and nose. Key retrieved nicely, but Joe refused. Key was undecided in his points, leaving them in two or three instances and birds were soon after flushed there by spectators. Scent was bad and both made some flushes. Joe had the best of it in the work done and was declared the winner at the end of 1h. 2m.

GLOSTER AND JEAN VALJEAN.

This brace was put down at 4:05. In pace Jean had a little the advantage; in range and style in going they were about equal, in style on point and in nose Gloster had the best of it. Both pointed, backed and retrieved in good style. Scent appeared to be much better than it had been at any time during the day and both did some good roading on running birds. They were ordered up after a run of 47m. with Gloster the winner. This was a good heat, Gloster getting in some of his sensational work among scattered birds, where he is at home and having the best of it.

NAT GOODWIN AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT

were put down a short time at night after the finish of the last heat and taken up without having done any work. On Monday morning they were put down near the Glass house at 8:15. The morning was dark and some rain had fallen and the weather looked threatening, but the change was welcomed by all, as it promised to be much better for the dogs. Both had changed handlers, Avent taking Nat in charge and Buckle handling Belle. In pace and range they were nearly equal, Nat having the best of it in style. Belle went much better than in her previous heat, but she has grown cunning with age and is also jealous. She pointed the first bevy found, but the birds were probably running, as she left them and made a cast to head them, and they were flushed by the judges before she got in her work. This performance will often help to fill the bag, but is not just the thing at a public trial. After a run of 47m. they were taken up, with Nat the winner.

ROY MONARCH AND ALLIE JAMES

were put down at 9:11. It was now raining, and as we were not in first-class condition we sought shelter and soon after returned to town, Mr. Rose very kindly giving us notes of the running for the remainder of the day. In pace and range Roy had the advantage, Allie showing the best style. Roy had the best of it in the work, and at the end of 52m. he was awarded the heat.

BREEZE GLADSTONE AND DASHING NOBLE

were put down at 9:57. This was a short heat and not very satisfactory. Breeze flushed a bevy and got a good point to some of the scattered birds of a bevy flushed by the spectators and a retrieve. Noble made rather an indifferent point and scored a retrieve. This comprised the work and they were ordered up at the end of 19m., and the heat was awarded to Breeze. In pace and range Breeze had the best of it; in style they were equal.

CHANCE AND KING LEO.

This brace was put down at 10:25. Except perhaps in style on point Chance had much the best of it all round, and at the end of 32m. was declared the winner of the heat. This ended the second series as follows:

Joe B. beat Keystone.
Gloster beat Jean Valjean.
Nat Goodwin beat Belle of Piedmont.
Roy Monarch beat Allie James.
Breeze Gladstone beat Dashing Noble.
Chance beat King Leo.

Third Series.

JOE B. AND GLOSTER

were put down at 11 o'clock. Gloster had the best of it in pace, range and style, and after a run of half an hour he was declared the winner. It was raining when the dogs were put down and all of the reporters went to cover, and we are indebted to the judges for the particulars and the succeeding heat.

NAT GOODWIN AND ROY MONARCH

This brace was put down at half past eleven. Roy was off in nose and Nat had the best of it on the birds. In pace there was not much to choose between them. Nat was the widest ranger and showed the most style on point, while Roy had a little the best of it in way of going. They were taken up at lunch time and Nat was awarded the heat.

CHANCE AND BREEZE GLADSTONE.

were put down at 1:40. The rain had ceased and the clouds had broken, giving promise of a fine afternoon. In pace and range Chance was the best, in style they were both equal. Breeze did not go so well as in previous heat. Not much work was done by either dogs, and at the end of 48m. Chance was declared the winner. This ended the third series as follows.

Gloster beat Joe B.
Nat Goodwin beat Roy Monarch.
Chance beat Breeze Gladstone.

Fourth Series.

GLOSTER AND NAT GOODWIN

were put down at 2:42. In speed they were about equal. In range and style Gloster had the best of it. At the end of 48m. Gloster was awarded the heat after doing some very good work on a bevy. Chance having a bye, this ended the fourth series as follows:

Gloster beat Nat Goodwin.
Chance a bye.

Final for First Place.

CHANCE AND GLOSTER

were put down at 4 o'clock to decide first money. This proved to be the last heat of the stake, and like the last heat in the Members' Stake, it was the best one of all. In pace and range Chance was superior. In way of going and in style on point, although altogether different, they were very nearly equal in merit. Gloster had the advantage in experience and was the more readily thrown in the direction his handler wished him to go. He would also stand being hurried when among scattered birds better than any dog at the trials. Although he was in a hot scramble for points under most trying conditions several times during the meeting, he kept his head and did not get rattled once. Both dogs behaved very well through the heat and very few faults were committed. The character of the work done by both was of a high order and there was very little to choose between them on this score. The judges evidently were puzzled to decide, as at one time they ordered them up and held a consultation that lasted for more than ten minutes and then ordered them on, and after a little more work they again compared notes for a few minutes and once more sent them on. Finally, after 50 minutes, they were taken up and the heat was decided in favor of Gloster, and he was declared winner of first prize. Gloster had the most points to his credit, but one or two of them were made when in reality the dogs were not under judgment, having been ordered up. He also scored one point some little time after the judges had ordered them in a different direction and Chance had gone in that direction. We did not learn whether the judges allowed these points or not. They certainly should not have counted in his favor, as his competitor had no opportunity and was at the time obeying the order of the judges. Both pointed and backed to perfection, and both retrieved well and were steady to wing and gun under very trying circumstances. Taken altogether, it was a grand heat, and we have no doubt that the judges would have been better pleased had either dog done less creditable work or committed a serious fault.

Final for Second Place.

CHANCE AND NAT GOODWIN.

The judges decided that Nat Goodwin was the best of the dogs previously beaten by the winner, and as the rules provide that when two dogs, the property of the same owner, remain in for the deciding trial, the judges may determine which is the better without running. Chance was selected and declared winner of second prize, and Nat Goodwin and Jean Valjean were declared winners of the two third prizes. Following is the

SUMMARY.

All-Aged Setter Stake, open to all setters that have never won a first prize in an all-aged stake at any recognized field trial in America. First prize, $300; second, $150; and two equal thirds of $50 each.

First Series.

Joe B. beat Nellie II.
Jean Valjean beat Daisy F.
Gloster beat Galatea.
Nat Goodwin beat Ruby Buckellew.
Belle of Piedmont beat Royal Prince II.
Allie James beat Can Can.
Roy Monarch beat Foreman's Lass.
Dashing Noble beat Roger.
Breeze Gladstone beat Cassio.
King Leo beat Royal Victor.
Chance beat Dan Noble.
Keystone a bye.

Second Series.

Joe B. beat Keystone.
Gloster beat Jean Valjean.
Nat Goodwin beat Belle of Piedmont.
Roy Monarch beat Allie James.
Breeze Gladstone beat Dashing Noble.
Chance beat King Leo.

Third Series.

Gloster beat Joe B.
Nat Goodwin beat Roy Monarch.
Chance beat Breeze Gladstone.

Fourth Series.

Gloster beat Nat Goodwin.
Chance a bye.

Final for First Place.

Gloster beat Chance and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Chance beat Nat Goodwin and won second prize.

Equal Third.

Nat Goodwin and Jean Valjean.

THE ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

On Tuesday, Nov. 29, the All-Aged Pointer Stake was begun. There were 29 nominations, and, judging from the reputation and breeding of the dogs, we were expecting to see something remarkably good, both in the dogs and their work. Only 13 starters put in an appearance, however, and with few exceptions they showed up a very moderate lot indeed, not nearly so good as the pointers in the Derby, and their owners may well congratulate themselves that there was a separate stake for them, as, had they run with the setters, there is not much doubt that they would have emerged from the contest with little glory and less cash. The stake was judged by Messrs. Bergundthal, Coster and Duryea. A list of the starters was published last week. The winner, Tammany, is well known. He came to the post in capital condition, and ran better than we have ever seen him, doing good work in all of his heats, and in some of them he got round to his birds and handled them in a style that was very creditable. His winning the "double event" was taken in good part by his handler, Jack White, who very modestly put it this way: "Tammany is now High Point-er; he beat Buckellew, who beat Gloster, who beat Roderigo, who beat Gath's Mark, who beat a lot of others, ergo he has beaten all the best dogs, including the champion, and is the best dog in the world. He will now retire on his laurels and give the others a chance." Tuesday was a beautiful day, with scarcely a cloud to be seen. It was quite cold, however, and even with heavy overcoats it was not possible to keep comfortably warm on horseback. Scent was apparently good, although the birds did not run about much, and at times were hard to find.

NEVERSINK AND SPRINGBOK

were the first brace. They were put down at 8:36. Both have run here before. Neversink was handled by Luke White and Springbok by John White. In pace, range and style Springbok was much the best, going at a fairly good rate of speed and moving nicely, he also showed fair style when on game. Neversink also went fairly well but appeared to be rank and would not back. Spring found three bevies, two of which he pointed nicely and one he flushed a portion of and dropped and then pointed the remainder, he also retrieved but had no opportunity to back as the only point that Neversink scored was to the first bevy after Spring had found it; none of the scattering birds could be found except two that were flushed by the handlers. At the end of 49m. Springbok was declared the winner.

DUKE OF HESSEN AND NICK OF NASO.

Considerable interest was manifest in this brace. Duke was imported last May and won first at New York in the light weight class. He was a winner in the English Derby and great things were expected of him. He is a very stylish going dog with a fair turn of speed and ranges well. In these respects he is superior to Nick, the latter was more stylish on point and has had more experience on our game and had the best of it in the work. He did not come up to his form of last year, having slowed down somewhat and shortened his range. At the end of 1h. they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Nick. Duke refused to back while Nick backed in elegant style. Nick retrieved but not in first-class form, Duke having no opportunity.

CORNERSTONE AND TAMMANY.

This brace was put down at 10:42. Cornerstone, handled by Gleason, divided third at the Western trials last year. He moved fairly well, but is not fast. In pace, range and style Tammany had the advantage. He also had the best of it in the work and at the end of 36m. was declared the winner. The heat was far from being a brilliant one, both dogs going slow a large portion of the time and it was very fortunate for both that the other dog did nothing. Finally Tammany woke up, made a cast and found a bevy in good style and had much the best of the work among the scattered birds.

KING OF KENT AND BEN

were put down at 10:23. King is a recent importation. He is a very good looking dog, fast and stylish, a good ranger and goes with his head well up, he also shows up well when on game. In the absence of Capt. McMurdo Buckle handled him, but as he had never run him before King was under a disadvantage, as he was continually looking for the Captain. Ben is far from handsome, goes at a slow lumbering gait and has no pretensions to style. He is said to be a very killing dog, but he evidently did not understand the noise and bustle of a field trial. King beat him at all points, and at the end of 1h. was declared the winner. We then went to lunch at the Model Farm.

DON'S DOT AND MATCH II.

This brace was put down at 1:25. Don ran here last year, and in our report we wrote her down a dog, but a careful examination has convinced us that she is now a bitch, and quite a good-looking one too, having improved in appearance, pace and range. She is also quite stylish and is said to be an excellent performer, but either scent was bad or she was off in nose, as she did not locate her birds readily. Match is a handsome dog of medium size, a nice mover with a fair amount of speed. He was handled by S. C. Bradly, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., who made his first appearance in public. In pace, range and style Dot had a trifle the best of it. Both pointed and retrieved nicely, and Dot backed in grand style while Match was indifferent about it. Dot had the best of the work in a moderate heat, and at the end of 1h. 12m. she was declared the winner.

JETSAM AND LALLA ROOKH

were put down at 3:38. Jetsam ran here last year. She was handled by Seager. Rookh is an old campaigner and is well known. Both went fairly fast and put in considerable style, Rookh having a trifle the best of it in these respects. At the start Jetsam did some very pretty work on some scattered birds in the open field south of the Model farm house, getting a good lead, but Rookh got in some of her fine work soon after, and at the end of 22m. was clearly ahead and was declared the winner. This ended the first series, Dana having a bye. Following is the result:

First Series.

Springbok beat Neversink.
Nick of Naso beat Duke of Hessen.
Tammany beat Cornerstone.
King of Kent beat Ben.
Don's Dot beat Match II.
Lalla Rookh beat Jetsam.
Dana a bye.

Second Series.

DANA AND SPRINGBOK

were put down at 3:02. Dana is rather a nice looking little bitch, an easy mover with a moderate amount of speed. She was handled by Gleason. In pace, range and style Springbok had the best of it. He also outworked her, and after a moderate heat of nearly an hour Springbok was declared the winner. Both pointed nicely and Dana backed in good style. Springbok had but one opportunity to back, which he failed to improve.

NICK OF NASO AND TAMMANY

were put down at 4:13. In pace, range and style Tammany had the advantage. In style on point they were nearly equal. Both pointed and backed in first-class style, and both behaved well except Tammany was at one time a trifle unsteady to wing. Tammany got in some very good work among scattered birds, and won with something to spare in 28m. During the heat Tammany whirled on a gamy point, and a second later Nick also whirled and backed him in capital style, making a very pretty picture.

KING OF KENT AND DON'S DOT

were put down at 4:52 and ten minutes later were taken up to go down again in the morning. On Wednesday it was clear and cold, with a fresh breeze from the northwest. The dogs were cast off to finish their heat at 8:30. King went better than in his previous heat, having become acquainted with his handler. At the start they were about equal in pace, but toward the finish King cut out the work. There was not enough to choose between them in style of going or on point. Both pointed and backed nicely, and both were steady to wing and gun and each retrieved well. There was not much to choose between them, King having slightly the best of it in the work. After a moderate heat of 30m. King was declared the winner.

This ended the second series, Lalla Rookh having a bye. Following is the result:

Springbok beat Dana.
Tammany beat Nick of Naso.
King of Kent beat Don's Dot.
Lalla Rookh a bye.

Third Series.

LALLA ROOKH AND SPRINGBOK

were put down at 9 o'clock. It was almost a sure thing that Rookh would win this heat, as she had the best of her competitor all round, and her well-known ability to do good work left no room for doubt that the little lady would come out all right with a lot to spare, but the race was a go-as-you-please, for the handlers and both dogs were urged on when on game, and forced off point and taken away from their birds until they were completely bewildered and incapable of doing any creditable work. Rookh got the worst of it in the scramble and lost her chance to win by mismanagement. After an hour and a half of such work as we never before saw at a field trial, and sincerely hope never to see again, the head was decided in favor of Springbok. The rules forbid any such proceedings, and it was the duty of the judges to put a stop to it. As a show, however, the performance was most amusing. Near the finish of the heat Springbok made a point at the edge of a pine thicket and Rookh backed him some 10yds. away. Luke did not think her near enough to get a fair start in case the point should prove to be false, and he ordered her on, and she took a few strides and dropped within a few feet of Spring; he held his point, but naturally cringed a little when Luke said, "Your dog is moving Jack. Go on Rookh," and she, not having the

scent, made a break for the woods and was soon on point. This was too much for Jack, and as he had failed to put up a bird he ordered his dog on, but he would not budge, and Jack started toward him to get him going and flushed the bird he was pointing from under his nose.

TAMMANY AND KING OF KENT

were put down at 10:40. In pace, range and style they were nearly equal, and after 18m. with two flushes, one of them excusable, and three points for Tammany and one point and one flush for King they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Tammany. This ended the third series as follows:

Springbok beat Lalla Rookh.
Tammany beat King of Kent.

Final Tie for First Place.

SPRINGBOK AND TAMMANY.

These dogs were both owned by Mr. Hitchcock, and as the rules provide that in such cases the judges may determine which is the better without running they selected Tammany and he was declared winner of firse prize.

Final for Second Place.

SPRINGBOK AND NICK OF NASO.

The judges decided that Nick of Naso was the best of the dogs previously beaten by the winner, and they were put down at 11:44 to decide second money. At 1:30 they were taken up for lunch and again put down at 2:22 and 24m. later the heat was decided in favor of Springbok and he was declared winner of second prize. Spring had let down somewhat in speed, but was still going well, although Nick was a trifle the faster. Nick appeared to be off in nose, as he flushed several birds that he should have pointed. The work was nearly equal until the finish, when Springbok found and pointed a bevy that Nick had passed by and had an equal opportunity to point. The judges selected Nick of Naso and Lalla Rookh for the two third prizes and the stake was finished. Following is the

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Springbok beat Neversink.
Nick of Naso beat Duke of Hessen.
Tammany beat Cornerstone.
King of Kent beat Ben.
Don's Dot beat Match II.
Lalla Rookh beat Jetsam.
Dana a bye.

Second Series.

Springbok beat Dana.
Tammany beat Nick of Naso.
King of Kent beat Don's Dot.
Lalla Rookh a bye.

Third Series.

Springbok beat Lalla Rookh.
Tammany beat King of Kent.

Final for First Place.

Tammany beat Springbok and won first prize.

Final for Second Place.

Springbok beat Nick of Naso and won second prize.

Equal Third.

Nick of Naso and Lalla Rookh.

THE CHAMPION STAKE.

The Champion Stake was run on Thursday, Dec. 1. There were ten nominations, eight of which filled. The judges were Messrs. Bergundthal, Coster and F. R. Hitchcock. Following is the list and the order in which they were drawn to run:

GLOSTER (Jas. L. Breese, Tuxedo Park, N.Y.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3½yrs. (Dashing Rover—Trinket),

against

MAINSPRING (J. J. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white pointer dog, 6yrs. (Mike—Romp).

RICHMOND (J. E. Gill, Franklin, Pa.), white and lemon pointer dog, 4yrs. (Vandevort's Don—Beulah),

against

ROBERT LE DIABLE (Highland Kennels, Red Bank, N. J.), white and liver ticked pointer dog, 4yrs. (Croxteth—Spinaway).

BOB GATES (Whyte Bedford, Blythe, Miss.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3½yrs. (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie),

against

FOREMAN (C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 7yrs. (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.).

GATH'S MARK (Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3yrs. (Gath—Gem),

against

RODERIGO (Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 4½yrs. (Count Noble—Twin Maude).

The running of this stake had been looked forward to eagerly by nearly every one interested in field sports throughout the country, and expectation was on tiptoe as to the result of this battle of the giants. There was a goodly number of spectators present, and among them each dog had admirers, who discussed the coming contest with more or less intelligence, explaining to their own satisfaction, at least, why their favorite was the better dog, and of course bound to win. Even the colored boys who led the dogs caught the spirit, and some of their criticisms and comments were, to say the least, fully as intelligent and more to the point than were some of those that emanated from some of the shining lights of the dog world. The weather was all that could be desired, except that it was rather too cold. The dogs all appeared to be as fit for the race as it was possible to get them, and the stake was opened under very favorable conditions. The judges are well known as gentlemen of probity and experience, and they performed their duties in a painstaking manner that won commendation from all, and in no instance was a decision given that was not unanimous. The stake was the most important event ever run in this country, and it brought out a better lot of dogs than were ever before seen together. The work throughout was of a very high order, and much of it was far better than even the most sanguine had expected to see.

At 8:45 Gloster and Mainspring were cast off for the first heat. In pace and range they were nearly equal. In style of going Mainspring had the advantage, being one of the easiest-moving dogs in the stake. In style on point both are very gamy, Gloster having slightly the best of it. Mainspring was trained for the race by Capt. McMurdo, but the Captain was absent and he was run by Buckle. Gloster was handled by Tucker. He opened the ball with some capital work on a bevy that were running down wind. Mainspring soon after pinned a single in fine style. At the finish of the heat Mainspring struck the trail of a bevy and was roading it out in capital style, when Gloster, not seeing him, struck the same trail ahead of him, and making a cast found and pointed them in his best style. This ended the heat in favor of Gloster after a run of 47m. Both backed nicely and were steady to wing and gun.

The next heat was between Richmond and Robert le Diable. In pace and range there was not much to choose between them. Neither one let out, appearing to be somewhat confused by the crowd and the pace was moderate. In way of going Richmond had the advantage. In style on point Robert showed up the best, neither of them appearing so gamy as we have seen them. Toward the finish in the open both went better, Richmond the faster and also the widest ranger. He appeared to be off in nose, however, and did not take to his birds readily. Robert clearly had the best of it in the work and at the end of 45m. was declared the winner.

The next brace, Bob Gates and Foreman, were put down at 10:21. Bob was handled by Tucker and Foreman by Tallman. Bob has a nice, easy way of going and appeared to be much the faster, but when they came together the long stride of Foreman carried him over the ground very nearly as fast. Bob had the best of it in range and style. Foreman showed the most hunting sense in looking over the likely places. He ran a very creditable heat, doing some good work in roading out and locating a bevy, but his younger and more agile competitor was too many for him on some marked birds, and at the end of 1h. 15m. Bob was declared the winner. In looking for a bevy that had been seen by the roadside Bob got wind of them and pointed and then moved on and roaded the trail the wrong way, Foreman going in the same direction. Tallman seeing that his dog had given it up, called him back and sent him toward where Bob had first struck it. Tucker by this time surmised what was up, and, calling frantically to Bob, started upon a run in that direction, and both he and Tallman put in their best licks, spending what spare breath they had in urging on their dogs. Bob got there first and made one of his grand points to the bevy which was just in front of him. There was then a race for the scattered birds and Bob was again ahead. Both pointed, backed and retrieved in first-class style, and both were under good control, Foreman having the best of it in the latter respect.

The last brace in the first series, Gath's Mark and Roderigo, were put down at 11:50. Mark was handled by Tucker and Roderigo by Avent. At the word go both were off like rockets. Mark bolted and was not found for some time, and when he was brought back Rod was lost, but he soon came round, and after a spin of 15 minutes they were taken up for lunch, which awaited us at the Holton schoolhouse. Half an hour later they were again put down. Both showed phenomenal speed, with the advantage slightly in favor of Mark. Rod is much the best mover, going level and carrying his head and tail in perfect style. He was also under the better control. Mark was a bit wild from lack of work, and could not be brought round in time when most wanted. Rod clearly had the best of it in the work, and after 51 minutes he was declared the winner. The race between these two flyers will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to witness it. Even the weary and disconsolate reporters woke up, and one of them, at least, will ever hold in grateful remembrance the beautiful animals that by their graceful movements and wonderful performances revived his drooping spirits and lightened his irksome task.

At 1:15 Gloster and Robert le Diable were cast off to run the first heat in the second series. Robert went better than in his previous heat, but was not the equal of Gloster in either pace, range, style or work, and at the end of 50m. the heat was decided in favor of Gloster. Both did fairly well, hut the heat was not a brilliant one.

Bob Gates and Roderigo were put down at 2:12. In pace and style Rod had the advantage. In range Bob had the best of it. Rod had slowed down somewhat, but was still going at a very lively gait. He got round to the likely places and clearly had the best of it in the work and at the end of 24m. was declared the winner.

At 3:46 Gloster and Roderigo were put down for the deciding heat. Great interest was manifested in the result, and each stride of the dogs was keenly watched. Both had let down in speed, although they still went at a good hunting gait and had settled down to work as though they realized that honor and fame were at stake. Rod had a little the best of it in pace and style and in range they were about equal. Gloster was lucky in getting on to the birds and scored the most points. No faults were committed except that Rod made a false point and Gloster made several. While the quality of the work done by both dogs was first-class that done by Rod was of a very high order of merit, and in this respect was superior to that of his competitor, and notwithstanding the fact that Gloster found the most birds, we believe that Roderigo is the better dog as sincerely as we believe that Gloster is a better dog than Roy Monarch, who beat him in the Members' Stake under very nearly the same conditions. The judges we have unbounded confidence in and great respect for their opinion, knowing that they would decide nothing without a firm conviction that exact justice was being done. In arriving at their decision we fear that they did not sufficiently take into consideration the fact that Gloster had the luck of the birds in finding the first bevy, and that when sent after the scattered birds he was again lucky in being thrown in the right direction, and that his last bird was practically found for him by Rod, who made a cast up the hill and found a bird which he pointed, and Gloster was brought round and backed until the bird was flushed, when he took a step or two and made a point to a bird that was rather too near him to have lain had he been going at speed. The heat was a close one and had continued for 1h. 24m., and the greater amount of work done by Gloster was probably thought by them sufficient to overcome the advantage that Rod had in the better quality. They were ordered up at 4:10 with Gloster the winner, and he was declared winner of the Champion Stake, and the meeting of 1887 was brought to a close.

MASTIFF PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the twelfth annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Feb. 21 to 24, 1888, the American Mastiff Club will offer the following prizes:

1. The club's silver challenge cup, value $150, for the best American-bred dog or bitch.
2. The club's two challenge cups, value $100 each, one for the best mastiff dog, the other for the best mastiff bitch, the property of a member of the American Mastiff Club.
3. Silver medal to the winner of each of these three cups.
4. Mastiff puppy sweepstakes, $25 added by the club, open to all comers.
5. A $50 cash prize for the best American-bred dog, the property of a member of the American Mastiff Club.
6. A $50 cash prize for the best American-bred bitch, the property of a member of the American Mastiff Club.

Any information desired by intending exhibitors can be procured of the secretary of the American Mastiff Club, 9 West Thirty-fifth street, New York. By order of the Executive Committee, AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB.

STOP THIEF.—Jersey City, Dec. 5.—Stolen, Nov. 18, from 206 Pacific avenue, two pointer bitch puppies, 4mos., quite large for their age and well-developed. One liver and white ticked on chest and forelegs, with liver saddle, the other orange and white, evenly marked. Will brother sportsmen keep a lookout for the pups, and if seen communicate with me?—C. J. PESHALL.

THE COLUMBUS SHOW.—Columbus, O., Dec. 2.—The premium list of the second annual exhibition of the Ohio Poultry and Kennel Association is ready for mailing, and will be sent to all who apply for it by postal. Our prospects are very bright; the indications are that we will have a very successful show in every respect.—H. A. BRIDGE, Secretary.

DISQUALIFICATION OF T. J. FARLEY.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Dec. 4.—The Hornell Kennel Club has disqualified T. J. Farley, of Albany, N. Y., on the charge of stealing at our show in 1886.—J. OTIS FELLOWS, Secretary Hornell Kennel Club.

IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. Marshall, errs in imagining himself to be the importer of Imperial Chancellor. Mr. Marshall is the purchaser not the importer. Kindly allow me space to reply to his statement: "So far as I am able to ascertain Chancellor is by for the largest and most powerful of the Crown Prince family. He has the most robust body I ever saw on a dog." I do not object to Mr. Marshall giving his new purchase a free ad. but as I own a Crown Prince dog, champion Ilford Caution, I would like to know where Imperial Chancellor beats him in size except about 1in. in length of legs and muzzle. I examined and measured Chancellor very carefully the past summer. Caution beats him 1in. in girth of skull, the same in muzzle, 1¼in. in forearm, and also in chest, ears and in hocks.

Mr. Marshall further quotes from a letter from Mr. Wade, where he says, "Chancellor has * * * better hocks than any other Crown Prince dog that ever came over here." Perhaps Mr. Wade has not seen them all. There is one in Boston miles ahead of Chancellor in mastiff points, and if I remember rightly both Debonair and Prince Waldemar are very much more truly formed in hocks. It is on record that Imperial Chancellor was a cow-hocked dog when in England, and it seems to me that defective limbs in Liverpool would also be detective limbs in New York. Sea air is very invigorating, but I have never known it to straighten the crooked. E. H. MOORE.

MELROSE, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your are wrongly informed. I imported Imperial Chancellor about a year ago, and have recently sold him to Mr. C. C. Marshall. ASHMONT KENNELS.

BOSTON, Mass.

[The mistake of crediting to Mr. Marshall the importation of Imperial Chancellor was made in the absence of the editor of this department.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find that owing to a misunderstanding I misquoted Mr. Wade, and hence a mistake appears in your note in regard to Imperial Chancellor in your issue of Dec. 1. I understand Mr. Wade's declaration was not that Chancellor is the best-hocked dog of the Crown Prince strain, but that he is one of the three or four Crown Prince dogs imported here that did not call for the severest criticism in regard to hocks. It is also an error to state that I imported Chancellor; that honor belongs to Dr. J. Frank Perry, of Boston.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.

COCKER SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that correspondents in FOREST AND STREAM are arguing what should be the correct type of the cocker spaniel. To my mind there is but one and that is the spaniel that we often read about but very seldom see—the small variety, weighing under 23lbs. and corkily made. There is hardly a doubt but that the Principality of Wales and the county of Devon have been the homes of the cocker proper—but thanks to outside fanciers of field spaniels—all that we see nowadays on the English show benches are simply wastrels of large spaniel litters, and are called by their owners to a gullible public cockers. Save the mark!

Now to my mind—but please remember I do not put myself forward as an infallible authority on the subject—the cocker should not be self-colored, *i. e.*, liver or black, but if a choice is to be made between the both colors let liver be chosen. Liver and white, black and white, lemon and white, are the colors some of us remember as the old sort, which were not only useful in the field but also greatly admired by sportsmen. I need hardly tell you there are several spaniel men in this country who know just as much about a gun or a day's outing in a field as a pig does about a holiday, and to these sports (?) we may put down the fashion of long-backed cockers.

As you may perhaps be aware, I visit nearly every show in the United Kingdom, but for over two years I have not seen a half a dozen real cockers. Every day or so I receive letters asking me to look at such and such a spaniel and to let the correspondents know what I think of their animals at shows, but without exception they all at foot add their own ideas of their dogs. Such has been going on for a long time and there is no doubt will continue, but candidly speaking each correspondent's idea of a spaniel changes with every new dog he happens to possess and wants to rush. Ah! there the secret comes in, and where the owners make themselves ridiculous. Long and low cocker spaniels, for myself, I cannot stand at any price, but the corky liver and white, with well ticked legs, head inclined to apple shape and under 23lbs. I have a weakness for. If the coat has just the slighest twist, and the feather on the ear inclined to curl just a bit, I should not discard him, so long as his body was shorter than the field or clumber spaniel's.

The best cocker of the old stamp was to be seen at Brighton show last week. She hailed from Devonshire; a liver and white bitch, weighing about 19lbs., as far as I could judge. She was very corky, but as a show dog very faulty in shoulders and her head was not shown in the correct manner, and, of course, from such I mean it could have been very much improved if it had been done properly. I spoke to one or two new fellows in the spaniel line, and pointed out the old type of cocker to them. They looked, but passed no remark; but when my back was turned probably laughed at my choice. Of course, they had never seen anything like it before, but when the judge gave it first over two very good—but modern—cockers, they opened their eyes, and then, of course, brought all the uninitiated to see the wonder of a real alive cocker.

I have seen a reference made to the late Mr. Langdale as a thorough judge of a spaniel. Can I pay a greater tribute to a deceased friend than in saying I indorse such to the very letter, and perhaps the following reminiscence of "poor old Langdale," as he is still affectionately called in this country, may give readers an idea of what he thought was the difference between a field and a cocker spaniel.

He was judging at two shows that followed very closely on one another, and in each case he took the spaniel classes. At the first exhibition there was a class for cocker spaniels and he put the very neat short-backed Nelly VII. first and Rinka, a longer bodied, but lovely bitch, second. In a short time afterward he reversed his decision, and of course the usual grumbling and humbug about inconsistency took place.

Over our dinner we had a friendly chat, and among other things we talked the matter over.

"Well, what was the reason," I queried, "you upset your decision at Cardiff?"

"Ah, Lloyd," he said, "I was judging cockers there; but to-day the class is for spaniels under 28lbs."

And there was the secret and no mistake. Rinka was better as a spaniel under 28lbs., but not so good as a cocker, although both were within a half a pound of one another in weight, and to make a long story short, the reason of Rinka being put back in the first place was because of her length of back.

Some time ago I wrote rather a severe article in one of our English journals, and maintained that show spaniels were unfit for work, and subsequently Mr. Otis Fellows backed me up in my arguments, which, strange to say, not one of our English spaniel men had the courage to refute, but the change is coming about slowly but surely.

Mr. Bryden's kennel of well-known spaniels have changed wonderfully of late, and shorter in back these are becoming; and consequently a more workmanlike specimen is recognized in every new face we see.

By and by there will be reaction in the cocker spaniel world. Mark my word, and the time will come when particolored spaniels, well-ticked, of little weight and corky in style, will be the recognized type, as they were before wasters of long-backed litters, by hook and by crook, sneaked into the cocker classes. I could for a long while go on and give the antecedents of some of our show cockers, but perhaps more anon. FREEMAN LLOYD (The Wanderer).

LONDON, England.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 17, Mr. Charlesworth again makes personal charges on Mr. Nelles. After giving his letter most careful attention I fail to see in what manner he is endeavoring to benefit the modern cocker spaniel.

It is something new to me to think that the cocker spaniel owes his great beauty "to his great girth, deep chest, strong loin and powerful limbs." Every one of these attributes might be used in describing the beauty of the bloodhound, but for the merry cocker to be thus described has fairly taken my breath away.

Mr. C. most undoubtedly gave Tippoo and Toronto Jet as his idea of cockers, but when corrected by Mr. Fellows or myself he says it was to show that the modern cockers had field spaniel blood in them. If this was his intention I failed to see that point in his letter, and must apologize for my obtuseness.

Mr. C. wishes apparently to appear to the public as one who has exhibited largely, at least I gather this from his letters; but an extraordinary fact in this connection is that his name does not even appear in the catalogues of any of our big shows for the last ten years. I never heard of him owning a prize dog except Brant, and he had not sense enough to hold on to him, or he did not know how good he was. It looks to an outsider as if he were jealous of Mr. Nelles because he had the good judgment to buy Brant.

As to Canadians importing dogs from the States he is quite right, he himself being the one important exception that I know of, except the Woodstock Kennels, who imported one or two Obos. The foundations of the Canadian modern cockers were brought from England. In years gone by Toronto had one of the best cocker spaniels in America in the bitch Brawnie, but I do not think there are many like Brawnie left, and "more's the pity" as she was not one of the "fag out kind," and I should say from what I recollect of her that she both could and would act in any capacity that a dog ought in the forest, lake or stream. My object in writing this letter is to show what bad form it is to make personal a newspaper correspondence. No good can come from it, but much oftener bitterness is most likely to ensue, which most surely defeats the original object, which in this case was to benefit the modern cocker spaniel. M. B.

DOG LICENSES.

JUDGE DIXON yesterday decided that the dog ordinance passed by the Board of Aldermen some time ago is valid and that the authorities here have the right to compel every dog owner to pay a license fee of two dollars per year. The decision was rendered at the instance of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association. Nearly every member of this association owns a dog or two and there had been a great deal of complaint in relation to the license fee exacted by the city. It was common talk among lawyers that the ordinance requiring the payment of a registration fee of two dollars was worthless, and more than one lawyer told the Recorder that the ordinance would be peremptorily set aside should the case ever be taken to the Supreme Court. The Fish and Game Association was anxious to be of as much service to its members as possible and still did not desire to indulge in any bootless litigation. A resolution was accordingly passed employing ex-City Counsel Francis Scott to take such steps as might be advisable in the matter, and in case there was any reasonable hope of success to carry the ordinance to the Supreme Court for review. Mr. Scott accordingly set himself to work to find out just how matters stood. He looked up the law on the matter and soon ascertained that there was no question about it that the city had no right to levy a tax on dogs; it is given the right by charter to regulate the running at large of dogs and to exact a registration fee for the registry of dogs. The weakness of the ordinance consisted in the fact that it fixed two dollars as the registration fee, a sum which appeared to be altogether out of proportion to the services rendered. The city collects about six thousand dollars per year from the dog license; the cost to the city is about ten dollars, being the price of the tags and the printed blanks. Then the city provides that men who keep or harbor dogs shall pay the registration fee, whereas the charter declares that the registration shall be exacted from owners. Mr. Scott prepared affidavits on these two points and yesterday afternoon argued the matter before Judge Dixon. He laid the whole case before him, not as a counsel against the ordinance, but as a lawyer would who is anxious to get an opinion from a judge without going to the expense of litigation. He represented both sides of the question.

Judge Dixon expresses it as his opinion that in cases of this kind action ought first to be taken in the lower courts. The recorder ought to be applied to to set the ordinance aside, and there ought to have been an actual prosecution; it was true that ordinances might be taken to the Supreme Court for review when there was a threat to enforce them, as there was in the present case, but he thought that this was one of the cases in which it ought to be made to appear to the Supreme Court that the relief which might have been afforded by the recorder had been denied. Mr. Scott then asked whether the court would grant a writ of certiorari in case the recorder decided against the appellant.

This brought on a discussion of the case on its merits, for had the judge decided to grant the writ in case of an adverse decision below such a decision could have been easily obtained, as Recorder Greaves takes it for granted in every case that the city ordinances are as solid as the constitution of the State. Judge Dixon declared that even under such circumstances he would not grant the writ, after having carefully examined the law in relation to the matter.

In reference to the question of excessive fee the judge decided that the city had the right to charge a fee in proportion to the services rendered. In this case it was necessary to employ men to do the work of registering; the fact that these men were employed to do other work and that it cost the city no more if the work were done by its regular officers did not lessen the amount of work done; it might as well be argued that the salaries of police officers ought to be reduced because in some years they made more arrests than in others. The city was entitled to fair compensation for the work it did, no matter whether the work was done by the officers in charge of other work or whether it was done by a special officer designated for that purpose. The judge thought that $5,000 to $6,000 was not too much to receive for the work done.

In relation to the right of the city to tax dogs not belonging to persons harboring them, the judge said that that would raise a very fine point. It was a question whether harboring a dog did not constitute ownership, just as much as a man owns a house he rents and is responsible for its proper keeping. He would certainly decline to grant a writ of certiorari on such a point. The result is that in the opinion of Judge Dixon, after listening to an exhaustive argument, the dog ordinance of this city is valid, and that dog owners will have to continue to submit to what has appeared to them as an imposition.

It is certainly a relief to dog owners that this question has been definitely settled, and that there is no use making any further fuss about the fee. Mr. Scott in his researches in the matter wrote letters to the city clerks of various cities making inquiry as to the fees required from dog owners. A glance at these figures will convince dog owners that they are lucky to reside in Paterson, where only $2 per year is charged for the questionable luxury of keeping a dog. The following are a few facts gleaned from the letters received by Mr. Scott:

In Richmond, Va., the fee is $1 for a male dog and $2 for a female dog. In Toledo, O., the difference between a tax and a registration fee is observed, 50 cents being charged for registration in all cases where the dog is listed for taxation and assessed as so much personal property; where the dog is not assessed as personal property $1.50 is charged for males and $2.50 for females. In Massachusetts the matter of registering dogs seems to be regulated by the Legislature, for the fee for registering all over the State is $2 for a male dog and $5 for a female dog. In Kansas City, Mo., the registration fee is $1 for a male dog and $3 for a female dog. New Haven, Conn., takes the bakery for regulating dogs. There it costs a man $1 per year to keep a male dog and then he has to pay a registration fee of 15 cents. It costs $6 per year to keep a female dog in addition to the fee of 15 cents for registering the dog. The $1 and $6 are evidently the tax and 15 cents is considered a proper fee for the trouble of registering, for which the city authorities here charge $2.—*Paterson (N. J.) Press, Nov. 29.*

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

AT a special meeting of the A. K. C. at 44 Broadway, Dec. 6, 10:45 A. M., President Childs in the chair, the following were present: American Fox-Terrier Club, Thos. H. Terry; Cleveland B. S. Association, K. E. Hopf; Hartford K. C., C. D. Cugle; Hornell K. C., Jas. Watson; New England K. C., Jean Grosvenor; New Haven K. C., S. R. Hemingway; New Jersey K. C., C. J. Peshall; St. Paul and Minnesota K. C., H. F. Schellhass; Westminster K. C., J. O. Donner; Philadelphia K. C., J. H. Winslow.

The amendments to the constitution, of which a draft was given in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 3, were considered. Amendment to Sec. 1 Art. IV., carried; to Sec. 2 Art. IV., lost; to Sec. 1 Art. V., carried; to strike out Sec. 3, carried; to Sec. 3 Art. V., carried; to Sec. 4 Art. V., carried; to Sec. 6 Art. V., lost; to Sec. 7 Art. V., carried; addition to first clause, Art. VI., carried; change in second line of second clause, carried; change in Art. IX., lost; change in Art. X., carried.

Amendments to by-laws: Secs. I., II., III., IV. and V., carried. Amendments to Rules 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 15, carried. Rule 6, substitution of "P. M." for "noon," carried. Rest of amendments lost. Insertion of a new Rule 17, amendment of Jas. Watson, lost; insertion lost; Rule 18 carried; Rule 21, strike out on second line beginning with "exhibition" to word "association" and substitute "person," lost; remainder regarding deposit of $5 and insertion of word "show" before "committee," carried. Other amendments carried.

Notice of meeting and forfeit clauses adopted. Rule 22, part relating to suspension, disqualification, etc., carried; addition at close of second paragraph, carried; addition of new rule, "No person under suspension," etc., carried; Rule 23, carried; Rule 24, portion referring to payment of prizes, etc., carried; balance, insertion of new rule, "The person presenting," etc., carried; amendment to Rule 25 carried. List of recognized shows adopted, with following additions: Fox-Terrier, 1887; Hornell, 1887; London, Ont., prior to 1886; Milwaukee, 1887; Manitoba Pet Stock, 1885; Meriden prior to 1885; St. John, N. B., 1886; St. Paul and Minnesota, 1887. Amendment to Article II., lost; amendment to Article V., Section 3, lost; substitute for Rule 18 withdrawn.

Quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee, held Dec. 6, at 44 Broadway, 2:45 P. M. President Childs in the chair. Present, the American Fox-Terrier Club, T. H. Terry; Hartford K. C., C. D. Cugle; New England K. C., Jean Grosvenor; New Jersey K. C., C. J. Peshall; Philadelphia K. C., J. H. Winslow; St. Paul and Minnesota K. C., H. F. Schellhass; Westminster K. C., J. O. Donner.

Minutes of last meeting accepted as read. Treasurer's report accepted as read. Report of Stud Book Committee accepted as read. Committee on Haldeman matter reported that the matter was settled; accepted and committee discharged. In St. Paul and Minnesota K. C., O'Shea evidence read. Mr. Peshall moved to suspend O'Shea for six months. Mr. Donner amended to strike out "for six months." Amendment carried. Motion of Mr. Peshall as amended carried.

Communication of J. Otis Fellows, secretary of the Hornell Kennel Club, in matter of disqualification of T. J. Farley, laid over.

Motion of Mr. Peshall, as follows, carried: "That whereas James Watson, Esq., who is now the honored delegate of the Hornellsville Kennel Club, and that whereas the said James Watson, Esq., is now engaged in publishing and as editor of the *American Kennel Register* in opposition to the American Kennel Club Stud Book, and as editor of the same, and as editor of the kennel department of the Philadelphia *Sporting Life*, uses his positions in opposition to said Stud Book published by the Association, therefore be it resolved, that the Hornell Kennel Club be respectfully requested to name some other delegate to represent said club, and that the Secretary be requested to send a copy of this resolution to Mr. Watson and a copy to the Hornellsville Kennel Club."

Motion of Mr. Cugle, seconded by Mr. Winslow, as follows, carried: Rule 2. "Every dog entered at any show held under these rules must be the *bona fide* property of the person making such entry, on the day of closing the entries, and must be registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book. In case a dog has not been registered previous to date of entry, owner must fill out registration blank and forward same with fee of fifty cents together with show entry to the secretary of the show, who shall mark the dog as registered and forward blank with registration fee to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club." (The above to take effect Jan. 1, 1888.) Then follow with second clause as in old Rule 2.

Mr. Donner moved to change Rule 21, Paragraph 2 to read as follows: "The Committee shall at once meet and decide upon any objection lodged during the show, and from their decision an appeal may at once be taken to the local delegate or to any member of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club, who may be called upon by the show committee." Carried.

On motion of Mr. Peshall, seconded by Mr. Winslow, the American Mastiff Club was unanimously elected to membership.

On motion of Mr. Peshall, seconded by Mr. Donner, application of Stafford Springs K. C. laid over.

On motion of Mr. Winslow, seconded by Mr. Schellhass, the application of Winsted K. C. rejected.

Resolution *re* Hornell K. C. delegate offered by Mr. Peshall, seconded by Mr. Donner, carried.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to my message to the Eastern Field Trials Club in relation to Mr. Mitchell handling in the American trials this month, which was published in your paper recently, permit me to say that no one inspired the telegram or asked that Mr. Mitchell be permitted to handle for them. I alone am responsible for the message; I had my reason for sending it.—W. B. SHATTUC, President.

FOX-TERRIER CLUB STAKES.—The Homebred Puppy Stakes are for puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1887.—FRED HOEY.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Don Carlos. By E. C. Johnson, Framingham, Mass., for white and tawny St. Bernard dog, whelped March 15, 1885, by Rosso (Don—Gretchen) out of Doxie (Romeo—Juliet).

Blaze. By J. W. Gale, Providence, R. I., for dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1887, by Chief (Berkley—Duck) out of Bizreena (Nimrod—Bizorah).

Timferna. By E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., for liver and white pointer bitch, age not given, by Tim (Wise's Tom—Wise's Beulah) out of Kennerly's Guiferna (Randolph's Guy—Kennerly's Lady Fern).

Onota Belle. By Nelson McIntosh, Providence, R. I., for dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1887, by Chief (Berkley—Duck) out of Bizreena (Nimrod—Bizorah).

Greenwood Kennels. By W. A. Power, Greenwood, Mass., for his kennels of mastiffs.

NAMES CHANGED.

Glen Dart to Dart Glen Rock. English setter bitch, by Glen Rock out of Countess Flirt, owned by M. M. MacMillan, Mahanoy City, Pa.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sally—Tim. Geo. Langran's (Yonkers, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Sally (Chief—Princess Alice) to Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Nov. 14.

Lil—Fairy King. E. B. Clark's (Orange, Conn.) English setter bitch Lill (Ranger II.—Maud) to Rosecroft Kennels' Fairy King (Foreman—Jessie), Nov. 27.

Fancy—Monarch. W. A. Power's (Greenwood, Mass.) mastiff bitch Fancy (A.K.R. 5503) to E. B. Sears's Monarch (A.K.R. 5507), Nov. 30.

Coquette—Resolute. Jos. R. Trissler's (Lancaster, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Coquette (Bacchanal—Trifle) to Blemton Kennels' Resolute (Result—Diadem), Dec. 2.

Gaudy—Resolute. R. Gibson's (Delaware, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Gaudy (Brag—Tricks) to Blemton Kennels' Resolute (Result—Diadem), Nov. 19.

Festive—Regent Vox. L. Timpson's (Red Hook, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Festive (Bacchanal—Blemton Arrow) to Blemton Kennels' Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic), Nov. 15.

Killarney II.—Tim. R. Q. Taylor's (Baltimore, Md.) Irish setter bitch Killarney II. (Shomberg's Hela—Killarney) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), Nov. 6.

Alice—Tim. S. F. Sniffen's (Orange, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Alice (Glencho—Bess) to Max Wenzel' Tim (Biz—Hazel), Dec. 5.

Syreen—Chief. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Syreen (Elcho—Rose) to Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck), Dec. 1.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Linda. C. H. Spring's (Newton Lower Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Linda (A.K.R. 2552) Nov. 24, ten (six dogs), by J. H. Long's Hector.

Lady Friend. Onota Kennels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Lady Friend (Bob—Friend), Nov. 26, three (two dogs), by Glenmar II. (Glencho—Red Lassie).

Gamma. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Gamma (Bacchanal—Delta), Oct. 30, three (two dogs), by their Lucifer (as in præsenti) (Splinter—Kohinoor).

Rejoice. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Rejoice (Roysterer—Ransome), Nov. 11, two dogs, by A. H. Clarke's Reckon (Reckoner—Rachel).

Tony. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Tony (Tim—Jersey Beauty), Nov. 27, eleven (four dogs), by his Chief (Berkley—Duck).

Meg. G. G. Cleather's Dandie Dinmont bitch Meg, Dec. 4, six (four dogs), by Border Wang.

Duck. C. Palmer's Gordon setter bitch Duck, Nov. 28, nine (seven dogs), by J. F. John's Lock (Tom—Pansy).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Catfoot. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped March 16, 1885, by Chief out of Fashion, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to Thos. B. Penton, Jr., New York.

Si. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 22, 1886, by Tim out of Florid, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to Thos. B. Penton, Jr., New York.

Vixen. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 26, 1887, by Tim out of Yoube, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to Edward Dunn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edwy. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped June 30, 1887, by Orlando out of Countess of Woodlands, by Wm. Wade, Hulton, Pa., to Dr. Geo. B. Ayres, Omaha, Neb.

Wacouta Jess. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1887, by Wacouta Nap out of Wacouta Bess, by Wacouta Kennels, St. Paul, Minn., to Robt. Ray, Bellmont, Dak.

Corsair. Fawn mastiff dog, age and pedigree not given, by Wacouta Kennels, St. Paul, Minn., to R. K. McNeil, North St. Paul, Minn.

Wacouta Lena. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1887, by Wacouta Nap out of Wacouta Bess, by Wacouta Kennels, St. Paul, Minn., to Geo. P. Zeiss, Mount Pulaski, Ill.

Wacouta Hope. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1887, by Wacouta Nap out of Wacouta Bess, by Wacouta Kennels, St. Paul, Minn., to A. D. White, same place.

Rex. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 27, 1887, by Dreadnaught out of Dora (A.K.R. 1183), by Claire-Reeta Kennels, Palmyra, N. Y., to S. C. Steuber, Williamsport, Pa.

Bacchanal—Miss Tackler whelp. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped May 27, 1887, by Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y.

Young Gath—Belle Starlight whelp. Black and white ticked Llewellin setter dog, whelped July 12, 1887, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to V. G. Chadevne, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelp. Black, white and tan Llewellin setter bitch, whelped July 8, 1887, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to L. R. Avery, Bremen, Ind.

Chief—Bizreena whelps. Dark red Irish setters, whelped Oct. 13, 1887, by Onota Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., a dog to John D. Gale and a bitch to Nelson McIntosh, both of Providence, R. I.

PRESENTATIONS.

Timferna. Liver and white pointer bitch, age not given, by Tim out of Guiferna, by Wm. C. Kinnerly, White Post, Va., to E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn.

DEATHS.

Bessie Bondhu. English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1887, owned by Lake View Kennels, Roxbury, Mass.; distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. S., New York.—My setter dog 4 years old has most always a dry nose, by what means can I get his nose moist as it ought to be? It would no doubt improve his scent, although he points and is staunch, but sometimes it seems as if his scent lacks on account of the dryness of his nose. Ans. It the dog's general health is good the nose should be moist. Keep bowels regular. Feed meat only when dog is working.

C. A., New York.—Use following salve:

R. Ung. diachylon..... ℥ss
Ung. zinc oxid..... ℥iss

Mix. Sig. Apply to affected parts after sponging with warm water and castile soap. Keep bowels clear. Probably due to infirmities of age.

THE MEMPHIS AND AVENT KENNEL will offer a number of broken dogs for sale during the Eastern and American trials. Among those offered for sale will be their entire Derby, All-Aged and Champion entries. This kennel will not send dogs to purchasers on approbation, preferring for purchasers (or their deputized agents) to see the dogs at work during the trials and privately. This will be a rare opportunity to secure some first-class dogs from combined field-trial and bench-show winning strains, broken by Mr. J. M. Avent.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 3.—The attendance of riflemen at the range at Walnut Hill to-day was large. The weather conditions were favorable, and several good scores were completed. Following is the day's shoot:

Decimal Off-hand Match—200yds.

O M Jewell	9	10	9	8	8	10	8	9	10	8—89
	8	10	9	9	9	10	8	9	9	6—87
W H Oler	7	9	8	8	10	8	9	9	7	8—83
	8	8	6	6	7	10	8	8	9	9—79
W O Burnite (mil.)	9	10	8	8	6	10	6	9	5	8—79
A Loring (mil.)	7	6	8	9	6	9	7	6	9	7—74
D Chase	8	7	7	9	8	6	8	5	8	7—63

Rest Match—200yds.

D L Chase	9	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	11	12	—115
W Chester	9	12	9	11	10	10	12	12	12	11	—108
	11	9	11	12	11	9	12	11	8	12	—106
John Gunn	9	9	11	12	12	12	9	9	9	11	—103
W H Oler	9	12	9	10	10	11	9	10	12	11	—103
	10	10	11	10	12	11	9	9	9	9	—100

Military Creedmoor Match—200yds.

W A Burnite	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	5—46
	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4—43
F J Lounsbury	5	4	4	4	4	3	5	5	5	4—43
J Healey	3	5	4	3	4	3	5	4	3	2—36
A McCarthy	3	2	4	4	3	0	4	4	4	4—32

Revolver Match.

C L Holmes	7	10	8	10	9	10	10	9	10	9—89
	9	10	9	8	9	8	7	9	10	8—87
A Loring	8	6	9	8	10	8	7	8	8	10—82

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Dec. 1.—At the recent contest between the Manchester Rifle Club of Manchester, N. H., and the Leominster Rifle Club of this place, the work of each man in each club was as follows:

Manchester Team.

C D Palmer	8	6	9	8	7	5	7	8	7	8—73
	10	7	9	10	9	8	5	7	7	8	10—81
	7	7	5	7	8	6	9	7	9	9—75—229
E C Paul	9	7	4	7	3	10	8	6	8	10—72
	6	8	9	4	4	9	9	5	9	6—69
	6	8	6	7	10	7	5	0	9	7—74—214
W M Boothby	7	8	6	7	6	9	6	9	5	6—69
	9	8	10	8	10	4	7	6	6	6—74
	5	7	9	5	6	7	10	7	4	8—68—211
L N Colly	5	5	6	10	7	3	5	8	10	7—66
	4	9	6	5	5	8	10	9	9	9—74
	9	3	8	8	8	7	6	8	4	5—66—206—860

Leominster Team.

G F Prevear	8	8	7	8	10	7	10	9	8	7—82
	10	7	10	6	7	6	6	6	10	8—75
	7	9	10	7	8	7	5	7	7	7—74—231
F A Whitney	9	6	6	5	7	10	8	9	8	10—75
	7	6	5	6	6	9	8	5	10	10—72
	6	6	9	6	7	8	8	8	8	5—75—222
G W Foster	6	7	5	8	7	8	9	9	10	5—74
	8	9	10	8	6	8	8	10	5	7—79
	8	4	6	6	5	10	6	6	8	6—65—218
C A Joslin	9	8	4	7	7	7	7	6	7	8—70
	9	7	7	7	7	10	4	6	7	6—70
	6	5	7	4	7	10	6	4	9	9—67—207—878

BOSTON, Dec. 6.—Yesterday Mr. F. E. Bennett, of this city, began an effort to shoot 100 shots per day with an army revolver for ten consecutive days at an American standard target, 50yds. distance. The work was done at the Walnut Hill rifle range, and the following unparalleled score was made:

1.	6	10	8	10	7	10	10	10	10	—91
2.	8	10	9	10	7	9	9	9	10	8—89
3.	9	10	10	6	9	10	9	10	10	—93
4.	10	9	9	6	10	10	10	8	9	9—90
5.	8	10	7	6	9	8	9	9	10	9—85
6.	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	8—94
7.	7	9	10	10	6	9	10	8	7	6—82
8.	10	10	9	10	7	9	8	9	7	9—88
9.	10	10	8	8	10	9	10	10	7	8—90
10.	9	7	7	10	10	8	8	9	9	7—84—886

This total of 886 beats Chevalier Paine's best record by 45 points, and is 12 points better than Bennett's best previous score. It will be noticed that the sixth string was a clear score of bullseyes, and that during the 10 shots 16 consecutive bullseyes were made. The shooting is simply phenomenal. A wager is made that during the week Mr. Bennett will, on three days, beat Paine's best record of 841 in a possible 1,000, and another bet is posted that the aggregate of the six days' shoot will average 841 or better.

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 29.—Only six of the Owensville Ballard Rifle team met on their range to-day, Messrs. John Daugherty and Perry Stone were visitors and were invited to shoot a score with the team, standard target, 200yds., strong reflection of light from snow:

G Wetter	6	8	6	7	10	9	8	5	9	5—73
J Montgomery	4	7	5	10	6	10	10	6	4	8—70
W Gentry	10	10	6	7	5	7	6	8	3	8—70
W Roberts	4	9	5	8	5	5	8	10	5	5—64
J Stone	10	5	5	4	4	4	5	9	3	6—55
Jas Daugherty	0	5	4	5	3	0	3	1	0	4—25
Perry Stone	8	4	4	5	2	5	5	8	3	2—44
John Dougherty	3	4	1	4	3	3	7	1	5	9—40

G. Wetter wins gold medal, Jas. Daugherty leather medal.

WILMINGTON, Nov. 24.—The scores of the rifle contests to-day at Healdmoor are as follows in the grand popular prize match at 200yds. on Creedmoor target, out of possible 25 points:

H B Seeds	55553—23	J R D Seeds	54444—21
T F Carlin (mil.)	1 64454—23	W Rice	44454—21
W F Seeds	54554—23	J R Wickersham	44444—20
J F McCafferty	44455—22	H Simpson	53344—19
C Heinel, Sr	45454—22	E J Darlington	54325—19
J B Bell	45445—22	J W Geyer (mil.)	1 34442—18
I S Bullock	45445—22	E H Rhoads	33444—18
Charles Hunt (mil.)	1 44543—21	Wilmer A Ruthven	34243—16
F H Eachus	54444—21		

The following scores were made in the beginners' match at 200yds.:

J S Jefferis	44545—22	W B Haddock	45444—21
H Chapman	44554—22	G Vanaman	44544—21
J P Wickersham	45445—22	C Gottwerth	44444—20
F Kane	44544—21	William Lawton	44444—20
W Davis	54444—21	T Robinson	45344—18
I S Bullock	45444—21		

WORCESTER, Nov. 24.—At the rifle shoot at Broad Meadow Range to-day, besides the usual practice and record shooting, there was a handicap shoot for four turkeys offered by the club, the shooting being at 200yds., Creedmoor count. The handicap allowance and scores stood:

With Military Rifles.

Shumway	43 42 41—126+15—141	Taylor	40 39 38—117+15—132
Early	41 41 41—123+15—138	Pepper	39 36 33—108+24—132
White	45 44 43—132+ 5—137		

Sporting Rifles.

Leighton	47 46 46—159 —159	Bernard	41 40 40—121+12—133
Burton	46 44 43—133+6—159		

Shumway, Leighton, Burton and Early took the four birds home with them.

A few of the members of the City Guards shot for practice at the Peat Meadow Range, at 200yds., and the following scores were made:

Lieut Tisdell	3454443455—40 4544545545—43	Pvt McIntosh	2544433455—39 4445144444—41

EUROPEAN SMALL ARMS.—The ordnance officers of the army have been watching with keen interest the recent European experiments with small firearms, and to satisfy himself of the merits of the Hebler and Labelle rifles, General Benet, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, has procured samples of these weapons, which are now on their way to this country. One of the Swiss rifles has already come into the possession of one of General Sheridan's aids, and has been for some days an object of interest to army officers. This rifle embodies in a high degree the principle of reduced calibers in small arms. The caliber has been reduced from .44 to .30, and a small bullet composed of an alloy of lead and antimony covered with steel has been substituted for the old lead bullet. The result has been an increase in the velocity of the bullet, greatly increased penetration and range, and a very flat trajectory or arc described by the ball, which means much better accuracy of fire. Owing to the smooth surface of the steel-clad bullet it is also believed that the wounds inflicted will be much more readily healed.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 30.—The second annual competition between the two military companies of Cambridge for the *Tribune* trophy took place at the North Cambridge Rifle Range this afternoon. The wind and light were all that could be desired, but the extreme cold made the handling of the rifles rather unpleasant, and to a greater or less extent served to lower the scores of both teams. In the competition last year the City Guard, Co. B, Fifth, won by a score of 164 to 158, and during the year has pointed with pride to the *Tribune's* handsome gift, which was hung upon the wall of its meeting room. This year its colors were lowered by the score of 174 to 173. The shooting was at 200yds., each team consisting of 7 men, and each man being allowed 7 shots. The score follows:

Company B, First Regiment.		Company B, Fifth Regiment.	
Pvt Osborn	4443544—23	Sergt Balmer	4534444—28
Capt Dallinger	5344445—27	Pvt Lounsbury	4444443—27
Lieut Dodge	5444443—26	Corp Henderson	4245344—26
Pvt Marshall	4444234—25	Pvt Chittick	4434325—25
Pvt Dillaway	4333443—24	Pvt Mason	4424442—23
Pvt Boardman	4344043—22	Lieut Sinclair	0444434—23
Sergt Parkhill	2435440—22—174	Sergt Henderson	2344404—21—173

AUBURN, Nov. 25.—The Auburn Light Infantry celebrated Thanksgiving by a target shoot for the company's gold badge, the conditions of the shoot are that a member must win the badge for three successive times in order to own it, and as Corp. Larrabee had won it twice, quite an interest was manifested in the result, Pvt. G. V. Tufts making the best record with a score of 26 out of a possible 35. The best scores being as follows:

Pvt Tufts	4552343—26	Corp Larrabee	2324353—22
Mus Read	4545223—25	Pvt Danforth	4324422—22
Capt Storah	4444225—24	Pvt Fuller	4323343—21
Pvt Cookson	0354354—24	Pvt Pettengill	4323232—19
Lieut Bisbee	5432235—23	Pvt Bumpus	5033334—19—225

LA CROSSE, Wis., Nov. 23.—A few days ago the members of the city police force instituted a competitive rifle contest, the best marksman to be given a Thanksgiving turkey. The contest was concluded this evening with the following highly flattering score, the possible having been 72 points:

Keys	66½	Henry	63½
Taylor	68	Jackson	65
Yehle	70	H Byrnes	64½
A Byrnes	60	McLeod	63½
Parks	60	McMillan	67

As is seen Officer Yehle won by half a point and carried the turkey home. The victor is a member of the North Side squad and his comrade officers from that section are greatly elated over the outcome of the shoot.

NEWARK, Nov. 29.—A meeting of the delegates appointed by the various rifle clubs of Newark and vicinity was held this evening at Bloomfield, and the books of admission to the organization were closed. The committee on constitution and by-laws submitted a report which was adopted, and a schedule committee was appointed to arrange for the tournament which will begin on Jan. 16. The name chosen for the organization is the Essex County Amateur Rifle Association, and the clubs comprising it are Rutgers, J. Magory, Our Own, Union and Monroe. The total membership is 110. Each club will shoot two matches, one at home and the other on a neutral range.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

MONTREAL, Nov. 26.—Notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather there were over a hundred spectators on the grounds of the Montreal Gun Club, this afternoon, to witness or take part in the Costen cup. A great number of intending shots thought the match would be postponed, and did not turn up, and only teams from Montreal and St. Lawrence were entered. There were several members of other clubs present, but not enough from one club to make up a team. The following sweepstake at 5 birds was shot off previous to the shoot for the cup:

J H Bedard	11110—4	O J Trotter	11000—2
W McCaw	01110—3	J W Lesage	01001—2
J Allen	00111—3	J Leroux	10010—2
E O Champagne	01110—3	Frank Dowd	10100—2

The ties for second and third were shot off by Messrs. McCaw, Allen and Champagne, the latter winning with 3 birds, McCaw taking third place. Then followed the match for the Costen cup for teams of five at 20 Peoria blackbirds, St. Lawrence beating Montreal by 2 birds. Following is the score:

St. Lawrence.

E O Champagne, Capt	1110010011101011111—14
J B Bedard	0010111101011110100—12
Joe Bousquet	1101101101101101100—13
J W Lesage	0100101101111011001—12
F Dowd	1001101101000100000— 7—58

Montreal.

J Leroux	0010001001010001111— 8
J Allen	1000600110111010111—11
L T Trotter	0010110100011110100—10
W McCaw, Capt	1101011111110101011—15
W Emond	1011010001011011011—12—56

Considering the fog the scores of Messrs. McCaw and Champagne are very creditable. A final sweepstake at 10 birds had fifteen entries. It was won by W. Emond with 9 birds, J. Bousquet second with 8, and W. McCaw and C. Bonneville with 6 each. Mr. E. G. Williams acted as referee to the satisfaction of all parties.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—Notwithstanding that a cold north wind swept in fitful gusts over the range at Bird's Point, this afternoon, a few local cracksmen put in appearance late in the afternoon. The traps, considering that they have been out of use for some time, were nicely handled by George Bird, while Whiskers acted as retriever. The scores were, in almost every instance, above the average, and the birds, clays included, were excellent flyers. Owing probably to the state of the wind, several of the pigeons were inclined to be "tailers," but very few escaped unharmed after all. The first match arranged was a single 6-bird sweepstake, $5 entrance, 18yds. rise:

Fanning	112112—6	Harper	121001—4
Clark	011011—4	Carden	101101—4
Coombs	111220—5	Smith	111211—6

Fanning and Smith shot off the tie at 6 pairs of double birds, with the following result:

Fanning	11 10 11—5	Smith	11 01 10—4

After the clay-bird traps had been placed in position a 15-bird match, at 18yds. rise, was arranged. The entrance was placed at $1; two moneys. The score:

Clark	111101111000110—11	Smith	111110111101111—13
Fanning	111010011001110— 9	Coombs	111101111111111—14
Harper	111011101111111—13	Halpen	111001100101111—10
Carden	110101101111101—11		

The first money was taken by Coombs. A tie for second money was shot off by Harper and Smith:

Harper	11 10 11 01 11 11—10	Smith	01 11 01 11 01 01—8

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 24.—The Independent Gun Club held a sweepstakes shoot at the Kansas City shooting park to-day at noon. It resulted in the following score:

J P Barbour	1111101111—9	R C Van Horn	0110101111—7
J M Anderson	1110111111—9	A E Thomas	1100110110—6
G Stockwell	1111110111—9	A W McBride	1110101001—6
George Hall	1111101111—9	D C Thomas	1100110110—6
A H Van Horn	1101111101—8	W K Everingham	0011110010—5
W M Anderson	1110110011—7	R C Johnson	1100001001—4
W V Rieger	1111010110—7	J C Reeves	1010000101—4

First money was divided by J. M. Anderson and J. P. Barbour. J. C. Reeves won second and W. V. Rieger third.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 3.—The weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club was fairly attended this afternoon and some good shooting done. In the merchandise matches, Snow scored one in Class A with 18, Perry one in Class B with 17, with Wild one in Class C with 16. The first prize winners in other events follow: 20 blackbirds, Gerry; 6 blue rocks, Gerry; 6 blue rocks, Wild; 6 blue rocks, Wild; 6 pigeons, Snow; 6 pigeons, Gerry; 6 pigeons, Wild; 6 blackbirds, Wild; 6 blackbirds, Snow, Swift and Perry; 6 pigeons, Swift; 10 blackbirds, Perry; 10 pigeons, Snow; 6 blackbirds, Gerry and Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Perry; 6 blackbirds, Perry and Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Perry; 6 pigeons, Wild and Snow; 6 blackbirds, Sanborn and Perry; 6 pigeons, Swift; 6 blackbirds, Wild and Perry; 6 pigeons, Swift and Snow. In the contest for a combination marker, presented by Warren, much excitement ensued, and after a close contest Sanborn won the same with a score of 15 straight.

YONKERS, Nov. 30.—Jack Elliott, of Pelham, and Andrew Ward, of Yonkers, shot a match to-day for $50 a side at the Yonkers Driving Park at 50 birds each, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules to govern. Ward was the favorite and won, killing 43 birds to Elliott's 40.

BROOKLYN.—At a shoot at the Bay Ridge Gun Club grounds on Nov. 26 a bet was made that Mr. F. M. Eames, President of the Bay Ridge Gun Club, could not break 45 bluerocks out of 50 shot at. This was at once accepted by a friend of Mr. Eames, and that gentleman broke 48 out of 50, winning the money. Referee and scorer, Mr. N. D. Hemenway.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 29.—The pigeon shooting match for $150 between Gus Haas and William Rohrs was won by the former, the score being 13 to 11 birds out of 25 shot at. The birds were very strong and fast flyers, Haas had the lead from the start, Rohr missing his first five birds. The score is as follows:

Aug Hass	0011111100011111010001000—13
W Rohrs	0000010111010101011010001—11

Referee, Mr. W. H. Tomford.

QUINCY, Nov. 24.—The following scores were made at the gun club medal shoot yesterday:

Slocum	1111111111110001111111110001—29	Dewey	1111111111110001—12
Pennoyer	1101101111111111—13	Smith	1011111100001111—10
Dazey	1011110011011111—11	Hunsacker	1110101001101101—10
Fletcher	1111111011001101—11		

Slocum wears the medal.

NEWARK, Dec. 3.—To-day's shooting at Erb's was decidedly interesting. The event of moment was a match between J. H. Outwater, of Jersey City, and L. B. Campbell, of Little Silver, at 35 birds, 25yds. rise, one barrel and gun below the elbow, for $100. The shooting was excellent and the birds were of a good quality. William Sigler acted as referee, and the match was watched by nearly all of the noted shots of this vicinity. The score was as follows:

Outwater	1111111111111001111111111001011—29
Campbell	1111111011111001111101111110100—26

Campbell immediately offered to make another match for $150, and it was arranged to take place on Christmas at Dunellen, find trap and handle for each other.

After the match to-day a miss and out sweep was shot for a Smith breechloader. The result was as follows: Lindsley, 110; Ems, 210; Sigler, 1111211; Class. 1112111; Wareing, 1110; Outwater, 20; Lever, 12210; Campbell, 10. Darkness prevented Class and Sigler continuing the shoot.

NEWARK, Nov. 29.—The pigeon shooting match between Frank Berry, of Paterson, and John Ryan, of Hackensack, under old Long Island rules, was decided on Erb's grounds to-day, and was witnessed by a party of friends of each shooter. The match was for $200, 30 birds each, 21yds. rise, find trap and handle, 80yds. bounds, one barrel. Miles Johnson found the flyers for Berry to shoot at and he trapped them very scientifically. His lot, however, were not as good as those furnished by Bill Wilkinson, of Paterson, for the Hackensack champion to blaze away at. For all this, Ryan, after a close and exciting shoot, won by one bird, killing 24 to his young rival's 23. Although Berry is but a young man, he has been practicing pigeon shooting since he was ten years old, and he showed good judgement in making his shots. Almost every bird of the 60 was hit, several just reaching the top of the boundary fence. Following is the score:

John Ryan	1111101101101010111111111111—24
Frank Berry	1111110011101001111101111110111—23

Referee, W. Seigler, of Montclair.

TORONTO, Nov. 30.—W. Hine, of Winnipeg, and W. Felstead, of Toronto, shot a match to-day in beautiful clear weather on Chas. Ayres' grounds, Eastern avenue, at 50 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, for $50 a side. Mr. Dan Blea judged for Hine and Mr. T. Sowden for Felstead, Mr. Wm. McDowall was referee and Mr. J. Townson scorer. It was a hard and cracking good contest throughout and gave opportunities for a good deal of variation in the betting. At first the stranger had the call, and then Felstead, Hine money after 30 birds had been shot at going almost a-begging:

W Hine	1111110101101101010011111011111101111111101110—38
W Felstead	1111001110111110111111101101001101111111100101—36

NEW JERSEY SHOOT.—Just south of the old village of Springfield, nestling among the hills of Union county, is a flat grassy field, the grounds of the Union Gun Club. The organization has been in existence for several years, but until last summer was but little known. Under the able management of Mr. Enoch D. Miller the club built a comfortable shooting house, and during the summer several enjoyable one-day tournaments were held. Not content with a local reputation the club now gives notice of a two-days' tournament on Dec. 20 and 21, and includes in the programme a match for a diamond trophy for the New Jersey State championship. Other events, seven in all, complete the list.

MONTREAL, Nov. 26.—A blackbird shoot took place at the byres this afternoon, and was well attended considering the weather. Rain fell all the afternoon, and the smoke hung over the traps like a dense fog. About twenty competitors took part, most of whom made good shooting. Messrs. Hine and Felstead headed the score with an average of 8 out of 10. No sweeps were shot, the only contest decided being a practice shoot from 5 traps at 18yds. rise.

A LIVE GUN CLUB.—Springfield, N. J., a little village nestling under the hills of Union county, boasts of the Union Gun Club, one of the liveliest organizations in the State. Under the able management of Mr. E. D. Miller, they held, last summer, a number of one day tournaments, at all of which the participants enjoyed themselves immensely. They now announce a two-day shoot on Dec. 20 and 21, including in the programme a match for the New Jersey State championship and a diamond trophy. Seven other events, open to all, will complete the menu, and any one going there can be assured of a most enjoyable time. The club has a fine house, platform, a beautiful ground, good light, and can trap as many clay birds in a day as any. If your trap-shooting readers will address Mr. Miller they will be accommodated with a programme. Officers: J. M. Roll, Pres.; C. H. Johnson, Jr., Sec.; E. D. Miller, Manager.—HUNT.

LAST WEEK we had the pleasure of a call from Mr. J. H. Barlow, of the Ideal Manufacturing Co., and Mr. A. G. McAusland, of the Colts Arms Co. Mr. McAusland reports trade throughout the country as very good. He has been twice to the Pacific coast this year, twice to the Mexico line and several times through the South and West. Mr. Barlow's visit to New York was to introduce to the trade a new reloading tool, consisting of a capper, decapper, rammer and extractor, all in one "do funny."

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. P. Kunz. Price $1. Canoes and Canoeing. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

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Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division.—The following gentlemen, of Orillia, Canada, are desirous of becoming members of the A. C. A.: H. Pellatt, Chas. Corbould, J. L. Tepping, Wm. Thomson, Bruce Murphy, Geo. Thomson, Rich. Henderson, W. H. Stevens.—S. BRITTON, Purser, Northern Division A. C. A.

A GROWL FROM A CRUISER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last spring, after writing several lengthy open letters in the Forest and Stream and getting no satisfactory answers, or rather proof, to show that I was wrong and no sign from the A. C. A. or the regatta committee, that they wanted to do anything to favor the cruising canoe, I made up my mind that in future I would devote my spare time entirely to our Canadian Division.

However, that letter of "Retaw" in the last *Canoeist* stirred me up again, and I thought I would give the thing another go and see if I would be more successful, so here goes for another shot. I wish I knew "Retaw" as I could grasp his hand as a man after my own heart. As he says, it's poor fun tackling an editor in his own columns, unless one has a strong case, but it strikes me that any cruising canoeist who has watched the A. C. A. cruising canoes degenerate these last two years since the A. C. A. cruise has fallen from grace, has an argument that cannot be refuted. The editor of the *Canoeist* immediately jumps on "Retaw" for wanting to substitute an A. C. A. cruise for the regatta. I did not read his epistle in that light. I think what he asked was, "If the Canadian and English canoeists can have a cruise at their meets, why can't we?" He did not wish to do away with the racing, but simply asks why we cannot have a cruise. The *Canoeist* also says that cruising is better than racing, and yet is unwilling to give us of that which is good, and as the editor warms up to his work he stands on his tip toes, pounds the desk and wants to know if the A. C. A. is not for the benefit and pleasure of the A. C. A. members who have the time and money to gather once a year, whom it is for.

Well, I don't know. I suppose I must be wrong, but I always thought it was for the cruising as well as the racing members of the A. C. A. I did not know that the constitution was changed so that it excluded the cruisers from the meet, and I ask, if they are not excluded, why is not some entertainment provided for them? Why has the catering been all for one class, *i. e.*, the racers? And it strikes me forcibly that they have made a mess of it, when a member has to own a Pecowsic or somewhat similar craft to win our highest and only sailing races.

Last spring I endeavored to prove to Mr. Gibson, now our worthy Commodore, that the cruising canoe had no show in our races, and I asked that the 75ft. limit be done away with and a race substituted for it that would give them one race at the meet. He maintained that the 75ft.-limit race was given expressly for the one-rig cruising man, and that there was just as much need for it now as there was when it was adopted.

Well, that was a statement, but I did not see any facts or records to prove it; and I am of the opinion that when an event is given for the benefit of a cruising man and is won by the racing man with five rigs, I think it is about time to hunt up something that will give him a better show. Some may say that this is not so, but I have the records in my favor. Since I last wrote on this subject we have had another meet and have gathered another batch of evidence supporting what I then claimed, namely, that canoes of the Pecowsic type were bound to scoop our 75ft.-limit race every time, as well as having as good, if not better, show in the unlimited.

Who won the 75ft.-limit race (that was given for the cruiser) this year? The records say Pecowsic. How many rigs has she, and is she the class of canoe you want cruisers to build for the only race said to be for them?

However, I see I have wandered from "Retaw's" letter, wherein he wants an Association cruise. I think we have about 600 members in the Association, and I am of the opinion that at least three-fourths of them are cruisers as well as racers, and I think we should provide some entertainment for them at the meet. If the regatta committee have not time, what is wrong with the Commodore appointing a cruising committee of say three cruising members, who would look after one or two cruises at the meet.

We are supposed to have seen a place where we camp for two weeks, and yet some of us have seen as much of the beauties of the Thousand Islands as the chap who said he had seen the Pyramids of Egypt when he had seen a corner of rock taken from one of them. What we want to do is to offer prizes (flags or otherwise) for the best canoe kit, best canoe and shore tent, best cruising sails (that you do not require to run ashore to lower) best cruising canoe, etc.

This would stimulate cruisers to show up at our meets, as they are ashamed to bring cruising canoes around for fear the boys will laugh at them for expecting to win a race in them. Give them something to come for and they will come by the dozens. At first some of the kits will be awful to look at, but after they have all seen one another's kits just wait for the improvements at the next year's meet. Just notice the difference that there will be in cruising sails, canoe tents, and everything for which prizes are offered, and when you get them at the meet let them have a couple of short cruises, of a day each or longer if suitable, and you will gather men at your meet who would no more think of going to them now than they would think of going to a rooster fight.

I hold that canoe racing has now reached that point in the A. C. A. where it does not need so much fostering, it has reached the point where it does not require all the energies of the management to look after it, and where we have more cruisers than racers in the A. C. A. I ask not as a favor but as a right that the majority have something for which they can compete at our meets.

Now, though some of these remarks are a little strong, I hope they will be taken as good naturedly as they are sent, and that the management will take to heart some of the facts that are presented to them. Will G. MacKendrick.

Toronto, Dec. 2.

THE DEFINITION OF AN AMATEUR.

We have received in the form of a very neatly printed pamphlet, the minutes of the sixteenth annual meeting of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, with the report of the executive committee for the year ending August, 1887. The report deals with the question of defining an amateur in a most comprehensive manner, and represents the latest phase of this important issue. Fortunately it has not yet assumed any great importance in canoeing, but it may come up at any time, and canoeists are directly concerned in the action of similar bodies in the matter.

We quote from it as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held in Toronto, there was discussed, and finally adopted an amendment to the amateur law intended to exclude any oarsman 'who shall abandon or leave his daily avocation (for more than two weeks) for the purpose of training, and who has no visible legitimate means of support while training during a longer period, but rows for some real or anticipated profit.'

"It seems difficult to phrase any rule which will be effective in reaching the objectionable element, without encroaching upon personal liberty, or to arbitrarily fix any period of time beyond which it shall be unlawful for an oarsman to absent himself from his office or shop. An enthusiastic sculler who is a man of means may devote a month to training and yet be an unquestionable amateur, while another may be away from his business no more than a week under such circumstances as would justify a regatta committee in refusing his entry.

"We recommend as a rule proper to adopt, an amendment, stating that the Association considers an amateur to be one 'who rows only for pleasure or recreation, and during his leisure hours, and does not abandon his usual business or occupation for the purpose of training.' Recognizing as we do that it is for the Association to make laws, and the duty of its executive committee merely to enforce them, we propose submitting to the clubs, to be considered at the annual meeting a year hence, an amendment to your constitution embodying these restrictions, and we shall request the several clubs to instruct their delegates as to the feasibility and wisdom of such a provision. No formal action has been taken by your committee with reference to a proposed narrowing of the lines which bound the qualifications of an amateur, and, while we do not feel that the time has arrived for making any recommendation, it is proper that we note the progress of the movement alluded to in our last annual report.

"Among the amateur oarsmen of the State of Virginia a rule prevailed excluding from their open regattas all who are mechanics or artisans, but admitting farmers and the tillers of the soil. The rules of your Association have since been adopted there, and everywhere else in this country has there been put in force any definition which is more stringent than the National law. We learn, however, that in the Northwest, and in several clubs on the eastern seaboard, some of the pioneers and active promoters of amateur sport are strongly advocating the division of amateur oarsmen into two classes, placing in the one those whose occupations involve direct manual labor, and consequent muscular development, and confining the other to brain-workers, such as merchants, professional men, tradesmen and clerks, whose vocations do not tend to an improvement of the physique.

The gentlemen actively interested in the promulgation of these ideas (none of whom are connected with your Executive Committee) have as yet taken no concerted action, but a limited correspondence has convinced them that the movement has unexpected strength. Nevertheless we are inclined to the opinion that the supporters of such a change are at present in a decided minority. Your committee believe that it will be found very difficult, if not well nigh impossible, to draft any definition which will not injure many innocent athletes, and create hardships alike unintentional and unjustifiable. One amendment recently suggested would debar farmers, surveyors, many civil and mining engineers, and not a few architects and other professional men, who, during the years of early manhood, with a view of fitting themselves for their calling, have labored as artisans or mechanics; while it would not exclude gamblers, poolroom attachés and professional idlers.

"Your committee are firmly convinced that any radical change in the amateur definition can be successfully enforced only when supported by an enlightened public opinion, and this popular sentiment will not follow, but must precede any amendment to the National laws. No one pretends that a classing of oarsmen on any basis which would even seem to savor of caste distinction is now demanded by the great body of the rowing fraternity. In some sections it may be found practicable and desirable to draw a dividing line between the mechanic and the clerk. If so it rests with the provincial associations to inaugurate the innovation, and to give such an experiment a fair trial; but for the National Association to make such an attempt at the present time we feel would be almost suicidal, and calculated to retard rather than advance the best interests of amateur rowing. Your committee concludes, therefore, after a careful and thoughtful consideration of the matter in all its bearings, that some time must elapse before a rule enforcing class distinctions can be engrafted on the national rules with any hope of success."

CLUBS AND THE A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to suggest to the consideration of A. C. A. members, the question whether the time has not arrived for the A. C. A. to recognize the numerous clubs or such of them as wish for more intimate relations with the larger body. Having divided the A. C. A. into divisions it would seem the most natural step to subdivide the divisions, and at the present moment, when it appears more than probable that a new division will be formed, is certainly an opportune one for such a course. I should therefore suggest that the new division, when applying to the A. C. A. for recognition, ask permission to admit, under suitable conditions, the clubs within its limits desiring membership. The principal objections to such permission being granted, will probably be on the grounds of representation, finance and club rights or independence, but these can, I believe, be overcome. To take each objection separately:

Representation.—The division will primarily consist of individual members. To all these give representation in proportion to their numbers. As clubs are admitted, give them representation in similar proportion, to the number of active members on its roll. In this way a fair and even representation would be obtained, while the A. C. A. would help the clubs by encouraging the building up of strong, healthy bodies and would thereby itself be helped.

Finance.—I would suggest that non-club members pay dues ($1 each) as at present into the division treasury, and the clubs pay the balance of the expenses for the year, each club contributing in proportion to its representation, and no club being entitled to representation or other privileges until such contribution be paid. It might be necessary to establish rules to prevent excessive contributions, made to secure unfair representation.

Club Rights.—It would be desirable to guard against any loss of independence by the individual clubs in the management of their internal affairs, otherwise they would not be induced to join the Association. The A. C. A. would gain nothing by controlling the clubs, while the clubs would suffer by such control and would refuse to join were such a course attempted. It would also be necessary to allow any club to resign its membership if at the commencement of a year it should disapprove of the proposed expenditure of a division and the consequent proportion falling to its share to pay.

Under such a plan as that which I have outlined, the canoeing interests would be united and work harmoniously together while the present inconsistency by which the A. C. A. refuses to recognize clubs directly, and yet indirectly does so would be abolished. By offering inducements to clubs to join, the membership of the A. C. A. would be doubled, and since the expenses would not increase proportionately, the contribution out of the club treasury would be reduced to so small an item that the majority of clubs could easily pay it without increasing their dues for the purpose. Each year the A. C. A. Executive Committee would apply to each division for its quota of the estimated expenses. The division would in turn add this to its estimated expenses and call on the clubs to contribute, and they would pay the amount out of their treasuries and not add it to club dues as is now done by some among them. The club would as now govern itself and by its representatives in the division, and so ultimately in A. C. A. Executive Committee, would have a voice in the framing of laws affecting the club, and would be bound thereby instead of as at present accepting such laws if agreeable to it to do so.

I have simply attempted in these remarks to throw out a rather full general outline, omitting the minor details, all of which could be settled in committee. The fact that its adoption might necessitate some amendments in the A. C. A. constitution is not very serious, judging by the numerous changes in the past and the ease with which they have been effected. A Club Member.

[The question here suggested has been frequently discussed by A. C. A. men, and we believe that the general opinion is in favor of a recognition of the clubs, but thus far no practical method of admitting them has been suggested. It is evident that as the number of clubs and the proportion of members increase, the difficulties mentioned by our correspondent are lessened, and it may be that the time has come when they can be surmounted in the manner indicated. There can be no question but that it would be to the advantage of all to have each canoe club firmly connected with the A. C. A., and it is at least worth the time and trouble to consider the scheme outlined above. As we understand it, the representation would be somewhat on the plan of the nominating committee, say one man from each club of not less than six men, and a fraction, and one extra, as now, for ten extra members; while the non-members in a division would be allowed one man for each six, ten, or fifteen, as might be found best; the numbers are merely by way of illustration. If the result would be to give too many representatives to each division, making the main legislative body too cumbersome, it would be practicable to hold a division meeting, at which each club and the non-members should be represented in this way, which meeting should nominate the division representatives for the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. and perform other similar functions. This would secure a fair representation in division work of all members, both club and individual. As to the financial part, the scheme is based on the supposition that the cost of running a division, or indeed an association, of one hundred members, is as great practically as for one of five hundred; and this assumption is correct. The cost of camp fees, of cash prizes, printing, and minor expenses are the same in one case as the other, the main additional expense being postage; a small item at most. Proceeding on this assumption, each additional member must lessen the cost per head, and if this cost can be properly distributed it may be reduced even below the present low sum, and indeed not even be felt by the man who pays it. The non-member would pay then as now, $1. If the meets be arranged on one of the proposed plans alluded to last week, of each division bearing the entire expense, whether it is merely the division meet, or the combined A. C. A. and division meet, the expense of a meet would not exceed $350 at most, and the tax of $1 per head for each man in camp would defray a large part of the expenses. The remaining sum required for the meet, as well as all minor expenses of the division and A. C. A., could not well exceed $200 in any division. This would be partly made up by the dues of individuals, $1 each, and the balance would be divided pro rata among the clubs in the division. It is evident that the most any man could be called on to pay would be $1 per year dues and $1 for camp expenses, as now, while the expense to club members, with a fair number of clubs represented, would be reduced to almost nothing, except the $1 for camp when they attend. To carry out this scheme it would be necessary to make an estimate of the amount to be paid for the coming year by a division to the A. C. A., of the cost of the meet to be held in the division, and then to deduct the number of individuals at $1 each, and the probable attendance at the meet also $1 each. The balance would remain to be raised by the clubs, and any club entering the circle would agree to pay its proportionate share. We believe this scheme can be successfully put in practice in the new divisions, and so commend it to the attention of the preliminary meeting on Friday night at 247 Fifth avenue, New York.]

THE DELAWARE RIVER MEET.—Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to correct an error in Mr. Binder's communication of last week concerning the Delaware River meet, in which he says, "The meet will be held under the auspices of the Keystone Club and not by individual persons as it was last season." The meet was held under the auspices of the Quaker City C. C. and not by individual persons. In justice to one individual, Mr. J. A. Barton of the Q. C. C., the originator of the Delaware River meet, I wish to say if it were not for his energy and perseverance we would yet have long to wait for a canoe meet on the Delaware River.—Fair Play.

OTTAWA CANOE CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is a report of the sailing races of the Ottawa C. C. for the past season:

FORTNIGHTLY SERIES SAILING RACES.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Marabel, C. A. Thompson	1	1	1	.	.	1
Irene, R. W. Baldwin	3	3	2	1	1	2
Iolanthe, W. McL. Maingy	2	5	*4	2	2	4
Nixie, P. B. Symes	4	4	3	.	.	.
Dolphin, P. A. Maingy	5	2	.	.	3	3
Aline, Henri Roy	6	.	.	3	.	.

*Iolanthe broke her rudder early in the race.

Besides No. 4 race of the fortnightly series, which also formed one of our regatta races, and by winning which Mr. Baldwin became the owner of the Brough challenge cup, having won it twice in succession, we have had the following races:

1. Upset race.—A. O. Wheeler 2m., R. W. Baldwin 4m., R. J. Wicksteed did not finish.

2. Sailing race.—This race was not concluded within the time limit, and has not yet been sailed over again.

3. A one mile with a turn, tandem paddling race.—A. O. Wheeler and C. G. Rogers, double blades, 10:32; W. H. Cronk and F. H. Gisborne, double blades, 11:08; W. C. E. Stewart and B. Bell, single blades, 11:10.

4. A one-mile with turn single paddling race, single blades only.—A. O. Wheeler 12:17, W. H. Cronk 13:18, N. H. H. Lett 14:00.

5. A 7-mile tandem paddling race.—J. S. Brough and C. W. Badgeley, double blades, 58:40; A. O. Wheeler and C. G. Rogers, double blades, 59:35; N. H. H. Lett and R. Lett, single blades, 62:00; J. D. Campbell and G. A. Davies, single blades, 63:15.

In the account of the fortnightly series of paddling races it should have been mentioned that by winning the fourth race of the series (which also formed one of our regatta races), Mr. Baldwin became the owner of the Brough challenge cup, having won it twice in succession, the previous occasion being in the regatta of 1886. Francis H. Gisborne, Sec. Ottawa C. C.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50.

A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY—THE NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

It is always pleasing to note the successful growth of a new industry, and when this growth is rapid and steady it argues well for the sterling merit of the invention. When the difficulties which beset the introduction of every invention out of the beaten track are considered, the success which the naphtha launch has attained in a very short time must be taken as very strong proof of the inherent excellence of the machine itself, as well as of the skill and ability of the leaders and directors of the enterprise.

It is less than two years since the first engines were built as an experiment by what is now the Gas Engine and Power Co., the enterprise being commenced on a small scale, the first boats being built for the company by outside builders. Though inferior in many details to the present boats, these experimental craft were successful from the first, and in the summer of 1886 the concern secured a site on the Kills, at the junction with the Harlem River, and not far from Port Morris, where a boat shop and factory were built, and the construction of the hulls as well as engines begun. The demand grew so rapidly in the first season that the shops were enlarged, but even with the present extensive facilities the company have been unable to keep up with their orders this season.

The present factory is a large brick building, the lower floor being devoted to the offices, engine room, machine shop and show room. In the latter, a large and well lighted room, are kept launches of all sizes, from 16 to 35ft., fitted up in different woods, the boats being finished here prior to shipment. The floor above is mainly used as a boat shop, the drawing-room, copper shop and store rooms occupying one end. The boat shop is well equipped with woodworking machinery, while on the stocks are boats of all sizes from 16ft. to 40ft. The hulls are mostly caryel built, and are entirely fastened with copper. The frame is of oak, with planking of cedar or mahogany. Inside the hulls are neatly finished in hard wood, being decked over for 3 or 4ft. at each end, with narrow water ways and coamings. The placing of engine and boiler in the extreme after end of the boat leaves the interior entirely free, so that a seat runs down each side for the passengers, the 16ft. boat carrying six to eight persons. When a hull is nearly completed the naphtha tank of copper, well stayed inside, is placed in the bows ahead of the forward bulkhead, and a deck or open grating laid over it. The after part of the boat, divided by a half bulkhead, is lined inside with tin, and the engine and boiler set in and the shaft connected. This floor is provided with a large hatchway and powerful tackle, by which a 40ft. boat, the largest yet built, is lowered readily. On the bulkhead in the rear of the factory is the boat house, with a slip and an overhead railway and differential blocks, by which the boats are easily launched or lifted. The growing demand for the boats has proved too much even for the present enlarged premises, and the company has lately bought ground further up the Harlem River, near Morris Dock, where the new buildings, covering between three and four acres, will be ready by next summer.

The motive power of these boats is sufficiently ingenious and novel to merit a special description. The fuel is deodorized naphtha of 76°, and the vapor from it is also used in the cylinders in place of steam, no water being required. The engine, very small and compact, weighing but 200lbs., including boiler for two H. P., is situated low down in the boat, the three single-acting cylinders being contained in a cast-iron casing. The upper part of this casing forms the valve seats, the cylinders being suspended below it. The three plain D valves are operated by one valve stem, operated by gearing from the crank shaft. On top of the engine casing is the boiler, two spiral coils of copper pipe, one within the other, and a vertical cylinder within the inner coil. The coils and cylinder are connected by piping, the whole being inclosed within a brass casing, above which is the smokestack. The naphtha is carried by a pipe outside the keel from the tank in the bow to the inner coil of pipe, thence down and into the outer coil, and from the top of the latter into the vertical cylinder. The heavier gases pass directly to the engine, but the lighter gas is taken from the cylinder by a pipe and carried to an injector, where it is mixed with air and then carried to the burner directly beneath the two coils. Here it is ignited, the flame surrrounding the coils and interior cylinder. The portion of the naphtha vapor which passes from the engines is condensed in a tube outside the keel in the usual steam-yacht style, and then returns to the tank to be used again. The only part expended is that burned beneath the coils. The rate of consumption for a two H. P. engine is about three quarts per hour. The tank being connected with the burner only by tubes surrounded by water, there is very little possibility of an explosion, as any flame would have to pass through a long tube of small diameter and kept at a low temperature.

It will be seen that the engine is very economical in its working, while the details of its construction are so arranged that there is little possibility of a breakdown. The crankshaft is turned up in one piece, of cast steel, the single valve stem is more properly eccentric, that operates all the valves, is turned from solid stock, so no slipping is possible; the pistons are very long while the rods are attached to them by a simple ball and socket joint. The reversing is instantly done by a small hand wheel on the valve stem. The engine is easily started by applying a match, and may be run within three minutes. No licensed engineer or fireman are required and the machinery is so simple that it may be run with little practice by any intelligent person. There is no fuel to handle, no ashes and cinders, no smoke; and the engine being aft the products of combustion and the smell are of no annoyance. The light weight and great convenience of these boats specially recommends them for yacht use, and nearly all the schooners and steam yachts may be seen with the small brass stack which indicates the naphtha launch, in the stern of at least one of their light boats, while many sloops of moderate size carry one, or have one as an attendant when in port.

Within the short time that they have been in the market the boats have made their way to all ports of the world, Norway, Sweden, England, France, South America and even the Sandwich Islands. The Indian Prince Thakore Sahib, lately in this country, purchased two, while the Duke of Marlborough carried home one. A launch taken to England some time since by Mr. Kyrle Bellew has attracted much attention there. Besides their use in connection with yachts the launches are much used in Florida, among the Thousand Islands, and in summer and winter resorts where the steam launch in some form is a necessary adjunct to every well appointed villa, and for this use their simplicity, cleanliness and low cost of running specially fits them. The great success they have met with thus far seems to be well deserved and promises still further improvement as their manufacture extends.

A POSSIBLE CHALLENGE FOR THE CUP.

WE understand from reliable sources that Mr. Jamieson is about to build a 90ft. cutter to challenge next season. A rumor has been circulated of an intended challenge from St. John, New Brunswick. The only basis for such an absurd report is the fact that Mr. David Lynch, a shipbuilder of St. John, has been in New York on business and visited the model room of the New York Y. C.

A MILITIA OF THE SEA.

THE efforts now making by the peace congress toward an era of arbitration and the peaceful settlement of all international differences may in time bear good fruit and pave the way to a state of society in which wars shall be less frequent, if not entirely unknown; but whatever degree of immediate success may attend these efforts it will be many a year before the question of defense ceases to be one of the most vital that a government must face. The period of great wars has probably passed away forever, the days of invasion and conquest for the acquisition of territory have gone by, the necessity for a foreign war as a vent for dissatisfaction and inquietude at home is disappearing as reforms and social advancement become more general, the influence of the great nations of the earth as a body is now apt to be more strongly exerted than ever before against a recourse to arms between two of their number; while the greatly increased efficiency in the machinery of warfare is certain to exert a restraining influence of its own in favor of peace, as well as to make war, if it does come, far briefer than in the days of long marches and hand to hand encounters. In spite of all this, however, it is little likely that the coming generation or even the next will see merchant keels laid in the navy yards, car wheels cast in the gun foundries or the extensive steel plants that furnish the armor plating of to-day devoted solely to pacific uses. The necessity for adequate means of self-defense is apt to exist for a long time yet, and however strong the tendencies toward a peaceful state of society may be, they have not thus far attained a prominence which would justify any nation, however powerful, in recognizing their existence by a relaxation of its efforts toward the perfection of its army and navy.

Situated as it is with a vast territory whose frontiers are largely made up of two great oceans, with comparatively harmless neighbors on either hand, and isolated in a great measure from the danger of international complications or a sudden attack, the United States enjoys a measure of security that is not possible where half a dozen great powers are crowded together, jostling and pushing, with many conflicting interests, and where an incident that would be but trifling in the interior becomes at once or imposing proportions if on the frontier, or where a false rumor or a sudden political excitement in one capital may throw the whole continent into war.

The difference in these prime conditions finds a corresponding state in the military policy of the United States as compared with the European powers, and has permitted an apparent neglect of preparations for defense which is almost an invitation of an attack. It is well for us that such a policy is possible, that the vast cost of standing armies, with their demoralizing effects, has been saved, and that the conditions have been such that we have been able to look on and learn from lessons in armament and naval architecture for which other nations have expended millions; but, at the same time, this apparent immunity from attack brings its own danger, in that it leads to a neglect of all preparations for defense. Fortunately for us, it has so happened that to-day, while we have been spared the enormous outlay which England alone has made within the last dozen years on experiments with guns, armor and ships of war, much of which was necessarily wasted, we are enabled to avail ourselves of the same knowledge, and almost without cost; but, at the same time, it is past dispute that we have incurred a most serious danger through that policy, which found us but three years since absolutely without a navy. With each steel plate rolled to-day in American mills for American war ships, even with each rivet driven, the danger is decreasing; and under the vigorous policy of the present Administration it is likely to be past before many realize its extent, but it teaches a lesson that should never be forgotten. It is not necessary to turn back many leaves in history to learn that no nation can ever be secure which relaxes for a moment its efforts for defense, and that however distant war may seem, there is no guarantee of peace so effective as the knowledge on the part of your adversaries of the fact that you are fully prepared for war.

The means of defense which a nation must rely on are of two kinds, material and moral; and while it is the former with all the pomp and circumstance of war, the brilliant uniforms, the imposing battalions, the Krupp guns and the ponderous steel-clad ocean warrior, that most men would rely on, it is in its moral means of defense that America must always place the strongest dependence. This it was that in '76 created an army from a scattered body of peaceful farmers and mechanics, an army almost without the materials of war, but which defied and conquered the trained officers and the hired soldiers, the brave and loyal as the brute strength that were brought against them. Drill and discipline, a long military training and perfect equipment, availed nothing against the frontiersman and farmer, earnest, united and determined to be free. Again, nearly a century later, the call to arms went forth and the answer came back from ocean to ocean in one cry, "We're coming, Father Abraham, five hundred thousand more." History furnishes many instances of battles won through skilled generalship and superior training and equipment, but against them are scores of others in which the victors were a clan or a people, united in thought and action and fighting for their homes against all the odds that military skill could bring against them.

The two then go hand in hand, and no nation can call itself safe which has not, besides the best of tools and materials of war, the moral support of a large body of its citizens, ready at the word to leave all else and work with heart as well as hand for its defense. This principle has long been recognized in the land defenses, and the militia of the several States offers an auxiliary whose value has been tried not only in the rebellion, but on a smaller scale in the local disturbances that arise at times in all communities. It may seem ridiculous to compare a business man, with other pursuits and interests, who gives a few hours a week for a period of five or seven years to military training, with old soldiers whose lives have been spent in forts and barracks; but it is to the former no less than to the latter that America will turn in time of need for the nucleus of the great national army which experience tells that she will soon be able to organize.

The expense of a standing army similar to those of European nations and large enough to garrison the United States would be enormous, but that would be the least evil attending such a system. The demand on the industrial forces of the country for the support of a large body of non-producers, the demoralizing effects of so many men in a state of comparative idleness, and the power given to the party having control for the time of such an army, dependent on it in a measure for pay, are evils of the greatest magnitude which our surrounding have enabled us to avoid. The standing army of the United States to-day is a mere handful, but beside it stand a body of trained officers capable of handling an army of vast proportions, thousands of veterans ready again to step into the ranks, and back of them the militia, soldiers in spirit and thought, though never yet under fire. How they will stand the first long march or the first bivouac in the rain is a small matter, the great point is that they are ready, and the past experience proves that they will fight. On land the nation is prepared, the brains, the hands and the backbone are there, and the matter of equipment and the final training in the hard duties of actual war are comparatively trifling. The raw material is ready, and it is, as old officers will testify, of the best.

But how about the navy? Looking at its history for the greater part of the period since the war, there is little ground for any feeling but disgust and disappointment that this once magnificent arm of the service should have become shrunken and palsied, its vessels rotting, its navy yards left to slime and weeds, the material part dead, and only the spirit kept alive by those who trod the decks with Farragut at Mobile Bay, or fought with Worden on the Monitor.

No American, even the farmer of the Western prairies who knows no sea save the long miles of rolling grass, and in whose mind the word ship is associated only with the old "prairie schooner," can read the history of the navy of the United States with a feeling of pride and enthusiasm; nor can he be blind to the defenseless condition the country was in but yesterday, or fail to rejoice in the change now fairly inaugurated. To repair in two years the neglect of twenty, to replace a worn out fleet by a new one fully up to the requirements of modern science, is a difficult task; but nevertheless the work of reconstruction, in spite of many difficulties, is well under way, and there is every ground for hope that a very short time will see a new and modern navy, fully up to the requirements of times of peace; while still more encouraging is the fact that back of the new vessels and guns is a plant fully equal to any demands of war. Not with ships and guns alone is the nation provided, but with means of duplicating them; the last two years has witnessed a most marvelous development of the great metal industries in immediate response to the demand made by the Navy Department, and even now America is independent of other nations for her steel and iron for guns, for ship plates, for heavy armor plate, and for all the machinery for modern navy warfare. The new plants established and the old ones improved are now capable of turning out everything from the raw pig iron to the finished rifled gun, of a quality that more than meets the very high requirements of the Navy Department; and more than all, the work of preparation has been done with a rapidity thoroughly American. Within the Navy itself the reforms are many and radical, not the least being the reconstruction of the navy yards, and the enlargement of their facilities to suit the requirements of the new fleet, so that war vessels of the first grade may be built and docked by the department, independent of private enterprise. The actual work of construction, however, is being done very largely by private firms, at various points on both coasts, and in a manner that is highly encouraging to our native industries. The blast furnace, the steel works, the rolling mill and the shipyards have each found in the Government a customer, whose requirements, while they tax the skilland inventive powers, are sufficiently well paid for to offer every inducement toward the elevation of the standard of American industries. As to the machinery of defense, there is every prospect that ere long it will be not only commensurate with all present needs, but that the means will be at hand for its expansion to meet any call that may be made by a sudden probability of war.

The question then comes up, Where are the sailors to man the ships and guns? and the answer is far from satisfactory. Even if it was desired now to establish a large standing navy it is tolerably certain that the men are not to be had, while in the event of a sudden call the case would be much worse. The extinction of our mercantile marine was naturally followed by the dispersion of its seamen, many going under other flags while others left the sea and sought a more certain means of livelihood ashore. The whaling fleet, available in 1861, with its tried and hardy mariners, has now passed away, and it is hard to say where we should turn for seamen in event of sudden need.

From a population of sixty million there should be no difficulty in recruiting a far greater number than would be needed, the love of the water was bred in our ancestors too strongly for even an absence of a generation or two from the seacoast to eradicate it; but in order to draw seamen from the people at large it is essential that the moral means of defense be utilized to its fullest extent. To do this it is necessary to keep alive that love of the sea, that pride in our naval history and in the national marine, that has always been the heritage and safeguard of English-speaking nations. The intense and universal enthusiasm awakened by the success of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer in yachting has an important bearing on this matter, and points to the possibility of further progress in the same direction. The national sentiment of admiration for these vessels, and of pride in their achievements, is most surprising when we consider that it is found in localities far distant from the water, where sailing is unknown, and among classes in sympathy with the sea or with yachting. The result has been to make yachting more thoroughly a national sport than it has ever been, and to awaken an interest in it even in localities distant from the water.

The hint given in this way has not been lost on yachtsmen, and it is from them that the first movement for the strengthening of our naval contingent has come. The idea of a naval militia is not new, it is found abroad, and has been suggested in this country, but nothing had ever been done toward the practical carrying out of the idea up to the past winter. At that time the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. of New York was busy with a wide and far reaching scheme for the improvement and education of its members in all pertaining to seamanship and navigation, and in the course of its discussions the idea of a naval reserve was suggested. The subject was but briefly alluded to in the report of the special committee last winter, as the question of a club house was then paramount to all others, but it attracted the attention of Rear Admiral Gherardi, U. S. N., Commandant of the New York Navy Yard, who wrote a most encouraging letter to the club, in which he summed up the subject as follows:

"The long delay has so reduced our strength afloat that the ships that have been authorized to be built, though seeming an increase, scarcely make good the deficiency created during the past few years by the decay and withdrawal from the service of the many wooden vessels built to meet the exigencies of the late war, and give adequate employment to our officers and 8,000 enlisted men and apprentices now constituting our naval strength. These new vessels differ from the old in being full-powered steamships, some with rig and spars to carry a fair spread of canvas, the majority, however, fitted with only military masts, with electric lights and machine guns in the tops. This change of rig and armament can in no way affect that very essential quality of the man-o'-wars man, seamanship, and the problem that we will have to meet in case of another war, not an improbable occurrence, will be how to recruit the Navy with capable seamen. With our merchant marine almost gone this becomes a very serious question. The late war brought with it the sweeping away of our commerce; but patriotic seamen without employment rapidly found the Navy a field to exercise their training, until its strength reached 60,000 as well trained, efficient and reliable men as ever did arduous duties afloat. But now where shall we look for help? The comparatively small number of able-bodied men engaged in maritime pursuits under our flag, gives but a limited field to increase our naval strength. The only available body of men, it seems to me, outside of the fishing and coasting fleets, are amateur sailors, the gentlemen of the yacht clubs, who would form a body of intelligent and efficient officers. Your voluntary enrollment as a naval reserve, with the exemptions and rules similar to those accorded to the militia of the several States, would prove a service of the greatest maritime strength to the Government in case of war. Your proficiency in seamanship and general nautical knowledge would render your instruction, by the officers of the Navy, in the many duties on board an armed vessel, an easy and agreeable task. This once accomplished, your value would be particularly felt in organizing a naval force from the blue jackets, unfortunately, of nearly every nationality but our own, that find occupation in American bottoms."

A letter to the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Wm. C. Whitney, met with a hearty response, the aid of the Department being promised in furthering the scheme, and Commander B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., being detailed to visit New York and consult with the committee. As a result of the discussion, the following points outlining the general policy of the movement were laid down:

First—The whole scheme must be, not of an honorary, but of an essentially utilitarian character, in order to obtain the dignity and value necessary to insure its success.

Second—The yachtsmen enrolled in a Naval Reserve must form a distinct and separate class, and be fitted to serve in positions of authority.

Third—The inducements and rewards must be worthy and valuable.

Fourth—The men, not the boats, are of paramount importance.

Fifth—The needs and representation of all sections of the yachting public must be considered.

At the suggestion of Commander McCalla, the committee opened a correspondence with Senator W. C. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, who had introduced a bill in the last Congress providing for bounties to merchant vessels built with a view to adaptation to naval uses in case of need, and also to establish a naval reserve of merchant seamen. Mr. Whitthorne at once fell in with the new details of the scheme relating to the pleasure navy, and an extended correspondence between him and the committee followed, the result being that important additions to the original bill were suggested by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. It is recommended that the Naval Reserve be divided into three classes, the Mercantile Naval Reserve, composed of reserves derivable from the merchant marine, the class contemplated in Senator Whitthorne's original bill; the Coast Defense Naval Reserve, composed of fishermen, live-saving corps and men of similar pursuits along the coast; and the Naval Reserve Volunteers, composed of yachtsmen. In the full and exhaustive report lately presented to the club by its special committee the plan is outlined in these words:

"In view of the value and availability of the men of the Coast Defense Naval Reserve it was intended that their training and drill should be so arranged as to interrupt in the least degree possible, their regular avocations, by suitable arrangements as to time, place and length of drill, and it practicable to limit as the name implies, their duty to a defense of the coast line. Thus it was hoped to render the service attractive, while the necessary compensation for their time while under training might be reduced to a minimum.

"At the same time they should enjoy the same privilege as to computation of pay, bounty for continuous service, benefits due to length of service and the privilege to fly a distinctive flag, under the same conditions as the Mercantile Naval Reserve as provided in Mr. Whitthorne's bill.

"The yachtsmen composing the Naval Reserve Volunteers should first be enrolled as cadets, and within two years of their enrollment qualify by examination before a proper board for the duties of ensign and upon such qualification shall obtain that rank.

"That after two years' service as ensigns they may qualify for and obtain the grade of junior lieutenants, and junior lieutenants after three years that of lieutenant. But that the number of lieutenants shall be limited and that the examination of this grade shall be competitive in character. Also that this same principle should apply if any higher rank were deemed advisable. It was intended that this limited number of officers of higher rank should act as a board representative of the interests of this branch of the Reserves.

"That members of the Naval Reserve Volunteers may be called out for drill during two weeks in each year and shall be required in addition to follow such a course of instruction and study as may be deemed necessary by the board. That they shall receive no compensation except when called out by executive order for active service and shall then be subject to the provision of Section 7 of the Whitthorne bill.

"That the name and grade of members of the Naval Reserve Volunteers shall be borne upon the navy list, together with letters significative of the subjects in which they have severally qualified.

"That they shall wear the United States Navy uniforms of their grade, together with a distinctive mark to be determined by the Secretary of the Navy, indicative of the Naval Reserve Volunteers.

"That they shall salute and be saluted by officers of the navy, but shall in every case take rank after those of an equal grade.

"The yachts owned and commanded by members of the Naval Reserve Volunteers shall, in case of war or emergency, be at the disposition of the Government, and that the owners thereof shall be entitled to compensation as provided in Section 4 of the aforesaid bill.

"That they shall fly an ensign to be determined by the Secretary of the Navy, distinctive of the Naval Reserve Volunteers, which ensign will carry the full rights of, and shall be recognized as a flag of the United States.

"That the said owners and commanders of such yachts shall be subject to the following regulations and enjoy the following privileges, to wit:

"1. They shall report their yachts, together with such particulars as may be required, to the Secretary of the Navy.

"2. They shall obtain permission from the Secretary of the Navy, or such person as he may designate, before leaving with their yachts the waters of the United States, and shall report to him the return of their yachts from foreign waters, and when so returning they shall not be required to make a port of entry.

"3. The commissions as officers shall stand in lieu of, and except them from taking out yacht licenses, sea letters or clearance papers.

"That any unlawful act or misdemeanor committed under cover of the above mentioned flag of the Naval Reserve Volunteers shall be punished by dismissal from the service in addition to the usual legal penalties; and that any person unlawfully displaying the said flag shall be punishable by a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars."

At this stage of the work it is not possible, nor indeed necessary, to decide on the practical details which must govern the successful carrying out of the scheme, but throughout the past summer the club has been at work collecting statistics of the number in each of the proposed classes from which recruits could be drawn, in securing full information in regard to similar work in England and on the Continent, and in thoroughly preparing the way for immediate action when the time arrives. The first step, the presentation of the amended bill, will be taken as soon as Congress is again in session, and there can be no doubt but that it will be willingly passed. This much done, the work of organization will be considered, and the co-operation of all the yacht clubs will be invited, in order that yachtsmen as a body may unite with the Navy Department in the furtherance of the work. At the same time the other divisions of the new service will be organized as far as possible, and the many details of training and practical instruction will be provided for.

Of course, this will not be the work of a day, many minor difficulties will be met, and progress at first is likely to be slow until a popular feeling in favor of the movement is strong enough to make itself generally felt. It is from the people themselves that the real support for such a movement must come; even with the most earnest efforts on the part of the Government its success would not be assured, or even if established solely by Government aid this would not be sufficient. It must be a movement of the nation at large in the direction of its self-defence on the seas, recognized and supported by all classes.

The objection may be raised that it is impossible to make sailors and seamen without long sea service, and that the practical instruction of the new body will be attended with unusual difficulties from the fact that little time is afforded its members for such service; but this objection relates rather to the material than to the moral means of defense. Granted that the skill and experience acquired by naval officers only after years of hard service and a severe course of study cannot be obtained by civilians in the way proposed; the main point of the measure is in no way affected. It is not proposed to provide officers and men to man the ships at a moment's notice from this body, but rather to create the raw material if it may so be termed, from which to construct a navy in time of need. The aim of its projectors is to create a body of men fully capable of naval service, but above all thoroughly in sympathy with the national navy, participating in its *esprit du corps*, sharing its interest in all professional matters, and ready at any time to hasten to its aid. Such an auxiliary body will in turn have back of it the moral support and enthusiasm of a very great part of the nation, the whole forming a bulwark of defense that no sum of money expended in the hire of trained seamen, however competent, could give. The value of such a body, its practical utility in time of need, have been fully demonstrated by the parallel case of the national militia, and now it is proposed to extend the same advantages to the navy that the army has so long enjoyed. That it can be done there is no reason to doubt; and now, when the national pulse beats high over the triumph of American yachts on the seas, when the work of reconstruction of the navy is going on in the seaports of the Atlantic and Pacific at the same time, and when the question of the national navy is prominently before the country, is the time for its successful inauguration.

A LANDSMAN'S CRUISE ON A CUTTER.

AN Editor of my acquaintance, in partnership with a young man whom we will call Smith, sails a yacht, the G. B., habitually, in the waters of the East River and Long Island Sound. On a Saturday last summer the Editor invited me to go sailing with him. The yacht lay in Echo Bay, at New Rochelle, 17 miles from New York, and the Editor proposed to meet me at the Grand Central Depot, so we could go out together. It was a muggy day when I took the horse-cars at Eighth street, and before I reached the depot a car-horse dropped, overcome by the humidity. I got there a little too late to see my train go out, but in good season for the next one. The Editor hadn't waited for me, and I went to New Rochelle alone. It is a historic town, and contains the old Paine farm and the Paine monument, but the cars don't go within a mile of Echo Bay, and that distance I footed. From a bluff in Hudson Park I saw the G. B. rocking at anchor, looking something like a white duck in a mill-pond. A small yawl, painted to match the yacht, floated alongside at the end of a boom. A yellow signal with a red crescent in the middle waved from the masthead; a little brass cannon planted across the starboard rail; a sailorfied chap in a sennet hat (by which not intentioned) sat forward on the roof of the cabin; and, resting his arms on the main ward on the roof of the cabin; and, resting his arms on the main sheet and gazing shoreward through a binocular glass, I recognized the Editor himself. After striking several attractive attitudes, waving my hat, wiping the perspiration from my brow, and adding such other gestures as I thought would probably lead to my identification, I was pleased to see the Editor get into the yawl and commence making demonstrations toward the shore. He took me on board the yawl and thence to the yacht.

The G. is a keel sloop 25 or 30ft. in length and 9ft. in beam, with four sails—mainsail, topsail, staysail and jib. She needs 5ft. of good water to sail in, and she has some 30in. of freeboard, as they call that part of a vessel's side which is above water. In the center there is a cabin 10ft. long and 6ft. wide, with a snug forecastle or galley or kitchen forward, and lockers along both sides and aft. On both sides are cushioned seats, dubbed transoms, to sit or sleep on, between which is a short table that stands on two legs screwed into the floor, and shuts up like a lemon squeezer. The chap sitting on the roof was Ollick, a Finnish sailor. He is the crew of the G. B. He has sailed in deep water on square-riggers and fore-and-afters, and knows all about working a vessel, but the occupation he dotes on seems to be rubbing up the brasswork, scouring the lamps, polishing the little cannon and cleaning the paint and varnish. In conversation he is profane beyond the bounds of necessity. It grieved me to hear him do so much swearing when there was apparently no occasion for it; it looked as if he was wasting italics that would be needed in a emergency.

The Editor dressed me in a flannel shirt, a slouch hat, and soft slippers that wouldn't scratch the deck; and gave me some refreshment. Then we sat down and waited for Partner Smith, who came later. Smith, and the Editor, and the crew are three quite dissimilar persons. The Editor is inclined to be fat, and follows his inclination in that regard. Smith's tendency to be lean is gratified; while the crew is small, and short, and lithe. They also have different methods of making their several ways about the boat. Smith scrambles there, the Editor rolls and slides there, and the crew squirms his way about. I introduced a new method by making a sprawl in the general direction, and then gathering myself up. This system affords great facilities for holding on.

At 5 o'clock we made sail. It was understood that, so far as I

was concerned, this was to be a pleasure excursion, and myself a mere passenger, but I consented to help hoist the anchor. I pulled at the cable with much energy, and sat down with the regulation thud when the anchor finally consented to let go the bottom. If it had been a cork it couldn't have bobbed to the surface any quicker than it did when it had once made up its mind to rise. Just as I struck the deck Smith yanked the cannon lanyard and let off the cannon with a bang; Ollick hoisted the jib, and the Editor hauled the main boom close aboard. The wind came from the side, and the boat suddenly careened half over. With the noise of the gun and the tipping of the boat I concluded that my sudden sitting down had started every timber in the craft, but as the others showed no excitement I concealed my surprise and got to a safe place by the sprawling method I have mentioned. The Editor was holding the tiller and looking aloft with a professional and critical eye, and Ollick and Smith were calmly coiling down ropes. I afterward learned that the gun was fired as a parting salute to Echo Bay, and I found out before the cruise was over that the G. B. never sailed on an even keel. In order to do herself justice she must have her lee rail about 6in. under water.

We headed for Oyster Bay, an arm of the Sound that indents the north shore of Long Island some twenty miles from New Rochelle. The sail was without incident, but not without interest, especially to the passenger. The loose ends of ropes had a way of tying themselves up into bowlines and lassoing his feet, and the boom lay in wait for his head and gave it a good thump whenever it got a chance. The greater part of the time the deck sloped to leeward at about the pitch of an ordinary shingled roof, but tacked its stability, having a compound motion impossible to follow. A seat beside the rudder post offered the best advantages as to permanence, but those advantages were somewhat lessened by the slack of the sheet coiling itself about the passenger's legs, the tiller striking him in the stomach, and the boom getting a crack at his head whenever the boat went off on a fresh tack.

About dark the G. B. was off the bluff that guards the entrance of Oyster Bay. It was known that there were in the vicinity certain buoys to be rounded, and certain shoals and reefs to be avoided, but exactly where they were located nobody aboard was prepared to say. Smith, therefore, went below, and proceeded to overhaul the chart, the result of his endeavors going to prove that while those hydrographical objects were readily located on parchment it is quite another thing to pick them up in a waste of water whose surface had a monotonous and uninteresting sameness as far as the eye could reach. In anticipation of having to sail by chart, the binnacle containing the compass was roused out by Ollick, and placed where the Editor, who was steering, could keep his eye on it; but it is worthy of note that no buoys were sighted, and that if there were shoals in the way of the G.B. she sailed over them without touching.

We dropped anchor in Oyster Bay at 10 o'clock that night, and the deck came once more to a level. Ollick inserted himself into various lockers and boxes, and brought forth potatoes and meat, and bread and butter and coffee, put an iron chimney on the stove in the forecastle, started a fire, and directly set forth a toothsome meal on the table in the cabin. The passenger, who had hitherto been inactive, now displayed a renewed interest in the proceedings, and his achievements at that little table were duly entered on the log of the G. B.

Before going to bed the passenger mounted to the roof of the cabin and took a confident header into Oyster Bay, as a preliminary to a contemplated swim. Owing to the shallowness of the water he was enabled to make the valuable scientific discovery that the bottom there was formed chiefly of aluminal deposits and other ingredients which go to make up an unusually hard kind of clay. These mineralogical specimens were afterward removed from his hair by means of a comb, and examined at leisure.

The passenger slept that night on one end of the port transom, the Editor occupying the other end. As the transom is 9ft. long and the combined length of the occupants something over eleven, there was a tangled up mass of feet in the center. However, the sleep of the passenger must have been uncommonly deep and satisfying, as he got enough of it by 4 o'clock the next morning, and at that hour he went on deck. The water looked cool and inviting, so, slipping off his night clothes, he dropped over the side. After swimming about for a while, and satisfying himself that his natatorial powers were still retained, he concluded to go back on board. Then he made the discovery that it was somewhat easier to get into the water from the G. B. than to get into the G. B. from the water. Her rail was above his reach, and after jumping for it and catching it just as he had exhausted the strength which he had need of to pull himself aboard, he hung on the side of the boat like the fender of a tug, and called vociferously to the Editor to come and pull him aboard. The literary man was aroused at length, but not until the occupants of neighboring yachts, some of whom were females, had come on deck and leveled their glasses at the victim. Observing this, the man overboard swam to the other side, where the Editor reached down a friendly hand and took him in. Smith protruded his head through the cabin hatch long enough to inquire why the passenger hadn't climbed up the bobstay, as he might easily have done, and then went back to sleep. The passenger then got a field glass, and, sitting down in the cockpit, proceeded very collectedly to familiarize himself with his audience on the other yachts.

After a breakfast as hearty as the supper had been, we got out of Oyster Bay, and started for New York, with a fair wind and sun right behind us. Perhaps it wasn't hot and perhaps the passenger didn't get his hands and his face burnt, and his neck gridded, but appearances were otherwise. There was shade on one side, but there was spray there also, and the water squirted through the scuppers in a moist, disagreeable way. Ollick, dressed in simply undershirt and trousers, was everywhere with bucket and sponge, sloshing and swabbing right and left. Then followed a scouring process that left every piece of brass on the boat so bright that it shot back the rays of the sun in dazzling little streak; and, the angle of reflection being equal to the angle of incidence, one of these streaks met the passenger in the eye, no matter which way he looked. When Ollick had driven every one three or four times around the yacht with his scrubbing things he disappeared in the forecastle, and when he again emerged he was very gorgeous in a white shirt with navy blue collar, cuffs, and bosom, duck trousers, white as snow, and sailor cap. He took a seat forward, and was for some time an object of deep admiration to the passenger.

Smith is something of a vocalist. He has a strong bass voice that issues from his elongated larynx with the vibrating effect of a whistling buoy and shakes him like a reed whenever he exercises it. He got himself in the proper frame of mind by a close perusal, at frequent intervals, of a temperance journal, and then, grasping the mast to steady himself, he beguiled the tedium of the day by singing a series of cheerful verses, ending thus:

Now all take warning by this 'ere song!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
Never drink whisky so terribly strong!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

Having rounded the bluff and pointed toward home, we had the wind and tide dead against us, and all day long we cut the waters of Long Island Sound into saw-teeth beating down toward that estuary called the East River. A lubberly schooner tried to accompany us, the captain of which was the most diabolically mean man I ever saw. He blanketed us with his patched and slovenly sails whenever he had a chance, and he would heave to and wait for us in order that the chance might occur often. Finally we left him astern, and he went on his evil and malicious way. Later on a big-sailed catboat came down toward us with the breeze and rounded up to windward of us, where he lay back stiff for a race. It would have been more polite of him, according to marine etiquette, to go to leeward, and Smith reminded him of the fact in rather plain language. He didn't appear to be a gentleman, though, and held on. The weather was squally and Smith had ordered our topsail in, but this fellow's breach of good manners awoke the yachtsmen's instinct in him, and in a moment Ollick had monkeyed up the mast and reset the sail. The G. B., feeling the increased pressure, dipped a little more of her rail under, gave her head a jaunty toss, and kicking up her heels began to forge through the water with a pleasing rustle. The fellow had the windward position of us, and his boat was a racing box, but in spite of all that we out-footed him. As we crossed his bows and he dropped astern, Smith gave vent to some derisive language, pointed out small and insignificant craft which he might tackle for a race with a reasonable prospect of success, and otherwise so harrowed up the man's feelings that he went about and put off in another direction.

After the squalls were over the wind died out entirely, and we had to anchor to keep the G. B. from going backward. While we lay there Ollick got supper; then a little breeze ruffled the water, and, taking advantage of it, we bore down upon the anchorage of the Knickerbocker Y. C., of which the Editor and Smith and the G. B. are members. It was dark when we got there; the tide was running like a mill race, and the G. B.'s buoy, to which she was in the habit of tying up, was surrounded by so many other yachts that she had to be warped in by passing a line from one boat to another, and finally to the buoy. During this process I found that I had done Ollick injustice in supposing that he had exhausted his powers of objurgation on the previous occasions that had drawn upon them. For, added to the perplexities of darkness, a stifling atmosphere, and a rushing tide bearing us toward some black rocks that looked like the discolored teeth of dragons, a swarm of mosquitoes settled down upon the devoted tar, and made life a burden; I may simply say that Ollick's profanity did the subject simple justice, and whenever he paused for breath the Editor took up the strain and enriched the air with his ornamental blasphemy. Smith is a member of the Congregational church, but he showed signs of satisfaction at hearing his sentiments expressed in so much better terms than he could command. I never saw so many mosquitoes before in my life. The air was thick with them, and their voracity was unbounded. To protect myself from them I lay flat upon the floor of the cabin, covering myself, head and heels, with a blanket, under which I sweltered until morning broke, and then Ollick, his face and arms swollen from the bites of the pests, took us ashore, and we came to the city. All that day my chair in the office rocked and tipped with a compound motion, as though at sea, and I had only to close my eyes to find myself back upon the waters of Long Island Sound, tossing and dipping among its restless waves. The click of the type as it went into the compositors' sticks answered to the lap, lap of the water against the sides of the yacht, and upon opening my eyes the delusion was not the more readily dispelled when I observed that in the office and aboard the G. B. the same editor sat at the helm.

G. E. M.

THE DEED OF GIFT.—A well-known barrister and yachtsman has written to us saying he has carefully gone into the deeds of gift and conditions of the America challenge cup, and he is of opinion that any deed subsequent to the original is illegal; also the new deeds and conditions might be held to be as bad, as they create a "perpetuity" in possession, and such a condition is at variance with the meaning of a challenge cup. That is, the conditions are such as to make it impossible for any foreign yacht to win the Cup, and the New York Y. C. will therefore hold it in perpetuity. Perhaps this is exactly what the Americans desire. At any rate, the conditions have always enabled the American yachts to figure as much superior to those of this country, and the new conditions (should any one challenge for the Cup again) will enable them to exhibit this superiority to a much greater extent. This, after all, is a very cheap kind of notoriety, and we can console ourselves with a not irrational belief that our yachts are not so bad as they appear to be when in competition in New York Bay. Some of the American papers are professing to admire the new conditions on account of their wonderful elasticity, and point with a fine air of triumph to the clause which allows the parties concerned in the challenge to make any arrangements they like for a match, even to the waiving of the ten months' notice. We quite remember that the club waived the six months' notice in the case of the Livonia challenge; but then they were quite safe in doing so, as with such vessels as Columbia, Sappho and Palmer, the suddenly altered measurement rule and time scale, and the choice of a vessel on the morning of a race, they had about a 100 to 1 chance. Would they waive the notice in the case of a Thistle? We think not; neither would we. So far as we can see, this wonderful clause is simply a *tour de passe-passe*, which could never be used except for the advantage of the Cup holders. So far as the present *régime* of the New York Y .C. is concerned, there is no fear that they would not make a fair match so far as course and such like things are concerned, but they dare not throw away such a chance as ten months' notice if they had the least doubt as to the capability of their best yacht for defending the Cup.—*London Field, Nov. 26.* That in which we can agree with the English journals is, that it is to be feared that we will be deprived of the interesting spectacle to which we have been accustomed for three years, the struggle for the Cup; a struggle of which the final issue should proclaim the superiority of American or English construction. This is specially to be regretted by us, who have so much to gain from the lessons which accompany the contest.—*Le Yacht, Nov. 26.*

NO BOTTOM TO IT.—The discovery has been lately made that from a utilitarian standpoint the famed America's Cup is but a hollow sham, that it has no bottom and cannot be utilized for convivial purposes. Whether it will be less highly prized by the present holders on this account remains to be seen, but now that the club has knocked the bottom out of international racing, it cannot complain because the Cup exhibits a similar deficiency. It has long been acknowledged that from an æsthetic point of view the Cup was not a remarkable production, the new deed of gift has entirely destroyed its symbolic value, and now, after this last sad disclosure, it may be asked what is it good for any way?

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—On Saturday last a musicale was given by members of the club at the clubhouse. The attendance was good and the affair was quite successful. The next lecture, on the history and general theory of navigation, will be delivered on Dec. 10, by Lieut. T. C. McLean, U. S. N., navigating officer of the Dolphin. The lecture will begin promptly at 8:30, and at its close a special meeting will be held to act upon the recommendation of the classification committee. The class in navigation under Capt. Howard Patterson, will begin on Dec. 17, at 8:30, meeting once a week thereafter. An upper room in the clubhouse has been fitted as a class room.

GRAYLING.—On Friday last Grayling was lowered from Lawley's ways, the alterations being completed.

A NEW DESIGN FOR LAKE ONTARIO.—A yachtsman of Hamilton has lately received a design for a wide cutter from Mr. C. P. Clayton, of Southampton, the designer of the best of the Itchen length racers. The design is both deep and wide, with a midship section somewhat like Pappoose. Her dimensions are:

Length, over all	60ft.
l.w.l.	42ft.
Beam	13ft. 5in.
Draft	9ft.
Least freeboard	2ft. 7in.
Displacement	30.3 tons.
Area midship section	48.3sq.ft.
Sail area—L. Y. R. A. rule	3360sq.ft.
Sailing length—L. Y. R. A. rule	42.95ft.

The design shows a clipper stem and long counter, a sternpost with the rake of the average cutter, and a rocker to keel, the depth being amidships, rather than aft, with forefoot rounded well away, but not to such an extent as in Thistle. The yacht may be built this winter.

HERRESHOFF VS. NAVY LAUNCHES.—Some complaint has been made by naval officers against the Herreshoff launches as compared with the old navy launches built and being in use by the Department, and in a recent discussion of the subject Commander W. B. Hoff, of the sloop of war Ossippee, compared the former to race horses and the latter to draft horses. A couple of weeks since Captain Bruce, of the Atlanta, senior officer of the North Atlantic Squadron, while at Newport, ordered the launch of the Ossipee, one of the navy boats, to be tried against the Herreshoff launch of the Atlanta. The two were joined stern to stern by a heavy hawser, and then both started ahead slowly, increasing until they were turning at full speed, the Herreshoff boat first stopping and then towing astern her opponent until the latter was entirely helpless. Commander Hoff, who followed the race in another launch, was unable to keep up with the Atlanta and her tow, and discovered that the racer was more than a match in all ways for his draft horse.

BOAT BUIDING NOTES.—R. J. Douglas & Co. have partly repaired the damage done by fire in September, by which their shops were destroyed, and now have a large new building erected, containing the boat shop, office, planing mill, one machine shop and engine and boiler house. They expect to have 20 to 24 stocks busy by Christmas. The firm have been successful with small racing catboats, 15ft. 6in.×7ft. 4in., having sold 17 within the past six weeks....Mr. Rushton has his entire shop employed on an order for 100 Douglas folding boats, prior to beginning to build up stock. He has now at work a builder from Saranac Lake and will add the Saranac boats to his stock.....In answer to an inquiry Mr. Clapham informs us that he has built three of the "Flying Pontoons," the largest 18×4½ft., and that they have proved very fast under sail and row easily. They are best in smooth water, but still will stand considerable sea.

A BRITISH STEAM YACHT FOR AMERICA.—The steam yacht Lady Torfrida has been sold by Sir William Pearce to Mr. Bayard Brown, an American, who will start at once on a long ocean cruise. The Lady Torfrida is of steel, about 200ft. l.w.l. and 25ft. beam, by 13ft. draft and was built by J. Elder & Co. from their own designs in 1883. She is rated 100 A1 at Lloyds.

THE BURDEN SCHOONER.—Mr. Burgess has completed the design and Lawley has made a model of the yacht, which will be 80ft. l. w. l. She resembles Volunteer in sheer plan, but is still deeper, though retaining the centerboard. Lawley & Son will build her, of wood.

VOLUNTEER.—Captain Haff was in Boston last week to look after the hauling out of Volunteer, and on Saturday she went on the ways vacated by Grayling, where she will remain until spring. She will be scraped and painted at once.

CARRIE E. PHILLIPS.—The new Burgess fisherman sailed last week on her first trip to the Banks.

GITANA.—Capt. Sherlock is at work fitting out Gitana for a cruise to the West Indies.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

WEST BRANCH, Williamsport, Pa.—The A.K.R. number of your dog is 4080.

A. F. S., Brooklyn.—The charge you now use is not excessive, if there is no flaw in the barrel.

E. V., Mount Vernon.—Read "Gibson's Complete Art of Trapping," where the process of tanning skins is fully described.

W. A. W., Cedar Bluffs, Iowa.—We have not access to the Scotch Register. Your dogs are eligible, provided you are sure of the pedigree.

JOHN, New Lisbon.—For beagles write to some one of our advertisers; and the blanket can be procured from any dealer in sportsmen's goods.

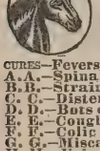
W. C. K., Columbia, Ala.—To join the Audubon Society it is necessary only to subscribe to the pledges, blank forms of which will be furnished on application by the secretary, P. O. Box 2,832, New York.

I. S. & S., Fayette Court House, Ala.—Will you please refer me to some one breeding St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs, one whom I can fully rely on for fairness. Ans. Consult our advertising columns.

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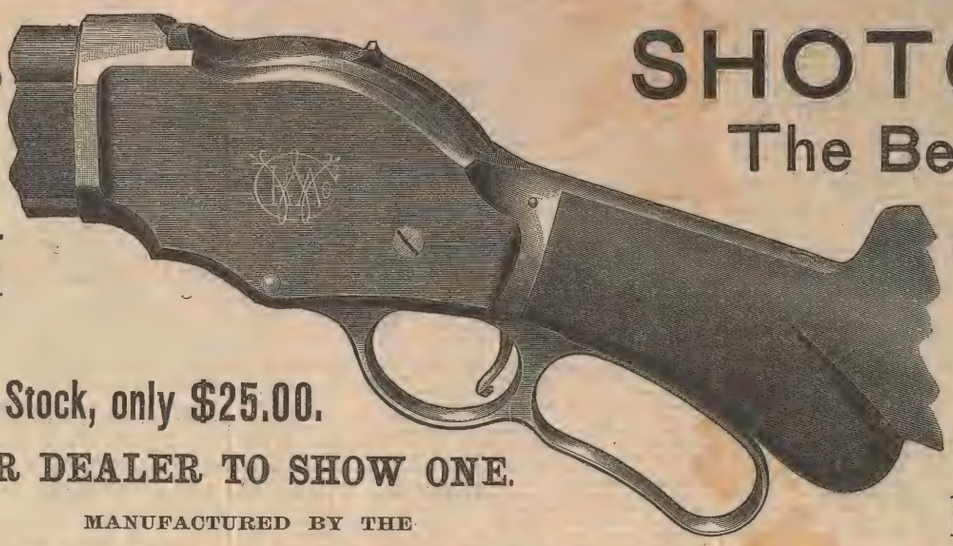


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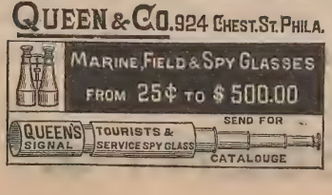
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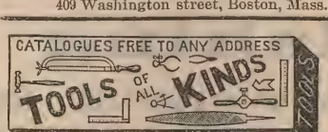
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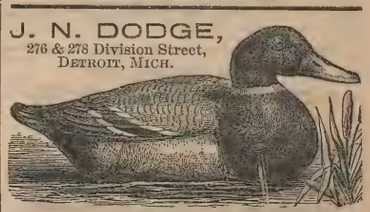
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No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

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No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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BULLDOZING EXHIBITORS.

THE American Kennel Club is an association which assumes to have special charge of the interests of dogs and dog matters in this country. How it has failed to guard those interests in the past the public knows, for the record of blunders and crudities has disheartened all those who are interested in the improvement of the dog. The crowning blunder of its career was committed last week, when its executive committee passed a new rule which provides that every dog entered at any show held under the rules of the A. K. C. must be registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book.

This so-called stud book has an unsavory history, a full account of which need not be given here. It is a publication which was started eleven years ago, and since then has been knocked about from pillar to post, now in the hands of one publisher, then passed along to another. Sometimes it has died, and then after two or three years has been resuscitated by some sanguine publisher, who has succeeded in collecting a few registry fees and has then allowed it again to sink into oblivion. It has never been a success. Every one who has tried to bring it out periodically has lost money on it. It has always been in the hands of irresponsible parties, has never had and has not now a financial backing, without which such a work can never pay expenses. There is no reason to suppose that it will be more successful now than in the past.

The present attempt to bullyrag the dog owners of America into registering their dogs is a last desperate device to keep afloat this venture, which was undertaken by the A. K. C. a year ago, and which then had not the slightest prospect of success. The A. K. C. have been losing money steadily ever since they began its publication, and now they are using their own rules as a club to drive the dog owners of America up to the stud book office, there to deposit the half dollars which shall keep their venture afloat a little longer and pay the salary of the club secretary. This secretary moreover is not himself a dog man. He has no competent knowledge of dog affairs, nor acquaintance with pedigrees, nor any of the other qualifications which might justify putting the confidence in him which the public withholds from the club itself.

The A. K. C. has chosen a very unfortunate expedient to rally the dog public to the support of their publication. Most self-respecting people are much more easily led than driven, and when the A. K. C. says "you must register in our stud book or you cannot show under our rule," they make it certain either that shows will be held under other rules than theirs, or else that the shows which are held under their rules will be failures from a financial standpoint, as well as in point of numbers of the dogs shown.

The sense of justice inherent in every man will rebel at such an arbitrary rule as this, and we venture to predict that if it is enforced, dog shows this year will show such a falling off as will astonish those delegates to the A. K. C. who were concerned in the passage of this rule. In all the history of dog shows in America no such serious blow has been given to these interests as is threatened by the passage of this rule.

It is scarcely to be supposed that the public will tamely submit to dictation of this sort. If it does, we may look out next year for a new rule providing that every dog entered at a show must have its number engraved on a collar supplied on favorable terms by the club secretary, and must be fastened in its stall by a chain bought of the secretary, and fed on dog biscuits supplied by the secretary, and deodorized with disinfectants kept in stock by the same thrifty pursuer of the nimble sixpence. This would be all right and proper enough were the chosen secretary some blind or maimed object of charity, toward whose support the dog exhibitors of the country could properly be asked to contribute by any such fifty-cents-all-around pretext as this obnoxious rule.

CONGRESS AND THE PARK.

ON Monday last Senator Vest introduced in the Senate a bill providing for the care, government and protection of the Yellowstone National Park.

This bill in many of its features is the same that was printed in our issue of last week, but one important change has been made in it, a change which cannot fail to give satisfaction to all friends of the reservation, as well as those who appreciate the great importance of preserving the forests which protect the sources of the Yellowstone and Snake River.

In the draft of the proposed bill as printed, no change was made in the boundaries of the Park, and it was proposed to definitely fix them as laid down in Section 2474 of the Revised Statutes, by which the Park was established. This definition, or rather absence of definition, of these boundaries was adopted in the hope of silencing opposition to the bill, and obtaining from Congress at least an authorized form of goverment for the Park. On further consideration, however, Senator Vest deemed it wise to make the first section of his bill read as did the first section of the bill which he introduced at the last session of Congress. This called for an enlargement of the Park by about thirty miles on the east and ten miles on the south.

The wisdom of this change in the reading of the bill must be apparent to every one. The present boundaries of the Park, as we have often shown, are vague and uncertain, and the southern line moves with the seasons, so that no man can tell on any given day of the year just where it runs. It is clear that these boundaries ought to be fixed and definite, and the phraseology of the present bill provides for this.

The chief importance of this National Park lies in its value as a water preserve. It is a national reservoir, which holds the moisture which fertilizes many thousand square miles of arid territory, territory which without this water could produce nothing more useful than sage brush and cactus. If the Park shall be enlarged, and so the water supply be increased, the area which is susceptible of irrigation and cultivation from these streams will be greatly enlarged, and so a substantial addition at no cost whatever will be made to the actual wealth of the country. The proposition is a very plain one, and can be comprehended by every man of common sense.

While the preservation of the game and the natural wonders of the Park are felt by many people to be matters of great importance, there are some who regard this feeling as sentimental, and not one on which any money should be spent. No man who has the matter put plainly before him is likely to decline to vote for so practical and inexpensive a benefit to our northwestern country as would result from increasing the water supply of Montana, Dakota, Idaho and Oregon.

One of the great problems of the day for the arid West has to do with its water supply. The rivers which flow down from the mountains are tapped at short intervals from source to mouth by irrigating ditches which carry off a part of their volume to be spread over the lands of the farmer. As a consequence of this constant drain, many, even of the largest of these streams, are, in times of drouth, dry at their mouths, or have dwindled to mere rivulets, and the dwellers on their banks consequently suffer from lack of water. This is especially the case in the Southwest along streams like the Arkansas and the South Platte, where farms are numerous. The northern country along the Yellowstone and the Snake is not yet so fully settled as to have suffered in this way, but as the country fills up the same trouble will be found there, unless the forests which protect the sources of their streams shall be preserved.

The practical men in Congress should be made to see the importance of passing Senator Vest's bill.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE proposition of M. Pasteur in relation to the rabbit plagues of Australia and New Zealand may be very practical, but it is exceedingly repulsive. He suggests, since the poisons hitherto employed have been ineffectual to destroy animals which multiply at such a frightful rate, "do we not need rather, if I may so express myself, a poison endowed with life, like themselves, and able, like themselves, to multiply at a surprising rate?" His "poison endowed with life" means the microbe, which is the cause of chicken cholera; and his proposal is nothing more nor less than to communicate this disease to the rabbits, and let the fell pestilence work out its bitter ends. This is to fight fire with fire, plague with plague.

The Passaic County (N. J.) Fish and Game Protective Association has a record well worthy of attention. From a brief report from the secretary, printed in another column, it will be seen that the methods adopted by the association are marked by common sense and attend d with success. The purposes and plans of the Passaic county game protectors are admirable, and in every way deserving of the support of citizens of the country and of sportsmen from abroad.

In our recent reference to the New Jersey game protective societies there was no intention of carping at the good they had done. The only point made was in relation to the license fee which some of these societies insist upon collecting from an outsider before he is permitted to shoot off a gun in the State. The claimed right to do this is explicitely made by Mr. Shriner, when he writes: "Of course we have under the laws of the State a right to collect fees from men who shoot here in our county, for the law provides that hunters or anglers shall abide by the rules of local associations formed under the State law, as ours is." Now the point on which enlightenment is craved is this: Under what provision of the law or by what construing of the English language as in common use to-day, can any New Jersey society find a warrant "to collect fees from men who shoot here in our county," as Mr. Shriner puts it? And again, if the law does require a non-resident to pay money into the treasury of such societies, does not the Passaic County Association shirk its duty when it forbears to collect these dues?

Mr. James Watson hit the nail squarely on the head, at the American Kennel Club meeting, when in reply to Mr. Peshall's objection to him (Watson) as a delegate because he was an editor, he said, "It might not be personal, but it is utterly ridiculous." The American Kennel Club has a rare faculty of doing idiotic things, and the executive committee's adoption of a resolution asking the Hornell Kennel Club to withdraw its delegate because he will not knuckle down to the A. K. C. foolish schemers is one of its choicest blunders. Mr. Watson's further suggestion that Mr. Peshall's profession should not be any objection to him as a delegate, will not have universal acceptance, inasmuch as it is the melancholy truth that many of the A. K. C. blunders have been perpetrated by members who in professional life add lustre to the bar.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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HUNTING IN FLORIDA IN 1874.—V.

OUR camping place for the week proved beset with mosquitoes and fleas beyond anything we had experienced in the wilderness, utterly banishing sleep till after midnight, and sheer exhaustion compelled it. We could in a measure relieve ourselves from mosquitoes by filling our little tent, as we lay down, with the dense smoke of fat pine knots. But, for the fleas there was no relief, often observing them to jump from our blankets in swarms as we hung them out to dry in the morning. A second trip would suggest a bountiful supply of oil of pennyroyal with which to perfume our garments, and which is said to be flea-expelling. At this stage of our trip we began to suffer from the stinging bites of the black gnats, an insect so small as hardly to be detected with the naked eye, but whose bite sends a thrill through the nervous system altogether disproportionate to its size. To this annoyance, unlike that of the fleas, if one is provided with essence of pennyroyal, there is no remedy.

A heavy rain for three days and nights kept us under shelter most of the time, blowing the great quantity of eggs we had brought from the "cypress-slues"—our boatman Jim meanwhile making a fish net of stout twine to use for seining the carp and small fish that abounded in the stream near whose mouth we were encamped. When finished we set it a little way up the creek, expecting in the morning to find a variety inclosed in its meshes. But instead, an alligator, or perhaps an otter, swam through it and tore it to shreds, thus in one moment ruining our boatman's work of two days.

The chuck-wills-widow, the analogue of our northern whip-poor-will, enlivened the nights with its plaintive note. To obtain one, as they are utterly secluded during the day, Jim fastened my dark lantern to the top of his head and going toward the sound, soon detected the bird in the cimmerean darkness, by the shine of its eyes, and secured it, though badly mutilated by the shot, as he was unable to judge of his distance from it. As soon as the norther of three days had blowed out, Fred spent a day across the Indian River shooting terns, skimmers and oyster-catchers, which rose from the water in flocks of thousands, while I prepared my large turtle for preservation, poisoning the carcass and salting the meat for our larder. The following day, I hired the stalwart negro to accompany Jim and myself in a large boat to the Indian River Inlet, hoping to secure a sawfish. These fish come in from the ocean through the inlet to prey upon the schools of fish that abound in Indian River. Swimming close to the bottom, when they perceive a school above, they quickly elevate their toothed upper jaw and whirling it about in the school, mangle and kill many to be eaten at their leisure. Our boat being provided with a coil of rope about 100ft. in length, attached to a harpoon, we paddled gently where the water was about 5ft. deep, till discerning our game on the bottom, about 12ft. in length, Jim drove the harpoon completely through its body. Instantly the fish started for the ocean through the inlet, drawing out the line over the gunwale so rapidly as to make it smoke. The line having been made fast to the bowpost, when the end was reached, boat and all followed for half a mile with a velocity so great that I quickly drew my hatchet from my belt and stood ready to cut the rope, if the bow gave indications of going under as the fish went into deeper water. At length he was wearied with the exertion, and slacked up, when we began to play the creature, till worrying him on to a shoal place, I had a fine exhibition of the way he gyrates his saw when mutilating his prey. At length seizing a favorable moment as his head was raised out of the water, I planted a rifle-ball just midway between the eyes, when a quiver ran through his frame and he was dead. None judged him to weigh less than 800lbs. Towing him across the river to our camp, it was the work of an entire day to skin and pack the specimen for transportation.

While at this camp one of the better class of citizens privately interviewed me to learn what I might have learned during my forty days of intimacy with the murderers of Mr. Lang, saying he had in his pocket a warrant received by the last mail from the Governor of the State for the arrest of Mr. J. and Tom and a neighbor of theirs, who were understood to be the guilty parties; and suggested that, if I would leave interrogatories with a notary public before going out of the State it might further the ends of justice. Replying that I had carefully avoided any allusion to the murder myself, yet Mr. J., in our long tramps alone, had seemed to find relief in freeing his mind to me of his own accord, and had revealed enough to satisfy me who were the guilty parties, yet I could not betray confidence unless subpœnaed from Massachusetts as a hearsay witness. I have learned from newspapers that soon after I left the region a determined sheriff went into the settlement with a posse, and shot Mr. J. dead in his tracks while resisting arrest, but brought Tom to trial, who was, for the want of positive evidence, convicted only of manslaughter, and died within a year in the State prison.

In nine days Erwin was strong enough to be conveyed to a couch prepared for him in a small sailboat, and we started northward. It was our intention to start by 1 o'clock at the latest, and were ourselves all ready, but Jim's laziness delayed us till 5. Had we not had a superabundance of experience already in the thriftlessness of the Crackers, we should have gone crazy at the needless delay. The greatest boasters of what they can do, but the poorest performers of what they promise, they are unique in their characteristics, and to the enterprising Yankee a marvel of incongruities. When the anthropologist has satisfactorily traced the Hottentot and the North American Indian to their origin, he may turn his attention to the origin of the Florida Cracker, and he will find a much harder problem to solve. I have been a far more patient man since my trip to Florida than before, two months' experience in Crackerdom doing more for me in the cultivation of that grace than a half century previously.

With a favoring breeze we made twelve miles by 10 o'clock and camped on the west shore of Indian River on the sand, making Erwin as soft a couch of leaves as possible beneath our mosquito bars, while Fred and myself lay down by the fire. By 3 o'clock the mosquitoes and sand-fleas got the mastery of us and banished all sleep thereafter. For fresh water we dug a hole about 10ft. from the shore which soon filled with water percolating the sand, the cohesive attraction of the sand retaining the salt. Breakfasting upon broiled turtle steak, we reached a brown pelican rookery on an island of eight or ten acres in extent. Our large boat grounding about a mile distant we all went overboard but Erwin, and pushed it for half a mile. Then anchoring and pushing our small rowboat a quarter of a mile further we left it and waded as much more to behold the greatest curiosity of the kind I had ever dreamed of. The island was mostly covered with mangrove trees, a kind of banyan, whose limbs turn down from the height of 18 or 20ft. and take root, thus forming an uninterrupted canopy over a large part of the island. An acre, more or less, was covered with a clump of taller trees, in which blue herons were nesting. Hoping these might prove to be Wurdemann, I first gave my attention to them, but through the failure of Fred's gun to fire as the bird rose from its nest, lost my chance, to my great disappointment. Having secured the eggs we turned toward the pelicans. The mangrove is a slowly decaying tree, and though at some time this grove must have been thrifty—probably before the pelicans took possession of it—now every tree was barren of leaves and life. As we drew near every branch seemed covered with nests as closely as they could be packed—indeed so near oftentimes that a bird sitting on its own could easily dip its bill into the nest of its neighbor. On one tree not 20ft. high or more than 6 or 8ft. broad I counted twenty-two nests, all occupied. Acres of the ground also were so thickly covered that it was easy to step from nest to nest across a full acre. In one nest there might be three or four eggs, in no instance more, and in its neighbor young ones in different stages of growth. To these last the old birds were continually coming with fish in their pouches, which they disgorge into the capacious maws of the young by both dropping the lower mandible and the parent bird apparently contracting its pouch from the bottom so as to empty its contents into the pouch of its young. How wonderful the instinct that could find its own nest among so many thousand and also adapt its selection of fish from day to day to the varying size of its young, for I saw the old feeding young nearly as large as themselves as well as those just hatched. Rather than climb the filthy trees we took our eggs from those nests on the ground, gathering a waterpail full in a few minutes, always selecting the freshly laid ones, and might easily have gathered barrels of them. Securing eggs and studying their habits, we commenced securing birds. It was an easy matter to get three or four in a range and drop most or all at a shot. At every crack of the gun thousands would rise from the trees, darkening the sun, but soon settle down again. After a while our continual firing so disconcerted them that they settled down by the thousands on the water around the island, forming semi-circular ranks with two or three feet between, as though platooned under leaders. For my own use I brought away eighteen birds, representing a series in every stage of plumage, from a fledgling just escaping from the egg to the mature bird.

Fearing to leave Erwin longer in the broiling sun, we left the fascinating spot, and camped on a sand-bar at the mouth of St. Sebastian River, intending to spend at least three days in camp, as famous large alligators are found in the brackish water at the mouth of the stream. On a hummock within a mile a squatter had succeeded in cultivating, with great success, a plantation of oranges, bananas, mangoes, etc. Not to be hindered in skinning my pelicans, I hired the squatter's son to watch the mouth of the river for a large alligator. About 1 o'clock he came running to the camp, saying, "the biggest 'gator he ever saw was coming down the river." Calling Fred and Jim, and snatching up our guns and rifles, we ran to the end of the sand-bar, two or three hundred feet away, and sure enough, judging from the distance between his snout and his eyes, he must have been at least fifteen feet in length. Just as we were launching the rowboat to make sure of him, a scream from the camp hurried us back, to find Erwin was suddenly attacked with the severest chill I had yet seen him have. Greatly alarmed, I ordered all things packed as quickly as possible, and in an hour we were under sail with a stiff breeze, towing me in the rowboat that I might continue skinning my pelicans, as there was not room in the sail-boat with Erwin stretched at full length. The wind increasing, in less than an hour the tow-line broke, and before the sailboat could be turned about, I was a half-mile astern, without paddle or oar. Recovered at last, darkness set in and we camped on a sand-bar. Rain setting in, Fred and Jim were well soaked in the course of the night, while I watched with Erwin in the tent without a wink of sleep.

Next day the wind was dead ahead, and we were compelled to remain at camp till 4 o'clock P. M., when we started, and by 8 had reached Eau Gallie, where we had passed a night as we went out. Here I got Erwin into the shelter of a log hut, and as only thirty-five miles remained to Sand Point, I planned to send him on the morrow by another boat to that place, where he could have good nursing and a good bed, till Fred and I should arrive by the way of Banana River, a route twenty miles longer, but on which we hoped to get white pelicans and shore birds; but on awaking a rainless norther was blowing so furiously our boatman dared not go on. Windbound, I tried to think how I could turn the day to some account, having had to throw away all but four of my series of pelicans on account of the hot sun ruining them before I could skin them, through my hasty departure from St. Sebastian. Learning that there was an Indian mound over across the Indian River, three or four miles distant, I requested Jim to take me over in a boat, but he declined, saying, "No boat could live in such a sea." Another Cracker was willing to risk it for a dollar and a half. As the wind blew fortunately for crossing, though dangerously, I took my spade and trowel, and forbidding Fred to risk the voyage with me, I crossed over, the partially decked bow going under several times, but skillful management carried us across safely, though well drenched with the spray. Ascending the mound, about thirty feet in height, and well wooded with wild orange growth, I succeeded in exhuming a perfect skeleton, having its knees bent to its chin, and facing the south—thus fulfilling at the last chance one of the things I promised Prof. Jeffries Wyman I would try to do. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," but Erwin's sickness seriously interfered with my finishing up Florida according to my plans; but as I could not see how I was responsible, I knew it was all right, and according to the plans of my heavenly Father, who is "too wise to err and too good to be unkind."

The norther blowed out during the night and we started about 8 for Sand Point direct, giving up for his sake Banana River and the white pelicans. Before starting I gave Erwin a morphine pill to alleviate the pain in his left side, the second time I had opened my medicine case during the trip—the first being, as stated in the earlier part of the narrative, to give one of my phials of quinine to a man on Ten Mile Creek who camped near me one night with his wife and seven small children, two of them very sick with fever. We parted in the morning, but he sent me word by a cowboy two weeks afterward that my quinine saved the lives of his children.

Having failed to secure a Wurdemann heron at the pelican rookery, I kept on the lookout for one, and during this day's sail espied a nest on the right bank, on a tall pine, which Jim declared belonged to Wurdemann. Sending him ashore with the rifle, he brought me one of the old birds and a half-fledged young he found under the nest. This specimen differs materially from the book measurements of the great blue heron, *Ardea herodias*, but so little in plumage that I was still in doubt, and obliged to wait till I reached Washington to discuss the matter with Prof. Baird and test the find. Night overtaking us ten miles from Sand Point, we were forced to camp again on the sand just opposite the lower end of Merritt's Island. Pitching my tent on the windward side of a rousing fire, and making as nice a bed of palmetto leaves for Erwin inside as I could, I gave the tent up to him and was gratified to learn in the morning that he had slept well. To quote from a letter to my wife written on the sailboat after leaving this camp: "This encouraged me to hope that after a sail of two hours I might yet have the gratification I had been all week anticipating of having a quiet Sabbath at Sand Point, and revisiting that Sabbath School in the pine woods, whose acquaintance I had made on my outward trip, but the wind was contrary, and so we add another day of holy time to the last seven Sabbaths unrecognized entirely as such, except in our tent, and two of those necessarily spent in traveling with an ox-team in Okechobee swamps, as the journal of my sojourn in the wilderness will explain. This journal, by the way, is wholly in my mind, as, till leaving Fort Capron last Monday, I have had no possible opportunity for writing except the few postals I have forwarded. Now I hope to send a postal almost daily, from the time I leave Jacksonville, and a letter weekly, giving daily particulars. This will keep you posted on my movements as you could not have been while I was out of civilization, among murderers and ex-Ku-Kluxans, for at this distance I dare write so, while had I written out my experience in the wilderness, and it had fallen into the hands of the wretches prowling through that region, it might have cost me my life. Yet I was well treated by every one, though I had to hear the most outrageous language respecting the 'Yanks.' I must confess I felt safer in having my revolver under my head and our guns between us as we slept in the tent, according to Cromwell's injunction to 'trust in God and keep our powder dry.' I always sleep the foreside of the tent, as Fred is a sound sleeper, while I usually wake at the tread of a 'possum within ten feet of me; still, into such a wild region you must go if you would study nature first hand instead of second. Hence the reason so few naturalists do anything more than study books and take the observations of others and use them second-handed. To a great extent I have done so, but always to my great dissatisfaction, you know. I now feel as though I had a right to speak and lecture on some subjects pertaining to Natural History, 'ex-cathedra' authoritatively. I cannot but feel greatly pleased with my experience for the last two months as well as grateful, I trust, for God's preserving care. We are just landing at Sand Point, at 11 o'clock A. M."

Learning that a man living a mile in the interior had a spring sulky, I sent a lad for it to convey Erwin to a suitable lodging place for the night and on the next day to the steamer at Lake Harney, twenty-two miles distant, on which we proposed to sail down the St. John's to Jacksonville. Having thus disposed of my sick companion, with gratitude for his convalescence, I chose a suitable camping place for the afternoon and night, and leaving Fred and our guide to take our luggage ashore, went myself in search of a suitable team to transfer us on the morrow to Lake Harney. Having secured a mule team I hastened back to find the last package just piled in a piazza of a store, when a furious thunder shower broke upon us. During my absence the mail-boat had come up from Fort Capron, bringing Dr. P. with three other passengers. It being Sunday the proprietor of the store was absent, leaving for twelve men and all their luggage only the piazza, 6ft. x20ft., for shelter. Feeling it was more important to preserve dry our luggage than ourselves we gave to it the benefit of our blankets and overcoats and took our own chance unsheltered for the most part with the probability of lying down at night drenched to the skin. Toward evening the rain ceased, and the proprietor of the store returning, he kindly offered us all lodging on his attic floor. My rubber blanket served to soften the couch of hard pine, and either it or fatigue induced sound sleep, to find on waking in the morning a cloudless sky.

After cooking and eating our breakfast of coffee, pork and hardtack, I commenced packing the cart, while Fred skinned three shoveler ducks and a woodpecker he had shot before breakfast. This done, he lent his aid to packing, but was soon interrupted at seeing a monstrous black hog run off with one of his duck skins. Giving chase, he overtook it in a boggy swamp, but had hardly deposited the skin in a safe place, when the same or another hog seized another duck skin, and in a trice chawed off one leg, thus spoiling it as a specimen for mounting. Will hog tribulations never cease, thought I. Our things packed, my final experience in "Cracker" honesty was realized. Jim demurred to my construction of the bargain I had made with him two weeks before, to take us to Sand Point in his sailboat and there leave us, at so much per day, more or less number of days. He made out almost as large a bill for extras as the bargain called for, when there were to be no extras of any kind, unless providential ones, and such he could not say there had been. After an hour of abuse, with charges of Yankee meanness and some threatening of legal redress, he calmed down and took his pay at my first calculation. I then donated him my camp cooking utensils that had

cost me about five dollars and were uninjured, supposing I could not possibly have any further use for them.

At 3 P. M. we bade farewell to Indian River, having a boy of twelve for our teamster, who proved to be no exception to an adult "Cracker's" thriftlessness, for when we camped at dark in the woods, he had no cooking apparatus. However, boiling our coffee in a lard can and our eggs in a peach can, and after drinking the coffee, our hominy in the lard can for breakfast in the morning, as it could be handled cold, we lay down on the ground and looking sky-ward went to sleep, as often before, counting the stars. Rising at 3:30 in the morning, I ended my camping career of fifty-one nights, and exchanged my butternut hunting-dress and blue flannel shirt for broadcloth and linen, and donned my beaver in place of the worn-out straw hat which I left sticking upon a stake.

At 9 A. M. we reached the steamer Volusia, gratified to find Erwin comfortably established on board, and at 2 P. M. sailed away from "Crackerdom" down the St. John's. Sharing a stateroom with Capt. B.—previous and subsequent to the war, lighthouse keeper at Cape Canaveral—I learned from him some interesting particulars of his experience during the war. On the secession of Florida he was ordered by the State authority to put out his light. He obeyed, and more. In the darkness of the night and the retiracy of the surroundings, he took down the lantern and everything movable, and transferred all by a mule-cart to a lonely spot four miles distant, and safely hiding them, kept the secret during the war. At its close, when a U. S. vessel came down the coast to re-light the lanterns, he was inquired of for the equipments. Leading the officer to the hiding place, he brought all out to light uninjured, and for his discretion was recommeded by the officer as a suitable person to continue in charge of the light, and was successful in receiving the appointment from Washington. He also informed me that early in the war Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet entrusted him with keeping concealed in the inlet near the cape as large a vessel as possible, to take any of them, in case of disaster, to Nassau, under British dominion, being assured, if once there, they would be protected according to the Mason and Slidell precedent. During the last year of the war the Union gunboats found their way into the Indian River and captured the vessel, with much other contraband material that had been accumulating as the safest place on the coast. On the surrender of Lee and the separation of Davis and his Cabinet, at their last meeting in the second story of the bank building at Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia, each strove to reach, by different routes, the rendezvous in charge of Capt. B., to make his escape to Nassau. Mr. Davis—taking his family, who had been boarding for some time four miles out of Washington—followed the route leading through Taliafero county, and passing across the very plantation where I spent the year 1841 teaching a private school, was captured a few miles further south. Breckenridge alone found his way unmolested to the appointed rendezvous, and was ena led to escape to Nassau by Capt. B.'s furnishing him with an open rowboat of large size, which he had fitted with a jury mast, Capt. B. showing me a gold dollar hanging at his watch chain, which he said Mr. Breckenridge gave him as he stepped aboard the boat, as the only remuneration he could offer him for his kindness.

J. W. P. JENKS.

Natural History.

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WOLVES AND SQUIRRELS IN TEXAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I passed much time last summer and fall in Young and Stephens counties, about 60 or 70 miles from Abilene, examining the geological formations with respect to coal and other minerals. In most part it is a hilly country, covered with oak forests. Great rusty and moss-covered sandstones lie along the hillsides, and often crown their tops with rugged and grizzly confusion. This is a feature which almost always marks the carboniferous formation in Texas. Many fine valleys wind among the hills, having a very rich but arenaceous soil. The pecan tree flourishes along the streams, growing to gigantic size, many of them yielding from ten to fifteen bushels of their rich nuts at a crop. These the people gather, and derive no small profit from their sale, selling them this year at $2 to $2.40 per bushel; though some of extra size were sold at more than double these figures. The hogs grow fat on such as escape the eyes of the gatherers. Wild grapes, *V. rupestris* and *V. cordifolia*, abound; also two or three varieties of wild plums. The woods are full of berries. The population is sparse, and wild beasts and varmints are very numerous.

Of some of these animals I learned some curious facts; for instance, that the big gray wolf has expert knowledge of watermelons, and is a great thief of these luscious fruits. I saw where he had eaten many, leaving their rinds as nicely hollowed out as any man could do it with a spoon. That it was the wolf who had done it there was no doubt, for his tracks were plain and abundant, also the print of his teeth. In some instances he had eaten the melon on the vine, but in other instances he had pulled them from the vine and rolled them some distance away to a secluded spot, just as we may suppose men to do when they steal melons. His manner of detaching the melon from the vine was awkward and unintelligent, it being done apparently by rolling it hither and thither till it came off, as was shown by the twisted and disordered condition of many of the vines. That his knowledge of melons was good was shown in the fact that he plucked none but such as were ripe, for I neither saw nor could hear of a single instance where he had molested an immature one. In this he showed a better understanding of melons than men, for I dare say there is not a farmer living who has not made frequent mistakes in plucking unripe for ripe melons. I presume he makes this unerring distinction solely through his keen scent, as nature has not provided him with a finger with which he may thump.

I had considered the wolf as entirely carnivorous, but the fact now stands that he is also a gluttonous eater of watermelons. His brother, the dog, will sometimes eat a little melon when it is given him, but he will not break the rind to get at the meat; much less will he invade watermelon patches to steal. The little civet-cat, a strict feline in appearance and habit, eats the muskmelon, but does not touch the watermelon. Thus, between wolves and civet-cats, the people of Young and Stephens lose a large portion of their melons. However, these fruits grow so luxuriously there that they do not feel the loss.

The absence of squirrels in a country so admirably suited for them, seemed very strange. In all my wanderings through that country I saw not one of these little animals at large. On inquiring I learned that till the fall of 1885 the woods were alive with them, but at that time they all disappeared unaccountably. They had not been stricken with a malady and died; they had not filed away in detachments, but all had quit at once. As a careful observer expressed it, "It was just like this: In the evening there were millions of them, in the morning there was not one in all the country." And since this sudden migration of a whole race, it is said that there is but one nest of living squirrels in every county, and these are carefully preserved as seed for another crop: Noah and his family to increase and multiply and replenish the earth.

The year following this strange movement of the squirrels, there came a terrible drouth in northwestern Texas. All the crops of the field were destroyed. The pecan trees refused to yield their nuts and the oaks their acorns. Late frosts killed the wild grapes and plums. It was a year of desolation and sorrow, and seemed guided in all things by a hand which had determined that it should be so. The people believe that the departure of the squirrels was connected with this drouth, and such also is my own belief. Had they staid it would not have been possible for more than very few to escape death by starvation.

Now, was it instinct that led to this migration? If so, and instinct be solely an inherited feeling, how did the squirrels inherit from their ancestors knowledge of a fact which had not transpired, and from the coming of which they fled? For at the time they fled the country was full of all such things as they rejoice in.

Such things bring us to a period of great perplexity, beyond which when we step we are brought face to face with the Invisible Maker. Then comes the illumination. As I wander in the fields and forests and break the ancient rocks of the hills with my hammer, this saying of the Wonderful One of Nazareth recurs constantly to my mind: "Five sparrows are sold for a farthing, and not one of these shall fall to the ground without your Father. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." I do not question that the Father spake to these squirrels, and they obeyed Him. Man hears His voice, but does not always obey.

That country which the drouth so sorely afflicted seems now as going into great abundance of all fruits of the earth, and I doubt not that the squirrels which fled from the impending famine will soon return. N. A. T.

ABILENE, Texas, Dec. 8.

[The gray wolf is generally supposed to be wholly carnivorous, but as our correspondent shows he is not invariably so. In certain portions of northwestern America, notably in British Columbia, we have found this wolf in berry season feeding almost wholly on berries as a bear would do.]

A QUEER DICK OF A WOODCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading a short time ago an account given of a captured woodcock prompts me to relate an experience of my own with one of these singular birds.

Upon going home to dinner one day several years ago, a twelve-year old son of one of my neighbors, and a born sportsman, met me when near my residence, saying with much eagerness that a woodcock was hidden in the grass in the large yard connected with the house. He had seen the bird drop down, and his keen sportsman's eyes had seen it on the ground as well, but he had not attempted to flush it. Going into the yard, one of my boy friends (and I am proud to say I have many) pointed out Mr. *Scolopax* to me. I saw from the bird's attitude that it was either sick or injured, and telling the boy to stand in front to keep the bird's attention, I crept around in his rear and caught him under my hat. A careful inspection disclosed no injuries like wounds of any sort, still the poor fellow seemed nearly dead. Taking the bird into the stable, I put him in a large basket, placed some grass and earth in with him, with water in a small wooden bowl, and left him for several hours, until after dark. Then, remembering my captive, I went to take a look at him, fully expecting to find him dead. Upon lifting the cover, it was at once to be seen that he was much better than when caught, being able to move about in the basket, trying to hide in the grass inside. I began to believe he might live, and taking a lantern, I went out to the garden and dug nearly a pint of earth worms, and placed them in the basket with my prisoner, or rather guest.

The next morning he was quite bright, running about the basket briskly. I could see no worms in the basket, nor upon the floor, and came to the conclusion that he must have eaten them during the night. Procuring him a fresh supply of ration, I went to my business. Upon my return at noon my wife, who took a lively interest in my odd guest, told me he was all right, and added that he did not seem to have any fear of her whatever; and in fact, the bird did not at that time show any fear of people at all.

I kept him four or five days, and during that time he was taken out of the basket in my own or my wife's hands many times, to show people what a live woodcock looked like, a performance to which he showed but little dislike, like the gentleman he was.

I felt strongly tempted to try to keep him, and see how much familiarity he might acquire; but thinking it would be almost impossible to arrange for his accommodation through our long winter, and preserve the conditions sufficiently natural, so as to maintain his health and insure his living until spring, I concluded to set him free, as he was now well and very hearty—it seemed incredible that a bird of his size could consume the number of earthworms that he did, after getting in feeding trim. Taking my wife along to drive, I got into the buggy with the bird in my hands, and drove out of the city to our club grounds, on one side of which ran a small brook, both banks covered with a fringe of alders, making a good cover for woodcock, and frequented by them every season. At no time during the drive had the bird shown any desire to escape, and when upon arrival at this spot I opened my hands, leaving him sitting on my palm, he failed to take advantage of the opportunity, but sat contentedly, glancing around with a knowing look, and apparently without any fear of myself or wife. Finally, the horse moving a step or two disturbed him, and he sprang out of my hand; but flying away only a rod or two, whirled around and coming back dropped upon the ground two yards from the buggy, and with no notion of being allowed to capture him again, walked slowly toward him, expecting, of course, to see him arise and fly away. On the contrary he ran only two or three feet, stopping under a sweet-fern bush, and there he stayed until I picked him up in my hands once more. He sat in my open hand unconcernedly for a while, until I began blowing upon him and ruffing his feathers, when he left my hand and flew out over the bushes, but turning after going a short gunshot away, and coming back to the edge of the bushes, dropped to the ground again not more than thirty feet from us. Remarking to my wife that I believed I could catch him again, I went down to the spot where he dropped, and after a little looking, found him sitting snuggled up to a clump of alder shoots in true woodcock fashion. When I stooped and picked him up, he never moved other than to cower close down to the ground, and suffered me to again take him in my hands, to all appearances as willingly as a pet kitten.

Returning to the carriage, I gave him a smart fling out over the bushes, and then he finally flew away out of shotgun range before dropping down. I fully believe that he had lost all fear of me, as he flew all right, and I also believe that if it had been early spring instead of late summer, I would have had him about the premises where I live, as familiar as a pet chicken. I have since wished I had made the attempt to tame him so as to let him remain in the stable cellar, and see if the migratory instinct would not have impelled him to leave for his winter home at the proper time, and he ought have come back in the following spring, provided he escaped death from the countless enemies his tribe encounter.

NOR'EAST.

AUBURN, Maine.

TEXAS BUFFALO.—A late number of the Tacosa *Pioneer* relates: "Lee Howard, an old-time puncher of this country, came in the first of the week with a load of buffalo meat which he promptly disposed of. He found this game near the head of the Beaver, upward of 100 miles north of here, and he killed thirty of the noble fellows. He disposed of the hides at $10 apiece. Howard has made himself a stake capturing buffalo calves. HARTLAND, Tex., Nov. 23.—Hunters from the Panhandle arrived here with the carcases of eight buffalo, the residue of a 'kill' of twenty-three, after having supplied the different towns south of here in Stevens and Grant counties. The game was readily sold to local butchers, and the hunters will return for another supply. These men, who seem to be reliable, say that it is all a mistake that the buffalo are all killed off in the southwest, and they claim that vast herds still roam the prairies of the Panhandle and great staked plains. They also report a plentitude of other game, especially deer and turkey, among the breaks and the streams where timber or brush grow, and antelope unlimited. Jack rabbits are quite plentiful, also water fowl along the streams and in the lakes, and some prairie chickens are found; in fact they say—and attest it by bringing with them a supply—that game is still quite plentiful and in excellent condition. Quite a lot of buffalo meat was shipped east from this point to-night."

THE GARTER SNAKE DINES LEISURELY.—I was on my way home from a short shooting excursion with a companion, when we came upon a very large toad coming down the road as though very much frightened at something, and then we saw a garter snake coming after it. We kept perfectly still, and when the toad was in front of us the snake caught him by the hindlegs and began the slow process of swallowing. I think it must have taken at least twenty-five minutes for the snake to get the toad inside its stomach. We did not move until the snake began to crawl off; then I killed it, and as we could see that the toad was alive, we cut the snake open, and I took him out and held him in my hand. He gave a kick and was ready for flies. The last we saw of him he was making for the woods, to all appearances as happy as ever and not the least out by his strange adventure.—COWBOY.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—Two paradoxures (*Paradoxurus typus*), one jelerang squirrel (*Sciurus bicolor*), one moor monkey (*Semnopithecus maurus*), two blue bonnet parakeets (*Psephotus hæmatogaster*), one Cuvier's toucan (*Ramphastos cuvieri*), one Cole titmouse (*Parus ater*), one whistling swan (*Cygnus americana*), and two bullfinches (*Pyrhula rubicilla*). Received by presentation—One opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), one golden agouti (*Dasyprocta aguti*), one ground hog (*Arctomys monax*), one great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), two turtle doves (*Turtur risorius*), one short-eared owl (*Brachyotus palustris*), one meadow lark (*Sturnella magna*), one killdeer plover (*Ægialitis vocifera*), one turkey vulture (*Cathartes aura*), one rough-legged hawk (*Archibuteo lagopus*), one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), and one menopoma (*Menopoma allegheniensis*). Exchanged—One short-eared owl (*Brachyotus palustris*).

The defeat of the bill to require a license tax of $1 per annum to be paid by the owner of every dog in the State, is more significant than it is generally regarded. The member of the Legislature who introduced the bill asserted that the presence of these pet vermin costs the State of South Carolina $3,000,000 a year, and we have no doubt that a careful investigation of all the facts will substantiate his assertion. But for these worthless animals, at any rate, South Carolina could and probably would soon become one of the leading wool-producing States in the Union. The difference between what it is and what it might be, in this respect, measures a part only of the penalty paid for preferring dogs to more valuable property.

It is useless, it seems, to argue the question; but the laugh that is raised always when a "dog law" of any kind is proposed, is at the expense of the farmer, at least. They save one dollar a year on each cur they own, and lose hundreds of dollars on the sheep and wool they have not, and on the food and clothing they have to buy in consequence of their foolish policy. It is not surprising after all that the farmers should find it difficult to get along when by their votes in the Legislature—where they have a majority—they show that they think more of their curs than of their cows, of a hound than of a hog, of a setter than of a sheep.

Every effort to effect a reform in the whole State on this subject has failed, and is likely to fail hereafter. It should be tried now in single counties, or even in a smaller field.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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SUCCESSFUL SYSTEM OF PROTECTION

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue you suggest that the New Jersey Fish and Game Protective Association ought to make a test case of the non-resident shooting law of this State. This suggestion indicates to me a probable misconception of the objects of our association or a limited knowledge of the geography of this State, certainly a mistake as to the association which tested the dog law. The Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association tested the dog law for the benefit of many of its members, and that association, existing in a county in northern New Jersey, has nothing to do with the non-resident shooting law enforced by an association in southern New Jersey, nearly a hundred miles from here. Of course we have under the laws of the State a right to collect fees from men who shoot here in our county, for the law provides that hunters or anglers shall abide by the rules of local associations formed under the State law, as ours is. Our association has never done anything of the kind, but has confined itself strictly to the objects for which it was started, the protection and propagation of game, game fish and song and insectivorous birds. It is true that we have stocked the woods with quail and the streams and other waters with fish, but sportsmen from New York or any other place are welcome to enjoy their sport in Passaic county as long as they do not violate the State laws. We have added no additional burdens or restrictions to those imposed by the legislature and nobody has ever suggested such a thing. Because we happen to live in a county abounding with forests and streams we do not wish to make money out of men who live in neighborhoods so bountifully blessed by nature. Some New York sportsmen recognizing our objects have become members of our association and pay the trifling dues provided for in our constitution, but nobody is required to do this, and in Passaic county all sportsmen, come they from far or near, stand on an equal footing.

While I am writing of protection, perhaps I might add a few words on this subject which may be of encouragement to others who would like to protect the game and fish in their vicinity but are prevented from doing so for various reasons. It is now nearly four years ago when I was in conversation with a prominent lawyer on the subject of protection. I suggested the formation of an association, but he laughed at me and said, "That would not work; I have tried it and so have others. Still, if you think of doing so, go ahead; I will do what I can to assist you, but I know it will be a failure." I did start the association by calling a meeting. About twenty responded, and shortly afterward the organization was perfected as prescribed by the laws of this State. We became a body corporate of which every member had the right to arrest violators of the law. Our membership increased until we number nearly a hundred. Of course, that is not nearly as strong as it ought to be, but it is strong enough to accomplish a great deal of good. I met with the proverbial lack of interest of sportsmen in protection, but that had no deterring influence. Meetings of the association were frequently held with very few present, but we confined ourselves strictly to the business for which we were organized. We indulged in no pigeon-shooting matches, for which a great many "protective" associations are formed, and we had no elegantly fitted up parlors. In fact, we pay no rent for our place of meeting. In all prosecutions for violations of the law one-half the fine goes to the county. We made the proposition to the Board of Freeholders to see the laws enforced, thus adding to the treasury of the county, and asked for the use of the Freeholders' room in the Court House to meet in. The request was gladly complied with, and the sums we have turned into the county treasury have certainly been a fair equivalent for the use of the room, fuel and light.

The odium of being an informer frequently deters men from enforcing the game laws, especially in cases where the Legislature provides that half of the penalty shall go to the informer. Prosecutions are apt to be interpreted into a desire to make money, and sportsmen rather than be open to charges of this kind will look on while the laws are being violated. This is avoided wh n an organization makes a complaint as an incorporated body. The constitution of our association provides that every member shall at once inform the secretary of any violations of the law he hears of. Such information is made in confidence and is not divulged. Generally there is other evidence besides that of the member to prove the offense. It has also been my experience that violators of the game laws are sneaks and men devoid of courage to face an accusation when they know themselves guilty. Nineteen out of every twenty plead guilty and are glad enough to get off with a fine.

Again, some people object to making a complaint even on the evidence of others. I do not propose to discuss the question whether it is ungentlemanly to turn informer as far as game laws are concerned or to make complaints; I have my own opinion on that subject. I also know that the State of New Jersey provides for the incorporation of fish and game protective associations and that it makes the officers and members of such associations officers of the State. I am bound by the by-laws of our association to make complaints upon being furnished with evidence and I have unhesitatingly done so in every case. It is true that I have made a few enemies, but the world is so full of good men who make good friends that I have no desire to step into the ranks of pot-hunters and violators of the laws to increase the number of my friends. I know I have made more friends than enemies by my action, so that as far as friendship is concerned my position has been advantageous to me.

It has been urged that the game laws are still being violated in Passaic county. No doubt this is true enough. We cannot catch all violators of the law any more than the police can catch all murderers and burglars. New York has a fine police force, but a man who declared that the laws were not violated in the metropolis would be a fit subject for Bloomingdale. I have no doubt that birds are snared in this county, that rabbits are trapped, that song birds are murdered and that game is shot out of season, but I also know that it is not done to the same extent it was some years ago. Then violations of the law were the order of the day, and game was openly sold out of season in the markets of Paterson. Game could be procured out of season almost as easily as in season. The first year of the existence of the association there were prosecutions every week until the open violation of the law was stopped. I have no doubt that ninety-five per cent. of the violations of he game laws have been stopped, and that is certainly a large gain.

Prosecutions generally pay for themselves, so that any protective association can devote almost the whole of the receipts of fees to stocking the woods and streams and to other purposes in the interest of the gunner and angler. I think that every State in the Union provides that portions of fines imposed for violations of the game laws shall go to the party making the complaint. Consequently there is no reason why the fees of protective associations should be large; our association charges only fifteen cents per month, and we get along very nicely on that.

Of course no association can stop altogether the violations of the laws, but this should not deter any one from engaging in the work of protection. A very considerable portion of it can be stopped by the very fact that it is known that punishment will follow the crime if detected. Take, for example, the men in Passaic county who are mean enough to kill song birds. I find that they are of two classes. The first shoots birds for the market, for millinery purposes. These fellows would rather work somewhere where they know they will not be molested, and consequently keep away from a county where they know they are apt to be discovered and punished. The other class consists of a number of foreigners, principally Italians, employed in dye works or on the railroads. These fellows shoot birds, no matter how small, for the purpose of eating them. Half a dozen were arrested; some of them left their guns as security, others went to jail. I do not suppose that one per cent. were arrested, but the business of killing song birds received a quietus.

There is no doubt that the methods adopted here could be successfully adopted everywhere, and with the increasing number of hunters and anglers protection is an absolute necessity. I have made this article longer than I intended, but I am interested in protecting game and fish, and would like to stimulate others to a similar purpose.

CHAS. A. SHRINER,
Sec'y Passaic Co. Fish and Game Protective Ass'n.

A BEAR HUNT IN THE HIMALAYAS.

OUR party consisted of S., his wife, and myself, and we had somewhere about forty servants and followers to carry our impedimenta, which consisted of five small tents, called Rowties or Pauls, besides all our baggage, cooking utensils, canned provisions, and food for a month's consumption. We started from Mussoovic on one of the last days of September, as the open season for game commenced on Oct. 1, besides the rainy season was not properly over before that time, and marching and camping in "the hills" is not pleasant in bad weather. After a week or ten days, during which we got some fairly good sport with deer, serow (mountain goats), pheasants, etc., we got into the bear country.

I may mention, by way of parenthesis, that our battery consisted of two double-barreled 12-gauge shotguns which carried ball, 13 to the pound, very well, my own being a particularly good gun in this respect, being very accurate up to 60 or 70yds. (it had a spare pair of full choke barrels to interchange with the cylinder ones when required), while as to rifles, S. carried a double-barrel .50-135-150 Express by Bland, my own being a single shot Winchester .45-125-300 Express. Shotguns are frequently used in this country for large game shooting at close quarters, they are handy to use on account of their lightness, and are not much behind even Express rifles in their effectiveness at short range; they are generally used as reserve weapons. Some people even use explosive spherical bullets with them (Meade's shells).

S. and I, of course, did all the marches on foot, the hills, when away from regular roads, being too difficult going for ponies, while Mrs. S. was generally carried by two men in a "dandy," a kind of litter much used by ladies in the hills in India. Our baggage, tents, etc., were all carried on coolies' backs, and we appeared quite like a small army when on the march. The coolies, being natives of the hills, where we pitched our camp, bivouacked in the open air, under trees, if possible, out of the cold wind, the thermometer was often under 30 at night, and slept in batches of ten or a dozen, feet inward, in circles round large camp-fires. Our marches were not long, generally seven to twelve miles, but the steepness of the hills, and the ruggedness of the paths, made them more fatiguing than double the distances on the level. Sometimes we came to places where our shikaris (hunting guides) had to help us, and we had to use both hands and feet to get along. We had adopted the foot gear worn by the Cashmeris, "chuplies" or sandals, with thick leather soles, and bars of leather screwed on to the soles, worn over soft leather socks, much the same as moccasins, covering our ordinary woolen socks, or we could not have got over some of the slippery and dangerous places at all. The hill men, with their naked feet, never make a mistake, and the way in which they went up and down, carrying heavy loads of from 80 to 100lbs. strapped to their backs, was simply marvelous.

The large number of coolies we had was an advantage to us; they acted as beaters when we wished to turn out a bear or any other beast, and being natives of the hill country we were marching through, they thoroughly knew the ground, and the habits and haunts of the game to be found there. They were a merry and cheerful set of men, and thought themselves very well paid at the rate of four annas (about eight or nine cents) a day, as they could live well, in their own way, at one-fourth of that amount.

I may mention that, early in October in the Himalayas, the black bear is generally to be found among the oak forests at elevations of from 7,000 to 9,000ft., as he lives on the acorns which are then ripe. Later on he descends into the valleys, which are generally from 3,000 to 5,000ft. above sea level, and commits great damage to the crops of "mundwa," a kind of grain, which is very generally cultivated there. He comes into the fields round the villages as soon as it is dark, and eats all night, his traces being very plain by the state of the mundwa, which is trampled down in all directions, and departs up the mountains or lies quiet in some thick jungle close to some water course in a shady nullah or ravine all day.

One day, while we were on the march, going up a forest-covered hill at an elevation of 9,000ft., our shikari suddenly stopped and said, "Look up at those trees, bears are about here." On looking we saw regular "machans" or nests, constructed by bears, on which they sit among the oak trees while eating acorns at night. These nests, built of broken branches and boughs, roughly resemble crow's nests, but of course on a large scale. He further on saw more signs of bears, foot-tracks, droppings and bushes trodden down in all directions near the top of the hill. He advised us to have our guns handy, and sent word back to the coolies, who were a mile or so behind, not to make a noise, while we proceeded as silently as possible and kept a sharp lookout.

On passing the top of the hill we made our way down a nullah or ravine, very thickly wooded, and through which a water-course ran among rocks and boulders—a beautiful spot—and while going along the shikari suddenly stopped and pointed with his finger. On looking down we saw a whole family of bears, two large ones and three or four small ones, playing about among the trees and climbing up them, about 200ft. below us and about 150yds. off. We silently took up as good positions as the difficult nature of the ground would allow on the opposite side of the nullah, the shikari, with S.'s shotgun, getting the nearest place, about 80yds. from the bears; but the movements of the animals and their dark color mingling with the dark shadows of the thick undergrowth and trees, in which only an occasional glimpse of them could be got, made them anything but easy marks. We all opened fire about the same time, S. firing four shots, the shikari one, and myself three. Nearly every shot told, the bear being like a self-registering target, his own marker. The succession of howls, grunts, growls and barks which followed each shot made it pretty evident that most of the shots were hits. As we saw the bears disappear, we ceased firing and waited for the camp to come up. Mrs. S., who had arrived at the top of the hill just as the firing began, saw the whole affair, and naturally was in rather a fright lest any of the bears might escape up the nullah in her direction; but as that would have brought them well into our view and under our fire, there would have been little danger. They went away straight down the nullah, which was very thickly wooded and completely hid them from our view.

On the coolies coming up we hurriedly had our midday meal or tiffin and pitched our camp in the forest just above where the bears had been and then we collected all the coolies for a beat to drive out any wounded bears that might have remained. The coolies formed a line, 3 or 4yds. between each man, at the top of the nullah, while we posted ourselves about 20ft. above the water course at its foot to command the road the bears would be most likely to take. At the signal, a shrill whistle, from the shikari the beat began, the coolies slowly coming down the hill with most unearthly howls and beating the trees and bushes with axes and long sticks. While they were coming down a wounded bear went up hill and broke through them, luckily not touching one of them, as a wounded bear fights desperately and it is almost certain death, or at least a maiming for life to be seized by one of them. On coming further down they found one large she bear stone dead. One of S.'s Express bullets hit her far back in the ribs and ranged into her heart. We were rather disappointed at only finding one dead bear considering the number of shots which had told, so we resolved to make a halt the next day and thoroughly beat the jungles in the neighborhood, as it was getting dark.

This we did and we got one more bear, evidently of the same family, about half a mile away from the camp. He had evidently got separated from his comrades and had come back to look for them. A lucky shot from a 12-bore shotgun at 30yds. hit him in the spine as he was climbing up hill and came out of the V mark in his breast, rolling him over stone dead down a ravine some 60ft. or so deep.

Some days afterward we were down in a valley, and the inhabitants of the village close to our camp said they were much troubled by bears, as their mundwa crops were all spoilt. They said the bea s were to be found in a dense patch of jungle lining the sides of a stream in a ravine close by. We sent our coolies up in charge of a l cal village shikari, who posted them while S. and I took up our positions. I being on the left of the stream about 50ft. above it and seated on a stump of a pine tree which gave me a fairly clear view of both the nullah and another one joining it, while S. and his shikari were posted on its right. We could not see each other on account of the thick jungle. Soon after the beat began, a large bear came trotting along the boulders at the bottom of the stream, and as soon as he was about 120yds. off I fired, but without effect, and the bushes immediately afterward hid him from my view as he continued his course toward S. S. fired and there was a howl, and this shot was followed by two or three others. In the meantime another bear broke opposite me to my left and ran down hill past me. I fired a shot at 40yds. with the Winchester .45 Express, and to my delight he rolled over stone dead, falling some 30 or 40ft. down into the ravine. The bullet entered the right side of the neck, and came out behind the left shoulder.

Soon after this I heard S.'s whistle, a signal for me to join him, but as I knew there was a wounded bear somewhere in the jungle between himself and me, I did not much care to do so. However, accompanied by the gun bearer, who carried the spare gun, I went down most cautiously, gun at full cock, crossed the stream and joined S., who told me he had wounded a very large bear the first shot, and though he had several snap shots since at the beast, he did not seem to be much the worse, and had retreated into some very thick undergrowth in which it was impossible to see him, or to get him out of, though he occasionally growled when a stone thrown in struck him. We then decided to get all the beaters together to throw showers of stones into the bush in which the bear was, the shikari to put himself on the opposite side of the nullah in case he broke out that way, while we guarded a couple of tracks leading into the bushes on our own

side. After about half an hour of continual stone throwing, during which the shikari fired five or six shots, one of the coolies said he saw the bear. He pointed into a bush, but we could see nothing except merely a dark shadow like hundreds of dark shadows in the bushes around, but the man persisted it was a bear.

S. then decided to fire a shot at the shadow (which was only about 10yds. off), whatever it was, and did so. We then waited some time and nothing moved, so we resolved to go up to the bush. On getting there we found a monster he-bear lying dead; the last shot of S.'s had hit him between the ears and brained him. He had four .50-caliber express bullets and three 12-bore balls in him, all except one round bullet which broke his wrist being good body shots, any one of which would have done for most ordinary bears. It took eighteen coolies to drag him out of the jungle into the rice field, where he, together with the smaller bear, was skinned. He must have weighed somewhere about 800lbs. One of S.'s first shots had evidently touched his spine and crippled him, or he would never have stuck to cover the way he did.

Before concluding this, I would like to say something on the sighting of sporting rifles. I found for snap shooting at large game in the jungles, which much resembles shooting at rabbits with a shotgun, that back sights are useless. They make one throw high, and after missing a couple of tolerably easy running shots going across me at bears at 40yds. or so, I tried what I could do without a



back sight at all. I removed mine from the Winchester single express, and for the high fore sight I substituted a pretty coarse bead, which I made myself out of a toothbrush handle. This bead, which showed white against the dark jungle, answered admirably for snap shooting at short range, though it would not perhaps do for fine long-range target work. I have since fitted a folding back sight to lie flat on the barrel when not wanted for use.

BENGAL SEPOY.

GAME AND GUN.

OUR shooting this season has not been up to the standard of other years, quite to my surprise. It may be, however, that it will improve after cooler weather arrives. It is not too hot during the day for comfortable hunting, although lately the nights have been quite cold, and as a result ducks are flying in larger number. Quail, I think, are still back on high mesas and foothills. Deer are being displayed in market, being brought in from the mountains by Mexicans and Indians. Deer shooting will not be real good until snow on the higher mountains drives them down to lower levels. I have two trips in contemplation for December. I think now that the one which I shall decide to take will be an excursion after ducks and sea bass off the coast of Mexico, starting from Guaymas. I hear very flattering reports of the sport to be had with rod and gun in that vicinity.

I have been much interested in articles from different contributors in relation to the best manner of loading a shotgun. After trying every conceivable charge of powder and shot and all kinds of wads and shells, I have adopted the following: My gun is a 10-gauge, 8lbs., full choke. For quail, doves and rabbits I use 5drs. powder with one ⅛in. felt wad with cardboard wad on each side of it over powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 shot with cardboard on top. Loading in this way I made the following target with right barrel: At 35yds. I put inside of a 24in. circle 457 pellets. With the left barrel I made the following penetration at same distance. Shooting at a block of paper the shot penetrated 72 sheets. The only change made in loading for ducks is to use ¼dr. more powder and ¼oz. less shot, thus getting best possible target and penetration.

My purpose in loading is to use a small amount of shot. In your correspondent "C. D. C.," of Northumberland, N. H., I recognize an old school-mate, and am pleased to see that he can tell "trout yarns" on paper as well as before camp-fire or village store stove in old New Hampshire. I hope that he and Mr. Wells will continue their investigations in regard to pulling strength of trout, until we can go into the woods with leaders so carefully tested that nevermore can we tell of the "biggest trout" of all getting away by breaking a leader.

G. N. K.

BIG GAME IN DAKOTA.

ELKHORN RANCH, Medora, Dakota, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the past season my bag has been two mountain sheep, four antelope and eight deer, all shot round the ranch, as I have made no regular hunting trip. One ram had very fine horns.

My old .45-75 being rather the worse for five years hard service, I have taken up the new Winchester model, the .45-90, the so-called model of 1886. It has proved most satisfactory; the first weapon for which I have ever been satisfied to exchange the old .45-75. It has a lower trajectory, a stronger breech action, is absolutely accurate for any range at which game can be killed with the least certainty, and is as handy and capable of standing rough work as the old gun. I use the regular cartridge, 90grs. of powder and a 300gr. solid ball, but I am inclined to think that for shooting bear at close quarters it would be better to take a Keene bullet, half as heavy again. With such a bullet it would be impossible to find a better weapon for dangerous game, and the effectiveness of the Keene principle I have tested with the old .45-75, having been attracted to it by the mention made of it by General Wingate, in his interesting "Horseback Tour through the Yellowstone."

It is worth while carrying a few such bullets for occasions when hunting dangerous game in thick brush, and the new 1886 model Winchester seems to me the most satisfactory rifle I have ever yet come across for the wilder kinds of hunting in the United States. With the possible exception of the nearly extinct buffalo there is no game for which I would not recommend it, and personally I should use it for buffalo, too.

Bear and cougar seem to be getting more plentiful than ever round the ranch, but without properly trained dogs it is nearly impossible to get them out of the dense thickets and heavy timbered bottoms.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FOUR DAYS ON GRAND RIVER.

TWO amateur sportsmen, of Buffalo, N. Y., after mature deliberation as to where to invest in a four days' vacation, decided upon going to Dunnville, Ont., forty miles from Buffalo on the Grand River, and five miles from Lake Erie.

We took the afternoon Grand Trunk train, crossed the International Bridge, and were halted by the Canadian customs officials on the other side, where we were made to deposit 20 per cent. of the value of our guns, as security for our bringing them back to this side, and had to pay 30 per cent. duty on our ammunition. Arriving at Dunnville in the evening, we were piloted to the Queen's Hotel, where we made headquarters during our stay. The house is situated on the bank of the river opposite the dam, and host Root took excellent care of ourselves and belongings, all for a dollar a day. The precautions we had taken to exchange all our money for Canadian currency, we found were unnecessary, although further back in the country we were told a discount was exacted on American paper money, but not on gold.

There are a number of boatmen within a short distance of the hotel, who make it a business to take parties out hunting or fishing. They furnish the boats; carry their own guns, tackle and decoys; shoot after you do, giving you all they kill or catch; and charge $2 per day. After a couple of days of experience under their guidance a person economically disposed can hire a boat for fifty cents, do his own work and save the difference in expense, but it is hardly to be presumed that his bag will be as heavy as with a guide to assist him.

The morning after our arrival found us embarked, I with Marcene Green and my partner with Marcene's son Gorley, each in a little flat-bottomed hunting boat bedded with hay and precious little room to spare. Marsh land extends from quarter to half a mile back from the river on both sides, and the mud is so yielding that walking through it is impossible, while it is entirely overflowed every spring. A boat is therefore a necessity. Four sluggish creeks force their way through the rushes and wild rice, and empty their drainage into the Grand River between Dunnville and the lake. While one boat explored Sulphur Creek, the other investigated Cranberry Creek further down. Turning a bend in the former with cautious punting paddle, we spy through the tall grass a half dozen bluebills beyond range. This creek empties into the river through a sort of delta, which enabled the boat to go back, leaving the writer crouched in the reeds and mud on shore, while Marcene pulled around up through one of the other outlets and started the flock up in our direction. On they came as straight as fate, and twice as fast, until within range, when we let slip a charge of No. 6 propelled by 5drs. of ducking powder, and as one bird dropped and the rest swerved to the right, we attempted to step forward for another shot, but alas, the spirit was willing but the flesh was no match for that mud. While in ambush we had gradually settled into it, and the first attempt was a flounder. We pulled the second barrel and our first boot off together, the former several yards behind the flock. A struggle, a splash, a volley of impatient expletives, a laughing boatman and a woebegone, bedraggled amateur, whose feelings were a curious mixture of pride in having drawn first blood, and of exasperation at what it had cost.

After thoroughly scraping off the mud with the paddle we picked up our bird and went on out into the river and down stream. All along the banks were fresh muskrat houses, and we shot one of the rodents before we reached the half-way tree, so called because it is half way between Dunnville and Port Maitland, at the mouth of the river. We also stopped to look at several deadfalls or letter D traps which Marcene had set at various points along the river banks, and in one we found a mink and in another a muskrat. He told us the best bait for mink was a skinned muskrat, and for muskrat carrots or parsnips; and he ought to know, as he has earned his living from the river for forty-seven years, boy and man.

Well, we overtook the other boat coming out of Cranberry Creek, and they had two butterballs, which my partner had secured after a long and tedious detour back from the bank of the creek, through the weeds and grass on hands and knees. He killed one with the first barrel, and wounded another with the second, and as it started for the reeds on the opposite bank of the creek he fired three more shots at it, but the bird would have got far enough to hide in the marsh had not his boatman came punting along up and caught and wrung its neck, and even after this, as they were starting down the creek, this stubborn duck got up and walked around the boat. We could only say to our partner that we trusted the fowl would not prove so tough after death as before it, but from our friend's looks since our return we are led to believe that he made a mistake and tried to eat that duck instead of giving it to the poor, as we advised.

Half a mile before reaching the lake we selected a hard spot on the bank, and after setting out our decoys, made a hide of the tall grass, and lay in wait for incomers from the lake. First four butterballs dropped in as noiselessly as so many spirits; they departed too short, and left us wondering that we failed to drop them all. Scarcely had we gathered them in and resumed our vigil when seven hooded or crested mergansers decoyed beautifully. To our utter chagrin we killed but one—which was a beautiful drake, and which we have had stuffed and mounted—and wounded another, to which we gave chase and lost it, losing several fine chances at other flocks in the meantime. He was afterward captured by our partner after standing a regular skirmish fire, and nearly escaping after all. We have fully made up our minds that No. 6 chilled shot may kill mallards, as the writer has demonstrated on the Illinois River time and again, but it won't do for these little ducks after they have got their winter underclothing on.

Pulling up stakes—or rather decoys—we rowed down to Port Maitland, ate up everything there was at the hotel, and chased the cook for more; inspected the harbor, the lighthouse, the enormous hills of pure sand; saw a recently captured raccoon keep four men at bay in one end of a flatboat, and finally jump overboard and escape; watched the fishing up of a cargo of wheat from the bottom of the harbor, where it had been thrown to save a sinking schooner; and finally, after another turn behind the decoys, started back for Dunnville, arriving there an hour after dark with tired bodies, consuming appetites and a dozen ducks.

The next day was Sunday, and we improved the time by making friends, among them Major Smith, a prominent business man of Dunnville, and a thorough-going disciple of the rod and gun. His model hunting boat and flock of decoys were placed at our disposal, and a trip was arranged to be made into the country behind his trotter to a place where the partridges were warranted to stand on a log and "sass" a man if he didn't shoot at them, but a miserable warm, misty rain set in Sunday night, and continued with but one intermission until our limited tickets of leave had expired. Meanwhile the ducks sat out in the lake and laughed at us, refusing to come in until such time as a strong northeaster and a snowstorm drove them to it.

We looked out upon a sullen, sodden landscape on the last day of our stay, but finally decided to try it once by ourselves in the Major's boat, just for luck. It may be appropriate to state here that while my partner weighs in the neighborhood of a keg of nails, I weigh about twice that, which accounted for my always playing the galley slave and being chained to the oar when we two navigate together. On the first day out my partner had discovered an inaccessible pond in an unapproachable marsh, where an unassailable flock of eighteen teal had fixed their impregnable headquarters. Nothing would do but we must make an attempt to surprise them, so we rowed up Broad Creek until the oars struck the shore on either side, then punted with the long paddle and an oar till we grounded in the mud, then the light-weight partner waded some ten rods and dragged the boat, while I poled. Then dry ground appeared and we gave up and turned about. After reaching moisture again the evil one possessed the partner to fire his gun in the general direction of the teal pond, to see if he could "scare them up." Sure enough, up they rose in grand style, circled around a couple of times, then came directly toward our boat, pretty well up and eighteen strong. We crouched and glowered in the bottom of the boat, but they piped us off, and as they approached divided into two sections and split to the right and left. Then it was that the writer rose to his knees, sighted the drum major of the flock to the right, pulled the trigger, and found himself past redemption over the side of the boat, which was half full of water, deep in the mud, and no means of knowing what portion of his anatomy went overboart first. His light-waisted partner whose shot he had spoiled utterly refused to come to his relief, and here we will leave him to struggle out or strangle, as best suits the fancy of the many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

H. A. P.

MANAHAWKEN DUCKING RESORT.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1887.—Most sportsmen have their favorite haunts. In years past I used to visit every fall such places as Maxon's and Sammy Perrine's on Barnegat Bay. I was younger then and enjoyed them much. But it has been reserved to a recent visit in which to find the gem of all gunning houses—and withal a perfect sanitarium—and at the same time to have a sort of Robinson Crusoe experience.

A friend, one of the chief officers of the New York Central Railroad Company, asked me to join him on Friday last on a short excursion to Humphrey Martin's fishing and gunning house on Barnegat Bay. With his permission I added two friends to the party. The season was late and we were to return on the Monday morning following. You may judge of our surprise when, after leaving the city in the afternoon, we found ourselves in the early evening on a rail track crossing Barnegat Bay at right angles to the main and about ten miles to the south of Barnegat Light. There are several islands in this part of the bay, and the railroad, which is a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad, runs partly on trestlework and partly on the islands. Humphrey Martin owns one of these islands, called Bonnet Island, and on this island on the south side of the track he has built a small gunning house, constructed externally as a house, but internally as a first-class yacht. The house is 20ft. in front and 41ft. in depth and about 10ft. in height. The main room in front is 20x17, with four bunks on each side, making eight in all, with a wash room on one side and a roomy closet on the other. This constitutes the cabin. The room next adjoining is the dining room or mess room, and is 12.6x20, and in the rear of this is the kitchen or galley, and also the men's room or forecastle. The whole is surrounded by a piazza 8ft. in width. A platform 30ft. in length runs to the railroad track, on which you step as you leave the cars. In the partition between the cabin and the mess room is a door, through which you pass from one room to the other, and also an aperture in which stands a stove, one-half in the cabin and the other half in the mess room. The cabin is well furnished with carpet, chairs, center table and a chandelier, while the bunks are provided with mattresses, pillows, sheets and blankets.

The neatness and novelty of the place at once arrested our attention and struck us with surprise. Then we were in the middle of the bay with a commanding view of the waters and the best gunning points within a few minutes' row of the house. And then the table! I will not describe it. Diamond-back terrapin, oysters, fish and game, with vegetables, fine bread and butter and the purest of all waters (filtered rain water) will give you a foretaste of what Martin's noted steward, Clarence Russell, will provide for you.

If you seek pleasure and are fond of gunning and fishing, go there. If you are in pursuit of health you will find it the best sanitarium you ever visited. The air is delicious—no malaria—everything is purity itself. On Sunday we saw hundreds of geese and ducks pass over the house. The place and all its surroundings will charm you. You do not have to wait for wind or tide, for the iron horse takes you to the very spot.

Each bunk is 4ft. 2in.x6ft. 4in. The accommodations for eight are first-class, though double that number can be accommodated by sleeping two in a bunk.

Martin's address is Humphrey Martin, Manahawken, N. J. Write him a week before you start and see if he can provide for you. Martin himself is a superior man. He has gunned for my friend of the New York Central for fifteen years. His house is open to gentlemen only.

To reach his place leave New York from foot of Liberty street via Central of New Jersey for Barnegat, then change to the Tuckerton R. R. for Manahawken and then to the Pennsylvania R. R. for Humphrey Martin's in the middle of the bay.

E. H. N.

GAME TRANSPORTATION LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the Dec. 1 number of FOREST AND STREAM, copy of a circular issued by the United States and American Express to their agents, cautioning them against receiving game for shipment contrary to law, including five Western States and one Territory. The circular undoubtedly might have included this and the New England States as well. I do not wish to be understood as condemning all game laws, but I am not alone in thinking that the crude laws we are now trying to accustom ourselves to work out very unfair results to many of our true sportsmen. For instance, the laws of this State give the hunter a right to kill three deer during open season, but deny him the privilege of shipping more than one carcass home. How the leaving of two carcasses in the woods could preserve the stock of game is a query solved by imagination only. The pretense made to gain such a point was, I believe, that the cutting of the market hunter down to the shipment of one carcass was necessary lest he follow up and dispose of this ill-gotten game to his confederate marketmen for the profits attending such a haul. But when we consider the expense of fitting out and getting located in the woods in camp, hunting up and bagging three deer and getting them out to a point for shipment, buying a ticket and personally accompanying them by rail several hundred miles to market in order to comply with the law, does any rational man still claim profits in the transaction? or claim that such a clause of the law was necessary to insure game protection? Not one man in ten, and probably not one in twenty could go through all this and (so far as dollars and cents were concerned) come out even. Thus the laws of this State, whether so intended or not, as those of many other States of the Union, provide complete prohibition of the shipment of game out of the State when killed. The game laws of Maine are spoken of by many as worth copying by other States on account of their liberality. Yes, but when a non-resident sportsman goes there to hunt, he can leave his money without any objections being made, and if he kills any game he can leave that too, say the officials. This is considered necessary for the protection and increase of game within the State. The Canadian authorities, trying also to be very liberal, have enacted that those not domiciled in the Dominion can, by procuring of the Department of Crown Lands a permit, at a cost of $20, kill game, as allowed by law, in open season. But if all or any part of such game is billed or attempted to be taken out of the Dominion, it immediatedly becomes liable to confiscation. I have no knowledge of the amount of revenue thus obtained, but doubt if the Government vaults will need enlarging for some years hence to stow away coin thus collected, nor do I think that Maine or any other State with game laws similar will profit very much financially by such enactments.

Most of the sportsmen that I am acquainted with, and especially those having a family, go to the woods not for the sole pleasure of taking an outing or of throwing off business cares for a few days or weeks, nor do they go for the mere pleasure of bagging each two or three deer and surfeiting from juicy steaks while in camp, but they go, or rather wish to go late enough in the season so that what game falls to their gun may be kept and a goodly portion of it shipped home, frozen, wrapped and hung away to cut from in serving family and friends during the holidays and some weeks thereafter. The three deer now allowed by law in this State to be killed by each hunter in open season, are amply sufficient to fill the bill of fare as above set forth, and still work no extra depletion of game, or hindrance in the enforcing of the provisions. If a man is going to kill three deer, as the law allows him to do, it certainly can not deplete the total number of game in a less degree, by capturing it in the month of November than though he bagged it in the month of September. Neither can it be argued with any fairness that two of the three deer killed (either to stamp out the market hunter or to enforce any other provision) should be left in the woods, given away or sold to parties residing in the wilderness. It does have the effect, however, of keeping from the woods many sportsmen, especially those living at a distance. If this is what the law intended, then it is so far a success. If it intended to give all parties a fair show of participating in the chase, those living at a distance as well as those near by, then it is a miserable failure and ought to be amended the present winter. CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, N. Y.

INDIANS AND THE GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The rapid extermination of the noble game in the far West is a loss as serious to the legitimate hunter and trapper as to the ardent amateur sportsman. The first must be kept constantly moving his winter camp into regions less known, more inaccessible, while the other finds a month, or for that matter a whole summer, too short a time to gather the trophies which he covets. Already the buffalo is gone, and the elk, antelope and white-tailed deer are rapidly following in the same course. The mule deer, commonly called the "black-tail," is the only member of its family that can be said to hold its ground. Even the trout streams that four or five years ago teemed with beauteous forms, are now more empty than brooklets near a Catskill Mountain hotel.

This state of affairs calls for a better enforcement of existing laws rather than for fresh legislation on the subject. Perhaps the class most responsible for the wanton and deliberate destruction and extermination of game is protected, by color and by popular eastern sentiment, in practices which would land a white man in jail, or visit him with a heavy fine. The Indian is not solely responsible for the sportsman's loss, but he is culpable to a greater extent than any one else.

My first experience with violators of the law was at the headwaters of the American River in California. In the summer of 1883 a camping party from the mining camp of Michigan Bluff determined to take some fish home for winter's consumption. Hook and line were abandoned for giant powder and eight thousand trout were salted down in a single afternoon. The stream has not yet recovered its prestige and in all probability can never again furnish a good day's sport for the passing tourist. In streams tributary to the Columbia a favorite method of securing large bags of trout is by diverting four or five miles of a stream and allowing the waters to flow broadcast over the land until lost by seepage and evaporation. The time chosen is just after spawning is completed. Large fish are easily picked up while floundering in the mud and small fry are left to perish. Too often the brooks are not turned back and have to form a new channel. This method of fishing is the one commonly employed by Shoshones, Utes and Bannocks.

Along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada the diggers kill a great number of mule deer for their hides, but the Bannocks and Arrapahoes are the most ruthless game destroyers of the West. They work upon the belief that it is better to obtain a high price for a single hide than to sell a quantity at a low figure. Even now an occasional buffalo robe is brought in, for which they ask $25 or $30. Ten years ago an Arrapahoe was well satisfied with $5 for a first-rate buffalo. These Indians do not pretend to observe the law requiring them to remain on their respective reservations. For the last two seasons the Bannocks who should be found only in the southeastern portion of Idaho, have hunted the Bruneau and Salmon River country and gone into both Oregon and Nevada. The result is a total destruction of game in the country south of Shoshone Falls. The Arrapahoe bucks of Wyoming are slaughtering thousands of elk and antelope for their hides, while their carcasses are left to taint the air. Settlers, too, have no idea that game should be preserved. A few mornings ago I saw a rancher shoot five antelope from his front door. Two hindquarters were taken for his own use and the remainder of the flesh was filled with strychnine for the purpose of poisoning coyotes.

The elk is to-day almost extinct in the great Sweetwater region of Wyoming, and is being rapidly driven from the land of the Colorado Utes. I know of but one large band between the Union Pacific and the Yellowstone, where five years ago there were probably thirty immense herds. In spite of the law, hides are being constantly shipped out of the Territory, though buyers and shippers use a certain degree of caution in carrying on their traffic. The Rocky Mountain sheep, partly through his own habits and partly because there is no demand for his hide, is still reserved for the hunter. He is found from the Coeur d'Alene to the southern part of Colorado. For Eastern sportsmen he is most accessible in the western and northern mountains of the Sweetwater region. The bighorn is found in abundance in the Bruneau range, but I believe its central location and favorite breeding ground is between the Teton and Shoshone ranges, immediately south of the National Park.

Now, it is evident that white men who violate the laws can be made to suffer, but what remedy have we against the Indian? He does not need the game, for the Government feeds and clothes him. His money will go for whisky if it can be procured. He slays as a murderer rather than as a hunter. It is high time that Lo had an effectual quietus put upon him, or our sporting will be confined to coyotes and badgers. SHOSHONE.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Dec. 1.

RABBIT HUNTING WITH UNCLE NED.

FOR eighty years, as boy and man, had Uncle Ned been with the family on the sugar plantation. His locks were now grizzled and scanty, and his back was much bent, but otherwise the old man was still so hale and vigorous that he had thought proper, some months previous, to take unto himself a new wife. Now, Uncle Ned, in contracting this union, had entirely ignored both magistrate and clergyman, arguing that money was too scarce to waste it upon these useless officials; but he had lately been so persecuted by the younger generation that he had finally given his reluctant consent to have his marriage blessed by the minister, provided, however, that Mr. Gray, the colored preacher, should be content with a fee of $2. On this point he stood firm, and won. The solemnity was arranged to take place on the evening of the coming Saturday.

Of course Uncle Ned had to provide a feast befitting the occasion, and being a great hunter he determined upon making the rabbits furnish the principal part of the supper. As usual he was out of ammunition, and had to come to me on a borrowing expedition, inviting me at the same time to come and see what a fool those young niggers could make of an old man. By this I could see that he was not yet reconciled to the reckless expenditure of that $2. The old fellow was furnished with powder and shot, but I made him promise to take me along with him, for I had long been curious to ascertain by what means he invariably returned with one or more rabbits from his hunts. My gun had been sent to the city for needed repairs, and I was somewhat in a dilemma for a weapon, when I remembered an antiquated pair of dueling pistols snugly perched on the top shelf of the bookcase, where they had lain for years undisturbed, and it occurred to me that, with their long 12in. barrels and big bore, they would be just the things to turn loose at the bunnies. They were brought down from the shelf, and one of them was given such a cleaning and burnishing that it really would have looked quite a handsome little gun had the stock only been somewhat longer and less crooked.

Saturday came and I proceeded to hunt up Uncle Ned, whom I could hear in the distant quarters having a lively time with a refractory number of his pack. We had some trouble in locating the said pack, for it was widely scattered, each individual trying to beg or steal something to eat, which I did not wonder at when we finally collected the four of them. Such thin dogs I have never seen since. Uncle Ned had theories of his own upon the feeding of dogs; one was that rabbit hounds should not be fed for three days previous to being brought out in the field, as they were then much more anxious to catch the rabbits, knowing that their dinner depended upon their skill. He had certainly acted on this theory of late, for a more woebegone looking set of curs could not be found anywhere, and yet, when they saw the old man get out his ancient musket, it was astonishing to see how lively they became, frisking around and barking with great energy.

Uncle Ned led the way to an abandoned old field, for years uncultivated and thickly grown over with blackberry bushes, in isolated clumps and again in large patches covering nearly a half acre. Under these the rabbits lurked by hundreds, according to the say so of the old man, who now began showing signs of excitement, and soon exhibited to my wondering eyes his new and original method of hunting. On arriving before a likely-looking bush the old fellow began beating it with all his might, in a very dangerous manner, with his musket barrel, dancing about in a very extraordinary way, yelling to the top of a screechy old voice, and finally winding up the performance by seizing upon the nearest dog and tossing him as far as he could into the prickly mass, where his yelps and struggles to get away from that sticky neighboorhood caused the remainder of the pack to believe a rabbit in sight, and in they dashed, regardless of everything except to be on hand when the game was caught. This is what Uncle Ned called "warming up the dogs." The whole affair was so ludicrous that I was laughing with all my might, and did not notice a large cotton-tail that was sneaking away from my end of the bush. He was fortunately seen just in time by little Washington, a diminutive black and tan puppy, whose lately docked tail caused him to back out in a hurry from the briers, and who now very neatly turned the rabbit back to Uncle Ned. He laid him out with a well-directed shot, much to his gratification, for he had scored one before the boss, of whose armament, I could see, he held but a poor opinion.

The same performance was gone through again a little further on, but it resulted this time in a blank. As we were proceeding, however, along the banks of a dry ditch, heavily fringed with tall grass, the dogs roused out no less than three rabbits, one of which the big pistol knocked over finely, while Uncle Ned scored a humiliating miss. Of course it was out of the question for our famous packs to follow the scent any distance, so they quickly came back. Some acres were gone over without finding game, when the dogs gave tongue again in a damp piece of ground, thickly covered with wild indigo plants; and a big swamp rabbit came bounding out, passing so close to me that I actually blew off his head, thus scoring two for the pistol to one for the musket, whose owner began to look serious. We hunted in this manner with ultimate success and misses, varied at one time by a grand exhibition of agility on the part of Ned, when the dogs had caught and were eating a fine rabbit, which the old man tried in vain to get away from them, but every time he was stooping to catch what remained of the rabbit the dogs would seize it and run off, until they had bolted down skin and bones.

There was never the pleasant music of fine hounds to enliven the hunt, but it must be confessed that for meat-getting qualities Uncle Ned's pack was of service to him, and to me the sport was not so contemptible either, for the noise and excitement was great at times, and of real fun those little dogs and their curious old master furnished a plenty. Uncle Ned's joy was great when we counted out nine fine rabbits as the result of the hunt, of which he had the further satisfaction of claiming five as his own, but I was content with the performance of my little gun.

Those nine big rabbits were the foundation of the big feast which Uncle Ned gave that evening, upon which occasion the veteran of eighty winters actually danced the breakdown with the blushing bride of seventy springs. CARLOS.

DORSEYVILLE, La.

HIS FIRST POSSUM.—Golden City, Mo., Nov. 17.—"One morning about twelve years ago," said the old settler, John started up the creek to my place after a load of wood. He had never seen a possum, and knew nothing about their habits. He said to me after he reached the house, 'I was driving along through the timber when my dog treed something close to the wagon. I jumped out and went up to the dog, and there up a bush was the blamedest critter I ever saw. It looked like a rat, had a tail like a rat, but was too big for a rat. It sat upon a limb and grinned at me, and when I shook the bush it fell out and killed itself so dead it never kicked.' "—OZARK.

WOLVES IN MAINE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some two or three years ago I reported finding a pack of wolves on my hunting grounds, Townships 7 and 8, Range 3, Adirondacks. The report was doubtingly received by many. I now have to record that lumber operators on said grounds state they have repeatedly seen tracks and heard howlings of wolves; and yesterday I met a party of hunters who recently heard the pack and saw their tracks where they were chasing a deer. All my informants are reliable men.—WARFIELD (Aroostook County, Me., Dec. 7.)

A NEW WISCONSIN PRESERVE.—Milwaukee.—A number of prominent gentlemen and sportsmen of Wisconsin are discussing the project of purchasing 10,000 acres in the central part of the State, to be well inclosed and converted into a gigantic preserve, where deer, ruffed grouse, prairie hens, and all other varieties of Wisconsin game shall be cherished and protected forever. This is a step in the right direction, which should be emulated by the genuine sportsman of every State in the Union, as it is the only effectual means of saving noble game animals and birds from utter extinction.—W. T. E.

WEST VIRGINIA.—I have just returned from a very successful hunting trip in West Virginia. Had a grand time. Brought down and into camp one fine black bear, two bucks, one a three-snag and the other a four; also several nice turkeys. If time would permit could tell your readers of a few very plain but successful days' tramp.—G. A. S.

GOSHEN, N. Y.—Game is very scarce around this vicinity, scarcely a quail to be seen. Rabbits few and far between. A few ducks are in the Otter Kill, in Purgatory Swamp, but are very hard to get at. Fox hunting will soon be all the go.—A. V.

This is a series of faithful pictures of life in a corner of Yankee land. The author, Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, has not taken his ideas of Vermont rusticity at second hand. Uncle Lisha and his cronies are sketched from nature. The dialect in which they speak might have been taken down by a phonograph, so accurately are its eccentricities given back through the eye to the ear in these pages. Lowell, in the "Biglow Papers," has not hit it off more truly. The local color is as strictly interpreted as the speech. The whole work is a triumph of literary realism which is very welcome now, as it fixes images that are fast vanishing in the blaze of universal education. The stories of courting, of turkey shoots, of fox and coon and deer hunts, and of maple sugar-making are delightfully told.—*New York Journal of Commerce, Dec. 9.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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IN the palmiest of my wildfowling days I used frequently to visit a dairy ranch on the Columbia River owned by a worthy son of the soil named Parke, in whose humble abode was enjoyed the heartiest (if simplest) of hospitality; and from the shadow of whose doorway even have I often commenced my day's kill in the shape of perhaps a couple of ducks, or an occasional goose, maybe, picked from a band passing out, low down, toward the river, on some one of the many foggy mornings known to Oregon's lowlands.

While standing at the window one morning, oiling my gun, I was surprised somewhat at hearing the ordinarily phlegmatic Parke crossing the yard at a gait almost a hop, step and jump, and depositing his milk-pails emphatically at the doorway, stride across the apartment and reach down his seldom empty, if somewhat ancient, gun.

"What is it, Parke?" I inquired, as he, breathing like a grampus and with every respiration redolent of the cow-stall, cocked and decapped the right barrel of his treacherous old piece, vigorously striking it with his thumbless hand (that same gun's handiwork) to fetch up the priming.

"Oh, some old mallards out there on the slough trying to coax off the wife's ducks; I'll give 'em something to carry, if they haven't gone when I get out there."

"Here, Parke, take mine," said I, inserting a couple of No. threes into as beautiful a Scott premier-triplex as ever felled a fowl.

"No, s-i-r, I'll stick to the old gal, I know her; them new-faugled breechloaders I aint got no use for, shoot too much in one place."

"All right, said I, unloading, "I like to see a man faithful, even to his gun."

Having recapped and satisfied himself as to the priming of his old fusee, he crossed the yard again, I following to see the fun; and there, sure enough, through one of the openings in back of cowshed for the exit of manure, could be seen three wild mallards, just stepping out of the water on the opposite bank of the slough; while a short distance from them, and all huddled together on the sloping bank —as though excitedly discussing some highly improper overtures from their wilder relations—stood a dozen or more of Mistress Parke's own particular fowl.

To drop on one knee and draw a bead (evidently upon some object across the slough) was but the work of an instant; but the duration of aim and contortion of feature, at least to an onlooker, were something absolutely painful. At last he "turned her loose," and such a quacking, fluttering and streaking into the slough never was heard before from such a small body of fowl, since ducking days began. With an eye to contingencies, I was outside, not waiting to ascertain the result of Parke's shot, and just in time to see three ducks swing into the straight from their semicircle off the slough, and steer exultingly toward the river. The leading bird swerved at the movement of raising my gun to shoot, causing a momentary lap with the duck next following, that, instantly availed of, wrought the simultaneous downfall of the two greenheads, and in spite of the sombre hues and apologetic gasps of the third duck, she, at the touch of the second, threw back her poor bewildered head, folded her wings, and came down as rapidly as only a stone-dead duck knows how.

Mystified somewhat, I ran back to the shed and found Parke, still on his knee, gazing wistfully at four ducks, lying on their backs on the feather-strewn water, convulsively treading vacancy with their poor feet.

With a look the sheepiest Parke ejaculated, "I'll tell you just how 'twas, J. I gave 'em the wrong barrel; I forgot that doggorned right o' mine carried a trifle high, and a little to the right with a wire ketridge. But lovely land, man, don't let the wife know, if she misses 'em I'll swar it were the coons."

Gathering the three wild birds I presented them to Mrs. P. with the assurance that she would lose no more of her ducks through their wiles; while Parke, hugging the lee corner of the house, loaded up again his doubtful right, and restoring his trusty piece to its place over the mantel went off to dispose clandestinely of the slaughtered innocents. J. G. B.

ALAMEDA, California.

Sea and River Fishing.

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HIS FIRST TROUTING.

IN the year 1886 my friend H., who lives in Vermont, invited me to come there and make him a visit in fishing time, saying July would be a good time to come, and on July 6 I started. My route was to Detroit and thence by port Huron to Kingston by rail; at this point I took passage on one of the Canadian steamers down the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal. The sail down the river was grand to one that had never rode the swift currents and boiling waters that spun us along over the different rapids. At some times it seemed the boat would turn over or be dashed to atoms on the hidden rocks in some of these rapids. We stopped at a small Indian town to take on board the Indian pilot Baptiste who was chief pilot in passing down the Lachine Rapids, it taking four strong men to handle the pilot wheel to run the dangerous rapids. At one place the boat drops 12ft. and a person would think by the jar he feels that the boat had struck the rocks on the bottom of the river, but the captain informed us it was only the boat striking heavily on the water. We arrived at Montreal at dusk, and after supper went to bed.

Again taking the train, I was soon spinning along on my journey. H. had said he would meet me at Newport, Vermont, and upon reaching that little station he was about the first one I saw. We staid all night at the Menfremagog House, and at 9 o'clock next morning took the train for Barton, where we arrived at 11 o'clock that forenoon. After dinner H. ordered out his bay mare, although it was raining about as hard as it could. Stowing away my valise under the seat in the carriage, we started for Craftsbury, which lay 10 or 10 miles distant from any railroad. Arriving there at half-past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we hurriedly changed our wet clothing for dry ones, and sat down to our suppers as hungry as wolves. After supper H. said to me, "Would you like to go down to the creek and catch a trout?" so off we went with rod and line all ready to dip into the stream as soon as reached. Here H. gave me my first lessons in trout fishing. I listened to him closely, and then started to catch my first fish, which I did in about two seconds after the hook touched the water. I caught five before he had any. We fished down stream until it began to get dark, and then started for the house. We found we had caught 40 trout.

The next morning we were up early and started for an all day fish. We were let out of the carriage by Grandpa Doty about ten miles from home and started down stream to fish. H. said, "Always fish down stream for brook trout." H. started in ahead of me, and I thought I would take time and try and catch as many as he could. After fishing along carelessly for half an hour I looked up to see H., but he was nowhere to be seen. I started down stream to catch up to him and took a run, and think I chased him for two miles before overtaking him. After that I kept him in sight, but didn't we catch fish, though! It was a bright, sunshiny day, and the trout bit nicely. Again H. got ahead of me. I was trying one of the little streams that came into the one we had been fishing, and was having splendid luck, when I heard H. calling from way on down stream to come quick. I started on a run, and coming up to him, I saw he had an old granddaddy trout that was giving him all the sport one could ask for. The fish would dart up stream and then sideways to get under some root or log, but H. would hold him back by tightening up on the line. At last the fish gave up and was hauled to shore and thrown upon the grass. Oh, didn't I wish that I could catch such a large trout as that; I had caught some very fine fish, but none so large as this one. I fished on in hopes to get a big one, and by and by I had a bite that made the blood tingle clear to the ends of my toes. I was excited and lost my head, for I tried to throw him on the bank as I would a ¼lb. trout, but Mr. Trout could not be handled so, and when I lifted him to the top of the water he ploughed for an old log and ran in under it and snap went my line. Imagine my feelings! I knew in a moment I had acted too fast and ought to have given the fish a little work before trying to land him.

When we got near town we stopped to count our fish, H. had 185 and I had caught 100. H. picked out the nicest ones and arranged them in my basket and when we got into the village we were hailed and stopped to show up. All thought we had wonderful good luck. Mr. Rand thought H. hadn't better invite any more friends from Michigan to go fishing that had never caught trout, and then have them catch trout like that. He said to me, "Do you say this is your first experience in trout fishing?" I told him it was. "Well, what will you be after having the experience that H. has had?" and I told him I hoped I could be his equal as a fisherman. We dressed enough for H.'s family, two good meals, and gave five other families good portions, our friend Rand included. We fished some nearly every day except Sundays, and had a royal good time for nine days.

Bidding H. and family good-by, I started homeward. On going back into the store I felt that my trip had rested me and felt like taking hold of my work again with renewed strength and vigor. I wish I could spare the time to take the same trip over again. H. writes me I must come next season. BROOK TROUT.

LOWELL, Michigan.

TAMING "OLD WARTY."

SEVERAL years ago the writer, then a young man, in charge of his first school, in one of the rural sections of North Waterloo, Ontario, boarded at a farmhouse, the owner of which, to his great delight, proved to be an ardent lover of nature, and was extremely fond of pets. Adjacent to the house and connected to it by a roofed passageway stood the dairy, a stone building probably 18 or 20ft. square, flooded over its entire area to a depth of from 15 to 18in. from a natural spring, which, rising in one corner, bubbled forth in a constant stream, the overflow issuing through a grated orifice at the opposite extremity and losing itself after a somewhat rapid descent of 100yds. in a millpond beyond. Two-thirds or so of the building was floored slightly above the water level, the other third remaining uncovered and presenting the appearance of a miniature lake, through the transparency of whose shallow water the pebbled bottom might have easily been mistaken for the "natural thing" were it not for an ever present foreground of shiny milk pans ranged with disgusting regularity quite sufficient of itself to dispel the momentary illusion. Safely hidden away under cover of this floor there flourished a colony of speckled trout, varying in size from 8 to 15in., "perfect beauties" of their kind, but wild as deer, into the good graces of which the writer determined to "worm" himself, if possible, without any delay. With this object in view the means of communication were sought for and ultimately discovered in the shape of several knot holes in the floor, to which the now systematically hungered fish soon learned to come quite readily in response to the splash occasioned by dropping a plump worm, grub, or piece of meat through into the water, and subsequently to a sound similarly made with the finger, which latter organ they at length became so familiarized with that they would nibble at it by the half hour with impunity.

Having succeeded thus far, the next important step was to induce them to leave their hiding place, and for this purpose the base of operations was transferred to the edge of the floor immediately overlooking the open water. Here the former tactics were resumed with some variations, resulting, after many an hour of fruitless coaxing, in the animals fearlessly approaching the hand and snatching from the fingers whatever of a tempting character happened to be on the bill of fare. At this particular juncture it was that "Old Warty," so called, partly on account of his "bossing" proclivities, but chiefly from the existence of a wart-like excrescence on the otherwise handsome snout, originated the incipient manifestations of that sublime impudence for which he henceforward became notorious, and the reckless exhibitions of which were evidently regarded by his fellows as a lasting disgrace to their kind. Emboldened by the apparent harmlessness of the human being towering over him, and to whose very shadow he had but recently given a wide berth, this "patriarch of the tribes" would now occasionally venture out to the center of the pool, whence, after eyeing askant and with ill-concealed trepidation the object of his suspicion for several minutes, he would slowly return, by a safely circuitous route, however, to his amazed companions, with the self-satisfied air of one who having carefully gauged the sublimity of a really meritorious action, heroically accomplishes it, and forthwith steps into the niches of a well-earned immortality. Alas for the permanency of laurels mundane! Within a week every fish in the pool, not excepting even the six-inch butt of the colony, had mastered the feat, and "Warty" ranked once more among the ordinaries.

The confidence thus established continued for some time with increasing intimacy on both sides, when one afternoon our deposed friend, after literally gorging himself at the fingers of his trainer, commenced a series of manœuvers which, distancing as they did all previous achievements, constituted him once more the hero of the harem. Having discovered in the fingers of the now wholly immersed hand the means whereby to relieve his itching proboscis, he proceeded without the slightest hesitancy to utilize them as so many rubbing-posts, gliding among and about them, and butting against every protuberance of end, joint and knuckle which seemed to offer favorably for that interesting operation—his companions meanwhile assembled in solemn caucus, discussing, apparently, the alternative of fin-cuffs or expulsion from sane piscatorial society. Encouraged beyond measure at the discovery of a "weak spot" in "Warty's" physical get-up, which, properly manipulated, promised some excellent results, the writer now proceeded to develop the same by cautious advances from the human side. So, watching his opportunity when his subject manifested on the next occasion an inordinate irritation of the snout, a finger was gently laid upon and lightly rubbed over the offending organ, with the result that the now thoroughly appreciative creature speedily learned not only to submit to and court the operation, but actually manifested unmistakable sulkiness when such attention was withheld. By similar cautious advances the fins and sides were by and by reached and manipulated, until at length the extraordinary spectacle became common of "Warty" lying upon his side—tickled, if not exactly "to death," at all events beyond the power of resistance—a passive prisoner in the hand of his conqueror. In this condition he could be lifted entirely out of the water and handled for a reasonable time, and on regaining his native element would invariably seek the hand which replaced him, evidently anxious for a repetition of this terrestrial experience.

As already observed, the outlet from the inclosure was a small aperture through which the overflow emerged in a stream, and ultimately lost itself in a pond in the distance. Down this stream "Warty," when disposed for an outing, was able to glide easily enough, but on the return or upstream trip his progress was at certain shallow points greatly impeded and not unfrequently stopped altogether. In this dilemma his custom was to dam the current by lying across it until sufficient water had accumulated to enable him to wriggle a stage forward; and failing this to set up such a continued splashing and spluttering as insured a hearing at the house and his safe conveyance by hand or, when equally convenient, in a dish of some sort, to his destination. This latter method of locomotion he evidently enjoyed immensely, as evinced by his determination to enter any and every sized vessel put into the water, and so frequently did he accomplish his purpose that it became a standing order to the servants to be careful after nightfall "not to bring Warty up." The best of safeguards sometimes prove inadequate to the situation, however, for despite every precaution "Warty" was on a certain occasion "taken up," and his whereabouts subsequently recorded from the interior of the tea-kettle. His favorite food was worms, grubs and fresh meat—especially sheep's lights—of which latter he was inordinately fond, but which from its porosity and the subsequent abnormal quantity of air it conveyed into his interior completely upset his equilibrinm and constituted him a spectacle to gods and fishes. In this condition with pendant head and tail, sticking an inch and a half above the surface of the water he floated or rather bobbed about by the hour in the most dignified manner conceivable, oblivious alike to the unmistakeable scorn of his disgusted companions and the shouts of laughter that greeted his grotesque maneuvers from above.

Such, in brief, is a record of some of the results arrived at in the taming of old "Warty."

"What became of him?" The writer's feelings prompt him to drop the curtain in response to the query, but in consideration of the fact that others may take warning from the reply, he would simply place it on record that "Warty" succumbed to the effects of bar soap, carelessly left in his path by a stupid, unforgotten and unforgiven servant girl.—*A. L. Anderson in Toronto Globe.*

UNSEASONABLE SHAD.—New York city has of late years been getting Florida shad in February and the supply was kept up by Georgia and more northerly States as the season advanced until the Delaware, Hudson and Connecticut rivers sent in their supply. For the past week several shad have been taken daily in the Lower Hudson, and "North River Shad" has been placarded in Fulton Market, the modest price of three to four dollars each being asked for them. We saw three of these shad on Mr. Blackford's slabs last Monday, roe shad all of them and of rather small size. The theory that the shad migrate in great schools and go to the equator and then circle along up our coast was proved to be false years ago by the work of the U. S. Fish Commission nets which took the fish in different depths of water during the winter season, showing that the shad only went off the coast into deep water to feed and winter. Col. McDonald has advanced the theory that the shad is ever on the search for a temperature of 60° Fahr., but a run of shad in the Hudson in December seems to show that some of them either disregard temperatures or have became lost. The mild winter and the fact that the Hudson is free from ice and boats are still running to Albany, may, and no doubt has, a connection with this unusual visitation.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

MR. FRANCIS ENDICOTT, President of the Richmond County (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association, has spent the whole season along the coast of New Jersey, and returned to the city last week. He called in our office and said that the whole community along that coast was unanimous in condemning the menhaden steamers for ruining the fishing by the wholesale capture of the menhaden, on which the bluefish and other food fishes live. Before the advent of the steamers the farmers and others came down to the shore and took striped bass, bluefish, weakfish, etc., in numbers sufficient to salt down for their winter use, but now they cannot do it.

Mr. Endicott found that he could take more fish with rod and reel than the local fishermen could with their nets. His largest catch was at Chadwick, Ocean county, N. J., where on one day he took seventeen bluefish weighing from 3 to 5lbs. each, while in the year before the steamers came it was not unusual for sportsmen to take from fifty to sixty fish per day averaging 8lbs. each. He has seen the steamers within a hundred yards of the shore, rounding up a school of menhaden so that the boats with the nets could surround them. A man at the masthead signals the depth of a school, and when it is too large for the net the steamer would run through the mass of fish and slice off enough for the net, and keep this up until the entire school was captured. The portion so sliced off would not again join the main body, and the steamer would herd them until ready for another onslaught. The feeling against the steamers is very bitter, and various means have been suggested to remedy this state of affairs, but without national legislation the case seems hopeless.

MAINE TROUT.

IT is the opinion of trappers and guides who have been in the woods of Maine on the noted trout waters that the number of brook trout seen on the well-known spawning beds has been unusually small this fall. This is especially true of the Androscoggin waters, wrongly named, but familiarly known as the Rangeleys. The spawning beds in the Cupsuptic stream are reported by one or two hunters to have been almost totally deserted at the time when on other seasons great numbers of trout have been noticed. Now this stream is one of the great spawning grounds for the trout of both the Cupsuptic and the Mooselucmaguntic lakes, and the lack of trout there is not pleasant to contemplate. At the Upper Dam the natural spawning ground of the great trout of Richardson Lake—both the Upper and the Lower, or Molechunkamunk and Welokennebacook—less trout have been seen than usual. This is partly accounted for by those who have been in the way of making observations from the fact that the noted jigging of trout, recently exposed in the FOREST AND STREAM, was carried on all summer at this point, and hence that a great number of the spawning trout were destroyed. But it is a fact worthy of note that the little bluebacks, usually seen in great numbers at the Upper Dam during the autumn run of these fish, have been very much less than usual at that point. Still it is also curious to note that a new spawning ground of these trout (bluebacks) has been discovered this fall. The point is at the mouth of Sawmill Brook, at the head of the Upper Richardson Lake; or rather the trout were found well up into the narrow rugged stream. Parties camping and gumming in that vicinity were the first and about the only ones to notice these little trout. One reliable guide, Mr. Oscar Cutting, says that the stream was lined with them for quite a long distance up into the running water. The bluebacks were so intent upon breeding, or reaching the breeding grounds, that they were literally piled up in the shallow water in the little pools and eddies. The water was very low in the stream at the time—before the fall rains. It was very easy to capture them. The gummers and hunters who saw them say that it was easy to take them. One could easily toss them out of the water with the hands, and that too by the bushel, if so many were desired. The hunters captured all they cared for, and tried them cooked, but were not generally pleased with the flavor, though they selected the males for that purpose. The females they describe as full of ripe spawn, while the males were full of milt. On seizing either, in a majority of cases, the spawn or milt would spurt from the body. The trout were small, the largest seen hardly exceeding a foot in length, and weighing probably less than a pound.

The presence of the bluebacks at that point appears to have driven off the brook trout from a favorite spawning location. Or it is suggested that the brook trout had gone up the stream ahead of the bluebacks. At least the hunters did not see the regular trout in such numbers as they had seen in the same location on previous seasons. Whether those blue-backs are destructive to the spawn or young of the brook trout is a question on which there has yet but little been said and almost nothing written. But to say the least, if the brook trout had visited the spawning beds ahead of the bluebacks, the presence of the latter fish, crowding the stream almost to suffocation, could not be a benefit to the spawn of the brook trout, if, indeed, such was not a positive injury. But little is known about the habits of these blueback trout. They are seen in the waters of the Androscoggin Lakes during the breeding season, and that is about all that has been seen of them in latter years, though there are old residents and frequenters of that region who pretend to say that these fish have at times afforded rare sport in the spring with rod and baited hook. The sportsman who has put himself on record as having taken one of these bluebacks with the fly is wanted to speak up and tell what he knows. To say the least, they are a fish very unsatisfactory to the angler, and the fact of their appearing in great numbers in the location mentioned is not very pleasant reflection for the sportsmen who hold that section of the Rangeleys near their hearts. It is possible that they may invade the pounds above—they were seen this fall almost up to the first Richardson Pond. At least the cautious angler would rather they staid in the lake region.

At the Beaver Ponds, also at the headwaters of Molechunkamunk, trout on the spawning beds have also been very scarce this fall. At points in the Big Beaver, where a year ago the bottom was literally covered with large trout at the spawning time, the same persons who saw the multitude of bluebacks in the Richardson stream—Sawmill Brook—say that they never saw a trout. They do not claim that the bluebacks had invaded this locality also, but they were so much surprised at not seeing the brook trout on their usual spawning beds that they took pains to look for them many times. Still it is possible that the spawning season of these brook trout may have been very early, or very late, this year. I incline toward the theory that the season was very early, for it was the common remark of a party of several sportsmen who annually visit the section in question, very near the close time on brook trout, that they never saw the spawn in the female trout caught so throughly matured in September as this year. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the water in the Richardson Lake has been kept up nearly to the full pitch by the Waterpower Company for nearly six months this year, including the hot months, and this may have had much to do with the spawning of the trout in the streams leading into the lake, and with the presence of little bluebacks in such great numbers in the Richardson stream. Still it could have had nothing to do with the trout in Beaver Ponds, though the water was remarkably low in these ponds all the latter part of the season, and up to the fall rains, which came late. SPECIAL.

WHITEFISH IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.—There has been considerable discussion among fishermen as to whether there were whitefish in the land-locked lakes on the line of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway or not. A number of these fish, supposed to be whitefish, were speared in North Twin Lake and forwarded to the general passenger office of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway. Some of them were sent to Dr. A. Holbrook, who pronounces them a cross between a whitefish and a herring. If this is correct the question is, must there not be whitefish in the lake to make the cross. [The above is from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and the point in the last sentence is well taken. Fish do not hybridize in a state of nature or there would be no well-defined species left. It is a very common error to assume that any newly discovered fish must be a hybrid.]

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.—The guardians of the Dungarvon River, a branch of the Miramichi, report having seen a very great number of salmon on the spawning beds during the season. The same is said to have been the case with all of the other salmon grounds on the southwest Miramichi. Dungarvon has been most carefully protected (for the first time) during the past summer. The lessees expect good fishing next year. They have gone to much expense in the matter of protection and also erected a club house on the shores of the stream. One word more about cusk. The Abenaki Indians of the St. John call this fish sachem, chief. I lately asked one of these gentlemen why they gave it so big a name. "Dunno," said my friend, "perhaps because he has so big a head."—EDWARD JACK.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FISH PLANTED ON LONG ISLAND.

AT a recent meeting of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York, the following petition was presented: To the Honorable, the Game and Fish Commissioners of the State of New York: We, the owners and occupiers of land in the town of Southampton, in the county of Suffolk, State of New York, represent to your honorable body: First—That out of the annual appropriation for the visiting and stocking waters in this State, we hope to have the benefit of your experience and assistance. Second—That we have no information that the waters of this immediate locality, which we deem of so much importance to the whole fishing community, have yet been inspected and stocked. Third—That the waters not only comprise very fine fresh-water lakes and ponds, but also salt-water bays, inlets and creeks. Fourth—We respectfully submit the above to your early consideration, and hereby petition you to act in the matter. —T. GALLARD THOMAS, M.D.; WAGER SWAYNE, and 141 others.

The petition was referred to Mr. E. G. Blackford, the Commissioner in charge of the Long Island work, who returned to the petitioners the following report from the superintendent of the hatching station in that district:

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1887.—*Mr. E. G. Blackford, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York:* SIR—In reply to your inquiry concerning the number and kinds of fish which have been distributed from this hatching station to the waters of Long Island, have drawn the following list from our books. It does not include shipments to other parts of the State. All the plantings, except those made in 1887, will be found in the reports of the Fish Commission of the previous years:

	BROOK TROUT.	
1883—	John Cashow, Locust Valley	10,000
	Mill Ponds, Cold Spring Harbor	8,000
	John D. Jones, South Oyster Bay	5,000
	N. W. Foster, Riverhead	8,000
1884—	John Cashow, Shoe Swamp Brook	3,000
	Mill Ponds, Cold Spring Harbor	4,000
1885—	George Snyder, Manhassett	5,500
	H. Scudder, Northport	1,500
	H. S. Jennings, Islip	3,000
	W. F. Hawkins, Bellport	3,000
	Wood Fosdick, Bellport	2,000
	Mill Ponds, Cold Spring Harbor	1,500
1886—	J. D. Hewlett, Cold Spring Harbor, eggs bought	117,125
	G. H. Newton, Smithtown	10,000
	L. D. Huntington, Smithtown	5,000
	F. H. Weeks, Cold Spring Harbor	8,000
	H. Scudder, Northport	2,000
	Chas. E. Whitehead, Babylon	5,000
	H. R. De Milt, Oyster Bay	5,000
	Miss Marbury, Oyster Bay	5,000
	W. J. Hawkins, Bellport	5,000
	Wood Fosdick, Bellport	5,000
	J. H. Perkins, Riverhead	5,000
	H. Shoshinsky, Breslau	2,000
	F. T. Underhill, Oyster Bay	5,000
	W. L. Prime, Huntington	5,000
	E. Floyd-Jones, Seaford	5,000
	Geo. E. Ward, Great Neck	1,000
	J. W. Beekman, Oyster Bay	3,000
1887—	W. S. Allen, Bay Side	500
	L. D. Huntington, Smithtown	5,000
	W. Floyd-Jones, Seaford	5,000
	W. A. Brown, Supt., Seaford	2,000
	John D. Jones, Seaford	5,000
	F. T. Underhill, Oyster Bay (bought)	47,446
	John D. Hewlett, Cold Spring Harbor	5,000
	Samuel S. Stevens, Babylon	2,000
	John Cashow, Locust Valley	2,000
	C. F. Quinlan, Flushing	7,000
	Brooklyn Gun Club, Smithtown	10,000
	J. W. Beekman, Oyster Bay	1,100
	Kept in our ponds	6,000
	Total brook trout	345,471
	BROWN TROUT (EUROPEAN).	
1884—	Jones & Hewlett, Cold Spring Harbor	6,000
	A. N. Frye, Bellmore	5,000
	C. J. Stewart, Jamaica	3,000
	Townsend Jones, Cold Spring Harbor	8,000
	Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Sayville	12,000
	H. B. Hyde	3,000
1885—	H. S. Jennings, Islip	3,000
	George Snyder, Manhassett	6,000
	J. R. Wood, Cold Spring Harbor	3,000
	F. H. Weeks, Cold Spring Harbor	2,000
	Weeks & DeForest, Cold Spring Harbor	2,200
	H. Scudder, Northport	1,700
	Townsend Jones, Cold Spring Harbor	5,500
1886—	Mill ponds, Cold Spring Harbor	10,000
	J. W. Beekman, Oyster Bay	500
	Kept in our ponds	4,000
1887—	W. A. Brown, Seaford	2,000
	W. Holberton, Bellmore	5,000
	J. D. Hewlett, Cold Spring Harbor	2,000
	Oxford Club, Patchogue	10,000
	Kept in our ponds	6,000
	Total brown trout	97,900
	LAKE TROUT.	
1886—	Great Pond, at Riverhead	15,000
	Pond at Breslau	5,000
	Total lake trout	20,000
	BLUE-BACKED TROUT.	
1885—	F. H. Weeks, Cold Spring Harbor	3,500
	Weeks & DeForest, Oyster Bay	1,000
	Total blue-backed trout	4,500
	RAINBOW TROUT.	
1884—	Townsend Jones, Cold Spring Harbor	3,000
	Weeks & DeForest, Cold Spring Harbor	4,000
	Lake Ronkonkoma	4,500
1885—	George Snyder, Manhassett	1,000
	J. R. Wood, Cold Spring Harbor	1,000
	F. H. Weeks, Cold Spring Harbor	1,000
	A. W. Benson, Montauk	4,000
	P. McGovern, Brooklyn	500
	J. Ramsbottom, Baldwins	500
	Weeks & DeForest, Oyster Bay	1,000
	Total rainbow trout	20,500
	LANDLOCKED SALMON.	
1883—	Great Pond, at Montauk	5,000
	South Side Club, Oakdale	5,000
	Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Sayville	4,000
	Mill Ponds, at Cold Spring Harbor	6,000
1884—	Great Pond at Montauk	4,000
	James Ramsbottom, Baldwins	1,500
	Lake Ronkonkoma	8,000
	John D. Jones, Seaford	6,000
	Total landlocked salmon	39,500
	SHAD.	
1884—	Nissequogue River, Smithtown	72,000
1887—	Nissequogue River, Smithtown	700,000
	Cold Spring Harbor	200,000
	Conetquoit River, Brookhaven	500,000
	Total shad	1,472,000
	WHITEFISH [FROM GREAT LAKES].	
1884—	Lake Ronkonkoma	375,000
	Great Pond, Riverhead	500,000
	St. John's Lake, Cold Spring Harbor	75,000
1885—	Lake Ronkonkoma	340,000
	Great Pond, Riverhead	500,000
	St. John's Lake	50,000
1887—	St. John's Lake	400,000
	Total whitefish	2,340,000
	SMELTS.	
1885—	Cold Spring Harbor	100,000
1886—	Cold Spring Harbor	2,000,000
1887—	Cold Spring Harbor	2,000,000
	Total smelts	4,100,000
	TOMCODS [FROST FISH].	
1884—	Cold Spring Harbor	38,000
1885—	Cold Spring Harbor	750,000
1886—	Cold Spring Harbor	2,225,000
1887—	Cold Spring Harbor	3,400,000
	Total tomcods	6,413,000
	LOBSTERS.	
1886—	Cold Spring Harbor	4,000
	RECAPITULATION.	
	Brook trout	345,471
	Brown trout	97,900
	Lake trout	20,000
	Blue-backed trout	4,500
	Rainbow trout	20,500
	Landlocked salmon	39,500
	Whitefish	2,340,000
	Shad	1,472,000
	Smelts	4,100,000
	Tomcods	6,413,000
	Lobsters	4,000
	Total fish planted on Long Island	14,756,871

In conclusion I would say: Our limited means have been used in needed improvements and in running expenses, and much as I would like to make an examination of the waters of the island I have not done so. An examination of the above list will show that our work has been largely in that class of fishes which are especially food fishes; and for these we have had few applications; and therefore the smelts and tomcods have been turned into the harbor here. All applicants have been answered that their request had been placed on file and that when the season of distribution came they would be notified of the number allotted them. If any persons have neglected to make application for fish or to inform themselves from the reports of the Fish Commissioners of what work has been done since the establishment of this hatching station, the fault, if any, is not mine. Very truly yours, FRED MATHER, Superintendent.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 14 to 16.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Winsted Kennel Club. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 3.

Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1888.—Bench Show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, Columbus, O. H. O. Bridge, Secretary, Columbus, O.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Poultry and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Jan. 24. to 29.—Augusta, Ga., Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock.

Feb. 13 to 17.—First show Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. E. J. Spencer, Sec.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 28 to March 2.—Show of Philadelphia Kennel Club. W. H. Child, Sec.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 12.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5582.**

NICK OF NASO'S FRACTIONAL PRIZE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by the published report of the Eastern Field Trials Club that my dog, Nick of Naso, has been awarded a prize, that is, a divided third. Please permit me to say that I cannot accept the award for the following reasons:

When I entered the dog I supposed that the club would select some competent sportsmen to act as judge of the trials. I am not a member of the club and I did not know anything to the contrary.

About ten days before the pointer stake was run I wrote a letter to Mr. W. A. Coster, who, I am informed, is and has been for some time the employed secretary of the club, requesting him in said letter to give me the names of the judges who had been selected for the pointer stake. Up to this time I have not received a reply to said letter. However, I did see in the New York *Herald* that Messrs. D. C. Bergundthal, W. A. Coster and H. B. Duryea had been selected. The same paper informed me that thirteen pointers had been entered and drawn to run and also that Nick of Naso had beaten Duke of Hessen and that Tammany had beaten Nick of Naso, consequently as I was at my home and the trials being held at High Point, I was unable to know of the selection of judges unless the secretary would answer my request. Now, I said before that I entered my dog supposing that sportsmen would be selected by the club. Mr. Duryea is not a sportsman and my reason for saying so is that he is the owner of Robert the Devil and Robert was at the time entered and did afterward run in the champion stake, and consequently was an interested party, for the dog winning in the all-aged stake would run against his dog in the champion stake. And it is a well settled rule that no sportsman will or would consent to judge where he is an interested party. Consequently his own act in accepting the place of judge and knowing his interest, is proof positive that Mr. Duryea is not a sportsman, and therefore his opinion or judgment is of no value whatever.

Secondly—At the trial last year of the same club, Nick of Naso was drawn against Mr. Duryea's dog Robert the Devil, and as it was claimed by nearly all of the sportsmen who witnessed the heat between these two dogs, that the heat was fairly won by Nick of Naso—in fact there was quite a controversy in the several sporting papers over this race between these two dogs—yet we find that Mr. Duryea being a member of the Eastern Field Trials Club and present at the trials (while I remained at home), accepted the position of judge and did act. This of itself would conclusively prove that Mr. Duryea was in no sense a sportsman. If he was a sportsman he would have replied, upon being informed of his election, that on account of the controversy and contention over last year's race, he could not consent to act. I do not believe there is a sportsman in America who would have acted as judge under the circumstances. His acceptance proves his disqualification.

The other judge, Mr. W. A. Coster, as I said before, is the paid secretary or clerk and manager of the club. The club advertised a public trial and asks the owners of dogs to pay their money and enter their dogs. The members of the club may be satisfied with the judgment and opinion of their servant upon sporting matters, and may have great confidence in his ability and judgment. But sportsmen who are not members of the club and the public will be almost certain not to agree to any such a proposition. Mr. Coster may be in every way qualified to judge or decide any question arising between members and this club, but when it comes to decide between the dog owned by his master (the member) and the dog owned by the outsider, then he is not qualified, and his acceptance proves beyond a doubt that he is not a sportsman. That is unless he was ordered to act, then obedience to his employer would or may be an excuse for his acceptance.

Under those circumstances two out of the three judges being clearly disqualified, I cannot accept for Nick of Naso any award made to him by these judges. C. J. PESHALL.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.

[From a special reporter, by wire to Forest and Stream.]

FLORENCE, Ala., Nov. 12.—The American Field Trials Club's trials opened to-day. The morning was not very promising; cold, raw west wind, but toward noon the weather came out fair and the sun shone beautifully. Birds were plentiful and the work was very good. There were twenty-six entries in the Derby. The drawing was as follows:

DERBY DRAWING.

MAY (James N. Macklin), black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Dell), May 2,

against

MISS THOMPSON (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Jan. 2.

COUNT PARIS (C. W. Paris), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21,

against

OLLIE S. (W. T. Bowdre), black, white and tan bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie), March 7.

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case and F. K. Bull), blue belton bitch (King Noble—Belle Belton), April 12,

against

LATONIA (W. B. Shattuc), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21.

OSSIAN (P. T. Madison), liver and white dog (Croxteth—Annie), May 8,

against

JACOBIN (W. W. Titus), white, liver and tan dog (San Roy—Nettle), May 18.

HECTOR against LITTLE GIFT.

SIRIUS (C. Tucker), lemon and white dog (Sportsman—Sweet Heart), May 22,

against

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case and F. K. Bull), blue belton dog (King Noble—Belle Belton), April 12.

CINCH (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Jan. 2,

against

TRINKET'S CASH (E. F. Stoddard), white and liver ticked dog (Croxteth—Trinket), April 4.

JACK MODOC (Edward Dexter), black and white dog (Buckellew—Ida), July 25,

against

SAMUEL S. (W. T. Bowdre), black, white and tan dog (Paul Gladstone—Lottie), March 7.

DAVE R. (Jas. S. Fisher), orange and white dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), April 13,

against

LADY W. (F. J. Stone), lemon and white bitch (Heno—Lady Washington), April —.

TRINKET'S COUNT (E. F. Stoddard), white and liver ticked dog (Croxteth—Trinket), April 4,

against

SUNSHINE (Latonia Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Lit), Jan. 8.

LILLY B.

against

CLAUD (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian), May 20.

LADDY (W. T. Bowdre), black and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep), June 2,

against

BILLY B. (W. B. Shattuc), orange and white dog (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21.

JOEY B. (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian), May 20,

against

BLUE CHIEF (J. I. Case & F. K. Bull), blue belton dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton), July 12.

Miss Thompson beat May in a poor heat. Ollie S. beat Count Paris in a good heat. Latonia beat Queen Noble in a very inferior race. Jacobin beat Ossian, doing very good work. Hector beat Little Gift in an interesting heat. King's Mark beat Sirius, both dogs doing good work.

There is a large crowd of visiting sportsmen, there being over one hundred on horseback enjoying the trials. The people of Florence deserve the highest praise for their courtesy and attentions. Invitations are out for a grand ball to be given by the young men of Florence to the visiting sportsmen. S.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

FLORENCE, Ala., Dec. 13.—Cinch beat Trinkett's Cash in rather a tame heat. Jack Modoc beat Samuel S. with a fine exhibition of work on the part of Modoc. Dave R. beat Lady W. in a fair heat. Sunshine beat Trinkett's Count, the running tame. Lily B. beat Claude, having the best on points. Laddie beat Billy B. in a long heat with little work. Joey B. beat Blue Chief, a good heat on the part of Joey. This ended the first series. The day was fair and a goodly number of spectators were on hand.

SECOND CHAMPION PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At their show last spring the W. K. C. offered prizes to the second best dogs in the champion classes in which there were three or more entries. This was a step in the right direction, but why make the proviso of there being a certain number of entries, failing which only one prize will be given? In the open classes a certain number of prizes are offered, and no matter what number of dogs compete, the prizes are awarded just the same, and none are held back unless the dogs entered are so poor in quality that the judge thinks fit to withhold some of them. Why not follow the same plan with the champion classes? A dog, to be eligible to the champion class, must have won three firsts in the open classes, and must therefore be a good representative of his breed. It seems short-sighted of show committees not to recognize the fact that a good number of entries in the champion class, which could without doubt be got together by offering more than one prize, would attract more notice than any other class from the fact of every animal entered in it being one of proved quality and excellence. Owners do not care to enter dogs in champion classes to compete with a dog that they know can beat theirs and capture the one prize offered, whereas, were there a second prize and a couple of v.h.c.'s hung up, they would be willing to enter. There is not much satisfaction in entering a dog in the champion class and going to all the attendant expense, and then to have nothing to show for it. Then again some owners have two or three embryo champions, all of whom they would enter were more than one prize offered.

The extra expense attached to offering more than one prize in the champion classes would be very small, while the extra attraction to exhibitors and the public at large would be immense. C.

A ST. BERNARD CLUB.

To the Breeders and Fanciers of St. Bernards, in the U. S. and Canada:

The undersigned beg to invite you to attend a meeting to be held on the first day of the Westminster Kennel Club Show, Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8 P. M., Madison Square Garden, New York, for the purpose of organizing a St. Bernard Club, the election of officers, etc.

We desire to see as many as possible present; the day selected is especially favorable, the day following being Washington's birthday. This will enable those at a distance to attend the meeting without too much loss of time.

The object of the proposed club is the improvement of this noble breed of dogs and the encouragement of the breeding of first-class specimens. There is no reason why we should not be able to compete successfully with our English cousins and with the Swiss; but in order to do this, such inducements are necessary as can only be offered by a specialty club.

Our aim is to establish a club on such a basis as will make it possible to all lovers of the breed to join; it is intended to represent neither a clique nor a ring, but is to be a national club in the broadest sense of the word.

We believe that there is no breed of non-sporting dogs that is more worthy of the support of dog-lovers, than the St. Bernard, and we trust that all those interested in the breed will assist us in our endeavors by becoming members of the proposed club.

Communications may be addressed to K. E. Hopf, Arlington, N. J., who has consented to attend to the correspondence until further notice.

ANNA H. WHITNEY, Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.
E. R. HEARN, Hermitage Kennels, Passaic, N. J.
R. J. SAWYER, Menominee, Mich.
E. H. MOORE, Melrose, Mass.
ROBT. L. STEVENS, Castle Point, Hoboken, N. J.
W. J. EHRICH, New York.
DR. W. YOUNG, New York.
K. E. HOPF, Hospice Kennels, Arlington, N. J.

SWEEPSTAKES AT PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—Philadelphia, Dec. 10.—The Philadelphia Kennel Club will offer a series of sweepstake prizes at their coming bench show, open to such dogs as are eligible to the regular puppy classes of the show, viz., all dogs whelped on or after Feb. 28, 1887, of the following breeds: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, greyhounds, fox-terriers, bull-terriers, pugs, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters and spaniels. The club will add to this list any other breed provided not less than five entries are made. Entrance fee for the sweepstakes $2 in addition to the fee for entering in regular puppy classes. Whole amount of the sweepstake fees will be awarded as follows: Where five entries or less are made in any class one prize will be awarded; for more than five and not exceeding ten entries, two prizes, 60 per cent. to first and 40 per cent. to second; if entries exceed ten, three prizes will be awarded, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Entries close Jan. 10. Entry blanks will be furnished on application to WM. H. CHILD, Sec. P. K. C., 613 Commerce street, Philadelphia.

A. K. C. DICTATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading the report of the American Kennel Club meeting in your issue of 8th inst., I have come to the conclusion that the A. K. C. is in about the same position as the cat in the well, which climbed out one foot every day and fell back two; and the same answer which the boy gave, when asked how long it would take to get the cat out, is applicable to the A. K. C. Bench show managers should see to it at once that Messrs. Cugle and Winslow are substantially remembered for their effort to swell the number of entries at coming shows, and the A. K. C. shows its interest in bench shows by making the following rule: "Every dog * * * * must be registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book. In case a dog has not been registered previous to date of entry, owner must fill out registration blank and forward same with fee of fifty cents, together with show entry, to the secretary of the show, who shall mark the dog as registered and forward blank with registration fee to the secretary of the American Kennel Club." It seems to me that the A. K. C. have gone a little too far in trying to force people to register their dogs in the club's stud book, and if bench show managers don't see a great falling off in entries under this new rule I am very much mistaken. Why didn't the *American Kennel Register* "lay in" with the bench shows and force exhibitors to register their dogs in the A. K. R.? Would the public have stood any such nonsense? Will this scheme of the A. K. C. to force exhibitors to pay their fifty cents work? I hardly think it will. I would like to see the views of your readers on this subject. As for my views, I deem it simply highway robbery. J. A. NICKERSON.

BOSTON, Mass.

AN OBJECTION TO EDITORS.

AT the late meeting of the American Kennel Club, when the question of whether or no the Executive Committee should pass on the acceptability of delegates sent from clubs came up, this is what was said, as reported by the FOREST AND STREAM's stenographer:

The amendment to Article IV. of the constitution, to strike out "or delegate," was read by the secretary.

MR. PESHALL—That certainly should not be passed.

MR. WATSON—It just amounts to this, whether this is an association of delegates or an association of clubs.

MR. PESHALL—We should deal with both of them, I think.

MR. WATSON—Deal with the club and not with the individual representative. If the club does not conform to the rules of the association, turn the club out. But as long as the club is in, it is entitled to do as it sees fit, within reasonable bounds.

MR. PESHALL—In all parliamentary assemblies they always deal with the delegate, and there is no reason why he should not remain either, if the people that send him wish it.

MR. WATSON—But we have the elective power; we elect the club. What parallel is there between a delegate to an association of this kind and a representative in a legislature?

MR. PESHALL—We might have a club in good standing and they might send as a delegate some one who might not be acceptable. I will offer at this meeting a request to the Hornell Kennel Club not to send you (Mr. Watson) as a delegate, and I will tell you my reasons. One reason is that you are editing and running a newspaper, and another reason is that you are publishing an opposition stud book. It is not personal, this, but it is for the good of the association. It is just one of those cases that should be covered. It is wrong for this association to have you as a delegate here. We are publishing a stud book, it is costing us money, you are running a newspaper, and you are using every means in your power to fight that stud book.

THE PRESIDENT—That is a matter for the executive committee, and cannot be brought up here.

MR. PESHALL—There is no personal feeling between us. At the time of establishing the stud book I was one of those who wanted to bring all the stud books in. I remember distinctly a remark I made to you.

MR. WATSON—I don't think the gentleman should bring in any business dealings before this meeting.

MR. PESHALL—We should have the power to ask the club, "We would like you to send somebody else." It might not be personal.

MR. WATSON—It might not be personal, but it is utterly ridiculous. The idea of supposing that because I happen to be an editor I am not entitled to be a representative on this floor. Mr. Peshall is a lawyer; I don't think for that reason he is not entitled to be here. With regard to publishing an opposition stud book, I should like to know who is doing the opposition. My book was in existence long before the book of this association.

THE PRESIDENT—This is altogether out of order, and I shall put the question.

The amendment was then put and declared not carried—seven to three.

MONARCH'S RECORD.—Melrose, Mass., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg your pardon for using your valuable space so soon again to straighten out another mastiff fancier. But I see the proprietor of the Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., not being content with the reading of his ad. in last week's paper, fearing the card would not draw, has claimed prizes his dog has never won. He claims for Monarch, first, third and special prizes at N. E. K. C. show, 1887. Minting won first, Orion second, Monarch third (so his first was in a puppy class). So much for first and third prize. Now let us see what specials he won. I won both kennel prizes, also the stud dog prize with champion Ilford Caution with two of his get, beating Monarch's sire with Monarch and another. Minting won the special for best mastiff, dog or bitch in the show, special for best mastiff dog in the show. Duchess, a daughter of Caution, won the mastiff sweepstake prize. This is all the special prizes offered except for the best dog or bitch sired by Ilford Caution, which was won by Ilford Caution III. I fail to see where there is any left for Monarch.—E. H. MOORE.

THE AMERICAN TOY DOG CLUB.—A meeting of the American Toy Dog Club was held Dec. 9. A resolution substituting the word pet for toy in the name and title of the club was unanimously adopted. It was also voted that the club decline the offer made by the secretary of the New York Poultry Exchange, that the dog show, Dec. 14-21, be under the management of the club, and that the club have no connection whatever with the Poultry Exchange dog show. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Surles, Holmes and Ormsby, was appointed to draft rules and by-laws, and to determine what breeds of dogs shall be included in the club's catalogue.

WHO LOST FRITZ?—Brooklyn, Dec. 12.—About three weeks ago a red setter dog, had on nickle-plated collar, on which is engraved the name Fritz. The loser may have him by giving satisfactory description. I think he is a very valuable dog.—W. D. C. SCHULJE, 520 Third avenue, South Brooklyn.

COLUMBUS SHOW, Dec. 8.—Please announce that the Ohio Poultry and Kennel Association have made a class for Irish water spaniels, first $5, second $3.—H. A. BRIDGE.

ENGLISH DOG CHAT.—I.

[From an English Correspondent.]

GOODNESS knows there have been plenty of dog shows in this year of British grace. How the majority of undertakings have steered clear of disaster is a matter of surprise. Yet with all these shows can it be said the dogs have improved? Some have; but others deteriorated. Well, there is nothing like beginning the year well, so I started at Staleybridge on New Year's Day, and notwithstanding that the worthy secretary and some of the committeemen went out on the spree the show was a success.

Here perhaps for the first time a cherry-nosed terrier was given a prize, and by Astley, too. Miss Holdsworth judged the pugs, and quite the right thing, too, for fancy a man (?) messing about such snuffy little animals. There is nothing more ridiculous than to see Mr. Sheffield, the Birmingham pug man, going in breeches and leggings and black melton coat and box hat, leading a pug in a show ring. He looks more like a hunting swell than a pug fancier. It is very amusing to see a meeting of the pug club, it is a regular hens' convention.

Dumfries also had a show on the first, and nearly every tradesman in the town gave a special prize of some sort or another. One enterprising fishmonger gave a box of bloaters. If several had subscribed their "saxpences" and bought some work on dogs and presented it to one or two of the judges it would have been much better, for of all the judging I ever saw, well, that was the worst.

Paisley show was held a couple of days afterward and things were improved upon by the appointment of an English judge.

The next week was an eventful one in the English kennel world. Mr. Wyndham Carter having been re-arrested, as his friends who had gone bail for him, refused to stand so any longer, and he was hurried off to Maidstone Gaol, and Justice Denham afterward gave him five years penal servitude for feloniously shooting a bailiff. His father died a week or so back.

We now come to the Kennel Club winter show. The most remarkable figure in that show was Herr Ernst von Otto-Kreckwitz, the editor of *Hunde Sport*. He was dressed in a remarkable fur-lined coat, inside of which he carried an ugly little monkey pincher. His visits to the refreshment bars were often, and by night our German friend found out that Bass was stronger than lager. Then we were introduced to the mouse trap trick in the fox-terrier ring; only fancy, and it just shows what some of our fellows know about sport. I suppose most people on your side know there is nothing a dog likes worse to kill than a mouse, and every school boy can tell you the reason. It is to be hoped that the Kennel Club will not again hold their winter show at the Crystal Palace, as the Westminster Aquarium is much more suitable, and is greatly preferred by exhibitors.

The next show was at Liverpool, and notwithstanding that it followed so closely on the Palace, it was well patronized. There was a tremendous class of Welsh terriers here; in fact, these dogs are getting wonderfully popular in this country. It was in Liverpool, though not at the show, that Mr. Edmund Buckley gave £200 for the Welshman Mawddy Nonsuch. Mr. Maxwell had bought him a few days previously for about £15, and there has been nothing out to touch him yet. Mr. Buckley has plenty of money, but is no judge. I have seen dogs he has given from £12 to £20 for, and they are not worth so many pence, whereas he has sent back good ones as of no use. He has spent a lot of money on them this year, in fact, I hear that two Pembrokeshire men have had a couple of hundred out of him, and they swear the best they ever sent him he returned as no good. However, Mr. Buckley has been the making of the Welsh terriers, and has done more for the breed than any half dozen others. I do not think he misses a show, and it would be interesting to know how many times Bob Bethesda has been benched this year.

Ebbu Vale show was also held about this time, and were it not for the Great St. Bernard Baron Cardiff incident I might pass it over without remark. Now George Helliwell left the Palace show with Jack Hussey, of Cardiff, the spaniel man. In Cardiff, which is not far from Ebbu Vale, there lives a widow by the name of Stacey, who, bless her heart, has a weakness for a dog. This time it was a St. Bernard puppy, and she meant showing it at Ebbu Vale, but was advised by Helliwell not to do so, as he would be obliged to put it back because of its age. He knew that Royle's Duke of Marlborough—by the way, a vastly improved dog—was coming down pot-hunting, a very favorite pastime of Mr. Royle. Now, unfortunately, there were two ways of looking at this act of Helliwell's. As Royle's dogs were entered, he knew that Marsden would be there, and he was aware that as soon as he saw the wonderful puppy—which afterward turned up as Baron Cardiff—he would have him at any price, for Royle is a pork butcher in Manchester with heaps of the needful. Now Helliwell's great patron is J. F. Smith, of Sheffield, another St. Bernard man with plenty of money; and there is no doubt that Helliwell wanted the dog for him, and some say, tried to keep him out of the way of Marsden, who, however, got wind of the affair and made the old lady a cheerful bid of a hundred pounds or so. Bids then came in fast and furious between the rival Manchester and Sheffield men; and as there were a couple of Cardiff fellows in the swim who wanted something for themselves out of the affair, there was a good deal of time lost. Meanwhile down pops little Sydney Smith from Leeds, plants down his three hundred and fifty pounds and secures the crack. The same old story—two dogs quarreling over a bone, when the third comes up and collars it.

The great terrier show was the next on the list of fixtures, and it was managed by Mr. Cruft and financed by Spratts Patent. There has been a lot of this kind of thing lately, private enterprises with high entrance fees and small prizes, and a silver medal or two thrown in. These shows presumably pay well, but the Kennel Club could see through the wheeze, and gave the affair a severe snubbing by withdrawing their patronage. The excuse of the revised rules not being used in the schedules was put forward, but that was all my eye, as it was nothing more or less than a sort of vote of censure on the principle of such shows. But the exhibitors did not care much. They had one win to the good without being nearer the challenge class, and as the show was at the Westminster Aquarium there was something else besides dogs to look after.

Then another enterprise in the shape of Portsmouth show came in sight, this time managed by little Dr. Seelig, a good-hearted little soul, but a sadly wanting "somewhere or somehow." There is no doubt that Dear & Company, a new dog biscuit firm, ran Portsmouth show, which was benched by them. Anyhow, the show turned out a horrible failure, and the management faulty; and after a lot of complaints in the press the little doctor got the sack, and from that time he began to go down hill and had to return to the continong. Some people had their knives into him, but from what I know of the little man he was a very good-hearted fellow, but unfortunately like many others could have done with more money.

Easter week saw us at Warwick, a wonderful show; in fact exhibitors now think more of a win at that show than anywhere else, Birmingham included. The secret of Warwick success is attributable to its central geographical situation, its capacious judging ground and a well arranged schedule. It is a pleasing sight to see old and young fanciers chatting over their grogs on the night before the show at the hotels in the town and at Leamington, a fashionable resort a couple of miles distant. The second and third days are always a "frost" at this show and always will be until something is devised to keep the visitors in the town. Sporting dogs were very strong, especially spaniels, and the brothers Willett took longer than ever to judge them. It is sickening to see those two judge; and patience help the poor fellows who have to stand in the ring awaiting their decisions. Half or three-quarters of an hour is nothing for these sports to spend over two dogs, when a blind man could tell by the aid of his stick which was the better in half a minute. By the way, there were ructions in our spaniel world the other day. Mr. Cowell, the secretary of that club, asserted that Mr. Lort, one of our oldest judges, always went for any dog led in by John Reed, Bryden's kennelman. Of course there was an awful row and actions for slander and so on were talked about, and Cowell had to publicly apologize. Mr. Bowers took up the matter on behalf of the old gentleman and probably frightened Mr. Cowell, who has to my knowledge given John Reed money to lead a dog out for him under Mr. Lort. Glasgow show was also a successful one, although only Scotch judges were selected. The show of sporting dogs was now at hand and was held at Olympia, a magnificent new building in Kensington, London. It was held in connection with the Sportsman's Exhibition and was another enterprise of a private nature and was nothing more or less than a catchpenny affair. The entry was a fair one and Cruft and Etherington, another gentleman very fond of running anything in the show line, from an acrobat to an artificial waterfall, must have made a lump out of it; and it is strange the promised medals have been so long in reaching the lucky (?) exhibitors. Poor Captain Makie died the week after this show; he was a rollicking sort of fellow, up to any fun and devilment and had always the choicest of yarns to relate to us. He was well known in yachting circles and had commanded among others the racing crafts Vanduara, the two Condors and the Wendur, and it may be interesting to mention that he was carried to his grave by six of the crew of the Thistle. The captain was a Scotch terrier man and we all miss him.

KINO.—Wrightsville, Pa., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "The well-known fact" of "Malcom" has diminished till nothing more is left but what Mr. Schellhass related to "Malcom" and Mr. Schellhass has nothing to offer but a quotation from a letter from Mr. Satterthwaite. In opposition to this quotation, I will state that Mr. Dan O'Shea informed me verbally on several occasions that he never would give the true facts of Kino's breeding to Mr. Satterthwaite; Kino was imported and as well bred as any beagle living. A dog bred in the United States could not be shown in the U. S. as imported. Mr. O'Shea did show Kino at Philadelphia as imported, and this, coupled with his assertions to me, makes me feel I had the right to claim the dog as imported until the contrary is proven. Mr. O'Shea is the only person that can enlighted us and it is his duty to do so, and I hope he will.—A. C. KRUEGER.

A YOUNGSTER IN THE FIELD.—Jobstown, N. J., Dec. 8.—Yesterday I took my four-month-old puppy, R.V.O. (champion Grousedale—Flo) out for a run, and while walking met Mr. J. P. Budd, who was out shooting. Knowing of a small bunch of birds not a quarter of a mile distant, we went over. My pup began to make game as soon as the ground was reached, and after some beautiful roading he pointed stiff. I walked in ahead of him and started a nice little bunch of about a dozen well-grown birds. Mr. Budd did not shoot, but stood admiring the pup, who never moved an inch off his point I took the gun, and after a little kicking, out went the old cock bird, and I let him down in some tall weeds. After patting and praising the pup I sent him on. He found and pointed the dead bird, and then retrieved it in royal style. This was the first time he ever saw a quail, and also the first time he ever had a gun shot over him.—R. VON OHL.

UTICA BENCH SHOW.—Utica, N. Y., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly announce through your columns the inaugural bench show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Feb. 14-17, 1888. We are about to file our application for membership with the American Kennel Club, and have engaged J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, as superintendent. Will announce judges in the course of a week, when we also hope to issue premium list.—E. J. SPENCER, Secretary (Box 172).

CHAMPION CHIEFTAIN'S DEATH.—Byron, Ont.—I have had the misfortune to lose by death from extreme old age the well-known imported blaek and tan collie, champion Chieftain (E. 8,506) the winner of about 70 prizes in England, among them first at Crystal Palace in 1880. Few collies in England have had a more successful career on the bench than he had when he was in his prime.—ROBERT MCEWEN.

ST. BERNARD BREEDING CLUB.—Will you kindly allow me to say that I have no interest in the St. Bernard Breeding Club, having resigned its presidency, etc., and expect shortly to devote my time to private business. I still retain great interest in the breed, and will doubtless have a few good ones for my own pleasure.—W. W. TUCKER.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB SHOW.—Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We claim the following dates for our next bench show, viz., Feb. 28 and 29 and March 1 and 2.—W. H. CHILD, Sec.

AUGUSTA SHOW.—The Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, will give a show in Market Hall, Augusta, Ga., Jan. 24 to 29.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Smuggler. By A. H. Bassett, Acushnet, Mass., for blue belton setter dog, whelped July 17, 1887, by Phil Warwick out of Model Bondhu.

Luke. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for stone fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1887, by Duke II. (Duke—Judy II.) out of Jipsey (Don Juan—Foxey).

Bessie Pape. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black pointer bitch, whelped July 20, 1887, by Broncho, Jr. (Phil—Dinah) out of Rie (Joe Pape—Nellie Pape).

Lily and Mignon. By Clumber Kennels, Ottawa, Can., for lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitches, whelped Oct. 3, 1887, by Smash II. out of Romp II.

Ferret, Nanette and Nailor. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white fox-terrier dogs, whelped Sept. 28, 1887, by Avenger (Flipper—Melbourne) out of Flash (Trojan—Fannie).

Nicotine. By C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 8, 1887, by Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo) out of Patti M. (Donald—Devonshire Lass).

M. Quad. By W. C. Burke, Jr., South Norwalk, Conn., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 13, 1887, by Scoot (C. M. Bryant's Darkness—R. B. Cooke's Nellie) out of Flycatcher (Vic—Pitzer's Flirt).

Manitoba Gladstone and Frank Simpson. By Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., for black and white English setter dogs, whelped April 23, 1886, by Mark J. (Druid—Star) out of Cambria (Cambridge—Pet Laverack).

Dick Bondhu. By Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., for black and white English setter dog, whelped April 3, 1886, by Dashing Bondhu out of Duchess Primrose.

Royalist. By Maizeland Kennels, Red Hook, N. Y., for white, black and tan fox-terrier dog, by Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bellamite) out of Miss Tackler.

Bonnie View. By Tower Grove Collie Kennels, St. Louis, Mo., for black and tan collie bitch, whelped Aug 14, 1887, by Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie) out of Madge (Highlander—Hasty).

Midget Pug Kennels.—Dec. 5, 1887.—In place of Capitol City Kennels, which name I did not know was already claimed, I now claim the name of Midget Pug Kennels for my kennels of small pugs.—L. S. HUDSON, Lansing, Mich.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Mottle—Cameron's Racket. Wm. Mann's (Elizabeth, N. J.) beagle bitch Mottle to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise), July 10.

Daisy—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Daisy (Thom—Music) to his Cameron's Racket, Sept. 21.

Rue—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's Rue (Victor—Flora) to his Cameron's Racket, June 20.

Whisper—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's beagle bitch Whisper (Cornet—Una) to his Cameron's Racket, July 6.

Cora—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's beagle bitch Cora (Rattler—Scioto) to his Cameron's Racket, Oct. 14.

Nellie—Kino. A. C. Krueger's beagle bitch Nellie (Flute Ringwood—Vine) to his Kino, Nov. 1.

Goodwood Music—King William. A. C. Krueger's Goodwood Music (Flute—Victress) to his King William (Marchboy II.—Lizzie), Dec. 1.

Bell—Cameron's Racket. H. C. Stehman's (Middletown, Pa.) beagle bitch Bell to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket, Dec. 6.

Bluebelle—Cameron's Racket. Theo. L. Riddle's (Kane, Pa.) beagle bitch Bluebelle (Bugle—Lu) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket, Nov. 11.

Gip—Cameron's Racket. J. Satterthwaite's (Jenkintown, Pa.) beagle bitch Gip to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket, Sept. 19.

Mignon—Cameron's Racket. J. Otis Fellows's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Mignon to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket, Nov. 21.

Bissell—Cameron's Racket. J. H. Jacobs's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Bissell (Bannerman—Pet) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket), Sept. 25.

Pussie—Cameron's Racket. C. S. Wixom's (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Pussie to Cameron's Racket, Aug. 13.

Petrel II.—Belthus. James Hunter's (New York) English setter bitch Petrel II. (Pride of the Border—Petrel) to W. F. Schellhass's Belthus, Dec. 6.

Dot—Ben Lomond.—J. C. Curry & Bro.'s (Beason, Ill.) collie bitch Dot (Rex—Jersey Lilly) to Tower Grove Collie Kennels' Ben Lomond (Ben Nevis—Beauty IV.), Nov. 28.

Daphne—Plinlimmon. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) St. Bernard Daphne (A.K.R. 448) to Sidney W. Smith's Plinlimmon (E. 15,050) (Pilgrim—Bessie II.), Oct. 1.

Swiss Rhona—Otho. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Swiss Rhona (A.K.R. 3030) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), Nov. 26.

Paleface—Otho. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Paleface (A.K.R. 4404) to their Otho, Nov. 21.

Tromba—Hector. James J. Geddes's (Mansfield, O.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Tromba (A.K.R. 5174) to the Hospice Kennels' Hector (A.K.R. 4425), Nov. 1.

Queen of Sheba—Hector. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Queen of Sheba (A.K.R. 4429) to their Hector, Oct. 27.

La Duchesse—Otho. The Kamernap Kennels' (Brooklyn, N. Y.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch La Duchesse (A.K.R. 3022) to the Hospice Kennels' Otho, Oct. 24.

Lady Alice—Otho. Mrs. Alex M. Hughes's (Kensico Station, N. Y.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lady Alice (Valentine—Miss Megg) to the Hospice Kennels' Otho, Nov. 4.

Festive—Regent Vox. The Maizeland Kennels' (Red Hook, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Festive (Bacchanal—Blemton Snow) to the Blemton Kennels' Regent Vox (Tackler—Flurry—Sandy Vic), Nov. 19.

Fannie—Tom II. Geo. Bond's (Worcester, Mass.) Gordon bitch Fannie to F. M. Harris's Tom II. (A.K.R. 3669), Nov. 15.

Nera—Tom II. F. M. Harris's (Worcester, Mass.) Gordon bitch Nera (A.K.R. 5009) to his Tom II., Dec. 2.

Nellie—Begorra. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Nellie (Glencho—Bess) to their Begorra (Blarney—Lady Clare), Nov. 2.

Victory—Dashing Berwyn. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter Victory (Count Rapier—Reign) to Arnold Burges's Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear), Nov. 23.

Queen of Thorpe—Strephon. C. T. Sherman's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Queen of Thorpe (Nullamore—Gem) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry), Nov. 14.

Jersey Lass—David. Chestnut Hill Kennels' Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jersey Lass (Rex—Topsy) to their David (Strephon—Mavis), Nov. 17.

Rachel—Mac D. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter Rachel (Lexington—Kelp) to Dr. L. R. Taylor's Mac D. (Count Noble—Spark), November.

Beauty—King Bow. John Finn's (Washington, D. C.) pointer bitch Beauty to Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow (Bow—Taffee), Dec. 11.

Ruby Croxteth—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Ruby Croxteth (Croxteth—Scitner's Lass) to their King Bow, Nov. 30.

Juno—Shooting Star. T. S. Marrison's setter bitch Juno (Yale Belton—Polly Blue) to V. L. Bossa's Shooting Star (A.K.R. 3868).

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bissel. J. H. Jacob's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Bissel (Bannerman—Pet), Nov. 28, eight (three dogs), by A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise).

Minnie. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Minnie (Thom—Lucy Hinton), Sept. 21, four (two dogs), by his Rover.

Rue. A. C. Krueger's beagle bitch Rue (Victor—Flora), Aug. 21, five (two dogs), by his Cameron's Racket.

June, A. C. Krueger's beagle bitch June (Victor II.—Mary), July 18, five (two dogs), by his Cameron's Racket.

Pink. A. C. Krueger's beagle bitch Pink (Ringwood—Countess), Aug. 31, three (two dogs), by his Kino.

Judy. J. R. McAlpin's (New York) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Judy (Blucher—Madeleine), Nov. 17, fourteen (seven dogs), by the Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483).

Belline II. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Belline II. (A.K.R. 3033), Sept. 21, nine (six dogs), by their Alvier (A.K.R. 5166).

Krader. The Hospice Kennels' St. Bernard bitch Krader (A.K.R. 5175), Sept. 4, ten (seven dogs), by their Eiger.

Daphne. The Hospice Kennels' St. Bernard bitch Daphne (A.K.R. 483), Dec. 3, twelve (six dogs), by Sidney W. Smith's Plinlimmon (E. 15,059).

Speranza. Thos. Burke's (Bridgeport, Conn.) St. Bernard bitch Speranza (A.K.R. 5004), Nov. 6, thirteen (eight dogs), by the Hospice Kennels' Hector (A.K.R. 4425).

Flora. P. Kraemer's (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Flora Oct. 10, eight (five dogs) by the Hospice Kennels' Eiger (A.K.R. 5168).

Cad O. P. C. Ohl's (Plainfield, N. J.) English setter bitch Cad O. (Lord Percy—Cad), Dec. 6, five, by his Planter (Dashing Monarch—Vannette).

Daisy A. C. A. Parker's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy A. (A.K.R. 3388), Nov. 4, nine (three dogs), by C. A. Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640).

Luella. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Luella (Strephon—Mavis), Nov. 29, nine (two dogs), by their Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.).

Jeannie Nettles. Chestnut Hill Kennels' collie bitch Jeannie Nettles (Old Sweep—Lassie), Nov. 6, six (five dogs), by their David (Strephon—Mavis).

Belle II. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Belle II. (Nixey—Old Belle), Nov. 8, eleven (six dogs), by L. R. Taylor's Mac D. (Count Noble—Spark).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ray. White, black and tan Laverack setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1887, by Gus. Mannering out of Lemonade, by J. Reynal, White Plains, N. Y., to F. Satterthwaite, Newark, N. J.

Blue Cap II. White, black, tan and blue ticked beagle dog (A.K.R. 4008), by F. B. Zimmer, Schenectady, N. Y., to A. Vass, Goshen, N. Y.

Air. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 27, 1887, by Blue Cap II. out of Constance, by F. B. Zimmer to A. Clary, Westfield, Mass.

Topaz. Fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped April 7, 1887, by Dictator (A.K.R. 1503) out of Myx, by F. B. Zimmer to J. W. Reily, Harrisburg, Pa.

Donald. Blue Skye terrier dog, whelped May, 1885, by Jim out of Queen Mab, by W. P. Sanderson, Philadelphia, Pa., to the Maizeland Kennels, Red Hook, N. Y.

Lady Moore II. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1884, by Duke out of Lady Moore, by C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to F. M. Harris, Worcester, Mass.

Roslyn Gay. Sable collie dog, whelped June 3, 1887, by Strephon out of Jersey Lass, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to L. A. Hoerner, Three Rivers, Can.

Jock. Sable and white collie dog, whelped April 21, 1887, by Strephon out of Flossie, by Chestnut Hill Kennels to F. P. McManus, Reading, Pa.

Jess. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped 1884, by Jack out of Jill, by W. G. Young, Ottawa, Ont., to H. W. Windram, Boston, Mass.

Jill. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped 1880, by Flash out of Judy, by W. G. Young, Ottawa, Ont., to H. W. Windram, Boston, Mass.

Mignon and Lily. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitches, whelped Oct. 3, by Smash II. out of Romp II., by G. Piers, Halifax, N. S., to Clumber Kennels, Ottawa, Can.

Amy Sherwin. Black, white and tan Llewellyn setter bitch, whelped March 9, 1887, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Victoria Laverack (A.K.R. 4077), by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to G. E. Van Buskirk, Halifax, N. S.

Cavio. Black, white breast, cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1887, by Teddie out of Floss B. (A.K.R. 3449), by A. S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass., to A. J. Ferham, same place.

Budge. Black, white and tan cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1887, by Teddie out of Floss B., by A. S. Aborn to Miss Ora Hill, Stoneham, Mass.

Bannerman. White and lemon English beagle dog, whelped Nov., 1882, by champion Marchboy out of Dewdrop, by F. T. Lane, Glencoe, Ill., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

King William. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by champion Marchboy II. out of Lizzie, by W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Baltimore, Md., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Dots. White, black and ticked beagle bitch, by Cornet out of Solo, by F. T. Lane, Glencoe, Ill., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Cricket. White, black and tan English beagle bitch, whelped April 20, 1886, by champion Bannerman out of Pet, by W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Una. White, black and tan English beagle bitch, whelped Dec. 24, 1883, by Sam II. out of Scioto, by F. T. Lane, Glencoe, Ill., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Goodwood Rally. White, black and tan English beagle dog, whelped July 17, 1886, by Goodwood Rattler out of Goodwood Music, by W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Baltimore, Md., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Goodwood Music. White, black and tan English beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1881, by Flute out of Victress, by W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Baltimore, Md., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Gun—Victoria Laverack whelp. Black, white and tan Llewellyn setter dog, whelped Nov. 9, 1887, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Victoria Laverack (A.K.R. 4077), by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to L. E. Tozier, same place.

Gun—Morning Star whelp. Black, white and tan Llewellyn setter dog, whelped July 8, 1887, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541), by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to S. F. Rathbun, New York.

Nick of Naso—Patti M. whelps. Two liver and white pointer bitches, whelped Aug. 8, 1887, by Nick of Naso out of Patti M., by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., to John R. Daniels, same place.

Avenger—Flash whelp. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1887, by Avenger out of Flash, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Will A. Bruette, Jefferson, Wis.

Duke—Jipsey whelps. Nine fawn pug bitches, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by Duke out of Jipsey, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, one each to Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., and Frank Croul, Detroit, Mich.

Brent—Bonita whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1887, by champion Brent out of Bonita, by Chas. M. Nelles, M. D., Brantford, Ont., to Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Broncho, Jr.—Rue whelp. Black pointer bitch, whelped July 20, 1887, by Broncho out of Rie, by R. T. Terry, Grove City, O., to Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Freddie—Floss B. whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped Sept. 22, 1887, by Freddie out of Floss B. (A.K.R. 3449), by Arthur S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass., a bitch each to T. F. Leonard, Walpole, Mass., W. J. Middleton, 1,849 Washington street, Boston, Mass., Mrs. Chas. Washburn, West Everett, Mass., and a dog to J. H. Whicher, West Somerville, Mass.

The following beagles have been sold by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.:

Cameron's Racket—Maggie whelps. Whelped May 1, 1887; one wb&t dog to Chas. C. Rupple, Buffalo, N. Y.; one wb&t bitch to R. M. Durrach, Germantown, Pa.; one w&br dog to Mr. Hoffman, Pullman, Ill.; one wb&t ticked bitch to T. E. Hibben, Indianapolis, Ind.

Bannerman—Dots whelps. Whelped April 1, 1887; one wb&t dog to D. D. Greers, Navasota, Texas; one wb&t ticked bitch to F. A. Simpkins, Youngstown, O.; one wb&t bitch presented to Hon. W. F. Rutter, Lawrence, Mass.

Bannerman—Cora whelps. Whelped March 23, 1887; one wb&t dog to J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.; one w&t dog to Geo. P. H. Rector, Vicksburg, Miss.; one wb&t bitch to E. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Bannerman—Una whelps. Whelped March 30, 1887; one dog to T. E. Hibben, Indianapolis, Ind.; one wb&t dog to Chas. L. Hyde, Titusville, Pa.

Bannerman—Scioto whelps. Whelped April 30, 1887; one w&t dog to F. W. McDowell, Germantown, Pa., and one wb&t bitch to D. D. Green, Navasota, Tex.

Racket—Nellie II. whelp. Bitch, whelped April 19, 1887, to F. A. Simpkins, Youngstown, O.

Racket—Rue whelp. Wb&t bitch, whelped Aug. 24, 1887, to Dr. H. D. Danford, Trimble, O.

June. By Victor II. out of Mary, whelped March 11, 1884, to F. Eibel, Lancaster, Pa.

Polly. Wb&t bitch, whelped Aug. 3, 1884, to T. E. Hibben, Indianapolis, Ind.

Blossom. Wb&t bitch, whelped March, 1884, to H. S. Gilbert, Millersburg, Pa.

Dido. Wb&t bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, to A. C. Waddell, Kansas City, Mo.

Racer II. Wb&t dog, whelped May 14, 1885, to A. C. Waddell, Kansas City, Mo.

Maggie. Wb&t bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1886, by Thom out of Lucy Hinton, to A. R. Barnhardt, Greensburg, Pa.

Rover. Wb&t dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1886, by Thom out of Lucy Hinton, to Allen Hendricks, Indianapolis, Ind.

Alba—Bunnie whelp. Dog, whelped March 21, 1887, to A. R. Barnhardt, Greensburg, Pa.

Bugle. Wb&t dog, whelped October, 1886, by Rattler III. out of Roxy, to H. M. Lichtenberg, Englewood, N. J.

Vida. Wb&t dog, whelped April 29, 1886, by Ringwood out of Belle, to Geo. P. H. Rector, Vicksburg, Miss.

Victor. Wb&t dog, whelped Nov. 7, 1886, by Thom out of Music, to W. E. & H. L. Ellis, Westminster, Mass.

Bounce—Jessie whelp. Wb&t bitch, whelped June 22, 1887, to F. Eibel, Lancaster, Pa.

PRESENTATIONS.

Floss. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1887, by Freddie out of Floss B. (A.K.R. 3449), by Arthur S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass., to Arthur S. Johnson, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada.

Avenger—Flash whelp. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1887, by Avenger out of Flash, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to H. E. Cook, Hillsdale, Mich.

IMPORTATIONS.

Bertha. Mr. Mitchell Harrison has purchased the collie bitch Bertha from Messrs. J. & W. H. Charles, England. Bertha is the winner of eleven prizes and four cups, including the Ten Guinea cup at Barn Elms. She is also dam of Bendigo, who was bought from the same gentlemen by Mr. T. H. Terry.

Flurry III. Mr. Harrison has purchased from W. R. Dockrell, London, Eng., the collie bitch Flurry III. (Blue Sky—champion Flurry II.).

DEATHS.

Merchant of Melrose. Mr. J. Hellen's rough-coated St. Bernard dog Merchant of Melrose (A.K.R. 5680) died Dec. 7, of distemper.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

THE BENNETT REVOLVER TEST.

DURING the past week the range at Walnut Hill has been the scene of an exceptionally fine display of revolver firing. The match has been closely watched by a number of very interested witnesses, and the report in the daily papers have been most extended ones. The daily story of the novel match is told under each date:

Boston, Dec. 5.—F. E. Bennett, the expert revolver shot, to-day commenced the task of shooting 100 shots a day with an army revolver for 6 consecutive days, at the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, at Walnut Hill. The object of this shooting is to settle a heavy wager which has been made that this gentleman will surpass Chevalier Paine's best record of 841 points on the standard American target at 50yds., 3 times out of 6, and the



aggregate of the 6 days' shooting to average over 841 points a day. The weather indications for shooting were good, the worst feature being the damp atmosphere which caused the smoke from the revolver to hang around the firing point, making it difficult to sight correctly. Mr. Bennett's score to-day aggregated 886 points, 45 points higher than the score he essayed to surpass, and 9 points higher than his best previous record. Out of 100 shots he secured 83 bullseyes, making a clean score of bullseyes on his sixth string and recording a run of 16 consecutive bullseyes. The weapon used was a Smith & Wesson .44-cal. Russian model army revolver, with factory ammunition. The scoring was done by the official club scorer, and the match refereed by A. C. Gould, editor of the *Rifle*. The shooting will be continued to-morrow, commencing at about 2 o'clock. The score:

1.	6	10	8	10	7	10	10	10	10	10—91
2.	8	10	9	10	7	9	9	9	10	8—89
3.	9	10	10	6	9	10	9	10	10	10—93
4.	10	9	9	6	10	10	10	8	9	9—90
5.	8	10	7	6	9	8	9	9	10	9—85
6.	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	8—94
7.	7	9	10	10	6	9	10	8	7	6—82
8.	10	10	9	10	7	9	8	9	7	9—88
9.	10	10	8	8	10	9	10	10	7	8—90
10.	9	7	7	10	10	8	8	9	9	7—84—886

At the conclusion of the revolver shooting W. W. Bennett, brother of F. E. Bennett, broke 84 out of 100 clay-pigeons thrown into the air, using a Winchester repeating rifle.

Dec. 6.—F. E. Bennett, the expert pistol shot, fired his second 100 shots at a standard American target at 50yds. with a Smith & Wesson army revolver at Walnut Hill to-day, it being the second of the six days he is to shoot. The weather conditions were much less favorable than on Monday, there being a bright, glaring light, which reflected from the target, making it troublesome for the shooter. A rather fickle wind caused considerable annoyance, and the two elements had the effect of bringing the day's aggregate below that of Monday. In addition to these objections, Mr. Bennett on his fifty-fifth shot had the misfortune to accidentally discharge his revolver before taking aim, and a serious accident was narrowly averted. The referee decided the shot a miss. Even with this accidental miss against him Mr. Bennett secured the fine aggregate of 867 points, 23 points above the amount he engaged to secure, which included 82 bullseyes out of the 100 shots, and one clean score of ten shots, all bullseyes. Mr. Bennett has four more days in which to secure an aggregate of 841 points, but there is every indication that he will secure that amount to-morrow and settle the first part of the performance he has attempted. The aggregate necessary for him to secure in the six days' shooting in order to win the second condition of the match is 5046 points. His total for Monday being 886 and to-day 867, or a total of 1753, makes him 71 points ahead of the required amount for the two days' shooting. To-morrow being club day, the shooting will commence at about 10 o'clock in the morning. To-day's score is as follows:

1.	5	7	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	8—87
2.	8	9	10	7	6	9	10	10	10	10—89
3.	8	9	10	8	10	7	8	10	10	9—87
4.	8	9	10	7	7	8	9	9	8	10—85
5.	9	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	8—94
6.	9	9	10	10	0	7	10	9	9	10—83
7.	9	7	9	10	9	9	10	9	9	6—84
8.	8	9	10	9	0	10	10	8	6	8—87
9.	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	9	8	8—92
10.	8	6	7	8	7	9	10	8	6	8—77—867

Dec. 7.—To-day was the third day of the contest at Walnut Hill. F. E. Bennett commenced firing his third 100 shots at 10 o'clock. The elements were decidedly in favor of good shooting, but owing to a series of mishaps Mr. Bennett was in poor form. On Tuesday he ran several hundred yards to catch a homeward train, much to the annoyance of his friends and backers. In addition to this his revolver, which he had shot over 10,000 times, worked unsatisfactorily; a dragging pull having developed, which he sought to have corrected, but which resulted in the accidental discharge on Tuesday and occurred again on his fourth shot today, thus giving him a second miss. The cause of these two premature explosions was found in an imperfection in the trigger catch of the hammer, the result of bungling workmanship on the part of some gunsmith. In the evening the revolver of F. E. Bennet, which has twice accidentally discharged in his match at Walnut Hill, and thereby lowered his aggregate on account of the referee deciding these shots counted as misses, was brought to this city and carried to an expert gunsmith, who found that the party who had previously repaired the arm had taken the liberty of cutting out a piece of the hammer and inserting an inferior piece of metal, which was soft, and caused the accidental discharge, which not only lowered Mr. Bennett's score, but nearly cost him the loss of his left hand. It was a fortunate discovery, and Mr. Bennett naturally feels that what might be construed as carelessness on his part by the public was in reality caused by the unauthorized changing of his pistol by the workman. A new part has been procured for the arm. After the accident he felt it desirable to take another revolver with which he was unfamiliar. These incidents all contributed to disturb him and lower his score of to-day, and he fell some points below the number he attempted to score. Notwithstanding the obstacles mentioned, he recorded two perfect scores on his fifth and ninth entry. The condition of the match at the present time is as follows: Three out of the six 100-shot strings have been fired, and twice out of three times he has surpassed the feat he has attempted. He has three more trials to surpass 841 points, and it is generally believed he will accomplish what he has undertaken. It is also believed that the aggregate of his six days' shooting will average over 841 points a day, which will win the second wager. Mr. Bennett's aggregate for the three day's shooting is 2585 points, 62 points ahead of the required amount. The shooting will be continued to-morrow at 2 o'clock. To-day's score is as follows:

1.	10	8	9	0	10	6	6	9	6	7—71
2.	7	8	10	8	7	8	9	8	8	10—83
3.	7	9	6	7	10	7	8	8	9	7—78
4.	7	9	10	7	9	10	7	9	10	5—84
5.	8	8	8	9	9	8	8	10	9	9—86
6.	10	7	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	10—94
7.	7	9	8	10	9	8	10	6	9	10—86
8.	8	7	8	7	7	10	9	9	8	7—80
9.	9	9	9	9	10	8	8	10	9	9—90
10.	8	10	8	8	7	8	8	8	8	7—80—832

Dec. 8.—The revolver match at Walnut Hill was continued today by F. E. Bennett, it being the fourth day of the contest. Mr. Bennett was not in the best form. On his return to Boston Wednesday evening he had his injured hand poulticed and he appeared at the range to-day with his left hand carefully gloved. It was thought that the heavy recoil from the army revolver had affected his fine holding, which can be readily understood by those witnessing the shooting, as each discharge of the weapon the recoil would throw his arm up, so the revolver would reach the height of his head. The shooting commenced a little before 2 o'clock and Mr. Bennett, annoyed by his failing yesterday to record the required amount, shot slowly, with great care and deliberation. In his physical condition he was well aware that he would require all his skill to score 841 points. When 90 shots had bren fired it was shown that it was necessary to score 79 on his last string to secure the aggregate of 841. It was thought to be an easy task for Mr. Bennett, but to the dismay of his friends the first shot was a 5, but when the scorer called a 6 for the second shot it was a dubious outlook for the shooter. When he faced the target to fire his ninety-seventh shot it was observed that it was not only necessary to secure three bullseyes to aggregate the desired amount, but it required two shots in the 10 circle, which is $3\frac{3}{16}$in. in diameter, and one in the 8 circle to secure 841 points. There was not a sound to be heard in the shooting house but the ticking of the clock. The ninety-eighth shot was fired. "Ten," called the scorer; 823 was the total at this point. Mr. Bennett took careful aim and fired his ninety-ninth shot. "Ten" was again called and 833 was counted. One more shot, which if placed out of the bullseye would lose the match. It was oppressively quiet. A passing train tooted a salute. Another careful aim, a loud report and the calling of a ten set a number of hearts to throbbing quicker than was their wont, and the grand total of 843 was credited to Mr. Bennett, which gave him the first match for securing 841 points three days out of six. The aggregate of the four days' shooting was 3,428 points, which on the second match for the six days' shooting places Mr. Bennett 64 points at this point beyond what he is required to make to win the second match. The shooting will be continued to-morrow at 2 o'clock. To-day's score is as follows:

1.	8	7	10	9	8	9	7	7	10	8—83
2.	8	7	7	9	9	8	7	10	9	8—82
3.	10	5	9	8	5	10	8	9	8	6—78
4.	10	6	9	10	8	9	9	9	10	10—90
5.	8	10	10	8	11	7	10	9	9	10—91
6.	7	6	9	9	6	10	10	10	7	10—84
7.	7	8	7	9	8	8	8	8	7	10—80
8.	9	7	8	10	10	10	10	6	10	10—90
9.	9	8	9	9	7	8	9	6	9	10—84
10.	5	6	8	10	7	6	9	10	10	10—81—843

Dec. 9.—The revolver shooting of F. E. Bennett was continued at Walnut Hill to-day, it being the fifth day of the match. The match was called at 2 o'clock, and the shooting was remarkable for its evenness as well as its excellence. From the first string he ran ahead of the required amount and gained steadily. The total secured was 868 points, which included one clean score of bullseyes secured on the third string, and a run of 18 consecutive bullseyes from the 41st to the 59th shot inclusive. The wildest shot in the hundred was exactly 6⅛in. from the center of the bullseye. The grand total secured up to date is 4296 points. Mr. Bennett has secured an aggregate of over 841 points four days out of five. The 4296 points gives him an average of 849 1-5 points a day and leaves him 91 points ahead of the required amount to date. These figures show it necessary for him to secure only 750 points on his last trial to-day. The shooting to-day will commence about 2 o'clock, and if the same time is consumed in firing his last 100 shots as the previous ones, the result will be known about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The shooting to-day, although aggregating less than on Monday, contained the same number of bullseyes, and the 100 shots were placed in a smaller circle than ever before in any match shot on the standard target. To-day's score was as follows:

1.	10	7	9	9	7	10	10	8	7	8—85
2.	7	9	8	10	7	9	10	7	6	8—84
3.	8	8	10	9	9	10	9	8	9	10—90
4.	7	8	10	9	9	10	10	7	10	10—90
5.	7	8	10	8	9	9	10	9	9	8—87
6.	10	8	9	9	9	8	8	9	10	6—86
7.	9	10	7	9	8	10	10	9	8	8—88
8.	10	7	10	8	9	8	8	10	8	7—85
9.	9	8	9	9	7	9	8	8	10	10—87
10.	7	7	9	8	10	7	10	8	10	10—86—868

Dec. 10.—To-day was the sixth and last day of F. E. Bennett's revolver shooting at Walnut Hill. The weather was favorable for good shooting, and Mr. Bennett was in excellent form. The match was called about 1:30, and the time occupied in firing the last 100 shots was about 1h. 35m. The first string was a clean one, being all bullseyes, and an unusually high aggregate was secured on each string, the total of the last 100 shots being 876, which included 84 bullseyes. The day's score is as follows:

1.	9	8	8	9	10	10	9	9	10	8—90
2.	7	10	7	10	8	10	10	7	9	9—87
3.	10	8	9	6	9	8	7	8	8	10—83
4.	10	9	10	10	9	8	10	7	10	9—92
5.	9	9	7	10	9	9	8	10	8	8—87
6.	10	8	10	10	10	9	7	9	9	8—90
7.	9	10	9	10	10	7	6	9	9	8—87
8.	9	7	10	9	6	10	8	10	9	8—85
9.	9	10	6	9	10	10	10	9	10	10—93
10.	6	7	9	9	9	5	8	10	10	9—82—876

The aggregates of the six-days' shoot is as follows:

	Points.	Bullseyes.		Points.	Bullseyes.
Nov. 5	886	85	Nov. 8	843	75
Nov. 6	867	83	Nov. 9	868	83
Nov. 7	832	75	Nov. 10	876	84
				5,172	485

These figures show that Mr. Bennett exceded 841 points five days out of six, which won the first wager. The second wager being that the aggregate of the six days' shooting would average 841 points or better for each day, this is also won, with a surplus of 126 points. This will probably be Mr. Bennett's last appearance in public as an amateur, as a variety manager has engaged him, in connection with his brother, W. W. Bennett, to do a phenomenal shot, to appear next month. This will class both of these gentlemen as professional shots.

Chevalier Ira Paine, who was in town, called at the *Herald* office Saturday afternoon to protest against the statement made in the papers throughout this country that Mr. Bennett had beaten the best previous score with the revolver, which score was made by Mr. Paine at the same place some time last March. "I wish the matter placed before the public in the right light," said the chevalier, "and I don't wish to have any man gain notoriety on my name unless it is done fairly. Any assertion that Mr. Bennett has beaten my revolver record of 84 points, under equal conditions, is untrue. The conditions under which I made my record were well and widely known. The ammunition which I used was purchased for me at random, in stores where it was allowed to lie, probably for years, and the powder was caked and consequently unfit for record shooting. From March till November Mr. Bennett repeatedly tried in private to make as good a score as mine under the same ammunition condition, but he never came within 9 points of my mark. Then new ammunition was given him, which was just suited for the purpose, and he beat my record, but nothing was said about the conditions under which he did it. Does any sane marksman suppose that a man is 38 or 48 points better off in one day than in another, all the conditions being the same? No. If Mr. Bennett beats my record fairly and squarely under the same conditions, I will be the first one to grasp his hand and congratulate him, but when the record is beaten under unfair conditions and nothing is said about it, I don't think it an honorable act. I have not been invited to try my skill with the revolver at Walnut Hill on the present occasion, but should I be permitted to do so next April, when I next appear publicly in Boston, I will give Mr. Bennett and others another lesson with the pistol."

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8.—The fourth annual meeting of the Cosmopolitan Rifle Club took place at their headquarters this evening. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, T. Frank Carlin; Vice-President, H. Siedenburgh; Treasurer, Hon. Peter Woods; Secretary, J. W. Ruppman; Standing Committee, C. H. Jones, A. Kelly, R. Koch; Captain of team, C. H. Beeler; Lieutenant, W. Denny. The secretary's report showed the club to have a good round number in good standing, and that the club was financially in first-class condition. The captain's report showed 28 active members, who, with the exception of 2, had made marked improvement in their respective averages as compared with last year. The averages show C. H. Beeler, Jr., (for the third successive year), winner of the club championship diamond badge, and J. B. Tracy, W. Denny and F. G. Ruppman the winners of marksman's badges in the order named. The above badges are offered annually by the club, and become personal property, as also the monthly average bars, which are attached to the regular club badges; these were won respectively by C. H. Beeler, Jr., 6; W. Denny, 3; J. B. Tracy, 2; F. G. Ruppman 1.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

DELAWARE.—In spite of the tricky wind and reflection from bright sunshine the shooting at Healdmoor Rifle Range on Dec. 5 was fair. The members of Company H, of New Castle, took part in the shooting, and other members are likely to attend the Monday shooting hereafter. Mr. Lunt, of that company, won the weekly military badge, and from the indications of his shooting the Wilmington militiamen will have to bestir themselves or he will hold the badge for some time. Standard American target, 200yds.:

H Simpson	6	7	8	9	4	6	6	7	3	6—62
	6	6	5	4	8	8	3	7	4	9—60
	10	7	6	7	6	9	9	7	10	4—75
G W Howard	4	6	4	8	4	8	8	8	5	4—59
	4	4	7	6	5	8	5	3	9	8—59
H S Johnson	6	4	5	6	6	7	7	4	5	3—53
	4	4	7	4	10	4	6	4	8	8—59
C Lunt, mil	7	3	6	6	0	6	7	6	2	2—45
	2	4	5	6	6	6	2	4	2	4—41
	5	10	5	4	6	4	3	4	8	3—52
R Wilson, mil	1	5	4	0	9	3	0	7	4	7—40
J Wise, mil	5	0	5	0	2	2	8	1	3	0—21

Revolver Match at 15 Yds.; Short Barrels.

H Simpson.....2445244235—35 H S Johnson.....2555212035—30
G W Howard.....3542523251—32

The regular weekly shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club took place on Dec. 5 at the range on Forty Acres. The monthly badge was won by S. J. Newman, standard target, 200yds.:

Record Match.

S J Newman	6	10	10	6	8	4	10	7	7	6—74
J E Newman	4	7	7	9	4	4	8	10	5	3—61
C Heinel, Sr	4	8	7	7	5	4	7	5	4	9—60
W A Bacon	5	2	5	6	2	4	6	4	4	4—42
W Rice	4	4	5	4	6	4	4	4	4	4—37
J F Gibson										

Badge Match.

S J Newman	7	6	8	9	7	7	9	9	9	5—76
J E Newman	8	6	6	9	8	2	5	8	6	6—64
C Heinel, Sr	6	4	4	7	6	5	6	6	8	5—57
W A Bacon	3	5	4	5	4	1	7	7	4	4—44
W Rice	3	1	4	2	8	2	3	8	6	4—41
J F Gibson	3	6	0	4	6	3	8	4	4	2—40

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 6.—Quite a number of visitors were on the range to-day to witness the Owenville Ballard Rifle team's seventh contest, 200yds., Standard target. A 12-o'clock fish-tail wind made scores run low:

J Montgomery	10	7	7	5	7	10	7	10	3	5—71
W Roberts	5	4	7	7	4	7	7	7	4	6—58
M Daugherty	7	4	9	3	2	6	5	7	7	3—53
W Gentry	8	6	10	5	1	7	4	4	5	6—56
J Daugherty	4	5	5	4	6	5	4	4	9	5—51
J Stones	6	7	3	6	3	7	5	4	6	4—51
G Weller	4	5	5	2	6	8	5	4	4	5—48
R Speck	0	5	3	7	9	2	6	10	6	0—48
H Mauck	4	3	4	4	5	3	10	3	5	5—46

Montgomery gold medal, H. Mauck leather medal.

BOSTON, Dec. 18.—The result of the rifle shooting in the two matches at Walnut Hill range to-day was creditable to the contestants. The records are as follows:

Decimal Match.

F F Ellsworth	8	7	10	9	9	9	10	9	10	9—90
	8	9	10	8	7	9	6	10	10	9—86
	9	9	8	7	9	9	9	8	7	10—85
W H Oler	8	10	8	9	7	10	7	8	6	9—82
B G Warren	8	10	10	5	8	8	7	9	9	10—84
	7	6	8	5	9	9	10	7	10	10—81
J R Dadman	9	6	10	8	8	9	7	9	7	6—79
	9	9	9	7	7	8	10	7	6	9—77

Rest Match.

J Francis	11	12	12	12	12	9	11	11	11	11—112
	10	11	10	12	10	12	12	11	11	12—111
W Chester	11	12	11	12	11	9	11	12	12	10—111
	12	9	11	12	12	9	12	11	8	12—108
H A Smith	10	9	12	8	11	11	8	11	11	10—101
	7	7	9	10	9	9	10	12	10	10— 93
A Loring	10	10	9	10	8	10	9	12	10	7— 95
	10	12	7	6	9	10	9	10	8	12— 93

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 1.—The Minneapolis Rifle Club had a shoot to-day, opening with a shoot for a badge and followed by a prize match. Following is the score, at 200yds.:

Badge Score.

Marshall	7	8	9	6	9	5	8	8	5	10—75
Morgan	6	6	8	8	10	7	7	8	8	10—78
Bird	6	6	8	7	10	10	6	8	6	7—77
Weeks	7	10	8	8	6	7	6	9	5	10—76

Morgan was handicapped one point more than Bird, so it was declared a tie and was shot off on five shots, Bird winning, 33 to 29.

Prize Match.

Marshall	9	5	5	7	6	9	6	7	8	7—69
Morgan	8	4	6	5	6	5	10	9	8	10—71
Bird	6	6	5	6	10	10	5	4	7	6—65
Weeks	6	10	5	9	5	8	7	7	9	5—71

Weeks and Morgan shot off the tie on five shots, Morgan scoring 39 and Weeks 33.

Highest scores made during the day were:

Marshall	9	9	10	8	7	9	6	7	10	6—81
Morgan	8	8	7	10	8	10	7	8	7	9—82
Bird	6	6	8	7	10	10	9	8	6	7—77
Weeks	9	9	8	8	9	9	6	7	8	6—79

Highest total, Creedmoor count:

Marshall.....48 Morgan.....47
Bird.....45 Weeks.....47

A new prize match has been arranged by the club, to take place after the badge match every Wednesday afternoon. The terms of the prize match are, 200yds. off-hand, Springfield and plain sighted magazine rifles to have 5 points handicap. Open sighted single shot rifles allowed 3 points on the total score of 10 shots, Match open to all comers. Standard American target will be used.

ANOTHER MAGAZINE RIFLE.—Captain Greville Harston, of the Royal Grenadiers of Canada, may be congratulated on having mastered a problem that has puzzled the gunmakers and mechanical engineers of this country not a little. It has been repeatedly said by those who have not Capt. Harston's faith in the resources of mechanics that rifles of the falling-block type, and notably, the Martini, could never be converted into a magazine rifle. Capt. Harston declined to accept this *non possumus*, and set to work to find a solution. This he has done by a devise which is faultless in theory, and the practical development of which is limited only by the capacities of the Martini-Henry as a military rifle. One side of the falling block being cut away he introduces there a loosely-jointed carrier, which works freely in a movable bridle, sliding to and fro in the direction of the axis of the barrel as the breech is opened and closed. This carrier receives each cartridge as it falls on the block and forces it into the chamber with a steady pressure. The magazine is a light hopper, which can be fitted beside the lock instantaneously, and the feed is kept up by a revolving action. Into a description of all the details it is unnecessary for us to enter, beyond saying the mechanism is very simple, and there are no springs likely to get out of order. It is obviously impossible for a dangerous "jam" to occur because a second cartridge cannot fall into the block until the exploded case has been ejected. The weakest point of the Martini action is overcome and the extractor made very powerful by the simplest of all contrivances. Whether this invention will ever be adopted is doubtful, but as to its mechanical merits there can be no question. Capt. Harston has come over from Canada at the request of the War Office authorities, and under his supervision three Martini-Henry rifles will be converted into magazines for trial before the committe on small arms.—*Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette.*

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 10.—The old-time interest in rifle shooting, which was allowed to languish until nearly all the clubs formerly represented in the monthly tournaments of the Newark Rifle Association have gone out of existence, is again being revived. The action of the Rutgers, Our Own and J. Magory rifle clubs in organizing a league for the purpose of shooting a series of monthly matches has had the effect of awakening some of the "old-timers," and the probabilities are that before the season closes other clubs will be formed and will apply for admission to the league. An effort is now being made to organize a club to make its headquarters on the Western Rifle Range. This is the only double gallery in the city, and especially commends itself for match shooting, as one of each team can shoot at the same time. The targets are illuminated by electric lights. A meeting will be called at an early date for the purpose of perfecting the organization and electing officers. A move is also being made to organize a club by the frequenters of the gallery of Von Lengerke & Detmold, and, if successful, the organization will probably take up pistol as well as rifle shooting. The Essex and Frelinghuysen clubs, both "old-timers," are still in existence, and there is a strong chance that Newark may soon have another league as strong as the old N. R. A.

UNITED STATES SMALL ARMS.—Secretary of War Endicott, in his report just sent to Congress, speaks as follows of the small arms under his management: "During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, 41,106 rifles and carbines were manufactured by the National Armory. The question of a reduced caliber for small arms is now under careful consideration and experiment by the department, and while the present caliber, .45, meets the demands of the service in a satisfactory manner, and was adopted fifteen years ago after extended tests, the interest awakened in the military world justifies a further examination and report upon this subject. A magazine gun has become a necessity, and during many years the department has endeavored to find one that would give satisfaction to the army. From what we learn of the magazine systems abroad nothing is gained by haste, and the Springfield rifle must continue to serve our purpose until a magazine gun, that will do credit to the inventive genius of our people, is adopted. It is to be observed that under the existing law, revised statutes, sec. 1,672, only the Springfield guns can be manufactured by this department. We are unable, therefore, to make magazine guns, and can only test and examine the magazine guns and systems brought to the department by dealers or inventors. It is very desirable that this statute should be so far modified that we can purchase or manufacture magazine guns for experiment and trial. The orders of the War Department respecting rifle practice throughout the army have taxed to the full our resources in ammunition and target supplies. The reserve supply of rifle cartridges on hand on June 30 last was small, but the army and country have been amply repaid for this expenditure of ammunition at the military posts by the great success attending the annual competitions. Larger appropriations for ammunition and target material are asked for. A matter so necessary to the effectiveness of our small army deserves the favorable consideration of Congress."

PENNSYLVANIA.—The First Brigade Rifle Club was duly organized on Thursday evening, Dec. 8, at State Fencibles Armory, Phil. Owing to Battalion Drill at First Regiment on that evening, no officers were selected, as there were no representatives from that organization present. Sergeant J. J. Mountjoy was selected as range master. The regular weekly shoot of the club will take place at the Armory Range on Tuesday night of each week, commencing at 8:30 o'clock.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB, N. Y.—At the annual election held Dec. 6 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: B. Walther, president; G. A. Schürmann, vice-president; N. D. Ward, secretary; C. G. Zettler, treasurer; A. P. Hunt, cor.-secretary; B. Zettler, shooting master. During the evening Mr. N. D. Ward was presented with a testimonial by the club, in appreciation of his faithful services as secretary for the past 15 years.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

TORONTO, Dec. 5.—The McDowall shooting tournament, at C. Ayre's grounds, was brought to a close this evening. The shoot proved to be one of the most successful ever held here, the attendance each day being very large. About 100 competitors shot in the five different events, and had the weather been milder the entry would certainly have been still larger. Representatives from Hamilton, St. Catharines, Niagara, Port Colborne, Georgetown, Guelph, Winnipeg and La Salle, N. Y., were present. The following is a minute of the entries in each match: First match, 10 pigeons, 50 entries; second match, 7 pigeons, 35 entries; third match, 15 Canada blackbirds, 25 entries; fourth match, 7 pigeons, 15 entries; fifth match, teams of five men at Canada blackbirds, 6 teams. Mr. G. H. Briggs refereed most of the matches, and Mr. E. Loudon scored:

Team shoot at 15 Canada blackbirds from 5 screened traps, 18½ ds. rise:

1st Team.		2d Team.	
Adams	13	Cockburn	11
Hine	13	Gould	10
Wayper	14	Rogers	11
Smith	10	Ellis	8
Felstead	10—60	Carruthers	11—51
3d Team.		4th Team.	
George	11	Hipkins	11
Worden	5	Riggs	8
Dollery	10	McDowall	4
Bugg	10	Stroud	10
Townson	12—48	Heatherington	11—44
5th Team.		6th Team.	
Thomas	9	Moffitt	8
Wakefield	11	Musson	6
Wright	9	Pearson	9
Brown	9	Newman	7
Rice	5—43	Duncan	4—34

Sweepstake at 7 live pigeons, 26yds. rise, 4 prizes:

Carruthers	7	Bugg	4 retired.
Wayper	7	George	3 retired.
Adams	6	Newman	3 retired.
McDowall	6	Hine	2 retired.
Forsyth	6	Heatherington	2 retired.
Hipkins	5	Felstead	2 retired.
Bell	4	Stinson	2 retired.

Carruthers and Wayper divided first and second, McDowall and Forsyth, who each missed their last bird, divided third and fourth prizes.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 8.—The grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, at Blue Rock Springs, were very lively this afternoon. A live-bird shoot or one better attended has not been held by the Cleveland club this year. The Cleveland members turned out en masse, eighteen of them being entered to the badge shoot, and five East End members were at the grounds with their guns, besides a number of spectators. Until their last time at the trap both "Wall" and Silsby had broken 14 birds out of 15. The many entries to the shoot prolonged it until dusk. When "Wall" went to the trap for his last 5 birds it was almost dark and he flinched, but Silsby broke his 5 straight and scored 19 dead out of 20. The big score gave him first badge and "Wall's" 15 out of 20 took the second trophy. Blue rock pigeons were the targets used and the marksmen shot from 5 traps:

"Roberts" (26)	1000001110111110101l0—11
Sheldon (24)	1101111011111 01110—15
L O Jones (24)	0111100100101010100—10
"James" (20)	0110001100110100001— 9
Stoneman (22)	1100050011111001011—11
"Lee" (20)	0101101101101101111—14
Harris (18)	0111111011010101101—14
Wheal (20)	1010111111111111110—17
"Wall" (18)	1111111110111100100—15
Calhoon (20)	0011010111011110111—14
F Tamblyn (20)	0111101003011010011—11
Keys (20)	1010010010 0011111111—12
"Bassett" (20)	0011100011110011001—11
Cogswell (18)	0101110010101111110—13
W Tamblyn (18)	1101110000100011010—10
M Silsby (20)	1110111111111111111—19
"I B Johnson" (22)	1111111101011010001—13
D C Powers (22)	1111100011111111001—15
Visitors.	
Pike (18)	0101010010010000l001— 7
Wherry (18)	1101101000100010011— 9
A B Jones (18)	1001001001111110111—13
P North (18)	1100110011111000000—10
McCrecker (18)	1110111111010101001—14

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 2.—Below is the score at 10 live pigeons made by the Independence Gun and Rod Club at the match shoot to-day. The score was probably as good as was ever made at a shoot in this city:

J J Owens	1001011111—7	C R Thomas	0011111111—8
R T Proctor	1110111111—9	Chas McBride	1010011101—6
George Parker	1111011111—9	R D Mize	1011100111—7
W S Gregg	1000001001—3	J Bryant, Jr	1111111101—9
Robert McBride	0110001101—5	T C Bullene	1010001111—6
O W Cogswell	0111011101—6	T D Bedford	1111110001—6
J M Langsdale	1100111101—7	A S Wright	1111111101—9
T W Herson	1101110111—8	J N Lee	1011111101—8

There having been four ties in the shoot proper, a shoot-off at 6 birds was had with the following score: P. T. Proctor 00, George Parker 111011, J. Bryant, Jr. 110, A. S. Wright 111111—6.

BREWER ABROAD.—The champion trap shot, John L. Brewer, and his backer, Mr. J. J. Leary, sailed from New York for London, on Wednesday, Dec. 8, with the intention of making a tour of England and the Continent. Brewer never was in better condition for work. He is prepared to meet all comers, at any kind of rules, English, American, French, or otherwise, and Mr. Leary states that Brewer will be backed for any amount from $1,000 to $5,000 a side. Brewer will also give exhibitions of fancy shooting with the shotgun, and endeavor to lower English "time" records.

NEWARK, Dec. 10.—In the pelting rain of this afternoon a $500 pigeon match was shot off at Erb's grounds, near Newark. The contestants were Gus Manitz, of Orange, and J. Waring, of Yonkers. Despite the terrible weather there were more than 200 shooting men present, divided into two factions, and they did considerable betting, with Manitz as the favorite from the start. The match was at 40 birds each, 30yds., Hurlingham rules. There was no restriction as to weight and gauge of guns. This enabled Manitz to use his 10-gauge Lefever. He shot in wonderful form, shooting his opponent out on the fourteenth round. Out of his 40 birds he only lost 4, and these were very hard hit. Waring, who used black powder, shot at every disadvantage, as the smoke hung in front of the score in the damp atmosphere. The summary of the score is as follows:

Gus Manitz.....11111 11110 00111 11101 11122 11111 22211 21112—36
J Waring.....02200 11000 01012 20221 02211 21011 12011 10220—26

A handicap sweep was shot after the match for $5 entrance money divided into first and second prizes, Castles 31yds., rest 20. It resulted as follows:

Castles	1111111—7	Miller	1111111—7
Class	1111101—6	Manitz	0111111—6
Lever	1111311—7		

Altogether the sweep was the best exhibition of shooting seen at Erb's in many years.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 9.—The monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, was held to-day at Woodhaven, L. I. A handsome silver cup was the prize competed for:

A Crook (24yds.)	1101111—6	A Eddy (30)	0011 W.
J H Sawyer (21)	1010101—4	C Carlos (27)	0101111—5
H Thorpe (25)	1111010—5	H W Blattmacher (24)	0111111—6
E D Grau (21)	1111100—5	T Reilley (23)	0011000—2
C W Wheeler (24)	1110101—5	M Bonden (21)	0101101—4
J E Lake (23)	1010110—4	F Rausch (23)	1111010—5

Referee, Mr. A. Crook; scorer, Mr. C. A. Dellar. Mr. R. Wells, treasurer of the club, has offered a silver cup to be shot for in January.

WOODSIDE, Dec. 9.—To-day's shooting at Northside Gun Club ground was decidedly interesting. The event of moment was a match between A. Duryea, of Greenpoint, and Mr. Boseli, of Long Branch, 25 birds, 22yds. rise, 2 barrels and gun below the elbow, for ten dinners and price of the birds. The shooting was excellent and the birds were of a good quality. John Wienholz acted as referee and the match was watched by nearly all of the noted shots of this vicinity:

Duryea.....1111111111111111111110—24
Boseli.....1111111011111111111111—24

Boseli was the favorite, as Duryea allowed him 5 dead birds.

A. H. BOGARDUS.—Captain A. H. Bogardus, the crack trap and field shot, arrived in St. Louis Tuesday of last week from Texas. He has been with Forepaugh's circus all season, and is now on his way to his home in Illinois. The Captain expressed himself as anxious to get on a match with any local shot, giving his opponent 2yds., the match to be at 100 live birds. This is not likely to be taken up, but he will probably shoot Mr. Winston, of Cincinnati, on those conditions. If the match takes place it will be at Compton Avenue Park, for $250 a side, ground traps, and modified English rules. There are 1,200 wild birds in coops there, and no difficulty would be experienced on that score. The Captain expresses himself as willing to go into the grand sweepstakes shoot at St. Louis next spring. The Captain makes another proposition, which any one is at liberty to accept. He will bet even money that he can kill 90 out of 100 birds at 30yds. rise, being allowed the use of both barrels, or he will bet 1 to 2 that he can kill 95 out of 100, or $50 to $500 that he can kill 100 straight. Mr. Bogardus did some field shooting in Texas, and one day killed 55 quail straight, missing the 56th bird.

A CLEVELAND MATCH.—After the shooting on the grounds of the Cleveland Club was over on Dec. 28, President Huntington called a meeting of the Cleveland members at the club house. The object of the meeting was to receive the communication from Secretary Kilby, of the East End Club. During the afternoon Cleveland members discussed the East End-Cleveland match freely, and many of them favored accepting the East End's challenge and shooting that club on its own terms. After Secretary Kilby's letter was read to the meeting President Huntington called for a vote to finally decide whether the East End's challenge should be accepted unconditionally. It resulted 11 to 5 in favor of acceptance, two Cleveland members refraining from voting. The challenge will therefore be accepted and 15 Cleveland members will shoot against 15 East End members at the grounds of the latter club Jan. 2. They will shoot on the conditions named by the East Ends, viz.: blue rock pigeons, Chamberlin rules, 21 birds to each man. The 15 men who will represent the Cleveland Club in the shoot will be selected from the 15 highest scores made at shoots which the Cleveland Club will hold on their grounds on Dec. 15, 22 and 26.

WELLINGTON, Dec. 10.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and some good scores were made in the merchandise matches. Swift and Perry scored a point each with 19 out of 20 in Class A. Wardwell won in Class B with 18, and Snow and Williams each scored a point in Class C with 17. Following are the winners in the several sweepstake matches: First, six clay-pigeons—Swift and Wardwell first. Second, six blackbirds—Snow and Wild first. Third, six clay-pigeons—Swift first. Fourth, six blackbird—Snow first. Fifth, six blackbirds—Sanborn first. Sixth, six clay-pigeons—Swift first. Seventh, ten blackbirds, merchandise match—Perry first, Swift, Wardwell and Sanborn second, Snow third, Williams fourth. Eighth, six clay-pigeons—Swift first. Ninth, ten clay-pigeons, merchandise match—Swift first, Snow second, Williams third, Bradstreet fourth. Tenth, three pairs clay-pigeons—Perry first. Eleventh, six clay-pigeons—Swift first.

BELVIDERE, N. J., Dec. 7.—At a shooting match between picked representatives from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, held here this afternoon, the Jerseyman lost by one bird. The match was for $100 a side and the championship of the two States. The shooters were Albert Folkner, of Oxford Furnace, N. J., and Robert Fisher, of Easton, Pa. Fifteen live pigeons each were to be shot at, but at that time it was a tie, each having killed nine birds. On the shoot-off Fisher killed three straight, while Folkner lost his second bird and the match. There was a large crowd of sportsmen from different parts of both States present, and the spirit of rivalry was very marked. The friends of Folkner are not satisfied with the result, and lay it to his gun. He used a muzzle-loader, which missed fire on his thirteenth bird, when he was two ahead. This, his friends say, caused his defeat. They will insist on another match, which will soon be shot.

ST. LOUIS.—The arrangements for the monster pigeon shoot to take place next spring here are going well forward. The crack shots of the country have signified their willingness to take part in it, and as there will be no difficulty in securing birds the shoot promises to be a success in every particular. Budd and Tice will at the same time shoot their postponed match at 100 birds for $200 a side. The event would have come off this fall but for the miserable weather. Stice is now in the South, where he will attempt to get on several matches. He will also have a turn at the ducks during his absence. Budd is at his home in Des Moines, but will probably take an extended tour to the Pacific coast this winter. He and Stice will both enter the sweepstake shoot contemplated here next spring. The event will be open to all, $50 each, the winner to take all. Over a dozen of the crack shots in this city will compete.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., last summer held several one-day invitation tournaments, and those who were fortunate enough to secure the cards never had cause for regret. Under the management of Mr. E. D. Miller the club has built a commodious house on their beautiful ground, under the Union county hills, and they now announce a two-days' tournament, including in the programme a match for the New Jersey State championship, with a diamond badge as the emblem thereof. Seven other events open to all who will fill out the time, and any who will pay the club a visit on Dec. 20 and 21 will be satisfied. Programmes may be had by addressing Mr. Miller.

GRAHAM VS. KLEINZ.—Wm. Graham and J. Frank Kleinz are arranging a match to take place at Easton, Pa., on Dec. 26, at 50 live pigeons each, Long Island rules, and 50 live pigeons, Hurlingham rules, total score in both matches to decide the contest. The stake will be $100 a side, each match, open for $250 a side.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 10.—Capt. A. H. Bogardus has made a match with J. L. Winston, of Covington, Ky., to shoot at 100 wild pigeons each, English rules, live ground traps, 30yds. rise, for $250 a side; the shoot to take place in St. Louis next Friday.

A RICH PRIZE.—There will be a clay-pigeon shoot at Washington Square, near Norristown, Pa., Dec. 22, for a fat heifer. Chances, $1. No shooter allowed to shoot more than three chances. National Gun Association rules.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50.

A NEW SINGLEHAND YACHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has seemed to me that while yachting men are constantly talking, writing and reading about yacht racing, far too little attention is given to that healt ier branch of the sport, singlehand cruising. By singlehand cruising, as here alluded to, I do not mean cruising in small open boats or canoes, but genuine yachting in comfortable little craft of sufficient size and ability to face any weather during summer and autumn. Singlehand yachts are usually small, cramped affairs, possessing so little power, owing to lack of length, that they are in consequence exceedingly slow, and in any jump of a sea bob up and down without making respectable speed to windward. These are facts which any intelligent cruising man will admit to be true. He would be very glad to have his little craft able to keep somewhere within sight of larger boats when sailing in the same direction, but she will not do it, because she is a mere baby boat, while they are giants by comparison. My reason for writing this letter is to show your readers how they may possess a singlehand cruising yacht which will go, and at the same time be handy, unsinkable and safe. I built last July a boat that is peculiar in some respects, and probably there is not another like her anywhere.

In sheer plan she bears some resemblance to Volunteer. She has a graceful clipper bow, her stern is quite as clean cut and fine as that of Puritan, and, unlike all the Nonpareil class so far designed, she shows no angular bilge; that portion of her being curved and fined down to a very pretty, easy run and counter aft. Under water her model is that of the Nonpareil, with no part of her bottom perfectly flat. She is rigged as a Roslyn yawl. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 35ft.; Length on waterline, 28ft.; extreme beam, 9½ft.; draft of water with centerboard up 16in.; berths for four in cabin and plenty of stowage room in forecastle, a roomy cockpit with large locker space aft. Now I am well aware that perhaps a majority of your yachting readers will scoff at the idea of calling a 35ft. yacht a singlehander, but seeing, they say, is believing, and any yacht which can be easily handled and managed by one man must be a singlehander. As a matter of fact this 35ft. yacht is easier to manage than a 20ft. catboat; one man can hoist her mainsail in one minute or lower it in two seconds. All three of her sails can be hoisted by one man in three minutes.

She can be steered to windward and about by merely tending her jib sheet, without touching her tiller. Her owner, a New York yachtsman, has been too busy to do much yachting during the past summer, and being owner of the sloop yacht Mischief also, has left his singlehander in my charge for several months. I have sailed her many hundreds of miles on Long Island Sound, nearly always alone. Have tested her against all the yachts I could come across, they having crews, I being alone, save my collie dog, and she has not been outsailed by any boat of her size, either to windward or in running. Her sea-going qualities are first rate. She does not pound, has never taken a drop of water over her bow, and points as close as any of the sloops or catboats. Such a boat can be built for just about the price of a dumpy, slow little sloop or cutter, having far less speed, not half the elbow room, not nearly as safe and much more difficult to manage. The same boat with keel would draw 36in. of water, and would easily outsail any keel singlehander in the country.

ROSLYN, N. Y. THOMAS CHAPHAM.

HAULING UP DEEP YACHTS.

THE hauling up of a centerboard boat of the old type was an easy matter, as the flat keel and small amount of deadrise allowed her to be run up on rollers without any special care; but now that even the centerboard boats are built with deep keels it is a matter of some difficulty to handle them in hauling up in winter. The following practical directions are given in the *Field* by Mr. J. C. Wilcocks: "The yacht should first be lightened of all movable weights, such as ballast and spars and general outfit. This having been done, four 2½in. by 8in. deal planks must be provided, with four rollers 5ft. or 6ft. long and 3½in. in diameter. The yacht should then be cradled with a very stout rope or reliable piece of chain, which should be lowered so far as the rabbet of the garboard strake and be supported at that level by small lines under the quarters and at the bow above the forefoot, where the ends should be firmly secured with a lashing. A crab winch with a large double and single block is commonly used for heaving up, which must be firmly fixed by driving p sts into the ground. If on an inland lake the first part of the business is the most difficult, for as the water will not leave the boat to allow adjustment of the preliminaries, the boat must be made to leave the water, and to do this the deals, which will do the duty of ways, must be got under her by loading the ends at the under sides. Two of the rollers should be made of sinking wood, and the yacht having been laid on her side, should be hauled in until aground, and being still waterborne, the first roller can then be introduced under her, and shortly a second and third, when she can be hauled out of the water as the rollers travel on the deals. Four men should turn the winch handles, and not less than two must attend the rollers to watch and keep them square on the ways, which is done by striking the ends of them with a maul or small sledge hammer when they commence getting out of square. If the yacht is to be continually kept on inland lake, it might be worth while to have an iron carriage made for her, consisting of an oblong frame of the length of a third of her load waterline, with 6in. iron wheels, with edges or rims. Edge rails for this could be nailed to the four deal ways, and one stout oak or elm plank could be bolted to the framework of the carriage. This plank should be, say, a foot wide and 2½in. thick, and about 6in. longer each side than the extreme breadth of the vessel, which should be provided with legs cut with tenons or having bolts to go through holes or sockets in this plank. The legs should be secured to the vessel's sides with through bolts, with either lever or butterfly nuts on the inside, screwing on against a metal plate. When this little temporary railway is once obtained, hauling the yacht up will be a very simple matter, and she may remain on one deal's length of it as long as required. There should be a hole in the forefoot, and also at the same level close to the sternpost, by which the yacht can be lashed square on the carriage, as soon as she is far enough out of the water, and when in the desired position she can be shored up by four shores, one under each quarter, and others under each bow, and a portion of ballast might be put on board, unless she has already sufficient lead or iron on her keel to steady her against violent gusts of wind, which have very great power on the side of any craft in an exposed position, and against which provision must be made. If such a carriage as above described is made, the rails will, of course, be carefully adjusted to the correct width, so that the wheels will travel easily on them, and about a foot from each end of the deal ways an iron plate should be screwed with socket holes to receive a clamp or sleeper bar, the ends turned down to form tenons to go into these socket plates, which will keep the rails and deals square with each other. By shifting the after pair of rails as required, it is evident that the yacht may be removed any reasonable distance, on flat or nearly flat ground, with facility. Quite large fishing boats, and recently a barge, have been built, loaded on a low-wheeled trolley, drawn over 200yds. each, and launched sideways over the quay into the Great Western Floating Dock at Plymouth."

ON THE DELAWARE.

MR. C. L. WORK has purchased the sloop Monarch, 55ft. over all, and will cruise during December, January and February in Albemarle and Pimlico sounds.

The Quaker City Y. C. has taken club quarters in the center of the city in addition to their room in Camden, and is about purchasing ground on the river for an out of town club house. It will have a course of lectures, etc., on nautical subjects, and will stir up an interest in boating matters for spring.

The Shackamaxon Y. C. have finished their club house on Shackamaxon Slip, and have very creditable quarters. The club is flourishing numerically and financially.

The Keystone B. C. have one of the best club houses on the river, recently completed at a cost of about $5,000, and is in a very flourishing condition.

Of the Delaware yachts, schooner Avalon is laid up in Mumm's basin, New York, schooner Helen at Cooper's Point; first class sloops, Minerva and Vesper at Cooper's Point, Venitzia at Penn street, Camden, while Monarch goes South for the winter; second class sloops, Consort at Market street, Lida and White Wings at Kaigin's Point.

There is a fine fleet of large steam yachts on the river now, and it is hoped that they will all come into the clubs next year.

A REVISED "SONG OF THE CUP."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the New York Y. C. has so effectually amended and revised the deed of gift, a revision of the "Song of the Cup" is evidently necessary. In the touching lines composed by ex-Com. Kane illustrative of the intention of the New York Y. C. to retain the Cup, the following chorus appears:

"Then pipe the watch and pop the cork, let landsmen go below,
Upon my word they always do whene'er the breezes blow.
I pledge you sirs, The Cup, may we never give it up!
A bumper, sirs, The Club! Hurrah! The Cup! The Cup! The Cup!"

The writer suggests, with much diffidence, as being his first attempt, the following as a substitution, and with becoming modesty buries his identity under the letter X.

"Then pipe the watch and fix the trust, and scuttle all fair play,
On this side of the Atlantic the Cup shall surely stay.
I pledge you sirs, The Cup! for we'll never give it up!
A bumper, sirs, The Club! Hurrah! The Cup! The Cup! The Cup!"

X.

YACHT BUILDING IN BOSTON.

LAWLEY & SON are at work laying down the Burden schooner, and her keel will soon be laid. The yacht will draw 11ft., with centerboard entirely below the cabin floor. The specifications call for double frames 4½ and 7½x5in., spaced 22in., with garboards and two strakes of bottom oak, and other planking of 2½in. yellow pine. The keel for Mr. Jas. Mean's yacht, a 12-ton piece, has been cast. Com. Meer's schooner has been planed outside and the deck frame is in. Volunteer is now on the ways, where her bottom will be left unpainted in order that the scale may rust off as far as possible before spring.

At Smith's yard the frames of the Bryant schooner are up. The bow of the steam yacht Barracuda has been cut off, and she is being rebuilt.

At Lawlor's old yard, Chelsea, Story has the new steam yacht nearly in frame. The frames are of oak, 4 and 5in.x6in., double, and spaced 22in. The garboard is of 3in. oak, and the other planking of yellow pine. Neal & Levy, Philadelphia, are building the engine, 15 and 30in. cylinders by 22in. stroke.

Mr. Burgess has completed the plans for Mr. John Stetson's steam yacht, which the Bath Ship Building Company will build. She will be 115ft. l.w.l., 19ft. beam, 8ft. 6in. draft, with clipper stem and long counter. The specifications are as follow: Oak keel 9x9in., not more than 3 lengths, lock scarfed and bolted with ¾in. yellow metal; stem and sternposts, white oak fastened with ¾in. galvanized iron bolts; keelson of white oak, 10x10in.; frames and floor timbers, double of oak, cant and counter frames, to be single, of hackmatack; top timbers also hackmatack; frames spaced 23in.; garboard strake, 2½in. thick of oak; eight lower courses of oak 2½in. thick; other planking of Georgia pine, 2¼in. thick; shelf of Georgia pine, 7x6in.; bilge stringer, 8x2in.; ceiling, pine, 1½in.; engine kelson, oak; plank sheer, 2½x9in.; to have four iron watertight bulk heads, 3-16in. thick. The deck fittings will be of mahogany. There will be a bridge above the deck house. The yacht will be heated by steam and lighted by electricity. She is to be finished by June 1.

A RACING CLASSIFICATION.

AT the meeting on Dec. 10, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. empowered the commodore and secretary, in behalf of the club, to sign the agreement recommended by the classification committee, binding the club, in conjunction with the Atlantic, New York, Larchmont and other clubs, to the adoption for five years of the following system of classification:

FOR SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

Class I., all over 75ft. l.w.l. length.
Class II., all over 65ft. and not over 75ft. l.w.l. length.
Class III., all over 56ft. and not over 65ft. l.w.l. line.
Class IV., all over 48ft. and not over 56ft. l.w.l. length.
Class V., all over 41ft. and not over 48ft. l.w.l. length.
Class VI., all over 35ft. and not over 41ft. l.w.l. length.
Class VII., all over 30ft. and not over 35ft. l.w.l. length.
Class VIII., all of 30ft. l.w.l. length and under.

FOR SCHOONERS.

Class I., all over 90ft. l.w.l. length.
Class II., all over 75ft., and not over 90ft. l.w.l., length.
Class III., all over 65ft. and not over 75ft. l.w.l. length.
Class IV., all of 65ft. l.w.l. length and under.

The other three clubs have not yet considered the matter at a meeting, but the special committee appointed by each have recommended the adoption of the above system, and there is little doubt but that their action will be ratified as it has been by the S. C. Y. C. The Eastern alone, of the large clubs, has as yet made no move in the matter. The importance of prompt action is shown by the fact that a design is now ready for a second class singlesticker, but the work cannot go on until it is decided finally whether the old limits of 71 and 70ft. must be considered, or whether the new boat may be 75ft. The time for actual building is now approaching, and the sooner the question is settled the better for all. It is an important feature of the system that it cannot be changed for five years, so that a man who builds to the new classes may be certain of at least that length of time before he can be outbuilt; while there is little probability that the classes now established will be changed at the expiration of that time.

ENGLISH YACHT CLUBS AND THE CUP.

THE following letter has been received by the New York Y. C. in response to the circular sent out to clubs with the new deed of gift:

ROYAL LONDON Y. C.,
2 Saville Row, W., Nov. 29, 1887.

DEAR SIR—I have laid your letter of Oct. 28 before the Sailing Committee of the club, and I am instructed to inform you that they regret to find that the new conditions laid down by the surviving donor of the America's Cup are of such a nature as, in their opinion, to be not calculated to promote sport, by deterring British yacht owners from challenging for the Cup. I am, sir, your obedient servant, G. W. CHARLWOOD, Secretary.

JOHN H. BIRD, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., New York, U. S. A.

We understand that other letters of the same tenor have been received by the club. They will, of course, find a place in the printed report of the America's Cup Committee, and will make a fitting comment on the last and most important act of that body.

A CANADIAN OPINION OF THE DEED OF GIFT.—The new deed of gift, which is presumed to have emanated from a committee of the New York Y. C., recently presented to the N. Y. Y. C., by the only survivor, Mr. Schuyler, has been received with disgust by yachtsmen of the Old Country, and even by some of the more fair-minded yachtsmen of the United States and Canada. The document has completely "knocked out" all the yachting patriotism of Britishers, who say that it is one of the most unsportsmanlike articles ever put together. In fact, it is a perfect freeze out. Ten months' notice must be given—that means the holders of the cup shall have that length of time to view the challenger's hand! The challenging party must build a yacht of certain dimensions, and if defeated, the yacht cannot enter again, etc. The only redeeming features, if there are any in the parchment, is the abolition of an inside course in a series of races. The old-fashioned piece of plate will now, it is thought, remain a fixture in the hands of the N. Y. Y. C. No club will challenge under such conditions. The best use to which the New York club can put the antiquated chunk of silver, and save rental at Tiffany's, is to melt it into two parts, devoting one part to medals to be presented to the members of the committee of the N. Y. Y. C. in recognition of their indefatigable exertions in manufacturing an article to kill international yacht racing, and the other part to a suitable piece of plate to be preseuted to Gen. Paine, who is to receive a gift from the club in the shape of a piece of silver, in token of the enterprise and pluck he has manifested in defending the trophy twice in succession.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The second lecture of the series, given on Dec. 10, took the shape of an informal talk on navigation by Lieut. T. C. McLean, U. S. N. A large number was present and the rooms were well filled. After the lecture a meeting was held to consider the question of classification, at which the club indorsed the action of its committee thus far, and empowered the commodore and secretary to enter an agreement with the other clubs.

VOLUNTEER'S BALLAST.—The story has just come out that prior to Volunteer's departure for New York to sail in the trial races two tons of buckshot were quietly sent aboard in boxes marked "Cement" and poured loose over the cast blocks of ballast, so that the shot found its way into the lowest crevices between the ballast. The matter was kept quiet and only lately disclosed by Gen. Paine.

EASTERN YACHT AGENCY.—Mr. G. A. Stewart, of the Boston *Globe*, is now associated with Mr. Edward Burgess in the yacht brokerage business, which they propose to push more actively than Mr. Burgess has been able heretofore to do.

A SINGLESTICKER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.—It is reported that Mr. David Lynch, of St. John, who was lately in New York, is to build a yacht of 90ft. for Mr. Howard B. Troop, a shipowner of St. John.

PILOT CHARTS OF THE ATLANTIC.—We have received from the Hydrographic Office, New York, conducted by Lieut. V. L. Cottman, U. S. N., the pilot charts of the North Atlantic for November and December.

YAMPA.—Mr. Chapin's new schooner arrived off Staten Island on Friday last from Wilmington. She will remain in New York for several weeks, being docked here before starting on a long southern cruise.

RONDINA.—Dr. Whitney has sold this cutter to Bancroft C. Davis, who will take her to the West Indies this winter.

RESTLESS.—This steam yacht, though new this season, has been cut in two and lengthened 11ft. 8in.

CAMILLA, steam yacht, has been sold to Isaac J. McCoble by Mr. Brandreth.

NIRVANA.—Gen. Perkins's schooner sailed from New York on Dec. 10, for Nassau.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON.... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX. }
Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.
Central Div. Henry Stanton...R. W. Bailey.....E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div. L. O. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney....W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div. A. D. T. McGachen, W. G. McKendrick, S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

RACERS VS. CRUISERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am always glad to see a man stand up for the cruisers, for they deserve the best treatment at the hands of the A. C. A.; but after reading "Mac's" growl last week I am at a loss to know just what he wants. His suggestion that prizes be given for the best cruising canoe, kit, tent and outfit, is a good one, and should be acted on by the Association. The prizes too should be valuable enough to induce competition. As to the 75ft. class, what does he propose to do by way of remedy; is there any similar race that could be substituted that Pecowsic could not win from every cruiser? The highest sailing race undoubtedly is for the A. C. A. trophy, but the Pecowsics have failed to win this time, and each time it has gone to boats that were certainly wholesome cruisers. Which is the canoe with five rigs to which Mac alludes? It certainly cannot be Pecowsic because she had five small and convenient sails, any two or three of which could be set at will, the others being easily carried within the boat. No doubt a club cruise might suit some, but the same end is attained now by the informal cruises, in small groups, made to and from the meets. It is doubtful whether a squadron cruise could be made as pleasant as a stay in camp. Last summer there were at least 150 canoeists in camp, and of these only 44 entered a race; and not more than 20 could fairly be classed as racers rather than cruisers. Now what did the others come to camp for if it was only a racer's meet? The fact that the great majority of men who came to camp never race, proves of itself that there are some inducements held out to the cruising men. Give us plenty of races for all and good prizes for cruising gear and boats. CRUISER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Will G. MacKendrick writes with the impetuous energy of an irresponsible critic. Will he act as well as write? If so, I will avail myself of his assistance in organizing and conducting an A. C. A. cruise on Lake George. This place has been selected by cruisers for cruisers against the opinion of many racers, and it is an ideal cruising water. The whole object of the first week of the camp is cruising and loafing (and most men appear to prefer the latter). If there are any who like a cruising party of fifty better than one of three or four, let Mr. MacKendrick appear the first week of camp, and he shall have for them every attention, authority and opportunity which my position enables me to give. As to prizes for camp equipment, etc., it has long been the custom for members to offer special prizes for any object they deemed worthy. If Mr. MacKendrick or any of these cruisers will offer or obtain such a prize I will ask him to serve on a special committee to award it. And if any member comes forward to help amend as well as criticise, I, as commodore, will be glad of his assistance. I, too, am a cruiser, was one before I raced, and have given up racing now and still cruise, and admit that the question of the racing canoe in sailing has become a trying one. I admitted it to myself long ago, but, while competing, I was not in a position to criticise my opponents. To keep my own boats in good form and trim was my happiest course.

Now, however, I will join the growling cruisers so far as to suggest some further legislation. Mr. MacKendrick says truly that Pecowsic won the limited sail race, but he does not show how removing the limit or changing it would change the result and benefit the cruiser. There is a rule introduced by me some time ago and working admirably, viz., the "one man one canoe" rule. Why not extend the principle and have it "One man, one canoe and one rig." Then the cruiser with reeflines and halliards will at least have the fair advantage of them, and the racer who dispenses with them will do so at the risk of varying weather. The measurers can make their returns include rig, giving number, name, and size of sails. This rule, and possibly another insisting upon bulkheads good enough to float the canoe in such way as to allow of bailing out, would probably have a wholesome effect. Will the regatta committee consider this? Yet I doubt whether the tendency toward racing canoes as distinguished from cruising canoes will be checked and whether this will encourage the latter. My own opinion is that the best encouragement for the cruiser is a cruise and not a race. And his best prize is his own satisfaction. To run the stirring plunges of Foul Rift, or to drift and eat and sleep on a summer lake are to me their own rewards, and a canoe capable of affording me such enjoyment is the prize itself. No flag is applicable as a reward. What we want is more an exhibition than a contest; some opportunity to compare notes.

Meanwhile, are there not a large number of the Association who enjoy first and foremost, racing undisguised, and sailing in racing boats with many rigs, lean hulls and acrobatic deportment? If so, are we, the cruisers, going to turn them out or suppress their heresies, or are we going to let them race their peculiar machines while we enjoy cruising in ours? This is the question. It is no use trying to encourage racing and discourage racing machines. If members want to race they must allow the development of racing to its ultimate conclusions, and we must all remember that the greatest excitement and enjoyment and interest generally, is afforded by these same much abused racers.

If we can get a rule which will insure safe, seaworthy craft, we shall accomplish much. I fear that the cruisers who look for more do not look at the question with sufficient liberality.

ALBANY, Dec. 12. ROBERT W. GIBSON.

CANOEING IN MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw recently an inquiry in your paper as to the feasibility of a canoe trip from Fredericton, N. B., to Moosehead Lake, Me.; and though I may not throw a flood of light on the subject I have some knowledge of the intervening country and what I can say may be of assistance. I think that the trip would be difficult, but might be accomplished with the necessary time and grit, backed by a little cash. Starting from Fredericton my objective point would be Butterfield's landing on Grand Lake of the Chipulneticook series. There would be two ways of reaching it. First by going up the St. John 58 miles to Sullivan's Creek, or Canterbury two miles further, and then hiring a team to portage 21 to 23 miles to the head of Grand Lake. The only drawback would be the long portage. I think $6 would hire the team.

The second way would be to follow the Shogemoc, which joins the St. John at the foot of Medoctec Rapids, to Deer Lake; then either take the M. B. railway to Vanceboro, Me., or make a short portage to the Little Digdequash, which empties into Spednic Lake near that place. Then, save two carries of 200yds. and 50yds. respectively, there is plain cruising to Butterfield's Landing, 30 miles from Vanceboro. In cruising Spednic, care should be taken to keep the western shore going up and the eastern going down, to avoid mistaking bays for the main lake. I cannot vouch for the navigation of the Shogemoc, but I know it is rough enough at the mouth. However, lumbermen tell me that it has some rapids, with lots of stretches of dead water. Judging from the volume of water I have seen flowing from Deer Lake in midwinter, I should say there would be plenty to float a canoe. The map shows Deer Lake as connected with the southern branch of the Shogemoc, while I am quite certain it is at the head of the northern. Perhaps the postmaster at Lower Canterbury, York county, N. B., or Deer Lake, York county, would, if written to, give additional information to any one intending to make the cruise.

From Butterfield's there is a portage of three miles into the Baskehegan, which joins the Mattawamkeag near Bancroft, and then you have easy cruising to the Penobscot. I think the Piscataquis branch of the latter river would take you very near Moosehead, and am under the impression that it is navigable for a canoe, but perhaps some one who has been over it would settle that point. Some call the region I have described "the sportsman's paradise." Though I would warn the canoeist against very sanguine expectations, I can certify that there is enough to satisfy a reasonable man. And as for fish, the Chipulneticook lakes have togue, white perch and pickerel as good as you will find anywhere. I have not done a great deal of shooting this fall, though in all my excursions I have "lugged" (as they say here) a .38 Winchester. I saw two deer before the law was off, but none since. During my stay here I have picked up many scraps of information that should have found their way to the ears of the game wardens. The very evening before I read your editorial remarks on the hounding at Nicatous a gentleman was telling me that in the fall of '86 he saw two men there with four hounds and eleven deer in their possession. A young man of this place who was this summer connected with the tannery of F. Shaw & Bros., Township 39, Washington county, Me., tells me that in one Sunday this fall he saw three deer hounded into Brandy Pond and killed. It is a small body of water, and he says that they surround it in such a way that a deer hasn't a ghost of a chance. A law-abiding sportsman of a neighboring village told me that last winter he found a yard of eight deer, and a crust-hunter of Brookton discovered it a few days later and killed four. He says this same man killed so many last winter that he had to salt the venison down to keep it from spoiling.

Although there is a healthy sentiment in favor of the game laws here, it is not by any means universal, and the opposition, I am sorry to say, often comes from men from whom, by virtue of their positions in life, we would naturally expect better things.

Wishing FOREST AND STREAM and its readers, not the hackneyed "compliments of the season," but a good old-fashioned down East "merry Christmas and happy New Year," I pick up my gun and stroll off to Spruce Mountain. L. J. FLOWER.

FOREST CITY, Me., Dec. 9.

LARGE CANOES IN THE A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the question of larger "canoes" is again cropping up; and as you invite discussion of the subject, I will, if you please, mount my aged hobby horse and trot him out for the benefit of such of your readers as really care to examine his paces.

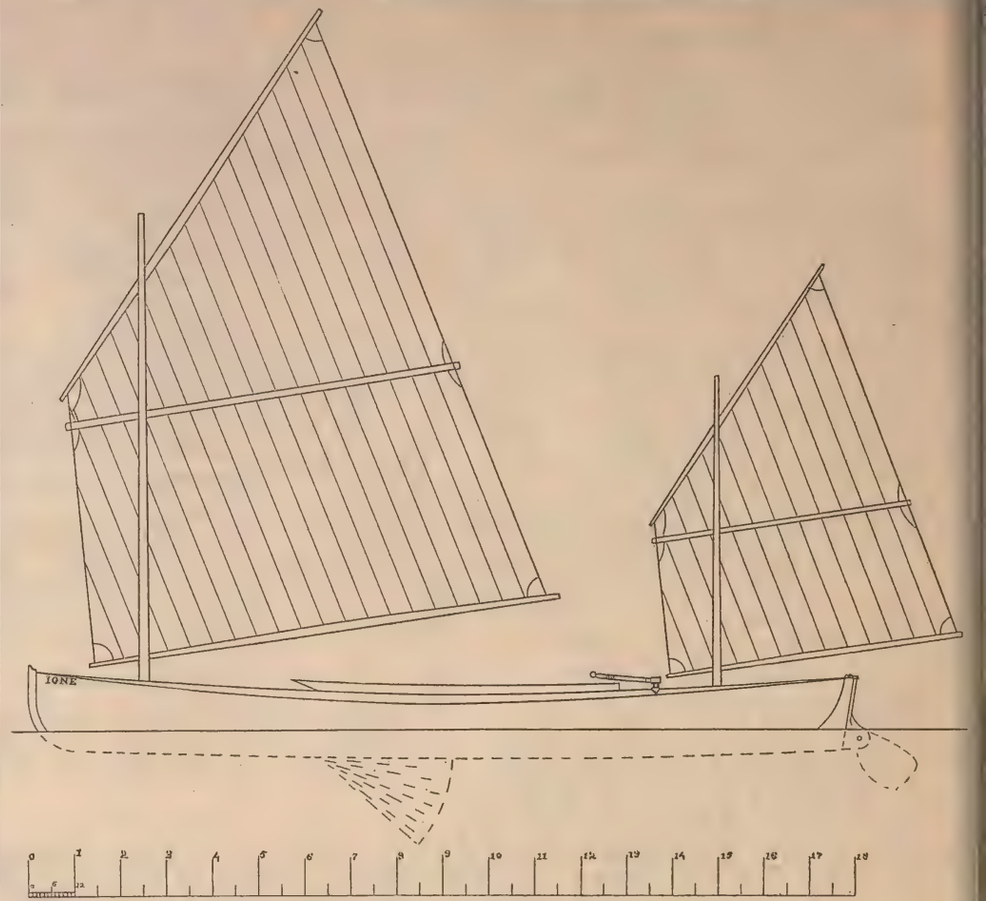
It seems to me we are gradually losing sight of the original design and purpose of the canoe. A canoe may be defined as a "boat of a peculiar model, resembling that of the primitive boats, used by uncivilized or semi-civilized nations, and usually propelled by paddles." Now, there are two distinct varieties of primitive boats. The dugout—the primitive boat made out of the hollowed log—and the "frame and skin boat," *i. e.*, a frame work of light wood, or bone, covered with skin, as in the case of the Esquimaux kayak, and the ancient British coracle, with the bark of trees, as in the case of the canoe of the North American Indian, or with canvas, as in the Welsh coracle, or Irish "curragh," the canvas being merely a substitute for the hide which was formerly the covering of those primitive boats. It is, I believe, to the latter kind of craft, *i. e.*, the frame and skin boat, that we are indebted for the idea of the modern canoe, the kayak being the source of inspiration of the decked canoe, while the open canoe was evidently evolved from the birch bark of the Indian. As originally designed, the modern canoe was supposed to be used on any water; but its specialty was for cruising on waters difficult of access or navigation in ordinary boats; it was supposed to be capable of going anywhere—even up a sewer, as some critic unkindly remarked—and to combine a number of opposite qualities; to be of light draft of water for shallows, to be capable of being easily carried by its crew around an obstacle such as a fall, yet strong enough to stand the wear and tear of a cruise, and sufficiently large to carry a certain amount of camping gear, or luggage if required; either decked or fitted with air-tight compartments, so as to be safe, if the canoeist had a bit of open water with a heavy lop on to cross. The paddle being its main means of propulsion, it was yet able to sail with a fair leading wind.

This was the first ideal cruising canoe. Now, is the latest "canoe" an advance toward this for canoe cruising proper? Sailing is evidently its forte; it may be, and perhaps is, used for cruising, but for cruising on waters which could be just as easily navigated in ordinary boats, where there are few or no portages, rapids, shallows or other obstructions. For this kind of work a skiff or light boat larger than the canoes at present allowed by the rules of the Association, is certainly much better adapted. It is much more comfortable to sail in, will hold more, sail much better if the same attention is paid to rig and model, with a view to developing this quality as has been given to the sailing canoe, can be rowed faster than the latter can be paddled, and is very nearly as easy to carry round an obstruction, or to haul in and out of a boat house. If the main object of the Association be, as it apparently now is, to encourage small boat (canoe?) sailing, then it may as well go a step further and admit boats that a man can sail comfortably in. The only drawbacks to them will be the difficulty of transportation by rail or steam. Hence these larger "canoes"? will have to confine themselves mainly to the local meets of the Division in which they happen to be. I foresee the objections which can be made to the purely cruising canoe, which is not also a sailing boat, that few have time or opportunity for a cruise more than once a year perhaps, and that paddling is monotonous, while a man may sail on his own duck pond in a variety of winds, etc., etc. Nevertheless, cruising on waters which are unattainable to ordinary boats is the true province of the canoe, and most of us who want to enjoy a sail, a larger boat than one of 15 or 16ft. long by 30in. beam will commend itself. The sight of a fleet of canoes is certainly pretty. "*C'est magnifique, mais c'est ne pas le—canotage.*" C. M. DOUGLAS.

LAKEFIELD, Dec. 4.

SMOOTHSKIN CANOES.—The ribbon-carvel system of canoe-building, which on its introduction seven or eight years ago met with little favor, has lately come into notice again in connection with the Notus and other Albany canoes. In the new system a frame work or last is carefully built up for each model, the moulds are set up one foot apart and battens are permanently screwed to them, all being accurately faired up to the shape of the inside of the boat. Over this mould the ribbands are first laid and temporarily fastened, being about ¾x¾in. The ribs are about ¼in. thick, and are let into each riband for the full thickness, being bent into place while hot; the keelson and deadwoods being first secured to the mould. This makes the complete frame of the boat, and when it is completed the planking, in three streaks to each side, is laid on, being fastened with brass screws. The result is a perfectly smooth skin, with only two seams on a side. The builder of these canoes, Mr. H. Piepenbrink, of Albany, has lately turned out several very handsome models, one of them for Gen. Oliver.

CANOE PHOTOS.—Mr. W. A. Leys, of Toronto, sends us some photos of the T. C. C. boats and the club's spring camp. Mr. J. Z. Rogers sends views of the Northern Division meet, and from Mr. Chas. Livingston, of Liverpool, we have two good views of the new Charm with Mr. Stewart on board.



SAIL PLAN CANOE IONE, 18x36.—DESIGNED BY E. T. BIRDSALL, 1887.

A MAY CRUISE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NOW that our long Canadian winter has set in, and our canoes are stowed away in the club house, whose doors are barred up until April next, it may not be out of the way to give a brief sketch of a cruise taken by some eleven members of the Lake St. Louis C. C. of Lachine, Canada, on May 22, 23 and 24.

At a meeting held some weeks previously it had been decided to go around the islands of Montreal and Jesa, and that we should start on Saturday, May 22. On that date and at 3 o'clock six canoes left the club house, and before the fleet had gone two miles one of the canoes, the Maud, had to return, leaking badly, owing, no doubt, to her not being in the water since last fall. The remaining five safely reached Point Claire, eight miles away, where supper was partaken of, after which a start was made for St. Ann's, about eight miles, famous by these few words by Tom Moore:

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, the daylight is past."

After leaving Pt. Claire darkness set in, accompanied by a nasty head wind, which somewhat divided our little company, but finally we reached the Clarendon Hotel, and having stowed our canoes away, were quite ready for dry clothes and the hotel fire. It being rather early in the season, but few guests were there, and we had the house pretty much to ourselves. Our party were pretty well known here, having at the last St. Ann regatta captured eleven out of thirteen races, after which, having bought brooms, they marched through the village singing songs, much to the discomfort of the inhabitants.

Next morning the villagers must have been surprised to see one of the boy's guernseys flying from the flagstaff of the hotel, it being black and yellow, and the warning used by the authorities to denote that smallpox dwelt therein. Mine host, however, soon had it lowered, and breakfast being over, we portaged the lock, had our photographs taken and started for St. Eustache, 18 miles distant.

About noon we landed and had dinner, a very welcome rest it was after one has paddled 14 miles in the broiling sun, and we noticed each other considerably tanned even at this early stage of our journey. We resumed our voyage and made a village about 3 o'clock. This was Sunday afternoon, and as usual we found a drove of Frenchman fishing, who seemed a little surprised at the appearance of our party. At this place there is a fall of about 15 to 20ft. and quite a long rough rapid with a bad turn. Only one of the canoes, the Marion L., went over, the others portaging. The scenery on this part of the river is anything but prepossessing, the current not very strong and the heat made one wish to jump overboard, so none of us were sorry to reach St. Rose in time for tea.

I might here mention that we had landed at St. Eustache and did that town up in pretty good shape, one of the boys whose aunt lived here invited us in to tea.

Leaving St. Rose next morning, the party separated, as the Marion L. wished to go around the whole way by canoe, the rest agreeing to go by steamer from the foot of the island; and I must divide up my narrative, and will give the experience of the larger party as told afterward by themselves.

They had three men who were not accustomed to handling canoes, and the wonder was that some of them were not drowned; as it was, two of the canoes lost everything they contained in the shape of food, spare clothing, etc., and their occupants had a narrow shave for their lives. They ran in all four rapids, the worst being at Terrebonne, which are fully three miles long and very dangerous. In this rapid two canoes upset, and had it not been for aid in the shape of a flat-bottomed boat from shore, the result might have been "different like."

The canoes which formed this party were the Doctor, Coquette, Oregon and Shawinegan. After reaching Bout de L'Isle that night the party decided to remain there for the steamboat next morning.

The other division left St. Rose at 8:30 A. M. and sailed until noon, when the wind left them, and very pleasant they had found it, after paddling the day previous. They ran all the rapids without mishap, had dinner at Bout de L'Isle at 2 o'clock, and started on their homeward journey of twenty-four miles against a strong wind and current up the St. Lawrence, reaching the foot of the canal at 8 o'clock, and, after portaging the six locks, reached home at 11, having journeyed over seventy miles that day, fully fifty of which by paddle.

Next morning was spent in comparing notes of our journey, and all seemed well satisfied with the result and pleased that we were all together again. MARION L.

THE BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of the provisional committee of the British Canoe Association, formed last August, was held in London on Nov. 29. A flag was adopted similar to the A. C. A., but with blue in place of red and the letters B. C. A. The R. C. C. also held a meeting at the same time, and some important changes were made in the rules, but we have received no detailed report as yet.

A NEW BOOK ON CANOEING.—Mr. W. Baden-Powell is now engaged in a work on canoeing, which will form one of the Badminton library of sporting books.

IONE—A LARGE CANOE.

APROPOS of the discussion over the admission of larger canoes now going on in our columns, we give the lines of a boat of this class which has proved quite a success. The canoe Ione was designed last winter by Mr. E. T. Birdsall, of New York, and built by Bradley, of Watertown, N. Y., last spring.

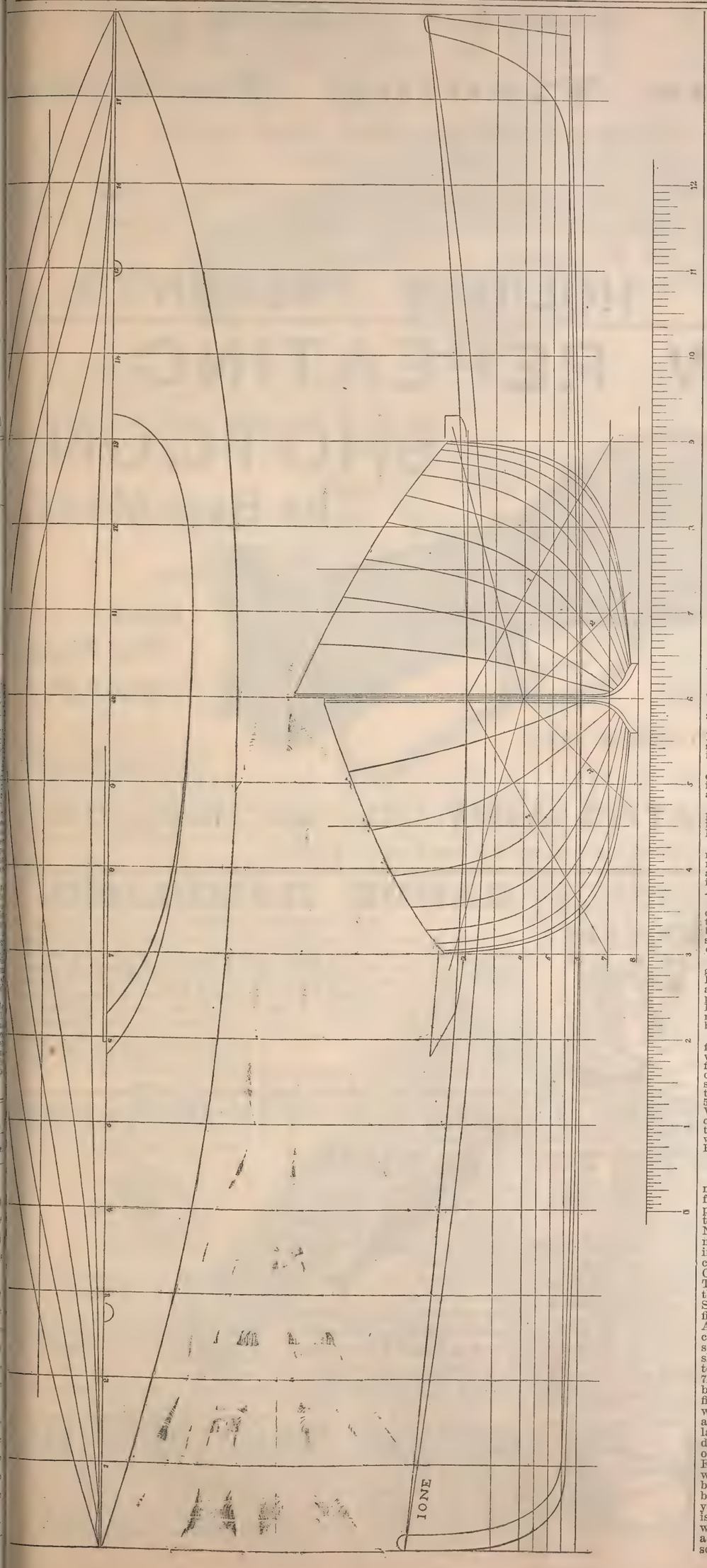
She is 18ft. long by 3ft. wide and is smooth build, of ¼in. plank; keel of white oak 1¼in. thick; stem and sternpost of hackmatack; planking of cedar; deck, mahogany; coaming, walnut, flared; Radix board of largest size, which is rather small for a boat of this length. She carries about 125ft. of sail and 100lbs. of lead cast to fit close to the garboards, no shifting ballast. With this lead in and sail set one can sit outside of the coaming on the deck to leeward and not get wet, the sails and spars weighing 50lbs. and the usual crew over 150lbs. On a beam wind in smooth water with full sail and two persons weighing together 340lbs. hanging out to windward she has beaten catboats of equal waterline length. When driven in heavy weather with the above load to windward and reefed she is quite wet as she goes through the waves when they are short and choppy and the crests thus cut up come aboard. Although wet in heavy weather she is fast and will beat to windward in winds and seas that would blow a 15×30 canoe to leeward.

In common with all narrow and shoal boats she rolls when going to leeward in a seaway. The under water body conforms to the wave form curve of areas, other recognized principles of design as set forth by Dixon Kemp being adapted to this special case as far as possible. During the past season she was sailed with the ballast and sails above described with either one or two as crew. It is proposed to add next summer a jib of 30ft., cutting the present mainsail down the line of the mast, thus making it a gaff sail all abaft the mast, the bowsprit will be 4ft. outboard and the jib will trim aft of the mast and be capable of being set and taken in from the cockpit. When sailing alone, in addition four 25lb. pigs of lead cast in the form of a truncated pyramid and covered with canvas and roped, will be carried to be shifted to windward.

The Ione has no watertight compartments, but will probably be fitted with some this winter. The sails are of Polhemus twill, about 4oz. A 6lb. Chester anchor and 25 fathoms of 12-thread manilla has held on in 15 fathoms of water with a good jump on, a lee-going tide and two 15x30 canoes fastened to mizenmast. All the sailing of the above boat has been done in Newark and New York bays and around Sandy Hook and Staten Island. The yards are egg-shaped and the booms square to facilitate the reefing gear.

TABLE OF OFFSETS—CANOE IONE.

Stations.	Depths.			Half Breadths.							
	Deck	Rabbet.	Keel	Deck	12	10	8	6	4	2	Keel.
				fore side of stem							
0..	2	.....	.....	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	.....
1..	1 10³	2	1⁴	3⁶	2⁷	2⁴	2	1⁴	0⁷	0⁴	0⁴
2..	1 8⁶	1⁶	1²	7¹	5⁵	5	4²	3²	2¹	0⁵	0⁵
3..	1 7²	1⁴	1	9¹	8³	7³	6⁸	5⁴	3⁶	1⁴	0⁷
4..	1 5⁵	1	0⁵	1 0²	11	10²	9²	7⁶	5⁵	2⁵	1²
5..	1 4³	1	0⁴	1 2²	1 1¹	1 0³	11⁴	10¹	8	4³	1⁵
6..	1 3⁵	0⁸	0²	1 3⁵	1 3¹	1 2⁴	1 1⁵	1 0³	10	6	2¹
7..	1 2⁴	0⁵	0¹	1 4⁵	1 4²	1 3⁷	1 3²	1 2	1	7⁷	2²
8..	1 1⁷	0⁴	.....	1 5³	1 5¹	1 4⁶	1 4²	1 3²	1 1⁴	10	2³
9..	1 1⁴	0⁴	.....	1 5⁶	1 5⁵	1 5³	1 5	1 4¹	1 2⁶	11³	2⁴
10..	1 1³	0⁴	.....	1 6	1 5⁷	1 5⁶	1 5³	1 4⁵	1 3²	11⁶	2⁴
11..	1 1⁵	0⁵	0¹	1 5⁶	1 5⁵	1 5³	1 5	1 4²	1 2⁶	11²	2²
12..	1 2¹	0⁷	0²	1 5²	1 5¹	1 4⁷	1 4²	1 3²	1 1⁴	9²	2
13..	1 2⁷	1¹	0⁵	1 4³	1 4¹	1 3⁸	1 3	1 1⁵	11	5⁶	1⁴
14..	1 3⁷	1²	0⁸	1 2⁵	1 2⁵	1 1⁷	1 1	11³	8²	3²	1²
15..	1 5¹	1⁵	1¹	1 0⁴	11⁵	11	9⁷	7⁶	5	1⁵	0⁷
16..	1 6³	1⁷	1⁸	9³	7⁵	6⁸	5⁴	4	2⁴	0⁶	0⁵
17..	1 7²	4¹	1⁵	5⁴	3²	2⁸	2	1²	0¹	0²	0²
				after side of sternpost							
18..	1 10	.....	2	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	.....



THE NEW DIVISION.

THE call for a preliminary meeting to consider the formation of a new division of the A. C. A. that was lately published in the FOREST AND STREAM, brought together the following canoeists on Dec. 9: Vice-Com. Stanton, Knickerbocker C. C.; C. J. Stevens, W. P. Stephens, B. H. Nadal, N. Y. C. C.; J. F. Newman, R. J. Wilkin, M. V. Brokaw, R. W. Blake, Wm. Whitlock, H. C. Ward, J. Johnson, Brooklyn C. C.; L. B. Palmer, J. L. Douglas, J. V. Pierson, H. S. Farmer, E. C. Burling, Ianthe C. C.; G. F. Secor, H. M. Carpenter, Shattemuc C. C.; W. H. Hillier, G. W. Cox, W. Gau, Essex C. C.; Wm. M. Carter, Trenton C. C.; A. S. and E. A. Pennington, Paterson C. C.; F. McLees, J. T. Holden, Rutherford C. C.; H. L. Quick, M. Simpson, E. L. Hoppock, J. H. Keeler, Yonkers C. C.; C. V. Schuyler, I. V. Dorland, A. C. Molloy, David H. Miller, Arlington C. C.; F. W. Kitchell, Perth Amboy C. C., and W. M. Brownell. Of the 37 men present 22 were members of the A. C. A. Mr. Whitlock was chosen temporary chairman and Mr. W. P. Stephens secretary. Vice-Com. Stanton, of the Central Division, addressed the meeting, speaking of the desirability of a new division which should cover the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and made a motion to the effect that such a division was desirable.

The question was discussed by a number, after which the motion was carried, as follows: It is the sense of this meeting that a new division of the A. C. A. is desirable; said division to embrace the eastern watershed of the Alleghanies, starting at the boundary between New York and Connecticut, crossing the Hudson River at a point below the Highlands, thence following the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, and including the south bank of the Potomac River. The question of boundaries was fully discussed and the above limits decided on as best conforming to the physical features of the country. The area will embrace the lower Hudson, the Delaware, Susquehanna, Schuylkill, Juniata, Potomac and Chesapeake Bay. A letter was read from the Washington C. C., favoring the proposed plan. It was also moved that the chair appoint a committee of eleven from the A. C. A. members in the proposed division, who should draw up and send to all members in the division a circular letter, outlining the plan and asking their support. A general meeting of canoeists, A. C. A. members and unattached, will be held in New York early in January to elect officers and frame a formal application to the A. C. A. for recognition as a division. During the evening the boundaries of the new division, and many details of its organization were discussed, but all final action was deferred to the general meeting in January. The question of a division meet was not considered.

A NEW CANOE CLUB IN NEW YORK.—A movement is on foot to establish a new canoe club in New York city, with a house on the Hudson, near Manhattanville. There are now a dozen canoeists in that vicinity who are interested in the scheme. Others who would like to join can send their addresses to the FOREST AND STREAM.

BUILDING IN CANADA. The Ontario Canoe Co. are busy with some 7×3 folding boats on an order from Holland. They are also building a new model canoe 14×42.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division.—Mr. David Rice, of Amsterdam, has applied for membership.—EDWARD W. BROWN, Purser, C. D.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. O. D.—We know of no boats of the size mentioned for New York owners.

F. M. F.—The extreme range is secured by giving the arm an elevation of from 45 to 75 degrees.

L. G., New York.—What kind of a gun is the best for use in a small country place, a shotgun or a rifle? Ans. A shotgun.

T. W. K., New York.—The best canoe for a small river is a Rob Roy or a similar model, 14ft. long, 26 to 27in. wide, 9in. deep amidships, and drawing but 4in., the weight to be under 55lbs. A sail is generally of little use in such a boat.

C. G., JR., Webster, Mass.—The small fish sent were too much decomposed to identify. If possible send us more. Keep them in alcohol for a week and then wrap them in muslin wet with alcohol, and they will keep for some time.

J. B. M., New York.—There is nothing better than alcohol for preserving specimens of fish. If they are large, cut a small slit in the abdomen to let the alcohol inside, but not large enough to let the intestines out. Use two parts of alcohol to one of water.

FISHERMAN.—Is the fish called sole the same as the plaice, if not what is the difference? Ans. No, the sole is a long and narrow fish while the plaice is broader. There are other differences also. There are no soles in America except a few in confinement, imported by the Fish Commission, while the plaice is common to American and European waters.

G. S., Kaolin, Pa.—Can you tell me where I can buy a few hundred yearling brook trout for stocking a pond? Ans. Occasionally there have been advertisements in our columns of yearling trout, but no one seems to have enterprise enough to keep it up and to supply the demand for partly grown fish. We do not know of any one, at present, who has yearling fish for sale.

J. C. S., St. Joseph, Mich.—1. Have you ever published the rules governing the fly-casting tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association, if so, in what number of your paper? 2. Where and when will the next tournament be held? Ans. 1. The proposed rules were published in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 13, 1887, and the amendments in the issue of March 10. 2. This will not be decided until the next annual meeting, which will probably be held in January next.

H. B., White House, N. J.—1. On Oct. 30, I received 20 live carp from the U. S. F. C., and not having my pond completed the fish were placed in a temporary pond about 4ft. wide, 20ft. long and from 2 to 15in. deep, with a mud bottom. Have seen several dead ones but can see no live fish. Are they alive? 2. If alive, what should they be fed? 3. Would it do to construct a pond with only the survivors to start with? 4. At what time do carp spawn? 5. What is the best time to turn out quail, fall or spring? Ans. 1. We cannot say, it is possible that the water may be deficient in oxygen, in coming directly from the ground. 2. Nothing in winter, in summer they will find natural food. 3. Impossible to say with the meagre information you give. 4. At two years old. 5. Fall, if they are fed.

A roe shad weighing 3½lbs. was caught in the Hudson near Dobbs Ferry on Nov. 29. It was a mature roe of three or four years' growth, and was caught in a seine with a lot of perch and other fish. But how it got there at this season of the year is a mystery. The first shad of the season in the New York market begin to arrive from Florida about the middle of December. Early in January they reach Savannah in their annual migration northward along the Atlantic coast, and about the last of January begin to arrive from North Carolina. In February they reach the Delaware Breakwater. They are not again met in large quantity until they reach the Hudson, which they endeavor to do in time to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. This year's run came late, however, the first shad of the season having been caught off Keyport, N. J., April 3. The shad season for New York ends with the last receipts from the Connecticut River, whence the best fish of the season come to market. The average weight of the Florida shad is 4lbs., from which it increases rapidly in its northern tour to Delaware Bay, where the average weight is 6½ to 7lbs. Here, in North River, the average is lowered to 4½lbs. by the presence of a large number of smaller and lighter fish. In Connecticut River they again reach an average weight of about 5½lbs. Within the last three or four years a few shad have come to market from as far east as Rockland, Maine, and the neighborhood of Boston, but the demand for them ceases shortly after the local season is over. Shad have been caught in the North River as early as Feb. 17, but that was in consequence of an extremely open winter, and this forerunner of the season was soon followed by the regular run. But the Dobbs Ferry shad cannot possibly be the forerunner of an early migration, for winter is yet to come. The only plausible explanation of the mystery is that, deluded by the continued warm temperature of the water, the fish has turned shoreward from the Gulf Stream a thousand miles northward of its proper route at this season.—*New York Times.*

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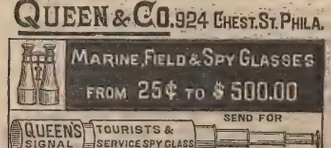
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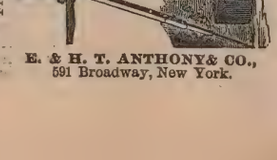
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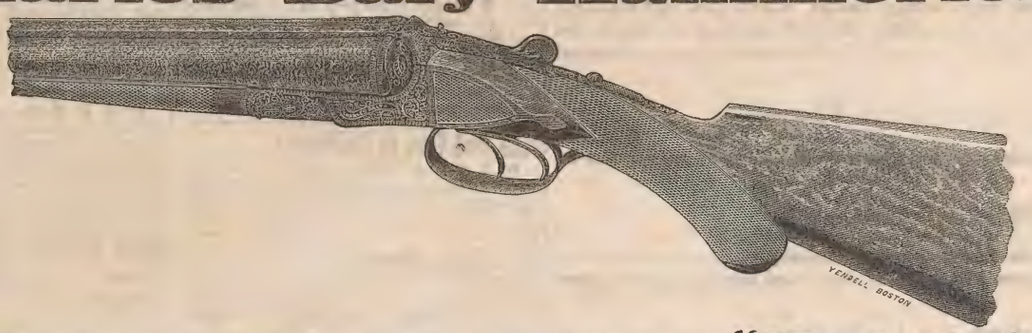


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READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM cannot fail to recollect Mr. Thomas F. Watson's poem entitled, "The Sportsman's Reverie," printed in this journal about two years ago. Later on a few stanzas were added to cover other scenes of typical American sport with the gun. The author depicted vividly the varied visions which come before the view of the veteran sportsman as he sits in easy chair before the fire. Of the author and his poem the *Detroit Free Press* said in an appreciative notice: "The author is evidently a man of the most acute sportsmanly enthusiasm, as well as of nice literary taste. His poem is built upon a very simple plan. Before a cheerful fire—like Ike Marvel's hero—sits a veteran of rod and gun; he grows half drowsy over pipe and fire and the poet has caught—with a nice and sensitive appreciation—the reminiscences of a hundred hunts which flit through his brain. One experience after another is described with graceful pen touches; the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the deer, fall before the crack of the gun; a long day's sport—a glorious day such as no man ever compassed between sun and sun—is described, even the trout, from the clear rapid, paying tribute to the prowess of a dreamland sportsman, until at last, with the fall of the quiet night shadows, the sportsman draws his boat to the shore, his tired retriever crouches at his feet, and, with his ducks, the final trophies of his sport, at his side, he looks back over the darkening water; and then, once again at his fireside, the end of the vision comes naturally and gracefully."

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No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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FOREST AND STREAM

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBBER RULE NUMBER TWO.

THE New England Kennel Club and the New Haven Kennel Club have withdrawn from membership in the A. K. C. These are the first results of the passage of the obnoxious rule ordering exhibitors to register their dogs in the so-called official stud book, the first guns in the battle against the petty oppressions of the A. K. C.

Not only have the Boston and New Haven clubs withdrawn, but, as will be seen by reference to our kennel columns, the Hartford Kennel Club views the new rule with such disfavor that it seems probable that if a dog show is to be held by it this year it will be conducted under other rules than those of the A. K. C. The old New England spirit is not dead. Boston has ever been quick to resist injustice and oppression.

It is not surprising that this attempt at coercion should have been met by determined action on the part of the Boston Club, and it can hardly be doubted that the stand taken by this, the strongest and most influential kennel club in the country, supported, too, by New Haven, will induce other clubs to withdraw unless the obnoxious and arbitrary rule shall be promptly rescinded. If an attempt should be made to enforce the rule the result can easily be predicted.

There is perhaps room for a difference of opinion as to whether the New England clubs have in this matter pursued the course which is for the best interests of dogs and dog shows. It may be thought by some that it would have been a wiser policy, while declining to hold their shows under A. K. C. rules, to have remained in the association and to have resisted this extraordinary attempted tyranny within that body; but even those who reason in this way must respect the promptitude with which the clubs have shown their independence, and the courage with which they have made their position clear. Such decided action will leave no room for doubt in the minds of any one as to where the New England clubs stand.

This was a case where prompt and decided action was needed. It was no time for backing and filling, for arguments pro and con, or for waiting to find out what one's neighbors were going to do. A principle is involved and these clubs were quick to show the stuff they are made of.

It is clear that one section of the country has no intention of submitting quietly to the dictation of the A. K. C., a dictation repugnant to all our institutions and our modes of thought. The course of the clubs in other sections will be awaited with interest. We are already in receipt of inquiries as to what the Westminster Kennel Club intends to do in the matter, and Philadelphia will have to decide before long.

We have yet to hear, among disinterested dog owners, the first word in favor of this rule, while on the other hand we have received a great number of indignant protests against it. It is not that the money called for by the rule amounts to anything, but the principle involved is a vital one. If the A. K. C. can swoop down on the dog-owning public with a rule like this, and command them to register their dogs in a certain place, there is literally no limit to their powers.

RIVER POLLUTION IN OHIO.

THE once clear and beautiful rivers and streams of Ohio are rapidly being converted into foul nuisances. The cities and towns of the State now without exception dispose of their sewage by turning it into the streams to poison the waters, and spread disease and death to the people who live upon their banks. The pollution destroys the fish, and by wicked waste one of the valuable natural food supplies of the State is being ruined. Before a remedy can be applied some plan must be devised for the disposal of sewage other than by turning it into the rivers.

This question has been brought to the attention of the City Council of Columbus by Mr. P. E. Fleck, of that city, and it is proposed to take action, which may lead to devising the required remedy.

It so happens that the Ohio State University, an institution admirably equipped with a competent corps of science in its various departments, and having a complete chemical and mechanical laboratory, is situated on a large farm, lying adjacent to a portion of the city of Columbus, which is at present without sewerage and with natural watercourses (small rivulets) flowing from the district in which sewerage is needed through the farm. All the circumstances and conditions are favorable for the experiment of sewage farming or purification.

This is something to secure the attainment of which the fish and and game clubs of Ohio might very properly join forces with those who have started the reform movement. Legislation will be needed to secure an appropriation for funds to carry on the sewage experiments. If a remedy should be devised, either by the discovery of some new method of treating the sewage, or by the adoption of one of those already in practice, the waters of Ohio could be made once more to teem with food fish. Under present conditions it is folly to spend money to propagate fish and then to put the fry into polluted rivers and poisoned streams.

Ohio is not alone in having permitted this gigantic folly. There is not a State in the Union where the same conditions do not hold, in a measure determined only by the density of the population. The problem of the scientifi disposal of sewage or its conversion into useful products is one of the momentous questions of the day; and it is assuming greater and greater importance every year as the population increases and stream pollution grows more baneful. City and town authorities and State legislatures cannot afford to shirk the task of providing the remedy so imperatively demanded.

WHO IS HE?

IN another column we print three paragraphs from the draft of the annual report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, which is to be presented to the Legislature at its next session. The passages are given as read by Gen. Sherman at the meeting of the Commissioners in this city the other day. They will not be embodied in the report as it goes to the Legislature, because Commissioners Roosevelt and Bowman took exception to them. These gentlemen believe that running deer with dogs into the water and firing bullets into them from the rifles of cockney "sports" stimulates them to breed and increases the game supply. These gentlemen have been selected by the State to care for its game interests; their opinion on such a subject is entitled to deferential respect. They did well to suppress these paragraphs. Such statements of the facts as these are, put into official reports, have a tendency to shake public confidence in the Commissioners' stimulative theory. That theory will obtain most strongly where the public has no correct information of the actual state of affairs in the North Woods. It is a theory that battens on popular ignorance.

It must be said for Messrs. Roosevelt and Bowman, however, that they are by no manner of means alone in holding this theory. Others there are who have such faith in the productive efficacy of exercising a deer by putting a mongrel hound on its track to drive it into the water, that they believe in keeping up the practice in season and out of season. To increase the deer supply they hound even in close season. Gen. Sherman in the passages objected to by his associate Commissioners reports:

> As an illustration of how things are working, it may be stated that last summer there was detected and arrested a gentleman of high personal standing, hounding deer out of season, who at the legislative session appeared before the Game Law Committee in advocacy of the present hounding law!

Who is this "gentleman of high personal standing?" Just how high must a gentleman's personal standing be to elevate him one whit above the lowest skin-hunter when hounding out of season? How often in the course of six months can a gentleman of high personal standing be detected in the commission of a misdemeanor without having his character fall, or as they say in Wall street, take a slump? One of these days we hope to reach a point where it will be an impracticable feat for a gentleman of high personal standing to go into the woods, there bribe guides to hound or jig unlawfully, and then bring his high personal character out again unsmirched and untarnished. The time may be far off, but present indications are that we are making headway in that direction.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE late Philip Embury, of West Orange, N. J., who died Dec. 11 at the ripe age of ninety-six, was a conspicuous example of the gentlemen of the old school. It is said of him that "he had a contempt for idleness and society airs, and retaining his faculties to the last, was probably the most prominent representative of genuine democracy of his age at the time of his taking off." In his younger days Mr. Embury was a devoted sportsman; he with Messrs. Aycraigg, of Passaic, and Palmer, of New York, formed a trio who made their duck shooting headquarters at Princes Bay; and in those days there were ducks in the bay to reward them.

Forester Frank Parker, in behalf of the New York Forest Commission, has selected a site for a deer park. It is in the town of Deming, in Ulster county, and the agent finds that there is in the tract ample browsing material, such as deer need. A temporary park of one hundred acres will be inclosed, with two smaller ones, and when the work is well under way these parks will be thrown open. We trust that the Forest Commissioners will not forget to avail themselve of the counsel of those members of the Fisheries Commission who know all about stimulating deer to breed by chasing them to death with dogs. The establishment of the State deer park will afford a magnificent opportunity to demonstrate the efficacy of dogging. The officials will find no trouble about buying a sufficient force of hounds at a low figure in some of the game-depleted Adirondack districts, where dogging deer has not worked beneficently as it should have done if the stimulating theory were correct.

Some weeks ago the FOREST AND STREAM had occasion to expose the capture of big trout in Maine by unsportsmanlike methods. A journal in this city at once came to the defense of the accused parties, and insinuated that we had been threatened with action for libel, and so frightened off from saying anything more on the subject. In due time we showed by conclusive evidence that the charges which we had made were well founded. A month has now elapsed, and we have been patiently waiting to see whether the motive of self-respect might not be strong enough in these defenders of trout jiggers and manufacturers of spiteful insinuations against the FOREST AND STREAM'S motives to prompt them to abandon the position which they at first took.

James Carson Brevoort, whose death was recorded last week, made a number of contributions to natural history. He was specially interested in ichthyology, and a genus of fishes, the Brevoortia, was named in his honor.

For Christmas Week.

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THE GRAY PINE.*

PART ONE.

LIKE most of those who have inherited the hunting instinct of our progenitors and were born where no large game exists, it was once my great ambition to kill a deer. It had been outlived, not gratified, for though year after year I went to the Adirondacks for this sole purpose, it was never my fortune to kill a deer, nor but once to even get a shot at one.

If one was started it always took any runway rather than that on which I was stationed, or went over the mountains to some pond or stream miles away and so escape or fall a prey to the hunters of some other party.

My last attempt was made late in October, 185–, when though we were enjoying the most delightful autumn weather in the Champlain valley, there were sharp premonitions of approaching winter in the narrow valley of the Adirondacks which was this year to be my hunting ground. The deciduous trees had struck their colors and the faded banners of scarlet and purple and gold were trailing upon the earth, sodden with autumnal rains, or tossed here and there by fitful gusts of the shifting winds; and more than one snow storm had grizzled the "black growth" of the mountain sides and blanched the treeless peaks with the whiteness they were to wear for many a month to come.

The night after my arrival at the little farmhouse where I was to stay, several of the neighbors dropped in, and a hunt was planned for the next day. Sim Woodruff, the most inveterate woods-haunter and hunter among them, drawled out in a low monotone. "The's tew three deer a keeping up in the basin 'n under Aowl's Head, they ha'n't been mislested this fall, 'n' the' ha' no daoubt o' startin' on 'em any day, 'n' gittin' a good race. They'll water tu the river, sartin, 'n we c'n man every identicle runway, 'n' someb'dy nuther is cock sure to git a shot."

Silas Borden the shoemaker said, "'T'ain't no way sartin 'at a deer started aouten the basin won't water t' Thompson Pawnd." He spent more of his time in fishing and "a studyin' inter aoudoor things" than in making and mending his neighbors' footgear, and his opinions in matters of woods-lore was not to be lightly taken. But Sim said sententiously, "They'll water tu the river!" The shoemaker said no more in support of his opinion, but sat gazing meditatively into the glowing slit of the stove hearth, and so it was presently settled the party should meet here at Uncle Harvey Hales' the next morning, and then man the runways on the river, while Sim took the dogs to the basin lying under the rocky knob, known as Owls' Head, and put them out there.

As my host was lighting me to bed after the last caller had departed, I said, "Do, if you can, Uncle Harvey, put me on a runway to-morrow where I can get a shot. This is the fifth year that I've been trying to get one somewhere in this region, and haven't suceeded yet!"

"If you don't git a crack at a deer to-morrah, it won't be my fault," he said as he set the candle on the little oil-cloth covered stand and seated himself on the edge of the bed. "I'm a goin' t' put you t' the Riffles, 'n' it's the best runway on the river. The fif' year, hey? Wal, they say 't the's luck in odd numbers, 'n' like 'nough your 'n 'ill change this time. 'F you c'n shoot at a deer 's well 's you can 't a patridge, y'r all right, for I've seen yer cut their heads off. But"—and his gray eyes twinkled under their grayer shaggy brows—"like's not ye can't—the's a differ'nce."

"Well," I said with more confidence in my voice than in my heart, "all I ask is the chance, and if I miss a good shot, you won't be troubled with me another fall."

"Then I hope you'll kill a deer to-morrah," he said heartily, for I'm allus glad t' hev ye come." In those days the region was not thronged as now with tourists and pleasure seekers, and the people were glad of a visitor for simple friendship's sake, and a few days of companionship with one from the outer world, of which they saw so little. Now and then in summer some ardent angler from abroad braved the torments of the black flies, or an artist came to gather fresh sheaves from an unreaped field; in fall a few hunters and an occasional cattle buyer from the valley of the lake, and in winter a fur buyer or two were almost the only visitors in all the year.

"Wal," said Uncle Harvey, rising and snuffing the candle with his fingers, "good night, sleep good!"

This injunction I obeyed, between Aunt Natty's dried roseleaf-scented sheets and under the carpetlike coverlet till daylight came in at the little window and turned the gloom to gray, and the voices of the gathering hunters and the whimpering and impatient yelping of Sim's hounds awoke me. Half an hour later when we were straggling along the road, some one asked, "Where's Sile? thought he was agoin'." Sim, who led the party and was being led by the dogs straining at their leashes before him, answered over his shoulder, "Sile! I'll bet a cookey the plegged critter 's apullin' foot for Thompson Pawnd," and he looked toward the round peak of Owl's Head now detaching its dark gray outline from the scarcely lighter gray of the overcast sky, as if he half expected to make out somewhere under the curtain of the woods the form of the little shoemaker breasting the mountain ridge, beyond which lay the lonely pond. "Let him go an' be darned! I shouldn't wonder 't the pawnd was all froze over!" which seemed not unlikely, for the road was hard as a rock and the swift current of the river running here beside it was edged with bristling borders of ice, and little spiky rafts of it were drifting along, tinkling against shores and mid-stream boulders. One or two of the hunters had dropped out to the runways they were assigned to, when Sim struck out of the road and across the narrow fields and soon vanished with his hounds in the haze of woodside saplings and branches. One after another took the station allotted to him by Uncle Harvey till only he and I were left. Crossing a rude bridge that spanned the river and going half a mile further up the right bank we came to the Riffles, where he placed me, and after giving a few concise directions went on to his stand above. Here at the Riffles running down a steep slope and across the narrow intervale to the naked brink of the river, was the clearing of a deserted farm bordered on either side with a brushy fringe of second growth, backed by the great trees of the old woods. Half way up the slope, desolate and forsaken, with no path leading to them, stood a small house with unglazed windows, and a ruinous log barn. My stand faced a long straight reach of the river where it broke into a foaming rapid over stony shallows, running nearly eastward till under the root-netted bank at my feet it turned again on its devious northward course through the valley. The old woods of beech, maple and birch came down with a sudden sweep from the dark evergreens of the heights, and a crinkled seam in the even gray of their tops marked the way of a mountain rivulet that just opposite gave its small contribution of noise and water to the roar and rush of the river. The tenantless farm was like an unmarked grave that one might come upon in the heart of the woods, and made the place no less "woodsy and wild and lonesome" than if the ancient trees still shaded its untilled acres. For a while I was satisfied with the sense of complete isolation; with listening to the ever-changing yet monotonous voice of the river singing its untranslatable song to the hushed wilderness; with looking at the noble sweep of the mountain slopes and the given outlines of their rocky steeps; and then with studying the shapes of the great yellow birches that bent their shining and maned trunks steadfast and silent over the turmoil of the waters while the little branches waved and nodded as if beating time to the river's song. Then the near rocks mottled with many-colored lichens and mosses that kept foothold above the well-defined limit of high water. And then I suddenly remembered why I was here, and that Sim must have the dogs out by this time, and my ears were soon aching with the effort to catch out of the river's uproar the shriller clamor of the hounds.

Many times in the next hour it seemed to me that I heard it rising above the everlasting soughing surge of the Riffles, while I stood with strained nerves and rifle ready, only to be as often disappointed, when the fooling puff of wind died, and the river went on with its endless song. For a while a mink amused me, stealing along the other shore alert, shy and inquisitive, then diving for a minnow, then swimming away lithe and silent as a snake. A raven came down like a great dusky flake out of the lowering sky and lodged on a dead treetop; then presently a flock of snow flakes wavered toward the earth, and with a savage blast of north wind down came a pelting snowstorm. I stood at my post till the river banks were so white that the stream for all its foam looked black, and the barrel and sight of my rifle were loaded and clogged with snow faster than I could clear them, and then I began to look around for a shelter of some sort. The house was too for from the runway which I was loth to get out of range of, but twenty rods back from me in the north edge of the clearing stood a solitary evergreen. To this I retreated, and facing the river backed in among the thick lower branches. These and the dense top gave me considerable protection from the storm, now raging so furiously that a deer might have passed unseen within ten rods of me.

The sheltering tree, which at first I had taken for a spruce, I now noticed was of a kind that I had never before seen. It seemed to be, if such a thing were possible, a hybrid of the pitch pine and one of the spruces: its leaves too short for a pine, too long for a spruce, and wearing not the healthy, lusty dark green of either, but a hue of unwholesome gray. Though evidently old, it was low and stunted, as though it could draw no suitable nourishment from a soil that fostered other trees. The long branches writhed out in snaky curves from the lichen-scabbed trunk, and toward the ends were clasped by pairs of hooked cones like the warty claws of some unclean bird, and they hissed, rather than sang, as do the branches of the evergreens to the stroke of the wind. The bare earth about its roots showed no undergrowth of flowering woodland plants, but only some frost-bitten fungus, black and foul with decay. A strange, uncanny tree, I thought, a fit canopy for witches when they hold their wicked meetings, and it may have been a fancy begotten of storm and solitude, but I began to feel as if some unholy spell was creeping over me. Just then the storm lulled; the wind almost ceased its howling, and the snowfall slackened, so that the rush of the waters again became the dominant sound, and the long foamy reach of the river reappeared. Then out of the voices of stream and forest came the unmistakable cry of a hound, hardly assured before a great buck splashed into the upper end of the Riffles, and came down them toward me. My heart beat wildly, but sank when, midway in the rapids, he turned to the shore and began to climb the further bank. It was a long shot for me, but my only chance, and I took it. Aiming a little above and ahead of him, I fired and missed. He did not lower his flag, but halted an instant when he had gained the top of the bank, looking toward the point from which the thin report had come to him—halted long enough to have given me another shot if I had been armed with a double barrel or a repeater.

My powder flask was not returned to its pocket when he vanished. The hound, at fault when he came to the water, pottered along the shores trying every place but the right one, and giving no heed to my calls and gestures, and I was too "cat-footed" to wade the icy stream and put him on the trail. While my spirit was yet in the very depth of humiliation, Uncle Harvey came down from his stand, having heard the shot and nothing more of the hound after he had reached the river. "Did ye kill him?" he asked, though he must have known by my looks that I had not. Then, "Where was he?" and "where was you?" I pointed out the spot, where a broken toppled maple leaned over the Riffles, at which the deer had gone out of the river, and showed him the tree under which I stood. "Hmph!" after looking over the distance with two or three calculating glances, "Le's go hum. You've had yer shot," and more out of humor than I had ever seen him, he sharply called the hound, and tucking his rifle under his arm led the way toward the road. As we passed the strange evergreen I asked, glad of something else than shooting to talk of, "What kind of tree is this that I stood under when I fired? It is something I never saw before." He stopped and looked at it, at first carelessly, then with more attention. "God!" with an expression of horror and disgust, "was you a standin' under that tree?"

"Yes; why not?"

"T a no wonder 't ye missed! It's more a wonder 't yer gun didn't bust er suthin' an' kill yer! Why, man alive, that 'ere 's an *Onlucky tree!* come 'way from it," and he hurried on, giving me no time to ask another question till we were in the road. We are all superstitious, but he was one of the last men whom I would have taken to be foolishly so, and my curiosity was much excited.

"Tell me about the tree, Uncle Harvey," I said, "I never heard of it before."

"It's what I tell ye, an onlucky tree, 'at no man, much less a women is safe to go anigh! I wouldn't stand' under that 'ere tree ten minutes for half o' York State! I didn't know 't the' was one o' the cussed things left here, 'r I'd ha' burnt it 'fore naow. I c'n tell ye no end o' hurt an' trouble they've made; no end on 't! Why, Sim Woodruff, his father was a choppin' one, not knowin' what it was more'n you did, an' his wife a stannin' lookin' on with her young un in her arms, an' a chip flew an' took her in the eye an' put it aout, an' he cut his foot so 's 't he was laid up all winter; an' the baby took a onaccaountable sort of a sickness an' died. An' there was Dan'l Frost lay daown 'n' went tu sleep 'n underneath one one day when he was het an' tired a traoutin', an' got up sick an went hum 'n' died in less 'n a week. 'N there," halting and pointing to a blackened stump that stood near the roadside in the center of a patch of frost-withered ghostly fire weed, "I c'n tell ye a sight wus story 'baout one 'at stood right there, but," lowering his voice as we moved on, "I can't tell ye naow, for we're a comin' tu M'nroe Beadle 'n his relations was consarned in 't." When this hunter joined us a few minutes later, Hale briefly told him that I had missed a deer, and why, adding, "We mus' go an' burn the blasted thing the fust chance we git." Burning, it seemed, was the only effectual way of destroying these dangerous trees.

Facing homeward we came to one after another of our party, and toward nightfall reached Uncle Harvey's. However much some might have been at first disposed to laugh at me, when the old man explained the cause of my ill-success, no one had a jibe for me, but all congratulated me on having had no worse luck than a miss, and I thought the tree or the strange superstition concerning it had served me a very good turn.

At dusk Sim came in and was glad to find his favorite hound toasting his ribs under the stove. The other dogs, he said, had started another deer and run it over Owl's Head, since when he had neither seen nor heard them. Presently, without knocking, as every one entered there, came Silas Borden, looking tired, but well satisfied, and told us that he had killed as "nice a barr'n doe as ever run the woods, over tu Thompson Pawnd. Maje an' the pup run her, an' they're daown tu my house, Sim. Miss Borden she's fed 'em up good. Tur'ble good womern tu dawgs, Miss Borden is, when the's venison brung hum. Golly blue! if I didn't hev a tougher aluggin' on't ov' the ridge." Then he related with all the minuteness of detail that hunters never tire of giving or listening to, the incidents of his solitary hunt, mapping on the stove griddle with the stump of a match his course and that of the deer and hounds, and his position when the deer came to the pond, and it was bedtime when his story was ended.

The next day was a stormy one of sleet and snow and wild wind that no one who need not would go abroad in, while I sat by the roaring stove in the first stages of a severe cold, and taking frequent draughts of Aunt Nabby's "pennyr'y'ltea." Uncle Harvey told me the "wust story of the onlucky tree."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

* John H. Sears, in his "Notes on the Forest Trees of Essex, Clinton and Franklin Counties, N. Y.," says, of the strange superstition concerning the gray or scrub pine (*Pinus banksiana*): "This tree is known as the 'unlucky tree' by the people in this part of the country. The more observant ones call it a cross between the pine and the spruce. I met several men of good general education, who were convinced of the danger arising from this tree, and who cited cases of its malignant influences. It is considered dangerous to pass within 10ft. of its limbs, and more so to women than to men. It is equally dangerous to cattle; so that whatever ill befalls a man, his family or his cattle, if there is one of these trees on his land it must be destroyed, burned down by wood being piled around it, for no one would venture to cut it down."—*Bulletin of the Essex Institute, Vol. XIII., 1881.*

AMONG THE BONIN ISLANDS.

IN FOREST AND STREAM, No. 13, Vol. XX., April 26, 1883, there appeared a sketch of adventures among the Bonin Islands, to which this letter will serve as a sequel. As I cannot flatter myself that many of your readers will have remembered much of the story, I will briefly recall the original. The incidents described occurred in 1853, when, a young midshipman on my first cruise, I was member of a surveying party, sent from the sloop of war Plymouth, then anchored in the harbor of Port Lloyd, Bonin Island, to survey a detached group of islands some thirty miles to the southward, the object being to find a suitable harbor to provide a coaling station for the line of steamers of the Pacific Mail Company, then projected from San Francisco to Japan and China. There were two lieutenants, now admirals, one midshipman, and about thirty men in the party, and we had a launch and a large cutter.

Our party made headquarters at Coffin Island, the rather sombre name being that of one of its discoverers, Captain Nathaniel Coffin, of Nantucket, who, while on a whaling voyage in the Transit, in 1823, put in for fresh water, and unaware of previous visits, took possession and gave it his name.*

*The group, however, in the Pacific Ocean, lat. 27° N, long. 142° E., had been more than once discovered and claimed before, the Japanese having in 1675 first visited and named them Buninshimo (Uninhabited Islands). This discovery was made in the usual form; a disabled junk drifted among the islands, and its crew, on their return to Japan, reported "mild climate, fertile country, inexhaustible lumber, incredible quantities of fish and crabs, the latter from 4 to 6ft. long, and excellent water. Japan needed a penal colony, and this group was selected, Ogasawari, a powerful Damio, being the projector of the scheme. After a few years this enterprise failed, then for nearly a hundred years there is a lapse of history. In 1760 the experiment was tried over again by a descendent of Ogasawari, and again it proved a failure. Now it may be that, during this long period, and thence up to 1823, when Coffin took possession, somebody else did, but I can find no evidence to that effect. So our claim to its discovery is apparently good as against any country but Japan.

After Coffin, though, the group became the scene of many discoveries, taking possession and letting go again.

In 1825 the English whale ship Supply, and in 1827 the British man-of-war Blossom, Captain Beechy, R. N., took possession, the latter strengthening his claim by firing a salute to the English flag he hoisted, a ceremony omitted by the whalers for want of guns.

In 1829 the English founded a colony at Port Lloyd, "consisting of five white men and twenty-two Sandwich Islanders, male and female." Among the white men were two Americans, Nathaniel Savory and Alden Chapin, both New England men. The business of the colony was turtle catching and farming. Nathaniel Savory

Our party found upon the island two families, one an Englishman and Kanaka wife, whose name I forget, and a Captain Robinson, also an Englishman, with two wives and a lot of children, among whom was one, a young girl of twelve, named Caroline, who, I then thought, was about the prettiest of all of the girls I had ever fallen in love with; and there was the natural result, to be expected when a pretty tropical-blooded girl, that never before met a boy, is through propinquity brought into contact with a youngster who hadn't seen a girl prettier than the ordinary China girl for a long time. We were devoted to each other, and my readily given adoration was supplemented by a still stronger feeling of gratitude, for under circumstances fully detailed in my original story, Caroline had saved my life by rescuing me from the alternative of death by drowning in a sea cave or being devoured by a shark.

That I was not mistaken in the opinions I entertained as to the charms of Caroline, I will quote a few lines from the official report of Captain Kelley, a grave and reverend Seigneur, whose judgment would not run the risk mine did, of being biased:

"The population of this newly-acquired territory does not exceed eleven, viz., two male settlers, cultivating the land and taking turtle; two females, natives of Assumption, wives of the settlers; three male children, two female children (one, whose name is Caroline, remarkable for her beauty), one female from Assumption and a deserter from this ship."

Caroline I find occupies a considerable space in my story, and I flatter myself that those who read it would be glad to hear more about her. I will quote only the concluding paragraph on which this letter hinges:

"And Caroline, if her father carried out his intentions, is now perhaps a sedate matron, in some New England village with little Carolines of her own; recognizing that her probable fate, should she remain with him on the island, would be that she would become the wife (married island fashion) of some sailor, who, tempted by her beauty, would desert some whaler for her sake, he had resolved to give her to the wife of some calling whaling captain to be brought up in America, and educated as a Christian woman. I have often wondered if this has occurred, and now as I write have half a hope that through this personal her whereabouts may transpire."

And now I have to report that even unto the Orient the far-reaching influence of the FOREST AND STREAM has reached. My personal has been answered, and I have rediscovered Caroline, and in the sequel I propose to tell you some more about her and some of her adventures. In my search for information about her I have waded through a mass of official documents, reports and history; Commodore Perry, Bayard Taylor, Captain Kelly, Consul Jones, and a book on "Remarkable Voyages" have contributed.

About two years ago I received a letter from Commander Chas. T. Cotton, of the Navy, who was in command of one of our vessels on the China Station. He had read my story in FOREST AND STREAM, and wrote that he felt confident that he had met my heroine. "I remember her well, and in July, 1881, she was still a very handsome woman, married, or had been married, and had children, whom she had brought to Yokohama to be educated. Who her husband was, whether alive or dead, or what was her married name, I cannot now recall. She was a remarkably good-looking woman, and I had no idea that she was as old as from your description she must be."

Com. Cotton referred me to Mate P. C. Van Buskirk; then and now on duty in the Pacific, as likely to know more of her. I wrote to Van Buskirk, and in due time came his answer from Acapulco. Van Buskirk was with us in the Plymouth, and knew of the circumstances occurring in 1853, and serving subsequently on the station, had collected very copious notes. From the information he furnished me I will finish this sequel. "Yes," he writes, "I have met Caroline. I spent three nights under her roof. The Alert had gone south surveying and left me on Peel Island as keeper of the coal pile. She is now the widow Webb, and has a most comfortable home at Port Lloyd, with a farm of some seventy acres, and employes quite a number of Kanakas, raising coffee and taking turtles for their shell and sharks for their fins, which command good prices in the Chinese market. She has two sons who superintend the work, and Zipper, now a very old woman, is with her, has a cabin to herself, and it was apparent that Coroline was taking every possible care of her, and everybody treated Zipper with marked respect." [Zipper was the "female from Assumption" spoken of by Capt. Kelley, and the woman whom we supposed to be the spare wife of Capt. Robinson.]

"Caroline was still a handsome and attractive woman, talked intelligently and well, not only of past events on the island, but of changes in the outside world, for she had shelves loaded with English and American illustrated magazines, being, although unable to read or write, very fond of pictures. She remembered perfectly the advent of the Plymouth and her particular friend the young officer of the surveying party; and spoke of you most pleasantly, and a great deal."

Van Buskirk's items, as obtained from Mrs. Webb and others, will complete this history. The man occupying with his Kanaka wife the other cabin on the island when we were there was named Mottley, and the woman Kitty. Robinson went over to the Caroline Island, and brought a number of the islanders to work for him. Kitty got up a quarrel between her husband and Robinson, and seduced from him all of the Caroline Islanders; leaving Robinson with but one assistant "English Bob," who was in love with Caroline. In 1861, the Mottley party attacked the Robinsons, Bob was killed and Robinson took to the woods with three children, John, Henry and Eliza, and after a few days was captured by the Mottley gang, and sent out of the island by a whaler.

Zipper with Caroline, then nearly twenty years old, Susan and Charles, fled in another direction, and succeeded in finding their way to the northern shore, where they subsisted on shellfish, roots, berries, fruits, etc., until Zipper one night (they ventured out of hiding only at night) found on the beach a plank in which were wrought-iron nails; these they hammered into fish hooks, and one large one into a knife, which they sharpened upon lava stones, and "by the aid of this instrument Caroline's fine long tresses were shaved off (we all, except Caroline, laughed at this recital) and of them were made fish lines, after which they had fish in plenty. Up to this time Zipper, who was in great terror of the Mottley party, had not permitted a fire. After fish were caught she yielded, and with fish, crabs and turtle eggs, they lived very well, comparatively, for they succeeded in obtaining fire by rubbing sticks together, one relieving the other."

A passing whale ship saw the smoke one day, stood in, sent a boat and rescued the party after their eleven months of camp life, carrying them to Port Lloyd, where Governor Webb received them most hospitably, fell in love with Caroline, married her, and dying left her a pretty widow well provided for.

There may come a sequel to this sequel. Some months ago I wrote a letter to Caroline, in care of the Consul at Yokohama. I intended to have incorporated the answer in this sequel, which has been long promised to the editor, but it has not come.

PISECO.

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was elected Governor, which position he held at the date of our visit in 1853.

During the subsequent period of thirty years history has repeated itself, for there arrived at one or the other of the various islands, successively, Russian, Portugese and Dutch men-of-war, the captain of each going through the usual ceremonies of taking possession.

The comfort of the colonists was not much disturbed by this periodic change of their nationality. They raised their goats and pigs, cocoanuts and bananas; caught turtle and fish, and became very useful to the many whalers in the Pacific. But all was not at peace among themselves. The principal law in vogue was the old-fashioned simple one, that "he shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can." There was but one unity of interest, and that I judge from the records did not amount to much, being self-defense against outsiders who interfered with them. There were pirates in those days, and pirates as well as whalers need fresh water and provisions, and such articles cost them very little. Visiting Port Lloyd they helped themselves to all they wanted, including in many cases such of the Kanaka wives as struck their fancy.

Once—it is a matter of history—a Portugese Lorcha came for provisions, and within twenty-four hours Governor Savory was transformed from the wealthy husband of several wives to an impecunious widower, and most of the colonists were in the same boat. But while in the midst of their sorrow a Yankee whaler arrived; her captain was a shrewd trader, and availing himself of the opportunity "went quickly to the Sandwich Islands, returning with a goodly supply of women, who were gladly welcomed, and supplied with husbands without delay." Hardly were the nuptial ceremonies completed when "another American schooner, whose captain was an ungodly man, came seeking fresh water, but the crew straightway made away with all the newly married wives, and much stock and provender."

Thus it is shown that the life of the islanders was not entirely monotonous nor free from vicissitudes.

I have gone thus a little into history for this reason. The record shows that our claims to the islands is superior to those of any other nation. Collin was the first white man to discover it, Savory the first white official; both were Americans. Thus, when Captain John Kelley of the Plymouth in September, 1853, went through all the ceremonies and "took formal possession in the name of the United States," they became part of our domain, and are thus entitled to a place in the history of the United States.

Associated with Governor Savory was one Captain Thomas H. Webb, an Englishman, who came to the islands in 1849, and who eventually succeeded Savory as governor. My reasons for introducing Captain Governor Webb will appear, as also the reason for the following modified quotation from the report of the U. S. Consul to Nagasaki, Mr. A. C. Jones: "The administration of Webb was attended with trouble; his subjects were unruly spirits. Several broke out in open defiance and rebellion; open war was the result; four or five persons were killed, others fled to remote parts of the island, where, it is told, they subsisted on roots and berries until taken off by a ship that had put in for water."

A CHRISTMAS WEEK MEMORY.

"NOW, Mrs. Campbell," said I, as I rose to take my leave, "this is the seventeenth, and I mean to devote the next week to shooting, and if you will just mention what game you would like me to send you for Christmas"—

"No limitation?" queried she archly.

"Well," I said, "I have no Aladdin's lamp to whirl me away to remote regions, nor genii to do my bidding. I trust to my own unaided resources, so I must limit you to game to be found in the valley of the Indus."

"Oh, that will provide quite a sufficient variety," said she, "and since you are so liberal, I will give you the bill of fare, if you will take your pencil and jot down the items."

"No need for pencil and paper," said I. "Your commands shall be engraved on the tablets of my heart," and as I spoke I placed my hand over the cardiac region; but this was five and twenty years ago, when all the women of my acquaintance were angels.

"That means," said she, "that if you fail to provide anything that I stipulate for, you will declare that I never mentioned it."

"Mrs. Campbell!" exclaimed I in tones of feeling, "cast no reflection upon my honor as a man, still less on my devotion to you. Tell me only what to send, and you may prepare your menu and issue your invitations."

"Well then, item first, one wild boar's head—a good tusker, remember—that I may be sure it is not a domestic pig's. One haunch of antelope venison, and don't try to put me off with goat's flesh. That will do for the substantials. Then partridges, let me see, six brace of black partridges. There are no quail now; say ten brace of snipe. Then three brace of wild duck and a brace of hares. Then I think that will do—but no, if you should see a bustard—remember I don't lay any commands upon you, but if by lucky chance one should come your way."

"Your wishes are my commands," said I in tones suited to the occasion.

The next moment I was in the saddle and cantering away to the ferry. Half an hour later I had reached the opposite bank of the river, and another brisk twenty minutes' canter took me to my home, an isolated indigo plantation in the depths of Sindee jungles, some four miles from the banks of the Indus. The dogs bounded out to meet me, the syce took my horse, and the bearer came forward to receive my commands, and instructing him to call me half an hour before daybreak, I slipped into my pyjamas and lay down to meditate on the contract I had undertaken, and to lay out my plans so as to best insure success. The birds (apart from the bustard) presented no great difficulty, and there was a reasonable chance of shooting a wild boar within a week. The snipe were a good twelve miles from my bungalow, and one day of the six would have to be devoted to them, but no antelope nor bustard was to be found within twelve or fifteen miles of my home, and one might roam for hours over the sandy wastes they frequent, without sighting either, and sighting did not always mean getting a shot, and then, although a true sportsman rarely misses, he fires a great many shots that do not result in bringing the game to bag.

That I was anxious to redeem my promise to the letter goes without saying. I was young and she was fair. Still fairer was her sister, a girl of sixteen, but as I lay and arranged my plans I realized that although I had occasionally made heavier and as varied bags in the allotted time, success in every detail depended on my being favored with good luck. I had the strongest of all incentives to exertion, "the light that lies in woman's eyes."

I was soon asleep, and for a few hours slept the sleep that comes from good digestion, when I was awakened by the quick *gooro, gooro*, of some wild boar which were passing close to the bungalow, and had set the dogs to barking. I jumped out of bed and went to the door. It was a bright moonlight night, rather chilly, and a little fog hovered over the swamp of a few hundred acres which bounded my plantation on one side, and had been a rare feeding ground for wild boar before I had broken ground in the neighborhood. As I stood I heard the grunting of the pigs that had aroused me, but they were not making for the swamp, and feeling thoroughly awake and refreshed I concluded to dress and make a tour of the earth dyke that skirted the swamp.

I was soon dressed, and picking up my rifle and a supply of ammunition (I used muzzleloaders in those days) I walked down to the nearest point of the dyke and stepped lightly on it for a look round; and there, not 20yds. from me, stood a full grown tusker feeding all alone. He threw up his head instantly, but unprepared as I was, my snapshot took effect; he rolled over, half struggled to his feet, plunged forward a step and tumbled over dead.

A good beginning, thought I, as I went back to the bungalow and instructed my bearer not to call me before daylight, but to get some low caste men in the morning, send for the boar and have him brought up and dressed.

It was full daylight when I arose. The boar, a grand old tusker and by far the biggest I had ever shot, was lying outside the bungalow, and the low castes were boiling their water over a camp-fire and anticipating a good feed. I gave instructions to keep the head, salt the hams, reserve one roast and a few chops, and let the shikaris have the rest.

This arranged, I took breakfast, took my shotgun and dogs and one man along with me, and started for some jungle three or four miles off, where hares and black partridge, although not exactly plentiful, were always to be found. My first shot was a mallard, which I brought down in good style; then I went through a jungle of low bushy trees (jhand) in which I made some very bad shooting at black partridge, bagging only three: and after a day's tramp I reached home with five partridge, one hare, one mallard and a blue crane.

The next day was devoted to snipe shooting. I galloped out in the morning with my syce on a second horse, took eighty charges along with me and fired them all away, bringing back eight brace of snipe and two brace of teal. I shot the first snipe, missed the next five or six in succession, and then shot a little better, losing three or four birds through not bringing the dogs with me. I felt a little mortified, as I had averaged two out of three at quail shooting the previous spring, and counted on something like forty birds to my eighty charges. Now I should have to go again to complete my ten brace.

The next day I mounted my camel and made a very early start for the sandy plains in quest of bustard and antelope. A herd of the game was started soon after arrival on the ground, but they trotted off about 300yds., and all my effort to get nearer was of no avail. While thus engaged my eye fell for an instant on the ground near me and caught the eye of a squatting bustard. Directly our eyes met, he sprang up, and dashed away behind me at railway speed. By the time I had changed weapons with my driver, who carried the shotgun, and brought the camel round for a shot, the bird was 60 or 70yds. away and taking wing. Away we went again after the antelope, and seeing that they stood occasionally to watch us, we struck off at nearly right angles to their course, made a sweep of three or four miles and came upon them lying down, this time again at about 300yds. There was no bush cover, but about a hundred yards beyond them there was a little sand hill, and we circled round to get behind it. Making the camel kneel, I jumped off and made for the mound on foot; but the antelope had been disturbed, and when I next sighted them they were trotting away at 200yds. distance. I emptied both barrels at them with just such result as I expected, for antelope present no contrast to the desert sand.

It was then past noon, and we made away for a clump of bushes to give the camel a chance of browsing, while the driver and I disposed af our luncheons.

We were now nearly twenty miles from home and some six or seven miles off the point where the road entered the desert, and after an hour's rest we made for this point. I kept on foot, traveling parallel to the camel at about 400yds.

We traveled four miles in this order, when the driver brought the camel to his knees and signaled to me to join him, and when I did so he pointed to a mound about 200yds. off and told me that three antelope were asleep behind it.

Noiselessly I stalked them, reached the foot of the mound and was debating by myself whether to stalk round it or over it (it was perhaps 30ft. long and 8ft. high), when the buck, followed by his two does, trotted round toward me, and there we stood face to face, the old buck and I at about ten paces. Up went the rifle, but the buck was quicker than I. While I was pulling the trigger he and his does were legging it at express rate, and by the time I had run round the mound and sighted them again, they were 100yds. off. I gave them the second barrel of course, but it evidently was not my day in.

During the afternoon we put up several coveys of sand grouse, but I was bent on larger game and let them pass; two or three pair of bustard were sighted on the wing, and one pair I marked down about a mile behind me, but did not go back for, and as the day advanced I gave up all hope, and seeing a covey of grouse I took cover behind a sand heap, and sent the camel man round to put them up. They made straight for me. I took the first coming, a favorite shot with me, and wheeling round dropped a second and wounded a third, which fell about 100yds. off. Picking up the birds, I mounted and rode home somewhat disconsolate, but dinner and a pipe brought me into a more cheerful mood and I no longer despaired of filling the bill.

The next day being Sunday was devoted largely to dreaming, castle-building and vain imagining generally, and on Monday morning away I went for the sandhills again. We had scarcely entered on them when I saw a bustard in the act of crouching about 70 or 80yds. off. Diverting my glance instantly, I took my shotgun, with No. 3 shot in the first barrel, and an Eley's wire cartridge No. 1 shot in the second barrel. I started on foot to pass within 25yds. of where I had marked my bird down, but having got the estimated distance, I could at first see no

sign of him. At length our eyes met, and away he went on foot, giving me an easy shot, which bowled him over. At the shot a second took wing, and was about 50yds. off when I got a bead on him, he was hard hit, but flew away nearly half a mile, when he fell in his effort to alight. The camel man marked him down, and after a long quest we found him dead.

An hour later we sighted a herd of fifty antelope lying down. There was a small bush which would have afforded excellent cover for stalking a single animal, but the antelope covered so much space that some of them would be sure to sight me. Nevertheless, I decided to try it, but while my camel was kneeling I saw the herd move off. They went toward some clumps of jugube bushes about a quarter of a mile off, and sending the camel man around to get behind them, I went nearly direct for the cover. I had just entered it, when I heard a rush and saw the whole herd trotting toward me headed by a good buck. They sighted me at the same instant and whirled around without much waste of time, but I got my ball in and heard the thud which told me it had struck. I thought, too, I heard a struggling behind the bushes. When I got up the antelope was gone, but I found blood and tracked him to the edge of the jungle, when I saw him standing on three legs about 200yds. off, The camel man saw him too, and was going after him when I shouted to him to pick me up. The poor beast led us four miles before he gave in, when I got off and gave him the *coup de grace*.

We then went for sand grouse, of which I got a brace before lunch, and two more brace after. Later I got a long shot with wire cartridge at a bustard on the wing, but failed to score, and went home delighted with my day's success. The contract presented no more difficulties.

On Tuesday I went to the snipe ground, but first picked up a guide to take me to some deeper water where ducks abounded; a continuation of the snipe ground and about a mile off. My first shot on the water failed to score, but it started hundreds, which went wheeling round in all directions. I got five brace in about two hours, then went to the snipe ground, dropped my three first birds in succession, missed the next four, which humbled my pride a little, and sat down to lunch with five brace to show for twenty-five shots. I got another five brace after lunch and then cantered home.

The following day I crossed my first day's partridge ground on the camel, and made for some cultivated alluvial lands on the river's bank. The ground was only half cleared, the plots of low tamarisk bush covering about as much area as the plowed land. This tamarisk is capital cover for partridge and hare, and rare good grounds to shoot over, and I wound up with a good day's sport, leaving the ground with six brace of black partridge, a brace of hares, a brace of stone plover and a wild goose. The latter presented himself unexpectedly. After the partridge shooting I heard some blue crane at no great distance, and loading with wire cartridge I tried in vain to stalk them. Returning to the camel I was preparing to mount, when a flock of wild geese came flying toward us at no great height; I brought down the first, which landed some fifty yards behind me with a loud thud, but that did not prevent his giving the dogs a good run as he ran along with outstretched wings.

My contract was complete, and I had Christmas eve for a time of rest, which I spent in great part at least in picturing the faces of the two sisters when the basket should reach them with every detail as per requisition, and in dwelling on the greeting with which they would welcome me on the morrow, for it was arranged that I should spend Christmas with them. I pictured the hostess's triumph in being able to make such a display of game upon her table, not so much for the game's sake as for the evidence it afforded of her influence, but I dwelt with still fonder anticipation on the thought that her demure little sister would let me know by a pressure of the hand or a glance of the eye that she knew for whose sake I had been toiling. And my fancies—were they prophetic, and did there come the pleasures of fruition? Ah! But that was five and twenty years ago.

SHIKAREE.

THE SPOTTED HYENA.

"JANUARY, what's the matter with the Kaffirs? Instead of following the wagon, as usual, they are all running in front of the oxen."

"*Impisi, n'kos*" (hyena, sir)! was the answer returned by my Zulu henchman, who was walking alongside the wheelers, while I was seated on the fore chest of the wagon, trying to keep off the midges by enveloping myself in clouds of tobacco smoke.

The day had been intensely hot, and we were trekking at night in order to relieve the oxen, and on the hinder part of the wagon hung a portion of a Burchell zebra (*Equus burchelli*) which I had shot during the day for the purpose of feeding a pair of lion whelps, which were among a collection of live specimens that were being taken down to the coast. In all my trips up the country I was generally accompanied by a lot of Kaffirs, who kept company with my teams for the purpose of getting the surplus meat, which I constantly shot for my own party, and on this occasion a spotted hyena (*Hyæna crocuta*), attracted by the smell of the remains of the zebra, was following the wagon and caused the stampede, which attracted my attention. Stopping the team I ran back, rifle in hand, to try and get a shot in the bright moonlight, but the moment I appeared at the rear of the wagon the hyena sprang into the grass and disappeared. Climbing up and concealing myself among the rear cages, I directed the driver to go on and stop on hearing a low whistle from myself. We were hardly well under way before the hyena reappeared in the road and followed, but the moment the signal was given and the wagon stopped, he would dart into the grass before I could get a steady aim. After several failures, I noticed that the wagon was just passing the summit of a hill. Ordering the driver to whip his oxen into a sharp trot down the incline, I dropped off when we had gone about 150ft., crouched on one side of the road under the shadow of a bunch of tall grass, and when the hyena's body appeared like a silhouette on the crest of the hill, he caught a raking shot which dropped him in his tracks. This was my first introduction to the "wolf" of the colonists, and thoroughly detested by them for its ravages among their flocks, but like our western animal of the same name, its numbers have been much decreased by the free use of strychnine. My next experience was somewhat different.

There was a farm on my road up country, where I frequently used to stop for several days at a time, in order to rest my oxen and give them the benefit of the fine grass. One morning the native shepherd reported that a sheep had been taken from the kraal during the night, and traces were plain where it had been dragged over the wall at a corner of the inclosure, and down into an almost impenetrable kloof, but a short distance away. As the farmer did not like to lose a second sheep, which he would have been obliged to slaughter in order to get a carcass for poisoning, a spring gun loaded with slugs was arranged so that anything attempting to pass at the same spot would receive its contents. During the night the report of the gun was heard, and we were on hand early the next morning to ascertain the result. There was no dead hyena, but bloody traces were followed down to the kloof, by pretty much the same path, along which the sheep had been previously dragged. Of course the farmer felicitated himself on being rid of a scourge, and no further search was made. That afternoon I left, and some time elapsed before we again met. The circumstance had slipped my memory and was recalled by the farmer, asking if I had forgotten about setting the spring gun for the hyena, and he continued by saying: "A few days after your departure I noticed a number of *aas vogels* (vultures) sitting on the trees in one part of the kloof, and judging they were feeding on the carcass of the hyena, I determined to cut my way in and have a look at the remains of the thief. With the assistance of my two sons I finally managed to get in, and what do you think I found? The slug riddled the body of a Kaffir." He added with a quizzical look, "I let the *aas vogels* finish him without asking the coroner to hold an inquest."

While on my tramp to the Diamond Fields, I stopped one morning at a Boer's house to inquire how far I would have to walk during the day, so as to reach water for my usual night camp. He told me that just before sunset I would reach "hyena pond," where I would find water, wood and good grass, but to look out for the hyenas, as they were thick in that neighborhood. So much so, that travelers usually kept a watch at night, to protect their oxen. Sure enough, just about the predicted hour I struck the promised place, and the pack pony was turned loose to fill himself with sweet grass, January started a fire, while I arranged the little tent and covered the ground underneath with a good coating of long grass, to prevent any stray stones from interfering with my slumber. After having our suppers, the pony was caught and tied to the limb of an acacia tree, just back of the tent; some extra wood piled on the fire, and I crawled into the tent, rolled up in my blankets and stretched out; while January curled up, dog fashion, just at my feet. I slept as a thoroughly tired man would do and knew nothing until just before daybreak, when I was awakened by a horrible sensation of nightmare. On coming to my senses, I found myself lying flat on back, while January was squatted on my chest, shaking as if he had a severe fit of the ague. The howling and yelping of hyenas, mixed with the affrighted whinnyings of the pony, instantly gave me the clue for January's behavior, who was sent rolling almost into the fire, while I followed on all fours. Picking up a brand which I whirled around my head and hurled in the direction of the hyenas, caused them to scuttle off, much to the relief of both January and the pony. Coffee was soon made, and on that day I covered more ground than usual, simply because the hyenas gave me an early start.

In my wanderings I frequently came across young hyenas in the possession of the Boers, many of which were very tame, but experience taught me that after reaching maturity they were apt to snap, not so much from ill-temper as from fear, as they are certainly the most cowardly wild animal I ever met. I once had a pair sent me about half grown and quite tame, and as the cage in which they arrived was unsafe, was directing the keepers about shifting them into a stronger one, when an up-country friend walked into my yard and reminded me of a promise made to show him through the Botanic Garden. As he was an enthusiastic florist and one of the editorial fraternity I immediately started off with him, warning the keepers to be careful. We had scarcely passed off my premises, when there was an outcry behind us, and I turned just in time to see a badly frightened hyena bolt across the lane and plunge into a strip of bush opposite. I instantly gave chase, leaving a badly demoralized editor behind me, and soon overhauled my quarry, which had squatted from sheer fright soon after entering the bush. He allowed me to straddle him, and on reaching down to seize him by the nape I instantly realized the enormous muscular development of a hyena's neck as he suddenly twisted his neck to give me a nip. A sharp inward kick from the heel of my heavy hunting boot landing on his ribs knocked enough wind out of him to keep him quiet until the pursuing keepers secured him with a rope and dragged him back into the yard. On starting after my visitor I found he had increased his distance up the lane, and when I reached him he remarked: "If that hyena reception was gotten up for my special benefit I am perfectly satisfied, as it was a complete success, but I would much prefer a floral one."

Several merchants in the interior acted as my agents, and I frequently called on them to pick up whatever they had succeeded in getting for me. On one occasion while stopping with one of them, he proposed that I should accompany him to an outlying Boers, whose wool he wished to purchase. As it would take the better portion of two days to reach the farm, my host's cape cart carried forage for its team, beside some provisions for ourselves. It was fortunate that these precautions were taken, for as the first day of our journey was drawing to a close, we found out that we were lost on the veldt and would have to camp for the night. Selecting a valley, through which a stream ran, we started a fire, and a Malabar coolie, who accompanied us, soon had a very fair curry and a cup of coffee ready for supper. After a soothing pull at our pipes, my host and myself crawled under the cart, rolled up in our blankets, using the harness for pillows, while the coolie made himself a bed with the cushions in the cart. About midnight we were awakened by something tugging at our pillows, and my friend sprang out and climbed into the cart with the coolie. While he was so doing I caught a strong whiff of jackal smell and unsuccessfully tried to laugh him out of his foolish fright; consequently he uncomfortably dozed the balance of the night, sitting upright in the cart. The next morning we found that the little thieves had nearly ruined the reins by chewing them. While the coolie was preparing breakfast I heard the peculiar call of a bull gnu (*Connochætes gnu*) from the top of the hill in front of us, and picking up my rifle, proposed that each of us should go to the tops of the opposite hills and see if we could discover any indications of a road. On his acquiescence, I started in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and by careful stalking managed to kill the gnu. Failing to find any signs of a road, I turned to descend, when I spied my friend coming down the opposite slope at racing speed. On reaching camp I found him leaning against one of the cart wheels, showing evident signs of fright, and on inquiring the cause, he said:

"I came face to face with a lion on the top of the hill."

"Nonsense," I replied. "There's not a lion within a hundred miles of us. They have been all killed off in this region years ago."

"I tell you that I met one just now, and let's hook up and get away from here as soon as possible."

"Well, you go and hook up, while I go up the hill and see if I can't pot him. As it is the first chance I've ever had at a lion I'm not going to let it slip."

He continued begging me to return until I passed out of hearing, and on getting on top of the hill and knocking around among some large boulders, just as I expected, a large male hyena shuffled out in front of me and was instantly killed. Retracing my steps and reaching the cart the facts were made known, but my friend persisted in saying that he had seen a lion. That afternoon we reached the Boers, and when the story was told to him and his sons, the chaff my friend had to stand was something outrageous. But he bought the wool nevertheless, and continued buying until in a few years he was able to retire on his means. He is now living at his ease in England, while I am still enrolled among the toilers, showing that commercial thrift is evidently a better accomplishment, in a wordly sense, than zoölogical knowledge.

The young of the hyena look very much like puppies of a solid dark brown color. The spots gradually appearing with age, thus reversing the usual procedure in some of the larger cat animals, such as lions and pumas, which are invariably spotted at birth and gradually assume their solid color as they become older. I once had a pair under my charge which bred regularly, and the only difficulty I had in rearing the young was the nervous fidgety habit the mother had of carrying them about in her mouth and letting them drop on the hard floor of the cage. This was counteracted by making a partition with a sliding door in it, and whenever the young needed suckling the mother was admitted, and after they were satisfied a threatening gesture would cause her to spring through the open door, which was immediately closed after her.

There is a peculiarity about the spotted hyena which bothered me a good deal at first. Judging from external appearances, every one which came into my possession seemed to be a male; and, on questioning the Boers about this characteristic, I was invariably told that they were all hermaphroditic. Not believing the assertion, I set to work to try and solve the mystery, and after a series of observations managed to pitch on a cage which, from unerring actions, evidently contained a pair. Then watching my opportunity, as they lolled about in various positions, succeeded in identifying the female. After that there was not so much difficulty, particularly if the female had ever borne young. I would refer those of a scientific turn to the articles of Dr. Watson in "The Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society, London," 1877, p. 369; 1878, p. 416; 1881, p. 516, for a thorough technical description of the singularities of the spotted hynea.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

HUNTING IN FLORIDA IN 1874.—VI.

ON our second day's sail down the river, at a wooding-up place, Capt. B. drew my attention to a woman standing in a doorway, with a child in her arms, and said, "That is the wife of Mr. Lang, who was murdered a few weeks ago in the neighborhood of Ten-Mile Creek you have just escaped from." As the boat was about to start, I failed of an opportunity to learn definite particulars from her of the terrible tragedy, but this seems the proper place in my narrative to give the denouement. Less than a year afterward I found the following in the *Boston Transcript*, but by whom written I know not, nor, though correspondence with true men in the vicinity of Fort Capron, have I been able to obtain other than conflicting accounts of the arrests and trials:

"Now that spiritualism is being brought so prominently forward, it is interesting to learn, from the Chicago *Tribune*, that an ingenious attorney in Florida was the first person to discover a practical value in it. His client, Tom Drawdy, was accused of murdering one Lang, and the jury was composed of eight colored and four ignorant white men. There was no doubt of the murder; there was no flaw in the evidence. But the counsel found one. He maintained that no proof of Lang's death had been given, and, in all probability, he was still hiding to obtain revenge. This made a commotion, but the main argument was yet to come. The gentlemen of the jury had heard that spirits were very common all over the North; that some had even been heard of in St. Augustine. Supposing the jury brought in a verdict of guilty and hanged an innocent man, what could they expect but that his spirit would haunt them through life, appearing with staring eyes and clammy tongue, the death damp on his hands and the horrors of the tomb round about him? Of course they would take the responsibility, and they did, by acquitting Tom Drawdy forthwith. Here, therefore, is the first authenticated instance of the practical value of spiritualism, and it may be added that that value was of a dubious sort.

Without affirming or denying the truth of these statements in their fullest extent, I am assured from all I can learn that Mr. J., the father-in-law and reputed instigator of the murder, was shot dead in his tracks by the sheriff while resisting arrest, as he had assured me he would be, rather than be arrested; that Tom died in the State's prison not long after incarceration, and that his colleague in the murderous affair was shot by the guard for insubordination in the chain-gang.

Leaving the steamer at Tocoi I proceeded by a mule railroad to the old town of St. Augustine, bidding goodbye to my companions Fred and Erwin, who continued on to Jacksonville and thence to New England by steamer. My familiarity with quaint old towns in Europe, hundreds of years ante-dating the settlement of St. Augustine, prevented my realizing the novel sensation so generally depicted by tourists on first beholding its dilapidated walls and coquina-stone castle. A walk before breakfast on the long sea-wall and a ramble around the fort through its moat, and across the draw-bridge, with a hasty inspection of the cemetery and the old cathedral and square, satisfied my curiosity, and I spent the forenoon, as the mule-car did not return to Tocoi till 1 P. M., in searching for objects of natural history in the suburban lagoons. Taking the Palatkasteamer for Jacksonville at Tocoi I re-admired the remarkable river whose very

source I had found near Fort Drum at the northern boundary of Alpatiokee Flats, and had jumped across, but now widening to two miles in extent. Conversing with a stranger on board, about three o'clock of the second day, and inquiring for Jacksonville time, he displayed an old-fashioned silver movable-cased watch, remarking, it was the best time-keeper on board, though a relic of his grandfather's day. Telling him I could match it as a time-keeper, I felt in my pants watch pocket for a silver-edged lepine watch that I had owned for more than thirty years, and which, then an old watch, was given to me by a watch repairer to replace one I had left with him to repair, but, through careless exposure at his window had, during his temporary absence from the room, been grabbed by a sneak thief with half a dozen others on the same rock, and successfully secured. But lo! the pocket was empty. I recalled changing my double-time lever watch the second morning before at St. Augustine from my money belt, where I had securely carried it through all my swamp experiences, to my vest watch pocket, and putting the old lepine without a chain into my pants pocket. A little reflection convinced me that it had slipped out while gathering specimens in the suburbs of St. Augustine. So soon, therefore, as I arrived at Jacksonville, I wrote the postmaster at St. Augustine, explaining my loss and requesting him to send his clerk to certain points in the lagoon I designated, offering him a reward of five dollars if he should be successful in finding it and would send it to my home address in Massachusetts by mail, carelessly neglecting to mention the numbers on the case and the works of the watch for identification, though I had them with me in my pocket book, and also at my home. On arriving at my home a month later, almost immediately my wife handed me a letter from the postmaster for explanation. He sent his clerk as requested, but he found nothing. During the evening, however, he overheard a negro man say his son had found a watch that day in the moat of the castle, and obtained his consent to give it to him if I would send on the numbers of my lost watch and the five dollars reward if the numbers I should send indentified it. Remembering my tramp through the moat I hesitated not to send the money with the numbers, and in due time received my watch in good order.

At Jacksonville I disabused the minds of those who had told me when I started up the St. John's, that after a residence of years in Florida they had concluded that Lake Okechobee was a myth, and advised them to look out for the report of the exploring party who had circumnavigated it. Shipping home my collection of beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc., by the shortest route, I made a detour from Jacksonville to the southwest and northcast sections of Georgia between which I had spent the years from '38 to '42 as teacher. The little frontier village of '38 in the Lower Creek Indian country of hardly more than forty log houses, where, at the age of 19, I made my début as principal of a school in which I had pupils in a, b, c, as well as in advanced Latin and Greek, sending two of the latter class to college at the end of my first year of instruction, had become a municipality of 5,000 inhabitants. The Creeks had, after hard fighting, been removed west of the Mississippi within five years of my location in the hamlet, and, with the exception of a few individuals, the character of the people partook of the worst elements of a frontier settlement. Seventy miles distant from any stage route, my only way of reaching it at that time was by an old negro and his mule cart, making the journey in two days and camping at the foot of a pine tree at night. My mail came once a week on horseback, the original star route I imagine, and all the appointments pertaining to civilization were of the most primitive stamp, such as New England had outgrown a hundred years before.

A conch shell blown at the Court House in the center of the village square, for it was the shire hamlet of the county, notified me on the morning of my first Sunday that a strolling Methodist preacher would hold services in the Court House at 11 o'clock. Repairing from my room just outside the village to the place of worship, I passed in the open square two faro tables where peripatetic professional gamblers were fleecing a much larger gathering than I found inside the Court House. The preacher had his own Bible and hymn book and led all the services, giving out each hymn line by line, and starting the tune himself at each break. During the first prayer I heard just outside a sudden out-burst of loud talking mingled with fearful oaths, which made me open my eyes, but seeing neither minister nor worshippers in the least disturbed, I composed myself and concluded there was no disrespect intended for us. Before the sermon was half through the outside rabble had matured a plan for a horse-race, which was kept up with the usual accompaniment of swearing and disputing till long after our services were ended. Longer experience in the community taught me that the occasional religious services enjoyed by a moiety of the citizens was not objected to by the gamblers and horse-racers, so long as they were not interfered with in their mode of enjoying the Sabbath. Inquiring for some of my old pupils of thirty-six years before, I found the war had spared a few, but not one of half a dozen or more that I met recognized me, so changed was I from an almost beardless youth of nineteen to an old man of fifty-five.

In northeast Georgia, where for nearly a year I was both instructor and colleague of an aged minister in 1841, I was equally unrecognized by all who had known me in either capacity. It was in this region that I attained my majority and cast my first vote, on which was the name of Alexander H. Stephens, in his first candidacy for Congress. The intimacy we formed during the year I dwelt in his vicinity was never broken, but renewed from time to time, as circumstances brought us together—the last time but a few months before his decease in 1882.

Desirous of visiting the site of my last school-house in Georgia I left the cars at a station within seven miles of it, and borrowing a horse from one of my old pupils, now a lawyer of middle age, I essayed to find it. My route required me to cross the same stream twice. At the first crossing I forded the stream by gathering my limbs crosswise upon the pommel of the saddle, but found the second, by my recollection of its bed, more than swimming to my horse, with too swift a current to think of stemming, and so turned aside for the night to stop with the father of my pupil, who with his wife occupied the same plantation of 3,800 acres I used to visit in '41. True Southern hospitality welcomed me as of yore, though despoiled of everything but the naked land by the exigencies of the war. Talking over the situation with the old gentleman he related the following war incidents:

One morning one of his many negroes accosted him, "Massa, we's all free." "Ah, how so?" "Massa Lincoln says so." Surprised at the statement, and knowing the blacks always had information of important movements at the North, sometimes days in advance of the whites, the master mounted his horse and galloped to town, six miles, to learn that no one there knew what the statement meant. In the afternoon news came by the mail from Augusta of Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves, and the master galloped back to his plantation to inform his negroes that Massa Lincoln's saying so had nothing to do with their freedom, as they were all under Jefferson Davis, and ordered them to their work as usual. Two years subsequently the master was again surprised by the same old negro saying one morning, "Massa, now we's free for sartin." "Ah, how's that?" "Lee's surrendered Richmond, and Jeff Davis has fled!" Again galloping to town, no such news had reached there, but at 10 o'clock the mail confirmed it, and galloping back, the master blew the conch shell, that brought all his negroes in a trice from the most distant parts of the plantation into his yard, when he said to the scores before him, from the very spot on the piazza where we were sitting: "It's a fact, Lee's surrendered; you are all free, and now you must look out for your dinner. This last announcement to poor dependents that had never in their lives, from the youngest conscious child to the gray-haired old men and women, ever had a thought about providing their dinner, the regular cook of the plantation dealing out their rations at the appointed time each day all prepared, so took them aback that not a shout was heard or the wag of a tongue, but on the contrary, their very countenances of jet black grew pale with consternation. After leaving them to their reflections for half an hour, the master blew the conch shell again and told them he had been anticipating this result, so giving them a dinner, he related the following plan as the best thing for him and them—he being left with nothing but his land, stock and farming implements, as Confederate money would at once be worthless. The oldest married negro could first choose twenty acres of land in any part of his thirty-eight hundred, and move his cabin on to it and make a home for himself; then the next oldest married man, and so on, and then the unmarried could make their choice. He would also let each have a mule and a plough, and the use of his gin house and cotton press, and for his own support they should pay him a certain per cent. of what they got for their crop; or every one could quit the plantation and look out for himself. With the exception of one young unmarried man, all accepted his offer and moved their dozen or more cabins on to the land of their choice, and at the time of his narrating the circumstances to me, ten years afterward, every family was on the place of their first choosing, with hardly an exception, and everything had gone prosperously with him, and for his own sake he would not have slavery restored for all his plantation. A second visit, eight years afterward, to the same plantation produced the same testimony from the considerate and humane old master.

Expressing my approbation of a beautiful peacock strutting in the yard, the generous old wife said to me, "Catch it and mount it for your museum at Brown University, as a present from me." In five minutes its life was forfeited to the interests of science.

Having promised a gratuitous lecture in the village in the evening, I mounted my horse after dinner to return, a young man accompanying me a mile to the creek I had forded the day before, but the rain during the night had swollen it to swimming and also overflowed its banks on either side for more than 100ft. Observing on the right a high staked fence, extending within 20ft. of the other side, with the top rail just above the rushing stream with overhanging branches, I gave my horse to the young man to take back to its owner at his convenience, and mounting the fence, with the incumbrance of the peacock with its 5ft. tail and 15lbs. weight, and a tall silk hat, I walked the sharp edge of the rail by the aid of the slender overhead branches, thanks to the acrobatic practice of my youth, till I reached the end of the fence, when, tossing the fowl as far toward the shore as I could, and holding my watch and purse above my head, I followed, landing in water only waist deep, instead of neck deep, as I feared. My companion on the opposite side, seeing me safe across, swung his hat and shouted, "A Yankee for anything and forever!" Replacing my watch and shouldering my bird, I plodded the five miles to the village, arriving just in time to change my wet underclothes for dry, but for the want of another suit of outer garments was obliged to lecture in wet pants. My neighbors and pupils of a generation before were, however, well pleased to hear the voice of their old friend and teacher.

Learning that an old college-mate was residing in the vicinity of Toccoa Falls in northern Georgia, I made a detour of 200 miles by rail to call upon him. These falls are of wonderful beauty, and with the present railroad facilities, are attracting hundreds of visitors annually.

From Toccoa, Georgia, to Charlotte county, Virginia, I accomplished by rail what took me by stage through the same towns in December, 1841, from Monday noon of continuous travel, night and day, with the exception of Sunday, to Thursday noon of the week following. I was the only through passenger, and usually at night the only one, so that my trunk was taken inside the stage for fear of robbers, and filling the place between the seats, made me a more comfortable couch. The rivers were all crossed by ferries, and one night, the lights of the stage having gone out, the new driver missed the path leading to the ferry, and found out his mistake when a sudden wheeling around of the horses upset the stage within twenty feet of the bank, waking me out of a sound sleep. Relighting the uninjured lamp by matches furnished by myself, we surveyed our surroundings, and loosening the jaded horses, shouted for help. Soon the negro ferryman on the opposite side replied, and coming to the proper landing several rods up stream, soon righted matters for us. At another ferry the rope broke when nearly across, but as it was in the daytime, we soon caught by the overhanging branches and pulled ourselves up stream to the right landing place.

The cars leaving me in Virginia five miles from the nearest of my old school-mates of 1832, I engaged a horse for two days' riding. When brought for me to mount, the bridle had no two parts alike, one stirrup was of wood suspended by a rope and the other of iron suspended by leather, and the horse himself was evidently a remnant of the cavalry of ten years previous, or more probably of the artillery or an ambulance corps. To my remonstrance, I was told it was the best in the neighborhood, a most painful contrast to the blooded animals, with gorgeous trappings, I used to ride on the fox hunts forty-two years before in the same region. Arrived at the door of the residence of my school-mate, she herself appeared, so unchanged in all the intervening time I could not help grasping her hand with a school-boy's familiarity, and tightening my grasp the more she tried to escape from it, while I was parleying for a recognition from her. At length, propriety suggested my rudeness, as she evidently began to be alarmed, and letting go my hold, I asked her the leading question, whether she could not recall events of forty-two years previous. "Oh, dear, am I so old," was her only answer, with a quick, "but who are you?" "I am the little Yankee boy of the log school-house on your father's plantation;" and then she herself seized both my hands involuntarily and it was my turn to leave the unclasping to her. The next moment tears came to her eyes, with the sad exclamation, "Oh, that you should find us all in such changed circumstances from what you knew us in our childhood and would have known us up to the war. That hack of a horse you just rode up on and its rigging is a fair sample of how the war left us—my husband, a physician, and our two sons returning from the ranks on the surrender of Lee with not a cent between us all except twenty-five dollars I had contrived to secure to myself and which my husband took to Petersburg to purchase me a calico dress, the first of any kind I had purchased in all the four years. In yonder shed is our carriage that, for the want of suitable horses and harness, has not been harnessed since the war, and every luxury of the kind forborne, with no prospect of the times being any better in my day." Such and much more was the sad tale I listened to during the three hours I stopped, before proceeding ten miles further to the residence of her twin sister, and two miles further to the residence of her brother, near the paternal mansion, where during their youth every luxury abounded as well as at their several homes, till the exigencies of war made Virginia the greatest sufferer of all the seceding States.

Spending only one day and night between the three families, I returned to the station and hastened on to Washington, to find, to my great disappointment, that I had not after all my effort secured a Wurdemann heron. Subsequent study of the species, however, proves my specimen not to be the long-known blue heron, but a variety now lately determined to be the *Ardea wardi* or Florida blue heron.

Leaving Washington after spending one night, I reached my home on the evening of the last day of April, in a snowstorm that had been unintermitting during the day.

The following extract from a detailed report of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* Exploring Expedition through the Florida Everglades in 1884 will make a fitting close to our narrative.

"When we reached White Water Bay we had accomplished all we promised to do, and more than any man or men ever were able to do before. We are the first party of white men who ever penetrated the Northern Glades, and the first who ever started from the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee and came out at the Gulf of Mexico through Shark's River, without diverging a mile to the east or west from their due south course.

"In conclusion I sum up my observations of the Everglades in a few words:

"It is a vast marsh, interspersed with thousands of islands small in extent, and with few exceptions completely inundated, even at the time we explored them, which was during a very dry season. On the islands that were out of water there was but a few inches of soil covering the rocks. In my opinion, their drainage is utterly impracticable, and, even if it were practicable, the reward for such an undertaking would be lands that could be utilized for no other purpose than as a grazing ground for stock. They are nothing more nor less than a vast and useless marsh, and such they will remain for all time to come, in all probability.

"It would not be possible to build, or maintain if built, a telegraph line along the route traversed by us, which statement is made in reply to numerous inquiries as to the feasibility of such an enterprise. A. P. WILLIAMS."

I have designedly omitted in the foregoing narrative scientific names of specimens and specific descriptions, intending it only as an account of the adventures of a naturalist collector in the Everglades. J. W. P. JENKS.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, Providence, R. I.

As a supplement to the foregoing narration, I may state that recent information gathered during a late visit to the region, almost convinces me that Mr. J.'s unexpected visit to our camp on Sunday was in pursuance of a plot between him and a neighbor for some evil purpose, which was frustrated by that neighbor failing to find our camp, so deeply hidden as it was from the usual trails of the cattle rangers. My informers claim that after we left the State dark hints from some of the outlaws gave color to their regret that so good a prize had escaped them. Personally, I can but hope that their better class of neighbors did them an injustice by drawing any such inference after our departure, though subsequent events akin to the murder of Mr. Lang do not perhaps warrant a conclusion as to their innocent intentions toward us.

As to the trial of the murderers of Mr. Lang, personal witnesses of it assured me in my late visit that the account quoted in the narrative from the Boston paper is substantially correct, and that the "spiritualism" dodge of the cunning lawyer secured a verdict of manslaughter only, against the clearest weight of evidence in favor of murder in the first degree. Tom's fate was to be punished so repeatedly in the Penitentiary that, at length, his powerfully robust frame succumbed to the lash and two or three years only sufficed to put him in his grave. His companion in the murder of Mr. Lang was shot by the prison guard while attempting to escape after some years of imprisonment. Mr. J. was arrested at his own table by a ruse of the sheriff and his posse, who were dining with him as pretended cattle-buyers. But escaping from jail before his trial, and removing with his family into regions still more remote, he was at last, through one who had been a Pinkerton detective, and who had been for two months playing the part of a cowboy and "hail fellow well met" with him and his neighbors, decoyed into an ambush through the pretense of the detective's wishing to trade horses with him. Though none but the detective was in sight while the negotiation was going on, suddenly Mr. J. became suspicious, and mounting his horse fled, while the posse in ambush fired, but only wounding him, though instantly killing his horse, which fell so quickly that his rider pitched headlong into the low fork of twin trees, and by the time the posse reached him he was dead with a broken neck. J. W. P. J.

LONGBILLS AND LONGTAILS.

"WHAT time does Tom generally come for his mail?" "Oh, any time after 8 or 9 o'clock." I look up at the clock in the little country grocery, and it points to 7:30, and as I do so the door opens and Tom's smiling face appears, none the less welcome for being earlier than I had expected. We take our seats in the buckboard, and turn the horse's head toward Tom's ranch, about two miles distant. The road lies across one of the most productive of the reclaimed islands bordering on the San Joaquin River, and we ride through immense fields of strawberry and blackberry vines, and asparagus beds reaching almost to the horizon. The time is so pleasantly taken up with plans for the day's sport that the ranch is reached almost before I am aware of it. A comfortable two-story house is almost hidden by weeping willows, flanked by immense barns and surrounded by lofty piles of baled straw, making the place look as if fortified against an enemy's approach. At the door we are met with kindly greetings by Tom's wife and little daughter Mamie, and we step in and rest for a few moments, after which we go out and inspect the live stock, of which there is an unusual variety—of cows I would not pretend to say how many, only that a steam engine runs morning and evening to drive the machinery that automatically separates the cream from the milk, and which is of itself a curiosity well worth seeing.

Coming next to the fowl yard, we find an immense flock of tame geese and ducks, and another curiosity is that there are always several wild geese in the flock, and they come and go at pleasure. At present there are four, and they do not seem frightened, although we approach pretty close to them, probably because no one ever disturbs them. Next come the dogs, seven in all, I believe, and in fact they all came some time ago, on our first arrival, to renew our acquaintance. One of them, answering to the name of Lemons, is a little fellow of the wooly species. He is a full-blooded "Poland mopsey," so called, I think, because in some countries people stick them on the end of a pole and use them to wash windows with. A few weeks ago, early one morning, Tom and I had been having fine sport shooting at passing flocks of teal, half a mile above here, and all the ducks we dropped fell in a fine patch of alfalfa. Lemons and the shepherd dog had followed us, to make up for the absence of Duke, the favorite red setter, who had got penned up in the barn between two herds of cows and could not get out. I had brought down four teal, but could only find three. Searching about in the deep alfalfa, I at length came across Lemons digging furiously at a hole in the ground, with the shepherd dog standing beside him, as if superintending the job. Suspecting something, I ran my hand down into the hole, and scraping away the dirt found the missing teal, where poor Lemons had been trying to dig him out. Not the least interesting of the animals is little Mamie's pet beaver, that climbs up into her lap, and shows fear only when the dogs approach too closely.

But we must go and get ready for the snipe hunt, which we have planned for the afternoon. Tom goes off to the armory to load shells, I drag my 15ft. canoe from the place where it has been carefully housed during my absence, and launch it in the river that flows only a few rods from the house. The rest of the party come along, and soon we all embark. Thoughtful and kind-hearted Mrs. Tunstead, our hostess, comes down to the river to see us off and brings for us a bag of nice apples and pears and a package of lunch, little imagining that by so doing she is getting her name into print. Now we push off. I am alone in my boat, but the other carries Tom, Henry, his nephew, and Gerard, a neighbor, besides Duke, the red setter. "Tom," I remark, in an ordinary tone of voice, "your boat is too heavily loaded to pull easily, better let Duke come in with me." Now, Duke is so nearly human that he always likes to go in the fastest boat, and only waiting to hear the change proposed, he plunges overboard, swims to the side of my boat and I drag him aboard, and he lies down, wet and dripping but happy. This river, generally so smooth, is a splendid place for exercising the double paddle; this morning a stiff north wind dead ahead holds us back somewhat, but it will be a splendid wind for us on the snipe marsh. After quite a long pull we arrive at the island, which is our destination, run up into a little cove, haul up our boats, and make ready for tramping the marsh. But first we sit down on a pile of hay and dispose of the lunch, which, in my case at least, goes to the right spot. Tom is first out into the marsh, a shot is heard, and he holds up the first English snipe. Now we are all interested and impatient to get at them. Little Duke is running frantically about wagging his tail as though he would break it off. What a curious manner of expression the wag of a dog's tail is, but it is genuine all the same. Cold-hearted man will look you in the face and "smile, and murder while he smiles," but who ever heard of any one being bitten by a dog that was wagging his tail?

Now we trudge across the marsh for a half mile, but no sign of any more birds. We go on a little further and a shout from Tom ahead hurries us up. "Come on, boys, we are just in time." We look down and see not what I had almost expected, a large lot of snipe already killed and tied up in bunches ready to carry away, but instead a steer, mired down in the soft black mud. Here is an interesting job for a party out purely for pleasure. This poor animal has no doubt been lying here for days, is nearly famished, and he bites ravenously at the willow branches that we hold down to him. We cannot go away and leave him to die. Tom goes back to the landing and returns presently with the painter from my canoe and an armful of hay. Girard, Henry and I have in the meantime found a long, heavy plank, and with much labor we now succeed in getting the end of it under the animal's belly, and by prying over the bank we raise his body almost clear of the mud. Having well filled up under and around his forequarters with willow brush cut near by, we all seized hold of his tail and prepare for a grand, united effort. [Right here perhaps some reader will say, "Oh come, never mind the steer, let's go and hunt." Have patience, my dear sir. If this muddy tail does not pull out we will be with the snipe in fifteen minutes.] Perhaps Tom detects a shade of impatience on my face, for he says, "Keep up your courage, Andy, the birds are getting fatter all the time." Now then. All together, and we drag the poor creature out of the black mud upon a comparatively dry bed of willow branches, where we leave him for the present greedily devouring the hay.

Starting on again we travel a long distance without success, but at length the ground becomes wetter and soon the snipe begin to jump up with their peculiar little remark of *hensk*. I miss several birds at first, perhaps through fear of hitting my companions, who are rather too near, but at length I bring one of the little fellows to grass, quite a distance away. Marking the spot carefully, I walk up and find him. How handsome he is, lying stretched out with his wings extended, his fan-tail spread out and every feather so bright and fresh. Altogether too handsome to be carelessly poked into a dirty hunting-coat pocket, so I take a fine wire about 4in. long (I always carry a supply) and doubling it in the middle twist it around the bird's leg close to the foot. Another twist of the ends and I have a loop through which a cord is passed, which may be slung round my shoulder or tied at my side as is most convenient. Snipe carried in this manner will look clean and fresh at the end of the day's sport and will not have that gummy draggled appearance which they present when dumped out of the hunting coat or game bag, and a bunch of a couple of dozen will be something almost to be proud of.

"That's all very fine," some Eastern sportsman will say, "just show me where I can get two dozen English snipe and I will hang them in any way you recommend." My friend, this land of corn, wine and oil is only six days' railroad journey from New York. Owing to sharp competition the fare is now reasonably low, and there are plenty of marshes within easy reach of San Francisco, where good bags of snipe can be made, if the hunter is a fair shot and does not mind mud or hard work.

"Come along, Andy," shouts Tom from far ahead, "we will have to fine you." But I find that I am doing very well where I am, and very soon my little bird on the string has many for company. The snipe, popping up in twos and threes before my friends, do not seem inclined to leave the marsh, and after circling around for a moment, drop down again, often within gunshot of where I am standing, so I only travel slowly a short distance back and forward. One little wet place in the center of the marsh "pans out" particularly rich, and I go around and over it eight times, each time putting up birds from ground that I thought I had hunted thoroughly.

Presently Tom and the young man come back over the marsh. Tom looks tired and used up. No wonder, for he has been carrying about a fearful load, of which he thus delivers himself: "Andy, why would this be a terribly severe place for a poor man?" "Give it up." "Because he would have so many long-bills presented to him," and he marches off, relieved and happy. I soon recover from the effect of this, and after looking carefully, to see whether my gun is all shaken to pieces or not, I resume the sport. A snipe jumps up, and with my right barrel I drop him, quite a distance away, and as I notice, in exact range of that tall bunch of grass. While I am looking and marking it carefully, another flies along and goes down at the report of my left barrel, in range of that round-topped tree, away off on the horizon. I must have both of those birds. I drop my handkerchief at my feet, go straight away to the bunch of grass, and retrieve my first bird, come back to my handkerchief, take a line for the round-topped tree, and pick up my second.

The sun is getting low in the horizon now, and soon I hear a shout in the distance, "Come on, Andy, we are going home." "Why don't you stay and hunt?" "We will if you will show us anything to shoot." I do not go immediately, being loth to leave such fascinating sport, but work on toward home, sometimes coming back a little way, all the time having excellent shooting; but presently remembering that we have a mile of heavy walking besides two miles of paddling, I hurry up and rejoin my companions, who look rather fagged out, and we plod on our homeward way, passing the steer, still munching his hay, and looking as if he would go through the night comfortably. Then on again through the deepening shadows to the landing, where we throw ourselves upon the hay, and rest a moment and count our birds. The others have fifty-eight, my bunch is thirty-seven. "Just one short of eight dozen," says Tom, "let's go back and get the other snipe." But I notice that his motion does not meet a very vigorous second, and we take once more to the boats. Poor Duke is pretty well tired and flattens himself out on the floor of my canoe.

The paddle back is so easy that it is only a resting spell after the tramp of the day. Nearing the wharf a loud masculine "Hoo! hoo," from Tom, is echoed by a feminine one from the house, and we are soon seated discussing a good dinner, with appetites born of good digestion and sharpened by healthful exercise. ANDY.

San Francisco, Nov. 28.

AUTUMN IN THE "GAME PRESERVE."

RIFLE and trap, rod and net have done so much during the past decade in thinning game and depopulating streams that it is impossible to longer rely upon the statements of railway guides or upon the bold-typed advertisements of summer hotels. Experience, or, if he has not had time to acquire that, the word of some reliable hunter, trapper or cowboy, must be the sportsman's compass through the little territory that yet preserves the characteristics of the American frontier. The southern portion of the "Game Preserve" extends from the Wind River and Big Horn ranges southward to the line of the Union Pacific, or more correctly to the Bitter Creek country. In general terms the region may be described as a vast section having an elevation of about 7,500ft., the altitude being somewhat lower at its southern boundary and higher as the mountains are approached. Several isolated peaks raise themselves above the tableland, and deep cañyons furrow its surface. Few streams and springs are found and most of these are alkaline.

A ride of a few miles in any direction will show what the prospects are for a successful hunt. Buffalo heads and elks' antlers are to be found on either hand, but it is antelope signs for which we are looking. We are twenty miles northeast of Point of Rocks, U. P. R. R., traveling in a northwesterly direction toward the Wind River Mountains. Steamboat Buttes are on our left, and Sweetwater is on our right. Hour after hour we have been going over ridges and into cañons, but the summit is close by; a few more steps and we shall be on the great plain. Stop! There on the crest, standing out against the cold blue sky, is the game we are after. It takes but an instant to dismount and fire. The bunch jumps back out of view, and we press on, hoping to find at least one victim. But fate is against us, at least at this stage of the game. The scene before us is, notwithstanding our ill-fortune, sufficient to inspire fresh ardor. To our left, and less than a mile distant, the plain is one moving mass of antelope. Even where the eye can no longer trace the form of the animal, the white tails appear thicker than sage brush. We have found our game, not in tens and hundreds, but literally in thousands. In the meantime the bunch that first drew our fire has stopped. Should the leader once turn around his curiosity will enable us to retrieve our former miscalculation. Our horses are brought to a standstill and we sit motionless as statues, awaiting developments. First one and then another of the nimble-footed herd turns and looks at the intruders. Step by step they draw nearer, and then commences the movement we have been expecting. The leader strikes a sheep-like jump, and under his guidance the bunch circles the spot where we stand. Our sights are elevated to the 300yds. notch, and again we try our luck. This time a yearling doe falls. Five minutes suffice to dress the carcass and pack it on the saddle.

Now for the main herd. Our pace has to be very slow, for we are in full view and cannot afford to excite their suspicion. They see us long before we are in range and make tracks northward. No! not all. A small band turns toward the southeast, evidently with the intention of watching us from an adjacent knoll. We have but one course left. We must put the knoll between ourselves and the antelope and crawl up on them. The bridles are thrown over the horses' heads, and half-creeping, half-running, we race with our unseen game. But such caution was not long necessary. Instead of ascending the knoll the antelopes made their customary circle and were within 100yds. of our rifles before a sharp crack brought them to a realizing sense of their danger. Five shots in all were fired, and we dressed four fat antelope within half a mile of the place. It is surprising how far and fast these little creatures can go with a hole through them that would render many a larger animal absolutely helpless. Five antelope would afford many a meal at camp, and further pursuit being out of the question we retraced our steps, and two hours later we were enjoying antelope steak, coffee and slapjacks.

The antelope is too often a victim to his own inquisitiveness. Wary he may be, but his habit of circling a stranger will sooner or later bring him within range. Every one is familiar with the "red blanket" dodge, but even this seems to me to be unnecessary. Any pot-hunter with plenty of patience can wrap himself in a great coat or saddle blanket, concealing his head carefully and in an hour from the time he is discovered by the herd can empty a Winchester at close range. Antelope are not seen here in summer. Their breeding ground and range is on the southern slope of the Wind River Mountains. The first snows drive him out to the plateau, and as the winter grows more severe he gets closer to the railroad. For the next two months antelope will be found in abundance near Red Desert Station.

Like the antelope, the elk is a lover of the lofty tablelands and must be sought in similar localities. He is as wary as the antelope and seldom, if ever, is the victim of curiosity. When he runs he means business, and the horse that follows must have better training than can be acquired in a Wyoming cow camp. Elk are becoming very scarce. I know of but one large band between the railroad and the mountains and that is near Bush Ranch, some forty miles from Point of Rocks. The worst of the elk is his liability to become confused when surprised at short range. A herd will huddle up and bunch under such circumstances, seemingly ignorant of what direction to take until all avenues of escape are closed. In this way I have seen a band of eleven exterminated, the cowboys shooting them for mere wantonness when wanting neither flesh, hide nor horns. Occasionally a few elk will join a bunch of cattle and roam with them, and in not a few instances have allowed themselves to be driven with a herd of steers.

"Look for the antelope and elk on the hilltops, for deer in the hollows." It takes the novice but a short time to learn the rule and to recognize and distinguish the tracks and signs of this pathless region. The mule deer alone makes his permanent home on the southern slopes of the great plateau. In the summer sunshine he cools himself beneath an overhanging rock and finds shelter from the wintery wind among the sage brush at the bottom of some deep cañon. In spring the doe makes her bed upon the native grasses, and here she gives birth to the spotted fawn. The greatest danger to the deer lies in his love for one peculiar spot. If startled he may lead the hunter on a wild goose chase over miles of rough country only to bring him back to the starting point. As an example of this I give my ride of yesterday. We had grown tired of antelope steak and craved a change of diet. Two of us started early in the day to scour the surrounding cañons. Tracks were plenty, but no deer. After four hours of hard riding, when we had about given up the search, we plunged into a deep cañon with precipitous walls and a grassy bed. Our horses were just descending the bank when from under their very feet sprang one of the noblest bucks that it has been my pleasure to see. Out of the cañon he jumped and over the hill he trotted. Our horses refused to stand and before I could draw a bead I raised to 300yds. This just overshot him and now there was nothing to do but follow the trail until it was lost among the rocks. Two miles of this and the chase was given up. Suddenly my comrade pulled my rein. There in another cañon was our buck. This time we tried stalking but to no purpose. He was gone and no cleft track showed his path.

Homeward we turned. The sun was low when we reached the cañon where first we found him, and we certainly had no expectation of meeting him again. Yet there he was high up the ridge in a little gulch. He had not seen us, so after dismounting we crawled to the shelter of a rock not more than 200yds. from his lordship. He was lying down, only the antlers being visible. I thought I could get nearer, but scarcely had I issued from concealment when he made a bound. Our rifles cracked together and he fell prostrate. When we reached him we found a hole through the head and another through the loin; the latter had broken the backbone, so either shot was fatal. His hindquarters, when skinned and dressed as close as Chicago hams, weighed 23lbs.

Last week my comrade was riding the range when he started seven deer from a cañon. They ran slowly over a ridge, and as he did not pursue he surmised that they

would stop in the next ravine. Contrary to his custom he was without a rifle, and it was a six-mile gallop to his cabin, but he made the trip and on his return found the deer at the spot he expected. Three of them never left the cañon, and their carcasses are now encircled by strychnined coyotes and badgers.

The Rocky Mountain sheep has, when undisturbed, as great a love for familiar spots as has the blacktail. He is found among the rocks in all parts of the Game Preserve. I have seen a group stand on a cliff and watch a passing train without exhibiting a sign of fear; but let a solitary man walk along the track and no ledge is so narrow, no ridge so steep that the bighorn cannot put it between himself and his pursuer. In this portion of the country they run in bunches of eight or ten. They are not as plentiful here as in the Bruncau region among the northern ranges. I have grown tired of trying to stalk them, and when one is needed for the larder I shall have to waylay a bunch as they come down their well-worn trail to a mountain spring. With a favorable wind it will be no trouble to get the fattest of the flock, but the method is a disreputable one.

The buffalo alone remains for a passing note. He is not quite extinct, but his habitat is so unsettled that it is useless to look for him except in the immediate vicinity of the National Park. A few breed on the northern slope of the Wind River Mountains; some in the remotest valleys of the Big Horn, but the majority seem to understand that their only safety consists in keeping within the charmed square where Uncle Sam looks out for their preservation. I have seen four in this region within the past three months—two bulls, a cow and a calf. A band of cowboys roped the calf, but it died during the second day of its confinement. About two years ago a band of eighteen came near the railroad, but two would-be hide-hunters from Rock Springs chased them into a sink-hole, where all perished. The quicksand was so treacherous that no effort was made to secure their hides, so the last band was wantonly destroyed, and no one can tell how soon the same fate may befall the elk and antelope of the Sweetwater country. SHOSHONE.

POINT OF ROCKS, Wyo., Dec. 10.

BY THE HOUSATONIC.

WITH a feeling of regret I shook the sacred soil of Virginia from my feet, after quite a stay, and bade my hospitable companions good-by. Aunt Dilsey and all the darkies on the plantation, forty odd, crowded round the army ambulance containing my wife and chicks and earthly possessions. "Good-by, massa, God bless you. You've been mighty kind to us all." Charlie cracked his whip, off went the four-in-hand team of mules, and I saw them no more, glad enough to know that I had ruled kindly over the simple people I had charge of, nor left an enemy behind. It was a sudden change from Virginia to New England, but I was cosmopolitan, a sort of citizen of the world. I had tried Chinese and darkies, now I was going for the Yanks. So it came about that, on the banks of the beautiful Housatonic, I set up my wigwam and provided myself, now more at leisure, with rod and gun and dog.

At that time woodcock could still be found if diligently sought for; and quail and partridges (so I shall always call them) were in fair numbers, and much of my time was passed afield. My companion M. was an excellent shot, and had as good a dog as any man would want to shoot over; quail was his "best hold" any time. Duke was a large, fine liver and white setter, of whom I propose to say a few words. He passed into my brother's hands for "large money" after I first met with him, and was made a present to me, and a royal gift it was. His first owner had treated him with great severity. It is needless to state that I changed this at once when he came into my possession. Though I lived very near his former owner, I do not think the old dog ever looked the same side of the way his cruel master was on. I liked him all the better for it. Knowing old dog; his photo hangs on the wall near me as I write. Whenever I put on my sporting rig, he would dash round and bark, and whimper with delight the moment I took my gun. But let me take my rod instead, and he would go off and lie down with a most disgusted expression of countenance. I shot over him until he got too old to hunt or to stir around, and at the last buried him in a quiet nook near the scene of his early triumphs. We all felt as if we had lost a dear friend, and so we had, and I drove down, a summer ago, to the old fellow's grave on purpose to review the innumerable pleasant hunts I had had with him in the olden time.

M. had, or claimed to have—and I do not doubt him—the very singular faculty of smelling a partridge. At first I thought he was making game of me, but afterward I changed my mind. I have repeatedly been out with him, when he would call out, "Look out, Capt., there's a bird here; I can smell him," and his face would flush up and so would the bird. In these days of guns we have all sizes and makes of guns and ingenious contrivances, with endless discussions as to bores and loads of powder and shot and wads and all that. But here was a man who did great execution (I call killing sixteen quail right along good execution; I call killing four partridges straight in the brush better) with a mean, insignificant-looking little muzzleloader, weighing about scant 6lbs., and carrying say 2½drs. of powder and about 1oz. of shot, a gun you could hold easily in one hand. I have often seen M. kill three partridges straight. I had a grand gun and it would carry further than M.'s, but he secured the most game as a general rule. I tumbled into a bog one day and got my muzzleloader clogged up with mud. I scrambled to my feet, up got a bird and I pulled on him. I heard a peculiar ringing sound and I found two inches odd of my right barrel blown up and twisted round. I could only use the left that day, but when I had the barrels cut off it made a grand woodcock gun, and as far as I could see performed as well as ever.

"Capt., let us try Bog Hollow." We jump into the wagon, stow away dogs and guns, cluck to old Buckskin, a famous trotter, and rattle away. Four miles over a drive it would be hard to match in beauty, along the banks of the Housatonic. We are going for woodcock and partridge; the law is not up yet on quail. A capital place I fancy for birds—a long reach of swamp and lots of alders running well up, with hills on borh sides. This must be the home of the woodcock. And here I am not having had any practice on game for several years, and facing one of the crack shots of the country.

Though it was not always so, yet can I stand a heap of silence when I'm hunting. Most hunters do too much talking out in the woods; and nothing riles the Governor more than to keep shouting out, "Toowho, toowho!" or "Did you kill him?" I have a black dog, Dash, not to be named with old Duke. Up we go, M. on one side of the swamp, I on the other. *Whirr, whirr,* up go three or four partridgss; out sing the reports of our guns. First sight best sight. I pull quick and see my bird go end over end, while M. says, "Mine's hard hit." We call our dogs and down-charge them, load up and go carefully. Dogs are both fresh and will do better when they slow down. Steady, Dash! Whoa, Duke! Ah! they are beginning to draw on the birds. Lovely sight. What sportsman worthy of the name can ever tire of looking at it. Careful, find dead bird; fetch him here, Dash; that's a good dog. Here, Duke. Both dogs come in, each tenderly bringing in his bird, with no chewing nor mouthing. Good boy, good boy. I feel delighted to think my right hand has not forgot its cunning. But better not brag. Go easy.

We wave hands to the two dogs and walk on. Old Duke knows there's another bird ahead. How carefully the veteran covers his ground. By Jove! what a dog. Look out! he's on a point and Dash is backing him. Cluck! Away goes the bird, but the shot follows faster. Over he tumbles. You can almost hear the thud as he strikes. Wonderful little gun. Bah! a partridge gets up right in full view and I miss him with both barrels. Better luck next time. "Capt., you'd bea good shot," says M., "If you didn't pull so quick." That comes from early habit in shooting woodcock in the brush.

Let's sit down by this spring a while. Not so bad. Three present and accounted for. No. 4 has gone up the run, we will put him up again.

M. gets both barrels off about as quickly as any man I ever shot with; and he fires away at the smallest provocation, no matter how far off the bird. What's a charge of shot, anyhow? Then again, and I thoroughly agree with him, pull on a partridge, no matter how far off; if he hears the shot whistling around him, which he is sure to do, he will stop all the quicker; probably thinks it is a hawk. I deem this sound doctrine, and I add, follow your bird right up, if you fail to down him the first time, go for him the second. Keep on going; keep him moving, he will tire sooner. Then put your trust in good powder and shot and aim, to say nothing of luck, and you will fetch him.

I have before said that no sport in my estimation surpasses shooting the ruffed grouse. Where can you find a bird more up to all sorts of wiles and dodges, wide awake all the time; cunning as a fox? Yet not such a hard bird to kill, if you can only get a fair "swipe" at him. That is the season I say train up your dog in the way he should go on these birds first; then when he gets age, he will go it. If your dog is to cut loose and set sail and away the moment he strikes the scent, no more game for you. You want your dog to road the bird right along, carefully and quietly. The Governor, who has killed no end of these royal birds, used often to bring his favorite pointer to heel and then walk the bird up; this was when the game was very scarce. I agree with Bogardus, use plenty of powder, so you can feel a slight spring to your gun when you fire it, but not such large size shot. The Governor ran out of ammunition once and went for grouse with No. 10 shot, and had excellent results. The pointing of the gun is the key to the whole matter.

All this while we are sitting down by the spring, and that fourth bird is to be looked after. Hie on, good dogs, and let us see what you can do. Whoa, Dash; look out your way, M. Cluck! up goes a woodcock. I pull on him, over he goes and the dog with tail curled proudly over his back, brings him carefully in. Now look out for another bird. Both dogs are making game. Up goes a ball of feathers. M. cuts loose with both barrels. No go, clean miss. I bang away with the right, and timber doodle's feathers part company, and I can't help saying "Wiped your eye," and I put No. 2 away safely in my jacket.

We ought to be close up to that fourth partridge. Look out, he must be right by us; the swamps are not very wide here. Both dogs are making game; we move ahead a step, and with a mighty roar away goes the old cock. No use, he had to go or be kicked up, and M. downs him handsomely with the right-hand barrel and his equanimity is restored. He hates to be beaten, but I, who have always hunted with good shots, don't cry over a defeat. I have enjoyment enough watching the intelligence of my dog, breathing the pure delicious air, enjoying the sunshine and scenery, without howling if I do not get my bird every shot.

One thing in the woods M. and I always made a point, that was to destroy all the traps and twitch-ups we came across. The woods were full of them; and lots of game went off to market with never a shotmark on them. One old chap used to trap his birds and then hang the bunch up and fire away at them.

Well, we have done well enough up Bog Hollow, let us swing round by Squash Hollow, we ought to pick up a few woodcock there. Four partridges and two woodcock—that will keep the gridiron going. Round we go, and strike in by the headwaters of a trout stream, put the dogs in and follow them right up. Grand ground for woodcock, this. Look out, there went a bird. Dash ran over him. I remind my dog that that kind of work won't pass muster. I don't believe in continually lathering your dog; but if you do whip him, let him know you mean business. Careful now, here's a bird. See Dash. Look at Duke. Curious quality this, that the moment the dogs strike the scent and feel it growing warm they should stop instantly as if turned into stone. A little toss of my head, up goes the bird through the alders, two reports ring out, M. has fired at one, but did not know whether he struck him or not. It is brush work now, quick trigger and eye of faith. Old Duke, thoroughbred that he is, points his bird and retrieves. Dash stops, and yet brings me nothing. Bird here somewhere. I look, and we both look, and I am on the point of giving up when M. says, "Look up," and lo! there is the woodcock hanging in the bush.

We beat through that cover carefully. I picked up a couple more of woodcock and M. did equally well, though I think the cover favored me, and I had more practice in the brush. I carried my gun differently from my companion, he generally hunting with muzzle down, while I habitually carried mine at "present arms." In this way it keeps twigs and branches out of one's face, and the gun falls readily into hand as you pull on your bird; if it goes off, well and good, no harm. I have had so many close shaves shooting with careless people that I have made it a rule "Two's company, three is none."

One curious incident happened to me. We had hunted down the swale and had done fairly well. I had lost sight of my dog; and following him up found him on a point, and lo! in front of him was a fine partridge strung up by a wire, and not long caught. With a fervent wish that the trap-maker had been in the bird's place, it was only the work of a moment for me to uproot the snare and transfer the bird to my game jacket. So we came out of the swamp and over the fence and down the road to Old Buckskin. I was well pleased that we had taken five partridges and five woodcock into camp. I had, contrary to expectations, "kept my end of the log up;" and as we drove home in the twilight we made an agreement to be soon on hand again at an early hour and have another whack at the birds. CAPT. CLAYTON.

Natural History.

THE GROUND RATTLESNAKE.

READERS of this article living in the extreme Southern States will know what is meant by "ground" rattlesnake, as this branch of the *Crotalus* family is at home in those States. But Northern people often, and quite frequently, too, think that, as this is called the ground rattlesnake, some varieties of rattlesnakes spend part of the time in trees away from the ground.

The ground rattlesnake is so called from its great resemblance to the surface of the ground where it is usually found. Its color is ashy gray, almost white underneath, speckled on the sides with small black or brownish spots, and marked along the backbone with beautiful, velvet-like black blotches—a specimen of 18in. having some as large as a two-cent piece. They are rarely seen of a greater length than 18in., the usual size being about 12 or 15 long, and 1in. in diameter in the largest part. The rattles are very small, but, nevertheless, a noise is made with them which can be heard several feet away. They love a warm, rather barren ridge, and are seldom met with on low lands. The fangs are two in number, situated at the outward corners of the upper jaw, and vary in length with the size of the snake, the largest being not over ½in. They are curved in shape, sharp as a needle, and hollow up to within a very short space of the point. The virus is ejected through this hollow into the wound. The fangs are loosely attached to the jaw, similar to the claws of the cat family, and connected with the poison sacks situated immediately in their rear. A more nicely calculated arrangement cannot be found in all nature; in fact, to use a slang, but expressive phrase, it "fills the bill." The sacks somewhat resemble a gumboil.

So much for the natural history of the ground rattlesnake, as observed by one whose most fascinating pleasure consists in studying nature—from nature—and roaming the fields and forests with and without the instruments of destruction. I recently received a letter from a little friend who lives on the far southeastern coast of Florida, which I give below, *verbatim et literatim.* The writer is but twelve years of age, and the composition and handwriting something remarkable. But the letter will speak for itself:

GLENCOE, Fla., Oct. 16, 1887.

Dear Charley:

* * * Wednesday morning. The train hasn't come through yet because of the wash outs, but we expect it today, and so I thought I would tell you what happened to me Monday afternoon. It was late in the afternoon when I reported to papa that there were some quail in the front road, so he took Charley's shot-gun and went out there to see if he could not kill some, and I followed him to show him where they were, and when he was just aiming at them I felt a sharp pain on my left ankle and looking down I saw a ground rattlesnake in the act of running into the bushes. He was about six inches long and only had a button on its tail. I called out to papa that I had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and then ran in the house where mamma bathed my foot in strong ammonia. Papa shot at the snake [killing it] as soon as he saw it, and came running in the house and sucked the wound, which took a good deal of poison out. The bitten place turned purple, and commenced swelling half an hour after that, and now it is swollen up to my knee.

Mamma gave me a great deal of brandy and whiskey and when it had made me dizzy they said the danger was over. Dr. Fox happened to be at Mrs. Joe Bryan's and came to see me. He brought some nitrate of silver so that papa could cauterize the bite if it needed it.

Your loving friend,
ROBERT W. HOWARD.

Since receiving the above I learned a few more particulars. Two wine glasses full of whisky and the same of brandy were given immediately after the wounds had been bathed in ammonia. No effect was noticed (from the liquor drank) until quite a while afterward, when it produced a dizziness. The bite was situated between the heel and ankle bone, and the fang marks about three-eighths of an inch apart. The boy was complaining—limping, etc.—for nearly a week, but then got well and lively. Two or three hours after the bite his foot was swelled, but no swelling above the ankle. The next morning his leg was swelled some.

The snake was a young one, and the wounds probably not as deep or the virus quite as poisonous as if made by a larger specimen.

In a second letter Robert says: "I felt a sharp pain in my left ankle the instant the snake bit me, and after a little while under my knee and then my hip."

During a residence of over twelve years in Florida, I only came across six of these snakes, notwithstanding that three-fourths of my time was spent in the woods and fields hunting, surveying, etc.

Dr. Yarrow's experiments with rattlesnake virus (now in progress at Washington) will probably be of lasting benefit to the country at large. The results will be eagerly looked for by every reader of FOREST AND STREAM, including REDWING.

HARTFORD, Conn.

AN ANTLERED DOE.—A party of hunters returned from the West Mountains a few days ago, and during the hunt Mr. Beauregard Kenner succeeded in bringing down what he supposed to be a buck, but which, on examination, proved to be a fine doe, with as magnificent a pair of antlers as ever adorned the head of the proudest buck of the Wasatch. We understand that Mr. Kenner has preserved the head and horns for the curious to look at if they so desire.—*Home (Dak.) Sentinel.*

SEX MARKINGS IN GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very gratifying as well as interesting to see how much light is thrown on the question of sex markings in grouse by such close observers as Mr. Swift, of Elmira, and Mr. Davidson, of Lockport, both in your own State. I am just in receipt of a very instructive private letter from the latter gentleman, and for fear he might not give his permission I send you a liberal extract without asking it. Mr. Davidson says:

"I have read with pleasure and interest your own and Mr. Swift's notes in the two last issues of the FOREST AND STREAM and I was somewhat taken aback when I read in yours that I claimed 'the two central feathers in the *female* had the black band near the end broken and irregular instead of a pure black, sharply defined, as is the case of the male.' Now, I do not know that I wrote you in regard to this marking, but if I said *female* it was a mistake, as I should have said *male*. At that time we had only three specimens, two of which I supposed were males, one adult and one young bird. The latter was one which flew into a house and which we kept alive for six or eight weeks. Both of these (supposed) males had the broken irregular band marking in the two central tail feathers, and the one (supposed) female did not have this marking. We now have two more specimens, taken Nov. 27, 1886, male and female. These two birds I dissected and know them to be of opposite sex. The male has but a very slight irregular band marking, while the female has the band broken and irregular the entire width. Therefore I have come to the conclusion that this marking is no certain indication of sex, at least in birds of under one year of age, but I should be inclined to think that in birds of two or more years of age the band in the male bird would be more regular and distinct than in the female of the same age. I agree, however, with Mr. Swift and yourself that the ruff is the most certain criterion by which to judge from, as in the male it is larger and more glossy black than in the female. You will bear in mind that I did not dissect the first three birds of which I wrote you, but only judged the sex from general appearances."

Mr. Davidson evidently would say, if he carried his statement out more fully, that the ruff of the male grouse has a changeable metallic lustre which is not found at any age in the ruff of the female and which corresponds exactly to the sheen of the cock's plumage or that of the gobbler. My own observation is that the liver browns of the young females change gradually to black, beginning with the first moulting, but that while the ruff and other dark markings become a pure black, it is always a dead black and never a lustrous or changeable one.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 15.

PLUMAGE OF THE MALLARD DRAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the New York *Times* of Aug. 11, 1887, appeared an article by Frank Wilkeson, entitled "Along the Manitoba Road," from which I extract the following:

"Throughout what used to be marked on the maps as Rupert's Land are extensive areas of low, swampy grounds, reed and grass grown, and hundreds of small lakes. The Canadian Pacific Railroad winds for miles through a portion of this swampy region, and in every swamp and lake were thousands of mother ducks surrounded by their young, and scores of geese were also there. The region is the breeding ground of wild waterfowl. Snipe and plover ran along the shores of the open lakes, and white gulls flitted softly over the lakes, crying mournfully. I looked at these birds with great interest, and quickly saw that the ducks were mostly mallards and that there was not a drake among them. I asked an Englishman who breeds hunting dogs at Winnipeg, and who is a sportsman, where the drakes were.

"In the far north," he replied, and then he added, "They stay here until the ducks begin to set, then they suddenly disappear. A few weeks after the shooting season opens immense flocks of old greenhead mallards arrive from the north and at once mingle with the young ducks. Yes," he repeated, "the drakes summer in the far north." This has already appeared as a reprint in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 25. It is evident that neither Mr. Wilkeson nor the "Englishman who breeds hunting dogs at Winnipeg, and who is a sportsman," are much acquainted with the habits of the mallard, else they would not thus accuse the drakes of withdrawing from the scenes of family life and seeking a bachelor solitude in the far north during the summer months, when the callow young are most in need of a parent's fostering care. 'Tis true, as a good authority tells us, the drakes display no paternal regard for their young, but they, at least, do not deny them the solace of their presence. I speak from an experience much further north than Rupert's Land, where the mallards also breed in great numbers.

I can assure Mr. Wilkeson, from personal observation, that he has been deceived by appearances—by the disguise which the old greenheads assume—the same, as we are told, which a certain historic personage put on to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, namely, the garb of the female. He looked to find greenheads, which, of course, he did not see, hence concluded they were absent.

The mallard has two annual moults, the first in the spring of the year, and again in the autumn. In the summer the drake loses his green head, which is so characteristic of this male species, and the tuft of curly feathers on the tail; in September the disguise is thrown off, and he reappears with the green head and other markings which are familiar to the fall and winter sportsman. His summer plumage assimilates so closely to that of the female that he might be very easily overlooked when in the midst of his family.

Coues, in the second edition of his standard work on American ornithology, makes no mention of this seasonal plumage of the mallard drake. T. H. STREETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PETER BUDSTONE, the Boy who was Hazed. By J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 187 pp. Price, $1.25.

THE GULF COAST OF FLORIDA, a Descriptive Narrative. By J. M. Hawks, M.D., 1887. Lynn, Mass.: Lewis & Winship. Paper, 140 pp. Price, 25 cents.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents. The Still-Hunter. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $2.

GAME IN IDAHO.

THE Salmon River Mountains in Idaho are of the most rugged order, their crowns encircled with perpetual snow, and the timber line plainly marked in summer by a somber bleak stretch between the blue-green fir and pines and the white. The dense forests and deep cañons with frowning walls are barriers that have resisted the invasion of the game butchers who have depleted the western slopes of the Rockies of their wealth of noble animals. These untrod wilds hold the reserves that have fed the Red men in their caves and on the Reservations, and stocked the lava plains and river bottoms winter after winter with thousands of deer and antelope to be ruthlessly slaughtered. And the swarms are going forth again this winter. As we passed up from the low Snake River Valley we saw herds of deer like sheep on the bare broad lava plains, with no cover but the boulders and the low craggy sage brush. At one point we intercepted a drove of the blacktail which must have numbered thousands. The plain was level for two or three miles and we could not see either end of the moving herd. They parted as the stage rattled over the stony road, and galloped away out of pistol range and then turned to look at us. They had just passed from the mountains, where the new snow was deep and soft, to the low river bottom where the ground was bare.

We were bound for the silver mines, 6,000ft. above the sea. The lumbering coach was exchanged for a light, finely-rigged, four-horse bobsled. The dry snow squeaked under iron-shod feet and steel-shod runners, but the sleek horses tossed their heads, champed the bits and carried us to the higher and colder regions. Still antelope, deer and prowling coyotes were seen at every turn of the road, all seemingly fleeing from the snow which had fallen a few hours before. It was a strange sight to see these pretty creatures going in graceful swinging bounds over the prairie without the shelter of timber, which is associated with such animals in one's mind. My fingers itched for a good rifle. And then I would say, "Why should I murder the mild-eyed beauties?" They are murdered by the thousand on these plains. They are shot down in the snow by greedy murderers, where they lie as long as the hunter can kill, when they are skinned for the hides. This wholesale slaughter has gone steadily on for years, each winter's snow bringing a new supply from the reserves; from the mountains so bold and blue in the distance. After we reached the heavy timber belt we saw no more game. The deer seemed to have all gone but the tracks of elks and moose crossed the road. These monarchs of the woods seemed, too, to have been disturbed by the elements. The only abode of the white man in the mountain region was the new mining camp, and even these shy animals did not seem to realize their proximity to the enemy. They had been browsing around within rifle range of the camp.

The light of the next day came with loud reports of bursting timber in the log houses, and the snapping of a thousand trees on the mountain side that seemed to be splitting with the first freeze. The temperature had dropped down 30° in twelve hours, but the clear blue sky gave promise of a calm bright day. A hunt was decided upon. The dense evergreen trees held the snow. It was light and dry, and not deep beneath the interlaced branches over all the great wilderness. We moved noiselessly over the downy carpet. We had gone a mile from the quartz mill; I was separated from my companion by a little timber-clad knoll. Something white scudded past the dark butts of the trees as swiftly and as lightly as the shadow of a cloud. I was looking for the dark form of an elk or a moose. The flitting of a form so swift and so white that it could only be seen in broad daylight when it came in contrast with the black tree trunks struck me at once as being very strange. I am not superstitious, nor a believer in any sort of supernatural manifestations, but my philosophy was very unsatisfactory for a short time. Although noiseless, I soon learned that the mysterious objects made tracks in the snow like other earthly beings. I was not long in deciding that they were mountain sheep, but their pure white color, their swiftness and the fact that I had not noticed large, colored horns, was evidence against the sheep theory.

My speculations were abruptly ended. The loud report of my friend's rifle came from the direction the tracks were leading me. I discovered the fortunate hunter three hundred yards further on bending over his prize. He had brought down a wild goat. I had driven the little herd very near to him where he was waiting for me. One of them had stopped to look back, in such a position that his white body showed plainly against a tree beyond, and afford a fine mark for the hunter's deadly rifle. It was probably the common Rocky Mountain goat. It was heavier than the average class, with short strong legs. Its fleece was as fine as some graded Angora goats I have seen, and of spotless white. The horns were slender and recurved, and the eyes were pink or light red. I have learned from Indians and other hunters that their haunts in summer are near the region of perpetual snow, and that they scamper up the steep slopes with great speed whenever routed from their lairs, and never rest till they are upon some snow bank, depending upon the inability of the eye to distinguish the outline of their bodies against the white back ground. They climb the rocky heights equally as well as the mountain sheep, and defy the attack of wolves and other beasts of prey when in their chosen rocky defiles.

After we had suspended the goat to a limb out of reach of the wolves, we determined to cross a very rocky cañon. We had cautiously worked our way to the bed of the dry water course, and were debating the question of the ascent, when the broad trail of a wallowing bear was discovered. It seems to be the nature of the bear to hibernate, but I have often found his tracks in the snow and trailed him to his den. We started after bruin with a zeal born of the true sportsman spirit. To kill a bear is the hunter's greatest pleasure. Two miles of laborious tramping and the casual observer would have noticed more evidence of perspiration than enthusiasm. But we were soon rewarded with a glimpse of a black round ball of fur seemingly rolling up the steep side of the cañon. He had left his temporary shelter under the rocks and was trying hard to gain the rim rock. The snow was deep on that side of the cut. His progress was slow. We hurried forward to a point directly before him, and trained our repeaters upon him. It would not add to my reputation as a hunter to tell how many shots I fired, but finally he let go and came rolling in obedience to the laws of gravitation. He formed himself into a wheel with his feet and nose turned in. He reached the foot of the bluff with a grunt 30yds. from us, and straightened out into a dead run, showing no effects of injury either from the jamming against the rocks nor from the bullets we had fired at him. But a hasty, lucky shot brought him down. The cunning creature had rolled down the rocky steep not because he was wounded, but had adopted that plan of escape after finding it impossible to climb over the rim rock above him while under fire. He was only slightly wounded before the tumble-down. ROXY NEWTON.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME NOTES.

WORCESTER, Dec. 4.—As far as my personal observation goes, and from the accounts of friends, I think I am justified in saying that here at least the shooting season has been fully up to the average.

Ruffed grouse and flight woodcock have been quite numerous, and some good bags were made. One market hunter says he has killed over three hundred grouse so far, and another has scored about forty flight woodcock, besides one hundred and eighty grouse. In one day out a few weeks ago another person and myself put up about twenty-five grouse and five woodcock. I have not heard many reports as to quail, but should say they were scarce. One gunner told me that he had struck only three or four bevies this season. In a bag of twenty-five birds made by three gentlemen from the city, there were seven quail, six woodcock and twelve grouse.

Gray squirrels were, in comparison with last year, almost a minus quantity in some places. One person got six where he got thirty last year.

Rabbits have been scarce, owing to the extensive use of ferrets by wood-choppers, etc. A man's chances who hunts simply with dog and gun are completely destroyed by these miserable pests.

The geese have gone over, at least many of them. Last Tuesday I saw a flock of about thirty "honking" for all they were worth and flying due west. I also heard of several other flocks numbering from twenty-five to eighty. As being a little unusual I mention the capture of an otter weighing thirty-five pounds by a farmer living near here.

The other day I was overhauling my tackle, revarnishing my rod and setting things in order for next spring, when the sight of hooks, flies, spoons, etc., just made me ache to drop my hook in the old holes I have so often fished, and can so well see now, although the bleak fields and bare trees are strangely out of sympathy with my thoughts of alder tangles and green leaves.

PEMIGEWASSET.

NON-RESIDENTS IN NEW JERSEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On page 293 of the laws passed by the Legislature of New Jersey in 1878 you will find the following:

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That from and after the passage of this act, no person or persons non-residents of this State, shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any doe, buck, fawn or any sort of deer whatsoever, or shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any partridge, moor fowl, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, Wilson or gray snipe, reed bird, rail bird or rabbit, at any time, or shall catch any speckled brook trout, or speckled river trout, black bass or salmon, at any time in this State, without complying with the by-laws of game protective societies, organized or to be organized under the laws of this State, the person so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars for each and every offense, and may be proceeded against in any county of this State wherein such person or persons may be arrested, or wherein such offense shall have been committed, and in default of the payment of the forfeit money, with costs of prosecution, any person or persons so offending shall lie in the common jail until the same shall be paid, one-half of the forfeit money shall be for the person prosecuting for the same, and the remainder paid to the collector of the township wherein the conviction may be had, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed; provided, that nothing in this act shall prevent residents of this State from taking game or fish, subject to the existing laws of this State.

2. And be it enacted, That any member of any society for the protection of game and fish, organized under the laws of this State, shall be empowered to make arrests of any person or persons who may be found violating any of the provisions of this act, or infringing any of the laws of this State made for the protection of game and fish, and bring him or them before a magistrate for examination.

The third section of this act provides that county clerks shall keep in their offices records of the lists of members of such societies.

The above law may offend against the constitution of New Jersey, against the constitution of the United States, against common sense and against everything else, as well as it does against the laws laid down by Lindlay Murray, but nevertheless it is the law of the State, and it has not to my knowledge been declared unconstitutional by any court of this State. The law, as is clearly apparent, gives societies incorporated under the laws of the State vast powers, and these powers, as all others, may be used with advantage or they may be used without just discrimination and thus become tyrannical. I do not know whether other New Jersey game protective societies depend on special charters which may have been granted them by the Legislature, but I do know that our association, incorporated as it is as the law provides, has been advised that fees might be collected from non-residents. We do not shirk any duty by not doing so. We might have passed a by-law by which no non-residents of the State shall be allowed to shoot in Passaic county unless they are members in good standing of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, but we have in no way taken advantage of the first section of the above act. The Legislature gave game protective societies a certain right, but there is nothing to compel such societies from exercising that right. The fields and waters of Passaic county are open to all as long as the laws of the State are observed.

It may be argued that game societies might pass ridiculous by-laws, and might perhaps provide that all hunters

shall stand on their heads while discharging their firearms. That would be an unreasonable use of the right given by the Legislature, and the courts would undoubtedly interfere. The only question is, whether the exaction of an annual fee is a reasonable exercise of the power conferred by the Legislature. Is it not probable that the same court which recently decided that $2 per year was not too large a fee for a license to keep a dog would also decide that any not excessive sum would be proper for non-residents to pay for the privilege to hunt in the State? It ought to be remembered that New Jersey courts have always been jealous of the rights of its citizens as against those of other States, as many a creditor has ascertained in this State.

But the law as to non-resident sportsmen is foreign to us; we do not care whether it is constitutional or not, and have no desire or occasion to test the law. Most of our members are residents of this State, and we have no desire to go out of Passaic county for the purpose of finding subjects for litigation. We have enough to do in Passaic county in looking after the interests of sportsmen here.

The law gives our association the right to collect in the court the fees due us from persons who become members. It does not require us to do so, and we have never made any such attempt. When a member falls behind in his dues he is simply dropped from the roll of membership and no more is said about it. This is only another case in which we have a right which we do not exercise, and which no law compels us to exercise. The Passaic County Association was organized for the purpose of protecting game and fish and birds, and propagating the same, and, although we did once step a little outside of our purview in testing the dog law, because it affected owners of dogs in Passaic county, we have no desire to step outside of our boundaries and in any way interfere with the workings of other protective associations. They perhaps can give you some valid excuse for compelling non-residents to pay license fees. CHAS. A. SHRINER.

Sec. Passaic Co. Fish and Game Ass'n.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 19.

SHOOTING NOTES.

I KNOW of about nine late woodcock this month. As I said before, I do not believe the timber-doodles are bothered much by the cold. Certainly the weather about the first of December was freezing enough to send both woodcock and snipe southward, but it appears that a few tarried behind. Near Boiling Spring, N. J., Dec. 3, a fat snipe was killed, and in Warren county, N. J., Dec. 2, 3 and 5, nine woodcock were shot in the vicinity of Hackettstown. Mr. Jules Reynal, of White Plains, N. Y., and Mr. Ernest Stables, of this city, were shooting in Westchester county on Dec. 3, and started a big woodcock. Mr. Reynal has shot 49 woodcock this season and some 150 quail. Not bad for covers so near New York.

My experience has been simply ridiculous. I gave up quail shooting in New Jersey about fifteen years ago and have been shooting West ever since. This year, owing to sickness at home, I have been obliged to content myself with three or four day trips to places where I was get-at-able. Three days in Warren and Sussex counties, N. J., last week resulted in my seeing four quail. I got three of them. They cost me at the rate of $72 a dozen. The fact is I have spent more money in monkeying around here than it would have cost me to spend for two months in Missouri or Arkansas, where with all my heart and soul I wish I was.

Wherever I have been I have found the country overrun with young shooters to the manor born, who market every bird and rabbit they can kill. I was offered five woodcock and two grouse for 35 cents, all fresh killed. I refused the tempting offer, as I have made it a rule never to purchase game in any section where I am myself shooting, for by doing so I would simply encourage the killing of it to the detriment of my sport. Still, I do not depreciate those who sell game. In my opinion a man has as much right to sell a woodcock as he has to eat it. If possible I would prevent him from shipping it for sale to another State. I advocate home consumption. I fancy it would be impossible to pass a law in New Jersey to prevent the game of that State from being shipped to this city for sale. Even if such a law were passed it would only join the dead letters.

I don't profess to know it all, but from what I have seen from shooting in seven different sections in New Jersey this season and the great scarcity of game everywhere, I think that a law should be passed prohibiting the killing of quail for several years in the northern counties. The same complaint—that game is scarce—also comes from Maryland and North Carolina. In the last named State Vice-Chancellor Van Fleet, Walter Knight and Wm. Gummere, of Newark, spent ten days and found few birds on grounds where last season they were numerous. Heber Brientnall, Frank Watts, Lem. Thomas and Dr. Pindell, of Newark, tried East New Market, Md. They had fine "hunting;" they were guided about for nearly two days and did not see a bird. Mr. Brientnall come home disgusted with the "steer," which turned out to be a professional shooting hotel one.

Like the ghost of Gaffer Thumb, the Maryland license-to-shoot-law has popped up to scare Northern sportsmen. It has risen from $5 to $20; and I am informed the fine is $50 or ten days in jail, or both, for shooting without the necessary permit. A few weeks ago there came to Greenboro Mr. Mills, superintendent of the Delaware Railroad, and a party of friends. They were unprovided with licenses and were arrested, and Mr. Mills has taken an appeal, and says he intends to test the constitutionality of the law. Some day the South Jersey Society will also catch a Tartar, who will knock their present by-law regulations higher than Gilroy's kite. If it were any one else but provincial Puiladelphians who had been scooped in by this very flimsy racket I would wipe away a tear.

The Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of this city, and the village blacksmith of Southampton, L. I., have been killing some small bags of quail this season near Bridgehampton, L. I.

Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant, of this city, is making great improvements on his game preserve at Allamuchy, N. J. As far as I know, it is the largest and best-stocked preserve in the East. Mr. Stuyvesant has recently purchased several large farms adjoining his estate; one on the mountain between Allamuchy and Wiretown will be made into a deer park. On the main estate Mr. Stuyvesant is fencing in fifteen acres of ground with wire netting, 12ft. high, a portion of this is also roofed over with wire netting. In this inclosure he will keep his English pheasants, and next season hatch out over 5,000 pheasant eggs. In addition to this Mr. Stuyvesant is securing the shooting privileges on all the farms in his vicinity. During the past few months he has added half a dozen to his list. In time he will have secured the best shooting in Warren county, and will have lots of game for his friends to pop away at. I have been told that Mr. Stuyvesant advocates a close season in New Jersey for the next five years. If such a law is passed, what will the law-breakers of Danville do then, poor things?

Some of Mr. Stuyvesant's I-talian quail, as the farmers call them, are residing on the Arnold and Stephens farms on the Great Meadows. The flock is about thirty strong. A few of these birds have been shot by young Arnold this season. When once flushed they are hard to find again. Those who have seen them say that "the birds tree."

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

WE have already said that certain paragraphs of the report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, prepared by Gen. Sherman, were unacceptable to two of the Commissioners, and in deference to their views would be omitted from the report, which is to be presented to the Legislature at the approaching session. The paragraphs were these:

"In regard to deer hounding they would repeat what they uttered in their report on this subject in 1886. The trial for two years of the limited hounding law has not been attended with the results its framers promised. The assistance that was to be rendered by the guides in the enforcement of the law has not come. The guides, rather, have fraternized with the law-breakers, and between the various classes of poachers, viz., gentlemen sportsmen, guides and pot-hunters, the deer are passing away like chaff before the wind.

"As an illustration of how things are working, it may be stated that last summer there was detected and arrested a gentleman of high personal standing, hounding deer out of season, who at the legislative session appeared before the Game Law Committee in advocacy of the present hounding law!

"If there is one thing in futurity that is sure to come, and come quickly, it is the extinction of the deer in the great forests of New York. To save them, both jack-hunting and hounding must be vigorously forbidden, and dogs of the hound kind kept out of the woods at all seasons."

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Pa., Dec. 15.—Am just home after a week spent in the wilds of Wyoming and Sullivan counties. Owing to unfavorable weather no hunting was done. The entire absence of snow, with the woods dry and noisy, rendered successful still-hunting impossible. Bears are doubtless on the increase, while the deer are certainly being driven out by dogging. But the mortality among the dogs far exceeds that of the deer. Not more than one dog out of five taken into the woods gets out alive. All the "natives" and all visiting still-hunters are constantly on the alert, and "love powders" are often used where the use of lead is impracticable. Convictions are hard to secure under the present law, and killing the dogs is considered only a partial protection to the deer.—BON AMI.

THAT IDEAL GUN.—The kind of gun for general use I want to see is a "combination gun" with a noiseless .22 barrel on top for sitting flocks and rookeries, a central 12 cylinder bore for wing shots, buckshot and explosive slugs for large dangerous game at close quarters, and a lower .44 rifled barrel for alligators, deer, etc. It should have a magazine in the stock holding about four shots for the central barrel. With this gun we can take our first fowl sitting with the .22 and the next on the wing with the 12, or our first deer standing with the .44 and the next running with a charge or two of buckshot. Its other advantages are apparent. Who will be the first to make it? —HAL HELLION.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Angling Talks. By Geo. Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Anglers' Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

THE ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

THE National Rod and Reel Association held its annual meeting for the election of officers for the coming year, and other business, on Saturday last at 2 P. M., in the laboratory of Mr. E. G. Blackford, in Fulton Market, New York. The following officer were chosen: President, Henry P. Wells; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Henry P. McGown, John A. Roosevelt, William Dunning, D. W. Cross, Daniel B. Fearing, Cornelius Van Brunt, Louis B. Wright and Eugene G. Blackford; Secretary, Gonzalo Poey; Treasurer, James L. Vallotton.

Mr. Endicott offered the following resolution, which after some discussion was adopted: "That a committee be appointed to draw up the protest of this Association against the catching of menhaden, by steamers and other vessels, except under such restrictions as will prevent the destruction of food fishes." He related his experience on the coast of New Jersey this year, and repeated what appeared in FOREST AND STREAM last week on the subject.

Judge McGown stated, that as a member of the Cuttyhunk Club he had fished for striped bass from Cuttyhunk Island, in Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound for many years, and the menhaden were formerly plenty there, but now they could not get enough to chum with. Something should also be done to stop the wholesale netting of bluefish and striped bass, but it was a difficult thing to do. He hoped that the chair would appoint a good and efficient committee.

Mr. Blackford would like to see such a committee appointed. There were great interests involved in the menhaden oil and guano industry, and it would be well if some of the prominent menhaden men could meet with this committee and exchange views. The subject of the migrations of sea fishes is not understood, a good illustration of this was the fact that the menhaden men made such poor catches during the season a few years ago that they met and agreed to restrict the catching and appointed a committee to memorialize Congress on the subject of restrictive laws. The meeting adjourned, and in less than a week the fish struck in on the coast and they had an immense catch, larger than in several previous years. He thought that it would be well to consider the interests of the menhaden fishers and get them to consent to a form of legislation which would be satisfactory to all.

On being asked by the president if he would serve on the committee, Mr. Mather declined, saying that if it was to be a compromise he was not a fair juror, being strongly prejudiced against the whole menhaden fishery, which he believed to be the invention of the evil one. It might be difficult to find a committee composed of anglers who had no prejudices of this kind, but he felt sure that his views on the subject would prevent him from acting impartially. The menhaden men had never considered the interests of the anglers, and he did not see why this Association should consider the interests of the menhaden fishers.

Mr. Dunning said that he had much to say on the subject to the committee, as he had studied the menhaden for years. He thought that a close time might be established so that they could only be taken at certain seasons.

Mr. Endicott replied that a fixed close time would not suit the menhaden men; they caught fish when they came, and the date of their coming was very uncertain.

Mr. Blackford said that in the history of our migratory fishes there were records of certain species having deserted our coast for years and then reappearing. He quoted Prof. Huxley as saying, after examining the herring fisheries of Great Britain, that the efforts of man were not a factor in the decrease of sea fishes, and that this view was indorsed by the late Prof. Baird. Some years ago he held decided views on the subject of the menhaden fisheries and thought that they were injuring other fishing interests and proposed laying the case before Congress, but after overhauling his notes which had been kept for a series of years, recording the abundance or scarcity of different fishes he found that he had no facts to lay before Congress. In his remarks on this subject he would like to have it understood that he had not a dollar invested in the menhaden fishery.

President Wells remarked that during the time he had been a member of the Association there had been no question before it that compared in importance with the present one.

Judge McGown hoped that the president would not appoint all the members of the committee from among the salt-water anglers, as they might, like Mr. Mather, have too strong prejudices on the subject. He did not wish to injure any person who fishes for a living, and the committee should be composed of men who could do justice to all.

Mr. Endicott stated that was just his idea. He wanted to see justice done to the poor New Jersey farmer and fisherman who formerly went down and caught his winter's food, or bought it for two or three cents a pound, while now if he got any bluefish to salt for his family they cost him eight cents per pound at least. He was not looking at the matter from the mere standpoint of sport, but realized that only by means of nets could the markets be supplied with fish, and the poor man who lived in the city or country get his dinner of cheap and wholesome food, but he did want to see some restriction placed on a wholesale system of fishing which followed a school of fish into the bays and captured the last fin. When a menhaden steamer sights a school of fish it gets every one. It cuts off a portion and surrounds it with a purse net and then cuts off another portion and so on until the school is gone. When a section is cut off by a steamer it does not rejoin the main body, and as the fish are usually surface swimmers their destruction is easy

The discussion closed and the president appointed the following gentlemen as the committee: Francis Endicott, Chairman; E. G. Blackford, Hon. H. P. McGown, C. Van Brunt, Louis B. Wright. Of this committee two are salt-water fishermen, Messrs. Endicott and McGown, while the others, with the president who is *ex officio* a member of all committees, are trout and salmon angers.

Mr. Mitchell moved that a committee be appointed to revise the by-laws relative to the admission of members. This was carried and the chair appointed Messrs. Fred. Mather and Francis Endicott as such committee.

It was then resolved to hold a meeting at the same place on Saturday, Jan. 14, 1888, to decide on the time and place of the next tournament and to consider the rules to govern the contests. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Blackford for the use of his laboratory at various times, and the meeting adjourned.

CHARLES FRAZEE MURPHY.

CHARLES FRAZEE MURPHY, a noted maker of split-bamboo fishing rods, and the first one to make a rod on that plan from tip to butt, died in Newark, N. J., Dec. 15. He was born in 1825, and from a very early age was an enthusiastic angler and sportsman. As he grew up he became recognized as one of the best fly-casters and crack shots in America. For the last forty years he has caught more fish and killed more birds than any man in New Jersey. In his youth he was known as the strongest man of his size in that State. He stood 5ft. 6in. and never weighed over 125lbs., yet he could easily lift a barrel of flour or plaster and put it on his head. He could also cross an unplastered room by gripping the beams overhead with his fingers and thumbs. When he was 56 years of age he jumped a few inches over 100ft. in ten successive standing jumps. He was also a great boxer, and as quick as a flash. On one occasion he got decidedly the best of "Awful" Gardner, when that terror of the ring was in his prime. He excelled in all athletic sports where strength and quickness were requisite.

In 1860 Mr. Murphy conceived the idea of manufacturing split-bamboo rods for the trade, and for a number of years supplied the rod, made of four strands, to the well-known firm of Andrew Clerk & Co., in New York city. Had Mr. Murphy patented his process of manufacture, it is thought he would have made a fortune. "Honest Charley Murphy," however, was a very conscientious workman, and he would not intrust to any assistant the work he thought it necessary for him to perform. Thus,

while he made but a limited number of rods every year, they secured good prices, and were eagerly sought for by the most prominent anglers in this country and Europe.

A more honest man and a true friend never lived. In temperament he was nervous, excitable and self-willed. Mr. Murphy was unquestionably an original. He was fond of any kind of fun and was possessed of a quaint, dry wit. In speaking of him the other day his friend, the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, remarked, "It takes all kinds to make a world, but Mr. Murphy's death has completely broken up the set."

During his long lifetime in the field he was the associate of many noted sportsmen, among whom were Henry William Herbert (Frank Forester) when he lived in Newark; Henry Toler, Mike Sanford and Bill Darrah, who under other names are the leading characters in the "Warwick Woodlands." With either fly or bait rod Mr. Murphy was an expert, and a hard man to beat. He was a great lover of nature and a close observer. When fish and game began to grow scarce he became very bitter in his denunciation of the "march of improvement." He said he "could no longer go shooting on the Newark meadows without some locomotive or other coming along and knocking the gun out of his hands." Mr. Murphy throughout his shooting career held to the muzzleloader. A better snipe shot never lived. He once killed 94 without a miss. Two years ago he was appointed game and fish warden for Essex county.

As a living treasure of local history, as a genial and ever fresh source of stories that were better than history, Mr. Murphy will be best remembered. His personal activity, his quick motions, his short, lithe, well proportioned body, his bright eye, his long soft hair, all seemed to be and to make part of his story; and his wonderful memory was the treasure house of his jewels, and his perfect art in drawing out his incidents was the setting that gave them double worth and interest.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

REARING SHAD IN CONFINEMENT.

THIS is the last new thing in fishculture, and the following official correspondence, which we are permitted to publish, is self-explanatory:

U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Prof. G. Brown Goode, Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.: Dear Sir—I have had an unusual experience with shad during the past season, which I deem worthy of reporting. On May last I received from Central Station, in Washington, several consignments of shad eggs, to be hatched at this station and distributed. Adjoining the hatchery was a little pool, fed by a spring and inclosed by a lath fence, where I kept several domesticated wild fowl, such as wood-ducks, teal, etc., but no mallard nor black ducks. In the water were a pair of large carp, weighing perhaps six or seven pounds each, which bred during the summer, as did also some goldfish—the ducks not appearing to trouble them at all. It was a convenient place for us to throw dead fish eggs, which were devoured by the small fish, and in the course of our hatching we made several deposits here of shad eggs which were in bad condition. In handling these and running off the bad ones there always are, as you are aware, a few good ones adhering in the masses of bad ones. About the middle of August I had occasion to drain this pond, which, by the way, was only about 20ft. in diameter and was provided with a coarse outlet screen merely sufficient to confine the ducks and large carp, and to our astonishment we found three young shad among the other fishes. At the first haul we caught two, which were dead by the time we took them from the other hardy fish, and placed them in alcohol. The next haul we were on the lookout for shad, and caught a live one, which we carefully dipped up and placed in one of our rearing ponds with some trout about its own size, but it was found dead the next morning. There is no way that young shad could have got into this pond except from the eggs placed therein, as the fish do not run up to spawn in this harbor, nor is there any doubt in my mind as to the species, the saw-belly, which marks the family, being distinctly visible, as is also the prolonged sub-orbital bone which distinguishes the species. This is the first instance within my knowledge of shad being grown to any size in confinement. Should you wish one or all of these fish they will be forwarded at once. Very truly yours, Fred Mather.

U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries.—Washington, D. C., Oct. 4.—Fred. Mather, Esq.: Dear Sir—In reply to your interesting letter in regard to the rearing of shad to considerable size at the Cold Spring Harbor Station, I am requested by Professor Goode, Commissioner, to let you know what we ourselves have done in the matter. For several years past we have obtained in the fall of the year, when we have drawn our pools in the yard, a number of young shad from 2 to 3in. long which were introduced there during the hatching season as fry, the pool having been used to wash out the cans and pans used in handling fry. In 1885 I made the experiment of stocking one of the carp ponds in Washington with about 30,000 shad fry, which were hatched out and sent down from Central Station. The ponds were drawn the following autumn to collect the carp, and from them were obtained and counted upward of 7,000 shad ranging in length from 2½ to 5in. Since some shad were obtained from the pond in seasons when no fry were introduced, the experiment although suggestive was not conclusive. To repeat it under conditions which absolutely excluded all chance of error or possibility of introduction of the fry accidentally or by design, we sent 30,000 fry by messenger, a distance of three hundred miles to Wytheville, Va., which were placed in a freshly dug pond about one-tenth of an acre in area, and which was fed by surface water from a running stream. In September of this year, in presence of Professor Goode, I had the pond drawn and find by actual count nearly 2,500 young shad from 1¼ to 4¼in. in length. Although the percentage attaining this age was large I am satisfied that more than half the shad that were in the pond escaped during the time it was being drawn, since when the pond was nearly empty we discovered an opening around the screen which permitted the shad and carp, which were also in the pond, to pass through in the several hours during which the pond was being emptied. Doubtless double as many shad escaped from the pond as were recovered and counted from it. Acting upon the suggestion offered by this experiment I propose, during the ensuing year, to reserve the large pond at the carp ponds for the purpose of making the experiment of holding and rearing the shad for several months. This pond has an area of about six acres and will be stocked with several million fry. Care will be taken to exclude all other fish from the pond and as far as practicable to do so, to secure an abundant growth of vegetation in the pond to serve as nurseries for the food upon which the young fry feed. In the light of experiments already made we would have reason to expect from this experiment to be able to turn out in the Potomac in October, at least 20 per cent. of the fry placed in it in the spring, which would then be fish from 3 to 5in. in length. We will certainly be able to give back to the Potomac each year several times as many mature shad as are taken from it by the fishermen, and these will be of such a size and vigor of movement as to be comparatively safe from capture by the other fish. The results of the experiment made in 1885 will be found in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1886, page 441. Very truly yours, M. McDonald, Chief of Division of Distribution.

Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1887.—Col. M. McDonald: Dear Sir—I have your letter of Oct. 4. I would like permission to publish what you say about rearing shad in confinement in Forest and Stream and in the next State report. It is very interesting to know that shad can be reared in ponds. I thought I had made an original discovery. One trouble with breeding them will be their disposition to die when handled. * * * Very truly yours, Fred Mather.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 12, 1887.—Fred Mather, Esq.: Dear Sir—I will be glad to have you publish what I have written you in regard to our experiments in rearing shad in confinement. What you say in regard to their delicacy in handling is a very important matter. The experiments we propose to conduct next year will be in a pond of six acres, communicating directly with the Potomac River, and when we find it desirable to turn out the fish, say some time in October, the gates communicating with the river will be opened at high tide so as to permit the fish to pass out with the ebb of the water. We will in this way transfer them without any possibility of risk in handling. I look for most important results in our shad work from the extension of this method of rearing in large ponds in connection with our shad streams. Work already done has certainly been very effective, but I believe that returns from work of this character will be much larger in proportion to the expenditure. Very truly yours, M. McDonald.

THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

WE have the twenty-second report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut to the Governor, January 1888. It opens with a tribute to the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, and says: "As the present Fish Commissioners of this State were all in office when the United States Fish Commission was established by Congress in 1871, they can, perhaps more thoroughly than most men, appreciate the great work that Prof. Baird has accomplished during his administration of the office. The New England commissioners had at that time just solved a serious problem in salmon breeding. They had demonstrated that the adult fish taken in the spring and early summer, and confined until the breeding season in October and November, could be successfully used for procuring eggs, which in due time hatched and produced strong, healthy young fry. With the limited means at the disposal of these State Commissioners, the operations were necessarily conducted on a small scale. Prof. Baird, soon after his appointment, became interested in this work, and has since contributed the greatest part of the money for its continuance. Prof. Baird was singularly fitted for the position of United States Fish Commissioner. His training as a scientist had taught him to examine all sides of any matter submitted to him, and he realized as well the importance of a comprehensive plan for the Commission, as he recognized the necessity of thorough attention to the smallest minutiæ of the work. His operations became more and more extensive as Congress continued to increase the appropriations, and eventually he was as well known in Europe as at home, and secured for the United States the reputation of having the best equipped and most progressive fish commission in the world."

In speaking of salmon which were introduced into the Connecticut River which proved that this fish could be restored to that stream which once bore them plentifully, and might yet but for the greed of fishermen, they say: "The State of New York now finds itself in a position similar to that of Connecticut in 1878. A large number of salmon were at that time coming into the Connecticut River, and nearly every one of them was captured before it had traveled 15 miles up the river. The Commissioners were powerless to prevent it. They had begged the previous Legislature to protect the salmon which they were sure would appear, but were laughed to scorn as crazy fanatics. The 500 Connecticut River salmon of 1878 caused quite a temporary excitement, sold for about $1 per pound, and became a thing of the past. Four States had co-operated to produce those salmon, and one State—Connecticut—received the whole benefit. It may be readily conceived that the other States do not desire to assist Connecticut in any further operations upon the Connecticut River. In New York State, as a result of salmon planting several years since, about 30 salmon were reported to have been taken in the Hudson River during the past season. The Fish Commissioners of that State are now striving to prevent the capture of salmon, which are intended to stock the river, and unhesitatingly refer to the result in Connecticut as a warning. Time will show what will be accomplished, but fishermen are much alike, and a fifteen or twenty pound salmon proves too great a temptation to nearly all of them."

An article from the New York *Times* is quoted which contains the following truism: "Mankind, at least a large portion of it, is singularly ignorant of what are its true interests, and in gaining a livelihood it gleans all it can to-day, quite indifferent of the morrow. It is exaggerating a natural impulse to call the wholesale capture of fish something actuated by greed alone. The fisherman is no more greedy than the farmer or the man of general business; but the farmer knows what are the limits of production and something about the laws which regulate it. The fisherman does not."

All parties who applied for trout on or before March 1st, were supplied, and 4,000 of the young fry were allotted to each. Favorable reports of the good results of the trout distribution continue to reach the Commissioners, and many of the former applicants are enthusiastic over the improved condition of streams a few years since nearly exhausted, but now once more teeming with trout. Others mention brooks in which no trout had been seen for years, now fairly alive with them as the result of two or three years' planting.

The catch of shad was small in 1887, being 37,600 less than on the previous year when the catch was 117,950, while in 1885 it was 190,300, according to the statistics gathered by Mr. R. B. Chalker, a practical fisherman at Saybrook. Mr. Fenton reports that in the Housatonic and Farmington Rivers there was a decrease in 1887, as compared with 1886, of about 40 per cent.

The season has been a remarkable one, from the fact that, with the exception of the Delaware and Connecticut Rivers, the catch of shad has been unusually large. A curious fact is, that while the catch in the Delaware is reported as "the poorest ever known," the catch in the two rivers above and below, the Potomac and Hudson, has been almost phenomenal.

Superintendent Fenton hatched and planted in the Connecticut and Housatonic Rivers and their tributaries 9,167,000 shad, and the number of salmon taken in the former river is given as thirty. The Rogers fishway at Birmingham, on the Housatonic, was in full operation and proved successful for all kinds of river fish except shad. It will be re-modeled next year by the patentee who thinks he can make it successful.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMISSION.

THE work of taking eggs at Sunapee Lake is finished for the season, and 225,000 eggs, from both the brook trout and the newly found Oquassa trout, have been taken, and also 15,000 eggs of the landlocked salmon. Commissioner Hodge is of the opinion that the lake is now thoroughly stocked, and if the protective laws are enforced the lake will afford good fishing. Col. Hodge has noticed this season a large increase in the number of small black bass, which are evidently on the increase, and perch are being gradually driven out.

A local paper says: "The work of the Commission at Sunapee Lake has been a brilliant success, its results affording sport for fishermen without number, who come from all over New England and even from more distant States. For this work we are indebted to Col. Hodge more than to any other person. It has always been his belief that the chief usefulness of the Commission lay in restocking our ponds and streams with native trout, and he has made a personal matter of Sunapee Lake. Indeed, he never received from the State a penny in compensation for the first four years of his work here. The first season his only shelter was a little lodge built of boughs, open at one end, with a fire in front of it. Then he had a little board shanty, which sufficed until Dr. Quackenbos gave him the little house on the beach. Going before the Legislature of 1887 for a special appropriation for the lake, he had only to name the sum desired. Six hundred dollars a year was appropriated for two years.

"A comfortable house has been erected, at a cost of about $225, containing three rooms and a cheery fire place. The capacity of the hatching house has also been increased and a new supply of water put in, 900ft. of 2in. pipe having been laid.

"Col. Hodge showed us a beautiful oil painting by Bickford, a Massachusetts artist, we believe, who has been with him this fall making a special study of the trout peculiar to the lake, sometimes called oquassa. Mr. Bickford has had exceptional opportunities at the hatching house, is indeed an artist, and has succeeded in getting a 4lb. oquassa on to canvas in fine shape, with all its characteristics of form and coloring.

"Of this variety Col. Hodge is still of the opinion that the ichthyologists will eventually have to give it a distinctive name, as it has characteristics belonging to no trout found anywhere else in the world. It is already famous wherever the English language prevails. It must be native and peculiar to Sunapee Lake, and some of them have probably been caught before now without any notice having been taken by fishermen of the characteristics that distinguish it from the common brook trout which attain such proportions here."

POLLUTION OF STREAMS IN OHIO.—Columbus, O., Dec. 8.—On Monday night the City Council adopted a resolution, offered by Mr. Fleck, which provided that a conference should be held by certain Councilmen with the State University Trustees, the object being to consider the plan, or rather to propose it in a new shape, of obtainigg some sewerage through the University Farm with the design in view of having the State authorities authorize and equip a system for experimenting on sewage infiltration on a small scale. The extreme north end has been deprived of sewerage for years on account of State and municipal laws in regard to the Olentangy River. The proposed main sewer through the University Farm would greatly relieve a bad condition of affairs and also prevent the surface drainage from going into the Olentangy. So it is with a double force that this argument in favor of the infiltration experiment is advanced. The northern district of the city could furnish the sewerage and the State could try the experiment of getting rid of it. All needed is the ways and means to make the experiment, which would cost but little and will go a long way toward determining a point which is of as much interest to the State at large as any problem that yearly presents itself and receives attention. The State sustains a fine university, in which science and learning is striven for as much by the instructors as the collegiates. It pays its learned men to delve deep into the mysteries of nature and so bring forth the results which ultimately benefit mankind. Why is it not proper then that financial co-operation should be given in a work which aims at acquiring knowledge of the greatest human ills—that of the effects of sewage matter? Professor Orton, of the University, a most able scientist, has pronounced the location afforded for a system of artificial infiltration on the bottom lands of the farm as suitable as nature could have planned and made. The problem presented to the city of Columbus does not interest her citizens alone. The eyes of the populace of other cities, suffering equally and worse from the curse of improper methods of disposing of sewerage, would be turned upon an experiment that is of vital moment. Assistance to this plan should come from every city in the State, since it will demonstrate something for all. The matter should be urged, and it seems reasonable to hope that the Legislature would authorize the expenditure of money for the purpose. It is not a Columbus matter, it belongs to Ohio, and no measure instituted for the relief of her cities would meet with more general approbation. It is to be hoped that the University trustees will appreciate the value of the idea and will authorize the city, in connection with the State, to make the experiment on a small scale. It will be an instructor in itself, if such a design is carried out.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.—Geo. Roberts brought to the Adirondack station at Lake Brandon 1,119,000 lake trout eggs, being the best catch of eggs of this fish ever made by any of the New York men. Supt. Marks has now on the trays at this station nearly two million eggs of lake and brook trout, the figures being 1,000,000, all secured from wild fish. The yearly report of the Commissioners is now in the hands of the printer, and it is proposed to have it before the Legislature before its adjournment this year.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1888.—Bench Show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, Columbus, O. H. O. Bridge, Secretary, Columbus, O.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Poultry and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Jan. 24. to 29.—Augusta, Ga., Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock.

Feb. 13 to 17.—First show Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. E. J. Spencer, Sec.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 28 to March 2.—Show of Philadelphia Kennel Club. W. H. Child, Sec.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5582.**

THE BOOMING OF ARTILLERY.

THE FIRST GUN.

THE American Kennel Club is an association which assumes to have special charge of the interests of dogs and dog matters in this country. The crowning blunder of its career was committed last week, when its executive committee passed a new rule which provides that every dog entered at any show held under the rules of the A. K. C. must be registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book. * * * The present attempt to bullyrag the dog owners of America into registering their dogs is a last desperate device to keep afloat their venture, which was undertaken by the A. K. C. a year ago, and which then had not the slightest prospect of success. * * * The A. K. C. has chosen a very unfortunate expedient to rally the dog public to the support of their publication. Most self-respecting people are much more easily led than driven, and when the A. K. C. says "you must register in our stud book or you cannot show under our rules," *they make it certain either that shows will be held under other rules than theirs*, or else that the shows which are held under their rules will be failures from a financial standpoint, as well as in numbers of the dogs shown.

The sense of justice inherent in every man will rebel at such an arbitrary rule as this, and we venture to predict that if it is enforced, dog shows this year will show such a falling off as will astonish those delegates to the A. K. C. who were concerned in the passage of this rule. In all the history of dog shows in America no such serious blow has been given to these interests as is threatened by the passage of this rule.—FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 15.

THE SECOND GUN.

Coercion will not succeed here any more than in Ireland. Neither will any attempt at muzzling the press or prohibiting free speech. A temporary success may flatter those who, sitting in a dark room without any windows, have necessarily a restricted view, but those who look ahead, investigate and see and argue for better administration will eventually succeed. As for the resolution compelling registration of all entries at A. K. C. shows, it simply means we cannot make the official pay by the voluntary support of the breeders, and in order to protect our pecuniary interests we must coerce people and make those support us who don't wish to do so. I can see other results likely to accrue from this and the refusal to acknowledge non-members' shows, but they are yet to be developed; but this is not the time to expatiate on that subject.—*Porcupine in Sporting Life.*

THE THIRD GUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a special meeting held to-day to consider Rule 2 of the American Kennel Club, it was moved and voted that the secretary be requested to notify the American Kennel Club that the New England Kennel Club withdraws from the American Kennel Club on account of the following clause in said rule: "Rule 2. Every dog * * * must be entered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book," etc.

J. W. NEWMAN, Sec.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.

THE FOURTH GUN.

[*By Wire to Forest and Stream.*]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The New Haven Kennel Club has voted to withdraw from the American Kennel Club.—S. R. HEMINGWAY.

REVERBERATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first entries to close for the year 1888 will be for the Collie Club sweepstakes announced to be held at the New York show. I am an owner of one or two puppies I thought I would enter in this sweepstakes, but the new robbery rule of the A. K. C. renders it impossible for me as an independent American citizen, opposed to the revival of the ideas of government upset a century ago, to support any show which will aid in the carrying out of the new rule. Time is short and I would urge upon the Collie Club managers the necessity of advising the would-be subscribers to the sweepstakes what their position is.

I would also say the same to the Philadelphia Kennel Club officers who I notice announce a series of sweepstakes with entries closing Jan. 15. The success of Philadelphia this year depends upon the club following in the footsteps of the New England Kennel Club and repudiating the robbery rule. This is no time to be fooling about. Philadelphia wants the cream of the entries which she will have if she strikes off from the opposition. Exhibitors will draw a very sharp distinction between New York and Philadelphia if the former attempts to stay by the robbery rule and the latter repudiates it. A BREEDER AND EXHIBITOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe that all dogs that are exhibited at any show should registered, and I do not care a continental whether in *American Kennel Register* or American Kennel Club Stud Book, and I would go so far as to have a rule to prevent any dog being exhibited with "pedigree unknown." What would Beaufort, Graphic, Brackett, Naso of Kippen, Nick of Naso, Tammany, Bang-Bang, Robert le Diable, be worth if shown with "pedigree unknown?" If dog shows are to improve dogs, let's have blooded dogs. Show catalogues cannot be relied on always, but have the dogs registered in the *American Kennel Register*, or A. K. C. S. B., and for any error in pedigree found that cannot be explained let the exhibitor be suspended. Let's have the views of exhibitors over their own names. A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 17.

[*From the Turf, Field and Farm, Dec. 23.*]

Editors Turf, Field and Farm: When I wrote you a week since I was too mad to go into a discussion of the iniquities of the above rule, and really wrote more to give notice that Sir Lucifer would be out of the way of aspirants in the miscellaneous class, simply referring to the gag rule as the last straw on the camel's back. To seriously discuss the rule itself, I do not think that I am a very marked exception to the ordinary exhibitor in refusing to be bulldozed, and even although the end bulldozed for is really a good one, I am not an unusual crank in refusing to do a thing when forced into it that I might have done willingly enough if allowed a little liberty of action, and I think many exhibitors will say the same, that they will not be dragooned into supporting a stud book whether they like it or not.

Then what will be the actual effect? Remember that dog show are not primarily intended as profitable speculations; incidentally they may be so, if the promoters have good luck, but the underlying ground of their existence is improvement of dogs, gratification of the desire to see good specimens, &c. The entry fees are not intended as affording revenue to the club, but to pay a part of the expenses of the show. Now who are the exhibitors? I take the catalogue of the last Pittsburgh show, as I am better acquainted with the exhibitors there than at any other show. I have gone over the list carefully, and out of 438 exhibits, 191 are by strictly local exhibitors; exhibitors who never show elsewhere than in Pittsburgh. In addition to those I have selected, there are a great many names that I never heard of at any other show, but I keep the number strictly within those I know as only local exhibitors. One of these exhibitors gets a premium list and comes to the show office to make an entry; he sees that the entry fee is $2, and puts up that amount, but the secretary says: "Oh, no! I want fifty cents more." "What for," says the innocent exhibitor, "don't your premium list say two dollars?" "Yes, but there is fifty cents for the official register, the American Kennel Club Stud Book." The exhibitor's answer will depend greatly on whether he is a cussing man or not; if he is, he will probably intimate his wishes that the show, the secretary and the "official" be insured from warm weather for a long time. At all events, his action will probably be a walk out of the secretary's office without filling out his entry blank. Is there anything unreasonable in his so doing? Is it a legitimate part of a dog show to collect money for an outside operation? Allow that the "official" is a kindred industry to dog showing, is it one that an exhibitor may properly be coerced into supporting?

Any reasonable exhibitor will cheerfully agree to such an entry fee as is proper to cover the show expense, but when it comes to his contributing to something he never heard of, don't care a fig for, that has no evidence of its existence, he very naturally suspects a swindle and an extortion, and kicks. Then suppose the exhibitor has entered his dog in the *American Kennel Register*. That satisfies him on that score; the dog is recorded where all who run may read, and know all that is required to be known. What does he care for an "official" record? What better is it that what he has?

This is as far as I dare to trespass on your space at present, and with your permission I will dissect how much "official" character the A. K. C. S. Book has, how far it is the work of the A. K. C., and what is the quality of the work it has done, as well as some of the childish folly perpetrated at the late A. K. C. meeting. Yours truly, W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 17, 1887.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.

[*From a Special Reporter to Forest and Stream.*]

FLORENCE, Ala., Dec. 16.—Wednesday morning the weather was cool and damp. Following is a summary of the running in the Derby:

Second Series.

Ollie S. beat Miss Thompson.
Jacobin beat Latonia.
King's Mark beat Hector.
Jack Modoc beat Cinch.
Dave R. beat Sunshine.
Laddy beat Lilly B.
Joey B. a bye.

Third Series.

Joey B. beat Ollie S.
Dave R. beat King's Mark.
Jacobin beat Jack Modoc.

Thursday morning the weather was cool and clear for the

Fourth Series.

Dave R. beat Laddy.
Joey B. beat Jacobin.

Final for First Place.

Dave R. beat Joey B.

Final for Second Place.

Joey B. beat Laddy.

The judges divided third money between Laddy, Jack Modoc, Ollie S. and Jacobin. The judges were Messrs. H. M. Markley, I. M. Brumby and J. H. Whitman. Dave R., the winner, is by Gath's Hope out of Daisy F. The Mandan race was not run as parties could not agree on rules. The drawing of the

ALL-AGED STAKE

took place Wednesday night. There were 51 entries, and out of this number 31 starters. The order of running was:

Cassio against Daisy F.
Dad Wilson against Effie Hill.
Lad of Bow against Tasso.
Nellie Cambridge against Bessie B.
Joy of Prince William against Noble C.
Spot against King's Mark.
Lass of Bow against Rena.
Rod's Gem against Bun Roy.
Cyclone against Keystone.
Jean Valjean against Dan.
Nat Goodwin against Bow of Portland.
Chance against King Noble.
King's Dan against Pap Smizer.
Bohemian Girl against Gay Gladstone.
Graphic III. against Joe Pape.
Prince Mack a bye.

The stake was begun on Thursday at 12:30, immediately after the finish of the Derby. The judges were Messrs. Gilbert, Brumby and Markley. Daisy F. beat Cassio in a brilliant heat. Dad Wilson beat Effie Hill, Dad showing much the best on game.

Friday morning the weather was cool and clear, but toward noon it was cloudy and threatened rain the remainder of the day. Lad of Bow and Tasso were the first brace; they ran a very poor heat, which the judges have not decided. Nellie Cambridge beat Bessie B., Nellie showing well on game. Noble C. beat Joy of Prince William in a heat void of interest. Spot beat King's Mark in a fair heat. Lass of Bow beat Rena, out-classing her all round. Rod's Gem and Bun Roy heat undecided. Keystone beat Cyclone, Keystone showing well on game.

Special to Forest and Stream.

FLORENCE, Ala., Dec. 19.—Undecided heat between Lad of Bow and Tasso given to Lad. Undecided heat between Rod's Gem and Bun Roy given to Rod's Gem. Saturday morning, Dec. 17, weather cool and cloudy. Jean Valjean beat Dan. Chance beat Beau of Portland. Nat Goodwin beat King Noble. Pap Smizer beat King's Dan. Bohemian Girl beat Gay Gladstone in a fine heat, both dogs showing well. Joe Pape beat Graphic III. Prince a bye. Monday morning, Dec. 19, weather cool and cloudy. Second series, Dad Wilson beat Prince. Lad of Bow beat Daisy F. Nellie Cambridge beat Noble C. in a nice heat on the part of Nellie. Spot beat Lass of Bow. Keystone beat Rod's Gem. Jean Valjean beat Pap Smizer. Nat Goodwin beat Bohemian Girl. Chance beat Joe Pape. This finished the second series. In the third series Lad of Bow beat Dad Wilson. This ended the work for the day.

The Champion Stake was declared off to-day, it being impossible to procure judges.

Many prominent sportsmen are present and the trials each day are witnessed by a goodly number of interested spectators. Among those here are: Major Renfroe and J. W. Martin, Atlanta, Ga.; Col. J. H. Trezevant, Dallas, Tex.; P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. R. Stice, Jacksonville, Ill.; E. O. Hurd and R. S. Waddell, Cincinnati, O.; B. P. Holliday, G. A. Lougee and Wm. Strickland, Mississippi, F. I. Stone and F. J. Waddell, Chattanooga, Tenn.; R. M. Dudley, J. M. Lasseter and Andrew Young, Nashville; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; Dr. Maclin and Major Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.; John Bolus, Wooster, O.; J. Mack, New York; H. W. Fuller, Louisville, Ky.; W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.; T. S. Martin, Lexington, Ky.; C. G. Stoddard, Dayton, O., and many others with whose names I am not familiar.

[*By wire to Forest and Stream.*]

FLORENCE, Ala., Dec. 20.—Morning cloudy and stiff wind. Jean Valjean beat Spot. Chance beat Nellie Cambridge. Keystone beat Nat Goodwin. Fine work on part of Key. Fourth series: Jean Valjean beat Lad of Bow in a good heat. Chance beat Keystone. Fifth series: Jean Valjean beat Chance and won first. A brilliant heat on the part of Jean. Sixth series: Lad of Bow beat Spot. Chance beat Lad of Bow and won second. The judges selected Daisy F., Lad of Bow and Keystone as the best beaten dogs and divided third equally between them. Jean Valjean, the winner, is a game goer, very stylish on point and very decided in his work.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THOMASVILLE, N. C., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby you state that Luke White and Mr. Tucker protested the decision in the case of Ossian and Waterford being placed equal third. So we did, but I believe we had much stronger grounds for doing so than your readers are apt to infer from your report.

Neither of us protested in our own behalf, as we had no reason that I am aware of, for believing that we would receive any part of the awards. On the contrary I knew that my dog would not be selected because he was beaten by Ossian, whose right no one disputed, and it would be inconsistent to give Roger Williams equal honors with a dog that had actually beaten him in the third series.

The reason we protested was this, two of the judges stated in the presence of most reliable witnesses that Waterford was not as good as several other dogs in the stake, and when asked why they placed him in preference to better ones, they accounted for doing so by stating what was clearly a misapprehension of Rule 20, of the E. F. T. Club's Running Rules, viz.: "We could not help ourselves, as we were bound by the rules to select from the dogs beaten by the winner of second place." This belief was soon dispelled by looking at the rules, which plainly state that all prizes besides first and second, may be awarded by selecting from all the other dogs in the stake.

The judges had a perfect right to select Waterford and no one could dispute their selection on any grounds whatever, provided only that they believed him to be the best dog in the stake after Joey B., Go Bang and Ossian. They stated that they did not believe him to be as good as several other eligible dogs and we entered a protest simply and only in the interest of fair play to all. You say "the Board of Governors very properly refused to sustain the protest." Then kindly inform me who is at fault, for there is "corn" somewhere and I will cheerfully acknowledge it if it can be laid at my door. Waterford had a bye in the first series, was beaten in the next series and only beat Romeo (who was off his nose by your report) in the tie for second. Your report states that he ran "fairly well," while the work of Dave R. and other competitors is spoken of in far higher terms. Still this may be all right, but the question is, Did the judges place Waterford equal third with Ossian because they believed him better than all other eligible dogs in the stake? I heard two of them say, No. Will they deny that they said so?

I hope the Board of Governors of the E. F. T. Club will see the inconsistency of offering an equal third, which cannot consistently be awarded in the spirit it is intended. A fourth prize would be far better.

With all their faults, I love and admire field trials, but it is just about time to try and get things right. I never protested before in my life, but in future I shall not hesitate to do so when I believe a mistake may be corrected or any good accomplished by such action. Nothing that I have said or done was intended to reflect on the honor or integrity of the judges, for I believe them to be above board in every respect. I thought I discovered an error and I called attention to it, and I shall have to keep thinking so until a clearer explanation is given than your report embraces.

LUKE W. WHITE.

IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I exceedingly regret the articles as to this dog that have appeared in your last two issues; partly because they seem to attach a value to my opinions that I neither desire nor deserve, and because the whole affair arose from a misunderstanding. However, the tone in which Mr. Moore attacks the original article, seems to me to call for reply.

As I understand it, that article appeared entirely on account of the error in A. K. R., by which it was made to appear that Chancellor was owned by Dr. Lougest, of Liverpool, England, which disposes of the charge of Mr. Marshall attempting a "free ad.," a matter not needing any "disposition" to those who know Mr. M. Imperial Chancellor is one of the four Crown Prince dogs that I have seen, that have good hocks. Debonair, Prince Waldemar and Ilford Cambria being the others. Lorna Doone is fair, but not good. Imperial Chancellor is unmistakably a larger dog than any other Crown Prince one that ever came over here, and after a careful search over show reports, stud books, etc., I am sure that there was never another Crown Prince dog shown that was his equal in size. Orlanda may have weighed as much as Chancellor does, but he had not the height, length, bone and muscle. As to Ilford Caution, the comparison is odious, they never figured in the same day in England. Caution never won a first except in a puppy class.

Chancellor won something like half a dozen, and beat many distinguished dogs. Chancellor was always a light-fleshed dog, active and strong; Ilford Caution was always a fat, lazy, flabby dog, and never walked an active step in his life. Where he surpasses Chancellor in size must be due to fat, not muscle. Mr. Moore surely made a slip of the pen when he mentioned Caution's larger ears, for that is one of the dog's great defects. As to hocks, Chancellor is a bit cow-hocked, as well as I can remember, but it certainly is very little; and Mr. Moore should remember that the English papers put down Minting as both cow-hocked and crooked-legged, and I will go as far as Mr. Moore will in disputing this. However, cow hocks are but a small blemish, even in a specimen, as compared with the wretched straight ones that disgrace most of the Crown Prince line, and in a stud dog are no defect whatever, for they are invariably the result of bad rearing and are not transmitted to the get, while straight hocks are one of the most potent defects of transmission.

A mastiff is simply of use as a watch; as such, it is his first duty to spring on an offender and knock him down. To this, cow hocks are no impediment; but with straight hocks a dog can only rear up and fall forward, he cannot get his hindfeet far enough under him to get his weight on them to spring.

It is curious that all this Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia litter should be in this country, and no two of them at all resembling each other, that beautiful bitch of Mr. Aston's, Ilford Cambria, being the third. These are all that I can find in the Stud Book. When three litter brothers and sisters vary so greatly, the results of the stud produce will be an interesting study. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 7.

JOHNNY AND DRAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is now upward of six months since I requested Mr. Mason to back up the statement publicly made by him in the widely circulated columns of FOREST AND STREAM, that "Drake is a much better dog than Johnny." In the next issue to that in which my letter appeared was published one from him, in which he anything but complied with my request. I then wrote requesting him to stick to the point at issue and he did not reply. Four months ago I wrote again reminding him of my request, and still there is no answer. I hope nothing is the matter with Mr. Mason, as I should be sorry to hear that he was unable to use his pen. As, however, he has written two or three times in FOREST AND STREAM since then, I do not think he can be on the sick list. Mere forgetfulness, probably. Should this meet his eye it will serve to remind him of the promise contained in his Hartford report. I would also refer him to FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 4, Vol. XXIX., No. 2, in which issue I compared the two dogs point by point, and settled the Newark judging. If Mr. Mason is still in doubt as to the correctness of this statement and Mr. Hemingway persists in his misstatement of fact, I will undertake to procure the affidavits of Mr. Richardson, Mr. Tallman and Mr. Martin, duly sworn before a notary public, to sustain my account of the affair.

In my last letter I inadvertently omitted one or two points in which Johnny is Drake's superior. I will therefore enumerate them now. Johnny has a straight, broad, powerful back, while Drake's is not sraight and is not nearly so broad or powerful. Johnny's loin is also much better than his brother's.

I have obtained the following measurements which will serve to throw light on the subject. It must be remembered that the dogs were worked very hard during the past autumn and are thin and in anything but show condition:

	Johnny.	Drake.
Girth of head	18½	19
Girth of jaw	11½	10½
Length of head	9 9-16	9
Length from nose to eyes	4	3½
Length from occiput to eyes	6¼	6
Height at shoulder	18	18¼
Girth of chest	29¼	26½
Girth of foreleg	8	7

It will be noticed that there are discrepancies in the measurements of lengths of the heads, but the full length measurements were taken over the tops of the heads, not down the stop and along the nose. I ask Mr. Mason to compare the foregoing carefully and draw his own conclusion. I have no doubt of what it will be and feel confident that he will acknowledge that he was in error. Every man is liable to make mistakes, and when it is proved to him that he was wrong he loses nothing, but rather gains, by frankly acknowledging his error of judgment.

Before concluding I must correct an error which crept into my last letter. It reads, * * * "he (Johnny) may be a little more throaty than Drake." This is wrong. Johnny is decidedly throaty while Drake is not, therefore he beats Johnny in this particular. Honor where honor is due.

A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.

WINSTED SHOW.

THE third annual dog show of the Winsted Kennel Club was held at Winsted, Conn., on Dec. 14, 15 and 16. There were over one hundred entries, and the quality was excellent, particularly in the spaniel, beagle and fox-terrier classes. The judges were Dr. H. Clay Glover, of New York, for setters and pointers, and Mr. James Watson, of Philadelphia, for all other classes. The full list of awards was as follows:

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st and special, D. Strong's Don II.; 2d, G. L. Forkett & Co.'s Bessie.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and special, E. D. Holt's Prince; 2d, withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st and special, Chequasset Kennels' Norman.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, withheld; 2d and special, J. K. Parson's Bevis.

POINTERS.—1st and special, A. Spring's Capt. Bogardus; 2d, L. Bevan's Rex; 3d, G. E. Marble's Kirkermer. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d and special, A. Spring's Sportsman.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, A. J. Lee's Don Belton; 2d, Perry Hill's Prince Fred II.; 3d, J. E. Hair's Rock. Very high com., E. E. Sackett's Dell. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. A. Cairns's Cleopatra.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Isaac Ferguson's Macduff. *Bitches:* 1st and special, Isaac Ferguson's Adaline; 2d, D. Maxwell's Press II. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Maxwell's Nip.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, E. Lustig's Siva.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Walter Scott's Black Flash; 2d, S. R. Hemingway's Ruler II.; 3d, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot. Very high com., Pearl Lake Obo.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—W. West's Doc.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Baby Obo; 2d, G. H. Carr's Obo V.; 3d, W. H. Moseley's Jerry. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Moseley's Riette; 2d, J. P. Willey's Beatrice W.; 3d, W. Scott's Uno.—OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, J. B. Daniel's Pete. *Puppies:* 1st, W. Scott's Jennie; 2d, W. H. Moseley's Jerry.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, W. Scott's Gipsey.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—1st and special, C. F. Judson's Twinkle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. F. Judson's Racer, Jr.; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Keen's Moddy.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Blemton Kennels' Lucifer.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal; 2d, T. Bland's Vet. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Tiara; 2d, Dr. C. I. Bailey's Mt. Toby Sparkle. *Puppies:* 1st and special, A. H. Norton's Mt. Toby Primrose; 2d, Dr. C. I. Bailey's Mt. Toby Sparkle.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st and special, C. E. Osborne's Lothian Chief and Clarence Bryant's Ben Lomond. High com., W. J. Martin's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Osborne's Lothian Maid II.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. D. Cugle's Merry Monarch; 2d, E. S. Porter's Caliban. Very high com., C. E. Pani's Tostig. *Bitches:* C. D. Cugle's Soudan.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. D. Cugle's Jackson. *Bitches:* 1st and special, Guard Bros.' Lady Winchester; 2d, J. E. Maddrah's Blanche; 3d, E. H. Mallette's Tip. *Puppies:* 1st, Guard Bros.' Lady Winchester; 2d, G. S. Rowe's Duke of Winchester; 3d, C. D. Cugle's Jackson.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—1st and special, Chequasset Kennels' Young Tohy. *Dogs:* 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Chequasset Diamond; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Victory. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Duke.

TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN CHAMPION—1st and special, G. B. Owen's Diogenes; 2d, W. Scott's Jumbo.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and special, E. S. Andrews's Fly.

BEST BRACE OF SPANIELS.—J. P. Willey.

IMPORTANT BEAGLE PURCHASES.

—Wrightsville, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to inform you that I am again the owner of champion Bannerman, having repurchased him from Mr. F. T. Lane of Glencoe, Ill. He is as sprightly and vigorous as ever. I also purchased from Mr. Lane that splendid little bitch Una, winner of first and special, Chicago, 1884, there beating Champ, Bonnie and others. I also bought Dots, a very good bitch, and others. Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, of Baltimore, Md., the owner of the Woodbrook Beagle Kennel, has disposed of the last of his kennel to me, viz: Goodwood Music, a grand brood bitch, full of that quality requisite in a brood bitch. Mr. Diffenderfer, in speaking of her field qualities, wrote me, "She has few or no equals in the field." Goodwood Rally, one of the most promising dogs it has ever been my good fortune to own or see. King William is another of the dogs bought of Mr. Diffenderffer.—A. C. KRUEGER.

KINO.—Cleveland, O., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see Mr. Schellhass would like to know the breeding of the English beagle Kino. I am positive that I bred the dog and that he is litter brother to my champion bitch Bonnie. I told this to my friend in Wrightville, Pa., whom I met at the Pittsburgh show last spring, but I guess he thought it would sound better to call the dog imported. In 1884 Dan O'Shea had him in Cleveland. He was not entered right, and so was not shown. My wife and I recognized him at once. We went to O'Shea and asked him where he got him. He told us he was out of his Music by Rattler. As I know Dan to forget about dogs, I wrote the man my dog had been sold to in London, Canada, and I received the reply, "The dog you sold me I sold to Dan O'Shea; you saw him in Cleveland." O'Shea sold him, I think, to Mr. Satterthwaite. Now his telling me he bred him, and others that he imported him, confirms my belief that Kino is the dog without the letter from London. Surely Kino's pedigree is just as good as though he was imported, if not better.—CARL WHITE.

THE COCKER QUESTION.—Hornellsville, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose it is hardly fair to "jump on a man when he is down," but Mr. Charlesworth, who is a breeder but not an exhibitor, and is a writer who is not familar with his subject, has only himself to blame. As I remarked before, he should post himself before he rushes into print and treads where no one else in England or America has dared to (see "The Wanderer's" letter in last issue), and then his ideal cocker (?) will not get called so many hard names. His deep-chested "bloodhound" cocker caps the climax. I well remember once when talking to Mr. Kirk about the weasel-shaped Helen that he said "he knew she was faulty, but then she has such a nice round body." That is just what a real cocker always had, and what our standard calls for now; "ribs well sprung, body well ribbed back, and short in coupling." Come again, Mr. C., and in time you may learn what a cocker looks like.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

MASTIFF PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES.—Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Mastiff Club offers at the coming show of the Westminster Kennel Club to be held in New York city, Feb. 21 to 24, 1888, mastiff sweepstakes, for puppies born in the United States or Canada on or after Feb. 1, 1887, and entered at this show, $25 added by the American Mastiff Club and open to all comers. Entrance fee $5 each, to be paid to the secretary at 9 West Thirty-fifth street, New York city, at the time of entry. The winner to receive 75 per cent. of the sweepstakes, 25 per cent. to go to the second. With the entry a certificate from the breeder of the date of birth of the contestant will be required. Entries close Feb. 6, 1885. By order Executive Committee, American Mastiff Club.

MORGAN EXPRESSES THANKS.—And all those who attended the trials at High Point will appreciate what he says: "HIGH POINT, N. C., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have not experienced any time any better than we have in 1887 at the Eastern Field Trials. For this has been the best Trial in our Town, and it is a good thing to our Town and we hope it will retinue in our Town. We know times are hard and we are glad to see it coming to our Town because it helps us out while times is hard. The gentlemen says they cannot find any fault whatever, for they have been taken better care of this time than they have since they have been coming.—MORGAN TILMAN.

SALE OF SARSFIELD.—Peekskill, N. Y., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have sold to Mr. W. W. Sweeney, of Gem Kennels, Chardon, Ohio, my imported Irish setter dog Sarsfield (Champion Garryowen—Currer Belle II.). I part with him for no fault. He is a grandly made dog of superb style, and judging by what I have seen of him in the field, he is all Mr. Giltrap and the London *Field* claimed. His puppies are handsome and I have some very flattering reports of some of them that have been on game this fall. As a stock dog, he is a success, and should, and does, nick well with bitches of the Elcho strain.—WM. H. PIERCE.

PUG MEDAL.—Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will offer as a special prize a gold medal, to be known as the Geo. W. Fisher gold medal, for the best stud pug dog under 15lbs., at the Westminster Kennel Club show, the Philadelphia and Boston shows this spring. The value of the medal is $10, and will be very handsome and neat, and it must be won three times by the same dog before it can be claimed. In case it can not be divided in the above named shows it will be as a special in the next shows held under A. K. C. rules.—GEO. W. FISHER.

TOY DOG SHOW.—The first annual exhibition of the New York Poultry Exchange held at Madison Square Garden Dec. 14 to 21 had a department for toy dogs. There were 31 entries and four litters of puppies. The exhibit comprised one wire-haired fox-terrier, one black and tan terrier, seven Yorkshire and two toy terriers, five pugs, two King Charles, two Blenheim and one Japanese spaniels.

WEIGHT OF MASTIFF PUPS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. J. P. Thompson, of Johnstown, Pa., desires me to say that his English mastiff pup Sandycroft Burly, which was bred by me, weighed when nine months old 143¼lbs. This is 6lbs. more than the Amidon dog, and is, I believe, the heaviest mastiff weight for that age yet recorded. —VICTOR M. HALDEMAN (Milford, Del., Dec. 15).

MONARCH'S RECORD.—Boston, Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just to-day learned that my Monarch did not receive a special prize at the show, as I have it advertised. You will therefore please take the word special out.—E. B. SEARS.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Devonshire Queen II. By Dr. S. W. Clark, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1887, by Mort of Naso (Nick of Naso—Temptation) out of Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127).

Motion B., Max B., Minnie B., Millie B., Maudie B. and Mattie B. By H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniels, two dogs and four bitches, whelped Oct. 30, 1887, by Black Pete, Jr. (Black Pete—Miss Ginger) out of Althea (A.K.R. 842).

Nellie L. By Sam Langdon, Augusta, Ga., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 25, 1886, by Gratton (Elcho—Rose) out of Nannie (Elcho II.—Dell).

Moll Pitcher. By Jas. A. Whitten, Lynn, Mass., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 16, 1887, by Tim (A.K.R. 3988) out of Floss (A.K.R. 3437).

Lady Teazel. By Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by Victor Joseph (Beauchief—Bertha) out of Hermita (Hermit—Daphne II.).

San Diego. By Henry Fierman, San Diego, Cal., for white, with brown mark around one eye, bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 19, 1887, by Silk II. (Hinks's Silk—Puss) out of Pansy Royal (Young Royal Prince—Princess Louise).

Nix and Clover. By F. L. Webster, Lawrence, Kan., for white bull-terrier dog and white, brown markings, bitch, whelped Aug. 19, 1887, by Silk II. (Hinks's Silk—Puss) out of Pansy Royal (Young Royal Prince—Princess Louise).

Midget Pug Kennels. By L. S. Hudson, Lansing, Mich., for his kennels of pugs.

NAMES CHANGED.

Tom to Don John. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1886, by Smut (imported Rover—Nixey) out of Ready (Czar—Dot), owned by Horace Turner, Detroit, Mich.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ilford Claudia—Minting. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Ilford Claudia (Ilford Caution—Brenda II.) to his Minting (Maximilian—Cambrian Princess), Oct. 3.

Boss Gretchen—Ilford Caution. T. G. Avery's (Buffalo, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Boss Gretchen (Boss— ——) to E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution, Dec. 11.

Nova B.—Gus Bondhu. W. H. Beede's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Nova B. (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle) to A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu, Nov. 28.

Phyllis—Black Pete II. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293) to his Black Pete II. (Black Pete—Althea, A.K.R. 842), Nov. 24.

Pluck—Reckoner. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Pluck (Dudley Crash—Cabal) to his Reckoner (Regent—Nita), Nov. 5.

Di—Reckoner. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Di (A.K.R. 2694) to his Regent (Regent—Nita), Nov. 25.

Richmond Dazzle—Reckoner. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Dazzle (A.K.R. 5031) to his Reckoner (Regent—Nita), Nov. 26.

Baby Susie—Reckoner. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Baby Susie (A.K.R. 4113) to his Reckoner (Regent—Nita), Nov. 20.

Lorna II.—Chieftain. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna II. (A.K.R. 336) to his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726), Nov. 14.

Thora—Chieftain. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Thora (A.K.R. 4034) to his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726), Nov. 21.

Countess Zina—Bran: J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Countess Zina (A.K.R. 4031) to his Bran (A.K.R. 2612), Nov. 11.

Miss Mixture—Belgrave Primrose. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Miss Mixture (Mixture—Shame) to his Belgrave Primrose (Belgrave Jerry—Wasp), Nov. 14.

Lulu—Barry II. W. J. Ehrich's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Lulu (Nero, A.K.R. 3762—Ruth, A.K.R. 3145) to his Barry II. (A.K.R. 3760), Nov. 18.

Bessie Noble—Planter. O. D. Thees's (New York) English setter bitch Bessie Noble (Count Noble—Lady May) to Percy Ohl's Planter (Dashing Rover—Vanette), Dec. 1.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nerina. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Nerina (Nero III.—Idalia), Dec. 15, twelve (four dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' Duke of Lancaster (Plinlimmon— ——).

Ilford Claudia. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Ilford Claudia (Ilford Caution—Brenda II.), Dec. 3, eleven (four dogs), by his Minting (Maximilian—Cambrian Princess).

Dolly Dale. E. R. Johnson's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Dolly Dale (Walter's Grouse—Daisy Dale), Dec. 8, nine (three dogs), by C. Fred Crawford's Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.).

Brazen. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Brazen (A.K.R. 4723), Nov. 5, two dogs, by his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Lyra. J. E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lyra (A.K.R. 2196), Dec. 13, three (two dogs), by his Mixture (A.K.R. 2999).

Stella. W. J. Ehrich's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Stella (A.K.R. 3146), Oct. 10, ten (five dogs), by his Barry II. (A.K.R. 3760).

Myra. N. Myer's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Myra (Nero, A.K.R. 3762—Favorite), Dec. 4, thirteen (six dogs), by W. J. Ehrich's Barry II. (A.K.R. 3760).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sarsfield. Red Irish setter dog, age not given, by Garryowen out of Currer Belle II., by Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to W. W. Sweeney, Chardon, O.

Blossom. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 19, 1887, by Silk II. (A.K.R. 738) out of Pansy Royal, by Frank L. Webster, Lawrence, Kan., to W. T. Ingram, Omaha, Neb.

San Diego. White, brown around one eye, bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 19, 1887, by Silk II. out of Pansy Royal, by Frank L. Webster, Lawrence, Kan., to Henry Fierman, San Diego, Cal.

Lady Teazel. Orange tawny, correct white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by Victor Joseph out of Orgar, by C. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., to Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H.

Mettlehorn. Orange tawny, correct white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 4, 1887, by Grimsell out of Hermita, by Contoocook Kennels, Peterborough, N. H., to A. Miller, Providence, R. I.

Ray. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1881, by Guy Mannering out of Lemonade, by Jules Reynal, White Plains, N. Y., to Franklin Satterthwaite, Newark, N. J. [This is a correction of notice in last issue.]

Max B. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 20, 1887, by Black Pete, Jr., out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to E. E. Myrick, Augusta, Me.

King Harry. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped Oct. 20, 1887, by Brown's Follie out of Fanny B., by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to Geo. T. Howard, Little Compton, R. I.

Jumbo. Tan Great Dane dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1887, by Thyrus II. (A.K.R. 4836) out of Helen (A.K.R. 4855), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to E. A. Buck, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Black Jocko. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 25, 1887, by Black Pete out of Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to C. G. Lincoln, Hartford, Conn.

Helen. Tan Great Dane bitch, whelped Sept. 20, 1886 (A.K.R. 4865), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to E. A. Buck, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Tom. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1886, by Smut out of Ready, by J. E. Patterson, Detroit, Mich., to Horace Turner, same place.

Devonshire Queen. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 18, 1884 (A.K.R. 3127), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to F. W. Payne, New York.

Peggie. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 5, 1887, by Bruce II. (A.K.R. 4643) out of Madge III. (A.K.R. 4880), by Chas. H. Pratt, Norwood, Mass., to Miss Maud Kent, M.D., Walpole, Mass.

Merry Monarch. Fawn bulldog, whelped April 27, 1884, by Monarch out of Penzie, by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., to Camilo Enrique Pani, Aguascalientes, Mexico.

Tostig. White, brindle face marking, bulldog, whelped Aug. 2, 1885 (A.K.R. 2225), by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., to Camilo Enrique Pani, Aguascalientes, Mexico.

Jackson. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Feb. 29, 1887, by Prince out of Fanny, by C. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., to Camilo Enrique Pani, Aguascalientes, Mexico.

Soudan. White bull bitch, whelped Oct. 4, 1884, by Billy out of Zoo, by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., to Camilo Enrique Pani, Aguascalientes, Mexico.

Beatrice. White, fawn face markings, bull bitch, whelped April 3, 1887, by Rustic King out of Soudan, by Chas. D. Cugle, Hartford, Conn., to Camilo Enrique Pani, Aguascalientes, Mexico.

Tom Caution. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 20, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Winchell's Bess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Louis Hasbrouck, Gopdensburg, N. Y.

Brenda. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 17, 1882, by Turk out of Lioness, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Frank C. Graves, Franktown, Col.

Ilford Prince. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 27, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Bess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Wm. M. DeBois, Annapolis Royal, N. S.

Prince Karl. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 19, 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to J. Louis White, Boston, Mass.

Turk. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 19, 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to E. H. R. Lyman, Northampton, Mass.

Gladys. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 3, 1886, by Ilford Cautian out of Bona, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to F. C. Myers, Oakland, Cal.

Duke Ronald. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 11, 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Sequa, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Otto W. Volger, Buffalo, N. Y.

Jumbo. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped April 27, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Fannie, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to S. H. Myers, Augusta, Ga.

Carlotta. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1886, by Ilford Caution out of Fannie, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Frank C. Graves, Franktown, Col.

Silk II.—Pansy Royal whelp. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 19, 1887, by Frank L. Webster, Lawrence, Kan., to J. H. Rucker, Athens, Ga.

Chieftain—Ramona whelp. Fawn deerhound dog, whelped September, 1887, by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Harrison, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chieftain—Lorna II. whelp. Fawn deerhound bitch, whelped June, 1887, by J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., to W. T. Lawson, New York.

Ilford Caution—Bess whelp. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped July July 20, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to L. A. Hall, Boston, Mass.

Merchant Prince—Sequa whelp. Orange and white St. Bernards, whelped Jan. 11, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., a dog each to F. M. Freemont, Atlanta, Ga.; Chas. D. Freeman, New York, and Marcus Beebe, Malden, Mass., and a bitch to S. C. Heald, Boston, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

AMATEUR, Lowell.—Are warts in a dog's mouth indicative of disease, and is it necessary to remove them? I have a pointer the whole side of whose mouth is one continuous line of warts. Ans. No, warts are, as a rule, not indicative of general disease. If not large enough to cause trouble in deglutition, they can be left alone. They can be removed by touching them with fuming nitric acid on a match or pine stick. Puppies are more subject to distemper than dogs over a year old.

G. M., Newark.—1. Can you tell me why my Irish setter is losing all of her hair? It comes out by the handful. She seems perfectly well. I feed boiled Indian meal, with the addition of the leavings from the table. Her hair came out the same way last June. 2. Please tell me what is good for worms in a setter puppy 8mos. old. Ans. 1. Give Fowler's solution of arsenic, 5 drops morning and evening in the food. 3. Give a purge of castor oil, 2 teaspoonsful, and 4 hours later give 20grs. of powdered areca nut made into a large pill with lard.

W. S. S., Red Jacket, Mich.—Having no veterinary up here, I beg to trouble you again. The canker receipt you sent me worked a perfect cure in my Newfoundland dog. He is in perfect coat, spirits and health, except for the other trouble described. He is well-built and powerful, but is getting perceptibly weak in his hindlegs and quarters. Has had the distemper, and think he is over it. Ans. We do not think the symptom you mention is serious. Give 5 drops of tincture of nux vomica three times daily in a little sweetened water. Keep the bowels clear.

B. B. H., Harrisburg, Pa.—My Irish setter, 8mos. old, has for four or five days been having from one to three fits a day. They begin by his eyes becoming set, shaking head violently; and frothing at month, he will fall down in convulsions lasting two or three minutes, and on rising he seems to be blind, running over and against anything in his road. In 15 minutes he seems all right, but cries as if in pain. Appetite good. Ans. Purge with castor oil, tablespoonful. Do not feed meat. Exercise regularly. Look for worms.

F. A. P., Bath, Me.—Can you tell me of anything I can use to stop my dog from continually scratching. He had the red mange last summer, but I cured him of that all right. I wash him once a week in borax water, and use Fowler's solution, but it does not stop him from scratching himself on his forelegs and stomach. I feed him dog bread, oatmeal and scraps from the table, and give him exercise. Ans. Keep bowels free and use the following ointment night and morning after washing:

℞ Ung. zinc oxid.....℥iss.
Ung. diachylon.....℥ss.
Mix. Sig. External.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—The riflemen shot in the regular matches at Walnut Hill Range to-day. The weather conditions were not first-class, and the scores for the most part were below the average. The record of to-day is as follows;

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200Yds.

O M Jewell	9	7	5	10	9	10	10	8	10	8—86
	5	8	10	10	8	7	10	8	9	8—83
W H Oler	9	10	9	7	10	6	9	6	9	6—81
	8	10	8	10	7	9	7	8	8	6—81
G G Franklin	7	9	9	6	8	8	9	6	8	7—77
A Loring (mil)	9	6	6	6	8	10	7	9	7	9—77
	6	7	9	10	8	7	5	4	6	10—72
W O Burnite (mil)	7	8	6	8	4	7	10	9	8	9—76
	10	4	8	6	6	4	9	10	7	6—70
W Bennett	6	9	9	8	4	6	7	5	5	6—64

Rest Match, 200Yds.

J Francis	12	9	11	11	12	12	11	12	9	10—109
	11	10	10	12	10	11	12	10	11	11—108
D L Chase	11	11	11	9	9	10	11	12	12	12—108
H J Foster	11	9	8	12	12	11	10	11	12	11—107
	12	12	7	9	12	12	12	10	9	11—106
W Chester	12	11	11	11	9	10	6	11	12	12—105
	10	11	12	10	11	11	10	10	12	8—105
W H Oler	10	10	10	12	12	11	11	9	10	9—104
	12	10	9	10	12	10	12	9	11	9—104
Dudley	11	8	8	7	11	11	11	9	9	12— 96

Military Creedmoor Practice Match, 200Yds.

W O Burnite	5454454554—45	Dickson	4443443545—40
F W Franklin	4445445555—45	A McCarthy	4533055555—40
A Loring	4454545553—44		

TORONTO, Dec. 13.—A very interesting rifle match was shot today between the Bradford and King City clubs over the range of the latter, the former winning by 137 points. The following is the score at 200yds.:

King City.		Bradford.	
J W Crossley	87	N A St Clair	90
Thomas Scott	87	W Homes	89
R Cull	80	D Neilly	85
John H Ross	69	Jos Neilly	84
Dr Norman	62	S A Neilly	82
E J Davis	60	A Neilly	77
John Lonsdale	59	J Doolittle	74
Wm Lonsdale	51	Jas Neilly	64
H Rogers	47	S Metcalf	63
J Cull	32—634	R Neilly	57—771

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, Dec. 17.—200yds., off-hand, standard target:

H Trick	10	9	9	9	8	10	8	9	7	7—86
A Edgerly	8	10	8	6	10	8	9	9	5	10—83
S E Johnson	8	7	8	5	10	8	10	7	6	6 10—77
J Busfield	8	7	7	9	7	7	5	8	8	6 7—72
J F Brown	7	5	8	5	9	7	8	4	9	10—72
F Merrill	5	10	6	9	10	6	6	6	6	6—70
E Brown	9	5	7	8	5	7	8	7	4	8—68
C Wright	6	5	5	5	7	8	7	7	8	4—62
C H Poor	8	7	5	7	4	6	9	5	0	5—56

During the latter part of the summer the butts needed replacing, and there was no shooting at all at the range for several weeks, and during the open season for gunning most of the men have failed to report there, so that at the present time the boys are just beginning to shoot in earnest, and to-day had a very pleasant meeting, with these scores as a result. During the vacation the butts have been enlarged, making room for three targets where we formerly only had one. The shooting house has also been enlarged to double its former size, and the latch string is out. Some new members have come in, and more are expected.—J. P. M.

A RIFLE CALENDAR.—The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. have issued their calendar for 1888. It is a handsome piece of work and will be sent to any reader on receipt of address and 4c. to cover postage.

PAINE VS. BENNETT.—During the present week Ira Paine has been busy in Providence, and in addition to his professional work has been giving some attention to the score made by Mr. Bennett, of Boston, during the week preceding. On Mouday he wrote:

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 12, 1887.—*To the Editor of the Herald:* I beg your pardon for troubling you, but in justice to myself I make one more and final communication concerning that pistol record of Mr. Bennett's. I had ascertained, previous to my letter of Saturday the following facts: That Bennett used the new and improved ammunition, which was not obtainable at my trial; that as long as he used the old ammunition he failed to beat my score; that A. C. Gould, editor of the *Rifle*, knew these facts, but suppressed them; also reported said trials, making the continued assertion that Bennett has beaten "Paine's best record under the same conditions," when he knew such statements were absolutely untrue and misleading to the American public. Friday last, at the Narragansett Club I made 878 points, 10 more than Bennett made the same day, with a .38 instead of .44cal. Smith & Wesson army revolver, losing 12 points by the difference in caliber. The score can all be properly verified. If I do not come to Boston and prove these assertions I authorize you to donate the inclosed $500 to any Boston public charity you may select. When I have the time I will give the new ammunition a trial and send reports accordingly.—CHEVALIER IRA PAINE (14 Delaine street, Providence, R. I.).

This letter was followed by a more formal challenge directed to Mr. Bennett, in which he challenges him to accept one or all of the following wagers: $1,000 that he (Paine) can make more bullseyes in 600 shots than Bennett did or can; $1,000 that he can beat the record made at Walnut Hill; $1,000 that he can shoot 600 shots against Mr. Bennett and beat him, any time or place. He deposited $1,000 each with the Boston *Herald* and *Globe* for Bennett to cover.

On Dec. 16 F. E. Bennett posted a forfeit of $100 and challenged Mr. Paine, who disputes his superiority, to a six-day shooting match for $250 a side and the revolver shooting championship of America, the match to be shot at Walnut Hill between April 1 and June 1, 1888. The conditions for the match proposed by Mr. Bennett are 100 shots per day for six consecutive days, a standard American target, at a distance of 50yds., with a .44-cal. revolver.

Chevalier Paine was shown Mr. Bennett's challenge to him, and said that his engagements would not permit him to answer it. He did not consider Mr. Bennett in his class, and if he wanted to make a match he must look in the same class of amateurs. This shooting he did not consider his best, and he only wanted to beat Bennett's record, and having done that was satisfied.

During the week the Chevalier made of himself a very lively mitrailleuse, he shot 1,900 rounds with a 38-calibre revolver at a standard American target, distance 50yds. and 1ft., Monday, at the grounds of the Narragansett Gun Club, in the presence of the president of the club, E. W. Tinker, and Deputy Chief of the City Police John Brown, who measured the distance and verified the shots. Tuesday he made 190 shots and made 174 bullseyes, with a total of 1670, and out of a possible 1,900 averaged 87.9. The scores were: 89, 85, 87, 85, 90, 92, 87, 89, 86, 85, 92, 85, 85, 91, 87, 88, 91, 88, 88—1,670.

Wednesday he fired 100 shots and made 84 bullseyes, with a total of 874 out of a possible 1,000; average, 87.4. Scores: 92, 89, 89, 86, 88, 85, 85, 83, 89, 85—874. This gives him a total of 2,544 out of a possible 2,900; 258 bullseyes out of a possible 290, and a grand average of 87.69.

On Saturday the 17th, Chevalier Paine completed 600 shots with a revolver at the United States standard target, 50yds. distance, at the grounds of the Narragansett Gun Club, in the presence of Newton Dexter, Esq., of the Rhode Island club, and J. C. Dyer, of the *Journal*. He fired 210 shots, and scored 1,679 out of a possible 2,100, making a grand total of 5,170 with the 600 shots, or 107 more than F. E. Bennett made at Walnut Hill. The ammunition was from the house of William R. Shaeffer, of Boston, and was made by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 18.—Fifteen members were present at the last weekly shoot of the Pistol Club, which resulted in favor of Lard. Following are the scores out of a possible 120:

W J Lard	12	12	12	12	10	10	12	12	11	12	—117
G W Alexander	11	12	11	10	11	12	11	12	12	12	—114
F D Gildersleeve	12	11	9	12	12	12	12	11	11	10	—112
C Neuhaus	11	11	11	12	10	12	11	12	12	10	—112
W Bauer	12	11	12	12	12	11	10	10	11	11	—112
M Summerfield	12	12	12	9	11	11	12	9	12	9	—109
W E Field	8	12	11	11	10	12	12	10	12	11	—109
A E Bengel	12	8	11	10	12	11	12	8	12	11	—107
E C Mohrstadt	12	11	11	9	10	11	11	11	9	11	—106
W H Hettel	10	11	12	10	9	11	11	10	10	11	—105
W C Mackwitz	11	12	11	11	8	10	8	11	12	7	—101
W Clark	11	12	8	9	10	12	10	6	10	9	— 97
J Sieminskie	10	12	6	10	8	12	10	9	4	12	— 93
J G Schaaf	12	7	8	11	12	10	9	9	6	5	— 89
M C Billmeyer	7	12	12	9	10	2	3	6	12	10	— 83

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 13.—The Owensville Ballard Rifle Team, good light, light 2 o'clock wind, standard target, 200yds. rise, national rules, gold and leather medals:

J Montgomery	8	9	7	6	9	5	6	7	7	5—69
G Witter	6	7	4	10	5	6	9	8	6	7—68
W Roberts	8	4	5	7	4	6	5	4	9	8—60
R Speck	5	5	5	5	9	7	7	5	3	5—56
J Daugherty	8	4	4	6	6	3	7	8	4	5—55
J Stone	4	6	4	4	7	8	7	5	6	4—55
M G Daugherty	8	6	4	6	8	3	6	4	4	5—51

J. Montgomery, gold medal. McGrade Daugherty, leather medal.

CLOSE SHOOTING.—Mr. C. D. Reilly, of Randolph, N. Y., speaking for a fellow townsman, says in a recent letter: "Last summer Mr. Bartlett shot at a distance of 25ft. five .44-cal. balls in succession through a plain gold ring eleven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter without breaking or injuring the ring, using a Winchester rifle and shooting off-hand."

SCARBORO, Ont., Dec. 15.—The members of the Scarboro Rifle Club had their annual match over their ranges at Agincourt today for the Cooper Cup, which was won by Alex. Kennedy with a Bullard rifle. Ranges 400 and 500yds., 5 shots at each range: A. Kennedy 44, J. Clarke 41, A. McPherson 43, J. F. Davison 42, J. Chisholme 42, J. Angus 40, J. Chester 39, R. Donaldson 38, S. Iteuers 56, S. Kennedy 35, J. Walton 52, — Ashbridge 26, R. McCowan 24, J. W. Grainger 22.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 16.—Many old-time members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club met to-day at Woodlawn Park, L. I., and with fourteen at the traps did some clever work. The first prize was won by Mr. F. Lanzer with a clean score of seven killed and none missed. M. J. Kearney, S. Hopkins and W. Cameron scored a tie for second prize, which Mr. Kearney won on the shoot-off. Mr. P. Davenport, who tied Mr. P. Lieb for third prize, won on the second trial. Here are the scores for first prize, won by Mr. Lanzer:

H McLaughlin (23)	1010001—3	S Hopkins (21)	1011111—6
J E Lake (25)	1011001—4	H Blattmacher (25)	1010011—4
F Lanzer (25)	1111111—7	G Ayers (25)	1011010—4
L Davenport (29)	0011111—5	W Stewart (30)	1011010—4
H Minck (23)	1101000—3	H Donnelly (25)	0111100—4
M J Kearney (29)	1011111—6	W Cameron (29)	0111111—6
P Leib (22)	1011011—5	C Wheeler (23)	0011110—4

Messrs. Ayers and Donnelly divided the fourth prize, and Mr. Hugh McLaughlin won the fifth prize.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 17.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day. In the merchandise match Snow broke his 20 birds straight, which is the only clean score made thus far in the contest, and scored a point in Class A. Sanborn won in Class B, and Swift and Gerry each scored a point in Class C. Following were the winners in the sweepstake matches: 1. 6 blackbirds—Perry first, Gerry second. 2. 6 clay-pigeons—Maul first, Gerry second. 3. 6 clay-pigeons—Gerry first, Maul second. 4. 6 blackbirds—Swift first, Perry and Snow second. 5. 6 clay-pigeons—Perry, Gerry and Sanborn first, Swift second, Bradstreet third. 6. 6 blue rocks—Ward first, Swift second, Perry third. 7. 10 blackbirds, merchandise match—Snow first, Ward and Gerry second, Brown, Stone and Perry third, Swift fourth. 8. 10 clay-pigeons, merchandise match—Snow first, Warren and Swift second, Sanborn third, Gerry fourth. 9. 6 clay-pigeons—Warren, Swift and Sanborn first, Gerry and Brown second, Perry third. 10. 6 clay-pigeons—Perry and Gerry first, Snow, Ward and Brown second, Hart third. 11. 3 pairs blackbirds—Snow first, Gerry second.

BABYLON, Dec. 16.—In the pigeon shooting match at the Westminster Kennel Club grounds to-day, Mr. Thorne defeated Dr. Knapp by a score of 92 to 78 out of 100 birds.

NIAGARA FALLS, Dec. 16.—A very interesting live pigeon and blackbird trap shooting tournament took place on the Whirlpool Gun grounds here to-day. The following are the scores:

First Shoot—Nine blackbirds, entrance $1.50; class shooting:

J Wyper, Hespeler, Ont	111111111—9
G Briggs, Ontario	100000100—2
W H Case, Buffalo, N. Y	010100111—5
Wm Hines, Toronto	110101111—7
A Westbrook, Brantford, Ont	010101100—4
Jas Bampfield, Niagara Falls, Ont	010100010—3
J R Smith, Point Colborne, Ont	111111100—7
C Millon, Niagara Falls, Ont	111001110—6
E M Moody, Lockport, N. Y	111111111—9
G Murphy, Niagara Falls, Ont	110010110—5
G M Wright, Hamilton	110111111—8
E H Smith, Lasalle, N. Y	100111111—8
J H Smith, St. Thomas	110011111—8
Wyper, Hespeler, Ont	111100110—7
E H Smith, Lasalle, N Y	111111110—8
Wm Gombert, Tonawanda	100111100—5
Stovey, Buffalo, N. Y	101001001—4
Stauber, St. Thomas	010001110—4

Wyper and Moody divided first money, Wright and E. H. Smith second, J. H. Smith and Hines third, Millon fourth.

Second Shoot—Ten live pigeons; entrance $3:

George Briggs, Toronto	1111010111—8
Hines, Toronto	1101011110—7
Adams, Buffalo	1100111111—8
Gombert, Lasalle, N. Y	1110101100—6
Lansing, Rochester, N. Y	1111100111—8
Moody, Lockport, N. Y	0111101111—8
Case, Buffalo, N. Y	1101011110—7

Messrs. Briggs, Adams, Lansing, Moody, E. H. Smith, J. H. Smith, having all tied, killing their eight birds each, mutually divided the four prizes equally between them.

Third Shoot.—The most interest centered in this contest, it being a match shoot for $100 a side between Geo. Briggs, Toronto, and Bishop, of Niagara, Ont., two crack shots, 21 live pigeons each:

Briggs, Toronto	101101111110001111110—15
Bishop, Niagara	110010101111101010000—11

Fourth Shoot.—Guaranteed purse $60; $25 first, $18 second, $12 third, $5 fourth; entrance $3: 7 live pigeons:

Stover, St. Thomas	0111111—6
Wyper, Hespeler	0111111—6
Moody, Lockport, N. Y	1111110—6
Case, Buffalo, N. Y	1111111—7
E H Smith, La Salle, N. Y	0111111—6
Lansing, Buffalo	1110111—6
Adams, Buffalo	1111111—7
Rogers, St. Cathariacs	1111111—7
Bishop, Niagara	0111110—5
Besser, Buffalo	0111111—6
Forsyth, Hamilton	1111111—7

In the ties for first money Rogers and Forsyth again tied, killing their 3 birds each. They then divided first and second money. Adams took third, Case fourth.

Fifth Shoot.—9 blackbirds; entrance, $1.50:

Gombert, La Salle, N. Y	111011100—6
Besser, Buffalo, N. Y	110001111—6
Murphy, Niagara Falls, Ont	101101111—7
Forsyth, Hamilton	111001111—6
Claridge, Chippewa	001110110—5
Minton, Buffalo	111110110—7
Wyper, Hespeler	111111111—9
Moody, Lockport, N. Y	111011110—7
Malloy, Niagara Falls	110101111—7
Storey, Buffalo	010001111—5
Bampfield, Niagara Falls, Ont	011111010—6
Case, Buffalo	111010111—7

Wyper, Hespeler, proved himself once more as the knight of the day, and secured first money, killing his 9 straight birds; Murphy, Minton, Moody, Malloy and Case divided second money; Gombert, Besser, Forsyth and Bampfield divided third; Claridge and Storey fourth.

Sixth Shoot.—6 blackbirds; entrance, $1.50:

Moody, Lockport, N. Y	110111—5
Wyper, Hespeler	111111—6
Smith, La Salle, N. Y	111011—5
Murphy, Niagara Falls, Ont	011110—4
Gombert, La Salle, N. Y	111111—6
Forsyth, Hamilton	111101—5
Besser, Buffalo, N. Y	100101—3
Case, Buffalo, N. Y	101111—5
Hill, St. Thomas	010111—4

Wyper and Gombert divided first. In shooting off the ties, Forsyth took second money, Case third and Murphy fourth.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Dec. 14.—There was a large attendance today at the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Middlesex Gun Club on their grounds at Dunellen. The scores were remarkably good as the birds were all strong flyers. The scores of Vice-President Smith, "Uncle Billy" Seigler and Charley Smith deserves particular mention. The contests for the gold trophies were very interesting. Forrest and Miller tied in Class A, divided first money and agreed to shoot off for the badge next month. D. Terry and Tee Kay tied in Class B, Tee Kay waiving claim to badge. Appended are the scores, the ties being divided:

Sweep No. 1, 4 live birds, handicap rise:

C Smith (30)	0122—3	S G Smith (29)	1212—4
Forrest (30)	1101—3	Clark (30)	010 —1
Dickens (30)	1110—3	Seigler (30)	1111—4

Sweep No. 2:

C Smith (30)	1211—4	Clark (30)	1211—4
Forrest (30)	0101—2	Seigler (30)	1221—4
Dickens (30)	1101—3	Manitz (30)	1211—4
S G Smith (29)	1112—4	Quad (28)	1200—2

Sweep No. 3:

C Smith	1211—4	Seigler	1211—4
Forrest	1121—4	Manitz	1111—4
S G Smith	2121—4	Quad	2210—3
Clark	2200—2		

Sweep No. 4:

C Smith	1110—3	S G Smith	1112—4
Forrest	2111—4	Clark	2111—4
Dickens	2211—4		

Sweep No. 5:

C Smith	1011—3	Seigler	1111—4
Forrest	1101—3	Manitz	1212—4
S G Smith	1121—4	Quad	1111—4
Clark	2011—3	J S Voorhees	0121—3

First divided; C. Smith and Clark second.

Sweep No. 6:

C Smith	1112—4	J H Force	2021—3
E Miller	1011—3	D Terry	1011—3
Dickens	2010—2	Tee Kay	2010—2
Forrest	2200—2	S G Smith	1101—3
Seigler	1211—4	Quinlan	1211—4
Manitz	0211—3	Creeley	2100—2
Quad	1111—4	Willis	1122—4
J S Voorhees	1122—4	Choffee	1010—2
Conover	1101—3		

Optional sweepstake, $5 entrance. Class A, badge shoot, 7 live birds, club rules, handicap rise:

S G Smith	1101122—6	Dickens	1211011—6
Seigler	0202111—5	J D Voorhees	2110101—5
C Smith	1111201—6	Forrest	2112211—7
Manitz	0100111—4	J H Force	0111210—5
Miller	1112111—7	Quinlan	0221111—6
Conover	2101212—6		

Class B, same as in Class A.

D Terry	1121221—7	Lawrence	1011211—6
Daniels	0000000—0	Tee Kay	2122211—7

Miss and out, 30yds. rise: Manitz 1, Quinlan 3, Miller 3, Willis 2, S. G. Smith 0, Seigler 2, Choffee 0, See Mc Moreo. Quinlan and Miller divided.

TORONTO, Dec. 17.—The first of the series of shoots for the West End Gun Club's silver cups came off at Dan Blea's grounds at West Toronto Junction this afternoon. The shooting, which was at Peoria blackbirds, from 3 spring traps, 18yds. rise, was good, as the following scores show:

First Class.

Blea	1111111111111—15	Kipp	1010101111111—12
McDowell	1111101111111—14	Wilson	1060011011011—9
Wakefield	1101011111110—12	Brown	011110100w.
Dollery	1101111111011—12		

Second Class.

McLaren	0111010101111111—11	Evans	0100101111101101—9
Jackson	1011101101110111—10	Derry	1001101101001101—8
Kennedy	1101001111101101—10		

Third Class.

Spiller	0110001111011101—9	McMurray	0111100010000000—5
Gourman	0110000110111011—8	Hobart	0001100000000000—3
Hallaru	1100001101101101—8	Lynch	0000000000000111—2
Watt	1100010000111101—7		

The cup in each class must be won by a competitor three times before it becomes his property, consequently there will be at least two more shoots.

TORONTO, Dec. 17.—The Owl Gun Club held a team shoot at C. Ayre's grounds, Eastern avenue, this afternoon, to decide who should pay for the annual dinner to be held next month. Capt. Tynon's team will provide the spread, as Capt. McDowall's men defeated them by a score of 110 to 101. Ten artificial birds each:

Capt McDowall	7	Capt Tynon	5
J Humphrey	7	J Townson	4
Sandys	7	H Humphrey	5
Colborne	7	Douglas	7
G Carruthers	8	Jobbett	8
Maginn	5	Longbottom	5
Rice	4	Montgomery	4
Ellis	8	Ayre	8
J Carruthers	7	Rogers	7
Pickering	7	Wm Felsted	7
Lockhart	6	Louden	4
H Townson	4	Lalor	5
Unwin	5	Smith	4
Beaty	4	Robertson	2
Stewart	4	O'Leary	4
Hoffman	3	Henrich	1
Musson	3	Doherty	3
J Felsted	4	Fogg	4
Graham	2	Kennedy	1
Lennox	5	Simpson	5
Webster	3—110	Harrison	3—101

NEWTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 13.—North Side Gun Club of Long Island, 7 live pigeons, ground traps, handicap, 80yds. bound, club rules, gold badge and three money prizes:

Duryea	1111111—7	Krumbeck	1100010—3
Kroger	1101111—6	Berger	1011110—5
Eberhardt	0111111—6	Bohnecke	1101111—6
Barlow	1111101—6	Wahlen	1011100—4
Winholz	1110111—6	Grau	1111011—6
Manning	1100011—4	Bussell	0100110—3

After the regular shoot a sweepstake match took place, 11 entries, miss and out. After the fifth bird was shot Kroger and Manning divided. S. Lyon, referee.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—New York, Dec. 13.—Regular shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at New Dorp, Sea View Park, Staten Island, live pigeons, ground traps, 80yds. bound. Shot under club rules:

G Remsen (25)	0101101111—7	P Butz (21)	1011111110—8
Wm Glaccum (25)	1011111111—9	N Maisel (21)	0111111101—8
Schermerhorn (21)	1011010111—7	P J Keenan (21)	1100010011—5
J Sidley (21)	0010101010—4	J H Voss (25)	1111011111—9
R Regan (21)	1011001010—5	F Schrader (25)	1110111111—7
Thos Codey (21)	1000111111—7	M McMun (30)	1110101001—6
M Cherry (21)	1100100100—4	M W Murphy (21)	0100011111—6
Dr Dwyer (25)	0101100011—4	S McMahon (21)	0010031111—5

Ties: Miss and out for first, Glaccum 1, Voss 0; second, P. Butz 2½, N. Maisel 3; third, G. Remsen 0, L. Schermerhorn 2, Thos. Codey 2½, F. Schrader 2; fourth prize or Oseikie Trophy won by M. W. Murphy.—THOS. CODEY.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16.—About a hundred enthusiasts gathered at Compton Avenue Park this afternoon to witness the match shoot between Capt. Bogardus and J. L. Winston, of Covington, Ky. The day was dark and gloomy, and the scores were remarkable under the circumstances. This operated against Bogardus, whose eyes are not very strong. He used a 7lb. 6oz. Smith hammerless, and had never shot with it before. Winston used a 9¼lb. gun of the same pattern, the only difference being that he used a 10, while his opponent's was a 12-gauge. Winston's finish was especially strong, he killing 23 birds out of the last 24. The pair started off promptly at 1:30. Out of the first string of 10 Bogardus killed 9 and his opponent 8. In the second each killed 9, while in the third Winston killed 10 straight and Bogardus missed 1, thus tying the score at 30. In the fourth Bogardus again took the lead, killing 9 to his opponent's 8. Both killed 9 in the fifth, leaving the score 45 to 44 in favor of Bogardus. Winston tied the score in the sixth round, killing 9 to Bogardus's 8, and took the lead in the seventh, killing 10 straight, while Bogardus missed 1. Both killed 8 in the eighth, and killed the whole round in the ninth. Winston missed his first bird on the last round, and the score was tied. From this out the greatest excitement prevailed. At 97 each they were tied. Bogardus missed his 98th bird and his last one, while Winston killed his last 3 birds, winning the match by a score of 99 to 98. Live birds were used, and they were all strong flyers. W. Z. Colville presided as referee and stakeholder. The men met early in the morning and placed the stakes in Mr. Colville's hands. Hunt P. Wilson acted as scorer. After the match Bogardus challenged Winston to meet him again under the same conditions, live tame birds to be used. Winston accepted, and the match will probably take place in Cincinnati, Jan. 2. Following is the score. Hurlington rules governed, allowing the second barrel for birds not killed with first, and the figure "2" denotes birds killed with second barrel:

Winston.....0101122112101111111112111210102111111120211
1212101111111212111011101212111112110012221112—90
Bogardus.....2221101111111012101211111111011012102121111
1100112222110111111101111211111111111111111010—88

OMAHA, Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The appended sbore shows the result of a shoot at the Base Ball Park this afternoon. 50 live pigeons, 30yds. rise. At its conclusion the loser challenged the winner for another match, same terms, to be shot soon:

Parmalee.....1001111111101101111111111001111111111111111111—44
Meritz.....1111011111111011110111011101111111101111110111—42

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—At the regular meeting of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, held at their club rooms, Newark avenue, Jersey City, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Wm. Hughes (old reliable No. 1), unanimously re-elected; Vice-Pres., W. F. Quimby, of 301 Broadway, against his vigorous protest; Sec. and Treas., Alfred Heritage (old South Paw). Executive Committee—Dr. J. B. Burdett, Geo. B. Eaton and F. W. Mitchell. Official Scorer, J. J. Maher. Speeches and toasts were made and given by the outgoing and incoming officers. Old South Paw, as usual, was bubbling over with enthusiasm on club matters. A communication was read from the Easton, Pa., Gun Club, desiring a friendly match with the club at live birds or inanimate targets. It was unanimously resolved to accept the challenge, 10 or 20 men each club, 10 live birds each, to be shot at Easton any time to suit the Keystones. A committee was appointed to confer and make the necessary arrangements, so a good time is expected, of which more anon. There will be sweepstake shooting at live birds on the grounds of the J. C. H., at Marion, Monday, Dec. 26, commencing at 10 A. M., open to all.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14.—Four leading gun clubs of the country shot a team live pigeon match for an elegant bronze cup, presented by General E. Burd Grubb, at Andalusia, to-day, and the Philadelphia Gun Club won by the score of 122 out of a possible 150. The teams consisted of three men each, and each shot at 50 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. F. C. Arnold, of the Riverton Gun Club, acted as referee, and Reuben Etting kept the official score. The shooting began at 8:30 A. M., and lasted until late in the afternoon. A bountiful collation was served on the field. The teams and their total scores were: Philadelphia Gun Club—Macalister 43, Handy 41, Eckert 38; total 122. Riverton Gun Club—Davis, Downing and Gillingham; total 116. Westminster Gun Club of New York—Grant, Wilmerding and Smith; total 113. Tuxedo Club of New Jersey—Keene, Watson and Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; total 112.

NEW YEARS SHOOT.—If any of your readers have never been there, it will pay them to attend the shoot of the South Side Gun Club, at Newark, on New Years day. The grounds may be reached in an hour from New York, trains running almost half-hourly; the club has a comfortable house, and can trap clay-pigeons as fast as can be done. Shells and lunch can be had right there, and an attractive programme is promised. This club is perhaps the only one in New Jersey which has held Saturday shoots without a break for the past six years. Rain or shine the trappers are there, the house warmed and in order, and he who cannot get rid of fifty or a hundred cartridges in an afternoon has himself to blame. It is expected that during the coming year a programme shoot will be held on one Saturday of each month.—HUNT.

DEATH OF EUGENE BOGARDUS.—Lincoln, Ill., Dec. 10.—Yesterday Eugene Bogardus, eldest son of Captain A. H. Bogardus, the champion wing shot, died of congestion of the lungs. Eugene was well-known as a trap shot, having shot in public exhibitions with his father and younger brothers since 1878.

JERSEY CITY.—J. R. Outwater, of Jersey City, and L. B. Cambell, of Little Silver, N. J., will shoot again on the day after Christmas on the Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds for $400. The gun club will have a big sweepstake after the match.

LONG BRANCH, Dec. 14.—A shooting match at live pigeons came off at Sea Girt this afternoon. The contestants were Ephraim Sewell, of Long Branch, and George Waldo, of New York. 100 birds were shot at 28yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, for $100 a side. A large crowd witnessed the match. The score stood: Waldo 42, Sewell 40.

HARTFORD.—The officers of the Colt Gun Club for the present year are: President, L. B. Crary; Vice-President, H. Jacobs; Treasurer, W. R. Hopkins; Secretary, M. F. Cook.

BOSTON, Dec. 14.—There was a large attendance of trap shooters at the range at Walnut Hill to-day. The weather conditions were favorable. Appended are the day's results: Sweepstake events—5 clay-pigeons, Swift and Nichols first; 5 clay-birds, Swift, Warren and Wild first; 6 blackbirds, Warren first; 10 Macomber birds, Warren first; 5 pairs Macomber birds, Curtis first; 10 clay-pigeons, Snow, Warren and Knowles first; 5 pairs bats, Knowles first; 7 quails, Straightaway, Smith and Snow first; walkup match, 6 clay-pigeons, Warren, Curtis and Nichols first; 6 clay-birds, Hart and Swift first; 6 bats, Perry and Smith first; 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Knowles first; 5 clay-pigeons, straightaway, Swift first. Macomber badge match (10 singles and 5 pairs)—Smith 16, Wild 15, Snow 15, Warren 13, Curtis 13, Hart 12, Swift 12, Nichols 11, Crown 7. Merchandise match (19 singles and 5 pairs)—Knowles 17, Class A; Warren 15, B; Smith 13, C; Swift 13, C; Snow 12, C; Nichols, 12, D. Vistors' match—Wild 17, Class G; Crown 9, H.

MONTREAL, Dec. 10.—The second match for the Costen Challenge Cup, at 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, was shot to-day on the Montreal Gun Club grounds, Captain Howard acting as referee. The weather was abominable, but the shooting was the best seen in Montreal for years. There were six clubs entered—Lachine, Montreal, Cote St. Paul, St. Johns, St. Hubert and St. Lawrence. Lachine had two teams in the field, making seven teams to shoot. The first match was shot two weeks ago, and was won by the St. Lawrence club, but they were not in it at all to-day. The team scores were not extraordinary, but some of the individual scoring was very good; Robertson, of Lachine, and Cook, of Cote St. Paul, breaking 17 birds each, while Wallace, of Montreal, and Penniston, of Lachine, broke 16 each. Lachine's first team won with 69 birds and Montreal came second with 64. The shoot was unfinished on account of darkness. But that did not affect the result, as Lachine could not be beaten.

THE GRAHAM-KLEINTZ MATCH.—Arrangements have been made with the Easton, Pa., Gun Club, by Messrs. W. Graham and J. Frank Kleinz, to shoot two matches on their grounds at Easton, Pa., on Monday, Dec. 26. The conditions are 50 live birds each, Hurlingham rules, Kleinz to use a 10-gauge gun and stand at 30yds., Graham to use a 12-gauge and stand at 28yds.; 50 live birds each, Long Island rules, Kleinz to stand at 26yds., Graham at 24yds., total score to count; to be for $150 a side.

MONTREAL, Dec. 12.—A shooting match for a cup emblematic of the championship of Canada will be shot on Montreal Gun Club grounds on Monday, Jan. 2. The conditions will probably be 10 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise. Pigeon shooting is arousing much interest in Montreal just now, and the shoot on New Year's day for the Coston cup and the championship will be the biggest event that has taken place here for many years. It is expected that there will be a large number of entries from Ontario clubs, and every arrangement is being made to make the affair a success.

A LIVELY PRIZE.—A live pigeon shoot for a seven-year-old horse, who can trot in 2:40, will be held on Dec. 22, at General Wayne (Elm Station, Pennsylvania Railroad), open to all, Brewer and Graham barred; chances $5, Rhode Island rules, 25yds., miss and out. Shooting will commence at 1 P. M. sharp.

NEW JERSEY.—A gold badge for the championship of Monmouth county, N. J., will be shot for at Oceanport on Dec. 26. The contest will be open to all residents of Monmouth county. No entrance fee will be charged, but birds will be charged for at 25 cents apiece.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y
Secretary-Treasurer: P. L. MIX. }

Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div..Henry Stanton...	R. W. Bailey.....	E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div..L. G. Jones.....	Geo. M. Barney....	W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div..A. D. T. McGachen.	W. G. McKendrick.	S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

A. C. A. NORTHERN DIVISION.

THE executive committee of the Northern Division met in Peterborough on Friday, the 9th inst. There were present Vice-Commodore MacGachen, Rear-Commodore McKendrick, Purser Samuel Britton, Messrs. Miller, Geo. Hatton (proxy for K. Martin), Dr. Douglas (proxy for Wm. Graham); Messrs. Bruce, Murphy and McKinnon, of Orillia C. C.; J. G. Edwards, F. H. Dobbin and R. H. Hopkins, Lindsay C. C.; Messrs. H. C. Rogers, J. Z. Rogers, E. B. Edwards, G. M. Rogers and others of the Peterborough C. C.

The Vice-Commodore occupied the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by Mr. S. Britton, Purser of Northern Division.

Mr. H. C. Rogers read a satisfactory report, giving in detail particulars referring to the organization of the Northern Division, and incidents of the meet held last summer at Stony Lake. The total receipts for the year were $320.67, while the expenditures reached $295.90, leaving a balance on hand of $24.77. The membership of the Division stands at 189 to date. The accounts have been audited and certified as correct.

The purser read communications from the secretary of the A.C.A. and other Division who were unable to attend; also from the purser of the Orillia Club inclosing fees for sixteen members of that club who desire to join the Northern Division.

The question of defining the geographical limits of the Division was discussed, with the understanding arrived at that the territory embraced Ontario as far east as Ottawa, though it was assumed that the inclination of members would be to belong to the Division nearest at hand. The Ottawa Club would be urged to join the Northern Division, and an invitation extended to the nearest American clubs.

Referring to the important question of a site for the 1888 meet, Vice-Commodore MacGachen gave details of a visit paid to the vicinity of Lake Couchiching, at Orillia. He commended the locality as very suitable.

Mr. Murphy, O. C. C., laid before the meeting a map showing the site of the proposed camp on Horse Island, Couchiching Lake, and said he thought the site a favorable one. Mr. McKinnon said they were anxious to have the meet near their town and the people of Orillia would exert themselves in every reasonable way to secure the camp. He was the owner of the island proposed to be occupied and would be prepared to make some improvements, erect wharves and do other things.

Some general discussion ensued in a conversational way, after which Mr. McKinnon generously offered to place the island at the disposal of the Association free of expense. By a vote of the committee the offer was recommended to the committee for acceptance, matters of detail being left in the hands of the executive committee. A resolution of thanks was then formally passed.

With regard to the date of meet it was understood that the time would fall, say about two weeks prior to the general meet at Lake George. Mr. E. B. Edwards communicated to the meeting that Mr. E. B. Tredwen, of the R. C. C., England, had promised to visit Canada next summer and spend some time at the meet of the Northern Division.

At the close of the general meeting the executive committee met and selected Horse Island, Lake Couchiching, as the site for next year's meet; date, July 23 to Aug. 4.

The following committees were appointed: Railway and Transport—H. C. Rogers and Wm. Thomson. Camp Arrangement—Messrs. S. S. Robinson, Wm. Thomson, Tipping and McKinnon.

After the meeting the visiters were entertained at Welsh's restaurant by the Peterborough Club.

The prospects for next year are very bright and a large increase in membership is assured. It is hoped that there will be many visitors from the neighboring American clubs, as the site is very convenient and central. For sailing, cruising, etc., Lake Couchiching and adjacent waters cannot be surpassed.

The date and site for the proposed meet have been submitted to Com. Gibson and formally approved by him.

The balance sheet of the Northern Division for the year is as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Membership fees received by Division Purser	$251 00
Received from General Secretary	2 00
Badges sold at camp	30 00
Proceeds of sale of lumber	37 67—$320 67

EXPENDITURES.

Amount forwarded to General Secretary	112 60
Postage account	15 20
Printing account	35 99
Traveling expenses	5 00
Salaries and wages	73 50
Lumber, etc	43 91
Freight charges	6 30
Refunds	4 00
Balance on hand	24 77— 320 67

THE NEW DIVISION OF THE A. C. A.

THE following circular needs no explanation, as it sets forth exactly what is to be done at the meeting on Jan. 3. In order to make the new division a success it is desirable that all canoeists should be interested in it, and unattached canoeists as well as A. C. A. members will be welcome at the meeting. There are many small details to be considered, and in order that all may be prepared to vote intelligently on the questions to be presented, it is necessary that they should familiarize themselves to some extent with the constitution and formation of the A. C. A. before attending. Expressions of opinion by letter will be welcome from all canoeists in the proposed territory, as it is the desire of the promoters of the new division to bring it within the reach of every canoeist:

To the Members of the A. C. A. residing in New Jersey, Delaware, Southern New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, Eastern Maryland, and Eastern Virginia:

GENTLEMEN—Pursuant to a call published in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, 1887, a meeting was held in New York on Dec. 9, 1887, to consider the question of forming a new division of the A. C. A. At this meeting there were present a large number of A. C. A. men and unattached canoeists who were unanimously in favor of forming the proposed new division, and the undersigned were appointed a committee on organization, charged with the duty of calling a general meeting to organize the new division, should it meet with the approval of the majority of A. C. A. men residing within the proposed district.

The proposition is that a new division be carved out of the Central Division, to be known as the "Seaboard Division," or by some other appropriate name, bounded as follows: Beginning at the extreme eastern end of Long Island, thence running westerly through Long Island Sound to the southwest corner of the State of Connecticut; thence in a general northerly direction along the boundary line between the States of Connecticut to the point where the southern line of Putnam county, in the State of New York, intersects the Connecticut boundary line; thence westerly, crossing the Hudson River at the Highlands at West Point, and following the Highlands through Orange county, New York, to Port Jervis, at the northwest corner of the State of New Jersey; thence southwesterly through Manch Chunk and Harrisburg and along the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Valley of the Potomac River, thence southeasterly, following the Valley of the Potomac and including both slopes of that valley, to the Chesapeake Bay, and to the Atlantic Ocean; and thence northerly along the Atlantic coast to the eastern point of Long Island, at the place of beginning. Another proposition is to continue the southwesterly course along the Blue Ridge range of mountains to the valley of the James River at Lynchburg, in the State of Virginia; and thence, following the valley of the James River, to the Chesapeake Bay, which would include all rivers emptying into that bay.

Pursuant to a resolution passed at the meeting above referred to, the undersigned committee hereby gives notice that a meeting will be held at the rooms of the Columbia Institute (which has been kindly offered by Professor Fowler for the purpose) at No. 729 Sixth avenue, in the City of New York on Tuesday, the third day of January, 1888, at 8 P. M., for the purposes (1) of passing upon the question whether the proposed new division of the A. C. A. shall be formed; (2), of fixing the boundaries of the new division, (3) of electing officers of the new division, and (4) of passing upon such other matters as shall regularly be brought before the meeting.

All canoeists residing within the proposed new division are cordially invited to attend the meeting and take part in the discussion of all questions that may come before the meeting, it being understood, however, that none but A. C. A. members will have the right to vote upon the questions to be there determined.

As there is no special provision in Fowler for the Constitution or the By-Laws of the A. C. A. providing how a new division may be formed, it is necessary that the formation of the new division should receive the sanction of the majority of the A. C. A. men residing within the proposed district. Each member of the A. C. A. residing within the proposed district is therefore requested, if he does not intend to be present at the meeting in person, to write his answer to the question printed on the inclosed postal card and send the same to the Chairman of the Committee on Organization.

WILLIAM WHITLOCK, Chairman,
Dated, Dec. 17, 1887. 247 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

GEO. F. SECOR, Sing Sing, N. Y.,
HENRY STANTON, New York,
A. S. PENNINGTON, Paterson, N. J.,
W. H. HILLIER, Essex C. C., Newark, N. J.,
L. P. PALMER, Ianthe C. C., Newark, N. J.,
A. S. FLINT, Washington, D. C.,
W. M. CARTER, Trenton, N. J.,
W. P. STEPHENS, Bayonne, N. J.,
R. B. BURCHARD, New York,
H. C. WARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
T. S. WESTCOTT, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.,
Committee on Organization.

A ZINC CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The description of a tin canoe in the FOREST AND STREAM brought to my memory a canoe that I had in 1873, when I was yet in my teens. My mother had a small case of figures carved by the Esquimaux of Labrador out of walrus teeth. Among the figures was that of a hunter in his kayak. I already was the possessor of a wooden canoe, but I was ambitious to possess a craft that was capable, as I had read, of outdistancing a ship's longboat. I had seen a kayak, too, that summer floating at the stern of a yacht, but though I had examined it as well as I could, I had unfortunately not been able to take any measurements. However, I decided to take the ivory kayak as a working model. I obtained an idea of what the dimensions were from calculating the figures at 5ft. 2in., which is about the average height of the Esquimau. I had no hides or whalebone, so that I fell back upon zinc. Living in a country town, I could only find tin in small sheets, which would have made too many joints, and besides, the salt water would rapidly have rusted it through. My canoe was a faithful imitation of the ivory kayak—something less than 12ft. long and 2ft. wide.

At last it was finished and launched, and I essayed to paddle across the harbor. There was a little lop on the water. I was a strong swimmer and perfectly fearless on the water, but I can't think even now of that paddle without breaking into a perspiration. It first rolled to port, then without any warning over to starboard, efforts to bring it to an even keel only made matters worse. Now she stood on her head and kicked and then she would rear and try and fall back on top of me. After infinite trouble I got back to the wharf, but no creature except myself can ever realize what turning that infernal tin can meant. I afterward put a 6in. zinc keel on her, and thus steadied I got across the harbor, a distance of about a mile, but I came back in a boat. Several times I came down to look at her, but I never ventured to get into her again, and she finally broke her nose by catching in the wharf, and the last I heard of her was my father giving her to a boy on the condition that he took her off the premises. That zinc kayak cost me $11 if I remember aright, but I got fully $50 of excitement out of her.

It was a comfort to read in the August *Century* in an article by A. W. Greely, that "This dangerous craft (*i. e.*, the kayak) is gradually dying out in Greenland, and only the brighter and more ambitious boys acquire it. Practice must commence at a tender



SAIL PLAN OF CUTTER PILGRIM.—Designed and Built by E. L. Williams.

age (that, of course, explains my failure, I was too old) and must be continued assiduously." Greely describes the kayak as a shuttle-shaped boat consisting of a wooden framework, which is fastened together generally by sealskin thongs, over which is stretched a covering of tanned sealskin as neatly and tightly as in the sheepskin of a drumhead. The skin covering is so well tanned, and it is so deftly sewn together with sinew thread by the Esquimaux women that no drop of water finds its way through skin or seam. The use of seal thongs in uniting the stanchions gives great strength and equal elasticity, allowing with impunity great shocks, which would otherwise destroy so frail a structure. The boat is usually some 15ft. long, and from its central point gently curves upward—from a width of 20in. and a depth of 10in.—to pointed ends. Both prow and stern are carefully armed with a thin moulding of walrus ivory, which is a protection to the skin covering when the hunter, spinning through the water, strikes small ice, or, in landing so throws forward and upward his kayak that boat and man slide easily and safely up the edge on to the level surface of a floe. The only opening is a circular hole with a bone or wooden ring, its size being strictly limited to the circumference of the hips of the largest hunter who uses it. A waterproof combination jacket and mittens of oil tanned sealskin is worn by the hunter, who tightly laces the bottom to the ring so that no water can enter the kayak. Thus equipped the hunter faces seas which would swamp any other craft. A double-bladed paddle in skillful and trained hands propels this unballasted, unsteady craft with great rapidity, from five to ten miles an hour. The paddle properly handled enables an expert to rise to the surface if, as happens at times, the kayak is upset. This tiny craft, with full hunting gear, weighs scarce 50lbs., and will carry a load of some 200lbs. besides its occupant. In conclusion I would recommend all canoeists to read Greely's beautiful account of our brothers' gallant life and heroic end. Asticou.

Ottawa, Dec. 5.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The regular annual meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. was held on Dec. 13. The officers elected for 1888 are: Robert J. Wilkin, Commodore; Harry C. Ward, Vice-Commodore; John Johnson, Measurer; M. V. Brokaw, Purser.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $5. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

INTERNATIONAL RACING.

WITH this week the ten months' limit is practically ended, and as no challenge has yet been received there is little prospect of a race next year. In spite of some idle rumors, nothing is yet known of the plans for next year on both sides. No confirmation of the reported challenge from Mr. Jamieson has been made, and though he will build a large cutter for next season it is unlikely that she will challenge for the Cup. A report has been circulated in England and on this side that Gen. Paine will take Volunteer across for the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups, now held by Irex and Genesta; but while such a trip is by no means unlikely, it has not yet been decided on by Volunteer's owner. Nothing is yet known of any new cutter from Mr. Watson's hands, except one of narrow beam, 60 tons rating, Y. R. A., about the size of the New York Y. C. second class, for Mr. Paul Ralli, of London.

AMY, steam yacht, Mr. E. D. Morgan, has been sold to Count Lanza di Mazzarina, of Palermo, and is now fitting out at Liverpool for the Mediterranean.

GETTING THERE FAST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Puritan, draft 8ft.; Mayflower, 9ft.; Volunteer, 10ft.; Burden shooner, 11ft. Only 18in. more to go before reaching the draft of the regular cutter. Mr. Burgess is getting there at top speed. By the time our slow British cousins have wrestled successfully with the adoption of the centerboard, they will suddenly wake up to find America the land of keels and cutters. The centerboard has already shrunk below the cabin floor. Now, in the race for low ballast, 1ft. more added to keel will soon see the little remnant of the centerboard abandoned altogether. That is the direction in which the weathercock is now pointing, and Yankees won't take long to work the problem out to its logical end. Meanwhile we are building two keel boats to every centerboard, and the cutter boom is moving along with more vigor than ever.

Sequence.

THE NEW BURGESS SCHOONER.

LAWLEY'S are now pushing the work on Mr. Burden's schooner. With the trunk entirely below the floor, as in the Vandal, the cabin arrangements will be equal to those of a keel boat. The following abstract of the specifications is given in the Boston *Globe:* The yacht will be 95ft. long on deck, 79ft. 11in. on load waterline. 21ft. beam, 10ft. deep, 11ft. draft. In carrying out these specifications it is understood that only the very best materials and workmanship shall be employed. All the woods shall be sound, clear and free from shakes and other defects. All iron work (except the floors and frame braces and ties) shall be galvanized and wrought of the best Norway iron.

Keel white oak, sided as per plan, moulded 20in. and worked in four pieces, as in Sachem. Scarfs not less than 7ft. long, bolted with 1in. metal bolts below rabbet, not more than 10in. apart, and one row of 1in. steel bolts above garboard, breaking joints with the bolts beneath. A lead keel shall be cast by the builders as per design, and bolted with yellow metal 1½in. bolts nutted on the floors with alternate bolts nutted on the keel. Sternpost white oak root, sided 10in., tapered to 4in. at keel, moulded to work 3in. inside of rabbet. Hornbeams white oak, moulded 12in. at post, 6in. at ends, sided 4in., screw-bolted, extending on to deadwoods 6ft.; hung to post with two ⅞in. rods. Stem white oak, very clear grained, sided 7in., to work 3in. inside of rabbet. Frames, white oak, double, of natural crooks, spaced 22in., screw-bolted with ⅝in. galvanized iron, boxed and keyed into keel and well-bolted. Fore and aft cants single, of hackmatack, heels through-bolted from side to side. Siding of double frames, 5in., of single 6in. All moulded 9in. at heel, tapering to 4in. at heads. Top timbers 4in. sided, of hackmatack.

Chain plate frames in one length of natural crooks, sided 6in. Top timbers of locust continued to form stanchions. A ⅜in. iron plate 5in. wide at heel and 3in. at head to be fitted between the halves of each chain plate frame. Diagonal strapping of ⅜in. iron in wake of rigging as required. Floors forward and aft of centerboard trunk of best cast gun iron, extending to deadwoods, 5×4in. in throats, arms 3ft. long, tapered to ends. Alternate bolts through the lead keel will nut on these floors, and opposite them a ⅞in. lag screw. Arms bolted to frame with ⅞in. screw bolts 6in. apart. Limbers to be cut throughout whole length of vessel, keelsons to be worked each side of centerboard trunk, boxed over heels of frames, white oak, 6×9.

Stringers in one length each side, of Georgia pine, 8×3, to take platform beams, which shall be well secured to them, and fastened at each frame with one galvanized iron ⅝ screw bolt, and one treenail. Bilge stringers, Georgia pine, five each side, in not more than two lengths each from stem to stern, fastened like preceding. Center stringers, 8×4, two each side, 8×3. Ceiling, from 3ft. forward of foremast to 3ft. aft of mainmast, Georgia pine, 1in. Deck beams, hackmatack, with moulded lower face and well finished, 6×5 forward, and aft reduced to 5×4; dovetailed into shelf and through bolted. Partner beams, Georgia pine, 8×7. Partners tied to mastheel or keelson by ⅞in. bars, with turnbuckles. Lowe deck beams, 5×5 at masts and 4×4 elsewhere. Hanging knees, hack matack were required, screw bolted, not less than 13 pairs.

Planking, garboards and next six strakes white oak, in long lengths, 2½in. Above, Georgia pine, 2½in. Square fastened with 1in. locust treenails and ⅝ yellow metal dumps. Top from 6in. above l.w.l. may be galvanized iron fastened. Plankshеer, white oak in three lengths, very clear, 10×2⅜. One bolt in each beam and driven nearly through shelf. Deck, clear white pine, 2⅜×2⅜, very dry, in as long lengths as procurable. Edge of grain up, spiked and bunged. Nibs at least ¾in. wide, jogged into plank-sheer. Bulwarks, ¾in. white pine, mahogany stained inside, with lower strake 3×1½. Stanchions, locust, 3×3 at heel, 2½ square at head. Chain-plate stanchions, 6×4. Cap, white oak, 6×2, of oval section, hook-scarphed and copper-bolted. A good water course to be cut behind stanchions.

Companions, skylights and hatches mahogany, with heavy brass guards, hinges, etc., all to be fitted with battens and thumbscrews for securing the covers. Chocks, brass. Belaying pins, steel. Ring bolts on deck where required. Deck pipes and funnels for cabin and galley stoves of brass. Centerboard trunk, lower logs 14×6, oak, following courses Georgia pine, 4in. Bolts 12in. apart, 1in. steel, each through three courses. Posts, 5×5, oak. Top, oak 3in. thick, fastened with heavy lag screws 6in. apart. Centerboard, lower course oak, rest Georgia pine, 4in. thick. To have a cast iron shoe, steel bolts, 1in., every 12in., going through 3½ courses. Two side straps of ¾ spring steel, galvanized. Chain-plated, best Norway iron, 3×⅜, tapered below as directed, at least 7ft. long. Deadeyes, 7in. lignum vitæ. Bobstay of galvanized steel wire, 4½in., set up with pipe turn buckles.

Tanks galvanized iron, one each side of centerboard box, to hold 500 gallons each. Anchors galvanized, Cape Ann pattern, one 300 pounds and one 500 pounds. Chains, tested galvanized crane, 60 fathoms 13-16 and 40 fathoms 10-16. Windlass, Thayer's, Deering patent. Mast winches with independent heads. Mast saddles mahogany, 8in., with steel pins. Buffer, Edson's patent, main-sheet buffer, sheet No. 2. Steering gear, Reed's diamond screw, with tiller in case of break down. Boats, one 14ft. cutter and one 19ft. gig. Both bright cedar, lapstreak and copper fastened, with mahogany seats and gratings. Cutter with pin, mast and sprit. Davits, two pair galvanized steel. Brass life-line, stanchions from main rigging aft, 28in. high. Blocks, complete set for racing schooner, of best make. Rigging, best crucible steel for standing and best manila bolt rope for running rigging.

Masts, Oregon pine; bowsprit same. Topmast, boom, foreboom and gaffs, spruce, as per sail plan. Spinaker and topsail yards as required. Sails supplied by owner; bent by builder. Handsome oak gangway with brass stanchions. Hull to be thoroughly calked and seams properly payed and filled. Hull to be carefully joined and painted a priming coat and two coats of white above waterline, and two coats of Rahtjen's paint below waterline. Figurehead, stripe around plankshеer, and scroll work on quarters to be gilded.

Cabins to be fitted and finished in first-class style, equal to that of Sachem, but without carved work. Arranged as per plan, and finished in mahogany and white pine. Extension table of mahogany, with racks. Staterooms fitted with berths, lockers, bureaus, etc., marble-topped washstands, with nickel plated pumps piped to tanks. One w. c., with lever seacocks on waste and flushing pipes. One bathtub of 18oz. copper, tinned. Officers' rooms, galley, pantry and forecastle to be properly fitted with all necessary berths, lockers, bureaus, etc., large ice chest, well lined and drained into centerboard well. The whole cabin fore and aft to be properly painted and varnished. Galley and forecastle to be finished bright with two coats of spar varnish. Inside of hull frames and stringers to be well oiled, and covered with one coat of spar varnish.

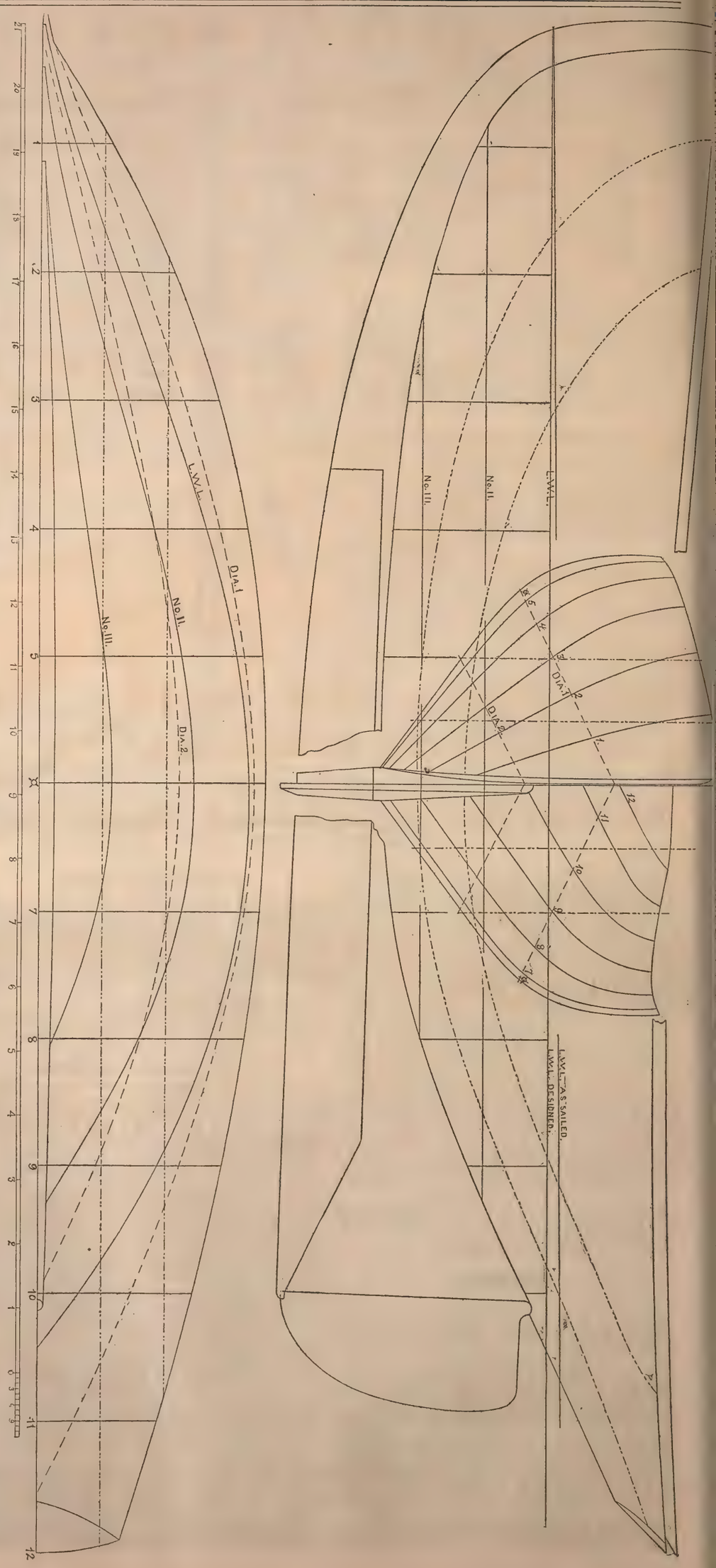
Finally the builders shall supply all necessary and useful fixtures and fittings for a first-class yacht of the same size, whether herein mentioned or not, but the owner shall find the movable furniture, such as compass, binnacle, stoves, kitchen ware, cutlery, glass, china, mattresses, upholstery, linen and blankets, lamp and lanterns.

THE CRUISING CUTTER PILGRIM.

TO the many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who have for two seasons followed the little Pilgrim in her cruise along the coast of New England, the accompanying plans will be of more than usual interest; while to those who are looking forward to similar pleasant excursions afloat they offer many valuable suggestions. No doubt the model is capable of improvement, a better boat in many respects may be produced on the same dimensions, but in the Pilgrim we have a boat that has fulfilled the actual requirements of three seasons' cruising on big waters in a most satisfactory manner, in spite of the fact that a moderate cost was kept in view along with the requirements demanded by rough water cruising. The object of the owner, an old sailor, was to secure the necessary accommodation for himself and his three young boys in a boat that could be safely handled by such a crew at all times, that could make long runs in coasting with perfect safety and independence; and how thoroughly he and the builder have succeeded is well told in the interesting log that has appeared in our pages. Depending on himself and his young crew of landsmen, with an extra crew at times, the owner, Dr. W. H. Winslow, left Boston in August, 1885, and made his way as far east as Mount Desert, returning to Boston by the middle of October. In the following season he left Boston in August, going over the same course and spending some weeks about Mount Desert and Penobscot Bay, finally laying the boat up in October. The Pilgrim was designed and built in 1885, by E. L. Williams, of South Boston, builder of the little cutter Mamie, whose lines have appeared in our pages. As stated above, she was designed solely for cruising, and her builder was limited to a certain amount. Her dimensions are:

Length over all	24ft.
l.w.l.	21ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	7ft. 2in.
l.w.l.	6ft. 9in.
Draft	4ft. 6in.
Least freeboard	1ft. 5in.
Iron keel	3315lbs.
Iron, inside	800lbs.
Lead, inside, added 1886	600lbs.
Total ballast	4715lbs.
Mast from fore end, l.w.l.	6ft. 9in.
Deck to hounds	18ft. 3in.
Head	2ft. 6in.
Topmast, fid to hounds	14ft.
Bowsprit outboard	11ft.
Boom	22ft. 3in.
Gaff	15ft.
Topsail yard	16ft.
Spinnaker boom	21ft. 6in.
Area mainsail	312sq.ft.
Staysail	63sq.ft.
Jib	71sq.ft.
Total, lower sails	446sq.ft.
Working topsail	97sq.ft.
Jibtopsail	60sq.ft.

The designed waterline was but 20ft. 6in., and the draft 4ft. 3in., but in her second season 600lbs. of lead was stowed as snugly as possible among the iron ballast aft, trimming her by the stern to a draft of 4ft. 6in., the draft forward being about the same, and lengthening the waterline to 21ft. 3in. The boat is shown at this new waterline in the drawings, but the waterlines in the half-breadth plan are as in the original design. At the same time that this change was made the rig was altered by the substitution of a topmast in place of the original pole mast, with a staysail and yard topsail, but still the area is small for any purpose but cruising with a small crew or alone. The room inside, of which we shall say more next week, is of course very limited, the headroom of 4ft. 2in. is not enough where a man lives aboard for days, and on the same length and beam it would be possible to deepen the hull so as to give much more room in all ways in the cabin, while the performance in rough water would be improved, the additional draft of 6in. or even a foot being no detriment for such work as the Pilgrim has done. This, however, and the substitution of lead ballast, would have carried the cost far above the original figure, and the owner's experience has been that he has obtained a maximum of good qualities at a moderate cost. After two seasons' cruising the Pilgrim was sold to be replaced by a larger craft as soon as business permits another cruise.



BURLINGTON Y. C.—Mr. W. S. Phelps has received a full set of plans for a yawl or cutter, designed by Mr. Kunhardt. She is 32ft. 6in. on deck, including clipper overhang forward. Waterline, 24ft.; beam moulded, 6ft. 2in.; draft, 5ft.; least freeboard, 2ft. 3in. Displacement, 6 tons; ballast on keel, 5,000lbs. iron. Mast steps 6ft. from forward perpendicular, and is 23ft. 6in. long, deck to hounds, with a 4ft. masthead in addition. Topmast 15ft., cap to hounds. Mainboom, 20ft.; gaff, 17ft.; hoist of mainsail, 19ft. Bowsprit beyond forward perpendicular is 13ft.; jib on foot, 17ft. 9in. The mizzenmast steps 20ft. abaft the mainmast, and is 14ft. 3in. deck to hounds; boom, 12ft.; gaff, 8ft. 3in., and hoist of sail 11ft. There will be 5ft. 10in. height in cabin under a 12in. house, and about 30in. floor. This is the fifth yacht of cutter model furnished by Mr. K. since October.

THE ENGLISH LENGTH CLASSES.—On Dec. 2, a conference of half a dozen English yacht clubs was held at Southampton, at which it was decided to adopt the Y. R. A. rating by length and sail area, and to abolish the length classes. This will throw all the length class boats, of great beam and depth, in with the narrow cutters of about the same length. The results of such racing cannot fail to add much to the present knowledge of the value of beam and depth.

LENGTH AND SAIL AREA RULES.—The *Engineer* of Nov. 25 contains a very interesting paper on the rating of yachts by an anonymous contributor, who has expended much labor in the preparation of a diagram showing graphically the relations between length, beam and sail area in the leading racers.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The navigation class, under Captain Howard Patterson, opened on Saturday night with 25 scholars. After the class a supper of roast oysters and welsh rarebit, prepared by the members, was served in the kitchen of the club house.

NEW YACHTS FOR THE SECOND CLASS.—Besides the yacht designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. E. S. Auchincloss, which will be to the full limit of the class, a model and design for a centerboard boat by Mr. Watson for a New York owner is now on the way.

WINTER CRUISING.—Nonpareille, yawl, Mr. Sanford B. Pomeroy, is now fitting out at the C. Y. C. basin for a cruise to the West Indies. Montauk and Yampa will sail early in January, and Gitana will sail from Boston about the same time.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. B., Flatbush, N. Y.—We can supply them.

E. D. B., New York.—Opinions differ. See letter from Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in last issue.

G. M., Newark.—Can quail be raised in a wire coop, and how large should it be for a dozen? Ans. Yes. Cage should be at least 6x8. Change the sand often.

J. J. C., Philadelphia.—It is impossible for us to tell you who owns the best St. Bernard dog and bitch, for we do not know. If you want to buy, you will find good stock advertised in our advertising columns.

J. F. L., Salem, Neb.—I have heard prairie chickens hooting on at least two occasions this fall; on the morning of the 17th was the last. Is it common for them to hoot in the fall? I have never noticed it before. The weather has been warm and dry for some time. Ans. The hooting in fall is not very uncommon. Ruffed grouse drum in fall and winter, and why should not the pinnated grouse hoot.

SNARE, New York.—Myself and friend went on a shooting excursion to Ronkonkoma, Long Island, about a week ago, and found quite a number of quail. While in the fields I destroyed a dozen snares, all within a mile of the Waverly Gun Club grounds; and when I was about to destroy another one, a farmer jumped out of a thicket and told me if I destroyed it he would have me arrested. I did not destroy it. Could he have had me arrested if I had broken the snare, and what would have been the damage? Ans. He could not have had you arrested for destroying the snare, and he would not have done so. If you were trespassing on his posted land he might have you arrested on that score.

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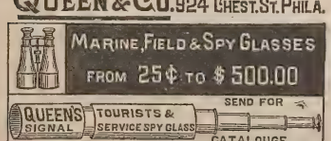
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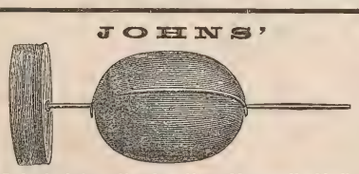
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MARYLAND FISH COMMISSION, Oakland, Sept. 19, 1887.
R. E. Follett, Esq.—DEAR SIR—The trout eggs you sent me last winter were so well handled that our loss was nothing in transportation, and the count was rather over than under. In hatching we obtained 98 per cent. I shall favor you with more orders this coming season. Very truly yours, G. W. DELAWDER, Commissioner.

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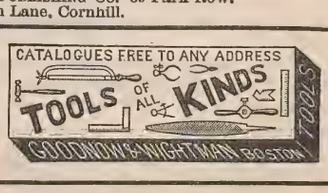
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A WORD IN SEASON.

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READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM cannot fail to recollect Mr. Thomas F. Watson's poem entitled, "The Sportsman's Reverie," printed in this journal about two years ago. Later on a few stanzas were added to cover other scenes of typical American sport with the gun. The author depicted vividly the varied visions which come before the view of the veteran sportsman as he sits in easy chair before the fire. Of the author and his poem the *Detroit Free Press* said in an appreciative notice: "The author is evidently a man of the most acute sportsmanly enthusiasm, as well as of nice literary taste. His poem is built upon a very simple plan. Before a cheerful fire—like Ike Marvel's hero—sits a veteran of rod and gun; he grows half drowsy over pipe and fire and the poet has caught—with a nice and sensitive appreciation—the reminiscences of a hundred hunts which flit through his brain. One experience after another is described with graceful pen touches; the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the deer, fall before the crack of the gun; a long day's sport—a glorious day such as no man ever compassed between sun and sun—is described, even the trout, from the clear rapid, paying tribute to the prowess of a dreamland sportsman, until at last, with the fall of the quiet night shadows, the sportsman draws his boat to the shore, his tired retriever crouches at his feet, and, with his ducks, the final trophies of his sport, at his side, he looks back over the darkening water; and then, once again at his fireside, the end of the vision comes naturally and gracefully."

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No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene. In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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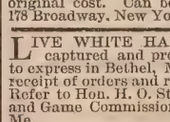
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RUMORS AND TALK.

EARLY last autumn rumors reached the FOREST AND STREAM that two hunters, Vic Smith and his partner Rock, were hunting on the eastern border of the Yellowstone National Park, making their headquarters at or near Round Butte, which is said to be within the Park. They were reported to have shipped out last spring two wagon loads of elk horns, and the hides of elk, sheep, deer, beaver, lynx, fox and other animals, and last fall to have sent out two more loads of elk horns, also to have killed five head of buffalo on Specimen Ridge, within the Park.

We at once took measures to have these reports investigated, but owing to detention in the mails and the fact that some of the persons to whom we were obliged to go for information were absent in the mountains, far from railroads and post-offices, we are only now able to lay before our readers the results of our inquiries.

Vic Smith and Rock did occupy the cabin at the Round Butte during the months of November and December, 1886, and no doubt killed a large quantity of game. They were constantly watched by Captain Harris's scouting parties, however, and it is not believed that they killed anything within the Park. The cabin which they occupied has always been regarded as outside the Park, but what its exact position is no one knows, since Congress has never provided for a survey of the boundaries of the Park.

It is learned that when these two men took possession of the cabin, Capt. Harris sent Barronette, then Government scout, to their camp to caution them, and to see that they did not hunt inside the Park. They stated, and Barronette reported, that they hunted exclusively on Hellroaring Creek, still further away from the Park lines. Hellroaring is a favorite resort for elk, bison and other large game.

During the months of November and December, Barronette, sometimes accompanied by non-commissioned officers of the Superintendent's force, visited Smith's camp at frequent intervals, and uniformly reported that the game which Smith marketed was killed in the Hellroaring Basin.

During this time other hunting parties attempted to locate near Smith's Cabin, but within the Park, and were ordered off. These parties knew where Smith was camped, but none of them are known to have asserted that he was in the Park.

Late in December, 1886, Smith applied to Capt. Harris for permission to transport his meat through the Park, in order to ship it by rail from Cinnabar, stating that the snow was so deep in the mountains that he could not get it out except by the route down Hellroaring Creek. Permission was granted to transport the meat, which represented about thirty-five elk, across the reservation, and it was shipped to Livingstone. Soon after this, however, reports began to be circulated that it had been killed in the Park.

This year notice has been served on all professional hunters in the region about the Park, that they will not be permitted this winter to transport game meat through the Park. Orders have been issued by the Superintendent that all parts of the carcasses of game found in the Park are to be seized, and the wise measure has been adopted of throwing the burden of proof on the persons found with such things in possession.

Early last September the Rev. Dr. Nevin, of Rome, Italy, and Mr. Lispenard Stewart, of New York city, came into the Park from a hunting expedition in the country to the south. They brought with them as trophies seventeen pairs of elk antlers and two bear skins. These articles were seized by the military, but upon the declaration of their owners that none of their trophies had been taken in the Park, and that all of their hunting had been done well south of the Park line, they were restored to them, and were shipped by rail from Cinnabar. Their shipment may have given rise to reports that antlers procured by hunters in the Park were being shipped. It is probable, however, that Vic Smith may have shipped some antlers, for it is certain that he gathered some in the Park last spring, from elk that had died during the winter. Many wagon loads might have been procured, and while no permission was given to any one to collect them, no measures were taken to prevent it.

The Territorial newspapers are savage in their attacks on Captain Harris, and are somewhat given to printing complaints from offenders against the regulations of the Department, who have been interferred with by the Superintendent's force. They write as if they would like to see all the barriers about the Park thrown down so that the lawless public might be free to work destruction in the reservation. They seem to forget that the existence of the Park is a great thing for Montana, that it brings into the country people who spend money there, and draws the attention of the outside public to the resources of the Territory.

Captain Harris's administration in the Park has been firm, but we believe that it has always been wise and just.

THE NATIONAL FISH COMMISSION.

WHEN the bill creating the United States Fish Commission was prepared, it was worded with special reference to the appointment of Prof. Baird to the office; and with his approval it was made a condition of the office that no salary should attach to it. Prof. Baird undertook willingly the building up of the bureau, but he saw with characteristic acumen that he could not carry through the great work to a successful conclusion if the Commission were to be plagued by the importunities of office seekers and imperilled by office appointing intrigue.

When Prof. Baird died the bureau had grown to be an important and complex branch of the public service, with a disbursement of $500,000 per annum, and demanding for its control and guidance high scientific attainments, rare executive ability and capacity of physical endurance. The law provided that the head of the Commission must also be a civil officer of the Government. It was manifestly impossible to find a man who could perform the duties of Commissioner and those of another office as well. Prof. G. Brown Goode, the Assistant Director of the National Museum, has held the position since Prof. Baird's death, but he has urged the President to relieve him at the earliest practicable day, as he has not the physical strength to attend to the duties of both posts.

A bill has been passed by the Senate providing for the office of Fish Commissioner, with a salary of $5,000 per year, and it is hoped that the House will pass it. If the bill becomes a law, we presume that Prof. Goode will be asked to retain his place in the Commission and will be relieved of the National Museum directorship. Such a law will abolish the anomaly of requiring exacting service of a public officer and paying him nothing for it.

THE MEANING OF RULE TWO.

BEFORE accepting a measure it is well to consider the motives and true purposes of those who propose it. A clique within the American Kennel Club has proposed a new measure to the effect that before a dog can be exhibited in any show under the club's control it must have been entered in the club's stud book. What is the motive prompting this measure, and what are the true purposes of those who are trying to foist the rule on dog owners? Neither motive nor purpose is occult. Their motive is to save their own pocketbooks. Their purpose is to get at the pocketbooks of others. Under some conditions the motive and purpose would be highly laudable. In this instance they will not present themselves in that light to reasonable minds.

Some time ago a few individuals thought that they saw a way of gratifying their personal spite, and providing one of them with a fat berth where for little work much pay might be reaped. The scheme was to publish a stud book—an "official" stud book—and to give Mr. Vredenburgh, the club's "official" secretary, an "official" salary for editing it. They acquired control of the malodorous and dead-alive National American Kennel Club Stud Book, which after having died several times under circumstances more or less "shady," was gladly handed over to them, with the cordial blessing of its then "publisher." The costly character of the concern, as shown by the past, made it quite clear that some one must stand the prospective loss of the book in its new hands. The individuals who were at the bottom of the scheme had no money of their own; so they set about persuading somebody else into going security. A sufficient number were induced to pledge themselves to make good whatever loss might attend the "official" stud book venture. These sanguine individuals, it appears, put too much faith in the rosy promises of the Vredenburgh clique. They did not anticipate a deficiency. They did not expect to be called on to put their hands into their own pockets to "shell out" for stud book expenses. This, however, is just what they have been called on to do. And instead of doing it, they propose to save themselves and shift the deficit off on to others by recourse to an "official" ruling that the dog owners and breeders of this country must contribute fifty cents all around. In other words, instead of paying the stud book bills out of their own pockets, as they agreed to do, these financiers are going for the pockets of other people.

It was a sharp game, and one that would succeed most admirably in some undiscovered country where all dog men are fools and are crying to be gulled. But those conditions do not obtain in this country to-day; and it is to be very seriously questioned whether the pocketbooks of the sureties will be saved at the expense of other people.

The Fox Terrier Club managers announce that they will stand the expense of the compulsory A. K. C. registration of dogs entered for their sweepstakes. This is virtually a concession by them that the head money is an unjust tax, which the exhibitor cannot reasonably be expected to pay, but which—out of magnanimity and a desire to see a good entry list—they will pay for him.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

COMMISSIONER ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT explains that the theory that hounding deer stimulates them to breed was put out by himself and his fellow Commissioner Bowman as a joke. That is to say at a meeting of the Fish Commission of this State, when the topic of discussion was the right or wrong of hounding does heavy with fawn, Messrs. Roosevelt and Bowman conceived that they were discharging their duty by indulging in frivolous and disgusting jocularity over it. The public will accept this explanation for what it is worth. If any one shall have the temerity to suggest that something more than jokes are demanded of the men charged by the State with the care of its game interests he should remember that Commissioner Roosevelt has had so much experience in game protection that his official foolings are to be treated with respect. The more reverence is due this present deer hounding idiosyncracy because the recommendation over which they cracked their joke was made by Gen. Sherman, who, as Mr. Roosevelt tells us, "is as well informed as any one" on the effect of hounding, while, as is quite clear from Mr. Roosevelt's letter, he himself is not informed about it at all.

THE ROCK CLIMBERS.

I.—BY ST. MARY'S LAKES.

LAND of the Blackfoot, the Kootenay and the Stony! Once more my foot presses thy stubborn soil; once more I breast the steeps of thy beetling mountains; once more sounds in my ear the roar of the blasts which rush forth from thy storm-breeding gorges. Again I gaze upon thy narrow wind-swept lakes, thy walls of rock, thy glacier-bearing basins; again look up to the peaks where dwell mid ice and snow and storm the agile sheep, the slow-moving goat and the white-tailed ptarmigan; again listen to the cries of the fowl that float upon thy waters or soar above them. The trumpet tones of the swans, the clangor of the geese, the whistling of the wild ducks' wings, the wailing note of the sea gull and the wild shriek of the loon are sweet music to my ears.

Since last I beheld thee many the moons that have waxed and waned. Snows have fallen and melted, but at length I am here once more.

Well has the image of this land dwelt in my memory. Mountain and valley, aspen-clad ridge and wooded point, lake and stream—I recognize ye all.

———

How often, in dreams of the night or day, have I revisited these scenes during the years that have passed since last I left these happy shores. How often, in fancy, have I seated myself on some rock on the point of old Singleshot and gazed over the beautiful scene! The two great lakes, the rocky walls of the sky-reaching mountains which inclose them, the gray slide rock at my feet, the brown expanse of level prairie at the Inlet, the dark pine-clad foothills and the yellow grass of the little parks, the matchless blue of the unclouded sky were all present to my view as though they had been realities. From far down the gorge at my feet I would seem to hear the faint roll of the ruffed grouse, as he summoned—in vain at this season—his harem to his side, and then, at first indistinct, but each moment more plainly heard and calling all my senses into alertness, would come the rattle of the shale which told me that a sheep was picking its way with dainty step over the slide rock, or was bounding with nervous leaps from rock to rock up or down the mountainside. But always before the crucial moment came when the noble game should present itself to my eye, the vision faded and I found that the St. Mary's Lakes were far away.

I have dreamed too of Swift Current; have viewed from the crest of the Show Mountain that straight narrow valley lying between frowning black precipices, patched here and there with snow; have looked upon its many lakes and seen upon its mountain sides the white goats feeding; have longed to reach its glaciers, hitherto inaccessible to me, and have awakened to find that the duties of a busy working world must be taken up.

Now all is changed. I dream no longer. Before me are the familiar scenes so often thought of. From where I sit, I can see the lakes, the mountains, the peaks of Swift Current with their white banks of snow and their blue-tinted glaciers; can see where the stream debouches into the valley of the St. Mary's River; know that within ten miles of the camp are sheep and goats; that in the lakes, into which from my seat I can cast a pebble, are lurking the great sullen trout; know in fine that all the opportunities of which I have so often dreamed and for which I have so longed are now before me. And this knowledge gives me a thrill of delight so keen that its pleasure is almost a pain, a delight of which I cannot speak without seeming to exaggerate, and which will be comprehended only by him to whom long association with the grandest things in nature has given a love for them which he can never put into words.

———

Land of the Blackfoot, the Kootenay, and the Stony, well do I love thee. I love thy pleasant valleys, thy deep blue lakes, thy rushing streams, but above all thy frowning mountains.

And first of all, to thee, the Chief Mountain, salutation and reverence. Wonderful, sublime, unchanging, thy dark head rises above the clouds, and overlooks the land. Grim thou art and frowning; stern and forbidding when the black storm clouds cluster about thy summit and settle down over thy precipitous sides, yet canst thou smile kindly beneath a calm blue sky or when the rays of the rising or setting sun softly kiss thy peak and lend a benignity to thy majestic grandeur.

And beyond are other mountains; those about Swift Current, Show Mountain and Appekunny's Mountain, and a score of others. Then Flat Top and old Singleshot, and Otu Kómi and Goat Mountain, and Going to the Sun, and across the lake Red Eagle and Little Chief, Kootenay and Divide. To all of you salutation and reverence. Ye stand as ye have ever stood and shall ever stand, firm and immutable. Upon what scenes have ye looked? What changes have gone on under your solemn eyes.

Speak to us. Tell us of the past. Portray to us one of the incidents that ye have beheld since the time when, with fierce groanings and with labor that seemed like the end of all things, our common mother bringing forth fire and smoke gave birth to you, mighty ones. Speak to us of those earlier days when strange beasts known to us only from their bones, browsed upon your foothills, or clambered over the steeps which we now traverse. Or tell us of later times when the people covered the prairie and the buffalo gave food for all, when the smoke from the lodges rose by every stream, and there was plenty in the land, before the report of a gun had awakened ill-omened echoes, and when the white face was unknown.

Tell us of the people, whence they came and how the tribes were divided; what was their life in the ancient days, how did they hunt, with whom warred they? Ye have seen it all. Ye know, and if ye would reply, could solve these mysteries, but ye are silent, or if ye speak, our ears are too dull to comprehend your answer. Of your own history our eyes tell us something. We know that those peaks now exalted to heaven were once the bottom of the deepest ocean, and to-day, fastened in your rocks we see the forms of strange dwellers in those ancient seas, perfect as they were in life. And on your slopes portions of the shores of bays and estuaries are preserved, and the marks of the ripples on the quiet beaches and the cracks in the sun-dried mud still show the spot where once the salt tide ebbed and flowed. But we would know more than your history. We would know what ye have seen, what has gone on before ye. We ask in vain.

———

About a glowing camp-fire on the shores of the St. Mary's Lakes are seated three persons well known to the readers. They are H. G. Dulog, the Rhymer, Appekunny, the Piegan, and Old Yo. Their camp is pitched in a little grove of aspens close to a brook of clear water. Behind them rise sharply the grass-covered hills, and before them is the broad lake with the shadowy mountains beyond. The flickering firelight plays on the white tent and casts curious shadows among the trees about it. It is very quiet; even the soft lipping of the water on the pebbly beach, a sound seldom wanting in this wind-swept valley, is stilled to-night. At intervals the footfall of one of the horses is heard from the darkness without the circle of firelight, or the swishing sound of a picket rope dragged over the grass as one of them shifts his position. The men are silent. It is the magic hour after dinner, when, tired after a long day's march, their appetites satisfied, they are content to sit still and be lazy.

The trip that has just begun has long been in the minds of all of them, and now that what has been so often talked and written about is before them, they are pondering over it, and one of them, at least, is wondering whether their glowing anticipations are to be realized.

To behold once more the beauties of these mountains, to live over again for a little while, and in good company, the old free life of other days, to take some of the myriad trout that swarm here, to kill a few wildfowl and grouse, to clamber to the summits of these towering peaks in pursuit of sheep and goats, and thus to regain lost vigor—these are some of the motives that have brought together this little company in their camp by the St. Mary's Lakes.

One face is missing that should be brightened by this camp-fire; one eye keen to read the secrets of mountain and plain does not gleam here; one arm, steady to hold the rifle, casts no shadow. Where is that Skeedee chief? Where is La-shar-u-kittibutz? Far away on the banks of the Loup Fork, in the ancient home of his people, he sits in his lodge alone.

Some of the men had traveled far to reach this camp. The Rhymer came from the west, from California, by way of British Columbia, over the Canadian Pacific Railroad. From the south came Appekunny, that Piegan, traveling on horseback over the yellow prairie, dotted here and there with white buffalo skulls, headstones that mark the resting places of a race once numerous, now gone forever. Yo had come furthest of all, from the Atlantic coast, by way of Montreal, over the Canadian Pacific. Traveling nowadays is made so easy that, if one but knows where he wants to go, his journey is a pleasure rather than a fatigue. So even the railroad journey had been delightful. The road, though it has only been in operation two years, rides more smoothly and easily than many an older one, and the comfortable sleeping cars are fitted up with all the most modern conveniences, among which a bathroom is especially deserving of mention. The excellent dining cars furnish capital meals, and the service throughout is very good.

The travelers by rail had met Appekunny at Lethbridge, in Alberta, Northwest Territory, and there had left civilization for their camp on the lakes. How delightful it was to escape from the confinement of the cars, to assist in packing the wagon, and at last to spring on the back of a good horse—no matter if he does give occasionally a spring to one side, as if he wished to get rid of his rider—to round up the loose horses and mules and to send them dashing along the road, away from the town, down the valley, up the hill, and then out on the broad prairie, while the slow wagon followed far behind. The swift swinging gallop sends the blood coursing through the veins with the speed of years ago, and the hurrying herd in front calls up in one mind memories of other days, when on a prairie far to the south and east two men rode for a day and a half behind a band of horses, recovered from the cunning Sioux by a craft that matched their own. And then the lodges pitched among the willows along the stream, the barking Indian dogs, the herds of ponies, the little parties of Bloods which they passed, and whose red or blue leggings and blankets brightened the landscape, made the travelers forget for a moment the changes that had taken place in twenty years. For a moment they were young again.

"Ha! Penuk-wi-um, are you there?" shouts Appekunny, as they pass a lodge pitched close to the road, and a cry, half a growl and half a roar, tells them that the fat chief is within. They laugh merrily as they sweep on. They have not forgotten how Penuk-wi-um killed the elk.*

Five or six days' travel brought them to the lakes, and now that their goal is reached, on this first night, before they have fished or hunted, they recline at ease about the fire, and this camp calls up memories of a hundred others, which in past days have been pitched anywhere over this broad continent from the ice-bound north, south to the tablelands of Mexico, and from the Atlantic on the one side to the Pacific on the other. For these three men are "old-timers" in the mountains. They have borne their part in the development of the wonderful new West, and the foot of one or other of the three has been the first to penetrate into more than one corner of the land up to that time unexplored. If the story of their wanderings could be fitly told it would form an interesting volume.

The fire is burning low, and Appekunny rising throws two or three sticks upon it, and the loose bark of the dry aspen logs catches like tinder, burns up and makes a cheerful light, which rouses the others from their dreaming and the Rhymer asks: "What Indians besides the Blackfoot nation are found here, Yo?"

"In old times," he replied, "the Blackfeet claimed only the prairie, and as long as there were plenty of buffalo they hunted not at all or very little in the mountains. The Kootenays, who are true mountain Indians, have always hunted more or less here, and so have the Stonies, whose agency now is north of Calgarry, but the Blackfeet and the Sarcees are true plains Indians and always depended on the buffalo. When they went into the mountains it was only to cross them when they went over west to steal horses from the Kootenays or the Kallispells."

"What or who are the Sarcees?" said the Rhymer, "I have often heard of them and of the Stonies, but I have no idea what their relationships are, nor where they live."

"The Sarcees," said Appekunny, "are a small tribe of Athabaskan stock, like the Apaches, who have always lived with the Blackfeet and under their protection. They are prairie Indians, buffalo hunters. The Blackfeet call them Săk-sé-po-yĕt, short or heavy talkers, and this name has been contracted to Săk-sé, and by the whites corrupted to Sarcee. The Stonies are called by the Blackfeet Ok'-wĭ-tŏk-sŭ-ĭ-tŭp'-ĭ, which means literally Rock afoot persons, or those who walk on the rocks. They are great mountain hunters, beating even the Kootenays. They are a band of the Assinaboine Sioux, and speak essentially their language."

"Have you ever heard that the Stonies had climbed to the summit of Chief Mountain?" said Yo.

"No," was the reply, "I have never heard any Indians claim to have done that. The most I have ever heard on that point was what old Back-in-sight, the Kootenay chief, told us two years ago, when he said that many years ago some of the Kootenays climbed it. But I fancy that was only tradition, and may have been nothing more than boasting."

"By the way," he continued, "I have never told you of that prayer to Chief Mountain that I heard old Eagle Head make last winter."

"No, give it to us by all means" said Yo.

"Eagle Head," began Appekunny, "is an old warrior of the E-nŭk'-siks or "Small" band of the Piegans. He is old, blind and tottering. Last winter I saw him sitting outside of his lodge one warm pleasant day, looking toward Chief Mountain, which, as you know, the Piegans regard as one of the minor gods. After a little while he began to pray, and the prayer seemed to me so forcible and pathetic that I wrote it out. This is what he said:

" 'Hear now, you Chief of Mountains, you who stand foremost; listen, I say, to the mourning of the people. Now are the days truly become evil and are not as they were in ancient times. But you know. You have seen the days. Under your fallen garments the years are buried. Then were the days full of joy, for the buffalo covered the prairie, and the people were content. Warm dwellings had they then, soft robes for coverings, and the feasting was without end.

" 'Hear now, you Mountain Chief. Listen, I say, to the mourning of the people. Their dwellings and their raiment now are made of strange thin stuff, and the long days come and go without the feast, for our buffalo are gone. Useless, indeed, the drum, for who would sing and dance while hunger gnawed within him.

" 'Like an old blind man your people feel their way along, falling over unseen things, for the gods are angry. In vain the usual offering to the Sun. Where now the hundred tongues, the snow white robes which always

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*See FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XVI., p. 424.

were his share? And because we cannot find them he turns away his eyes, making our medicine useless. So then we fall and die, even as an old blind man who cannot see the way.

"'Hear, now, you who stand among the clouds. Pity, I say, your starving people. Give back those happy days. Cover once more the prairies with our real food that your children may live again. Hear, I say, the prayer of your unhappy people. Bring back those ancient days. Then will our medicine again be strong, then will you be happy and the aged die content.'"

"A wonderful prayer, full of poetry," said the Rhymer.

"And how much more full of pathos," added Yo, and for a short space there was silence. Then more logs were piled on the fire, the horses were looked after and those most likely to wander tied up, and then all hands turned in.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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THE GRAY PINE.

PART TWO.

THE deserted farm at the head of the valley was once owned by Amos Brown, a shiftless and thriftless farmer and as unsuccessful a hunter, for though he was a good shot and much fonder of ranging the woods with his gun and sad-faced hound than of tilling his sterile acres, he "never hed no luck." Fonder yet of the social glass, he spent many and more unprofitable hours in "Bell's tavern," and Bell had a mortgage on his farm and a lien on his scanty stock every cent they were worth.

In spite of the disheartening unthrift of the farm, the old man's only daughter kept the house neat and comfortable and strove bravely against the tide of ill-fortune that soon or late seemed certain to overwhelm them. Her mother had died when she was but a child, and she had to take a woman's place in the little household, when the girls of her age "down the river" were set to no heavier tasks than baby tending and berry picking.

She was such a notable housekeeper and so handsome withal, that she had many admirers and had only to say the word to become the wife of the only son of the most well-to-do farmer in the valley, but for some reason she had not yet been persuaded to say the word. She was very patient with her father, and always kind and thoughtful of his comfort, humoring and caring for him as tenderly as if he had been a child when he came home almost helplessly drunk from his visits to the tavern, and he was so proud and fond of her that it was a wonder he did not mend his ways for her sake.

One summer brought them great luck, so Amos thought. An artist discovered the valley and came to board with them for a week or two while he sketched some of the striking and picturesque bits of the wild scenery. He found enough close at hand to keep his eye and pencil busy for a much longer time, and his stay lengthened to a month. Then he fitted up a rough studio in the old barn, and settled down to summer's work, paying for his board and privileges what seemed a windfall of wealth to Amos and his daughter, though it was no more a week than one must pay now for a day's entertainment at one of the summer resorts of the region.

Credit was restored at Bell's, and the old man's convivial evenings there became more frequent. But not all the ready money went that way. Some of it brought more comfortable furnishings and some simple adornments to the house, and a becoming new dress and smart bonnet made Polly so much handsomer than ever that poor Hiram Hull's heart grew sorer every day with the pain of misprised love.

Walter White, the artist, painted for love of art and an ambition to make a name that he would be prouder of than that of a rich man's only son. He cared nothing for the gay life that most young men of fortune lived, and unaccountably to them chose to spend the summer days painting in this out of the way nook of the world rather than take the foremost place he might among the votaries of fashion.

He was a man of pleasant speech and kindly ways, and so unassuming of any superiority to these humble but sensitive people among whom he was sojourning that they almost all liked him, though some said afterward that they had always thought they saw a lurking devil in his eye and a marked hardness in his face. He treated Polly with a respectful politeness so different from the awkward courtesy, always bashful or rude, though always well meant, of her accustomed male associates, that it was a revelation to her of a life far removed from hers; his speech and manners so unlike those of any one she had ever met, made him seem like some superior being from another world, and she could not but feel that they were very far apart. As the summer wore away, marking its decline with golden-rod along the waysides and with dull white patches of everlasting in the stony pasture, this feeling of wide separation began to be very painful to her, and she became aware that too often for her peace of mind in the days to come, thoughts of their guest were constantly recurring. In a little while he would be gone, and her old weary life would be resumed, and go on and on, tending whither? she vaguely wondered. Its few possible ways were narrow and rough at best. And worst of all to think of was that she and her life would soon pass out of his and be forgotten, and she could never forget him. She grew so sad and moping that her father noticed how changed she was, and dimly seeing through the thin disguise of pretended gaiety she at times put on, guessed at what she strove to hide. Some sense of parental duty faintly illumined his befogged soul, and one afternoon as they sat on the doorstep in the eastern shadow of the house, he smoking and stealthily noting how while she knitted her frequent expectant glances were cast across the fields, he was impelled to give her a gentle admonition.

"Polly," he began, with a sudden effort, "it's dreffle foolish 'n' onprofitable for folks tu git the' hearts sot on folks 'at don't keer nothin' for 'em, haint it naow, Polly?"

"Course it is, father," she answered, blushing as red as the blossoms of the "posy bean" that she had trained over the door. "Why?" with a forced little laugh, "It's a hopesin' you haint a ben settin' your heart on—le' me see—wal, that rich Widder Harmern 't owns all the iron works daown t' Ironton; hev ye, father?"

"Oh, you git aout wi' yer nonsense, Polly," the old man cried, laughing at the absurdity of the idea. "No, no, little gal, I haint a foolin'. It *is* dreffle foolish. But I hev knowed them 'at got a notiern 'at 'cause somebuddy er nuther was kinder sosherble an' friendly tu 'em, 'at they sot a heap by 'em, and mebby wanted to marry 'em, when they raly didn't keer a soo markee for 'em, no, not one single soo markee! You 'n' I wouldn't git no sech a notiern int' aour heads, little gal, but the' be them 'at 'ould, an' does. S'posin' now 'at—wal, s'posin' 'at one o' them 're Stinson gals daown yunder," pointing down the valley with his pipe, "got a notiern 'at 'cause, Mr. White, f'r instance, spoke perlite tu her, an' thanked her more fer a dipper o' water 'n' I would for a drink o' ol' Medferd 'r Perishville whisky"—the names of these liquors made his mouth so watery that he paused to wipe it with the back of his hand—"at he was smit with her, an' she took tu sort o' pinin' arter him, haow tur'ble foolish an' onsenseless it 'ould be? Naow, Polly, I ben a thinkin' 'baout it 'cause I seen him a prattlin' long wi' that 'ere lanky Stinson gal t'other day"—Polly winced—"an' I ben a thinkin' 'at like 'nough you hed orter tell her better 'n tu git any sech a idee, seein' 'at she 'n' you is toll'able thick."

"Pshaw! father," she burst out contemptuously, "he don't care no more for M'ri Stinson 'n he does for you!"

"Course he don't. I haint none worried 'baout him! I know 'em, them high duck city folks, smooth and putty tu us here 's long we're usefle tu 'em, but when they god done with us, we haint no more o' 'caount tu 'em 'n the parin's o' the' nails! They'd be 'shamed tu be seen a speakin' tu us 'mongst their toppin' folks t' hum! It's her 'at I'm worried 'bout! You jist give her a kinder p'misc'ous hint, Polly."

Feeling that he had performed his duty with great tact and delicacy, the old man knocked the ashes from his pipe and went straggling off to some pottering task. Polly ran indoors lest, if he looked back, he should see her crying.

A mile away in a wild gorge, where a mountain brook poured its shattered current over a ledge into a pool whose checkered wavelets tossed the rafts of foam bells to wreckage on the stony margin and in the swift rapids, and wrinkled into fantastic crookedness the reflections of birch and balsam and mossy rock, Walter White sat painting. He was in bad humor, vexed with himself for thinking so often of Polly. He was troubled with the revelation lately come to him, that the poor girl loved him. But why should he be so constantly thinking that she was good and handsome, and how would he miss her when he went away? Why should he be very sad with the thought of her wasting her life and goodness and beauty on the besotted old father, or at best, on a clod-dish husband? Could it be that at the suggestion of this possibility a flame of jealousy burned his heart? Then came a vague wish for impossible things, that he were only a hunter or a hill farmer as poor and humble as any of her kind, with her to keep his cabin or be mistress of his little farmhouse. Why not quite forsake the world he cared so little for? His pictures might go to it and win fame for him, while he stayed here. Why not build an artist's ideal home in the midst of the woods and mountains that had been waiting for centuries to be put on canvas—and, what? marry Polly?

A cold shiver ran through him as he contrasted her uncultivated ways, her uncouth pronunciation and unmodulated drawl with the high bred elegance of his mother's and sisters' manners and speech. And he shuddered with disgust at the thought of drunken old Amos Brown as a father-in-law.

Then suddenly a wicked thought thrust itself upon him, a thought that made him feel a horror of himself. He strove to cast it from him, but it would return and hold argument with all the good that was in him. No, he would not be a villain, he would go away to-morrow out of the reach of temptation. One wrench of the girl's heart, another wrench of his—was it his heart, or only his fancy?—and then after a few weeks' or months' ache it would all be over, the heart-wounds healed and both be safe and whole, and if with sad, yet with not unpleasant memories of one another. But how could he have pleasant memories of her, and she dragging out a sunless life with a besotted father, or a clod of a husband? Was not any life better for her than either of these? No; to bear through all her days her heavy burdens and live a good and honorable life where her humble lot was cast, was better a thousand times than—. He shuddered at the thought of what she might become if this devil conquered him. He would go to-morrow; and with this resolve his heart grew lighter, and he hastened to finish his sketch of the waterfalls. "If I could paint those foam bells as they are," he said, "every one with the picture it floats, and not have to content myself with the thin half circle and dot of white that stand for bubbles, then I might call myself a painter! Sail to me, little bubble, and let me try." When as if obeying his call one drifted toward him, a sudden foolish fancy took him to let its fate decide his action. If it came safely to shore, he would stay a fortnight longer, if it burst before it reached the shore he would go at once. He watched it intently as it danced over the translucent crinkles of the pool, then joined itself to a dancing mate, and the pair came whirling in an eddy into harbor, touched the pebbled shore at his feet and burst in one sparkle. Alas for poor Polly!

He staid till the maples along the riverside were blood red, and the shivering poplars shone like flickering flames of yellow light among the dark balsams. Then one day he packed his trunk and went away. If at dusk the next evening Polly was at a certain evergreen tree that stood beside the road, so different from all the other evergreens that they had often noticed it, she would see a light wagon driven there. If the driver alighted, plucked a sprig of this tree and gave it to her, she might know he had come to take her to the little lake-port where her lover was waiting.

After fidgeting about uneasily all the morning of that fateful day Amos Brown "kinder guessed he'd go a-huntin' for a leetle spell," and taking down his gun and waking the old deaf hound wandered off into the woods. His daughter knew that his hunting was almost certain to take him in a roundabout way to Bell's, and that he would not come home till after nightfall. She longed to kiss him and bid him farewell, for she might never see him again, but she dared not even say good-bye, for she was choking with tears held back. So she only gave the old hound a parting caress and said in a broken voice, "Ta' care o' yerself, father."

The shadows of the great western mountain wall had fallen across the valley and half way up the sides of the eastern range as Polly busied herself with her last household tasks. With more than usual care she laid the linen cloth her mother had woven and set her father's supper for him, preparing a favorite dish, and brewing the pot of strong tea that he always craved when he came home from a visit at Bell's. She had not realized till now how desolate home would be for him without her. How could she leave him so forlorn even for her lover's sake? And an undefined dread oppressed her, as if the shadows of the mountains had fallen on her heart. She wondered why the shadows ran so swiftly up the mountain sides, chasing the sunshine toward the peaks, and the hours flew fast as those of one condemned to death, not dragging slow as when they bring some great anticipated joy. A voice that would not be stilled iterated that duty must overbear love, that she must stay with her father. And at last when the lingering touch of the sunset was lifted from the highest peak to the clouds, a great peace and rest came over her soul, for she had made her final decision. By the fading light she wrote in a cramped hand an ill-spelled note for the messenger to take back to Walter White, telling him that she had even so late repented of her foolish promise and would stay with her father. She blushed with shame to think that perhaps her lover would laugh at its blundering awkwardness, but it comforted her to feel that he must respect her the more for writing it.

She had put on a dress of light-colored stuff that he had praised, and when mountains and woods and clearings were blurred together in the dark, she went out to the appointed place. The river sent up its constant murmur of many voices, changing their cadence with every waft of the light breeze, yet monotonous, and always sad as the sighs and mysterious whispers of the dark forests. The crickets creaked with mournful monotony their autumnal chant, and the night air was scented with the odor of late blossoms and withering herbs and dead leaves as she stood waiting in the black shadow of the gnarled and scraggy evergreen. The tree seemed to infuse a grave-like chill into the atmosphere beneath and about it that made her shiver, and cower and hug herself for warmth.

Amos Brown had an uncommonly jolly afternoon at the tavern with half a dozen boon companions, who generously gave their time to the drinking of the old Medford rum that he paid for; and when toward nightfall he got upon his unstable legs and went tacking along the road, the landlord watching him and critically and professionally considering his case, doubted whether such legs would of themselves be able to take their owner home. Just then a stout, good-natured looking young man came sauntering past. "Look a here, Hi," said Bell, accosting him, "'F you're a goin' up the rud, why don't ye kinder keep Uncle Amos comp'ny? Seems 's 'ough he's a makin' consid'able rail fence fur tu git hum by airly bedtime."

After a moment's consideration Hiram Hall saw an opportunity of doing Polly a friendly service, and the certainty of a few minutes' speech with her that he had long been wishing for, and he answered with a cheerful alacrity, "Wal, I snum! I d' know but what I will!" The plump little publican felt his conscience at ease when he saw the strong young fellow hook his arm into the limp elbow of the elder, and the pair disappeared in the bend of the road.

Amos was a light weight notwithstanding the load he carried, and Hiram towed him steadily along in spite of the unsteady movement of his legs, and the surge of his body. He humored him with assent to his maudlin gabble, and when he halted, balancing himself for a prolonged drunken argument, he was coaxed onward by telling him that his daughter "'ould be a waitin' up for him, an' a gettin' oneasy 'baout him."

So they fared homeward till they came to the turn of the road below the old man's house, when it had grown so dark that the drab tracks of infrequent wheels were indistinct before them, and were quite blotted out where the shadows of the wayside trees fell thickest.

Hiram stopped suddenly, clutching his companion's arm, and pointing to a dim whiteness that slowly uprose in the shadow of an evergreen, gasped in a scared whisper, "What's that?"

"By the Lord, it's a sperit, Hirum, er less a witch!" the old man said in a low voice when the mysterious form became apparent to his foggy vision. "Le' go my arm 'n' I'll show ye 'at a bullit 'ont hurt it!"

The words were hardly spoken before the rifle was at his shoulder and spit forth its slender stream of fire toward the ghostly figure, and so quickly following its spiteful crack that it seemed a prolongation of it, came a sharp cry of mortal agony, and the white shape sank to the earth. The two men stood blankly staring toward each other through the gloaming in the sudden silence that ensued, when the frightened crickets ceased their melancholy creak, and the night wind held it breath, and no sound was heard but the far away sighing rush of the river. Then the full "hunter's moon" came pulsing up behind the mountain crest and slanted its rays upon them. The old man went forward into the shadows with an undefined horror upon him, and when presently the younger came to him he was kneeling on the ground with the lifeless body of his daughter in his arms. "She was a waitin' for me, Hi," was all he said. A little later Hiram was half aware of some one parting the branches and of a face looking at them for an instant blank with wonder, then as white with horror as he knew his own must be, and then vanishing. He afterward remembered some dim recognition of the sound of wheels clattering away along the road.

"Jest help me kerry the little gal up t' the house," the old man said at last, very calmly, and spoke no more till they had laid her on her bed and he had lighted a candle with a steady hand. "I got one more favor to ask on ye, my boy. Go daown an' ask some o' the women folks t' come up soon 's they kin, er in the mornin' 's jest as well." Then with the innate hospitality of a mountaineer, "Hev

a bite o' suthin', Hirum; o' the last she ever set for her mis'able ol' father! There's the tea on the stove h'ath a waitin' for me 'at killed her! Oh, my God!" After a little the heart-broken old man raised his bowed head from his hands and looked about for something. "Where's my gun? Oh, I know. I'll go 'long daown wi' ye an' git it," and they went out together. The last that Hiram saw of him as he cast a glance behind, he was standing in the moonlit road carefully loading his rifle. "What's he feared on 'at a bullit could hurt?" the young man bitterly asked himself, and then a fire of wrath flamed up in his slow soul against the lonely man who had wrought as great desolation to his own heart as to his.

The daylight had scarcely scaled the mountain tops and the stars above the quiet valley were just beginning to fade into the gray sky when the horror-stricken neighbors came up to the little house. There was no sign of life about it but the old hound crouching sad and silent on the doorstep. Entering, they saw by the faint light of the coming day and the candle with a "winding sheet" dropping from its spluttering wick, old Amos Brown lying dead upon the kitchen floor with his empty rifle cast away from him, and in the bedroom poor Polly, with her hands folded across her breast, and so peaceful a look upon her pale, beautiful face, that at first they thought her only asleep. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

DALE ANDREWS.

LAST week some of the people began to miss from the vicinity of the West End one of the most familiar figures. Many will now for the first time be shocked at the announcement that he will be seen among them no more; although many children must have hurried home with sobs in their hearts if not in their voices to say that Dale Andrews is dead. He was only a lemon and white pointer who carried his tail thrust out behind him, as a Cossack soldier wears his sabre, but he was a dog of such high degree, such fine intelligence and such polished manners that his acquaintance—and they were legion—soon lost sight of his species and made him their friend. He did not speak their language, and they did not understand his: but his gentlemanly tact never allowed him to betray his ignorance of their kindly salutations, nor did it occur to them that his overflowing geniality had not been expressed in the plainest of spoken words.

His masters were four grown boys who kept house in a flat, and who sometimes facetiously spoke of him as "the children" or "the menagerie," and whose rotund and turbaned housekeeper often lectured to him soberly about how he "to' 'round the neighborhood," all of which was indicative that he was the only thing in all the bachelor household, from the bric-a-brac to the shotguns, that called for any tenderness or solicitude. And perhaps it is in this humanizing influence which he thus exerted in that little corner of the world that is to be found the secret of that nobility which made him famous and gave him friends.

What must have been one of the divine purposes of the brute creation comes near to being realized when it appeals to the tender emotions of humanity; it is more than realized where it supplies food for them. It is therefore in accordance with the eternal fitness that this dog who so approached to the performance of this ideal function should have been blessed with an ideal home, an ideal life and perfect friendship. He had the first of these, an ideal home, because he was a fair sharer in all its benefits and pleasures. He sometimes put his paws on the edge of the table and anxiously observed the progress of some game of cards, or lifted up his voice to heaven in righteous protest against an overworked violin, or awakened some one in the small hours of the night to ask him to get him a drink of water.

The night before his death he came home from a gallop through the residence portion of the city, just as his masters came home from their work, and threw him down before the fire to dry his feet; his contented eyes strayed lazily from the shovel to the fender, and from the fender to the fire. And Mary, in her turban, came and looked down on him severely, and said: "Yo' rascal, where yo' been?" And he wagged his tail just once and let it drop, and glanced at her with that look which expressed pleasure, but was canine and therefore not to be defined as a smile; whereat his sable proconsulator chuckled, and he dropped off to sleep dreaming, I suppose, retrospectively of his ramble; prospectively of his supper.

To speak of his accomplishments would be but to tell the story of a well trained dog. How, of an evening, he would go to the closet and fetch his master's slippers, picking them out from among the others by a sense finer than men possess, even in respect of slippers; or how, at such delightful times as when he and the family and the shotguns went hunting, he would find and point the live birds and retrieve the dead. But to speak of his affection is another matter.

One afternoon last week one of his masters came home tired and went to bed to rest, and directly when he heard a scratchy push at his bedroom door he knew it was Dale come to welcome him. But when the dog crossed the darkened threshold and thus knew he was in the atmosphere of sleep, no sleeping person could have known that shortly thereafter a cautious, sober dog, placed first one foot and then the other upon the bed, and in a brief moment reached his head over the man's shoulder, licked his nose, as if to say, "Though not classical 'tis my master's," and believing he was asleep laid his head for a moment tenderly upon his master's face and then softly and carefully climbed down.

But on Thursday in the middle of the night, as he slept on the landing at the kitchen door, he must have dreamed that the Laocoon was an allegory for dogs, and that by the serpents who are coiled about it were meant those who poison dogs; and he must have awakened shortly thereafter with a horrible pain, for, to the shame of humanity be it spoken, some foul fiend had poisoned him.

The mystery of death is a severe tax upon the understanding and composure of men whose hands are held and whose last hours are soothed by the best of helpers and the most loving of friends. With this dog—his straining intelligence appalled by an impending evil he could not avoid, shut in by the door below, locked out by the door above from light, from help, from the comfort of a familiar voice—what must he have thought of men to leave him thus. Where, since his masters had forgotton him, could be that sweet little girl who looked into his yard on her way to school to talk to him and stroke his head? Where was Mary? And then, when the poison tore out his very vitals until, instead of the air which should never have been denied him, he breathed blood, when the horrible torture wore upon him until he could ask of the sphinx of this life but one more question, what answer did he receive when he asked what he, a dog, had done to be condemned to such a death?

It may be a sign of weakness for grown people to grieve over the death of a dog, but they may at least hope that on the other side of this life there is a sunny upland where dogs do wait until the time at the Final Assizes whence the murderers of dogs shall go to their reward, and the friends of dogs be once more restored unto them.

To those assembled to hear this tribute of love and respect for our friend it were useless to remark that if the meanest traits of mankind were scaled no further below the meanest traits of dogs than the best intelligence of dogs is scaled below the lowest intelligence of men; then this crime would never have been committed, and the world would not have to blush with renewed shame at the thought that some one has been born into the world with a spirit too low for a brute, a heart too small for an insect, and a nature too malicious for a serpent. The murderer in this case has not been brought to justice. But there is an eternal justice in the workings of the universe which relentlessly pursues all murderers, and so surely as a wicked person has killed a noble dog, and so surely as the universe moves on, his murder will come back to him in that his sleep will be murdered; likewise his pleasure in himself, until at length there will come into his nature that full knowledge of his smallness of stature which will make itself felt by others, and when men despise a man his crimes are well on the way to expiation.

G. K. A.

Natural History.

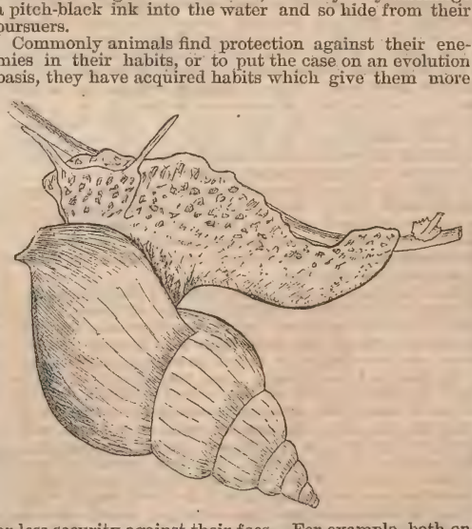
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NOTES OF THE FIELDS AND WOODS.

IV.—SNAILS AND THEIR WAYS.

ANIMALS have a great variety of ways of defending themselves against their enemies. In general they are provided with definite organs—often organs of offense as well as defense. Familiar examples are the stings of insects, the talons of birds and the horns of cattle. The study of the development of these organs of attack and defense forms some of the most interesting and significant chapters in the story of evolution. It need not be said that the task is a great one and yet far from being finished. In many cases it is evident enough that the organs arose by modifications of parts already present; thus the claws of birds of prey are modified toenails, the stings of bees modified reproductive organs, and the poison-glands of spiders are probably modified salivary glands. But many animal weapons cannot be accounted for in this way. A single instance may be cited, the curious ink-bag of the cuttlefish, whereby they discharge a pitch-black ink into the water and so hide from their pursuers.

Commonly animals find protection against their enemies in their habits, or to put the case on an evolution basis, they have acquired habits which give them more



or less security against their foes. For example, both on land and in water many animals hide under stones and rocks, others dig burrows in the ground, others live in remote and inaccessible places, etc., etc. Then there is the remarkable principle of mimicry by which animals come to resemble the medium in which they live either in form or color. Every angler knows that many fishes are almost exactly similar in color to the bottom of the stream in which they live, and there are a number of marine animals which are hardly distinguishable from the water itself, the jelly-fishes being the most familiar examples. It is needless to multiply examples. It is plain that nature is abundant in resources for the safety of her creatures. If she gives them instincts by which they fight and devour one another, she also gives them protection against the unrestrained exercise of these instincts.

No class of animals possesses a more perfect protective armor than the gasteropod molluscs, examples of which are the common land and pond snails. Let us allow Charles Lamb to tell the story for us:

> The frugal snail with forecast of repose,
> Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
> Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of rain,
> Retreats to his small domicile again.
> Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 'tis well,
> He creeps up in his sanctuary shell.
> He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
> Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
> Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
> And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
> He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
> Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
> And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
> Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.

chamber, which functions as the lung. This would make the process essentially the same as that which takes place in fishes in respect to their swim bladders. The snails appear to raise the opening of the lung cavity above the surface of the water, thus filling it with air; a supply thus gained, they sink to the bottom and remain a considerable time before getting in a fresh store.

The snails feed upon some water plants contained in the aquarium. A favorite position is with their long, creeping disk clinging to a stem and the shell hanging downward, as sketched in the figure. They appear to feed upon the soft green exterior of the stem, and to slowly creep along, eating the stem clean as they go. These snails have only one pair of tentacles, differing in this respect from the common land snails, which have two pairs. The tentacles of the water snails are organs of touch; the second pair pair possessed by the land snails bear the eyes at the ends, and, as is well known, are retractile.

In the early part of the summer I noticed a number of egg masses produced by the snails. They were attached to the sides of the jar, and consisted of small white particles surrounded and held together by a thick layer of transparent jelly. Examining a portion of the mass with the microscope a few weeks later, I found that the eggs had hatched into tiny shell-covered snails. It is an interesting fact that in all snails the young already possess a shell when they emerge from the egg. This would indicate that the shell appeared very early in the development of the class, and adds emphasis to the observation made above, that the shell has had much to do in the preservation of this tribe of animals.

The shell is formed by secretion from a portion of the integument called the mantle, receiving this name from the fact that it surrounds the internal organs. The shell grows by additions at the mouth, so that the oldest part is at the summit or apex of the spiral. If the shell becomes broken the snail mends it by a fresh secretion. At the approach of winter the animals creep into the mud at the bottom of the pond, and having drawn their bodies into the shell, secrete a thick fluid which hardens into a firm crust that closes the mouth of the shell. This crust is doubtless permeable to air, so that the animals carry on a reduced respiration during the winter.

The land snails are to be found during the day in moist situations hiding under leaves, decaying wood, etc. At night they come out for food, feeding upon vegetable matter. Our common American species, the largest of which is *Helix albolabris*, do little damage, being comparatively small and few in numbers. But in some parts of Europe the land snails are a great pest, often making considerable depredations in gardens. If one examines the mouth of a snail it is easily seen how the tender leaves are seized and reduced. The mouth-cavity is quite large, and just within the lips and forming the roof of the mouth, is a strong ridged plate composed, like the shell, of carbonate of lime. This plate works backward and forward, like a chain saw, over a hard gristly cushion which forms the floor of the mouth. In this way the food is made ready for passage into the alimentary canal—a membranous tube which extends a considerable distance into the spiral cavity of the shell and then turns upon itself and opens upon the upper side of the body not far from the orifice of the lung cavity. Connected with the digestive canal and extending into the narrowest portion of the shell cavitiy is a large liver.

An interesting fact about snails is that they are hermaphroditic, each animal being provided with both male and female reproductive organs. Sexual copulation is, however, necessary. Pairing takes place early in the summer. Soon after copulation the snails discharge their eggs through the aperture at the side of the neck. They are considerable in number and adhere together in jelly-like masses, looking much like the egg-masses of frogs, except that they are smaller. The eggs are laid in moist places under leaves, etc., and hatch by heat from the sun; that is, their incubation is dependent upon solar heat.

A living snail can always be made to crawl out of its shell by placing it in water which has been boiled, and thus deprived of the air contained in it. The jar containing the water should be covered, otherwise the snails will simply crawl to the surface and get air there. If it is desired to study the structure of the body of the snail, it should be quickly taken from the water and plunged into boiling water. The snail will be killed almost instantaneously and with body extended. The shell can then easily be removed. A number of interesting points can easily be made out. The eyes will be found at the end of the upper pair of tentacles, and by dissection the muscles by which these tentacles are retracted within the head can be found. The mouth will be seen at the anterior end of the creeping disk. The opening of the lung is on the upper side; it is covered by a fold of the skin, and in the living snail is opened at intervals for taking in air. The lung consists simply of a chamber, the walls of which are ramified by blood vessels. By dissection the heart, nervous system, alimentary canal and other organs are to be found. Thus it will be seen that the snail has quite a high structure. In the scale of animal life it occupies a place about intermediate between the lowest and highest forms. Its position in systematic zoölogy is

The advantages possessed by his snailship, which the man of wit and expression sets forth so pleasantly, suggests to one who studies nature from a different standpoint, an explanation of the extraordinary number of species of these animals and their wide range of distribution. The story of the rocks shows that most of the great tribes of animals reached their culmination in respect to number of species in days long gone by. The molluscs, with the others, have suffered a diminution in numbers; yet, owing to the protection of their shells, they have been able to hold a front place in the race for existence, and an immense number of species, about 20,000, are still persistent.

I have had a number of the common pond snails in an aquarium the past summer and fall, and now and then have spent odd moments in watching them and noting their habits. One of the first things noted was that the snails occasionally come to the surface of the water, indicating that they are air breathers. Usually they ascend by creeping along the sides of the aquarium in their slow, dragging way, but sometimes they use a much more expeditious method; they rise to the surface by floating, ascending in a straight line. Doubtless they are enabled to change their specific gravity by enlarging or contracting, by means of muscular action, the size of the air

expressed as follows: Sub-kingdom, *Mollusca*: class, *Gasteropoda*; order, *Pulmonata*; family, *Helicidæ*; genera, *Helix*; species, *Helix albolabris*.

Of what use are snails? Charles Dickens has told us of the delights of a meal of boiled periwinkles, the meat being hooked from the shell by means of a bent pin. But the diminutive periwinkle is not the only snail used for food. In Germany, and doubtless also in other European countries, snails are one of the regular items in the bills of fare at the restaurants. It is probable, however, that as an article of food to man, they are of little value except to the epicure. Many species are doubtless both palatable and nutritious, but they are not abundant enough to come into general use as an article of food.

S.

NOTES OF A PASTURE LOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have written you something concerning a pasture of about 300 acres which lies a little back of my residence. Although this pasture has long been infested by a Jersey bull of very fierce aspect, his eyes blazing with a peculiar look of devil-may-care from his shaggy front, making it not altogether comfortable to wander therein on foot, yet it was my habit in the spring to stroll through it occasionally, considering nature in her fresh and playful moods. The bull seemed to understand and respect my business, for though he often cast a sinister look at me, as if meditating that I would be an excellent object to toss up on his horns, yet he never offered to disturb my studies. And here I will remark that while the Jersey cow is the most gentle and amiable of all brutes, loving to lick your hands and to be caressed by them, the bull of that species is a devil, who must be guarded against with much care. He has killed and injured, I dare say, more men and women than all other bulls combined. A marked feature of these is that there is no telling when their devil may rise within them, they being liable to make their onslaughts on the sudden, without any provocation. Therefore, while I love the Jersey cow tenderly for her sweetness even more than for her rich milk, I regard her rugged consort with harsh feelings, and could wish that she had a better mate.

Till the other day I had not entered this pasture since June. The scene in the meantime had been greatly changed. The trees had lost their leaves and stood naked and black; the rich green of the prairie had changed to dead-brown, and the myriads of flowers had all gone. But the change in respect to the fauna was even more marked. Then the air was full of song and merriment from thousands of happy throats; now the silence of the tomb reigned. Of the merry singers and chatterers which were then seen in troops on every hand, the mockingbird alone was left, and he flitted from dark recess to dark recess in the bushes, mute, and as if wishing to hide himself in his sorrow. Not so did he behave when I was in the pasture before; for then he sought the most conspicuous perches on the trees, pouring forth his melody in continuous streams, as if he was so full of joy that he would burst if he let it not forth. Those songs and all other songs that I heard, were of love. The love was now gone, and hence the pasture was silent. The other birds that had assisted the mockingbird in this musical medley were from the far South, and had returned thither. The few that had come to take their places were silent and sober fellows from the North, who come merely to eat and keep warm. We have very few birds here which stay all the year; only the mockingbird, the dove, a few sparrows, a few hawks, a few owls, the raven and the quail. All others come and go with the seasons.

The bareness of the trees disclosed to me a great many nests which I had vainly looked for in the spring and summer concealed as they were in the thick foliage. Among these I found several of the same sort, which amused me greatly by their wonderful architecture. These were invariably in china trees which, though entirely leafless in winter, are the most umbrageous of all our trees in summer. Invariably they were built on slender twigs, far out near the ends of the branches, so light and pliable that no prowling animal or snake could reach them. They were in shape like the cone of the pine tree and not larger than these cones often grow in Texas. They were always built at the fork of a twig, the upper edge or rim of the nests being firmly bound to the twig on three sides. The binding material was cobweb or some substance so like it that I could distinguish no difference. So much of this material had been used in the binding that the nests could not be taken except by cutting the twig above the fork. The rest of the nest was formed in part of this material, but mostly of blades of grass, so ingeniously woven together that no weaver could weave them better. The nest was in all respects precisely like that of the Baltimore oriole, which also abounds here, save that the latter bird employs horse hair and thread and strips of cloth for his binding and throughout his nest, while this present bird employs none of these; also his nest is scarcely a fourth as large as the oriole's. In skill of architecture, while the oriole is very remarkable, this little bird excels him very much.

The builder of these nests perplexed me very much in my spring and summer walks in the pasture; for I am sure I do not mistake him. He seemed a spirit rather than a bird. His fellows were numerous in the trees of thickest shade, and his extremely little, piping voice was constantly heard among the leaves, but he himself was never visible above a second at a time, and this only when he was flitting like lightning from leaf to leaf. I often endeavored to force them from the trees, but they would not go. They would sometimes dart out a foot or two from the tree, only to dart back immediately at another place; so that I am totally at loss to give his markings, his shape, or anything that is his except his nest. He is a will-o'-the-wisp, a very Dutchman's flea, which now is there and now is not there.

However, there is no mystery which can always be hidden from him who sincerely wills to know it. We shall one day know the mystery of the stars, if we sincerely will it and are good. And having learned now the habits of this little creature, I can rob his nest next spring and doubtless by strategy secure a sample of himself. In the meantime, who can tell us of this little spirit whose architecture is so wonderful? What school of architecture did he attend, and who was his master? How wise was that master who could put such excellent knowedge in so small a head!

I have two little boys who are full of curiosity as to birds and all wild animals and reptiles, as most boys are. I questioned them regarding this little bird, and they replied that he was a "little oriole," but could say nothing more definite. N. A. T.

ABILENE, Tex., December.

EGG OF THE GREAT AUK.—At Mr. J. C. Stevens's auction rooms, this week, a large number of ornithologists assembled to witness the sale of an egg of the great auk. Before offering the lot Mr. Stevens remarked that in 1880 two eggs of this bird, both of which had been broken, were sold by him, and that they fetched 100 and 102 guineas, respectively. Of the recorded eggs, 25 were in 18 museums and 41 in 19 private collections—43 out of the 66 being in Great Britain. The first bid of 50 guineas was made by a well-known ornithologist, and this was followed by 60 guineas from Mr. L. Field, to whom the egg was eventually knocked down at 160 guineas ($840). —*London Times.*

AN ALBINO BLUEBIRD.—Waverly, Va., Dec. 18.—An hour or so of spare time let me out of the office Saturday, and after bagging a nice bunch of quail, I shot this small bird in the edge of some small pines, in company with some other small birds, and I believe it to be of the family of bluebirds. It is a rare specimen and I mail it to you to mount and name. Quail are very plentiful along our line and I notice few gunners.—J. W. SCHOOLEY. [The bird came safely to hand. It is unmistakably an albino bluebird.]

Game Bag and Gun.

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DEATH OF JOHN W. NEWTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mine was the sad misfortune to be in company last week with that true gentleman and ardent sportsman, John W. Newton, of Westhampton, Long Island, when he met his instant death by the accidental discharge of his gun while reloading it.

Though not in sight when the report of the gun came to my hearing, the way in which the accident occurred is plainly to be seen when the nature of the ground is understood and we remember the deplorable habit, known by all who have hunted with him, of leaning the piece against his body while reaching for wads, shot, etc.—an entire exception to his otherwise extreme care in the handling of his gun to avoid injury to himself or others.

While my spirit is too sore for impartial judgment, my conscience bids me say to all those gentlemen of the old school who use a muzzleloader in preference to a breechloader, take warning—cast them aside, however prized by you, before another valuable life be lost by a similar accident. F. F. R.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1887.

FIFTY-FOUR GEESE.

WALLA WALLA, Wash. Ter., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this part of Washington Territory we fare badly for game, in fact, we have no shooting worth mentioning excepting doves in August and geese on Eureka Flat, 20 to 30 miles from here, during the winter. Eureka Flat is a tract of land bordering on the Snake River, and upon it thousands of bushels of wheat are harvested every season. It is one series of wheat stubbles from end to end, and here the geese congregate. The inhabitants of the region kill quite a good many by stalking, but so open is the ground and wily are the geese that it is extremely difficult to get within killing distance. The better plan, therefore, is to dig pits, taking great care to cover all traces of the hole by dextrously fringing it with stubble, weeds, sage brush, etc. Then place the decoys at a convenient distance and patiently await results. On one point the sportsman, or Jack-in-the-box, as it were, will never be disappointed—he will be chilled to the marrow; geese or no geese, but that is a very small affair and not to be taken into consideration, for the very first *honk-honk-a-honk* of an approaching skein, will send the blood coursing through his veins and entirely dispel any chilly feeling which may have been stealing on. The proper thing to do then is to crouch even lower, remain perfectly still, so immovable in fact as to make a dead man appear affected with St. Lazarus's dance in comparison, and bide the time until the flapping of the wings is distinctly heard directly over head, wheel round as you rise and give them both barrels. It is easy enough to hit a goose when under 40 to 50yds., and if you are provided with a good shooting gun, properly loaded, the bird may be killed in the air; but my word for it, it's deuced hard to wait and determine when they are just in the proper position to afford the best target; and many a probable double has been ruthlessly converted into a double goose-egg from over-anxiety or undue tardiness, brought about in either event by a clear case of being rattled.

The fact of the matter is this, a goose is a pretty big bird but yet small enough to be an infinitesimal atom as compared to the space that surrounds him. So although he looms up as big as a pumpkin, to say nothing of his neck and outstreched wings, yet when 60yds. away he appears only 40, and although apparently not moving very fast, yet it is no uncommon thing to shoot at one, miss him clear, and kill the one directly in his wake, clearly missing the leader by 3ft. or more. Add to this the tenacity of life possessed by wildfowl in general and it can clearly be seen that there's no unpardonable disgrace in missing one now and then, while many good shots fail "to connect" quite as often as they kill.

In view, then, of the great uncertainty of things in goose shooting as in other affairs of life, I deem it a very creditable performance that two of our gunners killed in one morning last week 30 geese in 40 shots—a feat that has no parallel so far as known in this vicinity. The next morning these men (whose names are W. A. Eberly and John Foster, both of Walla Walla) killed 34, making a grand total of 54 geese in about four hours work, from daylight until 9 o'clock A. M., on 7th and 8th inst.

It may be of interest to know that both men used their 10-bore full choked Parker guns loaded with 4½drs. of powder, 1¼oz. No. 1 and some No. 4 shot. They are both fine shots afield or at the trap, Foster now holding the individual championship badge of the Southwest, won at Seattle last summer, while Eberly has proved himself a masterly shot and awkward stayer on many fields.

So little shooting is done here that we trust it pardonable to make record of this unprecedented bag. GAUCHO.

THE BIG BUCK OF HIGH ISLAND.

THIS summer I was hunting deer on High Island, when one of the largest bucks I ever saw in Louisiana was leveled by Robert Poole, a very small boy eleven years old. His father and I were standing not far from him when two shots in rapid succession were fired. The hounds had separated into two packs, one pursuing a doe and two fawns by Mr. Poole, who fired without effect. The other pack ran three bucks by Master Robert. It was his first shot at a deer, and he was wonderfully excited when we rode to him. "What did you shoot at?" said his father. "Oh, papa, I shot at the biggest buck you ever saw, and then I shot at a small one. There were three of them, and I just know I killed one, because I saw him stagger as I shot."

The dogs were in full cry when we rode to him, but only two dogs were then in hearing.

"You must have killed the buck, Robert," said I, "because I heard old Coallie stop a short distance after he passed you, and then I heard him baying about a quarter of a mile from my stand. He has caught your deer no doubt, as he is not with the other hounds."

"How far was the deer from you?" asked his father. "I was standing there by the side of that post oak, and the buck was on the bank of the bayou," he replied. Mr. Poole stepped the ground and found it was 26 steps. Some shot struck a sapling the right height for killing a deer. "Where was the other deer when you shot?" he asked of his little boy. He replied "he was jumping down the bank when I shot the big buck." Mr. Poole said to me, "Let us examine for blood; if the deer is wounded, we ought to remain until the driver comes out in order to get some hounds and follow it."

On examination we found a large pool of blood, not 100yds. from where the little fellow shot. It was frothy, showing the deer was shot through the lungs, and indicated that he could not run very far before he would fall dead. Mr. Poole wanted to follow the direction the dogs took, to which I objected, as I declared I heard Coallie baying the opposite of the course he desired to search. He finally consented to let me lead. The two dogs were still or hearing, but evidently had crossed the Lake Bistereau and were running the high hills of Bienville Parish. Proceeding about a quarter to where I thought I heard the baying, my pony began snorting and plunging. "The deer is not far from us," I said to Mr. Poole, "for he always snorts when he smells blood." I blew my horn, and immediately old Coallie ran to us. We followed him about 50yds., and there lay the biggest buck I ever saw in this State, and the fattest it ever was my fortune to view when butchered. The deer was running quartering to the little boy as he shot, and was struck with fourteen shot in the head, neck and side. Instead of shooting at a second deer he shot at the same one as it jumped down the bank of the bayou, and hit it with twenty shot in both hams and flank.

Taking into consideration the age and small stature of the boy, together with the fact that he was shooting an 8lb. No. 12 gun, the stock of which had been shortened to 12½in. to fit his arms, I consider it remarkable shooting. But few old hunters would have done as well on the second shot.

I gave the little fellow a good baptizing of blood for his initiation into deer slaying, and told him to tell his mamma to have a big plum pudding made for him the next day, and to say to his beautiful sisters to be sure and sit up with him that night, as I was certain his sleep would be feverish and he would see those big horns peeping through the bushes many times in his fitful dreams, ere the sun shone shone through his window the next morning. G. D. A.

KNOX POINT, La.

A WIRE FENCE ACCIDENT.—In passing from one piece of woods to another, while hunting partridges with a friend, I came to a barb wire fence, which as usual was difficult to pass. By crawling under where the wire stretched across two cradle knolls, I thought I could find a passage way. My gun was still cocked. Placing myself on hands and knees, I first carefully, as I thought, attempted to push my gun in under the fence. The trigger must have touched a stone or twig, and one barrel instantly discharged; the recoil forced the gun back from my hand, and as it struck the ground the hammer of the other barrel came in contact with a stone, breaking the dog of the lock; it was instantly discharged; the charge, pointed directly toward my body, was fortunately intercepted by a large stone, which was shivered and scattered in all directions. My first thought was, from the stunning effects of noise and flying stones and gravel, that it was all over with me; and I recall it to mind now with a shudder and a thankful heart that I escaped the frightful death that threatened me.—MIG.

NEBRASKA.—Louisville, Dec. 11.—Along the Platte River this fall the geese have been more numerous than for the past few seasons. Only a few, however, have been bagged in this vicinity, as they chiefly stay on bars in the middle of the river, and one cannot get at them with a boat on account of the shallowness of the water, nor wade with safety on account of the quicksands. Quail are quite numerous, but the deep snows of '85 and '86 thinned them out badly. The coveys are small in numbers compared to those of a few years ago. Chickens are very scarce; I cannot account for it, as they had a good hatching season. Rabbits are quite numerous, and a good many large bags have been made.—SNAP SHOT.

HUNTING THE COUGAR IN TEXAS.

JANUARY 12, 1882, found me in Fort Davis, Texas, where I had come in the interest of a land company, who owned a large tract of land a few miles from that place. Fort Davis is pleasantly situated in Presidio county, about forty miles from the Rio Grande, and has an elevation of about 4,000ft. above sea level. In 1882 El Paso was the nearest railroad station. The post was garrisoned by several companies of the First Infantry and two companies of the Tenth Cavalry, colored—"buffalo soldiers" the Indians called them. My companion was Clark M., a civil engineer, and as keen a sportsman as ever stood in shoe leather. We had nothing to do, and used to spend considerable time looking at guard mounting and the various drills and parades that make up a soldier's existence. Time was hanging heavily on our hands, and Clark declared that he would stagnate entirely if something exciting did not turn up before long.

One morning while we were eating breakfast, I called Clark's attention to two pack mules that had just passed our adobe hut completely loaded down with venison. Without waiting to swallow his coffee he put out after the man who was driving the mule. In the course of the forenoon he came back and said he had interviewed the owner of the pack outfit and found out that his name was Hank Brown, that he was a professional hunter and had helped to exterminate the last big herd of buffalo that ever entered Texas. He also said that the venison we had seen was of blacktail deer, and had been killed at a place called the Pinery, about fifty miles from Fort Davis, and that the deer were thick there; black bear were plenty also in season. Old Hank told him that there was a Mexican lion there which left a track as large as a frying-pan.

At the word lion I was all attention, for if there was anything that I had an itching desire to kill it was a cougar. I had been in Texas over a year and had spent about three months of that time hunting, but as yet I had never been able to set my eyes on a Mexican lion. I had hunted over ground on which they were supposed to be plenty and had seen any number of fresh signs and tracks, but never a cougar. I started out to interview Brown at once. He proved to be a pleasant plain-spoken man. He said that judging from signs there were quite a number of cougars at the Pinery, but that one of them left the largest track that he had ever seen, and added that he spent forty years in Texas and Mexico. If my friend and I wished to go out there and hunt he would be glad to share his camp with us, and he expected to start back next morning. "It is fifty-four miles from here to Pinery by the wagon road, but I can take you there in twenty-two miles across a mountain trail that I know," he said. "I don't say you can get a shot at one of those cougars, but they are plenty out there and you might try your luck. I don't know of a better place."

Now, I had nothing in particular to keep me at Fort Davis, and my only reason for staying there was because of the daily mail and the consideration that fresh beef could always be had, and so I concluded to go out for a week and try my luck. The next morning at 9 o'clock found us lashing the last box on one of Brown's mules, who stood quietly enough while the operation was going on, but as soon as it was finished and his blinds were taken off he laid down and tried to roll his load off. A few hard kicks from Brown soon brought him to all-fours again. There is something very peculiar about a pack mule; try to pack one without putting on blinds and he will kick twenty feet high; put on the blinds and he is as gentle as Mary's lamb.

When I first began to camp out on hunting trips (that was in '71), I thought the proper thing was to work hard, live plainly and rough it all around, but I have changed since then, and while I do not believe in carrying a full-length mirror, as Gen. Sheridan and the late President Arthur did on their Yellowstone trip, I believe in taking everything that will conduce to your comfort if you can carry it, even then you can rough it to your heart's content, if you are far from civilization. My camp mattress was the result of several experiments. A bed of pine-needles or fir is all right, if you have time to make it (it takes an artist to make a good one) and have no objection to having your blankets spoiled by pitch; but a good camp mattress is all ready to receive your frame as soon as you unpack it. I had a bed sack made of stout ticking, 32in. wide and 76in. long. In this I put 10lbs. of cotton batting and then had it tied the same as a regular mattress. I then had a piece of canvas stitched on the bottom, the full length of the bed, to protect it from arrow-grass, sand-burrs and cuts. The result was a comfortable bed, one on which I have slept for three months at a time in perfect comfort. All you have to do is sun it now and then and pound it with a club if it gets hard.

In these days of canned fruits and preserved comestibles, there is no need of any one going hungry in camp. I have lived on rusty bacon, hard bread and coffee for a month at a time, but I confess to a weakness for a well-supplied table and good living in camp and elsewhere. All points of the compass contribute to satisfy a camper's appetite. We had canned fruit from San Francisco, tomatoes from Baltimore, corn from Portland, Me., flour from St. Paul, maple syrup from Saxons River, Vt., chocolate from Boston, canned salmon from Oregon, and last but not least, Borden's "caw" from New York; and what a boon that same "caw" has been to the pioneer, the hunter, the camper and the ranchman. I verily believe that if all of Borden's empty milk cans west of the Mississippi were collected in one pile it would form a mountain higher than Mount Washington.

Clark rode his black broncho Nap, I my mule Rose. I have tried both mules and horses since I have been in Texas, and have found the mule to be superior at every point for roughing it. They will travel further in a day than a horse in this warm climate, are surer footed, will do longer without water, will thrive where a horse would grow thin, and are easier to ride as a general thing.

I have always made it a point on all my hunting trips to carry two rifles if possible, and on this expedition I took my Winchester, model of 1876 (.45-75-350), and my Borchardt Sharps (.45-100-550). It is not very pleasant to be hunting 50 or 100 miles from nowhere with only one gun, and have that one break. I was told when I bought my Winchester that the .75-350 model was "no good," that the bottle-necked cartridges could not be depended upon, and that they would explode and ruin both myself and gun; and there were lots of other direful predictions, none of which came to pass. I bought my gun in 1877 and used it until 1883. In that time I fired over 8,000 shots from it, and never met with a single mishap, not even a miss-fire, nor did I ever spend a single cent for repairs on the gun. I placed it in honorable retirement some four years ago, and there are memories and associations connected with it that I would not exchange for a dozen cases of any guns manufactured. I never used a re-loaded shell, nor would I use one under any circumstances in a magazine gun; better spend a few dollars for ammunition and be on the safe side. It is a very easy thing to lose an eye or a hand, but it cannot be replaced again. When carrying two guns I carry my Sharps in a scabbard slung under my right leg, and my Winchester across the pommel of the saddle.

We finally got started about 10 o'clock; and a beautiful day it was, just warm enough to comfortable, the sun shining brightly, and not a single cloud in the sky, one even tinted vast dome of light blue. "Good luck to you!" shouted Capt. Bates, of the First Infanty, as we rode away. He was a keen sportsman as well as a genial companion, and has since crossed over the dark and silent river that has few terrors for the good. We found a fair road for about ten miles; then we took the trail, Brown first, then the two pack mules, Clark next, and I brought up the rear. Clark was jubilant and put in the time singing and trying to get on a wager with me that he would kill the first deer. Fourteen miles from the post we came in sight of some pine timber, as fine as I have ever seen. We rode three miles further—and very rough riding it was—when I noticed something moving about in a deep ravine to my right. It only required a second look to resolve that something into a deer. A low hist to Rose, who stopped in her tracks and never moved a muscle, and I was off, Winchester in hand. The deer was below me and between three and four hundred yards away. I kept well up on the side of the ravine and worked my way slowly along, now slipping from bush to bush, now crawling along on all-fours where there was no underbrush, keeping an eye on the deer all the while.

Here we are at last behind a small tree and within a hundred and fifty yards of the deer, which, all unconscious of his danger, is quietly feeding. The Winchester is quickly brought up—and what a thrill of expectation passes through the body of the true sportsman when he commences to sight—a coarse sight is taken, and crash goes the bullet. Too high, for the dust rises above the deer, which is looking wildly around for the occasion of all this disturbance. A finer sight next time. Too low, and the deer having caught sight of the smoke is off up the side of the ravine. The rifle speaks again, but on goes the deer. Once more we look through the sights, for the gun has never left our shoulder since the first shot, and after aiming carefully, let her go. One mighty bound, two or three short leaps, and the deer totters and falls. The game is ours at last. I crossed over to where it lay and found a fine buck. I had just finished cutting his throat when Clark came up, or rather down, on a run. "By Jove! you did it in fine shape. I thought by the way you were shooting that there was a whole drove of them, and thought I might get a shot," he said. "Let me dress him." And whipping out his knife he had him dressed in about three minutes. "Any fool can kill a deer, but it takes a wise man to dress one. Well, here, take my gun, and I will carry him up to the trail;" and with no exertion at all he threw the deer on his back and started up the hill. Brown had come back with the mules, and we tied the deer on top of one of the packs and started on.

"This is the Pinery," said Brown, as we rode in sight of a soldier's camp two hours later, "and that is the camp of Company C of the First Infantry. They are out here getting out logs and running a sawmill, and they seem to like it first-rate." As we rode by the camp, a fine-looking sergeant asked us if we had come out to hunt. "If you have, you have struck the right spot," he said, "I have been all over the West and I never saw deer so plenty and tame as they are here. I am in charge of the choppers, and we were felling a big pine up on the side of the mountain a few days ago when five deer came up within ten rods of us and watched us until the tree fell, when they broke and ran."

We rode on about three miles and came to Brown's camp. It consisted of a single wall tent, pitched on a small flat spot on the hillside, within 40ft. of a spring of the best water I ever tasted in the Southwest. The view was grand, and a finer spot for a camp I had never seen. I had brought my own wall tent, and Clark and I proceeded to pitch it.

I know there are hundreds of readers of FOREST AND STREAM who can give me any number of points about camping out and camping equipage; but the number of campers increases with every year, and for their benefit I am going to describe my tent and offer a few suggestions. When I first came to Texas I bought an ordinary wall tent, with a 3ft. wall and two flies, all made of 12oz. ducking. The tent was 7x9ft. One of the flies we used over the tent; the other was used as an awning in front. Never buy an A-tent if you can afford to get a wall. The wall will be more comfortable, more roomy, cooler in summer, drier in wet weather, and better in every respect. To put my poles in shape to pack, I had both of the uprights and the ridge pole sawed apart in the center. In one piece I had a blacksmith bore a hole and drive in an iron pin 6in., the pin being a foot long and just under a half inch in diameter. In the other part I had a hole bored and a piece of gas pipe 6in. long driven in, thus forming a socket for the iron pin of the other part. Then I had a heavy iron ferrule put on each part of the uprights, but none on the ridge pole. My tent pins were of iron, six 14in. pins for the bottom and six 2ft. pins for the wall guys. Wooden pins are a delusion and a snare; it is not a pleasant thing to have them break one after the other when you are trying to drive them in the rocky ground, while the heavens are the color of an ink bottle and the first big drops are splashing down. Then, again, a wooden pin is twice as hard as an iron one to pull up, which counts when you change camp often. I had made another shelter or dog tent, which, I think, was much superior to the shelter tent used by the U. S. Cavalry. To pitch a soldier's shelter tent you must have a ridge pole or a rope to support the center. I bought a piece of canvas, (8oz.) 8ft. long and 6ft. wide, and sewed an iron ring in each corner, in each ring I tied a piece of rope 2ft. long. I then had two iron pins 24in. long and two 16in. long made, with a ring on top of each one. To pitch the tent, drive pins the proper distance apart, long ones at head, short ones at foot; tie canvas to them, draw tight and ditch, and there you are. It is a simple thing to pitch a tent properly, but few can do it. Spread tent on ground, draw out corners, put in the ridge pole and and put the uprights in place, then drive the center pin in front and put both loops over it, then drive the corner pins, stretching the tent tight before each one. Then let one man crawl in under tent and raise the near upright, the other one stay out in front and raise the front one, and presto! the tent is pitched, though the wind be blowing a gale.

We pitched our tent, and after supper I tried to draw Brown out in regard to himself, but he might have posed for the model silent hunter. He said he had fought under Houston in Texas, and his life had been a roving one. I asked him if he did not feel sorry that the buffalo were nearly all gone, but he said no, that the cattle would have driven them from their feeding grounds, and that it was better to kill them than have them starve to death. "I have seen hundreds of thousands of them in my time and have killed thousands of them for their skins, and I would do it again if I had a chance, but the most reckless killing that I ever saw done was by sportsmen from the East. They would not even take off the skins. I can tell you one thing about the buffalo, that is that one of them would destroy more pasture than four cows. Come, let us hang up that deer, and if Mr. Cougar finds it he will eat his fill and drag the rest off and bury it, then he will be your meat."

We hung the deer on a small tree in a ravine about sixty rods from camp. Brown's idea was to let the cougar drag the deer and cover it up; he would trail the beast to where he had hid it, we would then take turns in watching the spot and would stand a fair show of getting his highness.

I was up bright and early next morning and visited the deer, but it had not been touched. Clark went out and killed two deer in the forenoon and I laid around camp all day and read in Emerson's "Essays" and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." "What do you do with all your venison?" I asked Brown. "I sell the forequarters to the Mexicans at Fort Davis; the hindquarters I smoke and dry and sell in San Antonio; there is a good demand for them."

I took my Winchester in the evening and traveled around for cougar signs, but I only found a few tracks several days old near a small stream a mile from camp.

The next morning we were up bright and early. Clark intended to hunt and I wanted to visit a high peak four miles away. Capt. Livermore, U.S. Engineers, and his men were said to be the only party that had ever been on top of it. I had a hard climb, but finally reached the top and was amply repaid, for I had one of the finest views that I have ever seen. Mt. Quitman, over eighty miles away, looked as if it was not thirty. I had a good field glass but it seemed to me that I could see it almost as distinctly with my naked eye. On my way back I ran across a coyote. I had nothing but a Colts army pistol, and he was fully 150yds. away, but I gave him a few shots which increased his pace wonderfully. They are so sneaking that I always give them a shot, no matter how far away they may be.

Clark came limping into camp about an hour after me, his clothes were all torn and bloody and his face all cut and scratched. "What the nation have you been doing?" I said to him. "I shot at a deer's head over on the other side of the mountain and as he fell I supposed I had killed him; but when I got to him he was trying to get up. Instead of shooting him again I caught him by the hind leg, like a fool, and was trying to hold him until I got a chance to cut his throat. My grabbing him seemed to be just the stimulant the thing needed, for he gave me a blow that made me see stars, and then he started down the mountain with me clinging to him. First I was on top then the deer; then we would both be on the ground at the same time; sometimes we got so tangled up that there seemed to be three or four deer and men mixed together. I hung on to that fellow until I lost the last bit of breath that I had, and then I was forced to let him go. I weigh 190lbs. and am called a strong man. I would have laughed at any one if they had told me that I could not hold down a badly wounded deer, but I have changed my mind."

During the night I was awakened by hearing some strange noise, and stepped out of the tent to learn what it was. I could find nothing, but if I shall live to be 100 years old the beauty of that night will not fade from my memory. Not a breath of air was stirring, and it was light enough to read a newspaper, while that light-blue dome overhead was so thickly studded with stars tha they seemed to crowd each other. Not a sound broke the silence of the midnight air, and as I stood there and drank in the beauty of the quiet scene those superb lines of "Byron's Siege of Corinth" came running through my mind:

> 'Tis midnight on the mountains brown;
> The cold round moon shines deeply down,
> Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
> Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
> Bespangled with those isles of light,
> So mildly spiritually bright.
> Who ever gazed upon them shining
> And turned to earth without repining,
> Nor wished for wings to flee away
> And mix with their eternal ray?

Who is there with a spark of real manhood in his breast that does not like to camp in the woods and enjoy nature in all her moods? If you wish to know her thoroughly you must get close to her. I recollect one time when I was hunting in Arizona, not far from the San Carlos reservation, with that wily and savage chief Bonita. We had succeeded in reaching the top of a high mountain after a stiff climb, and a scene of remarkable beauty lay spread before us. The swift running, winding Gila River flowed almost at our feet, and its course could be traced for miles, though we lost sight of the stream itself, by the green cottonwoods that lined its banks. The valley below us was filled with bright-colored flowers, and the soft June breeze wafted their perfume to us; and there came, too, the drowsy hum of thousands of bees and insects feeding on them. Bonita looked for a moment and then said, "Me like it." This shows that a beautiful landscape impresses the savage as well as the civilized being.

I hunted but little, though Clark and Brown were out every day, Clark after deer, Brown looking for cougar

signs. I preferred to lie around camp and dream and read. I could lie under a big pine near our camp and count fourteen distinct ranges of mountains.

"Boys," said Brown to us one morning, "it is a week to-day since you came here, Clark has killed so many deer that I must pack them in to Ft. Davis, but I would be glad to have you stay with me all winter if you can."

I had despaired of getting a shot at a cougar, and Clark said he was tired hunting, so we concluded to go next day. I wanted to go back by way of the road, and Brown readily consented. We made an early start, as we intended to camp that night at an abandoned stage station, about half way to Ft. Davis, on the El Paso road. Clark stopped and looked back at our camp, just before a turn in the road hid it from sight for the last time, and spoke thus: "Will, we have had a week of perfect happiness. I think that an annual camp and hunt in the wilderness is just the thing that our overworked professional and business men need. Let them camp out three or four weeks every year and forget business and everything, even the days of the week. It is just the medicine that they need."

We rode up to the deserted stage station about five o'clock in the evening and camped. Brown set to work to cook supper, Clark went to sketching, and I took up a camp kettle and started for a spring about twenty rods away for some water, picking up my Winchester as I passed where it lay. I had quite a steep little hill to climb before I came in sight of the spring, which lay in a little ravine directly in front of me when I reached the top. I looked down at the spring, and there, lapping up water, not more than 50yds. away, was a big cougar. He looked to me to be about 20ft. long. My heart jumped up in my throat and thumped like a trip hammer; and I dropped the camp kettle with a bang, which attracted the attention of the cougar. When he saw me, his ears went back and he gave a low growl, and crouched closer to the ground just like a cat, but he showed no disposition to run, looking at me as much as to say, what are you going to do about it? I had begun to get my senses again, and brought up my gun to give him a shot, but it was strange how that front sight would bob around. First it would strike the ground about 6ft. this side of the game, then it would give a bound and be 2ft. over him. Finally I clenched my teeth, got a kind of a sight on his shoulder, and let her go. I will always believe that I shut both eyes when I pulled the trigger. The cougar jumped up in the air about 10ft.—it looked as high as that to me anyhow—and commenced to claw and bite the ground when he came down. I thought I had only wounded him, and shot twice more, but I must have missed, for we only found one bullet hole. Brown and Clark both came running up to where I was, and after his highness ceased to struggle, we went down to where he lay. He was very poor, and was literally covered with old scars; several of his teeth were missing, and he must have been a veteran. We stretched him out as he lay and measured him. It was just 8ft. from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail; his hair was much lighter in color than that on the various pelts I had seen. Brown said this was because he was very old. Clark stripped his skin off, and the next day we rode into Fort Davis well satisfied with our week's sport.

VERITAS.

DUCK SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE

THE duck shooting was poor everywhere this fall, as you probably know; but when an invitation came from a friend in Delaware to come down and go with him to his shooting shore on the Chesapeake, I could not resist. The eve of Monday, Nov. 21, found me in the town of N., some twelve miles below Wilmington. What a pleasure there was in the preparations made that night. My host's three daughters busily and carefully filled the baskets and boxes with good things of their own putting up; and how the fire did roar as it cooked the meat sufficiently to eat with a bare heating over down at the shanty. Mr. W., his nephew A. and myself meanwhile loaded shells, and plenty of them. It was really useless work, but more anon.

Something unforeseen detained us a little next morning, but we were off in good time, old Steve Jones, the darky, having preceded us fully an hour with a wagon containing the guns and boards with which to fix one of the blinds. Down past Elkton on the P. W. & B. R. R., past Chesapeake City, across the canal, over the Bahamia, an inlet from the Chesapeake; still on, until at 3 o'clock I jumped out from under the buffalo robe, which was tightly bundled about me, to open the gate of the lane which leads up to the farmhouse in which lived the tenant. We only stayed long enough at the house to get some water and the blankets, keeping right on across a large field which separated us from the shanty. This is a board structure 15x30ft. and 20ft. high. It contains a large bunk, 4ft. from the floor, stretching the width of the house, and 7ft. wide, a large stove, table, cupboard, chairs, and really all the necessaries of a well-regulated shooting box. A line of trees stretches along the shore, which shelters the house at the back and sides. The icy water ran some 50ft. from the door, in its course to the sea, for we were just at the mouth of Elk River as it empties into the bay, and fifteen miles from Havre de Grace in a straight line across the flats and over Turkey Point.

Having reached our goal and carried the necessary articles, A. and I hustled, as the Westerners say, around for driftwood, of which there was an abundance on the shore. A red hot fire was soon at work taking the chill off the room, for it was very cold then, if you remember that cold snap. Catching up whatever was most convenient we fell to with a hearty appetite gained by the long ride. Darkness began to fall before we knew it. So quickly loading the bier—I don't know what else to call it—with decoys, we made three trips of 100yds. to an adjacent point, where we deposited them. Then the boat was shoved off, and with a lantern, for it was then dark, the wooden enticers were so arranged as to look most natural, the furthest being 40yds. from the blind. We walked around in the marsh for a while after supper, having the farmer's dog, but the coons were scarce, it being, perhaps, too cold for them. Riding makes one sleepy, so in preparation for next day I was early abunk. Old Steve slept on a little place at the end and tried to keep me awake by repeating a lot of superstitious tales such as fill most negroes' heads. He had been a slave and worked for a while aboard ship during the war, so many of his tales were really of interest.

I awoke at 3 A. M. and jumped up as if I were shot, turned up the light, lit the fire, meanwhile calling to the rest to get up for the daylight shooting. They, sensible ones they were, lay still, telling me it would not be daylight for hours. Nevertheless I made the coffee, cut bread, got out the meat and had everything ready. Steve, the kind old fellow, got up to keep me company. The coffee boiled, I put it aside. The fire burned low, I replenished it. I got tired talking, so did Mr. Jones. The door grew weary with my incessant openings looking for dawn, so at last in sheer despair I threw myself down on the blankets and waited to see if it was going to be a day of darkness. Presently some one said, "It's about time you were thinking of getting up." I had fallen asleep. It was nearly 7 o'clock and dawn was fast coming on. New coffee had been prepared, the table reset, and nothing prevented us from eating. This I did, but soon left for the blind, to get rid of the question, "What time did you say the sun got up?"

A. soon followed me, and with his advent came a bunch of blackhead ducks. The blind held two, I watching up stream and he down. My "mark coming down" put him on the lookout, and just as the ducks were about to make a beautiful dart into the decoys, I having let them pass me on purpose, A. blazed away, so filling the air with smoke that I could not see to shoot. Two fell, but we only got one. The other having made a dive, came up away out. As daylight came on A. gave place to Mr. W., who made a very pretty shot with a wire cartridge, knocking two out of a bunch fully 80yds. off.

Hundreds passed over our heads on the way to the feeding grounds in the flats by Havre de Grace, where an incessant boom was kept up by the market gunners from their sink-boxes. From these they are only allowed to shoot on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays upon paying a license of forty dollars. The boxes are in the shape of a coffin, perfectly flat in the water, and are kept from sinking by projecting boards, these being held flat on the water by iron decoys. Around the box are from fifty to one hundred other decoys. I was told that in the early season one of these boxes, which must be taken in half an hour after sundown, and must not be put out before 3 A. M., was rented for $300. The hunters kill a hundred or two hundred some days.

To follow a right calculation the ducks should have been driven out of the flats into the river, but the calculation was out of joint, as the Keely motor seems to be. We were successful in killing one cripple after rowing about a mile for him.

Thanksgiving was rainy and a fog hung over us most of the day. I went out into the other blind a mile down shore, but it was chilly and most disagreeable. No game coming, I started to whittle, a favorite amusement, but was no sooner under way when along came a beautiful shot, for which I was totally unprepared. I put aside my knife and started again to watch. I had one fine shot. It is sad, but true, I missed. I do not mean to infer I had not established a precedent. Later, along came Mr. W. We sat watching a bunch feeding just out of gunshot for over an hour. Have you ever watched and waited for ducks to swim in near enough to be shot at? No doubt you have, and perhaps I strike a chord of sympathy when I say that. Waiting as I did for over an hour, cheered at times by their coming in a little, and scarcely daring to breathe or wink for fear of being seen or heard, patience at last gave way. I ran down to the edge of the water just as they all dove, and as they rose I fired one barrel at them in the water, and the other just as they got up. Water is very deceptive, and I must wrongly have judged the killing distance of my gun, for the shot struck all around, but stopped none in their swift flight. Thoroughly disgusted I went back to the shanty, warmed up, ate up what was lying around handy, and receiving with the warmth new vim, I went back to the blind.

It is a wee bit lonesome sitting cramped up hour after hour as I did, from 12 until 4, the rain meanwhile coming down slowly but surely. Luck of A. M. and P. M. ditto. Friday would be shooting day on the flats and there would be ducks in the river, so with this thought we consoled ourselves, and without any narcotic we were soon dreaming.

The day dawned, or rather just came, a trifle late, having had great difficulty in finding its way through the dense fog. Standing looking out into the grayish mist, a sound like that of thunder came upon us. Guess what it was. Nothing less than thousands, yes thousands, of ducks disturbed by something as they were bedded in the middle of the river. How I did wish for a shot into the midst of them. I went back of the house for an hour or so and shot a couple of gray squirrels, but seeing the sun trying hard to get out I returned. As I came down the shore I could see away out into the river, and in places the water was just black with ducks. None were flying, however, and so we hitched up and drove back home with the intention of leaving on Tuesday for the Gunpowder River, fifteen miles north of Baltimore.

Tuesday came around in the usual rotation of days, and boarding a train on the B. & O. we got off at B., where Miss D. met us. How warm the fire did feel in the parlor of the old Southern home, and what a welcome sound was the tinkle of the supper bell when we were thoroughly warmed. My father in youth had gone to school with Mr. D., and although I had never seen them, I really felt right at home as soon as I crossed his threshold. The knowledge of true hospitality and the art of making one at home seems to be breathed in the Southern air.

The evening slipped away in telling the whereabouts of old friends and in examining the old flint-locks used by an ancestor, or in trying to get a toot out of the bugle which would call the hounds together. Why my eyelids grew heavy in the warm room, and a feeling of sleepiness came over me I can hardly tell.

We arose with the dawn, but waited quite a while, even knowing we had a five-mile drive down to the ducking point on the river. We were none too late in the day, but a little too late in the season, for upon reaching the river found it was partly frozen over. Let me explain the ground. A point one-quarter of a mile long juts out into the water, and at high tide it is almost submerged in the middle, while at the end old oak trees are growing. Where the water overflows is built a sort of stone causeway of numerous stepping stones thrown there by the wagon load. On the shore side are three blinds, 100ft. apart, and on the further side three, one being at the end of the point. The blinds are 5ft. high and hold two men. There is a shelf for each gun, a place to put cartridges so as to be handy, a seat, and the whole wooden box being covered on the outside with marsh grass rising two or three inches above the top. To hide the blinds from ducks coming up the river a fence of brush stretches along, which can also be utilized as a toling blind. Toling for ducks is done this way: A bunch may be feeding a couple of hundred yards out from shore; and having a bright little dog, you make him play up and down before the blind, throwing sticks and stones for him to run after, or if he be well trained he will play by himself. Ducks are very curious, and with heads erect will come in to see what is going on. When near enough, let them have both barrels, and if in a big bunch you don't knock over a dozen, your sight, gun or load is defective. I think I understood Mr. D. to say he had killed thirty in a shot that way. He got eleven at a shot the day before we arrived.

The big Chesapeake Bay dogs were glad to see us. After getting well warmed through, and changing my black coat and hat for light colored ones, we went down to see if we could get a few shots. Some ducks came at intervals, coming quite low, but when nearing the bar they would rise and go over us like a flash. Shooting had to be done when they were just overhead, it being then the nearest shot and then about 150ft. high. Passing us they would sail down into the cove, made by the bar, which covers twenty-five acres. The building of the P. W. & B. bridge, which is only a mile below, started the filling up of the cove which used to be 10ft. deep and is now only five. Canvasbacks and redheads were then as plentiful as the mallards and teal of to-day. I had some good sport. I rode back to Green Oaks on horseback that night while the others rode in the carriage. Next day when we reached the Mount, as the shore is called, the river was frozen over tight, which of course prevented any shooting. We started a bunch of quail on the point and gave them a barrel of No. 2 and BB, with no effect. Still persevering I tried it Friday from 11:30 A. M. until 2 P. M., but the ice still staid. That day after much coaxing I got Camp, the old dog, to come part way with me to the blind, but when he discovered the direction I was taking, he turned tail and went back. Those at the house saw him and teased me a good deal about it. Saturday I sat in the blind from 8:30 A. M. until 3:30 P. M., waiting for the ice to break, with only Camp for company. I knocked one duck out of a bunch all the way to the water, when he again took flight. Camp seeing him drop cleared the side of the blind in a bound, and was down by the side of the ice when the duck went on.

They say "all comes to him who waits," but I have lost faith in that saying, for I truly think I did a deal of waiting. I only got one duck Saturday, and that I bought, although I did not tell them all down there that. I could not go up to the house again without anything to show, so I bought the duck from a fellow going by. At 4 P. M. I had dinner and drove to meet Mr. D. at the station, he having gone to Baltimore in the morning. He took the team, and saying good-by I jumped on the train he had come out on, bound north. I did not go empty-handed, for two pair of ducks having been given me.

Earlier in the season there is no better spot for shooting, as one can place decoys just inside the cove, and instead of rising to go overhead they dart from away outside, giving one a magnificent shot as they pass the opening. Memberships in a club across the river cost $25. The last time my friend Mr. W. was down there it was earlier in the season and in two days they killed forty-two pair. Mr. D. himself has killed as many as seventy-five pair in a day. That is shooting and one has to be quick as a flash.

Sunday morning I was again in the town of N., but only until 9:30, when having put some provisions in the carriage we were off again for Elk River, reaching there about 3 P. M.

I disliked to return to New York with no big story to tell, so thought I would give the fates a chance to cut off the lives of some dozen pair of ducks, and place the deed to my credit. In the evening we put out the decoys, and after eating a light supper of beefsteak, several slices of bread, half a dozen rolls, some sweet pickle, pumpkin pie, cranberry jelly and cups of tea, I retired. About 1 o'clock I opened the door and looked out. All was dark, and the rain was trickling down off the roof on to my neck, which sent a cold chill over me. I climbed back to bed and tried to sleep, but the falling rain worried me until the saying "Rain before seven clear before eleven" came into my head; and then being comforted, I slept. The calendar says the sun should rise at 7:09 the 8th of December, but it must have had a previous engagement, for it did not appear. However, I did, and after some vain and patient waiting a breeze came and it cleared up. Guns boomed incessantly over the flats until the breeze came, and then it suddenly ceased, the hunters being driven out of the sinkboxes by the high waves. I moved up to Lady Finger Point, and there waited under blind cover for some redheads to swim closer. I tried experiments to bring them nearer, such as flying a white handkerchief and other innocent amusements, but (I use the word but a good deal) the wind won the day for the ducks by driving out the market gunner and thus allowing them to feed in the flats. To speak plainly I was provoked at my bad luck, so we returned that day, and I to New York the following. The 150 odd miles I drove were of themselves a pleasure, besides the experience. If you want to have a good time, know the Ws. as I do and visit them.

G. F. B.

OREGON CHINESE PHEASANTS.—About six years ago the experiment of stocking Oregon with Chinese pheasants was tried. A number of these beautiful birds were imported from China, and they were turned out in Lane county. At the same time a law was passed protecting foreign game for a term of ten years. The success of the venture now appears to be unprecedented. The hen birds raise two big broods every year and never lose a chick. The result has been that the birds have increased to marvelous numbers. It is said that there are thousands of them in Willamette valley, and that they destroy so much wheat that the farmers will attempt to have the protective law repealed this winter. The farmers say that one pheasant will destroy more wheat than four lively wild geese.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

PELEG'S EXPERIENCES.

I.—HE MANAGES TO BECOME THE OWNER OF A GUN.

THEY were sitting around the camp-fire after supper, rubbing up their guns preparatory for the morrow's hunt. A skein of Indian summer was woven into the weather web just before the close of the open quail season, and it had lured them out to Grinder's sugar camp, where they had pitched their tent and were having a sort of half-holiday hunt. Ere the tent pegs were driven, their boyhood nicknames were spoken, Peleg, Jap and Sang—names that some if not all of them had not answered to for years. Just how these old names happened to come up, I am sure I do not know. They had better ones, at least ones they preferred answering to at their homes, engaged in the serious business of life, but out there in Grinder's woods the old names claimed remembrance and got it.

It was the evening of their second day out, and as nice a bunch of quail was hung to the limb of a little beech close by as one would wish to see. Of course they had famous appetites and equally as famous broiled quail, for I do think that in the matter of broiling game by the camp-fire Jap was hard to beat. Take it all in all, they were a trio of as well-contented mortals as could have been found in a day's journey. Why shouldn't they have been? It was not every day nor every week, nor, for that matter, every month when they could leave their places of business and go to Grinder's woods and camp out for three or four days. No indeed! Their outings were usually limited to half days in the well-hunted fields close to town, and so it is no wonder that on this occasion they were a trio of happy mortals. I am sure they would have been even with badly broiled birds, let alone the famous ones of Jap's broiling.

"Drat the dog! Durn his blamed picter!"

"Why, what's the matter, Peleg?" Jap asked.

"O, this fool dog," was the answer. "He's gone and licked my cigar—licked it all over. He always was the blamedest fool to lick. Get out!" And old Jab, a sore-eyed cross between a mongrel setter and a mongrel pointer, tucked his tail between his legs and retired in disgrace to his master's side of the tent.

Peleg was a sort of model man, or at least had been. He had no vices worth mentioning, unless a fondness for dog and gun be classed as such. He was strictly temperate, both at home and abroad; he never used language "more forcible than elegant," except when he went hunting, and then confined himself to such mild and meaningless expletives as "drat" and "durn" and the like on great provocation. He couldn't chew, and smoked only when hunting, and was so inexpert with the weed that he was unable to keep the mildest cigar between his lips or teeth, whichever it is the smoker does, above four consecutive puffs at a time. After the third or fourth puff he invariably took his cigar between the two middle fingers of his left hand, and more than once have I seen him inadvertently and awkwardly stick the ashy and firy end into his mouth, which act was followed by a spitting and sputtering that can better be imagined than described. Being engaged on his gun, Peleg had between puffs laid his cigar on the log beside him, and Jab not having been brought up to cigars and presuming on the good terms usually existing between himself and master, had licked the cigar all over and thereby brought down upon him the foregoing anathemas. Had the cigar been the nice tidbit the poor dog no doubt imagined it to be, and had he swallowed it down, their covenant of affection would have run on unbroken. But to lick his master's cigar—lick it all over with his dog's tongue—that was another thing.

As the humiliated dog disappeared under the tent, Sang, looking up from his work, asked, "How did you come by that ugly dog anyway, Peleg?"

Now Peleg is one of the tenderest of hearted men and a very loving, and Sang's question at once aroused his sympathy for his dog. His anger was momentary, and he at once replied, "Why, I don't think he is so very ugly," and after a moment's hesitation he added, "Why, I've seen just lots of dogs that were a great deal uglier than Jab. Come here, poor fellow!"

And with that Jab bounded out from his place of banishment, scattering more joy than a dozen undisgraced dogs could have done, while Peleg, who always drank freely after smoking, went to the water-jug and swallowed a full pint.

"No, I don't think he is so very ugly, and then he is such a good hunter."

"Yes, for rabbits and cats," said Sang ironically.

Now Jab would run rabbits, that is, when they provoked him to it, and that very day had started a cat in a bramble thicket, though I must say he was not to blame for that, for the cat was where it ought not to have been, and pretending great fright at the dog, had, after making a great ado, spitting and flaring its tail, run like a streak for the nearest house. But it answered Sang's purpose to make the folly of the cat serve as an excuse for maligning the dog. After a moment he continued:

"How did you come by that dog, anyhow?"

By this time the guns were in order for the next day, and the fire, on which a great pile of brush and sticks and poplar and hickory bark had been thrown, was sending its great red, swirling tongue of flame nearly to the tops of the maples, while the black shadows from their grim and sturdy trunks lay in every direction from the fire, like spokes from the blazing center of a great wheel. Peleg was one of your reminiscent men, and it seldom, at any time or place, required much persuasion to launch him into a story, but before a genial camp-fire the slightest touch was enough to set him going. Sang's question had been asked, and it was not for Peleg to stop to inquire whether it was asked in earnest or not.

"You see," he began, "I lived till I was blamed near forty before I took it."

"Took what?" queried Jap.

"Why, the hunting fever, and I have had it bad ever since. I don't know whatever could have brought it on, for as I now remember I didn't care much for a gun when a boy, and still less after I grew up to be a man. I've tried to remember what particular thing it was, what book or magazine article that set me a going."

"O, bother the book and magazine. Go on with the story," put in Sang, who is not much of a book man.

"Very well, then," answered the story teller. "The first I remember I took a notion to buy a gun. It's strange whatever possessed me! I'm sure I can't imagine whatever put it into my head."

"Never mind your head!" said the irrepressible Sang.

"I was about forty then," Peleg went on, "and Nancy and I had been married going on sixteen years, and during all that time there had never been a gun in the house, and I don't believe I had fired one off. Just how to get one introduced was more than I could see, for I do suppose there never was a woman who is more set against having what she thinks are useless things around a house than Nancy."

"So I've heard," said Sang.

"Go on," Jap said gently to Peleg.

"I thought over the matter for some time," continued he, "and even tried to forget it, and then to reason myself out of it, but the more I tried to forget and to reason, the more I wanted the gun. It was real downright curious, wasn't it?" said the story teller, addressing Jap, to which the latter answered, "Yes, very."

"One day, however, I hit on a plan which I thought would work, and so in a careless-like way I said, 'Nancy, I believe I'll buy a gun.' 'A gun,' says she. 'Why, Mordecai Jones, are you crazy?' 'No,' I answered without blushing. 'And the last year's coal bill unpaid,' she went on as if not noticing my little 'No,' 'and me a-wearing a worked overdress, and you too poor to buy a decent hat, and the stair carpet in rags, and—and—gracious me!' and down she sat at the door step and began fanning herself with her hat. But I was prepared for her. I had anticipated something of the sort, and so I said, 'The tramps are getting a little too numerous for me in this country. It was only the other night our neighbor Stryker's house was broken into, and some night it will be our turn, and like as not the last one of us will be killed, for there isn't as much as a popgun on the whole place. I don't believe it is safe.' I had calculated the effect of that speech with tolerable exactness. If there is one thing my wife fears more than fire or mad dogs, it is the breaking in of burglars. For sixteen years she had personally seen to the fastening of the doors every night, and had carefully looked under every bed and peeked in every closet in search of a burglar before retiring, and notwithstanding she had never found one, she confidently expected one to turn up at every search. Sometimes, and especially of particularly cold and disagreeable nights, she would forget whether she had bolted a particular door or fastened down a certain window, and about the time I would get snug and warm between the blankets and be dropping off into a doze, she would begin to wonder whether she had bolted that particular door or fastened down that certain window, and it would always end by me going down-stairs to shiver with cold and knock my shins against the chair rockers and half wish that a burglar would get in just once for the sake of variety. It was no use to try to reason Nancy out of it when she got to doubting about a door or a window, as I sometimes tried to do. The more I reasoned the more she was certain she had forgotten, and when all other arguments failed she was sure to fall back on a feeling or a presentiment—something that I could not argue against—and the upshot was sure to be a tramp down-stairs. One night she wakened me up with a start, and told me that burglars were sawing at the parlor window. I listened, and sure enough there was the sound of a saw. 'What are we to do?' she exclaimed. 'If I only had a gun!' I said. 'No, but you have none,' she sorrowfully replied. Our burglar turned out to be a peach tree limb sawing back and forth in the wind against the house, but it was a good enough burglar for my purpose, and the more so as our neighbor Stryker's house had been so recently feloniously entered; therefore, when I backed my wish to have a gun by urging the propriety of having it as a defensive weapon against burglars, she saw its use at once, and agreed that if I would get one that wouldn't be dangerous and that wouldn't cost too much, it might be a handy thing to have in the house. The next day I bought this gun, and then for the first time in my life I wanted a dog. Now if there is one thing that Nancy dislikes more than—"

"O, bother Nancy," exclaimed Sang. "Let's go to bed." And with that he disappeared in the tent, and his comrades were not far behind him. Jab was curled up in his master's place, sleeping the sleep of the honest hunter, which place he exchanged for a comfortable one at his master's feet. The blazing brands flickered and wavered in the night outside; from afar came the "youp, youp" of farm dogs, and on the wings of the silent wind was borne the far distant crow of a dreaming cock; but our hunters, wearied with the day's tramp, saw not the light nor heard youp nor crow, but gently dozed off into a dreamless, restful sleep.

D. D. BANTA.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The last two issues of your paper have been abusing Mr. Bowman and myself in reference to the proposed report of the Fishery Commission and our supposed views concerning deer hounding. As the last issue was sent to me marked, I suppose it calls for an answer. I should have imagined that if you had put your thinking cap on and sat down and thought right hard it might have occurred to you that one who had devoted as many years and as much time and work to the preservation and propagation of the game, birds and fish of our State as I have would most likely have opinions worthy of respect and probably as well founded as those of any editor, however brilliant. Under such a contingency you might have sought more carefully for the facts. These were simply, that when General Sherman read his very strong denunciation of deer hounding, Mr. Bowman inquired whether he thought it well to commit the Commission so decidedly on a subject about which men as well informed as ourselves and as honest in their desire to preserve the deer differed totally. Then I suggested further, whether if hounding were prohibited, visiting sportsmen would not be wholly deprived of killing deer, and whether one killed in that way was not more profitable to the residents of the Adirondacks than a dozen killed for food. Neither of us committed himself in the least as to the abstract proposition of the best protective statute on the subject. General Sherman seemed impressed with this latter view, but said that running deer with dogs when they were heavy with young was wrong. To this Mr. Bowman replied jocosely that the medical men advised gentle exercise during such periods. At this we all laughed, but your reporter seems to have taken the joke for the argument. For this he is probably not to blame; some people are by nature incapable of seeing jokes and when men report matters with which they are unfamiliar they often make the oddest mistakes. What I did object to very decidedly in the proposed report was the use of extreme language in certain connections, for instance, that of classing the guides and poachers together in these words, "the guides rather have fraternized with the law breakers." This I think too strong a statement. Some of them have, but I believe the great body of the Adirondack guides to be honest, honorable, law-abiding men. I have never found that abusing men who honestly differed with me in opinion was the best way of converting them from their errors. I make this confession subject to correction, for I know it is so contrary to the opinion and practice of the FOREST AND STREAM. To this and some other sweeping charges I desired a modification. But as to the hounding matter, if Gen. Sherman, who is as well informed as to its effects as any one, maintained his conclusions after thinking the matter over, I should probably not have objected. In my opinion the only sportsmanlike way of killing deer is still-hunting, although the most romantic is floating for them. But when it comes to turning them into profit there is nothing to compare with the visiting sportsman, who pays a hundred dollars for every shot and who never gets a shot without a hound to help him.

ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT.

THE TAKING OF CHATFIELD.

THE capture of the game butcher Chatfield was noticed in FOREST AND STREAM some time since, but the details of the occurrence have only just come to hand. Chatfield came into the Park as guide for the Stewart-Nevin party from the Sunlight Basin. He had previously been a guide for the Rev. W. S. Rainsford.

After Messrs. Stewart and Nevin had left, Chatfield went to the Superintendent and asked his permission to take his guns, traps, etc., through the Park to the Teton country, where he proposed to trap some live animals for the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia. He was questioned as to his knowledge of the southern boundary of the Park, and, his answers not being satisfactory, was shown a map of the reservation, and had pointed out to him the features of the country that would enable him to know the south line of the Park. The location of Heart Lake and Mount Sheridan were particularly explained to him. He finally said that he understood perfectly the southern boundary of the Park, and would be careful not to hunt or trap anywhere near the line. He was given permission to take his outfit through, and started off, accompanied by one Bill Whitworth, a well-known Park hunter, and a woman, whom he called his wife.

A few days later, on the 2d of October, he was arrested by a scouting party from Camp Sheridan, near the western shore of Heart Lake, and between the lake and Mt. Sheridan, for killing an elk. The party, which was led by Ed. Wilson, scout, heard firing, and going in the direction of the shots, found Chatfield with a fresh scalp of an elk tied to his saddle, and a few yards further on found the carcass of the elk still warm. Chatfield acknowledged that he killed the elk, but pretended to believe that he was outside of the Park. He was brought in to the office of the Superintendent and having no defense, except that he did not think he was in the Park, was expelled, his hunting outfit and pony retained subject to the orders of the Interior Department.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 22, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford states that "Heart Lake is not anywhere near the center of the Yellowstone Park, but eight miles from its southern border." He does not say that the lake is not in the Park, but the language of the latter might be construed to mean that it is eight miles outside of the Park. The Montana papers in publishing an account of this affair state that Chatfield was arrested eight miles outside of the Park. They do not cite Dr. Rainsford as authority for the statement, but an obvious connection appears between the two statements. Heart Lake is of course in the Park.

A CHOICE GIFT.—The Batavia, N. Y., *Spirit of the Times* records: "This morning, by the courtesy of a member of the Batavia Club, we were accorded the privilege of inspecting the most beautiful specimen of the taxidermist's art ever exhibited in Batavia. It consists of the head and antlers of a gigantic bull moose, which when killed weighed 1,600lbs., and is one of the finest mounted game heads ever imported from Canada. It was purchased in that country by Mr. Edward Todd, of Owen Sound, Ontario, and his brother Henry of Batavia, and is intended as a present to Mr. Richard Willan of Darlington, England, brother-in-law of the Messrs. H. and E. Todd, who in the summer of 1886 made an extended visit to the States and Canada, and who during his sojourn in Batavia made many warm and genial friends, who gave him a fraternal and hearty welcome to American hospitality. In remembrance of his pleasant visit the brothers Todd will next week express to Mr. Willan in England this novel and remarkable present. The antlers measure over 3ft. 6in. from tip to tip, the head being mounted on a large shield. On the brow just below where the antlers protrude rests a massive silver inscription plate also in the form of a shield, 3½x4½in., suspended from the antlers by a silver chain, and bears the following inscription: 'Presented to Richard Willan of Darlington, England, by Henry Todd of Batavia, N. Y., and Edward Todd of Owen Sound, Ontario, Xmas, 1887.' The head will be securely boxed, and is to be forwarded to Mr. Willan from New York on Wednesday next by the White Star steamer Adriatic."

CHOICE OF GUNS.—Santa Rosa, Dec. 10.—In your issue of Dec. 1 a subscriber suggests a No. 10 bore with two sets of barrels, one set choke and the other cylinder, as an all round gun. I, like him, have used most all kinds of guns, and I have a 10-bore fitted as above which works quite satisfactorily, but if I had to choose over again I would have a 12-gauge, as a 10 is quite heavy for tramping after quail. For one who can afford two guns I would suggest a No. 12, 28in., 8lb.; left barrel modified choke, and the other cylinder, and a No. 10, 30in., 9lb., full choke, for ducks. Ducks are coming in fine here now, and quail, though scarce in the valley, are plenty in the hills and vineyards.—C. B. W.

A VIRGINIA EXPERIENCE.—For the benefit and consolation of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who wanted to but couldn't get away for a hunt in Virginia this fall, I send a brief account of my experience there. From Nov. 12 to 17 inclusive I stayed at Samuel Burke's, about seven miles north of Burkeville, Nottaway county, right in the midst of game in plenty. The weather was frosty at night but oppressively warm all day, and very dry. Quail, though abundant, were hard to find, and men and dogs suffered from the heat. Bagged only thirty birds to a gun in five days. Rode right into a gang of wild turkeys with empty guns. (——!) Next day jumped a deer within 25yds., with No. 8 shot in both barrels. (——! ——!!) Oh, the poverty of the English language! Was at Petersburg from Nov. 18 to Dec. 15. Weather hotter and dryer than ever. Managed to stand six hunts of about five hours each, and bagged thirty-eight birds and a few hares. Ought to do that in two hunts. On the 9th and 13th inst. I gunned in Anderson Brown's battery (or sinkbox) on the James River, near City Point. Weather too warm and still, and nothing but broadbills flying. Killed twenty-four. Ducking has been poor since middle of November. Had enough, and came home. *Verbum sap.*—J. L. K. (Perth Amboy, N. J.).

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Angling Talks. By Geo. Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Anglers' Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT LAW.

THE following extract from the laws of New Hampshire might profitably be adopted by other States. At the June session, 1887, the following amendment was made to the trout law: "It shall not be lawful at any season of the year for any person to take, catch, kill, or have in possession at any one time more than 10lbs. of the fish known as brook or speckled trout, nor shall any such be transported except in the possession of the owner thereof, under a penalty of $50 for the offense and $5 for every pound of brook or speckled trout so taken, caught, killed, in possession, or transported in excess of 10lbs. by any one person; and all such fish transported or in possession in violation of this section may be seized on complaint and shall be forfeited to the prosecutor. Any person having in his possession more than 10lbs. of such fish shall be deemed to have taken them in violation of the law."

The New Hampshire law forbids taking trout, salmon, bass, and other game fish "with any other device than in the ordinary way of angling with a single hook and line with bait, artificial fly or spoon." This clause forbids more than one fly on the leader, and our readers who contemplate angling in New Hampshire will do well to bear this in mind. We do not see the particular use in the restriction to a single hook, and in fact think it unwise, still it is the law, and those who violate it must be liable to the penalty, "not exceeding thirty dollars for each offense or by imprisonment not less than thirty days, or both." This is severe for using two hooks and it is doubtful if this clause will meet the views of anglers, in whose interest the law is made.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FISH PROTECTION IN OHIO.

THERE is no uncertain tone in the following letter from Hon. Emory D. Potter, of the Ohio Fish Commission, to the Toledo *Blade*. The venerable judge is on the warpath for illegal fishermen, and there is a true ring about his language that there is no mistaking. He says: "Since my appointment as one of the Fish and Game Commissioners of the State, my official acts have been the subject of much adverse criticism from various quarters, and in some of the journals that claim to be respectable. My oath of office was no meaningless paraphrase. I subscribed it with a full understanding of its obligations and of the responsibilities I took upon myself by that act; and with a determination to see that the fish and game laws of the State were enforced. Personally, I care nothing for these criticisms, and I am not in the habit of noticing newspaper comments on my official acts in the line of duty; but when a journal, claiming to be respectable, encourages resistance to the constituted authorities of the State, and counsels violation of its laws, as a law-abiding citizen I feel it my duty to enter my earnest protest against such teachings, and in behalf of a wholesome public sentiment to caution the people against the consequences of following such advice.

"The journal or the men who counsel resistance to the law are not the people's friends. Our liberties and our rights rest upon the maintenance of the law; and although these advocates of defiance would, perhaps, scorn to be called anarchists, the result of following just such teachings as they uphold has recently brought four men to the gallows, sent two to prison for life, and caused one to commit suicide to avoid the gallows. Beware, Mr. Journalist, how you put into the hands of the desperate a weapon that may be turned upon yourself, and lead to a flame that can only be extinguished by blood. Law breakers, under your indorsement, take courage to commit their thefts and murders.

"An unjust law is better kept than broken, and in this country no unjust law can long resist public opinion, upon which our government and laws are founded. If our fish and game laws are defective, take measures to have them modified or repealed. We all have a voice in the selection of our law makers, and, as in our system of government the majority must rule, it is the duty of the minority to submit and seek redress by constitutional means, and never by resistance.

"I am not sitting in judgment on the fish and game laws; I have no power to change or modify them; I have but one course to pursue, and that is to see that the laws are enforced, and this duty I am going to perform.

"The law makes it the duty of the fish and game wardens to pull up all nets found in forbidden waters. In a recent attempt to pull some contraband nets in Sandusky the owners of the nets were present, and declared, in language more forcible than polite, that they would nail the skull of the first man that laid hands on a net to the bow of their boat. The nets, however, were pulled without bloodshed, and no human skulls at present appear as figureheads upon any of the fishing boats on the shoals or bays of Lake Erie. Yet these men only needed the encouragement of a Fielden, or the stirring eloquence of a leading journalist, to carry their threats into execution.

"We have five fish and game commissioners in the State. For convenience the State has been divided into five districts, each commissioner being responsible for the management of the several counties in his district. Mine is composed of Lucas, Williams, Erie, Huron, Richland, Crawford, Seneca, Sandusky, Ottawa, Wood, Hancock, Knox, Morrow, Wyandotte, Fulton and Defiance. The State has expended in the neighborhood of $100,000 in propagating the lake whitefish, which can only be taken in nets, and distributing the smaller fishes in the waters in the interior of the State. The success of this system of propagation is evident from the fact that more whitefish, which is called the commercial fish, have been taken in nets this year than in any other year for the last ten years. To guard this interest, and that the benefits of the outlay shall be secured to all classes of citizens, the Legislature has deemed it wise to throw certain safeguards around this enterprise to prevent the undue destruction of commercial as well as the inland and less numerous class of fishes, and to maintain the supply of all. As this interest has been taken under the fostering care of the State; she has provided officers to see that these safeguards are enforced. She expects them to do their duty, and I am happy to say that at our late meeting of the commissioners at Dayton, each member manifested a determination to energetically enforce the laws as they are, and everything that I have done has been in accordance with that determination, and I have no doubt it will meet the approval of my brother commissioners. E. D. POTTER, Fish Commissioner."

TOLEDO, Nov. 29.

CANADIAN LOBSTERS.—Ottawa, Dec. 21.—Since the Hon. Mr. Foster, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, returned from Washington, he has examined the report of the lobster commission, which shows that the business is being overdone, and recommends an immediate remedy. As a result an order in council has been passed, which places the limit of the lobster fishery season in the Atlantic, Bay of Fundy, from Cape Canso westward, at the 1st of July, and in the waters of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Quebec, including Anticosta and Magdalen Islands, at July 15. This shortens the length of the fishing season in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island by 35 days, and in other portions by 31 days.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1888.—Bench Show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, Columbus, O. H. O. Bridge, Secretary, Columbus, O.

Jan. 23 to 27, 1888.—First Dog Show of the Agusta Poultry and Poultry Association, at Agusta, Ga.

Jan. 24. to 29.—Augusta, Ga., Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock.

Feb. 13 to 17.—First show Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. E. J. Spencer, Sec.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 28 to March 2.—Show of Philadelphia Kennel Club. W. H. Child, Sec.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5708.**

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

JERSEY CITY, N.J., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since my letter refusing to accept awards of the E. F. T. C. to my dog Nick of Naso I have had the pleasure of reading the report of the heats in the several sporting papers. Please permit me to call the attention of sportsmen to the same. One report says:

"At 4:07 Tammany and Nick of Naso were put down in a cornfield. Nick soon pointed, and Tammany, ranging down wind flushed the birds. The bevy was marked down and going up wind each dog got a separate point on the scattered birds. Two were flushed before Nick and a single bird in front of Tammany, which Whyte shot and the dog retrieved. In sedge grass Tammany pointed another bird, which was flushed by the spectators. Moving on Tammany pointed again in weeds and Nick backed well, Tammany was unsteady to shot. After a long cast Tammany made a point on a single bird and Nick backed. White flushed the bird, but did not shoot. A point was claimed soon after for Nick, but the dog did not establish his point, though several birds were flushed among the treetops. Tammany pointed a bird in the pines, the bird flushed wild and Tammany dropped to wing. At 4:40 the dogs were ordered up and the heat awarded to Tammany. Down 33m."

Now we find by this report that Nick pointed a bevy, which were flushed by Tammany. That Nick backed Tammany twice. That Tammany did not back during the race. That out of the four points made by Tammany once the birds were flushed by the spectators, and once the birds flushed wild. That Tammany was unsteady to shot. That Nick made three points, once he did not establish his point, though several birds were flushed among the trees, and that the dogs were down thirty-three minutes, with the heat awarded to Tammany.

Your own report reads: "Nick of Naso and Tammany were put down at 4:13. In pace, range and style Tammany had the advantage. In style on point they are nearly equal. Both pointed and backed in first-class style, and both behaved well, except Tammany was at one time a trifle unsteady to wing, Tammany got in some very good work among scattered birds, and won with something to spare in twenty-eight minutes. During the heat Tammany whirled on a gamy point, and a second later Nick also whirled and backed him in capital style, making a very pretty picture."

By this report we find that in pace, range and style Tammany had the advantage. That both in style on point nearly equal. Both pointed and backed in first-class style. That both dogs behaved well, except that at one time Tammany was a trifle unsteady. That Tammany won with something to spare in twenty-eight minutes.

Still a third report says: "Tammany—Nick of Naso.—At 4:16 they were started in a cornfield. Soon after starting Nick pointed a bevy in sedge grass in a bottom, and held his point well. Tammany flushed the bevy. It was marked down in sedge grass on top of a hill. Nick stopped to a flush on a single, then pointed, and Lewis flushed several more. At the same time Tammany, a few yards to the right, pointed a bird and it flushed wild; he retrieved the bird fairly well. Tammany stopped to a point near the judges' horses and two birds flushed a few yards to one side. Tammany stopped on a stylish point on a single marked down in an open field; Nick backed; both were steady to shot. Tammany soon pointed again on a bird; good point. A bevy was flushed by the judges and marked down in pines close by. Tammany pointed a single bird, and Nick, 40yds. to the rear, backed. Tammany was a little unsteady to wing. Soon after going on he pointed another bird well. The dogs were ordered up at 4:41, and Tammany won. Both were stylish. Tammany had better speed and range."

Now, we find by this report that Nick did not make a single mistake; that Tammany and flushes were very close together; that he did not back Nick once during the race, and that Tammany was a little unsteady to wing and that he must have won on speed and range.

I was not present at the trials, yet I have so much confidence in the speed and range of Nick of Naso, that I am willing to wager $500 that Nick of Naso can beat Tammany in from one to six hours' heat. The owner of Tammany to select time he wants to run. The trial to be managed by and under the auspices of the American Field Trials Club. That if Nick of Naso wins, the amount so won to be given to the American Kennel Club and by them to be awarded as special prizes to pointers at the spring shows.

If the owner of Tammany is not satisfied to have the A. F. T. Club manage it, then he can select any club that is a member of the American Kennel Club, excepting the clubs which he and I belong to. C. J. PESHALL.

[Knowing Mr. Peshall to be an earnest seeker after the bottom facts in any case in which he is intrusted, we append a full description of the heat in question as we saw it, in order that he may know upon what grounds we formed an opinion as to the relative merits of the dogs.]

The dogs were put down in a cornfield at 4:13 (Waterbury time) and worked through to the Worth place where we turned up a small branch. Nick crossed the branch and made a nice point and Tammany backed him in good style. Lewis went ahead and Nick drew on after him. Tammany then went in and flushed the bevy which was down wind from him. Following the birds to some open sedge on top of a hill, Nick flushed one and stopped to wing and then pointed and Lewis put up one or two more near him. Meantime Tam made a nice point to a single that White flushed to order but did not shoot at. One or two more then flushed just ahead of the dog and White killed one and Tammany retrieved it well. He then turned partly toward the horses and made a point to a brace that White put up to order. When sent on Tammany, while going at speed partly down wind, caught scent of a single and whirled on a beautiful point, and a second later Nick also whirled and backed him in elegant style. White put up the bird and scored a miss. The judges had marked down a bird near by and the handlers were ordered to work their dogs in that direction, and nearly every foot of the ground was tramped over before the bird was found. Finally Tammany got wind of it and made a point to the bird that White declared flushed from under a chip. A little further on Nick made a nice point but no bird was found. Soon after the spectators flushed a bevy that settled in some pines and the dogs were ordered in that direction. Tammany got there first and made a nice point to a single and was backed by Nick in good style. White put up the bird and Tammany was a trifle unsteady to wing. A short distance further on Tammany had another one fast that flushed as White came up and then several others went. This ended the heat in favor of Tammany with something to spare according to our idea of field trial work, to say nothing of his superiority in pace, range and style of going.

FOX-TERRIER CLUB STAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Attention is called to the following stakes, opened by the American Fox-Terrier Club:

The new rule of the Kennel Club, compelling registration in the stud book, involves an outlay of 50 cents. The Fox-Terrier Club indorses the same fully, but will take upon itself the expense of such registration in the case of any entries to the following stakes where terriers have not been registered.

The Fox-Terrier Club has extended the time for the closing of entries from Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, 1888.

The Tomboy Stakes of 1888.—For a silver cup presented by the president of the American Fox-Terrier Club, added to a sweepstake of $5 each, p. p., for fox-terrier bitches whelped after Jan. 1, 1887, and to be competed for at one of the important spring shows in 1888. Entries close Feb. 1, 1888.

The Apollo Stakes of 1888.—For a silver cup presented by the secretary of the American Fox-Terrier Club, added to a sweepstake of $5, p. p., for fox-terrier dogs whelped after Jan. 1, 1887, and to be competed for at one of the important spring shows in 1887. Entries close Feb. 1, 1888.

The Home Bred Puppy Stakes.—For a silver cup presented by John E. Thayer, Esq., added to a sweepstake of $5, p. p., for best fox-terrier puppy whelped after April 1, 1887, and to be competed for at one of the important spring shows in 1888. Entries close Feb. 1, 1888.

The Fox-Terrier Club's Yankee Stakes.—An open sweepstake for litters of puppies born between March 1 of one year to March 1 of the succeeding year, at 50 cents each p.p. One or more of the litters to compete singly, irrespective of sex, 70 per cent. of the stake shall go to the winner, 20 to second and 10 to third. The entire number of the litters as born alive must be entered, otherwise the entry shall not be valid. Entries must be made prior to the puppies attaining the age of six weeks. The stake shall be judged for the class entered during the entire stake year at the first Fox-Terrier Club show following the closing of the stakes for such current year. No additional entrance fee shall be collected when the stake is competed for, provided the terrier competing shall be already entered in one of the regular classes of the show, otherwise the entrance fee shall be the same as that of the regular classes. A terrier entered in this stake having changed ownership shall be eligible to compete upon registry with the secretary of the original nominator's certificate, transferring the nomination to the new owner. The Yankee Stake renews itself from year to year without additional notice thereof having to be given by the secretary of the club.

During Mr. Fred Hoey's absence in Europe Mr. August Belmont, Jr., was appointed to act as secretary. AUGUST BELMONT, JR.

No. 36 WALL STREET, New York, Dec. 23.

ST. BERNARD PUPPY WEIGHTS.—Caumsett Kennels, Dec. 20.—Our rough-coated St. Bernard Charlemagne, whelped May 15, 1887 (Ilse—Duke of Leeds), weighs 98lbs. To me this seems an unusual weight for a puppy 7mos. old. The dog bids fair to rival in size his famous sire.—DAVID PETTIGREW.

SANDYCROFT BURLY.—Milford, Del., Dec. 21.—In giving the weight of Dr. J. P. Thompson's English mastiff dog Sandcroft Burly, I made a mistake of a month. He was eight months old when he weighed 143½lbs.—VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.

[From a Special Reporter.]

THE DERBY.

THE competition in the Derby commenced Monday, Dec. 12, and ended Thursday, Dec. 15. The judges were Messrs. I. M. Brumby, of Marietta, Ga.; J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, Ill.; and H. M. Markley, of Eaton, Ohio. They were good judges of dogs' work and the club may well be congratulated in securing the services of such attentive, wideawake gentlemen. After the drawing all were ready to drive to the hunting ground, which commenced within two miles of town. The grounds were well chosen, being several thousand acres of cleared land, all under one fence, by far the best field trial grounds it was ever our pleasure to see. The only drawback was the scarcity of birds. Yet we are of the opinion that birds were more plentiful than they were at Grand Junction last year. Take it all in all, the meeting was an unqualified success, and the lovers of sport and breeders of bird dogs in this country, owe to Gen. Shattuc, the president, and his able co-operators in this association, praise warm and unstinted.

There were twenty-six starters in this stake. The quality of the work was good and at times very brilliant for youngsters. It was certainly a decided improvement on the work done in the first series at the Eastern trials, where half of the entries showed a decided lack of breaking and want of experience on game.

The stake was won by Dave R., owned by R. M. Dudley and James Fisher, of Nashville, Tenn. Dave R. is by Gath's Hope out of Daisy F.; he was bred, broken and handled by D. E. Rose; he is a lemon and white, medium-sized dog, strong and compactly built, and looks to be a remarkable stayer for a puppy. He won on his merit, and no one who saw the work questioned that he was the best puppy in the stake. Second was won by Memphis & Avent Kennels' black, white and tan dog Joey B., the winner of this year's Derby at the Eastern trials. Third was divided between Laddie, Jacobin, Ollie S. and Jack Modoc, the judges selecting them.

MAY AND MISS THOMPSON.

The weather was clear and cool, being a good day for scent. This was not a very good brace. May moved as if she had been cramped from being cooped, and seemed to take very little interest in the hunt; in the only point we saw her on she displayed fine style. Miss Thompson was decidedly the best in range, speed and style of going and won easily, having three points to her credit to May's one. May was handled by Dr. Maclin and Miss Thompson by Col. Merriman. Down 30m.

COUNT PARIS AND OLLIE S.

This was a lively brace, both going off at a rattling gait and in good style, Ollie particularly showing herself to be a good one. Worked up a sedge knoll, Ollie made game, roaded and pointed in fine style, well backed by Count. When birds were put up both dogs showed they were steady to wing and shot. Worked on scattered birds, each made some good points and each excusable flushes. After a short but good heat Ollie won, having the advantage on points. Ollie was handled by Stevenson and Count by Nelson.

QUEEN NOBLE AND LATONIA.

This was a very poor brace, neither doing any work of merit. They were worked over a good deal of country, and displayed very little bird sense. Latonia did get in one very good point on a bevy, but nether one had any particular merit. They were put down later in the afternoon for another test. Latonia had the best in style and range and won; she was handled by Tucker, Queen by Barker. Down in all, 1h. 35m.

OSSIAN AND JACOBIN.

This was a remarkably good brace. They were put down where the last brace was taken up to be worked toward the lunch stand. Jacobin moves easily, but carries his head too low; he displays a good deal of bird sense for a puppy, and his work on singles was very good. He is a little unsteady to wing and shot, his handler showing a fear to risk a shot over him; he goes at his birds in a gamy way; he won this heat on points; he was handled by Titus. Ossian is a fine-looking, medium-sized pointer, hunts with good style, points well and drops promptly to wing and to shot. After fifteen minutes' work Ossian was found on point where spectators had seen birds fly from. Jack backed to order. After this each dog did some nice roading, where birds had been seen to fly from. Ordered up for lunch they were again put down. Working around a sedge hill Jack got in a good point on a bevy, that was handsomely honored by Ossian. Sent on, each got in some good work on singles. After being down 1h. 32m. they were ordered up and the heat given to Jacobin. During this heat there came very near being a serious accident. Rose was handling Ossian, and shooting over one of his points did not see a spectator who was on a hill about 75yds. away, directly in line with the bird, and three of the shot struck him on the cheek, going in under the skin, causing some pain but doing no serious harm, as he was on the ground the next day.

HECTOR AND LITTLE GIFT.

Hector is nearly white with one black ear, is a little above the medium size, points with fine style and backs well, yet seems to need work on game. Little Gift is a small bitch, well marked and of good style and speed. They ran a short heat with little work, Hector getting in a good stylish point on a bevy. They were down 43m. Tucker handled Hector, Nesbitt Little Gift.

SIRIUS AND KING'S MARK.

This brace was put down late in the afternoon and ran a very fair short heat. Mark had the advantage in range and speed, yet both went well, and both were stylish on point. Sirius is a very large, long, liver and white dog, he is by Sportsman out of Sweetheart, and has exactly the head of his sire; he is owned in the far West, and was sent East to capture the Derbies. Mark is a well-made, handsome dog of good size and has a fine, gamy way of going. In color he is white, black and tan. Mark won, having outpointed Sirius, yet it was a close heat and he did not have much to spare. Tucker ran Sirius, Barker Mark.

Tuesday morning, weather clear and cool.

CINCH AND TRINKET'S CASH.

This was rather an uninteresting brace. Cinch is a well-made black, white and tan dog, the black largely predominating; he is a good goer and cut out the work for Cash, yet he had no advantage in style, either in going or on point. Cash was under the best control and showed steady to wing and shot. They did some pointing on birds, in which Cinch had the best of it, and were ordered up. Cinch won. Down 43m. Avent handled Cinch, Morgan Cash.

SAMUEL S. AND JACK MODOC.

This brace was put down in open, where the last brace was taken up. Neither did very much work. Modoc showed the best style, range and speed. Sam backed very indifferently and worked as if he would point if he could find a bird. Modoc had three points to his credit and won. Stevenson handled Sam, Rose handled Jack Modoc.

DAVE R. AND LADY W.

We have already given a description of Dave R. Lady W. was the amusement of the crowd. She was the smallest pointer any one ever saw entered in a trial, yet she was as keen as brier and full of pluck and go. She pointed and backed in good style, and had several nice points to her credit. In style, range and speed Dave R. had decidedly the advantage of her, yet he did not come up to the expectation of his friends in this heat, partly, we think, from the error of the judges, which seemed to make the dog lose confidence. When Lady made her first point it was on a single; the judges ordered Dave brought up to back; about the time the order was given Dave pointed in edge of grass. Rose made an effort to call Dave off point, but he wouldn't move until taken by the collar and pulled away; he was brought up and backed; as soon as Lady's bird was put up Dave went back and pointed where he had been pulled away; no bird was found to the point, but spectators had seen the bird fly when the bird was put up to Lady's point. Each dog did some pointing and flushing after this, but nothing worthy of note. After 45m. they were ordered up and the heat given to Dave. Rose handled Dave R., Porter Lady W.

SUNSHINE AND TRINKET'S COUNT.

This brace was a setter against a pointer. Sunshine is a nice trim made little bitch with plenty of speed but no style in going. Count had the better of her in style but showed poorly on game. They were only down 32m., Sunshine making one point to Count's none, when the heat was given to Sunshine. Nelson handled her; Morgan handled Count.

LILLIE B. AND CLAUDE.

This brace was put down to work toward the lunch stand. Lillie is a very nice little black, white and tan bitch, an easy, cheerful worker, with good style. Claude is a medium sized black, white and tan dog, with plenty of range and speed, having decidedly the advantage of Lillie in these respects; yet he seemed to be off his nose, for Lillie displayed much the best nose and outpointed him. After a run of 40m., they were ordered up to be put down again later in the day. At 3:55 they were again put down and sent on to where birds had been marked down. Lillie did a very nice piece of work in locating and pointing the birds and they were ordered up and the heat awarded to Lillie. Titus ran Lillie and Avent Claude.

LADDIE AND BILLY B.

This was a very pretty brace of dogs, Laddy being a very prettily marked black, white and tan, and Billy being about the same size, in color a rich orange and white. They went off at a good gait, and promised to do good work. Billy B. showed the best style and range, speed being about equal, Laddy showed best on game, though they found very little. Merriman handled Laddy, Nelson Billy B.

JOEY B. AND BLUE CHIEF.

This was the last brace in the first series. Every one was anxious to see Joey B. as he came with the honors of the Eastern Derby hanging over him. He is a well-made little dog, running with ease and style with his head well up. He is black, white and tan, has plenty of dash and go, and at times handles his birds with the judgment of an old dog, yet at times he gets rattled and is very unsteady, both to wing and to shot. Blue Chief is a very handsome blue belton dog, and showed good style and speed. Yet on birds he seemed to be over-broken, and did not take interest in the work, which gave him the appearance of having a very poor nose. The company was too good for Chief, and after 40m. they were ordered up and heat given to Joey B. Avent handled Joey, Barker Blue Chief. This ended the first series. Following is the result:

First Series.

Miss Thompson beat May.
Ollie S. beat Count Paris.
Latonia beat Queen Noble.
Jacobin beat Ossian.
Hector beat Little Gift.
King's Mark beat Sirius.
Cinch beat Trinket's Cash.
Jack Modoc beat Samuel S.
Dave R. beat Lady W.
Sunshine beat Trinket's Count.
Lillie B. beat Claude.
Laddy beat Billy B.
Joey B. beat Blue Chief.

Second Series.

OLLIE S. AND MISS THOMPSON

were the first brace in the second series. They were put down at 4:10. Each one seemed to be on her mettle and determined to win. They ran a very interesting and at times brilliant heat. Ollie was handled by Stevenson and Miss Thompson by Merriman. They both pointed and backed in good style; both had good range and speed. A good deal of the work was done in pine thicket on singles. They pinned their birds with rare skill, and ran the best heat that had been run up to that time. After 40m. they were ordered up and the heat given to Ollie S.

LATONIA AND JACOBIN.

This was the first brace on Wednesday morning. The morning was damp, with an occasional shower. Birds were not very plentiful and were inclined to run. Working out an old sedge field Jacobin pointed a bevy. Latonia to order honored the point. Birds went into woods, where Jacobin had decidedly the best of the work, scoring several points to his credit to Latonia's one and a flush and bad chase. Latonia had the best of range and style, while neither was very steady to wing and shot. It was a short heat, but a very good on the part of Jacobin.

HECTOR AND KING'S MARK.

This brace was put down at 9:45 in a drizzling rain. They went off at a merry gait, but the grass was so wet that it was not long before handlers and dogs were drenching wet, and no good work could be hoped for. Tucker handled Hector; Barker, King's Mark. They had not been down long before Hector began to draw in sedge grass, but failed to locate the birds; after he went on birds were flushed near by. Being sent on in willows and briers, Mark pointed a bird in good style, which was put up. He then flushed and dropped to wing; he then pointed and birds flushed wild. Birds were running and hard to locate. Both pointed several times on foot scent. After 30m. they were ordered up. Mark won. In range and speed Mark was best; in style Hector had the advantage. This was a very ordinary heat.

JACK MODOC AND CINCH.

By this time the rain had ceased and the sun was shining. Dogs were put down at 11:09. After drawing several fields blank Cinch made a fine point on a bevy in sedge and was well backed by Jack. Both were steady to wing and shot. Sent on Jack pointed a single and was stylishly backed by Cinch. Both dogs got in several points on scattered birds. Ordered on to hunt for scattered birds Jack made a wide cast over a knoll where he was lost to sight; not coming back his handler found him on point on top of hill in thin cover. Not finding anything to the point he was ordered on. After drawing about he commenced roading down wind, going sixty yards with great care; he roaded too near an outlying bird, which ran away; at the sight of the bird Jack dropped and his handler went in front of him and put up a large bevy. This was a beautiful piece of work. Sent on down the hill in edge of sedge Cinch flushed a single, lost his head and chased. This gave Modock the heat. Down 1h. 21m. In speed and range they were equal; on birds Jack displayed the most judgment.

DAVE R. AND SUNSHINE.

This brace was put down at 12:35 to be worked toward lunch. Going at a rattling gait through stubble Dave wheeled into a stylish point. Sunshine backed well. Rose put up a large bevy, shot and killed. Both dogs behaved well to wing and shot. Sent on, Dave soon pointed a single. Soon after Sunshine pointed a single. On in sedge, Dave R. pointed, drew and located the rest of the bevy, which were flushed by handler. Ordered up, Dave won. Down 20m. In style, range and speed Dave had decidedly the advantage, on point Sunshine had good style.

LILLIE B. AND LADDY.

At 1:35, after lunch, this brace was put down in open country to test range and speed. In both Laddy had the advantage. They were worked toward some oak woods in briers, where Laddy pointed in good style, and a nice bevy was put up to his point. Both dogs behaved well to wing. Sent on, Lillie false pointed. She then made a good point on three birds. Each then made game on foot scent where birds had evidently ran from, but no birds found. Ordered out in open Laddy soon made a nice point. They were then ordered up and the heat was given to Laddy. Down 55m.

This was the last heat in the second series, Joey B. having a bye. Following is the result:

Ollie S. beat Miss Thompson.
Jacobin beat Latonia.
King's Mark beat Hector.
Jack Modoc beat Cinch.
Dave R. beat Sunshine.
Laddy beat Lillie B.
Joey B. a bye.

Third Series.

JOEY B. AND OLLIE S.

This was the first brace in the third series. In this heat, as in their former ones, both showed good style, range and speed. After being down 10m. both dogs pointed in woods on the same bevy. Sent on in woods both dogs made flushes, birds seemed wild and would not lie well. Ollie then pointed a bird in corn. Joey, not seeing her, ran too near and the bird flushed. Joey then pointed in sedge on hillside and a bird was put up to his point. Ordered up at 3:30 and the heat given to Joey. This was a very close decision and there had not been work enough done to determine between two good dogs.

DAVE R. AND KING'S MARK

were put down at 3:17 in open country near where the last brace was taken up. Both dogs went off at lightning speed, running over the point of a knoll Dave wheeled into a point. Mark, following him very close, ran between him and the birds and also pointed. The judges saw the work, and although Barker claimed that his dog was nearer the birds, Rose was ordered to flush. A fine bevy was put up to the point, both dogs behaving well. Sent on over hill where the birds had gone Dave soon pointed in a corn patch where there was no cover, Mark honoring him with a good back and a bird was put up. Sent on Dave soon pointed another. Both dogs then roaded out into some sedge, but birds flushed wild. Going over a hill Mark pointed and was well backed by Dave, but no bird was found to the point. Mark had good style on point, but was outworked and outclassed by Dave. This was one of the shortest and most brilliant heats of the Derby. Down 19m. Dave won.

JACK MODOC AND JACOBIN

were cast off at 3:43 and worked over a good deal of country. Modoc was scouring and was not up to his form in this heat. After being down some time Jacobin pointed a nice bevy, which was put up and marked down in a thicket. Sent on, Modoc soon pointed. Rose shot and he was steady. He made another point which the judges did not see, as the bird flushed wild. Sent on in a swamp Jacobin got three points and Modoc one, when the dogs were ordered up and the heat given to Jacobin. This was a very close heat, Jacobin having the most points, but Modoc having decidedly the best of range, speed and style, both on point and way of going.

This was the last brace in the third series, Laddy having a bye. Following is the result:

Joey B. beat Ollie S.
Dave R. beat King's Mark.
Jacobin beat Jack Modoc.
Laddy a bye.

Fourth Series.

DAVE R. AND LADDY.

Thursday morning was cloudy and threatened rain, toward 10 o'clock, however, the clouds passed away and the sun shone out bright and warm; there was a pretty high west wind blowing, but the scent was good. Soon after the brace was put down Dave made game in a hollow by a brier patch, roaded down branch and down wind. Laddy coming around caught the scent where Dave commenced roading and pointed in briers, but his handler failed to find. In the meantime Dave for fear he would road them to a flush made a little cast, caught the wind and made a fine point. Rose put up the bevy and Dave acted well to shot and wing. Sent on in woods Laddy nailed a single and was well backed by Dave. Sent on both dogs flushed in dry leaves. Ordered back in field Dave soon made game on another bevy, was roading them and just as he came to a point the birds went. Sent on after the scattered birds Dave got two points and Laddy one. Dogs ordered up and heat give to Dave R. Down 54m. In style, range and speed Dave had the advantage. On point Laddy showed good style.

JOEY B. AND JACOBIN.

This brace was put down at 9:50. Both went off at a good pace. On side of hill Joey was seen to come to a point. On going around, Jack was found in front of him pointing a bevy. The birds were put up. Avent shot and Jacobin was steady. Sent on in woods, Joey pointed and Jack backed. Joey then flushed and was steady to wing. Both then false pointed. Jacobin then ran over some birds and put out after them, which left him no show in the heat. Joey then got in a good point on a single and was well backed by Jacobin. Ordered up and the heat was given to Joey. Down 37m. In speed they were both good. In range and style Joey was much the best. In this heat Jacobin showed his want of breaking. This was the last brace in the fourth series, with the following result:

Dave R. beat Laddy.
Joey B. beat Jacobin.

Final for First Place.

DAVE R. AND JOEY B.

were left in to run for first money. They were put down in a large open field after Joey's twenty minutes' rest. Both had bowled their competitors down in good style and had fairly earned the place to the fore. Joey had the advantage of a bye in one of his series, while Dave had run all of his out. Both dogs had many friends on the grounds that were anxious for their success, and from the way they went off they seemed to realize that much depended on their efforts. They were cast off at 10:50. Both had good speed, range and style of going. After 35m. Dave was found on a stylish point in corn, standing with his forefeet on a corn row and hind feet in the furrow, head high and tail straight; he would have made a fine picture. Joey, coming in from a cast, honored the point in fine style, Rose put up two birds, shot and both dogs were steady. After working some distance the dogs were taken up for water. Rose seemed anxious to push on, probably thinking that Dave had set the pace too fast for Joey and hoping to get the better of his wind. Sent on, on side of hill Dave challenged, roaded into sedge, and just as he stopped to point Joey came down the hill very fast into the bevy and put them up. Joey was a little unsteady to wing. Sent on in oak bushes and sedge Dave commenced to draw on birds, when Joey swung in ahead and pointed for a moment, when birds flushed wild and flying over Joey he started to chase but stopped to order. Working dogs down the hill into open, Dave working to the

right, Joey to left. Dave commenced ranging on bare ground, drew up an old ditch and just at the head of it he pointed with his nose over the embankment. Rose called a point, went in front and put up a fine bevy. Avent had lost Joey for a moment and found him on a stylish point to a single. They were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Dave R., and he was declared the winner of first prize. Down 1h. 5m. It was remarked and was a fact that no dog found and pointed a bevy while in competition with Dave R. ahead of him in any of his heats. The decision gave perfect satisfaction.

Tie for Second Place.

JOEY B. AND LADDIE

were put down to run a short heat for second money. Both dogs belong to the Memphis and Avent Kennel. After being down 5m. they were ordered up and the heat and second money was given to Joey B.

The judges selected as the best beaten dogs, Laddy, Jacobin, Ollie S. and Modoc to divide third.

Take it all in all, this club may well be proud of its first Derby. It was a great improvement on the Eastern Derby of this year, both in the quality of the work and the opportunities given a dog to show what was in him. Following is the

SUMMARY.

American Field Trials Derby for 1887, for all setter or pointer puppies whelped after Jan. 1, 1886. Three purses. First prize, $350. Second, $250. Third, $150. Forfeit $10, and $15 additional to fill.

First Series.

Miss Thompson beat May.
Ollie S. beat Count Paris.
Latonia beat Queen Noble.
Jacobin beat Ossian.
Hector beat Little Gift.
King's Mark beat Sirius.
Cinch beat Trinket's Cash.
Jack Modoc beat Samuel S.
Dave R. beat Lady W.
Sunshine beat Trinket's Count.
Lillie B. beat Claude.
Laddy beat Billy B.
Joey B. beat Blue Chief.

Second Series.

Ollie S. beat Miss Thompson.
Jacobin beat Latonia.
King's Mark beat Hector.
Jack Modoc beat Cinch.
Dave R. beat Sunshine.
Laddie beat Lillie B.
Joey B. a bye.

Third Series.

Joey B. beat Ollie S.
Dave R. beat King's Mark.
Jacobin beat Jack Modoc.
Laddy a bye.

Fourth Series.

Dave R. beat Laddy.
Joey B. beat Jacobin.

Final for First Place.

Dave R. beat Joey B. and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Joey B. beat Laddy and won second prize.
Laddy, Jacobin, Ollie S. and Jack Modoc equal third.

RULE NO. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 15 I notice a few words from Mr. J. A. Nickerson. Present my compliments to Mr. Nickerson and gently whisper to him that both Mr. Winslow and myself are quite competent to present our bills to bench show managers should we need or wish any remuneration, but at the same time thank him for me, and I have no doubt but that Mr. Winslow joins me, for his charitable act in saying "Bench show managers should see to it at once that Messrs. Cugle and Winslow are substantially remembered for their effort to swell the number of entries at coming shows." The new Rule 2 will not affect entries at shows in the least, provided special attention is called to it. Did Mr. Nickerson commune with Mr. Grosvenor before he mailed that bit of sarcasm? Evidently not, for Mr. Grosvenor knew perfectly well what he was doing at the A. K. C. meeting, and if he did not get scared at the outlook why should Mr. Nickerson? The Boston bench show managers are all right; if any one is to get scared and kick, Hartford should. Speak your mind, Mr. Nickerson, but don't, don't use sarcasm, it don't sound nice. CHAS. D. CUGLE.

HARTFORD, Dec. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with feelings of disgust that I read in your issue of three weeks ago of the new rule laid down by the A. K. C. requiring compulsory registration of dogs in the A. K. C. S. B., in order to show them at shows held under their rules.

Now I have not had quite as bitter a feeling against the A. K. C. as some breeders have, believing that they would in time get straightened out; but this straw breaks my back, and I hope the best breeders in the country will refuse to show their dogs, and will teach the A. K. C. that they cannot cram their stud book down our throats in that manner. Let the stud book thrive on its merits, and if it has not merit enough to thrive it had better die.

The *American Kennel Register* has steadily grown on its merits and is good enough, and I have yet to learn of any fault with it except the small amount of reading matter it contains; but I believe we get our money's worth and more too. Wish it could be enlarged and would gladly pay for it.

CHAS. E. SHAW.

CLINTON, Mass., Dec. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is an extract from a note of an old friend, long a dog lover and exhibitor, but who has never engaged in any controversy as to the A. K. C., its stud book, or anything connected with it. He is thoroughly an impartial outsider, and, I am convinced, voices the sentiments of ninety-nine out of one hundred of the class, when he writes me: "Are you going to the New York show? It will be a poor one, I guess, owing to that idiotic rule about the stud book entries. What on earth got into them?" W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editorial in last FOREST AND STREAM commenting on the action of the A. K. C. in regard to rule compelling the registering of all dogs in their stud book is about right, and hits the nail on the head. Such ruling is a great imposition on exhibitors, to say the least, and certainly will decrease the attendance at shows under A. K. C. rules.

ORTON GIFFORD.

WAUPETON, Kan., Dec. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Utica show will not enforce rule two, as they do not think it is a just rule to exhibitors.

J. OTIS FELLOWS, Supt.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 25.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the December number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

5583. Goodwood Beauty, J. C. Hoge.
5584. Goodwood King, J. C. Hoge.
5585. Laick's Rattler, G. Laick.
5586. Tenor, Arthur S. Aborn.

BULLDOGS.

5587. Beatrice, Chas. D. Cugle.
5588. Bellissima Regina, John E. Thayer.
5589. Merry Monarch, C. Cugle.
5590. Soudan, Chas. D. Cugle.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

5591. Bell's Spatter, E. A. Buck.
5592. Bell's Spray, E. A. Buck.
5593. Dash's Trump, E. A. Buck.
5594. Gowrie's Bell, E. A. Buck.

COLLIES.

5595. Black Bess, F. S. Tucker.
5596. Bonnie Scotland II., J. G. Curry.
5597. Buckingham, E. E. Ling.
5598. Clyde IV., W. Wickham.
5599. Dr. Cloud, Jas. C. Curry.
5600. Flirt III., W. A. Wickham.
5601. Glen Belle, James Watson.
5602. Gypsie May, W. Wickham.
5603. Kittie, Walter T. Strong.
5604. Rutland Bruce, A. Friend.
5605. Sheridan, Wm. T. Baird.
5606. Tam O'Shanter II., W. A. Wickham.
5607. Victoria II., R. B. Dowsley.

DEERHOUNDS.

5608. Cedric the Saxon, John E. Thayer.
5609. Dora, John E. Thayer.
5610. Highlander's Lass, John E. Thayer.
5611. Pride of the Heather, J. E. Thayer.
5612. Thora's Lassie, J. Thayer.
5613. Warrior Chieftain, John E. Thayer.

FOXHOUNDS.

5614. Jerry, E. F. Bishop.
5615. Tom, E. F. Bishop.

GREAT DANES.

5616. Zorah, C. D. Cugle.

MASTIFFS.

5617. Berkshire Caution, C. W. Goodrich.
5618. Camille, R. Southard.
5619. Champion, F. C. Kenrich.
5620. Daisy G., C. W. Goodrich.
5621. Duke, J. L. Smith.
5622. Duke of Ashmont, P. W. Arnold.
5623. Frica M., C. C. Marshall.
5624. Imperial Chancellor, C. C. Marshall.
5625. King's Beauty, King's Park Poultry Yards.
5626. King's Lion, King's Park Poultry Yards.
5627. Leon Turk, C. W. Goodrich.
5628. Madge IV., C. Chambers.
5629. Maid of Athens, C. Goodrich.
5630. Nettie, C. W. Goodrich.
5631. Nina, C. W. Goodrich.
5632. Persephone, Wacouta Kennels.
5633. Queen Naterly, E. A. Burk.
5634. Reine of Ashmont, P. W. Arnold.
5635. Rob Roy, Mrs. Z. McLoughlin.
5636. Ruth, S. W. Crook.
5637. Sappho, A. Colby.
5638. The Lady Orla, C. C. Marshall.
5639. Victoria, C. W. Goodrich.
5640. Wacouta Chief, Wacouta Kennels.
5641. Wacouta Hal, Wacouta Kennels.
5642. Wacouta Hope, A. White.
5643. Wacouta Jess, R. Ray.
5644. Wacouta Lena, G. P. Zeiss.
5645. Wacouta Mat, Wacouta Kennels.
5646. Wacouta Warrior, Wacouta Kennels.
5647. Wacouta Wilfred, Wacouta Kennels.
5648. Zanita, C. W. Goodrich.

POINTERS.

5649. Nick II., Stiver & Comfort.
5650. Patti Croxteth T., A. B. Truman.
5651. Telemachus, A. Collins.
5652. Wanda, T. M. T. McKennan.

PUGS.

5653. Minnie Warren, Mrs. Henry C. Burdick.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.

5654. Belle Blanc, E. W. Kendall & F. W. Parker.
5655. Berkshire Prince, C. W. Goodrich.
5656. Berkshire Junc, C. W. Goodrich.
5657. Blanch II., Sol Weil.
5658. Cassius, S. B. Masters.
5659. Crown Prince, C. H. Amsden.
5660. Don Carlos, E. C. Johnson.
5661. Geoffrey Plantagenet, Mrs. W. M. Sargent.
5662. Hartz, A. H. Thompson.
5663. Jumbo, F. W. Parker.
5664. Leo Londo Hunter, Mrs. Alice J. Hunter.
5665. Merchant Prince, E. H. Moore.
5666. Prince V., T. F. Donohue.
5667. Rex, J. R. Teague.
5668. Rousseau II., J. R. Teague.
5669. Roxie, Chas. Messenger.
5670. Victoria, O. T. von Arnim.
5671. Ben Bow, V. E. Macy.

SMOOTH-COATED.

5672. Halloween, J. Keenan.
5673. Jewell, C. W. Goodrich.
5674. Patience, C. W. Goodrich.

SETTERS.—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5675. Belle of Centerville, John Hawthorne.
5676. Biff, J. C. Cahoon.

GORDON SETTERS.

5677. Rex V., S. C Steuber.

IRISH SETTERS.

5678. Biddy, M. L. Sothoron.
5679. Marcus, Miss E. L. Folsom.
5680. Noreen T., J. King.

SPANIELS.—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

5681. Blue Bess IV., N. C. Herz.
5682. Black Pete II., H. D. Brown.
5683. Dixie II., Miss L. Sheiffele.
5684. Flossie II., D. B. Smith.
5685. Newton Abbot Count, A. F. Hyde.
5686. Newton Abbot Laddie, E. M. Oldham.
5687. Prince IV., E. M. Oldham.
5688. Prince Obo II., I. Watkinson.
5689. Rachel, S. R. Hemingway.
5690. Riot, Miss A. G. Short.
5691. Rabbi, S. R. Hemingway.
5692. Roy, A. W. Dubois.
5693. Rubbish, S. R. Hemingway.
5694. Ruler, S. R. Hemingway.
5695. Rummage, S. R. Hemingway.
5696. Rustic, S. R. Hemingway.

TERRIERS.—BULL-TERRIERS.

5697. Spivens, V. M. Nye.

FOX-TERRIERS.

5698. Bedlam, A. Perrin
5699. Cupid, J. E. Carey.
5700. Handy Mixture, C. I. Bailey.
5701. Lady Reckon, J. E. Thayer.
5702. Mt. Toby Flip, C. I. Bailey.
5703. Raby Darling, J. E. Thayer.
5704. Raby Mixture II., J. E. Thayer.
5705. Reckoner, J. E. Thayer.
5706. Richmond Olivette, J. E.
5707. Tyke, C. W. Allen.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

5708. Lassie, E. A. Buck.

ENGLISH DOG CHAT.—II.

[From an English Correspondent.]

(Concluded from Page 410.)

HANLEY was the next fixture of any importance, and was chiefly remarkable for a scene between Little Smith and Mrs. King-Patten, the owner of the St. Bernard Prince Battenberg. The storm had been brewing for some time, and the owner of Plinlimmon was in a red rage when he heard that Mrs. Patten had been saying something about Plinlimmon's puppies. With his hat back on his head and glaring over those spectacles of his, the little man nearly jumped down the lady's throat, and clearly laid down the law on the matter. Then, of course, there was the usual scene, and tears fell fast and furious, and as the dogs, Plinlimmon and Battenberg, were benched side by side, things were just amusing, but the game was at its height when Mrs. Smith arrived and learned of the row. Both ladies had a chair opposite their dogs, and if they didn't look like eating one another, well, what price cannibals? Then there was another barney at Hanley. This time Jimmy Hinks, of Birmingham, was the offender. The Birmingham man claimed a dog in the selling class, had his receipt from the office, took the dog off the bench, and showing the fellow at the turnstile the piece of paper, pretending it was a removal order, and out he went with the dog. This was done so that no one else should claim the dog. Of course, somebody made it his business to inform the secretary and then there was high jinks, but the sequel was, perhaps, as amusing as anything we have had this season. Now, mark you, there is another gentleman in our kennel world with a name just the same, only spelled differently, viz., Mr. James Hincks, of Leicester, a well-known Clumber fancier, and a lawyer to boot. He was also an exhibitor at Hanley, and Mr. Indefatigable Secretary, of course, to make himself as busy as possible in his high and mighty office, wrote to the Kennel Club in regard to the conduct of Mr. James Hincks, of Leicester, and that august body wrote that gentleman for an explanation of his conduct at a show held under their rules. Of course, Mr. Secretary had made a mistake, and Jimmy Hinks, of Birmingham, was laughing in his sleeve, while Jimmy Hincks, of Leicester, was fuming with rage and wanting to know "what the devil they meant." The end of this fiasco was Mr. Robson, the Hanley secretary, had to apologize publicly or become amenable to the law of slander, and in all the fuss and flutter Jimmy Hinks got off scot free, and as the matter was not explained in time, Mr. James Hincks, of Leicester, could not send his team of spaniels to the jubilee show.

A goodly number of English exhibitors turned up at Brussels, and won nearly every franc they went in for, although, generally speaking, only "second strings" were sent. There were lots of purchases made, and Mr. Edwin Nichols, the old and wary, got "done" for two. A mysterious Mr. Balcombe appeared on the scene of show life. He was reputed to have won a lot of money over some racing event. He then went in for dogs and tick, and rushed several who ought to have known better.

The English contingent enjoyed themselves immensely in Brussels, and a well-known collie man could relate some peculiar experiences of what he did and saw and where his guide took him and whom he met. Mr. Shirley took the sporting, and another of our Kennel Club men, Mr. Jackson, the non-sporting lot, and so far from favoring their own countrymen, in some cases really went out of their way to give the "furriners" the benefit of the doubt. The show was visited by the Queen of the Belgians and the Duke of Flanders, and it would have done your eyes good to watch the manners the Britons tried to catch the great ones' eyes. There was "Papa" Nichols letting the Newfoundland Lord Nelson jump up against his new brown velvet coat, while Charley Lawrence, one of our "downey" exhibitors, did his level best to sell the Duke a Blenheim spaniel with a face as long as a fiddle. "Ah," said Charley, "titles they certainly have got, but I'm blowed if I think they have much blooming money." It never entered Charley's head that even a swell might "know a bit" too. Captain Thomas sent about a score entries from South Wales to this show, and won just as many prizes.

The Newport show passed off well, although the executive was a few pounds out of pocket, but they did up the thing well. The Dudley show was not the success that it might have been and the hat had to be sent round, and had it not been for a few fellows, Mr. Astley, who was the secretary, would have been in a fix, although this show was promised to be a model of management and what not, and we were told that if we wanted to see management to visit Dudley. I found nothing to speak of. Paris show wasn't up to much, and one would think from the dogs to be seen on their benches that they had eaten all the pillars of their kennel stud book during the siege. Zurich show passed off well and old King-Patten journeyed there with Prince Battenberg, as Mr. H. B. Betterton was judging, for it was that gentleman who had put him over Plinlimmon at last Birmingham show. So off started Mr. Patten cock sure of the valuable special prize, but had to return crestfallen, as Dr. Künzli's Young Barry was too much for him. Never was a child more tenderly nursed than Prince Battenberg, and the attendance even goes as far as his owner sitting for hours in his kennel reading aloud—whether it is for the dog's benefit or not I don't know, but the others in the kennel get more kicks than ha'pence. Mr. King-Patten describes the defeat of his dog Prince Battenberg at Zurich as a "swindle" and threatens one day to make some disclosures upon the subject. More than one continental celebrity shared the opinion of the "disappointed exhibitor." The latest rumor about Prince Battenberg is that he can't get pups, but this I know to be a cowardly, malicious lie.

Chelmsford was a fair show, and it was a day out for Dear & Co., who benched and fed the show. Rumor was rife that Spratts had hired a lot of men to upset the arrangements, etc. There at one time could be seen running about little Dr. Seelig and Capt. Urquhart (Dear's agents) after a medical man, as it was alleged that Spratts' hirelings had drugged Dear's keepers. A bottle containing some stuff was found on one of the suspected men, and there was a fine hullabaloo. It was corked and sealed in the presence of the committee and forwarded to an analyst; but we never heard more of the matter. All concerned acted more like a parcel of children than men of mature age. Small shows now came thick and fast and entries ran low, and no show suffered more than Norwich, and the consequence was that the committee had to pay through the nose for running their fixture so close to the K. C. Jubilee Show, at Barnes, London. Of course you have heard all about that great show and how some of your dogs succeeded. The continental fellows showed a poor lot of dogs even in such a breed as Great Danes, which they ought to excel in, indeed they must have felt very small to find how the Britishers had beaten them in breeding.

Spratts' lunch was a great affair, and the liberality of it in some way or other got up the back of the mighty K. C., and the next evening the Spratts' marquee was ordered to be taken down. At all the shows I have been at I never heard such an unceasing popping of champagne corks.

Perhaps as successful a show as any held was the Newcastle-on-Tyne one—in fact they took £240 at the gate, so that sum speaks for itself. Again did Darlington keep up its reputation, although on a wet day it is one of the most miserable shows in the world, and that is saying much.

Then Strabane, Pontefract, Ashby de la Zouch, Tyneside, Bradford, Ormskirk, Horncastle, Todmorden, Perth and Hexham shows were all on in the same week, and survived the ordeal, and Cirencester, Ryde and Bromley followed suit. Heath was a fair show for Wales, but a nasty bit of snarling was on at one time about a special—the same old story, and committeemen trying to influence the judging in favor of their dog. There is one man named Jenkins who shows a toy of a pointer now and then—and I believe hails from Heath—is about the most persistent man for siding up to judges I ever saw. I trust some day he may get hold of the wrong man.

A new show at Trowbridge passed off well, and then small shows followed on by the dozen. Cardiff was the next big event, and the greatest attraction in the show was the champion fighting dog Spring. The show in connection with the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Saltane was spoiled because of the greedy manner in which the management catered for the dogs. Fancy nothing but stakes driven into the ground in such a central doggy place. The exhibits were up to the average, but the first night was enough to disgust one. Bangor proved a fine show for Welsh terriers, which as I before remarked, are finding many friends, and Birkenhead and Edinburgh were also very successful in their fixtures.

MONARCH'S WINNINGS.—Boston, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly allow me to answer Mr. Moore's criticisms, in reference to the special prize credited Monarch in my ad. It was a misunderstanding on my part with the man of whom I purchased the dog, and as soon as I knew of the mistake I wrote you (even before I knew of Mr. Moore's action) to take it from the ad. I suppose the letter was received too late to take it from last week's paper. The dog business with me is a hobby and I have no desire to try to deceive and will cheerfully thank Mr. Moore or any other gentleman to point out any wrong that may be found in my kennels.—E. B. SEARS.

CALIFORNIA KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The California Kennel Club held its meeting Dec. 14 and elected the following members: John Kerrigan, the champion quail shot of the Pacific Coast; A. E. Post, Frank Merrifield, Chas. Gudzinsky, Henry Kuchmeister. President G. A. Case reported that he had lost his English setter dog Scott, and was satisfied that he had been stolen. W. G. Cue, the secretary, moved that the matter take its usual course and that the club offer a reward of $100 for the arrest and conviction of the thief. So ordered. J. M. Crane thought it would be a good idea to give a free exhibition, to give the public an opportunity to see the dogs owned by the members of the club, and favored the hiring of a hall suitable for that purpose for two days. President Case believed that such an exhibition every six months would meet with great favor and be for the interest of the club, as well as advancing the interest in dogs. On motion of Mr. T. Higgs the matter was laid over till the next meeting, when more of the members will be present, and he is satisfied that it will be adopted unanimously. A. B. Truman offered the following resolution, which was adopted: "Resolved, That this club having confidence in ability and integrity of Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., and James Watson, of New York, note with pleasure their selection as judges of the anticipated bench show of the Pacific Kennel Club." The secretary reported that the finances of the club were in a flourishing condition. Five members were expelled for non-compliance with the rules of the club. Joseph King made a motion that hereafter all the names of expelled members be given to the press.—W. G. CUE, Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS FOX HUNTING DECISION.—The decision handed down by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, on a case prosecuted by the Massachusetts S. F. P. C. A., reads as follows: "A rescript has been sent down in the case of Commonwealth vs. Elmer Turner from Plymouth county. This was a complaint made under Public Statutes, ch. 207, sec. 53, and alleged that the defendant at a certain time and place was the person having charge of a fox, and did then and there knowingly and wilfully permit such fox to be subjected to unnecessary suffering by turning it loose to be hunted by dogs, whereby it was hunted and subjected to unnecessary suffering. At the trial in the Superior Court, the court refused to rule as requested by the defendant, that the evidence was not sufficient to warrant a conviction. The evidence tended to prove that the defendant let a fox loose from his custody in the presence of several dogs, that the fox ran into a thicket wood and disappeared; that about five minutes afterward the dogs were let loose and pursued the fox, and caught it and tore it to pieces. The evidence as found by the court was sufficient to prove that the fox was let loose by the defendant to be hunted by the dogs, and that the dogs were procured by him and were let loose by his direction in order that they should hunt the fox. The court now hold that these facts constitute an offense described in the statute; that the statute includes noxious animals; that there was evidence that the fox was subjected to unnecessary suffering, and that there was evidence that it was subjected to suffering by the defendant, or while it was in his charge or custody. The defendant's exceptions were accordingly overruled."

DEATH OF MASTIFFS.—Two celebrated mastiffs have recently died in England. Victor Joseph, says the *Stock-Keeper*, "was the heaviest show dog ever benched, his weight on several occasions exceeded 224lbs." And now comes news of Maximilian, the sire of Mr. Moore's Minting. He died recently from the same trouble that carried off Victor Joseph, inflammation of the lungs.

COLUMBUS DOG SHOW.—Columbus, O., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please announce that sporting dogs will not be penalized for shortness of coat and feather, at our coming show, Jan. 10 to 13, 1888. A letter from our judge, Major Taylor, says: "I will gladly make all allowances for coat of sporting dogs."—H. A. BRIDGE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER for December contains the pedigree records of 126 dogs, bringing the total entry up to 5708. The *Register* is month by month growing in value as a reliable book of reference.

WINSTED SHOW.—Manchester, Dec. 24.—Tippoo, the Grasmere Kennels' champion bulldog, did not arrive in time to compete for the special for the best bulldog in the show.—T. R. VARICK.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fog Obo. By Starkey & Keating, Fitchburg, Mass, for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped November, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Gipsey (Tip—Flossey).

Lady Teazel. By Contoocook Kennels, Peterboro, N. H., for orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by Victor Joseph (Beauchief—Bertha) out of Orgar (Starkey's Hector II.—Nires II.

Ripple Dash, Spot Dash, Jr., and Jet Dash. By Robert Leslie, Lynn, Mass., for black and white, white and liver ticked, and black and mottled breast pointer dogs, whelped Oct. 22, 1887, by Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsy) out of Rush (Sam—Nell).

Langhorne Kennels. By Lewis A. Berger, Langhorne, Pa., for his kennels of mastiffs, St. Bernards and Irish setters.

Wachusett Kennels. By Starkey & Keating, Fitchburg, Mass.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daisy—Foreman, Jr. C. G. Kimberly's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Daisy (King—Vic) to A. J. Callahan's Foreman, Jr. (Foreman—Jolly Nell), Nov. 27.

Blonde II.—Planet. C. G. Kimberly's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Blonde II. (Belton—Blonde) to Jos. Pierce's Planet (Plantagenet—Forest Dora), Nov. 2.

Stub—Regent Vox. Warham Whitney's (Rochester, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Stub (Tip—Spot) to Blemton Kennels' Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic), Dec. 12.

Fandango—Lucifer (as in præsenti). Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Fandango (Hampton Joe—Rose) to their Lucifer (as in præsenti) (Splinter—Kohinoor), Dec. 10.

Verdict—Raby Mixer. Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Verdict (Result—Diadem) to J. E. Thayer's Raby Mixer (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olive Bud), Dec. 4.

Bang Bang. The following have been bred to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang:

Dec. 1—C. W. Winship's (Bar Harbor, Me.) Boski.
Dec. 3—F. T. L. Lane's (Newark, N. J.) Belle of Jersey.
Dec. 10—Westminster Kennel Club's Glauca.
Dec. 15—Geo. H. Bailey's (Portland, Me.) Countess.
Dec. 16—John C. Vail's (Warwick, N. Y.) Belle.
Dec. 18—Geo. F. Gray's (Alfred, N. Y.) Christmas Vic.
Dec. 20—E. C. Freeman's (Cornwall, Pa.) Bessie Bravo.

Naso of Kippen. The following have been bred to the Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen:

Dec. 10—Westminster Kennel Club's Luckystone.
Dec. 12—Westminster Kennel Club's Moonstone.
Dec. 15—Arthur Brock's (Lebanon, Pa.) Virginia.
Dec. 20—Thos. H. Terry's (Hempstead, L. I.) Modesty.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Blemton Gingerbread, Blemton Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Gingerbread (Spice—Blemton Arrow), Dec. 10, four (two dogs), by their Lucifer (as in præsenti) (Splinter—Kohinoor).

Judy Obo. Geo. E. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Judy Obo (Obo II.—Daisy Zulu), Dec. 19, eight (six dogs), by F. H. Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nettie May W. Black, white and tan ticked beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1887, by Cameron's Racket out of Pussie, by Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Velda W. Black, white and tan ticked beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1887, by Cameron's Racket out of Pussie, by Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., to F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y.

Sanroy, Jr. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 26, 1885, by Sanroy out of Cora, by W. Lunsford, Roanoke, Va., to F. Pitzer, Washington, D. C., and resold by him to Dr. G. G. Davis and F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dashing Rover II. Color and age not given, English setter dog, by Druid's Boy out of Victoria, by F. Pitzer, Washington, D. C., to W. Lunsford, Roanoke, Va.

Black Joker. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 12, 1887, by Black Pete out of Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to Dr. W. V. Balch, Galway, N. Y.

Minnie B. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 30, 1887, by Black Pete, Jr., out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to J. M. Shepherd, Trenton, N. J.

Royal George. Black, white breast, Newfoundland dog, whelped Oct. 20, 1887, by Brown's Follie out of Fanny B., by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to Geo. T. Howard, Little Compton, R. I.

Ripple Dash. Black and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 22, 1887, by Spot Dash out of Rush, by Robt. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., to R. H. Chandler, same place.

Jet Dash. Black and mottled breast pointer dog, whelped Oct. 22, 1887, by Spot Dash out of Rush, by Robt. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., to F. A. Widger, same place.

Spot Dash, Jr. White and liver ticked pointer dog, whelped Oct. 22, 1887, by Spot Dash out of Rush, by Robt. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., to J. C. Baker, Boston, Mass.

King of Ashmont. Fawn mastiff dog, age and pedigree not given, by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Lewis A. Berger, Langhorne, Pa.

St. Maur. Black and white greyhound dog, whelped July 27, 1887, by Custer out of Harmony, by Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., to E. A. Bean, Knoxville, Pa.

Daisy Bright. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 22, 1887, by Gun out of Lady Bright, by F. Pitzer, Washington, D. C., to Lewen Tugwell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Young Gath—Belle Starlight whelp. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped July 12, 1887, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to H. W. Durgin, same place.

Smash II.—Romp II. whelp. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel, whelped Oct. 3, 1887, by Geo. Piers, Halifax, N. S., to Clumber Kennels, Ottawa, Can.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 8, 1887, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to W. F. Penniman, North Woodstock, Conn.

Ross W.—Zephyr whelps. Black, white and tan beagles, whelped July 24, 1887, by Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., a dog to D. C. Wheeler, Farmer Village, N. Y., and a bitch to H. Gregg, Trumansburg, N. Y.

Custer—Harmony whelps. Greyhounds, whelped July 27, 1887, by Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., one fawn and white dog each to F. E. Brandt and F. J. Hobson, and one fawn dog to H. M. Hibbard, all of Ithaca, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. B. V., Ukiah, Cal.—1. In distemper when high fever is present give tincture of aconite, 3 drops in water every hour. Give also 5grs. quinine morning and evening. In great weakness give brandy, 1 teaspoonful every 3 hours. 2. Eight to ten months.

G. S. T., Portland.—My St. Bernard puppy, 7mos. old, has distemper, but seems much better and eats, but for the last few days he has passed a great deal of blood with his urine. Ans. Give a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre morning and evening in a little water.

C. D. P., Lowell.—A spaniel about 18mos. old had distemper when about 4mos. old, and was treated for same. His eyes and nose have stopped running, but his shoulders and forelegs twitch and jerk all the time. Ans. See answer to G. E. S. Give 10 drops of tinct. nux vomica morning and evening.

B. P. B., Cleveland, O.—About a month ago my Newfoundland pup, eight months old, was taken with a weakness in his hindlegs. A few days after he was taken sick he got so bad that he could not stand up. I rubbed him with Kendall's spavin cure and he appeared to get better; in fact, he did get better. That was about three weeks ago. Now when he stands firm on his feet his hindlegs give way from under him; he does not come all the way down, only about half way; at other times he only comes down a very little way. He eats well, and otherwise is all right. A short time before he was taken sick a tramp hit him over the hindquarters with a club. Ans. Press your fingers along spine from shoulders to tail and notice if there is a tender spot. If so, shave hair from this point and apply a "fly blister." Later he may need applications of electricity. Give 10 drops of tincture of nux vomica three times daily. You would have received this reply six weeks ago if you had given your address so that it would have reached you by mail instead of going astray. People who write to us about sick dogs ought to give correct name and address—just for the dog's sake, to say nothing of courtesy.

G. E. S., Burlington, Vt.—I have a very close bred cocker pup 10 months old. Six weeks ago I noticed white discharge from his eyes, they grew worse but he kept about. Sixteen days ago I was assured he had distemper, for he had a convulsion. Applied cold water to his head and relieved him. He has not stood up since, but lies in an almost unconscious condition. He has not had any discharge from his nose, except for one or two days. He wasted from a strong dog to a limp skeleton in three days. Have for two weeks given Humphrey's Homeopathic Specifics AA and CC I think that broke the distemper. Have fed him whisky and quinine, beef, wine and iron, and beef broth, also lactated food (baby food). For five days his bowels did not move, for he had not strength to void it. His kidneys have passed water a few times. Two days since I gave water injection, also a hot bath, which passed a large quantity. He has moved every day since, and I see him often raise his head as though he would clean his parts, but cannot. He is resting a good deal and often utters a low yelp, but when spoken to or patted is again quiet. Ans. We are inclined to the belief that your dog has worms. Watch the passages for them. If you discover any, give the puppy a teaspoonful of castor oil with 10 drops of turpentine. Keep up the general treatment you are following. Stop the Humphrey medicines.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ST. LOUIS.—The Pistol Club is keeping up its winter tournament with vigor. The conditions are: The club donates a handsome gold medal, for which all participants shoot on an even footing. The shoot will be a handicap, each member receiving a certain number of points for each score of 10 shots, with the exception of Perret and Lard, who shoot from scratch. All new members (on account of not having a record) must also shoot from scratch. The tournament will be 21 shoots, each member must attend not less than 15 scores to obtain an average. The scores for the past week stand as follows, in a possible 120:

G W Alexander	118	W E Field	110
W Bauer	117	A E Bengel	101
E C Mohrstadt	116	M C Billmeyer	100
O Neuhaus	116	W Clark	100
W H Hittel	115	W C Mackwitz	97
L V D Perret	114	J Sieminskie	91
W J Lard	114	J G Schaaf	87
M Summerfield	110		

At the election of the club Mr. Perret was elected president; W. Bauer, vice-president, and W. Lard, secretary. Messrs. Mohrstadt, Alexander, J. G. Schaaf, the board of directors.

THE PISTOL CHAMPIONS.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 21.—At the request of Chevalier Ira A. Paine, Mr. A. C. Gould, editor of the *Rifle*, to-day visited Providence with the object of verifying the scores which Mr. Paine made with his revolver at the shooting ground of the Narragansett Gun Club. He also visited the office of the Chief of Police, who was one of the most interested spectators of the match; Mr. Tinker, president of the club, and the official scorer. The range was measured and the testimony of the scorer accepted as correct. Mr. Paine volunteered to fire 100 shots with his .44-cal. Smith & Wesson army revolver, with the object of showing his capability to average his last week's shooting. It proved to be an exhibition of the finest revolver shooting on record. His score surpassed any previous attempt. He secured in 100 shots, 50yds., on a standard American target, an aggregate of 904 points, which is 133 points higher than has ever before been made out of the 100 shots; 90 were bullseyes. Four clean scores of 10 shots, all bullseyes, were made, and he made 23 consecutive bullseyes. The wildest shot in the shooting was 5¼in. from the exact center of the bullseye. The score in detail is as follows:

1	8	8	10	10	8	9	10	10	9	9—91
2	9	9	7	10	9	9	9	7	7	10—87
3	10	10	8	7	9	8	10	10	9	8—89
4	10	9	8	10	10	10	9	10	9	9—92
5	7	9	10	10	8	9	8	8	7	10—86
6	10	7	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	9—92
7	10	8	10	10	10	10	8	9	9	10—94
8	8	9	10	10	10	7	10	9	10	10—93
9	10	8	9	9	10	8	10	8	7	10—89
10	10	8	8	9	10	10	9	8	9	10—91—904

BOSTON.—The *Herald* of Dec. 21 publishes the following card:

To the Editor of the Herald: Mr. A. C. Gould has not attempted to disprove the charges I made (and sent you $500 to substantiate them) that many of his reports concerning the late so-called record shooting of Mr. Bennett were false and misleading. Mr. Bennett has in no instance offered to cover my money when I offered to beat his record, number of bulls or beat him, thereby leaving me no alternative but to go out and beat his record, which I did with ease, all the scores being properly verified by the Providence daily papers. All my shooting was done in the most public manner possible, and witnessed daily by the best members of the Rhode Island Club, as well as reporters of Providence. Therefore, as I see that it will do me no good to keep posted any longer the money I sent, you will please return it to me, as I leave next Thursday night for an engagement in the West.

DEC. 21, 1887. CHEVALIER IRA PAINE.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.—At Walnut Hill range, this afternoon, Mr. W. W. Bennett (brother of Mr. F. E. Bennett, who has been trying conclusions with the pistol, and endeavoring to beat Ira Paine's record in various ways) fired 100 shots from a Smith & Wesson Russian model, army revolver .44-cal., factory ammunition, at a bullseye, American standard target, 50yds. distance, and made the score subjoined, certified to by the official scorer of the range, the rangekeeper and others:

1	9	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	10—96
2	8	10	10	9	9	9	9	10	8	7—90
3	8	9	10	10	9	9	10	8	9	10—92
4	8	9	10	9	10	7	10	9	9	10—90
5	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	8—96
6	9	10	8	10	7	10	9	10	10	9—92
7	10	10	9	7	10	7	9	9	10	8—89
8	8	7	8	9	10	10	9	10	7	8—86
9	9	8	10	8	10	9	10	10	10	9—93
10	10	7	9	10	9	9	9	10	9	8—90—914

An analysis of the score of 10 consecutive strings, shot in about 1¼ hours—100 shots in say 90 minutes—shows just this: That Mr. Bennett made 92 bullseyes in 100 shots; that on the first, third, fifth and ninth strings of 10 shots each, he made "clean scores"—that is, a bullseye for every shot; that from the first to the nineteenth shot (both inclusive) he made 19 consecutive bullseyes, and that on the first and fifth strings of 10 shots each he aggregated 96 points—thus equaling Chevalier Paine's two best strings made in Rhode Island last Wednesday. Mr. F. E. Bennett's best aggregate in 100 shots was made Dec. 5 last. It was 886 in a possible 1,000, and beat all previous records. Mr. Paine's best aggregate in 100 shots was made at Narragansett, R. I., last Wednesday. It was 904 points in a possible 1,000 (with 90 bullseyes), thus beating F. E. Bennett's best score by 18 points. To-day, as the above table shows, Mr. W. W. Bennett made a total of 914 points in a possible 1,000—thus beating Mr. Paine's last and best record by 10 points in the aggregate of one score of 100 shots. Next!

TOPEKA VS. GARDNER.—Below will be found the score of a friendly match between four members of the Topeka (Kas.) Rifle Club and same number of the West Gardner (Mass.) Rifle Club, shot on Dec. 16, 50 shots to each man, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target. The Topeka team accomplished something rather unusual, making two full scores of bullseyes in the match. Mr. George Morrison's third score of 87 is his first full score. Mr. Minkler's fifth score was also a full score, making 91 points; this makes the second full score for the professor:

Topeka Rifle Team.

G E Morrison	9	6	6	8	9	10	9	9	8	9—83
	9	7	7	10	7	7	8	7	9	8—79
	8	10	8	8	10	8	9	8	10	8—87
	7	6	8	8	10	10	7	9	9	9—83
	7	10	6	9	8	10	10	8	6	7—81—413
F G Minkler	6	7	7	9	10	8	7	9	9	8—80
	8	8	7	7	6	8	6	7	9	9—75
	7	10	9	8	8	8	7	8	7	8—80
	9	9	6	10	8	8	7	8	8	8—81
	9	10	8	8	10	10	10	8	10	8—91—407
J L Paine	8	7	8	7	10	7	9	10	7	7—77
	8	9	7	8	9	7	6	10	9	7—80
	6	7	8	9	8	9	7	10	9	10—83
	10	10	6	8	9	8	7	8	6	8—80
	10	5	7	5	10	7	8	10	9	6—78—398
C R Paine	5	10	5	7	5	7	9	5	6	5—64
	6	7	9	7	9	6	4	9	6	9—72
	8	6	9	9	7	8	9	8	7	10—81
	7	10	8	8	8	8	9	7	7	8—80
	6	6	10	9	6	4	9	6	7	10—73—370
										1,588

West Gardner Rifle Team.

G F Ellsworth	8	8	5	9	8	8	8	8	8	8—78
	9	10	8	10	8	10	7	8	8	7—85
	8	8	9	7	7	10	8	8	10	8—81
	7	6	7	10	6	9	10	7	10	8—81
	10	10	10	9	9	8	10	7	6	10—89—414
G C Goodale	8	7	4	7	8	7	10	9	10	8—78
	9	7	6	8	10	8	6	10	7	9—80
	5	10	8	8	5	10	9	7	6	8—77
	8	9	7	8	9	9	9	7	7	7—81
	6	6	5	10	10	8	8	9	8	10—80—396
C U Edgett	10	8	8	5	7	9	7	6	8	10—78
	8	6	4	6	9	6	5	9	6	9—68
	7	4	6	8	5	7	6	7	10	9—69
	10	10	6	9	6	9	9	10	9	10—88
	7	6	6	7	9	10	10	10	10	9—84—387
I U Dodge	10	8	7	8	5	6	8	10	6	5—73
	9	10	6	7	7	8	9	7	7	9—79
	7	8	9	7	8	10	9	7	6	9—80
	6	10	8	6	7	9	6	7	7	9—75
	7	8	8	10	8	10	7	8	7	7—78—385
										1,582

A MUZZLELOADER CHALLENGE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We see that Messrs. Warner & Lowe, of Syracuse, are out with a handbill in which they say: "We claim to be able to make a better shooting rifle than can be obtained elsewhere." We question their statement when they say "a better shooting rifle," and we propose to make them prove that their statement is correct, if they can. We, the undersigned, challenge any three men of Syracuse to shoot a match, distance 40 rods, string measure, the guns to be held to the shoulder. Each man shall put in $50, to make up a purse of $300. We then will commence shooting and each man shall fire a string of 10 shots, and the 30 shots so fired by the three contestants on each side shall be measured together, and the side making the shortest aggregate string of the 30 shots shall draw out of the purse $200, and so continue to do until each party of three has fired 10 strings of 30 shots each string. The Syracuse men shall shoot Warner & Lowe's make of guns, and we, the undersigned, agree to shoot H. V. Perry's make of guns. In regard to weight of guns we will adopt the present rules of the old National Rifle Club, which meets at Vernon, Vt., making a 20lb. gun as fired a standard in weight, and adding ½in. to each string of 10 shots for each pound over 20lbs. If the Syracuse men will come to Falconer Crossing to shoot the match we will furnish a good warm shooting house and will pay one-half their railroad fare.—J. ROBERT MOORE, BENJ. GARFIELD, H. V. PERRY (Jamestown, N. Y.).

BOSTON, Dec. 24.—There was a good attendance at the Walnut Hill range to-day and some fine scores were made. Chase made a clean count of 103 points. Captain H. N. Conn and W. P. Dickson each won the bronze military badge.

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W O Burnite (mil.)	7	5	9	8	9	5	8	10	9	5	–75
	9	9	4	10	8	6	7	10	6	5	–74
D L Chase	5	10	8	8	5	8	5	8	9	5	–71
	5	7	6	7	10	10	10	6	4	5	–70
W H Oler	5	8	5	5	6	8	5	5	5	5	8–69
Mitchell	5	4	4	3	4	3	3	5	4	4	–39

Rest Match.

D L Chase	12	12	11	12	11	12	9	12	11	12	–114	
	12	12	11	11	11	12	12	11	11	12	–112	
W H Oler	9	12	10	11	12	11	12	10	12	12	–111	
	8	12	12	12	12	11	12	12	10	8	–109	
W Chester	9	12	12	12	11	11	10	11	10	9	–107	
	12	11	12	9	10	10	11	10	9	12	–106	
R Dadman	11	9	11	9	9	12	10	12	9	12	–104	
	12	12	11	12	10	9	7	10	10	11	–104	

Military Creedmoor Practice Match.

W O Burnite	4555415544—45	F W Franklin	4555454444—43
	5444444554—43		4444444445—41
J D Darmody	5445455454—44	E L Dow, Jr.	4544544444—42
	4444454444—41	A McCarthy	4445455234—40

State Military Match.

W P Dickson	21	21	20	20	H N Conn	19	20	20	21	20
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GARDNER, Mass., Dec. 23.—At the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack range, the standard American target was used, 200yds., off-hand:

C C Goodale	5	9	10	8	9	8	10	7	10	6	–82	
	8	9	10	6	10	9	9	7	10	7	–85	–167
C N Edgell	7	7	10	9	9	7	5	8	8	7	–78	
	10	8	9	4	7	10	8	9	9	6	–79	–157
A E Knowlton	6	8	8	6	8	7	6	8	10	7	–74	
	8	7	10	9	6	5	5	6	9	7	–73	–147
E B Taylor	7	10	8	10	8	0	5	7	7	7	–69	
	8	7	5	10	9	7	6	7	8	8	–75	–144
C J Crabtree	9	6	5	9	7	9	6	8	7	5	–72	
	5	5	6	5	7	9	9	4	7	5	–62	–134
F B Edgell (mil)	4	5	7	5	10	6	5	7	7	6	5–67	
	8	7	6	9	7	8	5	3	9	6	5–73	–140

F. B. Edgell used a military rifle, William Austin shot two strings at rest, making a total of 84 in each. Mr. Austin is nearly 80 years old. He has been a member of the club since it was organized.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—There was a large attendance of riflemen at the Walnut Hill Range to-day. The wind blew stiffly all day, and the sky was overcast, causing poor light and keeping the scores down below the average. Following are the scores:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

C E Berry	9	8	7	10	9	9	9	8	7	7	–83
N F Tufts	10	6	7	4	10	9	7	9	8	10	–80
A Law	7	8	7	9	8	7	10	9	7	8	–80
B G Warren	7	9	8	4	8	6	8	6	10	10	–76
W H Oler	8	9	7	8	6	9	7	7	6	7	–74

Rest Match.

W Chester	12	10	11	11	11	9	12	10	10	10	–108
W H Oler	11	10	8	12	10	9	11	12	11	11	–105
A Law	9	11	12	9	10	11	11	9	10	9	–101
B G Barker	12	9	12	10	6	9	8	11	10	12	– 99
Earmoor	9	9	12	12	10	8	12	4	10	7	– 95

Military Match.

A F Boardman	4544445344—41	— Hanson	0453445545—36
A E Tenney	5344415443—40	C D McDonald	4343654432—35
D R Slade	5434445544—39		

WAKEFIELD, Mass., Dec. 26.—The return match between company G, 5th regiment, Capt. H. N. Coon, of Woburn, and Company A, 6th regiment, Capt. C. A. Cheney, of Wakefield, was shot at the Wakefield rifle range to-day, and resulted in a victory for company A, with the following score:

Company A.		Company G.	
Priv H T Millett	5445544—31	Priv F W Fowle	4544444—29
Capt C A Cheney	4434445—28	Priv M S Witbum	3434545—28
Lieut G H Taylor	4344445—28	Sergt J E Darmody	3444445—28
Priv J W Babbitt	4343454—27	Lieut G H Russell	5434444—28
Sergt E J Gihon	2544444—27	Sergt G H Perkins	4443534—27
Sergt P J Flanders	3344444—26	Corp A Wright	4444434—26
Sergt W E Gray	4434424—25	Capt H N Conn	4424433—24
	192		190

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—The members of the California Schuetzen Club assembled to-day in strong force before the ranges at Harbor View. The occasion was the final shoot of the season, and a more propitious day for rifle shooting could not be wished for. The day's shooting, as a whole, was far above the average. The contests were at the 200yds. ring targets, and terminated with the following results: Champion prize, won by A. Strecker, 407 rings. The first class prize was won by John Dornbierer, with 396 rings; second class by A. T. Field, 380 rings; third class by R. Finking, 575 rings; fourth class by M. Renbold, 371 rings. Each of the above prize winners will be the recipient of a $25 prize. The next contest was between members of the California Schuetzen Club cadet class. The medal for members of the first class making the highest record during the year was won by Albert Ehrenpfort. The second class medal was won by Wertheimer, Jr., he having scored the seven best strings of 20 shots each during the season. His last score registered 357 rings. A fine gold medal, especially made for the member making the highest string during the season of 1887, was taken by F. O. Young. This celebrated rifle shot made, at a club meeting in June last, a total of 434 rings, which score has not been equaled up to the present time. The medal for the first best Turner sharpshooters' prize was won by J. Utschig with 24 rings, and the medal for the last best shot was captured by the same gentleman. This ended the season's shooting, a very pleasant day's sport.

MALDEN, Dec. 26.—There was a large number of militiamen from the different companies throughout the State present at the shoot at the Bear's Den range to-day, which was under the auspices of Co. L, 8th Regt., Malden rifles. The first match was open to all members of the militia who have qualified as sharpshooters or first-class marksmen. There were three prizes in this class, the first a solid gold medal, and the second and third a gold and a silver medal. They were won as follow: First medal, E. L. Dorr, Jr., 1st Cadets; second medal, Sergt. Morrill, 2d Brigade; third medal, J. W. Blake, Co. H, 5th Regt. The second match was open to all second-class marksmen, there being two prizes, of gold and silver medals, which were run as follows: First medal, F. A. Shaw, 1st Cadets; second medal, B. L. Knapp, 1st corps Cadets. The third match was open to all third-class and unqualified marksmen. There were two prizes, of gold and silver medals, and were won as follows: First medal, W. P. Dickson, Co. H, 5th Regt.; second by E. H. Eldridge, 1st corps Cadets. In the State medal match, bronze badges were won by G. H. Dickson and H. F. Lynde. The conditions of the matches were 200yds., Massachusetts Springfield rifles. This range has been refitted, new bells put in, and otherwise improved, so that it is one of the finest ranges in this vicinity.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Club opened their range at Lake Lookout this morning at 9 o'clock, and among those present were a number of promising marksmen who took their first lesson in rifle practice at 200yds. F. D. Frost, McGarrett and Rayner made very creditable scores for the first time. Hiram Engle, the crack shot of Chicopee Falls, started a fine score, but unfortunately his rifle gave out, and being obliged to use Mr. Stephens's piece, to which he was not used, and he was unable to do his best. T. B. Wilson used a Springfield military rifle, and his score of 80 is very good. The scores were as follows, 10 shots, possible 100: E. T. Stephens 85, A. K. Cooley 82, T. B. Wilson 80, J. Allen 73, J. W. Russell 72.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Dec. 20.—The two days' tournament and the shoot for the State championship diamond trophy offered by the Union Gun Club, of New Jersey, was commenced this morning at this snow-covered place. The attendance was small, owing to bad condition of the weather. However, eight good ones got together for the main event of the meeting. These were Enoch D. Miller, of Springfield; "W. Hunt" and R. Herber Brientnall, of Zewark; Lindsley, of Jersey City; Collins, of West Hoboken; Tom Dukes, of Harrison; "Conover," of Milburn, and G. Sunderman, of Bayonne. There were four events scheduled on the programme These and a number of sweepstakes were shot under the rules o the National Gun Association. The following are the scores of the first day:

Fifteen Lockport bats:

Miller	111010111001111—11	Brientnall	111111111001111—13
Hunt	111111111111111—15	Reno	001101111001001— 8
Lindsley	101111010111012—11	Cadwell	010100010100111— 7

Hunt first, Brientnall second, Miller and Lindsley divided third.

Five pairs Ligowsky clays:

Miller	11 10 11 11 11—9	Lindsley	11 10 00 11 10—6
Reno	10 11 10 10 11—7	Hunt	11 11 11 10 11—9
Brietnall	11 11 10 11 10—8		

Miller and Hund divided first, Brientnall second, Reno third.

Nine single Ligowsky and 6 American clays:

Brientnall	101100111011111—11	Reno	011111001001100— 8
Hunt	111101101111111—13	Cadwell	001001010000000— 3
Miller	111011111111111—14	Roll	101011110111111—12
Lindsley	101110101111111—12		

Miller first, Hunt second, Roll and Lindsley divided third.

The badge is a handsome gold one studded with diamonds. On the bar is inscribed "Champion of New Jersey, 1887." Below are two guns crossed, the pendant is circular in shape, on it a towering pigeon surrounded by ivy leaves. When this shoot commenced the light was bad, the sky leaden and the snow-covered sides of Orange Mountain for a background. Miller, who won, did grand shooting. So did Brientnall. The latter killed his 30 singles straight and led until the 44th round, when Miller tied him. Then the locks of Brientnall's gun got out of order and both barrels went off in his hands at the score. This jarred and upset him and he missed his three last pairs:

Thirty single bats and 10 pair Ligowsky clays. Open to shooters resident of New Jersey. Single bats:

Miller	111111111111101111111111111111—29
Hunt	111111111111101111111111010111—27
Brientnall	111111111111111111111111111111—30
Lindsley	011001111111110111011111001111—23
Collins	111101011010111011111011111011—23
Dukes	111011111111111111111111100111—27
Conover	111101011110101011011111011011—22
Sunderman	010111101011010100110100001011—16

Double clays:

Miller	11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 00—16
Hunt	10 11 01 11 11 11 10 10 10 11—15
Brientnall	00 11 11 11 11 01 10 00 00 00—10
Lindsley	11 11 10 10 10 00 10 00 00 10— 9
Collins	00 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 00 11—11
Dukes	00 10 01 00 11 11 11 00 11 10—11
Conover	00 11 10 11 11 00 01 11 10 10—12
Sunderman	10 11 10 10 11 10 01 10 00 11—12

E. D. Miller, of Springfield, won with 45 out of 50; second, "W. Hunt" 42, R. Heber Brientnall 40, T. Dukes 38, Collins 34, "Conover" 34, Lindsley 32 and Sunderman 28.

Sweepstakes No. 1—Ten single clays:

Miller	1011111111—9	Conover	1111110001—7
Smith	1110101111—8		

Ten single clays:

Miller	1111111111—10	Reno	0111110011— 7
Brientnall	1111010111— 8	Roll	1101010111— 7
Hunt	1110111110— 8		

Ten clays:

Miller	0111111110— 8	Reno	1111010100— 6
Brientnall	1111111111—10	Roll	0101111000— 5
Hunt	1101011111— 8		

Ties divided.

Twenty-five single clays:

Roll	1110000011111011111011111—18
Cadwell	1100101010100110101111100—14
Reno	1101010100w

Five single clays:

Roll	11101—4	Cadwell	01011—3

Ten single clays:

Miller	1111111111—10	Conover	0100111001— 5
Brientnall	1110110110— 7	Williams	1111101111— 9
Smith	0111111111— 8	Hanes	0000100111— 4

Ten single clays:

Roll	1010011100— 5	Brientnall	1111101110—8
Reno	1001000000— 2	Miller	1110111111—9
Hunt	1111111111—10		

Five pair clays:

Miller	10 11 10 11 11—8	Brientnall	10 11 11 11 11—9
Hunt	11 11 11 10 11—9	Reno	10 11 11 10 10—7

Ten singles:

Brientnall	1111011111—9	Smith	1111101101—8
Miller	0111111101—8	Conover	1111110101—8
Hunt	1110111111—9	Williams	1011110111—8

Ties divided.

Ten single clays:

Miller	1111101101—8	Conover	0111101101—7
Smith	0111011111—8	Williams	1011101101—7
Brientnall	1110111110—8		

Ties divided.

Fifteen single clays:

Miller	1100111111111—13	Reno	1011111101011101—11
Hunt	1111111111111—15	Sunderman	0111111101011011—12
Brientnall	1111111011111—14	Dukes	1110111111111111—14

Ties divided.

Fifteen single clays:

Miller	1111101111011011—12	Dukes	0011001011110110— 8
Brientnall	1110111101011011—12	Hunt	1111110111111110—13
Conover	1110111111101001—11	Smith	0111111111111101—13

Five pair clays:

Miller	11 11 11 10 11—9	Hunt	11 10 00 10 11—6
Brientnall	10 11 11 11 10—8	Reno	10 10 10 10 01—5

Dec. 21.—The weather was more favorable for good shooting this morning, the sky being lighter and the temperature higher. Ten singles and 3 pairs, ties divided:

Miller	1110111101 11 11 11—14	Williams	1111111111 11 11 11—15
Hunt	1101110111 10 11 01—12	Strangle	1100001010 11 10 11— 8
Brientnall	1011111110 10 10 11—12	Conover	1111011111 11 11 10—14
Lindsley	0111111111 11 11 10—14	Lightipe	1110010111 11 01 11—12

Fifteen singles and 5 pairs Ligowsky clays, ties divided:

Miller	1111101111101111	11 11 10 00 11—20	
Hunt	1111111011110111	01 10 01 11 11—20	
Brientnall	1111111111111110	10 10 11 11 11—22	
Williams	1010111111111101	10 11 11 10 10—19	

Six American and 9 Ligowsky clays, ties divided,

Miller	1111011111111101—13	Strangle	1110001110000 — 8
Hunt	1111111111111101—14	Lindsley	1100100111101111—10
Brientnall	1111011111111011—13	Roll	0101011011000101— 8
Williams	1111111111101101—13	Conover	1110001111101111—11
Lightipe	0011100011011101— 8		

Six American and 9 bats, ties divided:

Miller	1011011111011111—12	Williams	0111001011110000— 8
Hunt	1111001111111000—11	Quinn	1111110101011010—10
Brientnall	0111111010101011—10	Roll	0000001001101111— 6
Conover	1111111110111001—12		

Sweepstake, 10 singles, ties divided: Hunt 9, Brientnall 10, Miller 9, Lindsley 7, Quinn 7.

Five pairs, ties divided: Hunt 7, Brientnall 0, Miller 8, Lindsley 8, Quinn 7.

Five pairs, ties divided: Hunt 10, Brientnall 8, Miller 8, Lindsley 4.

Ten singles, ties divided: Hunt 9, Brientnall 8, Miller 10, Lindsley 5, Quinn 9.

Fifteen singles, ties divided: Williams 13, Chetwood 5, Roll 7, Saunders 10, Haines 10.

Ten singles, ties divided: Miller 10, Brientnall 9, Lindsley 10, Quinn 7, Hunt 10, Conover 7, Lightipe 4, Bryant 7.

Ten singles: Brientnall 9, Hunt 10, Miller 7.

Ten singles, ties divided: Hunt 9, Brientnall 9, Quinn 5, Miller 6.

Ten singles, ties divided: Miller 8, Hunt 8, Brientnall 6, Lindsley 5, Quinlan 3.

Ten singles: Miller 8, Hunt 10, Brientnall 9, Lindsley 5, Quinn 6.

OAK POINT, Dec. 24.—The first of the Saturday afternoon shoots, which will occur at the Oak Point shooting grounds during the winter, took place to-day under very favorable circumstances. There was a fairly good attendance of shooters hailing from Brooklyn, Jersey, New Rochelle, Washington Heights, Fordham, Yonkers, Mount Vernon and New York. A large crowd of speculators was also present, 5 pigeons, Hurlingham rules, ties divided:

First Sweep.

A Ward	11101—4	J Jarvis	11010—3
J Elliott	11011—4	J Pilkington	10110—3
H Thompson	11001—3	J Hide	01111—4

Second Sweep.

A Ward	11001—3	J Jarvis	10011—3
J Elliott	10111—4	H Thompson	11111—5
J Trott	01111—4	J Pilkington	11111—5
I Hide	11111—5		

Ward third on shoot off.

Third Sweep.

A Ward	10111—3	H Thompson	11011—4
J Elliott	11111—5	J Pilkington	11101—4
J Trott	10101—3	I Hide	10111—4

WHIRLPOOL GUN CLUB.—Niagara Falls, Dec. 17.—Below please find scores of a very interesting live pigeon and artificial blackbird shoot, which was held yesterday on the grounds of the Whirlpool Gun Club. The pigeons were the liveliest lot ever seen on these grounds. First shoot, 9 Niagara Falls blackbirds:

J Wayper	111111111—9	E M Moody	111111111—9
G Briggs	10000 000—2	G Margetts	110110010—5
W H Case	010100111—5	M Wright	110111111—8
W Hines	110110111—7	E H Smith	101111111—8
A Westbrook	010110100—4	W Gombert	100111100—5
J Bampfield	010010010—3	G Stauber	010101010—4
J Smith	111111100—7	Storey	001100101—4
C Milloy	110001110—6		

Wayper and Moody divided first; Smith second, Hines third, Milloy fourth. Ten live pigeons. Dominion rules, miss 8 and retire:

G Briggs	8	T Lansing	8
C Adams	8	E M Moody	8

Thirteen retired. The eights divided the whole. Match for purse of $200, trap and handle, 21 birds:

G Briggs	110101111110001111110—15	Bishop	110100010111101010000—11

Seven live pigeons, $60 purse, Dominion rules, miss 2 and retire:

J Storer	6	T Lansing	6
J Wayper	6	C Milloy	7
E Moody	6	G Rogers	7
W H Case	7	Otto Besser	6
E H Smith	6	C Forsyth	7

Forsyth and Rogers divided first and second, Milloy third, Case fourth, seven retired.

Nine Niagara Falls blackbirds:

W Gombert	111011100—6	Minton	111110101—7
J Smith	100011000—3	J Wayper	111111111—9
O Besser	110001111—6	Moody	110110111—7
G Margetts	101011111—7	Storey	010001111—5
C Forsyth	111000111—6	J Bampfield	011011010—6
Claridge	001110010—5	W H Case	111010111—7

Wayper first, second divided, Bampfield third, Claridge fourth.

Six Niagara Falls blackbirds, sweepstakes:

Moody	110111—5	Besser	100101—3
Wayper	111111—6	Case	101111—5
E H Smith	111011—5	Hill	010111—4
Margetts	111100—4	Claridge	100001—2
Gombert	111101—5	J Bampfield	111111—6
Forsyth	111101—5		

First divided, Smith second, Margetts third, Besser fourth.

TORONTO, Dec. 20.—A shoot at live birds and Peoria blackbirds opened yesterday at D. Beldam's, Malvern. It was well attended, there being about sixteen representatives from Toronto, and a number from Hamilton, St. Catharines, Hespeler and Winnipeg. The pigeons were an extra good lot. Owing to the number of entries the shoots could not be finished. No. 2 pigeon match was commenced, but only a few shot; it will be finished to-day. Each of the matches are for a purse of $75, divided as follows: First, $25; second, $20; third, $15; fourth, $10; fifth, $5.

Ten live pigeons, 25yds.:

D Blea	1111111111—10	C Forsyth	1110001110w—5
J Townson	1111101111— 9	H Miller	1111101010w—6
J Wayper	1101011111— 8	J Wilson	1011111000w—6
C Colborne	1011111110— 8	C Ayre	0110111101w—6
J Stroud	1111000111— 7	J Bell	1010111110w—6
G Fearsall	1110011110— 6		

Sweepstakes; six blackbirds; $1 entry; divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; ties divided:

W Williams	111111—6	J Cline	101011—4
W McDowall	101111—5	Riggs	000111—3
L Hipkins	110111—5	Pearsall	110010—3

Sweepstakes; nine blackbirds; ties divided:

W Felstead	111111111—9	Ormrod	100010101—4
Jones	111111111—9	Lowrie	000111100—3
Riggs	111001111—7	J Hobbs	000001110—3
Walton	001101111—6	Pearsall	000110100—3
Hetherington	111000111—6		

Sweepstakes; nine blackbirds; ties divided:

W Felstead	101111111—8	L Hipkins	111101011—7
Clark	111110111—8	Wilson	101010111—6
Riggs	101111101—7	Hobbs	111110100—6
W McDowell	111110011—7	Lowrie	100011011—5

Dec. 21.—The Malvern shooting tournament was concluded today. The shoot was in every way very successful and Mr. Beldam was very glad to meet so many of his friends and made things as pleasant as possible for them. The scores are as follows: Ten live birds, 26yds. rise; $25 to first, $20 to second, $15 to third, $10 to fourth and $5 to fifth:

C Colburn	1111111111—10	W Hood	1110001111— 7
C Forsyth	1111011111— 9	J Townson	1110011010— 6
J Wayper	1001111111— 8	J Stroud	1010110110w 5
C Ayre	0101111111— 8	Hemingway	0111110w— 5
G Carruthers	0111100111— 7	H Miller	1101101100w 5
J Bell	0111101011— 7	J Jobbitt	1010101110w 5
G Briggs	1111001011— 7		

The team shoot was very close and exciting between the two first teams—the second team was one bird ahead twice, and there was also a tie twice, but the first team pulled themselves well together and finished three birds ahead.

Team shoot at 7 live birds, $30, entry $10 per team:

First Team.

G A Briggs	1101110—5	J Townson	1011101—5
J Wayper	1101111—6	J Hood	1010111—5—28
C Colburn	1111111—7		

Second Team.

W McDowell	1111110—6	C Ayre	0011110—4
W Carruthers	1101111—6	Lewis	1001101—4—25
W Hetherington	0101111—5		

Third Team.

Beldam	0101101—4	Walton	0010111—4
Ormrod	0101111—4	Lowrie	1010110—4—21
Miller	1011011—5		

Sweepstakes at 9 blackbirds,

Lewis	111111111—9	J Hood	111111001—7
J Stroud	111101111—8	McDowell	110011111—7
G H Briggs	101111111—8	Miller	001110111—6
C Colburn	111011101—7	Felstead	101011001—5
J Wayper	111110011—7		

On the shoot for fourth place Wayper and Colburn killed three straight and then divided, Hood and McDowell having dropped out.

RYE BEACH, Dec. 22.—A series of sweepstake shoots took place at Rye Beach to-day, and were witnessed by a large crowd of people. The rules shot under called for 5 birds from 5 traps, at 25 and 28yds. rise, two barrels, with gun below elbow. The birds were pretty lively ones and were generally good flyers. Fair shooting was done. Elliot, Pilkington and Odell, 28yds., rest 25yds. Appended are the scores:

First Sweep.

Pilkington	01110—3	McCoud	00101—2
Odell	11111—5	Jarvis	01001—2
Secord	11111—5	Elliott	11010—3

Second Sweep.

Elliott	01100—2	Jarvis	11100—3
Pilkington	11010—3	Stuber	00110—2
Odell	11101—4	McCoud	10111—4
Secord	01111—4		

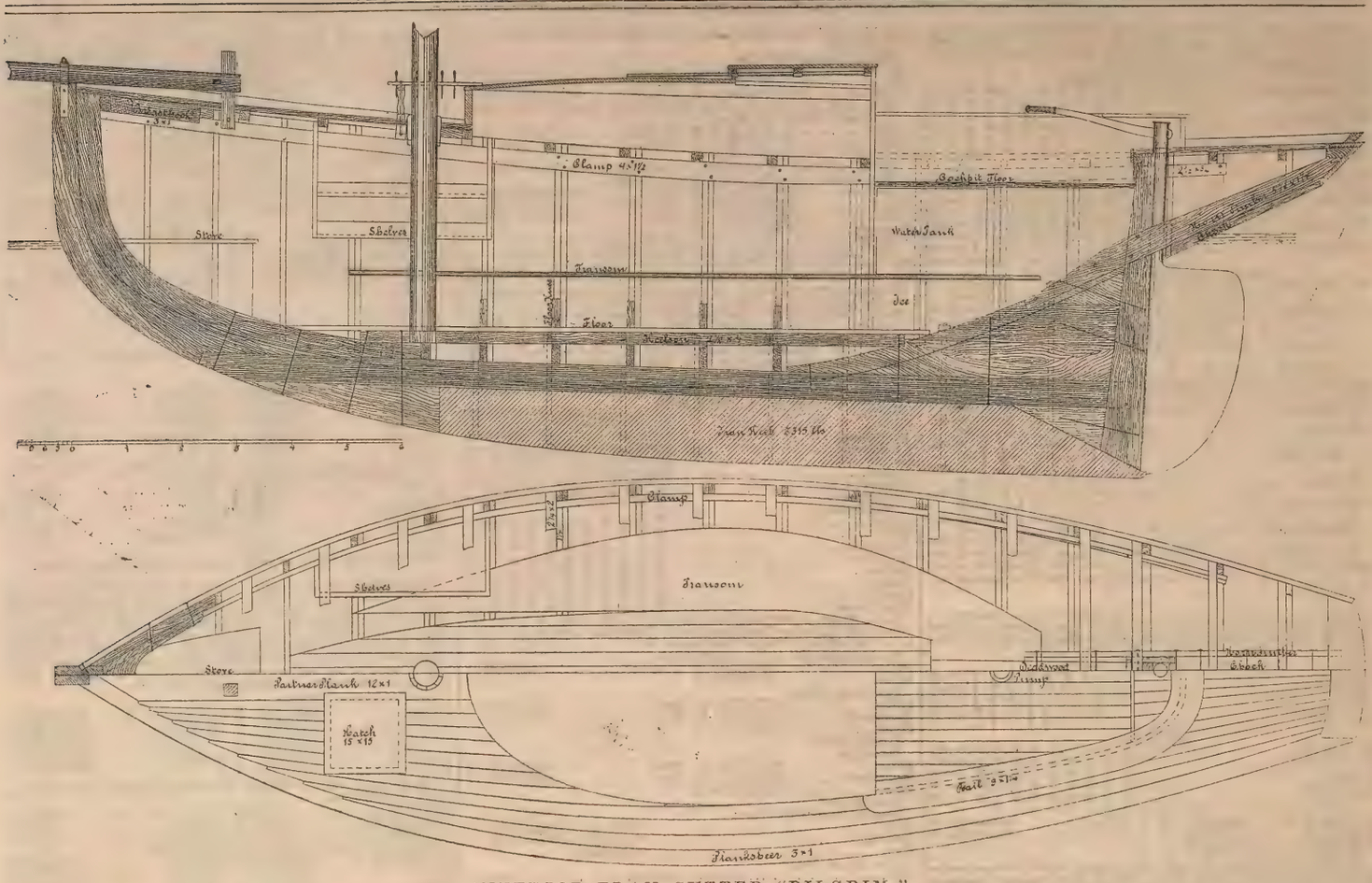
Third Sweep.

Elliott	10100—2	Jarvis	10100—2
Pilkington	10110—3	McCoud	11011—4
Secord	01101—2	Stuber	11101—4
Odell	11111—5	Trott	10111—4

When the sweepstake shooting was concluded a match was made between young Trutt, the boy shooter of Yonkers, and J. Odell, of New Rochelle, for $100 a side, to be decided on Saturday, Dec. 31, on the Oak Point shooting grounds. Fifty birds each will be shot at, and Hurlingham rules will govern the contest.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 24.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day. In the merchandise match Swift was first with 18 in Class A, Snow and Perry second with 17 in Class B, and Sanborn third with 16 in Class C. The winners in the sweepstake matches were as follows: Six pigeons, Swift and Snow first; 6 blackbirds, Snow first; 6 blackbirds, Wild first; 6 pigeons, Swift first; 6 blackbirds, Wild and Swift first; 6 pigeons, Perry first; 6 blackbirds, Sanborn first; 6 pigeons, Swift and Snow first; 10 blackbirds, merchandise match, Snow first; 10 pigeons, merchandise match, Swift first; 6 pigeons, Swift, Wild and Snow first; 6 blue rocks, Maguire and Perry first; 6 pigeons, Sanborn first; 6 pigeons, Sanborn and Maguire first.

Dec. 26.—The annual Christmas shoot of the Wellington Gun Club at their range was largely attended, and some excellent shooting done. The winners of the various events follow: 6 pigeons, Sanborn first; 6 blackbirds, Dickey, Snow and Wheeler first; 6 pigeons, Maguire first; 3 pair pigeons, Maguire first; 6 blackbirds, Melcher and Sanborn first; 6 pigeons, Sampson and Dickey first; 6 pigeons, straightaway, Nichols, Lawson, Perry and Snow first; 6 blackbirds, Perry, Lamb and Maguire first; 6 pigeons, Perry first; 6 blackbirds, Snow, Wild and Lawson first; 6 pigeons,



INTERIOR PLAN CUTTER "PILGRIM."

Lawson, Wild and Rogers first; 3 pair blackbirds, Snow and Wild first.

The annual meeting of the Wellington Gun Club was held on Dec. 19, at the range at Wellington, and it was attended by a large number of members. During the day members indulged in a grand shoot. The treasurer's report showed the club to be out of debt and and with a large balance in the treasury. After the business meeting supper was served by Caterer J. A. Dill. The following officers were elected: President, Herman Strater; Vice-President, H. C. Warren; Secretary, R. F. Schaefer; Treasurer, J. S. Sawyer; Executive Committee, William E. Perry.

NEW JERSEY.—The Flemington Trap-Shooting Tournament Association will hold a big tournament on the Fair Grounds, in Flemington, on Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13. The matches and sweepstakes will be open to all comers, and special inducements will be offered that will draw expert snap shots from all over the country.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

THE CRUISING CUTTER PILGRIM.

IN ANY yacht that may be properly called a "single-hander" the question of room is always of the first importance, and the division and arrangement of the interior so as best to utilize the necessarily limited space, is a serious problem. The cabin plan must depend on the size of the boat, the number of the crew, and the class of work they are fitting out for, and must vary in each case, but as a general rule the fewer bulkheads and divisions in a boat under 30ft. l.w.l. the more room will be obtained. Many small boats of this class have been fitted up after plans which look very well on paper, but with the result that there was no room for the crew after the furniture was in place. If the boat is to be sailed absolutely single-handed, only one on board, there will be in all probability room enough, but certain special arrangements will be necessary. The crew of one, who is cook as well as steersman, must be able to reach everything he is likely to need when under way without leaving the cockpit for a moment longer than necessary. To this end the water faucet, stores and cooking apparatus will be placed just within the cabin, at the after end of course, so that cooking may go on with the crew ready to glance about through the open hatch, or to gain the deck in a moment. The bed or hammock will be forward, well under deck and away from the companion, which is open more or less in wet weather, but oilcoats, spare gear, lamps and oil and similar stuff will be stowed either under deck about the cockpit or in the after end of the cabin.

There are few singlehanders of over 20ft., however, which are constantly used alone, the owner usually having one or two friends with him, in which case a different arrangement is desirable. The lockers or transoms must be used to sleep two or more of the crew, while the galley will be in the usual place, forward of the mast. A curtain may be used to shut off this part at night, but no standing bulkheads are necessary, and they should be avoided as subdividing the already limited space too much. In the Pilgrim the space was very small even for the regular crew, a man and three boys, and when two men were added, as at times was the case, one is apt to wonder where they were stowed. The general arrangement below is shown in the accompanying plans, and is described as follows by Dr. Winslow in the opening chapter of his first cruise:

"The cabin was arranged according to a plan I hit upon in cogitating over how I could make more sleeping room, and is somewhat unique and just adapted to a small cruiser. The whole interior of the boat was left open from the eyes to the run. An oil stove was fitted upon a shelf in the fore peak; a shelf above and a cross piece below furnished two good storage places. A series of divided and railed shelves for dishes and stores was built upon the starboard side as far as the transom, yet leaving room for passage between them and the foremast. The port transom was lengthened when necessary by a grating seat that reached past the foremast and furnished a seat for the cook, and bedroom, but when not in use was buttoned back against the sheathing. A small hatch was placed in the deck over this for ventilation and cooling off. The transoms were 18in. wide, a foot high, and extended from just abaft the foremast clear into the run. Their inside space made four large lockers, their tops were covered by 4in. thick cushions for seats, and being 12ft. in length, they made two good beds on each side, end on.

"A bulkhead only a foot deep formed the finish of the forward part of the cockpit inside and the after limit of the cabin proper, and, being cut through at each end, it gave a long locker for guns, etc., upon each side of the cockpit, beneath the deck proper. Just below this, close up to the cockpit floor, the square 24gal. water tank was cased in, having a faucet in its anterior face. There was room beneath the tank and between the transoms for a goodly sized ice-box, and the gangway steps covered all. The remaining space under the cockpit behind the tank was cased up and made a good locker upon each side, leaving a passage upon each transom alongside of the tank and locker, about 2ft. square, clear into the run, which was lighted by two bullseyes set in the deck. This admirable arrangement not only afforded lots of snug and warm leg room for the two after beds, but left the whole run open to the cabin for stores, sails, etc., without cutting an after hatch. The value of these lateral passages for storing bedclothes and oversoats, etc., temporarily during the day was incalculable, and the amount of camp equipage and stores that little Jack stowed in the run loaded a down-east truck team.

"The stern was narrow and the overhang of cutter type, therefore the room behind the rudder post was tongue-shaped. At the extreme stern lay a rolled shelter tent which Jack had packed in closely, yet I, a 5ft. 9in. man, weighing 165lbs., and a little stiff from rheumatism, crawled back upon the port transom with arm extended, and succeeded in getting two fingers hold of the cloth and pulled it out.

"The head room was 4ft. 6in., enough for any one to dress in, and one could also push back the gangway slide and extend his length and caput to the gale if he so desired. More would have been preferable, but when one reflects that it necessitates in such a singlehand yacht a higher trunk and more surface exposed to the wind and sea, and elevation of the main boom and sails, and an excursion barge style, one will prefer a little genuflexion.

"The store room, kitchen and reception room having been considered, it only remains to describe the latter when fitted up as a bedroom. The cushioned transoms were covered with bed clothes, hauled out of the run, two pillows were placed side by side across their middle, so that the sleepers should lie head to head; a short mattress was laid upon the floor, 2ft. 6in. wide, from foremast aft, and another bed made upon it. This still left room at its foot for undressing, and the clothes were placed under the pillows to make them higher. Thus this little 25ft. vessel afforded complete and comfortable hotel accommodations for five persons, and when one was kept on watch, for six—unprecedented in so small a craft. There was a 26lb. working anchor with 20 fathoms of riding rope and a 42lbs. anchor with 30 fathoms of rope for heavy weather, and this latter saved us from going ashore and let us sleep in confidence many nights, for winds and currents are treacherous. A light 12ft. cedar boat towing astern completed our outfit."

The height mentioned, 4ft. 6in., is under companion slide; the head room under center of trunk is 4ft. 2in.

The details of construction are not all from actual measurements, but are given as examples of the general practice in this class of boat. Many small craft have been built from the lines previously published in the FOREST AND STREAM, in parts of the country remote from yachting centers, and as the construction differs from that of the small beamy sloop or open catboat, the following specifications will be useful to builders familiar only with the latter: The keel will be sided 6in., moulded 6in. The stem will be of an oak or even hackmatack knee, if one can be obtained, otherwise it will be built up from three or more pieces of plank. The siding will be 3in., moulding at head 10in. No apron will be needed, but a breast hook, also a knee, will be worked forward, and well bolted through stem and wales. Filling pieces as thick as the frames will be required in the two frame spaces on each side covered by the ends of the breast hook. The sternpost will be sided 3in., moulded about 8in. at head and 9in. at the heel. The keel in this case is tenoned into it. The deadwoods, keel and stem are bolted, as shown, with ⅝in. galvanized iron bolts, clinched over rings. The floors will be oak knees, sided 2in., bolted to the keel with two ⅝in. bolts.

The weight of the lead or iron keel is carried mainly by a keelson worked over the throats of the floors, as shown, the keel bolts, 1in., setting up on top of it. The keelson as shown is of oak or yellow pine, 2½x4in. One objection to a keelson is that, while strengthening the boat very much, it prevents the stowage of any large amount of inside ballast, as is sometimes desirable. To overcome this difficulty the keelson itself is sometimes of cast-iron, giving weight low down as well as strength. In cases like the present the keelson may be cast of such shape as to fit over the floors, and at the same time to project down between them to the keel, giving still greater weight. The only point to look out for in such an arrangement is the passage of all water to the pump well, good limber holes in the heels of the timbers and a slight descent to the keel when afloat in proper trim, so that all water may be removed by the pump. The latter is placed in the cockpit floor, the pipe running to bilge not being shown.

All frames are sided 1¼in. and moulded 2½in. at heels and 1½in. at heads. In the middle of the boat they are double, as shown, but forward of the mast and abaft the post they are single. The heels are boxed or mortised into the stem and deadwoods and bolted fast. The spacing of the single frames is about 16in., of the double frames 16in. The stern construction is clearly shown, the counter is carried by two horn timbers, 1¼x5½in., bolted to the sternpost and after deadwood. The space between the horn timbers is sufficient to admit the two sides of the rudder-trunk, in addition to the sternpost, chocks or filling pieces being fastened to the deadwoods just forward of the sternpost to bring them to the required thickness. The rudder trunk is of clear and well seasoned white pine, the sides being 1¼in. thick. The sternpost forms the fore side of the trunk and a third piece of pine the after side, space being left below, as shown, to ship the rudder. After the trunk is built up, canton flannel and whitelead being used in all joints, the horn timbers are bolted in place, and a chock is worked between their after ends, filling the space between them. The angle between this chock and each horn timber forms the rabbet for after end of plank. The planking is of 1in. plank, dressed on both sides before working and finally planed off after the seams are caulked, leaving it about ⅞in. thick all over. The clamps are of yellow pine in one length each, the size amidships being 4x1¼, diminishing to 3x1in. at fore end and 2½x¾ at after end. A bilge clamp 4x1¼in. and tapering toward the ends, is also worked on each side, inside the frames just over the heads of the floor knees. The deck beams are sided 2¼in. and moulded 2in., spaced the same as the frames wherever possible. The pair next the mast are joined by a filling of 2in. plank, making the partners.

The sole piece or partner plank is 1in. thick and 12in. wide, running from the stem to the cabin trunk, the hole for the mast being cut through it. The mast will step in a mortise 2x4in. in the keelson. The bitts, of oak or locust, will be bolted below deck, not running down to keel. The partner plank is strengthened by a filling piece between the beams, where the bitts pass through. The planksheer is of oak, 1x3in., in one length and bent to shape. The deck plank is 1in. thick. The usual manner of decking small yachts in this country is to make the planks very narrow, but 1 or 1½in. wide, bending them all to the curve of the sideline. This method makes a large number of seams, and is apt to result in leaky decks, though it looks well in a very wide boat with a large cockpit and narrow waterways, like the ordinary skimming dish. Another and better method is to make the planking 2 or 2¼in. wide, running exactly fore and aft, the ends being stepped into the planksheer, as shown, so as to avoid feather edges. Perhaps the neatest way as well as the best is as in the drawing, the planks about 3in. wide at the middle, diminishing in width toward the end to correspond with the lessened breadth of the boat. In this plan the many small pieces and the fine ends that are difficult to caulk are avoided. In the drawing the cabin ceiling is not shown, but it will be ⅜in. white pine, running as far fore and aft as possible. The lockers and shelving will be of ⅞in. white pine.

REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS.—At Smith & Terry's yard, Greenport, the steamer Empress is receiving a thorough overhauling. New cabins and fittings, repairs to engine and a new sail plan with square yards on foremast. She will leave New York early in April for cruise in Chesapeake Bay. The steam yacht Fra Diavolo is also at Smith & Terry's, where she will be lengthened 15ft. amidships and a new boiler put in. The steam yacht Magnet is also being lengthened 3ft. at the bow. . . . At McGehan's yard, Pamrapo, the centerboard sloop Genia has been hauled out and converted into a keel yacht. An oak keel 18in. deep has been bolted on, with lead blocks cast in it. The centerboard and trunk have been removed.

BEVERLEY Y. C. FIXTURES FOR 1888.—July 4, Monument Beach, first Buzzard's Bay championship. July 7, Swampscott, first championship. July 14, Marblehead, first open sweepstakes; Monument Beach, second open sweepstakes. July 21, Monument Beach, third open sweepstakes. July 28, Monument Beach, second Buzzard's Bay championship. Aug. 4, Nahant, second championship. Aug. 11, Monument Beach, third Buzzard's Bay championship. Aug. 25, Marblehead, first open race. Sept. 1, Monument Beach, second open race. Sept. 3, Marblehead, third championship. Sept. 15, Monument Beach, fourth open sweepstakes.

NO MORE CHALLENGES FROM SCOTLAND.—One of the gentlemen chiefly interested in Thistle writes us as follows: "I have received what is called the deed of gift, but what should properly be named the deed of retention, and feel sure that none of the yachting men in Scotland will have another try for it until the conditions are very much modified. Surely you Americans are good enough now to fight us fairly at least. I know that we are not good enough to fight you with one hand tied behind our back and giving you ten months' notice of where we are going to hit you."

GERDA.—This is the name chosen by Dr. C. K. Clarke for his new cutter now in frame at Kingston, Ont. Gerda, according to Scandinavian mythology, was the most beautiful woman in the world, and the wife of the god who presided over rain and sunshine. The cutter is 50ft. waterline, and has received 9,500lbs. of lead on her keel, almost the entire amount of her ballast. She will be out early in spring, and her performance will be watched with much interest, as she is a new departure in Kingston yachting customs.

A NEW CRUISING CUTTER.—W. K. Pryor, of South Boston, will soon begin a new cutter for C. H. Taylor, Jr., from a design by J. Borden, Jr., of the Boston Yacht Agency. She will be 38ft. over all, with clipper stem; 28ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, and 7ft. draft, with 6 tons of lead on keel. There will be 6ft. headroom, with a flush deck. The cabins will be finished with mahogany and cherry, and the spars will be hollow, made after Mansfield's method.

A NEW COMPOSITE YACHT.—Mr. Burgess has designed a cutter of 28ft. l.w.l., which will be built after a new method devised by James McIntyre, inventor of the companion slide and revolving skylight. The keel will be a hollow cast-iron box, open on top, the angle-iron frames being rivetted to its sides, after which melted lead will be poured in. The wooden skin will be bolted to the frames in the usual manner.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

Commodore: R. W. GIBSON..... } Albany, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX, }

Vice-Com. Rear-Com. Purser.

Central Div., Henry Stanton...R. W. Bailey.....E.W. Brown, 146 B'way, N.Y.
Eastern Div., L. Q. Jones.....Geo. M. Barney...W. B. Davidson, Hartford.
N'thern Div., A. D. T. McGachen. W. G. McKendrick, S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

CRUISING CANOES AT THE MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I picked up the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 15 and read the articles from "Cruiser" and Mr. R. W. Gibson, it reminded me of the time—I was much younger than at present—when I undertook to rout out the bee's nest with a long pole and got the bees about my ears in a most lively manner. As "Cruiser's" article is the shorter I will attempt to answer it first. After reading the letter which I wrote on A.C.A. cruisers, "Cruiser" does not know what I want anyway, and then immediately agrees with me on several things which I wanted, namely, that the A. C. A. should give prizes for the best kit, tent, cruising sails, etc., to stimulate that other class of canoes and canoeists which every one admits to be the best and yet which is not looked after at all by the Association, which was organized to look after the interests of the canoe and canoeing in general.

"Cruiser" wants to know what I would substitute for the 75ft. limit race. Well, I think we could substitute almost anything without giving the cruising man a worse show than he has at present, and it is possible that the regatta committee might hit on a race that could be won by a wholesome cruiser. Probably the rule they suggested this spring, viz., to sit inside the cockpits, would be a good one; for then a craft would have to have enough initial stability to hold up a certain amount of sail, which in this case should not be limited, because a steady cruiser would be able to carry much more than the narrow, deep racers; or there are half a dozen ways out of the difficulty. The first thing is to throw out the 75ft.-limit race, which places a premium on small, narrow, shallow, cranky craft, and then try something else. There is no advantage in hanging on to a thing that has outlived the usefulness which some doubt it ever possessed. With regard to Pecowsic failing to win the A. C. A. trophy in '86 and '87, "Cruiser" could not have been present at Grindstone, where any one could see that Pecowsic was the fastest craft there, she having beaten Vesper in the 75ft.-limit race, also the unlimited race and the international event. The same, I believe, is true of this year's races in the 75ft. limit. Pecowsic won also the unlimited, where the time of the Notus is not given, but the third man was about five minutes behind, and Notus evidently was some distance behind him. And the A. C. A. trophy was again lost to Pecowsic, this time by stress of weather. I therefore think I am quite within the mark when I said that one had to own a Pecowsic or similar model to win our sailing races.

"Cruiser" doubts that a squadron cruise can be made as pleasant as a small club event. Well, "Cruiser," just try it and see, because after having tried it in England this summer for two weeks under the able guidance of that well known racing canoeist Mr. E. B. Tredwen, I am of the opinion that it has been and can again be successfully carried out here or there. There it will be tried again next year, and I see nothing detrimental in our cruising grounds to hinder us from at least trying it. We tried it last year in our division at Stony lake with success and will have more of it next year, so that "Cruiser" would do well to give it a trial before doubting and butting his head against what are now established facts. I admit that some would not enjoy it, a racing chap for instance who has his centerboard in the middle of his narrow, shallow canoe, who, when he has his duffle aboard, finds there is not room for himself to sit, let alone be comfortable, or the chap who starts out with standing sails for a day's cruise and encounters a squall on the way, his duffle would hinder him from crawling forward to get down his perfect racing sail, and if he did get it down he would have no place to stow it. Oh, no! these men would sooner be back in camp, and racing against those who, when getting a sail, think of something but the "get that" quality of it; but I ask is this fair that we have everything to suit the "get; thar" man alone and nothing to encourage the good wholesome general purpose canoe and good reefable, safe cruising sails? This last question should be well rolled under the tongues of the '88 regatta committee, as it points the compass in the direction in which we have been heading these last few years, and will still head unless they luff up and go on the other tack.

From the fact that only 44 out of 150 members raced at the meet, I would judge that the other 106 were waiting for something for which they could compete on even terms or to go on a cruise, or probably they spent the time talking about the good old times when the Vesper and similar cruising canoes had a show of winning a race at our meet. "Cruiser," I know, draws another deduction from the above figures, to which I cannot say amen. However, I am pleased to shake with him when he finishes up by saying we should have good prizes for cruising gear and boats.

With reference to Commodore Gibson's letter I am very much pleased that the hot shot I fired into the camp had the desired effect of calling the attention of the officers to what some of us consider their duty, and the way the Commodore dons the cruiser's shirt and takes his place among the ranks as a full-fledged cruiser is a pleasure to see.

As Mr. Gibson suggests, I do write as an irresponsible critic inasmuch as I do not speak for any division, club or clique, but simply what I believe to be facts that should be brought to the surface and quietly and kindly discussed for the general good, and I must say it is a most thankless task, for you are immediately tackled and your article headed "A Growl," and the next one wants to know if "he will work as well as writ." (I think any one who would undertake to write up such an unpopular thing as this is entitled to the A. C. A. officers and racers, would, in future, think work nice fun when compared to it), and so on, you get roasted if you take hold of the end of what appears to be an unpopular stick.

However, that is away from the point at present. Mr. Gibson kindly offers me a position which I would be pleased to accept were I going to attend the general meet next summer, but as my vacation only lasts ten days, I will have to spend my time looking after the cruises of our Canadian division, so I beg to decline with thanks. However, I have no doubt that there are dozens of cruisers who could fill the position more ably, and who will be present, as the ground is such a good cruising one, and Mr. Gibson should select three or five of these now, so as to get trophies gathered, etc., just the same as the racing or regatta committee do, and let it be known early what they intend to give prizes for, where they intend to cruise, and on what date and where the competition for kits, tents, etc., will be held. If this be done I think the success of the trial will be assured, and after it is once inaugurated I do not think any one will want to see it abolished.

I would suggest to Mr. Gibson that instead of asking myself or any other individual cruiser to get a prize and give it, and also offer to let us lug around any other canoeists who wanted to follow us on a cruise or camp, that he take the usual rational course of appointing a committee with authority for such work now, and if they could not secure enough trophies for the events by the usual method, let the committee draw on the treasury for funds to provide them.

How would our races come off if our commodore was to say, "Well, if any of you chaps want to race just get something to race for and I'll give the necessary authority to let them follow you around the course." I'm afraid our racing would soon be like what our cruising is now.

I, too, doff my cap and say I am a racer, and unlike the commodore I have not given it up. I go in for every race that I can, whether my chance is best for the tail end or to lead the fleet, and I enjoy a keen race as well as any one who ever hung his toes under the lee coaming while the seas played hob with his coat tails, and I take the ground that we can have just as much fun and excitement in racing in canoes that are fit to cruise in as in racing the crankiest craft that was ever built.

If this be so, then what we should do is to encourage the class of craft that when the race day is over can be used to take a comfortable afternoon sail or a cruise for a day or two. First, will any one deny that we can have just as good a time sailing cruising canoes as in racing cranky machines, provided we all have the cruising canoes. Second, will anyone deny that it would not be better for our sport were it the case that we all owned canoes that could be used comfortably for something besides match sailing. If the above is true then why cannot we have it so? We made the rules we now have, and if we find they do not encourage the proper thing we can change them so that they do encourage a desirable all-round craft, as we have the advantage of years of experience to do it with.

Com. Gibson suggests that because there are some few out of 600 who probably prefer undisguised racing with lean hulls and acrobatic deportment, we should let them run our entire show into machines or wherever they want to; to all of which I beg to enter a loud, long and emphatic "not much."

We may not turn them out or suppress their heresies, but we can legitimately encourage a better canoe while still leaving a race for that class. In this as everything else just what is encouraged will grow best and flourish, and if we want to get a better canoe and still retain all the enjoyment, interest and excitement in our races we can do it, simply by encouraging it and making our regulations so that it has an advantage in the majority of our races just as the so-called machines have now.

For instance, we have a rule which says the depth shall not be over 16in. and yet no one would ever think of going that high, while many build very low craft just for racing that have no room or height in them. Well! we said they should not be over 16 deep and we can just as well say they must be of a certain depth, say 11 or 12in., and at once you have a craft that at least has height.

Then again we say, you must not build over such a width, and all the time people are trying to get as far under it as possible. We can just as well rule that a class shall be 30 or 31in. beam or waterline as that it shall not be over that, and shall not have over so much headrise to the foot, and as soon as you do those two things you will have room and stability. Oh, yes! we can do anything we want if we happen to get the right men in power, and there is a great responsibility on the officers and especially with the regatta committee that they use the power given them to encourage the best class of canoe that can be found, and if the rules do not encourage that class I take it that it is their duty to change them so that they do, while they could still retain a race or races for the small, narrow, shallow, cranky craft.

Mr. Gibson doubts whether the suggestion of having only one sail which would be reefable, would encourage the cruising canoe. It is possible that it might not, but it would most certainly help the cruising sail, and that, at least, is one step in the right direction, but why not go a little further and have a comfortable canoe as well as the sail, instead of saying that a canoe shall not be over such a depth, make the rule read that they "must be" a certain depth, and that they must be up to a certain beam for each class, and at once you have room and a craft that is safe and comfortable, which is more than we can say for many of our present craft.

TORONTO, Dec. 22. W. G. MACKENDRICK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I saw a letter from W. G. MacKendrick on cruising canoes, which I am much interested in.

Now, at the A. C. A. meet you compel a man to sail and paddle his own canoe, and each man one canoe only. You will allow him to have a car load of sails, but still you restrict him to one boat. Would it not be as fair to compel a person to use one set of sails, and allow him to have several boats to select from when he enters for a race?

What we want to do is to get the canoe with sails and camp outfit, such as tents, blankets, cooking utensils, etc., in the most compact and convenient form for cruising. If a man starts on a cruise he packs his craft with all his outfit. He does not send to various points on his route an assortment of sails, paddles, etc., to be exchanged for those he carries, to suit the exigencies of the next five miles of his cruise.

No. He has one complete outfit and has it with him all through. He has no team or barge to relieve him of his load, and is independent as he should be whether night, storm, sunshine, calm, a portage or meal time confronts him.

Now, I think a fair test for cruising canoes and men would be to allow any kind and size of sail, any kind and amount of cargo and rig, but allow neither addition to nor diminution from it either in sailing, paddling or combined races.

Thus if a contestant went into the paddling race with only a paddle and cushion, a paddle and cushion should be his sole equipment for all other events whatever.

Then by making only general record prizes you would get the best all-round man, boat and rig, and it seems to me that is what we want. This, of course, refers solely to cruisers and is not meant to apply to sailors or paddlers.

I am not objecting to the sailing racer or to the paddling racer as such, but believe each should be so classed and not allowed to compete in one special event against an all-round equipped boat.

LINDSAY, Ont., Dec. 17. S. BRITTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that our Commodore has opened a way we are sure of having a well conducted cruise at the Lake George meet, as Mac cannot fail to accept such an invitation. We all know Mac as a cruiser as well as a racer, and in his wake the cruising fleet need have no fear that the arrangements will not be perfect. As the cruise is a feature that will of course bring to the meet every one of the many who talk and write against racers and machines, I would suggest that Mac arrange and make public at once the full plan of the cruise, so that all cruisers may have ample time in which to make arrangements to spend a week at camp and join the party. With a week for the racers under a good regatta committee and a week for the cruisers under such a leader the A. C. A. meet should fill the wants of every canoeist. Let the pot-hunters and "five rig" men have their races but it is Mac and his "personally conducted" that will charm every CRUISER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading the controversy over the big canoes, one thing has always struck me, that few seemed to consider that a canoe is built or should be built for the work it has to do. In Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario a big canoe is an advantage; in Canada we prefer the large canoes because we generally cruise two in a canoe, the long portages and the large and heavy supplies of food required in traveling through unsettled country necessitates the double crew. But that is no reason why others who, when at home, use rivers or small lakes in thickly settled communities, should use large and heavy canoes. I am sure if Mr. MacKendrick (as he seems to do in his late letter) stakes the reputation of big canoes on the success of a cruise at an A. C. A. meet, he will be grievously disappointed. The ordinary canoes will hold quite sufficient outfit for any short cruise. The large canoes are harder to paddle, they do not sail any better, they are not more seaworthy, if they have to be portaged the skipper will have to beg assistance from some friend, who, however, if will be difficult to induce to perform the same office again. Where is the big canoe's superiority on such an occasion?

Of course, an extreme type like the Pecowsic is ill-adapted for cruising, but she was never intended for it. She was designed for speed under canvas. I have no doubt, however, that as large a proportion of canoeists would get as much pleasure out of her as out of Mr. MacKendrick's favorite craft, and is not this the true test? The A. C. A. always seemed to me to endeavor impartially to promote canoeing in all its forms and canoes of all descriptions. Mr. MacKendrick perhaps was led to think otherwise, because the bulk of the members had no use for big canoes and said so (canoeists are always outspoken), while the extraordinary success of Pecowsic led to much praise and many prizes being bestowed on her. One suggestion of Mr. MacKendrick's, however, will commend itself to every one, viz., the giving of a prize for the best cruising outfit. I pity the judges, though; for the most experienced differ on this subject. I would suggest that the style of country and work the outfit is intended for should be laid down by the committee at as early a date as possible, cheapness and durability to be awarded many points. And let us saddle our pates designing contrivances to meet the want during the winter. Where is the "Canadian Division" of the A. C. A., mentioned by Mr. MacKendrick? I have never heard of it. Surely he can't arrogate that title to the Northern Division? ASTICOU.

OTTAWA, Can.

[From the replies which Mr. MacKendrick's letter have brought out it would seem that the interests of the cruisers are in no immediate danger, with so many at work to guard them. The question of balancing the two opposing interests of cruising and racing is and always must be a difficult as well as a most important one, but looking at canoeing in America to-day it does not appear that either side is much neglected in favor of the other. Racing claims and holds the first place from the fact that it is essentially public, it attracts spectators, excites an interest among yachting and boating men to a certain extent, as well as among canoeists and the friends of the various contestants. The races are widely talked over and do more than anything else to call attention to canoeing. At the same time they have a direct influence on the development and improvement of the fleet, the best and most active canoeists being the leading racers of the A. C. A., while the improvement in cruising as well as racing canoes has been coincident with the growth of the A. C. A. and its races. While the Association is for the promotion of cruising rather than racing, it is evident to all familiar with its history that the racing at the meets has been one great reason for their popularity, and that if this were absent and the meet solely for camping and cruising, it would lose half its charm. The two or three days devoted to racing really make the backbone of the meet, the framework on which is built up such a pleasant combination of camp life and social intercourse. Racing must be retained and actively encouraged, for it cannot flourish unless a reasonable scope for development be permitted. If the rules were such that only cruising canoes, with the sails and cargoes used in cruising were allowed, there would be no excitement or pleasure unless the races were sailed in a gale of wind. On the contrary, some limits must be prescribed, or the racing machine, as all experience proves, would soon kill racing. To confine the races to canoes with 50ft. of sail and 150lbs. of stores and luggage would be absurd; and again, if no limit be laid down the race must go to the practiced acrobat in a mere shell, to the exclusion of honest racers. Where to draw the line is the real question, and a most difficult one it is. The most sensible requirements seem to be that the hull shall be large enough to carry a fair cruising load and of a safe and seaworthy model, at the same time being light enough to be handled on the beach or in the house by one man. The sails should be as large as can be reasonably carried in racing, and in number such as a man would use in his ordinary racing at home. There is no reason for insisting that a man shall be able to stow his racing rig as he would a cruising suit, for in practice he never requires to. The rig is stepped at the boat house and removed on the return, and why he should be compelled to make it stowable no one can say. All racing canoes are now fitted with cruising rigs as well, and there is no reason in compelling a man to race with a cruising rig or to make his racing rig so that he can stow it in cruising. As to ballast, if a man needs any he should be allowed to carry what is best suited for racing. The practice of bringing 150 or 200lbs. of shot to camp has disappeared and is little likely to be revived, but it is no more absurd than to compel a man to load his kettles and pans and other bulky and topheavy weights into a boat in order to race her. With any rules Pecowsic is a stumbling block. Her owner claims that he can and does use her for work at home on the Connecticut other than racing, that her five sails, all small and compact, can be stowed below and set or shifted as required, and if this is so the talk about five racing rigs to one boat is simply absurd. Racing can be no test of cruising boats, nor can cruises for the racing fleet amount to anything. The races should be retained under such reasonable limits as may be proved necessary by trial, and if similar tests for *bona-fide* cruisers are demanded this might answer. The competitors to camp at a given point every night, to be called say at 6 A. M., each cook a regular breakfast, clean up and stow his stuff, sail and paddle a certain number of miles each, say 10 or 20 in all, then to land at a given point, pitch tent, make all snug and cook supper. Of course the wind may make some alteration necessary, but this programme in general plan should give as good a test of the cruiser and his outfit as can be had, far better than any races in cruising trim.]

CLUBS IN THE A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to second most heartily the proposal in your issue of Dec. 8, that clubs should join the A. C. A. as a whole and not piecemeal as heretofore. I can see no valid reason against the plan and every reason for it. Thus every person who claims to be a canoeist, if a club member, will from the very first have an interest in the Association. I know many club members who would have long since been actively interested had they found themselves, as it were, quietly annexed without the trouble of paying annual dues or making up their minds. The payment of small annual dues is really a nuisance. It may seem absurd but I for one would be glad to be relieved, as I have frequently wondered if I had not been dropped for non-payment.

The scheme seems to me an excellent one and I hope it will be carried into effect as early as possible. GALACTOPHAGIST.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.

QUAKER CITY C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular meeting of the Quaker City C. C., held on Dec. 3, three new members were elected, making the total membership 12, active. A discussion arose concerning the Southern Division, A. C. A., but no definite conclusion was arrived at, the matter being laid over for the semi-annual meeting, Dec. 30. The probabilities are that our members will be strongly represented in the ranks of a Southern Division. The club has just ended its most successful season, beginning as it did with the spring meet on the Delaware (our red-letter day) and continuing with several races and cruises, more of the latter than the former, and ending the latter part of November with a scrub race with the duckers. Fern has gone to another slip for repair and varnish. Caprice and Malta are at their skippers' home for new fittings and varnish. Scamp, (the defunct flagship), which changed owners in July from a commodore to an ex-commodore, will again be entered upon the roll, having been purchased by a new member (a graduate from a wide boat, by the way) who intends refitting and painting on such a scale as to astonish every one. Several new boats are now building by members; one a Pecowsic, or rather a canoe as near Pecowsic's lines as possible, is now building, and will carry the same number and cut of sails. Wignall, the ducker builder, is building a canoe yawl about 15×40 for a member. Another member, the owner of a Shadow, is undecided whether to build one of Stephens's design from Canoe Building, or a Notus.—J. A. BARTEN, Sec.-Treas.

SAILS AND CAMP FITTINGS.—We have received from Mr. S. Hemmenway his new catalogue of tents, sails and flags, giving prices of all sizes and patterns of canoe sails. Mr. Hemmenway also has in stock the flags for the new weather code of the Signal Service.

THE NEW DIVISION.—The meeting for the organization of the new division will be held on Tuesday next at 8 P. M., Harvard Rooms, 729 Sixth avenue, corner Forty-second street, New York. All canoeists are invited.

A. C. A.—Membership Applications to Date.—Central Division: Dr. O. F. Coe, Jersey City, N. J.; Chancey C. Foster, New York. Northern Division: R. J. Matchet, Lindsay, Ont.

HARVARD C. C. OFFICERS.—Com., H. E. Meeker, '89; Vice-Com., Arthur Amory, Jr., '90; Purser, R. E. Townsend, '89.

THE CANADIAN CANOE.

THE Canadian canoe floats alone among civilized craft that are sharp at both ends and are propelled by a paddle, in this that it was not invented but evolved by a process of natural selection, in strict accordance with its environment and several other things, from aboriginal types. The devout believers in the evolutionary theory can, in fact, find in the Canadian canoe, and its gradual growth from a simple log, not only the healthy recreation they, as a general rule, sadly require, but a direct proof by analogy, that mankind once wore tails as a permanent attachment to their immovable dress coats of fur, and if they pursue their studies in this direction with a devoutness of mind and singleness of purpose that prevents them from learning the tricks of their craft, they may come to the conclusion that webbed feet would be developed by that section of the descendants of the anthropoid ape who survived a protracted attempt to analyze this craft from a purely evolutionary standpoint. Not only has the Canadian canoe been deprived of all the advantages resulting from the efforts of a single inspired and gifted inventor, but it has never been blessed with a prophet. In this respect at least, it is far behind its compeer, the British-American canoe, which has been endowed with an abundance of prophets, who have not been at all backward in testifying in the most eloquent manner to the merits of the canoes of their heart. In fact it is undeniable that the pen, as much as the paddle, is responsible for the popularity of this type of canoe.

If Rob Roy McGregor had not been able to transform his no doubt very ordinary cruises on the Baltic, the Elbe, the Danube, the Rhine and the Jordan, into one of the most delightful series of books of travel in the English language, would his civilized kayak, by her own merits, have ever become the most famous of small boats, or produced the school of English canoeists?

If "Shadow" Alden had not enshrined the Shadow in words that, once read, will always be remembered with at least an inward smile, and decanted upon the charms of canoeing in a Shadow with mingled eloquence and humor, would there ever have been an American Canoe Association or a Pecowsic? Not only has the Canadian canoe been compelled to make its way under sail and paddle alone, but it has suffered not a little at the hands of the prophets of other types. Mr. Alden was particularly hard upon it in that widely read article in which he immortalized the Shadow, not through malice, but because he did not understand the craft. For instance, in that marvellous table wherein he proves, by figures, that the untried Shadow was the perfect canoe, he gives his invention forty points of superiority over the Herald, because she was decked, but he carefully omits to state that the Herald can be decked as easily as any other build of canoe, and that for hunting, fishing and general paddling an open canoe is much superior to a decked one. In spite of its lack of inventors who were prophets, and its bad treatment by those who were—as far as its true merits are concerned—false prophets, the Canadian canoe has attained a very considerable amount of popularity, and what is more important still, of perfection. It is not by any means the perfect canoe, but it is certainly the most perfect hunting canoe in existence, and as a paddling canoe it has few, if any, superiors. In the future the Canadian canoe may be expected to progress rather in the direction taken by the American canoe than in that which, in times past, it fixed for itself (was not every race at the last meet of the Canadian canoeists paddled with double blades, and what was the Ramona, the fastest Canadian canoe at Bow Arrow Point, but a mate to Vesper and Notus?) as the conditions under which it was developed have changed; but it may confidently be expected that the type will never entirely vanish.

The Canadian canoe is the victim of a goodly number of popular fallacies, and none are more popular, or have as little foundation in fact, as the assertions that it is merely an improved birch, and that as the Indian had perfected the white man had nothing to do but devise improved systems of construction. The original germ of the Canadian canoe was not the romantic birch bark canoe, but the decidedly commonplace and ugly dugout, which during the first half of this century was used as frequently on a southern bayou as a Canadian lake, and it was an Indian log at that. No Indian ever yet, except by accident, produced a shapely craft, and an Indian dugout is, generally speaking, as lopsided as a bean, and as misshaped as a grapevine joint. The development of this barbarous craft into the shapely, skilfully moulded and beautiful Canadian canoe is the most important feature of the history of the craft, and the one which entitles it to respect. The circumstances under which this development took place, marks in fact the great difference which exists between the history and the nature of the Canadian canoe and that of its compeer.

The English-American type of canoe was invented and has been improved upon by canoeists, that is by canoe-users who found their pleasure in the craft itself, and the Canadian canoe was developed in one locality, to provide a means by which the slaughter of wild things might be enjoyed. Indeed there never was a school of Canadian canoeists, in the modern sense of the word, until after the establishment of the American school. The birthplace and the true home of the Canadian canoe was and is the valley of Trent, the largest river in midland, Ontario, and in fact every improvement in either model or details of construction, was made on the banks of the Rice Lake—the largest body of water of the system—and its main feeder, the River Otonobee. During the first half of this century the waters of the Trent system, particularly of Rice Lake, where there are very large beds of wild rice, swarmed with all manner of finned and feathered game; and owing to the natural characteristics of the lake, the dugout was far superior to any skiff or shooting boat for the use of the gunner.

When the first white settlers reached this lake they found two bands of Mississaguas comfortably established on its shores. As far as I can learn these Indians never built birch bark canoes for use on Rice Lake, and there were several good reasons for this. In the first place the paper birch, the only tree yielding bark fit for canoe building, is somewhat scarce in that locality, and the proper material for building the bark canoe could only be obtained by the expenditure of a considerable amount of energy, something no Indian is disposed to waste. On the other hand, a magnificent pine forest covered the northern shore of the lake, and every swale was full of splendid white cedar. In the second place, many as are the virtues of the birch, handiness in a choppy sea is not among them, and a choppy sea that becomes something worse with the slightest encouragement from a squall is the normal condition of affairs on Rice Lake. The dugout was therefore not only much more easily constructed than the birch because the materials—a big pine log and plenty of time—was with these Indians in practically unlimited supply, but it was better suited for use on the waters in question than the birch.

Naturally, after learning to use the single paddle, the white gunners who had adopted the dugout set themselves the task of improving upon the Indians' ideas of what a dugout canoe should be. What they require in order to pursue ducks, which was the game principally sought, was a craft that while big enough to carry two men with their guns and game over broad stretches of rough water, would be small enough to penetrate with ease the narrow channels in the rice beds and swamps, and which would moreover be easily propelled by the paddle. One great defect of the Indian dugout is that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is, when small enough to be of use to the gunner, too cranky to shoot out of, because its bottom is frequent round; and the flat-bottom, still a feature of the Canadian canoe, was one of the first improvements made by white Canadians. The introduction of the round-headed adze greatly facilitated the work of hollowing out the interior of the log, and by fits and starts other decided improvements were made, not only in the lines of the craft, but in the methods of construction.

The greatest improvement in the log canoe was made in the fifties, and as it was during this period that the model of the Canadian canoe was developed and the type fixed; and that too at a time when both the increase in the value of lumber and the growing scarcity of suitable logs, was driving the dugout from the waters of other localities; this is the most interesting period in the history of the craft. Unfortunately it is impossible to ascertain when or by whom the most important improvements were made. As early as 1855 the Stricklands, of Lakefield, a family of keen sportsmen and devoted canoe users, had produced some most beautiful butternut canoes, which were not only seaworthy and steady, but fast and highly finished; but there were many others who paddled fine canoes. Each canoe user and maker at that time worked out his own ideas, with little knowledge of what his neighbor was doing, and the peculiar lines of the Canadian canoes, giving as they do, speed with great steadiness, small dimensions with great seaworthiness and carrying capacity, was slowly evolved from many men's minds. Although strength, staunchness and seaworthiness can be secured in a canoe hollowed out of a single log, lightness cannot, and toward the end of this period some boat builders about the lake began to build light shooting skiffs, about 14ft. in length by 3ft. in width, in which the paddle was to be used. As these boats were built of very thin material, battens were nailed on to strengthen the weak lap-streak joints, and in time the planks were butted, not lapped, and the battens were depended on to make all tight.

The gradual improvement of the model of the log canoe and the invention of the rib and batten system of boat-building, prepared the way for the invention of the true Canadian canoe, and the two elements, the model and the system of construction, were brought together by a regatta. In 1857 a grand regatta was held at Little Lake—an enlargement of the Otonobee, near the town of Peterborough—and canoe paddling races which were all won by the Stricklands, formed the most interesting part of the programme. Mr. John Stevenson, a local boat builder, at this regatta conceived the idea of building a canoe on the rib and batten system, and the Canadian canoe was born, with not only a distinctive model, but a distinctive system of construction. Mr. Stevenson selected basswood as his material and a very suitable one it is, although soft and liable to decay if not well protected; it is a wood leathery in texture, and which bends easily. During the next two or three years quite a number of the rib and batten canoes were turned out, not only by the inventor, but by other builders, and they became very popular. They did not drive the log entirely out of favor among the gunners, however, for although they had many decided virtues they were not as well suited as the improved dugout for shooting from. For one thing they lacked strength, that is strength enough to satisfy those accustomed to use the log, they were rather cranky, and worse than all it was extremely hard to keep their interiors even moderately clean. Any boat into which game is thrown to die must soon become extremely dirty, and as the hunter has not access to a hydrant, a hose and an Irishman on every occasion that he finds it necessary to clean the inside of his canoe, it is a serious matter if this operation is a difficult one. As the log canoes the sportsmen were using were as smooth inside as out, and could therefore be cleaned out very easily, they were none too ready to adopt the lighter, prettier rib and batten, but demanded this virtue of the dugout in the built canoe.

About 1863 this demand was met by the construction of a canoe of two thicknesses of white cedar, which was not only as strong as the log, but was perfectly smooth inside as well as out, but owing to the fact that with the appliances then at the disposal of the builders these canoes were hard to build, and their lines were more a matter of chance than of cunning designing, very few of these canoes were built, and they did not become popular.

In 1865 a regatta was held at Gore's Landing, a village which was then the sporting center of Rice Lake, and the canoe races were the principal events. The Stricklands brought down a fine fleet of canoes, but on this occasion they did not carry off the honors. Whellor Armstrong, a Back Lake man, had several very fine log canoes at the regatta, and one of them, the Flying Cloud, won all the races. This canoe was as far as model goes the archetype of the Canadian canoe. She had the sharp lines, the broad flat floor, the slight tumble home of the topsides that are to this day the chief characteristics of the Canadian canoe. Mr. Dan Herald, an ingenious and skillful boatbuilder of Gore's Landing, who had built quite a number of canoes during the preceding five or six years, recognized the superiority of the Flying Cloud's lines, became the owner of the canoe, which by the way is still in his possession, and began building canoes after her model.

Since the adoption of the Flying Cloud model there has been but little change in the lines of the Canadian canoe. The Rice Lake model is in fact that of the Flying Cloud with some improvements dictated by experience and certain modifications of dimensions to adapt special sizes to special purposes. The Peterborough canoe builders have adopted finer lines, which make their canoes smaller for their inches than the Rice Lakers, pure and simple, and each builder has introduced certain modifications of sheer, spread of topsides, etc., that give their canoes a distinctive individuality, but the type is substantially the same. The Canadian canoe was therefore perfected, as far as lines go, about the same time that McGregor launched the first imperfect Rob Roy.

The next stage in the history of the Canadian canoe was the development and introduction of improved processes of construction. In 1871 Mr. Dan. Herald invented a process for building double skin cedar canoes true to any model, which greatly expedited their construction. The canoes, which bear his name, built by this system, are the strongest craft for their weight that float; they have a smooth skin inside and out, are perfectly tight under all circumstances, and their lasting powers are as great as their strength. I am personally aware of one double skin cedar which is now twenty years old, and which is as staunch as need be. It can be said of these canoes that they were and are the perfect hunting canoe, and they hold their own well with any of the modern types either under sail or paddle.

Some years after Mr. Herald had patented his invention, Mr. John Stevenson invented a process for building canoes out of narrow strips of tongued and grooved cedar. The Ontario canoes built on this system are of two descriptions, the cross rib in which the strips run athwartship, and the only fore and aft pieces in the boat are the keel and keelson, the gunwales and one or two braces on a side; and the longitudinal rib in which the tongued and grooved strips run fore and aft, and are made fast to internal ribs in the ordinary manner. These canoes are wonderfully pretty, and are much stronger than any other boat built of a single thickness of cedar.

In spite of the very decided structural advantages of the Herald and Ontario systems, the popular canoe in Canadian waters is still the rib and batten basswood canoe. If is as now built a cheap, strong, light and capable craft, which the average Canadian canoeist and canoe user evidently thinks is quite good enough for built on nature's daily paddle, and he is not far wrong.

The old school of Canadian canoe users, while not canoeists in the modern sense of the word, loved their canoes well, and although they used the sail little and the single paddle much, they were expert canoemen and could make their craft do anything but speak. I think it can be fairly claimed for them that they were the first of all canoe users to beat to windward in a canoe. The first recorded use of sail in a canoe is in connection with that mournful legend of the old Indian who had stuck a big bush in the bow of a small canoe and was caught in a gale. He dared not leave the stern to shorten sail for fear of broaching to, and so sped onward into the dim unknown, dolefully howling, "Too much bush, too much bush, too much bush for little canoe," a cry that many a modern canoeist even in these days of reefing gears has sadly re-echoed. When the first Canadian canoe user became dissatisfied with the primitive birch, and stole a sheet or used his blanket for a sail no man knoweth. Before the days of the board canoe, however, the double leeboard had been adopted in the log canoe from the skiff, and the spritsail was largely used as an auxiliary to the paddle. All sorts of jury rigs such as a piece of board lashed to gunwale and thwart, or a couple of paddles, one on each side, were used, however, much more commonly than the regular leeboards.

In 1865 Herald invented the "Rice Lake" or "pin and ring" lateen, which in those days had not a ring, a loop of leather being used to attach it to the mast, and the use of this sail became well nigh universal. A good Canadian canoeman with this sail did not need a leeboard or a keel to enable him to beat to windward. He jammed his paddle down to leeward about the center of his canoe, held on to it with one hand, while he held the sheet with the other or in his teeth, and hung out to windward like a man. I have been beaten, and that right well, in a thrash to windward, while sailing a lug-rigged decked canoe with a standing keel, rudder, deck tiller and all the rest of it, by a fellow who did not know the first principle of sailing, for he had nothing but a big canoe, a big lateen sail and a big single-bladed paddle.

The lateen sail was first introduced into the United States in 1879, when Mr. Nicholas Longworth, Mr. W. F. Dominick and other Cincinnati canoeists were furnished with an outfit thereof by Canadian canoe builders. They subsequently made it famous at a meet, and from this it got its American title of the "Cincinnati lateen." In England it is called the "Lord Ross lateen" perhaps for a somewhat similar reason. It is a singularly safe and handy sail as long as its spars are not more than nine or ten feet in length, but when that limit is passed the result is not unfrequently a wetting.

The typical Canadian canoe, such a craft as may be found on nearly every sheet of water in Canada, is a craft with about 30in. of beam and 12in. of depth, for 16ft. of length. She has a flat floor with a quick turn at the bilge, and her topsides generally fall in a little. Her lines are, while long, full enough to give her great carrying capacity, and she will rise to a choppy sea without waiting to be expostulated with. Decks she has none, excepting a pretense thereat, at bow and stern, which is purely ornamental, and her stem is peculiar to herself alone, as are the peculiar curves of her stem and stern face. Her internal fittings are of the simplest description. If she is a rib and batten, floor boards are fastened to her bottom, if she has a smooth interior, there is nothing but the thwarts, solid pieces of timber that not only prevent the whole craft from spreading, but that serve as kneeling rests. Her outfit consists of a pair of leeboards, that can be strapped to a thwart when in use and when idle fold into small compass, a lateen mainsail, occasionally a jigger, and a couple of single-bladed paddles.

The Canadian canoeist is a sociable mortal, and as his canoe will carry from two to half a dozen as easily as one, he generally is not without either a passenger or crew. The "one man one canoe" rule is in fact much more honored in the breach than the observance, by the Canadian canoeist. The Canadian canoeist can, and in fact does, do about as much hard sailing, paddling and cruising on all manner of waters from the Lachine rapids to Lake Ontario, with this simple outfit, which if he is content, as he generally is, with paint instead of varnish, costs him less than $35, as any other school of canoeists. The decked sailing canoe is, however, steadily gaining ground in Canada, and the racing mania has unfortunately caused the introduction of the double-bladed paddle.

Even if it be admitted that the double blade is faster for a mile spurt than the single, the latter has a sufficient number of points of superiority over its rival to at least justify its continued use in an open canoe. The single blade is in the first place lighter than the double, and it is infinitely drier, particularly in a seaway; it is a much handier instrument than its rival, the stroke with it is freer and more enjoyable, and the action of using it is much more graceful. As a portion of the outfit of the hunter's canoe, there can be no comparison between the two systems of paddling, as in the hands of an expert the single paddle can be so used as to produce not a single sound, and even the muskrat, the most wary of swimmers, can be paddled down by it.

Although it would be a hard matter to prove that it is the case, I believe that the single blade will go further in a long day's paddle than the double, with the same expenditure of force. There can be no doubt that there is less slip with the single blade, that the weight of the paddle is less, and the strain of the work is more evenly distributed over the whole body. Even the kneeling position, although very hard at first on the tender knee, has its advantages, particularly in running rapids, as it allows of a better lookout than a sitting position, and the command of the paddler over his craft is more complete. The virtues of the single paddle are, in fact, the virtues of the Canadian canoe, simplicity, strength and beauty; they are the natural complements of each other, and the racing mania should not be allowed to separate two such close allies. RETAW.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. R. V., Penn Yan.—For your rifle use Eaton's rust preventive.

E. L. M.—The address is A. F. Riddick, and that region is as good as any we know of.

INQUIRER.—You can import the rooks through the firm of Reiche & Bros., Park Row, New York.

C. E. B.—You can get the concentrators, if they are in market from any of the dealers in sportsmen's supplies.

G. E. L., Holmesville, N. Y.—We do not know what dealer would make the exchange, but you might address any of the firms whose names you will find in our columns.

D. M.—1. The gun is not too heavy. 2. Your only way to get a pedigree of your spaniel is by applying to the person from whom you obtained the dog. If you cannot get it of him, nor learn anything of it from him, send us names of sire and dam, and we may help you.

T. M. S., Dansville, N. Y.—Walking along a wooded ridge, Nov. 20, I scared a partridge from beneath a sumach (*Rus typhinum*), where it had been feeding on the crimson plume (or fruit) of this tree, and so hearty must have been its appetite for this fare that nothing remained on the stem; and only a few fragments were visible in the snow underneath. Is it an unusual occurrence for a partridge to feed on the fruit of the sumach? Ans. No.

ANONYMOUS, Brooklyn.—1 and a friend are to strike the wilds of the Northwest in the spring; are both tenderfeet but have plenty of sand. Please advise us: 1. How to treat skins, after taken from the animals, so that they will remain unspoiled for 60 days. 2. A good salve for healing wounds. 3. A friend advises me to get a "Nessmuk" hatchet (double-edged pocket axe). Please tell me where I can get one. Ans. 1. Just dry them thoroughly. 2. Vaseline. 3. We do not know.

CITIZENS' CLUB, Syracuse, N. Y.—Will you inform me through your paper, how Calcutta bamboo poles are colored, as we receive them in this country? How Japan poles are colored as used by bamboo furniture manufacturers? Ans. This subject was investigated by Mr. Henry P. Wells, in the preparation of his book on "Fly Rods." The reasons given him by various authorities were that the bamboos were burned (1) as a religious ceremony, (2) to kill the larvæ of insects, (3) for ornamental purposes, (4) to kill the matted and tenacious vines in the jungle, so that the poles could be cut out, (5) to burn off the leaves, (6) to strengthen the poles.

D. G. R., Kentucky.—I am a small man, weighing only 130lbs., with an unusually long neck, and I want to order a gun that will fit me. I have been experimenting with several guns in order to get the exact amount of drop which should be given to the stock. As it is impossible for me to find one crooked enough, I have measured the drop by taking a gun and loosening it at the breech and lowering the muzzle until the sight was on an exact line with my eye, when the gun was thrown to my shoulder in an easy, natural manner, and aimed on a level with my head. After trying the gun this way until I was fully satisfied that the drop was right, I took a straight-edge and laid it on the rib perfectly flat and level, and measured the distance accurately from the extreme end of the stock from the top edge, to the bottom edge of the straight-edge, and the distance of drop was 4½in. Now this is a very unusual amount of drop, but I have tried a number of guns with less drop and they don't fit me, all of them being too high at the muzzle when brought naturally to my shoulder, compelling me to drop my head several inches in order to get correct aim with them, which makes me feel cramped. Now, would you advise me to have a gun made with 4½in. drop? Ans. Yes, if you are certain that that is the drop that fits.

THE PILCHARD FISHERIES.—Falmouth and Penzance are the largest modern seaports; but even these, now that the railway and telegraph have come into operation, are beginning to decline. Yet the fisheries continue to flourish, though they are very fluctuating in their annual harvest. It is unnecessary to advert in detail to the capture of mackerel and other ordinary fish, but the delicate, luscious pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*), which is almost essentially a Cornish fish, demands a few words, not only on account of the important bearing which it has upon the welfare of the poorer inhabitants, but also because of the mysterious habits of the fish itself, notwithstanding the many attempts which have been made by naturalists to investigate its history. It was known at least so long ago as Shakespeare's days, who, in his "Twelfth Night," thus aptly describes it: "And fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger." To this it may be added that the scales of the pilchard are much the larger, and its dorsal fin is placed much further forward than the herring's. The chief homes of the pilchard fishery are St. Ives, the Mount's Bay and Newquay. The fish make their appearance off the shore in the early autumn, and retire during the winter months to the deep, warm waters of the Atlantic. When they make their appearance (on one occasion, Mr. Couch tells us, in a shoal 100 miles long), there is joy on the Cornish cliffs. Oftimes the mines and fields are deserted by the laborers, who are now required to man the boats. An anxious interval of suspense occurs, lest the valuable fish should escape the nets of the seiners; but practice has made perfect. Directed by signs from experienced fishermen on the cliffs (called "huers"), the boatmen seldom fail in casting the long seine net round the "school," as it is termed, and then, unless indeed rough weather intervenes, it is an easy matter to remove the spoil from the sea by tuck nets, and carry it in smaller boats to the land. Here a busy scene ensues: some of the pilchards are carted off at once to the inland towns, villages and farms; others are pressed and dried for the Mediterranean market; hence the fish are sometimes called the Spanish capon, and the offal is used for manure; nay, sometimes the catch is so unmanageably large that the fish themselves are necessarily used in that capacity. It is said, for instance, that in one day, in the year 1846, 75,000,000, or 3,000 hogsheads (worth about £2 per hogshead) were caught off St. Ives. The capital invested in the Cornish fisheries may be roughly stated at about a quarter of a million sterling, and they afford employment for upward of 4,000 people. It is difficult to explain why the pilchard is scarcely ever met with far beyond the limits of the Cornish cost, but its most probable cause is its love for the high temperature of the waters of the Gulf Stream, which, after impinging upon our western shores, cool somewhat rapidly.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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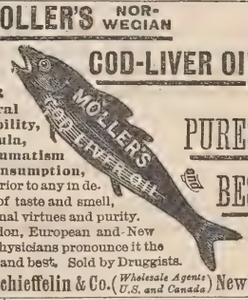
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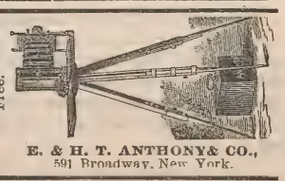


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No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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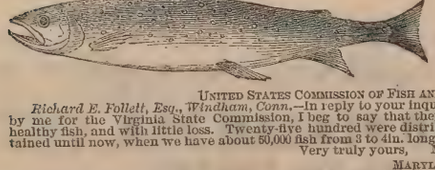
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YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

THIS is the age of "Trusts," of combinations by which the prices of necessary articles are raised for the benefit of those belonging to the "Trust." The people have to pay to enrich these combinations. They have to pay, perhaps each one only an insignificant sum, but they have to pay all the same. Whether it be for their oil or their rubber or their steel or the registration of their dogs, they have to pay.

Four men representing four kennel clubs recently voted that a kennel club trust should be formed. It was formed and promptly took the dog public of America by the throat, and clapping a figurative six-shooter to its collective ear, ordered it to register all dogs in the kennel club's "official" stud book before they can be exhibited at shows held under their rules. The prime mover in this highhanded piece of extortion has announced with a naïveté that is quite charming, that the "official" stud book must be made to pay, because the payment of the Kennel Club's bills depends on the success of the stud book. If the creditors of the A. K. C. have to wait for their money until the earnings of the stud book amount to enough to pay their bills, they will wait a long time. The dog men of America are not quite ready to submit to a tax levied in this dictatorial manner. They feel that ninety-nine one-hundredths of them know more about dogs and dog matters in a minute than Mr. Cugle knows in a year, and they are not at all prepared to put their hands in their pockets and pay up simply because certain individuals were foolish enough to guarantee the expenses of a venture which from the start had no prospects of success, and which has since been edited and managed with so little intelligence.

So the greater part of the public has laughed in the face of the Kennel Club Trust, and two of the most important kennel clubs have promptly dissolved all connection with it; a much smaller force is at present occupied in balancing itself on the fence, uncertain whether to come down on the side of the Independents or the "Trust," while a third still smaller remnant, so small that they can readily be counted, are sitting round cursing their stupidity in taking the dog men of America for a pack of weak-kneed fools, whom they could force by blows and threats to do their bidding. There is every indication that the attempt to force exhibitors into the so-called "official" will cause such a split in the dog world of America as has never been known.

It will vastly lessen the attendance and the entries at dog shows held under its rules, and will decrease the interest in dogs. Not only will such dog shows lose money, but the breeders of fine dogs will suffer. As the interest in dog shows falls off, so the demand for young stock will decrease. This will be followed by a fall in prices. Breeders who have invested considerable money in good stock and whose kennels have up to this time been self-supporting or have perhaps even paid a little profit will find themselves running behind. Puppies will accumulate on their hands and so expenses will be increased and breeders will be anxious to get out of a business that is so unprofitable.

From whatever standpoint it may be viewed the dictatorial rule 2, promises nothing but disaster to breeders and to the interests of all who love the dog. These interests it is the purpose of FOREST AND STREAM to defend. The jibes and sneers of baffled bulldozers, who see us standing in the way of their schemes for transferring money from the pockets of the public to their own, will not turn us from our course. We have heard such growls too often before. The FOREST AND STREAM has the confidence of the dog men of America, and these dog men know that its course is guided solely by what is for their best interests.

A SNOWSHOE TRIP IN WONDERLAND.

WHAT the Yellowstone Park is in winter has been told in FOREST AND STREAM. If to read about such a trip is delightful, how much more would the trip itself be enjoyed by any one who is fond of the exhilarating sport of snowshoeing?

It has been shown by the experience of the FOREST AND STREAM Special Commissioner, who went through the Yellowstone Park last winter, that there is neither danger nor hardship in the trip, and a number of gentlemen who are experts in snowshoe travel have expressed a wish to go through the Park, and have inquired as to the best means of doing so, the possibility of obtaining guides, the accommodations that might be expected at the hotels, and generally as to the outlook for a good time and a pleasant trip. We are glad to reply to such queries.

If a party of snowshoers should be made up to visit the Park this winter we can put them in the way of going under the most favorable auspices by engaging for them a guide who is well known to us not only as being thoroughly reliable, but as knowing the Park and the haunts of the game as well as any man that can be had; a man whom we ourselves, if we were fortunate enough to have the opportunately to make such a trip, would select as our companion if we could get him.

The assistants required by a party of snowshoers would of course depend on the number of individuals which composed it. The party would have to carry but little in the way of provisions, for most of their stopping places would be at the hotels, where they could obtain food—not of course delicacies, but good plain campers' "grub." Still, if they at all followed the route taken by the FOREST AND STREAM Commissioner last winter, there would be three or four nights to be spent in camp, perhaps two between the Upper Basin and the Falls and two between the Falls and Yanceys. Their bedding they would of course have to carry. They would need a cook, for the hotels during the winter are not open for the accomodation of visitors, and while they could purchase provisions and be sure of a roof to sleep under, they could expect nothing in the way of service.

The best time for making such a trip would be during the month of February. The snow effects and ice work are at their best during that month, and the snow is pretty well packed, so that the labor of snowshoeing is much lightened.

Of the attractions of a snowshoe trip through the Yellowstone little need be said here. The graphic letters of our special correspondent, printed last spring, are fresh in the minds of most of those who take special delight in one of the most delightful of our winter outdoor sports.

The marvels of the Wonderland in summer have become familiar to every one, but perhaps there are not half a dozen men alive who have beheld these wonders in winter, have seen the boiling geysers spouting through snow banks, and rivers of hot water cutting out channels through the ice. A trip of this kind too enables one to see the finest of America's large game in its home. Elk, antelope, mountain sheep, and rarest of all, buffalo, can be seen by those who might go through the Park on snowshoes.

Altogether the trip must appeal strongly to all those who are fond of ou door life and who are not afraid of a little "roughing it." No one, however, should contemplate the trip who is not prepared to take the rough with the smooth and to endure a certain amount of fatigue and cold in exchange for the pleasure of such an excursion.

If all those who would like to make the trip could get away from business for the length of time required we are sure that a long line of special trains would be needed to transport them over the Northern Pacific Railroad to the borders of the Park.

Some there may be who have the leisure to take a winter vacation of this kind, and to such we offer our services in making all necessary arrangements for the trip.

Any inquiries on points connected with this subject should be addressed to us without delay, as if a party starts, it should leave the East early in February.

THE CULTURE OF SEA FISH.

THE fishculturist having mastered the secrets of the fishes of fresh water now begins to turn his attention to the ocean as a broader field where more honors are to be won. Those states which have facilities for work in this field will soon fall into the line indicated by the U. S. Commission and count their eggs by hundreds of millions instead of by thousands. In salt water hatching there are new fishes to work with, whose eggs will require different methods. The inventive fishculturist will be stimulated to an endeavor to master the conditions necessary to reproduce the valuable food fishes which supply the markets and furnish cheap food; and thus the usefulness of his work which has to a great extent been confined to sporting and ornamental fishes, will be widened.

In addition to the salt water work at Woods Holl, the U. S. Commission has established a hatchery at Ten-Pound Island, off Cape Ann, and several millions of codfish eggs are now being hatched there. The schooner Grampus is now catching spawning fish for the station and it is also proposed to hatch haddock, lobsters, mackerel and halibut, if the eggs of the latter can be obtained. The State of New York has excellent facilities for this work at Cold Spring Harbor and much can be done there toward experimenting with the food fishes of Long Island Sound and the Great South Bay, if the Commissioners will go into it in earnest and devote a portion of their appropriation to this important work. So far, a few local salt water fishes, such as tomcods and lobsters have been turned out from the hatchery there and there is no reason why bluefish, Spanish mackerel, porgies, and perhaps sheepshead, should not be hatched also. Col. McDonald, Chief of the Division of Fishculture of the U. S. Commission, is strongly in favor of more extended salt water work but there seems to be need of awakening the dwellers by the sea, and the Fish Commissioners of the Atlantic States, to the needs of stocking the waters, much as there was among the fresh water fishermen twenty years ago. In the light of what has been done in the rivers and lakes it seems singular that there should be any doubt about the benefits of stocking the bays and harbors with the fishes that once were plenty there but which have decreased with the growth of population. Man is a factor in the destruction of sea fishes, the oft-quoted declaration of Prof. Huxley to the contrary notwithstanding, and he can be made a factor in their increase. Once lobsters were plentiful along the rocky shores of Connecticut and Long Island, but they have ceased to be caught there in numbers because of over-fishing. The water is as good as ever, and it only needs to be plentifully stocked. The same may be said of many fishes which once were plentiful in the bays, and fish culture will make a great advance when it is intelligently applied to reproducing the fishes which live in the salt waters.

THE LEGISLATURES now in session will have more or less to do with game laws. The New York Legislature may be expected to take the lead in volume of game law tinkering if not in intelligence of treatment. A game law, prepared by Mr. R. B. Roosevelt and others, will be presented at Albany. We have not been advised whether or not its provisions are to be regarded as intended seriously or as jokes. Ohio laws are to be amended, and a bill has been introduced to provide a State game warden to superintend the work of county wardens.

THE ROCK CLIMBERS.

II.—TWO DAYS AT DUNMORE.

THE last relic of a hard fight between Crees and Blackfeet, or other undesirable citizens whose ill wishes have practical value, had probably cursed the spot in dying and thus I became enveloped in misfortune.

The junction of a narrow-gauge coal road spread a due amount of dirt and confusion, which seemed only to add a deeper flavor of stagnation.

The prairie was clean, but not a dog even in sight. There were fabled mud-holes swarming with possible ducks not far off, but the inhabitant did not dream of taking his hand from the pulse of the telegraph and thus losing the last touch of a better world.

I do not quite do justice to the inhabitant. He was really plural or, to speak exactly, dual, but fifty per cent. of him was down with typhoid fever, leaving the scanty but important number one to face the world.

The Canadian Pacific road respects the Sabbath at one point. Trains, to be sure, run Sunday if they get going during the week, but at the terminus there prevails a holy calm on the blessed day. Now for through travel this is a small thing, but fancy taking a three days' journey to make a connection, landing nowhere, and then finding that the Sunday blank falls on Thursday (your existing day) at your stage of the line. Then imagine, too, that a telegram comes from the friend who was to meet you and share your sorrows, saying: "Detained; will be with you in two days."

Was it Sisyphus or Prometheus who was chained to a rock while vultures ate his liver? Would it not have comforted this spectator of his own sacrifice to have jotted down the character of the rock, made pen pictures of the wicked vultures, and held up to an indignant age all the minor accidents that accompanied or even preceded the traumatic interference with his hepatic function, as your doctor would say? It would have done so, and I to my notebook intrust certain memories, and so alleviate my trials.

If you start as far back as the San Francisco steamer you will see the faint beginnings of the gang that were on our train.

The elderly Canadian gentleman, short, well made, large-headed and mighty-bearded, skated over the decks with a quick, short shuffle that was superior to seasickness. His head was bald, his manner polite but decisive, if not obstinate, and he spoke with the full British twang. You did not at first suspect him of humor till he declared that the Victoria people, having never been abroad, were too English for a poor Canadian. Then with a warming breast you conversed with him openly, and were no longer astonished when he took off to perfection the ill-tempered American judge with the young wife, whom he, the judge, addressed with shameful rudeness, but who could well be trusted to get even with the bear in time, if the snap in her eyes was any sign.

The two young London globe-trotters got on at a way station. They had shot deer and sheep, and were as companionable as possible. Somebody says that reserve is really an American trait. Certainly these pleasant boys had no needless reticence about them, but bubbled over with their trip and its incidents; gave and took cigarettes and civilities, and possibly would have exchanged visiting cards if anybody had pressed them so far.

Then there was an old Englishman of snowy hair and beard, small and lithe, who told you all the facts about himself, and some of his imaginings on the same subject, as fast and as long as he could talk and you could listen. How he had been in mines twenty years; the true theory of earthquakes; how he softened a war party of hostile Cheyennes by an offering of tobacco, what his feelings then were, and all the rich experience of a poor man, for hat and clothes, alas, showed not so much the rough dress of voyage as the well-hid shabbiness of a sound economy.

The Canadian gentleman had told us how sternly his government enforced abstinence from liquor in the Territories. [Just here remember that Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan are the Northwest Territories, and that every other political unit in the Dominion is called a Province.] The red-jacketed mounted police would, he said, enter the cars, after dismounting, of course, and go through the hand bags of the passengers, pouring out their whiskies, raw or common; in short, wasting all their liquors.

Sure enough, one morning as we entered the dining car there sat a neat, square-built young fellow with scarlet jacket, spurred half-boots, tight breeches with yellow stripes, and one of those ridiculous muffin-rings that pass for cavalry caps balanced on the side of his head. A soldierly young man he looked, with his cheeks glowing red through the tan and his fine straw-colored mustache.

I had before tried to anticipate the action of the Dominion officials by lessening the amount of whisky subject to waste as speedily as I could, but at the sight of the soldier I trembled for the half bottle still left.

Breakfast over I awaited fate with attempted cheerfulness, still no police appeared. Medicine Hat was passed. Dunmore alone lay before me with its inhabitant, and perhaps, arrived there, I could evade the law. The train stopped, I climbed down to the ditch and walked toward the station. Before me stood the mounted police! He too was bound for Dunmore! "Out of the nettle danger we pluck the flower safety." The police was the best fellow in the world.

Do I know anything about ranching in Canada? Lay it to the police. Ascribe to the same source my knowledge of the intended fight between Smith and Kilrain; of the personal character and appearance of Hanlan; of the fastest time of professional sprinters.

Then on more even grounds of a common experience we discussed horses and fish, game, Indians, and then the Riel rebellion. Only at my request would he tell me how he got shot in a "scrap" (which meant a fight) on that occasion. The "breeds" (for the "half" of "half-breeds" is dropped in common speaking) planted their 350 men in a brushy gulch and some fifty police advanced and drove them. The "breeds" were armed with "trade" guns—singlebarreled shotguns carrying an ounce ball on occasions, and shooting with accuracy only about 50yds. The rifles of the police could keep the "breeds" at a distance and use them up were it not that the latter shrewdly neutralized this advantage by fighting in thick cover, where the soldiers had to come to close quarters.

While pressing forward through brush and snow my police, having dropped his overcoat owing to the heat, offered, in his red jacket, a shining mark to the enemy, and was accordingly potted. An ounce ball struck him in the chest and passed through without knocking him down, though he described the operation as painful. My curiosity was but whetted when my new friend invited me to take a temperance drink, saying that his uniform would frighten off more desirable treats; and it was with sincere grief that I finally saw him jump on the caboose of a coal train and depart. Englishman though he was, he spoke good pure United States, while the travelers on our train, even to the Canadians, had all the deformities of the British dialect.

Twenty-six hours gone and nearly as much more to be enjoyed before my friend arrives. Did I say two days at Dunmore? I exaggerated. I have long schooled myself to consider my own society the best in the world, but too much of even the best society grows monotonous. Another caboose draws near and I follow the police.

Out of the frying pan into the caboose! A missionary and a commercial—well a drummer—were my companions.

The missionary said that he had lived for eighteen years on buffalo meat, but that the buffalo had answered their purpose (of feeding him) and vanished. Wild meat made men barbarous. He had known a person of excellent parts converted into a lawless ruffian by three weeks of buffalo diet. This missionary was fitted to sympathize with savages of low intelligence. But the drummer was worse. Shaped like a drygoods box on end he seemed filled with some kind of self-acting, continuous fog horn. Through the mumble of the jolts you heard him sermonizing on subjects religious and political with excited howls, and when the train stopped his discourse assumed the importance of a bellow. At last night fell. The commercial accents boomed indistinct as an angry surf and I slept.

H. G. DULOG.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS.—III.

SOLON and Joseph fished off the rocks when they came to eligible places, and caught a few perch and rock bass, while they continually feasted their eyes with the wonderful sight of the lake, so immense a body of water that, it seemed to them, it gave them a fair idea of the immensity of the ocean. This was more impressed upon them when they had strolled to Bluff Point, and looking beyond the promontory of Thompson's Point, saw the blue lake and the blue sky meet far to the northward, with bluer dots of distant islands hung between them, and the white wings of sloops whose hulls were beyond the horizon. And there was the tall white tower of Split Rock Lighthouse, newly built, and now a pillar of cloud by day, a star by night to warn mariners off its perilous rocks, and giving these mountaineers a vivid realization of the dangers besetting those who go down to the sea in ships; perils and dangers that the waves seemed always whispering of as they hungrily lapped the rocks and chuckled wickedly in the water-worn caverns. By and bye they saw a smoke arising from the watery horizon, and after it a speck, which at last grew till it became a steamboat, a leviathan which soon wallowed ponderously past, close to the further shore, its gay flags and pennons flaunting bravely against the shadowed steeps of Split Rock Mountain, a wake of foam following the roaring paddlewheels. Some time after the majestic apparition had vanished behind the promontories to the west of them, the waves of its wake came in, beating the rocky shore with slow, sullen surges, like baffled foes retreating from the path of a conqueror. Strange woods set afloat far away came tossing ashore to the windrow of wave-worn logs, slabs, chips, and bits of painted boats that lined the shores. An old shoe suggested thoughts of drowned men, and white-winged gulls hovered like spirits over the distant waves. It was all very new and strange and mysterious. These two anglers bore back to camp but few visible trophies, when in the afternoon they followed thither their shadows, eluding guides that were now distinctly seen leading the way across broad patches of clean forest floor, now dancing in vague outline and confused dismemberment on tree trunks and low branches, and now disappeared in a throng of other shadows or a mass of shade. But the sights they had seen better repaid the time and travel spent than much bigger strings of fish than they carried would have done, and they were content.

Antoine prowled along the shore from the Slab Hole to the South Slang and to the rotting and displaced abutment of the old bridge that had just given up the weary task of spanning so much marsh and so little channel. He transfixed many unlucky bullpouts wriggling slowly in and out of their spawning holes, and tranferred them with great satisfaction from his rude spear to his string of elm bark; battle-scarred amazons, torn and stabbed by the horns of other amazons, and lean fathers of the race of bullpouts, as scarred and wounded as their warlike wives. To the Canadian a bullpout was a bullpout, to be taken at any time, by any means, and without regard to its condition. If he ever thought, as doubtless he never did, how the continuation of his most prized fish depended on procreation, doubtless he would not care, for what Canuck ever did? Apparently it is their belief that fish were created solely for them, and belong to them alone, and that they have a right to take in any manner, as they will if they can, the last one to-day, though there should be no fish for any one forever after.

Antoine discovered an old scow adrift in the marsh, water-logged, with red-painted square prow and stern and gunwales just above the water and over-lapped with clots of old weeds. By the help of a long pole, with a hook on the end of it, and by some wading, he succeeded in hauling it ashore, and after bailing it and overturning it found that with a little tinkering it would make a serviceable craft for those unsealegged mariners Solon and Joseph to go fishing in. A rusty fish hook, a bit of line with a hammered leaden sinker clasping its rotten strands, and a soggy pine float of a seine rope found lying in the bottom, the hole and step for a jack-staff and the charred marks of fallen embers on the bow showed that it was a boat accustomed to fishing in various ways, so saturated with experience that it seemed as if it might impart something of it to those novices.

"Bah gosh!" said Antoine as he sidled around his prize, inspecting it with intense satisfaction and burning incense of rank tobacco at bow and stern and sides, "dat was jes' de sloop for Solem an' Zhozeff! Dey ant worse a damn sight for go in can-noe, bose of it. Dey draownd evree boddee an' deysef dat go wid 'em in can-noe! W'en Ah'll gat dis feex up wid some nail, an' rag an' tuppytime, dey can' teep it board over, dey can' speel heesef off 'f he ant seet raght 'tween de middly of it. Bah gosh! dat was pooty good lucky for fan dat boats, me! He ant b'long for someboddee, Ah'll bet you head, an' 'f he was, he can' have it!"

So filled with the importance of great achievements he shouldered his spear and string of fish and trudged proudly toward camp, but before reaching it he made his fish more presentable by stripping off their torn skins.

As Sam with noiseless strokes paddled his canoe up the great bow of the channel where it winds through the lower end of the "wide ma'sh" and slowly trailed his lure of pork rind and red flannel along the border, marked by purple young lily-pads, unwittingly he crossed it, and a grating succession of tugs at his hook reminded him that he had been too contemplative in his recreation and had gone astray into the shallow and weedy false channel that runs straight lakeward from near the mouth of the South Slang. He hauled in his line, cleaned his hook of its burden of weeds and retraced his way to the true channel, which, having regained he paid more attention to his course and was presently rewarded by a sturdy tug that had in it the unmistakable viciousness of a pickerel's bite. Yet as he hauled in the line, hand over hand, the resistance was so sullen and sluggish that he was half inclined to think he was drawing in only another raft of weeds, till he saw the gaping jaws splitting the surface. He soon had a lusty pickerel boated, who beginning his fight too late to avail aught but annoyance of his captor, hammered the cedar lining of the canoe and snapped his jaws wickedly till he was knocked in the head with the paddle.

Moving forward again, Sam soon had a sharp bite that promised something better than the ambitious little perch that had attempted to gorge the alluring combination of pork and wool, and came skittering to hand with all the fight and conceit taken out of him. A little later the trolling bait was nibbled and then seized by a fish that proved to be of nobler metal. Swimming deep, he fought every inch of his unwilling way to the canoe, which when brought to he attempted to run under, but Sam foiled this device, got him alongside and skillfully lifted and swung him aboard. He was of handsome form, and his small, firm set scales were golden green on his sides and silver white on his belly. In every way he looked gamy and good, a fish created to afford both sport and toothsome food. Sam had never seen his like, but rightly guessed him to be the "pike," whose excellence Uncle Tyler has extolled. So trolling up stream to the then well defined mouth of the South Slang, now so disguised with mask of weeds that old voyagers may hardly recognize it, and a little way up the channel of this begrudging tributary, Sam got now and then a bite, and lost and saved some fish; another pike-perch and two or three pickerel. He had fish enough now, and paddled or drifted anywhere, hearing and seeing many things of interest to such a simple lover of nature. From far and near in the green expanse of marsh came strange outcries, laughter, yells, and more subdued jargon converse of unseen waterfowl, strange voices of birds who were strangers to him. He recognized the voices of some old acquaintances when occasionally a bittern boomed, and the blackbirds grated and gurgled out their notes, and when some old choir leader of the bullfrogs sang his short prelude and his brethren struck in and bellowed a grand chorus that made all the wooded shores resound. Once an old wood-duck convoyed her newly-launched fleet of callow ducklings out of the rushes into the channel just before him, and then in sudden panic at sight of his larger craft, took wing for cover of the woods, flying low and followed almost as swiftly by her brood, simulating flight with ineffectual plumeless wings, but actually making their way by running like water sprites over the water after her. Now and then a dusky duck would splash out of the weeds with a loud alarm of quacking, but her young always kept out of sight if they had yet ventured so far as the channel's edge from their birthplace. There was no signs of Sam's last spring's dear enemies the muskrats but the floating crumbs of their midnight feast, chips of the waterlily roots, and shreds of aquatic weeds. Their winter huts had all been

swept away by the high water of spring, and only shapeless rafts of rubbish grounded here and there among the rushes were left to show how industriously these little water folk had builded but a few months ago. Their homes were now in burrows in the banks, the occupancy of which was seldom indicated in daytime but by the roiling of the watery entrance, or the sluggish underwater wake of a silent incomer or outgoer.

Great blue herons sentineled the shallows, or fanned their slow way from one to another, and now and then a bittern made a startled ungainly flight from the densest beds of rushes, while kingfishers scolded and clattered along their jerky course, or hung over minnow-haunted shoals as if suspended by invisible threads, which presently were severed and let them fall into the brown water with a splashing upburst of spray. The scraggy tangles of button bushes were noisy and flashing with innumerable nesting redwings, sunfish and perch were incessantly snapping at the various insects resting on or hovering about the water plants, and great fish surged through the rushes in pursuit of prey or in swift retreat from the boat. The marshes were busy with the life of their thronging tenants in the happy summers of those days. Alas, that they are so silent and deserted now!

Over the tops of the rushes Sam caught occasional glimpses of Antoine stealing along the shore in his nefarious bullpout prodding, and mildly "dum'd him" in soliloquy "for a wus'n half Injin." In the afternoon he paddled to the mouth of the creek, and after looking at the dancing waves of the sunlit bay clasped in the arms of the green-clad June shores, and watching the majestic sweep of an eagle wheeling above the cliffs, he beached his canoe on the rushy shore of the landing and took his fare of fish to camp, whither his companions soon came. At nightfall they had their bountiful supper of fish, and then as they smoked their pipes about the dying embers, each told the story of his day's outing.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

ON THE PATERA.

STARTING from the town of Santa Barbara, Cal., one morning early, I found myself spinning over the hard adobe behind two wiry mustangs. Approaching the desired goal, we heard the summons, "All out for the ducks!" and after tethering horses we got into boots and coats, and, with guns on shoulders and retrievers at heel, we started the day's shooting. Crouching in a small ravine by the lake, we waited. Whizzing by comes a flock of teal and the silence is broken by two reports, followed sharply by another from Grant, the native. Result, three teal. "Fetch 'em here, Brant," and the ducks are soon laid at our feet. The sun breaks through the mist and discloses at the far end of the lake a white and black mass of ducks. Grant starts after them, soon a puff of smoke stirs them up, and in a confused mass the ducks circle over with whistling wings and now and then a discordant quack. Ducks everywhere, over water, under water and in the air; and then with a last turn and quack they betake themselves to the waters of the Pacific, leaving behind five to my gun and eight to Grant's. One after another the fowl are laid at my feet by the spaniel, whose every nerve is quivering with excitement. Thirteen ducks, and plump ones too, conjure up before my eyes the inviting picture of a snowy table whose centerpiece is a savory redhead.

Ducks wheel by singly and in pairs. Plump little butterballs and spoonbills now and then beat the air with their whistling wings. Unaccountable misses afford me counteraction for brilliant shots; but nevertheless thirty-five ducks will make a man feel greater in importance than many another thing; and then comes the after pleasure of talking over the events of the day's sport, with my dog lying at my feet and occasionally looking up when he is called by name and praised for his obedience and skill in bringing a duck out of the tules (those banes of a retriever's life); amid the clouds of fragrant smoke arise the images of many a lusty duck who had beaten his last tattoo on the bosom of his mother water. B. E. B.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Natural History.

UNUSUAL NESTING SITES.—II.

[A paper read Dec. 5, 1887, before the California Academy of Sciences, by Walter E. Bryant.]

THE entire material, with one exception, which comprises the present paper, has been received in brief notes or dictations from Messrs. W. Otto Emerson, A. M. Ingersoll and Chas. W. Knox, leaving the part taken by the author simply that of editor and compiler. The initials following the cases cited are those of the observers, to whom my thanks are due for communicating their interesting field observations.

Arkansas Flycatcher—*Tyrannus verticalis.*—A nest was found built upon a fence-post more than half a mile from the nearest tree. It was secured from observation on one side by a board nailed to the post and projecting above it. (A. M. I.)

Black Phœbe—*Sayornis nigricans.*—A pair built for two consecutive years in a well four feet below the surface. The first year a second nest was built after the first had been taken. (W. O. E.)

Baird's Flycatcher—*Epidonax difficilis.*—A nest was built at the bottom of a hole five inches deep, made by a red-shafted flicker in a live oak. (A. M. I.)

Blue-fronted Jay—*Cyanocitta stelleri frontalis.*—A strange departure from the usual habits of jays was noticed in Placer county, Cal., where they had persisted in building within the snowsheds in spite of the noise and smoke of passing trains. The destruction of their nests by the men employed on the water train, which makes two trips a week through the sheds during the summer, sprinkling the woodwork and tearing down the nests of jays and robins with a hook attached to a pole, seemed not to discourage them. So accustomed do the jays become to the passing of trains, that they will often remain on their nests undisturbed.

In one season more than two hundred nests of jays and robins were destroyed, so the trainmen say, between Cisco and Summit, a distance of thirteen miles. Some of the nests were but partially built, others contained eggs; these latter ones having probably been overlooked on previous trips.

The nesting of the jays within the snowsheds is, so Mr. Ingersoll supposes, to avoid the persecution of squirrels. None, he thinks, however, succeed in rearing a brood, for of more than thirty nests which he found, nearly all were uncompleted. (A. M. I.)

American Goldfinch—*Spinus tristis.*—In 1884 a grove of young willows that had been occupied the previous season by a colony of tricolored blackbirds was found deserted by them. Many of the blackbirds' nests still remained in forks of the willows from four to ten feet above the marsh. Six of these old nests were in possession of American goldfinches. The present tenants had loosely filled the nest about half full of cat-tail down and had formed only a slight hollow for the nest proper. Some were found with eggs and in others there were "birds in last year's nests." (A. M. I.)

Samuel's Song Sparrow—*Melospiza faciata samuelis.*—A nest containing three eggs was found in a round oyster can which had lodged sideways among some driftwood in a willow tree. (W. O. E.)

California Towhee—*Pipilo fuscus crissalis.*—A pair constructed a nest in a five-gallon kerosene oil-can that lay on its side in a shallow ditch. Part of one end of the can had been cut open, giving access to the birds. (W. O. E.)

Barn Swallow — *Chelidon erythrogaster.* — A kind-hearted postmaster in the country nailed a shelf-like board against the porch above the entrance to his office, intending to give the crimson house finches a place to build. A pair of barn swallows took possession of this arrangement and built on top of it a nest composed of straw and feathers. This is the only instance I have known where this species used no mud in the composition of its nest. The position of this nest was less remarkable than the peculiarity of its structure. (A. M. I.)

A barn swallow's nest was built a few feet below the surface of a well which was in daily use, water being raised by means of a windlass and bucket. The weight of the growing young became so great that it broke the nest from the moist ground, and the young were drowned. A second nest was speedily begun upon a shelf of rock, nearly thirty feet below the surface, and not high above the water. Unfortunately, the result of this second attempt was not learned, for it would be exceedingly interesting to know how, if at all, the young were brought to the surface from so great a depth. (C. W. K.)

The nesting of another pair of these swallows was illustrative as much of persistency in nest building as it was of the unusual site which they eventually chose, prompted by repeated molestation. Three nests were built in succession; the first, containing five eggs, was taken from a partially abandoned mining tunnel, ten feet from the entrance; later, a second nest and five eggs was found, and taken nearly twenty feet from the entrance of the same tunnel, but the third nest was happily not discovered until the eggs had hatched. This nest was about fifty feet from the entrance, and under cover of partial darkness the persevering pair had built and reared a brood. The finding of the last nest happened by chance. Mr. Knox had descended a shaft connected with the tunnel and was passing along the level with a lighted candle when he saw a bird fly from close before him, and aided by the light which he carried, the nest, with four large young, was found, but left undisturbed. (C. W. K.)

Tree Swallow—*Tachycineta bicolor.*—A few years ago I found a nest with young in a crevice under the projecting and decayed deck of a lumber lighter, moored in Oakland Harbor.

Hutton's Vireo—*Vireo huttoni.*—A pair of vireos built this year in the outer branches of a live oak, only a few feet above the exhaust pipe from a steam pump, where at times they were compelled to suspend work, owing to the dense vapor which enveloped them. Four eggs were laid in this nest. (C. W. K.)

Long-Billed Marsh Wren—*Cistothorus palustris.*—A conspicuous nest, containing eggs, was woven among the almost leafless branches of a young willow, five feet above a fresh water marsh. The false nests were built as usual, but in the coarse grass near by. (A. M. I.)

GROUSE AND MALLARD PLUMAGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the articles in the last and preceding numbers of FOREST AND STREAM on the sex markings of grouse and plumage of the mallard drake, subjects to which I have myself paid considerable attention, and a few additional remarks may be not unacceptable to your readers.

The examination of a very large number of specimens of ruffed grouse from almost every part of North America (as far north as Labrador and the Yukon Valley in Alaska, south to Georgia and California) has shown me that while females are decidedly smaller than males, with the ruff much less developed, the markings somewhat less sharply defined and the colors not so strongly contrasted, specimens not unfrequently occur which it would be impossible to determine the sex of without dissection, there being considerable variation in both sexes, *i.e.*, some females (perhaps only very old or well fed birds) being larger, etc., than certain males (possibly younger or "runty" individuals). For example, I once examined, in the flesh, a very fine bird, killed at Laurel, Maryland, which I was sure was a male until dissection showed it to be a female.

As to the dark band across the tail, it is quite certain that no dependence whatever can be put in its continuity or interruption on the middle feathers as a sexual character. I cannot say that I have observed a perfectly continuous band in any female, but I have seen many fully adult and in every respect well developed males in which it was either more or less broken or else wholly interrupted on the middle feathers. This variation, I would remark, applies to all the local or geographical races into which the species is divided.*

Coming to the subject of the summer plumage of the mallard drake, it has long been known, in Europe at least, that the male not only of this species but of others also, assumed during a portion of the summer a plumage hardly to be distinguished from that of the female. The only question has been as to whether the changed plumage was "nuptial" or "post-nuptial;" that is, whether the male assumed it at the beginning of the breeding season or not until after the female had commenced incubating or the young had appeared. This summer plumage of the mallard drake, as well as of the male gadwall, pintail and old squaw, are described in the "Water Birds of North America" ("B. B. and R.," pp. 492, 506 and 512 of Vol. I., and 58 of Vol. II. respectively), although, except in case of the last, on account of not having specimens at hand, the descriptions are quoted from Dresser's "Birds of Europe." In my recently published "Manual of North American Birds" the summer plumage of the male of the following additional species is described (on pages 92, 93, 95, 102 and 107 respectively), mostly from specimens in the National Museum collection: Blue-winged teal, cinnamon teal, widgeon, blackhead and harlequin.

I am not prepared at present to state how nearly universal this change of plumage in the male may be among the ducks of North America, but I think it will be found universal among the river ducks, in which the plumage of the sexes differs at any time, and I also have strong reasons for suspecting it in certain others, as the broad-billed *Fuligulæ*, the golden-eyes, eiders and mergansers: but as to these the information which I have is simply suggestive. ROBERT RIDGWAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, 1887.

* I make this observation for the reason that, some years ago, when these races were considered distinct species, this feature was mentioned as a specific character.

A FAMILIAR GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Nor'east's" account of the "Queer Dick of a Woodcock," in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 15, calls to mind the capture, in a similar way, of a young grouse, about three-fourths grown, in September last. While walking along a wood road my spaniel flushed several grouse, one of which flew swiftly past within reach of my cane. It alighted near the path in some bushes, and endeavored to hide in a small pile of brush. Reaching through the dry twigs I drew it out, as perfect, apparently, as ever bird was. Holding it in my hand stroking its head and neck, it exhibited no fear except at the lively actions of the cocker, at whose behavior it showed considerable uneasiness, craning its neck to look over my arm at the excited dog. I sent the latter off into the woods, and then the bird became quiet enough, making no effort to regain its liberty, and seemed in no hurry to take its flight. Upon being gently urged it took wing, but immediately settled down again a few rods away, and quietly submitted to recapture and further caressing. I was strongly inclined to take the bird home and see what would become of it in confinement, but finally decided to release it to regain its companions. Placing it on the limb of a small tree, it flew thence to the ground, elevated its ruff, and, with head turning from side to side, it daintily lifted its feet high over the leaves and went its way, a veritable prince of the woods.

When a boy I occasionally caught grouse chicks in New Hampshire, trying, always unsuccessfully, to raise them in confinement, but never before have I caught, in my hands, a vigorous, nearly full-grown grouse, nor have I ever known of a like incident occurring elsewhere. The bird seemed little shyer than ordinary domestic fowls, and was a fair match for "Nor'east's" strange woodcock.

NORTH CHELMSFORD, Mass. L. H. S.

A SWIMMING RUFFED GROUSE.—Albany, N. Y., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks since at dusk, as I was passing through a railroad cut, accompanied by a collie, the familiar "whir-r" of a ruffed grouse attracted my attention. Quickly looking ahead, I saw the bird flutter along the ground. A word, and the dog had it under his paws. Examining it as well as the uncertain light would permit, no marks of a gun could be found. As a barbed wire fence is above the cut, and the telegraph lines are still higher, it is possible that in flying for a piece of woods across the track, the bird struck one of these. It being unhurt, save by the absence of feathers from the tail and wings, which hindered its flying, I carried it into the woods and set it down; with a peculiar cry it hid beneath the leaves. The next morning I returned to the woods and was entering a little gully preceded by the dog, when the grouse, with extended neck and wings, ran past, followed by the dog. Calling the dog I headed the bird off, and keeping a short distance behind, observed closely its movements. Running along the track a few yards it turned down the embankment, at the base of which runs a large creek. Pausing an instant, the bird deliberately jumped into the water and swam about six feet from shore; but, apparently finding the water too cold, or doubting its ability to reach the opposite bank, returned. Its swimming seemed not at all labored, and was quite as rapid as that of a duck. Catching it, I brought it deeper into the woods and freed it, when its actions of the previous evening were repeated.—NATURA.

THE WOODDUCK IN WINTER.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In September a drake woodduck came among my flock of woodducks, teal, etc., and remains there yet. We can easily distinguish him by his flying from one pond to another, something that the pinioned birds cannot do. He is as tame as the rest of the flock, coming up to the grain box to feed with the others within 30ft. of where a gang of carpenters are at work on the new fish hatchery. At times the pond has been partly frozen over, and it is exposed to the cold storms coming across Long Island Sound. I had expected to miss the bird long before this, as I never knew of a "summer duck" remaining here through the winter, voluntarily. One peculiarity of these birds is their seeking shade on the coldest day. Often my flock can be seen under the south bank of the pond when a cold north wind is blowing, sitting in the shade. On cloudy days they will play on the water, diving and chasing each other, but on bright days they are seldom out in the sunshine. The probability is that this wild bird will now remain with the flock all winter.—FRED MATHER.

THE MUSKRAT IN DELAWARE.—The muskrat is naturally a wary animal, but when pressed by hunger it is quite venturesome and often vicious when disturbed. They seldom exceed 5lbs. in weight, in this State. They live in burrows or hollow logs, on the margin of streams, seldom venturing out for food until nightfall. On the marshes their towns resemble the famous "dog towns" of the western prairie. They are found both near salt and fresh water. They subsist chiefly on water mollusks. They are most numerous in Kent county. Many persons living near the marshes bordering on the Delaware Bay, buy large quantities of marsh land and devote their time solely to muskrat farming. The sale of the hides when cured is quite remunerative, while the flesh finds a ready sale in the local markets.—DEL. A. WARE.

Game Bag and Gun.

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PELEG'S EXPERIENCES.

II.—HE INTRODUCES JAB TO HIS WIFE.

"COME, Peleg, let's have that dog story you didn't tell us last night," said Jap the morning of the second day, "I've thought about it a dozen times to-day I know."

"So have I," chimed in Sang. "I thought your gun story splendid, and I know the dog one will be better."

Peleg was putting the finishing touch to the broiler with a piece of newspaper, after which he hung that indispensable article upon a tree. Then he lighted his cigar and sat down by the fire. Evidently he had not forgotten the ungracious treatment accorded him by Sang the night before, but it was not in him to bear ill will, and besides, how could he, a born story teller, forego an opportunity? What story teller that ever lived, or who that ever imagined himself to be one, could not be wheedled at any time or place into a narrative, I would like to know. At any rate, Peleg, after a whiff or two, began as follows:

"Well, as I was a-saying last night, it had been a comparatively easy matter to get a gun into the family, but I knew to work a dog in would be the very deuce, and so I set my wits to working. Not that I couldn't have gone and got one without the asking if I had wanted to."

"P-h-i-e-w!" It was a long-drawn, incredulous whistle that Sang gave, at the same time looking up into the tree-tops as if in search of some mysterious object. But Peleg having once begun his narrative was not to be balked in that way, and so turning to his less demonstrative companion Jap, he went on:

"But I always wish for Nancy's approval in matters of this kind. Perhaps you know how it is yourself," to which Jap nodded an encouraging assent. "And so I set about trying to procure it. Nancy is one of those high spirited women who love to be consulted, and I very well knew that it would be better for the dog for him to come into the family with her free consent.

"Having a gun I hunted some, of course, and occasionally I borrowed a dog, and at those times I never failed to take home something wild, if I had to buy it at the restaurant. When I went without a dog I was equally careful never to take any game home, no matter what my luck had been. By so doing, you can see that I was enabled to present the advantages of having a dog more forcibly than in any other way. I could exhibit the fruits, so to speak.

"But my wife's antipathy to dogs was stronger than I had surmised. She 'despised them,' she said. Indeed, it seemed to be a sort of family affair with her to hate dogs. There was a tradition in her family that away back in the past a hundred years or so, some old steeple-crowned, psalm-singing ancestor of hers had been bitten by a dog and had died not long afterward, and from that circumstance the family had ever after been panicky over hydrophobia. I don't think that one of the name had ever owned a dog since, and in two branches of the family mad stones were held and treasured as heirlooms. I soon found that it amounted to nothing to show the fruits in our family, and had to try another tack.

"Men, it's shameful the way I treated that woman. I fairly cringe whenever I think of it, and I actually pretended that my health was failing me. I grew listless, complained a good deal, looked melancholy, pretended I had lost my appetite and complained of an illness that I declared myself unable to describe. It was a hard thing to keep up, but I did it, till I saw that Nancy was getting really uneasy, when I ventured to suggest that unless I had a turn for the better pretty soon I was going to make my will; and I gave certain unimportant directions about the management of my affairs in case of my death. Of course Nancy was now all sympathy, not to say badly alarmed. Women, you know, have a way of becoming terribly alarmed whenever their men are sick."

"Yes, the more worthless the men the greater the alarm," interposed Sang.

"I think that is so, too," answered Peleg. "But Nancy said she didn't believe I was going to die, anyway, soon, but said I ought to do something. I had before that suggested to her that most likely my trouble arose from too close application to business, and the truth is I had been overworking myself and was in need of some good, wholesome outdoor exercise. 'If,' said I to her one day after we had been looking at the gloomy side a suitable length of time, 'If I could only take plenty of outdoor exercise I believe I would come out all right.'

"'Then, why don't you take it,' said the dear, sympathetic little woman.

"'How? when? where?' asked I, as if exercise was a thing altogether out of the question.

"'Why, a thousand ways—now, all the time and everywhere.'

"I shook my head as if I failed to comprehend her meaning, when she went on:

"'Walk, ride, hoe in the garden, weed my flower beds.'

"But I explained to her how worse than useless that sort of exercise was to a man held as I was. That the exercise necessary to my recovery must so claim my attention that I would become completely absorbed in it, so much so as to become oblivious for the time being of any physical ailment whatever. Then I showed her that when I rode or hoed or walked I was painfully conscious all the time of my ailments and that the exercise only aggravated them.

"'Well, is there nothing else you could do?' she anxiously asked.

"'Well,' said I, 'I could travel, but I haven't the money for that. There is one thing I have noticed,' I added, 'when I go hunting I forget my sickness in my zeal for game. At least that was the case the one time I have been out.'

"'Well, then hunt,' said she, brightening up.

"'Hunt? How can I? I've no dog!'

"'Oh!' was all she said. A queer-looking expression came over her, and I am sure I must have shown in my face that I was a contemptible impostor. I think she had a revelation. I know I had. We talked of other things after that. The will subject was never mentioned between us again. She ceased making 'sick dishes' for me, and I tried to imagine myself a badly-used man. I think I would have welcomed a pretty severe spell of sickness about that time, but it didn't come. I was so chagrined and put out at the failure of my scheme, that whatever little ailment I might have had from overwork disappeared, and I was sound as a dollar.

"I do believe, men, if Nancy hadn't been the sensible woman she is, we could have quarreled. I was mad; unreasonable as it was in me; but she never said a word, went on in her old way, singing her old-time songs and making home as pleasant as could be.

"One evening the following spring Nancy had been out on the street, and when she came home her face was all flushed with excitement. She had been shopping a little, and was in the gayest mood I had seen her for a long time. I knew very well that something was up, but waited for her to make it known. I had months before given up all thought of a dog, and as the memory of my unfortunate little scheme began to fade away, I ceased to feel the hardship of being without one. I did not have to wait long to know what was in the mind on this occasion. Little by little it leaked out. She had been at Threadgill & Bolton's 'new store,' where they were 'selling below cost for thirty days,' and had seen the 'loveliest silk dress' M—m! It was *so* pretty, *so* fine, *so* cheap; and in her enthusiasm she came and stood beside me and combed my hair with her soft fingers, and said over all the adjectives that could be said about the dress pattern, and wound up by asking me for the $75 necessary to buy it. And what do you suppose I said?" Peleg asked his hearers, giving them a look that said as plain as could be, 'You'll never guess the smart thing I said as long as you live."

"You said you hadn't the money, I suppose," answered Sang indifferently.

"Or that she was suffering herself to be duped by a rascally store-keeper," suggested Jap.

"Maybe you told her that a calico was good enough for her," returned Sang.

"Most likely you said 'extravagance is what is ruining the country.'"

"Perhaps it was—"

"No, no. You would never guess it. All I said was 'Dog'!"

And the story-teller's eyes glistened in the light from the camp-fire, and he rubbed his hands over his knees and his body swayed back and forth, all of which indicated that he thought he had said a very smart thing indeed.

"Yes, gentlemen," he went on after a brief silence, "all I said was 'Dog'."

"And what did Nancy say?" queried both his friends.

"'It's a bargain!' That's it to a t-y-ty—the identical words, and the next day I bought a pup and she a silk dress.

"But lawsy me, getting was nothing to raising—"

"H-u-a-u-gh!"

Peleg was amazed to see that both his hearers had suddenly gone sound asleep. "Boys, let's go to bed," said he, and to bed the three happy hunters went.

D. D. BANTA.

ELK HUNTING IN MINNESOTA.

HALLOCK, Minn., Dec. 27. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* The season on big game has been remarkable this fall in this section. By the State law close time is restricted to the single month of November, but the citizens of Kittson county generally take a somewhat broader view, and extend the season both ways into October and December, some ten days each way. Nevertheless the spirit of the community is conservative and the destruction by no means wanton; and although the quantity of moose, elk, caribou and deer killed—especially of elk—is noteworty, in view of the growing scarcity of game the land over, still it may not be regarded as excessive, and not greater than can be annually supplied by reproduction in the ordinary course of nature. Should hunters so ravage the country at any future time as to threaten extermination, I believe the popular sentiment would improvise a check, irrespective of any mechanical attempt to enforce the written law. The exercise of common sense and obedience to its behests is the best safeguard; bad law can never be reconciled with it. If laws are arbitrary or absurd, they cannot be enforced. Unfortunately the game laws of the country are, as a rule, defective or inconsistent, and, therefore, they become inoperative. With the spread of population and the diminution of wild lands, legal restrictions increase; and, in view of the unremitting tinkering of legislative busybodies, I often feel as if I could be reconciled to an absence of all statutes, depending rather upon the instinct of self-preservation to protect the interests of a community as well as the game. Wherever the lawless element, which is conspicuous on frontier lines, becomes eliminated, conservatism prevails. Settlers are too busy with their pursuits to shoot for sport, and pot-hunters find neither encouragement nor a market. There is cessation from all shooting by common consent, with a universal tacit acquiescence in the propriety of close seasons. An idler with a gun in seed time or harvest is regarded as an interloper and suspicious character. Nevertheless, a hungry man will not hesitate to kill at all seasons, and popular opinion will justify him in keeping starvation from his house, or even in qualifying his interminable fare of sow belly and potatoes. There is no condemnation for him by a jury of his neighbors; close seasons are *dies non*.

One thing is certain, all the shooting which has been done in Kittson county during the eight years of its settlement has not sufficed to prevent our hunters from easily rolling up a score of some seventy elk alone during the six open weeks of the past autumn. Two hunters shot nineteen elk and two deer within six days, netting about $600 for the scant week's work. I doubt if this record can be duplicated anywhere in the Rockies now, and I dare say, from derived information, that this unusual levy will prove no drain upon the resources of the breeding paddocks. As far as the most reliable testimony goes we can spare a hundred elk each season and keep up the stock from year to year, if no other method than stalking is pursued, which is the only mode of hunting employed now by Indians or whites. Tenderfeet are not likely to take a hand in the sport. They had rather play euchre around a stove. Hunting big game is no child's play, with the mercury 30° below zero, especially if one's team strays off from camp, as has happened, and home is a hundred miles' tramp away. Skin-hunters would not be tolerated and the rigid enforcement of transportation laws interferes materially with their profitable employment. Hardship and inaccessibility are the chief conservators of the big game of Kittson county. The meat that is killed there is all utilized, every pound of it, the Indians curing the bulk of theirs, and the professional hunters disposing of what they shoot to the hotels and restaurants and local butchers. Sometimes an old-time Red River cart, drawn by an Indian pony, drags into town a load of meat, and anon a dog train with its quaint team tandem comes trotting into the suburbs with its quantum of full 600lbs.

Very arctic are some of the features of northern Minnesota in midwinter. Toboggans and snowshoes, tuques and capotes, gouty leggings and mantling furs which defy the frost constitute the prevailing and essential costumes while the days are short. The air is for the most part still, and the sky without a cloud. The stars shine with a white intensity in the frosty nights, and the wavering auroral light scintillates and flashes all around the horizon, and up to the zenith. Sometimes, in the gray of the morning, the sharp click of hoofs is heard on the crisp rime, and when the sun is up we can trace the track, only a fair gunshot off from the camp, where a big bull elk or moose has passed. The game is not shy, and it will be only a matter of perseverance and simple strategy to follow him to his death before the sun is on the meridian. Sometimes a whole family of elk, sire, dam and calf, are found together in the shelter of a tamarack thicket, and hunters have been known to bag the lot right in their tracks.

The country in the Roseau region is the finest in the land for stalking, being composed of alternate timber and open plains, which sometimes stretch in a snow white expanse as far as the eye can reach. Belts of tamarack, groves of oak, thickets of alder and willow, beds of watercourses, interminable swamps, these make up the landscape. It would be desolate but for the excitement of the chase, but the wild frontiersmen love it, and the experiences are those which only hardihood can indulge in and enjoy.

SHAGANAPPI.

A HUNT FOR BOB WHITE.

BEFORE I proceed to write anything of the hunt, I feel it due to myself that I should protest against your making me say, at any time, in your headings of my communications, that I had been in quest of quail. I have said, over and over again, that we have no quail in North Carolina—our bird far more resembling the partridge of Europe than the quail, which breeds in Spain and migrates to England during the autumn. It is not the partridge, I admit, but is far more similar to that bird in appearance and habit than it is to the quail. There is no good reason, therefore, why any one should apply a ridiculously absurd misnomer, and then cling to it with nervous tenacity. Please avoid making me apply that word to our little Bob White. I repudiate it.

Last week I took my son—who, having been to college and played the role of a gentleman loafer for about a year, thinks himself fully grown and an expert in most branches of knowledge—and my little bobtailed, unpedigreed Argo, to Pittsboro, in the county of Chatham, to join my friend G. T. L. on a visit to the estate of Edmund Atwater, Esq., where we expected to find an abundance of sport. My companion of many "a canty day" in the field, whom I have immortalized under the soubriquet Mud, was also along with that famous 16-bore Scott Premier, which he did not swap for a "cheap John" thing called a gun. When the train reached the station our friend was ready to meet us, having arrived the preceding night from New York. He carried us to his father's house, where we were greeted with a sincere welcome. After traveling over a very muddy road for about eight miles we came in sight of our destination. We stopped on the bank of a small stream which runs through the plantation, took out our guns and some shells, and sent the college matriculate with the luggage to the dwelling to announce our arrival.

Owing to the very heavy rains which had fallen the preceding week the ground was very wet and in some places miry. The birds were not moving about and hence we found but few. At night our entire bag was eighteen birds, and of them a young attorney who had visited Mr. A., killed four. We had plenty for a substantial bird breakfast. We found the family glad to see us. The following morning, after an early and substantial breakfast, we set off on our tramp, expecting to have far better success than we did the preceding day. G. T. L. and Mud with the bitch Corinne and a youngling called Guess went down the south side of the stream, while Mr. A. and I took the base of the hills on the north side. Ally B., the young attorney, and George, the recent student at the University, went between our line and the creek. They had an untrained black setter, called Fowle, who only needs a master, much practice and frequent castigations (breaking) to make a very respectable field dog. During the morning but few guns were heard, for but few birds were found. The plantation had them in abundance, but there was so much food and so much rank vegetation, which afforded shelter as well as food, that they did not run about much. At noon, when we met to take a bountiful lunch which had been sent from the dwelling, the entire party had but twenty-four birds. Just at this time the Rev. B. R. H. joined us, and while he and Mud were discussing ecclesiastical matters the others were spreading the repast upon two valuable tables, worth $45 each, which we found ready for us on the grounds selected for the midday meal. The tables were made of a well-known textile, much used for clothing, weighed over 400lbs. and is generally called a cotton bale.

At half past two we set out again, going homeward. The clergyman was placed under the guidance of G. T. L. and Mud, Mr. A. and myself thinking that the triumvirate would not be more than equal to us. The disciple of Coke and the late student, being regarded as hardly worth considering, were left to take their own course. Very soon the guns indicated that game had been found, but subsequent events showed that it was only an April shower. Just before night, and when but little time was left, our party got up several coveys, and kept shooting

until it became so dark that your correspondent was unable to distinguish the birds as they flew. His last shot was fired upon the assumed course of the bird, and the result showed that he guessed badly, for that bird is yet in all probabilities in the county of Chatham. The whole day's trophies amounted to just sixty-one birds, and of these I got seventeen, leading the list.

The following day, just after we started, the rain began to fall, and that forced us to return to the house and enjoy its shelter until the next morning. On Friday the sun rose bright and we concluded to spend the time until one o'clock in ranging the fields, so that if possible we could take a few to the family of Mr. L., at Pittsboro. At 12, when the vehicles came for us, we had about twenty; and after an early dinner, we bade adieu to the kind family with whom we had been sojourning, promising to come again whenever our convenience would allow, the host and hostess assuring us that they had enjoyed our brief visit, and would always welcome our entrance under their rafters.

On our way to Pittsboro we stopped at some pretty fields, and after finding two small coveys and some empty 10-bore shells, we knew that some one else had been on the same ground. We got four birds, and reached the hospitable dwelling we were seeking just after the sun had laid down in his rosy couch in the west. It was our purpose to have left for home that night, but the family urged us to remain another, and we consented. It was arranged that we should visit the fields of a large estate west of the town, for an afternoon hunt on Saturday, but soon after we got up from our beds we were told that a local sportsmen of much reputed skill, and a gentleman from the country lying toward the place "where sailors gang to fish for cod," had passed, at an early hour, and, no doubt, were at that very moment indulging in a cannonade with their 4 and 5drs. of black powder. We spent the morning in visiting around the town, and in the afternoon we tried some nice-looking fields lying adjacent. Somebody had been in them before we got there, and the birds will hatch again before those stubblefields will afford much sport. We got six birds—four of which fell before my little gun. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

THE INDIAN LAKE COUNTRY.

FOR several years I have been one of a party of sportsmen who made the Adirondacks their headquarters, and I may safely say I have hunted in nearly every county there. This year our party consisted of four, and we decided to try the vicinity of Indian Lake, Hamilton county, which locality by reputation still remains favorable for deer, as no railroad comes within twenty-one miles of it.

Indian Lake is about three miles long, but a dam built at its outlet causes the water to rise so that at times it extends in length to nearly twelve miles. This sometimes proves to be quite a convenience to sportsmen, as it not only enables them to carry themselves and game to camp from nearly any point, but facilitates their reaching any of the surrounding smaller ponds by water.

We reached Indian Lake last September, and on the 15th of that month started on our first day's sport, each man anxious to bring down the first buck. We selected Crotchet Pond for our hunt. The view of the lake, situated among five large mountains studded with immense trees in their full beauty of autumn foliage, would delight even the most fastidious lover of nature. We were doomed to disappointment. The day was rainy and not a deer could be seen, so we had to content ourselves with three partridges, which we shot on our homeward tramp of about three miles along an old lumber road to the head of the lake.

On our second day we took station along Indian Lake, at a distance of about two miles from each other. The guides then went to work with their dogs; they struck a track, but gave it up after a hard trial without having made a start.

About two o'clock, getting tired on my watching point, and seeing two loons alight on the lake, I concluded to test my marksmanship and try and bag one of them, but knowing how difficult it is to shoot these birds, as they dive at the flash of a gun, I first replenished my stock of cartridges. I then slipped in a canoe and rowed toward the birds, and at the distance of about 200yds. I began to shoot at them. I fired twenty-five shots without any success, but the twenty-sixth bullet struck the bird under the tail, and (my rifle being a .38-cal. Bullard) the ball killed the bird instantly. It was a young female, and is now mounted among my collection of birds. I reached home about four o'clock, and surprised the rest of our party with my prize.

That evening, standing at the boat landing, commenting on the day's events, we came to the conclusion, that although the solitude and whole surroundings seemed to indicate the presence of plenty, deer must be rather scarce, and our chances of getting any rather slim; for the only game shot that day besides my loon were four gray teal and two swordbill ducks, one of which was completely shot to pieces and nothing but head and wings left, and curious to say the ball that killed it passed through the duck, struck a rock, glanced off and killed another.

The next day our guides persuaded us to try the same ground over again, but to start the dogs on the opposite side from that of the day previous. At about 10 o'clock the party who watched at the narrows saw a deer take the water in good rifle range, but having only a shotgun he was compelled to take his boat so as to pull within range. When within about 50yds. he was surprised to see the deer jump up a cut rock, about 14ft. high, at a bound and disappear. Half an hour later the deer again tried to cross the lake; two of us saw it, but as I was the nearest I had the first shot. I tried hard to get to my boat without making any noise, being afraid of drawing the attention of the game toward me. My boat lay in a little land-locked bay and I had some difficulty in reaching it. When I did I saw the deer in the shallow water making straight for the shore. I instantly took aim and fired, but the deer kept right on its path. I pulled up to where the deer had landed, and found that the bullet had struck a stump about 40in. from the ground, close to the tracks of the deer. No blood could be seen and I was convinced that I had missed. I returned to my post, but getting impatient, concluded to drift down the lake and try and catch some pickerel. I got there, and found myself among some driftwood, which is quite thick on this end of the lake. Suddenly I saw something that drew my attention among the floodwood. I looked at it through my field glass and could hardly believe my own eyes, to see a buck hiding in the water, his head resting on a log, but his body entirely under the water. I fired, and this time with better success; for when I reached the deer I found that the ball had entered the head about an inch over the left eye, shattering the skull to splinters; and on closer examination I found a bullet hole in the left ear; and I being the only one who shot at a deer that day, I don't think I was wrong in presuming that this was the same one I had shot at in the morning, and only missed it then by a hair's breadth. With considerable trouble I finally loaded my buck in the boat, and after battling for a while with the floodwood, reached the channel and made good speed for the landing, where I immediately began to dress my deer. It proved to be a young spike-buck, about three years of age. Some of our party were still trolling, and on their return were very much surprised, as were also some of the oldest settlers there, who said they had never heard of a deer being shot in such a peculiar place.

The next day we proposed to make an early start, so we had breakfast in good time, and each man, equipped with a lunch, was at his post by 6 o'clock in the morning. We covered the lake as nearly as we could, one man being stationed at Griffith's Landing, one at Moose Point, one at Beaver Meadow Brook, and one remaining at the head of the lake. At about half-past 8 we heard the baying of the dogs. They had found their deer. Nearer and nearer the baying was heard, and once I imagined that I saw the dog cross a clearing, when suddenly the deer changed its course and made for Crotchet Pond. We heard the baying for at least forty minutes, when it ceased. The next time the dogs were heard in a narrow hardwood ridge which runs along Moose Point Mountain. At that point there is a marsh three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. On came the dogs, howling louder and louder, when all at once the deer came breaking through the underbrush, making direct for the marsh. Our man proved to be on his post, the hounds were close to the deer, bawling at a fearful rate, when the .38-cal. Marlin rifle spoke, and again and again in quick succession. I felt certain that the deer had been shot, as the baying ceased and everything was quiet, and was confirmed by one of the guides whom I met some time afterward. I took my boat and pulled up to Moose Point to see the game, and there was one of the finest buck deer I have ever seen. It weighed 245lbs. after dressing. It was shot at a distance of about 125yds.; the first shot took effect in the shoulder, throwing it down; but regaining its feet immediately, it tried to make its escape, regardless of a broken shoulder. The second shot missed, but the third struck behind the ears, breaking the neck, and dropped it dead in its tracks. There was great rejoicing that evening, for we had secured as fine a piece of game as could be obtained in that section of the country.

For the next two days we gave the dogs a rest, and contented ourselves with shooting birds and fishing. We succeeded in bagging twenty-two partridges, three black ducks, one mink and thirty-six pickerel, some of which tipped the scale at nine pounds.

The following day we tried the deer again, the guides having to travel at least ten or twelve miles to make the start. We stayed fishing at the head of the lake for a while, and after catching six pickerel started toward our watching post by way of the old lumber road. We bagged three partridges, and were just stopping at a spring to get a drink of pure water, when we heard the dogs baying seemingly close to Crotchet Pond. We commenced running and soon were on our watch at the pond. After waiting about twenty minutes we saw a noble buck take the water, in straight line for a point where one of the party was stationed. He was up to the occasion. Of two shots one struck the neck, the second in the back of the head killing the game instantly. We towed it ashore; it was a three-year old and weighed 168lbs. We cut a sapling, strapped the deer to it and were soon on the way homeward, warming up pretty well under the weight and glad it was not heavier.

The day following we took a trip to Cedar River in quest of some more partridges. We bagged five on our way there, and returning took a different route. We secured one more grouse besides a large pileated woodpecker, which I shot near home. This was quite a treat; it was one I had often tried to get, the family of woodpeckers being pretty well represented in my collection, I naturally joyed to get another addition.

The day after, it being very foggy, we did not hunt, but set up a target and amused ourselves practicing. The target consisted of a board 9x4in. at a distance of 250yds. Our rifles were one Bullard, one Marlin and one Winchester, each of .38 caliber. The Bullard man started putting five shots out of six in the target, next came the Marlin man, drilling three holes out of twelve shots in the board, followed by the Winchester man, who did about the same as the Bullard. This lasted for several hours. After dinner we went fishing on the lake, and five pickerel, which together weighed 37¼lbs., were the result.

Sunday morning we all rested, so as to be in good trim to commence bright and early the new week. We started early Monday, Crotchet Pond being our destination. We had quite a time reaching the head of the lake on account of the fog, which was very thick. Three of us were to watch the pond, while one was to remain on the head of the lake. We waited for about an hour, loitering about the lake, while our guides went in search of the game. As we left for the lake the fog began to disperse, and about eight o'clock we were all ready at our posts. It was a beautiful morning. The fog rising and the sun piercing through the side of the mountains, spreading a crimson hue over the whole scenery, would have made a rare sketch for an artist, but is hardly to be described with words, and the quiet, only disturbed by an occasional bluejay, made me fully appreciate the grandeur of nature.

At about 11 o'clock we could hear the hounds at a distance, followed by a shot, but the baying continued for over an hour, getting fainter and fainter and at last ceased. Then one of the guides came and inquired if we had seen or heard the deer. The game, he said, at one time went in the direction of Johnny Mack's pond, but must have turned and made for Round Pond. But hark! the bawling could plainly be heard, the dogs were at it again. We were not slow in getting to our posts, four of us were at the pond, now including the guide. The dogs were driving the deer right toward us, as we could judge by the sound of their barking, when splash, splash, the deer jumped in the water at the point where our brother sportsman with his shotgun was posted. It was a doe, and the first doe we had seen this year. When within about 35yds. he fired. The deer merely shook his head and kept swimming for the shore, so he tried to head her off and to get another shot. He succeeded and fired two more shots, at a distance of about 50yds; but the deer reached the shore, and unfortunately just at the place where one of the dogs stood. Two of us saw it, but although we had rifles were too far off to shoot. On went the deer for the lake with the dog close to its heels, and was soon out of sight and hearing. The party who shot at the deer had a fine twelve-gauge Remington shotgun, loaded with five drams of powder and nine buckshot. He felt rather blue when we met and sorry he shot at all. He concluded right then and there never to use a shotgun for deer again. He ought to have driven the doe in range of the rifles, for the probability was that the deer would either be overtaken by the dog and torn to pieces, or would run until it dropped dead from its wounds and perhaps never be found.

We gave up the hunt and started for the lake, all of us disgusted with our day's work; on reaching the water we were greatly astonished to find the doe bagged by our solitary watcher at the head of the lake. The head had been literally riddled with buckshot, which proves that a rifle is the only arm for a deer; and I hope nobody who reads this will ever use anything else. Take a rifle and either kill or miss.

We all felt glad that the doe had been secured and we now, having each of us secured a deer, gave up the hunt for this season, being satisfied with three bucks, one doe, eighteen brace of partridges, and fifty-three pickerel, besides quite a lot of miscellaneous game. F. A. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GAME NEAR BISMARCK.

BISMARCK, Dak., Dec. 10.—Never before have the ducks and geese been known to leave the solitude of the beautiful lakes of the North so late in the season. The ducks came plenty enough for first-class sport in September, but the geese are still with us, and at no time in great numbers.

Away up in the British possessions, where their young first see the light of day, the old ones are convened (as reported by an eye witness) to talk over the dangers of their flight from their secluded home to the sunny South. The night is clear. The moon, full-orbed, floats over all, lighting up lakes, streams and forest till it seems day is not needed to make nature more beautiful, or this especial scene more charming. Thousands of geese are to be seen here and there, in clear deep water, in shallow water, in rushes wild and tangled. The young, the old, the white, the gray and the brant, chatter all together. The parents of this vast tribe are seen to quietly glide away to an island mid-lake of whitest sand. Here in solemn conclave met, they have left their young to sport and play, as fancy may guide. The meeting has been called to order by one of the oldest of the old, when yells of fear from a thousand throats set all the young to screaming. The president, no less a coward than the rest, but having descried the cause of fear, assumes an air of fearless courage, and with voice loud and clear demands, "Why all this commotion over a few mild-eyed elk, quietly quenching their thirst at the lake with no intent to harm? Now we will turn to business, and I trust we will have no more of this useless alarm, which only destroys the nerves of our darling young. And that more time be not wasted, I will state the object of the meeting. It is to determine the route we will take in our flight to where the waters never grow cold, and summer never ends. Last year we chose three different ways; and parting thus, thousands of our tribes never met us more. Now, my friends more fortunate, having proved your valor and endurance, as well as cunning, please tell your experience one year ago."

An old mother goose of many summers was first to speak. With bow profound and feet covering a space as large as the palm of a hand she said: "It was in the month of September that we parted from this safe retreat. My tribe grew impatient of wing. I had told them of 'No. 1 hard' grainfields as large as townships, of other lakes and streams in which to rest. They must go; and mother-like we consented too early by far. With many lectures on pits and things shaped to resemble us (called decoys), enjoining them not to go near these lakes, we started one bright morning at dawn. Our flocks numbered hundreds. With a leader at the head of each they formed. The flight was one of pleasure and delight. Our course lay by way of the lakes, which took us by way of Dawson, Dakota. My eyes grow dim with tears as I recall the sad history of those days. Every grainfield seemed to be full of pits; each pit had from one to two guns in it, with shapes resembling our form all around the pits. Our young, so full of life and inexperience, would take the lead, and with shouts easy to be heard a mile would fly straight into the jaws of death; and as it is regarded as being cowardly not to follow the leader, we all were thrust day after day into danger of having to bite the dust. In answer to your question, yes, there were guns of all kinds; the L. C. Smith and the Parker seemed to pierce my young through, and evey other pit seemed to have them in. I cannot advise my tribe to go that way."

"My course was by the Missouri River, our first stop near Bismarck, Dakota," spoke another. "Our experience was enough like that just related to need little comment. My tribe was robbed of half its number before we reached our home in the South. On reaching the grain belt the voyagers lost all fear, so greedy were they to fatten on the tempting grain. It seemed to me that behind every tumble weed, as well as in pits without number, I could see either the Greener, Scott, Lefever, Spencer, Charles Daly, Harrington & Richardson, Colt, Diana. Piepers, and many other guns, all pointing at us. My young darlings paid no attention to the danger, and day after day, week after week, they would leave the islands in the river and fly straight for these dangers, till we older ones, those left of us, put our heads together and by telling the young of grain fields for surpassing these in one day and night's flight, we landed them safe in our winter home. If we go this way again, I would most earnestly advise starting late in the season, with but a few days' stop on the way; for the few brave ones we sent down the river as spies returned with the report

that the country around Bismarck is cloudy with the smoke of guns, and our relatives, the ducks, both great and small, are falling by the hundreds. My advice is to remain where we are till it is too cold for all these different guns to be sitting behind every weed, and in a thousand pits."

Thus it happened that we have had but little shooting this fall compared with other falls. The geese usually get here about the first of October and stay into November.

The pass shooting in many of our sloughs was all any one could wish, and many were the evenings in September that, while standing in rushes reaching higher than my head, I have wished some of your many readers (all good fellows) could be by my side. After shooting and scoring a double drop, or go on, I would see other flocks of mallards and teal flying swift of wing straight for my new Parker. How a sportsman will tremble with excitement, and hold his breath for fear the game will hear him breathe. Often there would be eight or ten sportsmen in a line, and the strange part of it was that, the slough being not more than 150yds. wide and two miles long, the ducks would not change their course; but down the full length of that slough they would come; and were it not that the majority of sportsmen shoot about two to five feet behind their bird, few would have been left for the last man. As it was, we have sport which can be enjoyed here but not described. I have had the pleasure since writing my first letter for your paper of taking by the hand many of the Eastern boys, who thanked me most heartily for guiding them to the sportsman's paradise.

As to large game, we have it by our side, as I have told before. This week two friends of mine went up the river, about twenty minutes' ride, and letting their hounds loose in the brush in two minutes the most welcome sound on earth was heard coming from the throats of these two slow dogs. I can't tell how other hounds act, but these walk, and my friend who shot one of the four deer started told me he stood on a high log and could see the deer for nearly a mile coming toward him. He said they acted like rabbits; they would stand and wait till the dogs would get within ten rods of them; then they would skip off for 200yds., and just before stopping they would jump off sideways, till they got within 50yds. of him, when he killed one and the others took a circle and went back the same way they had come. This experience can be repeated each day. I have just heard from a friend who lives west of us a few hundred miles, who says he has just returned from a six days' hunt with fourteen deer, as many antelope, one mountain sheep, one bear and other game. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

MISCOU.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—Messrs. Allen, Babbitt, Seelye and Gillmore visited Miscou about the first of October last, remaining there a fortnight, during which time they got forty wild geese, besides a large number of ducks of various kinds, of which no account was kept.

Brant were just making their appearance on the island; as the sportsmen were leaving these fowls were then arriving in vast quantities. Plover, curlew and other birds of a similar character were leaving at the time of their arrival. They had been very plentiful during the earlier part of the season and Dr. Orne Green, of Boston, had some very good shooting on them as well as on black and gray ducks the whole of the early part of the season, that is to say for the whole month of September, which is the best time for these birds. Geese were more abundant than in former years, owing to the fact that this autumn for the first time they had been protected in their haunts by Charles Wilson, a resident of the island, who was assisted by his son.

Thirteen flocks of geese were reared on the island this year. Formerly geese bred there in large numbers. The protection offered them this year will probably cause the birds to again occupy the island as a breeding place. Foxes, which were numerous on Miscou, have been destroyed to a large extent. These animals have in former years proved very destructive to the young geese. Geese which breed on the coast of Labrador are said to select as nesting places, dry spots in the midst of floating bogs, where they are comparatively protected by the surrounding water from the attacks of many of their enemies; but their nests on Miscou had no such protection and could be reached by foxes, dogs and men.

Many acres of geese, mingled with black and gray ducks, were seen by these sportsmen on the feeding grounds of north and south Mal Bay. When the geese were not disturbed at all on their feeding grounds they rose in flocks of from five to thirty and made their way into the little fresh-water lake, which is situated between the two bays. When the weather was windy they flew low, when it was calm many of them would fly too high for the range of an ordinary fowling piece. The little fresh-water lake is not more than half a mile from either bay.

The position taken by sportsmen who shoot at the Miscou preserve is at some point along that part of the shore of the fresh-water lake which is most adjacent to the feeding grounds. The situation of this point is determined, for the time being, by the direction of the wind. Wilson, who has long been a resident of the island, can tell to within a few feet the spot where this point is, under any wind. In order to conceal one's self from the geese, which are leaving the feeding grounds for their resting place on the lake, the sportsmen take their place behind blinds about 4ft. high, dug down in the dry moss or made of the scrubby spruce bushes which are found growing in this dreary and barren country. Occasionally a tree answers the purpose of a place of concealment. When the geese, which are very wary, arise, the sportsman must remain perfectly motionless or move very slowly, quick movements attracting their attention at once and at surprising distances. The sportsman's clothes should be all dark, a dirty brown being the best color.

Brant shooting is done in a different manner. There is a long point between Mal Bay and the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On this the sportsman takes his position at daylight, concealing himself as well as possible, and here awaits the flight of the brant from their nocturnal feeding grounds at Mal Bay to their resting places on the waters of the gulf. Unlike the wild goose, the brant never visits the little fresh-water lake. The brant is killed more easily than the goose. Wilson and another man in one day's shooting at Miscou, using decoys, have killed ninety-six geese and brant. EDWARD JACK.

A MORNING WITH THE COOTS.

ONE day during the early part of November, while spending my vacation on the Jersey coast, not far from the site of one of its most fashionable and exclusive summer resorts, I chanced, for the want of something better to while away time, to drop into one of the life-saving stations, where I was well acquainted with the crew, and was always sure of a hearty welcome and equally sure of hearing all the current news of shooting or fishing. This day proved no exception to the rule. The captain said, "How would you like to have a chance at the coots? No. — [meaning the station below] are having great fun and killing lots of them. Would you like to go down and have a try, if I can arrange for a boat for you?" "Would I? Well, you just try me," was my answer; and visions of coots, single and in flocks, boats and decoys, flashed before my mind's eye. Leaving the station with the understanding that I would call in the afternoon, I started for home and the enjoyment of loading shells.

The sun was getting low in the west when I stepped once more within the station house door, and was greeted with a chorus of voices, saying, "It's all right, you are to go there to-morrow morning. Be here at 4, and we will have a horse and wagon ready to take you down. Bring lots of shells," was the parting injunction, an injunction which I fully intended to heed.

That evening, in spite of all the little details for the success of the to-morrow, which I managed to crowd into it, seemed to drag on leaden wheels. I was called next morning at three. Ugh! how I hated to get up out of my warm and comfortable bed into the cold air of the room. "Which way is the wind?" I asked, mentally hoping the answer would be unfavorable. "West, sir, and no surf." That settled it, and I had to get up. Twenty minutes afterward saw me wrapped up, carrying gun and shells, and hurrying in the clear moonlight. A quarter of an hour's sharp walk and the station opened its hospitable doors and disclosed the crew engaged in doing justice to Howard's cooking. "Come L., sit down and get something to eat, you should have been on your way down the beach by this time," said the Captain. Five minutes after the meal found me in the wagon with one of the men, being driven rapidly down the shore to our starting point, at the next station, where an hour later we arrived. "Well, I suppose you fellows are all ready," came the inquiry from our host. You take your friend off this morning, the more boats the better, and I think he will have better shooting alone in a boat than if he went with another shooter. You will find your boat there," pointing to a surf boat that lay a short distance from us. "Go to the south'rd about a quarter of a mile and anchor 300yds. from the shore," with which parting directions we pushed the boat into the surf, went over the bar, and in a few moments came to anchor and put our stools overboard. As we settled back in our seats, ready for the work of the day to commence, I took occasion to look around me and note the prospects and the preparations made in the other boats for the fun.

To the east the first rays of daylight were beginning to show themselves and dye the ocean a dark purple, interspersed with bars of light, that under the gentle west wind looked like beaten copper. In the distance shone the beacon of the Scotland Lightship, and further west on the Navesink hills the Highland lights were beginning to pale in the coming day. Down in the northeast a schooner could dimly be made out, standing with all sail set toward Sandy Hook. To the south the water was cold and leaden, while in shore it was breaking into ripples, and the western horizon looked as if it had plenty of wind in store and would shortly prove the fact to us. Around us on all sides could be made out a dozen or more boats riding at anchor, and to keen eyes each had its string of decoys close aboard. While I was enjoying the picture and watching the day break, half forgetting the purpose for which I had come, I was startled by hearing C. say, "Mark southeast." This dispelled all dreaming, and turning my eyes, I made out a single bird rapidly approaching the nearest boat to the south of us. On he came, his dusky wings seeming but barely to clear the ripples, heading a little to the south of our neighbor. Then, as if seeing the decoys for the first time, he swung swiftly in toward them and prepared to pitch. A flash, a dull boom of a heavily-loaded gun, a streak of white water under him, and a cloud of smoke rising from the innocent-looking fishing boat seemed to have convinced him that he had made a mistake and a narrow escape, and had better change his quarters, which he did in spite of the second invitation sent after him. Straight in shore the bird went, and in his haste and fright, miscalculating the danger distance from the in-shore boat, went down with a rush and splash before a charge of No. 2 sent at him.

"Look out, here comes one straight for you; and don't you miss the first bird for anything." "Where is he? Oh, I see him." Yes, there he came, swift and straight as an arrow, for our stools. Stooping low, to be as much out of sight as possible, I drew back the hammers of my little Parker, determined to make 3½drs. of powder and an ounce of No. 4 do all they could to stop this visitor. In an instant he was over the furthest stool. Now steady, was the mental command to my nerves, as the gun came to shoulder, and eye ranged down the barrels showed them to be about a foot ahead. Ah! now then. And there was instantly a transformation scene, with a bunch of feathers and a badly demoralized duck as the central figure; a splash in the water and a sigh of relief from C., whose "All right!" convinced me that the gun and myself had done our work well this time, at least.

During this little by-play of our own, the other boats had not been idle, as dull, muffled reports from all directions proved, and that they were meeting with more or less success the moving and anchored boats plainly showed. For an hour or so this continued. Then all of the birds seeming to have found a resting place further out at sea, where they were only occasionally disturbed by passing vessels, and, as a consequence, not giving the shooting that our neighbors seemed to think they should, a general movement for the new resting place of the ducks commenced. Our host called to us as he passed "to come out shore," an invitation we hesitated about accepting, as the wind had increased, and the gentle ripple of the morning had given place to a decided sea, which certainly must be much larger off shore. However, after talking the matter over, we decided to follow, and getting in our decoys, commenced going out shore. Our delay had given the other boats a long start, and before we got half way out they were among the birds, of which there seemed to be thousands. Looking over my shoulder I could see them flying in all directions, some scooting close along the water, barely clearing the seas, others high overhead, flying in a heedless fashion from one boat to another, or hesitating a moment over a bunch of stools, and paying for their curiosity by the loss of some of their number.

With the aid of the wind, now almost a gale, and our rapidly plied oars, we were soon in a position to drop anchor and place the stools. This done, we were prepared for all callers, and had not long to wait. "There he comes," C. remarked, and sure enough there he did come, straight toward our stern, regardless of both stools and boat, intent only upon getting to some quieter neighborhood. Head on, a bad way to shoot a duck, I hear some old shooter say? Yes, I grant you friend, but it was head on or nothing; you cannot turn around with any degree of comfort or safety in a surf boat with such a sea running. Accepting the inevitable, as he closed on our sternmost stool, the gun muzzle rested in a line with his breast, then was raised until the head disappeared, the trigger touched, and an ounce of No. 4 crushed him back, ragged and limp, as dead a duck as ever interviewed a choke-bore.

For an hour or more the shooting continued, bringing us our share of birds, and at the same time a fair share of misses, some of which brought with them the unqualified and plainly expressed disapproval of C. Then, the wind having increased, and the sea making shooting almost impossible, we boated our decoys and commenced our journey shoreward, which interesting point was at least two miles away in the teeth of the wind. An hour's hard work at the oars, sometimes only holding our own against the fierce flaws, which ever and anon, as if to show their power, would drive the spray clean over the boat; and again, as the force of the flaw passed, gaining a few yards, we finally reached the Bar. Here taking advantage of the first opportunity that the surf offered, we ran throught it, and once more had Jersey soil under our feet.

Hauling our boat up, we counted our victims, and found that twenty-four of them lay on the stern locker. Placing them in our wagon and thanking our host for his kindness, we were soon on the road home, thus closing a day of pleasure and excitement for C. and myself, if not for the coots. H. G. L.

NEW YORK.

FIELD, MARSH AND SCRUB.

AS the season for shooting partridges and quail is about over, I thought I would have one more good day's sport, so yesterday morning I shouldered my gun and started for the woods. Accompanied by my spaniel dog I set out for Spring Brook, and on reaching the stream Bruce soon flushed a covey of partridges, which took to some oak grubs a little way off. I followed them up and soon had two in my game coat pocket. I followed on down stream and got two more within ten minutes. I then turned back and followed up stream for some distance without finding any more birds, until I came to a large marsh, with here and there quite large thickets of willow and thorn bushes. In these places Bruce flushed several birds, but they were so wild I could not bag any. I crossed over a couple of fields and came to another brook about the same size as Spring Brook and started down stream. On my way down I shot three gray squirrels and five partridges, making nine birds and three squirrels the fruit of my day's hunt, which I thought was a day long to be remembered. If I could shoot birds on the wing as some men can I could have brought to bag more partridges than two strong men could carry, for I honestly think I saw between 150 and 200 partridges. If the winter continues mild as it is here now I think we shall have plenty of sport with the birds next season. All that I killed were very plump and fat. C. D. P.

LOWELL, Mich.

In this section and at this season of the year, night sports are favorite pastimes with many. Muskrat, raccoon and opossum hunts predominate. The muskrat hunter, seated in a canoe, with a lantern and a large tin or nickeled reflector fastened securely in the bow, paddles silently along the margin of the creeks and streams, and is armed with a shotgun or rifle, with the aid of which he kills the startled creatures as they come forward to inspect the occurrence of the light. By this means large quantities may be bagged in sections where they are numerous. The raccoon and opossum hunts are much more exciting. Recently a party of six, equipped with guns and axes and accompanied by seven good dogs, started on one of these hunts at 9 P. M., and after wading through streams and marshes, cutting their way through thickets of undergrowth, and stalking over acres of plowed ground and woodland, returned in the early hours of the morning, having captured but two raccoons and one opossum. DEL. A. WARE.

DOVER, Delaware.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although somewhat prostrated by the scathing rebuke received at the hands of the *Breeder and Sportsman* for my temerity in having dared to address to FOREST AND STREAM the inquiry, supplemented by a modest expression of my own and published in your columns of the 3d ult., regarding the wildfowl of the vicinity adjacent to San Fraucisco as compared with the fowl of other portions of the coast, and although a trifle uncertain yet about the knees, I am still able to hold a pen, and with your permission would like to offer a few words in acknowledgment.

The "pity" the *Breeder and Sportsman* so gratuitously and lavishly dispenses is not what I was inquiring for at all, but such a method of charity is not altogether original, I have known it distributed unsolicited—and almost as gracefully—before.

The *Breeder and Sportsman* dilating painfully upon the singularity that one could be so silly as the querist quoted, goes on to say that "he must know that the merest moiety of birds marketed is brought from the salt marshes near Alvarado, Alameda, or anywhere else where marshes are salt," a statement I should readily believe from the number of guns in weekly array as against that of fowl.

Here, at the very outset, the *Breeder and Sportsman* has made a most over-liberal draft upon even its stock of

assumption, as this is precisely one of the many things I did not know, my knowledge of game not having been derived from market stalls, I never having purchased a head of any description in my life, and have my own opinion of those who do while professing to shoot it. The man buying powder and shot and with perhaps the equivalent of a comfortable annuity invested in guns and shooting paraphernalia, must be of uneasy conscience, and but an apology for a sportsman, if he buy game too. My former facilities for shooting as compared with my financial status have rendered it far easier for me to procure my game in the field than in the market.

"Pacific wildfowl" is too vast and comprehensive a term for me to grapple with of my own knowledge, further. Shades of Audubon! why not say "Fowl of the universe." So small and insignificant a slice of the continent as that embraced by the Pacific surely cannot contain all the fowl within the ken of the benevolent *Breeder and Sportsman.* J. G. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 16.

This town, Hot Springs, N. C., is in Madison county, near the Tennessee line on the French Broad River, right in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains. These mountains seem to be fairly alive with deer and abound with turkey, quail, ruffed grouse and other game. A deer hunt in this region is started by sending out a man with a pack of foxhounds to act as driver. He climbs up the mountain, and turns his hounds loose. The dogs beat around until they strike the scent of a deer, when they are off in full cry. The deer when pursued makes for the river, along the banks of which are stands where the hunters are placed, and the animals are shot as they run by them or after they get into the water or while swimming the river, and it is very rarely that one is lost, unless in a case of buck fever. A friend of mine was on one of the stands when a fine buck came charging down the mountains, and passed within 10ft. of his stand. It was his first deer, and he was unable to shoot. Buck fever had him, and it was also expensive, as the law for a hunt is very rigid down here. Anybody failing to fire when a deer passes his stand has to pay all the expenses of the hunt. It is an excellent rule, and serves to keep everybody on the alert, for it does not pay to be caught napping. On our hunt everybody was on the lookout. A fine doe came charging down, and it was brought to bag without a bit of trouble; everybody was pleased, and we have been revelling in venison ever since. There are plenty of deer in the mountains and we never go out without getting two or three. SPORTSMAN.

HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

Our lakes are now closed, and the flight of ducks is over. We had some fine sport here during October, as ducks were more numerous than I have seen them for a long time. The open season closed Dec. 1 for deer and antelope, and as we have no snow few have been killed this fall. I was at my mountain ranch in November for a week, killed some nice fat grouse, and saw one deer, but there being no snow could not do much hunting. Mr. Foy, who has a cow ranch near me, has killed three. Our last Legislature stopped the sale of game, so there has been none on our market. I am informed that a great many elk were killed during October up in the Horn's Peak country, where I was last fall when we camped at Camp Coe. My old chum Bob, who was with me last fall, was out again this fall in North Park and got eleven antelope. My own business was such that I had to abandon my usual fall hunt and take revenge on the ducks in my lake.

Coyotes are very numerous here now, and make frequent raids on our hen roosts and turkeys, if not well guarded by a good dog. There is not a night we are not favored with their music. A few good greyhounds are needed to thin them out. A. A. K.

BERTHOUD, Colorado.

I have had many fine days among the cottontails, one of which I never shall forget. It was not nearly so successful as many other hunts that I had taken, having only brought two cottontails at full run and one Bob White on the wing to bag. While in search of more game I came across two pot-hunters, one with a gun the other carrying a mattock. They had nine rabbits to gun and mattock. They wanted to know which route I had come, so they could dig out the ones I had tracked to earth. Is this not as bad as taking them with a ferret?

CADIZ, Ohio. BUCKEYE.

SHOOTING NOTES.

WITH the outgoing year shooting ceased in this State, Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Generally throughout the West quail shooting stopped on Jan. 1. The sportsman must therefore go South for his sport. In some sections of Virginia until the 15th inst., North Carolina until April 1, and South Carolina until March 15.

Among those who have just returned from shooting in North Carolina are Dr. John A. Wells, of Englewood, N. J., and Howard W. Hayes, of Newark. The former, besides being an accomplished sportsman, is a most graceful writer on subjects pertaining to the field. One of the prettiest stories ever written of a quail is from his pen. These gentlemen spent a week among the birds and enjoyed good sport.

O. Von Lengerke, of Newark, and three friends are at present shooting quail in Maryland, where the law in several counties is not up until the 15th.

Benjamin Hilton, of East Orange, and twenty shooting friends, contemplate making a raid next Saturday on the Chelsea plantation, near Grahamsville, South Carolina. Among those of the party are: Chas. R. Hedden, M. L. Freeman, C. T. Wills, E. N. Booth, N. S. Smith, W. N. McCord and John Curtis. WISE ACRE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.

OHIO SEASONS.—A bill introduced into the Ohio Assembly names the following close seasons: Squirrel, Jan. 1 to July 1; woodcock, Oct. 1 to July 4; ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, blue-winged teal, mallard, woodduck or other wild duck, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; quail, turtle dove, rabbit, Jan. 1 to Nov. 10; wild turkey, Jan. to Oct. 1. Sunday shooting is forbidden. The meadow lark is, by another bill, placed among the birds which are protected at all times. The revision of the game warden system is noticed in our editorial columns.

HE SET OUT TO BUY A DOG.—Riverpoint, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I realize how much pleasure I have lost by not taking FOREST AND STREAM years ago. I began taking it last March. It came about in this way. I wanted to buy a dog. I went to the local news store for a sporting paper and bought a copy of FOREST AND STREAM. The result is that it has continutd to come to me every week since, and it always will. But that is not all. My two boys of ten and twelve years noticed the *Audubon Magazine* advertisement. I bought them a copy. The consequence was that I had to buy all the back numbers; and now that comes regularly, and I am as much interested in its pages as the boys are. Birds are my hobby and have been for the past eighteen years. The FOREST AND STREAM lies close at hand and several times a day I go hunting or fishing in its pages and just about get through it as Friday night brings me a new copy and I hail it with pleasure.—C. E. B.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The following gentlemen constitute the standing committees, whose duty it is to consider the subjects included in the several headings, and make full reports at the next annual session of the association to be held in Detroit, Mich., Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 24 and 25, 1888: Committee on laws, T. F. Shepard, Bay City; A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo; Mark Norris, Grand Rapids. Committee on enforcement, Joel C. Parker, Grand Rapids; Wm. B. Mershon, East Saginaw; E. O. Lancaster, Flint. Committee on nomenclature, Dr. Morris Gibbs, Geo. H. Wynans, E. H. Ranney, Kalamazoo. Committee on publication, Mark Norris, T. Stewart White, F. E. Blakeley, Grand Rapids.—E. S. HOLMES, President M. S. A. (Grand Rapids, Mich.).

COLUMBUS, Ohio.—At a meeting of persons interested in the organization of an association for the protection of fish and game, the following officers and committees were selected: President, P. E. Fleck; Vice-President, James Kershaw; Secretary, Jonas Hedges; Treasurer, J. T. Gale; Executive Committee—C. H. Damsel, J. T. Harris, W. S. Ide, John H. Gugle, George F. Stone; Legislative Committee—Charles E. Burr, Horace Park, S. F. Marsh, W. F. Burdell, B. H. Brooks, A. W. Thurman, G. H. Bargar; Committee on By-Laws—J. T. Gale, I. E. Stevens, Geo. L. Graham. The association numbers 105. The organization will take up and press upon our Legislature the necessity of measures to prevent stream pollution in Ohio.—F.

DEER ON LONG ISLAND.—Oakdale. L. I., Dec. 28.—A three-year old buck chased bay hounds came down through Sayville, and was driven into the by half frightened to death, and would have been drowned, but was saved by some bay men.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Angling Talks. By Geo. Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Anglers' Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

SALMON LAKE.

ON the morning of Tuesday, the 26th of July last, E. F. Milburn, my brother Herbert and I left Belleville by the Grand Trunk train passing west at 6:30, and arrived at Trenton at 7 o'clock, where we had to wait for the Central Ontario train, which left for the north at 11:55 A. M. We proceeded up this road 59 miles to St. Ola siding, where we arrived at 2:15 P. M. Having got all our traps off the train and loaded on to the wagon (ordered a few days previously) we started without loss of time for St. Ola Village, about four miles from the railway station. Our boat, canoe and camping traps were as much as we could put on the wagon, so we had to walk to St. Ola. The road was exceedingly dusty, and the day scorching. Although the road was a little rough, we managed to reach the water at St. Ola at 5:30 without damage to any of our goods. It took us quite a time to get the boat and canoe properly loaded, as we had a fair quantity of camp utensils with us. However, at 6:30 we bade adieu to the driver and made a start for Salmon Lake, about three miles north. First of all we passed through Little Gull Lake (about half a mile long) then Big Gull Lake (about one mile long) and then up Beaver Creek about a mile and a half.

We were delighted with the scenery on reaching Salmon Lake, the water of which was very cold and clear. The lake is surrounded by hills, many of them being quite high, and is about three and a half miles long by an average of half a mile wide. It is said to be very deep in some places, particularly near the outlet, where a line 600ft. long did not find bottom, and of this I have no doubt. We reached the island in the northeast portion of the lake about 7:30 o'clock, and at once put up the tent, got something to eat, and then made things as comfortable as possible for the first night. After that we sat around the camp-fire smoking and chatting till about 10 o'clock, when we turned in, feeling a little tired from our long day's work.

The next morning I was up bright and early with the hope of taking a black bass, which I did, not more than 100yds. from the camp. He was not a large bass (about 2lbs. I should judge) but he gave me some good sport. I was trolling with a large dark fly of my own make, in fact I always make my own bass flies. During the day Herbert and I tried to find a spring on the mainland, northwest of the island, that we had been told about, but were not successful. We spent most of the day in the canoe, paddling about, trolling, etc., but did not meet with much sport, as the bass did not appear to be on the feed, owing, no doubt, to the very calm and dry weather we were having at that time. Milburn spent the day chiefly on the island, arranging things about the tent, reading and sleeping, as he did not feel very well. During the evening we had a little music (flute and cornet), and Milburn sang some capital songs with his magnificent baritone voice—a voice of which any one might well feel proud.

What could be more enjoyable than an evening around the camp-fire after a good meal? The noise and smell of the pines and camp-fire, the occasional (I may say frequent in this region) cry of the loon, the rise or play of the fish and all the other kindred sounds tend to make one enjoy the serenity of the scene and camp life, while he often thinks of the loved ones at home.

On Thursday we did not get up early, as we found our hay bed (made the day previously from dry hay found on the island) so comfortable. After breakfast Herbert and I tried to find the spring northwest of the island and were this time successful, but we preferred the water from the lake, as the spring was very low. By sinking an empty bottle 60 or 70ft. in the lake near the camp we were able to obtain ice-cold water of an excellent quality and this was when the thermometer stood between 90° and 93° in the shade on the island. In the afternoon we shot with Milburn's revolver at a life-sized man which we drew on some boards. The range was 50yds. and we made some capital shooting, at least we thought so. Milburn, however, carried off the palm. Later on during the day Milburn and I rowed to St. Ola, got the mail matter and purchased a few necessary articles for the camp. We caught a few bass on the way, trolling in the creek, but they were not large (about 1½lbs. each). On our return to camp, about 7 o'clock, we found tea ready and were not long in disposing of a few luxuries received from home. During the evening I tried still-fishing in water for gray trout, but did not meet with any success.

We all got up early on Friday morning, and after breakfast I caught a beautiful bass, about 5 o'clock, with a small frog. I was alone in the canoe at the time, still-fishing, about 100yds. from the easterly point of the island. As we had been having such poor success with the bass (owing, we believed, to the calmness and dryness of the weather), I did not think it worth while to anchor the canoe, but simply held on to a stake in the water with my left hand and took the rod in my right. I, however, found on striking the bass that I could not manage him with one hand without the risk of breaking my light trout rod, and I had to let go the stake. For a time I had lively work, as there was a heavy wind blowing from the northeast, and the canoe drifted rapidly toward the rocks. I was, however, determined not to lose my fish, if I could help it. After a fight of about ten minutes I managed to get him well under control, and ventured to land him in the canoe, by no means an easy task, as I had no gaff or landing net with me at the time. He was, as near as we could judge, about 3½lbs. weight. Certainly he gave me more play than I ever experienced from a bass of the same size. We had often heard of the game qualities of the bass in Salmon Lake, but found them to be better fighters and more tenacious of life than we had anticipated.

Herbert was the first up on the following morning, and Milburn and I awakened by hearing him calling for us. He said he wanted the gaff, as there was an immense trout on the night line. We went out and were somewhat astonished at what we saw. There was, sure enough, a beauty on the line, but hooked in such a way that he might easily have torn the hook out unless carefully handled. He had, in some mysterious manner, hooked himself through the skin between the shoulders. Milburn gaffed him and we hauled him in. He certainly was a handsome fish. At the time we judged him to be 30lbs., and from actual weight at the St. Ola post office afterward we could not have been a pound out in our calculation. We got several trout on the line at the same time which we cleaned and salted. We also caught a number of ling (a disgusting looking fish, somewhat like an eel), these we threw away. Afterward we heard they were excellent eating if salted. Milburn took the trout to St. Ola to send to Belleville by train the next day as a present to our families. It weighed, on Monday morning at St. Ola, 24lbs., so that it must have been about 30lbs. when taken out of the water.

During the remaining days we were at Salmon Lake we did not capture many fish, owing, no doubt, to the extreme heat and to the dry weather. We enjoyed ourselves chiefly paddling, rowing and loitering about, shooting with the revolvers, admiring the beautiful scenery, reading, etc.

On Thursday Mr. Sargent, an intelligent farmer from near St. Ola, paid us a visit and kindly offered to pilot us to the Blue Lakes, about three miles east of Salmon Lake. We started about 10 o'clock in the morning, Milburn and Sargent in the boat, and Herbert and myself in the canoe. It was a lovely day for such an excursion, as it was not quite so hot as it had been during the past week. We went up a number of lovely creeks with trees overhanging, and through several pretty and wild-looking lakes, namely, Dark Lake and Dixon's Lake. On the edges of the creeks we put up quite a number of young partridges. When we got to the creek at the eastern end of Dixon's Lake we were much disappointed to find that we could not get up the creek, owing to the scarcity of water, and we were compelled to abandon our trip to the Blue Lakes in consequence. We had heard that these lakes were so named on account of the appearance of the water, which, we were told, looked as blue as the water used for blueing clothes when washing, and that they were simply full of bass of an immense size; that they were seldom visited or fished, and that there were no apparent outlets to some of them. There are, I believe, three in all.

We then paid a visit to Devil Lake (about half a mile south of the main creek), so called from its wild appearance and the difficulty frequently experienced in finding one's way out of it. This is a handsome sheet of water in which there are several small and pretty islands. We caught a few bass still-fishing with small chub, and saw hundreds of black bass about 3in. long in the lake. I took several of them with a small fly to satisfy myself what they were. Sargent told us it was a capital lake for trout. About 3 o'clock we returned to our island, and all of a sudden we made up our mind to strike camp this afternoon instead of the next day, as previously arranged, in order that we might have a little trout fishing at Springbrook on the way home. It did not take us long to pack up and stow the things in the boats. Having left Sargent near his farm, we proceeded down the creek to St. Ola, and having pitched our tent near the village, arranged with the carter to take our traps down to the station in the morning.

We turned in early and slept well until 4 o'clock, when we got up, loaded the wagon and started for the station, where we arrived about 6 o'clock. We took the train for the South at 6:40, and arrived at Springbrook at 9:15. We

carried what was necessary for the night's camp down to the creek, about three-quarters of a mile from the station (I should say railway track, as there is no station at Springbrook). Having pitched our tent near the creek, we fished during the rest of the day and part of the evening, till a heavy thunder and rain storm drove us into the tent. We got about thirty fine brook trout, small, however, as they generally are in this stream. I took nearly all of mine with a red-crow tag, an excellent fly for small stream trout fishing. At 8 o'clock on Saturday morning we packed up and left by the train going south at 9:15; reached Trenton on time and took the Grand Trunk train for Belleville, where we arrived about noon, and at home half an hour later, delighted to see our wives and families once more, and feeling much benefited by such an enjoyable trip.

I would advise any one who wants a good trip of the kind mentioned to pay a visit to Salmon Lake, Hastings county, Ontario. I am sure he would not be disappointed. Several gentlemen from the States have been there within the last year or two, and all expressed themselves as delighted with the sport. I believe among them I may mention Col. Strong, the popular United States consul at Belleville. The people in the neighborhood, and others from Belleville and Trenton, who had visited the lake at a more seasonable time of the year for sport, said that the fishing was excellent and that they had taken very large bass out of the lake both with fly and bait. In the season deer and partridges are said to be plentiful, as the country round about is poorly settled and not much disturbed. I may mention that the following bass flies take well in Salmon Lake during July and August: Professor, Canada, Parmacheene-belle, Montreal, queen-of-the-waters and ALEXANDRIA.

OTTAWA, Canada.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THIS glorious old river, extending from the Otsego Lake in New York to the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland, which winds its twisting figure over about four hundred miles of as fine sporting grounds as any river in the United States, possesses many advantages not found in the wilds of uncivilized sections of our "great and glorious" country. Here on this river one can float in a comfortable boat surrounded by fine fertile fields amid the refining influences of civilization, and in company with—if you so choose—your wife and family; and tempt the beautiful glass-eyed pike, and struggle with the untamed and plucky black bass; and here the struggle and fight will afford as great pleasure to the true sportsman as at any place, however remote it may be, and however far removed from home, where deprivations and cares of many kinds form a great factor of the whole. Here one can sit within a few hours of his own fireside and bring to net satisfactory numbers of from 1½ to 5lb. black bass, with an occasional 10lb. pike thrown in to keep up the interest. It was on this river that I landed with a medium light rod a 4½lb. small-mouth that gave me about twenty minutes of unalloyed pleasure, and brought our string up to about 40lbs. of as fine black bass as ever graced a platter.

Choose any point you may from Binghamton to Wilkesbarre, and take your wife, daughters and sons with you, if you are blessed thus, select any hotel convenient to the river—they are all good—while those at Binghamton, Owego, Waverly and many other points are excellent and will satisfy the needs of the whole family. Good boats and plenty of guides can be had nearly everywhere along its banks, and, unlike many other rivers, bait can be had in plenty. I remark this for the benefit of others who may have had similar experience with myself at times, when fish were plenty but no bait to be had for love or money, and the fish would not rise to a fly "not even to please a prince." On this river you will never be caught that way, as it affords abundance of bait which can be had for the trouble of getting it. "Dobsons" will be found in quantities on nearly all the rifts, while "shiners" can be caught at the mouth of nearly every inlet; and "lampreys" are abundant in most of the mud banks known to all guides, while grasshoppers and crickets can be had during the season, with plenty of "night walkers" on most of the fields, which makes up a good list of luring baits. These, with a few gaudy flies having a plenty of red in their make-up, will assure you luck at all times, and under nearly all circumstances, always excepting a heavy roil in the waters during the continuance of which you need not expect much luck, and it is better to patiently wait until the waters are again clear than to fish against hope and reason, which I believe to be quite demoralizing, as it gets one in the habit of holding the rod mechanically and induces carelessness, for who ever sat in a boat all day and kept up the deception of fishing when he knew that there was not a fish within five feet of his bait without feeling the demoralizing influence of it the next time he went out? So I say wait until the water is good and the wind encouraging, then go, and go early, and fish to a purpose; and if you get tired, rest during the middle of the day, and if you feel that you want another three or four-pounder, try for it later on toward night, and success will generally attend you.

While you do fish, attend strictly to it, earnestness of purpose is a prime rule in angling, and having everything in readiness is equally important. Never have your tackle in such shape that you cannot get to work at once, and be ready as soon as on the ground to put in your best work. I remember the past season of being put on the best ground on the river by Mr. S., our guide; my wife was in the stern of the boat with her light split-bamboo, which I had just put in readiness with a fine live lamprey on her hook, and, line in hand ready to cast in-shore the moment the boat swung into the eddy, before I could get a lamprey from our bait pail she had a strike and was toiling with a 2½lb. bass, which was giving her light rod a lively shaking up. I laid my bait back in the pail and stood by with landing net awaiting the arrival of the first fish of the morning; it came, slowly but surely to the music of my wife's reel, and it was landed equally sure, and placed in the hands of the guide while I put on another bait. The boat swung to the current, another cast was made, and another strike, and again the reel was telling of the spirited conflict going on between Mrs. B. and another black bass nearly as large as the first, then I felt like abandoning all hope of getting one of those slippery wriggling lampreys on my hook before all the fish were caught. Laying aside my rod I seized the landing-net and landed the beauty alongside of its brother in the bottom of the boat. The guide at the same time handing me another wriggling lamprey for Mrs. B.'s hook, which I soon secured to the bared hook and returned it to the waters.

Being again at liberty I attempted to secure a bait for my own hook that I might get in a little fine work while things were going that way; but before I could get the bait on, click-whiz! went that reel again, followed by a roar of laughter at my predicament, which was justly merited by not being in readiness. This time the fight, though sharp and decisive, was of shorter duration; I took the landing net and stood by, and at the proper time secured the largest and handsomest striped perch I ever saw. Its center stripe was equal to the brightest rainbow, with a dark stripe on either side, and all small fins were of the brightest scarlet, while the back fin and tail were nearly black, the belly being a bright gold and brown mix. Oh! such a beauty, and he turned the scales at 1lb. 7oz. "Another bait, if you please, Mr. B.," came from the victorious Mrs. B. in the stern of the boat, and another bait it was, but this time no strike until I had got a lamprey well attached to my hook, and by this the little eddy was well fished over, and I kept my bait well out, when I got my first strike, and landed my first bass of the morning.

As we crossed a small bar and made the deeper water beyond, Mrs. B. had struck and captured another bass just as I had released mine, and I was in readiness to assist the landing of her fish number three, and so we kept it up, first one then the other catching a fish, sometimes a bass, sometimes a pike, until a shower drove us under cover and put an end to our fishing until toward night, but I did not make up that day for not being in readiness as soon as on the ground.

It is seldom one goes on this river properly equipped during the season of fishing without getting a good catch, and every fish caught is of the finest flavor of its kind, and in the best possible condition, while of its sport among the wildfowl it holds a national reputation for the finest canvasbacks, redheads, broadbills, etc. I hope not to fail in calling attention to the many dangers besetting these sports, dangers which are calculated to destroy both the fine fishing and the shooting, and I hope the constable in whose hands we trust these interests will receive suitable support to bring to justice those market fishermen who practice setting night lines in "pike pools," and the stretched lines across the river baited with fifty or more hooks. Of such there are in Tioga county a few men who have immense luck in catching pike, but seldom capture a black bass, owing to the fact that their fishing is about over with at daylight, and if by chance are seen are generally busy working a trolling line on which they occasionally take a fish. It seems appropriate to look after these men, as their lines are about as destructive as seines. With a light grapple attached to a boat with a short line I have disturbed several such rigs, and I hope to enjoy displacing others if they continue in my course during future visits.

I am glad to read that the parties setting duck nets in the bay are to be looked after, and I hope the time will come when both ducks and fish can cruise the Susquehanna clear of nets and set lines. Should the time come when we can realize all this the Susquehanna will be the paradise of sport, as no river within many leagues of the metropolis can show the same class or quantity of natural feed as this river affords for both fowl and fish.

SID BROMLEY.

FISH DYING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What ails them? Joseph Young, who lives in a camp on the shores of Rocky Pond in New Hampshire, came into my office last evening and told me that he was at the outlet of the pond a few days ago and saw a large number of dead fish (mostly pickerel and perch) floating down stream. He also told me that the water in the pond is so bad that it is not fit for use, having a muddy appearance.—C. O. JUDKINS.

MESSRS. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., of Rochester, N. Y., send us a Christmas box of their smoking product daintily done up in packages befitting the superior character of their famous tobacco.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RESTORING THE CLYDE FISHERIES.

NOVA SCOTIA, Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As your numerous readers are much interested in every effort made to protect and increase the supply of anadromous fishes, and game fish particularly, will you kindly allow me space to lay before them as briefly as possible the results of an effort to restock one of our many depleted rivers in this Province?

The Clyde River, in Shelburne county, at the southern extremity of the Province—a small stream such as in your country would pass for a mere brook—abounded, from thirty to forty years ago, in salmon, trout and alewives, but as the country became settled a milldam was thrown across the stream at the head of tide-water, which had the effect in a very few years, of completely destroying the fish. Many attempts have since been made to pass fish over or by the dam, but all without success, until in the fall of 1880, one of the Rogers's patent fishways was put in the dam at a cost of but $280. Five years afterward 450lbs. of salmon were taken, and in the year following 2,600lbs., and this last year 3,070lbs. At an average of 12lbs. per fish this would give 37 fish for 1885, 216 for 1886, and 255 for 1887. The improvement in the alewive fishery has been still more marked, the catch having increased from almost nothing in 1880 to 125bbls. in 1887. The general increase already attained in this one small stream would pay the interest at 6 per cent. per annum on $20,000, while the entire outlay in bringing about this result has been but $280, and this is but one of the many streams which are rapidly coming up to their former productiveness in this Province by the aid of the fishway. There has been no aid given the Clyde by artificial culture, the success of the fishway being the only cause of the improvement. This being the case, how important that every dam thrown across the streams of your country as well as ours should be opened up by means of one of these structures as soon as possible. Public money cannot be expended in any other way that will show so unmistakably such substantial returns.

W. H. ROGERS.

SHAD HATCHING IN 1887.

TEN years ago six millions of shad was thought to be a remarkable production. The late James W. Milner, Supt. of the United States Fish Commission, made the following plants in 1877: New England rivers, 1,477,000; Susquehanna river, 1,910,800; Southern Atlantic rivers, 1,245,000; Mississippi river and tributaries, 1,158, 000; Rivers of the Gulf of Mexico, other than the Mississippi, 110,000; Sacremento river, 110,000; making a total of 6,010,800 shad fry. This was considered an immense output, but for the season of 1887 Col. M. McDonald, Chief of Division of Distribution of the Fish Commission, reports the total number of eggs taken to be over one hundred and forty-eight millions, and the fry actually planted, deducting loss of eggs and fry in transportation, as nearly one hundred and eight and a half millions. His report, as recorded in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission, says: "The number of shad produced for distribution the present season was unprecedented, and the season of active work being restricted to a comparatively short period, the capabilities both of the stations for production and of the means of distribution were taxed beyond their present capacity. To relieve the glut of eggs at Battery Station and Central Station shipments of eggs on trays were made both to the Cold Spring Harbor Station and to the hatching station of the Delaware State commission at Wilmington, an aggregate of 10,718,000 eggs during the season being forwarded to these stations. Further relief was obtained by recourse to the hatching arrangements aboard of car No. 8. The hatching *en route* proved uniformly successful and enabled us to triple the capacity of the car for the work of distribution, and at the same time to relieve somewhat the overcrowding of eggs at the stations.

SUMMARY BY RIVER BASINS OF SHAD FRY DISTRIBUTED DURING 1887.

Penobscot River	923,000
Kennebec River	1,047,000
Tributaries of Narragansett Bay	1,275,000
Hudson River and tributaries	2,185,000
Tributaries of Delaware Bay	5,099,000
Tributaries of Chesapeake Bay	70,199,000
Tributaries of Albemarle Sound	5,322,000
Tributaries of North Atlantic coast	3,596,000
Tributaries of Gulf of Mexico	7,048,000
Inland waters	1,014,000
Total planted by the U. S. Fish Com.	97,707,000
Shipped to Cold Spring Harbor to be hatched and turned into Hudson and tributaries	6,644,000
Shipped to Wilmington, Del., to be hatched and turned into tributaries of Delaware Bay	4,074,000
Total	108,425,000

The total production of eggs for the season was 148,008,000, of which there were lost during incubation and at hatchery 37,638,000 and during transportation 1,945,000, leaving the total number of fish and eggs for distribution for the season 108,425,000.

The most important experiment looking to the acclimatization of shad in new rivers was made in connection with the hydrographic basin of Great Salt Lake. This inland sea would seem to present all the conditions necessary for the reproduction of the shad under natural conditions. The value that would arise to the inhabitants of that section of the country from the introduction of some anadromous species like the shad in their waters was so evident, that it was determined by Prof. Baird, the Commissioner, to test by an exhaustive experiment the capabilities of these waters to supply the necessary conditions. Accordingly car No. 2, with 1,000,000 fry, was sent to Utah and the fish successfully planted. The deposit was made in the Jordan River, it being deemed better to concentrate all the fish in a single plant than to distribute them in smaller numbers to tributary streams of Utah Lake. It is in contemplation to repeat this work for two successive seasons.

From the rapid increase in the volume of the work of shad distribution it is evident that it will be necessary to increase the efficiency of our distributing service in order to meet the demands that will probably be made upon it next season. This may be accomplished in two ways: First, by the establishment of auxiliary field stations in those river basins which are to be stocked with shad. These stations should be properly equipped to give them a capacity of six or eight million eggs at one time. To these at the proper season a car can be dispatched carrying a full complement of eggs in shipment, in this way quadrupling the present capacity of the cars in the work of distribution and reducing the cost of distribution per million *pro tanto*. Second, to increase the capacity of the producing stations so as to enable us to take care of all eggs at these stations until hatched. This would necessitate an increase in the number of cars for distribution: one or two at least in addition would be needed to provide for the anticipated increase in the volume of this work."

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1888.—Bench Show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, Columbus, O. H. O. Bridge, Secretary, Columbus, O.

Jan. 24. to 29.—Augusta, Ga., Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock.

Feb. 13 to 17.—First show Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. E. J. Spencer, Sec.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 28 to March 2.—Show of Philadelphia Kennel Club. W. H. Child, Sec.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 10, 1888.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Texas Field Trials Club, at Marshall, Tex. W. L. Thomas, Secretary, Marshall, Tex.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Sheldon, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5708.**

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

NEARLY five years ago the publication of the *American Kennel Register* was begun. The monthly was started to fill a vacancy, to supply a want, and its readers assure us that it has accomplished much good and has satisfactorily filled its field. It has been edited carefully and fearlessly, has bowed before no clique, has had at heart always the true interests of the *clientele* for whom it is published. It has spoken its mind freely and has commented favorably or unfavorably on the actions of people great and small.

Lately, however, it has not had much to say, it has seemed to be muzzled. Why?

The *American Kennel Register* was started for the registration of dog pedigrees, at a time when no such registration book existed in this country. It is a permanent record of pedigrees, and of doings in the dog world in this and other countries, but as the interest in dogs has increased, as more pedigrees had to be registered, and more prize lists of bench shows and field trials have had to go on record, the space for literary matter and for comment on passing events has necessarily been cut down.

It is true that the *American Kennel Register* is, first and always, a stud book, intelligently and carefully edited, and of the greatest possible value to breeders and to all persons interested in dogs; but it is believed that it should keep up the quota of good reading matter of a high class, dealing with subjects of special interest to dog men. Moreover, the number of entries seems to be constantly on the increase, and this indicates that even to make room for the pedigree registry, an increase in size would have to be made before long.

The publishers of the *Register* announce therefore that with the commencement of the new volume for 1888, the *American Kennel Register* will be permanently enlarged to twenty-four pages. Arrangements are being made to secure as contributors to its pages the most eminent specialists in all departments of dog lore on both sides of the Atlantic, and no effort will be spared to make the *Kennel Register* what it has always been, the only complete and accurate stud book published in America, and also to provide a fund of interesting and exhaustive information about all breeds of dogs. The publishers believe that with their facilities this can be done. They further believe that the dog men of America will appreciate and support such efforts. The *American Kennel Register* was not started as a money-making scheme, but because it was believed that such a publication was needed. It never has made any great amount of money, yet there has never been a year even from the start when its account did not show a balance on the right side of the ledger. Whatever money the publication has made has been devoted to making the *Register* better and more worthy of its constituency. This course, which has proved to be the wisest in the past, will be pursued in the future.

Dog men and dog matters in this country have fallen too much into the hands of cliques and rings, and there has been too much working for private ends, too much good fellowship, too much give and take, and not enough honesty, not enough regard for the public interest. The dog world needs two such fearless and independent journals as the FOREST AND STREAM and the *American Kennel Register* to protect its interests and to fight the jobbery that is now so rampant.

RULE NUMBER 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please place the Wacouta Kennels squarely on the record as protesting against the recent action of the A. K. C. in seeking to filch from the pockets of exhibitors the 50 cents that they are to be compelled to pay or else keep their dogs at home, unless they have thought fit voluntarily to enter their dogs in the so-called "official" stud book. If entries are to be cut down, as they will be by the enforcement of this robbery rule, the future of dog shows in this country will be a pretty poor one for some time to come. The local exhibitor, the one Mr. Cugle says he wishes to lay tribute upon most particularly, is the one who helps out the show so far as the number of entries is concerned, and is the one least caring about a stud book; and the extra 50 cents is just sufficient to make him give up the idea of entering. It is, of course, a desirable thing that all good dogs should be entered in a stud book; but to force any one to patronize any one of the two that are published is going a little too far. It is an exercise of arbitrary authority that is repugnant to every free man. The only other reason that could have suggested the passage of such a rule, besides the desire to save the so-called official from the death by dry rot, would be the one that such a rule was in force in the English Kennel Club. Now the two institutions have very little in common. The English one is actually a club, with all that that implies. It was organized in the early days of dog shows in England, and had a limited authority at first. There was no stud book in existence, and it engaged in the praiseworthy work of issuing one, but unlike the A. K. C., it had the means to pay for any losses that might accrue from its enterprise. The compulsory feature of the English club came without the objectionable features of the recent ruling of the A. K. C. The English club's position as the high court of dogdom came about by degrees. Existing as an influential body, when societies for the holding of dog shows were organized, so when agricultural and other societies came to the conclusion that it would be well to hold a bench show in connection with their usual exhibition they appealed to this influential body for help and advice. As its sphere widened this body produced a code of laws, and promised its aid in the enforcement of them to clubs that would come under its authority. One of the *quid pro quos* for this help was that these societies should support the stud book of the club, by requiring exhibitors to register their dogs. When this was seen to be in a certain sense unjust the rule was waived in "local classes." In a small compact country like England the kennel club and the exhibitor had closer relations than is possible in this country, where distances and all the conditions of life are different. There the kennel club committees had frequent meetings, and an exhibitor could get his wrongs adjusted without having to wait months, as in this country. The exhibitor therefore had a feeling that by registering his dog in the Kennel Club's stud book he was advancing his own interests.

The American Kennel Club is not a club in the proper sense. It is not a body corporate, is not a responsible body, and is not, therefore, a proper institution to conduct the publication of a stud book. It is a mere association of clubs with a revenue depending upon the number of its constituent parts, and with no means of legally collecting its dues if its parts refuse to contribute. If its revenue is insufficient to meet its expenses that is no justification of its attempt to force a levy upon every one who wishes to show a dog, so as to make its stud book pay a profit which is required to help out the general expense of the A. K. C.

There is a question in my mind if the association known as the American Kennel Club can legitimately engage in the publication of a stud book without an amendment to the constitution, for there is no provision that I can see that gives it the power to contract the necessary debts incidental to the prosecution of such a work, and in the event of its utter pecuniary failure there can be no redress for the creditors, such as printers, paper dealers, etc.; they will merely have to whistle for their money, unless the laws of the State of New York permit them to bring suit against the Westminster Kennel Club as being the only part of the body that incurred the debt resident in New York State.

This rule must evidently have been voted upon in a hurry, without due consideration of its gravity, and it is to be hoped that steps will be immediately taken to revoke it before its effect upon the coming bench shows proves the folly of the rule so conclusively that the A. K. C. will be buried in the ruins of its officiality. WACOUTA.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every New Haven exhibitor with whom I have talked on the subject of the compulsory registration rule, agrees with me in most emphatically objecting to it. The only reason that the New Haven Kennel Club did not claim dates for a show this year was on account of the refusal of Col. Leavenworth to grant the club the use of the armory. All interested can rest assured that had the show been held it would not have been given under A. K. C. rules as long as the objectionable clause existed. E. SHEFFIELD PORTER.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe that a number of "disinterested breeders," whose letters you publish, disapprove of the compulsory registration rule of the American Kennel Club. I desire to be recorded, being a "disinterested breeder," representing a kennel of some 60 fox-terriers, as fully indorsing the rule in question. The withdrawal of the New England Kennel Club from the American Kennel Club, which you so triumphantly quote in your paper, will in my humble opinion result very much like Birmingham's unsuccessful fight against the Kennel Club in England, and I venture to predict that for every entry gained of a moderate dog from local and dissatisfied owners, the New England Kennel Club will lose two from the owners of important kennels who believe in the rule and wish to support the Kennel Club. May I ask you, Mr. Editor, whether you are in favor of a kennel club at all? Do you approve of the principle of a central governing club, or am I and other breeders to understand that you simply consider the present Kennel Club badly managed, but a good institution? AUGUST BELMONT, JR.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.

[Had the writer of the above letter diligently read the FOREST AND STREAM he would not have asked such foolish questions. If he or any one else is in doubt as to our attitude toward the club, it may be worth while to state the position always held by the FOREST AND STREAM. We do believe, then, and believe heartily, in the "principle of a central governing club," on the one condition that the club possess that wisdom which Coleridge defines as "common sense in an uncommon degree." Indeed, we will go further and say that we believe in such a club if it possess common sense only in a common degree.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Fort Schuyler Kennel Club at a regular meeting, Dec. 21, decided by a majority vote that it would be impossible to adhere to the new rule of the American Kennel Club, which says that all dogs must be registered in the A. K. C. stud book. This would deprive us of all local entries. Many valuable dogs are owned in this city and vicinity, of non-sporting varieties, and the loss of patronage of their owners and friends would be seriously felt by us. We do not question the wisdom displayed in making the new rule, but believe the time has not arrived for its enforcement. E. J. SPENCER, Sec.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to see the action of the New England Kennel Club in regard to the article forcing exhibitors to register their dogs in the A.K.C.S.B. I hope other clubs will follow their example in withdrawing from the A. K. C. if it persists in being blind to the interests of breeders and exhibitors. DAVID S. COLLINS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Rule No. 2 is, I think, a catch-penny for some one and I do not intend to be compelled to register my dogs. A. W. LUCY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You cannot say that the Hartford Kennel Club will not show under A. K. C. rules. I am under the impression that the Hartford Kennel Club will remain a member of the A. K. C. for some months yet. A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Rule 2 of the A. K. C. is going to do a great injury to the shows which will be held under its rules. Dog shows, taken collectively, do not pay. The ones that have paid are those which have had a good deal of popular support; what I mean by popular as distinguished from scientific (if I may use the term). The shows that have a great many exhibitors who never bred a dog, but by chance own one that they think a lot of, who enter their dogs and take all their friends to see their dogs on the bench are the ones that have paid. What do these exhibitors care whether their dogs have pedigrees or not? The large breeders as a rule live at considerable distance from the exhibition and may not have a friend in the place, and their dogs are there only in care of the kennel man. Also it is a well-known fact that breeders of really good dogs do as a rule have them registered in one or other of the stud books after they have exhibited them and found that they were worthy of being registered. What possible good is it to any one to register a worthless weed of a pup which can never win a prize?

Again, is it worth paying to enter several pups which may take a prize and die, as they usually do after a show, of distemper? I myself have three young spaniels that I intended to enter for the New York show next month, but I do not feel disposed to pay the A. K. C. fifty cents in order to have the privilege of entering them; they all can't take prizes, but I want to find out which is the best, which I no doubt would do if, as I hear, "Uncle Dick" is to judge spaniels there. Therefore I must show them at some show not held under the A. K. C. rules. What show in England was considered the hardest to win a prize at in years gone by? Birmingham. Why? Because that show was always held independent of all associations. More good dogs have been brought out at Birmingham than at any shows ever held in England, and to be a Birmingham cup winner placed a dog at the head of the list. If I am not correct in this statement I know friend "Porcupine" will correct it.

Let the A. K. C. modify their rule and maintain their place at the head of the dog world of America. It owes its power solely to public opinion, and if that is against it the sooner it closes its brief but turbulent career the better. It has done good work, and may do much more, but it must be careful not to step too hard on public opinion's corns, which it has done this time without the slightest remorse. J. S. NIVEN.

LONDON, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the A. K. C. men have made a mistake; and I trust they will repeal the order, for you know Yankees don't like to be driven. I am much interested in their stud book, but it won't do to be too arbitrary—not at this season of the year. A. M. TUCKER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the registration of dogs a very good thing; but again, I think it will deter a great many from entering at the bench shows. I have discussed the subject over with a great many, and the general opinion is against it. WM. PERRIE SANDERSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It pleased me very much to see the manly stand the Boston and New Haven people took in regard to compulsory registration. Breeders will not have it. CLIFTON KENNEL.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Boston Kennel Club can rest assured that they have taken the proper view of compulsory registration. While I am in favor of having dogs registered, the compulsory clause should make a failure of any show showing under those rules. This is the view of four Canadian kennels. Boston can count on my entries for their coming show. It remains to be seen how other clubs will act on this matter. T. G. DAVEY.

LONDON, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The compulsory registration rule adopted by the A. K. C. I consider a heavy tax levied on every kennel club a member of that body. Its effects will be a largely diminished entry at shows held under A. K. C. rules and therefore a diminished interest of the public in the matters which kennel clubs are striving to promote. Increase the interest and stud book entries will increase. W. O. PARTRIDGE.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You may count me among those breeders who do not propose to be bulldozed into paying tribute to the A. K. C. charity fund. I fail to see how self-respecting owners can allow themselves to be coerced into paying this tax. WYOMING KENNEL.

MELROSE, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you copy of a letter sent to Mr. Fay of the New England Kennel Club Dec. 13. It was as follows: "The recent action of the American Kennel Club requiring every dog entered after Jan. 1, 1888, to be registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book, has almost caused me to conclude not to enter a dog where the rule is to be enforced. If the Kennel Club is short of funds, or the publishers of the book need assistance, I do not mind giving them 50 cents for each dog I exhibit during the year as an act of charity, but to be compelled to enter my winning dogs on the same level with worthless curs which have neither pedigree nor record, I do not want to submit to.

"A register compiled in the interest of breeders for dogs that have competed and won two or more first and second prizes at recognized shows, and where names could be claimed and societies would not recognize duplication of names, would be supported without an arbitrary rule being made. In such a book all would be anxious to have their dogs entered.

"N. B.—Since writing the above, I see that your club has unanimously withdrawn from the A. K. C. on account of the new rule. Good. You can depend on my giving you all the support in my power, and it is more than likely that I will not encourage any show which enforces such an obnoxious clause as is added to Rule 2. I shall send you at least five entries for your coming show." M. H. CRYER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The old year dies and I trust with it the absurd measures of the A. K. C. anent Rule No. 2.

I will tell you what I will do. I have a lot of nice little puppies all getting ready to make their debut at certain spring bench shows. Now, if there is to be compulsory registration at any of those shows, I'll give all the aforesaid puppies to you. You can pay their registration if you like and show them there. If, however, that awe-inspiring Rule No. 2 becomes a dead letter you shall help me to spend the prize money I trust I shall win.

It is my firm opinion that Rule No. 2 is intended as a nasty smack for Mr. Jas. Watson. (By the way, is that esteemed gentleman Irish? Somebody whispered "Coercion," that's all)

I know of *toreadors* who have come to an untimely end, and I don't believe it is a wise thing always to take the bull by the horns.

Let us hope, you and I, Mr. Editor, that our pompous, purple-clad, tyrant Rule No. 2 may yet get lifted out of the arena stuck right through the ribs.

I'm sorry these are my last few months with you. I'm going back to the land of the one stud book and the club of compulsory registration in June, 1888. (Who said out of the frying-pan into the fire?) I wish you joy if the new code comes. RONALD H. BARLOW.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I thought my eyes played me false when they first conveyed to my mind the substance of the compulsory registration rule, and I read it over two or three times before being satisfied that they read aright. How sane men could make such a cut-throat rule I failed to see.

It would be a very nice little rule and help along the "official" venture swimmingly if American show managers and exhibitors were fools enough to permit themselves to be bulldozed in such a manner. But they "aint built that way," at least I fancy not. A man might do a thing of his own free will, but if he were told he must do it he would be inclined to consign the dictator to a warmer place than New York and then not do it. No man likes being dictated to, nor, if he can help himself, will he submit to it. In this case he can help it.

The promptitude of Boston and New Haven in leaving the A. K. C. must have startled the projectors of Rule Two. Boston held the best show ever held in America last spring, and I venture to prophesy will even surpass it in the coming

one. They are a live club and up to the times, (What a pity the A. K. C. is not.) New Haven also gives fine shows and knows what it is about. How many more will stay in? Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Hartford are pretty certain to. Judge Peshall is a leading light with Newark and may carry it through, unless the good sense of Mr. Wilmerding and others of the club overrule him. The decisions of the New York, Providence and Western clubs are still in abeyance; but most of the last named are pretty sure to go the right way. Things look blue for the A. K. C. already. Their plan is "ganging aglee." F. H. MERCER.

OTTAWA, Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Compulsory registration—how absurd for the American Kennel Club to issue such a mandate, and then to say you must register in our book. This is going too far for their own or for the common good. I know it is a desirable thing to have a place to register our stock if we wish to, and it would be more convenient to have but one place to look for the facts, but it seems that others have rights if we don't feel bound to respect them. An old adage is that might makes right, but if we haven't the might then I suppose we haven't the right. Now I think there are things of more importance in this direction. If the A. K. C. would say that no pointer or setter should compete for a prize on the bench without it having a field record, a private one being admissible when vouched for by reliable and disinterested witnesses, then I should think it had done something that might prove of great value to the breeder and purchaser of the young stock. I do not think it was the best thing for the New England and other clubs to have withdrawn from the A. K. C., but like Supt. Fellows they might refuse to comply and then use their influence to purify the club within itself. I cannot imagine any reason for the A. K. C.'s action except that given in your editorial of last week.

E. K. SPERRY.

HARTFORD, Conn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is large body of dog owners who will not be bullied by rule two or any other coercive measure the A. K. C. may see fit to adopt. Philadelphia and New York, to secure entries for their approaching shows, will, I suppose, have to adopt the same plan as the Fox-Terrier Club, pay the registration fees themselves, or else pursue the wiser course of the Boston and New Haven clubs, which have withdrawn from the A. K. C. on account of this odious rule two. Lovers of liberty should this year send to Boston and New Haven all the entries they can in appreciation of the independent spirit shown by these clubs.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am entirely opposed to compulsory registration which Rule 2, A. K. C., exacts of all who exhibit dogs at shows held under A. K. C. rules, for my own part, and I may add I echo the sentiments of a great number of Canadian as well as American exhibitors.

As an independent exhibitor I am disgusted at the idea of being compelled to register dogs already in the *A. K. R.*, which is, and has for the past five years, been recognized by the majority of breeders and exhibitors as an authentic, reliable and satisfactory authority.

I decline to ever exhibit at any show that is governed by A. K. C. Rule 2. I think the enforcement of that rule will prevent many others from exhibiting under such conditions, and to my mind will impair the usefulness of the club by this attempt at coercion.

It is a difficult matter at any time to make a show so attractive as to assure success, and I am quite sure the enforcement of any unnecessary restrictions will operate most prejudicially against the interests of any show.

JOHN F. CAMPBELL.

MONTREAL, Dec. 30.

Editor Forest and Stream;

I have a serious complaint against you. Your report of the A. K. C. meeting that enacted the bulldoze rule, states that Mr. Winslow seconded the motion for it, giving everybody to understand that he *supported* it; and the only obstacle to the general repudiation of the rule would be the support of the Philadelphia and Westminster clubs. Now, "Porcupine" says that Mr. Winslow seconded the motion only formally, just to bring it before the meeting, and voted against it! Your failure to note this, the very gist of the business, as far as Mr. Winslow and the Philadelphia Club are concerned, is nearly criminal. W. WADE.

HULTON, PA., Jan. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The gentlemen who have registered their 6,000 dogs in the *A. K. R.* have done so entirely from choice, and I am sure will be unwilling to be compelled by the A. K. C. to register in their book in order to be able to exhibit at shows held under their rules. If the A. K. C. is in any financial difficulty let them pass the hat around and we will all "chip in," but to be compelled to do what we don't wish to will only result in opposition, which may do more than any of the previous rulings to hasten the fast approaching end.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Master McGrath Kennels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My views on the forced registration are similar to your own and those expressed by Messrs. Wade, Nickerson and Shaw. It is arbitrary and not in accordance with American ideas, and if enforced means the retirement of many exhibitors and a great loss in local entries. I am glad to see that the New England and New Haven clubs see the injustice of the rule and take action accordingly. If any clubs in the country can give successful shows under Rule 2 New Haven and New England are the ones, and how other clubs that have had such hard work in the past to get a sufficient number of entries to give a successful show are to succeed is a mystery to me. I hope in the interest of all parties concerned that the A. K. C. will have the common sense to rescind Rule 2. J. P. WILLEY.

Mr. Chas. D. Cugle is on record as writing that the FOREST AND STREAM "cut" a communication from Mr. A. C. Collins, "to suit their cause." If the punishment of lying were as swift, sure and severe now as in the days of Ananias and Sapphira, Mr. Cugle would find it extremely difficult to take out a life insurance policy in anything except a "graveyard" company.

COLLIE PUPPY SPECIAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Chestnut Hill Kennels offer a $50 cash prize to the breeder of the best dog and bitch puppies (one or more of each sex and from two or more bitches) sired by our advertised stud dogs and whelped in 1888. To be awarded at a show held under auspices of the A. K. C. in 1889, Philadelphia or New York preferred. Donors not to compete. Due notice will be given of the time and place.—MITCHELL HARRISON, Proprietor.

SECOND CHAMPION PRIZES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My letter on the above subject, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM two or three weeks ago, has not yet elicited any response from either exhibitors or show managers. Second prizes are given in challenge classes in England, and the plan seems to work well. Why should America be behind? I should like to hear the views of others interested in the matter.—CEE.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

ALL-AGED STAKE.

ON Thursday, Dec. 15, just after the close of the Derby, the running in the All-Aged Stake began. It was judged by Messrs. T. M. Brumby, H. M. Markley and John H. Gilbert. Of the fifty-one nominations thirty-one started. Of this number twenty-three were setters and eight pointers. They were drawn to run as follows:

CASSIO (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog, April 28, 1885 (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins),

against

DAISEY F. (Dudley & Fisher, Nashville, Tenn.), lemon and white bitch, September, 1883 (Gleam—Dean).

DAD WILSON (J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky.), black, white and tan dog, Aug. 9, 1884 (Cambridge—Dido II),

against

EFFIE HILL (A. L. Malone, Palo Alto, Miss.), black, white and tan bitch, Dec. 26, 1885 (Prince B.—Donna).

LAD OF BOW (Graphic Kennels), liver and white pointer dog, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—J. Price's Climax),

against

TASSO (Jerry Cockrell, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan, October, 1883 (Startle—Nellie C.).

NELLIE CAMBRIDGE (Richard Dorman, Cincinnati, Ohio), black, white and tan bitch, June 18, 1885 (Ricket—Daisy Cambridge),

against

BESSIE B. (Leredo Kennels, Racine, Wis), blue belton bitch, July 25, 1885 (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

JOY OF PRINCE WILLIAM (J. A. Purcell, Hickory Grove, Va.), liver and white pointer bitch, Aug. 23, 1885 (Purcell's Flockfinder—Ion),

against

NOBLE C. (Walter H. Drain, Clarksville, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, April 22, 1884 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

SPOT (J. B. C. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo.), liver and white pointer dog, 1883 (Drake—Fan),

against

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case, Jr.), blue belton and white dog, April 12, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

LASS OF BOW (Graphic Kennels, Netherlands, N. J.), liver and white pointer bitch, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—J. Price's Climax),

against

RENA (Chas. F. Loudon, Cincinnati, O.), black and white bitch, Feb. 2, 1885 (Ben Hill—Joe W.).

ROD'S GEM (L. A. Boli, Hamilton, O.), black, white and tan dog, Oct. 18, 1885 (Roderigo—Gem),

against

BUN ROY (L. B. Saggs, Memphis, Tenn.), liver and white dog, March 30, 1885 (San Roy—Queen Bess).

CYCLONE (H. A. Renfroe, Cole City, Ga.), black, white and tan dog, Jan. 1, 1884 (Lightning—Dora Roval),

against

KEYSTONE (S. L. Boggs, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog, June 27, 1885 (Gladstone—Sue).

JEAN VALJEAN (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog, March 7, 1885 (Mingo—Twin Maud),

against

DAN (W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.), liver and white dog, Aug. 9, 1884 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

NAT GOODWIN (Memphis & Avent Kennel), black, white and tan dog, June 1, 1885 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep),

against

BEAU OF PORTLAND (H. E. Farnham, Portland, Me.), black, white and tan pointer dog, Nov. 18, 1885 (Graphic—Zitta).

CHANCE (Memphis & Avent Kennel), black, white and tan dog, June 1, 1883 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep),

against

KING NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., Racine, Wis.), blue belton and white dog, Aug. 28, 1883 (Count Noble—Rosalind).

KING'S DAN (J. I. Case, Jr.), blue belton dog, July 26, 1885 (King Noble—Elsie Belton),

against

PAP SMIZER (Chas. Wheaton and Gustave Sander, Dayton, O.), liver and white pointer dog, July 24, 1884 (Meteor—Diana).

BOHEMIAN GIRL (Leredo Kennel), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Mollie Belton),

against

GAY GLADSTONE (B. P. Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss.), orange and white bitch, Dec. 26, 1884 (Gladstone—Florence).

GRAPHIC III. (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog, Feb. 18, 1886 (Graphic—Leach's Bloomo),

against

JOE PAPE (John Dress, Little Rock, Ark.), black pointer dog.

PRINCE MACK (D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.), black and white dog (Jeff—May), a bye.

The morning was chilly and cold, but the sun came out bright and warm, and by 12 o'clock it was warm and pleasant. The first brace in this stake was

DAISY F. AND CASSIO.

At 12:30 Dudley & Fisher's lemon and white setter bitch Daisy F., handled by D. E. Rose, and Memphis & Avent Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Cassio, handled by Avent, were cast off in the open field near where the Derby was finished. Daisy had the advantage in speed and range, although Cassio had good speed and range and a very stylish dashing way of going. They made a capital brace, and as they both enjoyed a reputation of being good ones, the large crowd took the deepest interest from start to finish. After drawing sedge and thicket blank, Daisy stopped to a point on a bevy in an oak swamp, where there was only leaves for cover. As Rose went up the birds flushed; he fired and broke a bird's wing. Dogs were steady to wing and shot. To order Daisy made a nice retrieve. Sent on, Daisy passed several birds, caught the scent and pointed. Sent on, Cassio stopped at edge of thicket and Daisy backed. Avent said he was pointing, went in to flush, but found no birds. After some hunting for scattered birds, in which each dog pointed rabbits, they were ordered up for lunch at 12:08. After lunch they were again put down in a large open country, both showing remarkable range, speed and hunting sense. After drawing a good deal of country blank Cassio, working far out to the right, was found pointing a bevy in a cornfield. Avent flushed and killed and Cassio retrieved. About the time Cassio pointed Daisy also pointed a bevy in an oak and sedge thicket, in the direction in which the judges had ordered the dogs worked. Rose held her on point until the judges came up, when he put up a fine bevy to the point. Worked over hill on scattered birds, Cassio scored one point and Daisy two. They were ordered up and Daisy given the heat. Down in all 1h. and 30m. A good heat.

DAD WILSON AND EFFIE HILL.

At 2:11 Dad Wilson, handled by Nelson, and Effie Hill, handled by Titus, were cast off where last brace were taken up. While both dogs seemed to be well broken this was not a very interesting brace, neither had much range or speed, yet both showed good style on point. After working them about 40m., each dog getting in a little work on birds they were ordered up and decision reserved until the following morning, when it was given to Dad Wilson.

LAD OF BOW AND TASSO.

At 2:03 Lad of Bow, handled by Bevan, and Tasso, by Stevenson, were cast off. They were worked a long tiresome heat, neither doing any work worthy of mention or showing any range or speed. At 4:32 they were ordered up to be put down again the following morning. Friday morning opened cloudy and rainy with a cool north wind. Toward noon the clouds disappeared and the sun made it quite pleasant. Lad of Bow and Tasso were put down at 9:15 to finish their heat. In sedge Lad made game, roaded down into a thicket 75yds., where Tasso slipped in ahead and pointed the bevy. This was a very interesting piece of work on the part of Lad, for he certainly roaded them in grand style. Sent on Stevenson wounded a bird to Tasso's point, but the dog failed to find it. Sent on Lad found and retrieved the wounded bird. The bird was then thrown and gun shot to test Tasso's retrieving. Tasso broke shot and retrieved. Ordered up and heat given to Lad. Neither dog displayed any range or speed. In style on point both were good.

NELLIE CAMBRIDGE AND BESSIE B.

Nellie Cambridge, handled by Nelson, and Bessie B. were cast off at 9:58. Both are below the medium size, with plenty of dash and vim, and they made a beautiful pair. Both were quick and decisive in their work, both had good style, backed well, and were steady to wing and shot. After drawing a good deal of country blank, Nellie pointed a bevy. Bessie swinging around caught scent and also pointed the same bevy. Nelson shot, killed, and Nellie made one of those grand, jolly retrieves that it does a sportsman good to see. They were sent on, and after some good work in sedge, in which Nellie had the best of it, they were ordered up and Nellie given the heat. Down 1h. 10m.

NOBLE C. AND JOY OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

Noble C., handled by Bevan, and Joy of Prince William, handled by owner, were cast off at 11:10. There was never more interest shown on a race course by spectators than was shown here; everybody was anxious to see it. The marshals were besieged to lay aside the distance flags for this heat and let them up to see the fun. With the crowd the great interest did not center with the dogs, but in the handlers. It was the long and excitable Englishman from Mississippi against the inimitable Major from Virginia, the man whom no sportsman dared intimate that he could walk down unless he had the staying powers of a camel. The dogs went off at a rattling gait, with handlers well up. In range and speed Noble C. had decidedly the advantage, he being a grand ranger, but he seemed to hunt with very little judgment or purpose. The first work done Noble flushed a bevy in an open corn patch. Sent on Joy pointed in briers. The Major put up bird but failed to shoot. Then a long extent of open country was drawn blank. At 1:25 the dogs were ordered up for lunch, to be put down again. During the race of handlers our jolly president gave the boys a little fun, trying to keep up with the procession. He was urging his horse over a gully, the horse slipping and staggering under his load in his efforts to regain his feet. The General performed some acrobatic feats in the air, finally came down shaking the earth. It took six men to catch the horse and put the General back on him; he rode away as if pleased with the idea of affording the crowd some fun. Noble C. and Joy were given two more opportunities in the afternoon to display their bird sense, but as neither did anything worthy of mention the heat was given to Noble C. The Major protested.

SPOT AND KING'S MARK.

Spot, handled by Nesbitt, and King's Mark, were cast off at 2:55. Just in this part of the country birds seemed to be very scarce and, although both dogs had good range, speed and were merry good workers, they had poor success in finding birds. Both backed well and were steady to wing and shot. Neither dog had an opportunity to retrieve, although handlers were very liberal with their shells whenever an opportunity was afforded to shoot. At the end of 1h. 5m. each dog had three points to his credit and Mark a flush. They were ordered up and Spot given the heat.

LASS OF BOW AND RENA.

Lass of Bow, handled by Bevan, and Rena, handled by Stevenson. This brace was put down at 3:20 in an open country. Lass showed good style, range and speed, and gave every indication of being a gamy, good-going pointer. Rena seemed to be off, not working at all. After being down 30m. they were ordered up with the intention of putting them down again, but Mr. Stevenson withdrew Rena, leaving Lass the winner.

ROD'S GEM AND BUN ROY.

At 3:55 Rod's Gem, handled by Titus, and Bun Roy, handled by Nesbitt, were cast off in open country. Rod's Gem is a very handsome young dog of medium size, rather too slender now, but when he fills out he will make just the right size dog; he has a nice easy movement, and behaves well on game, yet is not a good retriever. Bun Roy is a compact, heavy made little dog, with lots of dash and vim. When they were put down both went off at a rattling gait. Bun Roy bolted aud in a few minutes was out of sight. Titus was ordered to hold his dog until Nesbitt could lasso the wild dog. He returned with him in about 15m., Roy showing that he had been at business, as the briers had brought the blood from him in a good many places. In the mean time another brace had been put down, so the further running of Rod and Roy was put off until morning. Saturday morning they were again put down to finish the heat. Roy made another grand break, but finally came back and behaved well during the heat, which at the end of 1h. was given to Rod's Gem.

CYCLONE AND KEYSTONE.

Keystone, handled by Tucker, and Cyclone, handled by owner, were cast off at 4:25. Both dogs went off at a good gait, showing good range, speed and style. After a short time both dogs challenged, but Keystone gave it up and went off on a cast. Cyclone drawing about on scent, flushed a bird. Keystone coming in located and pointed the bevy—Tucker killed. Sent to retrieve, Key flushed a bird and started to chase but stopped to order, evidently thinking it was a wounded bird. He then made a nice retrieve. Keystone pointed again and dogs were ordered up; Keystone won. Keystone had decidedly the advantage on game. This was a very short yet a very interesting heat. Down 21m.

JEAN VAL JEAN AND DAN.

Jean Val Jean, handled by Avent, and Dan, handled by Nelson, were cast off quite late in the afternoon. Jean was well known both for his gamy style of going and for bird sense. Dan displayed good speed and style. After being down a short time Jean made one of his stylish points. Dan coming in flushed the bird and was very unsteady. After being down 30m. darkness came on, the dogs were ordered up, and everybody made a rush for town. Saturday morning was cloudy, with a cold wind from the northwest, and

the crowd was late in getting out. At 9:12 Jean and Dan were put down to finish their heat. In a short time Dan pointed a bevy. Nelson shot, no kill; both dogs steady to wing and shot. Jean then did a pretty piece of work in a cotton patch; he roaded some distance, stopping to a point just as the birds went. Ordered up at 9:39. Heat given to Jean Val Jean.

CHANCE AND BEAU OF PORTLAND.

Chance, handled by Avent, and Beau of Portland, handled by Bevan, were cast off in open. Chance had the best of it in range and speed. In style they were equal. This was a short and uninteresting heat. In looks Beau is a well-put-up, handsome pointer, but on game he showed a want of work and experience, being unsteady to shot and wing. Chance had it all his own way, and won in 48m., neither having done anything worthy of special mention.

NAT GOODWIN AND KING NOBLE.

Nat Goodwin, handled by Merriman, and King Noble, handled by Barker, were cast off in woods at 11:45. Nat is a very small merry-going little dog with very little style in pace, yet his style is good on point. He has plenty of range, speed, and in this respect he had the advantage of Noble. Noble has good style on point. Both dogs behaved well to wing and gun. The only chance either had to retrieve was improved by Nat, when he made a good retrieve on a wounded bird. They did some very nice work on birds in sedge, and after 1h. and 5m. Nat was declared the victor. Both backed well.

KING'S DAN AND PAP SMIZER.

King's Dan, handled by Barker, and Pap Smizer, handled by Nelson, were cast off at 1:02. In range, speed and style there was not much to choose between them. Neither were fast nor wide rangers. Both were steady to wing and shot, and King's Dan retrieved in good style. The pointer out-worked Dan on game, having more points and fewer flushes to his credit. Yet each displayed a good deal of merit. It was a short heat, being ordered up at 1:50 and the heat given to Pap Smizer. We then went to lunch.

GAY GLADSTONE AND BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Bohemian Girl, handled by Barker, and Gay Gladstone, handled by Titus, were cast off in open country at 2:38. Gay is a little below the medium size, but a compact, well-made little bitch full of hunt and vim, she points and backs in grand style and is steady to wing and shot. Bohemian Girl is rather a slender loose put together bitch, yet she has a wonderful stride and a gamy way of going. She was not as steady to wing and shot as Gay, but her style on point is simply grand. Both had good range and speed and both were fair retrievers. They were only down a little while before the Girl came to a stylish point on a covey in sedge grass and was well backed by Gay. Birds were put up by Barker and missed. Both dogs behaved well. Birds were followed into a swamp thicket where Gay had decidedly the best of the work to her credit; she getting five points to the Girl's two. Ordered out in open field Bohemian Girl pointed a bevy in corn. By this time the judges were tired of Barker's attempts at killing a bird—he had never failed to burn powder over the Girl's points; yet no bird. A bird was marked down in a cornfield, Judge Brumby, with the air of get out the way and let a man who never misses one kill that bird, rolled off his horse, took the gun and walked up the bird. We saw the smoke, heard the report, and the little bird went on his way rejoicing. The boys laughed and whooped as the judge came back wearing a smile that was "child-like and bland," saying it was strange that a fellow couldn't always kill them just when he wanted to. A bird was thrown out for Bohemian Girl to retrieve, she did it in good style and was awarded the heat. Down 1h. 34m. This was a good and very close heat.

JOE PAPE AND GRAPHIC III.

Joe Pape, handled by Titus, and Graphic III. handled by Bevan, were cast off at 4:28. Neither dog showed any great range, pace or particular merit on game. Joe was the fastest, and hunted with more judgment. Graphic displayed more style, yet showed a want of experience. If he backed at all it was in a very indifferent way; he was not very steady to wing and shot. Taken up at 5:12 Joe Pape won. This closed the work for the day, and was the last brace in the first series, Prince Mack having a bye.

First Series.

Daisy F. beat Cassio.
Dad Wilson beat Effie Hill.
Lad of Bow beat Tasso.
Nellie Cambridge beat Bessie B.
Noble C. beat Joy of Prince William.
Spot beat King's Mark.
Lass of Bow beat Rena.
Rod's Gem beat Bun Roy.
Keystone beat Cyclone.
Jean Val Jean beat Dan.
Chance beat Beau of Portland.
Nat Goodwin beat King Noble.
Pap Smizer beat King's Dan.
Bohemian Girl beat Gay Gladstone.
Joe Pape beat Graphic III.
Prince Mack a bye.

Second Series.

Christmas was approaching, the judges were getting anxious to see loved ones at home and enjoy a Christmas dinner with them. So on Sunday they gave orders for handlers and the first brace of dogs to be at the starting place at 7 o'clock Monday morning.

PRINCE MACK AND DAD WILSON.

At 7:40 Prince Mack, handled by owner, and Dad Wilson were cast off. Prince is a compact made good moving dog with plenty of range and speed. After drawing a good deal of sedge and open fields blank Dad pointed a bevy in edge of thicket. Prince was called up to back which he did in good style. Nelson put up the birds, shot and killed, both dogs steady. Dad, to order, retrieved well. Sent on in woods, the birds were very wild, having been hunted nearly every day during the running of the Derby. Both dogs got several points and flushes, both behaving well to wing and to shot and displaying good nose. Ordered up and heat given to Dad Wilson. Down about 45m. Style was equal. Prince displayed far the best speed and range. They were not given time enough on birds to show which was the best.

DAISY F. AND LAD OF BOW

were put down in large open country at 9:08. Daisy started off, displaying her usual fine range, speed and style. Her merry way of going seemed to inspire Lad, for he showed decidedly more range and speed than in his former heat. After drawing a good deal of country blank, both dogs were going over a knoll, Daisy stopped to a point, Lad was following, ran past her and pointed the birds. As Rose went in to put up the birds Lad moved up and birds flushed. Rose shot, Lad broke shot. Ordered on after scattered birds Lad flushed and chased. Sent on Lad made a stylish point on several birds in grass, Daisy backed. Sent on Daisy pointed in sedge. No bird found to point, but was afterward flushed by spectators. Sent on Daisy pointed at edge of cotton patch, Lad refused to back, went in and stole point, his handler shouting at him all the while. Daisy roaded to right and Lad roaded to the left and put up the bird and was unsteady to wing. After a short time in which no work of interest was done, dogs were ordered up and decision reserved. In this heat Lad showed great natural qualities, good style on point, and a wonderfully fine nose, yet he broke shot, chased and refused to back, paid no attention either to whistle or commands of handler, who did any amount of shouting at him. Rose made several appeals to the judges to protect his bitch, for it was very evident that the errors of the dog and the frantic efforts of his handler was "breaking Daisy up." Later in the day Lad was ordered out to test his retrieving. A wounded bird was thrown out in cotton patch, gun was fired, but Lad failed to find bird; it must have ran off. Heat was given to Lad of Bow.

NOBLE C. AND NELLIE CAMBRIDGE.

This brace was put down at 10:38. Noble displayed the best range and speed. Nellie had most style, and showed up the same merry little worker she had in her former heat. Noble found a bevy and pointed in good style, but made a very poor retrieve. He was well backed by Nellie. Sent on in sedge, Nellie outworked him on scattered birds and displayed much the best nose, Noble displaying a good deal of the qualities that made Collins's ram so famous, Bevan being unable to control him. Ordered up; heat given to Nellie. Down 23m.

LASS OF BOW AND SPOT

were put down at 11:15. This brace was pointer against pointer, and they were a very good pair, both showing good range, speed and style. Both were steady to wing and shot, and made good display of nose. Spot backed well, and to Nesbitt's kill made a fair retrieve. At 12:25 dogs were ordered up. Spot won. We then went to lunch.

ROD'S GEM AND KEYSTONE.

After a hasty lunch, at 12:50, this brace was put down. In pace, range and style there was not much to choose between them. In a short time Keystone pointed a bevy in corn. Tucker killed, and Key made a good retrieve. Sent on after scattered birds both dogs did some good work, with the balance in favor of Keystone, he showing his experience over his young competitor. At 1:08 dogs were ordered up and heat given to Keystone. A very short heat with not work enough on game to decide the merits of the dogs.

JEAN VAL JEAN AND PAP SMIZER

were put down at 1:12 in open country. At the word they were off with the speed of the wind; Jean's fast, merry way of going seeming to put new life in the old pointer. Both ranged fast and wide, with the balance in favor of the setter. After drawing a good deal of country blank Pap was lost. Nelson found him pointing a big bevy in edge of a plum thicket. Nelson shot and killed. Both dogs behaved well. To order Pap made a very indifferent retrieve, bringing the bird with the feathers well worked in, and the entrails well worked out. Sent on after birds each made bad flushes. Finally Jean got in some nice work on running birds in sedge. Ordered up at 2:25 Jean wins.

NAT GOODWIN AND BOHEMIAN GIRL.

But little time was lost in bringing up the next brace, and at 2:30 the merry-going little Nat and the stylish Girl were turned loose. As they were put down among scattered birds neither had an opportunity to show speed or range. In style on point the Girl was much the best. In a few minutes after being put down Nat pointed several birds in a cornfield. Then they were worked down in a thicket, where both got some points and flushes, the honors being about even. Worked out in open Nat flushed four birds and stopped to point on the fifth. Merriman shot and killed. Much to the Colonel's surprise Nat made a fearful break-shot, running over the bird and some distance away. In the meantime the Girl making a cast flushed a single and was steady to wing. At the end of 30m. dogs were ordered up and heat given to Nat Goodwin. This was a very short heat, and we considered awarding the heat to Nat on the character of work done, a mistake. Although the Girl was handicapped by handling, she out-classed Nat, aside from being steady to wing and shot.

CHANCE AND JOE PAPE

were the next brace, they were put down at 3:08. Chance was one of the fastest, widest and best rangers in this stake. Except the work on scattered birds he had decidedly the advantage of Joe all round, and at the end of 22m. was declared winner of the heat. This ended the second series as follows:

Dad Wilson beat Prince Mack.
Lad of Bow beat Daisy F.
Nellie Cambridge beat Noble C.
Spot beat Lass of Bow.
Keystone beat Rod's Gem.
Jean Val Jean beat Pap Smizer.
Nat Goodwin beat Bohemian Girl.
Chance beat Joe Pape.

Third Series.

DAD WILSON AND LAD OF BOW.

As soon as the third series could be arranged, there being some difference of opinion as to how the dogs should be run, at 4:00 Dad Wilson and Lad of Bow were cast off. In range and speed they were equal, neither having great range nor speed in this heat. Lad showed much the best nose and a good deal of those fine natural qualities that he had exhibited in former heats, not forgetting to show his disregard for his handler. One bevy of birds was found and he out-worked Dad on them and won. Down 29m. This was the last brace of the evening. All went in tired after a hard day's work but some good sport.

Tuesday morning opened dark with a drizzling rain. Toward noon it ceased to rain and we had a cold northwest wind.

JEAN VAL JEAN AND SPOT

were put down at 8:07. Jean soon pointed a bevy in sedge in fine style and was well honored by Spot. To Avent's kill Jean made a fair retrieve. Birds went to woods and no work worthy of mention was done. Jean out-worked and with the exception of being undecided on his point in woods, he out-classed Spot. Taken up in 31m. Jean wins. Too little work on game to decide a heat.

NELLIE CAMBRIDGE AND CHANCE.

At 8:32 this brace was cast off in open. Both dogs had done very creditable work in their previous heats. Both had good speed and range. Nellie had most style on point, Chance dropping to his points now and then. Chance soon dropped to a point on a bevy. Nellie coming in from a cast down wind, not seeing Chance, ran into and flushed the birds and dropped to wing. Sent in woods Chance got a false point and then a good point on a single. Nellie ran over a bird, lost her head and chased. This ended a short heat with Chance the winner.

KEYSTONE AND NAT GOODWIN.

This brace was put down in open country at 8:52. Keystone seemed to go down in the prime of condition, displaying a good nose and running by far the best heat we ever saw him run, in fact he quite redeemed himself from some very poor work we saw him do at High Point. He was very decided on his points and pointed and retrieved in good style. Nat worked in his usual cheerful way, backing in good style. The work on game was all done in woods. Key got the bulge on Nat and wound him up in handsome style. Both were steady to wing and shot. After a very short heat Keystone was declared the winner. This ended the third series with the following result:

Lad of Bow beat Dad Wilson.
Jean Val Jean beat Spot.
Chance beat Nellie Cambridge.
Keystone beat Nat Goodwin.

Fourth Series.

LAD OF BOW AND JEAN VAL JEAN.

At 9:13 this brace was cast off in open country. Jean had the best of range and speed at first, but the pointer warmed up to his work, and after 40 minutes was going equally as well as Jean. Jean made a great many points on larks. After two or three backs from Lad on these points, he paid very little attention to Jean's points, would go up, get the scent and go on. After a long, tedious beat Lad challenged at the edge of a plum thicket. Jean came up to his side and pointed. Jean held his point and Avent went in the bushes and made an effort to flush. In the meantime the pointer's keen nose told him the birds were not there; he drew out to the left, roaded in grass about 40yds., and located birds in fine style. Birds were put up and both dogs behaved well to wing. Sent on in sedge, Jean pointed—we presume on foot scent, as no bird was found. A little further on Lad located a single. Sent on to look for scattered birds, Jean commenced drawing and pointed. About the time he stopped Lad was coming around the hill from a cast, and caught the scent between Jean and the bevy and commenced drawing and did a fine piece of work, locating the bevy, which Bevan put up. Birds were followed into a thicket of oaks and sedge grass, where Jean got two points and two flushes, and the pointer one point and one flush. Dogs were then ordered up. Down 1h. 54m. After a long consultation the judges gave the heat to Jean Val Jean. The owner of Lad gave notice that he would enter a protest against the decision. We followed the heat very closely and saw all the work, and cannot say the decision was wrong; for we think a dog to win in a field trial ought to show that he is well broken. Jean had shown that he was well broken. We do say, however—and we are not alone in our opinion—that under the same ruling that was made in the Lad of Bow and Daisy F. heat, that Lad would have won the heat over Jean with plenty to spare, for in the latter part of this heat Jean had no advantage in range, speed or style. Lad had behaved himself much better than in former heats, being steady to wing and shot; he displayed the same natural qualities that had taken him through his other heats, and he outworked Jean on game. The only grave error he committed in this heat was his refusing to back.

CHANCE AND KEYSTONE.

At 11:30 this brace was put down. This heat created a good deal of interest, as both dogs had run their races well and downed their dogs in good style. Both went off well. At the end of 51m. they were ordered up and we went to lunch, nothing having been done but a false point for Chance, well backed by Keystone. After lunch they were again cast off in open country. In speed and range Chance had the call on Key. Chance soon challenged, drew and pointed a bevy in good style. He made a fair retrieve. Sent on he got another point to Key's none. At 1:30 they were ordered up. Chance won. This ended the fourth series as follows:

Jean Val Jean beat Lad of Bow.
Chance beat Keystone.

Final for First Place.

JEAN VAL JEAN AND CHANCE

were put down at 1:40 to run for first money. As both dogs belonged to Memphis & Avent Kennels Mr. Avent handled them. Chance went off as fresh as a lark, while Jean seemed to be a little stiff from his long heat with the pointer, but he soon warmed up and was going well. The first work done Chance flushed a bevy in woods. Soon after both dogs were found on point about 75yds. apart. Several birds were put up to Jean's point, while Chance's was false. Sent on Chance pointed. Jean coming up stopped some 20yds. in the rear. Nothing was found to Chance's point. Avent tried to call Jean on, but he held his place, and Avent went back and put up a bird just in front of him. This was a fine piece of work and called forth a loud clapping of hands from the crowd. After more work in a thicket in which Jean had decidedly the advantage, they were ordered up and Jean declared winner of first in the All-Aged Stake.

Ties for Second Place.

After consultation, the judges selected Dan as the best dog defeated by Jean Val Jean to run with Lad of Bow to see which should compete with Chance for second place. As Dan was not on the ground Spot was ordered out.

LAD OF BOW AND SPOT

were put down at 2:30 on scattered birds in a thicket. Lad out-worked Spot and won the heat. Down 11m.

CHANCE AND LAD OF BOW.

Both went off at good speed. In a few minutes they were found on point at edge of a thicket, with Lad nearest the birds. Sent on in thicket both dogs did some good work on scattered birds, with the work rather in favor of Chance, barring one piece of work, when he was rather unsteady to wing. After 15m. they were ordered up and Chance awarded the heat and second place. The judges selected Daisy F., Lad of Bow and Keystone as the best of the defeated dogs, to divide third money, and the stake was finished. Following is the

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Daisy F. beat Cassio.
Dad Wilson beat Effie Hill.
Lad of Bow beat Tasso.
Nellie Cambridge beat Bessie B.
Noble C. beat Joy of Prince William.
Spot beat King's Mark.
Lass of Bow beat Rena.
Rod's Gem beat Bun Roy.
Keystone beat Cyclone.
Jean Val Jean beat Dan.
Nat Goodwin beat Beau of Portland.
Chance beat King Noble.
Pap Smizer beat King's Dan.
Bohemian Girl beat Gay Gladstone.
Joe Pape beat Graphic III.
Prince Mack a bye.

Second Series.

Dad Wilson beat Prince Mack.
Lad of Bow beat Daisy F.
Nellie Cambridge beat Noble C.
Spot beat Lass of Bow.
Keystone beat Rod's Gem.
Jean Val Jean beat Pap Smizer.
Nat Goodwin beat Bohemian Girl.
Chance beat Joe Pape.

Third Series.

Lad of Bow beat Dad Wilson.
Jean Val Jean beat Spot.
Chance beat Nellie Cambridge.
Keystone beat Nat Goodwin.

Fourth Series.

Jean Val Jean beat Lad of Bow.
Chance beat Keystone.

Final for First Place.

Jean Val Jean beat Chance and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Lad of Bow beat Spot.

Final for Second Place.

Chance beat Lad of Bow and won second prize.

Equal Third.

Daisy F., Lad of Bow, Keystone.

The Champion Stake was declared off for want of judges. This closed one of the most successful as well as the best managed field trials ever run in this country. If there were errors committed in judging they were honest errors, for as

far as we could see no dog by virtue of belonging to the president or any member of the club received any more favor in judging than the dogs of the humblest exhibitor. In this respect as well as in the good order maintained throughout the trials, they set a shining example that well might be followed by other field trials clubs.

There were more spectators from the beginning to the end than we have ever seen at any trials. Yet the able marshall, Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., with his efficient assistants John Bolus and J. W. Peterson, kept the crowd well back, so that the dogs were not interfered with in their work. General Shattuc's able executive ability was felt everywhere. There was no expression of opinions in the presence of judges by reporters or spectators. Judges were kind and gentlemanly toward handlers, and in return handlers were respectful, cheerful and obedient in carrying out instructions. There was no hurrying of dogs or scrambling for "points" by handlers; for the trials were judged on the quality of work done and not the quantity. In this mode of judg ng a dog to win was required to exhibit other points of merit than the mere pointing of a bird. The grounds were all that could be desired. Yet, owing to the fact that they had only been protected for a year, birds were scarce, and it took a good dog to find them.

A club was never thrown among a more hospitable people than these of Florence. They did everything in their power to forward the interest of the trials and make the "strangers within their gates" have a pleasant time. Among those who particularly exerted themselves we would mention Col. Aleck Jackson, Maj. Buck Key, Mr. Jerry Ellis and Mr. Brown. Horses and wagons were plentiful and owners were very reasonable in their charges.

On the whole the members of the American Field Trial Club have many reasons to fell proud of their inaugural meeting. In many respects it was a grand improvement on any trials ever held in America, and by far the most pleasant we ever attended.

KINO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thanks to the controversy in your paper between "Malcolm" and Mr. A. C. Krueger, regarding the beagle Kino, for it has been the means of placing me in the way of obtaining his undoubted breeding, which I have long been anxious to obtain, and I desire to publish the facts substantiating my assertions as to his breeding. I am sorry to say this is absolutely necessary to avoid further denials from Mr. Krueger, as, although I stated in my letter written at the request of "Malcolm" that Mr. O'Shea had admitted that Kino originally came from the U. S., Mr. Krueger, in a misleading contradiction, wrote "Kino was imported *and as well bred as any beagle living*" (italics mine), notwithstanding he had previously registered him as "breeding unknown," and, nothwithstanding facts given below, shows that at the time Mr. Krueger wrote as above, and also at the time he advertised Kino as imported, he had previously been told facts most positively showing Kino to have been bred and raised here, and also to have been told his breeding before he registered him.

Upon "Malcolm's" request to me to substantiate his assertion that Kino was not imported, I wrote Mr. Satterthwaite, his former owner, and he wrote me, "Dan O'Shea entered Kino as imported last year, and I asked him where he was imported from, and he told me at the last show in Philadelphia that he was imported from the United States."

Notwithstanding my giving the above statement of Mr. O'Shea, Mr. Krueger, in his endeavor to pass Kino as imported, made the misleading reply that " 'The well known fact' of Malcolm has diminished till nothing more is left but what Mr. Schellhass related to Malcolm and Mr. Schellhass has nothing to offer but a quotation from a letter from Mr. Satterthwaite"; and, notwithstanding Mr. Krueger had been given the positive evidence of Kino's breeding by the gentleman named below; and, notwithstanding the only contradiction of the same came from a person who has given out three conflicting statements regarding Kino's breeding (of two at least of which Mr. Krueger was aware), and who Mr. Krueger himself says admitted that he would not tell the truth to a certain person regarding Kino's breeding; and, notwithstanding the above, Mr. Krueger advertises Kino as "imported" and also writes "Kino was imported and as well bred as any beagle living," and also, "I had the right to claim the dog as imported."

The evidence referred to received by me is in a letter just to hand from Mr. C. E. White, a prominent business man of Cleveland, O., who writes: "Kino is not imported; he was bred by me and I can prove it. I saw the dog when Dan O'Shea had him in Cleveland and knew him as soon as I set eyes on him. I asked Dan where he got him; he told me he was out of Music by Rattler. I told him, 'No sir, I bred that dog,' and to make sure of it I wrote to the man I sold him to in London, Canada, and his answer was he 'sold the dog Kino you saw in Cleveland to Dan O'Shea. * * * I told Mr. Krueger at the Pittsburgh show last spring that Kino was litter brother to champion Bonnie and offered to show him the letter, but he was afraid it would not sound as well to be out of May Belle and by Searcher as it would to call the dog imported.' "

The above evidence, showing the beagle Kino, sire of my Riot, to be by Searcher and out of May Belle, and as bred by Mr. C. E. White, of Cleveland, O., and as litter brother to his Bonnie, I desire to submit to the reputable beagle fraternity without any comment, as the same speaks for itself.

I trust I will not be compelled to trespass further on your space in a matter which should never have required this letter in order to have truth prevail, and more particularly as it is matters of this kind which brings the dog world into disrepute.

However, present and future owners of beagles sired by Kino, who read the above, will have the satisfaction of knowing the breeding of their hounds, which otherwise would not have become known. Justice to them, as well as myself, calls for the above proof, with the explanation accompanying, which circumstances have made necessary in order to avoid further contradiction.

HERM. F. SCHELLHASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to Mr. White's letter in your issue of Dec. 23, allow me to say that that gentleman is right in saying that while in conversation with me he claimed to be the breeder of Kino; this was at the Pittsburg show of 1886. On that occasion I also heard Mr. White speak to O'Shea about this same matter and he flatly denied Mr. White's claims as to his being the breeder of Kino. As Mr. White had given me no proofs of his claims, what right had I to publish to the world mere assertions as facts? I do not doubt Mr. White's sincerity, but all mortals are liable to make mistakes. I would be rejoiced to see his assertion verified, for it would be far more preferable to me to know Kino to be one of the Searcher—Maybelle litter than to have him imported and without a pedigree, Mr. White to the contrary notwithstanding. I hope that gentleman will be kind enough to furnish us with some facts such as name of party to whom he sold the dog (said to be Kino), date of sale, etc. It is possible that that person is a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, if so he would certainly oblige the beagle fraternity by shedding some light on the subject. I assure Mr. White and others that I am anxious to have my dog identified, if this is possible, but I want this done beyond a doubt and cannot rest satisfied or claim a pedigree for him on the strength of suppositions or mere assertions. I hope Mr. O'Shea will see the necessity of saying something, for he, I think, is the only proper person who can settle the matter beyond dispute. A. C. KRUEGER.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 2.

STORIES OF DOGS.

WE have always been a dog-loving family. Home has never seemed home without at least one dog about, and some of the dogs we have had were remarkable for traits of intelligence and affection above the ordinary canine average. I will tell of some of them.

Blitz was a nondescript little pepper and salt terrier. My father brought him home when my sister was only two or three weeks old and he was about the same age. They grew up together with a great affection for one another. As Blitz got older he showed great intelligence. He ran in to the toll-bar every evening, three miles, to get the evening paper from the newsboy, and nothing but that evening's paper, fresh from the press, would Blitz take. It was of no use giving him an old paper; he would turn up his nose in disdain at it and get fierce and threatening unless the proper one was given him. He dearly loved fighting, but when carrying the paper no amount of insult from a strange dog would induce him to put it down and fight. He would put on a spurt, run home at his best pace, and if he could not find my father, mother or his mistress, would safely deposit it under the mat in my father's dressing room, and then, satisfied that it was safe, would fly back and show his enemy that he was not to be trifled with.

He was very fond of a certain kind of sweetmeat which was sold a at little shop on a street corner, and whenever he was taken to town, would run to this corner, squat on his hams and bark shrilly to attract attention. When he saw that he was noticed, he would sit up and beg, with his head on one side, in a most languishing way. If whoever he happened to be with would not take him in and buy him some of the candy, he would run after them, and getting in front would sit up and beg. This was for a kreutzer. If one was tossed to him he would catch it in his mouth and run back to the shop, jump up on the counter and put the coin down in front of the shopman, who knew him well, and knowing what he wanted, would give him the coveted dainty.

Blitz had his own especial plate and bowl, and woe betide my father's setters, pointers or spaniels did they dare to so much as sniff at them. He would fight like a wildcat.

Wherever my sister went Blitz went, so when trunks were packed he always expected, as a matter of course, that he would have change of air. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out my mother was forced to leave Germany, where we had lived fifteen years, as we were all young and my father having died from an accidental gun shot wound, it was hardly safe to stay in the midst of it Blitz was wild with delight at the idea of going away. It was arranged that his mistress was to go with my elder brother a week ahead of the rest of the household, and was to leave Blitz for us to take, as of course we never dreamt of leaving him, although all the other dogs had to be left behind. When Blitz saw her drive away without him he was like a crazy dog, and made a nuisance of himself generally. At last he disappeared and in the bustle of packing it was not noticed. He was not seen again that night, but toward midnight my mother was awakened by dismal howling in the direction of my sister's room. After continuing for ten or fifteen minutes it ceased.

During the morning it was remarked that Blitz was not about, and my mother then remembered the howling in the night. She went to my sister's room, the door of which was ajar, and on looking in saw Blitz stretched on the bed. She called to him, but he did not stir, so went in and patted him, but to her horror he was cold and stiff. He died of a broken heart.

One of my aunts had a black and tan toy terrier. Tiny was a wee creature, weighing only 3½lbs. She was so small that my aunt smuggled her across the pond several times in her muff. The most remarkable trait in Tiny's character was her objection to kitchen tea. It might be brought up in a silver teapot and the ingredients mixed in the most orthodox manner, but Tiny would none of it, although she dearly loved a dish of tea, provided it was "upstairs." This was the more remarkable as I am sure my grandmother never made her servants drink a very poor quality of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." Tiny had her own special stool before the drawing-room fire, and did any luckless stranger rest his or her feet on it during her absence, on her return a sharp nip on the leg was her summary way of asserting her rights. She lived, by the way, until she was twenty-eight years old.

The next dog whose exploits I will chronicle was Jack, a liver and white field spaniel, a beautiful old dog, by the way. Jack, strangely enough, had an intense horror of and dislike to water. During one summer while we were all down the river below Quebec, one of my uncles was obliged to go to Sorel, a place between Montreal and Quebec, on business, and took Jack with him. It being an extremely hot day, my uncle went for a bath in the afternoon, and to Jack's intent disgust, forced him into the water. As soon as he was allowed to land he ran away, despite my uncle's whistling. He searched in every direction for Jack, but could not find him. That night the purser on the boat to Montreal saw the dog, whom he knew, slip on to the boat. Thinking he had been stolen, he locked him up. Next morning on the boat's arrival he went to get the dog, but found that he had managed to escape. That evening he again saw the dog slip on board and tried to catch him, but Jack evaded him and hid in some corner. When the boat arrived at Quebec he saw the dog slip off the boat and run down the wharves toward the ferry which ran to the place where we were living. The boat was just pulling off but he jumped on board, and on its arrival at the island wharf, ran ashore and home.

I will continue the stories of dogs on some future occasion.

By the way, I will change my name from C. to CEE.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—New York, Dec. 30.—The following is the list of judges as far as completed: Mastiffs Newfoundlands, English bloodhounds, Great Danes, Japanese spaniels, Mexican hairless, and miscellaneous class—W. K. Taunton, England. St. Bernards—Miss Anna H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass Deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers and setters—John Davidson, Monroe. Mich. Spaniels—A. C. Wilmerding, N. Y. Collies, poodles, basset hounds, dachshunde, fox-terriers and all other terriers, pugs, toy spaniels and Italian greyounds—L. P. C. Astley, England. Attention is drawn to the rule allowing puppies to be withdrawn on the evening of the second day.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt. ...The premium list for the twelfth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club is ready for distribution. The list provides for 132 classes as against 119 last year. A class is made for English retrievers, one for smooth-coated collies and bob-tailed sheepdogs, and one for Japanese spaniels. There is also a novice class for fox-terriers. The remainder of the extra classes are made by dividing the sexes in some of the champion and open classes. The prizes are also more liberal than last year, the more important classes receiving $20, $10 and $5, with $10, $5 and silver medal for puppies. The club offers a special prize of $25 each for best kennel of mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, field or cocker spaniels, collies, fox-terriers and beagles, each kennel to consist of four. The same amount is also offered for the best three pugs, brace of bull-terriers, best pointer, English setter, St. Bernard and collie, and $50 for the best brace of Chesapeake Bay dogs. The challenge cups and specials of the Mastiff Club, the Fox-Terrier Club and the Collie Sweepstakes will be competed for. The list of judges announced is a very good one, and we have no doubt that it will be perfectly satisfactory to exhibitors. The new departure of the club in selecting a lady judge should meet with hearty support, and the well-known gallantry of nearly all of the St. Bernard fanciers will doubtless fill to overflowing the benches devoted to this breed. It is the ambition of the club to give the largest show that has ever been held. In past years the show has been held in April or May, and recently other shows, held at an earlier date, have weeded out many of the dogs that are entered at the first shows as sure winners, but failing to please the judge, they get discouraged and drop out. Being first in the field this year, a large number of this class of entries are sure to be made, and were it not for the adoption of the obnoxious rule that compels exhibitors to pay fifty cents extra for the purpose of registering each dog that they enter, we see no reason to doubt that the fondest hopes of the management would have been realized, and that we should have seen Madison Square Garden filled to its utmost capacity. We sincerely hope that the club will at once take measures for the rescinding of this very obnoxious rule by bringing the matter before the American Kennel Club. There is not the slightest doubt that, upon a full vote, a large majority would be found to be opposed to the measure, and that it would be stricken from the rules.

CLUMBER SPANIEL SPECIAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will offer a silver goblet, suitably engraved, value $25, for the best Clumber spaniel stud dog, with two of his get, at the Westminster Kennel Club show at New York and the New England Kennel Club show at Boston this spring. The cup must be won by the same dog at both shows, but not necessarily with the same offspring. Should different dogs win it at both of the above-mentioned shows, it will be offered under the same conditions at these shows in the spring of 1889. The offspring shown with the dog must have been sired in North America.—F. H. F. MERCER (Ottawa, Can.).

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There will be a regular meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club on Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8:15 P. M., at the St. James Hotel, corner of Broadway and Twenty-sixth street, New York. All members are requested to be present, as matters of importance have to be settled for the coming year.—WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec.

THE UTICA SHOW judges will be Messrs. James Watson, of Philadelphia, and A. A. Francis, of Rochester.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lucien S. and Maud S. By Starkey & Keating, Fitchburg, Mass., for fawn, black points, mastiff dog and bitch, whelped November, 1887; imported, pedigree not given.

Dandy. By Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., for fawn greyhound bitch, whelped April 20, 1888, by Toney (Duke—Duchess) out of Kittie (A.K.R. 1759).

Baby in the Woods. By Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Jack (Elcho—Mag) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

Ashmont Cleopotra. By Lewis A. Berger, Langhorne, Pa., for fawn, black points, mastiff bitch, whelped July 16, 1886, by Hero II. (A.K.R. 545) out of Madge (A.K.R. 548).

Ashmont Brutus. By Lewis A. Berger, Langhorne, Pa., brindle mastiff dog, whelped July 15, 1886, by Ilford Cromwell (A.K.R. 2624) out of Ashmont Queen (Major—imported Clio).

Ingomar. By Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of Dots (Cornet—Solo).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Princess Pearl—Paxtang. W. R. Traver's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Princess Pearl (Druid—Princess Draco) to F. W. Seller's Paxtang (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone), Dec. 28.

Beadah—Minting. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Beadah (A.K.R. 2976) to his Minting (Maximilian—Cambrian Princess), Dec. 22.

Duchess—Minting. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Duchess (Ilford Caution—Bess, A.K.R. 2977) to his Minting (Maximilian—Cambrian Princess), Dec. 26.

Princess—Ilford Caution. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Princess (Ilford Cromwell—Brenda II.) to his Ilford Caution (Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia). Jan. 1.

Madge—Drake. F. H. D. Viette's (Ottawa, Can.) Clumber spaniel bitch Madge (Ben—Joan) to Clumber Kennels' Drake (A.K.R. 5660), Dec. 28.

Virginia—Fritz. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (Sensation—Rose) to his Fritz (Beaufort—Spot), Nov. 2.

Bunnie—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Bunnie (Kino—Bessie) to his Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), Dec. 28.

Tiny—Cameron's Racket. F. C. Stauf's (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Tiny (Trailer—Music) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise), Dec. 31.

Blossom—Bannerman. H. S. Gilbert's (Millersburg, Pa.) beagle bitch Blossom (Blunder—Rue) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), Dec. 21.

Daisy Queen—Count Noble. H. Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Daisy Queen (A.K.R. 2266) to B. F. Wilson's Count Noble, Dec. 22.

Bacchante—Luke. A. Perrin's (Cambridge, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Bacchante (A.K.R. 5117) to J. E. Thayer's Luke (Mixture—Tyra), Nov. 17.

Bonita—Brant. Chas. M. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Bonita (A.K.R. 1481) to his Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.), Dec. 23.

Joan II.—Johnnie II. J. S. Wallace's (Toronto, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Joan II. (Johnny—Jill) to C. H. Wallace's Johnnie II. (Johnny—Jess), Nov. 21.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

La Duchesse. Kamernap Kennels' (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch La Duchesse (Duke of Leeds—Sheila), Dec. 24, thirteen (seven dogs), by K. E. Hopf's Otho (Rollo—Lady Abbess).

Daisy Ranger. J. W. Trautum's (Middletown, Conn.) pointer bitch Daisy Ranger (Ranger Croxteth—Fanny Faust), Dec. 12 seven (five dogs), by Robert Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sydney—Topsey).

Juno W. Chas. H. Nelles's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Juno W. (Obo II.—Darkie), Oct. 18, four (two dogs), by his Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.).

Lady Zara. Jas. W. Bullock's (Cincinnati, O.) mastiff bitch Lady Zara (A.K.R. 2627), Nov. 18, nine (five dogs), by his Ben Adam (A.K.R. 4733).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sultan. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Juno, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to W. V. Morse, Omaha, Neb.

The Moore. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Juno, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Wm. P. Riggs, Rock Rapids, Ia.

Rosedale Bruce. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped June 5, 1887, by Bruce II. out of Madge III., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to John Massey, Toronto, Can.

Coon. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 23, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Countess, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to LaFayette Cole, Peoria, Ill.

Crown Prince. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 19 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Bernie V., by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to C. H. Amsden, Penacook, N. H.

Alaric. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 14, 1887, by Merchant Prince out of Sequa, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Wilson Vance, Findlay, O.

King Philip. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1887, by Ilford Caution out of Juno, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Pardon Armington, Providence, R. I.

Princess. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 10, 1886, by Merchant Prince out of Miranda, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to W. E. Metzger, Nashville, Tenn.

Monarch. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1887, by Berkshire Caution (A.K.R. 5617) out of Daisy G. (A.K.R. 5620), by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to S. A. Weaver, New Hartford, Conn.

Major. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 10, 1887, by Major out of Nettie, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Hemon Mitchell, Dalton, Mass.

Major. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped November, 1886, by Donald out of Maid of Athens (A.K.R. 5629), by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to S. W. Barker, Troy, N. Y.

Champion. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 20, 1887, by Berkshire Caution (A.K.R. 5617) out of Maid of Athens (A.K.R. 5629), by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to F. C. Kendall, Chicopee, Mass.

Duke. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 20, 1887, by Berkshire Caution (A.K.R. 5617) out of Maid of Athens (A.K.R. 5629), by Berkshire Kenuels, Hinsdale, Mass., to J. L. Smith, Medway, Mass.

Donald. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 20, 1885, by Berkshire Caution (A.K.R. 5617) out of Maid of Athens (A.K.R. 5629), by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to C. M. Cudworth, Worthington, Mass.

Leon Turk. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped 1883 (A.K.R. 5627), by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to F. P. Quimby, New York.

Nix. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 20, 1887, by Berkshire Caution (A.K.R. 5617) out of Maid of Athens (A.K.R. 5629), by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to W. F. Stock, Springfield, Mass.

Nellie. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 15, 1886, by Flute Ringwood out of Vine, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. C. Tarr, Lynn, Mass.

Punch. Black, white on chest, English setter dog, whelped March, 1887, pedigree not given, by Homer Eaton, North Reading, Mass., to Arthur S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass.

Tony. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 15, 1884, by imported Ringwood out of H. F. Schellhass's Trinket, by R. D. Norton, Forestville, Conn., to Geo. W. Proctor, West Gloucester, Mass.

So-So. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 24, 1887, by Brant out of Bonita, by Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to Geo. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lady Alice. Black Newfoundland bitch, whelped Oct. 20, 1887, by Brown's Follie out of Fanny B., by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to H. T. Dearborn, Glen Station, N. H.

Black Jingo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 25, 1887, by Black Pete out of Phyllis (A.K.R. 5293), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to F. C. Evans, Montown, Vt.

Motion B. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1887, by Black Pete, Jr., out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to R. D. Slayton, Stowe, Vt.

Dandy. Fawn greyhound bitch, whelped April 20, 1887, by Toney out of Kittie (A.K.R. 1759), by Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., to F. H. Neal, Enfield, Me.

Baby in the Woods. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1887, by Jack out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), by F. H. Stanorth, Portland, Me., to Cumberland Kennels, same place.

Merchant Prince—Sequa whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 14, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to J. B. Kimenour, Belvidere, N. J.

Merchant Prince—Bernie V. whelp. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 19, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to J. J. Donovan, Tacoma, W. Ter.

Glen—Flora whelp. Black pointer dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1887, by Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., to F. A. Lindsey, New Bedford, Mass.

Prince (A.K.R. 1963)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 24, 1887, by Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., to E. H. Shannon, Belfast, Me.

Fritz—Virginia whelps. Lemon and white pointer dogs, whelped May 18, 1887, by C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., one each to Blair Lee and Mr. Oyster, Washington, D. C.

Berkshire Caution (A.K.R. 5617)—Maid of Athens (A.K.R. 5629) whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 20, 1887, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to R. J. Brevord, M.D., Charlotte, N. C.

Major—Nettie (A.K.R. 5630) whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 10, 1887, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to J. J. Newgent, M.D., Holyoke, Mass.

Mainspring—Ferry whelps. Pointers, whelped Sept. 12, 1887, by T. F. Rivers, Williamsport, Pa., a dog to H. K. Powell, Newton, Ill.; a dog to C. H. Warring, Amsterdam, N. Y., and a bitch to F. Pitzer, Washington, D. C.

Brant—Juno W. whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 18, 1887, by Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., to John C. Eccles, Dunville, Ont.

Brant—Bonita whelps. Black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped July 24, 1887, by Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., one each to W. G. McCullough, Kingston, Ont., and S. L. Boardman, Syracuse, N. Y.

Bannerman—Dots whelps. White, black and tan beagle dogs, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., one each to Dr. H. Danford, Trimble, O., and C. S. Wixon, Covert, N. Y.

Alford Caution—Bess whelps. Fawn mastiffs, whelped July 20, 1887, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., a dog to Chas. P. Fraleigh, New York, and a bitch to R. M. Conway, Owensboro, Ky.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. K. S., Hartford.—It is a great pity that in such cases the belly is not opened and intestines examined. All I would venture to surmise in this case is poisoning by non-corrosive poison like phosphorus. Perforation of the gut and peritonitis resulting, which is common, would give very definite symptoms. So sudden a death would seem to indicate poison or heart trouble.

E. P., Cortland, N. Y.—Since having the distemper, my red Irish setter has been afflicted with a discharge from the mouth of a nature that would suggest some catarrhal difficulty. He is strong and apparently in good health, but the almost constant drooling from the mouth is a source of annoyance. Ans. Give 10 drops of the tincture of belladonna morning and evening in the food.

W. H. S., Jersey City.—My setter pup, three months old, cannot keep anything on his stomach; his hair is falling out; weak in the hind parts; passes blood both ways; has a belching as though sick at his stomach; also craves for water. Ans. It looks as though your pup has an acute inflammation of the stomach and intestines. The cause is from some irritating or poisonous material swallowed. Feed fluids only; let him have all the water he wants. Give two drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening.

D. C. B. Fly Creek, N. Y.—My English setter, eight years old, has a bunch about as large as a walnut grown out from his gums on upper jaw back of his tusk, and grown over a tooth. I first noticed it about two years ago; it was smaller then. It is as hard as his gums and looks just like his gums. A gentleman told me to tie a silk thread around it and that it would come off all right. Would you advise me to do that? I can take hold of it and move it a little, about the same as you could a wart. Ans. It is called Epulis. The best treatment is to tie a strong ligature, strong silk, catgut or wire, with the object of strangulating the growth. When it drops off or can be twisted off, cauterize the stump with nitric acid on a pine stick or touch daily with lunar caustic (nitrate of silver).

E. R., Jersey City.—My son owns two setter pups, one ten the other three months old. The oldest one was taken out last week and broke through the ice; when he came home he was wet and chilled. The next morning he was sick, vomited, and refused his food. I gave him castor oil and aconite. I think it has done some good; but he still shivers and likes to get up to the fire, and his appetite is poor. As I am very fond of them, I have kept them sleeping in the house in a warm room. Do you think that would be injurious to their health? The younger one is somewhat troubled with worms. Their diet has been mostly milk, bread, beef and broth. Ans. Dogs are much sturdier when kept out of doors. With a kennel and plenty of straw, they would not suffer in the coldest weather. Give the younger dog a full dose of castor oil, and follow this with a pill containing 10grs. of areca nut. Give the other dog 5grs. of quinine twice daily in pill form.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

NOT often do the Forest and Stream Publishing Company (New York) issue anything more interesting or valuable than their popular weekly paper of that name, but in a volume bearing the above title they give us really a captivating insight into life in a remote mountain town in Vermont, where game, from bears to woodchucks, coons and owls, has been abundant, and where the life of the people has been very primitive and untinged by the great world outside. Things are greatly changed now—but the daily life of that retired community (as curious as that of any outlying province of France) and the trapping, shooting and catching of game, are presented in this book in a fresh and entertaining shape.—*Hartford Times, Dec. 21.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—Christmas Day, 200yds., off-hand, standard target. There was a light fall of snow all day, but within the house all was comfortable and a very pleasant day of sport was had:

H E Tuck	9	8	10	8	8	10	8	8	10	7—86
J Brown	10	6	9	6	10	7	10	10	7	10—87
J Busfield	9	9	8	6	7	10	9	7	9	10—84
S E Johnson	8	8	9	5	8	7	8	9	6	9—68
A Edgerly	9	5	10	10	5	5	6	10	8	8—76
F Merrill	10	5	10	8	7	7	9	5	4	8—73
C Wright	6	6	7	8	9	5	8	7	8	9—70
J P M Green	9	5	4	7	8	8	8	8	7	6—70
C H Poor	6	9	3	6	9	8	5	8	6	9—69

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 27.—Owensville Ballard Rifle team, strong, 2 o'clock wind and poor light, standard target, 200yds., National rules:

W Gentry	7	4	10	3	5	10	8	4	10	5—66
G Wetter	6	8	4	5	6	7	4	6	10	9—64
J Stone	4	4	5	10	7	6	6	8	7	7—64
J Montgomery	8	10	1	7	7	3	7	8	7	4—62
C Summers	5	5	4	6	9	8	4	9	7	3—60
McG Daugherty	9	1	5	7	7	6	2	3	3	6—49
W Roberts	3	1	5	6	8	3	6	6	4	4—46
J Daugherty	3	4	5	6	5	8	4	3	4	7—48

W. Gentry won gold medal. In the shoot-off for leather medal J. Daugherty won.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.—The cold kept many riflemen at home from Walnut Hill range to-day, and the shooting was not very brisk. The rest match came to a close, and also the victory medal match of '87. H. F. Lynde won the bronze badge in the State militia match. The prize winners in the rest match, and the scores made to-day are given below:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

A Loring	6	10	8	9	7	8	7	8	7	7—77
	9	7	5	5	9	10	10	8	4	4—71
W H Oler	8	6	10	6	10	5	7	4	7	7—70
	7	4	7	8	8	4	9	5	7	8—67
Dadman	5	5	5	8	4	5	10	6	6	9—64

Rest Match.

J Francis	12	12	11	12	12	12	9	11	9	11—111
W Chester	10	12	11	10	12	10	9	12	12	12—116
	11	10	12	10	9	12	12	9	12	12—109
W H Oler	10	11	10	12	12	10	12	10	11	11—109
	11	11	11	9	11	9	11	12	12	10—107
B G Barker	8	9	11	12	12	10	10	9	10	10—101
	8	8	8	12	10	12	10	7	11	11— 97

State Military Match.

H T Lynde	34434—18	44553—21	34443—18	44444—20

Prize Winners' Rest Match.

D L Chase	115	114	112	111 109—561
J Francis	112	111	111	110 109—553
W Chester	111	110	110	109 109—544

WILMINGTON, Dec. 26.—It was almost too cold for out-door amusements to-day, but the shooters were out in force. Some of the ranges had fires, which made the contestants at least comfortable, even if they did not win prizes. The Healdmoor range had a big crowd all day and some fine shooting was done. The grand prize match on a Creedmoor target at 200yds. not only brought good shots from Philadelphia and the surrounding counties, but some excellent scores were made. The four cash prizes were won in the order named, the winners making the following scores:

G W Coulsion, Philadelphia	545451—24	555441—24—48
T F Carlin, Philadelphia	545141—23	553151—23—46

(Allowed one point for military rifles).

H B Seeds	44554—22	54445—22—44
J B Bell	55445—23	44444—20—43

The beginners' popular match at 100yds, was won by G. F. Smith with 23 out of a possible 25; P. J. Graw, 22, second; William Lawton, 21, third; L. S. Bullock, 20, fourth. The bullseye match for a shotgun was uninished. The Wilmington Rifle Club had a successful and pleasant shoot at its range near the middle depot. Some of the best shooting ever done by the members was performed.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 29.—The members of the Sportsmen's Club had a meet this week at Broad Meadow Range. The light was bad. The military rifle was used in the Creedmoor match, the sportsmen's rifles in the decimal match. The distance in each was 200yds. The results in detail were as follows:

Creedmoor Target.

C S Macomber	4343544534—39	4334545444—40	4435444345—40—119
James Early	4454444454—42	3444445545—41	5455434554—41—127
M R Morgan	4544445544—43	5554545545—42	3453554445—42—127
E R Shumway	4544444443—40	4545455445—40	4444444444—40—120
A C White	4455455445—45	4455555444—45	5454544555—46—136

Decimal Target.

A C White	8	9	9	6	5	10	10	5	8	9—82
	9	9	9	7	9	6	7	9	10	9—86—168
J Brown	9	10	7	9	7	10	9	8	8	4—81
J Davis	9	10	7	9	7	10	9	8	8	4—81
James Earley	7	4	10	8	8	8	7	8	6	7—73
T J Leighton	8	8	9	6	8	9	9	7	10	6—81
	9	7	8	10	5	7	9	10	10	9—84—165
Joe Howard	7	9	10	7	9	10	6	6	8	8—81
	6	9	8	8	5	10	8	8	7	5—72—153
Smith Brown	6	3	4	7	5	10	7	10	8	4—69
	6	7	9	8	5	8	10	6	5	10—74—137

LAWRENCE, Mass.—There was a good attendance of riflemen at the range of the Lawrence Rifle Club, Dec. 26. It was a good day for shooting and some fine scores were made, Standard target, 200yds., off-hand:

C M Hill	9	9	10	8	8	8	9	10	10	10—91
O M Jewell	9	6	9	10	8	8	9	10	10	8—87
J W Bean	10	7	10	8	8	10	10	8	6	9—86
Wm Fisher	10	6	7	7	7	10	7	9	10	9—82
A D Elliott	9	10	7	8	8	7	8	7	10	6—80
E H Archibald	10	10	5	6	9	9	6	9	10	6—80
H P Simpson	6	7	9	10	6	6	9	4	9	10—76
H Preston	10	5	6	10	8	8	6	8	4	7—75
H Rowell	8	7	6	5	10	8	6	7	8	9—74
C Frost (mill)	8	8	8	5	6	6	7	8	10	7—73
A A Philbrick	10	5	7	6	8	7	7	9	5	7—71
M Beal	10	7	10	7	6	7	5	7	8	8—69

Saturday, Dec. 31, was also a fine day and Mr. Hill succeeded in rolling up a score which is seldom beaten:

C M Hill	7	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	10—94
O M Jewell	8	10	8	9	8	9	10	9	8	6—85
J W Bean	9	10	6	10	10	10	8	7	5	6—81
E H Archibald	8	9	10	7	9	9	4	6	7	6—75

GARDNER, Mass., Dec. 29.—At the last meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range, the totals of the two scores were as follows:

G F Ellsworth	82	82—164	O S Leland	74	72—146
C N Edgell	80	82—162	J C Crabtree	78	66—144
G R Warfield	75	84—159	D E Warfield	61	60—121
F E Nichols	80	76—156	J N Dodge (with rev.)	84	79—163
A E Knowlton	74	75—149			

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, Dec. 31, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

A Edgerly	7	5	10	9	8	9	10	9	8	8—83
H E Tuck	10	10	4	10	9	6	9	9	9	7—83
J Busfield	6	9	10	8	9	7	6	9	7	10—81
J F Brown	7	9	5	9	7	7	7	7	8	5—71
C Wright	5	6	9	8	7	9	6	10	6	5—71
F Merrill	10	5	8	5	9	5	7	5	4	9—67

NEWARK, Dec. 27.—The Essex County Amateur Rifle Association met this evening at the J. Magory Range, 84 Springfield avenue. The five clubs were well represented. A committee consisting of L. Voorhees, J. Magory, Benjamin Rist, Godfrey Snellen and Louis Smith was appointed to purchase a trophy for the coming tournament. The matches, numbering eight, will continue during the winter at different ranges, both in Newark and Bloomfield. After the transaction of other business the association committee held a match. The teams were as follows: Snellen Team—F. A. Freienseiner, Voorhees, Speer, Smith and Akers. Score, 288. Dietz Team—McCraith, Joithe, Raab, Magory and Rist. Score, 281. The sides were evenly matched, and kept well together until near the last round.

THE EUREKA GUN CLUB, of New York, held its annual meeting Dec. 8, and the following officers were chosen for the season of 1888: Franklin Ring, Pres.; Charles H. Swindell, Vice-Pres.; Ezra D. Strope, Sec.-Treas.; Abram Quick, Cor.-Sec.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FORRESTON, Ill., Dec. 24.—A shooting match was held here to-day. The day was fair but a little too cold for much of a turnout. Live birds, ground traps, one barrel:

Phillips	11-01—4	McCoy	11000—2
Brown	10001—2	Hiteman	10101—3
Kline	11110—4		

Phillips won, killing 2 straight, Kline failing on second, Brown third.

Second match, conditions same:

Phillips	00111—3	Kline	11101—4
B Brown	00011—3	J Brown	00111—3
Hiteman	10010—2	Wolf	11111—5
McCoy	00100—1		

Tie for third, miss and out: Phillips 2, B. Brown 2, J. Brown 1. Phillips and Brown divided.

Third match, same conditions:

Phillips	10011—4	Wolf	00011—2
B Brown	01010—2	J Hiteman	01110—3
S Hiteman	01010—2	Kline	11111—5

For second Hiteman missed his first, Phillips killing his and winning. For third: B. Brown 4, S. Hiteman 2, Wolf 5. Another match will take place soon, when better scores are expected. A number of our sportsmen here still cling to the old muzzleloader, and it is not an uncommon thing to find one of those old relics, the army musket, at a live-pigeon shoot.—H. A. K.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 22.—Will H. Jackson, a well-known trapshot of Level, Ohio, won the champion expert medal at the Tri-State contest to-day. A nasty wind prevailed throughout the shoot, which bothered all the shooters more or less, and though it was something of a surprise, it is conceded by all that the gentleman won entirely on his merits. Merrick, of Bethel, Ohio, was the winner in the amateur class, and, though being a gentleman some sixty years of age, showed the youngsters in this race that his hand and eye had not lost their cunning. The birds used were the new lark, and it is an established fact that they are swift flying, as well as easily manipulated. The champions, Bandle and Winston, of whom so much was expected, did not show up in their accustomed form, and as a consequence several of their friends were not troubled with the "change," financially or atmospherically. The shooting, fifty single larks, Ohio State Trap-Shooting League rules governing:

O'Shaw	13	E Reeder	34
Grant	25	O Treitzger	33
A Duffer	27	A Mossbacker	34
Sea Gull	22	H Ahlers	22
F Frictsch	18	Col Cox	34
Helmsdoerfer	2	H E Peters	26
Williams	13	A G Courtney	12
Jack	15	C Kline	11
Stewart	31	Mason	21
Murphy	32	Birch	15
"Smith"	12	Wick	35
*Al Bandle	34	C Weil	27
F Ferris	16	Bob Smith	31
*J L Winston	28	McDuffie	18
*W H Jackson	38	B O'Brien	12
"Duke"	20	Wagner	13
J Girton	22	Defever	30
T Goldrick	20	*J E Miller	36
*H B Hill	33	*R Heikes	32
*C W McPhee	35	Briggs	25
Merrick	35	Rutterer	23
Bing	21	Boutet	9
Cole	31	Ray	24
P Kissler	23	Maynard	28
A C Dick	33	*Shott	23
*E Taylor	32	Cutter	10
H F Robinson	20		

*Expert class. Others amateur. Judges, George Dick and H. Stump; referee, H. Smith; scorer, C. Weil.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 31.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day. The merchandise match, which was opened last September, for prizes consisting of a Winchester repeating rifle, oil painting and a Belcher loader, was closed. Swift took the first, Maguire the second and Snow the third. The usual sweepstake matches were shot.

NEWARK TRAP EVENTS.—Chas. Clanson, Henry Grael and Henry Schroeder, of the Montgomrry Shooting Club, had a match at 25 birds, single traps, 38yds., on the Frelinghuysen avenue grounds Monday, Dec. 26, and Schroeder killed 17, Clarkson 15 and Grael 13.... Chas. M. Hedden, of this city, and John Williams, of Orange, shot a 25 bird match at Erb's on Tuesday, Dec. 27. The match was for $100 a side, at 30yds. rise. Hedden was the winner, killing 18 to Williams's 17. Frank Clars, of Pine Brook, was the referee.... R. Heber Breinthall on Dec. 26 won the cup which the South Side Gun Club won from the Essex County Gun Association, on the first shoot he tied with R. Hunt, but beat him on the shoot-off.... The West Newark Gun Club held its annual Christmas shoot on Monday, Dec. 26, at Martin Adelmann's Hotel. A delegation was present from the Woodside Gun Club. The first event on the programme was a live bird shoot for members and non-members. Several sweepstakes at clays and black bats were afterward indulged in. After lunch sweepstake shooting at clays and bats was resumed. The day was closed with a shoot for prizes. There were 15 entries, and the contest was for 6 prizes. Four of the prizes were secured by members of the West Newark Club, and two by members of the Woodside Club.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 29.—The Amersfoort Athletic Club, of Flatlands, had a pigeon shoot for a gold medal on its grounds this morning. Fourteen members faced the swings, but owing to the coldness of the weather indifferent shooting was shown. Mr. G. S. K. Remsen won the gold medal. The result was as follows at 20 birds:

D Remsen	9	P G Kouwenhoven	6
F W Bergen	6	J Van Wyck	6
C De Groot	5	A V Suydam	4
S Van Wyck	7	J D Remsen	5
G S K Remsen	11	W D Ryder	5
J Ryder	6	Geo E Van Sicklen	4
W K Remsen	6	W K Kouwenhoven	9

Scorer, Capt. R. Remsen; referee, Geo. K. Van Wyck. To-day the Hit and Miss Gun Club, of New Lots, shot a pigeon match with the Liver Gun Club, of Flatlands. The result of the match was as follows:

Hit and Miss.		Liver Gun Club.	
J Bennett	16	J Van Wyck	16
J H Lott	16	F W Bergen	9
J Vandeveer	9	J W Ryder	8
P Clapp	8	W H Ryder	7
A V Wyckoff	4	A V Suydam	5
A L Suydam	0—53	A H Suydam	4—49

PELHAM, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The Country Club, at its house here, entertained its members and guests very pleasantly to-day. The hall and billiard room of the handsome old mansion were decorated with Christmas green, and to those who did not care to face the rather chilly atmosphere on the pigeon ground were given a very cheering warmth, as well as the benefit of a bountiful cellar and larder. Out of doors, nowever, the banging of shotguns proved the manner in which many enthusiasts were passing their holiday. On the pigeon ground the trap was in constant use, both for the two handicap prize matches which had been annouuced for the day and for impromptu sweepstakes, which were continued until the ground froze and the sun went down. Over 400 birds were shot at and some of the shooting was remarkably good. The first match of the day was at 10 live birds, handicap rise, the winner to receive a handsome silver flask, the gift of C. O. Iselin. There were 22 entries in this match, and W. H. Sands and P. H. Adee tied for first place, each having missed but 1 bird out of the 10. On the shoot-off Adee won, Sands missing his next bird. The second match, under the same conditions, was for a subscription cup. There were 33 entries, and Frank Dunning won, killing every bird. E. C. Potter was second. J. L. Mott, jr., has presented the club with a very handsome cup to be shot for on Washington's birthday.

LONG BRANCH.—On Tuesday, Dec. 29, arrangements were made to hold one of the biggest pigeon shooting tournaments ever held in this country. The shooting will take place here, beginning Feb. 7. Phil. Daly, of Long Branch, gave a purse of $1,500 to be divided into three prizes, of $1,000, $300 and $200. Three thousand live pigeons will be on hand when the shooting begins.

MATCH at 23 Lockport bats, 18yds., 5 screened traps:

Buckellew	01111101111111111001111—19— 4
Bockes	11110111110110011111111—19— 4
Thomas	10010100111011001001001111—13—13
Levengston	10011111010011101111111—17— 6

Each contestant who broke his last 3 straight donated to Thomas 1 bat, giving him 26 to 23 chance to come up.—BUCK.

EASTON, Pa., Dec. 26.—The Easton Gun Club held a large meeting to-day. Messrs. Kleinz, of Pennsylvania, and Graham, of England, shot their double race, the conditions of which were 25 birds each, Hurlingham rules, Kleinz to use 10-gauge gun and stand 33yds., Graham 12-gauge, 28yds., 25 birds each, Long Island rules, Kleinz to stand 29yds., Graham 24yds.; total score in both matches to count; race to be for $150 a side, play or pay:

First Match.

Kleinz.....2112011210221111122202 2—22
Graham.....1110211211121120112111 01—22

Second Match.

Kleinz.....11011111111010011111 1011—20
Graham.....11111111111111101111 1111—24

Graham thus winning by 4 birds on the total score. Kleinz's shooting, according to Long Island rules, was not up to his usual standard, while Graham's was particularly good. Previous to the double race between J. F. Kleinz, champion of Pennsylvania, and Wm. Graham, champion of England, a sweepstake at live birds, open to Easton Club members and visiting trap shots, was arranged, and George Givens "opened the ball" by making the first kill:

G Givens	4	Jacob Young	5
H W Cooley	4	F Bean	4
J F Kleinz	5	J Sommers	3
H Sage	3	H Kinsey	2
W Graham	4	C Borcaw	4
G Wilhelm	3	F Davis	3
J Pascoe	1	A Post	5
H Dyc	4	W N Seitz	3
J Young	3	J E Ebner	3
F R Sage	5		

Ties divided.

DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 2.—The pigeon match for a purse of $500 between Captain Bogardus and J. L. Winston began here at 3 o'clock to-day, but was stopped by darkness when only half shot. The conditions were 100 tame pigeons each, 5 traps, 30yds. rise and 80yds. boundary. Bogardus used a 7½lb. 12-gauge Scott gun; Winston used a 9½lb. 10-gauge Smith. W. L. Colville, of St. Louis, was the referee. Both men had shot at fifty pigeons when darkness stopped the match.

The morning was occupied in the contest between Al. Baudle, of Cincinnati, and Rolla B. Heikes, of Dayton, which was 100 birds each, $100 a side, 5 traps, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary. It resulted in a victory for Heikes, he winning by a score of 76 to 75.

Jan. 3.—The Bogardus—Winston match was concluded this afternoon. Winston lost by allowing his 49th bird to get beyond the boundary before it dropped. The score stood, Bogardus 82, Winston 81.

NEWARK, Jan. 2.—There were nearly a thousand persons present on Erb's Grounds, Newark, this afternoon, to see the long talked of pigeon match between Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., and G. Thompson, of Yonkers, N. Y. The stakes were $500. The original agreement called for 100 birds a side, but when the men came on the grounds they decided to shoot at 50 each. The conditions governing the match were 30yds. rise, 5 traps, 80yds. boundary; two barrels and Hurlingham rules, barring restrictions as to weights and gauge of guns. The match began at one o'clock, and occupied an hour and three-quarters. The birds were all strong flyers and the shooting very clean and good. Although Class was made the favorite in the betting, owing to his many excellent performances of late, Thompson came out the winner by 3 birds, killing 44 out of his 50, while the Jerseyman only killed 41. The score was as follows:

G Thompson.....11211011211211211021222102111122210111 1—44
Frank Class.....11121010220221102111102211111112020210111 11222201—41

Referee, John Erb, of Newark. The rest of the afternoon was spent in shooting sweepstakes at live birds.

A NEW SHOOTING GROUND.—Mr. Wm. McDowell, the genial gunsmith of Toronto, has a project on hand for the establishment of shooting grounds in the city after the fashion of those at Notting Hill and Hurlingham, in London. As he says, at present sportsmen are being driven from one part of the city to another to enjoy a pigeon shoot, and have no definite abiding place. With five gun clubs in the city, having 500 members between them, Mr. McDowell justly thinks that well-managed shooting grounds should prove a good investment.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $1.50. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neidé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1887-88.

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Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. MIX, }
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N'thern Div., A. T. McGachen. W. G. McKendrick. S. Britton, Lindsay, Can.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year ($1.00). Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in the Central Division wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

CRUISING CANOES AT THE MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is easy to see what Mr. MacKendrick is aiming at in a general way, he is raising the cry against racers and in favor of cruisers and cruising, that we have so often heard; but from what he has said thus far I am unable to determine the specific evils which he is complaining of, or the remedies he would advise. He does specify the abolition of the 75ft. limit race, but offers nothing in its place; for the rest, barring the very good recommendation of prizes for cruising gear, his criticisms are merely general. The whole tenor of his letters is against the "cranky machines," Pecowsic and her kind; and he suggests rules that would debar these boats. I am no friend or advocate of Pecowsic, but it seems to me that Mr. MacKendrick, beyond some assertions, has proved no case against these boats, and until this is done it would be very unfair to legislate in any way against them. It may be that they are dangerous and cranky machines, and that no honest, all-round boat can hope to beat them, but before we pronounce them so there are some points to be considered.

Mr. MacKendrick lays the entire merit for Pecowsic's success to her limited dimensions and fine lines, making her a racing machine. Now if he is familiar with Pecowsic and Lacowsic and their owners, he must know that these two boats represent an amount of careful study and experiment that has been expended on very few other canoes in the Association. For four or five years the Messrs. Barney have experimented not only with models, but with sails and fittings, until to-day their two boats are the most perfectly fitted for racing of any canoes in the Association, bar none. Every detail is worked out with the utmost care, smoothness of bottom, thin plate board of polished brass, beautifully made sails of extreme lightness, special steering gear and fittings of the best form. The boats, too, are well sailed.

In spite of all this, to those who have watched the racing it does not seem certain that any one of a dozen boats out of the fleet could not be made to push Pecowsic very hard in most races, certainly to have a good show in the record. Rough hulls, clumsy folding boards or chunks of rough boiler plate, loose, baggy sails and slipshod fittings are found in nearly all the would-be racers which seek to beat these two perfectly fitted boats. Notus and Vesper have been the best of Pecowsic's rivals, and both have given her and her sister some hard races. Until other canoes are fitted for races with the care, skill and ingenuity displayed by Messrs. Barney it would be very unfair to pass any rule that would hamper these boats, in fact, it is a very awkward thing in any case to make rules that bear hard on a winning boat; it looks as if she could not be beaten by fair sailing.

In the case of Pecowsic there are natural limitations, which do not seem to have occurred to Mr. MacKendrick. In one race last year Pecowsic started with too little sail and Lacowsic with too much, and as no extra sails were carried, and it would probably have taken too much time to stop and shift in any case, one boat was luffing and begging in the puffs, while her sister was wishing for more wind. All this was to the advantage of the boat with reefable sails, but further, the small, light Pecowsic was obliged to luff up and bail out at intervals, while in one case she capsized. All this shows the chances which such boats must take compared with the abler craft. I understand further that in spite of Pecowsic's success as a racer her owner has this winter built a bulkier canoe, though I am unable to give details; this fact, if correct, proves much.

But Pecowsic and Lacowsic were not the only small canoes at the meet, there were others of the same build and of far better model and workmanship than the original; did any one hear of them as winners? I think I am correct in stating that the fleet at the last two meets showed a large number of well-modeled canoes of good proportions, 15×30 and 31, but nearly every one badly handicapped by lack of care and preparation or by bad fittings. Now if Pecowsic and Lacowsic be ruled out on account of their dimensions, what is to prevent their owners going into slightly larger craft and fitting them up as thoroughly as the boats were, in which case the rest of the fleet will still be astern, and next year we shall hear the same tune with new words about the well-rigged and fitted canoe called the racing machine, defeating the "honest cruiser," who comes to camp with a hull as rough as the side of a barn, and finishes the rigging of his new experimental sail on the morning of the race.

I am for the cruiser every time, but let us have fair play for the men who put brains and time into racing craft for the benefit of all canoedledum. It may be that Pecowsic is as Mr. MacKendrick believes, but we must at least acknowledge a heavy debt to her and her owner for much that we have learned from them.

Mr. MacKendrick suggests that a race with crews inside, in the "early English" fashion, would be an improvement over the 75ft. limit, but there are few cruisers, to say nothing of racers, who would be willing to give up the great advantage of the deck position, for the very doubtful advantages of an inside seat, and I am not sure that even here, Pecowsic would not have the best of the larger boats with more canvas. I have heard of a narrow, cranky little canoe named Elfin, with two baby leg-o'-muttons, that in old times used to warm the fleet of a certain canoe club, ballast and deck seat notwithstanding. Her crew sat below, I doubt whether he could have stayed on her deck.

Mr. MacKendrick speaks of the success of the meet in England this year, a cruising meet; but if I am correctly informed the camp included a small party, twenty or twenty-five only, the ladies being on a sailing yacht, where some of the cooking is done. Such a meet is easily be a success, but it is a very different matter to manage a party of one hundred and fifty, or more, with some eager and able to turn out at 6 o'clock and make thirty miles in a day, while others wish to turn out at 11 A. M. and dawdle over ten or twelve miles.

There is nothing of as much benefit to a club as a sturdy, conscientious kicker, and I think that I understand and appreciate Mr. MacKendrick's motive; the advancement of cruising; but I submit that he has not yet made his case plain against the racers, he has specified neither the exact evils nor their remedy.

CRUISER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the FOREST AND STREAM and the *Canoeist* faithfully these many moons, and for one am tired of growls from disgruntled racers and consequently would-be cruisers because racing men will not build boats with a bilge like a wash boiler and use old-fashioned lug sails with total area of something like 50ft. Most of these shots are directed toward Mr. Barney, but he has, I believe, never acknowledged a hit in any way, either on himself or his boats. As I happen to know something of both I take it upon myself to speak in their defense.

First, the statement, either open or covert, that Pecowsic is a "racing machine" is all humbug, for her owner uses her for general all-round sailing on a river where any one who has ever raced or sailed will acknowledge that sailing is no child's play, the winds being very variable and puffy and a big sea being kicked up in a few minutes; in fact the very place where the much-lauded cruising sail is the one to be desired. Mr. Barney and his son are out nearly every day during the season, but I have yet to hear of either being capsized. Last Fourth of July, with the wind blowing a gale, a race started with seven canoes crossing the line, and only two came home, Pecowsic leading as usual, the others having been blown over down the course.

Second, there are in the same club two other canoes of Pecowsic model, an Cid and Volunteer, both of which are used by their owners as regular cruising boats, going under sail or paddle many miles up and down the river, carrying sometimes a passenger and duffle enough for any ordinary camp usage just as safely and much more easily than some other boats in the same club which are built with the above-mentioned wash-boiler lines. I owned a boat of this class last season, a new model of the "cruising" type, and conceded by many to be the best all-around boat; but by actual comparison she proved herself much less seaworthy than Pecowsic, and not so dry in choppy water.

All the success of Pecowsic as a racing boat is not due, however, to her fine lines and simple but perfectly working rig. There were at the last A. C. A. meet at Bow Arrow Point several canoes of as good model and fine lines, and which, had they had as smooth hulls as simple a set of sails, and, most important of all, been as well handled, would have made it hot for that famous boat. It is easy, after one has been outsailed by the Barneys, to go home, and, with pipe in mouth and pen in hand, think up pungent articles for the canoeing press, without giving credit where it is justly due, without taking into consideration the stimulus which the successes of Mr. Barney and his boats have added to canoeing and canoe building all over the world, without thinking of the hundreds of dollars, months of time and many failures which have all combined to evolve the present Pecowsic.

If the disgruntled want Mr. Barney's scalp, why don't they come and take it? There are Pecowsic models without number, her sails are measured many times at each meet, nothing about her is patented, and her owner is always ready and willing to show with kindly interest, anything connected with his boats. Canoe racing has come to stay, as we all know, and the term racing implies speed, so let us have boats that can show a certain amount of it, are still seaworthy, (more so in fact than ordinary cruisers) and easy to handle under sails or paddle. But few racing machines have been produced under the present A. C. A. rules and those have proved themselves unable to cope with Pecowsic.

Perhaps the purely cruising interest has been neglected at the annual meets, but the regatta committee have done their best, and it is so much easier to criticise others than to suggest new methods. Commodore Gibson's manly letter shows that he is ready and willing to do anything in his power to aid the cruisers; so let them act and they will find ready support. But let the men who prefer racing, enjoy it under rules with which they are evidently satisfied. If these kickers prefer cruising in big, pot-bellied boats to cruising in good clean-modeled ones, it is their own lookout. Only let them not be dissatisfied when they find they cannot bring every one to their own terms.

PADDLE.

A SPRING CRUISE.

THE Queen's birthday being a public holiday, the members of the Ottawa C. C. thought it a good opportunity for a club cruise. It was therefore arranged that the members should meet at the club canoe house on the evening before at half past four. Some of the members, however, preferred to start earlier in the day, and it was agreed that we should meet at the foot of the Leonard Islands about fifteen miles from town, camp there and paddle on next day to Thurso, another fifteen miles, returning to town by the S. S. Empress, which passes Thurso about 3 P. M. When the time came it was noticed that there was a thunder storm rolling down the Ottawa Valley; but canoeists always trust to luck in these matters, so off we started in seven canoes. Arriving at the light house, seven miles down, a little after 6, we determined to land and take a bite to soothe the wolf within. This we did at a boat, where we found a French Canadian raftsman in a palatial hut over which was a sign reading "Queen's Hotel." During the summer enormous rafts of square timber are towed down the Ottawa to Quebec, where the timber is shipped to all parts of the world. These rafts require a large crew to manage them, and they live in little huts that look like dog kennels. Over the doors of these they amuse themselves by printing grandiloquent titles, "The Palace Hotel," and so forth. On a clear night a raft is a very picturesque object, bright fires are kept burning all night on hearths of stone and earth, and the light-hearted raftsmen while away the hours with fiddle and song.

As the weather began to grow more threatening it was deemed advisable to put for camp, and off we started at full speed. The thunder storm came rapidly up, and I never saw a grander sight; the purple and leaden-colored clouds rolled over the blue sky, spreading out from the Laurentian Hills that bound the river on the north. Here and there the blood-red and golden rays of the setting sun bursting through the dark clouds would form fiery caverns that would have delighted the weird soul of Dantè. But anticipations of wet jackets and damp beds scattered us in headlong flight, three or four of us dashed into the inner channel through the Leonard Islands, a couple kept to the main river and took refuge in a house; I am glad to say they were punished for it by the mosquitoes, and slept not a wink. Several times slight showers of heavy drops fell, and several times we hailed what we thought were the camp-fires of our comrades, but which proved to be fishermen's camps, fishing with night line and net in open defiance of the law.

At last we struck the right camp, and two of us managed to get up our tent before the rain fell in torrents. The veteran arrived next, and he took refuge in one of the other tents till the first fury of the storm was passed, as he depended on a canoe tent. The captain arrived last, he was soaked through and through, but no effort of his subordinates could induce him to change. He slept in damp clothes, and, what was still more strange, was not a whit the worse for it. After supper we collected in one of the larger tents and told stories and sang songs. We hadn't a mosquito all night, for we were encamped on a sand spit at the lower end of one of the islands, and the wind blowing across kept the vermin off.

Next morning we were off again, five of the canoes under canvas, the rest under spruce. The sailors had a dead beat down the river. The veteran, who always will be in the fashion, had his sails dyed a crushed strawberry color, while the Nixie was clad in old gold. The other three were old-fashioned, and stuck to the white wings. At Cumberland wharf we found the commodore, who had missed the rendezvous the day before, and our two stragglers.

After a short rest we embarked again, bound for the Commodore's shooting box at Campbell's Bay for lunch. At lunch there was a great gathering of the clans, the canoeists all told numbering twenty-two. The commodore decided to stay over and take the steamer at Rockland just opposite, but the rest of us went to Thurso. The wharf here had been washed away by the spring freshet, so we were obliged to embark on the Mouche de Feu, a pre-adamite ferryboat, and from her we boarded the Empress, commanded by the club's good friend Captain Bowie. We gave our commodore three times three when we picked him up at Rockland, and spent the rest of our time on the very enjoyable trip up the river in respectfully listening to the commodore and the captain discussing the changes that time and sawdust had wrought upon the river, the fish and the game.

I may explain that the enormous mills at the Chaudiere and Rideau Falls are allowed to throw their sawdust into the river, and at most if not at all of the mills there are machines which tear up edgings and refuse into chips. The sawdust and chips, after floating about for a time, sink and form enormous banks, said to be in places 40ft. thick. Of course the lumber trade is an enormous industry, and one that should not be hampered by any unnecessary restrictions; but one cannot help regretting that no means can be found to prevent the destruction of the river and the killing of all the fish. Whitefish are still caught, but they are all full of intestinal worms, rendering them useless for food. The decomposition of the sawdust creates gas, which blows up the water as the explosion of a submarine mine would do. Sometimes it has been violent enough to blow up the thick ice during winter. Of course one hears of narrow escapes, but I never heard of an accident resulting from these explosions. The worst thing I know about them is the smell, which resembles rotten eggs.

ALCYONE.

A CLASS B RACING AND CRUISING CANOE.

THE wide difference of opinion over details among men who are thoroughly united on one main issue, is nowhere better illustrated than by the warfare that springs up between canoeists each winter after the sailing is suspended. The ordinary canoeist is naturally a peaceable and sociable animal when at his usual pursuits, racing, cruising and camping; but take away his paddle and salt or fresh water, and give him a pen and a little ink, and at once his whole nature changes, he drops his peaceful demeanor, and charges furiously on the friend whose boat differs from his own pet craft by a quarter of an inch. In this battle of the various schools of canoeing thought, the man who sails a Class A canoe looks down on the paddler in a Rob Roy, and fiercely attacks the limited dimensions of the latter craft. Wet, narrow, cranky, uncomfortable, these adjectives are piled on the hapless Rob Roy in weight enough to sink her; and her owner can only reply that he is a true canoeist, a follower of MacGregor. As soon as a Class B canoe comes in sight the battle changes, the Class A boat now has all she can do to defend herself from just such an attack as she lately made on the Rob Roy, as pretty much the same charges are made by the skipper who believes in 31in. of beam against the 28in. man, as the latter makes against the 26in. By the time that a "wide canoe," *i. e.*, 34 to 36in. has arrived, a canoe yawl or two sailed up, and a few sneakboxes, Barnegat cruisers, duckers, tuckups and other small craft have anchored within fighting range, the battle becomes hot enough to last until spring, even without the help of "Deja" and "Red Jacket," those famous free lances. Fortunately no one is ever injured in these furious wars, and all are as good friends as ever when they meet next year afloat, and the discussion serves each year to bring out many good points, and to hasten the improvement of all the boats by general criticism and an interchange of ideas.

The question at issue just now is between the recognized canoes of Classes A and B; and the lines here given of a canoe of the latter class will prove specially interesting in this connection. This design was made in 1883 for Mr. Wm. Whitlock of New York by Mr. John Hyslop, and from it the well known Guenn was built in the winter of '83-4. Unfortunately she was too large for the A. C. A. limits, and in order to race she had to be shortened, drawn in and re-decked after being in use for some time, which altered the lines materially. Further than this, she was heavily built, with a large keel and a fin centerboard, thus handicapping her in racing. In spite of these disadvantages she has shown good speed at times and there is every reason to believe that the model is a fast one, though not fairly tested in the Guenn.

In the present design we have preserved the outlines of the hull intact, but the raking sternpost of the Guenn has been replaced by a straight one, in accordance with the latest practice, and the exterior keel and the deep deadwood aft have also been cut away. We propose to give the scantling for a light but strong cruising boat, and with the model and a suitable rig she should prove a winner in the races as well. The hull is large and powerful and well fitted to carry a large load of stores and gear, or a heavy board and some ballast for racing. Her place should be about New York and on broad waters, rather than on the upper Hudson and the Connecticut; and she will undoubtedly make an excellent all-around boat and an able racer as well, even though she should prove unable to master the Pecowsics in all weathers. The design is the first that Mr. Hyslop had ever made for a canoe, a class of boat with which he was not familiar, and the dimensions and leading particulars were given by Mr. Whitlock, the designer being responsible only for the lines of the model.

It will be noticed that the drawing measures but 30⅝in. extreme beam, with planking. If the moulds are carefully made to this size the boat when planked may be allowed to spread a little, bringing her to 31in., leaving ⅛in. inside the A. C. A. limit before the deck is put on. This, as described in "Canoe and Boat Building," is better than building to the exact width, as the boat will always spread a little. At the same time it would be possible to build a 30in. boat from the same moulds, using a little care in drawing the sides together before fimbering, and fastening them well until deck frame is in, but it is always best to build a light boat narrower rather than wider than she is to be, and then allow her to spread a little. If a smaller boat is desired the design may be cut down in depth, taking 2in. off the sheer all around without impairing its integrity. Such a boat would of course need no ballast, and would be a very fair match for Notus, Vesper and others of that class. The line shown for crown of deck is simply drawn in with a batten to make a fair sweep, with a crown of 2in. at midships. This will not allow one beam mould to be used throughout, as the round of the deck beams varies at each station, but it will make a handsome deck. The dimensions are:

Length, extreme		15ft.
Beam, extreme		2ft. 7in.
Depth, amidships		1ft. 0¼in.
Sheer	Bow	6¼in.
	Stern	2¼in.
Draft, including keel		6½in.
Displacement, to above draft		535lbs.
	Per inch immersion	130lbs.
Area, midship section		.965 sq. ft.
	Loadline plane	23.88 sq. ft.
	Lateral plane	7.33 sq. ft.
C. L. R. from fore side of stem		7ft. 9¼in.

Waterlines, 2in. apart; stations, 1ft. apart.

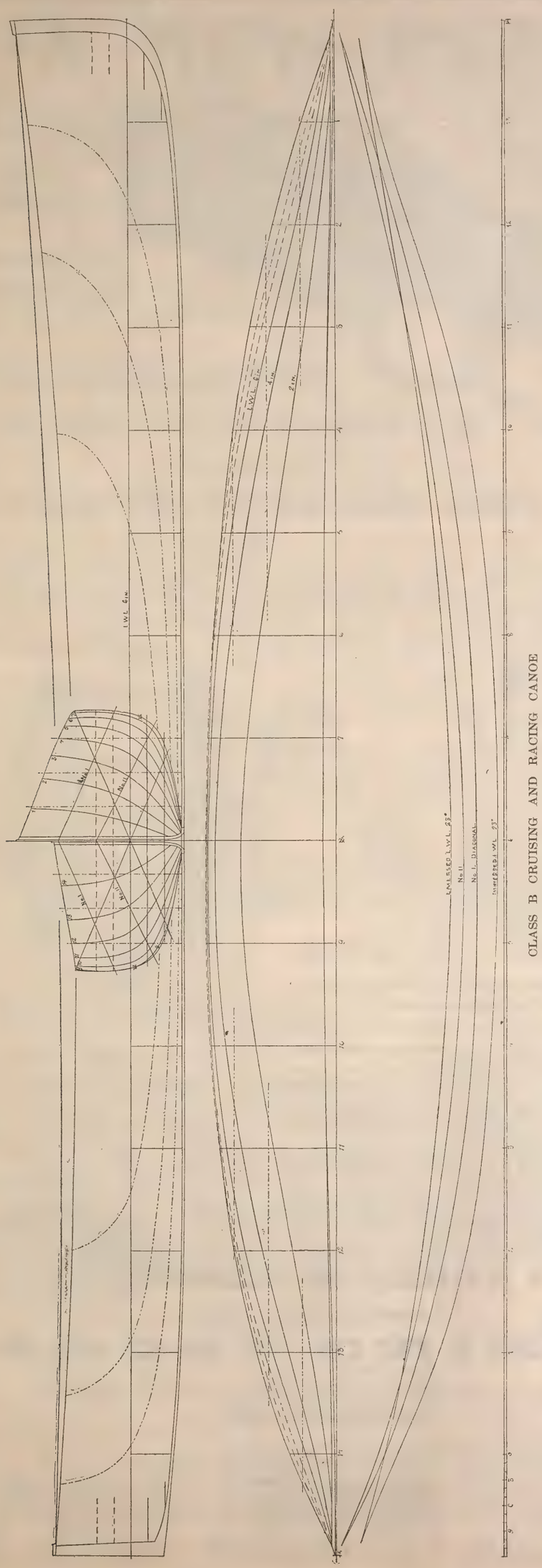


TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations.	Heights.		Half-Breadths.						
	Deck	Rabbet.	Deck	No. 10.	No. 8.	No. 6.	No. 4.	No. 2.	Rabbet.
0..	1 7^{1}	.....	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}	.....	.....	.....	.....
1..	1 5^{6}	1^{3}	3^{7}	3^{1}	2^{5}	2^{1}	1^{3}	0^{6}	0^{4}
2..	1 4^{3}	0^{3}	7^{2}	6^{2}	5^{4}	4^{4}	3^{3}	2	0^{5}
3..	1 3^{2}	0^{1}	9^{7}	9^{1}	8^{4}	7^{3}	5^{6}	3^{4}	0^{7}
4..	1 2^{4}	.....	11^{7}	11^{4}	11	10^{1}	8^{3}	5^{2}	1^{1}
5..	1 1^{6}	.....	1 1^{3}	1 1^{2}	1 0^{7}	1 0^{2}	10^{4}	7^{1}	1^{2}
6..	1 1^{2}	.....	1 2^{2}	1 2^{3}	1 2^{1}	1 1^{6}	1 0^{2}	8^{7}	1^{3}
7..	1 0^{6}	.....	1 2^{7}	1 3	1 2^{7}	1 2^{4}	1 1^{4}	10^{3}	1^{4}
8..	1 0^{5}	.....	1 3^{1}	1 3^{2}	1 3^{1}	1 2^{7}	1 2^{1}	11^{1}	1^{4}
9..	1 0^{4}	.....	1 3^{1}	1 3^{2}	1 3^{1}	1 2^{7}	1 2	10^{7}	1^{3}
10..	1 0^{4}	.. ...	1 2^{5}	1 2^{6}	1 2^{5}	1 2^{2}	1 1	9^{3}	1^{2}
11..	1 0^{5}	.....	1 1^{5}	1 1^{6}	1 1^{4}	1 0^{7}	11^{1}	7^{3}	1^{1}
12..	1 0^{7}	0^{1}	1	11^{4}	11^{2}	10^{5}	8^{6}	5^{1}	0^{7}
13..	1 1^{3}	0^{4}	9^{3}	9	8^{4}	7^{4}	5^{5}	3	0^{6}
14..	1 2^{1}	1^{3}	5^{4}	5	4^{4}	3^{5}	2^{5}	1^{2}	0^{4}
15..	1 3	.....	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}	.....	0^{1}

THE BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION.—Our British cousins, some of whom criticised the early efforts of the founders of the A. C. A., are now having a little experience of their own in the same direction. Apparently it is not thus far all plain sailing, but they have struck several snags, not the least of which is the small boat owner. We, of the A. C. A., have been through all this in the past and can fully sympathize with them, and in wishing a Happy New Year to the new British Canoe Association we include a speedy settling of all such vexed questions.

THE NEW DIVISION.—On Jan. 3 a meeting was held in New York pursuant to the call issued in the FOREST AND STREAM, at which it was resolved that application be made to the A. C. A. for recognition as a new division, to be known as the Atlantic Division, the boundaries being those already published. The officers elected were, Vice-Com., Henry Stanton, New York; Rear-Com., A. S. Pennington, Paterson, N. J.; Purser, E. W. Brown, New York; Ex. Com., T. S. Westcott, Philadelphia.

NEW YORK C. C.—The annual meeting was held on Dec. 30, the old board of officers being re-elected: Com., C. K. Munroe; Vice-Com., R. B. Burchard; Sec.-Treas., C. J. Stevens; Executive Committee, W. P. Stephens, B. H. Nadal. Com. Munroe sailed on Dec. 31 for Florida to return to New York in the spring. Messrs. Munroe, Drake and Nadal constitute the regatta committee, and Burchard, Platt and Power the house committee. The spring regatta will be held on June 16.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division.—Mr. E. Easton, Lindsay, Ont., is proposed for membership.

Yachting.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

THE BOYCOTT DEED OF GIFT.

AT the time when the new deed of gift was first made public it was taken up hastily by the American press, and commented upon favorably by nearly all. At first the FOREST AND STREAM stood alone in its denunciation of the document, save for one New York paper, the *World*, which also characterized the whole proceeding as unfair and unsportsmanlike. As public opinion has made itself more loudly heard, some of our contemporaries have wakened up to the real state of the case, and have now even gone so far as to demand another revision of the much revised and doctored deed.

The Boston papers, however, have come to the support of the New York Y. C., and in answer to these adverse criticisms the *Herald* brings forward Messrs. Paine, Forbes and Burgess to defend the new deed, as follows:

"Gen. Paine and Commodore Forbes enjoy too high a reputation for fair play to sit idly by and allow a deed of gift to be so framed, the terms of which were unsportsmanlike. Gen. Paine has built two vessels himself, and he, with Commodore Forbes and others, built the Puritan. Neither of them is afraid to race, and they have never sought to take refuge on technical grounds. The writer has interviewed them on the terms of the new deed of gift, and both without any hesitation said that the terms of the new deed are all right, and the changes made were demanded, so that American yachtsmen would have an even chance with those on the other side, and they want no more nor no less than their opponents. They both believe that the committee was composed of honorable, fair-minded men, and that their work in framing the new deed of gift is in accordance with their high character.

"As Mr. G. L. Watson has expressed himself unfavorably on the changes in the new deed of gift, the writer called on Mr. Edward Burgess yesterday with a view of obtaining his ideas about the new deed of gift.

"'What do you think of the new deed of gift?' was asked.

"'It is all right; needs no defence. The *London Field* says that Gen. Paine had six months advantage over the Thistle people. This is not so, it is the other way. None of us knew the dimensions of the Thistle until the last moment, and then only had six months to build, equip and work up the Volunteer for the races. The Thistle people had the advantage of having had their yacht launched before the Volunteer was started. The truth is that Gen. Paine, immediately after accepting the challenge of the English cutter Arrow for the Queen's cup, decided to build a steel sloop 90ft. waterline, to meet the Thistle. She was made shorter after learning the length of the Thistle, as sent to the New York Yacht Club, so that she would be the same length as the Thistle; this does not look like taking advantage.'

"'What do you think of the 10-months' notice?'

"'If they want to come over here with a new boat, built especially to sail for the Cup, and not give us a chance to beat her, this may be their idea of sportsmanlike conduct, but it is not mine. It looks as if they wanted to take us unprepared.'"

"'What is your opinion of the clause asking for the dimensions?'

"'Advantages are now conceded to them which were not enjoyed under the old deed of gift. As it stands now, the challenge can be accepted when the dimensions are received. Under the old deed the yacht had to be built, and custom house certificate sent before the challenge could be accepted. Each side should have a chance to meet the other on even terms, and to my mind it is not fair to have the advantage all one way.'

"'Then you believe that the committee on the revision of the deed of gift acted fairly and in a sportsmanlike manner?'

"'I certainly do; such changes as they made were all in the interest of fair play, where both sides start off in the race with even chances. The inside course was abolished, two races to windward were substituted for the old courses—a great improvement. Any fair-minded man who will carefully read the provisions of the new deed of gift, must come to the conclusion that they were gotten up in the interest of fair play. If they can build a 90ft. cutter or 115ft. schooner faster than we can, the cup is theirs. Of course an agreement can be made between the parties to build a smaller vessel.'"

"Mr. Burgess has great respect for the members of the club who acted on the committee, and heartily approves of their actions."

Against the general indorsement of the deed of gift by the three gentlemen named there is the document itself, within the reach of all yachtsmen, by which they may judge for themselves of the fairness of its provisions. Further still, there is the unqualified condemnation of two foreign yacht clubs and of many American as well as foreign yachtsmen.

Looking at Mr. Burgess's defence of the deed; if correctly

reported it certainly does not make out a very strong case. The particulars as to Volunteer's design are interesting, though how she would be the same length, and with no advantage, if Thistle was designed for 85ft. and Volunteer for 85ft. 10 4-5in., is not quite clearly explained. The demand for a reasonable amount of time in which to build to meet a new boat is fair enough, though ten months seems a long period, but the other side of the question, that it leaves the designer of the challenger but a few weeks after the conclusion of one race in which to design a new boat prior to challenging, is entirely ignored in Mr. Burgess's ingenious answer. The answer to the most important question, concerning the required dimensions, has nothing at all to do with the case. Of course the old tonnage measurement is out of date and useless, and it is desirable that terms may be arranged before a yacht is completed; but it would be much more to the point to hear how Mr. Burgess would like to be tied down absolutely to a fixed length, extreme beam, waterline beam and draft, with the penalty of disqualification hanging over him if he understated them in advance or overran them when in racing trim. Still further, would he consider the terms even which compelled him to give long in advance these leading details to his adversary, but to wait in the dark until the race came off to know what the latter would bring to beat him?

We do not see that thus far the defenders of the deed, either in New York or Boston have made other than a very weak case, or that they have answered in any way the charges originally made in the FOREST AND STREAM, which may be summarized as follows: The deed of gift is illegal, in that one surviving donor has no right to alter the manifest spirit and intention of the original five donors. But further than this the new deed is evidently not his work so much as the work of others in no way associated with the donors. In the same connection there is no evidence that the action of the half dozen revisers represents in any way the majority of the seven hundred members of the New York Y. C. who were not allowed to discuss or virtually to vote on the acceptance or rejection of the proposed deed.

The deed is unfair in that it demands certain information from the challenger while giving none in return or no security that he will not be outbuilt; and it also reserves to the holders the right to substitute a length rule for the rule of the club if they so desire.

The deed is absurd, impracticable and inconsistent, in that it imposes on the challenger conditions as to building which no designer can guarantee to comply with; it confines the races to sizes of yachts never yet built, and not likely to be under any ordinary demands of yacht racing; and it nullifies the accepted racing rule of the club, by length and sail area, replacing it by a totally different rule.

The deed is obstructive and detrimental to American yachting in that it shuts out every existing yacht from competition; it confines international yacht racing to a new and special class of yachts and a few very wealthy men, and does nothing to encourage the healthy and systematic development of designing, building and racing American yachts; and, further, it has already brought discredit upon American yachtsmen and will operate to prevent the competition which for three years has wrought such good results to both sides.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some lame attempts have been made to justify the unsportsmanlike conduct of the New York Y. C. in their recent tampering with the America Cup challenge.

Mr. Burgess attempts to defend the questionable action of the club, and in late Boston papers winds up his views with this sentence: "If they (the foreigners) can build a 90ft. cutter or 115ft. schooner faster than we can the cup is theirs."

Now, this sentence will strike all fair-minded persons as a direct confession of the utterly unsportsmanlike conditions under which the New York Y. C. seeks to maintain possession of the Cup at all hazards except those of actual racing.

As no such boats have ever existed and are not likely ever to exist, the New York Y. C. might as well have set the limit at a mile length for cutters and two miles for schooners.

The club, by insisting on dimensions which have not been built up to in the past and will not be built up to in the future, has practically withdrawn the Cup from further competition, and intrenches itself securely in its possession behind stipulations which are prohibitive and therefore unsportsmanlike, to say nothing of their entire illegality.

The original deed specifically opened the Cup to challenge by craft from thirty tons up, and under the rules of the club holding the Cup; that is with just and proper time allowance for difference in size of the competitors, a very different offer to the yachting world from the document lately promulgated.

The original deed contemplated a test between fair representatives of the yachting fleets of the world. The new modifications boycott all yachts which exist and leave the Cup open only to challenge by mythical craft having no being. Even should an occasional venture be made in accord with the dimensions insisted upon, such ventures would be but special machines contrived for a special purpose, and would not in any sense represent the national types or practices which the original deed of gift sought to bring together in friendly comparison.

Apart from the prohibitive clause here considered, the new document bristles with other unfair requisites, such as the demand for details and impossible information concerning the challenging boat, with no corresponding information or restrictions imposed upon the challenged. We are to be put in possession of the elements of the foreign craft, but vouchsafe no return in equity, nor do we agree to abide by the same length should the challenger be under 90 or 115ft.

Furthermore, though the time of notice is set down at ten months, an absurd period in itself, the notice in reality may amount to sixteen months, should the challenger, for likely enough reasons, be unable to get his papers before the New York Y. C. prior to five minutes past midnight Dec. 31, for the period of notice would carry the challenge five minutes beyond the expiration of the "season" terminating with the last of October, and could be made to stand over to the next "season," commencing May1. Sixteen months notice and all the risks of war, pestilence, famine and bankruptcy to interfere with the consummation of the race! Surely, the New York Y. C. does not realize that life is fearfully short, or it would not interpose such barriers to international racing. And this is what the club believes to be "encouraging" challenges from abroad, as the donors of the Cup expressly desired in the original deed!

But it is not worth while to discuss the various clauses in detail. The prohibitive dimensions and the abolition of time allowance, high-handed and illegal actions in themselves, have erected an impassable obstruction about the Cup and given a quietus to international racing.

The action of the New York Y. C. has been pronounced absurd, unsportsmanlike and unlawful by all good authorities. It is maintained only by a handful of interested persons and their mutual admiration circle.

It has been suggested that the club should hasten to recall the blunder of its committee. Unfortunately it is too late for any such remedy. The America Cup and the New York Y. C. have lost standing abroad. A club which, as in the case of Mr. Sweet's challenge, harps on a technicality, so that its legislation may be made retroactive, cannot be depended upon in the future, neither can foreigners be asked to keep the America Cup conditions everlastingly on tap and themselves informed by cable of the latest changes every twenty-four hours in the year.

The deed of gift has been robbed of its stability, and no matter what action may be taken in relief, the Cup cannot be reinstated in favor among yachtsmen abroad, whose conservatism and respect for established institutions naturally lead them to view with disgust the selfish, not to say panicky, manipulation which has for many years characterized the conduct of the New York Y. C. in all matters connected with the America Cup, from the time it insisted upon sailing a fleet against one vessel, then the selection of a different vessel according to the state of the weather, the then nomination of the competitor on the morning of the race, then the fluking over the club course, and finally the boycotting of all existing yachts, the denial of time allowance, and the stand-and-deliver clause as to the challenger's elements with no equity offered in return.

The New York Y. C. may derive a great deal of satisfaction from having "engineered" the Cup safely into its locker for all time, without the risk of further attack from abroad, but the public at large views with regret the odium thereby cast upon American sportsmanship and the cessation of the instructive trials which were destined to become an annual event before the New York Y. C. hauled off and lowered its colors with a lee gun.

PUBLIC OPINION.

HAULING UP DEEP YACHTS.

WE lately published a description of a method for hauling up keel yachts which brings from Lake Ontario the following account of the way in which the operation is conducted there: The water level is constant or nearly so, there being no tide. Two hardwood planks, say 3in. thick and a little wider than the keel of the yacht, each being 16 to 20ft. long, are needed. To each of these side strips are nailed, making a groove fully wide enough for the keel and preventing it running off the plank. The yacht is hauled in to the beach, the end of one plank is sunk under her forefoot and the plank is then pushed well under the middle of the boat before she takes the ground. Two guys are carried out from the masthead to posts on each side and tended by careful men, the weight of the yacht being just taken by one guy, the other a little slack. A sling is placed about the boat and the fall made fast to it, and then a strain is put on to start her up the plank. When the end of one plank is reached, the other is put in front of it, and so the work goes on. The boat may be readily shifted to any berth when once on shore. In shifting the guys ahead, the weight is taken on one while the other is being moved. When the yacht is perfectly upright no appreciable force is required to hold her, as she is balanced, but if she is allowed to heel any distance, it will require a great force on the guys to right her. For this reason the guys should be kept nearly taut all the time, to check her in case of a sudden lurch. With good posts or cleats for the guys, a deep boat may be easily and safely handled; but the strength of the support should be well looked to before a guy is shifted. Every yacht should have a hole through the fore end of keel itself for hauling up by, thus avoiding heavy strains on masts, bitts, etc.

THE TEN MONTHS LIMIT.

IN commenting on the non-arrival of a challenge for the Cup up to midnight on Dec. 31, the daily papers have nearly all fallen into the same error, as the period of grace really closed two weeks since, and a challenge received in the last week of December would insure no certainty of the races being sailed before Nov. 1. By the terms of the deed of gift it is not that a challenge must be received within ten months of the date, Nov. 1, but that all the races must be sailed prior to that date, and in order to make a certainty of this the first of the three races should be set not later than Oct. 21, or in other words the challenge must leave England by Oct. 12 or even earlier. The races are arranged for alternate days through one week, and two or three successive days of bad weather, or a mishap such as befell Genesta in '85, may so delay the races as to cover ten days for three races. As the game stops on Oct 31, no matter whether one or two races have been sailed, all challengers, should there ever be any more, must look to it that their full specifications and certificates are in the club house on Madsion avenue at least two weeks prior to the new year.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The class in navigation under Captain Howard Patterson has grown to such a size that it has been divided, one part meeting every Tuesday and the other every Saturday evening. During the past two weeks the sessions have been held on Friday. On Jan. 7 the third lecture, "A Cruise Along Shore by Corinthians, with Practical Illustrations," will be given by Captain Patterson. The lecture will begin at 8:30. On Jan. 14 the first regular meeting will be held, with election of officers. The attendance at the town club house is very good, and it is becoming one of the principal yachting centers about New York.

THE NEW BURGESS FISHERMAN.—The discussion that has followed the advent of the Carrie E. Phillips, Mr. Burgess's new fishing schooner, has at last led to a challenge from her to the rest of the fishing fleet, to race over one of four courses, around Bermuda, to Cape Race and return, or one of two 100-mile courses off Boston, for a sweepstakes of $1,000 each. It seems probable that the Alice M. Stropies, of Gloucester, will accept, and possibly several others may enter.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. G. M.—Try the vicinity of Turner's, in Orange county, New York.

H. L. S., Philadelphia.—The address is 912 Bergen avenue, Greenville, N. J.

J. B. S., Hartford.—Tell me if the octagon rifle barrel has any advantage over the round barrel. Ans.—None.

T. M., Wheeling, W. Va.—The longer barrels will, as a rule, do better; but it is not a rule without its exceptions. For practical purposes the difference in execution is slight.

J. J. K., Philadelphia.—What is the proper outfit for tarpon fishing? Ans. A striped-bass rod, line and reel; rod 5 to 8ft., line of linen, 12 or 15 thread, 150yds. long, and a multiplying reel large enough to hold it, and a 10-0 hook. Use half a mullet for bait.

A. G. W., Melrose, Mass.—You will have some difficulty in securing the live grouse, and we think it not a profitable effort to try to restock your grouse covers. Quail have been turned out in repeated instances with success; birds for this purpose are advertised in our advertising pages.

A. A., Montreal.—At a live-bird shooting match one of the shooters came to the scratch, placed two shells in his gun (but they both fell out), closed his gun, gave the word "pull," and snapped both empty baarels at the bird; then he noticed his two shells lying at his feet; he replaced them in his gun, and as the pigeon was coming back toward him he fired and killed his bird, which had not been out of bounds at any time. Should this be scored a dead or lost bird? As we have had great arguments over this, we are very anxious to have your decision on the subject. Ans. It should be scored as a dead bird, and a well won one at that.

J. G. S.—1. The bite of a wild rabbit may be poisonous, just as the bite of a man would be under some circumstances. 2. If poisoned by a bite you should consult a doctor. 3. No, it is not lawful to hunt in close season, even if you do not intend to kill the game. 4. For live rabbits apply to Reiche & Bro., Park Row, New York.

E. D. B.—Did the bullets from the right and left barrels of the 45-caliber, double express by Bland, which you used in your trajectory test, cross or meet at a given distance from the muzzle? Was the recoil of the above-mentioned rifle very great? Can buckshot cartridges be used in a full chokebored gun, without injuring the gun in any way? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Yes, if chambered to fit the choke.

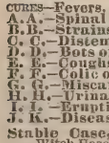
J. M. S., Stockton.—1. For the purpose you mention we recommend the 12-gauge, .45-70. 2. The drop of stock suited to you may be determined by experiment, and when ordering your gun you can give it, expressed by the distance from bottom of a straight-edge, laid on the barrels, to the top of the butt plate. 3. Have one barrel cylinder and the other choked. 5. The Ligowsky trap. 6. The guns you name are reliable arms.

J. G. W., New York. I have a tract of land within 150 miles of New York, pine forest with lakes and brooks. Can a living be made with the proper amount of diligence and capital, by raising brook or lake trout, or bass for the New York market? Ans. The information you give is too slight to base a reply on. If you want an opinion on this you should engage some fishculturist to make a personal inspection of the waters. Raising trout in inclosed waters on artificial food has not proved profitable.

F. J. Philbrook, a machinist, well known as an expert angler, made a curious discovery the other day. Mr. Philbrook lives near the water works dam, and while on his way home recently met some boys carrying three large fish, which they had shot, and which they pronounced to be codfish. The fish were so thin and wasted in flesh that Mr. Philbrook did not at first recognize the species, but he soon ascertained them to be salmon. Having bought the fish, he succeeded in inducing the boys to tell where they were captured, and later he visited the locality, where he witnessed a remarkable sight. On the Brewer side, a short distance below the dam and fishway, a small stream, locally known as Dyer Brook, comes into the main river. It is an insignificant rivulet, nearly dry a part of the year, and having its source in some swampy pastures not far back from the river. Yet some distance up this stream Mr. Philbrook found a shallow, muddy pool, literally packed full of sea salmon of mature growth. They were so frightened at his appearance that they splashed about frantically and tumbled over each other, some even jumping on to the land in their efforts to escape from their prison pen and the new danger which threatened them. Mr. Philbrook managed to secure them without injury, 16 in all, and, carefully transporting them to the river, let them loose in its waters. The fish were on the point of spawning. Their peculiar freak in ascending this narrow and shallow creek, floundering over its rocky shoals and muddy bars for such a distance, can only be accounted for, it would seem, by some serious defect in the fishway of the dam. It is a matter for the Fish Commissioners to look to.—*Bangor Commercial, Dec. 24.*

LONDON ROOKS.—While they are building and repairing their nests they are most pugnacious and thievish, as not only will they, as we have said, prevent a pair building in what may seem to the majority an unsuitable site, but they are constantly endeavoring to rob one another of their nesting materials. and woe betide the unwary pair that are rash enough to be absent from their nest at the same time; on their return they will, in all probability, find the labor of days destroyed, and nothing but the poorest foundation left of what was on their departure, probably a very short half hour before, a promising structure. Our observation leads us to believe that only the very young and inexperienced birds leave their home in company. As a rule, one bird remains on guard while its mate goes afield, and the unfortunate stay-at-home has often to fight against long odds in defence of its nest, which would, were it not stoutly defended, be torn from under it. Occasionally an enterprising pair will separate themselves from their companions and build sufficiently far from the nearest rookery to be free from molestation, though after their nest is built they in many cases, apparently finding solitude not so pleasant as they anticipated, desert it and return, no doubt in a penitent mood, to their former friends. An instance of this occurred in Kensington in 1885, when a pair of birds, no doubt from the rookery in Holland Park, built their nest in a tall plane tree not far from the parish church; but no sooner was it complete than they deserted it. All, however, are not so vacillating, and often they continue to rear their young from year to year far from any of their kind. Many cases are on record of these birds making choice of such unusual positions for their nests as the vanes on the spires of churches or public buildings. One well-known instance which occurred in London may be cited–we refer to the case of the birds which early in the century built between the wings of the dragon forming the vane of Bow Church. They were dispossessed when the vane was repaired, but removed to a plane tree at the corner of Wood street, Cheapside, where they continued to nest for many years, and became one of the sights of London, or at least of the city. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to give even an outline of the rookeries of London, as during the early years of the century London was comparatively a small city, and abounded in trees, and consequently rooks were as common as they now are in most of our provincial towns. When London began to spread, as it did with marvelous rapidity about the middle of the century, the rook, finding its home destroyed, gradually withdrew to the suburbs, from which, as we have said, it is slowly but surely being driven. In conclusion, the rook, by still nesting in London wherever it is permitted, has most conclusively proved the falsity of the theory generally held in the country that, if many of the young birds are not shot as soon as they are able to fly, the rook will desert its nesting place.—*Saturday Review.*

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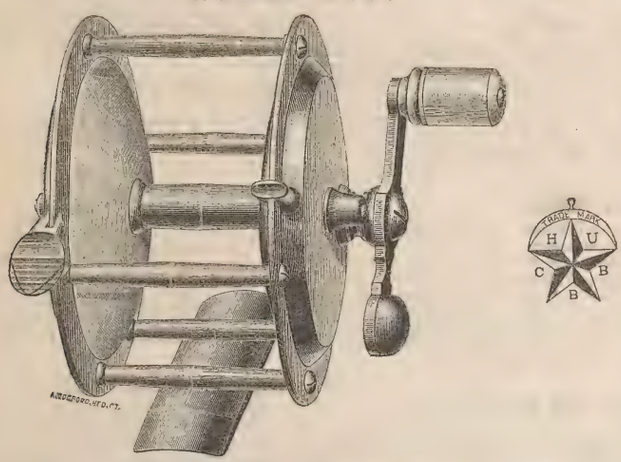
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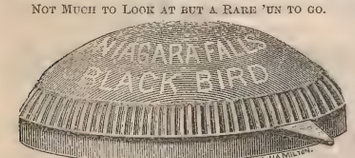
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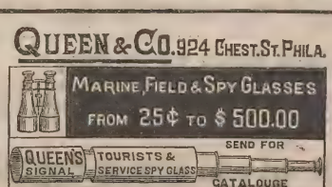
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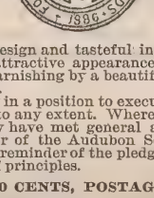
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No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

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No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

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No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channel outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scene is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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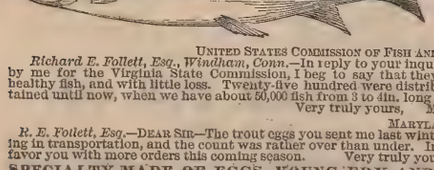
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WHO MADE RULE TWO?

THE preposterous rule compelling entries in the American Kennel Club's stud book has been repeatedly referred to as a rule of the American Kennel Club. Is it so in any proper sense? and does it deserve the consideration due to a measure deliberately adopted by that club in its representative capacity? These points are worth taking into account in making up an estimate of the character of the rule.

The American Kennel Club is composed of a union of a number of clubs, which are chiefly bench show associations, whose individual members are owners, breeders and exhibitors. In theory, an action of the American Kennel Club is to be taken as embodying the views of that organization itself, through it of its several constituent clubs, and through them of their individual members; in short, of the great mass of breeders and owners —the entire portion of the public interested in kennel affairs. It is quite clear that, before it can be received as truly representing the views of this dog breeding, dog owning and dog showing public, an American Kennel Club measure must first have had the sanction of a majority of the individual members of the constituent clubs, and an affirmative majority vote of the clubs themselves. Whether a given measure be good, bad or indifferent, it cannot be accepted as the fruit of the deliberate judgment of those who are concerned in it, unless it has been considered and acted upon by them.

This compulsory registration rule is not at all of that character. It does not embody the recorded views of the American Kennel Club itself, nor of a majority of the constituent clubs, nor of the individual members of those Clubs, nor of the great body of breeders, owners and exhibitors whose interests are involved.

The action taken on the compulsory rule was not the action of the A. K. C. itself, for it was not adopted by the club, but by a clique in the executive committee, when only six votes were cast, and the vote even then only stood four in favor to two against. It would be the height of absurdity to accept this job, put up by a few men, after others had gone home, as in any adequate sense the action of the American Kennel Club.

The measure did not represent a majority of the constituent clubs. Philadelphia voted against it; New England (the leading club of the country) promptly withdrew in disgust; New Haven did the same; Hornell repudiated the rule; Mr. Wade assures us that Pittsburgh will not have it, and prominent members in private letters to us corroborate this; even in the New Jersey Club there is so much opposition that it is not impossible that the rule will be disapproved there; from all we can learn St. Paul and Minneapolis will not show under it; the Fox-Terrier Club obey the rule, but acknowledge its injustice by themselves paying the required fees for exhibitors.

Moreover the attitude of the subsidiary clubs, which though not members of the A. K. C., show under its rules, is demonstrated by the action of the Fort Schuyler Club of Utica, which refuses to sacrifice its entry list by submitting to the rule.

The action most certainly did not represent the expressed wishes of individual members of the constituent clubs, for the subject had never been brought before them, and had not been acted on by them; but was a surprise to them when they learned of it after the meeting on Dec. 6. We have published many letters from members of the various clubs, and the sentiment is so overwhelmingly of indignant opposition to the rule that we are perfectly safe in affirming that had the rule been voted on by the club members it would never have had a chance to go to the A. K. C. at all.

Nor is the compulsory registration measure recognized as wise by any large proportion of independent breeders and exhibitors, who are not club members but on whom as large exhibitors the success of the shows largely depends. We have published a number of letters from well-known breeders expressing their disapproval of the catch-penny scheme, and their conviction of the bad effects such a rule enforced would be sure to have on kennel interests. These men speak in behalf of those who are most concerned in the matter; and they speak with the fullest understanding of what is truly for their own benefit and what is not. They understand it a great deal better than the individuals who are trying to force this tax on them.

This, then, is "American Kennel Club Rule 2," a measure not discussed by club members, not intrusted by them to be voted for by their delegates, not approved by a majority of the clubs, not even voted on by the Club itself. This is Rule 2—a put up job, rushed through by a clique of self-constituted dictators to the breeders and exhibitors of the United States and Canada, and levying a tax of fifty cents all around on every dog shown on this continent. If four votes could do all this, and do it all alone, what might not have happened had there been five? It is possible that no dog could have wagged his tail after Jan. 1, 1888, without leave from Mr. Peshall, or turned around before lying down without a permit from Cugle, or bayed the moon except to sheet music supplied by some other crank ambitious to "elevate the dog" at his master's expense.

PARK MATTERS IN CONGRESS.

TWO bills relating to the Yellowstone Park have already come before Congress.

On Thursday last Delegate Toole, of Montana, introduced in the House a bill granting a right of way through the Park to the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad. This is substantially the same bill that was defeated at the last session of Congress by a vote of 170 to 65, and which was fully discussed in these columns while it was before the House. The present bill has been referred to the Committee on Public Lands, of which Mr. Holman is chairman.

Mr. Holman visited the Park two years ago, and his experience there enables him to comprehend the value of this reservation. He appreciates the economic importance of preserving its forests and realizes what their destruction would mean to a vast territory in the Northwest. This territory is as yet only sparsely settled, but under favorable conditions it is destined to become a flourishing farming district. Its development depends on its water supply, and its water supply depends on the forests which protect the sources of streams rising in the Yellowstone Park and in the mountains immediately to the south and east of the Park. The region which is thus dependent on these streams is not a circumscribed one. There is plenty of room in it. It will ultimately support many millions of people. On streams which rise in and near the Yellowstone National Park depends in a large measure the fertility of an area which contains more than six hundred thousand square miles. In more than one of the Territories, which but for these streams would be deserts, there is room for all the New England States nearly three times over. On the east side of the Mountains, Wyoming, Montana and Dakota, which are watered chiefly by these streams, have an area aggregating nine times that of New England. On the west side of the Rockies, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, nearly five times as large as New England, would be barren wastes without these streams. The country that they water is larger than that occupied by the Thirteen original States, with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa added. All through this vast region farmers are settling, breaking up the ground, and using the water from the streams to irrigate their crops. To permit the destruction of the forests of the Yellowstone Park would be to dry up these streams and so to bring ruin on the farmers who have gone into this wild and arid country and are making it productive. Mr. Holman is aware of the vastness of the territory under consideration, and he knows that the streams which are of such vital importance to the farmers of the dry Northwest depend for their volume and regularity on the forests which clothe the mountains of the Yellowstone Park.

These forest consist of evergreen trees, pine, spruce and fir, and are easily set on fire. The pitchy forest floor, made up of pine needles, branches and resinous roots, needs but the touch of a spark to set it in a blaze. Such sparks would be supplied by locomotives, and fires would be started which would cause irreparable damage.

The railroad people have now less excuse than ever before for trying to enter the Park. In years past they have pretended that a road was needed to develop that "flourishing mining camp," Cook City, but there are at present only fifteen or twenty people in Cook, and it does not appear that it is worth while to destroy the forests of the Park in order that this handful may have rail communication with the great centers. Moreover, a railroad—the Rocky Fork and Cook City—is in process of construction, and is partially completed from Billings, Mont., up Rocky Fork, wholly without the Park, nearly to the mines at Cook. It would seem that this road could be completed in half the time that it would take to construct so difficult and expensive a piece of engineering as the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork R. R. would inevitably be.

In view of the fact that Mr. Holman is chairman of the Public Lands Committee, which has the bill in charge, and the further fact that he realizes that the forests of the Park must be protected, it may be reasonably assumed that the project for a railroad through the Park will be checked in Committee. The bill should be reported adversely or not at all.

Senator Vest's Yellowstone Park bill will probably be referred to the House Committee on Territories, of which Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, is a prominent and influential member. At the last session of Congress, Mr. Cox employed his brilliant talents in opposing the bill authorizing a railroad through the Park, and through his efforts that bill was killed. No doubt he may be relied on to take again the position which did him so much credit last year.

It is to be hoped too that Mr. Cox, who then showed himself so firm an upholder of the rights of the people at large, will actively interest himself in Senator Vest's bill and will urge its prompt consideration when it reaches the House. What the Park has always needed is an influential, energetic and talented supporter in the House of Representatives. We have strong hopes that Mr. Cox may prove to be this long wished for champion. If he will take the bill in hand, there will be little anxiety among its friends as to the result.

THE HOTEL PROPERTY at the Upper Geyser Basin in the Yellowstone National Park was recently sold by order of the Wyoming courts at public auction in the Park. It is understood that the sale was made to settle the claims of different parties who professed to have an interest in the property. The Department of the Interior telegraphed the Superintendent of the Park to make a public statement before the sale, that no sale would be binding unless approved by the Department of the Interior. It is understood that the property was bought by Mr. Gibson for the Yellowstone Park Association.

AS ANNOUNCED last week, the *American Kennel Register* will be enlarged, the change being made with the January number.

THE ROCK CLIMBERS.

III.—A WHISKY TRADER'S CAMP.

IF any one had put his head into the tent of the Rock Climbers one morning early in October, he would have been surprised to see it all so quiet. Outside it was full daylight, and a westerly wind was whirling great clouds of snow hither and thither over the hills. The lake was not visible, and the figures of horses and mules were hidden, except now and then when there was a lull in the gale and the eddying drifts for a moment fell to the ground. In its sheltered position the tent was loaded with snow and the light within was dim, as if the dawn was just breaking. Motionless within their warm blankets the occupants were waiting for daylight, but as it did not come they began to stir, and at length from one end of a pile of blankets a hand was stretched forth, which fumbled about for a moment among the clothing which served for a pillow, and then drew forth a watch. Then came the cry:

"Hullo, boys, it's eight o'clock. *Levez, levez!* It must be snowing."

Five minutes later, all hands were astir, and the state of the weather was being discussed. It seemed rather an inhospitable welcome to the lakes. The snowfall would have been an advantage had they been nearer their hunting ground, but as it was it meant mud and difficult pulling over the few remaining miles which lay between their present camp and the upper end of the lower lake.

All the morning the storm continued; but by noon the snow had ceased falling, and before long all hands had started out to see whether there was any prospect of finding game in the vicinity. A long round was made and the pure white mantle which covered the ground carefully scrutinized, but no tracks were seen except those of a single bay lynx and a ruffed grouse. The day was warm and pleasant, and the snow, which was only two or three inches deep, melted rapidly. Toward evening the animals were transferred to a wide flat across the creek where the grass was thick and sweet, and here picket pins were driven and the horses staked out.

By the next morning the snow had almost disappeared. The tramp of the day before had made it evident to those who had followed the trail up the shore, that with their light team it would be impracticable to haul the wagon to the head of the lake. But if power to move it could be supplied, the boat, which was cached in the brush at the outlet of the lower lake, was large enough to carry all their goods. Appekunny is stalwart and well able to tug the laboring oar, but the Rhymer is an invalid and Yo is unused to rowing, and besides is troubled with a certain chronic laziness. Talking the matter over the night before, it had been decided that another man must be had, and it was whispered that the right one might be found at a whisky trader's camp at Pike Lake, about ten miles distant. It was decided that Yo, who had the toughest horse, should ride over to this camp and try to secure the man; and so the horses were brought across the creek in order that, while he was gone, the boat might be brought from its hiding place to the water's edge and so up to camp.

Now Yo's horse was, or at that time seemed to be, a wild horse. As a matter of fact, he was not so, and when the rider was once fast in the saddle, no more gentle animal could be found; but he had been badly treated by his previous rider, was hard to catch, much given to pulling away if he was not watched, and to snorting when he was approached in a manner terrifying to one unaccustomed to horses. Sometimes, too, if he got frightened he would rear and strike savagely with his forefeet, but all this was the result of bad treatment and not of any viciousness in the horse's disposition. It so happened that on this unlucky morning, Caribou, as this horse was named, got away, and for two or three hours it was impossible to catch him. Once or twice he let one of the men come close enough to grasp the end of the rope with the tips of his fingers, and then he would toss his head, snatch the coveted object from their clutch, and gallop off a short distance. Presently the Rhymer saddled up Tingle, his riding animal, and after an hour's chase, during which the loose horses crossed the river and raced all over the flat between Swift Current and the lake, he returned with the truant, who was promptly tied up to a tree. Meantime the team had been harnessed and driven down to where the boat lay, a rope lashed to it and to the double-tree, and presently, with Appekunny at the reins and the Rhymer and Yo guiding the boat, the latter was snaked out of the brush, over the hillside, down the bank to the water's edge. Then while one man drove the team back to camp the other two slowly rowed the heavy craft up the river and into a little sheltered bay only a short distance from the tent.

Then Yo's horse was saddled, an overcoat, in the pocket of which was a bit of bread and cheese, tied behind the saddle, and Yo mounted and rode off down the river along the narrow trail, plunged down the steep bank and into the water, at first shallow and splashed high by the horse's hoofs, then into swifter water, which gradually deepened until it reached halfway up the animal's sides, so that the rider had to tuck his feet almost up behind the saddle to keep them from getting wet. Appekunny had pointed out to Yo a gap in the distant bluff down the river, and had told him that behind the hill which stood on the left hand side of this gap lay Pike Lake. A month or two before a party had gone there with a wagon, and the tracks of this could be seen every now and then, and would serve as a guide when it became necessary to leave the river and turn in toward the hills. At a swinging gallop the good horse was started down the bottom, which, though flat, was covered with hump grass, which is very hard and tiresome for a horse to travel over, but soon he struck into an Indian trail, where the going was easy. He crossed Swift Current, picking his way slowly through the tumultuous waters that rushed and swirled by the great boulders in the stream's bed, paused a moment on the farther side to drink, and then at a touch of his rider's heel was off again. Mile after mile was left behind, and yet the gap toward which the rider was heading scarcely seemed to grow nearer. Slowly doubts as to the accuracy of his directions began to force themselves into Yo's mind. Pike Lake was said to be at the very foot of Chief Mountain, and yet his course was leading him away from that peak. Something was evidently wrong.

He turned his horse diagonally toward the mountain and began to look for the wagon tracks. It was not long before he found them, and for a while followed them as fast as the nature of the ground would permit. And what an eccentric course that wagon took, winding about in all directions and seeming to pick out the worst and most miry spots that could be found. Mile after mile he passed on over the hills, for the flat river bottom had now been left far behind. Several times he saw before him the shimmer of water, and his hopes rose, but as he came to each little prairie lake it was easy to see it was not the one sought. Following the wagon tracks began to be tiresome, and as the sun was sinking toward the west, he determined to cut loose from them, trust to his own instinct, and look for the lake in the place where he thought it ought to be. If it was not to be found, he would look up some sheltered nook in the hills, gather a big pile of wood before dark, and lie out all night by the fire to resume his search in the morning. It is not pleasant to sleep out without blankets, but it is something that one has to do now and then.

Turning sharply to the right, Yo rode straight for the majestic buttress of Chief Mountain, which towered skyward almost above him. The faithful horse kept up his easy swinging lope, down sharp slopes, across little valleys, where he splashed the water high from the standing pools, where the mallards and teal were feeding, and then up the gentler slopes, never pausing except when a slight pressure on the reins warned him to take matters more easily on the steeper hills. Yo had ridden in this way perhaps ten minutes, when he came to a mesa, beyond which it seemed that the foothills of Chief Mountain began to rise sharply. Galloping across this four or five hundred yards, he saw in a basin at his feet a pretty prairie lake, at one end of which was a clump of willows, near which were three or four horses feeding. In the reeds near the other end of the lake was a boat with a man in it and on the shore knelt another man, and just as the rider's eye took in all this, a shot rang out sharply on the still air and a little flock of ducks rose from the water and swiftly flapped their way down the lake. A moment later the men at the lake caught sight of the horseman on the hill and started toward the camp, while the rider slowly descended the steep hill, galloped across the level valley at the lower end of the lake, and in a few moments was exchanging salutations with Steve.

Having reached the camp, Yo requested its hospitality for the night, as he had neither blankets nor provisions. Jack, whom he wished to see, was out hunting and would not be back until dark, so that to return to the lakes that night would be impossible. Steve was cordial in his invitation to stay, apologizing for the lack of accommodations, but explaining that he had been out so long that supplies were running a little low. As soon as the horse had been turned out, Steve asked Yo if he would not like to go fishing, and the suggestion was gladly accepted.

Pike Lake is, as its name suggests, full of these fish. It is a warm and muddy prairie lake surrounded by reeds, and its bottom is overgrown with weeds. Pike are occasionally taken in the St. Mary's River, and even in the lakes of that name, but they are not abundant there, probably because the water is too cold. Here in Pike Lake, however, they can be caught in goodly numbers, and run from 3 up to 12lbs. As they walked down to the point where the boat lay, a superb white pelican was seen slowly fanning his way from the northwest, and at length, after making several majestic circles over the water, it alighted near the further shore. Steve suggested that they should try to kill him, but when Yo asked why, was at a loss for an answer, realizing that the bird was not eatable and that he had no means of preserving him even if he had known how to take off its skin. The opportunity to read a little lecture on useless slaughter was too strong to be resisted, and Yo briefly gave his views on this subject, but they were probably wasted on Steve, who had been a buffalo hunter in the last days of that animal in the northern country, and could hardly be expected to experience a change of heart all at once.

A cranky, leaky, flat-bottomed skiff, built years ago by Appekunny, was the only boat here, and stepping on board, Steve kindly took the oars and insisted that Yo should do the fishing. The bait used was meat or a piece cut out of the belly of a fish, and in a few minutes the simple tackle, which consisted of a hand line and a home-made gang of hooks, was overboard, and the boat was moving along with slow strokes just outside the fringe of reeds. This did not appear to be the fishes' day for biting, and the circuit of the lake was made without any event more exciting than catching a bit of weed or some of the rushes which grew in the deeper water. Steve was a pleasant talker, however, and discoursed fluently on a variety of topics. It was easy for his companion to see that he was a little curious to know just what had brought him to Pike Lake. As they rowed slowly along the shore a couple of large piles of stone came into view on top of a ridge only a quarter of a mile away, and these were pointed out by Steve as the monuments which marked the boundary line between the United States and Canada. In reply to this piece of information Yo casually remarked that the proximity of this line was handy for them in case they should be disturbed by the Indian police, at which Steve for a moment or two looked rather sheepish, and then with a laugh tacitly acknowledged his business, but earnestly averred that he never had and never would sell whisky to Indians, but said that if the Canadians came across the line to purchase whisky of him he did not see that he was doing anything especially out of the way in selling it to them.

The laws of the Canadian Northwest Territories absolutely prohibit the sale or having in possession of ardent spirits, except by permit issued by the Governor of these Territories. Permits to have two gallons for one's own use are issued, but not indiscriminately, and as there is a great demand for liquor, the business of running whisky across the boundary line into Canada is a profitable one. Only two years ago whisky that could be bought in Montana for $2 per gallon brought $20 in Alberta, but such profits of course induced a great many people to go into the whisky trade, and the result has been a fall in the prices to $6 or $7 at the present time. The business is not without its risks, the penalty being confiscation of cargo, horses, wagon and other property, and a fine of from one to six hundred dollars, or imprisonment of from one to six months, or both fine and imprisonment. The Northwest mounted police are constantly on the lookout for the whisky traders, and capture a great many of them, but still the trade prospers. Of course the number of men who are competent to carry it on is limited, for, since they must travel chiefly by night, they must be perfectly familiar with the country, able almost to travel through it with their eyes shut. There are a good many men, however, who do not expose themselves to the risk of capture by crossing the line, but who venture as close to the border as they dare, and then, leaving their contraband property on United States soil, proceed to notify possible customers of the proximity of the desired beverage. This was Steve's present position, and the Canadians were coming to him for their liquor, and had taken almost all that he had.

The boat had been almost twice round the lake, twice disturbing the great white bird that floated so lightly on the water, when, as they were passing the mouth of a little creek which flowed into its upper end, Yo felt a tug at his line. He let the fish have it for a moment or two, and then, striking sharply, began to haul in. The long nose of the pike soon showed above the water as it came in with little resistance, and when it was swung over the side and lay flapping in the bottom of the boat it was seen to be a fish of about three pounds weight. A little further on another more vigorous bite was followed by the capture of a six-pound fish, which dropped from the hook just as he was being lifted in, and luckily fell into the boat. One or two more bites were had, but the fish took the bait so gingerly that they could not be hooked. These pike were sluggish fish, making little or no fight for their liberty, but coming in like logs. It was now nearly dark and becoming quite cold, and as they had enough fish for breakfast and supper, the boat was pulled to shore and the men returned to camp.

Sitting by the fire was a round-faced, tow-headed boy, about 18 years of age, whom Steve addressed as Silvertip, and who replied to him in English, which, though correct enough, was marred by an accent which seemed to show that he was a foreigner. His countenance and coloring were those of a Swede, and Yo, who nodded to him as he stepped up to the fire, took him for a Scandinavian. His garb was the ordinary canvas clothing of the country, but he wore moccasins instead of boots or shoes. As Yo was filling his pipe the boy said to him, "Where you come from?" "From New York," was the answer. "Ah! New York, New York; I have heard of that New York, but I don't know where it is." This remark rather startled Yo, who now considered his interlocutor more attentively. It was true that his face and hair and figure were those of a Swede, but his gait and manner were those of an Indian. Later, inquiry developed that the boy supposed himself a half-breed, that he had been raised in the Crow camp, but that neither he nor any one else knew much of his parentage. Just such a fair-haired

boy, then about five years old, Yo had seen in a camp of Mountain Crows twelve years before on Big Spring Fork of the Judith. The Indians said that he was a full-blooded Crow, but Yo did not believe their statement, but thought the child a captive, and as he talked with this boy he wondered whether he might not be the fair-haired child of 1875. Silvertip had left the Crow camp two years before, and had now been living with white men for some time. He seemed remarkably bright and intelligent.

It was dark when a shout from the other side of the clump of willows by which the camp was situated caused Steve to remark, "There's Jack, now we'll get supper." Presently out of the darkness Jack appeared, and with him a couple of Bloods that he had picked up somewhere during the day. He said that he had hunted along the foothills of Chief Mountain for most of the day, but had seen no game, in fact no tracks. Supper was soon under way, Jack cooking the fish, Steve baking bread and Yo watching the coffee, and before long the three were eating heartily. When they were through, Silvertip and the Bloods fell to and finished the eatables. Then sitting about the cheerful fire all sorts of topics were discussed, until at last the increasing chill warned them all to seek their blankets, and they all slept under the brilliant moon.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DUCKS ON LAKE BISTENEAU.

ON Sunday of the last week of October a very heavy rain fell. On Monday I rode to Knox Point to have a deer hunt with Mr. James Atkins and Mr. John Graham of that place. Mr. Atkins was too unwell to accompany me, but he sent several negroes with Graham and myself. We found deer in abundance, yet failed to get a shot. Ducks were numerous along the ponds and sloughs of Lake Swan, indicating that a good duck hunt could now be had on Bisteneau. I returned home that night worn out, but resolved to load a number of shells the next morning and go for a three days' outing on Bisteneau. Up to this time the long drouth had prevented the ducks and geese from coming to the lake. Bird shooting had been very poor, as the heavy post oak mast had attracted them to the woods, without a bevy being found in the old worn out fields on Bossier Point.

I was busy loading shells the next morning, when who should come rushing into my room but my shooting companion, Mr. Will Hodges. "Good morning, Colonel," said he; "John Lot has just come in from the Hills, and reports duck shooting to be splendid on Bisteneau. Can you accompany me?"

"Yes," I replied. "See, I am loading to get ready, and was on the eve of sending for you to join me in a three days' camping."

"Get ready as fast as possible, and let me have your pony to take back to my house, to hitch to my dog cart with my pony, and I will send up for you in less than an hour. I have been loading shells all the morning, and will finish by the time you arrive, and we will drive to Carter's Point by sundown. Put up some rations and bed clothing. It will not be necessary to carry food for the horses, as we can put them in Bill Hogan's stable and get him to feed them. It looks as if we shall have fair weather, and there will be no necessity to take a tent; should it rain, we can go into Hogan's cotton press and keep dry."

"All right, Will," I replied, "send for me and I will be ready by the time the dog cart comes."

It came in time, and I put in both of my hammerless guns, some 500 shells loaded with 3½drs. of King's quick-shot powder and 1¼oz. of No. 5 shot. The eatables, with sufficient bed clothing, waterproof overcoat and a hunting coat, with the Allan duck-call, completed my outfit. Will was ready when I arrived. Our route took us eight miles through Red River bottom. It was very deep pulling, and we did not make over three miles per hour. But when we reached the hills our ponies made the seven miles in less than an hour. John Lot, a worthy, industrious freedman, a tenant on one of Hodge's plantations, accompanied us. We went by Bill Hogan's house. He was not at home, but I told his wife to tell him to come to Carter's Point to our camp that night, and to be prepared for waiting on me while I remained on the lake.

As we neared our objective point we heard the guns of other campers booming in every direction, and we could see clouds of ducks darkening the sky all over the grand lake. When we got within half a mile of the point I got out, took my gun and proceeded in all haste to the lake. As I did not have my rubber boots on I could not get out sufficiently far from the banks to shoot. It was dusk when I got there, and I shot but once at a great horned owl that came sailing along the shore. He fell dead in the current and floated away. The fire that Will had kindled enabled me to get to his camp through the briers and young cypress trees. It was so dark when Will drove to the point that he could make no selection of a good spot to spread our bedding. There was a dead tree fallen on an open piece of ground that was suitable for making a fire, and there he proceeded to kindle it. Of all the places I ever camped on that certainly was the worst. Bamboo briers covered the entire place, and thorn bushes were thick over it. John soon had a pot of coffee made, and Will and I broiled sundry pieces of raw breakfast bacon, stuck on forked sticks. No sweeter meat in the world than breakfast bacon broiled in this manner, and I know I never eat more and enjoyed it so much as I did this meal. By the time supper was over Bill Hogan came to our camp. I engaged him to bring his skiff the next morning and take us over to Peggy's Island, as also to wait on me during the camping. He reported a number of parties camped on the lake, some on both sides, one party from Haughton, not far from us, as we could see their camp-fire and hear their boisterous laughing and talking. A half mile below were camped my particular friends, John Skaunal and Maury Bryant; and below them, Andrew Moss and Dr. Kimball. John and Bill cleared the ground as well as possible, and then took our ponies to Hogan's stable, where they were well attended to during our stay on the lake. They returned in time to spread out bed clothing for sleeping, and to bring us some sweet potatoes and a water bucket, with other necessary implements for cooking. Bill went back home so as to get his skiff down in time for the morning's sport. About midnight we lay down to try to sleep, or at least to rest. No sleep there was, neither rest for me. Thorns stuck me no matter how I twisted and turned. The sky was brilliant with innumerable stars, twinkling in the blue vault of heaven; not a twig overshadowed us, for Will was afraid lest some of the great cypress trees might fall on us. It was very cold, almost freezing, and our bed clothes were covered the next morning with a heavy frost. It was so cold that we repeatedly made John Lot get up and replenish the fire. Will slept like a log.

My uneasy position brought most forcibly to mind the bitter cold night I spent on the side of the mountain leading up to the little town of Bath Springs, previous to the night I lost my arm, the 4th day of January, 1862, while with Stonewall Jackson on his memorable Romney expedition. We had been ordered to fall down in line of battle that night of the 3d, so as to be ready before daylight to storm Bath. My regiment had a position on the road that led along a rapid stream on the left, with the steep mountain on the right. Snow was about 2ft. deep. We were not permitted to kindle fires. My men had either to cling to the cedar bushes and jump up and down to keep from freezing, or if they fell asleep the chances were they would slide into the rushing waters. I could not now help remembering how I buckled myself to a young cedar with my sword belt, and spent the miserable night jumping and slapping my arms to prevent freezing. Long before the stars went down the roar of Jackson's advanced artillery roused us into action. It was nearly dark when the enemy fled across the Potomac, and ere the hour of 10 P. M. came I was lying wounded in the forks of the Capon and Patomac rivers, with an arm shivered to pieces, senseless and frozen. When I awoke the next evening it was to bid farewell to my left arm, ere it was consigned to a cave, because the ground was too hard frozen to bury our dead. What hours of happiness I have been deprived of by that empty sleeve! How many deer, turkeys, ducks and birds have I not failed to kill for want of that arm! Had it been a leg, how much better off I would have been. Now, here I was, 1,500 miles from that never-to-be-forgotten Capon Bridge, sorely pricked with thorns and briers, yet planning murder for the waterfowl that quacked by thousands all over the lake, and an endless whirr of thousands more coming in from more northern parts.

Quack! quack! quack! with tumultuous roar of moving wings could be heard in every direction. I could not sleep. I was digesting the outlines of the morning's work. Will was to be stationed on the left of Peggy's Island, myself on the right; John Lot was to keep the ducks moving above Will, while Hogan was to take his skiff to a point below me and drive back the flocks that would desire to settle on the wide part of the lake in front of the long Stumpy Lake. The many gunners that would fire on them along the shore from Catfish Point to Burr Ridge would keep the flocks in continual flight and the shooting around Peggy could be nothing less than splendid. I had it all settled in my mind. It was grand. Success was certain. Nothing under several hundred would satisfy me. I could see Bill picking up so many ducks that his skiff would be too crowded for us to return to camp. A second or third trip across the lake would be necessary. How pleasant are anticipated successes. Alas! how often do they end in bitter disappointments to the hunter.

An owl hooted near our camp just at the right time for John Lot to rise and make us a pot of coffee. Before the stars disappeared we heard Hogan's horn, the signal that he was coming with his skiff. Rubber boots were quickly put on, plenty of shells stowed in bags to be taken to the boat, the hammerless in its leather case swung to my shoulder, and I was ready for the morning's work. A wide slough ran before our camp, which had to be crossed, and beyond it a belt of grassy land some 300yds. wide, to be traversed before we could arrive at the skiff. It was impossible to get the skiff to the banks, as the water was too shallow. We were compelled to wade in water about 6in. deep, with sticky mud not less than 2ft. deep, for some 200yds. By the time we got in the boat with all our luggage it was daylight, and as we neared the place vast flocks would rise up before us, too far to kill. Guns were booming from every quarter. At the points where we agreed to stand, both shore and water were black with ducks. Hundreds of geese were feeding on the goose grass and wild rice. I never was so fidgety, so nervous, so excited, and so anxious to get to my position. The channel of the lake, or rather deep water, was over a quarter of a mile wide. I thought we never would cross it. When the skiff got to shallow water I could not contain myself any longer. I made Hogan stop rowing and I got out to wade, and down I sank in the mud, almost over my boots. Had to make John Lot get out and assist me back into the boat. I was cooled down enough to wait until we could make a landing at the nearest point. After we landed it was a long half mile to our positions.

Peggy's Island, so named from a girl whom some one stole from her home, built a home for on the high land, lived there with unmarried for a number of years, is the best shooting spot on Lake Bisteneau. The high land is about 200yds. wide and a quarter of a mile long. Once it was cleared and cultivated by this runaway couple, who left the tall oaks and pecans fringing the edges to stand to keep their whereabouts concealed. Now it is all grown over with vines and young trees, and scarcely a vestige of former habitation remains. This high land is above any high water of the lake. On the west side a strip of land lies covered with goose grass in low water, extending to the hills of Bienville Parish on the north for some half mile. On the east side a similar strip lies, much wider. Before reaching to the hills, all covered with timber, a wide slough, for the greater part of the year filled with water, makes this strip of land an island. At this time there was no water in it. In high water Peggy's Island is a narrow strip of land, 200yds. wide by a quarter of a mile long.

My position is at one end of this slough and Hodge's at the other, and we were about half a mile apart, yet could see each other. Opposite my stand was a wide plat of grass, now an island because of the low water, and between it and Peggy ran a body of water about 300yds. wide and some two miles long, in the form of a quarter circle. In no place was the water over a foot deep, but the mud in some places had no bottom, while in others it could be crossed without sinking over the tops of hip boots. The ducks and geese would fly from the great lake around this circle of water and feed on the grass on both sides. Many cyprus stumps were standing in it, and the sportsman, by wading to some central position and standing beside one of them, could shoot all day when ducks were plentiful and grass sufficient to attract them.

Such was the position I selected. It was the first time I visited Peggy's Island. It took one day for me to discover the best place to stand. After getting to the mouth of the slough, and scaring at least five thousand ducks, I waded to a stump about half way from each side, and took my position. The flocks I scared flew over to Will, and two guns in rapid succession drove them back to me. They discovered me by the glitter of my gun barrels, and veered around me. However, an old greenhead ventured a little too close for his safety, and I cut him down in fine style, not without a heavy recoil of the gun. I never intend loading so heavily again. Three and three-fourths drams of powder with three wads over it, and 1¼oz. of shot are too much for a No. 12 gun. Had I put only two wads and 1oz. of shot, it would have been better, or even ¾oz. of shot. Holding the butt of the gun firmly to the shoulder, I felt no recoil there; but the re-action was felt in the wrist, and when I left my stand at night, I was unable to hold my gun, or even put a shell in it, and I was suffering great pain.

I was in an uneasy position, the mud and water were deeper around the stump than a few feet from it, no doubt caused by turtles and buffalo fish. I dare not move from the stump, lest the ducks would discover me. They dreaded to pass by one, expecting every minute to see a gleaming gun barrel, and hear a deafening report. They would shy off at the least ripple of water, and one dare not raise his gun until they were almost over him for fear of scaring them. Then the mud was so sticky, that I could scarcely turn enough to get a fair shot at one flying on either side. I had to shoot at them flying over me, or at long range, too far to reasonably expect to kill, when on the side. There was no cessation of guns, which kept the ducks flying very high all the morning. I came to shoot, and shoot I did, whether far or near. I must have shot some sixty times, bagging only eleven, before Hogan and Lot returned to take me back in the skiff to dinner. I had shot down perhaps as many more that fell in places too deep to wade after them, and the swift current bore them away before the freedmen came.

"How many ducks have you got?" said I to them, as I deposited mine in the bottom of the boat. John replied, "Mr. Will got 7 and Hogan and I have killed 10." "That makes a total of 28 for the morning's shoot; a very poor beginning, men," I remarked. "It will be better shooting this evening," said Hogan. "The ducks are flying too high to kill this morning, but to-night they will come in to roost and feed, and we will have a splendid time." "Bill, take the skiff back for Will to go to dinner; I will not return until it is too dark to shoot. Be sure and bring me some more shells and some dinner also. I will wade over the other side and shoot some of those curlews that have been exciting me all the time I have been here." I dreaded to leave my stand lest I should miss a good opportunity of bagging an old mallard. I started across the arm, but the freedmen waited to see the result. Hogan called to me to come back, stating I would be swamped. Paying no attention to his remark, and with eyes intent on the curlews, I stumbled and fell, not flat, for the stock of the gun fell on a log buried in the mud, and supported me until I could rise. Was I not furious, as a gallon or more of water filled each boot? "I guess you will come now," shouted John Lot. "No, I'll be hanged if I do. I won't be able to get my boots on to-morrow, and I intend making the most of this evening," was my reply.

Fortunately I was using brass shells, so they did not get wet when I sank in the water. The freedmen began rowing back and I waded on to the curlews. They were very gentle, let me get as close as I wanted for several shots, then realized the fact that there was something dangerous in me, rose and flew across the lake, but left thirteen of their number to gladden my old eyes. What beauties they were; so fat and plump. With the exception of the sora I never shot such fat birds in my life.

The bottom was firm on that side of the arm of the lake, covered with short grass, and with not over 6in. of water on it. I felt assured the ducks would come there to feed, and I would have grand success to repay the unlucky fall and wetting. I selected a stump, with a projection on which I could rest my gun. Lighting a cigar, I felt considerably better as the clouds of smoke curled around my mouth, and I was getting into a happy frame of mind, when *honk! honk! honk!* a half mile off roused me to action. Hastily taking out the No. 5 shells, I inserted two more, each loaded with 21 small buckshot, and then I scanned the horizon to see where the geese were. I saw three rounding Peggy, and making a bee-line for my stump. Holding my gun to the hip, so as to be ready for the shot, calmly I awaited their approach. Straight as a line they came, one behind the other, and buck ague suddenly struck me; my heart was beating so fast and loud I imagined the geese heard it. I was afraid to even bat my eyes. Straight they flew toward the stump; the gun came to its right position; they saw it and shied slightly to the left. They were about 100ft. high. Sighting the foremost, with the second in close proximity, I pressed the right trigger. There was a ringing report, and down came the grand old gander with a heavy splash into the water nearly at my feet. The next to him was also badly wounded. At the shot he mounted upwards, but the left barrel belched its charge. As it struck him he gave his death cry and fell headlong to the water not far from his mate. What would I not have given for a third barrel to have killed the last, a goose, that flew round and round me several times, too far to shoot. I had slipped in the gun two more shells, ere she took a last fond look at her dead mates. Was I not happy? I would rather have killed those two ganders than two of the biggest bucks in Bossier Parish. I was so eager to get them and feast my eyes on their lovely plumage and graceful forms, that I did not use cuss words, as I made a false step and fell a second time, with one knee in the water. I was so happy that after picking them up and hanging in the game carrier to a projection on the stump, I missed several

good chances to have bagged a duck each shot. After satiating my eyes I leveled down to business, and by the time John Lot returned with my dinner I had killed five more mallards and one coot. John came to my assistance, packed my game in the skiff, and I waded over and ate my lunch. He stated that Mr. Will had concluded to shoot on the other side of the lake, but that he would return by the time it would be too dark to shoot, as Bill Hogan had gone to Knox Point to get him a pair of rubber boots and a bottle of "snake cure bite;" I told him I never indulged except on occasions like this, and I regretted Will had not sent for a flask of old Bourbon for myself, as he never drank. He said, "That was just what Will did, because he was afraid your ducking would either bring on an attack of pneumonia or you might have the rheumatism." I felt truly grateful to Will for his thoughtful care, and getting my fresh supply of shells, I went back to the stump where I had slain those bright wanderers from the Polar Sea.

It proved to be the best one I could have selected. The water being shallow, the footing steady and the good dry grass in easy shooting distance to my left, I was satisfied the ducks would flock there by hundreds before sundown. Some other sportsman must have occupied the same place the evening before, as the many feathers along the shore told of slaughter, and besides every flock avoided the place, just passing too far to kill; some lighting on the grass and others on the water. I did not get a shot until it was nearly dusk. Then the sky was black with them. I must have shot down at least thirty, until it was too dark to see them. I can see but little after dark, but I shot at random, often at the whirr of wings until every shell was emptied. John finally came and picked up eighteen fat mallards, I had not killed a teal. It was too dark to find the others. He was compelled to carry my gun as well as the ducks, for my wrist was dreadfully swollen, and after the excitement was over I could not bear in my hand even the weight of a duck. We arrived at camp by 9 o'clock. Hogan had not returned, but in half an hour he did so, and Mr. John Graham came with him. He brought the Bourbon. Will bathed my wrist with some of it, and a stiff horn of it made me feel wonderfully better.

Will had considerately put Dick Menefer, one of his negro tenants, and a splendid cook by the way, to preparing supper. He had killed several teal, which Dick had broiled to a nicety, just to suit my appetite. Never did I enjoy more such a supper as this was. Two teal and three curlew barely satisfied me. Talk about good eating! broiled teal and curlew just beat anything ever put into a hungry sportsman's mouth. But they must be broiled in a scientific manner, known only to hunters. When ready for cooking stuff the teal with pieces of raw breakfast bacon—well peppered with Cayenne—put in a plenty of good butter, then stick on a forked stick and hold over the coals until thoroughly done. If a few ashes fall on it, no matter, it is all the better. Next put the birds in a hot plate with plenty of melted butter, and a little vinegar, add some Worcestershire sauce, have by you several slices of risen corn bread, and drink with it several cups of "He No tea," and you have a supper that makes a sportsman feel good all over, at peace with himself and the balance of mankind, ready to yarn it big until kind nature can hold out no longer, and he sinks into the arms of the drowsy god.

I had brought with me on this outing my Ferguson's head light, and Will rubbed my wrist, now twice its natural size, with some of the signal oil of the head light, which relieved me considerably before morning.

Our cooks picked a number of ducks and put them in a large kettle filled with water, with plenty of dry-salted raw bacon and red pepper. The kettle was put over a slow fire, and by next morning we had the best stew of ducks I ever ate.

Before daylight we were all off to our respective positions. Graham said he would go to Catfish Point, Will and John Lot went down the lake to the big pond opposite Stumpy Lake, while Bill Hogan and I went in the skiff over to Peggy's Island, to the point where Will stood the evening before. When we proceeded as far as we could push the skiff, I left Hogan and waded across to the place I intended to stand. Crossing the flat I made two fine shots at a brace of ducks, one of which proved to be a redhead, the first I ever shot on Bistereau. The recoil of the gun caused my wrist to swell, and with great difficulty I managed to bag five more. When the pain became so severe I was compelled to call Hogan and return to camp. He had also bagged five mallards.

All returned for dinner. By constantly saturating a piece of cloth with coal oil and binding to my wrist, I thought I might hold out for the evening's shoot.

Graham had bagged a baker's dozen of curlew and one duck, Will and John Lot had killed together some ten ducks. After a late, hearty dinner we all crossed over to Peggy and shot until too dark to shoot. I took my Greener gun, as it was lighter than the Colt, and I could handle it easier. I took my same station where I bagged the geese. Just before sunset the ducks began coming on by thousands. A small flock flew over me and I killed a greenhead with each barrel, the largest and fattest I ever killed. They were superb shots, when considering their height and my swollen wrist. I had bagged some ten when an accident deprived me of any more shooting that evening. One of my Kynoch brass shells, that I had reloaded some fifteen or twenty times, got the head broken off as I put it in the chamber of the gun. I had no stick to push it out, and my extractor was useless in such an emergency. Calling Hogan, who was doing good shooting, I directed him to cut a stick for me and endeavor to force out the shell. There was nothing near us but some crooked thorn bushes. He cut one, and shaved it small enough to be forced in, but on account of its crookedness could not get it down to the shell. I directed him to get another. A good one he could not find, but he brought one too large and too crooked. Before I was aware of what he was doing, he cut the first stick off at the bending part and thrust it in the gun. It was now too short, and next he cut the last stick in half and attempted to drive the first one down with this piece. He got it wedged so tight that it was impossible to force it down or draw it back.

I could shoot no more, being afraid of some accident if I shot the other barrel with a stick projecting from the first. It was too bad. Never had I seen ducks flying so close and so many. I could have bagged at least 100 more but for this accident. Mad, in pain, and annoyed beyond expression, I made Hogan gather up our ducks and carry his and my gun back to the skiff, where I waited in the worst of humors until Will and Graham returned. They had been quite successful considering a number of duck hunters from Ringgold, Bienville Parish, had camped that afternoon on the island, and were shooting all around them.

I had the blues—sick unto death. Never expected to have such a glorious chance for making a big bag of ducks again. A strong pull and a long pull at the flask of old Bourbon restored me to my usual equanimity of temper. Will rubbed my wrist until I felt easy. We told yarns until after midnight, and then went to bed, resolved to break camp the next morning and leave for home.

Morning came; we did not rise until our freedmen roused us for breakfast. While eating the deep cry of a hound arrested our attention. "That is Aaron Lock's hound. Let us run to the stand. It is a deer, and he will go through the old field not 300yds. from here," said Bill Hogan. We jerked up our guns, inserted buckshot shells, and ran up the steep bank. "No use to go," said Bill, "the hound has gone through the stand." "Where will it run?" I asked of Hogan. "Sometimes it goes to Burr Ridge, not unfrequently it crosses to Peggy and goes to the Bienville Hills." It was a cold frosty morning, I continued standing, listening to the deep mellow cry of the hound as he ran up one hill and down another. "Look," said Bill, "it is a big buck, and he will cross the lake." I looked and saw a sight I will never forget. It was a monster buck. He was very tired, smoke was curling from his nostrils, and his long red tongue was hanging out of his mouth. On he went, straight to where our skiff was anchored. The sight of it caused him to stop and hesitate a moment, but the deep cry of the hound was coming nearer. In he plunged, into the mud and water, going down sometimes entirely out of sight. His efforts were frantic to get out, and we could distinctly hear his surges; and see the splash of water at each jump, until he struck deep water. Rising with sides half out, I never saw an animal swim more gallantly or more gracefully. He was heading direct to the high part of the island, where the hunters from Ringgold had pitched their camp, once the exact site of Peggy's cabin. We shouted as loud as possible, but the half mile across prevented any one from hearing us. The buck had to plunge through the mud for 100yds. after he left the deep water, before he struck dry land. The hunters were booming all around the island with their double barrels, but none saw him. When he got to land he stopped, threw up his head with those great wide-spreading horns like a chair on it, listened intently, looked back at us, who were shouting, shook his muddy sides, and then plunged into the thick brush, going no doubt in a few yards of their camp-fire. It was a grand picture. I would not have shot that buck, even had I the opportunity.

The disappearance of the buck called our attention to the noble hound. By the time the buck got into the bushes, the hound had arrived at the point the buck took the water. He ran up and down the shore to be certain that the deer had not taken to land again, and then he plunged into the water just where the buck did. Hogan blew several long blasts of his horn, to which the dog was accustomed, as he often hunted with Hogan's own hounds. He caught the sound, stopped, listened, took in the direction, and soon came bounding to our camp, apparently as fresh as if he had just started on a drive, though Will and I learned from Aaron Lock on our return home that the dog started the deer about midnight, while he was opossum hunting. Our ponies were sent for and harnessed and hitched to the dog cart. Guns, implements, ammunition and camp equipage, with ducks stowed away, our bills to Hogan and Lot paid, and homeward did Will and I set our faces. Two better pleased sportsmen never went from Lake Bisteneau. Each pronounced it the best and most enjoyable hunt he ever had. We had killed over 150 ducks, 2 geese, 1 owl and 3 dozen curlews. But for my strained wrist I verily believe I would have bagged 200 myself. A drive of three hours brought us home pleased with ourselves and all the world.

GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

Natural History.

PUPPIES AND GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to appeal to your readers in (verification or non-verification) of an alleged fact which, if satisfactorily established, would settle a great scientific question. It is well known that evolutionists consider that what in the ancestors were habits or associations of ideas impressed from without may in the young become instincts or intuitions anticipative of experience—provided only the number of ancestral generations be sufficiently large. This hereditory transmission of acquired habits forms one of the corner stones of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy. It is perhaps not so well known that the objective evidence in favor of this very plausible and serviceable doctrine consists of a mere handful of facts, almost every one of which is susceptible of a different interpretation.

A crucial fact, however, if it could only be well attested, would be this: I have heard two accounts of young sporting dogs who had never seen any shooting, showing great and unusual excitement the first time their master took down his gun to prepare for a day in the fields. One of my informants tells me that he cannot doubt the phenomenon in the case of his own dog. This excitement at the sight of a gun in a young setter, pointer or spaniel could hardly admit of more than one interpretation. It can only be due (in case it exists) to the pup having inherited something of the tumultuous expectations which for generations back the sight of the gun had called up in the bosoms of his ancestors—expectations only too well grounded (as the birds would have to confess) in "associations" wrought in them by many a day in the woods and fields.

Now, has any one of your readers witnessed such a phenomenon? And is he sure it was not a mere chance coincidence, or explicable in some other way, but a genuine exciting quality which the gun seemed to possess for the untrained dog? If such a reader will answer me either through your pages, or personally as below, I shall feel deeply obliged. Or if any reader has good reasons to doubt the truth of such stories, and will communicate the ground of his doubts, I shall feel obliged no less.

WM. JAMES, M.D.

HARVARD COLLEGE, Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 2.

CHERISHED MYTHS.

"THERE is neither ibex, goat or mountain sheep (big horn) in the Olympian range." So vanish, one by one, the little conceits and romances that so largely color our lives, I soliloquized as I laid down the letter containing the above extract. It was from a friend who had recently located a ranch near the foot of the range in Washington Territory, about which less is really known than is the case with many regions much more remote from the busy haunts of men.

I had heard that there were strange animals there, among which the ibex was mentioned, and the letter was his answer to my request to send me if possible some information upon the subject—a reply based, he wrote me, upon the testimony of a trapper who had spent several years in the range between Fort Townsend and Grey's Harbor.

As we reach the meridian of life, we relinquish these cherished fancies with reluctance, even when they are proved to be myths; in early youth the crop is so abundant that a few of them are easily spared, and their vanishing forms leave no acute pang of regret. The youth of to-day will tell you that the mermaid is an impossibility, but the old barnacle-back, whose years spent out of sight of land far outnumber those he spent upon the shore, will tell you still with a wise look and a shake of the head that he has seen things that could be accounted for by no other hypothesis. In reading, when a boy, the "Life and Adventures of Grizzly Adams," I found no chapter more interesting than the one relating his journey over the Sierras to the mysterious Humboldt Mountains in search of the purple panthers which emigrants from across the plains had assured him dwelt there, and I remember the disappointment I felt when even his imaginative biographer was obliged to confess that he found only the common gray kind there—a disappointment that was subsequently enhanced when a personal investigation of the region where, according to the narrative, those mountains existed, failed to reveal anything that harmonized with his magnificent description of their sublimity.

Scientific researches and careful, intelligently constructed observation dispel much of the fabulous element that so frequently attaches itself to little known subjects, as has often been illustrated in your own columns in regard to the panther, wild goat, sheep, etc. But the fact that science itself sometimes makes mistakes and asserts as truths deductions that are subsequently ignored, makes us sometimes reluctant to reverse what our personal experience has led us to regard as established facts. The discovery of those immense cuttlefish on the shores of Newfoundland considerably modified the views of scientists concerning the sea monsters which they had declared existed only in the brain of Hugo; and prone as is our own FOREST AND STREAM to skepticism where the documents are not perfectly regular, it is evident that it has a strong bias in favor of the sea serpent as at least some huge marine reptile, whose shape even is as yet a matter of conjecture.

Science attempted at one villainous scoop to deprive "Nessmuk" of his cranberry bear, but although I regret to say that my only knowledge of his character has been derived entirely from his charming sketches, I feel confident that the attempt was a dismal failure and that in the mind of the old veteran the cranberry bear still exists, a species as distinct and clearly defined as ever. The summary manner in which scientific classification demolishes our pet hobbies is appalling to those who, like "Nessmuk," have grown gray in the woods. A striking example came under my own observation.

In 1870 I took a horseback journey from ocean to ocean through Costa Rica. The first day's travel from Punta Arenas led through a country essentially tropical, but on the second day, when about forty miles from the coast, and at an elevation of nearly six thousand feet, we passed through a region whose general appearance and arboreal productions would have passed muster in any portion of Massachusetts or Connecticut. I was forcibly struck by the resemblance, and it seemed to be the most natural thing in the world, when I discovered a small pack of birds dusting themselves in the road, which, after as close an inspection as it was possible to obtain without alarming them, I decided to be ruffed grouse. A few miles beyond a clear ringing whistle from a field adjacent to the road fell upon my ears and carried me in an instant back to the days of childhood and youth. I reined up my horse to listen, and again that familiar sound, sharp and vigorous, came floating through the air more convincing than before. As far as my ears were to be trusted, it was the pipe of the quail of New England, the partridge of the South. Heard amid those surroundings there would have been no doubt concerning its origin, but in this far land I determined to investigate still further. Slipping from the saddle I crept along the wall until as near as I thought I would be likely to get, and rising up looked cautiously over. There on the capstone of the wall, just where I expected to find him, and looking, as far as my eyes could be trusted, just as I expected to see him look, was the old friend of my boyhood, Bob White, the white spots upon his face were visible from my standpoint, and at my approach he ran down the side of the wall into the brush, just as we have all seen the little fellow do time and again. In neither case was I more than 40yds. away from the birds, but as I had no firearms, except a belted revolver, neither of them came to my hand. Judge my surprise then, when several years after I made inquiries through the FOREST AND STREAM concerning the habitat of these birds, to learn from Prof. Ridgway, of the Smithsonian Institute, that there were neither ruffed grouse nor quail in that country, but only birds of a somewhat similar species.

From a decision emanating from a source so distinguished, there was, of course, no thought of appeal, especially as he informed me that the ornithology of Costa Rica had been more carefully studied than that of almost any other tropical section of America. But to say that I was puzzled is drawing it very mild, and "Nessmuk" and his cranberry bear came instantly to my mind. On the one hand I had been deceived about birds with which from childhood I had been nearly as familiar as with the barnyard fowls. I had never met with the ruffed grouse in Nevada or California, but I had shot them in the mountains of Utah and the Cascade Range of Oregon, and I recognized them as such before I sighted them over my rifle barrel; and although in the mean while I shot many a pinnated, sharptail, and blue grouse,

I had never confounded them with the other, and as for the sage hen, science, I believe, classes them as grouse, although they have no gizzard and would starve to death upon food that all the others would fatten upon.

On the other hand, all the variety of bears in the United States are declared to belong to one of only two species; the black, brown, cinnamon, silver-tip and grizzly are familiar to most of your readers, but there is still another kind that, as far as I know, is found only in the mountains that form the headwaters of King's River, in California. I refer to the little yellow or golden bear, less than half the size of the black, weighing usually when full grown about 125 or 150lbs. Several hunters in that region have described them to me; and their accounts agree so well that they carried conviction with them. In addition to this at least one of your own correspondents has described them in precisely the same terms, so I know this bear is not entirely new to you. In appearance it differs from all other bears as a donkey differs from a Norman horse. Please, therefore, dear FOREST AND STREAM, inform your readers to which of the two species the little golden bear belongs.

OAKLAND, California. FORKED DEER.

SNOWY OWLS IN 1886-7.

THE winter of 1886-'87 will be remembered by naturalists and collectors throughout the country as a remarkable one for the number of these birds of prey. Throughout the Northwest they were very abundant, as well as in the Eastern and New England States. Immediately after the big storm in the middle of November they put in an appearance and remained until late the following spring. Scarcely a newspaper throughout the country but had an account of the killing of one or more of them, and it is usually the case that only a small per cent. of the number killed find an account of the killing or capture in the columns of any newspaper; so the number killed must have been remarkable. Quite a number were recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM and other papers interested in ornithology. Within a radius of twenty-five miles from this point no less than a dozen were killed, and of this entire number I know of but two that were preserved. I have been collecting birds for ten years, and have watched and waited patiently all that time to add one of these birds to my collection, but was not successful until last winter, when I secured six; one I killed near here and recorded it in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the others were procured by my brother in Calhoun county, Iowa.

A friend of mine, J. Y. C., of Whatcom, Wash. Ter., writes that they were very plenty there. Late in April, 1887, I saw one on some bottom land fifty miles south of here while gunning for ducks. A friend was with me and he was very anxious to kill one. We had seen this one several times, but did not know it was an owl, and thought it was one of the large bones of which there were many scattered about. He had been shooting that morning half a mile from me, and when he returned to my blind I pointed to the object I thought was a bone, telling him it was a snowy owl. He seemed surprised, but at once proceeded to make a detour, and then getting on all-fours commenced creeping toward his prey. I was watching the proceedings carefully and chuckling to myself at the joke I thought I had on him. Suddenly I heard two reports in quick succession, and on looking up saw the owl flying rapidly away, and my friend, with a look of dismay, holding the smoking gun in his hands. Now I was thoroughly surprised at the way my joke had turned out. We laid many plans for his capture and tried various ways to get within gunshot of the old fellow, but all to no avail. The weather at this time was very warm and many of our summer birds had returned from their southern homes. Wounded ducks were numerous all over the bottoms, so he must have had a good living, which, I suppose, accounted for his tarrying so long.

Up to the present time I have only learned of one being killed this winter. The report comes from Vermont. One was reported seen six miles from town last week, but it may have been a light-colored, rough-legged hawk, although the person who saw it was quite positive, as he was within easy gunshot, but had no gun. Just why so many migrated to the United States last winter I am not prepared to say. It may have been the severe weather or a scarcity of food. The bird is a regular migrant south in winter, but has never, to my knowledge, appeared before in such numbers. H. A. KLINE.

FORRESTON, Ill.

PLUMAGE OF MALLARD DRAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note in your issue of the 22d ult., that Dr. T. H. Streets, of Philadelphia, severely criticises an assertion made by Mr. Frank Wilkeson, in his article, "Along the Manitoba Road," "that mallard drakes leave their breeding grounds during the breeding season." Mr. Streets says he "speaks from an experience much further north than Rupert's Land, where the mallards also breed in great numbers." The writer's knowledge of the habits of mallards does not extend much further north than "along the Manitoba road," but as to their habits in that region Mr. Wilkeson is correct.

During the past ten years I have shot at every lake in the Province and know, I think, besides, nearly every pond and swamp, and have never yet seen a "green head" mallard between say July 15 and Sept. 15. During the time just stated you can find in ponds the female mallard with her young, but no sign, in the vicinity, of a "green head," or as we designate them "Tom mallard," not even in his summer plumage, that Dr. Streets says "assimilates so closely to that of the female."

In further proof of this, I might mention that last autumn two friends of mine came up here from Toronto, Ontario, to spend a few weeks in hunting and shooting. We struck camp at Whitewater Lake, in southwestern Manitoba, about the middle of September. We killed about 1,000 ducks before the first of October, and not a single "Tom mallard"; but a sharp frost setting in on the third of October, one of my friends, Mr. Thomas Louden, killed during the forenoon of the following day about fifty mallards, the majority of them being "green heads." After that they began coming in "from the north" in thousands, most of our birds from that time out being "old Toms." THOS. JOHNSON.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba.

FACTS ABOUT SNAKES.

I SAW, quoted from the FOREST AND STREAM, an article on rattlesnakes climbing trees. Though what I am about to communicate does not relate to that kind of snake, yet it may be interesting to some of your readers to learn facts in regard to the habits of snakes, that very few have opportunities of witnessing. In the article alluded to, snakes are represented as having been found in the branches of trees, but there is no statement of any snake having been seen in the act of climbing.

About the year 1839, in passing on horseback through a forest that then stood on a point opposite Lake Providence, Louisiana, I saw a snake about five feet in length on the trunk of a tree from 2 to 2½ft. in diameter. The tree was straight and erect, without a branch within 40ft. of the ground. The snake was about 6ft. from the ground and transversly on the trunk of the tree, as if in the act of ascending it spirally. The snake was spotted with white and blue circular spots abont ¼in. in diameter, and was of a kind called in that part of the country king snake. Its body, as it clung to the trunk of the tree, was a succession of folds, by which the snake held on to the tree. Its course had to be spirally, because the creases in the bark by which it attached itself to the tree were longitudinal; had they been transverse it could have as easily ascended perpendicularly. The tree was, I believe, a water oak; had it been a sycamore, beech or birch, I do not think it would have been able to ascend it, for the plain reason that these trees have no creases by which it could attach itself to them.

I will also mention that in walking through the swamp opposite Gainsville, on Pearl River, in the State of Mississippi, I saw a snake, there known as the cotton mouth, coiled on the top of a log. Being quite close to it, I shot it with a shotgun. The shot cut its body quite open. On examining it after it was dead, I found within its body four or five live snakes, each about 4 or 5in. in length. On freeing them from the carcass they began to crawl about, except one which appeared enveloped in a kind of mucus.

This snake, as well as I can remember, was about 3ft. long, not thick, yet it carried within itself these young snakes, apparently large enough to take care of themselves.

In the "Memoirs of the Royal Society," Vol. X., pages 222 and 266, there are several accounts of the effects of snake bites, and of the remedies for them, and the bites of mad dogs. There are also in the "Asiatic Researches," Vol. XI., page 310, similar accounts. Also in a compilation entitled, "Dissertations on Asia," page 486, there is an article "On the Cure of Persons Bitten by Snakes," by John Williams, Esq. This last gives seven cases.

As in both Philadelphia and Washington city persons have been experimenting on the poisons of snakes, and their antidotes, I thought the references here given might be of some service, either to them or to others interested in such subjects. B. S.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 24, 1887.

TAME RACCOONS.—Opposite our place, and but a few rods distant, a neighbor farmer found last May a mother raccoon in the hollow of an oak tree, four or five feet from the ground, with four young ones. The poor mother was killed and a dog had dispatched one of the young, when a young man present saved the lives of the remaining three and took them home with him, where he commenced feeding and training them. About six weeks afterward I went to see them, and quite fell in love with the pretty creatures. Though their fur is long and coarse, their faces are marked beautifully with bands of alternate black and white, each about one-half inch in width, running lengthwise of the prettily-shaped head, and the tails are ringed. Their eyes are bright, yet very soft and pleasant looking. They were exceedingly fond of their master, gamboling and frolicking with him like kittens, running up and down on him and putting their arms around his neck. He has taught them to jump over his clasped hands, and a variety of other tricks such as are taught puppies. He brought them up on a bottle, and the prettiest sight of all was to see them nurse! Their little hands and long, slender fingers played very gracefully with the bottle as they drew the milk, just as a nursing infant plays with its mother's breast. It was really a lovely, delightful sight, and very funny too. In the month of October they wandered out one night and their master found them the next morning a mile from home, but they were quite delighted to see him, and returned gladly. The young man has now sold two of them; the other follows him about the village like a dog, and goes into the store, where it will eat crackers, of which it is fond, and it is specially fond of candy, eating all they will give-it.—VERITAS (South Woodstock, Conn.).

AN INTELLIGENT CHELONIAN.—A family in Washington, D. C., have lately possessed a pet turtle of the species called snapper, which manifested remarkable intelligence. It recognized and distinguished people readily and had its personal likes and dislikes. Toward strangers he was always hostile, and some quite vicious, but members of the family could fondle him like a kitten, and he would sit by the hour and doze on the shoulder of a favorite lady. He was kept in a small glass dish, which he seldom cared to leave, and so far from showing any inclination to escape from captivity he would not be turned adrift, for as often as he was pitched into the river, when the family had finally tired of him, he climbed out, up the bank and came home, and it was only when they dropped him into a deep hole at a great distance that they managed to shake him off. One noteworthy peculiarity was observed during the natural period of hibernation. At such times his body was seen to exude a thick dark substance resembling mud, which covered it completely to the thickness of half an inch, so that in its semi-torpid state it resembled a ball of earth. An opaque belt of discolored water surrounded it for a distance of four or five inches—no doubt a provision of nature to aid its concealment during its defenseless state in winter.—H.

WOODDUCK IN WINTER.—On Sunday, Jan. 8, 1888, a flock of ducks, composed of 11 black ducks, 2 mallards and 1 male woodduck, were seen by me in the Hackensack marshes. There can be no doubt as to the identification of the woodduck, as after separating from the rest of the flock he flew back over my head at very close range.—ROBERT T. MORRIS (New York).

A TAXIDERMIST'S PREPARATION.—St. Albans Bay, Vt., Dec. 19.—I wish to bring to the notice of some of your readers an important discovery in taxidermy, that is the discovery of a preparation which put upon the bills and legs of mounted birds will cause them to retain their natural color. My son, who is a taxidermist, has tested it thoroughly for the past four years, and it has proved a perfect success. It was tried upon mounted fish eight months ago, and the scales and fins retain their natural color to-day.—H. L. SAMSON.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One brown capucin (*Cebus fatuellus*), and two blossom-headed parrakeets (*Palaeornis cyanocephalus*). Presented—Five prairie dogs (*Cynomes ludovicianus*), one Virginia deer (*Cariacus virginianus*), two red-tailed buzzards (*Buteo borealis*), one duck hawk (*Falco communis*), one redbird (*Cardinalis virginianus*), one long-eared owl (*Otus vulgaris wilsonianus*), one sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*), one barred owl (*Syrnium nebulosum*), and two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*). Born in Garden—Five dingos (*Canis dingo*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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ZINC FOR GUN BARRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 9, 1887, appeared an article entitled "Zinc for Rust in Barrels," by Austin, which I supposed would attract the attention of all interested in that matter, and I hoped that it would elicit the observations and ideas of other correspondents. But the sugges tions of the article must have seemed impracticable or else there is not the urgent demand for a gun rust pre ventive that I had supposed. Now the ideas presented by Austin seemed to me to be of considerable importance, the only question being the most practical method of attaining the end proposed.

Though I have not had the opportunity to test the plan advised, I made the following experiments, which, while they gave a different result from that obtained by him, were so far a success as to meet all the demands of the case. I took a piece of zinc, such as is used in making washboards, about 1⅝in. long and about ¼in. wide. This I tacked to a block of wood with ordinary iron tacks, filing the heads bright and placing a tack at each corner and one in the center. On the head of the first corner tack I placed a drop of muriatic acid prepared as for tinners' use. The head of the tack at the next and nearest corner and also that of the center tack I covered with fine table salt and then added a drop of water to each. This I stirred, making as strong a saline solution as possible, and rubbing it well over the heads of the tacks. On the head of each of the two remaining tacks I placed a drop of nitric acid. Now as to the results. The muriatic acid discolored the iron, but it did not appear to be rust. The salt, though repeatedly wet after becoming dry, showed no sign of causing rust until six or eight weeks after its application, when the corner tack, near the one to which the muriatic acid was applied, began to rust and has since become covered with rust. But on the center tack the salt has produced no effect and it still remains bright. The nitric acid, which was strong, immediately acted on the tacks as if it would destroy them and they were soon covered with a coat of rust. After some weeks, I applied some of the salty solution to the tack on which I had placed the muriatic acid, and this soon caused a coat of rust to form. Thus four of the five tacks were sooner or later corroded, the fifth or central one remaining bright. The rust, however, seems to be only a crust on the surface, which, after rubbing to a certain depth, ceased altogether, for I notice that where the nitric acid was used this crust is scaling off, leaving the head of the tack in such places perfectly bright. Why one tack in failing to rust should have been an exception I can only account for on the ground that it was protected by a larger proportion of zinc, having the full width of the plate to itself, and not being within a half inch of another tack, while the tacks at the ends of the plate were within one-fourth of an inch of each other. This would lead me to fear that Austin's plan of placing in the barrel a strip of zinc the length and width of the bore might not be a sufficient protection. With the edges of the strip in contact only with the opposite sides of the bore, and probably an imperfect contact at that, would the influence be sufficient to protect the whole surface of the bore? Much, of course, would depend on the thickness of the strip, which is not specified. Austin does not state whether this method has been actually tested and found efficient, or whether it is regarded as a justifiable inference from the facts noted. If a strip of zinc should prove ineffective, a tube of that material, made to fit the bore, would, no doubt, answer the purpose. Probably this is what Austin means when he speaks of rolling up thin zinc to fill the barrel. The greatest difficulty that I see would in any case be to get a good fit in the chokebores, though it may be possible that a good fit is not at all necessary.

I wish that Austin would write again and give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some further information on this subject; I feel sure that it would be appreciated. I hope others also may be induced to express their views. I think Austin did the readers of FOREST AND STREAM quite a favor in his communication, and I for one wish to thank him. SPLASHER.

THE RABBIT PLAGUE REWARD.—As stated in your paper recently, the Government of New South Wales offers a prize of £25,000 for a plan which will rid them of the rabbit pest. I have one which has worked effectually in this locality, and would, no doubt, prove an entire success there. I guarantee it to be effective and claim the award. The idea is to import into that country the entire African element of this, furnishing them with a requisite number of Zulus and mongrel canines.—J. G. D.

COLEMAN'S ISLAND CAMPS.

IT was a wild stormy night toward the middle of October that we alighted at Gardner's, after a tedious journey of twenty miles. We had come down for a few days of sport with the ducks, and to find relief from a distressing complaint by a sojourn among the pines that fringe the shores of Nine-mile Pond, and to drink in the beauty of the richest piece of landscape to be found on all Cape Cod.

We had planned to go into camp that night, so after getting warm, and greeting our old acquaintance who sat before Gardner's cheerful fire, we tucked trousers into stockings, true soldier fashion, to keep out the wet; took guns, ammunition, and what little camp duffle we had brought along, together with an old lantern, which had seen service half a century before on the Norwich and Worcester packet line, and whose feeble rays served to make the "darkness visible;" and bidding those around the fire good-night, we started on our lonely tramp. It was pretty dark, and rained a little, and the path was not very well defined, but we struggled on through the woods, now up to our waists in the thick underbrush, and again finding the path, only to be knocked out again by some refractory rock or stump, which would insist in getting under our feet. We reached the shore of the pond without getting very wet or meeting with any accident, and finding the boat, which was moored to a tree and locked, we deposited our duffle in the bottom and were soon skimming on the dark bosom of the water toward Coleman's Island, the flickering rays of the antiquated lantern dimly lighting up our course. We were in some doubt, owing to the distance, as to the exact point to land, but as the boat grated on the pebbly shore we were gratified to see the dim outlines of the little cabin, which was to be our home for the next week, only a few rods away. We made the boat secure for the night, and taking traps and guns, Gardner led the way to the shanty. The decoy ducks in their comfortable quarters in the stand greeted us with a quack of welcome as we approached, and after taking a look at them to see that they were all right, we entered the shanty and took note of our surroundings.

A few minutes' work sufficed to put our little den in order. Then we made all secure for the night, and finding available seats sat down to have a chat. As our conversation began to flag, across the wide expanse of waters, now sullen and angry, came the moaning of the night wind. The miniature waves dashed spitefully upon the pebbly beach and the air began to grow chilly. Throwing away our cigars we rolled ourselves in the blankets and tried to sleep. The novelty of our surroundings, the screeching and moaning of the night wind as it howled among the ancient pines and the constant dashing of the waves upon the shore prevented us from getting much sleep, but we rested all the same. The pure air, the delightful freedom of our surroundings, the strange and mysterious voices of the night, all seemed to lull the senses into sweet repose, and toward morning we both slept soundly.

Four o'clock found us awake; and tumbling out of our bunks, we hastily dressed and after a bath and a draught of pure water from the pond, we were ready for the day's work. We started up our little kerosene stove, and after getting a cup of hot coffee under way, went down into the stand. The moon was still shining as we placed our live decoys in position. The fowl immediately set up a most vociferous quacking, as a pair of black ducks flew swiftly by into the bend beyond, and suddenly wheeling were upon us before we had fairly taken in the situation. We managed to get out of sight in time as on swiftly flying pinions they rushed by the stand, and alighted within easy gunshot to the leeward. The waning light of the moon shone for an instant along the polished surface of our guns as we quickly sighted and fired, making a clean kill. This was a good beginning and as it happened a good ending, for it was the only shot we had that morning.

The sun came up over the distant hills, clothing the maples and birches upon Long Point with an added glory, while far away to the north Shoot Flying Hill loomed up grand and majestic against the autumn sky. The morning wore on, a chill norther had set in, and taking leave of the stand for a little while, we paddled across to the mainland and took a tramp up into the village, Gardner's son Willie, who had now joined us, securing a partridge on the way. Will Gardner and myself got back to the stand before noon, and spent the remainder of the day and night there. Gardner dropped in on us every day during our stay there, taking turns with his son in stopping at the shanty nights.

Thus passed five halcyon days, days passed amid the solitude of forest and stream, and, free from business cares, days that brought health and strength to the wasted energies and sent the blood leaping through the arteries with renewed vigor. We found game plentiful enough to insure us good sport, with enough to keep the wolf from the camp door and some to distribute among friends, and when we left we brought several trophies of our skill.

We broke camp one lovely morning the 17th of October, and started on our homeward journey. Never was a hunter's heart gladdened by a more beautiful panorama than that which was unfolded to our gaze that lovely autumn morning in the little stand at Coleman's Island. No breath of wind ruffled the broad expanse of water upon which the morning sun in all his splendor cast his gentle rays. Every sound for miles around was brought to our ears with a distinctness almost startling as we leaned upon our guns and drank in the silent beauty of the scene. It was the one morning in all the world upon which a sportsman would most hate to break camp and leave the woods. The ducks were constantly moving, keeping us in a perpetual state of excitement, as now a bunch would take notice of our decoys and swing toward us, only to sheer off at the critical moment and pass out of gunshot. Once a large flock flew directly over the stand, so near that we could see their eyes and hear the sharp whistling of their wings. Silently we crouched in the bottom of the stand, and managed to escape their notice, for presently they wheeled, and shutting their wings, dropped gracefully to the decoys, but even as we reached for our guns the sharp report of a gun in a neighboring stand rung out, and the ducks turned and sped away on startled wings. We sprang to our feet and took a flying shot, but we were too badly rattled to shoot well, and stopped no birds.

We lingered under the shadow of the pines long after all probability of another opportunity presenting itself had passed away; lingered because we were loth to leave the scene of so much pleasure; lingered because we hated to lay aside the wild freedom of the camp and go back to the monotonous routine of civilized life, unwilling to forego the pleasures of the chase, the pleasant evenings passed before the camp-fire, the sweet refreshing sleep that "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," and when the last sound that falls upon the ear before sinking into the land of dreams is the low sweet music of the wind among the treetops or the gentle murmuring of the waves upon some pebbly shore.

But all things come to an end, and as the sun mounted high in the heavens we drove in the decoys, made all snug and tidy about camp, then taking our guns, embarked in our little craft and pulled silently across to the mainland. As we turned for a last look at our late camping place and for a last breath of the pine-laden air, the soft wind came lightly dancing over the placid surface of the lovely pond, reflecting the bright rays of the sun in a myriad sparkling hues which were finally lost under the dark shadows of the pines, which for centuries have skirted Coleman's Island's lonely shore.

SCUDDER.

FALMOUTH, Mass.

AMONG THE ELK.

GALLATIN VALLEY, Mont., Dec. 22.—I have always wanted to kill an elk, particularly a bull elk; moreover I promised my brother before I left my Eastern home that I would send him a pair of elk antlers for a hat-tree when he should begin housekeeping on his own hook, being struck by their natural adaptability to such uses.

Consequently, when I and my two companions started out on our fall hunt, about the end of September, we turned our horses' noses toward the already hoary peaks of the Gallatin Range, where I knew a man could reasonably count on seeing elk in quantities to suit, as well as all other game native to the Rocky Mountains, with the exception of goats.

Borrowing a wagon we piled our outfit in with care (and it filled the wagon box pretty full), and rolled out of Bozeman in high spirits. The following evening we reached the end of the wagon road in the West Gallatin cañon, where we unloaded the wagon, and with it I started back to the valley, taking with me a saddle to come back on. When I joined the boys on the next day I found them fishing with some success, but they said they had seen not a sign of game, and did not believe there was any in the country, but I assured them that there was last year any way, as I was up the river myself at the time. But to tell the truth meat was scarce in our camp for about a week; but of fish we had plenty, both trout and whitefish, whenever we chose to catch them.

The night before we started up the pack trail we had the misfortune to lose one of our horses by his getting his hind foot fast in the picket rope around his neck, and choking to death. This left us rather pinched for transportation, and we had to cache some of the grub and leave it. Prospects continued discouraging as we journeyed through the cañon for two days, when we reached the Lower Basin. Here the feed was good and the hills looked more promising, so we took possession of a deserted logging camp and turned the horses out. We all three then sallied forth in different directions, feeling sure we could run on to big game the first thing, but at night one brought in a snowshoe rabbit, another a mountain grouse, and the third nothing but a big appetite. All had seen plenty of fresh deer and elk sign, and each had felt sure the others would be more successful than himself. Thus several days passed away before we killed anything, and right glad we were to bring a fat blacktail doe into camp, and mighty good the meat tasted, but who does not enjoy venison of his own killing and cooking?

Of my first shot at an elk I am almost ashamed to tell. I had been climbing and creeping around all day on a timbered hillside that was just one maze of paths made by the elk, and in many places I could plainly see the imprint where some big bull had lain through the heat of the day in a spring or mud hole. Many little trees were twisted up and stripped of their branches where they had been trying their newly-grown horns, but not one could I catch sight of, and when a flock of blue grouse jumped up and lit in a tall red fir, I couldn't resist knocking the heads off two, when I started for camp, thinking of course that my two shots would certainly alarm all the game in the neighborhood. Not so, however, for I soon ran on to three or four elk standing on a steep and thickly wooded slope, apparently asleep. I was within 60yds. before I caught sight of them, and I thought I should now surely be enabled to see how elk meat tasted. Their heads being hidden, as they stood with their tails toward me, I blazed away at the body of the nearest one, aiming as near as might be at his heart. They all started off, and I after them, knife in hand, thinking the one I shot at would surely drop after a few jumps. They stopped presently, and I ran toward them, thinking the wounded animal must surely drop before I got there, when they saw me for the first time, and I plainly saw that my wounded elk was not in that outfit from the way they decamped.

Long but vainly I searched that hillside for a dead elk, but from that day to this I hold to the belief that that animal turned down hill, hidden by the thick timber, instead of running off south with the others; but the boys insist that I must have missed him. However, I had better success with the next band I ran on to. This time I saw a big bull lying apparently all alone in a little sage brush park, just as I emerged from the timber; his face was turned toward me, and my best shot appeared to be right at his forehead, but as the distance was somewhat over 100yds., and my Marlin was sighted to 50yds. point blank, I stopped and carefully raised the sight one notch before I fired, thinking I had the dead medicine that time. Well, I was in such a hurry to look under the smoke and see that bullet lay him out that I must have pulled the gun off the whole sidehill, for, contrary to my expectations, that magnificent animal jumped to his feet and was turning to make off, when I recovered sufficiently to give him a shot behind the shoulder, when down he went again. At the report of the rifle ten or eleven cows ran into view and paused, panic-struck at the sight of their leader thrashing his horns around in his death agony.

I loaded again and sighted on the neck of one of these, but did not shoot when I reflected that I had killed my head and there was no occasion for further slaughter. So they ran off unharmed, and I ran to bleed my prostrate game, feeling very much as did Hiawatha when he killed his first buck. I was pleased to find that I had secured a fine pair of antlers, for, although they had but twelve prongs, they were slender, graceful and perfectly symmetrical. I cleaned him, cut out his tusks for trophies, and headed for camp, well content with myself and all the world. The boys were pleased, too, as the deer was nigh eaten, and we forthwith caught our horses to pack in the meat, which, quartered up, gave two stout ponies all they could stagger under. The hide and head we lashed on another, the horns reaching within eight inches of the ground on either side. I found that the bullet had glanced upward upon entering his body, broken his spine just above the shoulders and lodged there; though it struck just opposite the heart, a rib had deflected it from its course. I was shooting up a hill, and when I paced the ground I found it to be 120 good long steps.

Leaving the elk head and scalp hanging safe from mice in the cabin, we started in search of further adventures and explorations, being anxious to see the far-famed Henry's Lake country and mighty Snake River. We left the Gallatin Basins under snow, encountered a foot of snow on the divide, and still snowing, but as soon as it became clear enough to see the country ahead, we were much surprised and not at all displeased to find the whole Madison Valley bare and brown before us. I should have liked well to stop and take a bear hunt on the head of Indian Creek (tributary to the Madison) for we saw the tracks of several bears that had evidently been traveling in attendance upon a large herd of elk thereabouts for some time, but in a party of three it is rare to find perfect unanimity of opinion; the others were for moving on. So we crossed and ascended the Madison, and upon gaining the summit of the Reynolds Pass (in the main range of the Rockies) Henry's Lake was in sight, distant four miles. I wish I dared take space to tell what fun we had here among swans, geese and mallards. We camped for more than a week on the north fork of Snake River, and though we saw no moose, we made the acquaintance of a fish new to us, the salmon trout, a red-meated, black-spotted fish of two or three pounds weight, very abundant in these waters. IPSARRAKA.

SALESVILLE, Montana.

PELEG'S EXPERIENCES.

III.—HOW JAB MADE TRIBULATION.

"I HAVE been wondering," said Sang the evening of the quail hunter's last night in Grinder's Sugar Camp, "whether it would be better for me now that Rot is growing too old for good service, to buy a new dog full grown and trained, or to get a pup and raise and break him myself."

A good deal of talk followed this remark of Sang's, relating to the age of his dog and of his many good qualities, after which the hunt of the day, which had been along the bottoms of Kootz's Fork mainly, where quail in abundance had been found and good bags made, was recounted, when Sang reminding his comrades that his question was unanswered relapsed into silence. Jap remembering the hint of a story on dog training at the close of Peleg's narrative the previous night and divining that Sang was fishing for another story, fell in with his humor and answered that he "believed he would raise and train his own dog."

"Yes, but isn't it a world of trouble to bring up a pup?" said Sang.

"Why no, not much," Jap replied. "Bird dog puppies are about as much trouble to bring up as pet lambs, certainly no more."

"O well, if that is all my mind is made up," said Sang.

Peleg could stand it no longer. The truth is, he had felt hurt over the treatment Sang had given him the night before, in fact the two nights, and had taken a mental oath that he would under no circumstances suffer himself to be beguiled into a yarn the last night of their stay. But this talk of the two innocents was too much for him. To think of their ignorance of dog raising when he knew so much! He couldn't sit quietly by and listen to such twaddle. If he mustn't talk he could at least walk, and so up he quickly jumped and kicking the fire brands together viciously, he lifted old Jab with the toe of his boot under the pretext that he was appropriating all the fire to his own use, after which exercise he sat down somewhat calmed again.

"There are many and weighty reasons," said Jap, "why every sportsman should bring up his own dog. Your dog is your satellite—nay more, your reverent worshiper. To him you are the one perfect being, the one of all who can do no wrong thing. Do to him what you will, treat him as cruelly as you may, and worshipfully he will continue to lick your hand in love. Now it is all important that he should never know but the one dog deity—yourself. And besides that, the pleasure he will give you in training will far outweigh any trouble that may come. The truth is, he will grow up with the children and give no more trouble than a chicken."

"Did you ever raise one?" asked Peleg, energetically.

"No."

"No! I should think not."

"I am sure," said Sang, "that I don't know experimentally, but then I've heard that pups beat the world for mischief."

"Well, you have heard wrong," said Jap, with an air that said plainly, "I know."

"He has, has he?" broke in Peleg in his most sarcastic tone of voice. "Now I *do* know. I've tried it, and the man who says they are no trouble—"

"Lies!" interposed Sang.

"No. I don't say that. I'm a gentleman at least."

"Well, what is your experience? Let us have that," said Sang.

"Yes, gentlemen, I've had experience, and let me tell you the man who thinks that a pup is as gentle as a lamb and as easy to be brought up as a chicken, will find himself awfully mistaken when he tries it on as I did. Why, when I got Jab I fancied I would have nothing to do but keep him in scraps from the butcher's shops. My! my! wasn't I mistaken? Why the very second day after I took him home the trouble began. When I went to my dinner Nancy met me at the door with a white lip, and I knew something was up. 'Look 'e there!' said she, pointing to

a shapeless, ragged bit of blue cloth and bluer cotton batting lying in the middle of the floor.

"'What is it?' I asked, assuming an indifference I did not feel.

"'What is it?' exclaimed she in a tone of voice that plainly indicated she was not indifferent to the little pile of chewed-up blue cloth and blue cotton batting. 'It's little Simon Peter's cap that cost a dollar and a half, that's what it is, all chewed up by that nuisance of a pup of yours!'

"I did look at the ruined cap—I had to; but by promising to get another that afternoon just like it, I managed to calm my wife down. She insisted, however, that I should tie the dog up, and so to please her I passed a cord about his neck and hitched him up to a post in the back yard. But Jab wasn't used to standing hitched, and long before night he was racing back and forth over the grounds in all the joyousness of young puppyhood.

"In two or three days after we went from home on a visit to be gone over night, and it became a question to know what to do with Jab. Nancy proposed that we fasten him up in the servant's room, and it was done. On our return I hastened to that room to release the prisoner. Good gracious! What a muss that room was in, to be sure. He had clawed and pulled at a thick, heavy comfort that was on the bed until he had got at the cotton with which it was lined, and bits of cotton were scattered all over the room. It looked like a snowstorm had come in our absence. That evening I brought up from the store a brand new comfort to replace the one Jab had so mercilessly torn up.

"I think it was about a week before there was another outbreak. Not that the dog ever behaved himself for a whole week during his minority, for I am sure he did not, but he had not been in the family long enough for us to find out his tricks. One of my slippers was missing that week and one of baby's stockings, both of which were found the following spring badly decayed in the raspberry patch. Also one of the children's books was badly rumpled and torn, but as no one had seen Jab with the book, he could not justly be charged with it. What Nancy may have thought about it she did not say, and I did not ask.

"At the end of the week succeeding the comfort performance I went home one afternoon an hour or so before my usual time, and instead of going in at the front door I passed around the house, where a sight met my eyes that was truly amazing. Jane had that day washed the bedclothes and the clothesline had been covered from end to end with snow white sheets and counterpanes. A smart breeze had sprung up and sheets and counterpanes had been swaying and flapping as if they actually enjoyed the day out of doors. What better fun for a young dog than to lay hold of one and pull and tug and shake and growl, as only a young dog could? Jab may have imagined that they were hung out for his special delectation; at any rate he made the most of his opportunity. As fate would have it he selected the largest and handsomest counterpane—the very one of all that Nancy prized the most, for it was a present from her mother—pulled and tugged at it till in one corner were a hundred slits and shreds. Every other article on the line had received a worrying at his teeth, but he had done his level best at the big counterpane."

"What did Nancy say?" interposed Sang impatiently.

"Say! Why she was too mad to say anything. She just jerked the things off the line and threw them all in a heap, while I lambasted the pup within an inch of his life. I whipped him and whipped him until my arm fairly tired out and then I went and tried to comfort Nancy, but I soon quit. She was mad as a hornet and I've found out that when she is that way the best thing to do is to let her alone.

"After that we tied Jap up on wash days and saved our clothes. Several days passing without any complaint, I began to flatter myself that the dog had sowed his wild oats and that there would be no more trouble. But alas! The time had now come to sow the flower seeds, when Jab concluded to sow more oats. The way of it was this: Nancy had a flower garden all to herself, in which she succeeded so well in raising flowers that she was the envy of all the women of the town. As the sun began to lengthen his stay and the spring days to come, Nancy called in old Hugh, and between them they worked over her flower garden till it looked like it had been sand-papered. The marigolds and the Johnny-jump-ups and all the other things that grow in flower gardens had been planted in the pretty beds, and it was left for the sun and rain to finish the work so prosperously begun.

"Had the two industrious mortals only looked under the branches of the gooseberry bushes close by they might have seen the bright inquisitive eyes of a very mischievous puppy watching with great interest the progress of the work; but they didn't, and so, when their work was done and the coast was clear, all that mischievous puppy had to do was to walk boldly out and take up the work where they had left off; and he did it. The way he wallowed and rolled and scratched and dug over and over those beautiful flower beds beggars description. That garden was a ruin, a waste, and verily I thought Jab's last hour had come. The outraged woman insisted on him being led out to execution at once, and I stood dumb before her, unable to utter a plea in his behalf. But Jab always was the smartest dog that ever was, and if he did not understand what she said, we have always given him the credit of it, for no sooner did she say it than he ran up to her and looked her steadfastly in the eye with such a beseeching confident look that she relented and forgave him on the spot.

"I do believe that the dog tried to mend his ways and do better. For nearly two weeks he gave us no cause of complaint, but on the contrary endeared himself to us all. Whenever Nancy would step out of doors he was sure to be at her heels, and he made a great show of being a sort of body guard by running the chickens and pigs and cows from her path, and you know there is no woman who is not susceptible of attention, even from a dog. And he also romped and played with the children to their great amusement, and in other ways made himself useful.

"But in an unlucky moment temptation came in his way and he again fell. A few months before one of our neighbors had provided his wife with a baby carriage, which was considered by her and her 'set' as a little ahead of anything in that line which had ever been brought to our town. Not long after its advent it became necessary for us to have a vehicle of the kind, and although I could not very well afford it, I nevertheless bought one so much better and handsomer than our neighbor's that her 'set' even were known to admit it. This carriage was a source of a vast deal of solid pleasure to Nancy, for she liked above all things to slip little Ted into it and wheel him around town, and especially past the door of our neighbor's house, for to confess the truth the two families stood on a sort of war footing toward each other. One afternoon she had been out, and coming in, had left the carriage for a minute or so, as she at the time intended, on the front porch, but her minute lengthened into an hour, and when she did go out, not only the porch, but the whole front yard was strewn with bits and shreds and patches and strings of cherry-colored silk, moss, oiled cloth, patent leather and all the other things that go to make up the finish and style of a fine baby wagon. The beautifully painted wood work looked like it had been riddled with shot, and the whole thing was a most miserable wreck of its former self.

"Jab's doom was sealed and no mistake. At least you would have thought so had you gone into the woodhouse as I happened to do within ten minutes after the discovery. Nancy had taken the clothesline and made a running noose on one end which she slipped over his head, while the other end had been thrown over a beam and was in her resolute hands. The boys had assisted her thus far, but as she began to tighten the noose and the dog to struggle the children one and all set up such a lamentation and begged so lustily for the life of their playmate that she was driven to relent and substitue banishment for the death penalty. She proposed to Tobe that if he would carry the dog to the country—away off on the other side of the Poor House—and leave him there she would not hang him, and Tobe assenting did so, but he had hardly got back ere the dog, as I expected, came sneaking back too. But I think he was a wiser dog than ever he had been before. He seemed to understand that he was a criminal, and hung around the barn and in the further side of the garden. The boys and I carried food to him in the days of his disgrace, and although Nancy knew of his reappearance and our Samaritan-like conduct, yet she held her peace, pretending to know nothing of it.

"Thence on, I must say he never meddled with any of Nancy's belongings. He ceased 'setting' and crushing with his paws her chickens; he robbed no more her hens' nests—in a word he let her and hers alone. But dear me, how he did worry one or two of the neighbors. Old Mrs. Bouncer charged him with enough crimes to have justified the hanging of half the dogs in town, while Mrs. Fenceroper actually laid out poisoned meat for him, which the Bouncer dog ate to his death. Mrs. Caplow accused him of stealing a ham off her kitchen table one day, a story so improbable I refused to believe it unless she herself would say she saw him do it, which she would not, but not long after I discovered Jab gnawing in our back yard on a recently unearthed ham, and I had no doubt then but it was the Caplow ham. If he let Nancy's things alone he did not mine. The devil seemed to be in him. He actually raided one night a half dozen choice young apple trees I had recently set out and killed them as dead as herrings. Taking the trunk of a tree between his teeth he ran round and round till he ringed it as neatly as I could have done with a knife. Old Fenceroper heard him growling in the night and walked over to my fence to see what he was at, and was so tickled with the performance that he never mentioned it till the next day. O, if you think a pup is no more trouble to raise than a chicken just get one and try it awhile. That's all!"

"I think I'll buy my dog full grown," said Sang, after a short pause.

"And I think I'll go to bed," said Peleg.

D. D. BANTA.

FRANKLIN, Ind.

NOTES FROM THE PARK.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Dec. 29.—The condition of the Park at the present time presents a marked contrast to that of last year at this season. The snow fall to the present time has been so light that horseback travel over the whole Park has scarcely been impeded. The most of the large game still remains in the mountains, though scouting parties report the slopes of Specimen Ridge fairly lined with elk. The elk are also reported in other mountain resorts in undiminished numbers. Last year at this time the borders of the Park were surrounded by professional hunters ready to pounce upon any unwary elk or deer that might stray outside, or to take advantage of any lack of vigilance on the part of the soldiers to venture a short distance inside. Now the Park appears to be almost entirely free from this annoyance. Several causes have combined to bring about this changed condition. The difficulties experienced last year in marketing the meat, discouraged many old hunters, and the excellent law passed by the Legislature of Montana at its last regular session has added to their disgust. This law gives an open season from Aug. 15 to Dec. 1 only, and absolutely forbids the killing of any animal for his head or hide alone or for sale or speculative purposes.

The mining camp at Cook City, located at the northeast corner of the Park, and whose people have heretofore almost subsisted during the winter off of the game killed by hunters—who are indifferently hunters or honest miners, according to the season of the year—has become so reduced in circumstances that scarcely twenty people remain in the place where there were several hundred a year or two ago. It is expected, however, that this place will again become prosperous upon the completion of the Rocky Fork R. R., and it will doubtless always give the Park much trouble.

The arrest of several hunters within the Park during the past two years, and the confiscation of their outfits, has doubtless contributed in some degree to the present improved condition of the Park.

C. C. C.

DEER AND DOGS ON LONG ISLAND.—Marvelous stories are told of the performances of the deer that was recently chased by dogs through Sayville, L. I., two men declaring that they saw it clear a 2ft. ditch, a 4ft. board walk along which runs a hand rail 3ft. high, and finally a 66ft. road, all at a single bound. Such a leap would be over 70ft. The poor creature finally ran into the bay, where it was caught by some baymen and brought to shore. It was so exhausted, however, that it only lived for a short time after being captured.

MAINE LARGE GAME.

THE season for moose, deer and caribou shooting in Maine legally expired on the first day of January, 1888. The record of deer and caribou killed is not large but that on moose, if all stories are even one-half true, is surprising. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, who make no report this year, for the reason that there is no session of the Legislature of that State, are reported to have said that the increase in the large game, moose, deer and caribou, has been wonderful. This is true, if the record of the killed is also true. This increase has gone on in spite of all the illegal hunting that has been done, and which the last Legislature neglected to appropriate money enough to punish. These facts go to show what a paradise of game that State might become, were the State wise enough to provide the means for enforcing the game laws, as they should be enforced. None know better than the worthy Commissioners of that State that the game laws are but feebly enforced at the best, and this for the want of means. The Commissioners do not need to be told in the columns of the *Industrial Journal*, by Jock Darling, that the game laws are not enforced as they should be in Hancock county, but the only reason why they do not have a sufficient number of officers and wardens down there to really protect the game is for the want of means. The State is a great one, with an enormous tract of unsettled territory to be looked after, as well as a large tract of thinly settled districts on the borders of the unsettled wilderness. It would require nearly an army of wardens and patrolmen to fully protect the entire State, so the work of the Commission has had to be narrowed down to the worst plague spots, and Mr. Jock Darling can readily see in what light his neighborhood is regarded by the Commission by the amount of work they have put in there.

But, as noted above, the killing of moose in Maine has been remarkable, even if the stories are only partly true. In the first place the record of moose killed in the open season embraces ten or twelve, the last ones having been killed in Franklin county the other day, in the neighborhood of Tim and Bartlett lakes. There were two killed by the hunters from the herd of four or five. One of these, so said the reports in the daily papers, was an enormous fellow, whose age indicated by his antlers must have been 14 years. He was killed by A. B. Douglass, but the reports in the papers say that this moose must not be confounded with the other one killed by A. P. Douglas early in the fall. What does this means? Are there two Douglas moose hunters? Evidently somebody is trying to save somebody from the odium of the law, which provides that only one moose, two caribou and three deer shall fall to the lot of the same hunter in the same season. But the item does not entirely screen the slayer of the moose from the name of breaking the law, for it goes to say that the horns and steak of the moose "are on the way to Boston, where it cannot fail of bringing a good price." Now it really looks as though Mr. Douglas or somebody had been law-breaking, for the newspapers nearly give him away as having killed two moose this fall, besides shipping the animals, or parts of them, out of the State. Besides it was true that the other great moose killed by Mr. Douglas early in the fall, concerning which the FOREST AND STREAM has already had an account, found its way to Boston; for it was shown at Messenger's, on Bromfield street, this city. It is well enough for Mr. Douglas to be emblazoned in the papers as the slayer of a great moose, if he delights in such notoriety, but it is shameful for him to kill more than his legal share and then ship them out of the State in defiance to the law.

But the record of moose illegally killed in that State the past year is a bad one, even if half of it is true, while at the same time there is no good reason for doubting the entire story. A gentleman, thoroughly acquainted with moose hunting in Maine, and acquainted with a number of the best guides in the Moosehead region, has kindly made up a record of the moose killed, generally illegally, that he has heard of in that State the past year. The record embraces 12 of these noble game animals, and since they were nearly all killed out of season, it shows how great the need is of better protection than the Commissioners, with the limited appropriations of the State, are able to give them. The record includes 1 moose killed between Chesuncook farm and Pine Stream, 1 killed at Spencer Pond, 1 at Lobster Lake, 1 at Neilhodus Stream, 1 at Tomhegan Pond, this one after Oct. 1; 3 at Harrison Lake, 1 at the thoroughfare between Eagle Lake and Churchill Lake, 1 at Sunset Brook, near Eagle Lake—the hide and meat were both to be seen by those who knew where to look for them; 1 at Ellis Brook, this one after Oct. 1; 1 in the neighborhood of Loon Lake. Besides his record shows a caribou killed at Mud Pond. The above game killed illegally, was chiefly killed in the spring, either by crusting or late in the spring for bear bait. The gentleman thinks, and his reasons are sound, that the bounty on bears in that State is a curse to the large game. To kill a deer or a moose in the woods in the spring and leave the carcass where it fell, simply stripping it of the hide, is sure to attract all the bears of the vicinity. In this work the bear trapper or hunter is doubly sure if he drags the carcass some distance before it is done bleeding. The bear scents the blood, and quickly trails it to the point where the carcass has been fastened to a sapling, but he cannot reach it without falling into the trap set to catch him. But the hunter must have some large game animal, and there are few to answer the case but moose, deer or caribou. Of the above-mentioned moose the meat of but two or three ever came out of the forest. It was used for bear bait generally, and suffered to rot if not eaten up by the bears.

The trappers are generally poachers. They go into the woods, ostensibly after furs, but they take all the game and fish they desire, either for bait or for their own food. They do not scruple in the least to bring down a moose if a single mess of steak is wanted. Such poaching is hard to reach, and add the amount of it to the number of moose and deer killed by the lumbermen and the hunters who follow them every winter. It is a wonder that the large game of Maine has not long ago been exterminated. And yet at the close of the year the Commissioners are able to say, with truthfulness, that there has been a great increase in the number of moose, deer and caribou in Maine. This only goes to show what a paradise for sportsman that State might become, in only a few years, if only the proper protection could become a fixed fact. But the moose, even if they have shown a marked increase in the sections where the game laws are

the best obeyed, cannot long exist under the hunting and slaughter the lumbermen and trappers are willing to meet the increase with every time the lumbering interest centers in a section where the timber has reached a growth sufficient to be cut. The number of moose killed in Maine the past year by sportsmen from outside the State is very small; on the fingers of one hand they could doubtless be counted, and that, too, generally in the open season. Just here the State should take a hint. It is just as wrong for one person to kill a game animal out of season as it is for another, but the profit is greater to the people of the State if the animal be killed by the outside sportsman than it is if the same animal is killed by a trapper for bear bait. I am not desirous of instructing the friends of game protection in Maine in ethics, it is only a question of policy that I hope they may adopt, and hence try to lead the lumberman poacher and the trapper poacher to justice as well as the sportsman who happens to come from Boston or New York or Philadelphia. Both should be brought to justice, but as a matter of policy, the one who pays the best should be allowed to get away, if either is to go unpunished.

The feeling is certainly getting a strong hold upon the minds of the sportsmen in this part of the country that it is the hunter or fisherman who comes from outside of the State who is brought to justice, if he kills game or takes fish out of season. I do not wish to thus make a note of a fact for the sake of giving anybody trouble, much less the worthy Fish and Game Commissioners of Maine; for they know and I know that I have both respect and admiration for what they have done in the past. I only state the fact of the existence and the growth of this feeling because it does exist and is growing, and because the only way to cure it is to make more of a record of punishments centering around the lumber camps, and by bringing more of the local hunters and trappers to justice. If the Boston sportsman is obliged to wait till Oct. 1 in order to kill game legally in Maine, it is rather disgusting to him, after reaching the hunting grounds, to find them tainted with putrid moose flesh, to find lumber camps littered with deer bones—moose and deer have been killed in defiance of law by the trappers and lumbermen of the State. I am well aware that the last session of the Legislature in that State left the Commissioners without the means to enforce the game laws as they should be enforced, but there was something appropriated, and it is devoutly to be desired that one or two lumbermen or trapper moose and deer killers be brought to justice. Here is this man Douglas, mentioned above; one moose of his killing has certainly been shipped out of the State illegally, and the newspapers are accusing him of killing another, and that its being shipped to Boston. If he is guilty and I read the law aright, then he should pay into the State $240. Is he guilty and will he be made to pay? If the moose comes to Boston we shall see. I have just heard that a moose and the horns have been stopped in Portland en route for Boston; that the express companies refuse to handle or transfer it. Perhaps this is the other Douglas moose. SPECIAL.

PARMORE'S BEACH.

IF a man of property, a dozen years ago, had made a specialty of investing his money in the natural ducking grounds along the seacoast of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, what a fortune he could have made by this time by disposing of his shores to shooting organizations. I know of an island off the coast of Virginia that could have been purchased in those days for $7,000. It is seven miles long and several miles wide. In a direct line it is about six miles from the mainland. When I first visited it there was but one house on the island, approachable only at high tide by a muddy creek. This was "t-whenty years ago." The house consisted of two spliced-together cabins off wrecks, and the door was as hard to find as the bower in the Rosamond puzzle. The occupant was a long, lanky, savage, senescent seacaptain. He had gotten into trouble and was on the drydock, so to speak, in unquestionable seclusion. Being a widower, there was no grown female to make one feel uncomfortable on the island, but the old salt's little daughter, who looked as if she never had her hair brushed in her life, lived in one of the lockers, only coming out periodically to roast black ducks and geese, and play dominoes with her "dad" with a broken set, kept in an old shot bag. Having been the sole proprietor of the shipwreck which cast me on the bleak shores alone, the cold made me muster up courage to approach the stronghold of the man with a dead bad record. My reception was simply diabolical. The old cuss grunted worse than the biggest wild hog on the island, and that weighed over four hundred. He declined to let me in. The efficacy of prayer on this occasion was a dead failure, so I played Jameson's Irish whisky, in an imperial quart bottle, instead, and made a winning from the start.

I lived on the island ten days, and during that time enjoyed the best black duck shooting I ever heard of. The center of the island was covered in those days with a heavy growth of red cedar. This was traversed by a narrow glade—a series of shallow fresh-water ponds, about as wide as Broadway—in which grew an abundance of duck-grass. When the northeast wind would blow, and rain and sleet pelted down, the ducks on the vast Broadwaters would seek the glade for shelter. Standing shivering under a red cedar snag, I, with an old muzzleloader, killed 117 ducks one day and 64 the next morning. On Nov. 18 and 19, 1876, I nearly duplicated these bags by shooting 89 and 42. I am not bragging about these bags, any one could have done the same. The ducks simply hovered thirty to forty feet in front of me, and were very gentle. The trick of the whole thing was in knowing how to handle the birds, and by refraining from shooting into the flocks. I got the tip about these ducks from an old shooting friend, a blockade runner in war times, who used to hide his boat up the muddy creek. He has told me that it nearly made him crazy to see the ducks go boiling into the glade, and from fear of discovery be afraid to fire a gun.

I shot on the island four winters. What was rather strange a half a dozen very well known New Yorkers were at the same time shooting quail and fowl not eight miles away; often they gunned for geese under the lee of the south end of the island, yet not one of them or their men ever located the ducks settling in the island ponds. I systematized my secret down to a fine point and only shooting in the wildest kind of weather for fear of being heard. I baited the ponds with corn and cabbage, the latter for the geese, and only shot two or three times a week. There were some big salt ponds at the north end of the island which afforded fair goose shooting, and when not after fowl I used to go hog hunting with the Captain.

The island was overrun with hogs, which for forty years had been the masters of the situation. As cold weather approached they became aggressive, and the Captain never ventured far from home without carrying his long muzzleloader charged with ball and buckshot. I was duck shooting one morning in the glade not far from the house, when I heard the report of my host's gun, and then saw him coming toward me at the top of his speed. Close behind him was a huge boar covered with froth and blood in full pursuit. I had never seen any one run so fast before in my life, except the long-legged captain the night he saw the ghost of an old sailor walk out of the surf, climb upon a sandhill, make a fire and sit down to dry himself. That night he came home on a dead run and this time he was even lowering his previous record. The two loads of duck shot I sent into the brute only tended to madden him the more; he had just overhauled his victim, when the Captain seized a low overhanging limb and swung himself up clear of the ground, but as the boar passed under, with one of his long curved tusks he ripped the Captain's leg open from knee to ankle. He had just managed to save his bacon, but he was lamed for life. The boar halted for a second and then went dashing into the woods. The shooting on the island is now a thing of the past. A fish factory grinds away where the geese used to honk. The woods are cut down and the ponds in the glade have long since been filled up with drifted sand from the beach. Yet what a place it would have been to organize a club.

THE WISE ACRE.

FROM THE FAR NORTH LAND.

THE following letter was recently received by His Honor Judge Jellett, of Picton, Ont., from Mr. Peter McKenzie, a gentleman well known to many in the county. Mr. McKenzie is a factor for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Chimo, Ungava Bay, on the northern coast of Labrador:

FORT CHIMO, Ungava, Sept. 3, 1887.

MY DEAR JUDGE—Your welcome letters of June 1 from Picton and July 13 from Quebec, both came to hand the 28th ult.

I am glad to say that I have been first class in health ever since I last had the pleasure of writing you, but did not have any sport at all, there were no deer within 200 miles of my place. The like was never known before and numbers of natives starved to death, although well supplied with ammunition. There were not only no deer, but to make matters worse ptarmigan were also so scarce that in a day's walk a man could only get a dozen or so, where in former years he might have killed over 100 if he could carry them home. Where I used to kill 100 in a forenoon two years ago I could only bag half a dozen in a whole day this winter. I always take a team of ten dogs with me when I go hunting partridge (as we call them here) to haul the game home and myself on top of the load. Last winter the dogs had an easy time of it, they had only me and the driver to haul backward and forward. I trust that things will mend next winter and that I will be able to make up for all this bad luck. If not I am afraid it will kill me, as it is mostly the shooting that keeps me here. My setter dog Flavius is a grand one for the partridges and retrieves as well. I have just received from the Duke of Sutherland's kennels a splendid staghound, £25. If there are any deer I expect to have some fun, at any rate it will be great fun to get him after Arctic hares; they are sometimes quite plentiful near the houses, in fact I have shot them from the door on moonlight nights. This hound will soon catch one or drive him to me to shoot, as they run in a circle when closely pursued; he can have a go at a fox also occasionally so I have no doubt he will afford me plenty of sport and amusement. The beggar is rather wicked and has taken a dislike to Indians; he nearly worried one to death the other day. He doesn't seem to know the difference between an Indian dressed in deer skins and a real live deer; he goes for the fur every time.

The mate was mistaken when he told you there was only one vessel coming here. The Diana was on her way here when the Labrador was in Quebec, but she has not, as yet, put in an appearance, and as she is now over a month past her time I am very much afraid that she has gone on the rocks or been crushed in the ice. She had a full cargo of lumber and provisions for this district, making things very bad for us by not arriving. Most of my letters were sent by her, including all the official's from London and Montreal, and as no copies have come for Labrador I am quite in the dark regarding business matters; pleasant, isn't it? The skipper tells me that he saw you after your interview with the mate.

I am glad to hear that the Ontario Government have at last passed one act to prevent spring shooting altogether. I am sure that in a few years there will be a great difference in the number of birds during the open season, and that by the time I go west again there may be a great improvement in the shooting. I shall take a run up to Picton in October and have a go at the ducks and woodcock. Is my little bush on the old Irishman's farm much shot over now? or have the birds failed to rest there? West Lake and Weller's Bay will be crammed with ducks in a few years, if left alone in spring. I generally get as many as twenty geese. I do not hunt them in the fall, being too busy getting in my stock of venison for the winter. Last fall I did not kill a single deer; about the middle of December I fell in with a herd of thirty or forty, but it being very calm at the time and no good ground for stalking I could not get nearer than 300yds.; as it was getting near sundown and no meat in the snow house, I thought I would crack at them anyway, as I might not find them again the next morning. I fired about twenty rounds right into the middle of them, hitting twelve, but only killing six dead; the others walked off, but it was too late to follow that evening, but the next day the Esquimau boys who were with me got the whole of them. I went to look for the scattered herd, but saw only eight of them, too far away to shoot. I never saw a deer for the remainder of the winter. This spring I shot two in May, that is the extent of my deer shooting for the past year. Of course I got plenty of ptarmigan, but as I said before, nothing compared with former years, but good enough sport, formerly it was slaughtering.

One of my men killed a fine polar bear about six miles from the house, not the largest size, but above the average. He put four Snider bullets into him before he gave up the ghost at short range, not more than 40yds. Several other tracks were seen, but I never could get sight of one, though often out for the whole day. One of these bears quietly walked into an Indian's tent one night; there was an old man and his wife in it; the bear made a grab at the old woman, but the old man hit him over the nose with a sharp axe, which made Mr. Bruin retire. The gun was outside, stuck in the snow; the night was dark as Erebus, but the old fellow got out and found his gun, loaded it, but could see nothing of the bear for a time; at last on looking behind the wood pile he made him out, standing quietly, I have no doubt feeling a little dizzy. The Indian could not see which was his stern or head, it was so dark, although only about 5yds. from him, but trusting to luck he let drive, and the bear vanished in the dark. The next morning the old man got his snowshoes on and after the trail, a very bloody one. When he had gone about five miles or so he saw his enemy lying on the side of a hill, but not dead, so he crept up within 50yds. and let fly a ball into his side. The bear rose and tried to walk, but could not get on at all, upon which the old man, being rather saving of his ammunition, went up with his axe and chopped off his legs, then coolly split his head open. On examination he found that when he fired his first shot behind the wood pile the bear must have been standing almost stern on to him, for the charge of buckshot had raked him from the middle of the belly to the fore shoulders, smashing several ribs but not penetrating into the vital parts. I have the skin here, and saw the rip in it, a very ugly one, and the gash from just below the eye to the middle of the nose, the result of the first blow in the tent. This bear was awfully poor and not eatable, a very old one seemingly, for he has hair like pig's bristles.

Wishing you all a happy time next winter, I am, my dear judge, yours very truly, P. MCKENZIE.

THE SALE OF GAME.—New York, Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to call attention to the quantities of game still displayed in the various markets, groceries and restaurants of this city. This is particularly noticeable in large bunches of quail, and in some instances of ruffed grouse and quail, so displayed and offered for sale at this date (Jan. 7) or one week after beginning of close season. Is this not due to a laxity on the part of the game warden to enfore laws which he is paid to see properly carried out?—SUBSCRIBER. [Quail may be sold until Feb. 1. The grouse are unlawfully put on sale.]

THAT BREEDING THEORY AGAIN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inquire, in view of Mr. Roosevelt's explanation in respect to deer hounding, whether he was "joking" when he wrote a long letter last winter advocating woodcock killing in July breeding time, whether such practice helps breeding, etc.? A further explanation seems to be in order in view of our present scarcity.—MOTHER WOODCOCK.

THE LYMAN RIFLE SIGHTS have been reduced 40 per cent., the manufacturer having put in new machinery and considerably enlarged his plant.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION will hold its annual dinner at Young's Hotel, Boston, Jan. 26.

TESTING A RIFLE'S STRENGTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is a report of an experiment to test the strength of the Hepburn action as used in the Remington-Hepburn or Remington No. 3 rifle. This rifle is made by the Remington Arms Co., centerfire only, in all calibers from .22 to .45; the particular rifle which was used in the experiment was a .38cal., of 8lbs. 6oz. as weighed without the sights, 28in. round barrel and chambered for the Remington solid head 50grs. shell. The rifle was an accurate shooter and had been fired at the target some 400 times with the usual charge of 64grs. powder and 255grs. lead.

In this trial it was fired from a fixed rest, the butt resting on a solid rear block, without the intervention of a pad, so that it received the full strength of the recoil.

The powder used was orange FG, the bullets 225grs., patched, some of Remington and some of Winchester make. As the bullets fitted too tight to enter the barrel at the muzzle with the patch on, I was obliged to remove the patch and enter the bullets naked. Before entering them, however, I greased them with lard and filled the hollow at the base also with the lubricant. The shells used were new .38-50 Remington solid head with the No. 3½ Remington primer. A fresh shell was used for each shot. In loading I entered a shell at the breech, closed it and poured in the powder at the muzzle, followed by a Remington felt lubricating wad and the bullets. The loads of powder were weighed in druggists' scales and made up in packages to carry to the firing ground. I poured them down with the help of a tin funnel. The number of shots and loads were as follows:

	Shots.	Grains powder.	Bullets.	Grains lead.
First series	5	150	2	510
Second series	5	200	3	765
Third series	5	250	4	1020
Fourth series	5	300	5	1275
Fifth series	5	350	7	1785
Sixth series	5	400	9	2295
Seventh series	2	400	10	2550

This latter charge filled the barrel to within 5½in. of the muzzle. The rifle gave no trouble in the rest, and the firing continued without effect till the eleventh shot, when the firing-pin spring broke. For several shots after this I had some trouble drawing the firing-pin back, and had to strike the rear of the breech block with a hammer, to "jump" it back and let the block traverse.

As the loads increased the primers (three No. 3½ Remington) began to burst, allowing a great deal of gas to escape into the lock and action, and when half through the trial I was obliged to remove the breech block and clean and oil it and the traversing grooves. The firing-pin and firing-pin screw were also removed and cleaned, and at this stage of the trial both of the latter were in perfect condition.

The rifle received no further apparent injury till the second shot of the seventh series, when the firing-pin was broken and the rear end of it thrown out upon the hammer. The point of it dropped out of the hole while I was examining the rifle.

On dismounting the rifle I found the lock, action and frame thickly coated with dirt, but after cleaning and oiling I found that the lock and action worked with ease and precision; but there was a something wanting in the action. It did not "speak" with the sharpness and decision it had at first, but a close examination showed no injury except to the firing-pin, firing-pin screw and firing-pin hole. The two former appeared to have suffered the brunt of the trial. The pin had broken in the middle, and at this point showed the marks of severe collisions with the screw, being considerably battered and worn, and its front was thickly coated with a bright red deposit. The screw was reduced to half its original diameter, and had the appearance of having been badly rusted and eaten by some powerful acid. This was doubtless caused by its contact with the firing-pin and the escape of gas through the firing-pin hole. The hole itself was damaged; in the face of the breech block it had been enlarged to twice its original diameter, and inlaid in its outer circumference was the rim of a primer. How the rim of a primer could get there and be placed so neatly, too, is a puzzle to me.

Inside the frame, at that point where the head of the firing-pin screw lies when the breech is closed, was a round ring cut by the head of the screw. Strange to say, the mark was not sunk in the center, it was simply a circle marking the outer circumference of the head of the screw where it had touched the frame.

On the opposite side of the frame, where the point of the screw touched, was a roughly-made square mark of about the same width as the mark made by the head. Now, both head and point of the screw are circular, and the point not more than two-thirds of the size of the head. How could each make a different shaped mark and each as large as the other? and how could they be jumped against the frames so as to leave such marks? Have any of your readers ever met with such a case?

During the latter part of the trial the primers with few exceptions all burst, the crowns being blown right off, allowing a great part of the gas to escape rearward. None of the shells stuck or burst, but two had their muzzles blown off and were twisted in a most curious way. The stock, although butted against the solid wood without a pad or even a metal butt plate (it had a rubber butt plate), suffered no injury save a crack 5in. long at the heel.

The barrel was wiped out after each shot, that is I breathed through it a few times and then drove a tight-fitting rag through. This did not remove all the dirt, but it made it fairly clean. The fouling was, of course, excessive and worst in that part of the barrel which had been occupied by the powder. On cleaning the barrel after the trial I found it slightly leaded, but so slightly that it was easily removed by a tight-fitting rag. To prove if all

the powder charge was consumed I placed at 10yds. from the muzzle a sheet of tough brown paper. I found that in no case was the entire charge consumed. Some grains were driven through the paper, others stuck in it, and others again indented the paper and fell off. There was no doubt whatever about it being powder grains. The bullets themselves struck the sheet in much the same way as would the same number of buckshot from a cylinder-bored gun.

The barrel of the rifle seemed perfect, I could detect no injury to it, indeed the rifle with a new firing-pin and screw was perfectly serviceable and could have been used again.

J. CAMPBELL.

P. S.—Since I wrote the above report I have been informed by the Remington Arms Co. that the marks on the inside of frame, which I supposed to have been made by the firing-pin screw being "jumped" against the frame, have really been made by the powder gas escaping around the screw.—J. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Angling Talks. By Geo. Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Anglers' Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT LAW.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trout law to which you refer is five or six years old and is aimed at jiggers and grapplers. So it is interpreted by the Fish Commissioners who all fish with from three to four flies, and some flies are double-hooked. Then you know that spoon fishing is legal in New Hampshire and that a spoon often carries three hooks. Some one who understands the use of English should frame our fish laws and make them perspicuous. No one from reading them can arrive at the true meaning. By the way, since it is unlawful for a man to have more than 10lbs. of brook trout in his possession at a time, what is he to do when an eleven-pounder strikes his minnow at Sunapee Lake? This is a good law for the protection of fingerlings, but the Legislature should have gone further and prohibited Sunday fishing. Sunday is the day when the innocents are slaughtered. They have stopped Sunday shooting in New Hampshire and should stop the Sunday fishing, also. On Sunday the hoodlums are out picking the fingerlings out of the holes.

J. D. QUACKENBOS.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read your comments on the "New Hampshire Law," in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 29, and wish to say that the clause referred to, confining anglers to the use of the "single hook and line," was intended to prohibit the use of "trawls," or "set lines," with from a dozen to a hundred hooks attached, which were extensively used on Lake Winnepesaukee and others of our inland waters. It was not supposed that it would prohibit the angler from giving the trout the choice of two or three varieties of artificial flies, nor do I think it has ever been applied in that manner. The law might perhaps have been better worded, but its intent and meaning are fully understood in New Hampshire, and I do not think that any sportsman visiting our waters and fishing in a legitimate manner need have any fear of its misapplication.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

[This is no doubt the case, and just as we supposed, but we called attention to it to show how a person so disposed could make out a technical violation of the law against a fly-fisher who fished in the ordinary manner, with two or more flies.]

RANGELEY SPAWNING GROUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much surprised at "Special's" communication, which appeared in your paper last week on "Maine Trout," particularly at what he says of the spawning beds in the Cupsuptic stream. Here at the lakes it is the common talk of the hunters and guides, who have boated up and down this stream for many falls past, that they have never seen more trout on the beds than there were last fall. That there were more trout on the spawning beds on the Kennebago stream (which empties into the Cupsuctic stream) this fall than have ever been seen there before I think is a fact that sportsman, guide, or hunter will not dispute. The Cupsuptic, Bemis and Rangeley streams are all important supports to the Mooselucmeguntic and Cupsuptic lakes in the way of furnishing spawning grounds, but the seven miles of the Kennebago stream, between its mouth and the "Ash Tree," probably furnish these two lakes three trout to either of the other's one. Some of the spawning beds are in 4in. of water, others in 6 or 8ft., but let the trout alone for knowing the whys and wherefores of the location of their spawning beds; why in one place they will wiggle, twist and squirm their way up the tiny outlet of a muddy-bottomed spring and work the bottom over till it looks like another place, then, after depositing their spawn on the clean gravel, work their way back again to the main stream, and in another place choose the shallow running water of it and work their beds over and do their spawning with their back fins out of water. In another place they go into a currentless pool in a stream where the water is 8ft. deep, when near by are plenty of shallows with running water and fine gravel bottoms. Other beds are located in the lake in 8 or 10ft. of water, rods away from the shore, when there is plenty of spawning room in streams close by. Generally both the lake and stream beds are in less than 3ft. of water.

For years before the Union Water Power Company tripped up nature and made the Mooselucmeguntic Lake over to suit themselves, one of the largest spawning beds to be found anywhere in the Rangeley region was off the Bemis bar in this lake and in not less than 8ft. of water, and 40 rods from shore. Year after year they came there and did their spawning, but when the water was raised only 2ft. higher over their bed they abandoned it altogether. This fact shows that they are particular about the depth of water even over their deep-water lake beds, and, by their maneuvering the last few years since the Power Company has been continually changing the depth of water in the lakes, it is evident that nature has not slighted them in an endowment of instinct and reason, and although they have been considerably disturbed for the last few seasons on their lake spawning grounds, they will at no distant day get settled right again, whether it be in the streams or lakes. Taking one day with another, the spring and summer fishing was never better on the three upper lakes than the last, and I think it was up to the average on the lower lakes also, but the fall fishing (fly-fishing especially) was generally unsatisfactory. This was accounted for on the lake by the high water.

The first of September being close time on all the important streams running into the lake, that are not closed before, put a stop to the fly-fisherman's sport in that direction. It may have seemed hard to some of them, but that law is right and long may it stand. I don't think there was ever much better sport to be had in this region with the fly-rod than there was on the Kennebago stream during the month of August. As far as the blue-backed trout being enemy to the brook trout, by devouring their spawn, is concerned, I am very sure that this is a mistake—they are thoroughly a deep-water fish and only come to shallow running water when their breeding fever is at its height, and return as soon as their work is done. They are very valuable to any body of water where brook trout are, in the way of food for them. It is a very common occurrence to catch a trout in deep water in the lake with a blueback in it, partly digested. This was very common when we used to fish in winter in deep water through the ice. The blueback will sometimes take bait in deep water, but I know of no case of their taking a fly. They are very regular in size, hardly ever weighing over a quarter of a pound, and are seldom found weighing much less; generally they go about five to the pound. The cause of their disappearance from their old spawning ground below the Upper Dam last fall is very plain; the water in the lake below was so high that it backed up over the "rips," where they have usually done their spawning, rendering the whole line of "rips" as quiet as a millpond. Their leaving this point altogether is probably the cause of so large a number at Sawmill Brook, but no doubt there has always been more or less of them that did their spawning there.

F. C. BARKER.

CAMP BEMIS, Rangeley Lakes, Dec. 25, 1887.

ALONG THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

IN the inlets and bays of New Jersey this last fishing season small fish have been more numerous than for several years past. In the channel of the north bay of Little Egg Harbor, from off West Creek to Beach Haven, there was a swarm of very small weakfish averaging about ¼lb., and from 300 to 600 were easily caught to a boat on a tide by boys with hook and line. Could those have been young fish? They had roe in them, which would indicate that they were at maturity or at a state of reproduction, or are they a new race of weakfish for those waters? The ordinary weakfish that are caught there are much larger, from 2 to 9lbs.; 3 to 5lbs. would be a fair size. How young a fish will reproduce would be interesting to know. There also have been plenty of small porgies and sea bass; question, are they the young of the sea fish taken out at sea? There are many other small fish that are not taken account of.

Rockfish (striped bass) along this coast have been more numerous than for two years past, and were readily taken with hook and line, but not near so plenty as they were fifteen or even ten years ago. Sportsmen know that this fish gives about as much sport as any ordinary fish, and are among the best for food. In the bays fish from 2 to 10lbs. are caught—about 4lbs. would be a fair average. The sheepshead, porgies, sea bass and most other small fish leave the bays and inlets and go to sea, but where they go there is unknown. Rockfish and perch of the bays go into deep waters of fresh rivers, where they lie dormant during the winter. Little Egg Harbor, Mellica rivers that empties into the great bay, Metedeconk River at the head of Barnegat Bay, and Great Egg Harbor are the three principal rivers where such fish lay up.

In these rivers great quantities are taken with nets under the ice, I have heard of 200 tons of rockfish being so taken at one haul many years ago, but I think it is incredible. From what I can learn I have no doubt that from five to twenty tons are often taken at a haul, and that would seem to be very big. Little Egg Harbor, from its mouth inward, has from 12 to 30ft. of water, and I have no doubt that there is at times in those deep places a solid mass of fish. In all the rockfish I have ever seen caught in these rivers or bays I have not found any roe in them, which would indicate that they are young, not matured to a state of reproduction. I am informed that early in the spring very large rockfish, called "green-head," come into the bay from sea and spawn; they will not take bait, but are sometimes caught with nets. A few days ago we caught quite a large number of perch at Cape Horn, near Little Egg Harbor River, and, strange to say, that every one of them had either roe or milt, apparently well developed. Is it possible that perch spawn in the winter?

In Little Egg Harbor River fishing with the net is prohibited except from the first of November until the first of April, and the nets used there in the winter season are called sink nets and are set in the channel to catch the fish when drifting in the river, when there is no ice. They are somewhat like a long square bag should be, are about 30ft. wide, open at the mouth 8ft., and about 50ft. long. The tideway keeps them open, the fish being benumbed by the cold water drift into these nets, and when the tide slacks the nets are taken up, the fish taken out and the nets turned the other way so it will drift by the turned tide, and in this way large quantities are taken. When the river is frozen over then the ice is cut through and the nets hauled under the ice, and it is in that way that the big hauls of rockfish are made. It is this hauling that people complain of, the fishermen not only catching the rockfish but the little fish, and the food of all fish of those waters are hauled ashore and left to perish.

P.

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—New York, Jan. 7.—A meeting for the purpose of making arrangements for the coming tournament and transaction of such other business as may offer, will be held at the laboratory of Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, Fulton Market, Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2 P. M. By order of the President. Annual dues are payable on the first of the year and members are requested to forward same as early as possible in order to aid the committee in determining what prizes can be offered by the Association. Members in arrears for 1887 will kindly send in their dues so that accounts may be closed for the year.—GEO. POGY, Sec't'y.

PRIZES FOR LARGE FISH.

MR. C. F. JOHNSON, an enterprising dealer in books and fishing tackle, of Duluth, Minn., last spring offered a $25 split-bamboo trout rod for the largest brook trout taken with rod and line, purchased from him, in streams tributary to Lake Superior or adjacent waters, and a $15 split-bamboo rod for the heaviest black bass taken under like conditions. He gives us the list of captures:

TROUT PRIZE LIST.

The following is a transcript from my record of brook trout caught by competitors for the prize of a $25 Abbey & Imbrie split-bamboo trout rod, advertised by me to be given for the largest trout captured during the season with rod and line bought at my establishment:

C. D. Pattison, May 6, 1887, in Rice's Point Creek (a very small stream within city limits), 1¾lbs.

W. W. Douglass (voucher, Capt. Chas. Anderson), May 15, Knife River, 3¼lbs.

Dr. G. A. Derby, May 16, Knife River, 1 9-16lbs.

Gus Rakowsky, May 22, Lester River, 2lbs.

Dean Foster (age 10), May 30, in Chester Creek (within city limits), 13oz.—caught trolling and does not count for the prize—is only recorded on account of the age of the fisherman and the stream in which it was captured.

M. H. Alworth, May 30, Iron River, 1¼lbs., length 14in.

C. d'Autremont, June 14, Nipigon River, 3½lbs., 4, 3¼lbs.

Hon. A. J. Whiteman, June 26, Nipigon River, 3¾lbs.

H. A. Douglass, July 28, Washington Harbor, Isle Royal, 4lbs., length 21in.

H. Owens, July 30, Stewart River, 3lbs.

Geo. R. Thompson (of London, Ontario) July 31, at Split Rock, Nipigon River, 3¼lbs.

H. E. Partridge (St. Paul) Aug. 1, in Hamilton Pool, Nipigon, 3 7-10lbs.

H. M. Bristol (St. Paul) Aug. 1, same place, 3½lbs.

John Choldetch (London, Ont.) same date and place, 2, 3¼lbs. each, 1, 3lbs.

H. E. Partridge (St. Paul) Aug. 3, same place, 4½lbs., length 22½in.

James C. Hunter (Duluth) Aug. 15, Devil's Track River, 4½lbs. (Not caught in compliance with terms of contract).

N. Drake, Aug. 25, Sucker River, 2, 10-16, 2, 14-16lbs.

Edward Cass, Aug. 30, Onion River, Wis., 5½lbs. (Not caught in compliance with terms of contract).

Trout season closes in Wisconsin and Minnesota Sept. 1, and no further authentic records having come in I hereby declare the prize awarded to Mr. H. E. Partridge, of St. Paul, as having caught the largest trout in strict compliance with the conditions upon which it was offered.

BLACK BASS PRIZE LIST.

W. M. Anderson, May 14, Lake Cletherall, 5lbs.

F. W. Eaton, July 30, Pike Lake, Minn., one of 5½ and one of 6lbs.

N. P. Thayer, Aug. 8, Pike Lake, Minn., 4½lbs.

F. W. Eaton, same date and place, 4½lbs.

Graham Pulver, Aug. 22, Pike Lake, Wis., 2¾lbs.

C. F. Johnson, Aug. 22, Pike Lake, Wis., 3lbs.

Joe Sullivan, Aug. 24, Hanging Horn Lake, Carlton county, 6½lbs. (Voucher, R. S. Hawkins, Barnum).

H. Root, Aug. 26, Spirit Lake, Minn., 2½lbs.

M. Gridley, Aug. 26, Spirit Lake, Minn., 2 7-16lbs.

Mrs. J. H. O'Neill, Sept. 4, Pike Lake, Wis., 2½lbs.

Mr. J. H. O'Neill, same date and place, 5¼lbs.

Mrs. C. F. Johnson, same date and place, two of 4lbs.

C. F. Johnson, same date and place, 4lbs.

F. M. French is said to have caught a 6½lb. bass at Pike Lake, was sent me by D. J. Angus, but disappeared somewhere in Hotel St. Louis.

To Joe Sullivan, of Carlton county, the bass prize rod is hereby awarded.

C. F. JOHNSON.

DULUTH, Nov. 19, 1887.

THE OHIO FISH LAWS.—A bill is now before the sixty-eighth General Assembly of Ohio to amend Sections 6,961 and 6,968 of the revised statutes of that State. We give the gist of the present fish laws and the proposed amendments. It is forbidden to shoot or spear fish or to take them with "trammel or pocket-fyke or gill-net," but from the following sentence this appears to mean all inland waters and not Lake Erie, although it is not so stated: "No person shall draw, set, place, or locate any pound-net, seine, trap or fish net in Lake Erie, Sandusky and Maumee bays, from the 10th day of June to the 15th day of September, inclusive. No person shall catch fish in the Licking, Lewiston or Mercer county reservoirs, with any device except hook and line, between the 1st day of April and the 1st day of October." It is further forbidden to take fish except with hook and line in waters not named above. Black bass are protected from May 1 to June 15. No person shall buy, sell or offer for sale fish out of season, but nothing in this section shall prevent the taking of minnows for bait with nets not more than 10ft. in length. It is proposed to add to this that the Fish and Game Commissioners may take fish at any time and place for stocking waters, artificial culture, etc. It is also proposed to make it unlawful to kill fish with dynamite or other explosive mixture or by poison.

HOW THE FISH GOT THERE.—Dublin, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 24 there is a small article asking how some fish, of a different kind to those in the neighboring streams, could have found their way into some ponds formed only a few months previously. The fact is easily explained on the supposition that waterfowl visiting the pools may have had fish spawn adhering to their legs or feathers. I was puzzled in the same way some years ago by finding a number of the small crustaceans of the kind called by naturalists Cypris, swimming in two small pools on the very topmost peak of a mountain in the Himalayas, 9,000ft. high. The only outlet was a channel through which, during heavy rains, the surplus water escaped into a valley 6,000ft. below. I could not account for the ova of the little animals getting there until I remembered that the myriads of waterfowl which migrate every spring and autumn between northern Asia and India, cross the Himalayas during their passage.—J. J. MEYRICK.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE LATE PROF. SPENCER F. BAIRD.—A bill has been introduced into the U. S. Senate to pay to Mrs. Baird a sum of money as compensation for her husband's sixteen years of labor as Commissioner of Fisheries, for which he received nothing. After a lifetime devoted to scientific work, Prof. Baird died poor, his salary as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution having afforded him merely a comfortable living. No doubt the bill will pass and the family of the man who did so much for science and fishculture will receive a just reward for his labors, which he never thought of doing in his lifetime. His long and arduous work undertaken as a labor of love should be remembered by the nation for which it was done.

THE LOBSTER FISHERIES OF MAINE.—An investigation of the lobster fisheries of Maine and the effect of the laws thereon has recently been made by Deputy Labor Commissioner Campbell, of that State. He reports that the lobster fishery is an industry that has grown up in the past thirty years. Said a fisherman, "When I first went into the business in 1853 there were but six smacks running lobsters in Maine waters, four of which were from New London, Conn. These smacks averaged about four men each. Five men caught at that time twice the amount of lobsters these five smacks could carry." From this small industry in 1850 it has grown to such vast proportion that it now employs nearly 2,000 boats, 40 sail of vessels, and gives employment to over 2,000 fishermen, and the transportation smacks in Maine waters employ more than 100 men in freighting or transporting lobsters caught in Maine waters. This industry distributes in various ways among the fishermen of Maine a gross sum of more than $600,000 annually. The business of lobster catching in general requires two men to a boat, with 200 traps, at a cost of about $300 for the entire outfit. The greater part of the fishing is carried on in small boats within a short distance of the fishermen's homes. In winter a small number of vessels are employed in deep sea fishing.

FOREIGN SHIPMENT OF EGGS.—Last week the U. S. Fish Commission sent 90,000 eggs of lake trout to W. Oldham Chambers, Secretary of the National Fishculture Association, South Kensington, London. They came from the station at Northville, Mich., in care of E. G. Blackford, New York.

THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.—A bill is now before Congress authorizing the appointment of a Commissioner of Fisheries who shall be well versed in the knowledge of fishes and who shall hold no other office at the same time. His compensation shall be five thousand dollars per year.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1888.—Bench Show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association, Columbus, O. H. O. Bridge, Secretary, Columbus, O.

Jan. 24. to 29.—Augusta, Ga., Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock.

Feb. 13 to 17.—First show Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. E. J. Spencer, Sec.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 28 to March 2.—Show of Philadelphia Kennel Club. W. H. Child, Sec.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 16.—Fifth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, near Kingsburgh, Cal. N. P. Shelden, Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5708.**

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the directors' meeting of the Indiana Kennel Club, held last night in this city, it was decided to open our trials this year to dogs owned in Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan and Illinois. The trials will be held on the club's grounds at Bicknell, Knox county, Ind., and will begin Thursday, Nov. 1, with the Derby, open to all dogs owned in the above named States, born on or after Jan. 1, 1887. The forfeit will be $5, with $10 additional to start. Entries close June 1. The Derby will be followed by the All-Aged Stake, open to all dogs owned in said States that have never won a first prize in any All-Aged Stake in any recognized field trials in America. The fees will be the same as the Derby. Entries close Oct. 1. The All-Aged Stake will be followed by the Indiana Stake, open to dogs of any age owned in Indiana that have never won a first prize in any recognized field trial in America. Forfeit $5, with $5 additional to fill. Entries close Sept. 1. Any dogs owned in Indiana that are eligible to the Derby can run in the All-Aged Stake, and dogs owned in the other States named, that are eligible to the Derby, can run in the All-Aged Stake. The club decided to make the purses on the sweepstake plan, as we did last year, and which proved entirely satisfactory to all concerned. The necessary expense of the trials will be deducted from the entrance money, and the remainder will be divided as follows: Fifty per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, and two equal thirds of 12½ per cent. each.

A new rule was added, penalizing a dog for chasing a rabbit, the same as chasing a bird. We are the first club to adopt this rule. The club's grounds are all that could be desired, and birds will be found in abundance.

Competent judges will be selected, and every man who favors us with an entry shall have fair treatment. Any man found hunting or shooting south of the railroad within three miles east, west or south of the hotel, will be debarred from participating in the trials, and any prizes he may have won shall be forfeited to the club. Running rules, entry blanks, etc., are now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. My P. O. address is Lock Box 4, this city, and parties writing for rules, entry blanks, etc., will please bear this in mind. P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 3.

UTICA DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the first annual dog show of the Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, to be held at Utica, N. Y., Feb. 14 to 17. The prize in the champion classes will be a silver medal; in the open classes $10, $5 and diploma, with $5 and diploma for puppies. The club offers kennel prizes of $10 each for mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, spaniels and collies. The judges are Messrs. A. A. Francis, Rochester, N. Y., setters and pointers, and Jas. Watson, Philadelphia, all other classes. The show will be held under the rules of the American Kennel Club, with the exception of Rule 2, and entries will be accepted whether registered or not. Entries close Feb. 4. The address of the secretary is E. J. Spencer, Box 172, Utica, N. Y.

RULE NUMBER 2.

THE young man from Hartford, who claims credit for having fugled for the A. K. C. stud book clique, says he made the motion because he thinks the exhibitors ought to chip in 50 cents all around so that the stud book fees may pay the expenses of the American Kennel Club. This may be a perfectly just and reasonable consideration, but it will strike some disinterested lookers on as rather a case of rubbing it into the exhibitor. The constitutent clubs are perfectly competent to pay all legitimate expenses of the American Kennel Club; and what is more they ought to be willing to do this out of the show profits some of them reap from exhibitors. Take the Westminster Kennel Club for instance, which we name because it happens to be the first one to print the compulsory rule in its premium list. The Westminster Kennel Club gives dog shows because there is money in them; or to put it in another way, the club makes money out of its shows, and this element of profit is one without which the shows would not be given. It is generally understood that the Westminster shows are managed by a committee, the members of which, after paying to the club proper a stipulated percentage, divide the profits. The first show was so remunerative that the club made enough to buy its grounds at Babylon; and Mr. Tileston, the show manager, started a paper called *The Country* with his share of the proceeds. The annual profits of the Westminster shows are believed to have aggregated many thousand dollars. The Westminster Kennel Club, having made these handsome profits from exhibitors, might gracefully pay stud book deficiencies out of its own treasury, if it feels a special interest in the venture. It is most certainly not in good taste for it to demand registration head money from exhibitors, nor does the Hartford fugleman's plea have much weight when he says that the American Kennel Club with such rich members cannot pay its necessary expenses.

When a Western philosopher was engaged in printing his serial, which he called "False Statements," explaining why he had never paid that little loan to the Memphis man, he wrote as follows, in explanation of the Memphis man's mode of reasoning:

> There is therefore no other conclusion than that he measured us by himself and argued: . . ."Now, when I, Bryson, would do such a thing as that, it is nonsense to suppose that Rowe would not do it; therefore Rowe did do it, because I would do it."

Last week in commenting on the compulsory registration rule he asked:

> One question to the FOREST AND STREAM: Supposing the American Kennel Club had adopted the *A. K. R.* as its official stud book, would it have yelled "robbery," "bulldozing," etc., as it does now? We reckon not.

Now, if this Chicago philosopher's theory, as put forth by him in the Bryson loan case, be true, namely, that one man imputes to another the feelings which he knows he himself would have in like circumstances, it follows, as the day follows night, that the Chicago man draws his conclusion about the FOREST AND STREAM's attitude in the above contingency from his knowledge of the stand he himself would take; that is to say, he believes this journal to be influenced by the same lack of principle he knows that he would be governed by in anything in which he thought there might be a dollar or a dime for himself. By the way, when the wolf assures the sheep that he is grown old and lazy and has lost his taste for mutton, it is a good time for the sheep to be looking out for themselves.

If any seeker after light, who does not know us, wants to be told whether the FOREST AND STREAM would have been party to any scheme to compel dog owners to pay us registry fees, we are free to say that when we cannot conduct our publications on fair business principles we will go out of business.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have heard a great deal about Rule 2, pro and con, but it would seem to me that in the heat of the controversy the most important point has been lost sight of, namely, the value of the stud book itself. There is an outburst of indignation at the idea that, if owners want to exhibit their dogs, they should be compelled to put their hands into their pocket and, in addition to the regular entry fee, pay out an extra half dollar for the registration of their dogs, be they curs of no value or valuable thoroughbreds.

There is no doubt that if the A. K. C. sees fit to have a stud book of its own, the said body has a perfect right to have one. I have been of that opinion from the very beginning, and have liberally supported it by registering all my dogs. This was an extra tax on me, for, like many other breeders, I had them already registered in the *A.K.R.*, where I still continue to register new ones and puppies, the same as in the A.K.C.S.B., for I look at it from a business point of view, and if on the one hand I help to support both stud books, on the other hand I derive a certain benefit from the publicity thus given to my stock. I have no party feeling in the matter whatever. I am merely acting as a business man believing that if a buyer or a breeder wants to find some information about my stock it is to my advantage that he should find the information looked for in both the stud books. You perceive from this that I do not find fault with Rule 2 on account of the fifty cents, but because, if enforced, it will lessen the standard of the A.K.C.S.B. It was bad enough that, for the sake of paying fifty cents, any cur could be registered under the heading of the breed that he most resembled, but to enforce such registrations is a detriment to the cause of the A. K. C. (though it may be a benefit to its treasury).

The A. K. C. is a company of clubs that were organized for the purpose of improving the different breeds of dogs. Now, does Rule 2 work in that direction? No, on the contrary, I am sure it does not. Let me give you an instance. At the last Westminster Kennel Club show about a dozen Leonbergs were catalogued with the St. Bernards, and brought, in their respective classes, into the judging ring. Every one of them was turned out by the judge before he commenced judging. And why were they turned out? Because they were mongrels, which are not recognized as a breed, neither in Germany (their native land), nor in England, nor in Switzerland, and have no claim to the name of St. Bernard.

According to Rule 2, these dogs would have been previously registered by their owners in the A.K.C.S.B. under the breed of St. Bernards, and, notice, with pedigree, undoubtedly correct, name of breeder, etc., etc., and as imported at that. A St. Bernard man could tell to a certain extent what kind of stock it is, when he finds it registered, just the same as a mastiff man, a fox-terrier man or a collie man can tell about his own particular breed, but the public at large cannot, and hence the stud book would be quite unintentionally a means of deceiving many, for it would indorse a Leonberg as a St. Bernard. This is no argument for the sake of gaining my point, it is an indisputable fact, a fact which is applicable to all breeds, not to St. Bernards only.

What gives their value to the different herd books, the Jersey, the Guernsey, the Dutch-Friesian, etc? The fact that thoroughbreds only are eligible for registration, and the public knows this. Hence the demand for registered dogs! Poor, simple-minded outsiders, they don't know that Rule 2 is going to force in any creature with four legs, a tail at one end, a bark at the other; any cur, no matter how wretched, provided his owner thinks enough of him to show him at, may be, some small village show, held under A.K.C. rules, and is going to place it side by side in the stud book with some valuable dog brought from the other side at great cost, or side by side with some American bred crack.

If Rule 2 provided for the registration of prize winners at the expense of the A. K. C., and for the benefit of dogdom, the club would be true to its cause, but not so with Rule 2 as it stands.

I blame Boston and New Haven for going out of the club. We need such a club as the A. K. C. with Boston and N. H. in it; there is no cause for going outside; let the clubs stay in and fight Rule 2 inside. If the A.K.C.S.B. is paying its own way, as some say it does, what do we need the obnoxious compulsory 50 cents for? If it does not pay but is still wanted, then let the clubs pay for their book, and let its standard be raised rather than lowered.

I think that, in view of the fact that only four or five clubs were represented when Rule 2 was proposed and carried, a special meeting should be called for the purpose of reconsidering the said rule, which I consider to be contrary to the interests of the A. K. C. K. E. HOPF.

ARLINGTON, N. J.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is great fun to whack the head of a fellow who is fighting on your side; the effect is so surprising that it gives a zest to the whack. For instance, Mr. Mercer says that the Pittsburgh club is "pretty certain" to indorse Rule 2. Pray how does he know that? Did he suppose that was the inevitable evolution of "pewter medals"? Or that "copper" ones necessarily led to such an end? Or that "100 cents on the dollar" was a hotbed that always sprouted such plants? Or that "solid silver" involved solidity of head that made acceptance of Rule 2 a foregone conclusion? Truly, if such were his ground, his judgment was reasonable. But alas for human judgment! Messrs. —— and ——, the brains of the Pittsburgh club, both tell me that they are unalterably opposed to the rule, as calculated to cut down their entries, and they care more for the number of their entries than for the A. K. C. I think I am abundantly within bounds when I say that if there were a show in Pittsburgh next spring, Rule 2 would be disregarded. You know who —— and —— are, and if I mistake not, already know their ideas, and I am sure you will agree with me, that no men of higher character adorn American kennel affairs. Both are averse, to what I consider a ridiculous degree, to having their names in print, and therefore I do not give them, but you can probably say that you know just the same of them that I know and say.

I am disappointed, but not surprised at the acceptance of the bulldoze rule by the W. K. C.; disappointed because I thought they had risen above the narrowness that has so far characterized them, and that they realized that the metropolitan location, which has made their show what it is, imposed on them equal prominence in action, and that they would not longer linger so far in the rear of Boston, New Haven and Philadelphia in enterprise. I am not surprised, as this unfortunate club has never gone in with public opinion if there was a chance to go contrary to it, and it has always been *shoved* into every forward step it has taken. Of course Beaufort—Patti M. goes for the rule and I will be surprised if Cincinnati does not follow. What Philadelphia will do is a puzzle and I sympathize with them in their peculiarly complicated position. However, the vitality that shook off the gang that so nearly throttled Philadelphia at its inception can do great things. "Bide a wee." W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Jan. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to see the bold, uncompromising position taken by the FOREST AND STREAM in opposition to the last and most despotic of all the arbitrary rules of the A. K. C. We shall see whether the A. K. C. will kill the rule or the rule kill the club. If the A. K. C. as a confederate body cannot meet or pay its expenses, let it disband and each club defray its own individual expenses or cease to exist. Let the A. K. C. stop their arbitrary taxation of exhibitors, pay their own expenses and not try to linger through a moribund existence upon an obnoxious, forced tax levied upon and unwillingly paid even by the few who may lay their pride and self-respect at the club's feet by wearing its dog-collar Rule No. 2 around their necks. I am not a dog fancier. I have never sold a dog, but have owned many, and am now the owner of one, the winner of two first prizes at the Crystal Palace and one in New York. I shall never exhibit a dog and shall always, if I can, dissuade others from doing so at any show where Rule No. 2 of the A. K. C. may be in force. Such, Mr. Editor, are the views of many, and expressed by one MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask me what I think of Rule 2. I should hardly think you need ask any exhibitor such a question, for all I have met are, like me, decidedly opposed to being called upon to chip in a half dollar to help keep the stud book on its legs. Nearly all of my dogs are already registered in the *American Kennel Register*, while others are in the English Stud Book. I supported the *American Kennel Register* because it was the only one being used by the bull-terrier breeders, and now if we are to be compelled to register in the club's book, the whole thing must be done over again. That, however, is a secondary consideration, the objection being that we know exactly what the idea is in altering the rule, and if people make such bargains they should father the law themselves, and not look to exhibitors to do what is their own duty. FRANK F. DOLE.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We wish to state most decidedly that our views on the subject, which we have held for some time, are those of cordial sympathy with the American Kennel Club, believing, as we do, that all breeders should give their assistance to that club, in order to draw together the kennel interests of this country and to forward the stud book controlled by the club. We believe Rule 2 is not only a wise one, but necessary. CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What we need in behalf of exhibitors is protection, not restriction. We have enough restriction now without an extra 50 cents to pay for each exhibit. Better make a rule compelling all their clubs to deposit the amount of premiums offered previous to opening their shows, thus insuring to winning exhibitors their medals and cash prizes. If the A. K. C. would devote a few minutes of its time at each meeting to such legislation as that, it would be of some benefit to exhibitors. J. H. SHEPHERD.

NEW YORK.

PUG MEDAL.—Catawissa, Pa., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In offering my special prize for the best stud pug under fifteen pounds, two or more, or a litter not under eight weeks old, must be shown to make him eligible to compete for my prize.—GEO. W. FISHER.

BEAU OF PORTLAND.—The owner of the pointer dog Beau of Portland writes us that the dog was afflicted with ulcer and that he had never seen his handler until the beginning of the trials at Florence. This will account for his indifferent performance.

SPANIEL DOG LOST.—The liver-colored spaniel dog Newton Abbot strayed from Bergen Point, N. J., Jan. 3. He weighs 33lbs., has long ears and short tail. A reward will be paid for his return to his owner, A. C. Wilmerding, Bergen Point, N. J.

FOX-TERRIER CLUB STAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Entries for the third Produce Stakes will close Jan. 31. The full particulars, in circular form, will be supplied on application to the secretary.

The Stud Dog Stakes for 1889.—$2 each p.p., with a cup added by the president to a subscription of $10 each by owners of fox-terrier stud dogs, whose get alone shall be qualified to compete. Get to consist of dog and bitch whelped after Jan. 1, 1887, which may be the property of different owners. The winning brace to receive one-half of the subscription, the cup and half of the subscription going to the subscribing owner of the brace's sire, the stakes to go to the second best brace. The death of a subscriber not to disqualify the get of his stud dog, nor the death of the dog. Subscriptions to close on or before Feb. 1, 1888. The Stake to be competed for at the spring show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York, 1889, and to be published in the W. K. C. premium list, and entries to the Stake to close with the regular entries for the W. K. C. show of 1889.

May I ask you to remind owners who may have fox-terriers by the stud dogs given below entered in the Stud Dog Stakes of 1888, and to be judged at the Westminster Kennel Club show in February next, that they will have an opportunity to compete according to the conditions as given, viz.: that the brace may be the property of different owners. The dogs are: Splauger, Warren Jim, Raby Mixer, Raby Jack, Mixture, Belgrave Primrose, Bacchanal, Lucifer, Warren Dicken, Warren Spider, Earl Leicester, Valet, Venetian, Luke, Mephisto, Regent Vox, Resolute.

AUGUST BELMONT, JR., Acting Sec. and Pres. A. F. T. C.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE regular meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10. There was a full attendance and the meeting was an interesting one. The treasurer's report showed a balance to the credit of the club of $1,486.92, with no liabilities, and a further sum of $382 is still due, making a total of $1,868.92 as against $838.60 a year ago. Mr. George A. Dillworth, Pittsburgh, Pa., was elected a member, and Messrs. David McK. Lloyd, Pittsburgh, Pa., and S. B. Duryea, Brooklyn, N. Y., were proposed for membership. It was voted that the salary of the secretary be $250 per year.

It was decided to hold the field trials for 1888 at High Point, N. C., beginning with the Members' Stake, Thursday, Nov. 15. The public stakes will begin on Monday, Nov. 19, with the Derby, to be followed by the pointer stake, then the setter stake, closing with the champion stake. The prizes and conditions of all the stakes will be the same as those of last year with the exception that the two equal third prizes in both the pointer and setter stakes are changed to third and fourth prizes of $100 each. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. N. Rowe for the cup donated as a prize in the champion stake. Rule 19, which reads, "When two dogs, the property of the same owner, or confederates, shall remain in for the deciding trial * * *" was changed to read a deciding trial.

A motion was made that Derby entries be required to retrieve, but it was not carried. The secretary was instructed to obtain, if possible, the services of Mr. Bergundthal as one of the judges for the field trials this year. It was voted that members be not allowed to shoot on the club grounds. It was suggested that the judges at the field trials should be requested to make an official report of the running. After some discussion the matter was laid over until the next meeting.

At the annual meeting of the club, held at High Point, N. C., the old board of officers was re-elected for the ensuing year with the exception that H. B. Duryea, New York, and C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., were elected to the board of governors in place of Messrs. Orth and Grant.

A PROPOSED BREEDERS' CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Rule 2, as amended at the late meeting of the American Kennel Club, seems to have met with much criticism, and Mr. C. D. Cugle seems to take umbrage at my remarks in your columns. To Mr. Cugle I would say that I have no ill feeling toward him personally, for I have reason to believe he is a gentleman, but whether Mr. Cugle or Mr. Wun Lung made the amendment referred to the fact remains that it (the rule as amended) can never be enforced, and I am sorry for Mr. Cugle that his name is coupled with so narrow minded a motion. Mr. Watson has taken so many words out of my mouth in his "Porcupine" article this week, that I can say but little that he has not "caught on" to. To Mr. Winslow I adress myself in an apologetic way, as it seems he only seconded the motion to bring it before "the house", which, as I now see it, shows his ability, for he has by so doing brought to light, the "ways and means" by which the A. K. C. clique are to thrive.

It has been written that the A. K. C. should not be "downed" because they have made this one mistake, and that the seceding clubs have been too hasty in their actions. Would the supporters of the new Rule 2 like to go into a resume of the work performed by the A. K. C.? This mistake (?) is not the first one made by the A. K. C.—the mistake of its life was in being born.

The action of the New England Kennel Club shows me that they are wide awake, and in protecting exhibitors they have done only what they should do. The American Kennel Club is a club composed of other clubs, and as such has but few expenses, as the expenses of meetings are paid by its members in the annual fee of $10. The office of Secretary of the A. K. C. is, or should be, one of honor; it requires but little time, and if the A. K. C. would allow the FOREST AND STREAM stenographer to be present at all meetings he would be a most valuable secretary free of charge.

Mr. Cugle is so sure that the 50 cents demanded for registration in the official (?) stud book will not cut down entries at coming shows; will he guarantee to the N. E. K. C. spring show a number of entries equal to the last, if they enforce the new Rule 2?

The A. K. C. finding that they have put the last straw on the camel's back, think that by removing it they can coax the beast to carry the load across the great desert, but the sands are drifting, and the whole caravan will soon be lost to sight.

To those who remember the circumstances attending the formation of the American Kennel Club, I would say that the time has come when breeders should take a hand in matters pertaining to dogs. The idea was, when the A. K. C. was formed, that local clubs would not be supported if the breeders should form a national club, and all pressure was brought to bear in favor of a national club being composed of local clubs; the result has been a national club only in name. Its rules have made trouble from first to last, and now the very clubs which were the backbone of the A. K. C. at the start, are compelled to repudiate in order to exist. The local clubs such as the New England are composed of gentlemen who have given their time and money in the good cause. They are breeders, and they have received no benefit from the A. K. C., hence their disgust. I can speak for the New England Kennel Club better than any other, as I was the founder of that club, and I know that its members are men who are advancing the standard of dogs, I regret to say oftentimes against the interest of their pockets, and though one of the warmest supporters of the present American Kennel Club at its start, I now see my error, and feel that an association of breeders and exhibitors could and would be beneficial to the breeders and exhibitors of dogs, and that the standard for dogs would be better, and better understood by the public, and bench shows better conducted under a National Club of Breeders, than at present.

I will not use more of your valuable space, but would like to see the views on the above subject of a few such gentlemen as Mr. John E. Thayer, Mr. E. H. Moore, Dr. J. Frank Perry, and other prominent breeders who have or have not expressed their views about Rule 2.

In closing I would say that if Mr. Cugle for a moment imagines I am seeking notoriety, or have in view anything but the advancement of the canine race, I desire he should disabuse his mind from any such thought.

J. A. NICKERSON.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to ask the A. K. C., and more especially the five members who voted for the addition to Rule 2, how they know that enforcing such a rule will be advantageous to breeders? If they are individually too modest to speak of their achievements as breeders, let some other champion stand up for them, and tell us, through your paper, what they have ever done. An organization such as the American Kennel Club assumes to be should never be permitted to lapse into such a condition as to be in the control of a few men, the majority of whom are unskilled in breeding, and who can pass arbitrary laws obnoxious to all fair-minded breeders in the United State and Canada. Such being the state of affairs, is it not high time that the breeders get together and form a breeders' club or association, and put such safeguards around it that none of its laws can be changed by a few; the society to be regularly constituted, and require due notice to be given to all its members of any proposed change in rule or by-law; such motion to be made at an annual meeting.

In 1873 and 1873 the poultry fanciers of the United States were in about the same fix as the dog fanciers are to-day, controlled by a few. A meeting of the fancy was called for at Buffalo in 1873, when the American Poultry Association was formed, which at present consists of 250 life members. Its object is to consider and discuss all matters of a national character pertaining to poultry. It also advises with and assists all poultry societies, when so requested, in the selection of judges of good standing, ability, etc.

I would like to hear from the breeders throughout America regarding the matter, and if there are enough that would like to form an international dog breeders' association, let there be a call for a meeting at Boston, during the show of the New England Kennel Club, to organize such a society. I think it could be made a success just as the American Poultry Association is, which holds its fourteenth annual meeting this year.

M. H. CRYER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

"THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the October, 1884, issue of the *A. K. R.*, I spoke a few lines to the editor, in which I stated that as the *Register* had not only lived up to its prospectus, and added a deal more to it, that it should increase its subscription and registration fees, and give us a little more of the same good material that it had already given us. From the beginning up to the present time the *A. K. R.* has supplied us with the best of information of kennel matters, has prevented a great deal of irregular registration, as well as espoused the cause of the weak in fighting unsportsmanlike doings.

H. W. HUNTINGTON.

NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The *American Kennel Register* stands upon it own merits. It is well edited, accurate and altogether indispensable to dog breeders.

The proprietors of the *American Kennel Register* have but done their duty to the supporters of that journal by continuing its publication.

The *A. K. R.* is used by a number of breeders as a kennel record, wherein are recorded in the various departments of sales, breeding, deaths, etc., a complete history of their respective kennels. We who have used the *Register* for this purpose are grateful to the publishers that they have stood by us and our property, for it is to a great extent our property now, and a valuable one at that.

In spite of the combined opposition of the speculators who run the official (?) stud book, the *A. K. R.* has recorded this year an average over one hundred per month.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

PUPPIES AND GUNS.—A note under this title in our natural history columns will be found of interest.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Mildred. By Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 25, 1887, by Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna) out of Muriel (Ben Hill—Zoe W.).

Shady II. By Mrs. H. M. Robinson, Charlestown, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 26, 1887, by Shady (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Edith (Brush II.—Olivia).

Peg Merrilies. By Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 24, 1887, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 218).

Fred. By Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1887, by Glen out of Flora (Jeff—Fan).

Glendon. By Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., for fawn greyhound dog, whelped April 20, 1887, by Toney (Duke—Dutchess) out of Kittie (A.K.R. 1759).

Ebony Pape. By W. J. Middleton, Boston, Mass., for black pointer dog, whelped March 22, 1887, by Croftstone (A.K.R. 3587) out of Daisy (imported Bob—imported Sal).

Topsy Sweep. By W. J. Middleton, Boston, Mass., for black pointer bitch, whelped July 7, 1887, by Drake, Jr. (Drake—Accident) out of Vic II. (Sweep—Victoria).

Pearlie. By W. J. Middleton, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1887, by Teddie (Phil— ——) out of Floss B. (A.K.R. 3449).

Rialto Kennels. By W. J. Middleton, Boston, Mass., for his kennels of pointers, setters and cocker spaniels.

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Yum Yum—Scarsdale. D. S. Collins's (Providence, R. I.) fox-terrier bitch Yum Yum (Raby Tyrant—Shamrock) to E. Kelley's Scarsdale (Joker—Ella), Dec. 19.

Muriel—Dashing Rover. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) English setter bitch Muriel (Ben Hill—Zoe W.) to their Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna), Dec. 15.

Merry Legs—Mainspring. O. W. Donner's (Coosaw, S. C.) pointer bitch Merry Legs (Graphic—Bloomo) to J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), Jan. 2.

Flash—Blue Cap. A. B. Merner's (Waterloo, Ont.) beagle bitch Flash (Bannerman—Queen) to H. Card's Blue Cap (Blue Cap—Blue Bell), Dec. 25.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Nellie. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie, Dec. 21, four (two dogs), by Sinclair's Black Jack.

Beech Grove Gabrielle. Geo. Jackson's (Beech Grove, Ind.) mastiff bitch Beech Grove Gabrielle (Bob Ingersoll—Betsy Trotwood), Jan. 2, ten (four dogs), by his Beech Grove Toby (Ashmont Victor—Delph Viva).

Rachel. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Rachel (Lexington—Kelp), Dec. 27, thirteen (four dogs), by L. R. Taylor's MacD. (Count Noble—Spark).

Fannie Fern. W. A. Wickham's (Cedar Bluffs, Ia.) collie bitch Fannie Fern (Shep—Dart), Dec. 30, seven (two dogs), by his imported Clyde (Glen—Beauty).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Beech Grove Lucy. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 26, 1887, by Tor (A.K.R. 4882) out of Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432), by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to D. J. Duncan, Johnston, Pa.

Beech Grove Macduff. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 6, 1887, by Beech Grove Duke (A.K.R. 3370) out of Beech Grove Gabrielle (A.K.R. 3371), by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Wm. M. Thrasher, Irvington, Ind.

Beech Grove Fiske. Light fawn mastiff dog, whelped March 7, 1887, by Tor out of Beech Grove Duchess, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Mrs. Mary Fiske, High Bridge, N. Y.

Beech Grove Bess. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Beech Grove Duke out of Beech Grove Gabrielle, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to R. R. Bennett, Indianapolis, Ind.

Beech Grove Topsy. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 15, 1885, by Beech Grove Duke out of Beech Grove Gabrielle, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Chas. P. Willard, Chicago, Ill.

Beech Grove Wanda. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Beech Grove Duke out of Beech Grove Gabrielle, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Jos. P. Sharp, Springfield, O.

Beech Grove Gypsy. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Beech Grove Duke out of Beech Grove Gabrielle, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to T. E. Gilpin, Chicago, Ill.

Beech Grove Cleopatra. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Beech Grove Duke out of Beech Grove Gabrielle, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Arthur L. Dale, Rome, N. Y.

Beech Grove Scott. Stone fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 29, 1887, by Rover out of Beech Grove Patsy, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Mrs. Carrie Kennard, Chestertown, Md.

Beech Grove Rowena. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 26, 1887, by Tor out of Delph Viva, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Mrs. Carrie Kennard, Chestertown, Md.

King of Ashmont (formerly Clement). Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 13, 1884, by King Canute out of Dora II., by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to L. A. Berger, Langhorne, Pa.

Alto. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 27, 1887, by Blue Cap II. (A.K.R. 4008) out of Constance (A.K.R. 2712), by F. B. Zimmer, Schenectady, N. Y., to E. T. Sweeten, Bridgeport, N. J.

Edith. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped August, 1883, by Bruce II. out of Olivia, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., to H. Jaques, same place.

Staunton. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped March, 1886, by Spot out of Dora, by Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va., to T. C. Van Buren, New York.

Jipsey. Golden fawn greyhound bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Lewis Terry, same place.

King Bow's Lass. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 20, 1887, by King Bow out of Ruby Croxteth, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to John D. Harris, M.D., Newton, Ill.

Strephon. Golden sable and white collie dog, whelped June 17, 1884 (A.K.R. 2730), by C. T. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa., to Chestnut Hill Kennel, same place.

Count On Me. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 5, 1886, by Buckellew out of Bessie Noble, by O. D. Thees, New York, to Thos. Ebert, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Black Bess. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 25, 1887, by Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071) out of Phyllis (A.K.R. 5233), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to John D. Olds, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Millie B. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 30, 1887, by Black Pete, Jr., out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to Dr. A. Drinkwater, Rochester, N. Y.

Fred. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1887, by Glen out of Flora, by Cumberland Kennels, Portland, Me., to J. M. Bartlett, Orona, Me.

Flash. Black, white and tan baagle bitch, age not given, by Bannerman out of Queen, by Hiram Card, Elora, Ont., to A. B. Merner, Waterloo, Ont.

Lady. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age not given, by Ranger out of Beauty, by Hiram Card, Elora, Ont., to A. B. Merner, Waterloo, Ont.

Chase. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped April 25, 1886, by Blue Cap out of Chimer, by Hiram Card, Elora, Ont., to A. B. Merner, Waterloo, Ont.

Sis Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped October, 1886, by Obo, Jr., out of Topsy, by Hiram Card, Elora, Ont., to A. McCully, Marden, Ont.

Tom and Jerry. Black white and tan beagle dogs, whelped Sept. 7, 1887, by Waveno out of Wenonah, by Hiram Card, Elora, Ont., to A. B. Merner, Waterloo, Ont.

Rose. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 30, 1887, by Waveno out of Nokomis, by Hiram Card, Elora, Ont., to A. B. Merner, Waterloo, Ont.

Blue Queen. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May, 1881, by Druid out of Leda, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to G. L. Y. Tyler, West Newton, Mass.

Countess Wind'em. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 25, 1882, by Roderick II. out of Jennie, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to Wm. Lunsford, Roanoke, Va.

Belle Royal. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 4, 1885, by Baden Baden out of Daisy Dot, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to N. B. Tyler, Warren, O.

Glen Fairy. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Sept 8, 1887, by Glen Rock out of Countess Flirt, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to V. L. Bossa, New Canaan, Conn.

Princess Alice. Orange belton English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1887, by Royal Albert out of Maida, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to V. L. Bossa, New Canaan, Conn.

Shady—Edith whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Sept. 26, 1887, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., a black dog to Mrs. H. M. Robinson, same place; a black dog to W. F. Young, Fitchburg, Mass.; a black dog and liver dog to C. E. Wilson, Southbridge, Mass.; a black bitch to D. W. Hill, Lewiston, Me., and a black bitch to Oscar J. Gore, South Boston, Mass.

Beech Grove Duke (A.K.R. 3370)—Beech Grove Gabrielle (A.K.R. 3371) whelps. Mastiffs, whelped July 6, 1887, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., a light fawn dog to Judge John A. Holman, Indianapolis, Ind.; a light fawn dog to Strawther Givins, Abingdon, Ill.; a light fawn bitch to W. H. Croner, Piqua, O., and a dark fawn dog to Chas. Guider, Hinckley, Minn.

Rover II.—Beech Grove Patsy (A.K.R. 4359) whelp. Steel gray fawn mastiff bitch, whelped May 29, 1887, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Chas. Guider, Hinckley, Minn.

Tor—Delph Viva whelp. Grayish fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 26, 1887, by Geo. Jackson, Beech Grove, Ind., to Strawther Givins, Abingdon, Ill.

MacD.—Spark whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 8, 1887, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Dr. L. R. Taylor, Bancroft, Mich.

PRESENTATIONS.

Fleet—Judy whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1887, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Dr. L. R. Taylor, Brancroft, Mich.

Lady Lance. White and fawn fox-terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1887, by Little Jim out of Spright, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to H. E. Cook, Hillsdale, Mich.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, Jan. 7.—200yds. off-hand standard target:

J Busfield	7	9	9	5	7	10	8	7	10	10—82
J F Brown	8	10	6	7	8	8	7	8	9	8—79
C H Poor	8	6	7	7	9	6	5	8	3	6—65
F Merrill	8	7	7	7	9	7	6	6	4	3—64

LAKE VIEW CLUB.—At the regular annual meeting of the Lake View Rifle Club, of Cook county, Ill., Dec. 30, the following officers were unanimously elected: Pres., N. H. Warren; Vice-Pres., H. C. Bradley; Sec., Dr. F. D. Porter; Treas., T. G. Dickinson; Capt., J. Macauley.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE annual gathering of the life members of the National Rifle Association was held on Tuesday evening last at the 22d Regt. Armory. The reports showed progress in some lines but not in others.

General Winate, in his annual address as President of the association, said:

Gentlemen—While at Creedmoor the past year has not been marked by any occurrence which has attracted the attention of the press or the public, there have been few if any years in the history of the range in which the attendance has been greater, or more satisfactory results attained.

The number of civilians who have attended the matches have been no larger than during the last two years.

Long-range rifle shooting appears also to have been almost wholly abandoned by civilians and very largely so by military riflemen. But the interest in off-hand and mid-range military rifle shooting by the rank and file of the National Guard has never been greater, and the number practicing at the range and the aggregate of the marksmen who have qualified there has never been previously equaled.

Rifle shooting as a mere amusement appears to be at a standstill, but rifle shooting as a part of military instruction has never been more popular or more efficiently conducted than has been the case at Creedmoor during 1887. As this was the main purpose for which that range was established and this Association formed, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the results of the year.

The annual meeting of the Association was well attended, the weather was exceptionally fine for shooting, and the scores were high. Several protests were made against the rifles used, which have led to some dispute and which it would be well to avoid in the future.

The great variety of rifles in use by the military marksmen of the different States, and the changes in their sights that are from time to time either directly authorized or tacitly permitted, make it exceedingly difficult for the directors of this Association to either frame or enforce regulations which are just to all competitors. Nearly all the serious disputes which have occurred in our matches since the range was established have had their origin in this portion of our regulations, and it seems to me wise that when the rules are next revised, either they should be made so broad as to permit the use of any sight upon a military rifle which is sufficiently strong for military purpose, so as to give the freest scope to individual ingenuity, or else such sights should be restricted to certain official patterns and no deviation therefrom allowed by any individual or team by any authority whatever. Any middle course involves endless disputes and heart burnings. The coming year will require action upon two important and difficult points which will largely affect the efficiency of the range.

The lease of the western part which contains the short range targets, expires within a short time and cannot be renewed. The Association must either purchase this land (comprising some fifty acres) at a cost of about $5,000 or give it up. To surrender it will deprive us of eleven targets which we cannot do without except at a great inconvenience, and yet the problem of how to provide the funds for its purchase is a most serious question, as the resources of the Association are not equal to its support.

During the last two years the owner of the land in rear of the eastern portion of the range has claimed that the use of his land has been interfered with by bullets fired by the State troops in their class practice. In 1886 he was content to accept $150 as payment. In 1887, however, he demanded $500. The Association considered this exorbitant, but it was awarded him by the arbitrators to whom the matter was referred to avoid a law suit.

This amount was paid, but to do it swept away the profits which had been realized from the efficient and economical manner in which Secretary Shepherd had managed the affairs of the Association during the year.

The resources of the Association cannot meet this exaction if made annually, as is certain to be done. It amounts to much more than the interest upon the value of the entire land affected, and it would be far cheaper to buy the premises than to pay it.

The question of how this difficulty is to be met will form one of the most important questions which the new board of directors will have to pass upon.

In closing these remarks, it is proper that I should state to you that this is my last appearance as an officer of the Association. Since its organization, a period of sixteen years, I have been continuously either secretary, vice-president or treasurer. With the exception of General Woodward, I am the only one of the original directors remaining in the board. While in office I have done my best to perform my duties, but business engagements have for some time rendered this to be almost impossible, and I am unwilling to hold a position whose duties I feel that I do not properly fulfil. For this reason I sent in my resignation as president last November. Although it was not accepted by the directors, I must tonight surrender the office to some one who, I trust, will prove more efficient in your interest and that of rifle shooting in America than I have been.

Secretary Shepherd made a brief pointed report of the affairs of the Association:

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1888.

Mr. President and Life Members of the National Rifle Association:

Your Secretary begs leave to submit the following report of the transactions of the Association for the past year:

The annual meeting of the Life Members was held on Tuesday, when the following named members were elected Directors for the term of three years, viz: Messrs. J. H. Brown, L. B. Bell, L. C. Bruce, G. L. Fox and and Edw. Duffy, and for one year Col. C. E. Bridge.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held on Feb. 15, Gen. Geo. W. Wingate was elected President and Gen. John B. Woodward Vice-President, the Secretary and Treasurer having been re-elected at a previous meeting.

During the year we have lost by resignation Messrs. Allen and Zalinski, and by death Major Lawson B. Bell, which vacancies have been filled by the election as Directors of Messrs. Brown, Witthauss and Nesbitt.

Early in the year a committee was appointed to look at a plot of ground on Staten Island that was offered to the Association at a reasonable price, but after carefully considering the matter it was not deemed expedient to attempt to make any charge in the locality of the range.

The annual fall meeting was fairly well attended, and some fine team scores were made, those of the Brigade, State, Hilton Trophy and Inter-State being far ahead of all previous records. The expenses, including prizes, exceeded the receipts by nearly $300, but as compared with the two previous years this may be considered satisfactory. I am pleased to be able to again report that an increased interest is shown in the semi-monthly matches in which an opportunity is given to the members of the National Guard to win the coveted State decoration. The net profit in these matches was slightly in excess of that of the previous year, notwithstanding the fact that extra prizes in the shape of medals were given, which cost the Association nearly $250. I trust that another season we may be able to reduce the entrance fees to these matches and thus to make them still more popular. The increase in the number of marksmen in the State from 3,400 in 1885 to 3,600 in 1886, and 4,700 in 1887 shows that the current is moving in the right direction.

The lease of the ground at Creedmoor, commonly known as the west or new range, expired on the 1st of January and cannot be renewed, the owner having decided to sell the property, some fifty acres in all, which includes, in addition to the land lately used by us for short range purposes, a considerable piece of ground in the rear of the targets.

The Treasurer's report showed a balance on hand at the close of the year of $1,606.35, to which may be added the sum of $200 which will shortly be paid in for railroad tickets sold and redeemed. The Long Island Railroad Company, through the persistent efforts of two of the directors, consented to reduce the price of military excursion tickets to Queens to 40 cents each, and the increase of sales by us was morethan 50 per cent.

We have again been in receipt at the office of the following papers: The *Spirit of the Times*, the FOREST AND STREAM, the *Army and Navy Journal*, the *Turf, Field and Farm*, the *Rifle*, the *American Field* and the *Volunteer Service Gazette*.

We are again indebted to Mr. J. H. Steward, of London, optician of the Association, for valuable prizes, and also to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Messrs. Benedict Bros., and the staffs of the First and Second Brigades. Very respectfully,

JOHN S. SHEPHERD, Secretary.

A committee of three directors, consisting of Gen. Robbins, Gen. Wingate, and Gen. Woodward, was appointed to prepare a bill for the Legislature providing that Creedmoor may be given into the charge of the State, the land it now owns, providing the Association shall have the use of the range for shooting purposes.

Gen. J. B. Woodward was chosen President of the Association. Major H. C. Brown, Capt. G. Henry Witthaus, James Duane, Lieut. J. S. Shepherd, and Major George Shorkley were elected Directors for three years; Lieut. D. A. Nesbitt for two years, and Jor C. A. H. Bartlett for one year.

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 3.—The Owensville Ballard Rifle Team, standard target, 200yds. rise, national rules. There was a full attendance of the members on the range to-day. Weather conditions bad for the comfort of the contestants and scores ranged low. J. Montgomery won gold medal, R. Speck leather medal. Light poor, with a strong, cold 10 o'clock wind:

J Montgomery	8	4	5	9	7	4	7	9	8	8—69
W Roberts	9	5	7	7	7	5	4	6	8	10—68
McG Daugherty	5	8	4	10	6	5	6	7	6	7—64
J Stone	5	4	5	4	7	7	10	6	5	9—62
H Mauck	6	9	7	4	5	6	3	10	6	3—59
J Daughterty	6	4	3	10	8	5	3	9	5	10—58
Chas Summers	7	7	5	4	4	10	5	2	5	5—54
G Wetter	3	3	10	4	4	5	5	8	7	5—54
W Gentry	6	7	5	2	6	5	4	3	8	8—51
R Speck	3	3	2	6	5	3	9	7	5	8—49

LAWRENCE, Mass.—Lawrence Rifle Club, Jan. 7, standard target, 200yds., off-hand:

C M Hill	9	10	9	9	6	8	9	9	10	10—89
O M Jewell	10	10	8	9	8	8	10	8	8	8—87
E H Archibald	8	6	9	9	8	7	8	8	7	10—80
Wm Fisher	10	6	4	9	8	10	9	7	7	6—78
M Beal	10	9	9	9	8	10	5	5	6	6—77
H Joseph	9	9	6	9	5	8	6	6	6	7—74
D P Norris	6	5	7	5	8	7	8	10	10	4—70
T T Philbrick	5	9	4	6	7	7	10	9	7	4—68

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 2.—E. T. Stephens and A. L. Rogers of this city were the guests of the Amherst Rifle Club to-day, and were treated in "bang-up" fashion. They were taken to the range in hacks—something that does not happen to marksmen often—and found one of the best shooting houses in the State. Besides all this they were served with a fine game dinner. Following are some of the scores made during the day:

E T Stephens	6	6	10	10	9	10	8	8	8	9—86
A L Rogers	6	6	10	8	7	9	8	8	4	10—76
Henry Adams	5	9	6	8	8	10	9	7	5	8—75
A L Bardwell	7	5	9	8	10	7	8	8	6	6—74
James S Thomas	5	5	6	8	5	7	6	10	8	9—69

THAT MUZZLELOADER CHALLENGE.—Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having noticed the challenge of Messrs. Moore, Garfield and Perry, published in your issue of Dec. 29, we hope that you will kindly allow us space to reply. They have read our claim aright, and we have nothing to retract. We are willing to defend that claim against all challengers, but do not feel under any obligations to call in the assistance of our neighbors. Therefore, we accept their proposition for a trial of guns upon the terms named by them, except that the shooting be done by two men on each side instead of three. Or, if all three of their team desire to shoot, Warner & Lowe will put up the same amount of money that they do, and the prizes shall be awarded to the best average shooting, according to the number of shots made by each team. We wish further to explain that, since they refer to the rules of the N. R. Club governing weight of guns, and only quote one-half of the rule, we shall expect that the other half will be equally applicable. Being the challenged party we claim our right to name place and date for meeting and we select the Anderson Rifle Club range, near Syracuse, N. Y., as the place, and May 8, 1888, as the time for this contest to commence. We have deposited $100 as forfeit in the hands of a respected citizen of this place, whose name and address will be given to interested parties who may wish to deposit for the same purpose. Whenever the above-named parties make a like deposit for a like purpose we shall think they mean business, and not before.—WARNER & LOWE.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 3.—Inclosed find account of match between East End and Cleveland Gun clubs. The match is one that has been watched with great interest by all Ohio shooters. You will please note that 1,000 blue rocks were thrown with only five balks, and that the highest and next highest scores were made with Chamberlin cartridges. The victory was a most creditable one for the younger organization, even though the Clevelands were handicapped by rules, targets and grounds, all of which were chosen by the East Ends. The match was very exciting at the finish. On the first two squads of three men each the East Ends gained twenty birds, but lost seventeen of these on the last three squads. All the East Ends but Elford shot well, and while Jim Jones of the Clevelands fell furthest away from his usual form, Hendershot, L. O. Jones and Cross were almost as bad, and it was to the unsteady shooting—in which some bad luck was mixed—of this usually reliable quartet that the East Ends owe their victory and the Clevelands their defeat. The conditions of the match were as follows: Teams of 15, 21 blue rocks, 18yds., 3 traps, highest possible team total 315. An uneven wind, light good. The referee for the team match was C. H. Sayle, and the judges J. Jenks for the Clevelands and J. Ellis for the East Ends.

East End Gun Club.

E H Gault	011111111111101110110—16
I Sherman	001111111110100110111—15
A B Jones	011001110111011111111—16
F G Hogen	100011010111001111111—14
C McCracken	111011001001110011110—13
T B Haycox	111111110101011111110—17
W W Sweetman	111001011100111111001—14
C C Hogen	101011010101111101111—14
C H Kilby	101011001100011010011—12
H J Martin	011111110110101111011—16
C Elford	101100000100001010101 — 8
P North	111111101110100001011—14
H Phare	011111011111001111001—16
D Auld, Jr	111001011111110100111—15—216

Team average—14 2-5.

Cleveland Gun Club.

M F Silsby	010011010011101101101—12
L O Jones	000011110100001110111—12
W A Bassett	101101111111001101100—14
A C Coggswell	191111110000101111110—14
J C Hendershot	000101111010001101000—10
E Jones	111000110000100000010— 9
F H Wallace	011011001011111111101—15
W Stoneman	011110011111101110101—15
H L Gross	100111010011001111101—13
R E Sheldon	101111101110111111111—18
C A Calhoon	111111111100100111101—16
D C Powers	011111001111111011111—17
C F Wheal	100111110101110111111—16
J J Wightman	111001110111101111100—15
W Roberts	111001111011111101111—17—213

Team average—14 1-5.

Sweep No. 1, at 6 blue rocks, 18yds. rise, and three traps: Roberts 5, Hendershot 3, Martin 3, Auld 4, Chamberlin 2, North 3, Eidam 4, Haycox 3, Conger 5, Cross 2, J. Jones 2, F. Hogen 5, A. B. Jones 2, Coggswell 5, Elford 3, Sweetman 4, Calhoon 5, Willard 5, Behlan 4, Sheldon 4, Bassett 4, Wheal 4. L. O. Jones 3, McGregor 0, Silsby 3, Powers 4, Wightman 3, C. Hogen 5, Drake 2, Kelly 2, Gault 5, McCracken 1, Neff 4, Phare 6. Phare and Wightman divided first, Frank Hogen won second in the shoot-off, Bassett third and A. B. Jones fourth.

Sweep No. 2, at 6 blue rocks, 18yds. rise, and three traps: Hendershot 5, Calhoon 5, Bassett 2, Sheldon 5, Neff 2, Wightman 5, Powers 5, Willard 3, Auld 3, A. B. Jones 5, Martin 3, Conger 3, Phare 4, F. Hogen 2, North 3, P. Sherman 3, Wheal 5, Roberts 5, Edam 2, Behlan 4, Drake 5, Cross 4, Elford 3, Stevenson 3. After a good deal of shooting the survivors, A. B. Jones and Powers, had a very funny fight for first money and Jones finally won it, Phare, Cross and Behan divided second and Martin won third. After the sweepstakes Calhoon, Sheldon, Wheal and Roberts had a 20-bird race, 16 single and 2 pair of double blue rocks, 18yds. rise and three traps. Calhoon was "stuck."

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Jan. 2.—The Ridgewood Gun Club held a live bird sweep, Jersey City Heights rules to govern. Ties divided. First sweep:

V Hopper	1 1 1 0—3	R Ramsey	0 0 1 0—1
J B Jacobus	1½½ 1 0—2	T Blackledge	1 0 1 1—2
D Hopper	0 0 1 1—2	G Oblenis	1 0 1½—2½
J Henion	0 1 1 0—2	R Van Ripes	1 1½ 1—3½
A J Post	0 0 1 0—1		

Second sweep:

V Hopper	0 1 1½—2½	R Ramsey	½ 1½ 0—2
J B Jacobus	1 1 0 0—2	F Blackledge	1 0½ 0—1½
D Hopper	0 1 0 1—2	G Oblenis	1 1 0 1—3
J Henion	1 1 1½—3½	R Van Riper	1 1½½—3
A J Post	0½ 1 1—2½	A Christopher	0 0 1 1—2

Third sweep:

Hopper	0 1 0—1	Blackledge	1½½—2
Jacobus	0 1 0—1	Oblenis	1 1 1—3
Henion	½ 0½—1	Van Riper	1 1½—2½
Ramsey	0 0 0—0		

DUNELLEN, N. J., Jan. 6.—Although no shoot had been announced, a number of the members of the Middlesex Club gathered on their grounds on Monday last to have some sport. The birds were an excellent lot, and, aided by a strong wind, made it difficult work for even the experts to stop them. The Orange contingent, Messrs. Manitz and Quad, were in great form, making some very pretty kills. Quinlan, as usual, was the life of the party. L. B. Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., paid us a visit and shot in with the boys in several sweepstakes. At one time it looked as if a long-talked-of and much-desired match could be arranged between Mr. Campbell and a member of the Middlesex Club. When it came to drawing up the articles of agreement, however, it fell through, as Mr. Campbell seemed to "want the earth and a shawl strap to carry it in." Mr. Campbell can be accommodated, as he well knows, if he will only be satisfied with half of this earth. The following are the scores, remarkably good ones, I think, under the conditions. Where not otherwise stated, ties divided. Smith, Tee Kay and Quad, 28yds.; the rest 30:

Sweep No. 1.—Four birds, 5 ground traps, Middlesex rules:

Quinlan	1102—3	H White	0121—3
Manitz	1122—4	Quad	1211—4

Sweep No. 2:

Quinlan	0121—3	H White	1222—4
Manitz	1100—2	Quad	0110—2

Sweep No. 3:

Quinlan	2102—3	Quad	0011—2
Manitz	2011—3	L B Campbell	0211—3
White	1120—3		

Ties shot off in next event.

Sweep No. 4:

Quinlan	1121—4	Quad	2120—3
Manitz	0211—3	Campbell	1122—4
White	2201—3		

Quinlan and Campbell divide first; Manitz won second in shoot off, killing 4.

Sweep No. 5:

Quinlan	1121—4	S G Smith	1011—3
Campbell	1112—4	Quad	1111—4
Manitz	1101—3	Forrest	1020—2

Ties shot off in next event.

Sweep No. 6:

Quinlan	1022—3	S G Smith	2122—4
Campbell	0221—3	Quad	1011—3
Manitz	1101—3	Forrest	1120—3

Second shot off in next event.

Sweep No. 8:

Quinlan	1101—3	Quad	1110—3
Campbell	1111—4	Forrest	1120—3
Manitz	1011—3	Squires	0221—3
Smith	1010—2		

Quinlan and Manitz divided second, killing six each.

Sweep No. 8:

Quinlan	2211—4	Campbell	2100—2
Manitz	1111—4	Dickens	0211—3
White	0000—0	Forrest	2111—4
Smith	1111—4		

Ties on first shot off in next event.

Sweep No. 9:

Quinlan	0111—3	Dickens	1110—3
Manitz	0111—3	Forrest	1111—4
Smith	0212—3		

Ties shot off in next, Quinlan winning.

Sweep No. 10:

Quinlan	1212—4	Dickens	2011—3
Manitz	1011—3	Forrest	1223—4
Smith	1010—2		

Sweep No. 11:

Quinlan	0210—2	Forrest	1100—2
Manitz	1100—2	Dickens	100w.
Smith	1101—3	Tee Kay	1212—4

Sweep No. 12:

Manitz	00w.	Dickens	1111—4
Smith	1123—4	Tee Kay	0121—3

Smith first on shoot-off, killing 10.

Miss and out, $10 entrance:

S G Smith	112121120—8	Dickens	211121112—9
		Tee Kay.	

BOSTON, Jan. 4.—A number of shooters were present on the Boston Gun Club grounds, at Wellington, to-day, to shoot off the third match in the series for the ten prizes offered by the club. The Wellington, East Boston, Chelsea, Brighton and Boston gun clubs were well represented. Following are the scores in detail: 1, five clay pigeons, D. Kirkwood first, E. Flanders second, F. Norton third; 2, five Peoria blackbirds, W. Norton first, F. Norton and F. Whitcomb second, Flanders third; 3, five Macomber metal targets, Kirkwood first, F. Norton second, W. Brewer third; 4, five Peorias, A. F. Adams and J. Connel first, E. B. Douglas, Kirkwood, Flanders and Whitcomb second, W. Norton third, Brewer fourth; 5, five clay quail, Hart, Flanders and Kirkwood first, Douglas and Adams second, Whitcomb and F. Norton third, J. H. Wild fourth; 6, five Peorias, Hart first, W. Norton second, Douglas third, Whitcomb fourth; 7, five clay pigeons, C. M. Hoffman and Kirkwood first, Hart and Whitcomb second, F. Norton third, Flanders fourth; 8, five Macombers, Hoffman and Kirkwood first, W. Norton second, Whitcomb and F. Norton third, J. Connel fourth; 9, ten clay pigeons, J. A. Sampson first, Kirkwood second, Hoffman third, Adams and F. Norton fourth; 10, ten Peorias, Whitcomb first, Sampson second, Hart third, Connel and Adams fourth; 11, five Macombers, Hart first, Whitcomb second, Sampson third, Kirkwood fourth. The last three scores constituted the scores for the Boston Gun Club prizes, and were as follows: J. A. Sampson first, F. Whitcomb second, W. Kirkwood third, J. Connel and Hart fourth, E. B. Douglas and F. Norton fifth, A. F. Adams and C. M. Hoffman sixth, W. Norton seventh, E. Flanders eighth, S. Mitland ninth, J. Wild tenth.

MONTREAL, Jan. 2.—The much talked-of championship shoot came off to-day on the Montreal Gun Club grounds and was the most successful in point of numbers and importance perhaps ever held in Lower Canada, although the scores showed nothing to boast about. On the contrary they were very poor. There were 7 teams entered for the championship team cup, and 47 entries for the individual championship medal. The shoot began at 9 o'clock in the morning, and darkness came on just as the ties were completed in the individual match. The weather was clear and cold, but the wind was very high and rendered good shooting almost impossible, particularly early in the day. Then the sun was right in the shooters' eyes for a couple of hours. The conditions in both matches were 15 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, the Montreal Gun Club winning the team championship with a poor score of 37 out of a possible 75, while Mr. C. Wallace, of the same club, won the individual match with a score of 13 birds out of 15. This was the only good string made during the day. The following is the score of the winning team:

Wallace	110001111111111— 12	Emond	000001011110111— 8
Trotter	000011010000101— 5	Allan	010101101010000— 6
McCan	001000011110000— 5		

Lachine Gun Club, first team, came next with a score of 32; St. Lawrence Gun Club, 30; St. Hubert, of Ottawa, 28; Lachine, second team, 23; Cote St. Paul, 21; Richelieu Club, of St. John's 20. In the individual championship, after the ties had been shot off, the winners of the prizes and number of birds were:

O H Wallace	13	W L Cameron	7
P Thomson	11	J Delorme	6
D Robertson	10	L G Trotter	6
W Esmond	9	A Boa	5
E Arpin	9	C Magey	5
J Allan	8	P Levesque	5
E A Champagne	7	Ed White	5
A O Scott	7	E W Stretby	5
P Trudeau	7	A E Penniston	4

H. G. Verity, A. Bonneville, H. McCaw, A. Throop, Geo. White, H. Cartier and W. Parisien also competed. The Montreal club have been challenged already to shoot for the championship cup in four weeks.

Individual championship of Canada, at 10 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

H Lajeunesse	9	J Galbraith	6
G W Lesage	9	J Paquette	6
R Monteith	7	J Twinny	6
R Lucas	7	J B Bedard	5
C Aubin	7	P Masse	5
L Vermette	7	F Dowd	5
J Cook	7	Wm Shields	5
J G Hadley	6	H Brault	5

J. Leroux hit 4 and E. B. Wescott 3.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The attendance of shooters at the closing of the M. R. A. silverware matches was limited to a few who had an interest as prize winners. The gunners, encased in waterproofs, managed to shoot the necessary scores to complete the series of matches and the prizes were awarded. There will be no more shotgun matches at the range until toward the last of January. O. R. Dickey won the macomber gold badges, and immediately upon receiving it presented it to the M. R. A. to be placed among the trophies of the association with the express condition that it was never to be offered for competition again. Following are

named the winners in the several classes of the silverware match and sweepstake events:

Merchandise Match.

Smith	011101111	11	11	10	11	11—18A
Snow	0100111111	11	10	11	01	11—15B
Nichols	1101 11110	10	10	10	11	10—13C
Swift	0111011010	00	11	00	11	01—10D
Crown (visitor)	1110001100	11	10	10	10	11—12G

Macomber Badge Match, 10 singles, 5 pairs—Smith 13, Nichols 11, Snow 8. Prize Winners' Merchandise Match—Smith, first in Class A; Swift, first in Class B; Snow, first in Class C; Warren, first in Class D; Nichols, first in Class E. Visitors Match—Wilson, first in Class G; Crown, first in Class H. Sweepstake Event—five clay pigeons—Swift first, Nichols second, Snow and Curtis third; ten macomber birds—Curtis first, Nichols second, Smith third; five pairs macomber birds—Smith first, Nichols second; ten clay pigeons—Smith first, Snow and Nichols second, Folsom third; five pairs bats—Smith first, Curtis and Snow second, Crown third; six blackbirds—Smith first, Swift second, Snow third; six clay-pigeons—Smith and Snow first, Nichols second, Bridge third; ten clay-pigeons, straightaway, 50yds. rise, for a special prize, a valuable sterling silver sugar shell:

Snow	0111110110—7	Swift	0110011101—6
Nichols	1111010110—6		

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26.—John Shauer of Memphis, happened in the city to-day and tried to keep his Christmas by bowling over both Joe Fischer, president of the Excelsior Gun Club, and Theodore Rick, the genial bear hunter of St. Louis, at pigeons. He backed himself to beat the aggregate score of his opponents, ground traps, 30 birds each, 26yds. rise, half wild and half tame birds. The shoot took place at Compton Avenue Park, the stakes being silk hats all round, carriage hire and x's, besides the price of the birds. Memphis had to pay as Mr. Shauer lost by 2 birds. The pigeons were supplied by Fred Trescher and were strong flyers. In the subjoined score the figure 2 denotes that both barrels were fired at the bird:

Shauer	1120211201110121110—16
Rick	1212100001000000001— 8
Fischer	2121202010000000100—10—18

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The Manhattan Gun Club that meets at John Maisenholder's (555 East Sixth street) has elected the following officers: President, Fred J. Berrman; Vice-President, Joseph Hoffman, Jr.; Treasurer, John W. Bayer; Secretary, Albert C. Lorey.

Canoeing.

CRUISING CANOES AT THE MEETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading "Asticou's" letter in a late issue I was very much struck with the inference he has drawn after reading the letters which I have written on cruising canoes at the meets. He quietly puts away with the idea that because I asked that a craft larger than the Pecowsic be encouraged, I want to encourage a 30in. craft or a scow of some kind or other. The largest sizes that I have mentioned is a canoe 30 or 31in. beam, and if he places a 30in. canoe down as a big, heavy, unwieldy craft that cannot be portaged, he simply shows that his knowledge of that craft is very deficient, and again so when he talks about a large canoe not being more seaworthy than a small one. On the same theory I suppose he would argue that a ten ton yacht was not more seaworthy than a five-tonner of similar lines, or that a 30in. canoe was not more seaworthy than a 15 or 20in. one of similar lines.

As "Asticou" started out with the assumption that I was asking for a big, heavy canoe, and as all his arguments hinge on that one point, there is nothing further in his letter to reply to, unless it be the pity he expresses for the judges who would have to award the prizes for the best kit, etc. Why that would be an easy position to fill; just let the commodore appoint some of these gentlemen who have served as judges at a baby show or something of that kind, and if they are given the usual 15m. start after the prizes have been awarded I have no doubt but that the position could be ably filled.

Agreeable to your request, Mr. Editor, I take exception to one or two points which you brought forward on Dec. 29.

You state that there are two opposing interests in canoeing, namely, cruising and racing, and I take the ground that these two should not be opposing interests if we encourage the right class of a canoe, which I take to be a light, moderate-sized craft, say 30 or 31in. beam and 11 or 12in. deep. When you put a craft of that class against one 28 or 29in. beam and 9in. deep, you must expect them to be opposed to each other, as one is for racing only and the other is the general purpose craft that I call a cruiser, which can be used for almost everything except getting a place in our races.

I agree with you in saying that racing must be retained and encouraged—but in the right direction—as the tendency the last two years has been entirely in the direction of over development of one point, namely, speed, to the exclusion of all others. Now, I consider that racing and racing, and I take the ground that these two should not be opposing interests if we encourage the right class of a canoe, which I take to be a light, moderate-sized craft, say 30 or 31in. beam and 11 or 12in. deep. When you put a craft of that class against one 28 or 29in. beam and 9in. deep, you must expect them to be opposed to each other, as one is for racing only and the other is the general purpose craft that I call a cruiser, which can be used for almost everything except getting a place in our races.

You say "there is no reason for insisting that a man shall be able to stow his racing sail." Well, who said there was? You see, any one reading your article would infer that I had been advocating such a thing. Though I have not before stated it, I do consider that all sails should be made to hoist and lower, not stow, remember, as in all the cruises that I have taken part in or seen I do not remember seeing any one stow their sails in their canoes, but they do lower them when they want to paddle. In conclusion, I agree with you when you say that the requirements of a canoe should be "that the hull be large enough to carry an ordinary cruising load, and of a safe (or steady) and seaworthy model." The only difference appears to be that you think we have and are now encouraging this style of craft, and I think we are not, as in our races with the 75ft. limit included, this class of canoe is at a disadvantage, as a small, low, lean hull can be, and is, driven much faster with a limited sail, as the records prove.

With reference to "Cruiser's" last epistle, he appears to think that there were a dozen or so canoes of the cruising type at the meet that could beat or push very hard Pecowsic. Now, while he is entitled to his opinion on that point, I think he would have considerable difficulty in getting others to believe as he does. Take the '86 meet for example; take the Vesper, a well-modeled light craft, that would make a suitable cruiser. Her bottom was rubbed down until it was as smooth as glass; her sails were well made, and she was manned by a skipper whom I would place second to none as a sailor, and yet, with all these things in her favor, where was there a craft that you could cruise in comfortably? Beaten every time except once. Her owner then built the Notus, and I would just here like to ask "Cruiser" if the Notus is as stable a craft as the Vesper? My own opinion, formed by examining the lines, is that she is not. However, he evidently did not whittle down her proportions or get deadrise enough, as the same fate met her again. Vesper was a good cruiser, and she was beaten and discarded for a less staunch craft, that was again beaten by one less so than herself, and yet in the face of that it is said that the A. C. A. are advancing the cruising canoe.

"Cruiser" says: "Now, if Pecowsic, Lacowsic, and the rest are ruled out, what is to prevent their owners going into slightly larger craft, fitting them up as thoroughly as the old boats, and again coming out on top?" Why, that is just what we want them to do, and what I have been aiming to get the Association to do, as then we would have our races won by a class of canoe that every one would like to use and to see encouraged, instead of as it now is by a class of canoe that unless a person was going to race he would never think of getting. "Cruiser" learns that Mr. Barney is building a roomier craft for next season, and I am much pleased to learn of it. I could not have anything better in support of my contention than the fact that Mr. Barney himself is discarding the Pecowsic for a roomier class of craft, such as I have been advocating. If such is the case I hope he will be even more successful with her than in previous years, and the thanks not only of the racing men, but of the cruisers also, will be due him as the originator of the fastest canoe in existence and for applying the same ideas to a canoe that will come into general use as an all-round boat.

"Cruiser" contends that I have made no case against the present tendency of racing, and that I have suggested no remedies. He surely cannot have read my articles, in which I mentioned a race which I would substitute for the 75ft. limit. He has never read that among the evils I mentioned were that our sailing races are won by a canoe too narrow, too shallow and too cranky to come into general use for anything but mere racing. He has not read that I suggested the remedy of making a rule that a Class B canoe must be 11 or 12in. deep, and must be a certain beam, 30 or 31in., instead of the rule as it now is. He has not read that I suggested giving prizes to encourage cruising kits, tents, sails, etc., or that I proposed having one or two cruises at each meet. Oh, no! He has not read these things, but simply puts me down as a "kicker." The following adage would apply to his case: "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

By the way, there are many who consider that "Cruiser" has no more right to the non de plume behind which he hides his identity than a mud scow has to be called a yacht. Many think from the tone of his letters that he is one of the foremost racers in the A. C. A., for with one exception he has doubted or thrown cold water on everything that has been suggested as beneficial to the cruising man.

If "Cruiser" is not ashamed of hiding behind the fence it would be well that he tack his name to the next article with which he favors us, so that no one can say that he is a pure and simple racer.

With the class of canoe such as I advocate we could still have all the fun and excitement of our sailing races as we have at present. We would still excite as much interest among yachting and boating men and canoeists and their friends as we do now, and we would still attract to the A. C. A. meet just as many racers and I think many more good racers than we do now. We would do all this and more. We would be encouraging a class of canoe that would be good for something besides simply match sailing; and we would be building up a fleet of canoes such as any true canoeist could point to with pride and say, "This is the style of craft we use in our manly sport!" Why if you were to take a fellow, and, pointing at a Pecowsic model, say, "That is the kind of craft we have to use to win races," I am afraid we would not have half a dozen new canoeists joining our clubs in a year.

W. G. MACKENDRICK.

TORONTO, Jan. 7, 1888.

[The whole history of yacht racing, which extends back far longer than canoeing, shows the same contest we have mentioned between cruisers and racers; the attempt to place cruising boats on an equality with craft on which more skill, labor and money has been expended to make them win prizes. We need only mention the late C class in British yachting, and the discussion as to what shall take its place since it has proved a failure. The history of canoeing shows the same contention, and it must always continue to exist. At the same time, it need work no harm if suitable rules are prescribed to prevent purely racing machines. The whole point of Mr. MacKendrick's argument rests on whether Pecowsic is really a racing machine, and, in the face of some evidence to the contrary, this fact he has not yet proved. His arguments against Pecowsic would almost apply as well to all Class A; but while so many of these boats are successfully used he cannot condemn them summarily. Mr. Vaux went from the 31in. Sunbeam to the 28in. Bessie and Bo-Peep and has never regretted it, and the Rat, Sea Urchin, Peggy, Nirvana and dozens more testify to the abilities of the class. Pecowsic may be small for Class B, but she is certainly as powerful as a 15×28 canoe, with her dimensions, 15ft. 10½in.×29in. There are too many Class A boats in the cruising as well as racing for the type to be discouraged or suppressed, and if our correspondent objects to them on the ground that they are too small, he must remember that their owners have the same right to criticise his choice of a larger boat. Our comments on small sails and the stowage of racing sails were suggested by other communications that have appeared in connection with the discussion, as both demands have been made frequently by cruisers since the A. C. A. was formed. Mr. MacKendrick condemns all sails that cannot be lowered by a halliard, and would rule them out, but what reason has he for so doing? Mr. Barney claims that he can carry his outfit of five small sails within his canoe, shifting them at will so as to set some thirty or forty feet in two sails for a snug cruising rig, or 100ft. in three sails for racing. If this can be done, is not Pecowsic, so far as rig is concerned, the best-fitted all-around canoe yet devised? No special sails with long spars to be left ashore when not racing, but small, light and compact sails, shifted in a minute from a storm rig to full racing canvas. When it is proved that this claim is not well founded, and that the sails used are dangerous in any way, it will be time to devise a rule to prohibit them, but not until then. While commending on the letter from "Asticou," Mr. MacKendrick seems to have overlooked the moral, a very good one, which it contained, that tastes differ in canoeing as in all other matters, and that while his 15x31 canoe may be just right for him, it does not follow that a 15x28, or on the other hand 16x36 boat, is not as good for certain legitmate uses. We might take up some points raised against "Cruiser," but as he seems well able to swing his own paddle we leave them to him to answer].

Editor Forest and Stream:

I sometimes enjoy eating a good dinner, but I would not enjoy an eating match for the sake of a prize. I enjoy a canoe cruise, but I do not think that I would enjoy a cruising match; nor would I enjoy having to get up at an hour that did not suit me; to cook a breakfast when a cup of coffee and a piece of bread is all I want; to paddle a certain number of miles when I felt disinclined. In fact I do not think that I would care to enter a cruise for a prize or trophy. Generally a cruise should be its own trophy, and it is hard to imagine how the mere addition of a flag, for I do not suppose that any other prize is intended, could add any interest or enjoyment to a cruise. My canoe suits me exactly; perhaps it would not suit any one else; and so with my kit, sails and other matters relating to a canoe or a cruise.

While a canoe cruise for prizes would not suit me, it might suit others, and there does not appear any objection to it so long as you do not compel me either directly or indirectly to join in the excitement. Tastes differ and so long as I can do what pleases me best, I have no objection to others doing the same.

Owing to the controversy as to an Association cruise, and large canoes, I have carefully examined the constitution and laws of the Association, but I have been unable to find any provision which could be so constructed as to prevent any member of the Association or any number of members from cruising all they wish while at the meet. Nor do I find any provision which prohibits large canoes from carrying the burgee of the A. C. A. even although they are outside of the limits of any of the racing classes. I think that it should be clearly understood that there is no rule against large canoes, but on the other hand every encouragement has been offered by the Association to bring such canoes to the meet, but thus far the number present has been so small that it has been impossible to obtain sufficient entries to have a satisfactory races. It therefore seems unnecessary to create a separate class for these canoes until they appear in sufficient numbers to justify the act.

After having attended several meets I can certainly say that I have never been compelled to enter a race, nor have these races in any way interfered with me or my pleasure. I do not consider it the duty of the commodore to arrange and plan a cruise for me; when I want to cruise I can do so without his aid. The meets, as now managed, permit every one to do as he pleases; with a cruise it would not be so, and I would have to do what others wished and not what I wished. This would not suit me. But it might suit others, and perhaps it would not be a bad plan to start a kindergarten, with a committee of instructors to plan and arrange a cruise for those who are not able to plan and manage a cruise for themselves.

Looking at it in this light, I can appreciate the missionary efforts which have been made, and can join in the work with heart and hand so long as I am not called on to give anything more than advice without instruction.

LORNA.

QUAKER CITY C. C.—At the semi-annual meeting of the Quaker City C. C. on Dec. 30 the following officers were elected: Com., J. A. Barton, canoe Malta; Vice-Com., Arthur Letchworth, canoe Lorelei; Sec.-Treas., Sam C. Fox, canoe Mephistopheles; Executive Committee, A. A. Jackson, canoe Vixen, and E. H. Barten, canoe Caprice. The secretary in his report stated that the club was entirely out of debt and in a good financial condition, with good prospects for the coming season. The cruising record for the past season is very fair, and it is expected that it will be much better next season. A new constitution and by-laws, with a new set of house rules, were adopted at this meeting. A resolution was also adopted to join the new division of the American Canoe Association as a body, providing the arrangements made are satisfactory to the club.—SAM C. FOX, Sec.

Yachting.

BUILDING NOTES.—At Marblehead Mr. Eddy is busy with the schooner for Mr. Wyeth, and a new cutter, about 36ft. l.w.l. for Mr. Everett Paine, owner of Vera. Both yachts are from Mr. Burgess's designs. The schooner will have an iron keel of 30 tons.

THE DEED OF GIFT.

IN last Sunday's *Herald* an interview appeared in these columns from Mr. Edward Burgess, giving his ideas of the new deed of gift. The FOREST AND STREAM, in its issue of last week, criticises the well known architect for his comments, to which the naval architect has taken exceptions. Mr. Burgess was called upon at his office yesterday by the writer, and in the following interview he answers the statements made by the FOREST AND STREAM:

"Have you read the comments of the FOREST AND STREAM on your remarks published in last Sunday's *Herald*, Mr. Burgess?"

"Well, I glanced over them hastily," said Mr. Burgess.

"I wish you would write a reply," urged the reporter. "No, thank you; I have no time for that; besides, the New York Y. C. hasn't appointed me a committee to explain its position, and, as I said last week, in my opinion, its position does not need explanation and certainly not defence."

"Well, read this, Mr. Burgess:"

"The demand for a reasonable amount of time in which to build to meet a new boat is fair enough, though ten months seems a long period, but the other side of the question, that it leaves the designer of the challenger but a few weeks after the conclusion of one race in which to design a new boat prior to challenging, is entirely ignored in Mr. Burgess' ingenious answer. The answer to the most important question, concerning the required dimensions, has nothing at all to do with the case. Of course the old tonnage measurement is out of date and useless, and it is desirable that terms may be arranged before a yacht is completed; but it would be much more to the point to hear how Mr. Burgess would like to be tied down absolutely to a fixed length, extreme beam, waterline beam and draft, with the penalty of disqualification hanging over him if he understated them in advance or overran them when in racing trim. Still further, would he consider the terms even which compelled him to give long in advance these leading details to his adversary, but to wait in the dark until the race came off to know what the latter would bring to beat him?"

"Well," laughed Mr. Burgess, after he had read the paragraph. "If the Cup was now abroad I would a thousand times rather design a boat to challenge for it under the new deed than the old. Surely the challenger has at least six or eight weeks to decide upon the leading dimensions, which should be enough in all conscience. As to being tied down absolutely to a fixed length, beam and draft, why it is practically what I have to submit to with every racing boat, I am building half a dozen boats to-day that will be disqualified if they exceed their class limit in length. They are simply designed three or four inches shorter, to allow for any reasonable change of trim, and, of course, the waterline, beam and draft will vary with, but far less than, the length.

"The new deed says the challenger shall not exceed his stated dimensions. The defender, too, will be in just the same position, in case he decides to build for the extreme limit named in the deed. As for giving my adversary 'leading details,' of course I might like to build in secret a boat twice as large and powerful as any he possessed, and then sail off in triumph with the Cup, but I think he would probably regard this as unfair. I suppose the committee asked for beam and draft in order to identify the challenger; certainly these dimensions alone tell very little.

"Why, look at the Volunteer and the Mayflower. The *Field* says we went to work to outbuild the Thistle after learning her dimensions. Yet, as far as the Volunteer's 'leading dimensions' go, they are practically identical with the Mayflower's, the beam being actually less."

"Yes," said the *Herald* reporter, "that is true. What do you say to this?" (Reading from the FOREST AND STREAM):

"The deed is unfair in that it demands certain information from the challenger while giving none in return or no security that he will not be outbuilt; and it also reserves to the holders the right to substitute a length rule for the rule of the club, if they so desire.

"The deed is absurd, impracticable and inconsistent, in that it imposes on the challenger conditions as to building which no designer can guarantee to comply with; it confines the races to sizes of yachts never yet built, and not likely to be under any ordinary demands of yacht racing; and it nullifies the accepted racing rule of the club, by length and sail area, replacing it by a totally different rule.

"The deed is obstructive and detrimental to American yachting in that it shuts out every existing yacht from competition; it confines international yacht racing to a new and special class of yachts and a few very wealthy men, and does nothing to encourage the healthy and systematic development of designing, building and racing American yachts; and, further, it has already brought discredit upon American yachtsmen, and will operate to prevent the competition which for three years has wrought such good results to both sides."

"I can only say," replied Mr. Burgess, "that this is an example of the one-sided statements made by the critics of the new deed. Surely the old Cup deed 'demanded certain information from the challenger, while giving none in return.' The new deed makes it clear what information shall be given, while the old deed only implied it. It also reserves to the holder the right to substitute a length rule for a rule of the club, if they so desire. Why it is really incredible that any one can say such a thing. The right to demand a race without time allowance is clearly a concession to the challenger, not the challenged. Of course, no club holding the Cup could possibly refuse to race under its own measurement. This provision is clearly intended to prevent holders of the Cup from adopting any measurement which would unfairly handicap their adversary. Don't you remember how the cutter men used always make the cubic contents rule was adopted to unfairly tax the cutter type? Now, anything of this sort is rendered impossible.

"As to confining the races to sizes never yet built, the old deed would allow the building of boats far larger than 90 and 115ft. If the challenger should name a 70ft. boat we should meet her with the fastest boat in the country, regardless of size, whether under old or new deed, giving her whatever time allowance might be in use. It would be absurd to adopt any other course. The Cup is to be held by the country owning the fastest yachts, not the one by chance owning some little racing machine.

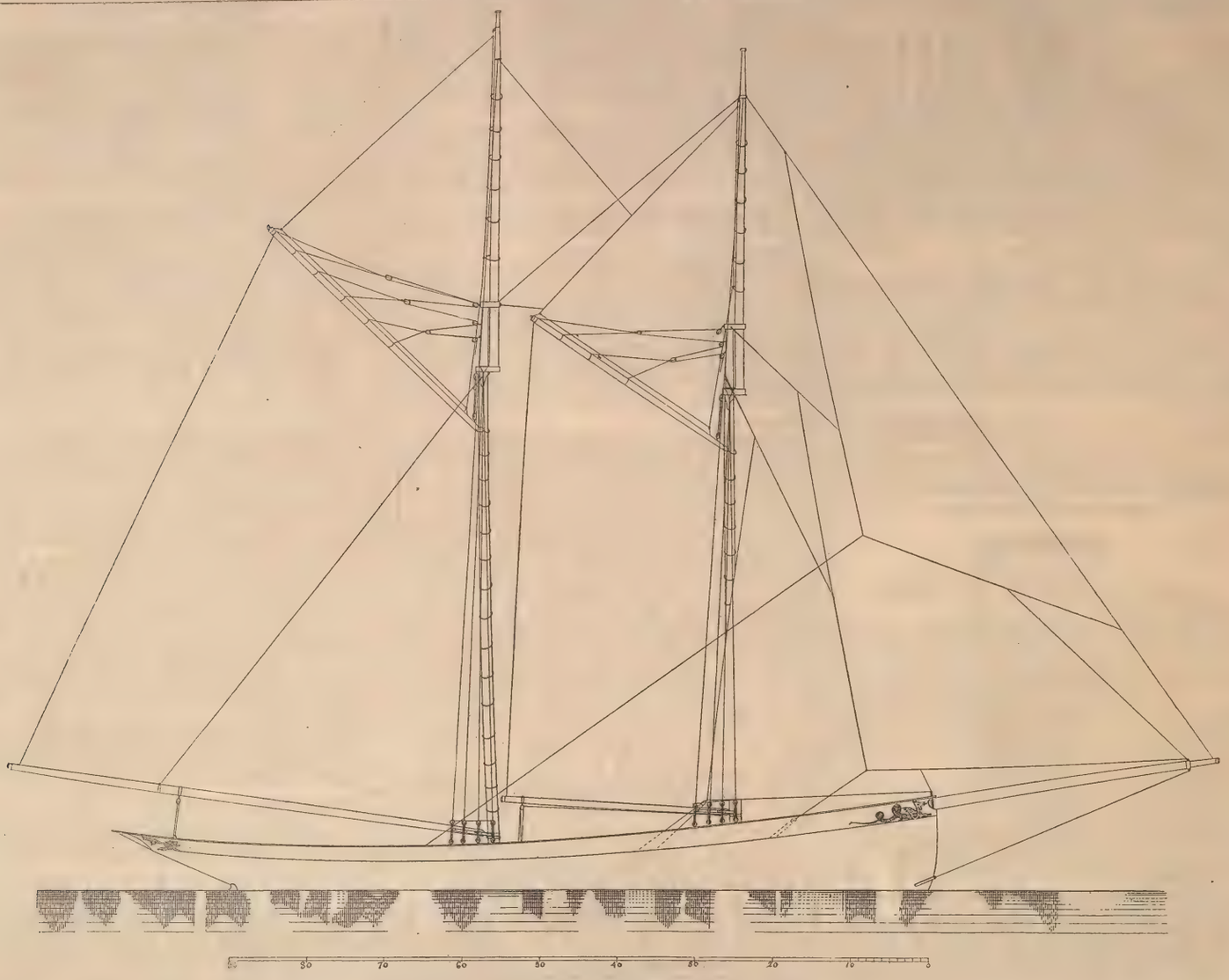
"From the nature of things existing yachts are likely to be shut out from these cup races. Both challenger and challenged will always make a special effort to produce a faster boat than any built up to the time of the challenge. It is quite true that this species of racing must be confined to wealthy men or syndicates, but this is a misfortune, not a fault. If any one wants an international race for a special class, it is easy enough to offer a prize which will bring it about, without putting up the America Cup, which was clearly intended by its donors to be sailed for by the fastest yachts in the world."

"One more question, Mr. Burgess, what do you thing about the ten months' limit?"

"Why, as I said last week, it practically gives the challenger more time than he had by the old deed, while it gives the challenged only reasonable time for preparation. The *Spirit of the Times* ridiculed the idea of the necessity of a year or two months for preparation, but just look at the facts. Can any one think that six months last year gave us time to build the Volunteer and bring her to the line in best racing form? She was designed in haste, built in haste, and is at this moment far from what she ought to be, or would have been, if Gen. Paine could have begun his season last summer on the first of June, instead of August. Indeed, it would have been utterly impossible to have brought the Volunteer up to the line at all, had it not been for the inestimable advantage that our experience with the Mayflower had given us. It might have been impossible to build her at all at that late time in the spring. Many builders were too busy to undertake her, and the necessary haste with which she was built increased her cost and her imperfections at the same time."

Lest any mistake might occur, a copy of the above interview was shown Mr. Burgess, who, after reading it, pronounced it correct.—*Boston Herald, Jan. 8.*

Mr. Burgess's statement as to dimensions is by no means exact, as no designer thus far has been tied down to the extent that the deed of gift compels. It is stated not only that certain dimensions shall not be exceeded, but that they shall not be departed from in any way; in short, the "reasonable change of trim" which Mr. Burgess alludes to, is denied the challenging yachts. To build within a certain length is one thing, but the challenger must do far more. We have not the accurate dimensions of Mr. Burgess's boats, but we venture to say that, under such restrictions as the deed of gift lays down, nearly all of them would be disqualified. Certain dimensions have been decided on in each case in the design, and these dimensions have in nearly every case been departed from when the boat was finally in racing trim. Puritan is over her length as first given, and we believe draws 4in. or more than her designed draft. Mayflower was deepened by a lead shoe added in her first season, but after some trial; while Volunteer is apparently floating above her designed l.w.l. Titania not only is over her designed length, 69ft. 9in., but she exceeds her designed draft considerably, and it is a fact that her right to sail in the 70ft. class, for which she was designed, depends on a very small fraction of an inch. Every yacht requires certain changes of weight or trim after trial before she is at her best, and on these changes the length, beam and draft depend. A designer must



CRUISING SCHOONER "ALERT."—SAIL PLAN.

make certain that his yacht will not exceed the length allowed, and must provide a margin in his design, but it is absolutely impossible for the designer of a large yacht to say in advance the exact draft at which she will perform best. Mr. Burgess has never yet been called on to comply with such a condition, but any one designing a challenger must give her exact, not her approximate, draft. As long as the measurement rule is complied with, and certain restrictions as to changes of ballast on race days, it has been the universal custom to allow all changes in trim that an owner might deem necessary after experiment, and all of Mr. Burgess's boats have been improved by the careful tooling they have had; but this privilege is denied the challenger, whose exact dimensions must be filed before his yacht is begun.

The whole question of dimensions is a perfectly plain one; a club has a certain unit of size for racing, under which its yachts compete; in the present case a unit, termed corrected feet, depending on sail area and waterline length. A challenger for a race under the club rules should give with the challenge her measurement by the club's rule, and nothing else, being held strictly to the penalty if she exceeds that measurement. What the New York Y. C. has a right to demand from a challenger is the measurement by the club rule, and it has not the least concern with the beam or the draft. As a matter of convenience that is equally fair to all, the extreme limit of loadline might accompany the challenge, but the fact is self-evident that when a club has once committed itself to a certain measurement as the best for racing, all it can ask of a challenger is the size by the club's standard, leaving the details of beam and draft to the designer alone. The excuse that dimensions are required in order to identify the challenger is absurd; does any one suppose that there will be half a dozen 90ft. cutters of the same name built by one challenger, all varying in beam and draft? With the sailing measurement given there would be no possiblity of building in secret a boat of unfair dimensions. The intention of the clause is evidently to learn all that is possible concerning the challenger in good season. We will warrant that with these four dimensions and the name of the designer in his possession Mr. Burgess would be able to sketch out within very narrow limits the design of the challenging yacht.

We went into the question of a length rule and its inevitable tendencies in the first criticism of the deed of gift, and it is not necessary to recapitulate here. If we read the wording correctly, it is always possible for the holders, be they the New York Y. C. or a British club, to disagree on some point, in which case the challenger is thrown back on a race without allowance. Even if his boat be as long as his rival's, the latter has the option of placing a length class boat against her. Pappoose gives evidence enough of what is possible in a length class boat with no limit of sail, and it is doubtful whether a boat built under a length and sail area rule could beat her if racing on waterline length alone. The effect of the deed of gift is to make the possession of a 90ft. racing machine with unlimited sail a very desirable thing for a defender; then it would always be possible to force a disagreement, and the honest yacht that crossed the Atlantic must meet the racing machine without allowance. We do not say that the New York Y. C. would do such a thing, but they clearly have reserved the power to do it if they wish.

In speaking of the limits of size Mr. Burgess overlooks a very important distinction; the old deed *allows* yachts of any size to be built, but the new one *compels* one size for each rig. The old deed left the competition to regulate itself by the growth of yachting and the natural development of various sizes; the framers of the new deed, in their far-seeing wisdom, take upon themselves to lay down fixed limits. What right have they to say on the one hand that the challenger must be 90ft. long, or on the other, that she shall not be still larger. They have for the present passed over the sizes which a long course of evolution has shown to be best fitted for the general conditions of American yachting, and at the same time they have set a maximum limit which no future development shall exceed. It is absolutely certain that a 90ft. class cannot be maintained here for many a year, but who is wise enough to say that with increased wealth and engineering skill the size may not in the future even be exceeded. All this is, however, finally provided for, the committee decide that 90ft. is the proper thing for all time, so 90ft. it must be. The reason for the selection of this size is plain to all; the holders of the Cup have learned that they are strongest for the time in a certain size of yacht, consequently all races must be reserved to this size, regardless of the result to national yachting.

The fallacy as to speed is all very well from non-racing men and kettle yachtsmen, but from a racing yachtsmen and a scientist, such as Mr. Burgess, we should look for a correction rather than an indorsement of such popular errors. The very foundation of yacht racing is the acknowledged law that speed varies with the size, that a large vessel is faster than a small one of equally good model, and the whole end of measurement and allowance is to neutralize such inequalities as come from excess of size. This being the case, the term fastest is void of any fixed meaning. If the view taken by the committee, and defended by Mr. Burgess above, is the correct one, then any of the old second class yachts are better than Pappoose; Atlantic is better than Clara; Ambassadress is a triumph and Sachem a failure. In the first trial races Bedouin failed to save her time off Priscilla, consequently the latter was the faster boat. Bedouin stood at the head of her class, a place won by good sailing from the then existing fleet, and could claim the title of champion, but a victory by Genesta over Priscilla would have counted for little. Clara and Cinderella are at the head of the 55ft. class as the fastest of all existing boats of that size; but they rank nowhere in the eyes of the Cup committee beside a possible failure of 90ft. length. Speed is only relative; the fact that a yacht has beaten all her class in a season's racing makes her the fastest boat, and a worthy competitor for any challenger in the class. The assertion that a challenger of 70ft. would be met by a defender of 90ft. under the present allowance savors little of the fair play Mr. Burgess spoke of last week, for every one knows that the best of the second class cannot save their time off Volunteer. What show would Bedouin or Titania have with Volunteer in a season's racing with time allowance? Mr. Burgess speaks of the intention of the real donors of the Cup, that it should be sailed for by the fastest yachts in the world, but he omits to state that they specified the limits, from 30 to 300 tons, within which the competition should be confined, which limits have been utterly disregarded by the last interpreters of the very plain language of the original and only deed of gift.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Boston papers Mr. Burgess and a few interested persons continue to "defend" the illegal action of the New York Y. C. by glittering generalities, taking good care not to meet the specific charges brought against the absurd conditions attached to the America Cup. Mr. Forbes indulges himself in the vain belief "that foreign yachtsmen see no way of wiping out that two miles and a half of lead which Volunteer had over Thistle." This is contrary to fact. Mr. Sweet did send notice of challenge after the races were over, but was obliged to withdraw when the New York Y. C., harping upon a technical informality, threw Mr. Sweet out with a view to forcing him in again under new and adverse conditions passed after notice was in the hands of the club.

Several other gentlemen abroad had challenges in view, indeed were anxious to get ahead of one another, but withdrew upon promulgation of the new restrictions. Only two foreign clubs have deigned to answer the circular sent out by the New York Y. C. and both condemned the unsportsmanlike "deed" in plain measure. All the other clubs have tossed the circular into the waste basket and quietly sent the Cup into Coventry.

It takes two to make a bargain. It is easy to set up challenge cups galore, but of what avail, if those to whom the challenges are addressed refuse to recognize their international character?

All the talk will not abolish the main fact, that the New York Y. C. has to all intents and purposes confiscated the America Cup and that foreign authorities and clubs have unanimously disowned the trophy.

The new conditions are contrary to the spirit of the original deed, for in place of "encouraging" international trials they stop all further proceedings.

To a small circle of persons anxious to intrench themselves safely behind victories already achieved and desirous of avoiding the risks of further competition, the illegal action of the New York Y. C. is no doubt welcome enough. But the American public declines to father their narrow and unsportsmanlike conduct.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE CRUISING SCHOONER ALERT.

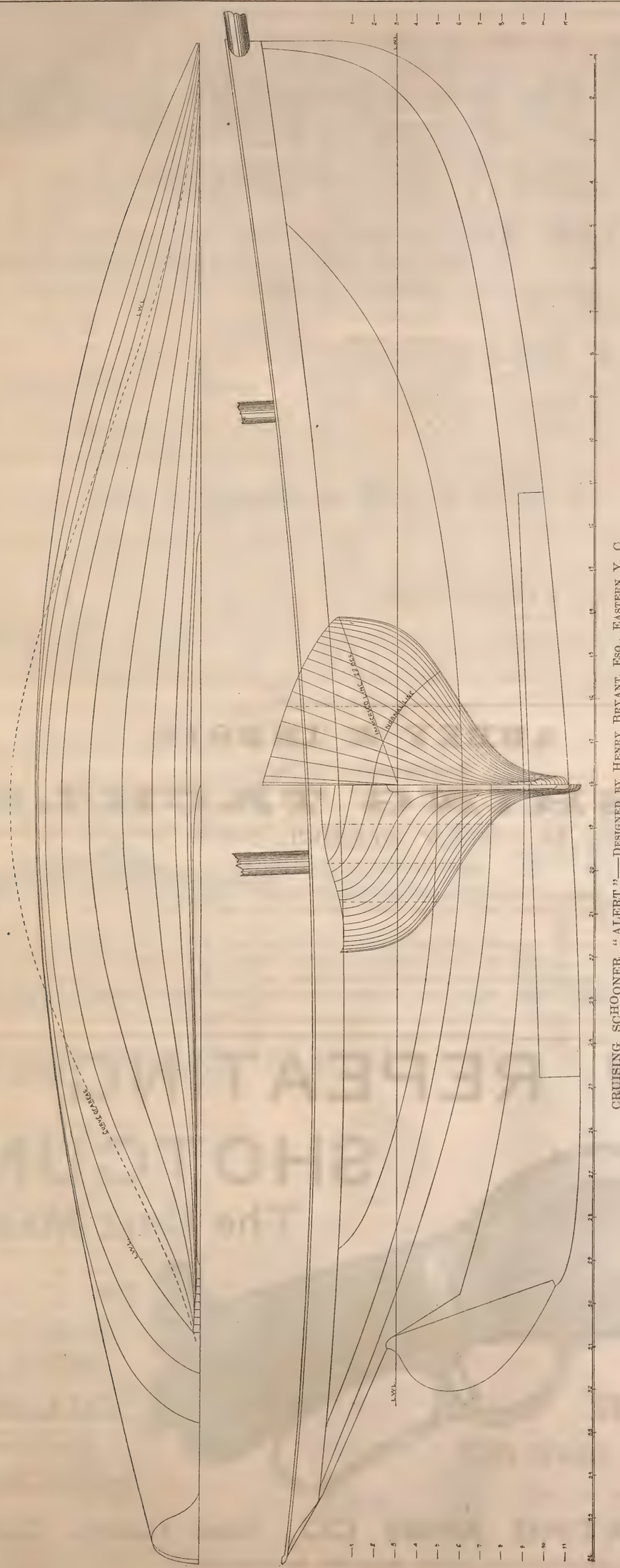
IT IS always a pleasure to chronicle the addition of a new boat to the cruising fleet, a boat designed and built for cruising and hard off-shore work at all seasons; and especially so in the present case as the design is the work of an amateur and Corinthian. The Messrs. Bryant have been prominent in Eastern yachting for many years, and have been identified with some of the most famous boats. The Shadow has won most of her races under the ownership of Dr. John Bryant, one of the Corinthians whom Gen. Paine has relied on as a part of his crew in Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer; and Mr. Henry Bryant is known as the designer and owner of Thetis, the first of the large compromises. His experiments with her, though less successful than the later efforts of Mr. Burgess, undoubtedly paved the way for the construction of Puritan, in which both the brothers were owners in connection with Gen. Paine, Com. Forbes and others. The accompanying drawings show the new schooner which Mr. Henry Byrant has designed and is now having built by Smith, of South Boston, who also built Thetis. The Alert, as she will be named, the original name of Speedwell having been abandoned, is intended solely for cruising, but she is of the same type as the late Boston racers, with the very substantial steadier of 38 tons, nearly 70 per cent. of the total ballast, in the keel, in a single piece. This is one of the largest lumps ever cast in this country. The hull will be of wood. The leading dimensions are:

Length over all	107ft.
Length on l.w.l.	89ft.
Beam, extreme	23ft. 3in.
Beam, l.w.l.	21ft. 10in.
Draft	13ft.
Least freeboard	3ft. 11in.
Overhang forward	1ft.
Length of fore body	51ft.
Length of after body	39ft.
Area of midship section	107sq. ft.
C.B. from stem	49.38ft.
C.B. below l.w.l.	2.98ft.
C.B.R. aft of stem	51
Ballast, short tons	56
Ballast in keel, 42ft. long, short tons	38
Bowsprit, outboard	36ft.
Main mast, deck to hounds	63ft.
Main boom	63ft.
Main gaff	37ft.
Maintopmast	31ft.
Foremast, deck to hounds	58ft.
Foretopmast	28ft.
Mastheads	9ft.
Foremast from stem	24ft. 11in.
Mainmast from stem	56ft. 3½in.
	Area Sq. Ft.
Mainsail	2,844
Foresail	1,402
Staysail	658
Jib	1,000
Jibtopsail	755
Foretopsail	471
Maintopsail	611
Lower sails, total	5,907

We shall give the interior plans next week.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—On Saturday night Capt. Howard Patterson, of the School of Navigation, delivered a very interesting lecture on navigation before the S. C. Y. C. After describing the compass, log, etc., Captain Patterson outlined a yacht cruise on Long Island Sound, afterward taking his hearers for a short cruise on deep water, explaining the ship's log book, and some of the principal problems of navigation. The two weekly classes at the club house now number about twenty each. The annual meeting of the club will be held on Saturday next. Among the models lately added are two presented by Mr. John Harvey, Miranda and Jullanar, the former a specially handsome specimen. Montauk's model has also been added lately.

THE PAINE-BURGESS FUND.—The Boston and E. Y. C. subscription to the fund amounted to $12,100, and the New York Y.C. testimonial to Mr. Burgess reached $10,172.25.



CRUISING SCHOONER "ALERT."—DESIGNED BY HENRY BRYANT, ESQ., EASTERN Y. C.

ICEBOATING ON THE HUDSON.

FOR many a year I have been devoted to the regal pastime of iceboating. At all times and in all weathers I have been out on the old North River, and the results I have to tell may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. I shall touch upon the lighter and pleasantor features of this most fascinating sport, its haps and mishaps, and to show outsiders how we enjoy ourselves in winter upon the Hudson. The cost, the equipment and the construction of these swift flying craft, have all been scientifically treated in various papers. The jib and mainsail, catrig, lateen and all sorts of rigs have been tried and tested by all sorts of men in all sorts of ways. No ends of traps and contrivances "to go close to windward;" single and double runner planks, all have had their admirers.

Briefly stated, no expense has been spared in their build and equipment, workmanship and sails of the very best material, as strong as wood and iron can be put together, going as fast as we go, we must be well assured of our rig in every shape and way; the principal parts are bowsprit and center timber, crossed by a runner plank, with runners, shod with cast iron, and a skate runner to steer by, with a cockpit large enough to hold two men, which is enough for any boat to carry. The boats are of all sizes and weights, from a boat put together by a boy, with an old sheet for a sail, 10ft. long and weighing say 25lbs., to a boat with 60 odd feet of length, nearly one thousand feet of canvas, and weighing 2,300lbs.

Big boats are very costly toys, requiring plenty of wind and muscle to move them and 7in. of ice, while a smaller boat, say about 30ft., can be more easily moved and sail on thinner ice. In any event J. E. Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, stands head and shoulders above other ice boat builders, and can build anything you want in the line of his profession.

The Hudson River Ice Yacht Club to-day stands confessedly at the head of the list, with the most members and the finest fleet of ice yachts in the world, and what its highly esteemed commodore does not know about ice boating is not worth knowing. The club station is at Roosevelt's Point, just above Poughkeepsie, and the club course is as fine a one as could possibly be desired. Doubts have been expressed as to whether our favorite craft make the time they do; whether they can go faster than the wind has been questioned by reverend, grave and potent seigniors; can they beat the express trains and is not all the extraordinary time made round the club stove? Oh, no! we old yachtsmen know better; we have beaten the trains many times and hope to do so again; so we do the wind. Our course has been surveyed, and the stop watch will tell you exactly the time. A mile a minute has been frequently made on the river.

No deception here; where the deception comes in is in the extraordinary pictorial representations of our beautiful boats, these look like nothing in the least ever seen on ice, they exist only on paper. Those wonderful cloud and boat pictures emanate from the artist's brain and only serve to amuse the public. Clouds of appalling Egyptian darkness; birds of larger size than the albatross, hovering over our heads as if about to carry us off as the roc did Sinbad the sailor, our yachts cavorting around, careening in the most extraordinary nautical positions, first on one runner, then on the other, like a man on stilts; while perched on the very end is a fair maiden in the very latest of Worth's productions, her lovely tresses floating on the breeze, while she clings convulsively with one hand to a shroud, the other grasped by a slender, romantic youth, dressed like a bandit and reminding you of the susceptible Tupman and Mrs. Leo. Hunter. Oh no, we don't go out sailing in any such an outré rig as that.

When the fair ladies honor us with their presence, which is an event of daily occurrence, we give them a snug and cozy couch on the cushion of our boat, cover them up daintily with shawls and wraps, and enjoy their welcome presence and excitement of the sail. But never do we put any one, much less one of them, out on the end of the runner plank, like a chicken perched up on a roost.

From north and south, from east and west, visitors drop in on us at the "Point," and one and all are delighted with their experience. Now and then "a mortal funk" seizes a man when first he gets aboard, but such cases are very rare. Occasionally we get a rise that provokes a smile.

There came into a certain New York club, heaven knows how or from where, an ingenuous youth, half English and one-fourth American, gorgeously wrapped up in fur and sable, but with such gushing innocence of iceboating as could only be met by prompt and heroic treatment, to whom a sedate member of our ice yacht club, with unmoved countenance, responded:

"What—ah—is their size—ah?"
"About 100ft."
"Cabin—ah—on deck—ah?"
"Oh, yes, suite of rooms."
"How many men—ah—do you carry—ah?"
"Generally twelve before the mast."
"Sailing mastah?"
"Of course, and two mates."
"Cook—ah—and steward—ah?"
"My dear sir, a *chef de cuisine* is of prime importance."
"Cabins—ah—like a steamah?"
"Oh, yes, ocean steamer, electric lights and bells."
"Ah—yaas. I should think—ah—you would suffer from the cold—ah."
"Rooms are heated by stoves in every room."
"How far—ah—do you sail—ah?"
"We frequently make up a little party and run up to Albany, dine at the Delavan, and home again to tea, 150 miles."
"Ah—yaas."

By this time he was full, chock a block. When, escorted out on the ice that winter, he viewed one of the large boats, his face was as good as a play. He was not afraid to sail, though, and one trial made an enthusiastic convert of him and much more of a man.

But, tremendous as is the velocity with which these boats sail, long as I have boated on the river, I can recall no very serious mishaps. This speaks volumes in itself for the skill and coolness of its members. For teaching a man promptitude and decision of character, there is nothing to compare to iceboating. It stands to reason there is no time to hem or haw. Whatever your hand finds to do has to be done mighty quickly. Their flight is the very poetry of motion—no jar, no noise, nor dust and roar of clanging iron. You fly through the air as swiftly and as noiselessly as does the bird.

A great race is soon coming off, the river is as smooth as glass for miles away. Countless craft are gliding to and fro, of every variety of shape and form. Here comes the commodore's yacht, the stately Icicle, one of the largest ice yachts in the world. What a noble sight as she goes swiftly gliding by! Look at the famous Jack Frost, chief among a thousand, and altogether lovely. What a beauty, what breadth of towering snow-white canvas, surmounted by the famous red circlet, "Follow my lead." Yonder flits away the Avalanche, once the queen of lateens. Here comes the flyer, the Northern Light, always in the van. Look at that boat, not 10ft. long, with an old rag of a bed quilt for a sail and a towel in tatters for a flag, on which is depicted a rooster about the size of a turkey. What is this nondescript coming through the crowd? A shellboat on runners, and a man therein pulling with sculls with iron spikes on the ends, and see him go. What an attractive picture it all makes! What a merry throng of skaters! Do you wonder at the fascination of the sport? See, they are going to call the race.

Some ice yachts are in line, stretching across the river. Each man stands eager, watchful, his hand resting lightly on the tiller awaiting the signal gun. "Are you ready? Go!" rings out as the gun is fired, and in a twinkling they dash off. What a grand sight it is to see them dash away as they cross and recross under the influence of the rising wind. Soon they are lost to sight; soon they reappear. Reindeer leads! No, 'tis Northern Light. No, 'tis Jack Frost. There flutters the well-known flag to the fore. Follow my lead, round they dash by the goal amid resounding cheers off and away. It does not seem so long. Here they come on the home run. Old Jack they will never catch you this time. Cheer after cheer goes up, as the famous boat comes in a winner closely followed by Reindeer, St. Nicholas and Northern Light. Not a bad race by any means. Here were four crack boats that started at 2:47 P. M. over a 24-mile course, which they had to tack over all the way, and the winning boat's time was 1h. 6m.; that is nearly 60 miles an hour and fast enough if you are not in a hurry. That night with exultant cheers we hung the champion pennant of the world up for the second time "in the halls of the Montezumas," while many a kinsman in a generous libation drank the health of the hospitable crew of the famous boat and flag.

Mishaps, as I before said, seldom if ever occur. Sometimes we get becalmed, then patience becomes a cardinal virtue. Sometimes we run into a crack or snow bank, then "heave and pull" and shoving is the order of the day. Sometimes, though very rarely, over she goes; well, "vot of it." If she is a small boat right her up again and go on your way rejoicing you do not own a bigger boat. Sometimes you get fired out, and this is worth going up to Poughkeepsie and trying for yourself. You'll never forget it. It has come on to blow hard and you are coming down wind swifter than any canvasback, close-hauled, for so we always sail. Suddenly your boat swerves a little from her course, you try to meet her—all too late. 'Hold hard," shouts the helmsman; next moment round spins your boat like a top. Hold on, you might as well try

to stop a locomotive. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, you are sailing off into space; up you go like a rocket, down you come, plump. You slide off mayhap 50yds., look round, spring to your feet, dash the snow off of your ulster, and you have had an experience and a novel sensation that will last you a lifetime. Sometimes your boat, after treating you in this uncourteous way, goes flying off on her own hook. The spectacle of a young man trying to overtake his boat under such distressing circumstances, straining every nerve to overtake her, this is amusing enough; chasing your steed over a hunting field is mere child's play. At New Hamburgh some years ago, it is on record, that a boat suddenly started off, crossed the river, turned as though the helmsman were on board and came flying back safely, but very little damaged.

One boat is credited with having jumped the Poughkeepsie ferry track. I have never seen that done, but jumping a crack is great sport. It is blowing freshly and a lot of us want to go down the river to Roosevelt's Point. Jump in and away we go. The ice is rather "hummocky," caused by wind piling up the snow, we shall have many a jounce. As we dash along some distance ahead we sight a bank of snow piled up. "Hold hard, head her for it," a plunge, a rise, a whirl of snow, a thud as we strike that makes things rattle, and over we go. "Hallo, there's a crack all the way across Crom Elbow." We run down, luff, run along and take an observation. "I guess we can get over," sings out one man. Round comes the boat and off we go like a flash, no time now to stop and calculate; head her straight for it. "Hold hard," slap, splash, dash, a crash, a rattle of broken ice, flying in splinters over us, a mighty jump, the oaken jumper underneath us saves our rudder point and springs us over; we come down with a resounding clang that sends us clear up in our cockpit and knocks all the breath out of us, but the next instant we are off like a shot and we round to and watch our friends go through the same performance. The danger is in coming down so hard as to smash the runner plank, then dire disaster and ruin surely follow, so when your runner plank lifts high in air, as it frequently does, you want to let her down gently, not like a trip hammer, then you will not hurt your boat.

Jump aboard the Snowball with me and see for yourself what iceboating is. Pull up your overcoat collar, pull down your sealskin hat; just as well go warm, we don't make many stoppages; stretch yourself out on your side on the starboard side, for I steer with my right hand; tuck yourself well on, and hold on to the life rail, a small rail securely fastened to the center timber of the boat; now dismiss all care behind. "Charley, give us a shove." Away we go. It's a mile across from the boat house, and, though we seem to have just started, how soon we flit across. I steady her to the rising wind; the slightest motion of the tiller does that. Apparently we are dashing head on, in full flight toward the river's bank. "Steady! Don't lose your head." No fear of that. Round she comes, "swifter than the swallow's flight," and away we speed in the contrary direction.

Here comes the stately Jack Frost rushing by, closely followed by St. Nick. Blizzard follows after, and the saucy Bessie. They are too big for us. Ah, no, Snowflake, not to-day are you going to outstep me. We draw close up to the lower end of Sopus Island. There a fir tree stuck in the ice marks a turning point. Round flies boat after boat. Round we go, with a dozen more close to us. "Hold hard, now," and as we catch the strength of the wind with lightning speed we dash down the river.

"Ha! ha! here comes the express train!" We went up to meet her. Loud re-echoes the shrill whistles, up go windows, handkerchiefs flutter in the breeze. Pull your throttle valve, old boy, rake out your ash pan, fireman. No use, we dash down to Hyde Park station, 3 miles in as many minutes, steam against wind and wind ahead, round to and off up the river again.

Glance at our friend beside us; how the blood leaps up through his veins, his face is all aglow with excitement, his eyes are fairly dancing in his head, his voice fairly trembles as he whispers, "Isn't this glorious?" He's right, so it is. Talk of the rush of your canoe through the rapids, of your being foremost in a steeple chase, of your facing a rebel battery—well I have tried all these and I say give me iceboating, first, last and all the time. The very nature of our sport gives it a great element of fascination, you never know when you are going to have a sail or lose one. One day the ice may be like the glass in smoothness; the next day a foot of snow will spoil all our fun. However, we will not keep our friend too long in the boat. Up we come to the boat house, run up into the wind, that soon stops our boat, lower away, in jib and out jumps our friend, a convert to iceboating for the rest of his life.

The winter of 1886 was marked by some of the wildest iceboating imaginable. It was made a notable winter by two things—the loss of the famous Jack Frost and the Snowball's winning a prize. It was a pleasant afternoon, and the boat house was thronged by a party of ladies and their friends watching the animated scene on the river. Brightly glistened the Catskills in the distance, Sopus Island in the foreground, and merrily the skaters enjoyed themselves on the ice. The owner of the Jack Frost had left her for a moment awaiting the arrival of a guest for a sail, and had forgotton to pull his tiller athwart ship to hold his boat, when suddenly, just as he was close by her, away she darted out in the river with a dash. Her owner caught the tiller and held on like grim death to it, but all too late. Flying over the ice at high speed, he might as well have been a fly for all the good he could do where he was. Suddenly she turned, and as she did so, away went the helmsman, sliding over the ice, and the boat sped on her way to destruction, dead on toward the shore. We scattered in all directions. The fated boat dashed by my brothers within 6in., just missed the genial author John Burroughs by a hair's breadth, and dashed herself to pieces against Bard's Rock. One universal pang of regret seized us as the beautiful yacht shivered into pieces. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but it was a very close call.

Then came a family race between the Bessie, Snowflake and Snowball, the course straightaway, a mile and a half and return, twice over. Wind blowing hard from northwest, close reefing was the order of the day. The Snowball won, going over the course, 6 miles, in 7m. 14s., and winning a silver trophy, described as a magnificent silver box, with repoussé ornaments. This was the gift of Mr. P., and it is no disrespect to the genial giver of this prize from Tiffany's that we had a heap of fun over it. Innocent readers might think it was a silver box of large size and great value. It was so described for the benefit of the much enduring public. The truth was it was a match box, and the golden ornaments represented a cupid in a costume utterly unsuitable for iceboating—cooking before a cheerful fire what I am not yet quite certain, is a quail or a butterfly. Judge M., of the *Scientific American*, on this occasion, it was his first appearance in an ice boat, said, "I have experienced a new sensation. I felt as though I were run away with by a thoroughbred steeple chaser, or a wildcat locomotive, whose engineer had pulled out the throttle and jumped off." A gallant colonel who honored me by coming on board my boat, and who, owing to the fortunes of war, was unfortunately fired out of the Snowball when going at the rate of 60 miles an hour, said he would not have missed the sensation for any money.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

MOHICAN.—On Jan. 2 the steam yacht Mohican, which had left Hampton Roads on the previous day, grounded on Willoughby Spit Shoals on the Virginia coast, as she was returning to harbor in consequence of bad weather. She was hauled off without serious damage. Mr. William Clark, her owner, and a party of friends were bound for a cruise to Bermuda and Nassau, but returned home from Fortress Monroe.

DINNER OF ORIVA'S CREW.—The old Oriva crew, now sailing on Cinderella, had their annual dinner at the New York Y. C. on Jan. 4. Besides Messrs. C. S. Lee, of Oriva, and W. E. Iselin, of Cinderella, there were present Messrs. W. A. W. Stewart, August Montant, J. M. Woodbury, S. B. Pomeroy, A. Bryan Alley, A. B. Simonds, W. B. Simonds, R. C. Cornell, A. Sanderson, Eidlitz, Cooper and Zerega.

WORKING WITHIN SEVEN POINTS.—Not long since the Boston correspondent of the New York *Sun*, in giving an account of the new Burgess fisherman in rough weather, ventilates the time-honored yarn of turning to windward in seven points of the compass—of course implying honest work in a seaway. Now, I am a very ancient yachtsman and have stood at the helm and squinted at the compass of many a wind-jammer, but somehow they all required more than seven points to do their best. The correspondent was further informed by "the man at the wheel" that she made N.W. b. W. on one tack and N.W. on the other; wind steady at N.W. ½ W., presumably. Nice work that. Meantime the Cup is safe if the N. Y. Y. C. will only keep the run of the Burgess fisherman and—"the man at the wheel."—FULL AND BY.

COOPER'S POINT CORINTHIAN Y. C.—This club sailed seventeen regular races and seven match races during the year 1887, commencing in April and ending in November. Dr. Long, of Philadelphia, purchased the yacht Truxen from a member of the club, and after a protracted cruise in the Chesapeake Bay sold her to a gentleman in Baltimore, where she has made a good record.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—Officers for 1888: Com., F. E. Barnes, yacht Zena; Vice-Com., R. Oelsner, Dora; Sec'y, Alfred Varian; Treas., C. W. Lamb; Meas., Charles Coughtry; Steward, Augustus Wagner; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. Ringer; Board of Directors, G. C. Barnette, J. W. Harrison, W. H. Erskine, W. A. Stewart and W. D. Reed.

SHEERWATER.—Mr. John M. Forbes has offered the use of his steam yacht Sheerwater to the U. S. Government for the purpose of testing the Belleville boiler, and the offer has been accepted.

GITANA.—On Jan. 4 Com. Weld's schooner Gitana left Boston for Charleston, S. C., where her owner will join her for a cruise in the West Indies.

VOLUNTEER.—It is now definitely stated that Volunteer will not cross the Atlantic next season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. L. W., Brampton, Ont.—The publication is still running.

H. S. W.—1. Use 3drs. powder, 2¼oz. shot. 2. See rifle columns. 3. It is largely a matter of individual fancy; say 8oz. and 9ft. 4. The reel is not considered superior by anglers.

GORDON SETTER, Dedham, Mass.—Moll III. was by Wood's Duke (Sultan—Moll), and out of Richardson's Leah (Sancho—Moll I.). Belle was by Rifle and out of Nell.

ERIC, Brooklyn.—The Brooklyn Canoe Club is located in the basin of the Atlantic Yacht Club, at Bay Ridge, the dues are about $12 per year. New York is in the new Atlantic Division.

G. P. M., New Boston, Ill.—Can you tell me where I can get a book giving full instructions how to make and fish pound and purse nets? Which book would be the best for me on boat building on skiffs and boats of light draft? I am able to work from any plan. Ans. 1. There is no book which treats of nets alone, except a curious one entitled "Notes on Nets," by Chas. Bathurst, L.L.D., London, 1837, which is full in describing how to knit different nets, and is also stuffed with irrelevant matter. The reports of the U. S. Fish Commission contain the best information on this subject, but the early volumes can only be obtained from second hand book stores. You will find what you want in the following reports: "Nets Movable and Fixed," "List of Patent Pound Nets," etc., Rep. 1871-72. "Pound Nets" (with plates), 1872-73. "Nets for Herring, Mackerel, Porpoises," etc., 1873-74-75. "Purse Nets for Menhaden," 1877. "Patents on Nets and Seines; Purse Seines and Pound Nets," 1878. "Preservation of Nets," 1884. Where two or more years are connected with a hyphen the reports for those years are in one volume. 2. Probably Kunhardt's "Small Yachts," included or if you wish to build smaller boats Stephens's "Canoe and Boat Building."

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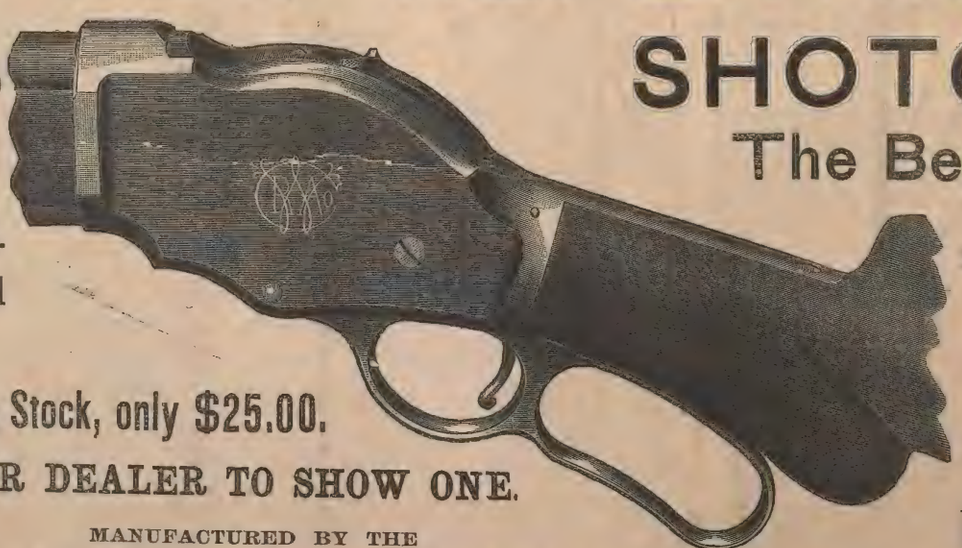


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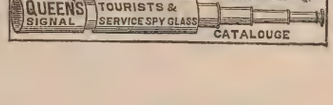
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No. 1 shows the hunter seated in an easy attitude in an arm chair, gazing reflectively into the fire on the hearth. Above the fireplace are the head and antlers of a deer. The sportsman's right arm is around the neck of his dog, which is resting on his haunches beside the chair. His left hand holds his pipe. The firelight flickers on the floor and around the legs of the chair.

No. 2 represents dawn breaking over a small lake. The night shades are fleeing. A mist is rising from the eastern end of the lake, of which trees fringe the edge. A plover is circling in the air, and in the foreground is a mallard lazily flying out over the glassy water.

No. 3 represents snipe shooting. In the foreground is the sportsman, his body twisted around to the left in the attitude of making a double on snipe. Standing beside him is the setter, waiting for the word to retrieve. To his right is the border of a wood, the branches bending to the strong wind. In the distance are the sails of craft on the lake.

No. 4—woodcock shooting—shows an opening in the copse around whose border a brook is winding. In the foreground, standing deep in the ferns and rank vegetation, is a setter on a point. Behind the dog is the sportsman in the attitude of shooting at a bird flying directly over him.

No. 5 shows a quail hunter in the foreground, walking along ready for the shot, which will follow the rise of the birds, on which the dog is drawing to a point. A haze is over all, and the sky is that of a day in Indian summer.

No. 6 depicts grouse or partridge shooting in the beech woods. The hunter is walking down a slope. The dog has come to a point ahead of him. The bird has flushed and the hunter is shown aiming. The pointer has stiffened into an attitude of strained attention, as he watches the bird fly away. The upper part of the sportsman's body is in the shadow, the lower part in the strong light of the sun rays.

No. 7 shows an angler reeling in a trout. A brook is tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks into the pool. The sky is cloudy and the sunlight is struggling through.

No. 8—deer shooting—is a forest scene In the foreground a buck, just shot, is falling on the edge of a lake. Tearing down the slope behind him are two hounds. To the left, behind the roots of an upturned tree, are seen the head and shoulders of the hunter, whose rifle is still bearing on the deer.

No. 9 represents shooting over decoys. A gale is blowing and the water of the channe outside is lashed into whitecaps. In the bay the decoys are tossing in the chopping waves. In the foreground is a point of rushes, in which the skiff of the hunter is partially concealed. The flock of ducks, which has just swung in outside the decoys, is broken by the discharge of the first barrel. One section is wheeling out over the river. The other has broken off to the side and is wheeling out again to meet the first section. Some scattered birds are dashing above the head of the hunter, and he is twisted around in his skiff aiming at a bird flying above and behind him.

No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scen is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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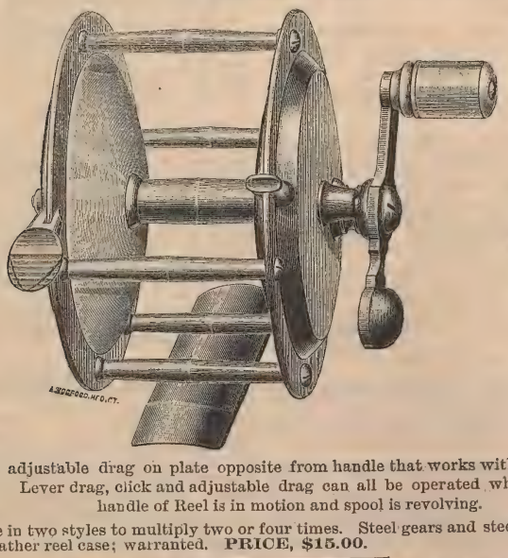
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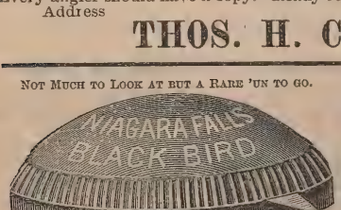
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BILLS MUST BE PAID.

LAST summer the Colorado militia had their sport with the Ute Indians. Without provocation they attacked them, burned a camp or two, killed some women, two small children and a baby, and ran off about 3,000 sheep and 400 head of horses. All this was very good fun for the white men along the border, who, notwithstanding the fact that the Utes have been driven from place to place and the area of their reservations again and again cut down, still long for the final expulsion of the Indians from the State in order that they may drive their cattle on to the ranges which the Indians still possess. The whole story, so sickening in all its details, was gone over last August, and the disgraceful treachery of the authorities exposed in these columns.

We urged at that time that, while no measures that could be taken by either Federal or State authorities could repair the bitter wrong that had been done these people, they should at least be indemnified for the stock that had been stolen from them, and their losses in this respect be made good. We are glad to see that our view has been adopted by the Secretary of the Interior, and that he has recommended the passage by Congress of a bill which shall authorize the restoration to the Utes of the stolen stock.

Those who at the time followed the history of the disgraceful butchery of Colorado's women and children, know that these Indians, measured by any standard of justice, were guiltless of wrong; that, while their methods were perhaps not legal, they did nothing more than to obtain by craft property which they honestly believed to be theirs, and which was withheld from them by force.

The sentiment of the Army is expressed by General Terry in his report on this affair in which he says that he does not consider that "the burning of the unoccupied habitations of persons for whose arrest warrants have been issued or the opening of rifle fire without warning upon an unsuspecting body of men, women, and little children, are usual steps in the service of process." While the veteran Indian fighter, General Crook, who visited the scene just after the occurrence, says that "in every case the whites were the aggressors and fired first. Colorow had no desire whatever to fight, and made use of his weapons in self-defense only."

There can be no doubt in the mind of any right-thinking person that the Utes ought to be indemnified by the State of Colorado for their losses, but to secure any such indemnity from the State would no doubt take years, and the Indians ought not to have to wait so long. The Federal Government is the guardian of the Indians, and it ought by all means to pay the losses inflicted on them by the State of Colorado, and then take measures to recover from that State the sum paid. The United States can afford to wait, the Indians cannot.

The treatment of our native races by the American Government has been marked by so many breaches of faith, so much cruelty and so much oppression, that to affirm that any one act of barbarity toward these people is the worst of which we have been guilty, would be saying a great deal, but through all the harsh and savage treatment to which they have been subjected, there have been few acts which were more brutal and less justifiable than that which caused the Ute "outbreak" of 1887.

THE OPPOSITION TO RULE 2.

THE numerous letters printed in our Kennel columns from week to week have shown how decided and how widespread is the opposition to the rule which seeks to compel registration in a particular registry. This opposition does not come from breeders who fail to recognize the necessity of somewhere preserving adequate registration of their stock. The opposition is not directed against registration *per se*.

The opponents of Rule 2 agree perfectly with its promotors that registration is absolutely essential in intelligent dog breeding. But they say, we insist upon the liberty of saying when, where, and in what manner we shall put the records which are worth more to us than to anybody else. These men naturally resent the assurance of the rule promoters in assuming to have just discovered kennel pedigree registration as some new and admirable cure-all which all dog owners must be compelled to swallow.

The opposition to this stand-and-deliver imposition is gaining strength as the exact nature of the rule becomes better known. The s lit in the Club itself is in all probability a permanent one, and the estranged sympathies of breeders are not likely to be regained by the Club by anything short of rescinding the obnoxious rule.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

THE committees on game laws at Albany have been appointed as follows: Senate, Messrs. Vedder, Foley and Langbein. Assembly, Messrs. Prime, Hadley, Ainsworth, McCann, Flaherty, Donaldson, Haskell and Hogins.

A bill already introduced is said to have come from those who are represented by Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt. It is a much more simple bill than the average game law measure, it is easily understood, and many of its provisions are most excellent. Briefly outlined, it provides the following open seasons: Deer, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to March 1. Ruffed grouse, Sept 1 to Jan. 1; on Long Island, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 20 to Jan. 1. Robin, hare, meadow lark, gray and black squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Rail and meadow hen, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Bay birds, July 1 to Jan. 1. Wilson, English, or jack snipe not protected. For fish the open seasons named are: Salmon, landlocked salmon, speckled, brown and California trout, April 1 to Sept. 1; in the Adirondacks, May 1 to Sept. 15. Lake trout, April 1 to Oct. 1. Mascalonge, Oswego bass, black bass, pike-perch, fresh-water striped bass (white bass), May 20 to Dec. 31. Sale of grouse, quail, hare and squirrel is permitted to Feb. 15, venison from Nov. 1 to March 1, and salmon trout, black bass, and pike-perch the year around, provided the same was lawfully killed. Deer hounding is prohibited at all times. Long Island deer are protected for five years. A new feature is the prohibition of game exportation "to a foreign country from the State of New York," which is capital in theory, but will not be in practice worth the ink it takes to draft it.

It is almost too soon to discuss a bill like this, for its present shape is not at all likely to be kept intact after the game law committees have listened to the suggestions of the men who turn up at Albany every year to doctor the game laws to suit their own private purposes. No one imagines, for instance, that the clause forbidding the hounding of deer will get very far in its progress toward passage, although if that prohibiton could be retained, we are inclined to think that the benefits accruing from such a law would more than outweigh any of the defects in the bill.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WHAT is the trait of human nature which prompts the residents of the North Woods and the Maine forests to savagely resent the liberal efforts of the State to benefit them by increasing their natural wealth? Not long ago we recorded the raid of a gang of masked men on one of the Maine hatching stations. The Commissioners were prosecuting the work of restocking the waters with food fish, and these miscreants set to work to thwart them by violence. The same spirit has ruled in the North Woods. Fish hatcheries have been established there by the Fish Commissioners of this State; but the residents have resented the attempt to benefit their locality; the employes of the hatching stations have been obliged to maintain an attitude of continuous watchfulness against the attacks of local vandals. The spawning beds of trout have been raked by poachers, who sell the trout to hotel keepers to salt down; and in manifold ways the Commissioners have been shown that the particular sections they have sought to enrich have not the decency nor common sense to appreciate the benefit. We understand that in consequence of this discouraging condition of affairs no further public fishculture will be undertaken at the expense of the State treasury in the North Woods.

Before very long the President will have to appoint a United States Fish Commissioner. Mr. G. Brown Goode, whose manifold duties as Curator of the National Museum will not permit of his retaining the position at the head of the Fish Comissission, has resigned, and the work is now temporarily in charge of Dr. J. H. Kidder, whose scientific attainments and long and close connection with the Commission admirably fit him to direct it. The loss to the Commission by Mr. Goode's resignation cannot but be seriously felt, and it may be hoped that whoever shall receive the appointment as his successor will be a man who will command the respect of the scientific men of the country. Politics should certainly have nothing to do with an appointment of this nature, and from what is known of the President's views of the Fish Commission and its work, it is believed that the selection will be made with the same wisdom that marked the choice of Mr. Goode. It is certain that if the President will take that gentleman's advice in the matter the appointment will be satisfactory. We see more or less in the Washington despatches to the daily press about the different candidates for this position, and that such and such persons are pushed for the place by this or that Senator or Representative. This is all wrong, and it is pretty safe to say that no man who has announced himself as a candidate should be chosen for the position. In the case of this appointment it is more than ever true that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

The economic importance of preserving the forests of the Yellowstone National Park is well understood by all who have given the subject any study. These forests form just as truly a part of the material wealth of this country as do the wheat fields of Dakota, the silver mines of Colorado or the cattle ranges of Wyoming. Those who have not familiarized themselves with this subject will learn from the article by Mr. Hague, printed in another column, the office which these forests perform. The author of this letter is better qualified to write of the Park than any one else in the country, for he has devoted years to a careful personal examination of this region and the surrounding country. His letter sets forth forcibly the value of the Park to the Northwest, and members of Congress who are desirous of being informed on this point cannot do better than consult it.

The calamity befalling the Columbus, Ohio, bench show last week, was in all its details a most distressing affair. The building in which the show was held appears to have been a tinder box of the most flagrant character; and in no respect a fit place in which to chain dogs and coop up poultry, where the peril of fire was so manifest. The hurried investigation made by the exhibitors and reported in our Kennel columns can hardly be said to be very satisfactory. A more searching inquiry is called for.

THE ROCK CLIMBERS.

IV.—THE NAMING OF THE TRIBES.

IT was high noon at the St. Mary's Lakes when two horsemen rode across the river, up the bank and into the camp. Dinner was on the fire, and their ten-mile ride had given the new arrivals a good appetite, as they presently demonstrated to the satisfaction of all hands. After the meal was over, preparations were made for a start up the lake. The wagon was hauled down into the brush on the shore and so carefully cached there that it was invisible unless one knew just where it was hidden. The double-tree and single-trees were dropped in the low grass at the foot of a small tree and the harnesses hung up in a tree, out of sight and well out of reach of the coyotes. Then followed the transportation to the water's side of the possessions of the party, and for an hour there was hurrying back and forth between the beach and the camp, and gradually a pile of baggage of rather appalling dimensions arose by the side of the boat. At length it was all there, from the tent pins up to the grub box, and the work of stowing the boat began. When this was completed Jack and Appekunny sprang in and took the oars, the boat was shoved off and they started up the lake. Then the Rhymer and Yo went up the bank, gathered the horses and put the saddles on them, and jumping on their own, started the "cavalyard" along the trail.

It was a perfect day, brilliant and warm and still. Sometimes there was just the faintest air from the west, which stole softly down the mountain sides, gathering, as it loitered over the snow banks and among the pines and through the little glades and parks and along the grassy slopes, the faint sweet fragrance of balsam and juniper and of the late autumn flowers, and of the ripened and fallen leaves of the quaking aspen. Every detail of outline of the jagged rock wall which stood out so clearly against the sky on the west and south and southeast was visible. The sky above was unmarked by a single cloud, and its brilliant blue matched that of the waters below, save when their azure was interrupted by the flashing of nature's diamonds. Then the grass was so yellow, and the pine-clad hills so dark, the rocks so clearly gray, and the snow banks so purely white; the waterfalls sparkled so bravely, and the heads of the tall weeds nodded so blithely, and the air was so fresh, pure and invigorating, and yet so soft and warm, that it was a delight and a happiness to be out of doors in this lovely autumn weather, and to look upon this lovely scene.

Over it all there was silence—the hush of the mountains—the solemn stillness of these solitudes, a peace which is eloquent to hearts educated to comprehend its dumb speech. If this silence was broken it was only by nature's sounds. Perhaps it was the lisp of some breath from the mountains that whispered its message of cold bare rocks and ice-bound rivulets to the long grass on the ridges that lay bathed in the warm October sun; or it might be the faint patter of a grouse's feet as it hurried for shelter into a thicket, or the self-assertive cry of the mountain titmouse, who irritably protested against this intrusion on his privacy. Or perhaps it was a sound sweeter by far than these, but less easy to recognize. At first faint, distant and interrupted, then gradually nearer and clearer, yet still only a murmur, it comes; from above, before, behind and all around, faintly sweet and musically discordant, always softened by distance, it is like the sound of far-off harps, of sweet bells jangled, of the distant baying of mellow-voiced hounds. Far on high the serene blue is flecked with tiny white moving shapes, which seem like snowflakes drifting lazily across the azure sky; and down to earth, falling, falling, falling, come the musical cries of the little wavies who are journeying toward the south land. They pass, and slowly the sounds grow faint.

> Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
> And thinner, clearer, farther going!
> Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar
> The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

So the men rode on intoxicated with the beauties of their surroundings, and breathing in health and vigor with each inspiration of the warm sweet air. Add to all this that each held between his legs a vigorous active springy horse, and that they had the mild excitement of hurrying along half a dozen animals over the undulating foothills, and you can easily fancy that the Rhymer and Yo enjoyed their ride up the lake. Now and then, on reaching the summit of some ridge which overlooked the lake, they could see far off under the opposite shore, where it would be sheltered from any breeze that might suddenly spring up, the tiny speck which contained their household goods, but it required sharp eyes to detect it, and only an occasional flash from the oars in the sun as they rose and fell told that it was their craft.

Merrily the animals trotted along the trail in single file, kept from lagging by the lariat which trailed from the saddle horn of one of the riders, and which, when a horse or mule fell behind, had a way of curling round and flying forward and cracking like a whip lash against the flank of the lazy beast with a very enlivening effect.

At last the Inlet flat was reached. Here the stream which flows down from between Kootenay and Divide Mountains has left its old channel and spread itself out over a strip of flat half a mile wide, making a wet, miry piece of ground, disagreeable to cross. This passed, they were soon at the Inlet, which was hardly belly deep, and was easily crossed, and then they turned north, passed Mad Bear Creek, where Appekunny and Bearhead had killed the bear last spring, and in a few moments were in sight of the white tent, which gleamed among the willow and alder bushes on the very shores of the lake.

It was an ideal camp. In front was unlimited water, behind grass for a thousand horses, and at the right wood enough to last half a dozen years. It was picturesque, too. From the water's edge, half a dozen steps from the tent door, the whole expanse of the lower lake was in view, while behind it across the grassy flat, and hardly more than a rifle shot distant, rose the steeply sloping foothills, above which towered the bare gray rock walls of Flat Top and Old Singleshot. And then its comfort! On the west—the side from which the winds blow—there was the protection of a considerable body of timber and of the low brush, which effectually broke the force of the wind, so that no matter how hard it might blow, the stability of the tent would not be endangered.

In due time the boat was unloaded, and the travelers were comfortably housed and felt themselves at home.

After supper, as they reclined on their blankets with their feet stretched out toward the fire, Appekunny told them the story of how the three tribes of the Blackfoot Nation received their names. "I do not vouch for the story," said he. "I heard it years ago from a Blackfoot, and I give it to you as nearly as possible as it was told to me:

"Many years ago, the people lived across [west of] the mountains and in a hot country far to the southward. A season came when for a long time the game was very scarce, and all the people were hungry.

"At this time there was in the camp an old man and his family, among whom were three grown up sons. Now the people were hungry, and at last this Old Person said:

" 'Why should I stay here where there is no game, and where the people are always hungry? I will go with my children and see if we can not find a place where game is plenty, where we can get meat to eat. I will travel until I come to game. I will go beyond the mountains toward the Sun, where no one has ever been, to the land that no man has looked on. It is not likely that the mountain is the end of the world,* and perhaps there may be game there.'

"So they started, the Old Person and his wife, and the three sons and their wives and children. They did not know the mountains, for they had always avoided these rocky heights, and supposed that all they would have to do would be to go over the nearest peak and down on the other side to the plain. They thought that the mountains, whose sharp rocks reached up to the sky, formed a single wall separating the plain where they lived from another plain beyond, but they found that it was not so. Beyond the first mountain rose others and beyond these still others. Day by day as they traveled onward, they climbed the ridges, and saw ever before them other ridges, higher, steeper and more forbidding. The way was rough. Sharp stones cut their feet. Thick timber kept them back. Wide streams and swamps barred their way. There was no game that they could kill, and they became tired, hungry, footsore and discouraged.

"At last they had almost determined to give up their search as hopeless, and to try to return to their own land and people, but as they sat one night by the fire talking it over, that Old Person, the father, said:

" 'Let us keep on a little longer and try to find that country. The way has been long and hard and we are almost worn out, but let us go a little further. It may be we are almost there. You saw that mountain beyond us, toward which we were traveling to-night. Let us climb over that, and if beyond that we see nothing that looks better, then we will turn about and go back to the place whence we came.' So his sons said it was good, and the next day they traveled onward.

"At length they reached the top of the peak, and as they looked down on to the land beyond, they saw before them the prairie, broad and beautiful to these people who were tired of the lonely, rough and dismal mountains. Over the plain were scattered herds of monstrous brown beasts, larger than any that they had ever seen before, with curly hair and short black horns. Many antelope were there and deer in the valleys, and on the ridges of the mountain were plenty of elk. Down on the prairie the streams ran fresh and sparkling and the land was one which it made their hearts glad to look on.

" 'Ah!' exclaimed that Old Person, 'it is good.' Then he sat down and filled a pipe and smoked to the Sun and said: 'Hear, oh Sun. Now you have taken pity on us. Although we thought we were going to perish miserably among these rocks, you have cared for us and have brought us safely from among them. Now we see our living.'†

"And he prayed for help and for plenty to eat and for long life for all his family, and when he had finished his prayer they made a present to the Sun. Then they went slowly down the mountain side and toward night camped on a creek.

"The next day they hunted, but they could kill no game, for they had no arrows, since they had used them all up in crossing the mountains, and the great brown beasts (the buffalo) would not let them get near to them. And all the game was wild so that they could not approach close to it, and they were still without meat and hungry.

"Then that Old Person made some 'medicine.' Very strong it was and black; and he rubbed this on the feet of his eldest son, and after this had been put on his feet the young man became so fleet that he could run right up alongside the fastest buffalo cows and kill them with his great stone knife. This made the young man very proud, and he said to his brothers:

" 'Now and from this time forth I and my children are Siks-ûh-kûh (Blackfeet); this shall be our name.'

"Now the other two sons, when they saw that their older brother could do so much through their father's medicine, while they could do nothing, felt very badly, and they went to their father and said:

" 'Why is this? What have we done? Why do you treat our brother so much better than us? You have made him fleet of foot, so that he can catch the game, while we can kill nothing, and we and our wives and our children have to eat what he gives us. Come, now, make us swift runners also, so that we too can have enough to eat and can have names.'

"Then said the Old Person:

" 'Why do you do nothing except to sit about the fire and eat the meat which your brother has killed? If you wish names, go to war, and when you come back, if you have done well and killed many enemies, and counted *coups* on them, you too shall have names.'

"So the two young men went away to the lodge and told their wives to make them several pairs of moccasins and a warsack each, and they made themselves some war arrows and then they started off.

"Time passed. The Blackfoot killed many buffalo, and the women dried the meat and tanned the robes. The berries became ripe, and the women cut down the sarvice bushes, and holding the branches over a robe spread upon the ground beat off the fruit and dried it, storing it in parfleches for winter use. Then the tops of the mountains became white, and from their narrow valleys Windmaker sent out fierce blasts, chilled by the breath of the coming winter. The leaves fell. From the north came the wildfowl, the swans, the geese and the ducks, and their multitudes darkened the sky or blackened the surface of the prairie lakes, while their hoarse cries resounded night and day through the air. The days became short, the wildfowl went, snow fell and melted and fell again, and bitter winter laid its strong hand upon the land.

"In the lodge of that Old Person there was plenty, and all were content.

"By and by came soft winds from the west, and the snow disappeared. A little later the wildfowl began to return. Then the Thunder God cried out, and that Old Person prayed, asking for plenty of rain, so that the berries might grow, and for health and long life to all his people. Then the grass became green and soon it was summer.

"One night, a year after the young men had gone away, that Old Person and the others were sitting in the lodge, when the dogs barked loudly, and presently the door was lifted and the second son stepped in and sat down by the fire. Thin his robe and worn his moccasins and leggings by long travel, but he was strong, and from his quiver hung a long line of scalps, whose black hair reached nearly to his knees. Then the women hurried and brought food, boiled ribs and dried meat and berries and set before him, and they began to sing and to say how brave he was and how far he had traveled to strike his enemies. And after he had eaten his fill, that Old Person filled a pipe and smoked, and passed it to his son and he smoked; and then he spoke and said:

" 'Father, long the way, and many the streams which I have crossed in my journeyings. Strange the people seen, in numbers like the buffalo which cover the prairie. Many enemies I have struck. These are the scalps of chiefs among the enemies that I have killed. I have brought back no scalp that is not that of a chief,' and he told them all that he had done. Then said that Old Person:

" 'Since you have killed many chiefs, that shall be your name, Ah-Kinah (many chiefs).' So the second son and his children and their children were called Ah-Kinah. But now the word is shortened to Kinah (Blood).

"Again the season passed round. Again the berries ripened, the leaves fell, the waterfowl came and went, and it was winter. Then the Thunder spoke and soon the grass grew. Much of her husband thought the wife of the third son, fearing that she would never see him again, and that his shadow had gone to the sand hills. Often she spoke of him to her children, telling them how brave he was, and that they ought to be like him.

"One night in summer, when all in the lodge were asleep, again the dogs barked fiercely and the lodge door was lifted and a person entered and sat down by the fire-place,

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*Literally the cut bank, the "jumping off place." The Blackfeet believe the earth to be flat and circular, and that all around it is a precipice beyond which is space.

†That is, that whereby we may subsist.

" 'Who is there?' said that Old Person.

" 'It is I,' said the person, and the woman of the third son knew the voice of her husband. Very happy then was she, and quickly rose to give him food, and as the sticks that she threw on the fire blazed up, she saw his face. Torn and ragged his garments, thin his face, and scarred his arms and breast, but from his quiver hung the scalps, and beside him on the ground was a bundle of plunder. Then she began to sing his praise, and the others in the lodge arose and sat by the fire while he ate. And when he had eaten and smoked, he said to that Old Person:

" 'Father, far have I traveled, and many the people that I have seen. Look on these scalps;' and then he told all that he had seen and done from the time of his leaving until this night. And he showed them the scalps and a bundle of strange wearing apparel that he had taken from some enemies far to the south. And when he had ended he said '*Oki.*'

"And his father said: 'On account of these strange garments which you have taken, your name shall be Pekunny' (garments). And he and his children and his children's children have been called Pekunny ever since.

"So the three tribes of the Blackfoot nation received their names." YO.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS.—VI.

MEANWHILE Sam kept camp for an hour or two, and then went out for a little trip on the bay, cruising across the shallow water of the northeast shore to the mouth of Lewis Creek, which till now he had not seen. Its beauty invited him upstream, and when at the first bend he turned and looked forth upon the lake, through the noble colonnade of ancient water maples and button-woods to the grim unshorn steeps of Split Rock Mountain beyond the broad expanse of water, without a craft in sight upon it nor any sign of human presence anywhere, he fancied that he felt something of the sense of complete isolation from all his fellows that the first white voyagers here must have experienced. But in those old days one could not have been so sure of having it safely to himself, as Sam was reminded by the sight of a flint arrow-head on a mud bank among the rushes. For many years after his visit to it this part of Sungahnetuk retained its primitive character, and was a place where one might easily imagine himself set back a couple of centuries to the times when New England was indeed new, when Petowbowk was the warpath of savage and civilized nations, and knew not the peaceful keel of commerce.

An inward yearning aroused Sam from his vague dreams of the past and he plied his paddle lustily toward camp and dinner. He found his comrades at the landing, to which they had succeeded in floating the scow, its wounds almost healed by application of rags, turpentine and grease, a medication for leaky boats imparted to Sam by his Indian friends and by him in turn to Antoine.

"Dah, seh, Sam, bah gosh!" said Antoine, standing with arms akimbo far enough away from his prize to take in all her proportions at one glance, "ant dat pooty good leetly sloops for de boy? Ah'll sail heem wid a pole all de way from where Ah'll fan of it, an' Solem and Zhozeff ant be some more fred of it as if he was in a middly of ten acre lots. Dey can feesh in de water naow, an' took some comfortubbly, ant it?"

Sam admitted the perfect safety of the craft, but expressed some doubts as to the validity of its present ownership. "Sposin' some feller comes along some day, Antwine, an' ketches you or them a usin' o' his boat, what ye goin' tu du then?"

"Bah gosh, seh, Ah'll goin' tol' it he can' have dat boats! When Ah'll fan dat, he ant no more boats as raf' was, an' Ah'll mek it into good boats aout of it! Ah'll bail it wid rag an' tuppytime dat was ma hown, me! Ant you'll see?"

Sam was not convinced, but conceded that there could be no harm in using the scow till called for, and so it was planned that Solon, Joseph and Antoine should go afishing in it that night at a stake just opposite the landing, whose age and marks of frequent use gave silent evidence of an approved fishing place.

"He was leek leetly mites naow," said Antoine, still admiring his prize, as he scooped a few basins full of water out of it, "But he be all taght as one Onc' Lasha boot tam he gin soak up for we'll be ready. Yas, seh! jes as taght an' gra' deal more comfortubbly as dat boots, Ah bet your head! Den when we gat t'rough of it, Ah do' know 'f he ant jis well pull heem up in de rush for day-tam, so 'f some damn bole foolish tink he'll hown it he can' see heem. It was bes' kan o' boats for use it in de naght, don't it, hein?"

"I notice," Solon remarked as they took their way to the camp, " 'at Antwine call this boat o' his'n *he*, which it seems tu me 'at it is a fac-smile of Uncle Tyler's boat, an' is intitled tu the respects due tu the femaline sect, an' my intentions is tu speak of her as she."

After they had eaten supper and in an unhousewifely manner washed their few dishes, Sam, under canvas, fell to dreaming open-eyed of Danvis's dearest inhabitant, and the others, well provided with tackle and worms, went fishing in the old scow.

The creek was almost as silent as the golden and black reflections of sky and wooded shore that rested on its bosom, and for a while the silence was only broken by the whish of the intent anglers' lines and the splash of the heavy sinkers that sent segments of gleaming circles to break the ranks of brooding shadows along the shore. Then a bullfrog sang a solemn prelude, and all his brethren of the marshes bellowed forth a resounding chorus, which aroused a discordant cackle and gabble of some always invisible inhabitants of the rush-screened flats, whether beasts, birds or reptiles, or all of these, one could only guess, and when the chorus ended and the clamor of the rude audience ceased, there came a hush as fully pervading the evening as had the previous uproar. Then a dreaming bird softly rehearsed his daytime love song, a whippoorwill far away lightly whisked the air with his note, one nearer lashed it with sharp strokes, the sound whereof was presently almost overborne by the renewed bellowing of the frogs, the trill of toads and the weird outcry of the unknown tenants of the marshes, only the last most insisted sibilant note of the whippoorwill being heard above the pulsing waves of clamor.

"He'll leek dat poor leetly Williams pooty hard, ant it?" Antoine remarked as he answered the regularly intermittent flashes of the lightning bugs signalling from marsh and tree, with the larger glow of a match as he lighted his pipe, and then announced with the sigh of relief that comes after long waiting, "Dah seh, sometings was bit. Ah do' know mos' so well 't Ah see it, but Ah guess it was heel." After some moments of patient waiting he gave a twitch, and the crooked pole writhed into more intense crookedness, and after a brief struggle a tangled contortion was torn from the water and dropped into the boat. "Dah he was," cried Antoine, "ant Ah'll tol' you he was heel? Dah he was." But where was he? Wriggling his way as swiftly as a snake from end to end of the scow, he was felt here, heard there, almost at the same moment, tangling the line about the feet of the excited anglers, while Solon and Joseph madly stamped at him, and Antoine as madly grasped for him in the gloom.

"Hit it wid you' boots, boy! Keek it wid a steek!" he cried as he tried to pull toward him by the line the captured but unsubdued pr ze. "Zhozeff, strak it wid you' boot!" and Joseph brou ht down his foot, clad in one of the last and most solid pieces of Uncle 'Lisha's work, with a crash that stunned the eel and started one of the bottom boards of the scow. Their feet were getting wet before Antoine had unhooked the eel, when he noticed the gurgle of the incoming water and divined the cause. Hurriedly unfastening the boat, he shouted frantically to his companions to pole and paddle ashore, while he wildly clawed the water with his fishpole. "Oh, Sacre! you'll bus' de boats. Zhozeff! Pull! Push! Hoorah! All of it us be droawn 'f you ant hurry for git dar firs'! Aour hwomans ant see us 'fore we was some corp 'f you ant be hurry!" So Antoine urged them as the old craft, fast becoming water-logged, reeled and lurched toward the landing, to which Sam was drawn by the alarming outcry, and reached just in time to see the scow sink barely its length from shore, and Antoine plunge forward from the bow and wade hip deep to the landing, while he roared "Ah'll got de heel, Sam! Go an' save it de boy!" Solon and Joseph came floundering to land with no harm but fright and wetting, and Sam wading out a little way hauled the boat to safe beaching for the night. "Solon," Joseph asked as he stood with bent body, legs wide apart and dripping arms slanting far from his sides, dismally regarding the craft he had wrecked, "what sect du you call that ere cussed ol' boat naow?"

"Wal," said Solon, after a little dripping consideration, "she is sartinly most capericious, and consequentially I shall continner tu call her a she."

"What on airth be you a savin' that 'ere dum'd snake for, Antwine?" Sam demanded, noticing the care the Canadian took of the eel.

"Dat heels? Bah gosh! Ah'll goin' saved hees skin of it, me. You'll wore dat 'raoun' you backs, you'll ant never had lame backaches! An' it was de bes' flail strings you ant never t'rach all you laftam!"

"Humph! I've hearn tell o' folks wearin' snakes in the' hats tu cure headache, an' I'd jes' livs as tu hev that pesky thing waound 'raound my body. Ugh!"

"Oh, Sam, you was fooler as a geese!" and then to himself as he tightened his grip on his prize, "Lak 'nough you'll gat some dis snakes in you body 'fore you tink, probly!"

The camp-fire burned with unwonted fervor for a summer's night, while the drenched anglers dried themselves in its warmth, and Antoine vaunted himself as the hero of this latest adventure—"Ant Ah'll pooty good captins, seh, to save all dat heel and de boat and de boy, hein?" ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

FOOD OF THE EUROPEAN SPARROW.

THE following results are taken from papers read before the Biological Section of the Canadian Institute by Mr. W. Boodie:

The food of birds has of late years become a very important subject of investigation from an economic as well as a scientific standpoint. Many old and tenaciously held opinions have been quite overthrown.

It has been shown that the birds of prey are nearly all beneficial, many of them eminently so. It has also been shown that many birds which were formerly considered entirely beneficial are injurious in some particulars.

The rapid increase of the recently introduced European sparrow, its adaptability to climatic conditions in Ontario, its food, its driving away of native species and the general disturbance of bird life in consequence—are subjects which have attracted the attention of ornithologists and elicited some discussion without a very definite settlement of the most important points. This bird may now be said to extend over the whole of Ontario, even over very sparsely settled sections.

During the last summer it has spread from Nipissing along the line of the C. P. R. to the north of Lake Superior, and we need not be surprised to hear that it has survived the 40° below zero of Winnipeg. It is generally admitted that it has driven away a few native species from cities, towns and country villages—species which were taking perhaps rather sparingly to our bustling centers, such as the chipping sparrow (*Spizella socialis*), bluebird (*Sialia sialis*), house wren (*Troglodytes aedon*) yellow warbler (*Dendroica æstiva*), cliff swallow (*Petrochelidon lunifrons*), tree swallow (*Tachycineta bicolor*) and a few others. The following extracts from memoranda, covering a period of six years, are submitted with a view of contributing something to what we know of the food habits of this bird.

I fancy the grashopper-eating habit has been acquired since its advent into Ontario. I am not aware of its ever having been noticed before either in Europe or in the United States.

The first record of this habit was by Mr. Bucke, of Ottawa, in 1881, the next by Mrs. Maria Gardner, a lady of this city, in 1884.

The dissections and examinations of stomachs were made with great care, mostly on recently killed birds.

My thanks are due to many who rendered valuable assistance in these researches.

In the spring of 1879, Mr. R. Baigent, artist, of this city, reported sparrows as eating gooseberry buds in his garden. This, if I mistake not, was published in one of the city dailies.

May 7, 1881—One specimen collected in city. Contents of stomach, broken down vegetable matter, buds of trees.

May 7, 1881—One specimen collected in York township. Contents of stomach, coleoptera, carabidæ, seeds of red clover.

April 10, 1882—Five specimens collected in city. Contents of stomachs, pickings from horse manure, buds of trees.

March 24, 1884—Sparrows eating maple buds on Berkeley street.

March 25, 1885—Sparrows eating maple buds all through city.

April 7, 1884—Sparrows destroying fruiting buds of maple and elm.

April 7, 1884—One specimen collected in York township by Mr. Williams. Contents of stomach, fruiting buds of trees.

Aug. 20, 1884—Sparrows pursuing, killing and eating grasshoppers on Ontario street. By Mrs. Maria Gardner.

Sept. 1, 1884—For some days a small flock of sparrows frequented a dense growth of "pig weed" (*Chenopodium album*), growing near to my workroom window. In order to determine what they were doing, I carefully closed the shutters, leaving a small ocular. When the birds came readily within a distance of about a yard, with a glass of about ten diameters, I quite clearly saw they were eating *aphides* with great relish, as though they were treating themselves to a delicious drink. These visits were frequently repeated, affording me many opportunities for observation.

Sept. 20, 1884—Twenty specimens collected in York Township by Mr. W. Squires. Contents of stomachs—Very sharp sand, broken grains of oats—in one six whole—elderberries, seeds of amaranthus, larvæ of geometrid moth three-quarters of an inch long, three larvæ in one crop, coleoptera.

Oct. 31, 1885—From March 1 to this date 237 stomachs have been examined, 104, or about 43 per cent., contained insects of several orders.

Of 85 stomachs examined from Sept. 1 to Sept. 30, the season of young birds and also the season of migration from the city, 63, or about 74 per cent., contained grasshoppers.

March 15, 1886—Sparrows destroying elm buds on Ontario street. By Mrs. Maria Gardner.

March 20, 1886—Sparrows destroying fruiting buds of maple and elm trees on Berkeley street.

March 28, 1886—Sparrows destroying maple buds on Berkeley street.

March 29, 1886—Sparrows eating maple buds on Ontario street. By Mrs. Maria Gardner.

April 5, 1886—Sparrows eating elm buds.

April 12, 1886—Sparrows eating maple buds on Ontario street. By Mrs. Maria Gardner.

April 21, 1886—Sparrows eating maple buds on Elizabeth street and Queen's Park. By Mr. W. Parks.

Aug. 15, 1886—Sparrows pursuing "flying grasshoppers" (*Œ. carolina*) on Church street. By Mrs. Maria Gardner.

Aug. 20, 1886—Three specimens collected in York township by Mr. Jas. Milne, stomachs contained road pickings, broken oats, fragments of grasshoppers.

Aug. 25, 1886—Seven specimens, young, collected on Don Flats, north of Winchester street bridge; contents of stomachs, road pickings, broken oats, seeds of *Polygonum aviculare*, grasshoppers in all.

Aug. 27, 1886—Five specimens collected by Mr. W. Squires, east of city; contents of stomachs, very sharp sand, in all broken-down vegetable matter, in one, head and femoræ of *C. fermur-rubrum*.

Aug. 29, 1886—Four specimens, all young; collected by Mr. C. Armstrong, in Rosedale; contents of stomachs, in all broken-down vegetable matter and portions of *C. fermur-rubrum*.

Sept. 3, 1886—Nine specimens collected on Don Flats, near paper mill, three stomachs contained fragments of grasshoppers, two contained pupa of a dipter, one contained three small lepidopterous larvæ.

Sept. 13, 1886—Fifteen specimens collected in York township all contained the usual broken down vegetable matter, nine contained portions of grasshoppers, one contained portion of femora of *Œ. carolina*.

Of the forty-three specimens collected from Aug. 20 to Sept. 13, twenty-seven, or nearly sixty-three per cent., had been eating grasshoppers.

May 27, 1887—A young sparrow about a week old fell out of nest and was killed; stomach contained fragments of eggshell, two spiders, one small moth denuded of wings; the head and antennæ were fairly well preserved.

July 17—Saw two sparrows pursuing *Œ. carolina* on Berkeley street. When the grasshopper alighted the sparrows pounced on him, but he eluded them by darting up on wing, the sparrows sitting still watching his downcoming. Four unsuccessful attacks were made. On the fifth mount he got into some shrubbery and escaped.

July 19—Mrs. Maria Gardner handed me a mutilated *Œ. carolina*, over which two sparrows were contending in the Normal school grounds; the head, both elytra, one wing and three legs were gone and the thorax was badly crushed.

July 20, 1877—About noon saw a sparrow breaking legs and wings of *C. fermur-rubrum* in front of 325 Parliament street.

July 20, 1887—Saw a sparrow catch and denude of wings and legs a *C. fermur-rubrum* of Berkeley street, and then fly away with it apparently to nest.

Aug. 5, 1887—Caught four specimens of *C. bivittatis* on Don Flats, liberated them on a patch of *Polygonum aviculare*, Berkeley street, much frequented by sparrows. They were immediately attacked by about a dozen sparrows, and within fifteen minutes three were killed, torn to pieces and devoured.

Aug. 11, 1887—Two specimens collected by Mr. W. Squires, in the east of the city. Contents of stomachs in both, road pickings and broken oats; in one, three pupæ of a dipter.

Aug. 31—Five specimens collected by Mr. D. Cox outside city limits. Three stomachs contained spiders and fragments of coleoptera; one, head and femoræ of *C. fermur-rubrum*.

Sept. 12, 1887—Two specimens collected in city. Contents of stomachs, small pieces eggshell, road pickings, broken oats.

Sept. 20, 1887—Four specimens collected on Don Flats, near paper mill. Stomachs all contained small lepidopterous larvæ and fragments of grasshoppers.

Of the 307 specimens collected from May 7, 1881, to Sept. 20, 1887, the stomachs of 132, or nearly 43 per cent., contained insects of several orders, and 85, or nearly 27 per cent., contained grasshoppers of two species, *C. fermur-rubrum* and *Œ. carolina*. These two, with *C. bivittatus*, on which I fed them on Aug. 5, 1887, makes three species on which the sparrows feed in the neighborhood of Toronto.

MORE ABOUT TEXAS WOLVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wrote you lately something concerning wolves. They are a peculiar and whimsical race which have long afforded me much curious study. They made a deep impression on me on one occasion in my early days, and from that moment I felt great interest in them. There are said to be four sorts of wolves in Texas: the coyote, or prairie wolf; the big gray wolf; the lobo, or loafer as he is commonly called, and the black wolf. Of these the coyote is the most numerous and the smallest, being not much larger than the fox. He loves the prairies, and is not to be found where there are no prairies; though where there are both prairie and forest he is generally abundant; and as much in one as the other. It seems therefore that the prairie is in some way necessary to him; that he must see it occasionally or die. He has a light yellow breast, gray on the back, with bushy tail. In winter he has a heavy, soft coat of hair, which is pleasant to the touch. A few of their skins sewed together make a pretty and exceedingly comfortable robe, if they have been well dressed. The big gray wolf and the lobo I take to be the same animal, though nearly all my backwoods friends hold that they are distinct. The gray wolf they say is two and a half times the size of the coyote, while the lobo is fully a third larger than the gray; also that the lobo is a "dark yellow brindle." I admit that point both as to size and color, but it has seemed to me that these differences may be due to the greater age of the lobo; in other words, that the lobo is merely the big gray wolf grown fat and brown with age. Again, I have thought that the gray wolf is the female of a certain race of wolves, while the lobo is the male; and this supposition is somewhat encouraged by the fact that I do not remember handling a gray wolf which was not a female, or a lobo which was not a male. However, such a difference between the sexes of the dog group of animals would, I admit, be unique.

Also, another difference in favor of those who hold that these animals are distinct, is that the gray wolf is found wherever the coyote is, while the lobo is rarely found except in mountains and remote parts. As to man, the lobo is far more unsocial and morose, while the coyote loves to linger round the haunts of man, and the gray wolf not far away. But I have noticed this unsocial character in the aged males of other animals. Thus, in the season of the curiosity of the females, I have found the brown and venerable bulls of the bison herding morosely to themselves, far away in the mountain valleys, hearing but not seeing the terrible battles that the lusty young lords of their race were fighting for the mastery in love. They seemed to consider themselves laid on the shelf, like books moth-eaten and out of date, but they were then dangerous to man, ready to meet him with a desperate front.

The black wolf is mostly a mountaineer of the remote parts, loving the wildest recesses, having little or no use for man and his haunts. As a rule he is somewhat smaller than the gray wolf, though sometimes they are seen as large as the lobo. In the early days this wolf was said to be common in the heavy timbers of eastern and southern Texas, but he has long since migrated. I cannot certainly say that I have ever seen him or not, but was once forced up a tree by wolves at night, which I was told were of this sort.

The coyote is a great sneak, and this trait is as plainly shown in his countenance as cunning is in that of the fox. His ordinary gait is also that of the sneak, being slow, cautious and cowardly, with a wistful and melancholy look. It always struck me that he is a very melancholy creature, passing his life between a sigh and a tear, and this appearance may not be entirely deceptive. Thus, while he is ever looking out for something that he may catch, he is also ever on the alert lest something may catch and devour him. For instance, the lobo when hungry will chase the coyote on sight, and the latter is very fortunate if he be not caught and eaten up. Therefore, as to him, there is a very narrow gulf between eating and being eaten, and his full knowledge of this must needs, I think, cast a somber shade over his spirit. Something else may also be added on this point, which I will mention further on.

The coyote loves to hang round the camp-fires of travelers at night, smelling their cooking meats. He is then always very close at hand, circling stealthily around the camp or sitting on his haunches watching the pleasing scene; his mouth, I guess, copiously watering as he inhales the sweet odors. He becomes so fascinated that it is vain to attempt to drive him away. He may be fired at, but he will soon return to his gazing and smelling. When the travelers fall asleep he slips into their camp, licks the pots and pans under their very noses and steals all eatables he may discover. I have known them to steal meat from under the pillows of sleeping persons. Should any of the sleepers suddenly awake at such a juncture, the thieves scamper away a little distance and usually put up a very pitiable howl, as if complaining of the unseasonable disturbance; to return as soon as all has become quiet again. From this it seems that the coyote understands the nature of sleep as well as the burglar who enters our houses to steal.

A few days ago on going out of my house at dawn, I saw a coyote in my yard, sitting between two calves which were lying down. I do not think he meditated any harm to the calves; rather that he was waiting for my chickens to descend from their roost, hoping to secure one or two for breakfast. They are very fond of mutton and chicken. Should a sheep stray away from the fold, he is surely lost if a coyote meets him.

The voice of the coyote differs greatly from that of all other wolves known to me. It is rarely a true howl, but a rapid succession of plaintive barks, usually ending with a sort of squeal or cry. The keys of it are high, while the other wolves invariably employ a sweeping and sonorous base, most truly howling.

The gray wolf and the lobo are not sneaks like the coyote. They rely for their support on their speed, their strength and prowess, and the cultivation of these qualities gives them a good countenance and a manly bearing. Besides, they have no special fear of anything except man; and their feeling toward him seems to be more of a respect, to be cultivated at a distance, than of fear. Indeed, in spite of their destructive ways as to sheep and calves, I have quite a good regard of these animals; of whom more later on. N. A. T.

ABILENE, Tex.

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Officers elected Jan. 3: President, H. W. Harkness; First Vice-President, H. H. Behr; Second Vice-President, George Hewston; Corresponding Secretary, Henry Ferrer; Recording Secretary, William F. Smith; Treasurer, I. E. Thayer; Librarian, Carlos Troyer; Director of Museum, J. G. Cooper. Trustees: Chas. F. Crocker, D. E. Hayes, S. W. Holladay, George C. Perkins, Jacob Z. Davis, E. J. Molera, E. L. G. Steele.

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PUBLIC OPINION.

WHERE is the trouble? Is the sentiment in favor of the conservation of fish and game, in the few States where there is any fish and game left, losing ground? Take up the Maine papers, some of them—happily not all—only a few from the backwoods sections—and what do we see? Items like the following:

He arrived too late this year for a bear hunt, but on the first day of January succeeded in capturing a fine deer, which he took to his home the next day to present to his many friends. Go for him, George.

This item was written from West Phillips, Maine, and the sportsman mentioned was from New York. It is against the law to ship game out of that State. The George mentioned is Game Warden Geo. D. Huntoon, of Rangeley. The deer was killed after the season had closed, and yet the local paper has no word of encouragement for the game warden; neither is it in sympathy with the enforcement of wholesome statutes for the protection of what might be made of great value to the locality where the paper is published. Again in the same issue of the same paper, a local correspondent from Madrid, another back township in that State, vents his spleen against the game laws in this wise:

Three feet of snow in the woods and a sharp crust. We hope none of the boys will think of going deer hunting as it would be very wrong to kill them, and we are all very anxious to save them for the sportsmen to slaughter next June and July. But say, boys, if you should get one, just send me a piece as I am laid on the shelf with the rheumatism and can't go.

The local paper allows its correspondent to publish such items and yet it does not give the fellow a smart rebuke editorially. It does not say that the law against the crusting of deer is designed for the purpose of saving that game animal from annihilation. It does not stop to say that the town in which the paper is published reaps an annual harvest from sportsmen greater than all its industries put together. That paper does not explain that the game laws are designed for the good of everybody—the citizens of the backwoods, as well as the sportsmen who annually visit the State. It never points out that the railroads of Maine receive so great a part of their income from the sportsmen and vacationists, drawn thither by fish and game attractions, that these roads could not exist without these attractions. It has not for years pointed out that the little railroad in its own little town derives a very large proportion of its existence from sportsmen and vacationists; that to annihilate the fish and game in the manner that is indicated by the spirit of its correspondent's manifest would leave tracks of the railroad for the use of the rabbits and its locomotives to be sold for old iron. Now, this paper, the Phillips (Maine) *Phonograph*, may not be fully aware of the sentiment that exists among some of its own subscribers; the sportsmen who have visited its locality and have brought home the local paper with them out of pure love for the hours they have spent in the Rangeley region, for the scenes of gone-by days. Even a little newspaper printed in that region has an attraction for them. They take it and pay for it just to know "how soon the ice is going out." They don't care a copper for the paper; it is that little item about the trout fairly caught or the moose or deer legally killed in open season that they wish to read. It cuts like a knife to find items in such a paper like the above. Is the sentiment of the people of Maine against protection and the propagation of fish and game? If it is, then the fish and game must go. The work of destruction will be a short one.

But the paper mentioned above is not the only one that causes the true sportsman distress. The *Industrial Journal*, published in the same State, is avowedly hostile to the enforcement of the fish and game laws. Or at least it allows its correspondents all the latitude they desire in the way of showing how these same correspondents hate the Commission—but more thoroughly hate the wholesome laws the Commission has tried with all their power to justly enforce. That paper never starts out and says a good word for fish and game protection, though it claims to be an industrial journal, devoted to the best interests of its location. The harm that such papers do is great; not that their influence is great, or that they reach a great many people, but because they afford comfort and consolation to the ignorant people of one idea into whose hands they fall. To see that they are tolerated by a newspaper is greater consolation to many ignorant men than falls to the lot of the politician to be elected. Why, how would it do to start a paper somewhere for the encouragement of thieves! Be assured that every thief in the country would read it. Perhaps it would prove to be the only paper that he would read. Yet the thief only breaks the statutes of the State, made for the good of everybody. Does not the man who persists in killing game or taking fish out of season do pretty much the same thing?

Still the country papers are not the only ones that trouble the lovers of fish and game with stuff that never ought to be published. Periodically the smart writer in the daily papers tries to be funny at the expense of fish and game protection. The very first line he writes shows his ignorance of the whole subject, but that matters not; if he only wrote about that which he is well informed, his pen would be stopped forever. But he makes a few dashes at "what it costs to kill a moose in Maine or a deer or a partridge in New Hampshire." Then he explains that "it is a luxury which only the rich sportsman from the city can afford," and winds up with a line of sympathy for the local sportsman or backwoodsman who has not the $100 to pay. He never is struck with the idea that there is a long open season for all this game, and that the local sportsman or backwoodsman is there all the time, and that the game is just as free to him as to anybody. In fact, his chances are greater than those of any other man, for he is familiar with the location, as well as with the game. The smart writer in the daily papers never explains that the game in this open season is in its prime, and that the close season has been created, after years of careful study, only to cover the breeding season and the season when the game would be in danger from annihilation, for the reason that it could be all taken during the season of snow crusts. But such writers are familiar with every subject from theology to medicine, and the only lucky thing there is about them is that they know so much that they stick to one subject only for an article; so that in the rounds of their big (?) brains but one subject suffers at a time, and the turn of that subject does not come every day. SPECIAL.

SHOOTING NOTES.

A LARGE flight of geese and ducks is reported to have been seen from the shores of Long Island Sound, moving south, on Monday, Jan. 9; the geese acted as if they were fagged out and had come a long distance. Up to that date the Sound gunners along the Connecticut shore have been making small bags of black ducks and coots, also killing an occasional goose.

A female "dipper duck" that has been spending most of the shooting season beneath the surface of Newark Bay, was attracted by the street lamps in Kinney street, Newark, on Monday night, Jan. 9. For over an hour she bobbed about the lights, finally bringing up with a crash against one of the wagons of the New York and Newark Pie Company, limited. The driver thought he was being held up and was nearly frightened to death. Hearing something flopping in the street he got out of his wagon and caught the duck, which was uninjured. He gave the "dipper" to Griffin, who keeps an eating house at No. 314 Market street, Newark. Griffin gave the duck a soup plate filled with water to swim about in, so that the duck would not have the trouble to dive any more, which she might do if put in a tub. The bird is very tame, living on fresh caught smelt. She was tried with split corn but refused to eat it.

Clark's steam yacht Mohican still lies at anchor off Old Point Comfort, Virginia. She has on board a party of sportively inclined Newarkers, among whom are W. Campbell Clark, Charles D. Halsey and Horace N. Conger. They are shooting sea ducks from a steam launch belonging to the yacht, getting about a dozen birds a trip. The lower waters of the Chesapeake Bay are covered with coots in all conditions of weather, and in calm times with scattering flocks of geese and blackheads. Many of the latter, under the name of "flock ducks," are netted across the Bay in Tangier Sound. The geese can be shot by running down on them with the wind, against which the big birds are forced to rise, thus affording cross or overhead shots. Years ago sailing for brant was common on the New Jersey and Long Island bays. It was found to drive the birds from these waters and was consequently abandoned. What few ducks that resorted Newark Bay six years ago were routed by small steam yachts hailing from the Bergen shore, the shooters using very heavy shoulder guns. In Long Island Sound a number of well-known New Yorkers, Mr. Howard S. Jaffery being one, follow the ducks about every week in light-draft tugs. The effect of all this, especially in small bodies of water, is to drive the ducks away. The bags are always small and only second-class ducks are killed as a rule.

There were no quail of any account in Kansas this year, and but few as compared with former seasons in the Indian Territory along the Kansas line. Northern Texas to the eastward of the staked plains, however, contains many birds, one of the best sections being Bowie in Montague county. A friend with whom I shot last winter in Texas writes me that he has been having some good "Bob White" shooting near Moore's Station, in Frio county. There are lots of wild hogs in this section which on off days will furnish lots of sport. I have also received a letter from Osage county, Kansas, which says that the praririe chicken shooting there has been very poor; and the quail very scarce.

Two friends of mine who reside in El Paso, and are first-class shots, have been down to Laguna Lake, in Mexico, shooting. They had fine sport, returning with a bag consisting of geese, brant, bluebills, golden eyes, two kinds of teal, widgeon, sprigtails, sandhill cranes, yellow legs and "Jack snipe." This is the place to make a gun red hot without any trouble. It is only a quarter of a mile from Laguna Station on the Mexican Central R. R. Not a dozen sportsmen visit this place in a year. But the best place in Mexico to go for wildfowl is Lerdo Lake, two days from El Paso on the M. C. R. R. There the sportsman will kill ducks and wading birds of varieties unknown even to many ornithologists.

It is not until one makes an extended shooting trip through Central America and Mexico, that he discovers what a large variety of game birds exist there. In all there are over twenty different varieties of quail between the Isthmus of Panama and San Francisco. The most of these I have seen and shot. The Mexicans trap the quail about Paso del Norte, and sell them alive for $1 a dozen

in front of the hotels in El Paso. On several occasions I have noticed albinos in the lot of dusty cooped up little birds.

Chas. H. Raymond, and his brother, Geo. B. Raymond, of Morris Plains, N. J., had a very successful duck shooting visit this year to the San Domingo Ducking Club, at Magnolia, Md. The club is opposite the famous Maxwell's Point and is finely located. The bag consisted of redheads and a few canvasbacks. The birds were shot over stools.

The duck shooting at Carroll's Island has been fair. There are always ducks enough around Carroll's Island and Grace's Quarters, which is on the other side of the Saltpetre River from the island, but the trouble is to get them to fly.

It would keep one busy to keep a record of the accidents that have occurred with guns since the season opened on Nov. 1. I have made cuttings of all I came across, and have now sixty-three victims on the list. The last item is furnished by four boy hunters of Little Rock, Ark. In less than an hour one had both legs shattered, one lost an eye and another was minus a hand. Three out of four is a fair average. Of course, only about one accident in about twenty is reported, and as I do not read the newspapers more than I can help, I must have missed many more items of mishaps in the shooting field. My only wonder is that instead of 63 it is not 6300. I have been careful to notice the people I have accidentally met out shooting this fall; of the twenty-one I came across seventeen had muzzleloaders, and in every instance the hammers were down on the caps. I saw a man tumble out of a wagon, both hammers of his muzzleloading gun became imbedded in a frozen rut, the muzzle pressed against his side, and it was loaded with buckshot for bear. The man was sixty-five years old and perfectly sober, so it is to be presumed the "old boy" had sized the hunter up for a fool, as the gun did not go off. It is waste of breath to talk to people not to point guns at you, to stop monkeying with locks, and carrying hammers down on the caps. They know it all up to a stage in the game when either themselves or their friends know nothing. THE WISE ACRE.

DEER JUMPING.

YOUR columns contain many interesting accounts of deer hunting by a variety of methods—"hounding," as our Northern brother sportsmen term it (we in the South call that "driving"), "still-hunting," "fire-hunting," and "clubbing" in the water. This last method is unknown among us.

There was one other method in vogue in Mississippi during my early childhood, which I have never seen any description of nor allusion to, probably because a great abundance of game, combined with the proper sort of cover, was necessary to success, and these conditions in proper combination having ceased to exist, this method of deer hunting has gone out.

The method was called "driving," too, but not with dogs. The hunters simply deployed in a long, open skirmish line, and rode through the open pine woods on horseback or mulebback. In the localities thus hunted the long-leaf pine woods were almost entirely free from undergrowth and the ground well covered with a species of coarse grass two or three feet high. The hunters were spaced about 50yds. apart in the line, in the center of which rode the "captain" of the hunt, usually an old veteran, selected for the occasion, whose business it was to control the movements of the line of hunters, settle disputes about "who killed the deer," and occupy the place of general commander.

As the party rode in this order the deer were "jumped up" as they lay in the grass in easy shooting distance of one or more of the hunters, who usually carried shotguns. It seems also that the deer, when jumped, very generally run up or down the line, so that few escaped the shower of buckshot poured forth at them.

It was never my fortune to participate in one of these hunts, as the ground lay in a county about 100 miles from the town in which my father lived, and the county authorities put a stop to the incursions of outsiders into their hunting grounds while I was still a boy.

My father and uncle, however, who emigrated from Virginia to Mississippi in "the thirties," were both keen sportsmen, and it was their custom to join a party from our county every fall and go over to Scott county for two weeks' deer hunting; and they never failed to bring back venison. They always went on horseback, accompanied by a wagon with a negro driver and a servant or two carrying guns, camp equipage, etc.

On one of these annual hunts, and the last one I believe, both my father and uncle were prevented from attending by business affairs. My eldest brother, then a lad of sixteen, and a fine shot, was sent to represent them. He joined the party in the camp the night before the hunt was to begin, and conveyed to old Captain Jennings, the customary "captain" of the hunt, the regrets of my father and uncle that they were neither of them able to attend. The captain was much disappointed by their absence, and when my brother modestly stated that he had come to represent his elders the old gentleman smiled and asked him if he could shoot a deer. He replied that he was pretty good at partridges and rabbits, and he supposed he could kill a deer, which belief the captain did not seem to share.

The next morning when the hunt was formed not much attention was paid to Fred, the boy, but he found a place in the line somewhere. In the course of the first day's driving he had the remarkable fortune of killing four deer without a single one being disputed by another claimant, a larger number than was killed by any one else. This of course raised him high in the captain's esteem, who thereafter gave him the place of honor on his right. In the whole hunt Fred bagged eight deer, and was excelled by only one of the party of some dozen or fifteen old hunters. That gentleman killed eleven.

Fred of course came home an inch or two taller than when he left. COAHOMA.

MEMPHIS, Tennessee.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, for the election of officers, was held at the Fremont House, Boston, on Jan. 11. The officers elected were: President, Edward A. Samuels; Vice-Presidents, Chas. L. Woodbury, Walter M. Brackett, Chas. Whittier, John T. Stetson, Henry H. Kimball, Walton C. Taft, Horace T. Rockwell; Treasurer, Frederick R. Shattuck; Secretary, Arthur W. Robinson; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee, Henry J. Thayer, Warren Hapgood, Wm. S. Hills, Edward T. Barker, John P. Woodbury, Ivers W. Adams, John Fottler, Jr., Benj. F. Nichols, Henry C. Litchfield, Geo. W. Wiggin, Benj. C. Clark, Isaac Y. Chubbuck; Membership Committee, Henry J. Thayer, Edw. E. Small, Waldron Bates; Fund Committee, Wm. S. Hills, Danl. T. Curtis, Benj. C. Clark. The year just closed has been one of the most prosperous in its history; the association having increased very materially in numbers, and in financial resources. The outlook for the coming year is most promising, and it is hoped and expected that much good work will be accomplished before the beginning of another year.

THE LYMAN SIGHT.—Somerville, Mass., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was pleased to notice in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM that the price of Lyman rifle sights has been reduced. This will place these valuable sights within the reach of all, and I think will bring them into general use. For a hunting sight in dark weather or in the woods I am satisfied that they have no equal. As an instance of their superiority over the ordinary open sight I will state that I, one day in September, made a run of fourteen red squirrels with a Maynard .22-cal., 10gr., c. f. rifle, in thick hemlock woods where it would have been impossible to see them distinctly with any other sights that I know of. I have no desire to "puff" the goods of any one, but I want all of my brother rifle shooters to know of everything in this line that is good, and I think that the name of Wm. Lyman will long be remembered for this great invention that he has given us.—IRON RAMROD.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AS A FOREST RESERVATION.

[From the Nation, New York, Jan. 5.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2, 1888.—Of the varied beauties of the Yellowstone Park much has been said in praise. The splendor of the Grand Cañon, the grandeur of the lake and of those scientific curiosities, the geysers and hot springs, have been described over and over again until every one is more or less familiar with the natural marvels of this wonderland. Now that the once famous pink and white terraces on the shores of Rotomahana in New Zealand have ceased to exist, the similar deposits in the Yellowstone Park stand unrivalled. Notwithstanding all that has been written, based upon sentimental considerations, in favor of a maintenance of the Park by the general Government, the most forcible argument for its preservation is an economic one far outweighing all others in importance. It is one which has received but slight attention outside of a narrow circle of the friends of the Park who realize the true value of the region.

The object of first importance in maintaining the Park is the preservation of its forests. Forest preservation is rightfully attracting increased attention in all parts of the country, and it is now very generally admitted that a rigid enforcement of the proper restrictions in the cutting of timber is demanded for the public welfare. Owing to many conflicting interests in the more settled communities, additional protection by legislation is by no means a simple problem. Nowhere is this better shown than in the struggle in New York State to preserve the timber of the Adirondacks against the encroachment of lumbermen.

The Park is a natural reservoir admirably adapted by its topographical structure for the storage of water. No region of equal area in the heart of the Rocky Mountains presents so many favorable conditions for receiving, storing and distributing a liberal water supply. For the preservation of this water the dense forest which covers this region is of incalculable value. The central portion of the Park is a broad, elevated volcanic plateau between 7,000 and 8,500ft. above sea level, with an average elevation of about 8,000ft; it is accidented by broad depressed basins and scored by deep gorges and narrow valleys. Surrounding it on the south, east, north and northwest, are high peaks and mountain ridges rising from 2,000 to 4,000ft. above the general level of the inclosed table land. Across this plateau from the southeast to the northwest, with a very sinuous course, runs the Continental divide, separating the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific. Several large bodies of water, notably Yellowstone, Shoshone, Lewis and Heart Lakes, form such characteristic features on both sides of this divide, that the country has deservedly received the appellation of the lake region of the Park. Hundreds of smaller lakes occupy irregular depressions either in the lava flows or in shallow basins of glacial origin high up in the neighboring mountains. Scattered over the plateau, in striking contrast with the greater part of the Rocky Mountains, occur numerous ponds, marshes and meadows, which hold very considerable amounts of water throughout the greater part of the year. More than 3,500 thermal springs bring up their waters from below to swell the surface flows, while innumerable cold springs coming out from beneath the rocks add their share to swell the current.

Careful observation of plateau, mountain and valley, shows that about 84 per cent. of the Park region is forest-clad. The bare portions of the Park are mainly areas above the timber line, steep mountain slopes, and wet marshy bottoms. The forest is essentially coniferous. A few groves of aspen (*Populus tremuloides*) add brilliancy to the autumnal foliage, but are so insignificant that from an economic point of view they may be discarded. Quite two-thirds of the trees are what are known as black pine (*Pinus murrayana*), and one may travel for miles over the gravelly ridges of the plateau without encountering any other species. On moist ground at high elevations, and where the snows lie later in the season, this species gradually gives way to the balsam (*Abies subalpina*) and the spruce (*Picus engelmanni*). Over large areas, of course, the three species occur more or less mingled. In a few favored localities the statelier tree, the red fir (*Pseudotsuga douglassi*), is conspicuous by its size and vigor. The black pine rarely attains any great size, trees more than 2ft. in diameter being exceptional, while over considerable areas they are so diminutive as to be locally known as "lodge-pole" pine. The young forest is generally made up of shapely, graceful trees, but the maturer growth is not specially attractive. The charm of the forest is found in the natural groupings and park-like character of the trees in the more open country, many of those on the mountain slopes being of exquisite beauty. For grandeur and imposing appearance they are not, however, to be compared with those of the Sierra Nevada or Cascade ranges.

Precipitation of moisture throughout the arid region of the far West is governed in part by mountain mass and in part by the great altitude of single ridges. Across the Park plateau and the Absaroka Range to the eastward the country is unsurpassed in average elevation by any area of equal extent, and is so situated as to form one of the storm-centers of the northern Rocky Mountains. The moisture-laden winds coming up from the southwest precipitate rain and snow upon the plateau and the western slope of the Absaroka Range, innumerable streams bringing the water from the mountains back into the Park. In consequence, the climate of the region is exceptional, the amount of snow and rainfall being higher and the mean annual temperature lower than over the adjacent country. Unlike the greater part of the Rocky Mountains, heavy rains occur frequently through the summer, and snow storms are of common occurrence any time between September and May, the snows lying upon the ground well into midsummer. The region is one of the grandest reservoirs, sending its waters thousands of miles to both oceans. A closer examination of this water supply shows its preservation to be a question of vast economic interest. Two rivers, the Yellowstone and Snake, carry off the greater part of these waters; the former draining more than one-half the area of the Park, and the latter the entire western side of the divide. Yellowstone Lake, the great reservoir for the river which gives its name to the Park, is a body of water of great beauty, measuring twenty miles in length, with a breadth across its greatest expanse of fifteen miles. It has a very irregular outline, with an indented shore of nearly 100 miles, and an area of 121 square miles. Not only is the Yellowstone by many times the largest lake in North America at so high an elevation above sea level (7,741ft.), but it ranks among the first in the world at high altitudes. Upon the western side of the divide, less than six miles from the Yellowstone, and separated from it by a ridge not more than 200ft. in height, lie Shoshone and Lewis Lakes; the former with an area of twelve square miles, and the latter four and one-half square miles. Heart Lake, at the eastern base of Mt. Sheridan, measures three square miles. These reservoirs pour their waters into the Snake, which also finds its source near the southeast corner of the Park.

In the autumn of 1886, with a view to obtaining some data upon the amount of discharge, the largest bodies of water were accurately measured. Not only was the time selected the dryest period of the year, but all lakes and streams stood at a lower level than at any time during the previous five years. Yellowstone Lake stood 20in. below the high-water mark of early summer. The measurements may be said, therefore, to have been taken at the minimum discharge. Measured just below the outlet of the lake, the discharge of the Yellowstone River was found to be 1,525 cubic feet per second, or, in other words, 34,000,000 imperial gallons per hour. The outflows from Shoshone, Lewis and Heart lakes combined yielded 104 cubic feet per second. The Lamar, Firehole, Gibbon and Madison rivers were gauged, and careful estimates made of the Gallatin and Falls rivers, based upon the size and flow of the streams and the area of the country drained. According to estimates of Dr. William Hallock, of the United States Geological Survey, who kindly undertook the gauging of the streams, it was found that the minimum discharge was equal to one cubic foot per second per square mile over an area somewhat more than 4,000 square miles, and that the amount of water running into the Park and leaving it through the five main drainage channels would make a river 5ft. deep and 190ft. wide, with a current of three miles per hour. While this may not indicate a large supply as compared with certain highly favored areas, yet it is for the arid region of the West an exceptional and excessive amount.

In an arid and sparsely timbered country and one of unequally distributed rainfall, forests and moisture maintain reciprocal relations. Experience has shown in Europe, and unfortunately already in America, the injurious effect of disafforesting a country near the head waters of large rivers. One instance will suffice to illustrate this protecting influence of the forest. The report of the recent Forestry Commission of the State of New York says, speaking of the sources of the Hudson River, "that the summer flow of the Adirondack rivers has decreased within the memory of men living from 50 to 75 per cent. Many of the small streams which a quarter of a century ago were abundantly supplied with water during the entire summer are now dry during many months."

Remove the forests from the sources of the Yellowstone and Snake, and the region would become a barren waste. The snow, under the scorching rays of the sun, would rapidly disappear, and early spring freshets and floods, carrying devastation before them, would strip the rocks bare of the meagre soil with which they are now covered. Under the influence of the forests the soil and vegetation are protected, which in turn act as a sponge, regulating the flow and slowly supplying the springs and streams. The climatic benefits derived from the forest-protected region can scarcely be overestimated. From the cool, wet surface of this broad storehouse of water the dry winds coming from the west absorb immense quantities of moisture, which is again precipitated over the agricultural and grazing lands to the eastward. Not only should the present reservation be carefully guarded, but the area of the Park should be enlarged to the east and south, so as to take in a dense forest region useless for agricultural purposes and destitute of mining resources. It embraces a rough and mountainous country abounding in streams, the real source and feeders of Snake River, Yellowstone River and Lake.

The proposed increase extends the boundaries twenty-five miles to the eastward and nine miles to the southward of the present ill-defined limits, which were established at a time when the region had been but little explored. By this enlargement not only the entire western slope of the Absaroka Range, with its mountain torrents flowing into the Park, but the timber lands near the heads of streams which run eastward (the waters of which drain into the Big Horn, an affluent to the Yellowstone) will fall within the protected area. To the southward, on the opposite side of the Continental divide, the country, although less rugged, is equally well supplied with streams, springs and lakes, whose waters uniting make a broad, deep river of the Snake before it fairly leaves the mountains for the plain below.

A proposition looking to the enlargement of the National Park has already been brought before the present Congress by Senator Vest, of Missouri. No obstacles exist to-day against forever setting apart this additional territory adjacent to the Park. If left alone it will soon be invaded by the lumberman, charcoal-burner, and railway-tie cutter, the advance guard of a rapidly increasing population. The preservation of the Park is a necessity to the nation, but to no part of it more than to the Territories of Dakota, Montana and Wyoming. ARNOLD HAGUE.

MONTANA GAME LAW.

AMENDMENTS approved March 9, 1887, amending act of March 8, 1883.

An Act to amend sections 1, 2 and 5 of an act entitled "An Act to protect game, fur-bearing animals and fish," approved March 8, 1883.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana:

SECTION 1. That any person or persons who shall wilfully shoot or otherwise kill or cause to be killed any buffalo, moose, elk, white-tailed deer, black-tailed deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat or antelope between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of August of the ensuing year, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than twenty dollars nor more than fifty dollars for each offense committed.

SEC. 2. That Section 2 of an act entitled an act to protect fur-bearing animals and fish, approved March 8, 1883, be amended to read as follows: Section 2. That any person or persons who shall wilfully shoot or otherwise kill or cause to be killed at any time any of the animals mentioned in Section 1 of this act for the purpose of procuring the head and hide only, or for speculative purposes, or for market, or for sale, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than one month nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 3. That Section 5 of said act be amended to read as follows: Sec. 5. That any person or persons who shall wilfully shoot, or kill, or cause to be killed, any grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant, fool hen, sage hen, partridge, or quail, between the 15th day of November and the 15th day of August of the next ensuing year, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than $25 nor more than $50, and all persons are hereby prohibited at all times from killing any of the birds described in this section for speculative purposes, or for markets, or for sale; and any person or persons who shall hereafter kill for speculative purposes or offer for sale any of the kinds named in this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than $25 nor more than $50 for each offense committed. F. R. ARMSTRONG, Speaker of the House.
R. C. HICKMAN, President of the Council.

MERIT MUST WIN.—Merit will win the confidence of stock owners, no matter what may be said to the contrary, we thought, upon learning the important part HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY REMEDIES were playing in thousands of stables throughout the country. We were further gratified to learn, from an authentic source, that over four years ago the Board of Cavalry Equipment of the United States Army had concluded to recommend for exclusive use in the service, the SPECIFIC VETERINARY MEDICINES made by the HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE Co. These Veterinary Specifics have been thoroughly tested, not only throughout the United States, but in other countries, and "that their superior merit claims for them the highest place among the standard remedies of the day" is the ready testimony of thousands whose experience renders them eminently well qualified to speak.—*Exchange.*

A FISHERMAN'S DIARY.—The late Mr. Alfred Denison kept a fishing diary, from the records of which it appears that in the course of 28 years' angling at Nesside (Holme water), on the Ness, and at Makerstoun and Birgham Dub, on the Tweed, he killed 4,601 salmon to his own rod. In 1883 he landed 235 fish which weighed 2,708 pounds. In 1885 he killed 180 fish on the Tweed in the autumn which weighed 2,651 pounds, and 120 which weighed 972½lbs. on the Ness during the summer. His best day on the Tweed was in 1873, at Makerstoun, above Kelso, when he killed 16 salmon and lost 4. On the Ness, in August, 1873, he had 16 fish in one day and lost 3. Mr. Denison, who belonged to the Stockbridge Club, always fished the Test for a few days in the early part of the season, but salmon angling was his greatest delight.—*London Truth.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Angling Talks. By Geo. Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Anglers' Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

THE NEXT TOURNAMENT.

THE National Rod and Reel Association met on Saturday last in the laboratory of Commissioner Blackford, New York. The attendance was good, and various subjects were discussed. The secretary read the proceedings of the last meeting. Mr. Mather, chairman of the committee on membership, reported in favor of the following rule: "No person shall compete in a tournament who has not been a member for at least seven days previous to such tournament, but the president may, in his discretion, waive this qualification and admit new members on the grounds who may compete." It has been the custom to admit members on the grounds and to allow them to compete, and this custom has been abused by mug hunters who came to the grounds, rod in hand, and, after looking over the entries in a class, paid both membership and entrance fees, won a prize, and were never heard of more.

The following gentlemen were appointed as a Committee of Arrangements:

Wm. Dunning, Chairman; Hon. H. P. McGown, Cuttyhunk Club, Mass.; James Benkard, South Side Club, L.I.; E. G. Blackford, New York Fish Commission; S. M. Blatchford, Squibnocket Club, Mass.; Dr. E. Bradley, Blooming Grove Park Association, Penn.; Martin B. Brown, Wa-Wa-Yanda Club; Henry F. Crosby, Willowemoc Club, N. Y.; D. W. Cross, Oneida Club, N. Y.; Francis Endicott, Richmond County Game and Fish Protective Association; C. B. Evarts, American Fisheries Society; Gen. Rodney C. Ward, Brooklyn; Dr. Geo. Trowbridge, New York; E. R. Wilbur, New York; James C. Cornell, Brooklyn; William C. Harris, St. Lawrence Club; Dr. James A. Hensball, Black Bass Club, Ky.; Thatcher Magoun, Massachusetts Game Protective Society; C. H. Mallory, Ichthyophagous Club, N. Y.; Fred Mather, Fly-Fishers' Club, London; J. C. McAndrew, Restigouche Club, N. B.; James L. Vallotton, Pasque Island Club, Mass.; J. S. Van Cleef, Willowemoc Club, N. Y.; C. Van Brunt, Willowemoc Club, N. Y.; Edward Weston, Greenwood Lake Association, N. Y.; Col. Locke W. Winchester, Restigouche Club, N. B.; Louis B. Wright, Westminster Kennel Club, N. Y.; H. L. Ziegenfuss, D. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; J. A. Roosevelt, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; C. G. Levison, Brooklyn.

Committee on Grounds: Martin B. Brown, New York, Chairman.

Committee on Rules: J. A. Roosevelt, Poughkeepsie, Chairman; Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; C. G. Levison, Brooklyn; Louis B. Wright, New York.

A discussion on rules followed, and as the rules are to be revised by the committee appointed for this purpose the discussion was, as the president stated, merely to get the sense of the Association on certain proposed changes. No change was suggested until Rule 5 was reached, when Mr. Mitchell said that the allowance of 1½oz. in favor of rods, used in the light-rod contests, having metal reel-seats, was too great, and he exhibited one, which, without the bands, weighed a mere nothing. It was decided to abolish the allowance. It was proposed to reduce the time allowance for contestants from fifteen to ten minutes. It was thought best to omit "delicacy" from the scale of points, but when it was proposed to add to the number of points in "acuracy," the vote was a tie. It was thought best to make the distance for accuracy in salmon casting 60 instead of 70ft. In black bass casting it is proposed to strike out "style" from the score of points, and in heavy bass casting to allow the caster to use a sinker of 2½oz. or less, at his option.

The time for the next tournament was fixed for Wednesday and Thursday, May 23 and 24.

Mr. Johnston objected to the rule in single-handed fly-casting which classes the contestants as amateur and expert, and which forbids entrance into the former by those who have ever fished for a living, been guides, or have been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle, and proposed to class all men by their former records, as: those who have a record of 90, 80, 70 and 60ft. respectively.

The menhaden question came up, and Mr. Endicott, chairman of the committee appointed to frame resolutions concerning the capture of food fishes and menhaden, reported that he had called a meeting of the committee to meet the men engaged in menhaden fishing on Thursday, Jan. 19, at Mr. Blackford's. Messrs. Bryan, Wright, Dunning and Johnston offered several valuable prizes, consisting of gold medals, reels, etc., to be competed for at the next tournament, and the meeting adjourned.

THE EAGLE ROD AND GUN CLUB, of Fair Haven, Vt., held its annual meeting on Jan. 6, with Vice-President R. C. Reed in the chair. H. S. Humphrey was elected secretary *pro tem.*, as the secretary of the club was sick. The chairman appointed Merrit T. Mead, Robt. W. Parkhurst and E. J. Williams a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year; and they reported the following list: President, Rolland C. Reed; Vice-President, E. J. Williams. Secretary, George M. Fuller; Treasurer, D. R. Williams; Executive Committee—Dr. Charles H. Carpenter, Merrit T. Mead, Albert I. Johnson, Hugh S. Humphrey, Robert W. Parkhurst. These officers were then elected. R. C. Reed, George M. Fuller and M. T. Mead were appointed to examine and revise the by-laws and report at the next meeting, which will be held on Friday evening, Feb. 3, when the retiring officers will make their reports and the new officers will take their seats. The club expects to be able to build a club house on the west shore of Lake Bomoseen during the coming summer.

CATFISH ON A TROLL.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—At Silver Lake, a few miles from here, it is not at all unusual to catch bullheads on a troll. As I understand it, the catfish and bullhead are the same, or nearly the same fish. July 3, 1884, John Tenney and my brother caught five on a troll in one day, and P. P. Winn, engineer on the Erie Railroad, who has fished at the lake for many years, says he has caught over a hundred skittering and trolling.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

TARPON FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years since I clothed, in the drapery of ink, my views regarding the future of tarpon fishing as follows: "In journals devoted to sports of forest and stream we frequently notice references to the lordly salmon, the noble striped bass, the plucky bronze-backers, and the speckled beauties—but the tarpon, the 'noblest Roman' of them all, the game fish *par excellence* of American waters, is seldom noticed. When the acrobatic performances and the fighting qualities of this noble fish become known, something worthy of consideration will present itself to those who can enjoy true piscatorial sport." It has been said that coming events cast their shadows before, and recent events have established the fact that my frequent references to the royal sport attending the capture of the "silver king" have been realized.

In referring to the tarpon that experienced fisherman and accomplished writer, S. C. Clarke, says: "It is a fish as much more powerful and difficult to handle on a rod than a salmon, as the salmon is more powerful than the black bass. This may perhaps be thought a rash assertion, but it is gathered from my own experience. Twice I have hooked a tarpon, and twice I lost my tackle without checking the fish in the slightest degree."

The first tarpon that was captured at Charlotte Harbor, with rod and reel, was taken several years since, by my friend, Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania. It was evening and he was trolling for bass, when he had a strike, and, after a lengthy fight, he landed with rod and reel, a silver-king weighing 38lbs. On his return to Jacksonville he presented to me the rod, reel and line with which he made the capture, and they are in my possession. In April last I visited Charlotte Harbor and collected some data regarding tarpon fishing which will no doubt interest some of your readers. From the best information obtainable I believe the following data regarding the number of tarpon captured last winter at that point, and the names of the captors, will be found correct:

Handline fishing: Senator Quay and son, of Pennsylvania, 21 tarpon, largest 155lbs. G. R. Shultz, of Punta Rassa, 1, weight 135lbs. — Shatton, of Boston, 1, weight 124lbs. Rod and reel fishing: P. Lorillard's party in yacht Riva, 11 fish, largest 143lbs. W. H. Wood, of New York, 11 fish, largest 135lbs. W. G. Russell, of Boston, 1, weight 50lbs., the smallest captured. Peck Brothers, Chicago, 3. L. T. Moore, Kansas City, 5, largest 145lbs. C. R. Jones, Kansas City, 4, largest 131lbs. K. W. Stetson, Kingston, Mass., 1, weight 76lbs. F. T. Tripler, New York, 2. Capt. Randall, U. S. N., 1, weight 118lbs. J. B. Niven, Bridgeport, N. J., 1. — Wright, Wall street, New York, 1. Walter Mann, Philadelphia, 9, 8 captured in 3 days, largest 151lbs., 1 149½lbs. T. Sheldon, of Philadelphia, 1. T. Fellows, Boston, 3. Total, 78.

Within the last two years tarpon fishing at Charlotte Harbor has found many devotees; and during the past winter the Hotel San Carlos at the southerly end of Pine Island has been liberally patronized by tarpon fishers. Tarpon fishing is truly royal sport, for they are strong, agile and cunning. When they take a bait they usually make a lightning-like rush of from 20 to 60yds., indulge in an aerial performance, shake their heads like a terrier, and oftimes expel the bait. The accompanying sketches, illustrating a lady's experience in tarpon fishing, will make the matter intelligible:

Mrs. B., of this city, with her husband, camped out near the mouth of the St. John's River and, clothed in a bathing suit, she approached the beach, cast the bait into the briny deep to capture a channel bass. A tarpon seized the bait and made a rush. Mrs. B. held on to the line in spite of burned fingers; the artful fish appeared in the air and shook his head and the lady found herself *hors de combat* with extremities in the air. A gentleman who was present assured me that the contact of 156lbs. of humanity with the hard sandy beach caused such a seismic effect as to lead the residents of Mayport to believe an earthquake had visited the locality.

It may interest some of your readers to obtain some reliable information regarding the piscatorial attractions and the hotel accommodations at Charlotte Harbor, and how to get there. I visited the locality in April last, and will furnish data, the result of my observations. My first visit to Charlotte Harbor was in 1874, and in your valuable paper I referred to the unequaled fishing at this point. I visited the locality again in 1877, and in another article discussed the piscatorial resources of that section and suggested the advisability of erecting a hotel at that point for the accommodation of fishermen and invalids. Realizing the climatic and sporting attractions of Charlotte Harbor, a syndicate of wealthy gentlemen purchased three miles in length of the southerly end of Pine Island and erected a large hotel and a number of cottages. The rooms in the hotel are large, beds good, and the *cuisine* all the most exacting can ask. Meats are received from Chicago, vegetables are raised on the premises, oysters, clams and fish are plentiful, the island and mainland furnish venison and turkey, the food was admirably cooked and the service excellent. The company has constructed a dock extending to deep water, and from it sheepshead, channel bass, sea trout, cavallii, angel fish, grouper, sea bass, etc., can be captured in sufficient numbers to render the sport attractive. At the end of the dock is a pavillion where ladies can find shade, inhale pure air, and indulge in sports piscatorial. Boats and bait are furnished to guests, and boatmen who are familiar with the best fishing points can be secured at reasonable rates. A daily mail is a feature, and a telegraph station is but four miles distant. During the cold months insect pests are absent. The drives on the island extend for miles and the roads are excellent.

San Carlos Hotel, Charlotte Harbor, is easily reached. Leaving Jacksonville at 8:15 A. M. by the Florida Southern R. R., passengers reach Punta Gorda, Charlotte Harbor, at 8:15 P. M. A pleasant route is to take one of the People's Line of steamers at 3 P. M., reaching Sandford early in the morning. From this point take the South Florida R. R. to Barton Junction, connecting with the Florida Southern R. R. for Punta Gorda. At this point will be found a first-class hotel with every comfort. Fare from Jacksonville to Punta Gorda, $9.45. Leaving the latter place at 8 A. M., Hotel San Carlos, Pine Island, is reached in time for dinner—twenty-nine hours after leaving Jacksonville.

Climatic factors have much to do with the comfort of the invalids and the success of fishermen. It is well known that the air of the sea shore is bracing and calculated to build up invalids; and as Pine Island is near the Gulf and surrounded by salt water, health is guaranteed. During the cold months malarial diseases are unknown, and the mortality of this section for the entire year is less than that of almost any other portion of the United States. The absence of dust and organic germs is all important to invalids, and at this point the air is pure and aseptic. Equability of temperature is an important climatic factor, and in this respect Charlotte Harbor is remarkable. As thermometric vacillations are of great importance, we will give the ranges for the five cold months at this point: November, 36° Fah.; December, 36°; January, 36°; February, 31°; March, 30°; mean for five cold months, 34° Fah. Owing to the slight atmospheric changes, invalids and delicate persons are not liable to contract colds and can spend most af their time in the open air. The mean relative humidity of a resort is important, and in this respect Charlotte Harbor is especially favored. As evideuce of this we will give the mean relative humidity of this section for the five cold months: November, 71.7; December, 73.2; January, 74.2; February, 73.7; March, 69.9 per cent. Rainy days seriously interfere with outdoor sports, and in this respect Charlotte Harbor has much to recommend it. The rainfall in inches and hundredths per month for a period of five years is as follows: November, 2.38; December, 0.99; January, 1.69; February, 2.67; March, 1.04. Mean per month, 1.77in.; for five months, 8.77in. As evidence of the small amount of rainfall at this point I need but compare it with the amount at some prominent health and pleasure resorts for the five cold months, as follows: Niece, 16.86; Mentone, 16.50; Nervi, 23.40; Genoa, 24.72; Atlantic City, 16.93; Jacksonville, Fla., 16.62, and Key West, 9.1in. Frost is almost unknown at Charlotte Harbor. For ten years the lowest point reached by the thermometer was 33.° The air is bracing, the diurnal thermometric range is very low, and high winds are infrequent.

To those who are disposed to indulge in the capture of tarpon, I would say provide a stout two-joint (one long and one short) split-bamboo, lancewood or greenheart rod, from seven to eight feet six inches in length, and a strong reel to carry six hundred feet of 15, 18 or 21 thread Cuttyhunk line. For hooks I would recommend 10-0 O'Shaughnessy or 13-0 Limerick, and for snoods heavy cotton or silk, or jointed piano wire. Minute directions for rigging lines and baiting hooks need not be referred to, for a day's residence at San Carlos Hotel, and open ears to listen to fish yarns and experiences, would serve to initiate the tenderfoot into all the mysteries of attending tarpon fishing. The principal fishing ground is near the hotel.

The fishing for mangrove snapper, devil fish, tarpon, sheepshead, sea trout, channel bass, cavallii, angel fish, lady fish, and jew fish, cannot be excelled. At this point the angler can enjoy an admirable climate and capture noble game fish without the discomforts of roughing it, wading in icy streams and fighting black flies and mosquitoes. Tarpon fishing has already attained a world wide notoriety, and if we take into consideration the accessibility of Charlotte Harbor, the superior hotel accommodations, mail and telegraph facilities, its healthfulness, the absence of malaria, its admirable drives, opportunities for boating, its climatic advantages and sporting resources, we are forced to the conclusion that it is destined to become a popular tourist, sporting and health resort.

AL FRESCO.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 26, 1887.

A note in the *Times-Union*, of Jacksonville, Jan. 3, has this: At St. James City the tarpon season of this year has been opened by a lady from New Haven, Conn. It was a lively tussle on the part of the fish, but as the hook was firmly fastened somewhere down his interior anatomy he was finally landed, though the lady had a chance to use all of her strength and skill. The score was 87½lbs., length 5ft. 7in. The lady's husband took in another weighing 102lbs., and altogether this was counted a good day's sport.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE ROGERS FISHWAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I herewith present to you engravings of the Rogers patent fishway, showing its construction, position and the general principles of its working in the case of a common mill-dam, and also a diagram of the auxiliary dam, a later invention, the purpose of which is to adapt the fishway for successful use where the more common mode of construction is impracticable, as in case of natural falls or great dams like the Holyoke in Massachusetts, where it would not be possible to effect an opening in the structure to be overcome.

I feel perfectly safe in saying that this is the only fishway ever invented or used that completely fulfils the purpose for which it is designed, viz., to open the streams of the country to the free and easy ascent of fish to the head-waters and spawning grounds, over mill-dams, natural falls and all other obstructions. This great claim is not based on mere theory or extravagant supposition, but on practical tests made not only in this country, where during the past six or seven years I have personally supervised the construction of nearly one hundred after the style of the patent, which are now in successful operation—in one case a natural fall of over sixty feet having been overcome—but also in the United States where the State of Pennsylvania, after having expended tens of thousands of dollars on other devices, procured the use of this invention after a most successful test at the Columbia Dam on the Susquehanna in the spring of 1887, and is now pushing their construction as rapidly as possible.

An experience of twenty years in the Fishery Service of Canada has brought me into contact with the many obstacles to be overcome in protecting, maintaining and increasing the supply of river fishes, and I am therefore in a position to recommend this fishway as being the only one that will perfectly conquer the difficulties to which the deterioration of the river fisheries of every growing country is chiefly attributable.

The principles of its construction, its position and general features are such as have in every case commended themselves to practical men. The engravings given herewith will afford a pretty clear idea of what these principles are, and will dispense with the necessity of detailed description here. One great advantage in their use is the very small cost of construction and maintenance, as when once properly built they will withstand the pressure of ice and the heaviest freshets without injury; and another is that the water supply is in

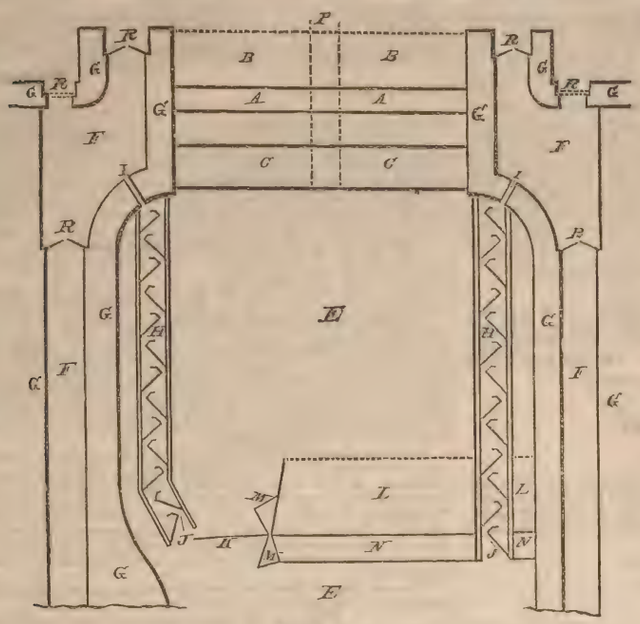


FIG. 1.

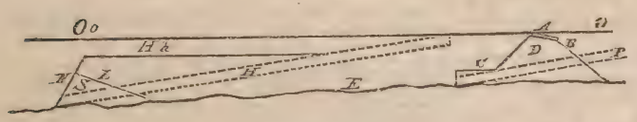


FIG. 2.

DIAGRAM OF THE ROGERS PATENT FISHWAY AND AUXILIARY DAM.

(The basis of the above diagram is the Holyoke dam in Massachusetts.)

FIG. 1 is a general plan of arrangement. FIG. 2 is a vertical sectional view of same.

Like letters denote the same parts in both figures.

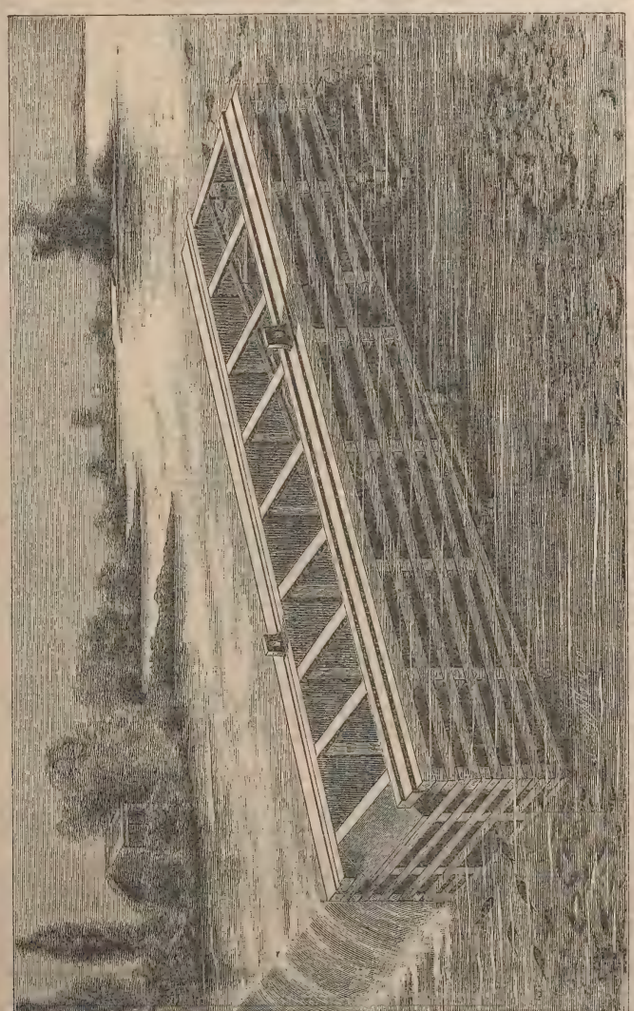
A A represents top of main dam. *B*, inner face of same. *C*, lower face, over which the flood of water pours. *P*, position in which it would be proper to place a fishway where practicable. *F*, a canal built to carry water from pond above down to mills, etc., below. *R R*, gates by which the flow of water may be regulated. *L*, the auxiliary dam, built below main dam. *N*, lower face of auxiliary dam where fish are stayed in their progress up stream. *K*, a wire fence used in some cases for same purpose, where the water has not too much force to prevent its security. *M M*, wings of same, for turning fish in any required direction. *H*, fishway, with an entrance into the canal (this fishway may be carried up around any dam or cliff, as desired). *G*, the wall or bank which separates the water in the canal from the river and holds it at the level of the headwaters. *E*, bed of river where fish come up. *J J*, foot of fishways, showing the open mouths at the face of the auxiliary dams. *I*, outlet from fishway to headwaters, or inlet of water from pond above.

FIG. 2.—*O*, level of water in pond above main obstruction in river. *Oo*, level of top of main dam. *A*, top of sectional drawing of main dam. *B*, upper slope. *C*, front face. *D*, body of main dam. *P*, where fishway should be placed when practicable. *E*, river bottom. *S*, section of auxiliary dam. *L*, back slope. *N*, front or down stream face—the obstruction presented to fish, thus preventing them from passing the foot of fishway and turning them into it. *H*, fishway in position. *Hh*, side of fishway.



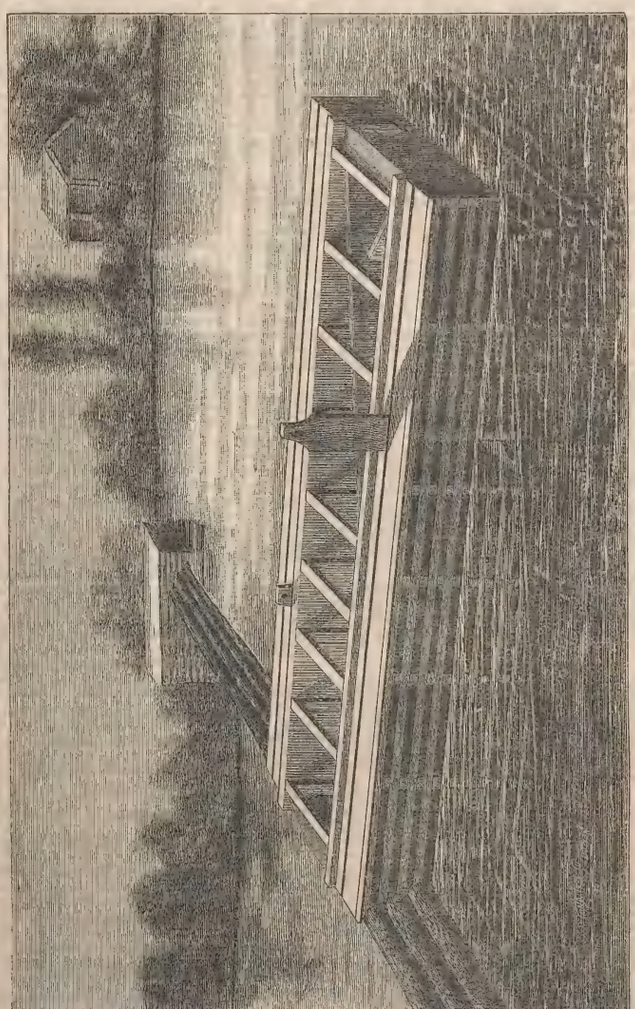
THE ROGERS PATENT FISHWAY.

Bird's-eye view, showing interior and fish ascending. The top of the structure is, of course, to be covered in by heavy timber for protection against ice and freshets—spaces being left to admit the light.



THE ROGERS PATENT FISHWAY.

Showing its construction and position in the dam, and fish entering below the dam and passing into the pond above.



THE ROGERS PATENT FISHWAY.

Showing side gate in use during low water in dry season. The gate will be noticed to be drawn up, allowing the water to enter and fish pass through. Another gate is also provided on the other side for use when the water is still lower, thus providing for the free passage of fish at any height of water.

no way interfered with, and on this account they have been received with peculiar favor by mill owners and others interested in water power.

I trust, if the matter of fishways is one in which you are interested either in a private or public capacity, you will give this one your favorable consideration, and I will be pleased, personally, to give you any desired information on the subject.

I feel you would be amply repaid by a visit to Nova Scotia, or to Columbia, Pa., to see some of them in operation.

In cases where a *bona fide* interest is manifested, I am prepared to visit the localities where the erection of fishways is proposed, furnish estimates of the cost and take contracts for the work, or otherwise, either personally or through competent engineers acquainted with the details of the business, give the work so far as may be possible the benefit of my long experience—a matter of no small importance in practical undertakings of this kind. W. H. ROGERS.

TRIBUTES TO BAIRD.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a brief report of the services held last Wednesday evening in the lecture room of the Columbian University, in commemoration of the life and services to science of the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, whom we all have so much loved and esteemed during a third of a century. He was secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Director of the National Museum and United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries at one and the same time, and the work now done or progressing in each or all of these divisions seems inseparable from his name. The Philosophical, Biological, and Anthropological societies of Washington united to do him honor, and it would have warmed your heart to see the spontaneous fervor which stirred the audience in response to the sincere and glowing tributes paid to him by the speakers. The lecture room was filled to its fullest comfortable capacity with a distinguished assemblage of scholars and men of science. Many ladies were present.

Col. Garrick Mallory, president of the Philosophical Society, presided. Seated on the platform were Chief Justice Waite, Senators Edmunds and Dawes, Prof. Marsh, of Yale; Prof. Cuppe, of Leigh University; Prof. Angell, of Ann Arbor; Prof. Gillman, of Johns Hopkins University; Justice Strong; Prof. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Prof. G. Brown Goode, U. S. Fish Commissioner; Prof. Alexander G. Bell, Dr. Yarrow, Dr. Fletcher, director of the Mint Kimball; Dr. J. C. Welling, president of Columbian University; Prof. Dall, Dr. Taylor, Maj. J. W. Powell and others. On each side of the platform hung a life-sized portrait of the late Prof. Baird.

Col. Mallory opened the meeting with a fitting eulogy. W. B. Taylor, of the Smithsonian Institution, reviewed his work in his capacity as administrator, outlining his methods in detail, and pointing to examples of the labors in new fields of science which he illumined to the world by his genius.

Prof. W. H. Dall, president of the Biographical Society, spoke of "Prof. Baird in Science." He ranked highest among all the students of the mysteries of science. He had done directly, he said, more than any other man to acquaint the world with the birds and the mammals of America. What he had done indirectly was incalculable. Other scientists had been inspired to work by his publications, and had been assisted by his personal advice and instruction. His works were the most complete and valuable upon the subjects of which they treated.

Major J. W. Powell, president of the Anthropological Society, spoke of the personal characteristics of Prof. Baird; of his great learning and modesty, his simplicity and power. His explorations for science, he said, extended to the frozen snows of the Arctics as well as to the tropics; into the seas as well as across the broad plains of the West. If there was an expedition seeking glory in the explorations of the frozen North, Prof. Baird got his scientific workers a place in the expedition. If parties of surveyors were going across the plains to mark out the line of a great railroad, Prof. Baird's workers went along to gather up the rich deposits along the route. If there was war, some of the scholarly military men were interested to serve Prof. Baird and science. Generals Scott, Marcy, Thomas, McClellan and many others had been laborers in the field to collect specimens for him. He said Prof. Baird was familiar with all nature, and as simple as a child, with all his work into deep science, he loved to read *St. Nicholas.* "Expecting death," said Major Powell, "and having become enervated by over-exertion, Prof. Baird calmly and philosophically awaited the great time of times."

He died at Wood's Holl in the midst of the many ingenious mechanical appliances which he had established there for the prosecution of the work of the Fisheries Commission, and was there unconsciously relieved of his labors. Two days before he died he was trundled about the wharf and the laboratory for a final inspection, and last adieus to his assistants, and meeting a little child rolling along in its perambulator in charge of its nurse, he said to it feebly, with perceptible effort, "I am more of a baby than you are." He realized that his magnificent power was gone—like Samson bereft. With touching reference to his natural modesty, gentleness and goodness, Major Powell aptly concluded with the comfortable aphorism, "Blessed are the pure in spirit, for they shall see God."

In recounting the stupendous, manifold and various services of Baird's valuable life, it was impossible wholly to segregate them from the coöperative labors for fifteen years past of his indefatigable assistant, Prof. G. Brown Goode, who has since succeeded to the honored place which he left vacant; and all the speakers joined with alacrity in paying a full meed of tribute to a gentleman who, I am free to say, possesses in a conspicuous degree many of the most notable and valued characteristics of his honored predecessor. Seldom does it fall to the lot of a public man to hear the eulogies of his superior reflected back in such a degree upon himself. Seldom does one so young receive or merit so full a meed of praise as was to him accorded.

The work of the Smithsonian Institution, even as now subdivided, is onerous, and those who value useful lives will pray that Prof. Goode will not overtask his energies as Prof. Baird has done. This warning I believe to be timely and necessary. CHARLES HALLOCK.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.—The new hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor is so far completed that the water was turned in the hatching room last Saturday, and the eggs were moved in on Tuesday. The hatching floor is completed, but the workshop and dwelling rooms for the foreman are not yet finished. The hatching room is 65x36ft., and contains 18 troughs 25ft. long, and two McDonald hatching tables, for both fresh and salt water, a tidal hatcher for floating eggs, and tables for aquaria. The room is ceiled with narrow yellow pine, "filled" and oiled, and is 11ft. high. The distributing trough is fitted with brass gates, which can be shut so that not a drop of water passes them. The dwelling for the foreman is above the hatchery, and a telephone will connect the latter with the house of the superintendent. The water supply is at a height which will allow it to be brought in the upper story for family use. It is, without doubt, the handsomest and most complete hatchery in the State, and it is exceedingly creditable to the Commission. It was planned by the superintendent, Mr. Fred Mather, and the designs were put into practical shape by a student in architecture. There is also a new engine house for the salt water pump, built by the employees of the station.

THE U. S. COMMISSION.—The bill has just been passed by Congress giving the Fish Commissioner a salary of five thousand dollars per year, and provides that he shall hold no other office under the Government as an amendment to the act of Feb. 9, 1871. It is certain that the present Commissioner, Prof. G. Brown Goode, has no desire to retain the place and he will no doubt resign, if he has not already done so. His great work of organizing and arranging the National Museum, of which he is justly proud, is preferred by him. The prominent candidates whom we have seen publicly named are: Col. Marshall McDonald, the present chief of the department of fishculture; Dr. Jerome H. Kidder, the Assistant Commissioner, acting as Commissioner at present during Prof. Goode's leave of absence; and Maj. Thomas B. Ferguson, late Assistant Commissioner and Acting Commissioner during the last illness of the late Prof. Baird. The appointing power lies in the President, who will no doubt make the choice within a few days.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION.—The Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania will hold a reception in honor of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State at 8 P. M., to-night, Jan. 19, at their rooms, No. 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The Kennel.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 25 cents.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 24. to 29.—Augusta, Ga., Richmond County Poultry and Pet Stock.

Feb. 13 to 17.—First show Fort Schuyler Kennel Club, Utica, N. Y. E. J Spencer, Sec.

Feb. 21 to 24, 1888.—Twelfth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 28 to March 2.—Show of Philadelphia Kennel Club. W. H. Child, Sec.

March 27 to 30.—Fourth Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, New Haven, Conn. E. Sheffield Porter, Secretary.

April 3 to 6.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5708.**

RULE NUMBER 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As everybody who takes any interest in dogs seems to be having a hack at Rule 2, on one side or the other, although I have always tried to avoid getting mixed up in dog politics, I feel inclined to say a few words as an owner, breeder and occasional exhibitor of setters and Chesapeake Bay dogs. When I say an owner and breeder, I mean that I have for sixteen years owned and bred a few dogs for my own use, although I have sold a puppy once in a while to reduce my expenses for board and training. It seems to me that the opponents of Rule 2 are making altogether too much of an outcry about that half dollar, and that those who are in favor of it, more especially those whose opinions on this subject should carry great weight with it, such as Mr. Belmont, Arnold Burges, etc., are really begging the question, and simply arguing that registration is advisable. That I also believe this, is proved by the fact that the few dogs I own are registered in both the *A.K.R.* and the A.K.C.S.B. In 1879 the first volume of the National American Kennel Club Stud Book was issued. After that I sent four dogs to be registered, and it was not until 1885 that the second volume made its appearance. Meantime the *American Kennel Register* was started, and for three years was the only stud book we had, and it certainly did good service. Among other good accomplished by it, I remember its exposure of a kennel here in Boston, the owner of which, by means of false pedigrees, was doing a thriving business in selling his stock all over the country. Although not "official," I know that the entries were examined before being printed, and appearing every month it afforded an opportunity, which was several times availed of, to anybody interested in that special breed to call attention to any mistakes or misstatements. In looking at my copy of the A.K.C.S.B. to see the number of entries, I find the last one in Vol. III., part 4, American Kennel Club Stud Book, which is the last one I have, as follows under Yorkshire terriers: "5397. Daisy (bitch), Charles Andrews Bloomington, Ill., whelped 1884; sky blue and tan." I would ask in all seriousness what that registration amounts to, even if it is in the "official" stud book?

With the premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club just received comes besides the entry blank, a form to fill out for registration, to be sent with the entries in order to make them eligible. What is to hinder my making out any pedigree I choose? As long as fifty cents goes with it it will be accepted. I think that this is going to be the great trouble, not that the entries in the bench shows will be so much diminished, although they certainly will be somewhat, as if anybody cares to pay $3 to show a dog he probably will not stick at fifty cents, sure, but that a mass of pedigrees, of a character approaching the above, will be forced into the "official" stud book.

It must be admitted that the only possible good that can result from such registrations will be that the financial condition of the A. K. C. will be benefited to the extent of fifty cents for each one. I must confess that it goes against my idea of fair play to have the A. K. C. take advantage of its so-called official position to force a distasteful rule on the dog owners of the whole country, the only object of which seems to me to be to get the better of the *A.K.R.*, more especially as in my humble estimation the latter has really been of more use to dog owners than the former. This, however, is of course only my personal opinion and proves nothing, but is it advisable that registration should be compulsory?

If Daisy, No. 5397, is a good specimen of the Yorkshire terrier, there is no possible reason why her owner should not show her and let her be judged on her merits, but to compel him before doing so to pay fifty cents for having her name, age and color registered is absurd, and the registration of a large number of similar "pedigrees" which must of necessity take place if Rule 2 is enforced will really stultify the object for which the stud book is compiled. In some breeds there are many fine specimens, of whose breeding their owners have no idea, or what is still worse, have been given by the irresponsible dealer from whom they were purchased, an entirely fictitious one. The various special clubs that are being formed are doing good work in correcting this, but I do not believe their labors will be helped by compelling registration and accepting everything that is sent as gospel—if it has fifty cents with it.

MIC MAC.

BOSTON, Jan. 15, 1888.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very much surprised that you would permit the statement to be made in your paper that the American Kennel Club was indebted on account of the stud book, when the fact is that the club has paid all bills and now has $800 and over to its credit in the bank. Again, it is not true that any money has ever been contributed by individuals. The stud book has more than paid its way, and the only money received has been for registration fees, advertisements and for the book. I believe that next year we can pay all expenses at 25 cents per dog.

Please also permit me to say that all this howl about "bulldozing" is mere bosh. You might as well say that it is "bulldozing" to have a bench show committee require an exhibitor to pay an entry fee of $3 for each dog. The registration of dogs is to preserve the pedigree. The giving of bench shows is not for the purpose of making money—the object is to encourage and improve the breeding of dogs. Just look at the contest now going on in your own paper over the breeding of the beagle Kino. If this Rule 2 had been in force when this dog was first exhibited the breeding would have then been settled.

I hope in the next issue of your paper that you will correct the statement you have made in regard to the financial condition of the club; and I will say that if you doubt my statement of the same, if you will send Mr. Hammond or an accredited reporter for your paper to the office of the A. K. C., No. 44 Broadway, I will take pleasure in showing him expense account, bank account, and all of the accounts of every name and nature, vouchers, etc., of the stud book committee.

I do not charge that you have knowingly made this misstatement, but believe that you have been imposed upon.

C. J. PESHALL, Chairman of Stud Book Committee.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.

Mr. Peshall tells us that the stud book has been run so as to pay expenses. This we willingly concede; an examination of the account of the American Kennel Club with the stud book shows that the book has been so managed as to leave a balance in the club's favor. Nevertheless it is presumably true that our explanation of the feverish anxiety shown by the stud book clique to compel registration, was in substance correct, namely, that their real purpose is to bring in more funds than can be collected by voluntary registration. The stud book may have paid for itself as far as the club is concerned; to the uninitiated it may even show a profit, and still it may have been an expensive luxury, the burden of which those now supporting it are devising a way to unload on others. That is to say, the entire expense of the book is not paid by the club, but a portion of it is paid by individuals. If the present secretary is a gentleman of the brilliant parts claimed for him by his friends, it is quite clear that he cannot afford to give his talents and valuable time to the stud book for the paltry wages paid him by the club, namely, $400, or less than $8 a week. One of two suppositions will account for his sticking to the place. His ostensible wages of $400 have been supplemented by assessments on the individuals who were induced by discreditable motives to guarantee him a living salary in order that the book might be put through, and are now willing to let the public do the supporting by means of this tax; or else Mr. Vredenburgh has hung on at his $7.69 a week, in anticipation of something better when a hocus-pocus measure like compulsory Rule No. 2 should be put into operation for his benefit. We still adhere to the opinion that the rule was adopted far the sake of the money there was thought to be in it. Nobody will believe that Mr. Peshall and those with him are doing this out of any public spirited desire to preserve the pedigrees of dogs. Thousands of pedigrees worth preserving were taken care of long before the American Kennel Club came into possession of its stud book; the tendency of the times is toward more universal and careful pedigree records, and dog owners gifted with a normal degree of common sense will look out for their own interests without the intervention of any such gag law as Rule 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am opposed to A. K. C. Rule 2 through principle, not that I am in favor of dispensing with a stud book altogether, but do not want any gag law in mine. I want the privilege to say what stud book I register in, or whether I register at all or not. There is one thing certain, a dog being registered in A.K.C.S.B. will not make that dog pure bred, for I could drive a carriage and pair through many dogs' pedigrees which are registered in public stud books, and I think Rule 2 of the A. K. C. will assist greatly in this respect. For instance: All dogs exhibited must be registered; well, now, what about all the mongrels that can be seen at all bench shows? I suppose an entry in A.K.C.S.B. will elevate these same dogs and make them blue bloods. Their owners will advertise the stock registered in A.K.C.S.B., and henceforth and forevermore this stock will be par excellence. I have entered dogs in this stud book, and perhaps might again, but I do not want any pulling by the ear. The kennel interests of this country are in their infancy, and any arbitrary laws will not help them to mature; nor be tolerated by the American public. I have, or should have, the privilege of registering in any reputable stud book. For instance, the South of Scotland Dandie Dinmont Society publish a stud book, or make entry of all pure bred Dandies and their offspring, and any member can enter his dogs free of charge. Should this not be sufficient for any man or breeder of these dogs? I have devoted time for years in hunting up private records, and have compiled them in my "Breeder's Kennel Record and Account Book," which I procured from FOREST AND STREAM, and I am willing to swear to the correctness of the same. But I do not feel like being taken by the nose and compelled to make public property out of what has taken me years to accumulate and what any breeder would be pleased to have, especially when procured without much trouble. To sum up, I most emphatically say that when I feel disposed to enter any dog in a public stud book, I will do so of my own free will and accord. My kennels of dogs rarely number less than thirty, and I feel as much interest in this matter as any other person, and I also say the New England Kennel Club can count upon some from my kennel (that will not be registered in A.K.C.S.B.) at their coming show.

JOHN H. NAYLOR.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wade writes me, "May I ask if you would write FOREST AND STREAM, authorizing them to republish the extract (herewith inclosed) over your name?"

If you think it worth while to do so, I give you authority, though had I intended my remarks for publication I should have couched them in little different language, though no language could better express my opinion. J. W. ASLOP.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Jan. 11.

The extract referred to above is the one given in the following note, which was printed in our issue of Dec. 29: "*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following is an extract from a note of an old friend, long a dog lover and exhibitor, but one who has never engaged in any controversy as to the A. K. C., its stud book, or anything connected with it. He

is thoroughly an impartial outsider, and, I am convinced, voices the sentiments of ninety-nine out of one-hundred of the class, when he writes me: 'Are you going to the New York show? It will be a poor one, I guess, owing to that idiotic rule about the stud book entries. What on earth got into them?'—W. WADE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you please enlighten me through your paper as to Rule No. 2 American Kennel Club. I have been to considerable expense in importing from Japan some Japanese spaniels, and as I have not their pedigrees I would like to know if I will be allowed to exhibit them at New York show next month. I am thinking of calling on the superintendent of the Niagara Free Park to suggest the idea of a similar rule to No. 2, compelling every one who visits Niagara next season to purchase a guide book of C. E. LEWIS.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What do the members of the A. K. C. take us Yankees for? If they try to drive us they will find it much like driving hens; we shall go in every direction but the one they wish. Rule 2 would keep any dog of mine out of the shows.

The members of the New England K. C. are not the kind of men to be made to support a stud book unless they wish, and they have the best show in the circuit; and their stand in this matter will give them even more and better entries in April. The expense of dog shows is heavy enough without adding this useless one forced by Rule 2.

E. L. HANDY.

ESSEX KENNELS, Andover, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

New England and New Haven wins will count. The proposed boycott of the Boston and New Haven shows, by refusing to recognize wins there this year, will "peter out" before the next bench show season comes around. If the New England Kennel Club and the New Haven Kennel Club give their shows under American Kennel Club rules, all except the compulsory registration clause, the A. K. C. will be compelled to recognize the prizes won there, just as they recognize prizes won at other shows which were given by clubs not belonging to the association. All talk to the contrary is for the express purpose of hurting the entry lists.

HUB.

Messrs. Craig, Niven, Tucker, Sanderson, Wade, Davey, Cryer, Barlow, Mercer, Sperry, Haldeman, Campbell, Huntington, Willey, Hopf, Dole, Shepherd, Alsop, Naylor, Lewis; Nickerson, Newman, Partridge, and other members of the New England Kennel Club; Osborn, Hemingway, Porter, and other members of the New Haven Kennel Club; Spencer and other members of the Fort Schuyler Club; the proprietors of the Clifton Kennels, Wyoming Kennels and Essex Kennels, and all other owners, breeders and exhibitors who refuse to obey compulsory registration Rule 2, are admonished to give heed and take notice. Mr. C. J. Peshall tells you that your opposition to his dictum is "mere bosh." As Mr. Peshall knows more about this than you do, you will all—the thirty of you who are named, and all the rest—see the propriety of putting away your "bosh" and submitting with the best grace possible.

At a meeting of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Jan. 17, after a protracted and animated discussion, it was voted that the club indorse Rule 2, excepting that it instructs its delegates to suggest a modification of it to the A. K. C., to the effect that all dogs without the proper qualifications (such as correct pedigree etc.) for registration shall not be registered.

To the Editor of the Herald: Mr. A. C. Collins, secretary of the Hartford Kennel Club, in an article published in your paper of the 6th inst., states that his club has not withdrawn from membership in the American Kennel Club. I hardly think the Hartford club in a position to withdraw, as its delegate made the motion which has caused all the kennel troubles. Mr. Mortimer, superintendent of the New York show, estimates a loss of 250 dogs for his show this year on account of the objectionable Rule 2. New York had about 750 dogs last year, so this rule will, if the proposition is carried out, make one-third reductiou to every dog show in the country. If this is true, what will Hartford do when it comes their turn—a club that has not paid its bills of last year yet? Hartford, perhaps, foresees this. It has decided not to have a show this season. It prefers to see the larger clubs fight it out.

Of all the shows which are announced for this season, Utica, Hornellsville, Atlanta, Boston and San Francisco are not to show under the rule which has caused all the trouble, leaving only New York and Philadelphia to stagger under it. The American Fox-Terrier Club have repudiated it by agreeing to pay registration themselves. The Westminster Club, I understand, will do likewise. The principle of the rule, I think, may be all right, but going into effect, as it does, Jan. 1, 1888, just before the coming show season, it hardly gives the bench show committee and exhibitors time to prepare for it. Had it been made to go into effect Jan. 1, 1889, I think there would not have been so much objection.

The rule is defective as it stands now, as the following case shows: The American Kennel Club Stud Book is published quarterly, the next issue appearing April 1. I have no idea of registering my dog, but am going to show him, so I make my entry at New York, Philadelphia, and any other shows that may be held by or before April 1. On the entry blank I write "registered." How are the managers to know whether the dog is registered or not? Some might say, write to the secretary of the American Kennel Club and find out. What a job if 300 or 400 of them come in marked the same way: then there is hardly time to write, as the entries close so near the time of opening the show. As a consequence my dog takes prizes at both shows and has never been registered. Perhaps when the American Kennel Club Stud Book comes out, April 1, somebody will notice that he has not been registered, but the chances are he will be forgotten after the shows. What a kick from exhibitors then!

Because all dogs that are entered in England must be registered is no reason why they should be registered in this country. There is quite a difference in kennel matters in the two countries. In England dog shows have been held since 1859, and the people better understand doggy matters, while in this country the people are comparatively young at the business, our first show of any importance having been held in 1879. It is only of late years that they have attracted much attention.

We have in this country two stud books, the American Kennel Club Stud Book, published quarterly by the American Kennel Club, and the *American Kennel Register*, published monthly by the FOREST AND STREAM. Should I register a dog in the A. K. C. S. Book on Jan. 1, 1888, it would be published April 1, 1888. Should there happen to be a mistake in printing (which happens in both), I notify the secretary of the A. K. C., who will have the correction in the issue of Aug. 1, a period of six months before I get my dog properly registered. Should I register him the same day in the *American Kennel Register* it will be published in the issue of Feb. 1, and should a mistake be made in that, I could get it corrected by March 1, a difference of four months; quite an essential point with breeders.

Can it be wondered at that people dislike being forced into registering in the A. K. C. Stud Book when they get just as much good and in quicker time by registering in the *American Kennel Register*? There is no one but thinks a stud book a great benefit to breeders, and that it will be more so in years to come, but it is not the nature of Americans to be driven, though they can be led.—"*A Fancier*" *in Boston Herald, Jan. 9.*

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The work of preparing the index of the *American Kennel Register* for 1887 has caused unavoidable delay in issuing the January number. Had last year's method of indexing been followed this would not have occurred, but in order to give a complete record for the year I undertook to index the dog shows. This was a very great task and took a great deal of time. I hope its value will render the *Register* more appreciated.

As some of our friends may be interested in knowing how we have withstood the recent shock, I take pleasure in saying that this month shows an increase of fifty per cent. over January 1887. An article on the English greyhound, by "Merlin," Mr. M. B. Wynn on the Crown Prince pedigree, and Birmingham prize list will be among the features.

THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.

EASTERN GREYHOUND COURSING CLUB.

THE circular published below explains itself. It is to be hoped that it will meet with a hearty response from lovers of the breed, and that the Eastern Greyhound Coursing Club will prove to be as successful as its most ardent supporters could wish:

"The subject of coursing hares having been under discussion among breeders and owners of greyhounds for some years past without producing any results in the right direction, the undersigned have determined to force the subject by forming the Eastern Greyhound Coursing Club, and thereby enjoy that most fascinating sport which is and has been for many years so popular in Great Britain and our West. The difficulty in obtaining hares has been the great drawback in years gone by, but this is now overcome by Mr. Max Wenzel, who has recently imported a very large number of German-English hares, and has purchased a preserve of sixty-five acres on which to breed them. He will, by July 1, 1888, be able to deliver us fifty brace of leverets (young hares). We have made arrangements with a Long Island property owner who will see that the young ones are neither disturbed, shot nor trapped, but preserved for our fall sport. The expenses attending the planting will be as follows: Fifty brace of hares, at $4 per brace, $200; feed of leverets while young, $10; rent of grounds and pay of keeper, $100; total, $310.

After the first year the plant will not need replenishing by more than ten brace. In order to defray all expenses, etc., we propose inaugurating the Eastern Greyhound Coursing Club with a membership of 25, with initiation fee of $10; dues, $5 per year. The result will be: 25 member at $10, $250; yearly dues at $5, $125. Total, $375. The surplus will be used for purchasing slips, blankets, flags, etc. The yearly dues will be used in extending the preserves and increasing the plant of the hares. The German-English hares average 10lbs., and, being very strong and fast, will afford grand sport. Considering the small initiation fee and yearly dues, and the great pleasure afforded by the sport, we feel sure of the hearty cooperation of all lovers of the greyhound, and this is our reason for asking you to join us. Our first meeting will be held at 148 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D., Monday evening, Jan. 23, at 8 o'clock, where we hope to see you and enroll your name as a member of the club."

H. W. HUNTINGTON.
W. E. BROWN.
E. H. GARBITT,
W. R. CAMINONI.
W. J. BLACKHAM.

THE COLUMBUS HOLOCAUST.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual show of the Ohio Poultry, Pigeon, Kennel and Pet Stock Association came to a horrible end yesterday morning. Before sunrise the Fourteenth Regiment armory was destroyed by fire, and in the conflagration perished the entire collection of poultry and all but ten of the dogs.

The armory where the dogs were on exhibition was formerly a rink. It was of corrugated iron on the outside, with interior finish of pine, painted and exceedingly inflammable. The rafters of pine were profusely decorated with bunting, evergreens and other decorations, there was a great deal of sawdust and straw, the coops and benches were of wood, and everything was in tiptop shape for a fearful fire.

J. H. Ray, one of the watchmen, at 5:45 in the morning, went down and fired up the furnaces. Returning he found the St. Bernard Sir Charles loose, and while engaged in chaining up the dog, he smelled smoke, turned and saw a picture in flames; he rushed for an axe to tear the picture down, but could not do this before the flames had spread to the flimsy decorations, and he then gave the alarm. Before any help arrived it was too late to check the flames; the whole concern was a tinder box, which burned with unexampled fury and rapidity. Ray and the other attendants appear to have made some frantic attempts to unfasten the dogs, but no one will ever know just what was done, and the men say that even those dogs which they did succeed in unfastening shrank back into their stalls evidently overcome by terror.

The sights and sounds that followed will never be forgotten by those who gathered there powerless to rescue. As the flames got under headway the poor doomed creatures set up a wailing and moaning almost human in their awful despair and heart-rending in the intensity of their agony. Even the humming of the engines, the persistent pounding of the hose stream, the loud commands of the firemen, the crackling of the flames, the roar of the conflagration, the crashing of glass and thud of falling timbers, all these accustomed sounds of a great fire seemed here a hundred fold more terrible, when mingled with them was heard the awful medly of the dogs, yelps and barks and howls and wails and whines and moans and groans, in a hundred different keys and a thousand degrees of frenzy, defiance, despair; and with all this too the clanking of chains, the explosion of box after box of cartridges and the affrighted acclamation of the poultry.

There were men enough there who would have gone in to the rescue of some of the suffocating, roasting creatures had it been possible for a man to enter that fiery furnace and live but a moment. Some there were who, hearing in the cries of their dogs what sounded to them as appeals and reproaches, would have made the fatal plunge in their overwhelming anxiety to save their brute friends had not other hands held them back. Of all the dogs in the armory only one came out, the Gordon setter Royal Duke, owned by Mr. Hammett, of Philadelphia. Duke came out with a rush, singed and smoking, and was greeted with a cheer. The other dogs saved had been taken home from the show for the night, among them being Mr. S. L. Boggs's Paul Gladstone, which had been taken to a hotel.

In the absence of definite information, which I cannot obtain as the records were burned, it is impossible to give a correct list of the dogs lost. Among them are many that are well known and their loss is well nigh irreparable. The list includes the St. Bernards Sir Charles and Montrose; the English setters Keystone, San Roy's Boy and Lady Rock; the Irish setters Bruce, Max, Begorra, Glenduff, Zella Glenduff and Lorna Doone; the pointers Bow Faust, Patti M., Pap Smizer, Rumpty and Hamlet Sleaford; the cocker spaniel Keno, the collie Roy Boy and the fox-terrier Little Swell. Many well known kennels have lost nearly all of their best specimens, and a large number of individuals have lost the only dog they possessed. All with whom I have conversed have expressed the deepest sympathy for the owners whose losses have been so heavy and so sad. It has put a damper on dog shows in this city, but a damper, I am convinced, only of the most temporary nature. The show was so meritorious and the management was so good that it would be an aggravated calamity should our Ohio people not take heart and try it again another year.

By 7 o'clock the armory was consumed and the fire's work was done.

There has been much discussion as to the origin of the fire; the generally accepted theory is that it was due to a defective flue. Another subject of discussion has been the inadequacy of the force appointed to watch the building at night. The Association invited the exhibitors to appoint a committee to inquire into the Association's responsibility, and Messrs. C. W. Drake and J. S. Mock, representing the poultry interest, and Messrs. A. W. Hitch and S. L. Boggs, representing the kennel interest, acted as such a committee, with Col. A. B. Coit, representing the militia. The following finding was given by the majority, after examining the attendants and taking all available evidence:

We find that at the time of fire two men were on duty and three in the building in reserve. The alarm was given immediately after the fire was discovered. On account of the inflammable nature of the building and the muslin and cedar decoration the fire spread rapidly and in a few minutes the entire building was in flames. We are of the opinion that the fire could not have been subdued after discovered. We find no evidence that the fire originated on account of negligence. We do not find that there was negligence on the part of the association.—A. B. COIT, C. B. DRAKE, J. S. MOCK.

Messrs. Hitch and Boggs, however, were not disposed to assent to this report, and it is understood that they will present their views in a minority report. MORRIS.

[We hope to be able to give a full list of the dogs lost next week, and would be thankful if any one having a catalogue with the absentees marked would forward it to this office.]

THE CAMDEN MASTIFF CASE.

THE exaggerated newspaper reports of the savage disposition of two alleged mastiffs which attacked their owner in Camden, N. J., one day last week, have prompted gentlemen interested in that breed to investigate the affair. The following letters tell the whole story:

THE AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB, NEW YORK.—Jan. 13, 1888. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the sake of the good name of the English mastiff I feel sure you will wish to publish this letter, written by a member of the club and one of the foremost breeders of mastiffs in America.—RICHARD H. DERBY, Secretary.

CAMDEN, N. J., Jan. 12, 1888.—*Secretary American Mastiff Club:* DEAR SIR—As I have received a number of letters from all over the country asking me to investigate the terrible accident which has happened to my friend and brother lawyer Thomas B. French, who was so terribly bitten last Sunday by two dogs, and as I have been for nearly twenty years a large breeder of English mastiffs and know well the dogs in question, I will write a short statement to you in order that the lovers of the mastiff can know that these dogs were mongrels, a cross between the St. Bernard and English mastiff.

Some six or seven years ago I owned a very fine English mastiff bitch Juno, and had her locked in one of my box stalls for service by my English mastiff stud dog. By accident my St. Bernard dog jumped into the stall and lined her. She had six mongrel pups, three short-haired and very much like a mastiff and three with longer hair, resembling the St. Bernard. I disposed of the bitch and all the pups. Two I presented to my friend Mr. French. I understand that the little child was playing with the dogs on Sunday and was knocked down in the play, which frightened her so much she cried for help. This brought Mrs. French to her rescue, and while she was bending over the child Mr. F. arrived on the scene (although up to this time neither the child nor Mr. French had been hurt) and went, as he supposed, to Mrs. French's assistance, and the moment he touched Mrs. French one of the dogs took him by the arm and commenced the attack. The theory is that the dogs were devoted to Mrs. F. and thought the husband was about to injure her, and therefore the attack to defend her. The fight after this was continued by Mr. French against both dogs, and Mrs. French by her nerve and pluck saved her husband's life, and in so doing received the injuries she sustained. My theory is that the dogs were under control of Mrs. French until Mr. French rushed out, and this seems to be the opinion of his partner, Chas. C. Garrison. Of course it is a well-known fact a mongrel of any kind is more dangerous than a thoroughbred. I never knew a thoroughbred English mastiff to injure any one and particularly children, although I have had as many as fifteen at a time; my children play every day with English mastiffs and I have no fear of anything like this taking place. Yours truly, EDWARD DUDLEY.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. W. E. Livingston, of New York, will judge bulldogs and bull-terriers, and Mr. A. H. Wakefield, of Providence, R. I., will judge beagles. This completes our list of judges, with the exception of the judge of Chesapeake Bay dogs. We will make champion class for toy spaniels other than Japaneese, to be known as Class 125A, for champion King Charles, Blenheims, tri-colors and ruby spaniels, dogs and bitches. Prize $10. The following special prizes, in addition to those already announced, have been offered: $25 for the best field spaniel, $25 for the best Irish setter, a cup for the best litter of unweaned collie puppies, to consist of four, and a silver medal for the best rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, the property of a lady. We have received favorable replies from nearly all the railroads and express companies, and as soon as we have heard from the last of them we will announce it in detail.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

THE HEMPSTEAD COURSING CLUB.—The second meeting of the Hempstead Coursing Club will be held at the Hempstead polo grounds, Hempstead, L. I., Jan. 28. There will be an open sweepstake for fox-terriers of 20lbs. or under at $3 each, with $20 added to winner; an open sweepstake for fox-terriers of 18lbs. or under at $2 each, with a cup added for winner; an open sweepstake for fox-terriers of 15lbs. or under, with a cup added for winner. The runner up in each event to receive 25 per cent. of stake. Entries close Jan. 25. The secretary's address is A. Belmont, Jr., 36 Wall street, New York.

PET DOGS POISONED.—Mr. Wm. H. Robinson, of 221 West Thirty-eighth street, this city, had the misfortune last week to lose his valuable pug bitch Gipsy and Newfoundland Rover. They were poisoned by strychnine, which had been put on fish and thrown into the yard of Mr. Robinson's residence, when the dogs ate it Thursday night. Mr. Robinson is at a loss to account for the motive which could have prompted the poisoner, and he has offered a reward for the detection of the scoundrel.

"GENUINE HYDROPHOBIA."

WE reprinted on Dec. 27 a clinical lecture delivered by Prof. Whittaker, on a "genuine case of hydrophobia," copied from the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* of Philadelphia. The editor of this journal now says, however, that "he has had access to some sources of information about this case other than that supplied by Prof. Whittaker's lecture, and that he has come to the conclusion that it was a case of lyssophobia." In fact, he says that there was no evidence that the man had ever been bitten by a dog at all, except his own belief that a little wound on his lip was caused by a blow from a dog's nose which drove it against his tooth. There was nothing wrong with him until he had an attack of dyspnœa when leaning over a tub of scalding water, and a neighbor told him that this was the way hydrophobia usually began. After that he at once began to show the usual symptoms, and finally died. The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* then goes on to intimate that hydrophobia is in most cases a disease of the imagination, made dangerous or fatal by the treatment usually resorted to.

But we warn our readers, it adds, that they need never expect to cure a patient supposed to have hydrophobia, if they watch him very closely, expose him at a public clinic, offer him water, inject morphine and chloral into him; and, above all, if they add the administration of curare to these measures. A careful study of the literature of hydrophobia shows that morphia, chloral, and curare—drugs commended in most of the books—are useless and probably dangerous, given, as they usually are, in cases called hydrophobia.

It then goes on to say that very few cases of hydrophobia will bear examination.

Let our readers take note that hydrophobia does not seem able to bear the face of scepticism; that it disappears where it is not talked about; that it flourishes where it is cultivated, as in France, and does not exist among savage and enlightened peoples. And let them sift carefully any case which seems like hyrophobia, as to its history and symptoms; let them eschew violence of act or of medication in treating it, and see what the result will be.

We must say that this view derives strong confirmation from what we may call the hydrophobia panics which ravage particular countries every few years. For long periods nobody hears anything about hydrophobia or ever sees a case of it, and then all of a sudden the dogs all seem to begin to bite, and scores of them run around mad every day, and there is a loud demand from people who do not like dogs for the extirpation of the entire canine race, and particular breeds are put under the ban, as being constantly on the verge of hydrophobia. After awhile the alarm dies out and there is no more hydrophobia for a decade or so.

The resemblance of these panics to the witch panics in old times is very striking, and the evidence of a very similar character. We all know that it was sometimes so strong that poor women were convinced by it that they were themselves really witches, and did commit the naughty tricks on their neighbors of which they were accused, and although they knew it would lead them to a shameful death. Some dogs, we have no doubt, are likewise driven into madness by the general expectation of the community in which they live, that it is about time for dogs to go mad and begin to bite. The fact seems to be that but few doctors ever see a case which they know to be hydrophobia, and we have been assured by perhaps the foremost dog dealer in the United States that in twenty years he had never seen a really mad dog, and although he has been bitten about two hundred times, he enjoyed excellent health, and was never startled by the sight of water, either hot or cold.—*New York Evening Post.*

KINO'S BREEDING.—Wrightsville, Pa., Jan. 9, 1888.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The long-winded effusion of Mr. Schellhass contained in your last issue all sounds very well against myself, but, alas, for the truth of some of his statements, for he that is so anxious "to have truth prevail," has stretched this same truth. Or, is it possible that Mr. Schellhass has misunderstood my former letters on this subject? If so, I am disposed to overlook his failures and would recommend him to spend his leisure hours in a printing office and learn the value of punctuation. And now to the facts of the matter: Mr. Schellhass writes: "Mr. Krueger in a misleading contradiction wrote, 'Kino was imported and as well bred as any beagle living.'" So I did, but only as a quotation of what Mr. O'Shea had told me and not as an assertion of my own. " * * I will state that Mr. Dan O'Shea informed me verbally on several occasions that he would never give the true facts of Kino's breeding to Mr. Satterthwaite; Kino was imported and as well bred as any beagle living," is what I wrote. Subject for study for Mr. Schellhass: The value of the semi-colon after Satterthwaite. This, I think, will put a different light on Mr. Schellhass's misleading assertion. I am sorry to say that Mr. White has made a few mistakes, to put it mildly, in his letters to your journal and to Mr. Schellhass. As I said in my last letter to you, contained in your last issue, it was at the Pittsburg show of 1886 (not last spring) that Mr. White made his claims of being the breeder of Kino to me. What motive does Mr. White think I had at that time "to be afraid it would not sound as well to be out of Maybelle by Searcher as it would to call the dog imported." Mr. White further writes to Mr. Schellhass that he offered to show me a letter proving his claims. This I positively deny. Mr. White made no such offer to me; I have never refused to learn something concerning our beagles, or to read any letter offered for perusal unless the contents of such were of a private nature. As to my desire to pass Kino off as imported, every impartial reader of your valuable journal, who has read my letter contained in your last issue, will be convinced that this is untrue and that I am as anxious as any one to see the breeding of my dog established and that I would be pleased to know him one of the Searcher—Maybelle litter. But I leave it to you, Mr. Editor, whether I, or any one else, is warranted in claiming Kino as by Searcher—Maybelle on the strength of what has been written so far on this subject. If you deem the evidence sufficient, I know it will be the verdict of a disinterested judge and I will accept it, but I cannot take it upon myself to claim Kino bred as claimed by Mr. White upon the evidence so far given.—A. C. KRUEGER. [Mr. Krueger is certainly justified in demanding full proof from Mr. White that his statement as to the breeding of Kino is correct.]

THE CHAMPION RULE.—Leesburg, Va., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having a high regard for your opinion, and seeking information upon a subject with which you are familiar, I ask you kindly to render an opinion on the following: Prior to, and including the year 1884, a dog winning a first prize in any show recognized by the A. K. C. was rendered eligible to the champion class. Subsequently the rule was changed, making three first prizes necessary to attain that distinction. During the year 1884 my pointer Fritz won second in open class and first in winning brace with Pilot and special at Washington, D. C.; also first prize and special in the open class, New York, 1884; was entered in the champion class and won at Chicago, 1884, and was again entered in the champion class at Cincinnati the same year. Now the A. K. C. recognize the awards of all these shows for the year 1884. The question is, to what class does Fritz belong? My opinion is that the recognition of the award at the Chicago show of 1884 by the A. K. C. prevents him from going into the open class.—C. W. LITTLEJOHN. [Fritz is not eligible to the champion class, having won but two first prizes. Although one of them was won in the champion class, the rules distinctly state that three firsts must have been won; consequently he must be entered in the open class.]

BOSTON DOG SHOW.—The premium list of the New England Kennel Club's fourth annual dog show will soon be ready for distribution. The cash prizes will aggregate some $600 more than last year, and many valuable special prizes will also be offered. There will be thirteen kennel prizes of $25 each, and two of $15 each. The judges, so far as appointed, are: For mastiffs, deerhounds, greyhounds, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, spaniels and dachshunde, Charles H. Mason. St. Bernards and pugs, Miss Anna L. Whitney. English and black and tan setters, Dr. Wm. Jarvis. Irish setters, Wm. Dunphy. Foxhounds and beagles, N. Elmore. Bulldogs, bull-terriers, Yorkshire, Skye, Scotch, black and tan and other terriers and toy spaniels, Edward Lever. We shall probably be able to announce the remainder of the list next week. Wm. Tallman will superintend the show.

NEW BEDFORD DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the eleventh annual exhibition of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association. The department devoted to dogs provides for 130 classes, the premiums in each class being 60 per cent. of entrance money to first, 30 per cent. to second, and highly commended to third. A large number of special prizes will be given, and the winner in nearly every class will receive one. There will also be kennel prizes for the prominent breeds, ranging in value from $10 to $25. Mr. Charles H. Mason will judge all classes. Entries close Jan. 27, and will be received regardless of the new registration rule. The address of the superintendent is C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass.

IRISH SETTER PEDIGREES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The undersigned would be glad to hear from all persons who have purchased Irish setter puppies from Mr. Howard Ireland, alias Associated Fanciers, alias Philadelphia Kennels, located at 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, as being by Bruce out of Lady Red or other bitches; would like to see the pedigree furnished with the puppies, which will be promptly returned.—I. HENRY ROBERTS, Box 153, Moorestown, Burlington county, New Jersey.

DEATH OF NEWTON ABBOT.—Mr. A. C. Wilmerding has had the misfortune to lose by death his promising young spaniel dog Newton Abbot, who was run over by the cars Jan. 4. He was a dog well thought of by fanciers of the breed and had won several prizes including first at Buffalo, Philadelphia and New York last year. He was bred by Mr. Wilmerding and was by Black Prince and out of Newton Abbot Lady.

FOX-TERRIER IMPORTATION.—The Blemton Kennel has recently imported the fox-terrier dog Dusky Trap, and the bitch New Forest Ethel. Trap was whelped April 1886, and is by Dusky Splinter (Splinter—Dusky) and out of Spider (Dunner—Sybil II.). Ethel was whelped May 16, 1886, and is by New Forest (Splinter—Olive II.) and out of Auburn (The Belgravian—Brockenhurst Gem).

THE AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club, held at New York, Jan. 11, it was unanimously resolved that the members be requested to vote on the following question: "Shall the club funds be distributed at shows where compulsory registration is enforced?" The vote is to be counted Jan. 21.

MASTIFF IMPORTATION.—The Wacouta Kennels of St. Paul, Minn., have just imported the mastiff bitch Ilford Comedy, in whelp to the noted English winner, Ilford Chancellor. Ilford Comedy is by champion Orlando and out of Idalia, and is full litter sister to E. H. Moore's Ilford Coroner.

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The third annual meeting of the American Coursing Club will be held Oct. 15, 1888, at Great Bend, Kan.—FRANK K. DOAN, Secretary (1,210 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.).

NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth annual dog show of the New Haven Kennel Club will be held at New Haven, Conn., March 27 to 30, 1888.—E. SHEFFIELD PORTER, Secretary (New Haven, Conn., Jan. 16).

SWEEPSTAKES AT PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—The time for receiving entries for the puppy sweepstakes at the show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club has been extended to Feb. 18, the time of closing of entries for the show.

COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES.—The time for the closing of the entries for the second annual collie sweepstakes, to be decided at the coming show of the Westminster Kennel Club, has been extended to Feb. 6.

IRISH SETTER DOG FOUNT.—If any one has lost an Irish setter dog, address, giving full particulars, H. Clay Glover, 1,293 Broadway, New York.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Leo. By Wm. M. Bullivant, West Newton, Mass., for dark orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1886, by Merchant Prince (Bayard, Sr.—Pastime) out of imported Dorris.

Ilford Rex. By Harry F. Woods, Cincinnati, O., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped Nov. 13, 1887, by Ben Adam (A.K.R. 4733) out of Lady Zara (A.K.R. 2627).

Col. Black Pete. By Dr. J. T. Wheelock, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 13, 1887, by Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071) out of Vida (Obo II.—Topsy B., A.K.R. 3317).

Maryland Kennels. By A. L. Bosley, Baltimore, Md., for his kennels of beagles, St. Bernards and fox-terriers at Towson, Md.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nancy Rake—Don Petrel. A. P. Gardner's (Hamilton, Mass.) English setter bitch Nancy Rake (Rake—Phyllis) to W. Tallman's Don Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.), Jan. 10.

Belle—Don Petrel. A. W. Leroy's (New York) English setter bitch Belle (Duke of Beaufort—Fairy) to W. Tallman's Don Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.), Jan. 2.

Pride—Turk II. Minnehaha Kennels' (Minneapolis, Minn.) mastiff bitch Pride (A.K.R. 1516) to their Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222), Dec. 8.

Nora Whaite—Tipton. M. M. MacMillan's (Mahanoy City, Pa.) setter bitch Nora Whaite (Honest Harry—Vic) to Dr. J. R. Housel's Tipton (A.K.R. 1093), Jan. 2.

Elsa—Apollo. Eugene Stevenson's (Paterson, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Elsa to St. Bernard Breeding Club's Apollo, Dec. 29.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Druidess. Minnehaha Kennels' (Minneapolis, Minn.) mastiff bitch Druidess (Nero—Lioness), June 10, six (four dogs), by their Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222).

Virginia. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (A.K.R. 1357), Jan. 4, eight (two dogs), by his Fritz (A.K.R. 1351).

Pet. Wyoming Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) pug bitch Pet (imported Rep—imported Vic), Dec. 24, four (three dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' Chequasset Diamond (A.K.R. 4595).

Beauty. H. Chapman, Jr.'s (Ridgewood, N. J.) spaniel bitch Beauty (——Nellie), Nov. 28, five (three dogs), by A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap).

Gemme. St. Bernard Breeding Club's smooth St. Bernard bitch Gemme (Apollo—Bernice), Jan. 1, three (one dog), by their Victor Joseph.

Kara. St. Bernard Breeding Club's smooth St. Bernard bitch Kara (Mentor—Brunhild), Dec. 12, eleven (eight dogs), by their Apollo.

Flora. St. Bernard Breeding Club's smooth St. Bernard bitch Flora (Barry—Favorite), Dec. 2, twelve (six dogs), by their Victor Joseph (Beauchief—Bertha).

Gypsie Maid. Frank Gowen's (Tamaqua, Pa.) English setter bitch Gypsie Maid, Jan. 10, five (four dogs), by E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Sally. Geo. Lauman's (Yonkers, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Sally (Chief—Princess Alice), Jan. 10, eight (five dogs), by Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Vida. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 29, 1886, by Ringwood out of Belle, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, same place.

Ruby. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 10, 1886, by Bret out of Pride, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to F. M. Bennett, Cranford, N. J.

Trifle. White and ticked beagle dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1884, by Ringwood out of Bush, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. P. Eastman, Lancaster, N. H.

Gipsy. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 15, 1887, by Rover out of Silk, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fly. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 15, 1887, by Rover out of Silk, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, same place.

Trifle. White and ticked beagle dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1884, by Ringwood out of Bush, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to P. M. Carman, same place.

Ruby. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 10, 1886, by Brit out of Pride, by W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., to P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa.

Victor. Black, white and tan mottled beagle dog (A.K.R. 3191), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa.

Ilford Rex. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1887, by Ben Adam (A.K.R. 4733) out of Lady Zara (A.K.R. 2627), by James W. Bullock, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O., to Harry F. Woods, Cincinnati, O.

Newton Abbot Count. Black spaniel dog, whelped June 5, 1887, by Black Pete out of Newton Abbot Lady, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to A. F. Hyde, same place.

Turk II. Light fawn mastiff dog (A.K.R. 2222), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to John Hopwood, Menomonee, Wis.

Druidess. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped July 2, 1883, by Nero out of Lioness, by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to L. H. Pinkham, same place.

Cyclone. Fawn brindle mastiff dog, whelped March 1, 1886 (A.K.R. 5139), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to A. N. Sawyer, Sycamore, Ill.

Sprite and Flaunt. Black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped June 7, 1887, by Bob out of May, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Drive, Gipsy and Fly. White, black and tan ticked beagle dog and black, white and tan bitches, whelped May 15, 1887, by Rover out of Silk, by E. P. Eastman, Lancaster, N. H., to P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa.

Wyoming Duke and Wyoming Duchess. Fawn mastiff dog and bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1887, by Monarch (A.K.R. 5507) out of Salva, by Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Fred'k D. Pierce, Boston, Mass.

Turk II.—Druidess whelps. Mastiffs, whelped June 10, 1887, by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., an apricot fawn dog to M. B. Cottrell, Clarence, Ia.; a light apricot fawn dog to Chas. C. Sidler, Milwaukee, Wis.; a dark stone fawn dog to E. Fitzsimmons, Jacksonville, Ill., and a fawn brindle dog to John C. Haskell, Columbia, S. C.

Ben Adam (A.K.R. 4733)—Lady Zara (A.K.R. 2627) whelp. Brindle mastiff dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1887, by Jas. W. Bullock, Mount Auburn, Cincinnati, O., to Mortimer Matthews, Glendale, O.

Bob—Mary whelps. Five black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped June 7, 1887, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to P. M. Carman Wrightsville, Pa.

Maid of Kent. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 27, 1887, by British Rock out of Lemah, by George Jarvis, New York, to Jas. H. Yong, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Fawn. Black and tan collie bitch, age and pedigree not given, by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to E. B. Cobb, Stowe, Vt.

Queen. Black and tan collie bitch, age and pedigree not given, by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to D. W. Phillips, Moretown, Vt.

Mattie B. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 30, 1887, by Black Pete, jr., out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to W. S. Whisler, D.D.S., Calumet, Mich.

Big Ben. Brindle Great Dane dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1887, by Thyrus II. out of Helen, by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to Jo Wells, West Randolph, Vt.

Mainspring—Ferry whelp. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 12, 1887, by Frank Rivers, Bridgeport, Conn., to F. A. Nims, Monroe, Mich.

DEATHS.

Gypsey C. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 14, 1886 (Croxteth—Van), owned by W. F. Wood, Portland, Me., from poison.

Asphodel. Lemon belton English setter bitch, age not given (Rockingham—Cora of Wetheral), owned by Roscecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., Jan. 11.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. M.—It is not at all necessary.

C. E. B., Riverpoint.—It looks very much as though your dog had been poisoned with phosphorus. It is a pity you did not have the other bottle analyzed.

E. W. R., Taunton, Mass.—We think your puppy has worms. Purge with castor oil, and follow this in three or four hours with 20 grains of areca nut powder, made into a pill with lard. Follow this in four hours with another oil purge. Feed only milk for three or four days.

W. E. S., London, Ont.—My cocker bitch has a continual discharge from the eyes, which is so slight as never to reach more than an inch down her cheeks. She also is very jerky in her breathing, as noticed on her side when lying down. Ans. Give five drops of Fowler's solution twice daily in the food.

H. W. E., Brooklyn.—My pug dog seems to have a cold; he snuffles and his eyes run somewhat, and after he has had a run at night he has a chill, followed by fever. I gave him castor oil and that appeared to relieve him. Will you please advise what next to do? Ans. Keep the bowels open with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses once daily. Give five grains of quinine in pill form night and morning. You may conceal the pill in a small morsel of meat.

A. E., Syracuse, N. Y.—About six weeks ago my large 5-year old St. Bernard dog was taken with the distemper. Our veterinary surgeon gave him granulated sulphite soda and chloride of potash. We gave him as much as would lay on a ten-cent piece twice a day for two weeks. He grew worse. Now he has a jerking in his stomach. He can take a few steps only at a time. He has a good appetite for meat but nothing else. Ans. Give your dog two compound cathartic pills hidden in a piece of meat. Give five grains of quinine, morning and evening, in pill form. Give very little or no meat. Report results.

At Belleville, Republic county, Kan., last Saturday, while R. H. Gallagher and a force of workmen were excavating for the purpose of sinking a coal shaft, near the north line of the city, a hard substance was encountered about 6ft. from the surface. The workmen supposed it was an ordinary ledge of rock, but upon removing the dirt surrounding it, preparatory to blasting, they found what proved to be a petrified buffalo. It is of large size and as perfect a specimen of the bison as ever roamed the plains of Kansas. The buffalo will be shipped to Topeka and placed on exhibition in the Rock Island Station.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

SMALL CALIBRE MILITARY ARMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As various absurd accounts have appeared in American papers, during the last few months, respecting the new small calibre repeating rifles about to be adopted in European armies, I send the following details of the most important facts connected with the barrels and shooting, the accuracy of which may be relied upon. The chief object in reducing the gauge were:

1. To enable soldiers to carry the greatest possible number of rounds of ammunition.

2. To obtain the flattest possible trajectory up to the ranges within which battles are usually decided, that is up to 500 or 600yds.

The experiments have mostly been made with calibres varying from .298 to .312 of an inch, with bullets from 218 up to 312grs. weight, and with powder charges of 55 to 83grs.

In the .450 rifle, Whitworth proved years ago that the best results were obtained with bullets three diameters in length, and with a rifling of one turn in about 20in. With such small bores as .300 the length must be greatly increased in order to have bullets heavy enough for good work at 2,000yds. They are, therefore, made fully four diameters in length. Some specimens which I possess of .307 gauge weigh 218grs.

To keep such a long bullet point foremost a very rapid spin is necessary. The grooves are accordingly made, in the best specimens of these weapons, with one twist in from eleven to four and a half inches. In a rifle which I was allowed to examine while traveling on the continent last year, both lands and grooves seemed to be rounded, so as to leave no sharp angles for collecting the fouling, or causing unnecessary friction.

It was still found that, with such very rapid twists and heavy charges, the friction of naked lead bullets wore out the grooves very quickly. To remedy this, and also to increase penetration, the bullets are covered with cases of other metals, rather thick at the point and shoulder and diminishing to the thinness of writing paper at the base, so as to be easily moulded by the lead into the grooves. Copper, nickel and steel have been chiefly employed, and the use of the last named probably originated the report which appeared, that the French were trying steel bullets with great success. It is, of course, evident that steel alone would not possess sufficient weight for long ranges. As a casing, its toughness and smoothness give it great advantages, but these are counterbalanced by its tendency to rust, to prevent which it has since been nickelplated inside and out before putting in the lead, with what success I have not yet heard.

One of the best of the rifles is that invented by Dr. Hebler, of Switzerland. It is of .307 gauge, with a bullet of 225grs. and a powder charge of 83grs. The grooves have one turn in 15¼cal. or about 4⅓in. The muzzle velocity of the bullet is 1,942ft. a second, and the height of the trajectory up to 500yds. is under 5ft.

The Enfield-Martini rifle of .300 gauge, with its bullet of 385grs. and 85grs. of powder, has a trajectory for 530yds. two feet higher than the Hebler, or slightly less than 7ft. At 1,000yds. the Enfield-Martini bullet has a curve 35ft. high and the Hebler only 30ft. The Enfield-Martini is far superior in its trajectory to any rifle at present used in European armies.

To go into all the details of these small-bore rifles would require a long article, but it may be added that the difficulty connected with fouling has been quite overcome, and that the accuracy (at least in calm weather) is greatly superior at 1,000yds. to that of the Enfield Martini, which again is superior to the Martini Henry.

Attempts have been made to use larger charges of powder by compressing them into solid cakes with a small passage through the center reaching down to the cap chamber. The powder thus burns from the center to the circumference and the recoil is diminished, but the full advantages of repeating rifles for war purposes will not be attained until the invention of a safe and reliable smokeless powder.

The military breech action of the future will certainly be on the bolt principle, which has some important advantages over the older lever actions, like those of the Winchester and Bullard, however well adapted the latter may be to hunting purposes.

The French report very favorably of a powder which they are trying, composed of picrate of ammonium and nitrate of potash, but there is at present some uncertainty whether it is superior to the ordinary smokeless powders produced by the action of nitric acid upon some form of woody fibre.

The fact of the most prominent military authorities in Europe being anxious for the adoption of these small-bore rifles, shows that they consider the advantages of light ammunition and flat trajectory to be so enormous as to make up for all deficiencies, but it is certain that such very small bullets have some disadvantages which seem to my mind, capable, in certain situations, of causing serious losses if not actual defeat to an army using them. J. J. MEYRICK.

DUBLIN, Dec. 13, 1887.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CANADIAN RIFLEMEN.—The annual meeting of the council of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association was held at the brigade office on the 21st ult. At no previous time within the past five years has the association been in such a satisfactory condition, not only financially, but respecting also the interest exhibited by the representatives of affiliated associations and by the public generally. Though the entries in 1886 showed an increase of 50 per cent. over those of the preceding year, a still further increase is recorded for 1887, the total being this year 2,023 individual and 43 team entries, against 1,534 individual and 36 team entries for 1886. The largest number of entries in any regular match was 144. In the extra series at 500yds. there were 452 entries.

On the subject of ranges the report, after explaining the causes which made the abandonment of Point St. Charles necessary, says: "We are now absolutely without ranges. The D. A. G. requested a number of officers to act as a committee of search, with the view of ascertaining what properties there were in the vicinity of Montreal which would be suitable for the purpose. They have made a report which we believe has been forwarded to the Minister of Militia, and an answer is expected every day. This will decide the situation of Montreal's future rifle range, which we earnestly hope will be a permanent one." The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chairman of Council—Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzie, D. A. G. Treasurer—Lieut.-Col. Martin. Secretary—Major Blaiklock. Finance Committee—Lieut.-Cols. Brosseau, Fraser and Major Bond. Auditors—Capt. Fair and Lieut. J. G. Ross. Representatives to the D. R. A.—Lieut.-Col. Brosseau, Majors Blaiklock and Bond, Capts. Hood and Sims. Vice-Patrons—The general officer commanding the militia, Lieut.-Cols. Fletcher, C. M. G., Harwood, Hutton and Lyman, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Hon. D. A. Smith, Hon. John Hamilton, Sir George Stephen, Senator Thibaudeau, Messrs. Alex. Murray, Joseph Hickson, Geo. W. Stephens, Geo. A. Drummond, Robert Hamilton (Quebec), Gilbert Scott, Andrew Allan, James Sicssor, Hector McKenzie, L. J. Forget, H. McDougall, Duncan McIntyre, R. B. Angus, H. M. Allan, A. F. Gault, Hon. J. Shehyn, Hon. James McShane, W. J. Buchanan, R. R. Grindley, George Hague, Wm. Weir, Ald. J. Grenier, A. M. Crombie and J. Murray Smith.

Officers of the Nova Scotia Provincial Rifle Association were elected as follows, at a meeting of the new council held at Halifax on the 11th ult.: President, Lieut.-Col. MacDonald, 66th P. L. F. First Vice-President, Lieut.-Col. Mackintosh, 63d Rifles. Second Vice-President, Lieut.-Col. Curren, 1st Halifax G. A. Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. Mackinlay. Secretary, Major Weston, 66th P. L. F. Council, Major-Gen. Laurie; Lieut.-Col. Murray, Supt. stores; Major Walsh, 63d Rifles; Capt. Barnhill, 78th batt.; Capt. Garrison, H. G. A.; Capt. Harris, H. G. A.; Capt. Crane, 63d Rifles; Capt. Curren, H. G. A.; Capt. Cunningham, 63d Rifles; Capt. Brown, P. L. F.; Major Church, 93d batt.; Capt. King, 75th batt.; Lieut. Maxwell, H. G. A.; Lieut. Blackburn, 78th batt.; Lieut. Cassidy, 63th batt., and Lieut. Dimock, 78th batt. Major Weston and Capts. Garrison and Crane were elected representatives on the council of the Dominion Rifle Association.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, Jan. 14, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

H E Tuck	6	9	10	9	9	10	8	8	10	5—84
J Busfield	8	10	7	7	7	7	8	10	5	10—79
J F Brown	5	10	7	6	7	10	8	8	7	10—78
S E Johnson	7	6	8	8	7	6	10	7	6	10—75
F Merrill	10	5	7	7	7	7	6	8	6	4—67
L W Jackson	4	8	7	5	4	5	9	4	8	8—62

The club elected officers Jan. 10: J. F. Brown, President; C. H. Poor, Vice-President; J. Busfield, A. Edgerly and H. E. Tuck, Executive Committee; J. P. M. Green, Sec'y and Treas.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—The attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill was very good to-day, and with the fine weather conditions several scores were made which were noticeable in merit. The following scores are the best that were finished to-day:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

H Cushing	7	8	9	10	10	8	9	9	7	9—86
W H Oler	7	7	9	8	9	10	6	8	9	10—83
W O Burnite, mil	10	8	10	4	6	6	10	8	9	8—79
J R Dadman	10	6	8	10	9	8	8	6	8	5—78
A Loring	8	7	9	4	6	8	8	7	9	8—74
A C Gordon	6	6	5	8	6	8	5	9	7	5—65
F Daniel	5	7	5	5	8	7	9	5	7	5—63

Rest Match.

J Francis	11	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	10—114
W H Oler	11	11	10	12	12	11	10	11	11	12—111
W Chester	12	9	10	9	12	12	12	11	9	8—104

Military Creedmoor Match.

W O Burnite	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5—45
M G Witham	5	3	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	4—43
F J Lounsbury	4	5	4	4	4	4	3	5	4	5—42

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association, represented by 50 members, met at Young's this evening to elect new officers and eat the annual dinner. Colonel Horace T. Rockwell presided at the business meeting, as he did at the banquet. After the reading of reports at the business meeting the following officers were unanimously elected: President, Horace T. Rockwell; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Fellows and N. C. Nash; Secretary, Henry S. Harris; Treasurer, Geo. R. Russell; Directors, W. L. Chase, Dr. F. Chase, O. R. Dickey, H. W. Eager, J. P. Frost, J. B. Fellows, C. W. Hinman, Henry S. Harris, N. C. Nash, H. T. Rockwell, Geo. R. Russell, F. J. Rabbeth, J. S. Sawyer, Solon Wilder and E. J. Wardell. After dinner speeches were made by Colonel Rockwell, ex-President Lucius L. Hubbard, recently returned from abroad; Jas. Nichols Frye, Dr. Gerrish, Major J. P. Frost, who told about the Chicago trip of the rifle team; J. C. Sawyer, Mr. Cooper, of Exeter, N. H., and others.

IRA PAINE.—The chevalier is very sensitive about his Boston record, and wites to the *Herald* of the Hub as follows from Cleveland: "During my visit to St. Louis last week I broke all previous records made in the gallery of the St. Louis Pistol Club. My score was 120 out of a possible 120, at 22yds., shooting through a 2in. bull, and was 120 out of a possible 120, shooting through a 1in. bull; at 12yds.—that is, 10 shots all bulls and clean scores on each of the targets. This record was made in the presence of Mr. Perret, president of the club, and on a night of the weekly shoot when at least twenty members of the club were present. The Bennetts have got themselves in bad odor among the amateurs all through the West. Everybody of great consequence, of course, knows that the score of 914, which is said to have been made by one of them, is all a bluff. I will give either of the Bennetts, or any man in the world, $1,000 to duplicate my score of 909 with a .44-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver on the regulation American target. The game the Bennetts played of shooting against my record was a fine job, but a thing I call cowardly. To begin their so-called record breaking when I was in Michigan deer shooting, and to gain notoriety by beating 'Paine's' record made under difficulties, is no credit to anybody."

Subsequently the following challenge was received from Chevalier Paine. It is self-explanatory:

To the Editor of the Herald: As I am now and then reminded of the recent (said to be) best on record pistol score of W. W. Bennett—and all the respectable weeklies have published it as "the alleged" score—it simply has no value whatever, and in all likelihood never was made.

Now as there may be a lingering doubt with a few people (a very few) I issue the following challenge to the world:

I will shoot a match of 500 shots each—under the same conditions as recent trials (half to be shot in Boston and half in Providence) against any man in the world, and will bet $2,000 to $1,500 on myself. I shall be prepared to shoot any week in March, if notified within ten days through the *Boston Herald*. Now, gentlemen of Boston, if you think you have a good man, come to the front and back him. Let us have no more record breaking when a man happens to be away deer shooting, therefore unable to defend himself. I hold a magnificent gold medal, given me by the military commandant of Vienna, inscribed "Master Shot of the World." I will throw this in as well and let the winner take it. It is worth over $100.

I wish in any event if a match is made for the *Boston Herald* to be stakeholder. I would most respectfully ask you to take no notice of any reply unaccompanied by a substantial forfeit. You can draw on me at sight for any or all of my proposed stakes, in case you are satisfied any one means business. The "Lancers" surely ought to do something for the member of their organization. CHEVALIER IRA PAINE,

Master shot of the World, so designated by Gen. Von Kamcke, German minister of war.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 12.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 13.—The tie between Lieut. A. E. Chantler, St. Paul, Minn., and Mat Gindele, Cincinnati, O., to decide the first position (each making a score of 431 points in 50 shots) in match No. 4, second series, for the individual champion gold badge, offered by the Bullard Repeating Arms Co., will be shot off on their respective ranges Feb. 22 next. Mat Gindele won the first match of this series and is now tied with Lieut. Chantler. —BULLARD REPEATING ARMS CO.

CENTRAL VALLEY RIFLE AND ROD ASSOCIATION, Central Valley, N. Y.—At a meeting Jan. 7 the following officers were elected for the year: President, Dr. Jas. F. Ferguson; Vice-President, H. L. Leonard; Secretary, E. F. Payne; Treasurer, Wm. Tietjens; Trustees, L. Hawes, H. W. Hawes, H. W. Burr.—E. F. PAYNE, Secretary.

ROME, N. Y., Jan. 14.—Mr. Will A. Parker to-day shot his fifth string at 100 composition balls tossed in the air. He used a "special Winchester" rifle, .22-cal., made especially for him by the W. R. A. Co. The day was warm, and as a result some very good shooting was done. Out of the first hundred only two misses appeared, and the next string was a full score; 95 were broken on the third and 97 on the fourth attempt. The fifth attempt, made to-day, scored 98 hits and two misses. This brings the score up to 488 out of 500, with such runs as 133, 87, 81. The score by 50s is as follows: 50, 48, 50, 50, 47, 48, 49, 48, 48, 50—488—500. Of the first 244 shots only two misses occurred. The last 30 balls were hit in considerably less than a minute and only one person to put up the balls.—NIMROD.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

BUFFALO, Jan. 11.—Yesterday the Audubon Club had a shoot at the Buffalo Driving Park, two teams of eighteen men each competing. The teams consisted of the following: First team—Capt. Downs, Shwartz, Scott, Auel, Poole, Franklin, Almor, Jacus, Manning, Sukow, Story, Dingens, Sheibert, Fisher, Longnecker, Jaeger, Roberts, Klank. Second team—Capt. Vine, Cornelius, Metzger, Schultz, Riegelmann, Heinz, Collins, Beier, Heinold, Hoeing, Smith, Erb, Gerot, Besser, Jones, Minton, Clark, Stern. The contest was at live pigeons, 10 each, at 21yds. rise, plunge trap, for a supper. Capt. Vine's team won by a score of 122 to 115.

NEWARK TRAP NOTES.—Over 500 shooters were on Erb's grounds, at Newark, on the 14th, to see Gus Freche, of Newark, and H. H. Leddy, of Montclair, shoot their $200 pigeon match. The conditions were: 50 birds each, 30yds. mark, 80yds. boundary, 5 traps, Hurlingham rules, barring weight of guns and caliber of same. The birds, furnished by Miles Johnson, were a lively lot. Freche won, shooting his opponent out on the 44th round. The scores were:

Gus Freche.....0100222122011101200020002001212212201222011—21
H H Leddy.....1011222012102021202102000000000000120 —20

The Union Gun Club held its monthly badge shoot at Springfield on Monday, Jan. 9, at clay-birds, and the chief prizes were won as follows: Diamond badge, Enoch Miller, 25 straight; gold badge, Chase H. Johnson tied with Herbert Lighthipe on 23, and Johnson won the shoot-off 10 to 8; silver badge, Breintnall, Roll, Jobs and Sopher tied on 22, and Breintnall finally won. Other prizes of less value were won by Parker, Pudney, Haines and Morrison. The shooting was unusually fine.

Moses Myers, of Arlington, defeated Wm. Green, of Harrison, in a 15 bird match for $50, at Erb's, on Tuesday, Jan. 10. Myers killed 18, Green 13.

A match was shot on Thursday, Jan. 12, at Erb's, between C. M. Hedden, of Newark, and Wm. Green, of Harrison. The terms were 50 birds, 30yds. rise, for $150 a side. Hedden shot Green out on the 43d bird.

At the annual meeting of the Fifteenth Avenue Gun Club last week the following officers were elected: President, C. Mussell; Vice-President, W. Drastell; Secretary, L. Schilling; Sergeants-at-Arms, L. Spahn.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 11.—The first regular monthly shoot this season of the Unknown Gun Club took place to-day at Dexter's Park, Long Island. This club is one of the largest shooting organizations on Long Island, and the attendance to-day was the the best club has had for years, but out of all the prominent wing shots present only twenty-four were able to compete for the club badge and special prizes, on account of a scarcity of birds. Ten out of the twenty-four did not complete their score for that reason, but will finish at the next shoot, and all ties will be shot off. The birds Chris. Durler furnished got away from the traps in lively style, some of the best shots missing. The rules of the club allow the use of one barrel only, so that the score looks rather poor in comparison to that of other clubs where both barrels are used. The Unknown Club is gradually increasing its membership, and bids fair to rival the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club in the number of first-class wing shots. The score of the shoot is as follows:

J Akhurst (25).....0011100—3 A Schwartz (25).....1100111—5
A Haas (24).....0010010—3 H Knebel, Jr (25).....1110110—5
H Lee (23).....1011111—6 J Behrman (22).....1110000—3
M Chambers (20).....1101100—4 J Houseman (25).....0101010—3
J Skidmore (25).....1111101—6 E Vroome (28).....1010111—4
J Rankin (24).....0100100—2 J Rathjen (28).....1101111—5
H Bohling (25).....1100111—5 E Hillmer (23).....0110001—3
H Plate (25).....1011111—6 R Monsees (28).....1101111—5
H Van Staden (23).....0111111—6 H Shroeder (25).....1101100—4
H Knebel, Sr (25).....0011101—4 H Harned (24).....0100110—3
J Panison (25).....1110011—5

Referee, Mr. H. Knebel, Sr.; scorer, Mr. H. Van Staden, Jr.

At the recent annual meeting of the club nearly all the members, about 70 in number, were present. Mr. Henry Knebel, Sr., was presiding officer and Mr. R. N. Stillwell was secretary. Mr. H. Van Staden attended to the financial affairs of the organization. The principal business of the meeting was the arranging of new rules for shooting at the regular monthly shoots, but the majority of the members being old Long Island wing shots, they would not submit to any innovation to the use of one barrel only, gun below the elbow, birds from H. and T traps. If the club could secure a permanent shooting ground the above rules would probably be changed. The following were elected as officers for the ensuing year: Henry Knebel, Sr., President; W. Tomford, Vice-President; R. N. Stillwell, Secretary; H. Van Staden, Treasurer. The prizes for the past year were awarded as follows: John Rathjen first, being the highest scorer in 12 shoots, killing 69 out or 84 shot at. R. Monsees took the club badge, winning it four times out of twelve, and second prize, killing 68 out of 84 shot at in the club shoot. E. Vroome took third prize as at eleven shoots he killed 63 out of 76. Henry Knebel, Jr., and W. Tomford tied for fourth and fifth prizes. M. Chichester, H. Knebel, Sr., H. Van Staden, A. Haas, J. Boyle and H. Rankin took prizes in the order named. The following is the score of the best shooting during the season of 1887:

	No. of shoots.	Killed.		No. of shoots.	Killed.
S Bloom	6	15	H Mattair	7	27
J Bohling	4	19	R Monsees	12	68
M Chichester	7	38	H Pope	7	23
J Cahill	5	13	H Slate	6	27
J Detlipsen	4	22	H Pfohlman	3	12
J Boyle	11	39	J Rathjen	12	69
J Gilman	9	31	H Rankin	10	36
J Housman	5	25	C Ring	5	11
A Haas	9	34	J Schroeder	4	15
H Knebel, Sr.	9	43	R Stillwell	9	32
H Knebel, Jr.	11	56	W Tomford	9	42
M Leo	4	18	H Van Staden	11	55
R Widmer	3	14	E Vroome	11	63

HAMILTON, Ont., Jan. 11.—A live pigeon shooting tournament was commenced at the Half-way House on the Dundas road, Hamilton, to-day. The following scores were made:

At 12 birds each, 26yds. rise, $75 to first, $50 to second, $30 to third, $20 to fourth, $15 to fifth and $10 to sixth.

First Squad.		Second Squad.	
J Wayper	111111111011—11	G Briggs	111110101111—10
R Stroud	111111011116—10	C Cockburn	011101111111—10
W Stroud	110111111101—10	J Smith	010111101111—9
L Hipkins	110101111111—10	A Bowron	101011111011—9
C Beldam	111111011101—10	A Price	011111111001—8
R Bickell	011101111110—10	J Jackson	000101111011—7
S Jones	101111110110—9	W Ward	010001111010—6
H Graham	001011101001—6	G Griffith	010100——2

A match also took place between H. Graham and C. Beldam at 5 birds each, for $10. Graham killed 4 while Beldam was killing 3.

Jan. 12.—The live pigeon tournament at the Half-way House was continued to-day. There was a good attendance of sportsmen. The shoot for the purse of $200 was concluded, after which there was shooting for sweepstakes at pigeons and blackbirds. J. Bamberger was referee, and W. Jenkins acted as scorer. The shoot of the remaining squads for the guarantee purse resulted as follows:

Third Squad.	Fourth Squad.
E H Smith.....111111111111—12	R Kelly.....111101011111—10
J Smith.....101111111101—10	R Stroud.....010111111111—10
H Kelly.....110111011111—10	E Neil.....110011111110—9
C Forsyth.....011111011001—9	B McLean.....001111111001—8
D Manley.....001011000100—4	

Tens shot off and the money was divided as follows: E. H. Smith $75, J. Wayper $50, L. Hipkins $30, and W. Stroud, R. Stroud, C. Colborn and C. Beldam divided $45.

The next shoot was for $3 sweepstakes at 8 live pigeons, in which J. Wayper got first, C. Cockburn second and A. W. Price third. A number of sweeps at blackbirds followed.

TORONTO, Jan. 7.—Members of the Owl Gun Club had their annual shoot this afternoon on Chas. Ayre's grounds, Eastern avenue, for the handsome John P. Moore cup, which has been won twice by Mr. J. R. Humphreys, president of the Owls, and has to be won three times before becoming anybody's personal property. The weather was fine and the greatest interest was taken in the match. Following are the scores, at 15 birds each, handicap, from 21 to 34yds.; prize, the John P. Moore cup:

J Rice (27) ....011011111111011—12 J Colborne (31).111111010111110—12
G Jones (31)....101110111111101—12

Douglas, Unwin, Ayre, Gould, Tymon, Fleming, Lush, Hoffman, Mallett, Stewart, Montgomery, McDowell, Riggs, Ellis, Rogers and McKay retired. J. Rice won with 5 on shoot-off.

Jan. 10.—The annual meeting of the Owl Gun Club was held this evening in their room, King street east. Most satisfactory reports were presented, the secretary's showing an increase of membership during the year from 70 to 115. There was an unusually large attendance and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, J. R. Humphreys; Vice-President, J. C. Unwin; Secretary-Treasurer, A. Austin; Executive Committee, J. R. Wells, A. J. Tymon, A. R. Lockhart and W. Ward.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 14.—The first shoot of the year by the members of the Fountain Gun Club took place to-day at Woodlawn Park, L. I. The handsome silver cup presented by Mr. Robert Wells was put up for open competition. Mr. W. R. Selover killed six birds out of seven at the 25yds. mark and won the cup. J. E. Lake, H. Thorpe, H. McLaughlin, and E. Bushnell, Jr. killed 5 each and divided second money. In a sweepstake that followed at 25yds. rise, H. Thorpe killed 3 straight and took first money. W. R. Selover took second with 2 out of 3 killed. The club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, John Sawyer; Secretary, Charles Lango, and Treasurer, W. Thorpe.

The Long Island gun clubs which shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., will not lose that ground, as they expected. The Phœnix, Long Island, Washington and Acme all shoot there.

NORTH MIDDLETOWN, Ky., Jan. 7.—An interesting pigeon match took place in North Middletown, Ky., on the grounds of the Bourbon Gun Club to-day. A disagreeable rain fell which caused the smoke to hang in front of the shooter, which somewhat hindered the use of the second barrel. The birds were a fine lot and strong flyers. Condition: 13 live birds, 27yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, the use of both barrels.

J S Goff	022022111211—11	J W Thomas	101111112111—12
C T Evans	000122021001—7	Dr B E Bean	111101211111—11
E P Bean	030110200211—7	Doug Thomas	122111012120—11
A Dettweiler	201112021230—10	Web Gaitskill	111120112121—12
C Slack	002011112111—9		

"LITTLE SANDY."

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Jan. 4.—The pigeon shooting match between Capt. A. H. Bogardus, of Elkhart, Ill., champion wing shot of the world, and Fred Erb, Jr., of this city, took place here this afternoon. The match was at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, for $250 a side. It lasted two hours and forty minutes and ended in the defeat of Bogardus. The score was: Erb 93 out of a possible 100, Bogardus 77 out of 93, when he gave up the match. At the close the Captain was handed a telegram announcing the death of his wife and he left at once for home.

Jan. 7.—Fred Erb has issued a challenge to Ed. Voris, of Crawfordsville, in which he says: "I am willing to shoot Mr. Voris 100 live birds, Hurlingham rules, and he can shoot his 'cannon' and I will shoot my little Lefever 12-bore shotgun, under 8lbs., for $100 to $250 a side, on the Lafayette Gun Club grounds." In a former match between these two men Voris defeated Erb,

LONG BRANCH, Jan. 5.—In addition to the fifty bird fifteen hundred dollar international sweepstake match, which will be contested for in the great pigeon tournament here on Tuesday, Feb. 14, a consolation purse of $500 and minor purses for small sweepstakes will be added. Each marksman will be handicapped according to his merits, and will stand from 25 to 31yds. behind the traps. The governing committee—consisting of Joseph Van Dyke, of Long Branch; Henry White, of Red Bank; Fred Quinlan, of New York, and Frank Heyer, of Holmdel—will have charge of the handicapping. The managers of the tournament will be Philip Daly, Sr., of Long Branch; Joseph Anderson, of Eatontown, and Frank Heyer, of Holmdel, with William D. Cambell, of Long Branch, as secretary. The entrance in the big stake will be $75, half forfeit, price of birds added; no gun to be used of larger calibre than No. 10. Miles Johnson, of Robbinsville, N. J., is under contract to furnish 2,000 pigeons for the tournament.

TORONTO, Jan. 2.—Two keenly contested sweepstake pigeon shooting contests took place at the Woodbine race track to-day, but owing to the blustery state of the weather there were not as many present as was anticipated. Nevertheless those present found it hard work to win first place. The birds flew well. Following are the scores. Sweepstake No. 1, at 10 birds, 21yds. rise:

J Rice	1110111111— 9
C Kemp	1110111111— 9
F H Gooch	1110010111— 7
C Riggs	0111111111— 9

Sweepstake No. 2, at 12 birds, 21yds. rise:

J Rice	111111110111—11
C Kemp	111101111111—11
F H Gooch	111110111110—10
C H Riggs	101111101111—10

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 1.—There was to have been a big open shoot at Bird's Point, Alameda, to-day, but the clerk of the weather interfered with the arrangements, and only a few of the most enthusiastic shooters put in an appearance. The first shoot was a match for $10 and the price of the pigeons, between Captain Miner, who has just come down from the Arctic, where he has been otter and seal shooting, and Charley Heath, of this city. The match was under Hurlingham rules, 30yds. rise. Miner came out the winner with a score of 9 to 7. Later in the afternoon a freeze-out, $2.50 entrance, was shot off. There were five shooters, and the whole pot was taken by Chaplain with 8 straight kills.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 14.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington club, and some good scores were made in the sweepstake matches. Following are the winners of first in the several events: Six blue rocks, Schaefer; 6 clay pigeons, Swift; 6 blue rocks, Schaefer; 6 clay pigeons, Swift; 6 blue rocks, Schaefer and Chase; 6 clay pigeons, Bartlett and Swift; 6 blue rocks, Perry and Schaefer; 6 clay pigeons, Schaefer, Bill and Swift; 6 blue rocks, Perry and Douglas; 6 clay pigeons, Snow, Swift and Maguinness.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Jan. 11.—The Middlesex Gun Club club shoot drew together many of the members, notwithstanding the biting cold weather, and a very pleasant shoot was the result. Six events were shot, four sweepstakes and two for the club trophies. Considering the very strong wind blowing directly directly across the traps, the shooting was remarkably good.

First event, $3 entrance. Two moneys: Clark 1, Day 2, Manitz 3, Siegler 2. Ties divided.

Second event, same conditions: Clark 1, Day 1, Manitz 2, Siegler 3. Siegler first, Manitz second.

Third event, same conditions: Siegler 4, Forrest 3, C. Smith 3, J. D. Voorhees 3, A. Manitz 4, Conover 4. Ties divided.

Fourth event, three moneys: Siegler 2, Forrest 4, C. Smith 2, J. D. Voorhees 3, Manitz 4, Conover 3, Daniels 2, W. Squires 3, D. Terry 4, E. Miller 2, J. E. Miller 3, Robby 3. First divided. Second and third shot off in next event.

Fifth event—Contest for trophies in classes A and B, optional sweepstakes—$5 entrance—* indicates those who shot for trophy only. Class A—E. Miller 6, Siegler 4, Manitz 6, C. Smith 7, Forrest 5, *Conover 4, *J. D. Voorhees 4. Class B—*J. Lawrence 4, *Daniels 5, *Robby 4, D. Terry 7. C. Smith won trophy in Class A, and D. Terry in Class B—optional sweepstakes in both classes divided—Mr. J. E. Miller, not a member, allowed to shoot in sweepstake connected with trophy shoot—he and Forrest dividing third money with a score of 5 each.

Sixth event—$3 entrance—three moneys.—E. D. Miller 4, Forrest 3, Siegler 4, Manitz 3, Conover 4, C. Smith 2. Ties divided.

TORONTO, Jan. 5.—A shooting match took place at Chas. Ayres's at pigeons this afternoon, at 10 birds each for $10 a side, between Mr. G. H. Briggs and Mr. Alex. Wyness, both of Toronto:

Briggs	1011011111—8
Wyness	0011110110—6

Canoeing.

CRUISING CANOES AT THE MEETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading Mr. MacKendrick's letter of last week it seems to me that the discussion has reached such a point that it would be only a waste of time to continue it further and I shall in consequence withdraw from it. To sum up Mr. MacKendrick's proposals, he advocates the abandonment of the 75ft. limit race, the abolition of Class A; a cruise at the meet and the offering of cruising prizes. With the desirability of the latter proposition all will agree, and there is no ground for argument. It now seems probable that the Association will offer such prizes, in which case we must all thank Mr. MacKendrick for his work in that direction. As to the 75ft. limit race, it is Mr. MacKendrick's individual opinion that it should be abolished, and in this he may be right or wrong, the issue is not an important one, but he should at least suggest a better race to take its place, and this, I think, he has not done. His suggestion of minimum limits of Class B is unnecessary and would not accomplish its end. To apply it to Pecowsic, she would only have to be widened a fraction of an inch at deck to make her 30in. and perhaps an inch more crown to deck to make her up to the proposed limits, and neither of these changes would make her stauncher in the least. The real meaning of such limitations would be to prohibit Class A canoes from racing on even terms with Class B, and it is a very curious state of affairs when a large boat demands protection and allowance from a smaller one.

In Mr. MacKendrick's opinion all Class A boats are bad and to be discouraged, but he offers no proofs in support of this proposition, and there are very many canoeists, both cruisers and racers, who disagree with him. I must take exception to one of Mr. MacKendrick's statements, which may mislead others who have not seen the boats. He speaks of Vesper as an ideal cruising canoe, and Notus, as by comparison, an inferior boat. I should judge that he has not seen the two, in any case he should be more careful in his statements. Notus is by far the better boat, not only in the lines, but still more when the actual boats are concerned. Vesper is a bulky and clumsy craft compared with the cleaner and fairer lines, not to mention the smooth skin, of Notus, and from a cruising point of view the latter is incomparably superior, and in every sense a staunch, able and sturdy craft. This comparison alone would lead to the belief that Mr. MacKenzie is not so thoroughly acquainted with the boats he praises or condemns as to fit him for a critic. It would do no good if I were to comply with his invitation and sign my name, but I can assure him in parting company that my canoe is fully up to the limits he advocates, 30in. beam and over 12in. depth, a rather full-lined and heavy cruising craft, and with only a cruising rig of some 60ft., but if the cruise he has proposed becomes a fact, she will be with the fleet at the next meet. CRUISER.

We learn from Com. Gibson that he has under consideration a plan for the appointment of a committee on cruising, whose duties will probably be similar to those of the regatta committee in regard to racing. Prizes will also be offered for cruising outfits of all kinds. The long discussion that has taken place in our pages has ended in these substantial results and must now cease, but there are many questions of detail still to be arranged. The objects for which cruising prizes should be offered, the practicability of a cruise at the meet or of contests of any kind for purely cruising canoes, all come within the scope of such a committee's investigation. The needs of the racers are now well looked after by the regatta committee, and the racing programme of the past two or three years seems likely to stand with little need of alteration save in minor details. The proposed committee should do the same for the cruiser that the regatta committee now does for the racers, and if it does its duty half as thoroughly as the late regatta committees have done, there will be no room for such complaints as we have heard this season.

As to racing, we have heard already of half a dozen new canoes, including one for Mr. Barney, Sr., and as far as we can learn, every one is larger than Pecowsic and her sister, so that utter degeneration of the racing fleet that has been prophesied has evidently been postponed for this season at least. There is a desire on the part of some to sacrifice room and comfort in the boat for cruising to racing considerations, where two boats, a cruiser and a racer, are kept; and this is to be regretted as contrary to the avowed purpose of the canoe, all around work; but at the same time nothing can be argued against these boats on the score of dimensions or model, all being up to size and of ample power, as far as we are thus far informed. A suggestion lately made by Com. Gibson in regard to limiting canoes to one rig in racing has not been generally understood, but it is worthy of further discussion. It is to compel a canoe to carry her entire racing outfit in all sailing races; thus if a boat sails a race with a 50ft. sail and wishes to sail the next race with a larger one, she may do it provided that the smaller sail is carried on board as well, not necessarily set, but stowed below. This rule would compel each man to condense and improve his rig so as to make it as efficient as possible in the smallest compass; it would prevent a man from bringing several sets of racing sails to camp and setting such a one as the weather demanded for each particular race, leaving the others on shore. It would probably dictate a large, light sail for light weather, that could be reefed easily and to a small size, and perhaps stowed below when an intermediate sail was needed. As far as we can see, such a rule would rather encourage the use of several small sails, as in Pecowsic, but this would not be objectionable. The proposal seems in no way unfair, and would probably operate beneficially.

At this time many who were disappointed last season are deliberating over new boats, and to all of these we offer the same advice. Do not waste time and money on a new canoe until you are certain that you have got all that is possible out of your present craft. You made certain experiments on your old boat last year, when she was new, the results of which will be wasted if you discard her now to trifle with a model of newer fashion. It takes a season to get a canoe in racing trim; now, if your boat has no great defect, put this winter's work into a new and lighter suit of sails; spend two or three days with file and sandpaper on the laps and nail heads of the hull, not forgetting rudder and centerboard; read, talk and find out what others have done and are doing; overhaul steering gear and small fittings, varnish hull and spars, and when that warm April day thaws you out of your ulster and tempts you to launch for the first sail, you will have a first class boat under you, and will be able to laugh at the man whose new and improved Pecowsic or Notus is still waiting for her first coat of varnish to dry before she is slapped over it, whose sails are represented thus far by a hasty sketch in pencil, and whose marvelous centerboards and cleats of new design as yet exist only in airy visions. The moral might fit some yachtsmen too, as well as it does canoeists, and if they do not see it and profit by it, it will be because they do not realize how much they miss each week by skipping the canoe columns.

We learn also of several new canoes of large size; the officers of the Association, grown fat and prosperous from their offices, now propose to cruise at ease in craft of luxurious proportions and fittings, an autocracy that will look down on the humble racer in his 16x30 canoe. One of those new craft, whose owner we are not at liberty to name, will be 18×36, and fitted in a style of elegance never before attempted; another will be about 18×42 and a little inferior in the splendor of its furnishing. Several others of similar dimensions, but plainer finish, will also be added to the fleet, so that quite a number will be seen at the meet. There is undoubtedly a wide field for a larger craft than the ordinary A. C. A. canoe, something of the same model and rig, but of greater size. Such boats are useful on waters where a canoe is inferior to the ordinary sailboat, and they are at the same time far superior to the latter. They offer a suitable craft to many who, through increasing years or weight or a desire for more ease and less excitement than racing or running rapids affords, are ready to give up the small canoe, and at the same time they bring in others who wish a cheap, handy and comfortable boat for cruising and sailing. We welcome these larger canoes as a most important addition to the fleet, and later on we shall give the lines of several different models. There are, we regret to say, a few canoeists whose idea of canoeing seems to be to force all into the same class of boat, Rob Roy, Class A or Class B, which each prefers for himself, but there are fortunately a great many who look at it in a broader sense as the means for placing within the reach of all a safe, convenient and inexpensive type of pleasure boat, of such varied forms and sizes as will suit the wants of all, but all of the same great family of canoes, and based on the same principles.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following, regarding the site chosen for the A. C. A. camp next August, may be of benefit to those canoeists not familiar with Lake George. Long Island is situated on the eastern side of Lake George, about five miles from the head, or southern end, and one-half mile east of the Canoe Islands, the birthplace of the A. C. A. and its home in 1880, '81 and '82. All must regret that the area of the Canoe Islands will not permit of our accupying them this year, because of their association, in the minds of many, with the infant days of our organization. Long Island is somewhat over a mile in length and separated at its southern end from South Island by a strait fifty yards wide. This strait has been chosen for the location of our landing stages, because of the shelter afforded by the islands from the north and south winds. The camp will be placed on one or both of the islands facing the strait, as on either of them there is excellent camping ground. On Long Island there is a fringe of trees extending down both shores and around the southern end, inside of which there is a natural clearing, grass grown and dotted with cedars and hemlocks, a most appropriate spot for a camp.

On South Island the same character of wooded growth is found as on Bow Arrow Point. On neither of the islands is there any marshy or wet ground that will in any way interfere with our camp, the "swamps" spoken of by some being situated at the southern extremity of South Island and, all told, not covering an area 150ft. square. Lake George is associated in the minds of most canoeists with variable winds, because of our experience there at the first two meets of the A. C. A. The men who attended those meets will remember that all the races were sailed, not in the open lake near the Canoe Islands, but at the southern end, off Crosbyside, where the lake is less than three-quarters of a mile wide, and entirely shut in on the east, south and west by high mountains; hence the poor sailing and disappointment shared by all. To the north and west of Long Island there is open water from one and a half to over two miles wide and five miles long, where the races may be held this year with a reasonable certainty of our having the advantage of all the wind that may be blowing. Now that the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. have extended their road to the head of the lake, and with the facilities that they afford at the foot, the matter of transportation of boats to the lake is comparatively easy. Their trains are run out on to the docks at either terminus, so that the launching of a boat requires very little time or trouble.

For those who wish transportation direct to camp, the committee appointed for that purpose will probably make arrangements with three steamers running on the lake to carry men, boats and baggage at reduced rates. Those from the South and West attending the meet will land at Caldwell, the south end, and will probably adopt the plan of launching their boats at the dock and paddling the five miles to camp. With the usual camp store and mess tent and the numerous hotels and settlements scattered along the lake shores we need apprehend no trouble in obtaining supplies or meals. The beauties of Lake George are too well known to require any mention, but as a canoeist, and one who has spent seven summers on the lake, I must say that no other body of water, thirty miles long, can offer a greater number of charming nooks and short cruises for a canoe. When applied to for the use of his island, Mr. D. S. Sanford extended a most hearty welcome to us, as may be inferred from the portion of a letter he wrote, as given below:

"As an enthusiastic lover of this lake, and a summer resident for many years, and fully recognizing the advantages, pleasurable and otherwise, likely to result from an American Canoe Association meet here during August, 1888, I will cheerfully tender to the gentlemen of the Association the use of as many acres as may be essential for a large colony of camping canoeists, and extend to them the usual privileges of the island. The pleasure I should expect to derive from the meet will fully compensate me for the use of the island, which I the more readily grant, believing as I do that as a rule a canoeist is a gentleman."

Surely, with such a landlord, on a lake that is not surpassed in beauty by any in the world, and all the advantages it offers, the meet of 1888 promises to be the most successful, in every particular, that we have yet held. MACOMB G. FOSTER,
Chairman Committee on Camp Site.

THE NORTHERN DIVISION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To allay the fears of "Asticou" I hasten to state that the Northern Division does not arrogate to itself the title of Canadian. It is a remarkably healthy offspring of the A. C. A., and, as was stated at the time of its formation, its boundaries are non-political, the promoters hoping to secure many members from those Northern clubs whose geographical position makes it inconvenient to attend the general meets. In Lake Couchiching we have a site that offers great attractions to racers and cruisers, and to all A. C. A. men we promise a hearty welcome, come they with one sail or fifty.—A. F. D. MACGACHEN.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The annual dinner of the Brooklyn C. C. will be held at Wilson's on Jan. 12. The annual spring regatta of the club will be held on June 23, the programme to be announced later.

W. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Western Canoe Association was held at the Beckel House, Dayton, Ohio, on Jan. 7. All members of the executive and regatta committees were present except Com. Latham and Mr. Kitchin, of Chicago. Vice-Com. Bartlett presided, and the secretary read telegrams from the absentees, regretting their inability to be present.

Rear-Com. Kirkpatrick moved that the annual meet be held at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, Ohio, from July 7 to 23 inclusive. Mr. C. J. Bousfield moved that the alternate days of the first week of the meet be devoted to racing, beginning with Tuesday, July 10. [Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.] Mr. Thos. P. Gaddis moved that the annual business meeting for the election of officers, etc., be held the first week of the meet at call of the commodore. Mr. G. Harry Gardner moved that a canoe hop be given each week of the meet at the Ballast Island Club house. Com. Bartlett appointed Messrs. Chas. McIville, Bousfield and Root a committee on music, transportation, etc.

It was moved that the secretary-treasurer write to Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, of the board of the Ballast Island Club, that the members of the W. C. A., who do not wish to prepare their own meals, agree to pay one dollar per diem board to the new proprietor of the house. Mr. Gaddis moved that Com. Bartlett be appointed superintendent of camp. Mr. Harry D. Crane, chairman of the regatta committee, presented the report and programme of races for the next meet, which were accepted. A cordial invitation was extended to the A. C. A., British C. A., and all unattached canoeists to attend the next meet of the W. C. A.

It was moved that a report of this meeting be sent to the official organ, the *American Canoeist*, and the FOREST AND STREAM, for publication. GEO. A. WARDER, Sec'y-Treas.

Programme of the W. C. A. Races, beginning Tuesday, July 10, 1888

No. 1. 9:30 A. M., sailing, twice around Ballast Island. Open to all canoes. No limit to ballast or rig. Classes A, B and C.

No. 2. Record event, sailing, Class B, 3 miles. No limit to ballast or rig.

No. 3. Record event, sailing, Class A, 3 miles. No limit to ballast or rig.

No. 4. Record event, paddling, Class 2, ½ mile.

No. 5. Record event, paddling, Class 3, ½ mile.

No. 6. Record event, all classes, 1½ miles. Sail first half, paddle second, sail third.

No. 7. Paddling, Class 1, ½ mile.

No. 8. Upset paddling, Classes 1 and A, 300ft. No special appliances allowed. At signal each canoe must be turned completely over, righted, and with crew inside paddled across the finishing line.

No. 9. Sailing, open to novices only. All canoes, 1½ miles.

No. 10. Sailing for the Gardner challenge cup. No limit to ballast or rig, 6 miles. The cup is now held by N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.

No. 11. Sailing upset. All classes, upset with all sails spread. No special appliances allowed. Open cockpit.

No. 12. Hurry-skurry. Open to all canoes. Run 100yds, swim to canoe and paddle 200yds.

No. 13. Sailing, consolation. No limit to ballast or rig; 3 miles. Winners of either first or second place in events No. 1, 2, 3, 6 and 9 excluded.

No. 14. Hand paddling, 100ft.

No. 15. Tournament.

No. 16. Sailing for W. C. A. trophy cup, Classes A and B, 7½ miles. No limit to ballast or rig. Cup now held by C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.

No. 17. Tandem paddling for ladies, ¼ mile.

No. 18. Sailing, 3 miles, Class C.

T. P. GADDIS, Dayton, O.
H. D. CRANE, Cincinnati, O.
A. W. KITCHIN, Chicago, Ill.
G. H. GARDNER, Cleveland, O.
} Regatta Committee.

A banquet was tendered the executive and regatta committees and visiting canoeists by the Ruckawa and Stillwater Canoe Clubs, of Dayton, O., a most enjoyable affair. Thirty members of the Western C. A. were present, representing many of the fast-increasing clubs in the West. Enthusiasm is high, and a large and successful meet is assured for 1888.

The annual book will be published at an early date. Each member will have one mailed to his address, and others may obtain them by applying to the secretary of the Association.

Plates were laid at the banquet for the following canoeists: Messrs. Ellard, Shiras, Crane, Stedman, Root, Gardner, Pennewell, Bartlett, Bousfield, Kirkpatrick, Warder, Crawford, H. Theobald, Daniels, Hodge, Ernst, Slagle, Van Ansdal, Wetzell, J. S. Theobald, Gaddis, McKee, C. Schaeffer, Fox, Vincent, J. Schaeffer, Patterson, Woodruff, De Weese and Auil. JABBER.

OTTAWA C. C.—The Ottawa C. C. ball, on the fourth of this month, proved an immense success. Between three and four hundred ladies were invited, while some two hundred couples or so were actually present. The ball was most appropriately opened by Lady Macdonald, the wife of the Canadian Premier, whose charming articles on Canadian sports have lately been attracting much attention in England. Lady Macdonald has half promised to write an article on canoeing, if she does the fortune of the Canadian clubs will be made, for canoeing is one of those amusements that only requires attention to be drawn to it; once tried no one ever forsakes it. A lady too, especially if she, like Lady Macdonald, wields a skillful pen, can do so much to remove the prejudices of her sex against what they too often regard as a dangerous amusement. The ball-room was tastefully decorated with paddles, canoes and flags. At the upper end of the ball-room was a canopy of flags, flanked on either side by a canoe under full sail and draped with flags, the mainsail of one being covered with prize flags won at the A. C. A. meets. In the center between the two canoes was a large and very perfect model of a schooner. At the foot of the ball-room was a handsome canoe, the work of a local builder, surmounted by a trophy of oars and paddles. The spaces between the windows and the gas brackets were decorated with paddles, some of them beautifully hand painted and tied with the club colors, navy blue and white. Lining the passage to the ball-room were several specimens of the canoe builder's art. The dancing continued until the small hours, and every one expressed themselves delighted with the entertainment. The invitation bore the club's cipher, their flag and a double-bladed paddle entwined, embossed in navy blue; the dance programme bore the club flag, a navy blue pointed burgee with a beaver and the letters O. C. C. in white. The following is a list of the lady patronesses of the ball: Lady Macdonald, Lady Caron, Mrs. Costigan, Madame Chapleau, Mrs. T. White, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. R. W. Scott, Lady Middleton, Mrs. Schultz, Madame Taschereau, Lady Grant, Mrs. Perley, Mrs. McLeod Stewart, Mrs. Sandford Fleming, Mrs. Miall, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. D. O'Connor, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. St. Jean, Mrs. Gordon B. Pattee, Mrs. C. Mackintosh, Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, Mrs. Berkley Powell.—ALCYONE.

Yachting.

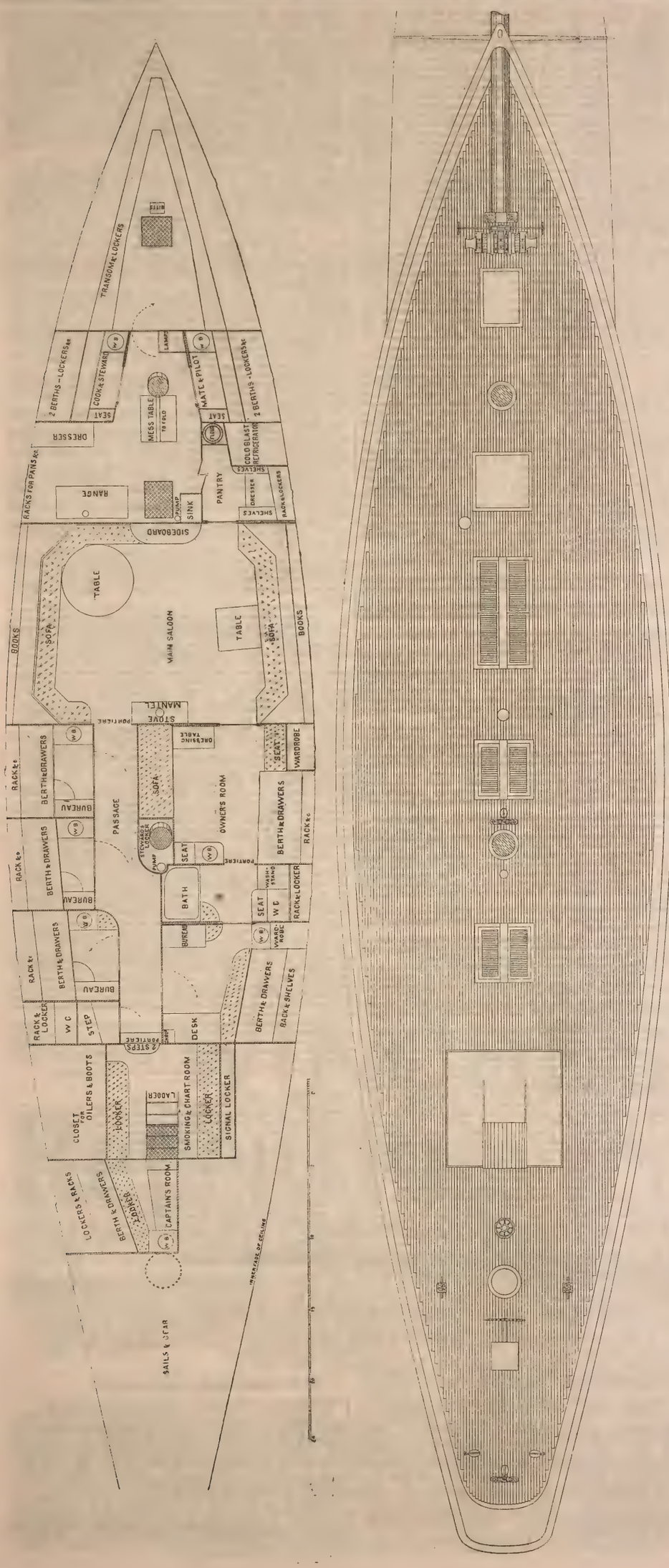
THE DISOWNED CUP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let us put the boot on the other leg. Suppose an Englishman were to write to the New York Y. C. as follows:

"Gentlemen, if you will inform me by a certain hour, minute and second of the length, draft, beam, type, etc., down to a fraction of an inch of the yacht you will enter against me, and if you will agree not to vary a particle from those figures, and if you will do this sixteen months in advance, and if you will not ask for time allowance from a larger boat, and if you will not insist upon knowing the size or anything else about my boat, I will appear in your harbor and hail you: Come on, put up or shut up!" Don't you think the entire American press, and Mr. Burgess and his circle in particular, would unhesitatingly pronounce that Englishman a raving maniac or a benighted, insular hog, who takes Americans for babes and fools? Yet these are precisely the terms offered by the New York Y. C. to foreign yachtsmen. Mr. Burgess and his friends are so chock full of "patriotism," that what they would unsparingly denounce coming from an English source, is elevated into a virtue the moment America stands as sponsor. The London *Field* says, there is a meanness about the terms which is repulsive and Americans need to be ashamed of it.

Americans who do not observe things through the small focus of the New York Y. C., or through Boston's inverted binoculars, agree with the sentiments expressed in the *Field*. But it is not worth while considering the subject any more. The America Cup has irretrievably lost its standing as an international trophy. It has been kicked out of doors by the yachtsman to whom the appeal for recognition has been addressed and the New York Y. C. has lost its rating abroad. All of which the public views with the utmost regret and with no little resentment against the perverse minority, who through unsportsmanlike haggling and unparliamentary maneuver have effectually killed the goose that laid the golden yachting egg. PUBLIC OPINION.



DECK AND CABIN PLANS OF SCHOONER "ALERT."

THE CRUISING SCHOONER ALERT.

THE accompanying drawings show the deck and interior of the Alert, whose lines were given last week. The bowsprit is a single round stick, as is now the fashion, but not fitted to house, the heel being stepped in locust bitts running down to the keel. The windlass is of the pump-brake pattern. Abaft it is the forecastle hatch, with a 12in. iron ladder on after side, while abaft the foremast is a second hatch leading to the galley. The main companion is in the form of a cabin trunk, 8ft. square and 26in. high, with windows in the side and fore end. The floor beneath this trunk is raised 2ft. above the level of the cabin floor, so that those in this after room can have a view on all sides from the windows. This room, 8ft. square, is used as a smoking and chart room, and for changing oilers and boots when coming below. On the port side is a large locker for oilers and boots, while to starboard are signal and chart lockers. On each side is a long seat. The entire arrangement is a very convenient one, as the owner has always a view of the deck, which can be reached in a moment, while the drip from wet clothing is not carried into the saloon and staterooms. Abaft this room is the captain's cabin, the space about it being utilized as a sail locker. There being no centerboard trunk to monopolize the best portion of the boat, the designer has had a free scope, and has succeeded in obtaining very good accommodations. The main saloon, 14×19ft., is placed forward instead of aft, as is usual, thus being convenient to the galley. From the chart room two steps lead to a long passage, with portieres at each end, along the side of which are the staterooms. The owner's room, 12×9ft. 6in., is on the starboard side, abaft the saloon. It will be handsomely fitted up with berth, large sofa, dressing table with mirror, wash stand and cushioned lockers. Opening on it is a bath and toilet room. Abaft the bathroom, and opening on by a door, is a large stateroom, fitted with shelves and desk in addition to the regular furniture, which will do duty as the owner's study when not required for guests. On the port side of the passage are three staterooms for guests and a toilet room. There are thus six staterooms, including the one abaft the smoking room. The main saloon is a large and handsome room, fitted with a long sofa on each side. The dining table is circular, while on the starboard side is a card table. Against the fore bulkhead is a sideboard, and opposite to it a mantel and fireplace. In the floor just under the skylight is a large hatch, giving access to the ample stowage room in the hold. The galley is 13ft. long, with a stateroom in each of the forward corners, one for cook and steward and one for mate and pilot. There is also a large cold blast refrigerator, and dressers, shelves and pantries in plenty. The crew's mess table is against the foremast, and the lamp locker is in one corner. The forecastle is separate from the galley, with a door between. It contains hammock cots for seven men.

THE DEED OF GIFT.

ONE of the foremost features of the international contests of the past three years has been the generous and forgiving spirit displayed by Boston to her old rival and detractor, the returning of good for evil, the heaping of coals on the head of an old enemy. In this present era of peace and joy and love, of unity in all things, it is hard to realize that only three short years have passed since New York was laughing in scorn and derision over the news that Boston was to build a large racing yacht; when the utter failure of such an attempt to rival New York's supremacy was gleefully predicted. Remembering all this, there are some carping cynics who still maintain that what Boston has done was not solely from love and affection toward New York, but that rather the shrewd and canny yachtsmen of the Hub were wise enough to realize that their hour had come, and at the same time were able enough to benefit by the opportunity and place Boston at the head of American yachting. The generous manner in which Boston has hurried again to the defense of the New York Y. C. at a time when neither cup, honors nor credit were to be gained, is a sufficient answer to these uncharitable insinuations and is ample proof of the love and affection which exists between these two great cities. The yachtsmen and the press of Boston have rallied to the defense of the new deed of gift, and as the case now stands, Boston is again doing all the fighting while New York looks on.

The comments made by the FOREST AND STREAM have called out a number of excuses and statements in both the Boston *Globe* and *Herald* during the last three weeks, of course at too great length to admit of republishing them in full, but all that has yet appeared in defense of the deed of gift may be classed under one of three heads: general indorsement and commendation; irrelevant and unimportant facts; and incorrect and misleading statements.

Speaking with authority for Gen. Paine, Mr. Burgess and Com. Forbes, the papers mentioned have praised the provisions of the new deed, one and all, as wise, generous and eminently fair, and in addition the Boston *Herald* presents the indorsement of half a dozen more commodores of Boston clubs. We are willing to give full weight to the individual opinions of the gentlemen, recognizing them as we do as the leaders in Eastern yachting, but at the same time we contend that no amount of general indorsement will constitute an answer to a specific charge. Most of the points brought out in the interviews with the commodores mentioned are treated on elsewhere, and it would be needless as well as impossible to discuss each interview in detail here.

As a sample of the second method of defense, we quote from the Boston *Globe:*

"In the first place, a new set of conditions were imperatively needed. The old deed was thoroughly inadequate. By its provisions yachts of almost any size could challenge for the Cup, and the challenger had no assurance that a big boat would not be put against a little one. Indeed, if the challenging yacht had been of a size where the American yachts were weak, and there had been a doubt of the ability of the American boats of similar size to defend the Cup, it is a question whether it would not have been the duty of the Cup Committee to put a larger yacht against the challenger, of course with the usual time allowance. There were questions about the precedence of challenges, and after lodging a notice and starting to build his yacht the challenger might be superceded by a yacht already built. These and many other questions were in doubt, and it was deemed necessary to make the deed exact. This, at least, has been done, and there is now no doubt of the meaning of the deed, and the challenger knows beforehand just what he has to expect."

The question of the advisability of a change in the deed of gift has never been disputed, in fact the first suggestion for such a change was made in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6, in commenting on the last Cup race. In that article, and still more in detail a week later, we discussed the changes necessary to accommodate the Cup races to modern conditions, and while the right of the holders to change the first deed is at least doubtful, no objection would have been raised to changes which while possibly not quite legal, were in the spirit of the original and in the interest of fair play. The *Globe's* defense of the new deed, that it is exact and definite in its demands, will not hold, as will be seen on inspection, and even by the *Globe's* own admission, quoted further on. The criticisms of the *Field* on Mayflower and Thistle have also been brought forward, but it is not evident that they prove anything in particular.

Of this same irrelevant nature is the statement of Com. Forbes, "the FOREST AND STREAM is a cutter paper, and for the past few years has fallen into a habit of grumbling at anything American." The FOREST AND STREAM has for years been the leader in the reforms that have led directly to Puritan and Volunteer; the strongest advocate of the principles now generally adopted in American yachting, and in the fight for these principles it defended the English cutter, the only craft that then embodied them. Because we have praised in the past much that was not American, it does not follow that we are opposed to American yachts as they now are, or that we cannot give a fair and impartial judgment on such questions as arise over the deed of gift. Our readers know what our position has been toward Mr. Burgess and his boats, and whether the charge of chronic grumbling against matters American is deserved. Just now we are carrying on a vigorous fight against something we believe to be hurtful in every way to American yachting. The Boston *Globe* reiterates Com. Forbes's charge and adds: "If this were not the fact, the paper would separate the good points in the deed from what it considers to be the bad ones, and not join in a wholesale condemnation of the terms, refusing to see any good in them at all."

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 3 the deed was criticised at length, such points as seemed for the better being noted, but naturally the bulk of the criticism was devoted to the several more prominent points which have since created so much discussion.

Both of these critics ignore the fact that the FOREST AND STREAM is backed in its objections by the two papers which for years have opposed it on every point, but which now call loudly for a further revision of the obnoxious document.

Much stress has been laid on the claim that six months' notice was not sufficient time in which to build a defending yacht, but it is a fact that in every case for four years the challengers have offered the lengths of their boats nearly a year in advance, which offers have been received in a hostile and discourteous spirit by the New York Y. C. In 1884 Genesta sent a notice of her intention to challenge, all that she could do legally, in October, Galatea doing the same. Galatea challenged again in September, 1885, so

that the full particulars of the coming racer were known. In 1886 the Royal Clyde Y. C. wrote in September giving notice of a coming challenge and asking what size of yacht the New York Y. C. preferred to have, and in the last case Mr. Sweet sent his notice of challenge on Sept. 30, and it was generally known that his yacht would be built for the second and not the third class. Thus in every case the challengers have shown their willingness to make known the length of their vessel more than ten months before the races. What has been the course of the New York Y. C. in the matter? The first action has been to ignore the friendly but necessarily informal letter of notice, to stand stiffly on technicalities, and to inform the challenger that when a challenge in due form was received the club would answer it, knowing all the time that such a challenge could not be sent before spring. In '84, '85, '86 and '87 the club's action has been the same, a curt refusal to accept the ample notice given it; and in the latter case, at the meeting to which we allude elsewhere, when Mr. Sweet's letter was read, a resolution was actually offered, though not passed, that similar letters received in the future be returned to the writers. This has been the attitude of the New York Y. C. in the matter, as its own minutes will show. Now what grounds has it for cobbling the deed of gift up so as to demand what it has heretofore refused to accept? It looks rather as though the whole "ten months" clause was merely intended to extort information to which the club has absolutely no right.

Much parade has been made over the liberality and generosity displayed in the provision for outside courses, but the committee itself admits that this was done in case of the Cup ever going abroad; in fact, Mr. Sweet himself spoke informally to the Cup committee before the races of the desirability of securing full rights to centerboard boats in foreign waters.

Looking at the third lot of statements, we find a number which will not bear a close scrutiny. In regard to the main point, the dimensions, Mr. Burgess says in the *Globe:* "The particular dimensions are no confinement to the designer, as he would not want to change them in any event. The FOREST AND STREAM speaks of the challenger being tied down to fixed dimensions, but the fact is that the challenger is at liberty to choose any dimensions he pleases."

The point at issue is adroitly dodged in both these statements. We have never contended that the designer is not at perfect liberty to select any dimension which he may wish within 90ft. What we contend is, when the dimensions are once chosen and given to the club, the yacht must be built to conform exactly to them, varying neither in length, beam nor draft, and this question Mr. Burgess simply evades in the statement above. He further says, as quoted last week: "The new deed says the challenger shall not exceed his stated dimensions. The defender, too, will be in just the same position, in case he decides to build for the extreme limit named in the deed." This is not so, the challenger cannot depart either way from length, breadth and draft, in fact from his model after the challenge is filed; the defender, so long as he is not over 90ft. l.w.l., may do absolutely what he pleases with his boat, may add to ballast or outside keel, or may make her a foot wider.

This statement, too, as noted before, is not correct: "As to being tied down absolutely to a fixed length, beam and draft, why it is practically what I have to submit to with every racing boat. I am building half a dozen boats to-day that will be disqualified if they exceed their class limit in length. They are simply designed 3 or 4in. shorter, to allow for any reasonable change of trim, and, of course, the waterline beam and draft will vary with, but far less than, the length."

Mr. Burgess builds his boats not to exceed a certain l.w.l. length, but no one cares whether they are wider or narrower, deeper or shoaler than his designs show; in fact he has the liberty which every designer should have, to trim his boats after trial, but which is denied a challenger for the Cup. It is easy to build within a specified length only, but it is a different matter to build to an absolutely fixed draft or beam at loadline.

We asked two questions two weeks since which Mr. Burgess has not yet answered. When Thistle's length was supposed to be 85ft., how could Volunteer be the same length if she was designed 85ft. 9 4-5in., in order to take no advantage of the other? Would Mr. Burgess construct, under penalty of disqualification, to give the exact l.w.l. length and beam, and the draft, as per design, and then build a boat that would be at her best racing trim on these exact dimensions?

Mr. Burgess, in criticising the FOREST AND STREAM, says, "When inaccurate statements are put out they are apt to deceive unless they are corrected," which applies exactly to his statements above.

Com. Forbes also makes some statements which are open to correction: "The reason we have had no challenge for the Cup lies deeper than the terms of the deed of gift. Of course these are a convenient handle to lay hold of, but the fact is, nobody wants to challenge for the Cup in the present condition of yachting in this country."

At the time the deed of gift was changed the club had a bona fide challenge in its possession, which does not look as though no one wanted to challenge. Mr. Sweet has been ready for a race, provided a fair match could be made within the class he desired to build for.

In answer to our criticism Com. Forbes also says: "It is said that we are demanding a type of boat which is unnaturally large. In 1885 Americans considered a sloop of 80ft. the limit that could be handled satisfactorily. In three years' time we have raised that limit to 86ft., and there is no reason to believe that it cannot be raised year by year. The committee was wise in putting the limit a little higher than has yet been reached. Moreover, it is an interesting point to note that the English are to blame, if there is any blame, for the size of our sloops. Before the Genesta's challenge we had none over 70ft., and they compelled us to build big yachts to defend ourselves. Now that we have them it is hardly fair for English yachtsmen to object to them on the score of size."

It has been proved by Volunteer that a racing boat of this size is practicable, but our point is that it is not a desirable size, nor one that will be generally popular. It is true that Genesta's length was the first cause of the establishment of the first class; and the right to challenge with a class of yacht which the defender does not possess should be prohibited, but all this does not prove that the establishment of a special class of yacht which from its great cost is beyond the reach of nearly all racing yachtsmen, is other than detrimental. It must be remembered that cruising schooners and steam are each year cutting further into the ranks of racing men, and anything which tends to make more sport at a less expense brings or keeps just so many more in the racing ranks.

Last week Mr. Burgess denounced our statement that the deed virtually called for a length rule, but this week his champion, the *Globe* admits the correctness of our claim as follows:

"The FOREST AND STREAM objects to the length rule. There is no doubt that the effects of a length rule are bad, but what else could have been substituted? The New York Y. C. did not want to demand that its own rule should be used in all races, nor did it want to leave the matter open for foreign clubs to put their particular racing rule upon this Cup. The best substitute seemed to the committee to be this rule."

We happen to know that the committee had it under consideration to confine all future contests to the present club rule, but the outrageous character of this proposition was plain even to them, and the "no allowance" clause was finally adopted as a compromise.

The *Globe* does not take warning by this error which it fell into last week and now admits, but continues to criticise the FOREST AND STREAM as follows:

"The burden of the objection brought forward by this journal this week hinges on a palpable misstatement of a fact. How any one could make such a blunder who had the deed before his eyes it is hard to say. Practically the whole criticism is based upon this misstatement:

"'It is stated not only that certain dimensions shall not be exceeded, but that they shall not be departed from in any way; in short the "reasonable change of trim" which Mr. Burgess alludes to is denied the challenging yachts.'

"The first part of this statement is correct. Certain dimensions are given with the stipulation that 'they shall not be exceeded.' But the deed nowhere states that these dimensions 'shall not be departed from in any way.' The clause of the deed which refers to this point is as follows:

"'Accompanying the 10 months' notice of challenge, there must be sent the name of the owner and a certificate of the name, rig and following dimensions of the challenging vessel, namely: Length on load waterline, beam at load waterline and extreme beam, and draft of water, which dimensions shall not be exceeded; and a custom house registry of the vessel must also be sent as soon as possible.'

"If the statement of FOREST AND STREAM were correct, it would have good grounds for its objection. Of course it would be impossible to compel a designer to give with absolute exactness all the dimensions named. The statement that these dimensions 'shall not be exceeded' plainly has in mind a margin for variation from designed dimensions. There is nothing in the deed to prevent a boat being smaller in any dimensions than is stated in her challenge. It is stated that certain dimensions must be given and of course there must not be a variation sufficient to constitute a breach of faith."

The deed of gift is now a legal document, as far as form goes, with all the verbiage and red tape of a deed or mortgage over the sale of property; it is consequently to be interpreted only by the letter. The passage quoted above says "there must be sent * * * the following dimensions * * * which shall not be exceeded." The words are exact and definite, there can be no dispute over their meaning. Now, what authority has the *Globe* for stating that some margin for variation from these set terms was intended, and who is to say what is a just and reasonable margin? This deed, which the *Globe* praises elsewhere as so exact and definite, does not say the approximate dimensions or the beam and depth within 3, 6 or 12in., but the dimensions, and no one can interpret this otherwise than the actual measurements from the design. If a designer gives the beam of his boat as 22ft. and on measurement she should prove but 21ft. 6in., who is to say that she is the same boat which was named in the challenge? Any one who designs a yacht under the terms laid down must expect, in the event of a departure from the specified dimensions, the same slurs that were cast upon Mr. Watson this season. When such pains are taken to preserve a strict legal form at the expense of brevity and clear language, the deed can only be interpreted in a strict and literal sense, as any other document; and there are no grounds for the assumption that the challenger is at liberty to depart in any way from the letter of its provisions. Even if he were to be allowed to build within the limits, the case would be nearly as bad, as he would not be allowed to increase draft or ballast, even if found desirable and the l.w.l. admitted it. The holder is allowed any possible change; if the *Globe* is correct, the defender may lighten his ballast, but may not increase it, and this alone is an injustice.

The case really is very much worse than this. As we have shown, the challenge must leave the other side by Dec. 7 to insure delivery ten months prior to the first of three races not later than October. By this early date the designer must have positively decided upon the l.w.l. length, extreme beam, l.w.l. beam, and extreme draft. These dimensions carry with them not only the total displacement, but actually the model of the boat, as every designer knows; so that it is not only that the general dimensions of the boat must be settled upon, but the designer must have practically completed his design. The dimensions thus mailed to New York they are fixed beyond recall, there is no possibility of altering the design after further study, nor to trim the boat to any but her designed loadline after trial. If on arrival at New York she measures more or less than specified in the challenge made ten months before, her owners and designer may be tolerably certain that they will be accused of giving false dimensions in their challenge, even if the yacht should not be disqualified. All this is bad; the designer is hurried in his design, he is prohibited from making any changes while building, and he is not allowed the right of trimming his boat at will as long as he does not exceed the racing measurement of the defending club. Bad as it is, however, it is not the worst, for during this time his antagonists have known the principal details of his boat, and they are at liberty to build anything they please to beat her, or to alter their ballast, increase or decrease the draft or depth of keel; in short, to do what they please so long as their yacht is not over 90ft. l.w.l. This is what Mr. Burgess calls even terms; what Com. Forbes, Com. Whitten, Com. Savage, Com. Russ and the rest of Boston's commodores consider fair and sportsmanlike.

The truth of the matter may be briefly summed up:

The New York Y. C. classes by l.w.l. length and gives time by sail area.

A challenger should give the l.w.l. length and the measurement by the New York Y. C. rule, being subject to disqualification if over the class.

The demand for the four dimensions is utterly without right or precedent, a mean attempt to obtain an advantage over the challenger.

The actual effect of this demand, to restrict the designer, is as unreasonable and unfair as it is impracticable.

Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess last winter spent a long time in studying out how large Thistle was to be; now the New York Y. C. propose to avoid any doubt in the future by demanding peremptorily the desired dimensions, or else no challenge. The four points stated above need no explanation, a man need not be a commodore in order to understand them, and we are willing to leave it to all unprejudiced yachtsmen to say whether this clause of the deed is fair and sportsmanlike or the reverse.

The *Globe* says: "The most objectionable feature of the old deed was that a challenger could always be outbuilt. Considerable discussion was made last winter as to the sportsmanship of this measure, and the new deed was drafted to prevent its recurrence." This is a curious statement, the new deed provides a way of learning the dimensions of the challenger in ample time to outbuild them; and further, while he must of necessity build a seagoing vessel on his 90ft., the defenders may build a racing machine on the same length. Certainly the *Globe* is not quite clear in its conclusions.

Commodore Forbes speaks as follows concerning the manner in which the new deed was adopted: "I should like to know upon what ground the FOREST AND STREAM insinuates that this deed of gift was passed without the approval of the New York club in general. The measure was brought before a meeting which had been especially called for the purpose, and if there had been any objection it would have been brought up then. The measure was passed as any other similar measure would be, and such being the case, it is absurd to claim that it does not represent the sentiment of the club."

It would appear that Com. Forbes was not present at the meeting and is not cognizant of the circumstances attending the acceptance of the deed.

A special meeting of the club was hastily and informally called, no notice being given to members as to its object, and among the miscellaneous business a motion was passed as follows:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to confer with Mr. George L. Schuyler on the subject of amending the deed of gift of the America's Cup, and with full power and authority to execute in behalf of the club any and all papers and instruments necessary to effect any changes in such deed of gift and the acceptance thereof which may be mutually agreed upon between them and Mr. Schuyler.

The result of the committee's labors was not made public prior to the regular meeting of Oct. 27, and beyond a few rumors the members who attended the meeting knew nothing of what had been done. The long document was read once by the secretary, and a motion was made for its adoption. One of the leading sailors and racing men of the club arose and asked the commodore whether the club at large could vote on the measure, as the committee had full power, and had used it in accepting the conditions themselves before disclosing them to the club. The commodore decided that the point was well taken, and that the club as a body really had no voice in the matter. The custom in yacht clubs is that any change in constitution, by-laws or sailing rules must be submitted in writing to all the members some time in advance of the meeting at which it will be finally voted upon, in order that all may understand fully what is being done. It would seem that in a matter so important as this, in which not only the honor of the club was concerned, but which was to be more permanent than any other measure ever has been, and to govern all the varying conditions of future racing, at least the usual care would have been taken, that the draft of the proposed deed would have been submitted to all of the seven hundred members of the club, in order that each might discuss and vote intelligently on it. What were the actual facts? The old deed was turned over to the committee of five, for every one in and out of the club knows that the "surviving donor" was brought in as a mere figurehead in the matter; this committee revised the deed and then accepted their own work, after which the body of the club was called in to give color to the farce by a nominal acceptance, with no opportunity given for an objection.

Before the committee was appointed the club had received notice of a challenge from a well-known racing man, and it was well understood that his boat would come in the second class. No sooner was this notice in hand than a special meeting was held and arrangements made to revise the deed so as to effectually shut out this boat's challenge. The need for such haste is not apparent. The concealment of the new deed until it was sprung on the members at the meeting, as well as the shutting off of all discussion, suggest a strong parallel with the methods of certain gentlemen, now residing for obvious reasons at a distance from New York, who held a hurried meeting early one morning to transact some railroad business. The transactions of such a body as the New York Y. C. should be open and public and above suspicion, but all the circumstances attending the alteration of the deed of gift are such as to bring discredit on the club. The very fact that the deed was concealed until it had been finally accepted shows that it was feared that it would not bear public scrutiny. There are many who would have objected to its provisions had they been familiar with them in advance of their adoption; but now that the deed is an accomplished fact, they decline to enter a discussion.

However true this may be, there is every reason why all American yachtsmen that feel as we do, that the action taken by a part of the New York Yacht Club is unfair, unsportsmanlike, discreditable to the nation and destructive to international racing, should enter a protest against such action.

Just now there is considerable feeling over the late races; men are proud of the Volunteer's victory and ready to accept anything proposed by the victors without weighing its merits; the daily papers have stirred up a great deal of ill-feeling over the length of Thistle; and the action of Arrow's owner last spring is still fresh in the minds of American yachtsmen. All these facts combine to prevent a clear judgement of the case on its merits, but it must be remembered that in a year or two matters will have quieted down, the smoke will have cleared away, and American yachtsmen will be ready to take a clearer and fairer view of the deed of gift. Will it stand such inspection? We believe not, and it is th is conviction only that has forced us to take and hold a position in direct opposition to the most prominent of American yachtsmen, the leaders of the New York Yacht Club and the men who have sailed the late races for them. Already foreign yachtsmen have passed a sweeping condemnation on its terms, and we firmly believe that the day will come when American yachtsmen will see the justice of their criticism, but then it will be too late.

America now holds unquestioned the supremacy of the yachting world; Boston, not New York, has produced three yachts in succession that have defeated the best that have been brought against them, and the result of these victories must be felt in yachting circles throughout the country. Is this the time to suffer the hardly won laurels to be dimmed by openly expressed suspicions and accusations; can American yachting at large afford to see the America's Cup locked up from competition, can it allow the action of a small number to clog and impede the development of designing and building as well as of international racing? These are questions for every yachtsman to consider for himself before he declares for the side which is for the moment in favor; or even sits by and tacitly acquiesces in its actions, though disapproving of them.

The main efforts of those who have attempted to answer our charges have been to complicate and confuse the subject by the introduction of certain truths which we have never disputed, and also much other matter that has no special bearing on the case, and in order that we may not be misunderstood or misrepresented we recapitulate our position, most of the points having been taken prior to the appointment of the committee on revision:

The first and second deeds of gift were clearly inadequate to the present and future demands of yachting.

Some change was necessary, either by a new deed of gift or by a fair and liberal interpretation of the spirit of the original deed, the latter being preferable, as the legality of any change in the original deed was at least questionable.

As to conditions to be laid down, the leading points governing the races should be:

That they should be open to all legitimate sailing craft, including centerboard vessels, capable of crossing the ocean alone under sail.

That the races shall be sailed on open waters deep enough for any class of yacht, either keel or centerboard.

That challenging yachts shall be matched, as nearly as may be, from the classes to which they belong, and that no nation shall be compelled to receive a challenge from a size of yacht that does not exist in its racing fleet.

That the conditions of the race shall be absolutely the same for both parties.

That the challenger shall give, with name and rig, the length on loadline and the measurement by the rule of the holder, under which the races will be sailed.

That in the case of a challenge from a boat not yet built, the two parties may make an arrangement at any time after the close of the yachting season, not waiting until spring as under the old deed.

That a challenge from a yacht already built and that has raced for a season, may be sent in up to the opening of the yachting season, or May 1.

That meddling, by any club, with the words of the deed of gift drawn up by the five original donors, should not be permitted, but that questions that may arise in consequence of changes in the conditions of yachtracing, should be decided strictly in accordance with the plainly expressed spirit of the original deed, the recognized principles of sport among gentlemen, and the dictates of ordinary common sense.

There are two difficult questions besides, that of the time necessary to build a new yacht, if needed, and that of time allowance. The question as to notice could easily be disposed of by confining the races to yachts actually built and that have raced in the season preceding the one for which they may challenge. This would be equally fair to both sides, and the result, showing not which nation can outbuild or turn out a special boat on a spurt, but which has the best vessel among its existing fleet, would be of more value than by the present plan. Of course this would not have done in the past, but the racing yacht is now a recognized institution, none other will compete for the Cup, save the fastest of a nation's fleet in the class, and the test will be fair to all. Further, it will remove the complaint so long urged by the New York Y. C., that the holder is put to the expense of races by untried and experimental yachts, not representatives of the fleet, as no yacht will be apt to cross the Atlantic again unless clearly the superior to any of her home fleet. As to time allowance, it is not possible to lay down a fixed rule with a certainty that it may not be obsolete in a few years, and at the same time it is obviously necessary that the matter be not left to the whim of any club which may hold the Cup, else they might find in its past history a precedent for unfair change of the club rule. It must be considered, however that the tendency now is strongly toward fairer rules and greater uniformity; the new British rules not differing radically from the leading American. It might be possible for a club, in anticipation of winning the Cup, to adopt a special rule which would enable it to keep it, but it is in the last degree improbable, and it is difficult to see how it could be done, as the rule would of necessity apply to the club fleet as well as to the Cup races. To guard against such a contingency, however, it would only be necessary to provide that in case of non-agreement the races shall be sailed under an average or the allowances of both parties, the time being computed by each rule, and a mean taken. The present bungling attempt to settle the matter seems to have been made with the idea that in declaring for no time allowance the committee was avoiding the difficulty entirely, but it is evident that they have only put it in another and still more objectionable shape, by returning to the dead rule of length.

These two propositions may be open to argument, but the eight points summed up above cover pretty thoroughly the principles which should govern such races as those for the America's Cup. We decline to pose as sponsors for all the statements which our opponents have ascribed to us, but if they care to take definite issue on the above points, we stand ready to defend them.

Editor Forest and Stream;

In his defense of the new deed of gift, Mr. Burgess is not quite consistent. He says it is a misfortune that under the new conditions international yacht racing must be confined to wealthy men or syndicates, and yet he defends the deed which creates this state of things. It was neither the intention nor the effect of the original deed of gift. If the intention of the donors had been to encourage yacht designing and yacht racing in the largest classes only, they certainly would not have given such a wide range of tonnage as from 30 to 300.

Let the New York Y. C. beware lest they are hoist with their own petard. If some millionaire on the other side with a craving for notoriety should send over a racing machine of the maximum size, with unlimited draft, beam and sail area, I doubt whether even the Bostonian section of the Cup defenders would rejoice at her advent. If such a boat succeeded in capturing the Cup her success would do no good to the cause of true yachting. She would merely prove the power of money, and the short-sightedness of the New York Y. C. in encouraging a new type of marine monster.

Mr. Burgess knows as well as anybody that 80 to 90ft. sloops and cutters are an undesirable type of yacht. They are undesirable in themselves, and they have killed schooner racing. A man who wants a yacht over 75ft. on the waterline should have a schooner. As long as big sloops and cutters are allowed, of course wealthy men will go on trying to out-build one another, but there is more true sport to be found in the smaller classes. The New York Y. C. has made a great mistake in encouraging the building of enormous single-stickers.

PRIVATE OPINION.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.

THE BURGESS FUND.

THE following correspondence has just been made public:

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1887. Mr. Edward Burgess, Boston—Dear Sir: Through the kind medium of our mutual good friend, Gen. Charles J. Paine, we have the great pleasure of sending you the treasurer's check for $10,172.25, the net amount received here in behalf of the "National Testimonial Fund," in grateful recognition of your splendid genius and careful study, resulting in the modelling of the Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, which, making such a marked advance, one after the other, on previous designs, so successfully defended the America's Cup against the three English yachts successively sent to this country to wrest it back. No event has in late years redounded more to the credit of this country abroad, reflecting, as it did, the earnest concentration of ingenuity of our people when occasion should require, and forcing the acknowledgment of the English press and people that they have met more than their match on the element on which they held themselves pre-eminent.

To the firm resolve, nautical knowledge and great liberality of Gen. Charles J. Paine are indeed due the first meed of praise, for without him these results might not have been so successfully attained; but it needed the scientific designer to carry out his ideas to success, and in this matter he had the wisdom and foresight to select you as his faithful lieutenant.

Assuring you, dear sir, of the hearty meaning of this slight tribute and of our own esteem and respect, we remain yours very sincerely, J. W. HAYWARD, F. W. J. HURST, } Burgess Testimonial Fund.

Messrs. James W. Hayward and F. W. J. Hurst, New York—My Dear Sirs: Gen. Paine has given me your most kind letter of Dec. 23 with its inclosure of a check to my order for $10,172.25. It is impossible for me to express, as I would, my deep sense of the unparalleled generosity and kindness which prompted such an unexpected gift—one that I feel I have done so little to deserve. But, magnificently generous as it is, I can assure you that I value far higher its testimony to the existence of so many kind friends and well wishers.

I hope you can find some way to express to them my heartfelt gratitude for their great goodness to me.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the very kind words with which you present the gift, and believe me always most gratefully yours, EDWARD BURGESS.

BOSTON, Jan. 12, 1888.

A RULE THAT WILL NOT WORK BOTH WAYS.

ALLUDING to the demand made by a contemporary, that the New York Y. C. shall reconsider the most objectionable clauses of the deed of gift, the *London Field* says: "But this would not remove the real sting from the unsportsmanlike parchment. The objection a challenger would most strongly make, is to the requisition that he must give every important particular concerning his vessel and this ten months in advance of the date for the first match. There is a meanness about this requisition which is repulsive, and American sportsmen need be much more ashamed of it than the ten months clause (taken by itself) or the 'no time allowance' provision. Supposing a British challenger were to write to the New York Yacht Club in these terms, 'If you will tell me ten months beforehand the dimensions, Custom House tonnage, the rig of the yacht you will defend the Cup with, and if you will give me every opportunity of studying her performances, discovering her ballast, plan and form, and judging of her sail plan by aid of photographs during the ten months interval, I will challenge you for that Cup.' Of course, American yachtsmen would think the challenger was crediting them with an unusual amount of softness, and yet it is only the position they have themselves now taken up. We trust, if any more appeals are made to the 'surviving donor,' that provisions will be made that in future an existing yacht shall be challenged to sail for the Cup, and not that a club be challenged to produce a yacht to defend the Cup. We confess, however, that appeals to the 'surviving donor' are becoming ludicrous, especially when we remember how the New York Yacht Club laughed to scorn the decisive statement of the compliant gentleman when he was appealed to by Mr. Ashbury for his interpretation of the word match in the original deed. Perhaps in this case it would be better if the 'surviving donor' took the initiative, and asked the club to destroy the existing deed, so that the original with all its defects may be reverted to. At any rate, that deed was conceived in the spirit of a sportsman and not in that of an attorney, and, so far as we know, was never objected to. In conclusion, we must express a hope that some other British clubs will reply to the new deed in the tone of voice the Royal London has."

THE NEW SECOND CLASS RACER.—The model for the yacht for Mr. E. S. Auchincloss has been received from Mr. Watson, but it is not yet decided whether the yacht will be built from it or a model by Mr. Smith. The length, too, is still undecided, owing to the classes not being yet definitely settled.

CLASSES FOR SMALL YACHTS.

WHILE the old sandbagger has disappeared from the racing, no special type of small boat has as yet taken its place in American waters. There is a field for the development of a class of fixed ballast boats, both keel and centerboard, which shall be adapted for racing under Corinthian rules, while at the same time such boats must be available for ordinary sailing and cruising. It is a matter that even the largest clubs might take up with advantage, to frame suitable rules for the development of small yachts of good model, which may be built and raced at a moderate cost, as such boats are the real training ships for the large racers. The following letter from the Corinthian Y. C. on the Thames, an organization which has done much to further Corinthian interests, describes an experiment in this line which the club is about to make. We wish them all success in the effort, and at the same time recommend some similar legislation to American clubs:

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Corinthian Y. C., having its headquarters on the Thames, has just decided to encourage a new class of small yacht, which, it is hoped, will bring out a useful craft for all-round purposes. The conditions are as follows:

Length on the load waterline not less than 18ft. and not more than 21ft. Actual sail area not exceeding 500sq. ft.; centerboards optional. The boats must, furthermore, be not less than two-thirds decked, and there will be no time allowance for difference of size or rig.

The subject has been attracting considerable attention from those interested in small yacht racing on the Thames, and six members of this club have already signified their intention of laying down boats for next season's racing.

The Corinthian Y. C., since its formation in 1872, has always strenuously upheld the interests of amateur sailing, and it is anticipated that by the adoption of this new class many men will be induced to build, and that in the contests to follow the younger members of the club will have the opportunity of perfecting themselves in seamanship under the command of the older hands.

LONDON, England, Dec. 31, 1887. T. G. F. WINSER, Secretary Cor. Y. C.

"THE LAST OF THE AMERICA CUP."—Under this heading the *Nautical Magazine* speaks as follows: "The practical effect of these provisions is that the English challenger will have to give all the particulars of his vessel ten months beforehand, and that unless he agrees to anything that the New York Y. C. prescribes at the time, as to course, distance, etc., he will get no time allowance. His only chance practically is to build up to the extreme limit, and then, since not only the length but the limiting breadth (loadline and extreme) and the draft will be known, the defense will have ten months in which to build a racing machine with which to beat a vessel which must have been able to sail across the Atlantic. It would indeed appear that unless some further alteration is made in the deed of gift we have heard the last of the America Cup."

DEATH OF MR. OSGOOD.—On Jan. 13 Mr. Franklin Osgood, one of New York's best known yachtsmen, died suddenly, though after a long illness, at the age of 61. Mr. Osgood first owned the Widgeon in 1863, afterwards purchasing Magic in 1869 and building Columbia two years later. Both of these yachts became famous under his ownership through their successful races with Cambria and Livonia for the America's Cup. Of late years Mr. Osgood has owned the cruising sharpie Mascotte.

OSWEGO Y. C. OFFICERS, 1888.—Com., Jas. D. McFarlane; Vice-Com., Allan Ames; Captain, Swits Condé; Sec., Wm. Gordon; Treas., Elliot B. Mott; Meas., W. P. Judson; Fleet Surgeon, J. W. Eddy, M. D.; Directors: Jno. T. Mott, J. B. Donnelly, J. P Phelps.

PRISCILLA.—Com. Canfield has sold Priscilla to an owner represented by Mr. A. Cary Smith, her designer. Some important alterations will be made this winter, and Mr. Smith will race the yacht next season.

OHIO Y. C.—At the monthly meeting on Jan. 13 the new classification proposed by the Interlake Y. R. A. was rejected by the club. This classification is by l.w.l. length as follows: Class A, 50ft. and over; Class B, 40ft. and below 50; Class C, 30ft. and below 40; Class D, 25ft. and below 30; Class E, 20ft. and below 25; Class F, all under 20ft.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—This club has inaugurated a course of lectures on nautical subjects, the first, by Lt. Downes, U. S. N., on the Theory, History and Practice of Chart Making, being delivered on Jan. 13.

YACHTING IN THE SOUTH.—A regatta will be held at Pensacola, Fla., on Feb. 7, 8, 9 and 10, with prizes for yachts, pilot, fishing and working boats.

MAYFLOWER.—Rear-Com. Morgan has had Mayflower hauled out for the winter at Mather & Wood's Railway, Port Jefferson.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF MARBLEHEAD.—This young, but vigorous club has been incorporated and will build a house before the season opens.

WANDERER, schooner, Mr. G. W. Weld, will sail from Boston on Feb 7 for a West Indian cruise.

NIRVANA.—Gen. Perkins's schooner was on the railway at Nassau on Jan. 9, having sprung a leak.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. J., Eaton, N. Y.—Would not advise breeding bitch to her brother. There is only one champion Fritz; he is a well-bred dog.

E. G. B., New Britain, Conn.—Zoe is by St. John (Snapshot—Belle) and out of Folly (Rock—Whisper). Grace was by Match and out of Nell.

SUBSCRIBER.—Boz is by Gamester (Crib—Rose) and out of Betsy (Sultan—Busy). Gipsy is by Young Sally and out of Rose. Mose is by Ben and out of an imported bitch.

CONNEAUT, Pa.—The Commissioners of Crawford county were called upon recently to pay a peculiar claim against the county, and one which probably has no precedent in this or any other State. The law compels the owners of dogs to pay a per capita tax on all such animals. This is a recognition of property in dogs, and in consideration of the revenue the county receives from the taxing of them it is liable to sheep owners for all damage done to sheep by dogs on which a tax had been paid, on proof of damage and identity of the dog. One of the leading farmers of this township had a dog and held a tax receipt, making his possession for the year 1887 a legal one. A night or so before the end of the year the farmer heard a great commotion among his sheep, and hurrying out to the inclosure where they were kept he found seven of them dead and another one dying, with the teeth of the farmer's own dog fastened in its throat. The owner of the sheep-killing dog got his gun from the house and shot the dog dead. Last week he went to Meadeville and presented his bill to the County Commissioners for the eight sheep which his dog had killed. He argued before the board that, having paid the tax on his dog, and being legally entitled to its possession, he was as much entitled to remuneration for the loss of the sheep as his neighbor would have been had the dog killed sheep for him. The Commissioners ridiculed the farmer's argument and laughed at the idea of a man being paid for owning a sheep-killing dog that slaughtered his own sheep. The case was placed before the best lawyer in the county by the farmer, and the result was that the Commissioners found that the claim had every chance of being sustained by the courts, and they paid for the sheep.

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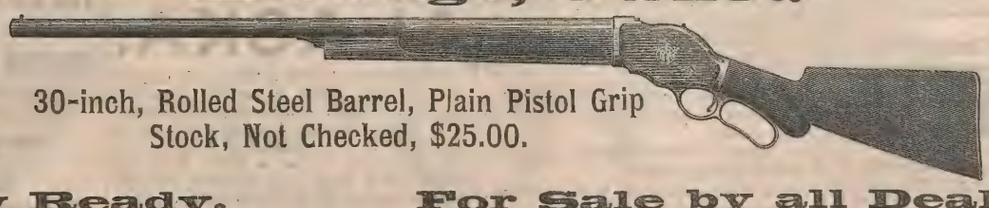
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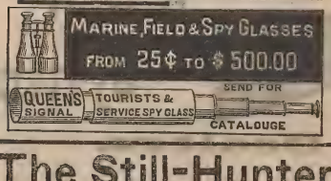


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Reserve Premium Fund,	3,274,761 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses, Claims and Taxes,	400,118 80
Reserve for Sinking Fund,	10,612 06
Net Surplus,	1,375,690 75
CASH ASSETS,	**$8,061,182 61**

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks,	$ 189,913 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate,	621,300 00
United States Stocks (market value),	2,651,900 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value),	2,036,567 50
State and City Bonds (market value),	238,000 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand,	605,750 00
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1888,	38,251 57
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	341,532 89
Real Estate,	1,349,967 59
Total,	$8,061,182 61

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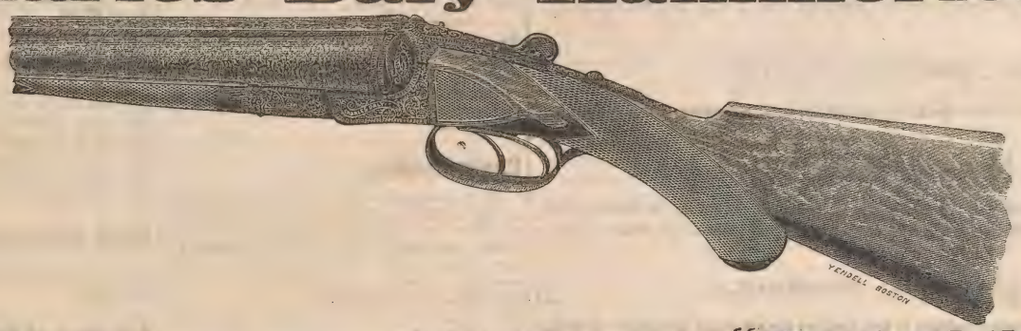


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A WORD IN SEASON.

Readers old and new of the FOREST AND STREAM may be pleased to know that the paper is now at the close of 1887 enjoying the support of a wider circle of friends than at any former period in its history. This is an interesting fact, for it proves, with the best possible demonstration of success, the sound sense of the theory long ago adopted by editors and publishers, and steadfastly adhered to, that there is room in this country for a journal treating the subjects embraced by our departments, and depending for its support wholly upon what have been accepted by the conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM as legitimate journalistic methods.

The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the closer exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1888 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1888 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

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Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportsmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages.

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Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away. Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish. they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in he legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, o that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

The Kennel.

This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

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No. 10 shows flight duck shooting. The scen is a marsh, on whose broken surface the sun is setting behind the clouds. In the foreground, on a grassy point, are the hunter and his spaniel. The hunter is in a kneeling attitude and in the act of firing his first barrel. The spaniel is plunging into the water to retrieve the bird which has fallen to the first barrel. In the distance are flying ducks.

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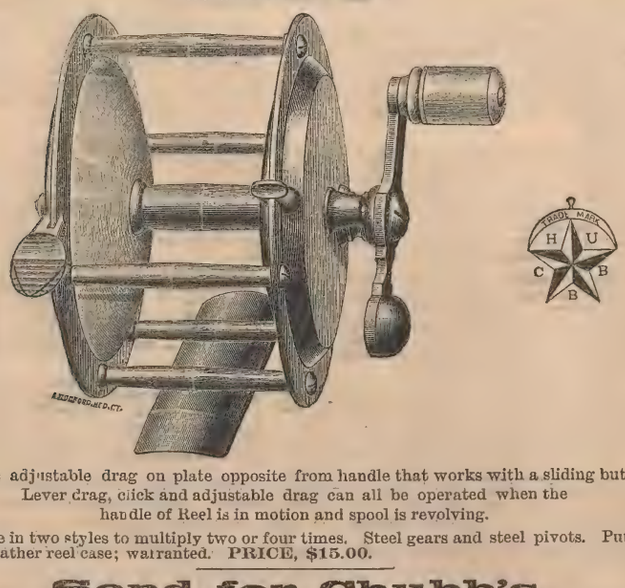
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Pigeon Hawk	7 00	Mangrove Humming Bird	5 00	Black Rail	3 00
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Duck Hawk	10 00	Columbia Humming Bird	5 00	Buff-breasted S'dpiper	7 00
Fish Hawk	10 00	Forktail Flycatcher	5 00	Little Sandpiper	
Barn Owl	5 00	Arkansas, Say's & Swallow-tail Flycatcher	8 00	Pectoral Sandpiper	7 00
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Carolina Titmouse	4 00			Great White Heron	9 00
Mocking Bird	8 00	Wilson's Flycatcher	4 00	Peale's and Reddish Egrets	9 00
Hermit Thrush	3 00	Canada Flycatcher	4 00	Blue Heron	8 00
Wood Thrush	3 00	Bonaparte's Flycatcher	4 00	Flamingo	10 00
Brown Thrasher	8 00	Hooded Warbler	4 00	White-fronted Goose	10 00
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